FEB. 27, 1970

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Diary of Thomas H. Raddall II

FRIDAY, FEB. 27, 1970

Another cold night, but the day was sunny, & temp. up to 30°, with a light breze. Had a pleasant walk on Summerville beach & around White Point. On the tip of the point I sat for a time on a driftwood seat, the collapsed ruin of a surveyors' mark, with a short flagstaff, probably put together from driftwood boards etc. after the Canadian aircraft carrier "Magnificent" grounded off White Point many years ago. For a year after that expensive affair, Canadian naval craft made careful surveys & soundings of the area. On my way to Summerville I noticed 3 R.C.M.P. cars & several policemen outside the little wooden shack of a little old mulatto named Morrison, on the slope of the long hill outside town, near the indoor range of the Pistol Club. When I returned late in the afternoon they were still there, some inside the shack & some outside. Later I was told that poor Morrison had been murdered, shot between the eyes with a .22 rifle, & that a 26-year-old negro man who lives on the inner road to Western Head had been taken into custody.

SATURDAY, FEB. 28/70 Same weather, & the same good walks. E. came along to call on brother Terence at Summerville. She finds walking painful due to rheumatics. She stopped taking the pills Dr. Lloyd Macdonald prescribed, because they did no good, & has not been to him for a further check on her condition. ☹ Today I finished my income tax papers for 1969. My professional income was $3,985.45, but as I had refunded $1,250.00 to Doubleday Canada Ltd. last Fall, the net was $2,735.45. Of this, $2,000.00 plus exchange on U.S. funds ($147.50) came from the Hollywood film option on "The Nymph & The Lamp". An article for the Grolier Society, New York, brought me $300.00, & the rest was odds & ends of royalties on my few books still in print. To supplement my dwindling income for the past 2½ years I have been drawing $100 per month from my $17,225.00 investment in American Growth Fund, purchased in July 1967 on Bill White's advice. ("This is a way to have your cake & eat it too!") His theory was that American stocks would continue to grow in market value as fast or faster than my modest cash withdrawals; & for a year & more he was right. Then came the long slump in stock values, & today American Growth Fund is

selling at far less than I paid for it. Consequently the $3,100.00 I have withdrawn in monthly instalments since July 1967 is a direct drain of my capital. Fortunately most of my money is in Canadian stocks & bonds, of diminished but substantial market value. At yesterday's stock market prices my investments (including American Growth) are worth $80,144.00. A year or so ago they were worth $96,423.00.

News:- All this week the Halifax TV & radio stations have devoted much time to public discussions of the social, cultural, & industrial state of Nova Scotia, & particularly the Halifax - Dartmouth metropolitan area. "Twelve international experts" — mostly professors from the United States — led the discussions with large audiences, mostly composed (as far as I could see) of serious young men & women in the 18-30 age group, the men mostly with cropped hair & shaven faces, & the women well dressed & groomed. The "international experts" included the now usual black professor with the so-called "African" hairdo, a bushy frizz like that of no African tribe except the Dervishes, the most cruel & rapacious slave-raiders & traders in the dark continent. And on the basis of a few hours' acquaintance with the Halifax area, obviously spent entirely with the "Black Power" activists, he declared glibly and blandly that "for oppression and repression of the black minority, Halifax is the ~~Mississippi~~ Mississippi of Canada" — ignoring such facts as the free voting at all elections, & the free entry into all public schools, which Nova Scotian blacks have had for generations.

The discussions went on under the title of "Encounter". The newspaper monopoly in Halifax came under heavy attack, with which I sympathized because I don't like monopolies (especially with such a grey eminence as K.C. Irving) & because the Halifax Chronicle-Herald, & the Mail-Star, have become very bad newspapers since the monopoly came into effect. But the Mail-Star shot back with considerable accuracy, describing the whole of Encounter as a lot of wind, or words to that effect.

One of the imported pundits (they were all young men in the 25-35 age groups, as far as I could see) declared that the government should stop expensive subsidies to industries that cannot stand on their own feet, & pay the money as a dole to the people thrown out of work when the industries fell.

SUNDAY, MARCH 1, 1970 Again a freezing night & a sunny day with temp. in the sun up to 35°, and a cool N. breeze. Again afternoon walks alone at Summerville & White Point, wearing my Arctic peajacket over my thin T-shirt. While sitting on the driftwood seat at White Point three small ducks, at intervals, flitted by, well out of gunshot. Eiders, I think. The snow on the ground now very thin, crusty & icy due to the freeze-melt pattern of the weather.

News:- Rhodesia becomes a republic today, under Premier Ian Smith, with an "apartheit" policy of black-white separation like that of South Africa — a foregone conclusion.

MONDAY, MAR. 2, 1970 Same fine weather & same walks. Charlie Williams joined me for the walk around White Point.

Little Blair Raddall spent the afternoon at our house & stayed to supper. Pam came at 7 to pick him up, & gave us a lively account of her Calgary trip. She said our team played as well as they could, & were simply beaten by better players. (The Liverpool — & therfore Nova Scotia — team were all married women in their thirties except the "skip", Mrs. Thorburne, who is well over 40. The Saskatchewan team, which won the national championship, consisted of four young women in their 20's, who have trained under a professional coach, & have played together for several years. The coach accompanied them to Calgary, & gave advice throughout the games.) The western hospitality was fabulous — lunches, dinners, parties, a trip to Banff, etc.

TUESDAY, MAR. 3/70 This morning's Chronicle-Herald had a brief notice of the murder of Ernest Morrison, & the arrest of William Simms — four days after the event, which is about par for provincial news in the Halifax papers. Afternoon walk around White Point. Sunny, with a cold north wind, the first strong wind in many days. The seaward half of the golf course is now almost entirely bare, & on the other end I found out pro., Jim Dempsey, carefully removing the thin ice on No 9 green. Fulfilling a promise to the Rev. Robert Mills, made some time ago, I drove to Bridgewater this evening with E.. The "Acadia Male Quartet," of Halifax, were giving a concert of sea music in the auditorium of the United Church Christian Education Centre, a fine new building, very well designed & equipped. On the stage I gave a brief talk on the nature & purpose of

sea chanties, & then introduced one by one, the ten shanties which formed the first half of the program. The men had good voices, & sang with a sailorly vigor, to great applause. At the intermission I had a chat with my sister Hilda & husband Ted Bayer, who had come with a group of music-lovers from Mahone Bay. As my part in the show was then finished, I left with E. for home & got there safely about 10 p.m. The road entirely bare of snow & ice, but very bumpy due to winter heaving of the old asphalt, making car-steering erratic. Once more, also, I realised my greatly impaired night vision, despite my glasses, ranging from a peering short-sightedness in ordinary going, to absolute blindness when headlights approached in the opposite direction. Henceforth I must refuse any engagement that involves a drive by night, except a few miles about Liverpool.

WEDNESDAY, MAR. 4, 1970 Still fine weather, sunny, with a light N. breeze, temp. at midday 31° in the shade, 45° in the sun. I walked at Summerville & White Point, & paused on each hike to sit in a sheltered place facing the sun. My face begins to show a definite tan. This is the 6th consecutive day of sunny weather. My seed Tray today drew only a few goldfinches & the regular pair of pine siskins. The grosbeaks have been very nervous lately. Perhaps a hawk in the vicinity.

Some time ago Douglas Gibbon, the new (1969) editor of Doubleday Canada Ltd., sent me a soon-to-be-published book by R.D. Symons entitled "The Broken Snare". It is an account of Symons' own struggles & adventures as a small rancher in the edge of the foothill forest of Alberta, & the gradual but ruthless encroachment by "civilization" in the shape of oil drillers, & his final defeat. Very good. Today, a letter from Gibson asks me to write a few words of commendation which Doubleday may quote, so I did. Am re-reading Slocum's "Sailing Alone Around The World" for the umpteenth time, & with the same unfailing enjoyment.

Local news:- Miss Rita Ritcey, who has been the telegraph operator here for many years, is retiring, & the Liverpool office at the corner of Market & Main streets will be closed henceforth. Nobody seems to know when the telegraph first came to Liverpool. At a guess I would say in the 1860's. In 1897 the local

operator was a Mrs. Jane Chisholm. When I came here in 1923 the office was owned by an American company, Western Union, & the operator was a man named Owen Shankel, a native of Hubbards. Some time during the 1930's the Canadian National Telegraphs took over the Canadian lines of Western Union, & Shankel remained on the job till 1946. (He had a deep hollow voice, & when he phoned anyone with his invariable "I have a message for you" they immediately feared a tragedy.) Miss Ritcey has been in charge since 1946.

Now the system is called Canadian National Telecommunications, & everything is done at Halifax. Messages are phoned to or from the Hfx office at no (ostensible) cost for the phone call.

THURSDAY, MARCH 5, 1970 The fine weather ended today, with a grey skies and a slow fall of snowflakes that made a thin cover over the bare patches of ground. Temp. 31°. Received by post the weekly bundle of reading matter from Bill White in Halifax:- copies of Britain's Punch, New Statesman, Spectator; Canada's (Montreal) Weekend, Toronto Star Weekly Magazine; (U.S.) Harper's Magazine, New York Times Magazine; N.Y. Times ~~Book~~ Book Review. Also (Britain's) Times Literary Supplement. A feast that we enjoy very much. No walk today. Afternoon playing Scrabble with E.

Local news:- The great rise in the cost of living (not least the heavy new taxes) ~~has~~ begins to pinch. The Liverpool Furniture & Electric Co., which opened a big store on Main Street opposite the Queens Municipality building a few years ago, has closed in bankruptcy. The Metropolitan (department) store, one of a national chain, & built only a few years ago, has reduced its staff here.

Such signs are appearing all over North America, reflected (indeed foreruns) by the fallen stock markets. The big motor car companies, always a quick barometer of the spending mood in the general public, report sales off as much as 20%, & thousands of their employees are being laid off. Our Canadian wheat farmers have a huge amount of unsold grain, & are screaming so loudly for help that the federal government proposes to pay them $100,000,000 on condition that they grow no wheat this year. The Hfx. newspapers have long articles about the forthcoming (~~SATURDAY~~) total eclipse of the sun, & urging people not to look at it directly because the sunrays at start & finish will damage the retina of the eye.

FRIDAY, MARCH 6, 1970 Open-&-shut sky; & in the open patches the sun was hazy. Walked at Summerville & White Point. An easterly breeze had a distinct chill of ice in it, whereas on March 2 Charlie Williams & I both remarked on the mildness of an easterly air that day. The difference is, of course, the presence of large icefields moving out of the Gulf of St. Lawrence under the prevailing (in that area) strong northerly winds. My sister Nellie, in Alabama, has sent me the pencilled notes of her husband Maxwell about the Tallahassee affair at Hfx. in 1864, and the photo-slides (in colour) he made of the scene, & Capt. John Taylor Wood's grave in Camp Hill cemetery; also the other fruit of his research — maps, photos of Jefferson Davis, Capt. Wood, the "Tallahassee" herself, & of the Confederate cutlass given to pilot Jack Fleming as a souvenir after taking her out through the Eastern Passage.

SATURDAY, MAR. 7/70 Sunny, with just a few clouds. We had a good view of the sun's eclipse. About 2 p.m. a twilight began, faintly at first, & then rapidly. About 2:55 the eclipse was total, & lasted about 30 seconds. I watched it through two pairs of old sunglasses, one over the other. The moon's shadow raced on a narrow path from Florida to Newfoundland, & the TV people had assembled gaggles of camera-men, scientists, & those garrulous professional TV talkers who fill in long empty spaces in a program with repetitious prattle. The biggest concentrations of these were at Miami, New York, & Halifax, & as it turned out the talkers had plenty to do, for the sky in all those places was obscured by cloud. At Cape Quoddy, on the Halifax County shore towards Guysborough, Canadian scientists fired rockets, laden with recording devices, 150 miles into the atmosphere; but they were not talk-men, & simply said it would take a year to study the results. As far as I can learn, the only clear views of the eclipse were in the vicinity of Boston, & along the south-western shore of N.S. from about Shelburne to a point just east of Bridgewater.

SUNDAY, MAR. 8/70 The weather bureau predicted a sunny morning & a cloudy afternoon with light snow flurries, so I made my Summerville & White Point walks in the morning.

It was delightful. Not a cloud in the sky, temp. up to 45° in the sun, & just an air of wind from the south. About half of the open fields & lawns are now clear of snow & ice, & the rest covered with a thin & rotten mixture of both. On N° 4 fairway of the golf course, I saw a mink foraging along the top of the stone beach, quite unaware of me. (E. & I saw one there early in the winter, possibly the same beast.)

In the afternoon the sky clouded & dropped light flurries of snow as predicted, & I spent the afternoon playing Scrabble with E. We learned by phone from Vera Parker that one of our oldest & best beloved friends, Muriel, wife of Rolf Seaborne, died in her sleep last night. She had been aware of a weak heart for several years, during which her life was touch-&-go, but she remained cheerful to the end. The Seabornes came here from Quebec province about 1930, when he became wood-supply manager for the Mersey paper mill. Muriel was 78.

Note re Halifax recent history. I failed to enter in this diary at the time, two items worth noting as I glance over the annual (1969) report of Nova Scotia Light & Power Co. Ltd. On Dec. 31, 1969 the company ceased operation of the Halifax street-transit cars, (originally Halifax Tramways) which had been losing money for years. Operation of the system, using a fleet of new diesel-engine cars, was taken over by the city itself, under a set-up called Halifax Transit Corporation. The thermal-electric power plants of the Company ceased using Cape Breton coal on Nov. 30, 1969. Henceforth they used oil from Imperial Oil refinery at Dartmouth. Oil is considerably cheaper, & it reduces dirt pollution by soft coal soot & dust.

MONDAY, MARCH 9, 1970 About $\frac{3}{4}$" of damp snow fell last evening, & then froze to a crust as the temp. dropped to 20° above zero. So this morning I had an icy walk to the post office & no more.

TUESDAY, MAR. 10/70 Open & shut sky, temp 30° at noon, snow-flakes drifting down, patches of sunshine. This afternoon I was one of the honorary pallbearers at the funeral of Mrs. Rolf Seaborne, at Trinity Church, which was filled with people. No flowers, by request of the family; instead they suggested donations to the Heart Fund for medical research. (This is common nowadays, with donations to heart, cancer, & other medical funds; a glum change for the florists, who during most of my lifetime made fat & easy profit out of death.) The Seabornes' daughter Margaret (Mrs.

Esmond Horne) died of cancer in B.C. a few years ago, & her husband re-married, but he came to Liverpool for Muriel's funeral. The other two daughters, Nocla (Mrs. Chas. Harvey, of Quebec) & Anne (wife of Hon. Kennedy Jones) were there, with several of the grand-children, all grown-ups. After the church service we made a little procession out to the grave behind the church — the parson leading in a black cloak & black fur cap; then three bare-headed youths in scarlet cassocks & short white surplices, one carrying a tall brass crucifix, the others with short brass candle-holders, using one hand to shield the candle flame from the breeze; then the coffin & bearers, then the honorary pallbearers, the Seaborne family, & a few friends including E. & Vera Parker. As the coffin descended into the green cloth-lined grave, snowflakes were falling, with rays of sunshine lighting them from a hole in the overcast.

WEDNESDAY, MAR. 11, 1970 Another bleak day, with a blustering NW wind, dustings of snow, occasional gleams of sunshine through the overcast. Shopping for groceries & rum this morning, otherwise I spent the day indoors, reading. E. attended her afternoon bridge club. In the evening we called on Rolf Seaborne, E. with some lobster chowder. Found Rolf's daughters Anne & Nocla there, also Jack & Edith McClearn, & Esmond Horne. All engaged in easy chat, & as Horne is a yachtsman we had some light recollections of adventures with Ed. C.H.L. Jones in "Awenishe", & with Bill & John Wilson in "Ripple", in the 1930's & '40's. Rolf had shared in some of these affairs, & joined the talk with his old gusto. (Nocla told E. that he "goes to pieces" the moment he is alone.)

Horne met & married Margaret Seaborne when he was a Canadian naval officer during the 1939-45 war. After the war he studied medicine & has practiced in Vancouver since. Margaret died a few years ago, leaving 3 children. Two years ago he married a widow with 4 children, so they have a lively household, with offspring ranging from 9 years old to the '20's. Horne always loved the sea, & in his navy years became a keen & scientific navigator. Now apparently he or his second wife (or both) are well off financially, & he has sold his medical practice & intends to travel.

He has bought a steel fishing trawler in B.C. & refitted it completely as a deep sea cruising yacht, with many cabins, a saloon "as big as this drawingroom", & every modern facility down to electric washing & drying machines. For a start, they will take off next summer, cruising down the Pacific coasts of the U.S. & Mexico, putting in at little out-of-the-way ports & exploring the hinterland with hired cars, etc. Then through the Panama Canal for a winter's cruise among the Caribbean islands. His crew will be himself & wife, & all 7 of their children.

THURSDAY, MAR. 12, 1970 Sunny, wind at NW, temp. 40° at noon. I walked the beach at Summerville & then made the circuit of White Point. Picked up Monsignor Thomas Delaney (now retired, after many years as R.C. priest at Liverpool) whose car had broken down, & brought him into town to send out a motor mechanic.

FRIDAY, MAR. 13/70 Any unpredicted snowstorm began just after noon & continued all night, varying with everything from fat moist flakes to white dust, & sometimes rain. Lest this stuff turn to ice with a drop in temperature, I shoveled it off my front & most of my driveway in the evening, by the light of my porch light, & the back floodlight.

This week's "Advance" had something vague about the first airplane built & flown in Queens County. Today I wrote a letter to editor Alex Inglis, giving the facts about Jim Ottley's plane in 1937-38, & enclosing a photo of the plane itself.

News:- After a long-drawn-out trial in Montreal, following last year's destruction of a computing machine etc. at Sir George Williams University to the tune of millions of dollars, ~~five~~ eight black students from Trinidad have been fined a total of $3,500 & ordered to be deported from Canada. The government of Trinidad intends to pay the fines. Last week, as the trial drew near its end, there were carefully organized "protest marches" in Port of Spain, Trinidad, & Yore-bombs were thrown into three Canadian branch banks there.

All this is part of the militant "Black Power" movement, spreading like any infection from the United States. Halifax had a taste of it this week when Mayor O'Brien, & all but one of his council, hired a professional city manager named John Oddland, whose latest job was at Oklahoma City, U.S.A.

In this capacity he had dealt firmly with a strike of the city's garbage collectors, 60% or 70% of whom were Negroes. As soon as the "Black Power" people in Oklahoma learned of Oldland's new appointment, they got in touch with the Halifax groups by wire & telephone, & the system went into operation. Led by "Gus" Nedderburn, the Nish Indian leader of the black movement in Halifax, they organized a "protest march" on City Hall. They got James K. Bell, head of Nova Scotia Labour unions, to declare against appointment of Oldland as an enemy of Labour, & got a crowd of about 600 blacks, & whites of the nihilist student type. They filled the public area of the council chamber, with the others crowding outside, all shouting slogans & demands, with much profanity. A black politician had flown up from Oklahoma to harangue the city council & the crowd, & Nedderburn & others shouted in their turn. TV cameras were there, of course, & we saw & heard the row. Eventually the mayor & council had to cease their business & withdraw, while police eased the noisy throng out of City Hall; but not before the mayor had pointed out quietly but firmly that he & the council had been elected by a majority of citizen voters in a free election, & they would remain in office until a majority voted against them. O'Brien himself is a (small "l") liberal, of somewhat leftish leaning according to his opponents in election; but he has had to take a stand for order.

SUNDAY, MARCH 15, 1970 Same weather — squalls of fine snow, glints of sunshine, yesterday & today. The brief spells of sunshine were warm enough to melt all the snow on asphalt roads, & to turn the rest to a soft white mush. Temp 40° at noon. In the afternoon I walked the golf course under a grey sky, & a shower of fine snow blown on a strong W. wind.

MONDAY, MAR. 16/70 Snow began falling lightly in the morning, then in thick flakes on a N.E. wind — in fact the first heavy snowstorm of the winter. There was no warning — the weather bureau was caught with its barometers up.

TUES DAY, MAR. 17/70 The storm ended in the night, and according to the weather bureau our Liverpool area got the biggest snowfall in the province, ten inches. I spent a busy

hour or so this morning, digging out my paths & driveway.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 18, 1970 A lovely spring-like day, with clear sky & warm sunshine despite a cool west wind. The snow shrank very much. In the afternoon I dropped E. at brother Terence's house for a visit, & went on to walk the beach. Met son Tom doing his Wednesday afternoon "jog" up & down the beach, & Pamela walking. On my return home I found a robin on my driveway, eating hawthorn berries which had fallen & were softened by the thawing snow. It may be the one I saw on Feb. 27, but I think it is one of the spring migrants, which are about due. (My median date for the first sight of a robin over many years is exactly the first day of spring, March 20.)

Historical Society met tonight at Eric Manthorn's house. About 20 people. Joseph Letson read a paper on the origins of the leading Pilgrims, which I found dull — long recitals of English family trees, etc.

News:- The black & white mischief-makers at Halifax have won. John Aldland will remain in his present post as manager of Oklamoma City, which is raising his salary from $31,500 to $35,000 — exactly what Halifax had offered him. In a telegram to Mayor O'Brien, Aldland pointed out that the clamour of black & labour groups at Halifax had made clear that his duties would be hampered severely. O'Brien in a public statement said he & his council had chosen Mr. Aldland's application over 102 others, considering him by far the best man for the job; & his withdrawal of the application, due to a noisy minority, is a defeat for democratic government.

Today's "Advance" printed a letter of mine about Jim Otley's little Heath Parasol airplane, built & flown here in 1937-1938. Also a photo of it.

THURSDAY, MAR. 19/70 Another fine day, temp. 50° at 3 p.m. However, my afternoon walks at Summerville & White Point were disappointing, because the warm air on cold sea had produced an icy fog along the shore. I had hoped to see a few robins & fox sparrows, but the only birds in sight were the usual gulls & crows, foraging for sea urchins among the rocks at low tide.

Tom Jr. brought us some delicious P.E.I. oysters, sent down from Hfx. by his father-in-law White.

In this capacity he had dealt firmly with a strike of the city's garbage collectors, 60% or 70% of whom were Negroes. As soon as the "Black Power" people in Oklahoma learned of Oldland's new appointment, they got in touch with the Halifax group by wire & telephone, & the system went into operation, led by "Gus" Wedderburn, the West Indian leader of the black movement in Halifax, they organized a "protest march" on City Hall. They got James K. Bell, head of Nova Scotia labour unions, to declare against the appointment of Oldland as an enemy of labour, & got a crowd of about 600 blacks, & whites of the nihilist student type. They filled the public area of the council chamber, shouting the usual slogans & obscenities. A black politician had flown up from Oklahoma to harangue the council & the crowd (we saw & heard all this on TV), & Wedderburn & others shouted in turn. Eventually the mayor & council had to withdraw, while police escorted the noisy throng out of City Hall; but not before the mayor had pointed out that he & the council had been elected by a majority of the citizens of Halifax, in a free election, & they would remain in office until a majority voted against them in free election. O'Brien himself is a (small "l") liberal, of somewhat leftish leanings according to his opponents in election; but he has had to take a stand for order.

FRIDAY, MARCH 20, 1970 Officially the first day of spring, & it was perfect — clear sunshine all day, a light westerly air sweeping the fog beyond the horizon. When the afternoon sun began to beam along the north side of my house, my outdoor thermometer there went up to 72° Fahr. In the morning I spent half an hour shoveling snow onto the warm asphalt street, from the fog pile beside my ~~fro~~ front walk, which never gets sunshine after noon. It turned to slush, then water, & the road was dry again by 3 p.m. Shortly before 1 p.m. I drove with C. to Summerville, where I walked the beach to the river & back, pausing to sit in the sunshine, with my cap & glasses off, in my favorite nook among the boulders at the end of the railway bridge. C's legs are too painful for much walking, so she sat in the car,

reading magazines. The same at White Point, where I sloshed around the course in the thin (2") remaining snow, & sat for a time sunning myself in the rain-shelter by No. 5 green. Today (and yesterday) my seed tray in the garden drew only one or two chickadees & goldfinches. I suppose my grosbeaks & other winter boarders can now feed on pine & spruce seeds in fallen cones where snow has melted. A fat brown rat appeared beneath the tray, eating fallen ~~sun-~~ flower seeds. I took a hurried shot at it, & missed. The rat ran away towards the school buildings. Students at the regional high school, who come in busses from the South Queens area, bring lunches with them, & throw out scraps of bread & other tidbits for the pigeons. Unfortunately this practice draws & nourishes a lot of rats as well.

On today's walks, in perfectly clear weather, I saw no birds but gulls & crows. I can only conclude that the robin I saw beside my house on Feb. 27 & Mar. 18 was one of the so-called "Newfoundland" robins which winter here.

SATURDAY, MAR. 21, 1970 Snow falling all day. Not much wind. A young scientist, just back from an air trip to Sable Island, says that oil (probably from the wrecked tanker "Arrow" in Chedabucto Bay) has polluted much of the beach there, & hundreds of sea fowl have washed ashore, dead. He also reports that snow, with an icy crust, kept the wild ponies from eating their only provender, the wild (marram) grass, so that a number have died, & others were shot by men on the island to put them out of misery. He says the ponies should be removed from the island. THE LATTER ~~Then~~ is the old fatuous story cropping up again. As a scientist he should know that (as with all wild creatures) the old & weak are bound to starve & die in bad seasons. The fit survive — the Sable Island pony herd has survived good & bad winters without the aid (or interference) of Man for three centuries at least. When I was there in the winter of 1921-22 there was a period of snow with an ice crust, & a number of sick & old ponies died, some of them uncomfortably close to the wireless station when the bodies rotted in spring. The rest, with their sharp curved hoofs, were able to break through the snow crust & survive.

SUNDAY, MARCH 22, 1970 Snow ceased in the night, & today was sunny & warm. In the morning I cleared my paths & driveway, shoveling a lot of the snow (thrown up by the town plough) back onto the asphalt street, where it melted quickly. In the afternoon I drove to Summerville & walked the beach, enjoying the sunshine. Several other people doing the same. Stopped for a brief chat with "Mik" Green & his youngest daughter, who is home from college for the Easter holidays; & with Dr. & Mrs. Wilson of Middleton, who have spent their summers at Hunts Point for many years, & are members of our golf club. They had driven over here today to seek a site for a house in the Hunts Point area.

C. is so troubled with pains in her arms & legs that she cannot enjoy walking any more, & prefers to stay indoors

MONDAY, MAR. 23/70 A sea gale with a flood of rain, all day & evening. At temp. 35° it was too cold to melt the remaining snow & ice, & just made rivers in the streets. My cellar leaked a little, about a cupful on the south side, but on the whole my waterproof paint job last winter is still holding. Yielding to my persuasions, & young Tom's, C. went to Dr. Floyd MacDonald again today. He gave her a new medicine prescription to try; but he is frankly puzzled by the mysterious pains in the muscles of her thighs & arms, & will refer her to a Halifax specialist. This affords no immediate hope. Owing to the rush of applicants under the Medicare system, all the Halifax specialists are booked up for months ahead.

Letter from Jack McClelland, head of my former Canadian publishers, McClelland & Stewart, of Toronto. Says he has heard rumours of my leaving Doubleday, & "I just want to reaffirm our interest in you & your work. If you could seriously entertain the possibility of our becoming your Canadian publishers again, I promise you I would be on the next flight East & would be on your doorstep in Liverpool very shortly."

I walked in the rain to the post office, & in the p.m. took C. by car to the doctor's office; otherwise we stayed indoors reading, playing Scrabble, & in the evening watching the TV shows.

TUESDAY, MARCH 24, 1970 Two snowstorms & a gale of rain in 8 days (Mar. 16-23) have delayed the spring birds. Today was mild (45°) & calm, a grey sky, a little hazy sunshine. I worked for an hour at my old spring chore, breaking up (with a mattock) the old heap of shovelled snow beside my front walk, which is now turned to ice, & throwing it out into the street, where it can melt. The base of it remains, repelling the blows of the mattock like so much cement, but now the air can get at it anyhow. Spent the afternoon playing Scrabble with E. Pamela, returning from a shopping trip to Hfx., brought a big bundle of English newspapers & magazines from her father. I wrote to Jack McClelland confirming my severance from Doubleday, but adding that there is no point in making a new contract with anybody until I know what I want to do next. "Better to wait until I've got something concrete in process." Said I would keep his letter in mind.

WEDNESDAY, MAR. 25/70 A grey day, with half a gale from SW, temp. 45°. In the afternoon I walked at Summerville & around White Point. Most of the golf course is bare, & the ice is gone from White Point Lake. Watched eagerly for robins & fox sparrows, but saw none. Terence & Betty Freeman called this afternoon. His 3-month rest at home, following the heart attack, is nearly over, & he expects to return to his job at the paper mill office in another week or so.

News:- The marine radio station at Portuguese Cove (Halifax) is to be closed permanently on April 1, & the staff will move to a newly built "Halifax Marine Radio Operations Centre" at Ketch Harbour, near Sambro. The Duke of Kent built a visual telegraph station on the small hill behind Portuguese Cove in 1798, called it Camperdown in honour of Admiral Duncan's victory over the Dutch in 1797. The Marconi Company built a wireless station on the shoulder of this hill in 1905, to serve the port of Halifax, & I served as a telegrapher there in the spring & summer of 1922. Soon afterwards (about 1925) this station was abandoned when the federal Dept. of Transport took over all the old Marconi posts, & the port was served by a station at Shubenacadie Head, built originally by the Navy as a direction-finder (for submarine detection) in 1918. Early in W. W. 2 (about 1940) the Navy built a

completely new station on Camperdown Hill, to deal with merchant shipping. The D. of T. took this over, & continued to operate it until now.

Here in Liverpool the tax bills for 1970 were placed in our mail boxes today. My house property is taxed $419.38. (Last year $259.48) My furniture, etc. ("Occupancy") is taxed $81.25. (Last year, $52.14.) Property owners have been angry ever since the new high assessments were announced last Fall. Now that the bills are delivered, with the increased tax rate as well, they're furious. Mayor Frank Feaver left with his wife, a week or two ago, for a holiday in Florida. He also left a brief announcement that he was retiring from his dry-cleaning business, & was handing over the management to his son. No doubt he intends retiring from the job as mayor when his current term ends.

~~WEDNESDAY~~ THURSDAY, MAR. 26/70 A calm sunny morning, & I should have walked in it. By afternoon, when I did walk around White Point, a ceiling of black-grey cloud had come up from the south, with a chilly wind, & by night we had a gale of wind & rain — the fourth storm in a fortnight. Tonight, about 9 p.m., after E. had gone upstairs to bathe & change to nightdress & wrapper, as usual, she came down & said, "I feel wonderful. The pain & stiffness has gone, & I walked up & down the stairs with no trouble at all". I said Dr. Macdonald's new drug prescription must be the right one at last.

FRIDAY, MAR. 27, 1970 The rain ceased about noon & the sun came out. The temp. rose to 50° in the sun, although the wind blew hard from the west. I took mattock & shovel & cleared the last of the old ice from my front lawn, throwing it into the street, where it melted quickly.

This evening, after her bath & change, E. came down & said she was discouraged; the pain & stiffness were back again, & she had great difficulty getting in & out of the bath.

Today being a post office holiday, (Good Friday) there was no mail.

SATURDAY, MAR. 28/70 A sunny morning. Early in the afternoon I persuaded E. to come to Summerville, bringing cushion & blanket, so she could sit in the sun while I

walked the beach. Unfortunately the sunshine had turned hazy, & there was a chill breeze from S.E., so she soon returned to the warmth of the car. Noticed a Dept of Transport ship, probably the Edward Cornwallis, moving about Port Mouton bay, checking the buoys, a spring chore. All D.O.T. ships are painted in the Canadian colours motif, red hull & white upper works. As in many modern ships, the accommodation of all officers & men, plus radio & radar cabins etc., are all incorporated with a high bridge in a single superstructure aft. This, on a comparatively low hull, makes them look topheavy, like the high-pooped galleons of long ago. This D.O.T. ship with the whole superstructure set aft, & with the sun shining on fresh white paint, looked at a distance like a wedding cake, set on one end of a tray.

Got some mail today, including Donald Cameron's essay on "Thomas Raddall: The Art of Historical Fiction", a reprint from The Dalhousie Review, Vol. 49, N° 4, with a scribbled note from him at the top of the first page.

Also received a bundle of pencil notes & some snapshots from W.A. Parker, Dartmouth, retired engineer of the Dept. of Highways, N.S., who wrote me in March last year. For some years he has made a hobby of research on the old "military road" from Annapolis to Bedford Basin, & a good deal of ground research on the long disused stretch between New Ross & Rockwood. (I looked for traces of this road, with no success, at the south tip of Ponhook Lake, when I was timber-cruising about the head of the St. Croix with Ralph Johnson in 1952.)

EASTER SUNDAY, MAR. 29, 1970 A poor day for the ladies & their spring finery — a drizzle of rain all day, turning to snow at dark. Indoors all day, except to put out seed for the birds. The grosbeaks have been few & erratic in their visits in the past two weeks, probably due to the succession of storms; I think they go each night for shelter in thick spruce & fir woods, which are a long way outside the town. Yet the flock of goldfinches are at the tray every day, so are the chickadees, & the pine siskin pair which have foraged there all winter. Tom & Pam invited us to dinner, & we had a feast — oyster stew (fresh Buctouche oysters); roast turkey & vegetables, ice cream & meringue, & coffee. A good French

white wine with the main course, & liqueurs with the coffee.

MONDAY, MAR. 30, 1970 Awakened this morning to find 3 inches of new snow, & temp. down to 30°. Shoveled off my driveway & paths, & fed the birds. A big flock of grosbeaks this time, plus the usual others. Saw a robin for a few moments in the back ash tree. It was plump & sleek, & it uttered the typical robin cry (unlike the "Newfoundland" robins, silent & thin, which winter in N.S.) so I feel sure it was a spring migrant from the south. In the afternoon the sun came through the clouds, & the snow shrank fast. Played Scrabble all afternoon with E., who enjoys the game & has both luck & skill at it — she beats me hands down. Letter from R. E. Kimble, secretary of the Provincial Magistrates' Association, asking me to address their annual conference (July 2 & 3) which will be held at the Pines Hotel, Digby.

TUESDAY, MAR. 31/70 A grey day, temp. 28° rising to 35° at midday, bleak E. breeze. In the afternoon I took E. to the doctor's office. He is satisfied with her blood pressure, & obviously still puzzled by her continued pains in arms & legs. He changed to still another pill prescription, & will try to arrange an appointment soon with Dr. Woodbury at Halifax.

Birds. Yesterday's robin drew a spring bird, right enough. He was about my house, with another, all today, nibbling at the withered & dry fruit still hanging on the hawthorn trees, or lying on the bits of bare ground below.

Also, the first fox sparrow appeared today, foraging among the seed hulks under the garden tray.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 1, 1970 About 1½" of snow fell in the night, & once more I scraped it off my paths & driveway. As usual after a snow, a great flock of grosbeaks came to my tray this morning. Then the usual smaller customers. The lone fox sparrow came again. The pair of robins flit about my trees & shrubs. I think they must be the pair that raised two broods last summer in my big hawthorn tree — the old nest survived the winter storms & is still there.

I walked at Summerville, & at White Point, where many robins were foraging about the bare patches of the golf course, although in many places the snow is ankle deep.

At home, my lawns are completely covered except a strip about 2 feet wide, beneath the west wall of my study, where the afternoon sun falls strongly. About 5 p.m., watching from my study window, I saw a robin pull out a worm from this strip, within a foot of the snow edge. It was a small thin worm, about the size of a shingle nail, & the robin hopped away & left it on the ground — like an angler throwing away small fry in the hope of something bigger.

THURSDAY, APL. 2, 1970 A grey morning after a night's frost, temp. 40° at noon, & the bleak sea air which at this time of year means snow. Pamela had determined to drive to Hfx, with her three youngsters, for an afternoon's shopping. E. determined to go with her, to shop & to see her wig specialist on Spring Garden Road. So they all set off together — Pam driving Tom's car — at 9 a.m.

Except for the short walk to the post office & barber's shop, I stayed indoors, reading & re-typing some of my old notes on Micmac Indians, given by Sam Glode. The usual parade of birds, at my feeding tray, plus four more fox sparrows, who scratched & squabbled under the tray among the fallen seed husks. A snowstorm began about 4 p.m. It drove all the birds away to the green woods for shelter, except the fox sparrows, who scratched with great energy, in the deepening snow, until dusk.

Mail:- the Association of Judges of the Provincial Magistrates' Court invite me to their annual conference, & to make an address "concerning the law in any of its aspects", at the Pines Hotel, Digby, July 2 & 3. Answer, sorry, No.

Pam & E. & the youngsters got home about 9 p.m., after a nerve-wracking drive, in a storm of snow for many miles, & then heavy rain. I had to shovel out the street drains beside my house, also the drain outside Pushie's, next door, as a flood poured down Park Street.

FRIDAY, APL. 3/70 Very little water leaked into my cellar last night — a good test. Today the gale hauled to the NW and blew just as hard, with an open-&-shut sky, & some light rain. Six or eight fox sparrows foraged under my tray, which also drew the usual customers. I spent most of the day re-typing my old notes on Sam Glode, the Micmac Indian, which I made during several talks with him in 1944.

News:- For a year or more past, a brash & lively man

in Halifax named Fillmore has been putting out a bi-monthly miniature newspaper called "The Fourth Estate", with news & views never mentioned by the Chronicle-Herald monopoly, & attacking the monopoly itself. Today's Chronicle-Herald has a front page editorial, a poor attempt at a defence. Ralph Morton, retired owner & editor of the Dartmouth Patriot, in a T.V. interview tonight, said it was time somebody woke up "the old ladies of Argyle Street".

SATURDAY, APL. 4, 1970 Mostly sunny, but temp. only 40° at noon, & the wild westerly gale still roaring over the landscape. I walked about White Point. The course is bare, except for a few old snow-crusts in the hollows, & the turf is drying remarkably in this wind & sun. On my return about 3 p.m. I played Scrabble with E, until 5, as I have done all winter. (On days when the weather forbids walking we play all afternoon.) E. loves the game & is very good at it, winning 60 & 70 per cent. Luck is essential, because one must draw the right letters in the right order to make words with a big count. But a lifelong addiction to crossword puzzles has furnished E. with a vocabulary of strange words beyond my knowledge, & when I challenge one of them it is usually to be found lurking in the big dictionary, & as a penalty I lose my turn. It is a fine way to pass time, because it requires complete absorption.

SUNDAY, APL. 5/70 Snow squalls this morning, melting away in sunshine this afternoon, although the temp. was only 40° and the wind strong. Read over some of my old "case notes" on people & happenings observed & filed for possible story use. Scrabble with E. all afternoon. Reading, & alternately watching T.V. till 11.30 p.m. Then the sleeping pills, with plenty of rum. Typical of my days now.

MONDAY, APL. 6/70 Sunny, with a light S.E. breeze. Temp in the sun (& out of the breeze) got up to 57°. Walked Summerville Beach & White Point. Saw an osprey hovering over the mouth of Broad River, undoubtedly one of a pair that nests thereabouts every year. (First sight of them last year was Apl. 10.) On beach I was surprised to see a Canadian destroyer, with helicopter deck & hangar, come into Port Mouton Bay, & pass slowly along the west side of Port Mouton Island as

if she intended going out again by the western channel. (She came in by the eastern channel, which is deepest & much safer.) However, after nosing cautiously towards Jackets Island she turned & retraced her track to the west channel & went off at full speed towards Halifax. Investigating the anchorage by sonar, perhaps. I haven't seen a warship in there since World War Two.

Long letter from Jack McClelland, saying he would like to come & talk to me about future publishing in Canada. Wants to publish my memoirs. Also a new edition of "Halifax, Warden of the North", if "the economics" are possible. Mentions Norman Campbell's photographs of Sable Island, & says Campbell had discussed with me some time ago a book on the island, which Jack would like to publish. Adds "There are other projects I'd like to discuss."

TUESDAY, APL. 7, 1970 Same weather, same walks. I cut back my rose bushes this morning. Instead of covering them with brush last Fall, on the recommendation of Vera Parker I simply heaped loam in a cone about the lower stems. Several of them look dead, but it's too early to tell. Burke's Peerage Ltd., of London, who publish "The Author's & Writer's Who's Who" have sent a copy of my dossier for additions or revisions, as they are now preparing the 6th edition.

WEDNESDAY, APL. 8/70 Sunny. Strong NW wind. Walked at Summerville & White Point. Yesterday & today I saw a semi-palmated plover at Summerville, all alone except for the usual gulls. The first of the beach birds to arrive. These plover spend "our" winter in Patagonia, where of course it is summer, & they make these enormous journeys twice a year without fail.

THURSDAY, APL. 9/70 Overcast, with bleak S.E. breeze. Walked at White Point. Returned by mail W. A. Parker's notes on the old military road, & suggested that he give them to the Provincial Archives. This evening (as on March 26) E. came downstairs after her bath & change to night clothes, & said all the pain & stiffness had gone from her arms & legs. She had gone up & down the stairs, & stepped in & out of the bath, with perfect ease.

Birds:— I killed with my air rifle one of a great flock of cowbirds that descended on the feeding tray & almost the

whole lawn. They flew off. A pair of grackles made their first appearance today — probably the pair that nested in a tall spruce behind Capt. Jeans' house last summer. Two fox sparrows still forage all day about the ground under the seed trays. Half a dozen grosbeaks, half a dozen goldfinches, a pair of white-throat sparrows, a pair of pine siskins, two pairs of chickadees, a pair of juncos, a lone song sparrow. Have not seen the robins about my garden for several days, although there are large flocks of them on the golf course.

FRIDAY, APL. 10, 1970 Flurries of fine snow, then drizzle. Oh to be in Florida, now that April's here. Received from an American book club company a copy of Elizabeth Longford's "Wellington, The Years of the Sword". Price, including postage & handling charge (57¢) is $8.07. The copy is a mess, apparently put together by a drunken book-binder. There is a complete index in its proper place at the back. But random sheets of the same index are bound in the front, in various places, and most of the author's foreword, & the first 5 pages of text, are eliminated. Wrote the club demanding a decent copy, & asking what to do with this weird thing — it isn't worth return postage.

Today Les Henderson put a new handle-& lock assembly on our side door. The old one, (about 40 years old) was worn out, & no security at all. Scrabble with E. all afternoon. Got some new trousers, socks, & neckties, from Simpsons-Sears.

SATURDAY, APL. 11/70 Same weather. E's ailment the same, despite the sudden & complete respites on the evenings of Mar. 26 & Apl. 9. Our neighbours Eric & Lou Andersson have been away visiting daughter Karen & other friends & relatives in Ontario. Tonight Lou brought E. some magazines & a dish of chicken cooked in wine, & stopped for a chat. Karen's divorce is proceeding, & next term she intends to take a teaching job in England. Their son Michael, a ~~Captain~~ Lieutenant in the Black Watch, has just returned from a few months' posting in Cyprus. His regiment has been taken off the regular army list under the Govt. economy scheme, & its officers & men will join other regular regiments to bring them up to strength. There will be slow promotion in all the Canadian forces under

these conditions, & Michael intends to resign his commission in another year. Meanwhile (next month) he will marry his fiancée, a senior student at Acadia U.

News:- Today another manned rocket ("Apollo 13") set off from Cape Canaveral, Florida, for the moon.

SUNDAY, APL 12, 1970 Same weather. Indoors all day.

MONDAY, APL 13/70 Sunshine at last, though the breeze was from the sea & chilly. E. came with me to Summerville. The sunshine was warm through the glass of the car windows, & she sat there while I walked to the river & back. Again the lone semi-palmated plover, foraging in the edge of the light surf, was in sole possession of the beach. No sign of the ospreys. I begin to doubt my identification of one on April 6. Coming back towards town I dropped E. near the White Point Lodge boathouse, where she could look for mayflowers in a sunny place out of the sea breeze, while I walked around the course. The golf fairways are still rather spongy underfoot, & I doubt if they will be fit to play until May 1. E. couldn't find even a bud on the mayflowers. (On Apl. 11 last year she picked a bunch in full bloom.) The succession of hard night frosts & frequent snows in late March & early April puts the spring back. The fox sparrows are still foraging about my garden. They have been here two weeks. Usually they pause here just a few days before going on to the north.

TUESDAY, APL 14/70 Again a sunny day with an icy sea breeze. Walked at Summerville & White Point. At the very tip of the point I came upon four or five Ipswich sparrows, & got a good look at them with the naked eye & with my field glasses. They were perched on some old wreckage, as if they were planning to take off for Sable Island — their only known nesting place. (E. F. Tufts has seen & identified Ipswich sparrows in previous years on Summerville Beach, always in April.) At home I greased the wheel bearings of our golf carts, though the course won't be fit for play till May 1st, & E. won't be able to play at all if these strange muscle pains continue. News:- Something has gone wrong with the "Apollo 13" rocket craft, so instead of landing on the moon the astronauts flew around the moon & then headed back towards Earth. They were in great danger for a time.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 15, 1970 Sunny & fairly warm in town, but my afternoon walks at Summerville & White Point were chilled by an icy fog off the sea. The Historical Society met at our house tonight — 39 people — & I had to borrow chairs from our Andersseen & Johnson neighbours. Speaker was a dark little man named Sathipadass, from Madras, who teaches math. in the Liverpool high school. His talk was about the people of south India & their history. The usual refreshments afterward — tea, coffee, various kinds of buttered bread, sandwiches, & cake.

THURSDAY, APL. 16/70 Overcast, with an icy sea fog on the headlands, keeping the temp. close to 40°. This afternoon I began to work on my lawns, raking up the winter's accumulation of fallen twigs, leaves, & debris (everything from cigarette packages to wads of Kleenex) tossed from passing cars and (chiefly) the school crowd. Removed my seed tray from the bird bath. Wheeled 3 barrow-loads of loam from behind the garage to fill sunken places in the front lawn. Spread about 11 lbs. (half a 22-lb sack) of "Lawn Green" fertilizer.

Neighbour Erik Andersseen was doing much of the same, & at 4:30 we adjourned to my study for a rest & a yarn & a couple of drinks of rum.

FRIDAY, APL. 17/70 A hazy sun & the usual cold sea breeze. Walked at Summerville & White Point. Debby & Tommy came to supper. Tom & Pam came with the car to pick them up at 7 p.m. Tom brought a bag of shrimps, part of a carton-full sent him by one of his Lockeport clients. They are all of the same size, about 4" long & about ½" thick, all cooked & ready for eating. Delicious! The presence of large quantities of shrimp off our coast has been known for a long time, because fishermen at certain times found the bellies of cod & pollack full of them. This year, for the first time, boats with the proper dragnets, & electronic locating equipment, are operating from Lockeport & Shelburne, & with great success. There is a ready market, & almost daily, truckloads are going to Halifax, Boston, etc.

News:- The 3 men in "Apollo 13" got down to earth (the Pacific Ocean) safely this afternoon, after a dangerous & harrowing experience. The engine of the main capsule

either exploded or was hit by a meteorite, & they had to return using fuel & oxygen from the smaller capsule intended for landing on the moon. The team of Canadian scientists & others who have been working at Chedabucto Bay, report that they have drawn all the remaining oil out of the sunken tanker "Arrow" & taken it away in special barges. The job of cleaning 60 or 70 miles of shore continues. They are using various kinds of ingenious equipment, most of it designed on the spot.

The Anderssens invited us in for drinks & chat tonight. Their son Michael will be married to his fiancée in the Manning Memorial Chapel at Acadia U. on May 9th.

SATURDAY, APL. 18, 1970 A drizzle of rain all day. Wrote Jack McClelland (see entry Apl. 6) in reply to his letter of Apl. 2. I would like to see "Halifax, Warden of the North" in print again, & I would consider writing the text for a book of good photos of Lake Island, but I want to finish my memoirs to go along with my papers. In reply to his suggestion of publishing my memoirs I said "I don't think the story of my life & work is all that interesting". And, I repeated that I hadn't even a foggy notion of a new work for publication at the present time, so there's no point in saying "come on down".

SUNDAY, APL. 19/70 Another dreary day — a few snowflakes in the morning & a slow rain thereafter. Tom borrowed my air rifle to shoot some pigeons that perch & make a mess of droppings over the entrance to his office. He killed two, which may discourage the others for a time.

MONDAY, APL. 20/70 Hazy sunshine, but still a cool sea breeze. Walked at Summerville & White Point. On the beach I found that the lone plover had a single companion. Also, I saw, with the naked eye & with field glasses, a lone osprey hovering over the mouth of Broad River — presumably the one I saw in a brief glance on Apl. 6.

WEDNESDAY, APL. 22/70 Cold, drizzling weather yesterday & today, with the thermometer apparently stuck at 40°. In the rain today I dug up the flat stones (some weighing 30 or 40 lbs) which I placed behind my garage many years ago as a base for my incinerator. Most of them I hauled from Indian Gardens in my first car, a little Ford runabout. I refilled the holes with loam, & raked in fertilizer & grass seed. Also I seeded the

patches of loam on the front lawn. The rain changed to snow soon afterwards, in large flakes, & by night all the ground & the roofs were white. Little Tommy & Debby spent the night with us.

News:- Much rioting & looting by "Black Power" mobs in Port of Spain, Trinidad. Some of the Trinidad regular troops have mutinied & gone over to the mob, & several British & U.S. warships have been ordered to Trinidad, if necessary to evacuate whites & Hindus.

THURSDAY, APL. 23, 1970 A sunny day at last, but still with a chill air off the sea, as I walked at Summerville & White Point. Chatted with golf pro. Jim Dumeah. His ground crew have set out the tee benches etc. but cannot do much while the ground remains spongy. Thinks we might play this week-end on fairways 1 to 7 inclusive (8 & 9 are still very soggy), but staying off the greens.

FRIDAY, APL. 24/70 Weather & walks as yesterday. Here & there the grass begins to show a hint of fresh green. Henry Hensey died of a heart failure in his sleep last night, in his house on the corner of Waterloo & Old Bridge streets. Age 70. A short black man who spent his whole life in Liverpool, he was undoubtedly the most popular man, white or black, in the whole community. He worked as a cook & handyman, & for many years no cocktail party in town was complete without Henry in a white jacket behind the bar. He played the piano & organ well, & had a good tenor voice. (He sang in the choir of Zion church for many years.) He was always neatly dressed, & had a cheerful greeting for everyone he knew along the streets. We shall miss him.

News:- In Trinidad the situation is now quiet. Most of the troops remained loyal, but the rebel soldiers seized the main arms depot some miles outside Port of Spain, & that made the government's position awkward until arms were flown in from the U.S. & from Venezuela. Only a few people were killed, so there couldn't have been much actual fighting. The "Black Power" rebels have surrendered. But this is another omen. Within a few more years all the Caribbean islands (& Guyana), where blacks are the large majority of the people, will become like Haiti, the long established example of black rule in America.

SUNDAY, APRIL 26, 1970 Fine & warm, strong NW wind. This afternoon I attended the funeral service for Henry Hensey at Zion Church — the first time I've been in the church for many moons. The place was packed, with many people standing. Half a dozen black people & the rest white, of all denominations. Afterwards I took E. for a drive, first to return a borrowed magazine to Tom Jory at Mill Village, then by the main highway to Italy Cross, then to Petite Riviere, & back along the shore road via Vogler's Cove & East Port Medway. Lovely along the shore despite the lack of green in the landscape. On the main highway we could see the work of the road contractors during the past winter — & still in progress. Woods have been cleared away for straight cuts across the old bends, revealing masses of boulders & holes of swamp, & showing the difficulties of road-making along the South Shore. This year's schedule covers a few miles of the old N° 3 highway beginning just outside Brooklyn & stopping well short of Mill Village. Also a stretch beginning well to the east of Mill Village & stopping about the Queens-Lunenburg county line.

MONDAY, APL. 27/70 Fine & warm. Scrubbed my car with hose-brush this morning, & went over it thoroughly with a "chamois" cloth. Also vacuum-cleaned the interior & "shammied" the seats & inside surfaces of windows. The first cleaning it has had since last summer, I think.

After the car job I filled the lawn roller with water from the hose, ready for use, although the lawns are still too damp for rolling. Only 6 of my 12 rose bushes show definite signs of life. On these I scraped aside the (supposedly frost-protective) mounds of loam I heaped about them last Fall, & applied "Vigoro" fertilizer, ~~xxx~~ mixed with loam.

This afternoon the temp. rose to 75° in the sun, the first really hot day, with a warm SW gale blowing. I walked the length of Summerville Beach, but found my usual bird-watching nook by the railway bridge occupied by a young man & woman partly clothed & very much occupied with each other. Back to the golf course, where I walked about in my light golf jacket, & bareheaded. With my field glasses I identified a tern at the beach, & several tree swallows at the golf course — first appearances both. E. attended a card party.

For my dinner at 5. I broiled a steak.

E.'s condition does not improve. The muscular pains & stiffness do not prevent her moving about fairly freely during the day; but there is a great increase after 6 p.m., when she sits or lies on the sofa, reading or watching TV. When she gets up, from time to time, it is with obvious pain & stiffness. During the past two months her face has become ghastly pale, with great sacs about the eyes, & very much lined.

She now has an appointment with specialist Dr. John Woodbury at Halifax, for May 25. She is to go first to the New Pathology Institute, University Avenue, for various blood, urine, & other tests. Then to Woodbury's office in the Victoria General Hospital for a personal interview.

This week a friend of my sister Hilda is driving to Moncton from Mahone, so E. is going along to spend a few days with Billy & Francie. While there she will get a medical opinion from Bill.

TUESDAY, APL. 28, 1970 Sunny, a fresh breeze, temp. 65° at noon. In the afternoon I took a few golf balls, my N° 3 wood & N° 5 iron, & played the fairways at White Point, staying off the tees & greens. Several other players out. With this weather the course is drying at last. Noticed a pair of flickers tapping at an electric-line pole by the Lodge road, just a few yards beyond the golf course. Also saw fresh droppings of deer around the edges of N° 8 green. Dumsah, the pro., told me he saw a wild goose on N° 6 tee this morning. It flew off at his approach, but seemed sick or hurt.

Letter from Lloyd Bochner, Canadian actor in Hollywood. His option on movie rights in The Nymph & The Lamp expires on Apl. 30. He asks me to extend the present option to July 31, without additional payment. Mentions the tight money situation, & the upset state of the film industry. Says it was his intention to film the story in Canada, with assistance from the Canadian Film Development Corp. So far he has been unable to get a "major distributor", without which the CFDC won't help. This is about what I had expected, so I wrote by air mail agreeing to a free extension to July 31, 1970. Obviously Bochner & his associates have no real hope of "a more favourable response through other sources", or

he would have exercised his right to extend the option for another 12 months by paying a further $2,000.

News:- Much ado on TV, radio, & newspapers, about the provincial election in Quebec, which has been forerun by typical French-Canadian sound & fury. Forecasters predict defeat of the present Union National government, & that the Liberals under Robert Bourassa will have the largest number of seats, but will not have an over-all majority. The separatists under Rene Levesque (Parti Quebecois) expect to form the official opposition, but the "creditistes" will also have considerable strength. Behind all the blather, the Liberals & Creditistes are for a Quebec remaining in Confederation, the Parti Quebecois are for an independent republic, & the U.N. would like an independent government of Quebec yet still drawing large subsidies from federal Canada. The steadily increasing strength of the Parti Quebecois has caused a flight of capital from Montreal, very noticeable in the past few days, with processions of Brink Company armoured trucks leaving Montreal banks & trust company offices for destinations in Ontario.

WEDNESDAY, APL. 29, 1970 Sunny; but when I played golf at White Point the breeze was off the sea, & chilly. On my return I pulled the roller back & forth twice over my back lawn — & found the air quite warm! News:- In today's election, the Quebec Liberal party won a big majority over the others. The Union National govt was thoroughly defeated. The Parti Quebecois (separatists) won about 5 seats; a great defeat; but they got over 22% of the popular vote & will remain a potent political force in La Belle Province. The Liberal leader Robert Bourassa is an intellectual, a trained economist, & God Knows Quebec needs brains & economy now.

THURSDAY, APL. 30/70 Weather (& golf) as yesterday. Hilda's friend in Mahone phoned yesterday to say her Moncton trip is off. I offered to drive E. up there, but on consideration she said No & phoned Francie accordingly. This was wise, for two reasons. First, with her painful ailment E. is not fit to go so long a journey. Second, my car is a Corvair, the type condemned by American crusader Ralph Nader as "unsafe at any speed". (The manufacturers, General Motors, stopped making it in 1969, bowing to public reaction.) Its fault is in the suspension of the front wheels, which develop a vibration

at speeds over 45 m.p.h. but actually not dangerous until the speed is over 50 m.p.h., when the vibration becomes an erratic wabble or "shimmy", requiring a constant hard grip on the steering wheel & an unrelaxed vigilance every moment.

On my short journeys here I rarely drive at more than 50 m.p.h., & in all other respects the car is a handy little beauty. But on my few trips to & from Moncton with E., driving in fast traffic & having to maintain at least 60 m.p.h. for hours on end, I found it a wearying experience & often dangerous, especially in gusts of wind.

At 4 p.m. my sister Hilda & husband Ted Bayer called on their way home from Yarmouth & Digby, where they have been buying wood carvings etc. for his souvenir shop at Chester Basin. Hilda gave me a bundle of letters & documents she had found in an old tin box belonging to mother. Mostly they are documents of father's military career, beginning with a certificate of his enlistment in the Royal Marines at the age of "15 10/12 years". Some photographs of him during the war 1914-1918. Letters from General Lipsett & other friends congratulating him on the award of D.S.O. & his three mentions in General Haig's despatches. Most pathetic of all, his brief & affectionate note to my mother on the eve of battle (Aug. 7, 1918) & saying "before this reaches you, you will have read with pride the doings of our boys." By the time it reached her, he & 66 of his boys were dead, & about 360 others wounded, but the Canadians had broken right through the German lines east of Amiens in what Ludendorff called "Germany's black day in this war". This letter enclosed a (dried & crumbling now) sprig of small flowers & leaves he had picked in a French garden, about a chateau near Amiens.

I note in today's Chronicle-Herald that the Nova Scotia College of Art & Design will award honorary degrees to 3 Nova Scotians at the term closing ceremonies on May 2. One is Pamela's father, William J. White. Tom, Pam, & their youngsters are going to attend the ceremony.

FRIDAY, MAY 1, 1970 Sunny & cool. E. says her eyesight is becoming blurred, & talks of going to Yile, the optometrist here. Today suddenly she found that she could not read print.

or even work at her favourite crossword puzzles, except at long intervals to rest her eyes. I urged her to call Dr. Macdonald, as this new development may be a clue to her main ailment. Finally she agreed to see him on Monday.

News:- Last evening, in a continent-wide TV broadcast, President Nixon declared that North Vietnam troops, moving into Cambodia, have taken up positions to outflank the whole South Vietnam & U.S. forces. Consequently, with his consent, South Vietnam & U.S. troops are moving into Cambodia themselves. (He did not add that the code name for this operation is "Total Victory") In his TV address he pointed to a large map which showed the vulnerability of South Vietnam to attack from Cambodia. Today there were anti-war demonstrations & riots in several U.S. cities, & various governments about the world have expressed their dislike of this enlargement of the war.

SATURDAY, MAY 2, 1970 Fine & warm, strong SW wind. Spent the morning gardening. Got 3 new rose bushes from Henderson. Transferred the two dwarf "Golden Fiction" roses from the bird bath to new places by the driveway. Planted in their place one Karl Herbst and one Miriandy. Replaced the dead Chrysler Imperial near garage door with a new Karl Herbst.

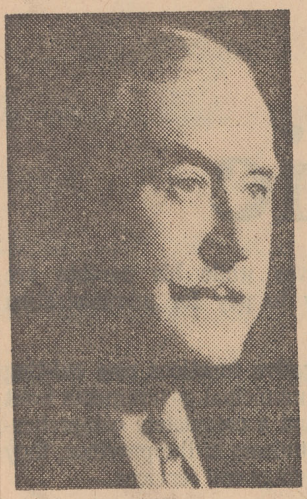
Golf in the afternoon. E. sat in the garden for a time but found the wind too strong.

SUNDAY, MAY 3/70 Cool & overcast. This afternoon E. came with me to White Point, & I drove to her favourite mayflower spot. With her blurred eyesight she had to grope as much as look, but while I was playing 9 holes she gathered quite a bunch. I picked her up with the car, & she sat in it while I finished my game. The breeze from the sea became very cold as a bank of fog rolled in, & then a pelter of icy rain followed.

Our neighbour Lou Andersen dropped in this evening, bringing a good-sized trout. Her husband Erik, & Austin & Edwin Parker, spent the weekend fishing in the Rossignol — Shelburne Rivet area. The fishing was good. In 2 days they got 7 trout.

Rumours of a provincial election soon. Edmund Morris, on his nightly TV news commentary, several days ago, predicted the date for it — June 9. Premier G. I. Smith & his government

Halifax Chronicle - Herald
April 30, 1970



COL. SIDNEY C. OLAND

MRS. HAROLD CONNOR

W. T. WHITE

Three to receive honorary degrees from Art College

The Nova Scotia Colleg of Art and Design will award three honorary degrees to eminent Maritimers at its closing ceremonies Saturday, May 2, Garry N. Kennedy, president, announced yesterday.

Honorary Doctorates in Fine Arts will be conferred on Mrs. Harold Connor, W. T. White, OBE, and Colonel Sidney C. Oland, VD, CD, LL.D., D. Eng., in recognition of their services to the college.

Mrs. Connor, born in Sydney, has lived in Halifax most of her life. She was educated at Dalhousie University and was awarded BSc. and MSc. degrees. She then went to England where she did postgraduate work in biology at Sommerville College, University of Oxford.

A keen sportswoman, Mrs. Connor has been Maritime and provincial golf champion and has represented Nova Scotia on the provincial team many times. She has also participated in basketball, badminton, tennis and curling.

Mr. White was born and educated in New Brunswick. He served overseas in the first world war in the 39th Battery of the Canadian Field Artillery. In the Second World War he was vice-chairman of the National War Finance committee for the province of Nova Scotia and in 1946 was made an officer of the Order of the British Empire by King George V, for his services.

He is a retired investment dealer, a director of Stanfield's Limited and of G. E. Leslie Limited. His hobbies are Canadian art and antiques, and he has a magnificent collection of paintings, glass and furniture.

Colonel Oland is a native of Dartmouth and was ecucated at St. Francis Xavier University and the Brewers Academy in New York. He later joined S. Oland and Son, and with his father founded the present company in 1905. Under his management the firm has become one of the most up-to-date in Canada. His success is attested by the number of directorships he holds.

He served in France during the First World War as commander of the 14th Brigade. Later he became aide-de-camp to three Governor-Generals; the Earl of Bessborough, Lord Tweedsmuir and the Earl of Athlone.

An active leader in the Nova Scotian economy, Col. Oland has contributed not only to industrial development, but to agricultural improvement and cultural excellence. He has been awarded numerous decoration and two honorary degrees.

Move news to minister

OTTAWA (Copyright) — If Air Canada plans to move its Atlantic regional headquarters from Halifax to Montreal it has not told Transport Minister Jamieson about it.

When asked by Donald MacInnis (PC-Cape Breton-East Richmond) in the House yesterday what he intended to do about the reported move by Air Canada, Mr. Jamieson replied: "I have not had any such advice from Air Canada officials."

Under further prodding from Michael Forrestall (PC-Dartmouth-Halifax East) on why it was necessary to even consider such a transfer, the Minister agreed to investigate.

are mum on the subject.

MONDAY, MAY 4, 1970 A grey sky & a chill sea breeze. My shrubs are just bursting out of the bud, & the lawns are a good green again. Played a few holes at White Point. At 3 p.m. I took C. in the car to Dr. Floyd Macdonald's office. She told him of her failing physical condition, & the new symptom of dizziness & blurred eyesight. He decided to send her to the V.G. Hospital, Halifax, for several days' observation & various tests, as soon as a bed there is available.

TUESDAY, MAY 5/70 Rain all morning. Afternoon cloudy. Last Saturday in the warm weather I shed my winter underwear for the light cotton shorts & singlet of summer. Yesterday's brief session on the cold sea wind produced a sharp attack of lumbago, the first in a long time, & multiplied the arthritic pains in right hip & knee. So I'm back to "long johns". Gardening this afternoon, loosening the winter caked earth about the stems of honeysuckle & various shrubs, & applying "Vigoro", well raked in, to these & the old & new rose bushes. Little Blair had supper with us, as usual, on Tuesdays, & Tom Jr. picked him up at 7 p.m. Tom says the Queens Co. Liberals are holding a meeting tomorrow to choose a candidate. No less than 4 pols are in the ring, including Cecil Day (defeated Liberal candidate in the last election) & Lester Clements, Liverpool lawyer. Clements has been head of the Liberals in Queens for years, but hitherto has refused to run as a candidate — probably because (a) he holds the lucrative post of Crown Prosecutor for Queens, which the Conservative govt. could transfer to someone else, and (b) he knew he couldn't win against Kennedy Jones. Now the old lion is sick & the jackals are eager to close in. The tales & rumours about Jones' mental condition, & sexual antics at Halifax, are all over the province. Also the electors in the western half of N.S. are sore about the Conservative govt's unspoken but obvious policy for years — to take the western counties for granted & to pour most of the tax money into the more populous & more demanding counties east of the Chester-Windsor neck. Tom's talks with his friends & dental clients have convinced him that

the Liberals will take every seat in western N.S. in the next election.

Dr. Macdonald phoned today. He has arranged for E. to enter the Victoria General Hospital ("the new building, Room 8016") at 8:30 a.m. on Wednesday, May 13. She will remain there several days for various tests, including one by Dr. Woodbury

WEDNESDAY, MAY 6, 1970 Overcast (foggy all morning) & cold. Drove the car downtown to get the mail, shop for wine, groceries, & so forth. Spent most of the afternoon playing Scrabble with E. She won, as usual.

Alex Inglis died last night, of a heart attack. He was 56, a native of New Glasgow. Two or three years ago he bought the printing business of J. Cecil Day ("Advance Publishing Co.") for a sum about $250,000, according to rumour, paying some cash & giving Day a mortgage for the rest. His son Jack remains in charge. I weighed myself, naked, on the bathroom scales, this morning. 177 lbs.

THURSDAY, MAY 7/70 Overcast & cool. Went over my lawns with the roller, for the second time. This should do for the season. We dined on a delicious sea (lobster & scallops) chowder, cooked & brought in by our good neighbour Lou Andersson.

At the Liberal party meeting last evening the members rejected elements, Day & Lane, & chose for their candidate in the next provincial election Harley Umphrey, manager of the I.G.A. grocery supermarket. A wise choice, I think. He is 37, capable & likeable, with various business interests. In its recent session the N.S. Legislature reduced the voting age from 21 to 19, (P.E.I. reduced it to 18) & all parties have their eyes on the new bloc.

SATURDAY, MAY 9/70 Fine & warm. E. did not feel up to a motor trip to Wolfville for Michael Andersson's wedding, so I went in the Edwin Parkers' car, with Mr. & Mrs. Don Scott. Vegetation much advanced in the Valley — for example all the forsythia bushes in a yellow blaze, whereas in the chill sea airs of the South Shore ours are just breaking out of the bud. There has been so much new building on the Acadia campus since young Tom graduated that I could hardly recognise the place. The wedding was in the new (Manning Memorial) chapel, built 1963. Service by an Anglican parson named Cochrane, from Halifax, whom I had met at King's, at a meeting of the Haliburton many

years ago. About 60 or 70 people, mostly friends of the Andersens. Anna Hargrave is from Montreal. Four or five young army officers, comrades of Michael, hadj driven from Camp Gagetown N.B. all in mufti. The wedding was at 11 a.m., & at noon we all withdrew to the Paramount Hotel for a luncheon of cold meats & salad, sherbet & coffee, with a rosée wine for the toasts. The bride a rather plain girl, taller than Michael, with a deep contralto voice. He & she are completely sophisticated in the modern manner, none of the old-fashioned shyness & awkwardness. In replying to the toast to the bride, Michael said he had discussed what he should say, & Anna had told him, "Just say you're damned lucky to get me!" All went very merrily, & in the reception room afterwards the young officers yorked in singing some ballads old & new. Michael's sister Karen was there, looking a bit worn in features after her disastrous three years' marriage, which is now ending in divorce. She told me she is going to teach in England next Fall. Very hot in the car, driving home, & I was glad to get there at 5 p.m.

SUNDAY, MAY 10, 1970. A grey sky, & when I played golf this afternoon the air off the sea had the same icy feel it has had for weeks. E. & I dined with Tom F. & family, Pamela served a delicious meal of wild duck, shot by Tom last Fall. A special wine sauce, her father's recipe. Rice & small French peas.

News:- A huge anti-war demonstration in Washington yesterday. Mostly white students who came by bus from various universities in the mid-west & eastern states. Most of them behaved well, parading about the streets within sight & sound of the White House, but held at a safe distance by city busses parked across the approaches & a strong ring of police. Our TV showed groups of shaggy-haired youths & the string-haired females of the species, yelling what appeared to be the favourite slogan:-

"One, Two, Three, Four,
We don't want the fucking war!"

MONDAY, MAY 11/70. The temp. went up to 80° this morning, while I was mowing my lawns for the first time this season. In the afternoon, golfing at White Point, the cold sea breeze

asserted itself once more, & I ended my round wearing a sweater & a cap. This evening, while watching TV, E. found that she could see nothing at all with her left eye. She is very depressed.

TUESDAY, MAY 12, 1970 A cool grey day. Drove to Hfx. with E. this afternoon & put up at the Dresden Arms. In the evening Marian White (Pam's mother) picked us up with her car & took us to the White home for a chat with Bill & herself. Back to the hotel at 10 p.m. For once we had no noisy drunks next door, & after taking her sleeping pill E. slept well. I couldn't, despite Kelonal & rum, & spent a restless night until 3 a.m. Up again at 7 a.m.

MAY 13 We breakfasted at 7:30 & drove to the V.G. hospital on Tower Road in time for E's appointment with Dr. Woodbury at 8:30 a.m. I went back to the hotel & sat in our room reading until about 10 a.m., when Woodbury phoned & asked me to come to the hospital. I found him alone in a small office on one of the upper floors. A handsome man with clear grey eyes, 50-ish, a trim erect figure, quiet voice. Began by saying he had read some of my books & enjoyed them. Then about E. She had a rheumatic condition which could be treated. He was much more concerned, however, with her blurred sight. Among other tests he had examined her eyes, & noted an inflamed vein at the back of the left eye, which had been giving her pain. This could be caused by a tumor, or by a circulatory ailment. He had therefore arranged an immediate appointment with a neurologist in the V.G., Dr. Stevenson. He then took me to Stevenson's office & introduced me. Stevenson a brisk, stocky man with a greying black moustache. He led me to a chair in a hallway, & then returned to E. His nurse-aide took various blood samples, etc. After half an hour he brought E. to me, said the eye ailment was a circulatory thing, which could be treated. He then sent us back to Woodbury, who provided E. with a new drug prescription (containing "cortisone") & asked her to come to him again on Friday the 22nd, when he would be in the Medical Arts Building on Spring Garden Road. We drove

DR. JOHN F.L. WOODBURY

back to Liverpool in the afternoon, & E. got a supply of the new pills at once, from druggist Hemeon. E. feels much relieved in mind already, & wishes she had insisted on these examinations six months ago.

THURSDAY, May 14, 1970. Heavy rain last night, and a damp grey day today. In the morning shopped for groceries & booze (rum for me, gin for E.). Spent the afternoon indoors playing Scrabble with E.

Local news:- Liverpool mulatto William "Skippy" Simms, 26, has been sentenced to 10 years in Dorchester prison, for the murder of another mulatto, Ernest Morrison, on Feb. 26. He is a very bad character, has been in & out of jails for most of his adult life, & was released from Dorchester on a suspended sentence just a few months ago. Through the efforts of the John Howard Society & other well-meaning but misguided "humanitarians", Simms undoubtedly will be turned loose again in a few more years. Another murderer, "Bimbo" Cunningham, who seduced Charles Moody's wife & then killed Moody himself in Milton years ago, has been in & out of jails & lunatic asylums, ever since. He was sent to prison last fall for a violent assault on two old women, one of whom was beaten nearly to death. He was released again last year, is living in his shack on "the old back road", West Milton, & the neighboring people, especially women living alone, & the mothers of little girls, are in a state of perpetual terror.

FRIDAY, May 15/70 A sunny day, although as usual, the sea breeze at White Point was chilly. E. went with me to the golf course, & picked a bunch of mayflowers. On returning home I got the mower out & clipped the back lawn again — at this time of year, & with the aid of fertilizer, the grass grows fast. Bird note:- On May 11 & again today I saw several Kingbirds foraging on the ground & in the air at White Point. (Tufts gives May 17 as the average date of first appearance of Kingbirds, & May 9th as the earliest in his records.)

SATURDAY, May 16/70 Same weather. Golf alone in the afternoon. Few players. A bit warmer in town, & E. sat a little while in the garden. We had 4 garden chairs, all of light

aluminum & plastic-web construction, one of them (E's favorite) a sort of chaise-longue. All folded flat for storage, & I kept them in the garage. On May 2 I got out the chaise-longue & one of the straight chairs, returning them to the garage at evening. On May 9, when I was attending the wedding at Wolfville, E. set a chair out on the lawn, but could not find the chaise-longue, & thought I must have stowed it elsewhere. Today she looked more carefully, & so did I, & realized at last that thieves had taken the chaise-longue & two of the straight chairs, probably during the night of May 2. I have never locked the garage door, & the darkened schools & their grounds behind my garden make an easy approach for prowlers.

SUNDAY, MAY 17, 1970 Again sunny with an icy sea wind. Golf alone this afternoon, just comfortable in winter "long johns". After golf I drove with E. to Hunts Point & visited for an hour with Tom, Pam, & their youngsters at the cottage. E. says she feels much better on Dr. Woodbury's prescription.

I am now locking my garage door at night, & turning on the floodlight at the back of the house, which I have seldom used in years.

Reading "Canada's First Century" by history professor Donald Creighton of the University of Toronto, published recently. The jacket blurb declares he is "Canada's greatest living narrative historian". He is a cassandra, deploring the American financial hold on Canada, & predicting that eventually & inevitably the Yankees will swallow us politically as well. He denies the assertion of Quebec politicians that French-Canadians were promised anything like a bi-lingual & bi-cultural nation at confederation, & points out that the frantic fawning of Lester Pearson's government had infuriated the English speaking majority, especially in the West, without mollifying the French a bit. He is an admirer (& biographer) of John A. Macdonald, & while he points out the faults of Diefenbaker he has good things to say about him, and R. L. Borden & Arthur Meighen. On the other hand he is acidulous about Laurier, Mackenzie King, & Pearson. King is the great villain — a man whose main purpose was to whittle away all British ties & throw Canada into the grasp of the United States.

MONDAY, MAY 18, 1970 Rain. A wood fire in the living room, to give the old-fashioned look & sound of warmth that doesn't come from an oil furnace. Played Scrabble with E all afternoon.

News:- The Canadian Labour Congress, meeting in Edmonton, has announced that it will continue to demand higher wages. It denounced the Trudeau government's efforts to fight inflation by "creating unemployment". This attitude has been evident, all over the country, in a growing rash of wage demands, strikes, & the threat of strikes. The postal employees are striking within a few days' time, the second postal strike in 2 years. Last year it lasted 22 days. The govt evidently expects this one to last as long or longer — Old Age Pension (& presumably other govt. pensions) cheques were mailed several days ago, post-dated May 27 and June 27.

TUESDAY, MAY 19 70 This morning I took the car to the shopping-parking lot, & while E. was getting groceries at the Dominion Store I got my mail & dropped in to the police office to report the theft of my folding garden chairs. They were taken so long ago, & obviously by thieves using a car or light truck, that I had no hope of seeing them again; but I was interested to know if other thefts had taken place in the area about the schools. To my astonishment the policeman at the desk said, "I think we have the chairs. Will you describe them, please?"

I did, & a police car returned them to my house. They were found on Sunday, May 3, lying in long grass on a vacant lot (the site of an old laundry destroyed by fire years ago) on Union Street, about ½ mile from Park St. Evidently the thieves couldn't make a quick sale, or they decided that the chairs could be recognized.

Another dank day, with showers, so again no outdoor exercise. At 5 p.m. Betty Freeman phoned E. telling her that Terence has had another heart seizure, & is in the local hospital with a special nurse and (oxygen?) equipment.

Financial note:- (bad like all news nowadays) My life savings, nearly all invested in sound public utility common stocks, had a stock market value of ~~$ 79 [illegible]~~ $99,462 last May. Today they would fetch $70,689.

WEDNESDAY, ~~TUESDAY~~, MAY 20, 1970 Fog & drizzle — the third day of it — but temp. up to 60°. Betty Freeman phoned E. this morning. Dr. Bird had just told her by phone that she must be prepared for the worst. Terence remains in the oxygen tent & may die any moment, though there is still a possibility that Terence may pull out of this attack, as he did before. The fact is that he cannot live much longer, in any case. Very bad for poor E., in her own sick state of body & mind, jumping every time the phone rang. I played Scrabble with her, at her request, all afternoon.

A meeting of the Historical Society tonight, at Mel. Marion Gardner's house in Brooklyn. The speaker was Mrs. ~~Margaret~~ Robertson of Shelburne, & she read a very interesting paper on Donald Mackay, the shipbuilder, a native of Jordan Falls, & his family. As a bit of illustration, Hector Dunlop brought his beautiful & exact model of the famous "Flying Fish", the product of 5 years' work, made from blueprints he obtained in Boston. Mrs. E. A. Goodland brought her "parchment", which she had penned in old English script, bearing greetings from the people of Mayflower descent in Queens County, to the mayor & people of Plymouth, England, in connection with the celebration of the 350th. anniversary of the sailing of the Pilgrims. Attached is a printed list of several hundred Queens County descendants, including E., Tom Jr. & his children. Mrs. Goodland will present these documents in person to the Lord Mayor of Plymouth in the latter part of this month.

In the Hfx. newspaper I note the death of my old friend H. B. ("Jeff") Jefferson, at 77. I knew him in the years when he was in charge of Hansard in the N.S. Legislature, & on the side writing a history of railroads in N.S., including the bygone Liverpool & Milton line. We had a lively but very irregular correspondence, & I last saw him in June 1969, when he visited Liverpool briefly, & Larry Boner took photographs of Cecil Day, "Jeff", & myself in conversation over lots of rum.

THURSDAY, MAY 21/70 A grey day, but dry for a change. This morning in my car I picked up Mrs. Robertson, who had stayed overnight at Margery Bain's home, & took her home to Shelburne. Back at noon. Played golf in the

Yarmouth N.S. Vanguard May 20/70

Thomas Raddall to speak at Historical Society

by Vic Eldridge

The Yarmouth County Historical Society will have as its next guest speaker Dr. Thomas H. Raddall.

This honourable gentleman has gained fame in the literary world for his novels and plays.

This is the second visit to the Historical Society in Yarmouth. The first time Dr. Raddall held his large audience spellbound as he related a heart-warming, true story of the Acadiens.

On the visit scheduled for 8 p.m. Friday, June 5, Dr. Raddall will relate an account of "Tarleton's Legion." It is a story of the most famous Loyalist regiment, during and after, the American Revolution.

This was the time when the survivors settled in Queens, Shelburne and Digby Counties. The main body settled first in Queens, which as you know, included at that time the present Shelburne and Yarmouth Counties.

DR. THOMAS H. RADDALL

Thomas Raddall was born at Hythe, England in 1903. His father served in the Canadian Army as a Colonel and was killed in the battle of Amiens in 1918.

Thomas Raddall

Young Thomas Raddall attended school in Halifax. His family home was damaged by the explosion of a munitions cargo ship in Halifax in December 1917. Thomas escaped with a concussion and a cut.

In 1918 he served in the Merchant Marine and later served ashore on Sable Island. In 1933 Blackwoods Magazine in Britain published a series of his tales. With the encouragement of such people as the Governor-General of Canada, he quit his office job and became a full time professional writer in 1938.

In 1942 the book "His Majesty's Yankees" was published. While serving with the "West Novies" in World War II, Thomas Raddall wrote "Roger Sudden". Other books and plays published since that time include the "Nympth and the Lamp" and the "Wings of Night".

Dr. Raddall spends every possible afternoon outdoors, walking on the Mersey River Road, chatting with fishermen and sailors along the Liverpool docks.

All his writings indicate painstaking research. He is a meticulous writer who believes in one perfect way of saying anything.

The regular members of the Historical Society and Yarmouthians in general are looking forward to the visit of Dr. Raddall. The general public is invited — free of charge — to hear about the story of "Tarleton's Regiment". The time is 8 p.m. Friday, June 5, at the Yarmouth County Historical Society Building on Collins Street, Yarmouth.

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Hfx Chronicle-Herald
May 21, 1970

Obituary

H. B. Jefferson, widely-known newspaperman, dies at age 77

H. B. (JEFF) JEFFERSON, 77, veteran Maritime newspaperman and railway historian, died in Moncton early yesterday.

A native of Moncton, Mr. Jefferson worked with newspapers in many parts of the Maritimes and, although officially retired since 1966, he was active writing articles on railroading in the late 1800s.

He had recently gone to Moncton from Halifax, to serve as interim editor of a new weekly, the Free Press.

His first instructor in the newspaper field was John T. Dawe of the Moncton Transcript. From Moncton he moved to Halifax in time for the military riots and explosion. Here he came under the instruction of the first Senator William Dennis.

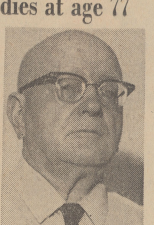
Later he was news editor of the Sydney Record during the Cape Breton labor wars of the twenties. After the Post-Record merger, Mr. Jefferson leased two weeklies in western Nova Scotia for a period of three years, then returned to Halifax as editorial writer and columnist for the Daily Star. In 1939, he was appointed Atlantic Regional Censor of publications (press and radio) with headquarters in Halifax.

In this position Mr. Jefferson maintained that he never censored editorial opinion, no matter how critical it might be of the Canadian war effort, and news was not suppressed unless security was involved.

In 1949 he joined the provincial information service and some time later was named editor of Hansard, the Nova Scotia legislature record which was revived in 1950 after lying dormant since 1916, when it had been dropped as a war economy measure.

Mr. Jefferson was a well known writer, and under the pen name of J. B. King he researched and authored a series of 191 articles on the old steam railroads of Nova Scotia. These ran in The Chronicle-Herald from 1957 to 1961.

During his tenure in Cape Breton, he at one point worked 15 days and nights without sleep to cover colliery strikes. His reports went to all parts of Canada through The Canadian Press news service.



H. B. JEFFERSON

As recently as this week a letter by Mr. Jefferson was published in The Chronicle-Herald in which he commented on the deaths of four Kent State University students. He wrote that "anyone with no better sense than to mingle with a riotous mob throwing rocks and bottles at armed troops — especially jittery armed militia of the National Guard type — is asking for it. In this case they got it and it served them right."

He was a skilled story teller and, according to a report in The Truro News in 1944 he had at one time or another been a "roving correspondent or press agent over practically every square mile in the Maritime provinces."

He is survived by one sister, Mrs. Oscar U. Reade, Fredericton; two nephews and two nieces.

He was married to the former Lennie Ayer, daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Ayer, Moncton. She died in February, 1969.

The body is at Tuttle Brothers, Moncton. Funeral service will be held Saturday from Tuttle's Memorial Chapel with burial in Elmwood Cemetery, Moncton.

afternoon, glad to get the exercise.

Local news:- The federal govt. has offered to sell the former Artillery ground & buildings on Main Street to the town for a dirt-cheap price of $8,000. Mayor Grannot is calling a meeting of town people, with a proposal to turn this property into a "Youth Centre". If this goes through, it will bring a nightly Bedlam of fast-cracking "rock" dance music, etc., into what has been a quiet residential area; & as it is next door to the carefully preserved Perkins House & its museum we can expect malicious damage from the male & female hoodlums who are bound to use the "Youth Centre" for a rendezvous.

Family note:- This evening, in the course of a casual conversation, E. suddenly accused me of an "infatuation", apparently of long standing, with the wife of an old friend, a retired merchant in Liverpool. I might have got a wry flattery out of it if the lady had ever been beautiful, or charming, or intelligent; but in fact she is a lean person of no good looks or charm or brains, & her sole pre-occupation for years has been frenetic touring trips in Europe, the West Indies, etc., dragging her crippled husband along. I asked E., mildly, to tell me more; but with the same dark contorted face she said, "I am going to have this infatuation out with you when I am feeling better"; and she would say no more.

For years I have feared that E.'s mind might lapse into the insanity which destroyed her elder brother Ralph & sister Marie, & I have noted signs from time to time. But this is the first positive proof.

FRIDAY, MAY 22, 1970 E. was quiet & pleasant today, as if yesterday's episode had never happened. When I drove to White Point in the afternoon for golf, she insisted on coming along to pick mayflowers & violets in the woods. The air was frigid at the Point, with a bitter sea wind & wisps of fog, & anyhow I was too disturbed to play with any skill. So after 9 holes I returned to town & mowed my back lawn, & stopped at the Dominion Store for steak & a broiled chicken. My neighbours Andersen & Nickerson have returned from their holiday among the lobstermen on

Flat Island, about 20 miles from Cape Sable. They spent a week there, feasting on lobsters & wild ducks, & yarning & playing cards with the fishermen.

SATURDAY, MAY 23, 1970 Sunny, but still a chill air from the sea. This is the official season-opening day at the golf club, ending with a supper in the clubhouse. Sure to be a large crowd, & consequently a funereal pace around the fairways, & long waits in the cold breeze. So I stayed at home, mowing my front & side lawns, & clipping the edges, etc. Also I banded the birch trunks, about 5 feet from the ground, with the chemical "Cygon", to combat the leaf-miner grubs. E. sat reading in a lawn chair, in the lee of the house & in the sun, for 2 or 3 hours. The wild pear (service berry) trees are now in full white flower along this coast — a week later than in the Annapolis Valley, where they have no cold sea winds.

SUNDAY, MAY 24/70 At last an offshore (NW) wind & warm sunshine. The Anderssens took E. with them this afternoon, to buy flower-plants from Bridgewater nurseries. I played golf. On their return the Anderssens came in for a chat over drinks. At 1.30 a.m. (Monday) the telephone rang, & I went downstairs to answer it. A long distance call. A male voice said, "I have all your books. Why don't you write one about the piracy on the —" The last word was blurred, as if the speaker was a bit drunk. I said "Who are you, & where are you calling from?" Again, some blurred words & a repetition of the "I have all your books" bit. I rang off & went back to bed. Either a drunk, or more probably a joker with a twisted sense of humour.

MONDAY, MAY 25/70 Again a bitter sea wind, & at golf this afternoon I dressed in "long john" underwear as if it were winter. E. sat on our back lawn, in the lee of the house & in the hazy sunshine, wrapped in a winter coat. The birds that forage about my lawn & shrubbery, & enjoy the bird-bath, include the usual pairs of robins, song sparrows, yellow warblers — all presumably nesting or about to nest in the vicinity. Unusual visitors include a pair of purple finches (actually their coloured parts are red).

TUESDAY, MAY 26/70 Rain. Took E. downtown in the car this morning & shopped for groceries, wine, a green preservative stain for my back fence. Terence Freeman is

apparently recovering from his heart attack, which was complicated by a touch of pneumonia. I played Scrabble with E. all afternoon.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 27, 1970 Rain. Spent the day reading, playing Scrabble with E. & watching TV. Wrote Glem & Esther Crowell, saying that E. is unwell, & cancelling our weekend stay at Lake Annis. Instead I will drive to Yarmouth alone on Friday June 5, read my paper to the Historical Society that evening, stay the night at the Grand Hotel, & return to Pool the first thing Saturday morning.

A cat-bird appeared at my bird-bath yesterday — exactly the average spring arrival date for these birds according to Tufts. Presumably one of a pair that nested & raised a brood in the shrubbery behind my back lawn last year.

THURSDAY, MAY 28/70 Sunny & cool. Golf this p.m.

FRIDAY, MAY 29/70 Fine & warm. E.'s appointment with Dr. John Woodbury was set for noon today, so we set off in the car about 9.15 a.m. This time Woodbury was in his own offices in the Medical Arts Centre on Spring Garden Road. By a miracle I found a vacant parking place right outside. It is a large brick building erected some years ago by a consortium of doctors & dentists, almost opposite the little cul-de-sac called Carlton Street, which leads to the south gate of Camp Hill cemetery. While waiting I walked there, to get away from the noise & stink of motor traffic, & strolled over the green turf. Noted the gravestone of Mrs. Sarah Croker, which I had found before with the aid of the caretaker. (I wrote her story in "Footsteps On Old Floors.") Back to the car, & finally E. came forth, looking unhappy. She had thought the pills he had prescribed contained "cortisone", the drug which sometimes does miracles with arthritis, although her pains are definitely not in the bones or joints, and "cortisone" is applied by direct injection. After various tests of her arms & legs he warned her that he was changing the prescription, but she must not expect a cure from them, only an alleviation of the pains. Again

he examined her left eye, with its inflamed artery, & again expressed much concern, saying he was not entirely satisfied with Dr. Stevenson's diagnosis on May 13. He would try to arrange blood & urine tests at the Pathological Institute on University Avenue, & after that a careful examination by an eye specialist. We were planning to lunch at the Dresden Arms, & he would have his secretary phone us there. The call came just as we were finishing lunch. (I was too worried to eat anything more than a couple of buttered rolls, but C. seemed quite calm, & ate a large bowlful of fish chowder & a wedge of butterscotch pie). I drove to the Pathology Institute at 2 p.m. & found a parking space nearby. Inside, a nurse took 6 blood samples & a urine sample. The phoned message at the Dresden Arms simply said that the eye specialist was "Dr. Rafuse, 6178 Quinpool Road." Driving in the rush of city traffic, with cars swishing up within a couple of inches on either hand & behind, is a nightmare to me; & I could not attempt to drive along a busy thoroughfare like Quinpool Road, looking for a small number over a door — not even knowing which side of the street had № 6178. So C. took a taxi from the Institute & came back there at 4.30 p.m. the same way. Dr. Rafuse proved to be an Acadia classmate of Bill Dennis & our son Tom. After an exhaustive examination he confirmed Dr. Stevenson's diagnosis — the inflamed artery was a temporary condition, nothing to be alarmed about. The Friday afternoon outpour of workers & weekenders was just getting into full flow, & progress was slow until I got on the new (Route 103) stretch where one could roll along at 60 m.p.h. This is a dangerous speed for a bobtail, requiring a hard grip on the steering wheel & a constant readiness for front-wheel "shimmy" and cat-sway. My wrists were painful by the time we got home, but after the long waits & anxieties of the day I simply craved to get home & have a drink, & relax. C. got her newly prescribed pills from our druggist at once. (Cost, $29.00) She is to see Woodbury again in about a months' time.

SATURDAY, MAY 30, 1970 Fine & warm. I spent the afternoon mowing my lawns. E. complains that her muscular stiffness & pain is not reduced by the new pills as much as the old ones. I have noticed that the symptoms do not bother her so much during the day as in the evening. Today she bustled about her household chores, putting out a wash, & potting the geraniums she bought last Sunday, & which she now set out for the summer, at the sides of our front steps. The eye trouble does not prevent her reading a great deal, nor watching T.V. (Some time ago I suggested having a woman to come in daily or bi-weekly to do the household chores, but E. refused absolutely.) No further sign of mental aberration.

SUNDAY, MAY 31/70 Sunny, with a fresh SW breeze. This afternoon I took E. to Hunts Point for a visit with Tom, Pam, & the kids, while I played golf at White Point. Afterwards I joined E. & we sat chatting over beer with the junior Raddalls. Back to town at 4 p.m.

MONDAY, JUNE 1/70 Overcast & humid. This afternoon I joined neighbours Erik Andersson & Austin Parker in spraying our various trees (& Evelyn White's) to combat the green caterpillars which have made their usual appearance with the leafing of the trees. Hot humid job, clad in old waterproofs, & carrying the little gasoline pump-engine & 5 gallon can of spray mixture.

Marian White called on E. for a few minutes. She had driven down from Halifax for a day's visit with Pamela & family. News:- The Canadian dollar, since 1962, had been "pegged" at a value of 92½ cents U.S. Today, following a sudden announcement by Canadian Finance Minister Benson that the Canadian dollar would be allowed to "float free", it popped up to 96½, & some financiers predict it will go to par or even to a premium over the U.S. dollar. This is said to be caused by an inrush of U.S. & other foreign funds, creating an international demand for the Canadian dollar.

Industries engaged in export from Canada to the U.S. (including Mersey Paper Co. here, & the fishery people) are much alarmed, as this will make their products more expensive abroad. Importers will benefit of course, & so will Canadian tourists abroad. But who else?

TUESDAY, JUNE 2, 1970 As usual, after the cold sea airs of May, with their frequent fogs & rains, summer fell upon us today like an atomic bomb. By noon the temp. was 85° in the shade. In the morning, with a chilly night-fog slowly clearing away, I took the car downtown, & E. shopped for groceries. I went to Town Hall with cheques to pay the exorbitant new taxes on our house & furniture, & to the Municipality of Queens offices next door, to pay their tax on my little cabin site at Moose Harbour.

In the afternoon I got the ladders out, & removed all my lower-story storm windows, & stowed them in the overhead racks in the garage. Also I washed & installed the wire fly-screen over the kitchen window. Altogether a heavy & hot task, & I was sweat-drenched & tired long before it was done.

Letter from Public Archives of Canada, Ottawa, asking me to present or bequeath my "correspondence, memoranda, manuscripts, photos, etc." They mention "your long & continuing career as a writer of short stories, novels, & history, has played an important part in the creation & enrichment of a body of 20th. century Canadian literature. Three Governor-General's Awards & the Lorne Pierce Medal stand as testimony to the contributions you have made."

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 3/70 Warm, with a fresh breeze. Golf alone in the afternoon. Afterwards sat on the back lawn with E. & the Anderssens, chatting over ale. Yesterday & today in the Liverpool courthouse, lawyer Clements presented the town's case for extending its boundaries to include Milton & Brooklyn. → Halifax lawyer Leonard Kitz represents the Milton & Brooklyn people, who are opposed, & their senior counsel is lawyer Irving Pink, of Yarmouth. The hearing is being conducted by the provincial Board of Commissioners of Public Utilities, because the town's chief contention is that it must conserve & extend its water supply. What is really the object is taxation of the Mersey paper mill, which affords a fat plum to the Municipality of Queens & yields nothing to the Town of Liverpool.

(Liverpool Lawyer Gerald Foreman)

FRIDAY, JUNE 5/70 Although I had told Edith (and written Clem & Ester Crowell) that I was coming to Yarmouth this afternoon alone, to fulfil my promise to read a paper before the Yarmouth Historical Society, E. determined to

go along. Left Liverpool about 1 p.m. Good going as far as Barrington, where the road turns to a corkscrew, & moreover the asphalt is cracked & humped & broken, until you reach the approaches to Yarmouth. Reached the Grand Hotel about 4.30 p.m. & got a room on the 5th floor with twin beds. Clem & Ester came there at 5:30, & after drinks in the cocktail room we had a very good meal in the diningroom.

At 8 p.m. we went to the museum, & found about 200 people seated & just finishing the business of the meeting. Clem introduced me, & I gave my paper on Carleton's Legion, & passed about the audience some photostat copies of a Legion discharge certificate, & of six of the tickets drawn out of a hat when the Legion soldiers were casting lots for lands at Port Mouton in 1783. Afterwards the ladies served tea, coffee, cake, etc., & I chatted with members of the Society. Jim & Fran Keside were there. Walter Hunter's only surviving sister told me that she had sold the old Hunter home in Yuskit, & now lived in a small apartment in Yarmouth. My old Halifax schoolmate Winslow ("Pearly" & also "Tubby") Gates, long a resident of Yarmouth, showed me photographs of the Onduto School cadet corps, taken in the summer of 1919. By that time I was away at sea, but I recognised several familiar faces. The Yarmouth Society is certainly a going concern, with over 250 members, all very keen, & ranging in age from (say) 30 upwards — unlike our Liverpool group in which practically all are over 60. Years ago we, too, had many young people, but nowadays it is more of a "coffee-klatsche" in which old people (mostly women) are chiefly interested in chatter over the refreshments.

Although our hotel room was comfortable, neither of us slept well, despite seconals & repeated drinks of rum.

SATURDAY, JUNE 6, 1970 Left the hotel after breakfast, about 9 a.m., & after some wandering about, trying to find the exit to Route 3, drove through fog & rain all the way to Liverpool.

SUNDAY, JUNE 7/70 Another dreary day of fog & rain. Lou & Erik Anderssen joined us at 3 p.m. to watch the last trooping of the colours by the Black Watch (their

son's regiment) on TV. The ceremony was at Camp Gagetown, & in pouring rain, a fitting atmosphere for a sad affair, but it was carried out with great dignity & a perfection of drill movements, & the last tune of the drums & bagpipes was "Auld Lang Syne".

Originally a Montreal battalion of militia, which served as the 13th Canadian infantry battalion in W.W. One, it became a regiment of the Canadian regular force, with two battalions, after W.W. Two. Stationed at Aldershot N.S., & later at Camp Gagetown, it was recruited largely from the Maritime Provinces, with plenty of genuine "Macs" on the nominal roll of officers & men. Now it will disappear from Canada's regular force, although it will be continued as a Montreal militia unit.

MONDAY, JUNE 8, 1970 Still pouring rain, with some thunder & lightning. A visit this morning by Col. Allan B. Nash, U.S.A. (rtd) with his wife & daughter. As a boy he lived some years in Chester, & was a student at Kings Collegiate School, Windsor. After retirement from the U.S. Army he eked out his pension by teaching history at a small college in New England, & now lives at Northfield, Vermont.

TUESDAY, JUNE 9/70 Weather cleared last evening, & today the summer heat descended at last — 70° in the shade at 8:30 a.m., & 92° in the sun at 4 p.m. Edith was up betimes this morning, bustling about, preparing for a trip to Moncton, where she will stay with Bill & Francie for a week or two. No trace of rheumatic pain or stiffness. Pamela picked her up at 8:30 with the station-wagon — she is driving to Hfx. on a shopping trip, & will put E. on the train. I spent the morning mowing the long grass on my lawns. Drenched with sweat. Bathed, changed. Lunch was a glass of wine. Then to White Point, where I played golf with Austin Parker, Charles Williams, & George Kyle. For supper I heated some pre-cooked & packaged fish.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 10/70 Warm, but with the sea fog lying just offshore & making a cool air at White Point. Golf with Parker, Kyle & Wickwire. Dined with Tom Jr. & family at the Hunts Point cottage — fresh boiled salmon, peas, new potatoes, white sauce, & for dessert a bowl of fresh California cherries — all delicious. Bill White sent down the usual bundle of magazines & newspapers, & several books.

THURSDAY, JUNE 11, 1970 Fine & warm. This morning I dumped the contents of the laundry hamper into the washing machine, & put out a full line to dry — my first venture into this branch of the domestic arts. My male neighbours on either hand, Anderssen & Pushie, both retired, have been doing this for years, so now we make three male launderers in a row.

Forgot to mention that Joe Holloway yesterday brought me half a dozen trout, caught that very morning in a brook near his home at Middlefield. Very kind of him, as I can't get about the woods any more. I fried them for supper this evening. Each about 7" long; just a panfull, & delicious. Played golf in the afternoon with Austin Parker. The temp. in town was 80°, but at White Point the sea wind was in charge again, as it has been for most of the past 5 or 6 weeks, & we were chilled even in our golf jackets. The course remains so sodden that the tractor-mowers bogs down in some places, & consequently there are stripe & patches of long grass in the fairways.

FRIDAY, JUNE 12/70 Sunny & cool. Golf with Kyle. Shopped for meat & groceries, & broiled a steak for supper. Letter from W. J. Hawkins, who as a student at U.N.B. a few years ago wrote a poorly researched thesis on myself & my books. He is now Professor of English at the N.S. Agricultural College, Truro. Admits that he was dissatisfied with his thesis, and "would very much like to consolidate my work in the form of a short biography." Wants an interview.

SATURDAY, JUNE 13/70 Rainy & chilly (50°) all day. The furnace running steadily. Had a (store-broiled) chicken for supper, leaving plenty for noon snacks. Erik Anderssen came in about 10 p.m., & we chatted, sipping rum, & watching some bits of television, until midnight.

SUNDAY, JUNE 14/70 Sunny, with a fresh northerly breeze. Played golf, alone, at White Point in the afternoon. Score 91, which is pretty good for my play nowadays. Tom Jr. had left word with the club pro., Jim Dumeah, for me to come & dine at Hunts Point at 5 p.m., so I returned to town, bathed & changed, & went to the Hunts Point cottage. Ale & chat with Tom, Pam, & the youngsters, followed by a hearty meal of charcoal-broiled steak, etc. A spout of motor

traffic on the roads, & some American tourists have been in rented cottages since early days in June. Not many years ago one seldom saw an American visitor before the 4th. of July, the official opening of their holiday season. Home at 8:30 p.m.

MONDAY, JUNE 15, 1970 Fine & warm. The first thing this morning, I emptied the laundry basket & put the stuff through the automatic washing machine. Then mowed my lawns, a hot job, & put out my wash to dry, a full line. (Before leaving for Moncton, Edith had washed all her own clothes & removed them, leaving a good deal of mine in the laundry hamper.) This afternoon, I watered Edith's house plants (28 in all), & worked outdoors with the shears, trimming the grass in places unreachable by the mower; loosened & weeded the earth around the rose bushes, using the hand-claw steel tool; mixed a half-gallon of water & "Killex", & sprayed it on buttercup, plantain, & dandelion plants now showing up in the lawns; pruned & removed a dozen ash branches (½ inch thick) which have grown out of the old ash stump behind the garage. Bathed, Changed, & drove the car downtown for the mail & a case of Chateau Gai sauterne.

Erik Anderssen called me over to his patio, & we chatted over rum-&-ice drinks till nearly 5 p.m. I warmed up a package of (pre-cooked & frozen) fish & chips for my supper, & sipped two glasses of sauterne. Took my wash in, nicely clean & dry, & stowed it away, unironed but perfectly good for use. Vera Parker, passing on the street, saw the full wash line & thought E. must be home again. But then, noting things hung "wrong", decided that I'm still "batching it". Audrey P. looked in & made a golf engagement for tomorrow with Dr. John Wickwire & himself.

News:- Dr. W. Sydney Gilchrist, his wife, and 39-year-old daughter Leota, were killed Saturday near Red Deer, Alberta, in a head-on car crash. The two people in the other car were killed also. He was 69, a native of Picton, & for many years a medical missionary in Angola, Africa. During World War Two he returned, & served as medical officer to the North Nova Scotia Highlanders. Then back to Angola, where he became more & more involved in the bloody dispute between the blacks & the Portuguese. Finally the Portuguese expelled him, & for several years he has been living in British Columbia. I met him once, years ago, when he was in Nova

Scotia on furlough from Angola, & one Sunday he preached a fiery sermon in our Iron United Church. The burden of it was that we & the other "rich" white peoples, must immediately begin to share our "wealth" with the black peoples — or one day the blacks would come & take it. (How they would get here, or how they would take it, he did not say.) He was a sincere man who had done much good work, but had become a crackpot.

I knew his wife Frances Killam, as a tomboy schoolgirl in Halifax during World War One. They have 5 sons, one of whom is serving as a doctor in the Congo.

TUESDAY, JUNE 16, 1970 Lovely warm day & fresh W. breeze. Golf this afternoon with Wickwire, Parker & King. Enjoyed it despite playing a very bad game (56 + 49 = 105). A few days ago I had a 91. Dined with the Parkers.

Edith arrived home about 9 p.m. A friend of Bill's going to Halifax from Moncton had taken her there to the Whites' house. Pamela had driven up to the city with her youngsters for some shopping, so they all dined together at the White home, & then came on to Liverpool. E. says she feels very well. When Bill suggested an examination by one of his medical specialist friends she refused, saying "I've had all the doctoring I can take." Bill is working very hard, with long hours, but he, Francie, & the youngsters are all well & happy. Erik & Lou Andersen called us over for drinks & chat at 10 p.m., & we stayed till nearly midnight.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 17/70 The 4th. fine day in a row — a miracle this summer. Golf again. Saw a bald eagle circling over a patch of pasture & bush just north of the golf course, about where we saw one last Nov. 26. The Baltimore orioles I have seen at my garden bird-bath are nesting on the Parker property about 75 yards away. E. & Betty went to chat with Terence Freeman in the hospital this evening. He has been there four weeks or so, & is still confined to bed except 45 minutes in the morning & 45 minutes in the afternoon.

THURSDAY, JUNE 18/70 Thick fog last night & morning. Went to White Point & started to play golf with Fred Hardy & Arthur Vey, but the fog changed to a soaking drizzle & we quitted

after 7 holes. Letter from Jack McClelland, saying his firm would be delighted to have the opportunity to reprint "Halifax, Warden of the North". They propose to publish in next spring, to retail at $7.50 or possibly $6.95. They would pay me a royalty of 10% "on our initial printing" & 15% thereafter. I have not heard a word from George Foster (of Nelson, Foster & Scott, Toronto) since last Sep. 25, when he came here with his new wife & talked about a new edition of "Halifax," without making a definite commitment.

FRIDAY, JUNE 19, 1970 Fog & drizzle. I fear we are having a wet summer of the recurring Nova Scotia pattern. (The worst in my memory was that of 1967, when we longed for autumn to come with its dry N.W. winds.) About 5:30 p.m. (2:30 in Toronto) I phoned Nelson, Foster & Scott. Nelson & Foster were "out of the office", presumably off to their lake cottages for the weekend. Scott was there, & he knew nothing about a new edition of my book, so I told him I was about to close a contract with McClelland & Stewart, & just wanted to "clear my yard-arm". He said he would get in touch with Foster, & have him phone me. I said I must have a quick answer, & the conversation ended.

My sister Hilda Bayer phoned this evening, to ask about Edith's health, & to tell me that sister Nellie Cassidy & her friend & neighbour in Alabama, a Norwegian woman, are arriving at Mahone Bay on July 2, for the summer. They have rented a cottage near Hilda's.

News:- In the election in Britain, the Conservatives led by Mr. Heath have defeated the Labour government led by Mr. Wilson, which had been in power for two terms. Heath's party got a clear majority, thus confounding all the newspaper & radio "tea polls", which predicted an easy win for Labour.

SATURDAY, JUNE 20/70 A few gleams of sunshine through the fog at White Point, where I played golf with "Mik" Green & a Doane Co. auditor named Nickerson. "Mik" is manager of Mersey Paper Co., but did not say a word about the Labour talks there. I hear by the grapevine that the unions are determined on a big pay increase, & that the Bowater head office will shut the mill. The market for paper is not good, owing to the depression in the U.S.

SUNDAY, JUNE 21, 1970 E. wanted to spend the afternoon with the junior Raddalls, so I set her down at Hunts Point & went on to play at White Point with our physician, Dr. Floyd Macdonald. It was foggy, & the blackflies were swarming & vicious. As it chanced, the junior Raddalls, together with the Jack Dunlaps & Chris Clarks, were away all afternoon in Jack's motorboat, & had a picnic supper at the beach on Port Mouton Island. They saw no other people there. (There have been rumours lately that Port Mouton Island had a colony of American "hippies" — long-haired, wild-bearded male freaks & their female equivalents.)

MONDAY, JUNE 22/70 Overcast. Spent the morning mowing & clipping my ~~three~~ lawns. Played a very slow game of golf in the afternoon with Austin Parker, Fred Hearst, & George Kyle. Foggy & chilly. In the evening C. & I attended a dinner party at Capt. Charles Williams' house, Fort Point. Fifteen or twenty old friends. The guests of honour were Chalmers Wickwire (brother of Dr. John) & his much younger & attractive second wife. They live in Wisconsin, U.S.A. Today the new ferryboat "Prince of Fundy" made its first voyage from Portland, Maine, to Yarmouth. She was built in Hamburg, financed largely by Canadian federal & N.S. provincial govt. funds, & will be operated by a Swedish firm. She carries 1,000 passengers & over 300 cars or trucks. The older ferryboat, "Bluenose", will continue to run between Yarmouth & Bar Harbour, Maine.

TUESDAY, JUNE 23/70 Fine & cool. Golf with Parker, Williams, & Wickwire.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 24/70 Fine & warm. This morning I painted a band on each of my birch trunks with Cygon, renewing the application of May 23. Also this morning & early afternoon I painted my back fence with Pentox, the green stain containing a copper solution to prevent rot. When the carpenter (Reg. Nickerson) rebuilt this fence new in April '69 I had him paint the new posts & rails with Pentox before putting them together, but a lot of the stuff seemed to wash off in the rains & snows. At 3 p.m.

I bathed, changed, & drove with E. to Milton cemetery, to attend the burial service of our old Milton neighbour, Mrs. William Bedrick. A widow, she left 30 years ago to live with her daughter, Erma, in Bridgewater, & died there aged 81. After the burial, old friend Verta Tupper (widow of Freeman Tupper) invited our small group to a cup of tea in her pleasant home, where the windows look down on the Milton dam & the rapid water passing the islands below. Verta's daughter Amy Haslam there, partly crippled by a stroke some time ago, & barely able to talk. Also her husband Gerald, for many years an employee of the Dupont chemical company at Kingston, Ontario. Erma's married son & daughter were there, & a pretty blonde daughter of Marian (Tupper) Gardner.

Back to town, changed to beach clothes, & drove to Hunts Point, for drinks & chat, & a great feast of steamed clams, which Tom & Pam had dug in the salt creek at Port Mouton, above the highway bridge. Afterwards a stroll along the beach to the fish wharf, where Tom fished unsuccessfully for cunners, but caught a sculpin. By sundown a bank of cold fog had rolled over Port Mouton Island, & we were shivering in sweaters.

THURSDAY, JUNE 25/70 This morning shopped for groceries, rum & gin. Golf alone in the afternoon, in a cold sea wind & thick fog. Received by mail a paper-backed book called "The Eye of the Beholder", a collection of short stories, essays, & photographs, selected by Bruce Vance, & published in Toronto by Thomas Nelson & Sons (Canada) Ltd. It includes my story "Winter's Tale", & I note that permission was sold by McClelland & Stewart without consulting me. It is a book of excellent quality in paper, print & plates, — better than many a "hard cover" book.

FRIDAY, JUNE 26/70 Fine, with a cool breeze. E. had appointments for another medical session in Halifax, so we left by car about 8.15. Went first to the Pathology Institute for blood tests at 11 a.m. The appointment with Dr. Woodbury was at 12 noon, so we parked the car outside the Medical Arts Building & walked to the Public Gardens. E. did not feel like eating, so while she had her session with

Woodbury, I got a couple of "hot dogs" and paper-cupfull of cold milk from the canteen in the Gardens, & lunched on a bench under the trees. I noted from a brief mention in the Chronicle-Herald that the Canadian Authors' Association are holding their national convention in Halifax this year, at St. Mary's University. We left the city about 12:30. E. felt hungry as we approached Chester, & had some lunch at the restaurant of the Windjammer Motel. She had little to say about her medical session, except that Dr. Woodbury is changing the pill prescription again, & said from now on she could refer to her own doctor (Floyd Macdonald) in Liverpool.

This evening the wet weather closed in again, with drizzle & then heavy rain.

SATURDAY, JUNE 27, 1970 Rain all day. Chalmers Wickwire & son called with one of my books for an autograph. Reading, & playing Scrabble with E., most of the day, with a wood fire burning in the livingroom. Wrote to Jack McClelland, agreeing to his proposal for a new edition of "Halifax, Warden of the North." (George Foster had phoned me earlier this week, confessing that his firm had done nothing.)

Sunday, JUNE 28/70 Cloudy, with some drizzle in the morning, clearing in late afternoon. I washed my car, & vacuum-cleaned & polished the inside also — the first thorough cleaning in a long time. Mr. & Mrs. E. A. Goodland called, & reported on their visit to Plymouth, England, where Mrs. Goodland presented the Lord Mayor with the (Pilgrim descendants) scroll from Queens County, N.S.

The Goodlands are big, intelligent, English people. He is manager of a sugar estate in Guyana, she is a physical therapist who has lived in Shelburne for the past 2 years or more, working alternately in the Shelburne & Liverpool hospitals. She says she came up here because she couldn't stand the climate in Guyana. This summer they got together on his annual furlough & have been touring in England & Nova Scotia. He is an amateur archaeologist, & showed some interesting photos of primitive Indian rock carvings in Guyana. He retires in two years' time, & they plan to retire in Brazil.

MONDAY, JUNE 29, 1970 Fine & warm. Golf with Bert Waters, "Mik" Green & Maurice Russell. Many visiting players on the course. E. & I dined this evening with our neighbours the Anderssens, who were entertaining the Suppers of Milton — Gerry & Amy (Supper) Haslam, Marian (Supper) Gardner, Betty (Supper) Churchill, & old Perla herself — all lively & pleasant people. We had lobster chowder & strawberry shortcake on the Anderssen's garden patio. About 5 p.m I had a phone call from Tony Hawke, salesman for McClelland & Stewart. He had been attending the Canadian Authors Association convention at Halifax. Wanted to know my decision about "Halifax, Warden of the North." Told him I'd agreed by letter to Jack McClellan, & he said he was delighted.

TUESDAY, JUNE 30/70 Our rainy season resumed today with a dark sky, a cold breeze, & spits of rain. I mowed my lawns in the afternoon. At 4 o'clock we invited the Austin Parkers & Erik Anderssens in for drinks & chat.

I have not answered W. J. Hawkins' letter (see June 12). Today I have a letter from the Dept. of English, Dalhousie, saying that one of their graduate students, J. R. Leitold, is studying my historical novels, & wants to write his M.A. thesis on them. "His subject is therefore much tighter & more specific than that of Mr. Hawkins' thesis for U.N.B. of some years ago. Mr. Leitold is an Honours B.A. graduate of the Royal Military College .... a mature young man of 27 .... intelligent, academically sound ... and he writes very well & should be capable of a very good thesis."

WEDNESDAY, JULY 1/70 This is our national holiday, which most of us still know as Dominion Day. Secretary of State, Mr. Pelletier, recently ordered the CBC to call it Canada Day. Some MP's at Ottawa (not all French Canadians) want to call it Confederation Day. Across Canada many labour unions are working today & taking the holiday on Friday, so they can have a long weekend. Some stores are doing the same.

The weather remains dreary here, rain all day, & the furnace running regularly. Terence Freeman returned home from the hospital today. He has been there since he had his (second) heart attack on May 19.

THURSDAY, JULY 2, 1970 Sunny & warm. Played 18 holes at White Point this morning. In the afternoon Erik Andersen picked us up in his car (with two or three sticks of dynamite & some blasting caps in the trunk) & drove to Port Joli, where he & Austin Parker have been doing some do-it-yourself destruction of granite boulders on the Parkers' summer place. Using a gasoline-powered drill borrowed from the workshop of the Power Commission at Milton, they had also drilled some boulders on Dr. John Mckuin's place a mile or so away. These we blasted, tamping dynamite into the holes with wet sand, & covering the rock with a heap of brushwood. Erik set off the shots with a 100-foot length of wire & an electric battery, & we carried off the broken rock & cleaned up the brush. Dorothy Mckuin brought cans of cold beer to offset the sweat of this operation. About 5 p.m. we drove back to the Parker place. One & a quarter sticks of dynamite remained, & Austin wanted to dispose of them, so Erik suggested standing them upright on the little sand beach between the Austin Parker cottage & that of his brother Edwin, & (for the fun of it) detonating them with a shot from Austin's .22 rifle. He had seen this done. At a respectful distance in the shelter of the trees we took turns with the .22, without success. We are all experienced riflemen, & Erik & I nicked the target enough to knock off bits of the wrapping paper, but the stuff apparently must be hit squarely to get the necessary impact. Finally Austin fitted a detonating cap on the complete stick & uncoiled the electric wire to a safe spot among the trees. While we were doing this, a party of six young men & women, crammed into a Volkswagon, drove boldly to the Edwin Parker cottage (despite the "Private" sign on the lane) & apparently intended to stay for a picnic. The Edwin P's seldom use their cottage, & these people apparently were in the habit of trespassing there. When Erik touched off the dynamite with the battery, it exploded with a terrific bang & a cloud of blue smoke, like an artillery shell. The intruders scrambled into their car & dashed off! We got a great laugh out of this, like three boys setting off a cannon cracker on Halloween. A hearty meal with the Parkers, chat by the fire till sundown about 9 p.m., & then home.

FRIDAY, JULY 3, 1970 Again a cloudy grey day — the norm for this "summer", with a chilly air off the sea. Golf alone this afternoon, & some gardening afterward. I loosened the earth around the bases of all the rose & honeysuckle plants, & mixed in thoroughly a trowel-full of Vigoro for each plant. Also I sprayed them all with "Raid" insecticide.

SATURDAY, JULY 4/70 Cloudy, with fog on the shore. Played golf in the afternoon, amid spits of rain, which became a downpour by evening. The Anderssens came in about 9.30, & we chatted over drinks until midnight.

SUNDAY, JULY 5/70 Weather cleared about noon, & produced one of our few hot days. (Temp. 82° in the sun) called on Tom & Pam at Hunts Point in the afternoon. Little Debbie is at the YWCA camp in Yarmouth County. Tom has bought land fronting on the sea west of Hunts Point. It is an odd shape, about 400' along the motor highway, & widening to about 500' along the shore. About 400' from the road to shore. He paid a man named McGowan #5,000 for it. The land is lower than the road, with two patches of swamp, & has a high rampart of beach stones on the shore. Covered with a jungle of alders, small wire birch, ferns, etc., with some fairly large old cat-spruce. Tom is still looking for a better site, but bought this before some Americans snapped it up. Rain in the night.

MONDAY, JULY 6/70 Overcast & hot. This afternoon I drove with E. to Mahone, & called on my sister Nellie Cassidy, who arrived from Alabama (by air to Halifax) two days ago. With her is one of her oldest friends, a widow like herself, & they have rented an excellent little house overlooking the cove at Mahone, on the side road to Oakland. Nellie still wants to buy such a property, in this part of N.S., where she can spend the summers.

TUESDAY, JULY 7/70 Fine & hot. The N.S. ladies' golf tournament is taking place at our club this year, so mere males are forbidden from Sunday noon to Thursday morning. I spent the day at work about my own house property. Mowed the lawns, spread 16 lb. of "Lawn Green" fertilizer over them with my little hand-pushed machine — back & forth, & crossways — washed it in with my garden hose, & then (while I had the hose connected)

washed the cat. The bloom on my spirea & lilac shrubs is past, but weigelia are in full scarlet, & the deutzia & golden elder are coming into blossom. My roses also are beginning to bloom. This morning I got involved in a Historical Society hassle. Last spring the Liverpool Board of Trade planned an "Old Home Week" for the last week in July, to attract enormous numbers of visitors. (President of the Board of Trade is Ronald Lane, who owns a notoriously inefficient motel & restaurant on the Bristol side of the river.) The Board asked all the town societies & service clubs to contribute their various efforts, & they asked our Historical Society to put on a "tea" on the Perkins House lawn, for several hundred people, with great quantities of food & tea & coffee, to be served by dozens of ladies in elaborate old-time costumes. (Our society did this before, in the commemorative years 1959 & 1967.) We agreed, on the assumption that the kitchen & other facilities of the Artillery quarters next door would be available. However, last March the federal govt., in a general reduction of the armed forces, regular & militia, washed out the Liverpool artillery battery, & turned over its quarters to the War Assets Corporation for sale. A month or two ago the W.A.C. offered the buildings & grounds to the town authorities for the sum of $8,000 — a bargain. The mayor & council agreed, & in June sent a cheque for $8,000. The W.A.C. acknowledged receipt by official letter, & said that "letters patent" (i.e. a deed) would be forthcoming. With the Canadian postal employees' union engaged in a general slow-down, plus "rotating" shut-downs for a day at a time in selected towns across Canada, only a fraction of the normal mail is getting through. So far, the town authorities have received no "letters patent", consequently they do not possess the keys, & the army caretaker remains in charge, refusing to let anybody in. This morning I was called to an emergency meeting at Anne Ritchie's house — President Melbourne Gardner, Anne Ritchie, Mrs. Hector Dunlap, & myself, of the Historical Society, to get all this sorted out. Phone talks with Senator Donald Smith, & town clerk Robert McClearn, got us nowhere. (Mayor Frank Trainor is away at his summer place, which

carefully has no phone.) We ran into the wearying old game of "passing the buck". Finally "Mel" phoned Ronald Lane, explained our dilemma, & said we must know positively in 24 hours whether or not we could use the artillery armoury facilities; if not, we must cancel orders for food, costumes, & everything else. I don't expect Lane to accomplish anything.

About 4:45 p.m. just after I had bathed & changed for a drink on our back lawn with E. & neighbour Erik Andersen, my phone rang. It was a call from Los Angeles, a man named Michael Lauchlin, LAUGHLIN, LOUGHLIN a producer of (independent) films in the U.S. & Europe. Enquiring about the movie rights in my book "The Nymph & The Lamp". I said it was under option to Lloyd Bochner until July 31. He then said he knew about this, in fact he had put up most of the $2,000 that Bochner paid for the option in June 1969. He went on to say that he had fallen into disagreement with Bochner, apparently about the chief female part in the play. His wife, Leslie Caron, the famous French star of "Lili" & other films in time past, is very eager to play the part of "Isabel" in my story. ("She considers your novel the best love story of all time.") Apparently Bochner had another actress in mind — possibly Joanna Shimkus, see diary Nov. 7, 1968.

Lauchlin said he did not think Bochner would or could renew the option (at my renewal fee of $2,000 for 12 months) on July 31, & he would phone me August 1st. In the meantime his favourite script-writer, a man named Wurlitzer, will be in Nova Scotia this month, & will call on me here. He added that Wurlitzer had "good connections with the Canadian National Film Board & with Trudeau".

From this it was obvious that (like Bochner) he was aiming at a substantial money grant from the Canadian govt. for a film produced in Canada, from a Canadian story, & employing at least some Canadian actors. In short another shoe-string operator with a line of bullshit, like all the others I have dealt with in time past.

This evening drove with E. to call on Terry & Betty Freeman at Summerville. Terry remains on sick leave from the paper mill, & the doctor will not let him return to work for at least a couple of months.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 8, 1970 Fine & hot. W. John Hawkins (see June 12 & 30) called in person about noon, & stayed an hour, chatting about my life & work. The new bee in his bonnet is a biography for publication by a small paper-back printing or publishing firm at Windsor, N.S., owned or directed by a busy clergyman named Pope, who is in all sorts of activities. (Some years ago, when he was a minister at Great Village, Pope tried to promote a mail school for would-be writers. He came here & asked me to write the course, for a cash sum, and to permit the use of my name in advertising the school. I said No.) Hawkins is a tall, amiable, slow-voiced man of about 30. He teaches English literature at the Agricultural College, Truro, & has some ambition to be recognised as a writer. He also has political ambitions, & will stand as a Liberal candidate in his home constituency in the next provincial election. Consequently, as he confessed, his interest in Nova Scotia history is mostly in the political history of the 1920's & 1930's — the great days of Angus Macdonald. I told him I was preparing my own memoirs; & that while he could do what he liked, I had no desire for a biography to be published by the Windsor outfit. He smiled, & said he guessed he would put the project aside "for four or five years, anyway", & departed.

In the afternoon I drove with E. to the golf course, where we watched the twelve finalists in the N.S. Ladies Golf Championship, for an hour or so. Winner was a girl named McGill, from the Kentville-Wolfville club.

The hassle about the use of the former artillery officers' mess facilities in Pool, has been settled. Lester Clements, leader of the Liberal organization in Queens, got on the telephone & burned somebody's ears in Halifax, & the Historical Society now has the necessary permission.

THURSDAY, JULY 9/70 Fine & hot, with a bank of cool fog lying just offshore. Golf with Austin Parker in the afternoon. Tonight attended a cocktail party on the Andersens' patio to mark Erik's 69th birthday. About 25 or 30 friends & neighbours. Hugh Shaw phoned from Montreal. (Formerly

editor of Weekends Magazine, he is now with the Montreal Star.) His assistant editor, Dave Waters, is taking wife & children to White Point Lodge for a holiday, & would like a chat with me. Hugh himself will be visiting his old home at Clementsport, N.S., in August, & will drive over to Liverpool for a chat.

FRIDAY, JULY 10, 1970 Fine & hot. The "rotating" strikes — a day at a time, in selected towns across Canada, combined with a deliberate "slow-down" when they are supposedly on duty — have enabled the postal unionists to draw practically full pay & at the same time to throttle the service. Only a portion of the mail is getting through, & that with long delay.

Golf this afternoon. A breathless & sticky night, & it was impossible to sleep long, despite the Seconal pills.

Dr. Floyd Macdonald phoned E. today. He had a report from Dr. Woodbury about the blood & urine tests taken at the Neurology Institute. He now suspects diabetes, & E. must take further tests at the Liverpool hospital next week, first eating as much sugar & other carbohydrates as she can. It looks to me as if Woodbury is still unable to diagnose her condition, & is casting about in all directions for something to treat positively.

News:- Today the new Halifax - Dartmouth bridge was officially opened by Lieut. Governor Aland, Premier G.I. Smith, & other dignitaries. It is named after A. Murray Mackay, chairman of the Hfx-Dartmouth Bridge Commission since its inception in 1950. It is 1,400 feet long, & has 4 lanes, whereas the other (Angus L. Macdonald Bridge, opened in 1955) has 2 lanes. Work on the approaches to the new bridge is still not complete, although traffic is passing over it.

SATURDAY, JULY 11/70 Golf with "Mit" Green this afternoon ~~under~~ under black clouds, which dumped rain on us as we played the last two holes. Showers continued through the night.

SUNDAY, JULY 12/70 Same weather. Indoors most of the day, looking up notes for revision of the final chapters in Halifax, Warden of the North. Played Scrabble with E. About 7 p.m. the weather had cleared a bit, & I drove to Hunts Point with E. Found Pamela alone & busy ironing clothes. Tom was off hacking away at his newly acquired jungle with ax & saw,

"assisted" by little Tom & Blair.

MONDAY, JULY 13, 1970 Another day of pouring rain in this dank summer. Drove with E. to Mahone Bay, & lunched with Ted & Hilda Bayer, Nellie Cassidy, & Ingrid. The sky there was cloudy, with a few spats of rain. Ted & Hilda had colds of the dry coughing type, plus asthma in his case. We left about 3:30, & an hour later found Liverpool still under black clouds & rain, with rumbles of thunder in the offing.

Letter from the Liverpool Kinsmen Club, saying they have chosen me as an Honorary Member for the year 1970-71.

My weight, naked, is 175 lbs.

E. bought a new carpet for her bedroom last week. To install it means moving the furniture out, including the "cottage" piano which she bought (but almost never plays) & installed there in 1963. So she has engaged two men who specialise in house handy-work to do the job tomorrow.

TUESDAY, JULY 14/70 Fine & warm. At 8:30 a.m. the handymen, whose bill-head reads "Speedy Cleaning & Maintenance", arrived with a van equipped with everything from ladders to floor wax. They lived up to their name, working busily & expertly from 8:30 to 1 p.m. & returning from 4 p.m. to 7:30. During these 5 hours they (a) removed the furniture from E's. bedroom, took out the old carpet, put down the new, & replaced the furniture. (b) removed old discoloured wax from bathroom & kitchen floors, & applied 2 coats of new wax. (c) cleaned all our house storm windows, inside & out, removing those of the aluminum type to get at them properly. Their charge, including a gallon of neutral detergent cleaning fluid, was $31.35

I played golf with Austin Parker in the afternoon, & E. & Vera joined us for drinks & chat on the Parker lawn afterwards.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 15/70 Overcast, with a pleasant breeze. Mowed my lawns in the morning, & played golf in the afternoon. E. made some strawberry jam, as she does every year; but the strawberry crop is scant, & the fruit small & wizened, & the price is 59 cents per box.

News:- Queen Elizabeth, Prince Philip, Prince Charles & Princess Anne, have been touring the Canadian Arctic, & ended the tour (all by air, with various landings & stop-overs)

with a descent into Manitoba to put a royal touch on that province's centennial celebration. Colour TV pictures were shown on our screens. (I should say tubes). The royal people mingled & chatted freely with the Eskimos & white folk everywhere they went — quite unlike their previous Canadian tours, when they were surrounded & confined by "the mink-cape & striped pants curtain" of Canadian bigwigs.

THURSDAY, JULY 16, 1970 A grey sky & a humid SW gale. Golf alone this afternoon. Few players out — the wind, & the look of imminent rain, I suppose. Most of my roses are blooming or just breaking the bud. Weigelia blossoms now past their peak & falling. I took C. to the Liverpool hospital at 8:30 a.m., & picked her up again about 11:30, after a series of blood & urine tests for traces of diabetes.

Local news:— A circular from Maritime Telegraph & Telephone Company informs me that the Liverpool "exchange" now has 3,158 phones. Formerly we were in the "Group 3 rate area" which had a maximum of 3,000. Now that we can phone to 158 more people, "the telephone service to you becomes that much more valuable". In short we are now in "Group 4" & must pay a higher rate. I don't know whether to call this ingenious or ingenuous.

FRIDAY, JULY 17/70 Dark & dank, with showers from time to time. The rain ceased about 3 p.m. & for something to do I got my car out of the garage, washed last Monday's mud off it with the hose-brush, & dried it with a chamois cloth. About 7 p.m. the sky cleared & the sun came out, so I drove with C. to call on the junior Raddalls at Hunts Point. The shore was immersed in fog so thick that cars were moving carefully, with lights on. When we came home, we found the town itself fogged in. Our friends John & Esther Langdon, of Toronto, called for a brief chat. They are visitors at White Point Lodge every July.

SATURDAY, JULY 18/70 The sky cleared in town about noon, just in time for the official opening of "Liverpool Week" this afternoon, a parade of about 20 floats, interspersed with marching firemen, war veterans, boy scouts, girl guides, etc., with a Navy band from Halifax, an all-girl bagpipe-&-drum band from New Glasgow, & the Mersey mill band. They assembled in the ball park, where they were addressed by Canadian

cabinet minister Mr. Sharp. Evelyn White & E. watched the parade pass the end of our street. I was playing golf in thick fog at White Point, with Paul King.

SUNDAY, JULY 19, 1970 The dense fog which moved into the town last evening, rolled out again about noon, but remained on the shore & the golf course, where I played 18 holes this afternoon. Merrill Rawding, whom I encountered at the 17th tee, told me he had fetched the Hon. Mitchell Sharp from the Annapolis Valley to Liverpool for yesterday's affair, & later took him to the Mersey Paper Company's lodge up the river where he was a guest overnight. In conversation about Liverpool my name was mentioned, & Sharp said he had all my books & enjoyed them, in fact he had been reading my tales of Nova Scotia in Blackwood's Magazine long before my first book was published.

E.'s physical condition is much improved. Her eye ailment seems to have cleared up, & the puffed sacs below them are diminished. She bustles about her household chores, & there is no sign of the "rheumatic" pains & stiffness until evening, when she arises from a chair or couch. I have noticed no further mental aberration. So far, she has heard nothing from Dr. Macdonald about the diabetes tests, & she is still taking the pills prescribed by Dr. Woodbury.

MONDAY, JULY 20/70 Same weather. I had a visitor this morning, Norman Campbell of the CBC, Toronto. His specialty is writing musical accompaniments for stage plays & TV shows, & he wrote the music for "Anne of Green Gables", which had a 9 month run in London last year, with rave reviews, in addition to its continued popularity in Canada. He started his career, oddly enough, as a meteorologist, & was stationed on Sable Island in 1945-46. He had heard that my novel "The Nymph & The Lamp" had prospects of being filmed, & suggested that he would like to write the musical accompaniment, as he retains his deep feeling for the Sable Island atmosphere — the sound of the winds, of the sea on the bars & beaches, the wild freedom of the ponies, etc. I have no doubt he would do an excellent job, but

I told him the film prospects were still rather nebulous. He then enquired about the factual history & description of the island which he had heard I was writing. I told him I had cancelled the contract because Lieut. Pickridge was planning a similar book, having done much preliminary research, & I had been happy to show him my own notes & photographs. Campbell said he would try to get in touch with Pickridge.

Golf this afternoon in the usual fog, with John Wickwire & an American visitor, a Dr. Frame. It had been sunny in town & very humid, but the fog rolled in again at night.

E. is on the food committee for the costume tea-party at the Perkins House tomorrow, & the local bakery delivered to our house this morning several dozen iced cakes of various kinds. Madge King had finally got a door-key to the old armoury officers' mess, & this evening Erik Andersen & I took the cakes there in our cars. The weather forecast for tomorrow is "showers" — which will be fatal to a lawn party. After getting home I mowed my lawns, a hot job that lasted until dark. Rain in the night.

TUESDAY, JULY 21/70 Overcast all day. At noon the Historical Society postponed their party to "the next fine day". Actually no rain fell until a light shower at evening. Meanwhile one of the local clubs held a big chicken barbecue in the new rink.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 22/70 Fine & warm, westerly breeze. Wrote to Donald R. Smith, graduate student of history at U. of Toronto. He is preparing an article on "Grey Owl" for a historical journal, & asked me for my sources. The Public Archives of Canada had refused him access to the army & civil service files on Archie Belaney, saying the files were closed "until at least 40 years after his birth" — i.e. until, at the earliest, 1978. I informed Smith on my particular sources, including a micro-film of all the Belaney army & civil documents, provided me by the P.A.C. in 1963, without restriction.

This afternoon the ladies held their costume tea party on the lawn of the Perkins house. Owing to the switch in dates (a lot of people turned up yesterday, including a bus-load from Yarmouth) the attendance was less than on previous occasions, but there was a good crowd. I was there, &

enjoyed chatting with old acquaintances, including Manilla MacDill & Rita Beebe, Americans who have spent their summers at Mill Village for many years. John Langdon told me that he had bought, in a Toronto junk shop, an old metal seal which proved to be the official seal of the Bank of Liverpool, which became bankrupt in 1876 & was sized by the Bank of Nova Scotia. He had given it to the Bank of N.S. I wish he had given it to our Historical Society.

THURSDAY, JULY 23, 1970 A very hot day (temp. up to 96° in the sun at 4 p.m.) with a westerly breeze — the first real offshore wind in many days, sweeping the fogbanks away out to sea. David Waters, of the Montreal Star (see July 9) phoned from White Point Lodge, & suggested some golf this afternoon & dinner at the Lodge this evening. I had time only for 9 holes right after lunch, as I had agreed to give an interview to Dalhousie graduate student John Leitold, who is doing an M.A. thesis on my historical novels & short ~~fiction~~ stories, "from the literary rather than the historical point of view." Leitold came armed with a tape recorder & several cards covered with questions. The questions showed that he had read my work thoroughly, & we talked for about two hours. He borrowed my only copy of a lecture ("Some Notes on the Historical Novel") which I gave at Dalhousie some years ago, & asked if he could write to me about other points that might suggest themselves. I agreed. At 6:15 I drove with C. to White Point & joined Waters & his wife for drinks & chat & dinner. Afterwards in the balmy night it was pleasant to sit talking by the swimming pool, where their little daughter Juliet & other kids were diving. The Waters are big handsome people. He covers the Quebec scene editorially for the Star & she teaches English literature at one of the universities. Home about 10 p.m., when Lou Andersen phoned & invited us over for drinks & chat on their patio. Finally got to bed about midnight. The upstairs rooms were very hot still, & I slept part of the night on the couch in my study.

FRIDAY, JULY 24/70 Another warm day, this time with a refreshing little breeze off the sea. I played a leisurely

18 holes at White Point in the afternoon. This evening E. was a ticket-taker at the amateur art exhibition, which has been open all this week in the junior high school. I loosened the earth around my rose bushes, & watered them.

SATURDAY, JULY 25, 1970 Same weather. Golf with Paul King. Only a few players out — I suppose everybody was swimming or lying on a beach. Drinks on our lawn with the Andersens before dinner. Attended a party at Edwin Parker's house this evening, to mark his 63rd. birthday.

SUNDAY, JULY 26/70 Another hot day. I played golf alone this afternoon, a leisurely pastime in this heat. When I got home about 3.30 p.m. I found that Bill & Francie Dennis, their four children, one dog, & one cat, had arrived from Moncton a few minutes before. They have a station-wagon car, packed with baggage, golf clubs, etc., plus a trailer-caravan with sleeping accommodation for 6 people (a tight fit). They have a small bungalow (rented well in advance) at Hunts Point, & I presume the kids will sleep in the caravan, leaving the bungalow for Bill & Francie & their late-partying friends. Tom, Pam & their 3 youngsters are already well established in the Mosher bungalow there, & mutual old friends Paul & Joan (Wickwire) Chandler are there with their children on holiday from Montreal. Also Bill White (Pam's brother) & family are due to arrive from Moncton for a Hunts Point holiday. So it will be quite a reunion.

MONDAY, JULY 27/70 Again hot. Mowed my lawns in the morning. In the afternoon I drove to Hunts Point & dropped E. off at the Dennis cabin, then on to golf at White Point. I overtook & joined up with Phil Hopgood (Halifax), Arnie Patterson (owner & operator of radio station CFDR, Dartmouth) & a middle-aged man named Rothschild. Hopgood & Patterson I had met before. Rothschild has an English accent & is, I presume, one of the English branch of the famous financial clan. Apparently he is a guest at White Point Lodge. At the 7th hole I saw Bill Dennis with small sons Gregory & Terence walking from the pro's quarters to No 1 tee, so I took leave from my chance companions & joined the Dennis crew for 9 holes. Young Gregory plays very well — something remarkable, because he is the student of the family, & Terry excells at all kinds of

'Golden future for Canada' --- de Rothschild

By ARNIE PATTERSON
(Special to The Halifax Chronicle-Herald)

WHITE POINT BEACH LODGE, — When your name is Rothschild you need no other identification. The name alone suffices and in itself speaks volumes.

The thunderslap of its power, influence and money has been felt throughout the world for close to 200 years.

Dressed in rumpled light khaki trousers, an inexpensive, open-necked sports shirt, the five to a dollar store variety, and footed in casual, open-toed sandals, the titan scion of the English branch of this famous banking family made a few quiet and unofficial commentaries on the state of the world and Canadian economies here this week.

Vacationing with his family at this simplistic, seaswept Nova Scotian resort, Edmund de Rothschild forecast "a golden future for Canada," as well as a strengthening economic existence between capitalistic and communist power reals.

A senior partner of N. M. Rothschild and Sons, New Court, St. Swithin's Lane, London, England, he spoke with the dynastic wisdom of almost two centuries, and the strength of billions of dollars befind him.

Forsaking the hereditary family title of Baron, the peer of this aristocratic financial house prefers the simple title of "Mister." Despite his eminence, and that of his family name, his manner and attitude are quiet, almost introspective.

Yet during the four or five hours of my interview with him, most of which took place between shots on a golf course, there was no mistaking the authority behind his words, manner or appearance. Even in his weekend golfers garb that would hardly distinguish him from any duffer on a municipal course.

He is a man accustomed to giving orders. He wears this authority easily, clearly and without question.

Edmund de Rothschild is a fit, somewhat muscular man of 54. His family banking connection traces back to a Frankfurt, Germany, pawn-shop in the early 1760s. From this humble begining the Rothchild name sprang to finance many diverse exploits such as Wellington's wars, Cecil Rhodes "diamond find" in darkest Africa, Indian mining ventures, schemes in South Africa, and many undertakings of similar magnitude. Currently, Edmund de Rothschild and his company are among the spearheads in the staggering $1,073,000,000 hydro power and mineral development at Churchill Falls, Newfoundland.

Despite all of the family achievements in the past, Rothschild openly admits the British-Newfoundland Corporation development at Churchill Falls is "the business love and pride of my life."

His vacation stopoff in Nova Scotia was occasioned following an inspection tour of the hydro-power development which he expects will be "on-stream" within eighteen months. A fellow Brinco director, Mowbray Jones, the Nova Scotian industrialist, had recommended White Point for the Rothschild's family outing.

The world banker offered opinion on a number of subjects. Enthused about Canada and its prospects, he said "with all of its potential it will be, however, only what Canadians themselves make of it."

As an emerging world power he said it was essential that Canada as a nation maintain "its name and word as one of inflexible honor in all of its transactions, business as well as political."

I asked him what was the most important characteristic of successful businessmen.

"Integrity," was his one-word reply. This credo he said should be followed by both business and governments. "Once you make an arrangement you never go back on it, regardless of the cost or inconvenience," he added.

Canada to date had accredited itself well in both international political and business commitments, he said, but with the country's growth and increasing importance its actions would be under even closer scrutiny by the world community.

With the opportunity for further development, Mr. de Rothschild sees a continuing need for Canada, along with other growing, young nations, for outside capital. He emphasized, however, the necessity and desirability of Candian companies with foreign investment to be largly managed and directed by Canadians, offering as well avenues for Canadian participation in ownership.

He said Canadian industry would have to compete with other emerging industrial nations for investment capital. "Today there are more investment opportunities than there is money to go around, hence, investors can do to a large degree pick and choose." Canada, he said, however, was a prime nation for investment not only with its opportunities but with its stable history of government and its responsible attitudes.

Mr. de Rothschild declined comment on Canada's controversial white paper on finance, stating "that's a matter for Canadians to decide on themselves," although he did say that there was need for the country to determine its long-term monetary policies finally and firmly.

"At the moment many business people here and elsewhere are reluctant to take a further investment plunge because of uncertainty with respect to what the future may hold in terms of taxation proposals," he commented "but once the rules are laid down, and if they are fair to all, including the investment public, then the Canadian economy and development, will surge on to even greater achievement."

The banker, unlike many other business spokesman, is not strongly opposed to capital gains tax. "It's something that we have learned to live with in other countries, and there has to be more dollars available to governments to pay for the increasing range of services being offered to its citizens," he said. While he said governments must provide opportunity and incentive for business, and to lure investment dollars, a capital gains tax on stocks and shares was in this modern age not necessarily unfair. He felt, however, the lines should, in this regard, be drawn carefully.

While he has the natural reserve of the English aristocrat, the drumbeat quickens when he discusses the Churchill Falls project.

As one of the principal signatories to the agreement between the Newfoundland government and Brinco, he sees this breathtaking development as one of Canada's greatest industrial undertakings.

In harnessing the towering Falls, Brinco will avail to Canada, and ultimately the whole of North America, one of the great power resources in the world. Expected to be operable in 1972, it will initally supply one million horse power of energy, mostly to Quebec and the Atlantic provinces. By 1976, production in terms of horse power is expected to reach more than seven million units. It is expected that much of this reserve will be sold to the United States.

Dwelling on Canada's future, the banker said the simple ingredient of water is one of this country's real economic strengths.

"There is an enormous abundance of water here," he said "much of it at the present time is going to waste. It's a resource that must be both guarded and developed because with the rate of world growth it is becoming a precious asset," he added.

Mr. de Rothschild foresees the day when some of our water resources are tapped and fed by pipeline to such water-hungry centers as New York.

"To some this may be a fantastic and rather far-fetched dream," he smilingly commented, "but this is the type of thinking, both bold and imaginative, that as a vital nation Canada and Canadians should embrace if your country is to truly take its place in the world Sun as it should and will."

He says there should be no fear that the eventual exportation of water will rob Newfoundland, or Canada, of that rich resource.

"There is more than 100,000,000 gallons of water passing over Churchill Falls every second," he said, "and it is one of the largest single water resources in the world, with only Siberia and certain parts of the Amazon taking precedence," he said.

He doesn't see anything prohibiting a pipeline feed of water to New York and other centers. "Why you have already proven this ability here in Canada with your Western oil pipelines, and water is becoming a scarce commodity in many parts of North America."

On world affairs, he remained on the same affirmative note. His bank, with its many export and import interests, had frequent occasion to deal with both the Russian and Red China governments. "Both are hard bargainers," he commented, but once they make a deal they stick with it."

As a member of a family dynasty that has seen the rise and fall of many nations, the London financier expressed utmost confidence "in both the economy and the proven ability of the United States and its generous people to surmount great problems."

games except golf. Left them as they began their second round. Drove to Alnti's Point, picked up E. & returned to town.

Letter from Canadian actor Lloyd Bochner dated July 22, asking me to extend his option on "The Nymph & The Lamp" for a further 90 days — again without further cash payment. (See entries Apl. 28 & July 7). I wrote in reply at once, saying I could not extend his option beyond July 31.

When I weighed myself on July 13, I was a bit careless about it, I suppose; because careful weighing after an afternoon's exercise for the past several days shows that I am now 168 lbs. I stick to my long-established food regime: — Breakfast; 2 slices of buttered toast, with some jam, & 2 cups of coffee with sugar but using a substitute for cream. Lunch; a sliced tomato & 2 "hot dogs" or 2 or 3 slices of cold meat, with a small glass of Sauterne. Dinner is the only real meal of the day, a big serving of steak, fish, or sausages & eggs, with green beans, peas, & canned corn; two glasses of Sauterne. No dessert, or coffee, or tea. No snacks between meals, or in the evening. Never any potato or pastry or sweets. I am so used to this regime that it satisfies my stomach completely & I have no craving for anything else.

TUESDAY, JULY 28, 1970 Fine & very hot — 96° in the sun at 4 p.m. I played golf all afternoon with Paul Chandler (one of Tom Jr's. school chums, husband of Joan Wickware, now living in the province of Quebec); Bill White Jr. (Pamela's brother, a lawyer in Moncton) & Bill Dennis. These young (35-ish) men are all of athletic build, hitting the ball a mile. However I had a 92, (43+49) which is very good for my play nowadays. A cool air from the sea made the heat bearable out there. This evening in town it was very hot, despite our big portable electric fan, & the air-circulation fan of the furnace, moving the air in all the lower rooms. E. slept on the living-room couch for half the night.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 29/70 Fine & hot, with a bank of fog lying just on the tip of Western Head, as it has during nearly all of these hot days. This makes a small cooling breeze from the sea if you are right on the shore. In town, & everywhere inland, there is no breeze at all. The heat wave

is affecting most of the seaboard states, & the humidity & lack of wind have intensified the air pollution of cities like New York and Philadelphia to a point where the whole population is suffering.

This afternoon I drove to Summerville & dropped C. for a visit with Terence & Betty Freeman. Then played golf with Austin Parker, John Wickwire, & Dr. Frame. Dr. Wickwire has told Terence he should not attempt any work for a year.

THURSDAY, JULY 30, 1970 Hot & hazy still. Golf this afternoon with Bill Dennis & the boys, while C. visited with Francie at Hunts Point. Bill's score 88, mine 92. In the morning, after shopping for meat & groceries, I drove along the newly completed bit of road along the shore of the harbour linking the town parking area with Fore Street at Shipyard Point.

Dr. Floyd Macdonald phoned C. about her most recent blood & urine tests. They indicate a "borderline case" of diabetes, with no need of insulin, but she will have to be careful about her intake of carbohydrates. So C.'s case is back where it started — the doctors cannot find an actual physical ailment to treat.

FRIDAY, JULY 31/70 Same weather. Golf with Bill Dennis this afternoon. At 4:30 we invited the Anderssens to join us on the lawn for drinks & chat. They leave soon for a visit with daughter Karen in Ottawa.

SATURDAY, AUG. 1/70 Still hot, with little or no wind. Last night the fog bank moved into town, moving out again in the morning, but remaining on the shore, so that golf this afternoon was like a game of blind-man's-buff in a Turkish bath. During the morning I applied a cup-full of Vigoro to the earth about each of my rose bushes, worked it in with the claw-tool, & then soaked it in thoroughly with the garden hose. This evening I took C. & Evelyn White to White Point Lodge, where we dined with Mr. & Mrs. John Langdon. A week or so ago Wm. F. White (Pamela's father) lent me his copy of Langdon's new book "American Silversmiths in British North America, 1776-1800", printed in a single edition of 350 copies. Langdon's own collection of Canadian silver is on loan to the Royal Ontario Museum.

SUNDAY, AUG. 2, 1970 Same weather. Golf in the fog at White Point. The Dennis & Kaddall (Jr.) families hired a fisherman at Hunts Point to take them out in his motorboat for a couple of hours' fishing with handlines. They caught some pollack, but the chief excitement was furnished by a small (5 foot) blue shark, which snapped at the bait on Gypsy Jerry Dennis's line, & gave him a lively battle. Finally the fisherman got the shark alongside, but did not attempt to haul it aboard, among seven lively children. He disengaged it with the gaff.

MONDAY, AUG. 3/70 Same weather. This morning I mowed my lawns, a sweaty drenching job in the humid air. As usual the fog had withdrawn from the town after sun-up, but it lay thick on the shore, where I played golf in the afternoon with Faye King. Harvey Crowell joined us for a few holes.

This evening Lloyd Bochner phoned. He had not received my letter of July 27, & when I said the answer was No, because other people were interested in an option & I wanted to see their proposition, Bochner was very angry. He asked if one of the "other people" was Michael Laughlin, & when I said Yes he uttered a tirade about the man, said he was "untrustworthy" etc. I mentioned that Laughlin's wife Leslie Caron was eager to play the female lead in my story. Bochner said, "I know, & I had agreed on that". He denied that Laughlin had put up most of the $2,000 for the previous option, & said he would pay $2,000 for a further 12 months' option as set forth in the agreement of April 30, 1969. I said "I gave you an extra 3 months on the first year's option, without payment. Then you asked for another 90 days, again without payment. So your extended option expired on July 31." Finally Bochner said "Well, you have my telephone number, if you wish to get in touch with me", & that ended the conversation.

The fact is, I don't trust anybody in the film business, including Bochner & Laughlin, & I have no intention of making overtures to any of them.

TUESDAY, AUG. 4/70 Heavy rain all day, & some thunder. The Dennis family dropped in for half an hour in the afternoon. They went to Kejimkujik Park yesterday & had a fine time

bathing in the lake, inspecting the fish hatchery, Mill Falls, etc., all in bright sunshine. At 4 p.m. I had a phone call from Richard Rosenberg, a member of the law firm of Hertzberg & Childs, Beverley Hills, California. He said Lloyd Bochner had told them of the conversation yesterday. He said that Bochner & Michael Loughlin (or however the name is spelt – it's pronounced LOFFLIN) had a partnership agreement on the movie production of my book. If Loughlin tried to buy the entire production rights from me, they would sue him. Rosenberg then asked me to renew Bochner's option for 90 days – for which he would pay. (No amount was mentioned.) I said I wanted to hear or see Loughlin's proposition before committing myself to another option to anybody. I had not heard from Loughlin or his associate Wurlitzer, who was supposed to be in Nova Scotia now. I said I would wait another 24 hours. If Loughlin or Wurlitzer had not got in touch with me then, I would consider a further option to Bochner. Rosenberg thanked me & said he would phone me tomorrow evening about 6 (2 p.m. in California.)

WEDNESDAY, AUG. 5, 1970 At last a clear sky over land & sea, with sunshine & a refreshing breeze. Letter from W. H. McCurdy, of the Petheric Press, Halifax. He wrote me in July asking for an article for "a Nova Scotia Historical Quarterly" which he is organizing, to begin publication in the spring of 1971. Today I mailed him my notes on "The Festival of Saint Aspenquid", which I assembled & typed for my own purposes some time ago.

Letter from J. K. Leitold, Hfx., asking for a copy of "My First Novel", a radio address I gave on the CBC network in 1953. So I mailed him my copy.

Letter from Professor Malcolm Ross, Dept. of English, Dalhousie U. confirming the postponement of the panel discussion on "The Arts in the Maritime Provinces" to March 10, 1971, when Dalhousie's new Arts Centre will be opened. (I had agreed to take part in the discussion as one of the older writers.)

Played golf this afternoon with Austin Parker & Charles Williams. E. took a short walk on the course & sat the rest of the time at the clubhouse, sipping a beer.

(AUG. 5, 1970, CONTINUED) This evening about 6:30 I had a phone call from Richard Rosenberg, asking if Loughlan had made contact with me. I said, "No, and to hell with him. What's your proposition?" It was short & to the point. Bochner wanted to extend his option "to & including July 31, 1971". For this he would pay into my bank here "$2,000 U.S. currency." I agreed, & he asked me to telegraph confirmation, as the phone connection was rather bad. This I did, with an opening phrase, "Conditional upon my receipt of $2,000 U.S. currency". Bochner could have done this on July 31 past, but he thought he could get away with another free extension, hence all this fuss.

THURSDAY, AUG. 6/70 This morning I had a visitor from New Hampshire named Noyes, one of the descendents of François Lambert Bourneuf, whose life was the subject of a talk I gave to the Yarmouth Historical Society a year or two ago. He was eager to see the notes from which I made the talk, & said he would pay to have copies made by a stenographer or by Xerox machine. He left his address.

At 12:30 I drove to Hunts Point, & left E. to spend the afternoon with Francie & her little girls, while Bill & I, & the two boys, played golf. The day was overcast, & we played the last three holes in fog & drizzle.

FRIDAY, AUG. 7/70 A hot & humid day. E. went to Hunts Point early this morning to keep house for Bill & Francie Dennis, who are spending today & tonight aboard their friend Dr. Keddy's yacht, cruising in Mahone Bay. Soon after the local Royal Bank of Canada opened for business at 10 a.m., I had a phone call from their accountant. They had received by telegraph from a California bank $2,000 U.S. currency, payable to me on signing a receipt. This I did. The money was from Bochner, of course, & the bank here was to wire him as soon as I had signed the receipt. Played golf in the afternoon, & later, shopped at the supermarket for steak, & for a broiled chicken, part of which was my dinner.

SATURDAY, AUG. 8/70 Same weather. Golf with Paul King. At 5 p.m. drove to Hunts Point & joined in a broiled steak dinner-cum-birthday party for Tommy Raddall, for which Grandma Raddall had baked a cake. The Dennis

family joined in. The little cousins get along together very happily. An evening E & I said Goodbye to the Dennis's, who leave for Moncton early tomorrow morning, & we returned to town.

SUNDAY, AUG. 9, 1970 My father died in battle 52 years ago. Our weather continues humid & sultry, with the sea fog bank lying a few miles offshore & only a faint stir of air. Golf this afternoon. Temp. 92° in the sun, & the air so moist that I was drenched with sweat, & played badly. Met Mcwbray Jones on the course, apparently he has arrived for a holiday at his White Point cottage, which he lent to Edmund de Rothschild a week or two ago. This evening I drove with E around the shore from Brooklyn to Black Meadows, then to Port Mulgrave, where we had a look at the old Free Will Baptist church. The Historical Society had it repaired & repainted in brick red (the so-called "Spanish brown" much used hereabouts in colonial times). Also they had the tombstone of William Mortimer removed from the old cemetery and set up just in front of the church & beside the walk from the road to the door. Drove on to Mill Village & made a brief call on Kita Babe, who has with her the son Junior & daughter "Nonny" & 2 or 3 grandchildren, also her sister Elsa.

MONDAY, AUG. 10/70 Cloudy & hot, with drops of rain falling in a sporadic way. This morning I mowed my lawns, which are still flourishing in this weather. Soaked with sweat, I bathed & changed, had light lunch, & then went to White Point & played 18 holes — & came home saturated, & had another bath & change. Phew! My weight, before the evening drinks & dinner, 165 lbs.

TUESDAY, AUG. 11/70 A light off-shore air, for a change, driving the fog & humidity away over the eastward horizon. Golf this afternoon — 9 holes with John Wickwire & Austin Parker, & the back 9 on my own. E phoned my sister Hilda at Mahone, renewing her invitation to herself & Ted, & Nellie & her Alabama friends, to come over & lunch or dine with us. However they are still much involved with company & engagements of various sorts. Bird note:- This summer, for the first time in many years, I have not seen the ospreys which regularly nested at White Point & fished in the shallows of the beach & by the golf course.

WEDNESDAY, AUG. 12, 1970 An easterly gale with heavy rain through the night, petering out in drizzle through today as the wind hauled to the west. The first strong wind & the first big rainfall (4 inches at Milton) in many weeks. I raked up a litter of broken twigs from the trees & shrubs, an omen of Fall. Another omen:- the birds which nested nearby & came regularly to the birdbath during June & July, have largely disappeared. A lone cock robin is the only regular bather, & occasionally there is a song sparrow or a catbird. News:- an old friend, Edwin Ford, is dead in Yarmouth at the age of 71. A native of Milton, where I first met him many years ago, he had much to do with the establishment of vocational schools in Nova Scotia.

THURSDAY, AUG. 13/70 The weather cleared this morning, & despite a strong NW wind the sun was very hot. Golf in the afternoon. Received from Hertzberg & Childs a formal document covering the extension of Bockman's option to July 31, 1971. In quadruplicate. I signed (& C. signed as my heir) all the copies, returning 3 by air mail & retaining 1 for my file.

FRIDAY, AUG. 14/70 Again clear & very hot. Nearly 100° in the sun. A light sea breeze at White Point made golf delightful, although I played badly. Among other players I met Bruce & Jean (MacDill) Docherty, & Tommy & Kitty-Rose (MacDill) Barrow, all here on holiday from the U.S., & staying with Manilla MacDill at Mill Village.

I noticed that buttercup, plantain, & some dandelions, have begun to appear in my lawns again, so this morning I mixed a gallon of water & a tablespoonful of Killex, & sprayed them thoroughly.

Bird note:- As far back as I can remember, a pair of ospreys have nested & fished at White Point every year. This year, no sign of them. Ornithologists all over North America are saying that the residual poison of D.D.T. is killing much bird & fish life, & the effect is showing in the comparatively rare hawks & eagles. For some reason the eggshells of these birds are becoming so brittle that they break when the adult bird sits on them.

SATURDAY, AUG. 15/70 The hottest day yet. My outdoor thermometer, on the north side of the house, showed 100° in the

am at 4 p.m. As usual I spent the afternoon on the golf course, with a small delicious air coming in off the sea, & the fog-bank looming seaward, & the Western Head foghorn groaning steadily. E. came with me, & walked as far as No 6 tee, where she sat on the shore while I played a second round with Dr. & Mrs Wilson. This evening, with my furnace air-circulating fan bringing cool air from the cellar, & my big portable Electric fan whirring like an airplane, the temp. remained at 80° in the livingroom until past midnight. Sipping cold drinks of rum & soda, with the usual 1½ capsules of Seconal, I could not get to sleep until about 1.30 a.m., lying naked on my bed. E. slept on the living-room couch.

SUNDAY, AUG. 16, 1970 Another day to remember in December. At 8 a.m. the temp. was 70°, & by noon it was 81° in the shade & about 100° in the sun. I spent part of the morning pruning the shrubs between Erik's house & mine. In a fine growing summer like this they have closed right over the strip of lawn in places. At noon I drove to Summerville & dropped E. for a visit with Terence & Betty. E. said she would get Terry to drive her to the junior Raddalls' cottage at Hunt's Point later, & I could pick her up there.

I went on to play golf, alone, at White Point. In these sultry days there is a swarm of players in the cool of the morning, & again in the early evening, but only a few hardy fellows like me play in the afternoon heat. Actually the small breeze from the sea makes it pleasant enough.

Finished 18 holes about 3.30, & drove to Hunt's Point, where I found Tom's cottage open but deserted, & a paper message in Pam's hand Scotch-taped to the door:- "Gone to Port Morton Island for the day. Beer in the fridge." So I got myself a cold can of beer & relaxed in a chair on the verandah. Terry & Betty brought E. there, & we chatted a bit before returning to town. Terence is thoroughly suntanned & looks well. Dr. Wickwire lets him exercise by swimming every day.

MONDAY, AUG. 17/70 At 10 a.m. I joined my old friend Harvey Crowell at White Point, & we played golf in fog so thick that players on the greens shouted "Clear!" when

they had finished putting, so that the following party could drive for the green. The fog cleared off in the afternoon, but the sky remained overcast, the air humid, & I sweated rivers as I mowed my lawns. Early in the afternoon I phoned White Point Lodge for a reservation for six at dinner (we had invited Ted & Hilda Bayer, Nell Cassidy, & her Norwegian friend Sigrid) & I was told that the dining room was fully engaged. This has never happened before; but I realise that many new people are summering at White Point, Hunts Point, Summerville, etc., & in this hot weather they don't want to cook a full meal in their cottages, & consequently lunch & dine at the Lodge. So we dined at the Medway River Inn, at Mill Village, a clean little place with good service & plain but good food. The cost was $19.12 plus a $2.00 tip.

TUESDAY, AUG. 18, 1970 Heavy showers in the night. Today was sunny & warm, with a fresh NW wind. Golf in the afternoon. Dr. Floyd MacDonald has been in communication with Dr. Woodbury of Halifax, the specialist in E's case, & he has changed the formula for the pills she takes daily. Woodbury says she must enter the V.G. Hospital for a period of observation & tests. The V.G. is so crowded that he thinks he cannot get a bed for her until some time next month. All of this should have been done last spring, when E's. ailment was obviously chronic.

WEDNESDAY, AUG. 19/70 The temp. last night sank to 60°, & we closed our downstairs windows, which have been open for several weeks. Today was warm & cloudy, with spots of sunshine. Golf with Parker & Williams. We all play badly but enjoy the exercise, the weather & the scene. A crowd on the course. E. stupified herself in making mint jelly, with mint from Evelyn White's garden. Now for some good native lamb! What is usually offered in the stores is New Zealand mutton, long frozen, & as rank in smell & taste as goat meat.

News:- Halifax authorities are at last concerned about the "hippies" who in the summer months, for the past 4 or 5 years, have swarmed in the Public Gardens & in the much smaller Victoria Park on the other side of Spring Garden Road. These are the young men with shaggy beards & hair (and their female counterparts) who now infest the

cities & towns of North America & (in summer) "thumb & bum" their way about the continent & , in fact, the world. They are the new gipsies of the 20th century, many from respectable & in many cases well-to-do families, receiving money from home but living like old-fashioned hoboes as a point of pride. Their fantastic hair & dress, their addictions to "pot" (marijuana) & other hallucinatory drugs, to guitars & maudlin ballads & "rock music", to free-& -easy fornication (often in public) are all supposed to show their spirit of freedom in a trammelled world.

THURSDAY, AUG. 20, 1970 Sunny until late afternoon, when the breeze shifted south & brought a steamy fog over the land. E. visited the junior Raddalls at Hunts Point while I played golf.

FRIDAY, AUG. 21/70 Rain all day. A letter from the V.G. hospital in Halifax informs E. that Doctor J. Woodbury has applied for her admission to a private room there, & she will be accommodated there between 2 & 3 pm. on Sep. 4th. This evening we attended a buffet dinner party given by Ralph & Hallabelle Johnson to celebrate his 70th. birthday. About 25 old friends & neighbours.

SATURDAY, AUG. 22/70 Sunny, with a lot of woolly clouds, & a pleasant breeze. Golf alone in the afternoon. The Anderssens invited us over for drinks on their patio, where we met Joe & Gil Smith, natives of Caledonia, whom I have not seen in many years. Joe lives in Ottawa now, since his retirement from the RCAF, & Gil has a grocery business & an apartment house in Moncton.

SUNDAY, AUG. 23/70 A pleasant day, overcast & dead calm. Golf in the afternoon. Re-reading (as I have & do re-read my favourite books over the years) "Memoirs of an Infantry Officer" by Siegfried Sassoon. He was a poet, of course, but he wrote first-rate prose, & this book about British soldiers in World War One retains its truth & poignancy after all the years. Rain all night.

MONDAY, AUG. 24/70 A sky of grey clouds & a brisk NW wind, a first taste of Fall. Golf in the afternoon. I packed up my notes on Bourneuf, for mailing to Carl Bourneuf Noyes (see Aug. 6) He is Vice-President of the Merchants

National Bank at Manchester, New Hampshire, & will have them copied on the bank's Xerox machine.

E. was out to a hen party this afternoon, including a buffet meal, so I broiled a steak for my supper. Later, I took her in the car to Dr. Floyd Macdonald's office for another consultation. He read to her a letter he had received from Dr. Woodbury in Hfx. regarding her entry into hospital on Sep. 4. Woodbury is still much concerned about the eye artery condition. Although that has cleared, he has a suspicion that this arterial defect may manifest itself elsewhere in the head. Also there is the diabetic symptom. He has sent a strict diet chart, with all food & drink reduced to mathematical calories. Among other things, this means she will have to cut out wine with her meals (although we drink only a couple of wine glasses of light Sauterne) & her pre-dinner & late evening drinks of gin, which she loves. E. asked Macdonald how long she would have to stay in hospital at Halifax. He said vaguely, "several days".

Bird note:- At my bird bath I see only occasional glimpses of a lone robin, a pair of song sparrows, a pair of redstarts, & English sparrows. At White Point this afternoon I noticed a pair of ospreys hovering high over the beach & bay for a few minutes, not fishing, & then flying away towards Port Mouton. Evidently birds passing south for the winter. (Capt. Charles Williams, who lives near Fort Point, tells me he has seen regularly this summer half a dozen ospreys fishing in the shoals at the river mouth.) Also on the golf course today I noticed a pair of Leach Sandpipers foraging in the grass, & quite fearless of me, apparently migrating from some far northern solitude where there are no human enemies.

TUESDAY, AUG. 25, 1970 Sunny, with a fresh N.W. breeze. Golf with Dr. John Wickwire, Capt. Charles Williams, & Austin Parker. Left town at 11 a.m., played nine holes very slowly. (Wickwire has a heart ailment); lunched on a ham sandwich & ale in the clubhouse, then played the second nine. Home about 4 p.m. The course is still soggy after the rains of Aug. 21 & 23, & Parker & I lost balls in the fairway — they simply plunged into the ground & "shut the door".

WEDNESDAY, AUG. 26, 1970 Sunny & cool. At 11 a.m. Charles Williams & wife picked us up in their car & drove to Port Joli for a day with the Austin Parkers. The Williams took along a freshly cooked ham, & the Raddalls a bottle of rum. The meals included fresh peas, potatoes & beans from Austin's garden in a sheltered clearing back from the shore — one of the few patches of good soil in that region of granite bedrock, boulders, & sand. We men went for a walk in the woods & along the shore in the afternoon. A pleasant day for all of us. Home about 9 p.m.

THURSDAY, AUG. 27/70 Sunny & warm. We had callers this morning, Leigh Stein (son of our old acquaintances Dr. & Mrs. Louis C. Stein, of Newton Centre, Mass.) with his vivacious wife & 3 charming & intelligent children. About noon I had a phone call from Bill Harper, CBC, Halifax. A publishing firm in the U.S. wanted to include an account of the (1917) Halifax explosion, in a book for school children, & had written me asking for a copy of the script I had (supposedly) written for the CBC's TV network. I said it wasn't done from a script in the ordinary sense; I had simply written & uttered "voice-over" bits for the various pieces of film & still-photos that Harper had collected, plus a brief script for my own memoirs given on camera in the show, etc. I had retained no copy of this stuff, & referred them to Harper. Now, Harper said he'd be glad to cooperate with these people, as it is for educational purposes, & he'd send them (& me, for my records) copies of what I wrote. He asked what I was doing now, & said he'd tried to get a copy of "Footsteps in Old Floors" recently & found that it was out of print. I said I'd send him a copy. He said the video-tape we made of the '17 explosion, had been shown many times in the projection room of the CBC on Bell Road, at the request of Halifax school classes, & several hundreds of youngsters had watched them with great interest.

At 3 p.m. Pamela & her youngsters dropped in for a chat. They have all enjoyed a marvellous summer at Hunts Point, & the kids don't look forward to the return to school with any pleasure at all. Pam said emphatically that she will. About 4 p.m. E. & I set off for Mahone Bay, where we joined my sister Nellie Cassidy & her

widow friend ~~Ingrid~~ Sigrid at the house of my sister Hilda & her husband Ted Bayer. Ted showed me through the two-story workshop he had built near the house, equipped with all his woodworking tools, electric-powered saws, etc. We chatted over drinks in the shade (it was too hot in the sun) & then drove to Lunenburg & dined together at Boscawen Manor.

There we parted. Nellie & Sigrid are flying back to Alabama in a day or two. Nellie intends returning to N.S. next summer, & would buy or build a cottage in the Mahone Bay region if the cost is not too much for her finances.

Hilda gave me some more documents she had found in a trunk of our mother's things. One is an elaborate certificate of the Kent Education Committee, dated 31 Jan. 1913, signed by J. Molyneux, Principal Teacher of St. Leonard's, Hythe, awarded to me "for regular attendance & good conduct." Also 3 printed cards from the British Secretary of State for War, saying that Father had been mentioned "for gallant & distinguished service" in Field Marshal Haig's despatches dated 7th & 9th April 1917, and 13th November 1916. Also the certificate (bearing the pen signature of King George the Fifth) making Father a Companion of the Distinguished Service Order, dated 3 June 1918.

FRIDAY, AUG. 28, 1970 Fine & warm. I mowed my lawns this morning. Mailed an inscribed copy of "Footsteps On Old Floors" to Bill Harper. Played golf in the afternoon. E. came out to White Point with me, & sat for an hour by the shore. At 5:30 we attended a cocktail party at Doug & Phyl Tozer's house, given for Captain Charles Copelin & three Irish ladies. — his son Gregory's wife, her sister & an aunt.

SATURDAY, AUG. 29/70 A warm mist in the morning, clearing with a NW breeze in the afternoon. Golf with Wickwire, Parker, & Williams, & we lunched together in the clubhouse on sandwiches & ale. At 4 p.m. E. & I invited the Anderssens to join us on our lawn for drinks & chat.

SUNDAY, AUG. 30/70 Sunny, with a strong NW wind. Golf alone this afternoon. Then E. & I joined the junior Raddalls at the Hunt's Point cottage, & dined with them on charcoal-broiled steak, fresh beans, carrots & potatoes, with

blueberry pie for dessert. A constant rush of motor traffic, including many American cars heading for the Yarmouth ferries & home.

Tom showed us his new property along the shore towards Summerville. He has bought a small gasoline-motored saw, & works hard at clearing the scrub tree growth in his spare time. It seems to me that he will require a lot of stone & gravel "fill" in the low places before he can build a home there; but the outlook on Port Mouton Bay is good, the tumbling little brook can be made a charming asset, & the spot affords a privacy that Hunts Point & Summerville have lost forever. He says an American has taken an option to buy Port Mouton Island for $40,000. The present owner is a Nova Scotia lumber company.

MONDAY, AUG. 31, 1970 A dark & rainy day, with the furnace running at intervals — a clear proof of the summer's end. Passed the time reading, & playing Scrabble with E.

News:- According to a "leak" from somebody or bodies in the cabinet, Premier Smith has decided to hold an election in N.S. on Oct. 13. Most of the strikes which have paralyzed the construction trades, & others (notably in Halifax, the New Glasgow — Port Hawkesbury area, & of course Cape Breton) all summer are being settled by total surrender to high wage demands. (e.g. the construction trades are getting a 48% raise, to be spread over 3 years.) Hence Smith feels that October is the time for voting, before another session of the legislature in which his government's financial disasters will come under sharp attack, & before provincial Liberal leader Regan can establish himself in the confidence of the electorate.

TUESDAY, ~~AUG~~ SEP. 1/70 A little sun, much cloud, some showers, & half a gale blowing from the N.W. Golf in the afternoon with Austin Parker. At 6:30 Maurice & Mary Russell picked us up in their car, & we went to a dinner party at Mersey Lodge, given by "Mit" & Eleanor Green. About 20 guests, all old friends. Drinks, & an excellent meal of cold boiled salmon, cold turkey, cold ham, fresh vegetables, a fruit dessert, rosée wine & liqueurs.

WEDNESDAY, SEP. 2/70 Again a hard N.W. wind, & more cloud than sun. Played 9 holes at White Point this morning with Parker & Williams. We lunched in the clubhouse on sandwiches &

ale, & Dr. John Wickwire joined us for the second nine. All but Wickwire played terrible golf, but we are getting used to that. Probably the last time we shall play together this season, as the Wickwires & Feldons leave shortly for a European tour, the Parkers for a visit of a month or more in Massachusetts & Tennessee, & the Williams for a motor trip through New Brunswick.

THURSDAY, SEP. 3, 1970 Temp. down to 40° last night, & our furnace was running at frequent intervals, as in winter. A sunny breezy day, temp. 65° at noon. C. came with me to the golf course & sat half an hour on the shore near N°6 tee.

A crowd of players, including several tourists of the greens-fee type, dubbing the ball, & hacking out clods of turf which they never trouble to put back. I had more than enough of this tedious progress by the time I had played 14 holes, & quitted.

FRIDAY, SEP. 4/70 I took C. to the V.G. Hospital in Hfx. today, setting off at noon, & arriving there at 2:15. The weather was wretched, a cataract of rain & a rising wind.

As usual, all the car-parking space at the hospital was filled with cars belonging to the staff, so I had to leave mine blocking the driveway exit while I carried C's suitcase inside. She was wearing one of her every-day wigs, & carried her best one in a handled wig-case. An attendant took charge of the suitcase as I kissed her. I said "Keep your chin up, old girl". Irate car-drivers were awaiting my return, to get my car out of the way, so there was no time for more. I left at 2:30 & got home at 4:45.

The storm was at its height as I passed over the new N°103 highway from Hfx. to Hubbards. Gusts of wind swayed the car, & the downpour (or rather side-pour — the wind & rain came from the seaward) made the smooth asphalt so slippery that at times all traffic had to slow down to 30 or 40 miles per hour.

Passing through Mill Village, I noticed the MacDill house closed up for the season, & I believe Mrs. Beebe also has returned to Boston. For many years both of these American ladies have given a large buffet-dinner party towards the end of summer for their local friends. This year neither of them did. Mrs. Beebe is unwell, &

indeed we are all old people now, & many of us ailing.

A note on local youth, sons of friends of ours. Ford Clements, son of Lester Clements, lawyer. Ford graduated from a western university in law, married, & spent a year articled to a western law firm. He had always been a clean-cut lad, but he spent the past few summers working at a Banff hotel, where the "far-out" youths & girls like to gather. This summer he quit the law job, & turned up at his parents' home, with his wife, both dressed in the "hippy" style. Ford had a bush of beard, & hair down to his shoulders. They stayed here for some weeks, entertaining "hippy" visitors. Last week they left for Europe, where they intend to spend two years wandering about, carrying their clothes in knapsacks, like thousands of other "hippies" from North American parts. Presumably Ford's father will supply them with money.

Peter, son of Edwin Parker, Woods Manager of Mersey Paper Co. A handsome & athletic (tennis) youth, Peter was lazy at study, scraped through high school, & for the past year or more has been an indifferent student at St. Mary's University, Halifax. He remains clean-cut, & does not wear "hippy" clothes. Soon, he & 3 other Liverpool youths are leaving for Australia, intending to stay several years. They intend to hitch-hike to Vancouver, & presumably will cross the Pacific with fares paid by the Australian government, which is doing this for any likely immigrant of the white race. Peter himself is attracted by the prospect of playing tennis all the year, & of course to get away from a doting mother & his father's discipline.

Derek, a son (one of twin boys) of Mowbray Jones, a director of Bowaters, & several other large corporations. As a youngster Derek was clever, handsome, arrogant, a typical spoiled brat. He settled down, & is now a third-year student at Dalhousie Law School. Tonight on TV he read a paper on the need for reform in the legal profession & in the administration of justice. It was well reasoned, incisive, & very well delivered. He sounded like his much older uncle Ken, in Ken's early years as a lawyer, when his mind was at its best. I had disliked him as a boy, & he still has something of the arrogant air, but tonight I was impressed. He should go far, and at home, not in Europe or Australia.

SATURDAY, SEP. 5, 1970 Overcast & very humid after the soaking rain, & the temp. was 90° by noon. Instead of golf for exercise, I mowed my lawns & trimmed some of the shrubs. The roses continue to bloom famously. One of the Helen Traubles, by the bird-bath, has 23 buds open or about to open. News:- Premier G. I. Smith has made an official announcement of a provincial election on Oct. 13. The time was chosen obviously to follow settlement of the many strikes & threats to strike which have unsettled the whole country. The construction trades won huge wage increases (48% to be distributed over 3 years.) The pulp & paper unions also got a huge increase. Other industries got fat increases. All of this, across Canada, made the federal government's effort to control inflation by holding the wage-increase to the line of 6% an empty gesture. So the postal union, which has been disrupting our mail service by short "rotating" strikes for several months, has been granted a 7.2% wage increase, with various additional benefits which will boost the cost much higher. Despite the huge financial losses involved in N. S. government's (often ill-advised) efforts to import or establish new industries, they are able to point to considerable new employment. The Opposition leader, Gerald Regan, has not yet proved himself as a man of capacity for anything more than criticism. There is a rumour that the top Liberals would like to depose him if they could persuade Henry Hicks to come back to politics, but so far Henry seems busy & happy with his post as president of Dalhousie U.

SUNDAY, SEP. 6/70 Sunny & warm. Golf this afternoon with "Nip" Green. I hurried out to White Point at noon, without bothering to eat, & consequently had a sharp appetite for the steak I broiled at 5 p.m.

MONDAY (LABOUR DAY) SEP. 7/70 Cool (60°) with a low grey sky, SE breeze, & occasional drizzle, so I stayed indoors & made a start on revision of the last 2 chapters of "Halifax, Warden of the North". I have been awaiting a contract for the new edition, which Jack McClelland (in a letter dated July 3rd) said he would send along. I've heard nothing since.

TUESDAY, SEP. 8, 1970 Overcast & humid. Worked morning & evening assembling data in chronological order for the Hfx. chapters. Golf in the afternoon. Duncan told me some hoodlums visited the golf course last night, tearing flags off the greens, in some cases bending the slim metal flag-poles beyond repair, & throwing others into the woods.

WEDNESDAY, SEP. 9/70 The sun got through sometimes today, but the sky was mostly covered with low steamy clouds, & the heat & humidity made golf a hot & thirsty business. Noticed several small flocks of sempalmated plover ("ring-necks") on the course. Worked morning & evening on the Halifax material. Broiled a steak, & had it with mushrooms & sweet corn at 5 p.m., my first food since the buttered toast for breakfast at 8 a.m.

THURSDAY, SEP. 10/70 A cool grey day. This morning I put a batch of laundry through the washing machine & hung it out to dry. Also washed & dried the accumulated soiled pots, chinaware, etc. Noted in Today's Advance that our town water has been found to contain "a high coliform bacteria count", & should be boiled before drinking. The first time this has happened since Town Lake was dammed & piped to the town nearly 70 years ago.

Golf this afternoon, alone, but I found no pleasure in it, & quit at the 16th hole. Marion Dunlap phoned to enquire about E. She & Hector returned recently from a trip to B.C., the first time he has ever journeyed further than Montreal. He has been having dizzy spells, & is entering the V.G. Hospital on the 24th., as his doctor suspects a brain tumour. He is 71. Ralph & Hallabelle Johnson invited me to dine with them this evening, & I enjoyed a meal of shrimps & rice, chocolate pie & coffee. Soon after I returned home the phone rang, & it was E. asking me to pick her up at the V.G. at 2:30 p.m. tomorrow. She was up & about a good deal of the past week, & she & three other ladies got together & played bridge. Marian White had taken her in her car for a visit to 1662 Edward Street, & had lent her a portable TV set. So she rather enjoyed her week, in spite of various medical tests. Dr. Woodbury is still concerned about the inflamed vein in her eye, but she feels no disability from it.

FRIDAY, SEP. 11, 1970 Again a rainy day for my drive to Hfx., but no gale this time. On the new high road from Hubbards to Armdale, the mist was so thick that all traffic drove with lights on. Left L'pool about noon & reached the V.G. at 2:15. E. seemed quite cheerful, & introduced me to one of her bridge companions, Mrs. Prince, wife of a Bridgewater doctor. I signed a couple of autographs for one of the nurses — E. said she found herself quite a celebrity as wife of "the author". Drove to Edward Street for a chat with Marian White, & to return the T.V. set. Home at 5:20. I had left the side door unlocked, as Pamela had phoned to say she would bring a chicken casserole for our evening meal. Found that she had brought also a part of an iced cake, & a flowering potted plant. My neighbour, Joe Pudpie, informed me that town electricians had replaced the electric lines from the street mains to his house, which were old & had been shedding their insulating cover as a snake sheds its skin. While they were at it, they decided to replace mine, not knowing that I had paid electrician Sollimos to replace these wires in 1966, when he installed a new switchboard, etc.

SATURDAY, SEP. 12/70 Sunny, with a refreshing breeze. Golf this afternoon with "Mit" Green. E. walked as far as No 6 tee, & sat there on the seashore until I came around again, & we sipped ale in the clubhouse afterwards.

SUNDAY, SEP. 13/70 Again a fine day. Most members of our golf club motored to the Valley for an invitation match with the Eden club, so this afternoon I had almost a private course at White Point. E. came with me for a walk to the shore, as yesterday, & afterwards we called on Pam & her youngsters at Hunts Point — Tom was off, hacking away at his jungle.

Bird note:— A large flock of least sandpipers on Hunts Point beach, where there have been only a few, all summer. Evidently in migration. In my garden, the robins, yellow warblers, song sparrows & catbirds have vanished. A few purple finches, evidently migrants, splash in the bird bath.

TUESDAY, SEP. 15, 1970 Calm, temp. 60°, low cloud cover like

slate, threatening & sometimes spitting a few drops of rain. Mowed my lawns this morning, & played golf all afternoon — too much exertion, & I was very tired. E. came out to White Point with me & picked some cranberries.

(re note Sep. 10) I hear that part of the carcass of a moose has been found in Town Lake, also one or two dead dogs. We are still boiling water for drinking.

WEDNESDAY, SEP. 16, 1970 Drizzling rain all day. I spent hours at my desk, going over the 1965 edition of "Halifax, Warden of the North" & noting necessary changes in the text to bring it up to date — quite apart from the last two chapters which require re-writing. Played Scrabble with E. in the afternoon. Dr. Floyd MacDonald came with a special request on behalf of the faculty & students of Dalhousie Medical School. They want me to be the chief speaker at their formal dinner in December. I said sorry, no. I'm not up to that kind of thing any more. I found the speech at St. Mary's last Fall an ordeal, both in the preparation & in the delivery. Even in ordinary conversation now I find myself groping for a name or an appropriate word, which comes to me, absurdly, when the moment has passed.

Today's "Liverpool Advance" reports that no dead animals have been found in Town Lake, but that the bacteria count is still high, despite the maximum use of chlorine.

THURSDAY, SEP. 17/70 Golf under heavy grey clouds, with a chill NE breeze. Pamela had a long session with her hair-dresser at Bridgewater today, so the kids had dinner & supper with us. Little Blair started school this Fall.

FRIDAY, SEP. 18/70 Rain in the ~~night~~ night. A chill day with blue-black clouds. E. came with me to the golf course, & sat for a time by the shore. About 50 or 60 wild geese in a ragged V passed overhead, steering straight for Port Joli & honking mortify. A few minutes later 10 others came over the course, wavering in their flight, as if uncertain of the place. These are the first Canada geese I have seen this year. (Tufts says the earliest autumn record in Kings County is Sep. 25.)

SATURDAY, SEP. 19, 1970 Another damp day, clearing about 5 p.m. I dashed out to White Point then, & played a quick nine holes before sundown.

Fashion note:- For several years, young (& many not so young) women have been wearing the so-called "mini-skirt", which exposed the legs to the middle of the thigh, & in many cases barely covered the backside. The invention of the "body stocking" helped its popularity, because it securely covered, not only the legs but the entire body up to the waist. Nowadays, when most girls have good legs, the mini-skirt is charming, even to oldsters like me. However a group of fashion designers in New York & Paris have decreed that, beginning this Fall, women shall wear skirts down to the upper part of the ankle. It is the ugly fashion I knew in my boyhood, & again for brief periods after World War One & W.W.2, in each case a deliberate plot of the fashion designers to compel every woman to buy a new wardrobe. But young women nowadays are not so gullible as their mothers & grandmothers, & I wonder which style will win out.

SUNDAY, SEP. 20/70 At last a clear warm day, the first in a week. The Shelburne golf club were playing ours here this afternoon, so I went out this morning & played 17 holes. E. sat in her nook by the shore.

In the afternoon we drove to Hunts Point, & found Tom & Pam busy piling & burning brush on their lot towards Summerville. Tom has now got a fairly wide clearing, & he has cleaned the fallen trees & other debris out of the brook, which now is high with the rains, & one can see the brown water seething out through the cobblestone beach into the sea. On the way home through Hunts Point we called on Earl & Jean Conrad, who still commute from Halifax every weekend.

MONDAY, SEP. 21/70 Rain in the night. Weather cleared towards noon, with a strong SW wind & temp. up to 75°. Golf with Paul King. The Hfx. newspapers, radio, & TV, are now giving forth increasing amounts of election propaganda, with the usual crossfires of accusation & promise. With the voting age now reduced to 19 in N.S.,

all parties are trying to get young candidates. The universities are holding no classes on election day, to enable students to vote. The list of new candidates, especially in the New Democratic Party (the old Social Credit party) includes several school teachers & professors.

TUESDAY, SEP. 22/70 Again rain in the night, & a day of drizzle & heavy overcast. Worked on the Hfx. book, & played Scrabble with C. in the afternoon.

WEDNESDAY, SEP. 23/70 Gulf Stream weather — a hazy sun, no wind, temp. 85° in the shade at noon, & humidity so dense that the slightest movement brought sweat.

Shopped for groceries in the morning. The mail included some copies of the Book Room's "Pictorial Guide to Historic Nova Scotia", for which I wrote the text early this year. Burchell had it printed in California. 32 pages, mostly photographs in colour, & excellent paper.

I had intended tackling my main Fall chore — the washing of house & storm windows — but Charlie Williams phoned & wanted a game of golf, so we spent the afternoon at Whyte Point, steaming sweat, & playing very badly. The best part was cold ale in the clubhouse afterwards. The T.V. programs are dull stuff nowadays, especially on Wednesday nights, so tonight for the first time in about two years, we went to the Liverpool movie show. The picture was one of the wacky "far-out" things which the movie industry pours out nowadays, aimed at the young people who don't care a hoot about plot or story. The title was "Can Hieronymus Merkin Ever Forget Mercy Humppe". Plenty of nudity, male & female, showing full back views, & front views stopping just short of the genitalia, & a lot of nude sexual romping that stopped just short of actual coitus. Now & again there seemed to be something of a plot, but it was like trying to find a story in a bowl of alphabet soup.

THURSDAY, SEP. 24/70 Sunny with much cooler & drier air. This morning I got out my stepladder, water-brush, & hose, & scrubbed all first-story windows & their frames — all dusty from the new extension of the school yard. I

also washed my car. In the afternoon I took down the storm windows from the overhead racks in the garage, water-brushed them on both sides, & stowed them on the ground floor of the garage for polishing. I was tired by that time, & my arm muscles were painful. After school, the Raddall children came to supper, for the first time since the family moved to the beach cottage last June.

FRIDAY, SEP. 25, 1970 A dark day, threatening rain. I spent most of the afternoon in my garage, going over the storm windows with Bon Ami & polishing-cloths.

Like Liverpool, many towns in N.S. have been boiling the drinking water this month. Authorities say ~~it~~ the high coliform presence is due to a largely damp summer, in which the earth did not dry, followed by frequent rains & consequently a rapid "run-off" from the watersheds.

SATURDAY, SEP. 26/70 Again a dark day & damp air. I want my house window-frames to be dry when I put the storm windows over them, so that work is stalled. On the whole this has been a dreary month. I spent the day typing answers to a list of questions from a student in Toronto named Donald Smith, who is preparing a thesis on "Grey Owl". He wants to know my sources, so I went over my file.

SUNDAY, SEP. 27/70 Another dreary day. Worked on the Halifax book, played Scrabble with C., & watched T.V. Roses are still blooming in my garden. The birches have begun to shed their leaves — unusually early it seems to me. All the other trees & shrubs remain green. No birds to be seen about my garden for many days, except a few purple finches at the bird-bath. The fruit on my golden elder shrubs is now purple & ripe, & usually ~~they are~~ it is promptly devoured by starlings & migrating robins. So far it remains untouched.

MONDAY, SEP. 28/70 Some rain in the night. Again a dead calm day, with heavy cloud. The sun struggled through in a hazy way in the afternoon, & I played golf at White Point with Paul King. The tide was low, & the sea-flat calm & pearl grey like the sky. Far to seaward

a long string of white cirrus clouds hung just above the horizon, like the clouds you see as your ship approaches the Gulf Stream in latitudes below 40° N. Not a bird to be seen about the golf course except a few gulls. The silence, the lifeless sea & sky all very eerie, somehow, as if a hurricane were about to burst, or some other catastrophe.

News:- Gamal Nasser, dictator of Egypt & would-be leader of all the Arab states, is dead of a heart attack at age 52. He had just completed a conference of Arab leaders, seeking to stop the savage civil war in Jordan. Although he provoked the two wars with Israel (& Britain & France) he apparently learned some wisdom from them, & has been regarded lately as a sobering influence on more fanatical Arabs, who are trying desperately to ignite a world war, with the Russians drawn in on their side, and the U.S. on the side of Israel.

WEDNESDAY, SEP. 30, 1970 A sunny day to end a soggy month. Tom Jr. had to go to Hfx. today to consult a specialist about severe pains in his neck & left arm, & E. wanted to go to Moncton; so Tom & Pam picked us up in their station wagon at 9 a.m. Reached the Hfx. railway station at 11:10, & E. caught the 11:30 train for Moncton. I hired a taxi there, with a knowledgeable driver, as I wanted to see various new developments in the city before re-writing the last two chapters of my book. Drove to the "Container Pier", not yet completed, with one of the huge gantry cranes in place, & towering over the structure. (Container freight has been handled, with makeshift arrangements, for the past year or so.) The site of this new pier is the former naval Seaward Defence (i.e. anti-submarine booms) storage yard, where in my boyhood Steel's Pond used to be. The old Royal N.S. Yacht Club, still standing within the breakwater, is the only familiar building left in this area. Drove then to the Scotia Square development, still-a-building, which dwarfs City Hall & covers the site of the old slums to the north of it. Then along Barrington to see the new Mackay Bridge, which crosses the north end of the Narrows. It is a 4-lane bridge, already in use, although

work on the approaches is not yet finished. Drove over the site of Africville, which was razed completely during the past two years — the tremendous "fill" for the Mackay bridge approach to Memorial Drive and Lady Hammond Road covers much of the Africville site.

Stopped at Fairview cemetery for a look at my mother's grave, & could not find it. Since her burial in 1958 many new graves & tombstones have appeared next to the side-lane from the main cemetery driveway, & although the taximan & I hunted for some time we had no success. So I put it off until another visit when I have more time.

The cab dropped me at Bill White's house, Nº 1662 Edwards Street, & we all lunched together there. Tom's ailment turned out to be an occupational one — damage to a spinal disc in the neck, thus pinching the main nerve to the left arm — all caused by long hours with the head held at a left angle, & the continual tension of delicate work. He must spend 20 minutes a day at therapy, wearing a high collar device, while Pam applies hot compresses to the back of the neck. And he must cut down on his working hours.

At 2 p.m. I attended the official opening of the Nova Scotia Museum, to which I had been invited. Owing to the trades-union strikes which have plagued all construction in the province, the building lacks some windows, & none of the exhibits are ready for the public. The new building is a large & striking one, on part of the site of City Field, where for many years the city stored & repaired its street-repair machinery, etc., an unsightly place. (The new "City Field" & workshops are near the Africville site on Bedford Basin). All that remains of the old establishment on Bell Road is the stable for the police horses, which is also used for ponies of the "Bengal Lancers", a troop of teenage girls who perform evolutions on ponyback on gala occasions. The museum itself faces Summer Street. I met there Bruce Fergusson, the Provincial Archivist, Sid. Kennedy of the C.B.C., & some other old acquaintances. Also Admiral Hugh Pullen & wife, who were distinctly cool, I suppose because Pullen still suspects that I was the anonymous critic who condemned

his book on the "Chesapeake & Shannon" when he first submitted it to the Maritime Museum committee some years ago. (I wasn't.) He persuaded McClelland & Stewart to publish it last year, at a retail price of about $20. The only review of it that I saw in the Toronto & Montreal papers said that it was dull & too expensive. The publishers are now trying to sell it at $10.

On my walk back to Edward Street I looked at the new Lane Memorial Hospital, an ugly white-concrete thing being built on the last open space of Camp Hill. It looks like a prison, & has a view over Camp Hill Cemetery.

In the latter part of the afternoon Marian White took her car & drove Pam & me to the Citadel, where we could see all the new buildings rising towards the sky. So far, none of them interferes with the Citadel view of the harbour — you can see everything from the Macdonald bridge to Thrum Cap. Then we drove to Studley & examined the new structures rising on Dalhousie campus, including an enormous mass (Design calls it the "Life Sciences Building") facing on Oxford Street. All these new structures in the city are being built of white concrete, with a rough surface, and the facades all ribs & angles — practical no doubt, but hideous. Marion drove along several of the short residential streets branching off University Avenue, & said all these properties are being purchased by Dalhousie U., eventually to be razed & replaced by university buildings.

Dined with the Whites. Bill showed us his collection of Canadian paintings, which cover every inch of wall space, upstairs & down, & on the staircase. He has a good eye for the traditional, & likes to point out the rise in value since he bought them. (One of his Tom Thompsons, purchased in 1948 for $2,200, is now worth $15,000, for example.) He showed also his collection of 90-odd glass paperweights, beautiful things. We left Hfx. about 7 p.m. & got home at 9.

THURSDAY, Oct. 1, 1970 Heavy skies & occasional showers. Golf in the afternoon with Paul King & Monsignor Thomas Delaney, & got a little wet. Erik Andersson came in & borrowed a bottle of rum this evening. The CBC's TV news showed colour film of Nasser's funeral procession, an amazing spectacle — hordes of weeping & howling men pressing

upon the cortege, trying to press their hands on the coffin or catafalque, while the military escort tried to beat them off with fists & sticks. The representatives of foreign countries, including King Hussein of Jordan, who were supposed to follow the catafalque, gave up after a few minutes & retired.

FRIDAY, OCT. 2, 1970 Sunny & warm. Golf in afternoon with King & Delaney. The only birds I saw were a pair of what appeared to be whimbrels. Dined & spent the evening at the Erik Andersens', next door, with Edwin & Nora Parker. The Parkers' only son Peter, a handsome young man of about 22, an undergraduate of St. Mary's U., left home a week or so ago for Australia. With him were 3 others, all sons of well-to-do or well employed fathers in Liverpool & Brooklyn. They intend to hitch-hike across Canada to Vancouver, & there take jobs as seamen in a ship or ships bound for Australia. None of them has a trade, or a payable skill, & their parents tried to reason with them, all in vain. Typical of the present phenomenon — hordes of young men & girls, wandering about this continent & the world, with no baggage but a haversack & a light sleeping bag, depending on hand-outs for food & shelter. Of course, it's nothing new (WANDERJAHR after all is the old German expression for it) but never on the present scale. (subsequent note:— Peter Parker & his chums could not get seagoing jobs in Vancouver. They hitched down the west coast as far as Acapulco, & then returned home.)

SATURDAY, OCT. 3/70 Weather back to normal — grey sky, & threatening rain. Golf in a strong SE sea wind, with Paul King & George Kyle. Broiled a steak for dinner at 5 p.m. & had it with mushrooms & sweet corn. E. had asked Evelyn White to come in & water her numerous plants, & she did so this morning. Rain tonight.

The election campaign in N.S. is quiet & dull so far. According to a reporter questioning people on the street, one woman summed it up neatly, "I'm tired of Smith, & I don't like Regan." Not much political advertising in the Hfx. newspapers, but frequent short plugs on TV & radio. Tory plugs on TV play up the "good grey man" image of "Ike Smith" (in obvious comparison with the young & inexperienced "Gerry" Regan). A Liberal plug starts with

a view of a tall building under construction, then a close-up of several workmen in plastic helmets listening to Regan (also wearing a helmet) on the subject of labour-management troubles — all presumably up on the high steel, with nothing but space in the background — and all obviously staged in a studio.

SUNDAY, OCT. 4, 1970 Heavy rain all day, with a thunderstorm thrown in. Worked on the Halifax book all afternoon. E. phoned from Moncton in the evening. A friend of Bill's is driving to Hfx. on Tuesday, & he will put her on the bus which comes as far as Bridgewater. I am to pick her up there at 6 p.m.

MONDAY, OCT. 5/70 Cloudy & threatening more rain all morning, as I mowed my lawns. The grass was long & cluttered with fallen leaves. In the afternoon I sawed down an ash sapling about 6" diameter, grown out of the old stump behind the garage. Sawed off a few lengths for firewood, & stowed a great mess of branches in the little thicket between my stone wall & the school.

My barometer has not budged from 29.9 (the upper edge of "Changeable") for many days. About 3 p.m. it began to rise slowly, & at 4 the sun appeared.

News:- A TV news reporter tonight gave a few sidelights on the election. One was that Premier Smith does his road travel in his own car, a Volvo — one of the small Swedish cars from the Volvo assembly plant at Halifax — whereas Mr. Regan travels in a Lincoln Continental, the American equivalent of a Rolls Royce. Both leaders use chartered light airplanes for long hops, & Regan had a narrow escape the other day when his plane, taking off, nearly ran into a flock of gulls.

TUESDAY, OCT. 6/70 Sunny & cool. Golf with Charlie Williams & Dr. John Wickwire. The Wickwires & Heldons are just back from several weeks' holiday in southern England & the Channel Islands. I drove to Bridgewater, taking the detour via Beach Meadows to Mill Village to avoid the bad stretch of road "destruction" on the main road from Brooklyn to Mill Village. Met E. at the little Mackenzie bus depot at 6 p.m. & we dined in the Peter Boy, a well equipped restaurant built on Hospital Hill, Bridgewater, near the motor-shopping centre. Good food & service. The bill was $10.00. E. tells me

that Francie has had a gastric ulcer for many months, & she was suffering great pain during her holiday at Hunts Point last summer, although she said nothing about it. Bill & his fellow doctors say she should be in hospital, but she absolutely refuses to go, so she remains on her feet at home, on a prescribed diet, & going to bed early each night.

WEDNESDAY, OCT. 7, 1970 A fine warm day, like summer. Golf with Charlie Williams, & ale in the clubhouse afterwards.

News:- tonight President Nixon made another T.V. appeal (it was shown on our CBC network) to the North Vietnamese, asking for a cease-fire, release of prisoners, & a genuine effort to treat for peace. Nothing really new; & hopeless like the other U.S. appeals. The Vietnamese, well sustained by Russia & China, can carry on their jungle warfare for ever.

THURSDAY, OCT. 8/70 Fine & hot (78° at 4 p.m.) Golf with Williams & Wickwire. E. came out; & picked a quart of cranberries on the sea bank beyond No 6 tee. Saw a small flock of migrating robins on No 8 green — the numerous robins that nest about the golf course vanished weeks ago. My garden remains deserted of bird life, & the ripe black fruit hangs uneaten on the golden elders.

Hugh Fullen phoned this evening, said he had been "conned" into making the address at the Canadian Legion's Remembrance Day dinner at Liverpool, & wanted some suggestions. I gave him several, of which he made note.

FRIDAY, OCT. 9/70 Since I washed the house windows & storm windows on Sep. 24 I have been waiting for a spell of sunny weather to dry the house window-frames thoroughly after the rains. Here it is. So I began this morning with the most difficult ones (on my den) & by 3 p.m. I had all the storm windows installed. Also I plugged & sealed the ventilation vent in the cement foundation of my study, & emptied the water from the lawn roller & stowed it in the garage, stowed the lawn chairs on the overhead racks there.

Late in the afternoon Cecil Lewis & helper, of Whynot Services Ltd., came at last to clean & oil & adjust my furnace, replacing oil & air filters, & putting complete new plates in the humidifier. They are supposed to do this every year, but my furnace has not been serviced since April 1969. Another caller was Rev. Mr.

Russell, the present pastor of Zion Church. A large young man of about 35, wearing a modish pin-striped green suit, & driving a large green car. He introduced himself, & seemed tongue-tied, so that I had to make the conversation — mostly about Amherst & the Tantramar marshes, ~~where~~ where his father was a farmer. Finally he asked me to give an address next month on the significance of the old Congregational church in education. I said No, politely — adding, "I could say all I know about that in five minutes."

Of course, he was trying to get a back-slid member of the church to "be involved" somehow or anyhow in church work.

SATURDAY, OCT. 10, 1970 A cool grey day, with a damp air from the sea. The golf course was crowded this afternoon — students & their friends home for the Thanksgiving weekend, local players & visitors. Play was very slow, & I gave up after 10 holes & came home to watch the first of the so-called "World Series" baseball games on TV. (The Baltimore Orioles beat the Cincinnati Reds 4-3.)

News:- A great fluster in Quebec & Ottawa over the latest stunt of the FLQ, the terrorist branch of the "Free Quebec" movement. Hitherto they have confined their activity to robbing banks for funds, stealing dynamite from construction companies, & planting home-made bombs in "anglais" mail boxes, federal buildings, & other structures used or inhabited by people they don't like, from the home of Montreal's mayor Jean Drapeau to the Montreal Stock Exchange. Several people have been killed, & many injured, by these secret & easy outrages. About 23 FLQ members have been caught & imprisoned during the past three years, & they are represented in the courts by a glib long-haired shyster lawyer named Lemieux. Following the successful example of terrorists in Brazil last year, an armed group abducted the British Trade Commissioner, Mr. Cross, from his house in Montreal 5 days ago. They then presented a long ultimatum, on paper & through a Montreal radio station, stating that Cross would be killed unless their demands were met. The chief items were that $500,000 ransom money, plus 23 FLQ members now in prison, were to be placed aboard a plane for Cuba or Algeria. Cross would be released after their safe arrival. They made a time limit, originally of 24 or

48 hours, for the authorities to comply, after which Cross would be killed. Montreal police conducted a busy search, rounding up known or suspected FLQ sympathizers, & got nowhere. Federal & provincial authorities conferred, obviously playing for time, & the terrorists extended their time limit until 6 p.m. today. At 6 p.m. the authorities repeated their refusal of blackmail, demanded that Cross be released, & offered the kidnappers free transportation by air to any country they wished. The terrorists obviously knew or guessed this reply. At 40 minutes to 6, four armed & masked men, in a stolen car, abducted Mr. LaPorte, a member of the Quebec provincial cabinet & in fact the right-hand man of Premier Bourassa. He was taken in the street outside his home in St. Lambert, which was unguarded.

SUNDAY, OCT. 11, 1970 Calm, mild, with spotty sunshine. Played 9 holes at White Point, returned home to watch the World Series baseball game (Orioles won again, 6-5) & then drove with E. to Hunt's Point. The junior Raddalls are spending their last-of-the-season weekend at the cottage, & Pam had invited us to join them in the Thanksgiving Day dinner. Turkey & pumpkin pie, & a light Rhine wine. Tom got back from his annual wild-fowling trip to New Brunswick a day or two ago. He said the woodcock were very plentiful, but owing to the D.D.T. poisoning scare nobody seemed to be hunting them. He brought home a few. Partridge were scarce, but they had some good duck-shooting in the Jemseg marshes.

Tonight the TV was largely taken up with the Quebec kidnappings. Letters from Mr. Laporte to Premier Bourassa, & to Mrs. Laporte, were placed in a Montreal street trash-can, & a local radio station was notified by telephone — the established communication method of the terrorists. The letters were in Laporte's hand, & accompanied by his car-driving license & other identification. The one addressed to Bourassa was an abject appeal, obviously written by a man terribly frightened. He urged the Premier to call off the police & comply with the terrorists' demands, which had a deadline at 10 p.m. (11 p.m. here). At a few minutes to 10, Mr. Bourassa made a brief announcement by radio. He had consulted his colleagues in the government of Quebec, also the

heads of the other parties in the Quebec parliament. They had determined not to comply with the terrorists' demands.

Mr. Bourassa, when the kidnapping was done, was in New York, calling on American financiers & urging them to invest in new industries in Quebec. He assured them that, despite some terrorism by a very small group, Quebec was a stable & well ordered place. Last night one TV commentator in Montreal said the present state of Bourassa's government is "a sort of controlled panic". U.S. & European news reporters & cameramen are hustling about Montreal, & the N.Y. Times points out that this is only the latest outrage of the F.L.Q., & that Montreal has suffered a reign of terror for the past seven years, mainly in the form of bombings & bank robberies.

MONDAY, OCT. 12, 1970 Thanksgiving Day — ironical in this world of wars & strikes & riots, especially in the nation founded by the Pilgrims. The weather in N.S. remains mild & humid, the air & sea very calm, & the sky & the distant view to seaward obscured by haze. Our meteorologists say this is caused by a long ridge of high barometric pressure off the Atlantic coast from New York to Nova Scotia, & the haze is caused by "smog" drifting north-eastward from the U.S. cities. Golf in the afternoon. Later I helped Erik Andersen to remove some limbs from the big ash between our properties. It needs much more trimming.

TUESDAY, OCT. 13/70 Same weather. Election Day. The campaign has been very quiet. I voted at the courthouse for Ken Jones because (for all his failings) he has worked hard for the province & this county. But I felt that the Tory party had been in power too long, & so apparently did a lot of other people, including four Tory MPP's, who did not offer to run again. On TV Premier G. I. Smith looked and sounded like a tired old man. Some of his greatest troubles (notably the disastrous public-money investments in the heavy-water plant at Glace Bay, & the Clairtone plant in Pictou County) were a legacy from the Stanfield regime; & while Smith's takeover of the big Sydney Steel industry has been a paper success, it is bound to become a heavy burden with the steelworkers comfortably installed on the taxpayers' backs. (Liberal leader Gerald Regan was heard to say, in a bit of side repartee, "This Tory government has been more Socialist

than the N.D.P.") Anyhow, the Liberals, somewhat to their own surprise won 23 seats, the Conservatives won 21, & the NDP 2. Several Tory cabinet ministers went down. Jones won in Queens with a small majority (251 votes) whereas his majority in 1967 was 877, and in 1963 it was 1845.

Presumably the Liberals will form a government with the aid of the 2 NDP members, both elected in turbulent Cape Breton. Already the NDP leader, Alkerman, has announced on TV that he intends to drive a hard bargain.

On the national scene, Montreal remains in a turmoil, the terrorists still hold their prisoners in secret hiding, & still demand their full terms. Prime Minister Trudeau remains tough about any concessions, & armed soldiers from Camp Petawawa are now guarding the houses of Parliament & the private homes of prominent MP's — an astonishing spectacle. Meanwhile the Montreal police & Quebec provincial police, ~~———~~ in spite of much rushing about, seem utterly baffled.

WEDNESDAY, OCT. 14, 1970 ~~Same weather~~. Golf this afternoon. The first large flocks of migrating robins appeared on the course today. Forgot to note yesterday that a woman named Stevenson, of the C.B.C. Halifax phoned asking me to appear for an interview on their "Gazette" show. Offered a fee & traveling expenses. I agreed. I am to be at the studio on Bell Road at 5:15 pm. Oct. 19, for makeup etc., & the TV interview goes on the air at some time between 6 & 6:30. Tonight we attended a party at the Austin Parkers' house, to celebrate Austin's 75th ~~———~~ birthday. They just got home yesterday, after spending some weeks with son Jim & wife in Tennessee. Austin is 6 feet tall, & has the physique & manner of a man at least ten years younger — he & Hector Dunlap are going to Eagle Lake next week for a few days' deer hunting. In chat with Maynard Colp, he told me that the "shore" fishermen at Port Mouton (i.e. the men who use small motorboats) are getting fine catches of cod & other fish, & the cold-storage there is now jammed with the catch. This in spite of all we have heard about the Russians depleting these fish by their massed trawling on the Bank & offshore to the 3-mile limit.

THURSDAY, OCT. 15, 1970 The sun bored through the haze today for a few hours & sent the temp. up to 74°. Golf was a sticky pastime in the moist & dead calm air. Home by 3:15, in time to see the Orioles win the World Series 9-3 in the fifth game.

FRIDAY, Oct. 16/70 Same weather. Took my car to the service station for the regular 1,000-mile grease job, oil change, & check on lights & tires. Albert Darty, plumber, came to look at a leak in my water pipe. It may be just a matter of replacing an elbow & a length of the old brass pipe inside the cellar, or it may involve digging up the whole pipe to the street main. (I had to have this done once before, about 20 years ago.) Darty said he would come to work on it on Monday.

Terence & Betty Freeman called on E. this afternoon, & the Raddall children came to supper.

News:- Yesterday troops from Valcartier Camp (all of the Royal 22nd, the "Van Doos") began moving into Montreal & Quebec city, & placing armed guards on public buildings & the homes of prominent officials. Also a battalion of the Airborne Regiment, ~~from~~ from Edmonton, & a battalion of the Royal Canadian Regiment, from Gagetown, have been flown to Valcartier. This is to relieve the city & provincial police for more active duty against the terrorists. Today the police began rounding up F.L.Q. people in Montreal, Quebec, Rimouski, Chicoutimi, etc. — so far about 300, some of whom were soon released. About 3,000 students in Montreal are staging a "sit-in" & rally to demonstrate their sympathy with F.L.Q. It is known (& has been known for a long time) that F.L.Q. members have places on the faculties as well as the student bodies of Quebec universities, & in other places — the Montreal offices & studios of the Canadian Broadcasting Corp. notably.

At 11:15 p.m. (local daylight time here) Prime Minister Trudeau appeared on our TV screens & read a statement. After consultation with his own government, & that of Premier Bourassa of Quebec, he had decided to invoke the Wartime Measures Act. Among other things this will set aside, for the duration of the present emergency, the Bill of Rights. He pointed out that this will enable

the police to make search, & arrest without a warrant, & to hold prisoners without bail. He proclaimed the FLQ an illegal organization, & its active members subject to arrest.

After his address, the CBC showed interviews with conservative leader Stanfield, & NDP leader Douglas. Stanfield played Mister Facing-Both-Ways, bumbling about the need for suppressing the terrorist movement, & then about the tyranny of using the Wartime Measures Act in peacetime. He never looked or sounded worse. Douglas of course, as a dedicated Socialist, deplored the new measure & said the federal government was "using a sledgehammer to crack a peanut." I think most Canadians must feel a strong approval of the measure, as I certainly do. I'm glad we have this tough & able French-Canadian in the seat of power at Ottawa, & not the gut-less Pearson, or worse still somebody like the late Mackenzie King.

SATURDAY, OCT. 17, 1970 Cool & overcast, with alternate showers & drizzle all day. I spent the day reading, & played Scrabble with E. for a couple of hours in the afternoon. Flocks of starlings have been gorging on the elderberries, & from time to time a flock of grackles or a small group of migrating robins forage on the lawn. Some of my roses are still budding out & blooming.

Temp. tonight 40°.

SUNDAY, OCT. 18/70 Cold, dark, & damp, till about 5 p.m. when the sun came through at last. A tropical storm had passed well to seaward & hit the SE coast of Newfoundland. After dinner I drove with E. around Western Head & then to Brooklyn & Beach Meadows, expecting a big sea & surf, but all was normal. News:— The body of Pierre Laporte was found, stuffed into the trunk of a stolen & abandoned car, last evening, in a suburb of Montreal. He had been shot in the head, strong, & an FLQ announcement gave the time of his "execution" as 6.18 p.m. on Saturday. Tonight the TV was full of interviews with prominent people across Canada, all deploring the murder. Also photos of two men wanted for the crime, one a Montreal school teacher, the other a taxi driver. Lévesque, leader of the more moderate Separatiste movement in Quebec, declared the murder "inhuman", & in the next breath

blamed it on the government for "taking a hard line" with the kidnappers.

MONDAY, OCT. 19, 1970 A sunny but cool (40°-ish) day. Plumber Albert Darby came this morning with a helper, & replaced two lengths of old brass pipe, the shut-off valve, & an elbow, in my water intake pipe inside the cellar, which had been leaking. As far as he could see, the copper intake through the cellar wall was in sound condition, but wouldn't guarantee it. The copper pipe was laid from the street main about 20 years ago, when the original galvanized pipe corroded.

At 2 p.m., to fulfill my engagement on the 17th. I set off for Halifax. Pleasant driving in the sunny weather, although I had to turn on the heater. I arrived in the city about 4:30, hoping to get a look at N.S. Museum before going on to the CBC, but I found the museum still closed to the public until the arrangement of exhibits is complete. So I went on to the CBC building, "two minutes' walk away. In the make-up room, the woman noted my deep tan & decided not to put the usual cocoa-tinted muck on my face, merely applying a thin powder to my face & bald skull so that they would not shine under the Klieg lights. Chatted with Don Tremaine & Rube Hornstein over a cup of coffee in the canteen, & the director of the Gazette show asked if I would come in again, at a later date, to make one of a series of "profiles" they are doing on prominent Nova Scotians & their lives & works. I agreed. At 6:10 we were on the air, Rube with a copy of "Footsteps On Old Floors" in his hand, & asking leading questions about this story & that. He also mentioned that I am revising "Halifax, Warden of the North" for a new edition. Finished at 6:30. The make-up girl cleaned the powder off my face, & I left at once for home. There was still a fine red sunset, & then a clear twilight, which greatly reduced the glare of oncoming headlights as far as Chester, where I stopped at 7:30 & dined on fillet of sole & a glass of ale. By that time it was pitch dark, but fortunately most of the traffic seemed to be moving west, & although I had some dangerous blinded moments I got home safely about 9:20.

Tonight the temp. dropped to 30°, our first real frost, & I fear our still-flourishing roses will be nipped.

TUESDAY, OCT. 20, 1970 When I came downstairs this morning I saw two robins standing on the edge of the bird bath gazing disconsolately at the ice in it. Temp. rose to nearly 50° at noon, with a clear blue sky, & I spent the afternoon golfing (in a heavy pullover jersey) with Dumeah, Pottie, Cowie & King. News:- Tonight on TV we saw the funeral of Mr. Laporte, which took place in Montreal this afternoon. A strange scene for Canada — armed soldiers on the roofs, about the cathedral; the streets & the Place d'Armes thick with soldiers & police, the public held away from the Place d'Armes by barricades, police dogs taken into the cathedral before the service to sniff out any intruder hiding there, etc. A planned demonstration by students of the University of Montreal in favour of FLQ was called off.

WEDNESDAY, OCT. 21/70 Bright & cool, after another frosty night. One of the ladies E. met in the V.G. hospital, who made up a foursome for bridge every day, was the wife of Dr. Prince, a Bridgewater physician. She invited E. & me, and Mary (Mrs. Maurice) Russell, who is her cousin, to luncheon today, so we picked up Mary & drove there. A very tasty lunch & pleasant chat. Home about 4.

Tonight with E. to the first meeting of the Historical Society for the 1970-1971 season, held at Melbourne Gaudet's house, in Brooklyn. A large gathering filled the house. Speaker was Archdeacon Elliott, who gave a history of Trinity Church here.

News:- Coroner's report on the body of Pierre Laporte shows that there were superficial wounds in wrist, hand, & ankle, but no others. Death was from strangulation by a thin wire or chain (possibly the chain of a religious medal which still hung about his neck) which had been tightened by twisting from behind.

THURSDAY, OCT. 22/70 Overcast & mild. Golf in the afternoon, while E. entertained three lady friends with bridge & tea & sandwiches. They were still at it when I got back from the golf course, so I occupied myself in cutting back the hydrangea bush beside our front walk, a regular Fall chore. News:- The murderers of Laporte are still

at large, & so are the abductors of Mr. Cross. The government has the full support of the Conservative opposition in using the Wartime Measures Act (Mr. Stanfield apparently had second thoughts after consulting his Conservatives following his niggling TV statement on Oct. 16), but Douglas & his NDP party continue to protest. (Last year Douglas' daughter, wife of a Hollywood actor, was arrested there on a charge of procuring bombs for the Black Panther fanatics. The police were unable to prove direct collusion & she went free.)

The Minister of Defence told newsmen today that about 7,500 troops are now on duty in the areas of Montreal & Ottawa. Even in Nova Scotia, police are guarding Government House in Halifax, & private guards have been placed on the Canso Causeway, etc. All rifles & ammunition supplied to school cadet corps in Quebec have been called in for safekeeping by the army; & so it won't look like an anti-French Canadian precaution, the same rule applies to other provinces including Nova Scotia.

FRIDAY, OCT. 23, 1970 A mild grey day again. Golf in the afternoon. Flocks of migrating robins everywhere, including my own garden, & flocks of wild ducks & geese passing overhead. This evening Michael Laughlin (pronounced LOFFLIN) phoned from Los Angeles, asking if "The Nymph & The Lamp" movie rights were available. I said Lloyd Bochner had paid me for an extension of his option to July 31, 1971. (See diary entries July 7 and 27, and Aug. 3, 4, 5, 7 & 13.) He said he would see if he could work out an agreement with Bochner, & that was that.

SATURDAY, OCT. 24/70 Rain. I spent most of the afternoon at my typewriter, catching up on correspondence. I had two callers. One was a pleasant young man named Bill Fisher, from the naval station at Shelburne. He had read my books & wanted to meet the author. The other was a town workman named Mynot, requesting me to be a candidate for mayor "otherwise it will go to Murphy by acclamation." I said I didn't want the post under any circumstances. The retiring mayor, Frank Trainor, leaves the town finances in a mess, despite a huge increase in the tax assessment & rate this year. Charles Murphy, a retired accountant of Mersey Paper Co., has had several years' experience previous to Trainor as mayor. He took

a firm stand against a wildcat strike of town street employees a few years ago.

SUNDAY, OCT. 25/70 Overcast & mild. Drove with E. to Mill Village, for lunch with Miss Isabel MacNeil, who bought the old breed house a year or so ago. It stands well back from the river, on the west side, below the village, & has extensive grounds mostly covered with trees & shrubbery. Miss MacNeil has done a tasteful job of restoration, inside & outside. The house is a Cape ~~Cod~~ Cod cottage & ell type, probably built in the 1790's. We found a family reunion — one of her sisters is the wife of (recently retired) Admiral Desmond Piers, who has bought an old house at Chester, & another is the wife of a retired army officer named Girouard. All three were daughters of Professor Murray MacNeil, who taught mathematics at Dalhousie for many years. Other guests were Tom & Helena Jory, Mrs. Cynthia Goodland, & two ladies from Halifax whose names I cannot remember — one of them said she was a pupil of Miss Hoyt when I was taking piano lessons from that lady in the period 1913-1918. All genial & talkative people; the Piers a very handsome & charming pair.

MONDAY, OCT. 26/70 A chilly grey day, with a breeze off the sea. Golf in the afternoon with Jim Dumeah. Only 3 other players on the course. Received a picture-postcard from Colin Smith, one-time captain in the West N.S. Regt. during W.W. 2. He & his wife, both PH.D's, have been wandering about the world on teaching jobs ever since their marriage soon after the war — northern B.C., Borneo, Ghana, Wisconsin, & now Jamaica, financed by Canadian funds. They have no children, & enjoy this sort of life.

News:- The provincial gov't (Liberal) in New Brunswick, in power for 10 years or so under an Acadian premier, Louis Robichaud, was defeated today in an election. (Conservatives 32, Liberals 26). The FLQ murderers of Laporte, & abductors (& doubtless murderers) of Cross, are still at large. The Quebec police seem completely baffled.

After golf today I heaped loam about my rose bushes for winter protection. Also I shut off & drained the outdoor water tap.

TUESDAY, OCT. 27, 1970

Again a grey chill day. Golf in the afternoon with Dumeah & Fred Heintz, & during the last few holes the clouds opened in the west & the sunshine came through. Austin Parker, Hector Dunlap, Erik Andersson & Jerry Nickerson have been at our old Eagle Lake camp for several days. They asked me to go along, but I declined.

WEDNESDAY, OCT. 28/70 After a frosty night (29°) a cool but sunny day. Golf in the afternoon. C. came out with me, picked a quart of cranberries, & returned to town with some lady players who were just out for 9 holes. She is giving (after school) piano lessons to grand-daughter Debby, twice a week. After golf, I took the fly-screen off the kitchen window, washed & polished the winter window & screwed it in place.

News:- The Quebec police are still baffled by the FLQ, whose public communiqués (placed in wastepaper cans, with notification to a French radio station in Montreal) are an effective thumb-to-nose. Led by Tom Douglas & his National Democratic (i.e. Socialist) party, there is a growing outcry against the application of the War Measures Act, which is gleefully echoed by all the various separatist groups in Quebec.

Today the Canadian Navy's only aircraft carrier, "BONAVENTURE" refitted at enormous cost at a Three Rivers, Quebec, shipyard about 2 years ago, left Halifax on her last voyage, under tow by a Japanese tug, & bound to Formosa, where she will be scrapped. An ignominious end. She was the pride of the RCN. Tonight Gerald Regan & his Liberal cabinet were sworn into office. Several have twin portfolios, a heavy load, which makes the new cabinet much smaller than the previous one, & their average age is exactly that of Regan himself, 41. (The Tory cabinet averaged 53.)

THURSDAY, OCT. 29/70 Same weather. Golf with Dumeah, Pottie & King. I installed the wooden storm-door on the side entrance, & applied plastic caulking to the kitchen storm-window.

FRIDAY, OCT. 30/70 Same weather & golf. Donna Stevenson of the CBC "Gazette" staff phoned, asking me to come to the Bell Road studio about 10 a.m. Thursday Nov. 5, for a taping session on the "Profile" program - an interview about my life & times. I agreed.

SATURDAY, OCT. 31, 1970 Same weather. This afternoon I began to caulk around the edges of my wooden storm windows, using a white compound & a caulking gun. I have never done this before, consequently a fine dust (& some cold air) penetrates during the 7 or 8 months these windows are in place. If I can seal them thoroughly, I shall leave them on all year round, as Charlie Williams does, & save that hard job of taking off & putting on, not to mention washing. These windows serve a double function nowadays, when our once-quiet street has become a roaring thoroughfare for the schools, the hospital, & the growing area of homes on Cobb's Ridge & the Western Head road. They keep out some of the noise of motorcycles, school busses, trucks & cars.

A tedious job, as the caulking compound must be forced out of the gun by hard & constant pressure on the trigger, & the continual leaning from the ladder proved painful to my right hip. I got all but one of the street-facing windows done, & then had to quit.

Tonight was Hallowe'en, & we had the usual swarm of "trick or treat" youngsters in disguise, each armed with a pillowcase for the loot. Pam came with her three imps. By 7:30, when all the neighbourhood youngsters had been treated, we put out our "SORRY. NO MORE" sign on the front porch. By that time the cadgers & louts from Outer Space had begun to arrive, & every householder on Park Street shut up shop. Very few came after 8 p.m., & it was the quietest Hallowe'en we have known for years.

SUNDAY, Nov. 1/70 Sunny & mild. Erik & Lou Anderssen invited us to accompany them on a drive along the Annapolis Valley, & we set off about 12:30. Went by way of Caledonia to Annapolis, where we visited the fort & museum. Then over the causeway to Granville, & thence to Bridgetown & Kentville. Most of the apple orchards have been picked, but I was surprised to see trees here & there with the fruit still on them. The brightest autumn colour has gone from hardwood trees, but as usual the oaks & beeches still cling to their leaves, & some maples with mainly yellow tints, & the hackmatacks are now turning their own delicate yellow before dropping their needles. Returned to the south shore by way of

New Ross & Chester. Reached Bridgewater about 6 p.m., & we invited the Anderssens to dine with us there at the Peter Boy restaurant. Had rums before eating, & wine with an excellent meal. Home at 9 p.m.

MONDAY, Nov. 2, 1970 Calm, overcast, with a humid air. From about 11 a.m. till 3, Erik & I worked at ~~a~~trimming branches off the twin ash trees which stand by our mutual boundary line. Cut off all branches to a height of 20 feet, sawed them up for firewood, & removed the brush. I then cleaned the clotted seeds & leaves from this tree, which annually fill the house gutters on that side, & went on with my caulking job on the storm windows. Had to quit, exhausted & with painful hands & hip, soon after 4 p.m. Finished all the windows except those on my den. A hot bath & change, drinks, & then a good dinner of creamed lobster on toast.

During the afternoon E. bruised herself in planting crocus bulbs around the hydrangea beside our front walk, & tulip bulbs under the bay window in the living room. They will be late in blooming, because the front lawn in winter is heaped with snow by the street plough (& my shovel), & this hard-packed snow turns almost to ice, which is very slow in thawing.

TUESDAY, Nov. 3/70 Wind & rain. Yesterday I had the (required now by law) annual check on my car — tires, brakes, lights, etc., by a mechanic in the garage of Rossignol Sales.

I have promised to address the Historical Society at their meeting next week, & spent much time today looking over my files for something I hadn't done before. I have addressed the Society so many times in the 40 years of its existence that a new subject is hard to find.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 4/70 Sunny & calm. Golf with Charlie Williams in the afternoon.

THURSDAY, Nov. 5/70 A sudden storm of wind & rain for my trip to Halifax. E. had planned to come with me to do some shopping, but when we arose at 6 a.m. the rain was beginning & she wisely decided to stay at home. It fell in torrents, with strong gusts of wind, all the way to Hfx., & again I had a nightmare experience with my car on the new high road ~~from~~ past Hubbards. The downpour made the asphalt as slippery as ice, & on one of the long down-grades the car air skidded towards the left-hand lane. If there had been an oncoming car or truck in that lane

I would have had a quick & messy end. I was going about 50 m.p.h. & most of the traffic goes at 60 or 65. After that I kept my speed down to 40 or ~~m~~ at most 45. I had left home at 7:30, & reached the CBC studios on Bell Road about 10. After a brief session in the make-up room, I chatted with Don Tremaine over a cup of coffee in the canteen, & he compiled a list of leading questions for the interview. It was with the usual two cameras & the bright hot beams of Klieg lights, & divided into two 18-minute screenings.

Finished about noon. I lunched on a bowl of fish chowder in the canteen, & started for home at about 12:40. Again a low black sky & a flood of rain. I drove at 40 to 45 m.p.h. most of the way, getting out of the storm as I approached Mill Village. Phew! All the cars & trucks on the road had their lights on, as if it were night.

FRIDAY, Nov. 6, 1970 After a frosty night, a typical November day, temp. 46°, a grey-black sky with tiny glints of sunshine, occasional drizzle. Golf this afternoon with Pottie & Sumeah. A big surf leaping on the shore, the aftermath of yesterday's storm.

News:- Much fuss in Toronto about the sale of Ryerson's, the Canadian publishing firm, this week, to the U.S. firm of McGraw-Hill. Originally set up by the Methodist Church to publish & sell its own printed works, it extended to a general line of fiction & school textbooks, & for many years published the longest list of Canadian authors - as far as I know it still does.

When the Methodists entered the Canadian church union in 1924, Ryerson's became the property of the United Church of Canada, which continued to operate it vigorously. But profits have been getting thin during the past few years, & now the U.C.C. has sold out. Other Canadian publishers (notably Jack McClelland) are furious about the appearance of another American giant in their midst. (Doubleday was the first.) As Ryerson publishes a lot of Canadian school textbooks, Jack declares the new ownership will mean another long step in the Americanization of Canadian thought and work. Jack is grinding his own axe, of course, but my own experience with Doubleday

taught me the extreme self-interest of U.S. firms in command of Canadian branches.

SATURDAY, Nov. 7, 1970 A bit more sunshine, no drizzle, & a strong SW wind. Golf alone in the afternoon. In addition to small flocks of migrating robins about the course, I have noticed a gradually increasing flock of killdeer flitting about the course. Today I counted at least 30. Noticed several spent shotgun shells on the lower fairways towards the point, & I assume some local boy or boys have been shooting at them — strictly against the law.

Today is Debby Raddall's 11th birthday, & Pamela invited us to dinner — a delicious meal of woodcock, rice & peas, & of course a birthday cake & ice cream. E's gift was a small bowl of goldfish, which Debby dearly wanted. Tom had spent the afternoon cutting & burning brushwood on his shore property.

SUNDAY, Nov. 8/70 A lovely sunny day, temp. 50°, & calm. At 1 p.m. I set off with E. for a drive to Shelburne. The colorful autumn leaves have fallen mostly, but here & there a clump of oaks still makes a show. At Shelburne, drove down the main street, & then away to Sandy Point & finally the naval station for "oceanography", with its barred gates & guards, & the notice saying "Photography Forbidden". A truck of the Canadian Marconi Company (my old employer) was parked nearby, & half a dozen men were rigging a peculiar tripod aerial, with some sort of insulators or knobs about the size of a fist every 3 feet or so, on a stubby mast about 30 feet high. At the gate I enquired for Bill Fisher (see Oct. 24) but a guard said he was in Halifax. Returning to Shelburne I noticed about a dozen trawlers tied up at the long government wharf, also a ship of the Dept. of Transport. Shelburne seems prosperous & expanding, with a lot of new houses along the shore, fine large new Vocational Training School, & a new courthouse going up in brick. The ship (wooden trawler) building industry is about dead, owing to withdrawal of the federal govt subsidy. So the town's sole support is the fishery. Home about 4 p.m.

MONDAY, Nov. 9/70 Temp. 30° at 7.30 a.m., getting up to 45° in the sun after noon. For the first time this winter season I wore (cotton ait-celled) "long johns", instead of the cotton shorts I have been using for underwear since early June, for golf

at White Point; & I was just comfortable in the chill sea breeze. Our neighbor across the street, Stanley Penty, planted three maple saplings on his front lawn when he built his house about 1930, & in forty years they had grown in height & breadth until they completely overshadowed the front rooms, upstairs & down. He is now in his dotage, with a considerably younger (60-ish) second wife of many years, a pleasant but masterful woman, & she decided to have the trees removed. So today she hired a gang of town workmen, with the town's "apple-picker" truck, & they spent the day cutting limbs from the trees & then sections of the trunks, until all were gone.

We shall miss them, especially in Fall, when the leaves were the colour of gold. But there is one compensation — all those leaves fell, every year, on rainy east winds which carried them over to my land, even around to the back of my house, where I had to dispose of them.

A letter today marked "Confidential" from Government House, Ottawa, saying that my name had been recommended to the advisory council of the Order of Canada for the award of the Medal of Service, & asking if I am prepared to accept the award if offered. I don't know much about the Order of Canada except that the top award goes to a comparatively small group whose places in the roll become vacant when they die, permitting further awards.

As far as I know, the 25 awards have so far included 3 writers: Hugh McLellan, Morley Callaghan, & Mordecai Richler. (NOT RICHLER, WHO GOT SOME OTHER MRZAK.) I'm not sure, even of these. The first two have definitely contributed much to Canadian literature. Richler has not. He wrote two maliciously funny books about his life as a scrawny Jewish youth in Montreal, despised by the French & English establishments. Then he removed to England, where he got into the lucrative business of writing TV and movie scripts, also contributing witty & acidulous articles to the London left-wing magazine "New Statesman", & recently turning out a highly successful book of "funny pornography" called "Cocksure". Richler has never written a good word about Canada or Canadians. When he got the Order he gave the medal to his children, to play with, according to himself.

I phoned Senator Donald Smith, who happened to be

home in Liverpool, told him of the letter, & said I felt rather like the English lady who was offered the Turkish Order of Chastity — Second Class. I felt that I should decline, with all due respect. To accept would be a tacit admission that I considered myself as a Canadian author, second-rate to a clever punk like Richler. Smith protested that while the Medal of Service is the second class of the Order of Canada, it has been awarded to very worthy people. I still feel I should reject it, because I have received better Canadian honours already. Smith said he returns to Ottawa tomorrow, & will write me what he can find out about the Order of Canada & its peculiar distinctions.

TUESDAY, NOV. 10, 1970 A typical November day — dark grey sky, a breeze chilled by the sea. A phone call this morning from Helen Golding (Jack Golding's widow) now in the employ of CBC Radio Halifax, drama department. Her boss, John Hobday, wants to know what I would charge for use of "Roger Sudden" in a one-hour radio play to be written by Ian Thorne.

I said CBC radio had used it before, & I would look up my files & write a letter. My files show that CBC (radio) used it first as a half-hour play in 1948, for which the fee was only $50 according to Chambrun, a rogue who was then my agent. The second use by CBC (radio) was in 1964 when they paid me $400 for use of the story as a 6-part serial, in 30-minute episodes, on the trans-Canada network. So I posted a letter to Mrs Golding saying my fee for the proposed new use of "Roger Sudden" is $200.

WEDNESDAY, NOV. 11/70 Mild (57°) with an open-& -shut sky. Golf with Dumeah, Wickwire & Hartz.

News:- General Charles De Gaulle was buried today. (He died on Monday.) In accordance with his own instructions he was buried in a cheap wooden coffin, in his village of Colombey-des-Deux-Églises, with the local priest, his own family & friends, & some representatives of the French armed forces in attendance. This rejection of a state funeral in Paris was his final rebuke to the people who voted him out of office a few years ago. Nevertheless, the state held a formal religious service in Notre Dame cathedral, attended by President Nixon & other notables from abroad. De Gaulle never relaxed his hatred of the British & Americans, who really rescued France from the Germans & treated

him as the doubtful leader of a minor force. He liked to pose as an austere male Joan of Arc, although in private life he was a glutton for food & wine, & after middle age his huge paunch & beak nose made him a favourite target of the political cartoonists. Indeed, photographed from the side, with his very tall figure, he looked like ~~a~~ an eight-months-pregnant soap-hook.

His famous speech in Montreal a few years ago, with its deliberate inflaming "Vivre le Quebec libre!" has not been forgotten or forgiven by the Canadian government, especially in the light of FLQ terrorism. Neither Prime Minister Trudeau nor Premier Bourassa attended the ceremonies in Paris today, merely sending representatives. Trudeau attended a R.C. memorial service in the Ottawa cathedral today, but he ordered that the Canadian flag remain at full mast on all federal gov't establishments throughout Canada.

THURSDAY, Nov. 12, 1970 A dark bleak day with a drizzle of rain at intervals. Helen Golding phoned & said her statement about the one-hour show was incorrect, that actually the CBC planned a 5-part serial, each part to run half an hour, & they were willing to pay $300. I said "very well", & wrote a letter in confirmation.

Letter from Don Smith at Ottawa, enclosing a gov't. brochure on the Order of Canada, & again urging me to accept the Medal of Service, pointing out that (author) Bruce Hutchison & (artist) Alex Colville, among other worthy people, had done so. So I shall write my acceptance.

FRIDAY, Nov. 13/70 My 67th birthday, & on a Friday, as it was when I was born. Wrote Esmond Butler, secretary to the Governor General, & enclosed biographical matter & a photograph, as requested. Golf this afternoon with Dumeah, King & Pottie. Grey sky, air calm & humid, so that we were shedding sweaters after two or three holes, & there were actually blackflies, not biting, but hovering about our heads. In the scrub trees by the upper part of No 6 fairway Dumeah saw & described to me a pair of birds, evidently Baltimore Orioles.

The small Raddalls came to supper, with birthday cards for Grampa, & we were joined later for an hour by Tom & Pam, who brought six bottles of Bordeaux (St. Emilion & Graves).

E. presented me with a brown shirt & matching necktie.

SATURDAY, NOV. 14, 1970 A bleak rainy day, & except for a trip to the post office I stayed indoors reading, playing Scrabble with E., & watching TV in the evening. I get very little mail nowadays, & the few letters I get are mostly from high school or college students, given an assignment in Canadian literature, & choosing my life & work (usually one particular book because that is easier). I answer them all. Francie, remembering my birthday a little late, phoned tonight, & chatted with E. & me. She reports herself & all her family well.

SUNDAY, NOV. 15/70 Another dark wet day. Breakfasted late, so lunch was just a glass of wine. Soon after noon I dressed in various layers of clothing & went to the golf course. A slow rain & little wind, so I played a full 18 holes, & had the course entirely to myself & enjoyed the solitude, the pullen sky & sea — like my lone walks in the Sable Island days.

MONDAY, NOV. 16/70 A sunny opening in the clouds this afternoon, when I was golfing with Wickwire, King & Pottie, & the air was quite mild, so that we were playing comfortably with bare hands. The sky closed again as we were finishing the second round, & rain fell all evening. After a bath I weighed myself naked. Result, 169 lbs. E. has a wretched cold — the first of the season. Met Andrew Cleveland downtown today. He & his wife & daughter lived next door to us (the Andreassens' house) years ago. He was a marine engineer in one of the Mersey paper ships, & later in ships sailing out of Halifax. He has just returned from Viet Nam, where he served 14 months aboard a dredge, working for the U.S. forces at a fat salary.

WEDNESDAY, NOV. 18/70 The Historical Society met tonight at Seth Bartling's house, about 35 people. I gave an address on Seal Island, illustrated with photographs taken there by Pasquarella & myself 22 years ago. Weather today sunny & calm, temp. 40° in the shade. Golf with Dumeah, Pottie & Wickwire.

THURSDAY, NOV. 19/70 A dark bleak day, with a stiff breeze off the sea, temp. 40°. Golf as yesterday. Tonight the C.B.C., Halifax, ran the first part of the TV interview with me, taped on Nov. 5. News:- All the British &

other European passenger-ship lines have announced that they will run no service to or from North America this winter. Reason is lack of traffic, the first time this has happened in at least a century. The bigger & more luxurious ships will make scheduled cruises to the Mediterranean, the Caribbean, etc., until next March. Other ships will be laid up. All this, of course, is caused by air competition, especially now with fast jet planes flitting back & forth in droves, & already planning new aircraft to carry up to 500 people.

FRIDAY, NOV. 20, 1970 A calm day, mostly sunny, temp. 40°. Shopped for meat, groceries, etc. in the morning. Golf in the afternoon with Dumeah, Pottie & King. I have taken a new ticket to the De Wolfe Library, after dropping out for several years, & tonight E. (a regular member) & I went there, each drawing three books for a week. The old fault of the library is still there — too few new books, & those new books passed practically from hand to hand by a company of experts, all female. They are old books by the time they have gone the rounds of this company. However I need so much reading matter in these retired days that even old books, not in my own library, have value to me.

SATURDAY, NOV. 21/70 A storm of wind & rain. E. is still sneezing & coughing wretchedly, but she goes about her household tasks to pass the hours. What with the books, my own subscription magazines, & the weekly bundle of Canadian, U.S., & British newspapers & magazines from Bill White, we have plenty of interesting reading to pass the day & evening. Today I mailed to the Treasurer of Zion Church a cheque for $156.00, my annual contribution to their funds, although E. & I don't attend the services. This is in addition to the contributions E. makes to various money-drives by the Zion women's organisation.

SUNDAY, NOV. 22/70 A lovely sunny day, with a light SW wind, temp. 47°. Golf with Pottie, King, Wigglesworth, & Smith. A light surf on the shore. A few crows in sight, but no other birds, not even gulls. This is my son Tom's 36th. birthday, & we invited him & family to dine with us. So we dined & wined together, & there was a birthday cake

with candles. Tom is getting bald, but his remaining hair is black. At his age I was getting bald & grey.

MONDAY, NOV. 23, 1970 Rain. E. is still coughing & nose-blowing, but she busies herself every day about the house. I worked on the Halifax book & wrote one or two letters.

WEDNESDAY, NOV. 25/70 Yesterday was dark & wet again. Today we had sunshine, temp. 30°, light NE breeze. I spent the afternoon raking up leaves & dumping them behind the garden wall. The cost of living rises relentlessly with the wage increases everywhere, but momentarily there is a decrease in the food department, due to a "price war" among the Canadian supermarket chains. The Dominion Stores started it 2 or 3 weeks ago by announcing a cut of 5% to 10%, in Ontario. The other chains followed suit right across the country. Shopping at the local Dominion Store this morning, E. made a mild complaint about a tough & bony steak she bought last Friday. The girl at the meat counter promptly refunded $2.00. E. could hardly believe it. Like all price wars, this is bound to end in an agreement among the competitors, & then the prices will soar higher than ever to make up for lost profit. Erik & Lou Andersen came in about 9 p.m., & we chatted over drinks till midnight.

THURSDAY, NOV. 26/70 Sunny again, temp. 35, calm. Golf this afternoon with Pottie. No other players out. Saw a lone robin, & a pair of curlews. This evening the TV show "Gazette" ran the second half of the interview with me.

Provincial news. Despite Mr. Regan's statement that there would be no political firing & hiring in government departments during his regime, his Highways minister (Garnet Brown) is busy firing highway superintendents & seasonal highway workmen all over the province, & hiring Liberal party hacks in the same regions. This is pork barrel politics, old style. It looks as if the N.S. Liberals, like the Bourbons, have learned nothing & forgotten nothing.

FRIDAY, NOV. 27/70 This morning the two brisk & efficient young men-of-all-work, who call themselves The Speedy Cleaners, came & cleaned the rugs in our living room & dining room with powerful vacuum cleaners, then an inch by inch scrubbing with some kind of soap solution, & finally another vacuum going-over to bring up the nap. They worked four hours.

The charge was $35.

SATURDAY, NOV. 28, 1970 Overcast but calm, temp. 42°. Golf with Williams, King & Heartz. The mail brought a contract from CBC for radio broadcast use of "Roger Sudden" for a fee of $300. Political news:- Former premier of N.S., G. "Ike" Smith is still in a Bermuda hospital recovering from a heart attack. Meanwhile M.L.A. "Ken" Jones, MLA for Queens County, is acting leader of the opposition. Many people think Smith will retire. In that case there will be some rivalry for the leader's post, & I don't think "Ken" will stand a chance.

SUNDAY, NOV. 29/70 Same weather. Golf with Pottie, Willard Minard, "Ticky" Smith.

MONDAY, NOV. 30/70 Same weather. Spent the morning typing biographical details, list of books published (by whom, & when, etc.) use of my novels as radio & TV plays, etc. — all this demanded (plus a photograph) by the promotion department of McClelland & Stewart, Toronto. Other departments of M. & S. are not so efficient — I still lack the contract promised by Jack McClelland last summer, & so far nobody at M. & S. has troubled his head about the corrections & additions to the proposed new edition of my Halifax history, which I have been preparing. Golf this afternoon with Dumph, & Fred Heartz. No other players out. Noticed many fishing boats from Hunts Point & Port Mouton dropping lobster traps about the bay & White Point. The lobster season in western N.S. opens tomorrow.

TUESDAY, DEC. 1/70 Weather sunny & calm, temp. 40°. In the morning E. & I went to the Courthouse to vote for Charles Murphy (for mayor) & Jack Dunlap (for councillor). Murphy & Dunlap were elected. Golf in the afternoon with Williams & Heartz, playing comfortably with bare hands. The sky was utterly blue except for the vapour trails of jet aircraft, all going towards the west, very high, & soundless to us on the ground. We noticed buttercups & dandelions in bloom, & here & there a worm crawling sluggishly on the greens.

WEDNESDAY, DEC. 2/70 A drizzle of rain & half a gale from S. E. & I attended a cocktail party at Mabel Kirkpatrick's

house, Milton. The hosts were her son Bob & wife Betty, & "Van" & Lila Van Vleese. Bob & "Van" are old comrades in the U.S. Air Force, now retired, & both have bought & restored old houses at Port Medway for their homes. A large & lively crowd. Then half a dozen of us went on to dine (very late, 9 p.m.) with Burke & Marion Douglas in west Milton.

THURSDAY, DEC. 3, 1970 A delightful day, sunny, temp. 52, & a SW wind. Golf with Paul King. Still no frost in the ground, here & there a worm, & a lone robin feeding on them.

Letter from L. H. Ritchie, vice-president & general manager of McClelland & Stewart, enclosing a CBC contract for the use of my short story "The Wedding Gift" as a half-hour TV play. The fee, $500, of which M & S would take 25%. This is a piece of gall. The story was included in a paperback called "At The Tide's Turn & Other Stories", published by M. & S. in 1959 & still in print. When Jack McClelland proposed this paperback in 1959 I stipulated in my letter that I wished to keep dramatic, movie & TV rights in my own hands. Consequently the contract with M & S. covered only the publishing rights.

Letter from Minnie (Hamilton) Rositano, whom I met as a girl of 14 on Seal Island many years ago, when she was staying with her grandmother Mrs. Winifred Hamilton. A bright intelligent girl, she got a crush on Gus Pasquarella, the Saturday Evening Post photographer, who accompanied me there, & we teased Gus about it.

Years afterwards I learned from Lewie Nickerson that Minnie had married a soldier, who subsequently deserted her & her children in Alberta. Now apparently she is married again, & living in Fairfield, California, where she works for a university. As a hobby, she is doing much research on her family genealogy, & wants some information about Shelburne records.

News:- Today the FLQ kidnappers of ~~Cross~~ James Cross, British trade commissioner in Montreal, released him unharmed in return for a free flight to Cuba in a RCAF plane. The arrangement was made through the Cuban consulate. The police discovered the Montreal apartment where Cross was held prisoner, & for the past ten days have kept close watch on

it, hesitating to move in last the kidnappers murder Cross as another FLQ "cell", still at large, murdered Mr. LaPorte. The flight to Cuba included four men, two women, & a child.

FRIDAY, DEC. 4, 1970 Rain. Wrote Ritchie, disputing the 25% fee, saying I would consent to an ordinary agents fee of 10% in this case, & that any future bids for dramatic rights on these stories should be referred to me.

Neil Mosher, one of my fisherman friends at Mosse Harbour years ago, now lives in Sandy Cove, works as a Mersey Paper Co. stevedore, & as a sideline traps & sells lobsters in the season. This afternoon he brought me 10 lbs of freshly caught lobsters (at 90¢ per lb.) which I boiled in salt water. (E. was away at an afternoon card party.) We had five for our evening meal, with bread & butter, & wine.

SATURDAY, DEC. 5/70 Winter arrived last night, with temp. down to 25°, & a N.W. gale whooping about the house, with occasional squalls of fine snow. I had a bad night; in fact my old enemy, insomnia, has troubled me more & more since last spring, despite an added sleeping pill (I have taken 1½ capsules of Seconal nightly for at least 12 years, washed down, or rather sipped down, with 3 carefully spaced drinks of rum.) and more rum.

The dustings of snow, with glimpses of sunshine, continued with the gale all day. Christmas cards are beginning to arrive, & today I began to write ours.

By invitation of Mersey branch N° 38, I attended a dinner in the Legion hall this evening, in honour of those who have been members for 25 or more years. Austin Parker & I are the only surviving members of a group which met in Town Hall on June 28, 1931 & formed the Canadian Legion branch here. Parker dropped out about ten years later, & although I rarely visit the clubhouse I pay my dues every year. For this occasion the head of the Legion's Nova Scotia Command, (a Cape Bretoner) & the Zone commander (from Bridgewater) were present. Led by a Kilted piper about 30 of us marched to our places at the tables, & the Ladies' Auxiliary served a very good chicken dinner. After brief speeches by the visiting brass we were called up individually & presented with small Legion badges attesting long service.

Later the bar was opened, & I moved about chatting with Clarence Dickie, Archie Jeudrey of Bang's Falls, Burgess of Port L'Hebert, & other old friends. Home at 10 p.m.

SUNDAY, DEC. 6, 1970 The first snowstorm of the season started in the night, & blew all today & evening. Temp. 25°. I stayed indoors, going over my Halifax book again for errors & omissions.

MONDAY, DEC. 7/70 The snowfall ceased in the night, but a strong wind continued all day. I spent two hard hours with my snow shovel, clearing my walks & driveway. About 10" on the level, but the usual thigh-deep drift in front of my garage, & the heavy bank shoved up by the street plough. The newspapers came through from Halifax this morning, but not much traffic was moving, & all the schools are closed. I set out my bird seed tray for the first time this winter, & soon had a flock of English sparrows, grosbeaks, a pair of blue jays, & a lone white-throated sparrow.

Letter from my sister Winifred. She & husband Larry Merlin have sold her house in Halifax, & moved to a property they bought at Northport, Cumberland County. It is at the mouth of the Shiminicas River, a delightful place in summer; but I fear they don't realize the long hard winter in the winds from the Gulf of St. Lawrence, or the long dreary spring, with ice floes packed against the shore by N and E winds.

TUESDAY, DEC. 8/70 Finished writing my Christmas cards — about 100. Posted all those addressed to places outside of Nova Scotia. The English ones I sent air mail. (We received this morning a card from Karen Andersson Terry, sent by surface mail & posted on Nov. 12. It had taken 26 days in passage from England.)

Worked on the Halifax book. Temp. last night was 10° above zero, & it didn't get above 20° today. Warmed the car engine with my portable electric heater for 2 hours, & after lunch drove downtown with E. The streets & sidewalks have been ploughed but are very icy & treacherous. Bought 1 case of rum, 1 of gin, & 1 of (Canadian) Sauterne. Shopped for groceries & got the mail. This evening we went to a cocktail party at Wallace Clark's house on Main St. Burke Douglas & wife picked us up, with the Erik Anderssens, in their car. A large & jolly crowd. Many of the ladies wore

the new "pant-suits", which look like fancy pyjamas, stinking but utterly unbecoming a woman, especially for evening wear. One or two bravely wore the short skirts which the fashion designers are determined to drive out of style. Afterwards Lou Andersen insisted that we finish the evening at their house, & at 10 p.m. served fish chowder, & ice cream. I couldn't refuse the chowder, but begged off the rest. Even so, this late eating upset my metabolic system, as it always does, and in spite of sleeping pills & rum I could not get to sleep until nearly 2 a.m. As I went to bed I glanced at the thermometer outside our (north side) hall windows. It showed 5° above zero.

THURSDAY, DEC. 10, 1970 Yesterday was dark & bleak, with icy footing everywhere, & last night we had another snowstorm. Fortunately, on our strip of the South Shore from Lahave to Cape Sable, the snow changed to rain, & I had little shoveling to do. This afternoon I attended the funeral service, in Trinity (Anglican) church, for the widow of my old friend Will Turner. He was the village blacksmith in Milton for many years, & died in 1956. She was in her 90's.

News:- The Senate committee which has been investigating the mass media in Canada, (Chairman Senator Keith Davey) released its report yesterday, & it had some scathing things to say about K.C. Irving's monopoly of newspapers & radio in N.B., and about the Dennis family monopoly of the newspapers in Hfx. (No hint of Irving's hidden influence on the Dennis papers — he seems to have covered his tracks there.) It says in part:- "The Dennis newspapers, which are highly profitable, have for years been guilty of uncaring, lazy journalism. There is probably no large Canadian city so badly served by its newspapers."

This morning's Chronicle-Herald ~~printed~~ printed the attacks, prefaced by a screaming front page editorial with the headline "Report is vicious, unsubstantiated, harsh, unfair."

FRIDAY, DEC. 11/70 Sunny, temp. up to 35°. Icy walking. Took my car to the Rossignol garage, & the boys put on my snow tires, none too soon. In the afternoon Erik Andersen came with carpenters' tools & after a long & careful cutting, installed on our front door the old cast-iron knocker from Edith's home in Milton. It was so encrusted with ancient paint that

the design was difficult to make out. Erik had taken it to the workshop of the Power Commission at Milton, removed all the old paint, repainted it with black enamel, & made a plate bearing my name to fit into the frame of the old panel, which was missing. Edith's grandfather Snow Parker Freeman moved into this house in 1876, when all the properties of Samuel Freeman & Sons were confiscated & sold by the creditors. Before him the house had been occupied by a spinster named Experience Supper, who kept a little notions-shop in the front room. The knocker probably dates back to the 1850's, possibly earlier. It was there certainly when S.P. Freeman occupied the house. The design is one of raised & scalloped oak leaves, with some curious whorls & curlicues, & under what seems to be a stylized helmet-visor a small ~~incised~~ raised device like this:-

It may be coincidence, but this was a log-mark used by Milton lumberman James Hunt in the period 1890-1925. He was a relative of the Freemans, & possibly the mark (known among loggers on the Mersey River as the "bush") was originally that of Samuel Freeman & Sons.

SATURDAY, DEC. 12, 1970 Sunny & calm, temp. 30°. Drove to Summerville this afternoon, left E. chatting with Terence & Betty Freeman, & went on to walk the beach to Broad River & back — my first beach walk of the winter. I had not taken my field glasses, expecting to see only a few crows & gulls, & was astonished to see a flock of 40 or 50 small sandpipers. They were very wild, taking off as soon as they saw me in the distance, flying out over the sea, swerving again sharply with a flash of white bellies in the sun, & alighting in the dead stubble of marram grass at a more distant part of the beach. They may have been Least Sandpipers, or more probably Sanderlings.

SUNDAY, DEC. 13/70 A dark bleak (30°) day, with a forecast of snow. Worked on the Hfx. book, read, & watched the very few interesting or amusing shows on TV. E. & Hallabelle Johnson attended the Kiwanis Club's charity concert in the regional high school auditorium, for which I had bought tickets. When they returned,

a snowstorm had begun — the third in eight days.

MONDAY, DEC. 14, 1970 The snow fell all night, & was petering out in occasional flurries when I went forth with my shovel about 10 a.m. A foot or more of new snow, with the usual drifts. By noon I had my paths & driveway clear, except for the street end, which the town plough would pile high. However the town ploughs broke down, & when I walked to the post office in the afternoon the sidewalks were knee-deep & the main streets were ploughed just enough for two cars to pass. The schools were closed, & the paperboy did not deliver our Chronicle-Herald until noon. (He pops it inside our front storm door promptly at 7 a.m. most of the time, never later than 8.)

My seed tray in the garden drew the usual flocks of grosbeaks, blackbirds, blue jays & English sparrows, & a pair of chickadees.

TUESDAY, DEC. 15/70 The street plough this morning piled a waist-high heap of hard packed snow all along my front, & it took me 1½ hours to shovel it back, mostly on to my front lawn, where the accumulation of three storms is now shoulder high. Downtown the wall of ploughed snow extends over much of the sidewalk, where the town workmen have shoveled a footpath barely wide enough to pass two people abreast. The heaped snow at the Royal Bank corner is as high as my head.

The main highways are clear, & today a young man named Wilson, a commercial traveler from Moncton, brought us a carton of gifts from Bill & Frankie, for ourselves, the junior Raddalls, the Vezences & Roger Freemans. This evening I began to type final copy of the corrections, revisions & additions to my Halifax book, & worked till 10 p.m. Watched TV till after midnight. When I went to bed the stars were twinkling & the temp. was 6° above zero.

WEDNESDAY, DEC. 16/70 A sunny day, temp. 20°, with a keen west breeze. In the morning I took E. downtown, in the car for shopping. At 1 p.m. I drove to Summerville Beach & walked to the river & back. I had my field glasses, & watched about fifteen sanderlings running & feeding in the edge of sea. Eastward, the smaller islands had the mirage appearance of sitting in the air, which fishermen say forerunns an easterly storm.

Tonight, to escape the boring shows on TV (very bad this season) & having nothing new to read, E. & I made

one of our rare visits to the movie theatre. The picture was called "The Grasshopper" with a banal plot, the pretty girl in a country town who runs away from home, becomes a show-girl at Las Vegas, goes to bed with just about every man who comes along, & finally goes to jail as a drug addict. However the colours photography was good, the people looked & sounded real as they never do on TV. Walked home in bright moonlight, with the snow creaking under our boots, temp. 5° above zero, & the air dead calm.

THURSDAY, DEC. 17, 1970 Overcast & cold. Finished typing corrections, deletions & additions for the Halifax book. Another snowstorm began about 5 p.m., changing to rain later on, with a gale that roared about the house all night.

FRIDAY, DEC. 18/70 Awoke to a calm & misty morning with temp. up to 40°, the first break in the winter which fell upon us so suddenly on the night of Dec. 4. The heavy rain last night washed away the new snow and some of the old. Letter from Edmond Butler, secretary to Governor General ~~Kitchener~~ Michener, informing me officially that I have been awarded "the Medal of Service of the Order of Canada which entitles you to use the initials S.M. after your name." The official announcement will be in the Canada Gazette, & the investiture some time next spring.

This afternoon I drove about Milton & then to Summerville in a fruitless search for a wayside seller of Christmas trees. The two usual places in Milton had only a few scraggly things & I passed on. The deep snow in the woods has made it difficult to cut & drag trees to a ploughed motor road. At the Smith greenhouse in Milton I picked out & paid for ($8.50) a flowering azalia plant for E. Stopped at the Dominion store for steak & chicken. The store was jammed with people buying great loads of groceries at newly reduced prices, apparently realizing that the present price-war among the food stores won't last long.

SATURDAY, DEC. 19/70 This morning's Chronicle-Herald has a list of the Order of Canada recipients, with photos of the three Maritimers — Right Rev. Malcolm MacLellan, former president

of St. F.X. University; ch Antigonish, Dr. Colin MacKay, former president of U.N.B.; & myself. In all, there were 23 awards of the S.M. across Canada "for excellence in all fields of endeavor in Canadian life," ranging all the way from actress Frances Hyland to peppery ~~Ottawa~~ B.C. newswoman Margaret "Ma" Murray. In the afternoon I walked on Summerville Beach. The storm on Thursday night had washed up quite a lot of surf clams, & the gulls were still busy picking them out of the edge of the tide. Noticed 4 or 5 sanderlings foraging there also. Then I saw a flock of small birds flitting, wheeling, landing, & foraging quickly like a drift of brown leaves blown by the wind among the marram tufts at the head of the beach. The same birds I saw at a distance on Dec. 12 & mistook for sandpipers. I hadn't brought my field glasses, but this time I stood perfectly still until their restless foraging brought a few near enough to identify. They were redpolled linnets & at least one goldfinch in winter plumage.

On getting home I found my sister Hilda & husband Jed Bayer, who had driven over from Mahone with gifts for Christmas & congratulations on my new honour.

This evening Neil Mosher brought 10 lb. fresh lobsters, price $1.10 per lb. He says he lost 80 traps in the storm on Thursday night.

SUNDAY, DEC. 20, 1970 A grey day, temp. 32°, streets icy. E. & I joined a wine-&-cheese party at Larry Felder's house from 12:30 to 2:30. Indoors the rest of the day, reading John Masters autobiographical "The Road Past Mandalay", which I got from the library in my weekly batch on Friday.

MONDAY, DEC. 21/70 Sunny, but temp. 20° at noon, & a gale from the NW. This morning I put on my old knee-high hunting boots & drove out the Caledonia road for a Christmas tree. All suitable trees near the road had been cut long since, & I had to tramp some distance into the woods before I found one. The snow was knee-deep, with a frozen crust not quite strong enough to bear a man's weight. Every step was a plunge, & after cutting the tree I had to stand still for a time to ease my breath & the flutter of my heart. E. had been preparing a big pot of chicken, cooked by an Italian recipe, for a dinner

party we are giving jointly with the Austin Parkers at their house, following a cocktail party given by "Mik" & Eleanor Green.

A large & jovial crowd at the Greens' house, everybody congratulating me on the new honours. Then to the Parkers', where about six other couples, all old friends, joined us for drinks & a buffet dinner. A birthday cake, candles & all, for John Wickwire. Home towards midnight! The wind had died but the temp. was down to 5° above zero.

TUESDAY, DEC. 22, 1970 Continuing cold, but not so windy. Drove to Moose Harbour this afternoon & bought 12 lbs. of lobsters (at $1.10 per lb.) from fisherman Harvey Ferry, who had just come in from his traps. I set up the Christmas tree as usual in the sun porch, & strung it with electric lights. E. put on the tinsel, globes, etc. My seed tray on the bird-bath pedestal is visited daily by about 25 or 30 evening grosbeaks, and the usual English sparrows & cowbirds, a few chickadees, occasionally as many as half a dozen bluejays.

WEDNESDAY, DEC. 23/70 About 4 inches of snow in the night, unusual here at such a low temperature — 5° above zero. It was light & dry, & I had no great job in shovelling it off my paths & driveway. In the afternoon drove the car downtown with E., & shopped for groceries, booze, & the last Christmas gifts.

The weather bureau predicts another blizzard beginning soon, & dumping another 12 inches of snow, so I drove to Paul King's, Hector Dunlap's, & Charles Williams' house, where E. left her usual gifts for the wives — usually done on Xmas Eve. The mail included notes from Malcolm Ross (Dept. of English, Dalhousie U.), Hugh Pallen & others congratulating me on new honours, & deploring my TV statement that I shall write no more novels.

THURSDAY, DEC. 24/70 A new storm began in the night & raged all day. E. had invited the junior Raddalls to dine with us at 5 p.m., so I dug out my front walk late in the afternoon, & enough of the driveway to park Tom's car. However, they decided to walk. We had drinks, & then dined on lobster chowder, with a white wine, & cake & ice cream dessert. They left for home about 9 p.m. By that time the snow had changed to rain, which the six inches of fallen new snow, plus the old snowbanks, soaked up like a vast white sponge. I

sallied forth again with my shovel after the street plough passed, & dug out the street drain lest we have a flood. Instead the temp. dropped again, freezing the sodden snow, & changing the rain back to snowflakes again, with the wind still at gale force. Our neighbours Erik & Lou Anderssen, son Michael, & Michael's wife Anna, dropped in, & we had drinks & chat. Michael had been sent with his army unit from Gagetown to Montreal during the FLQ crisis. He is a very opinionated young man, very scornful of Trudeau's decision to use the army — "a sledgehammer to crack a peanut" — in what should have been a job for the police. He is still bitter about the Trudeau government's decision to eliminate his (Black Watch) regiment from the regular army list, distributing its officers & men among other units, & this probably reflects an attitude of other officers affected in the same way.

FRIDAY, CHRISTMAS DAY Woke this morning to find the gale still blowing but no more snow falling. The net result of the snow-rain-freeze-snow was about 6" on the level, knee deep in the new drifts, all with a thick icy crust. I had two hours of hard work, clearing my paths & driveway. Jerry Vickerson looked in, & passed me a pint bottle of Captain Morgan rum, done up in Christmas paper with a written tag, "Found on a beach at Lunenburg". The bottle was a used one, with the Canadian customs sticker torn off, & the rum was I presume from a keg landed at Lahave by some of Jerry's old friends there.

I got through my labours just in time to bathe & change, get out the car, & take E. & a load of Christmas presents to Tom's apartment at Fort Point at 12.30. We had drinks & chat, while the youngsters opened & played with their presents. About 1.30 we all sat down to a dinner of roast turkey, plum pudding, etc. Home about 3 p.m. & we opened our own presents. E. gave me a book & a shirt, Francie a book, Hilda a necktie, etc. Supped about 6.30 on a bowl of lobster chowder. E. phoned Moncton & we chatted with Francie & Bill. Bill said the storm was all snow there, with terrific wind, drifts in places 8 feet deep. Beginning on Dec 4th the Moncton area has had over 70 inches of snow. They can get about with their "snowmobile" but ordinary motor traffic is at a standstill, & so of course

is all air traffic, with crowds of would-be passengers waiting & dozing in the airports.

SATURDAY, DEC. 26, 1970 Another snowstorm began about noon, & the barometer went down to 28.9. It followed the pattern of the last one, snow-rain-freeze-snow, but with much more snow, & lasted all day & night. In the afternoon I changed the reception-direction of my TV aerial in the attic, using my compass to point it northward towards the new Channel Five relay station at Caledonia, which then came in with a good picture. Our local (Great Hill) relay station for CBC's Channel 12 comes in strongly no matter which way the aerial points. (Until now, my aerial has pointed eastward, towards Halifax.) As the storm continued, the Caledonia station went dead & stayed dead all evening. News on Channel 12 at midnight said a state of emergency has been proclaimed at Moncton, where all roads are blocked. At Bridgewater, Lun. County, an emergency organization has been set up, & all owners of snowmobiles are asked to be ready for duty, taking food & fuel to isolated homes & communities. About 10 p.m. the town's biggest snowplow threw the usual wall of damp & hardpacked snow across my front path & driveway, & plugged the water-drain. I dressed in sweater & oilskins, & shoveled the wall away, & cleared the drain, before the stuff could freeze solid. It was heavy work, & by the time I got through the snow was coming on again in big flakes.

SUNDAY, DEC. 27/70 The snowfall (about 8 to 10 inches) had ceased when I got up this morning, although the wind was strong at NW & the sky covered with hurrying grey clouds. Worked hard with the shovel from 10 a.m. to 12:30, clearing my paths & driveway. The snow clings in furry masses to every branch & twig, having frozen there after the brief spell of rain in the storm.

Wrote Jack McClelland, saying I had completed a list of corrections & additions to the old text of "Halifax, Warden of the North", but I have not received any contract since his promise of one last July, & what about that?

MONDAY, DEC. 28/70 A dark day, with some flurries of snow. Erik Andersen's wife is sick with a cold, & he is suffering an attack of rheumatism in one arm; so after my return from the post office this morning I shoveled out his driveway. This

evening we attended a cocktail party at Hugh MacMillan's house, Waterloo Street. I learned that Dr. John Wickware was taken to the V.G. Hospital at Ufa. on Christmas Day, & has had an operation for a duodenal ulcer.

After the succession of storms, in which the birds took refuge in the evergreen woods outside the town, my seed tray drew a great flock this morning:- at least 30 grosbeaks, 3 or 4 blue jays, 2 tree sparrows, 1 song sparrow, 1 pine siskin, several English sparrows. These attracted other birds which do not eat seeds but found other provender:- 7 robins eating small red berries on a wild shrub behind my garden fence, & 1 downy woodpecker hunting for grubs in chrysalis in the hollow ends of pruned forsythia branches.

News:- The Quebec police have found & arrested the three known abductors of Mr. Laporte. They were found hiding in a tunnel dug beneath a supposedly empty house in the countryside south of Montreal, near St. Luc, & surrendered without a fight.

TUESDAY, DEC. 29/1970 Another grey day, temp. 25° at noon. This morning the town plow widened the cut on Park Street, as usual working snow from the east side over to our side, & then pushing the whole mass onto our driveways, walks, & lawns. This made a new hardpacked rampart between us & the street, & the street superintendent had the good grace to send a gang of workmen to dig out our driveways & walks.

WEDNESDAY, DEC. 30/70 A few glints of sunshine, the first in many days, but the dark grey cloud ceiling closed in quickly. In the afternoon I drove with E. to call on Terry & Betty Freeman at Summerville, but they were away from home. Flurries of snow this evening. The onset of rough winter weather on Dec. 4th seems to be affecting both sides of the North Atlantic. Blizzards & severe cold in Britain & continental Europe right down to the Mediterranean — snow has fallen on the Med. coast of Spain for the first time in fifty years.

THURSDAY, DEC. 31/70 Another half inch of snow fell in the night. The streets & sidewalks are icy & treacherous. (Mrs. Eric Manthorne fell just outside her house today & broke her wrist.) Took the car out & shopped for groceries. The riverside parking lot is only partially cleared, with the snow

pushed into heaps 6 to 10 feet high; no attempt to dump it into the river. With people of the town & countryside thronging in to get supplies for the long weekend, this resulted in a confused jam on & about the parking lot. On TV this evening the "Gazette" show ran some re-plays of its highlights of 1970, including part of the interview with me last Fall. At 9 p.m. E. & I walked a few hundred yards to School Street, where Maurice & Mary Russell were at home to friends in an informal celebration of his retirement from Massey Paper Company today. In February they are flying to South Africa, where (at Durban) the Bowaters Company are building a paperboard factory & training local people to run it. Maurice has a special post-retirement job there which will take a couple of months, & will give him & Mary an interesting holiday away from ice & snow.

From there E. & I returned to Park Street, where Jerry & Jean Nickerson were holding a lively cocktail party. We had invitations to a big midnight supper at George Curphey's house, & another with a few friends at Charles Williames, but we begged off. E. will have a long day tomorrow, as the junior Raddalls are coming to dine with us. The weather forecast warns us of another snowstorm, beginning tomorrow afternoon. For the past few days I have experienced unusual pains & stiffness in my hands, & I have to write slowly. Rheumatism, I suppose, brought on or aggravated by heavy snow-shoveling during the Christmas season.

FRIDAY, JAN. 1, 1971 Last night the sky cleared, & we saw the stars, but today the dark grey ceiling was back again. Indoors all day, except to put seeds out for the birds. On TV we enjoyed the colourful Rose Bowl parade at Pasadena, California — all in sunshine & a temperature of 75°. Tom, Pam & the youngsters came at 5 p.m. & dined with us. I carved the turkey with the electric knife the Dennis's gave us a couple of years ago. E. in her silly way had lit candles of about 3" or 4" diameter on various pieces of furniture, & when we adjourned to the dining room the one on the TV set disintegrated & spilled a pool of flaming wax, some of which dripped onto the carpet. Little Debby was the only one of us seated in a position to notice it, & she gave the alarm just in time to save the TV, & perhaps the house. When the junior Raddalls left for home at 9 p.m. the new snowstorm had begun — fluffy stuff with no wind.

SATURDAY, JAN. 2, 1971 The snow had ceased when I got up this morning, about 5", with the usual drifts & bare spots, & the usual wall thrown up by the street plow. I had 1½ hours of shoveling to do. Walked to the post office in the afternoon. No mail in the box but a magazine & my town tax assessments for 1971, a grim reminder that holidays soon pass.

Phoned Mutsaers, asking him to adjust my TV set. It has never been adjusted since I bought it in October 1968, & this winter it has been definitely out of focus. Possibly little Blair, on one of his visits, found & twisted the four small knobs at the back of the set, which are near the floor & easy to reach. I experimented with them today, turning them back & forth, but could not improve the somewhat blurred picture. Mutsaers has a regular job as an electronic expert at the Mersey mill, & does some repair & adjustment jobs on private TV sets in his spare time. We have in a pool several men who advertise their TV services, but this clever Dutchman is the only one who really knows what it's all about. He is busy this weekend, promised to come Monday or Tuesday.

SUNDAY, JAN 3/71 Temp. 32 at noon. The grey cloud ceiling remains. Except for a few momentary holes in this blanket we have not seen sunlight since Dec. 21; in fact we have had only 3 or 4 days of blue sky in the whole month since I played my last game of golf on Dec. 3. The eaves of all the houses have fringes of long icicles — some as much as 6 feet long & as thick as my arm, produced by thick snow on the roofs & the spells of freezing rain in two of the snowstorms. Indoors all day except to feed the birds. Resumed writing my memoirs after many months of doing other things.

MONDAY, JAN. 4/71 Same weather. Lou Andersen is just recovering from a bad attack of 'flu — she was in bed from Christmas Eve till yesterday — & now Erik is down with it. Today I shoveled snow from their driveway entrance & front steps, & delivered their mail from the post office. Forgot to note that yesterday afternoon E. & I attended a large sherry-&-tea party at the George Murphey house on William Street, one of the streets on the former Bartling land, overlooking the outer harbour from the north side of Waterloo St.

TUESDAY, JAN. 5, 1971

Last night a small wind came in from the south, & brought a mixture of drizzle & fog, & temp. at noon today up to 48° – the first break in a month of rugged winter weather. Not enough rain for a real January thaw, but the snow shrank visibly. All the eaves gutters & spouts remain filled with ice, & I had to set a pan & towel on the inside sill of my west-facing den window, where water dripped all day. Walked to Main Street (I should say slid, for the icy sidewalks are now utterly dangerous, with water lying on them.) Did some errands for the Andersens & ourselves. Tonight I carried my two garage cans (30 gallon size, one for actual garbage & bottles etc, the other for papers etc) to the street opening of my driveway, ready for early morning collection. Hitherto Doggett's men have emptied them where the cans stand, at the back of the house, once a week, & I paid Doggett $23 a year for the service. Beginning this year, the town takes over Doggett's service & truck at a set fee per year, & the cost will be added to our tax bill. New regulations demand that garbage must be placed at the street edge by householders.

Tonight with the Parkers we attended a champagne party at Dr. Dhalla's house, Church St. A large crowd. Dhalla is a Hindu, born & brought up in South Africa, & educated in British medical schools. His wife is an Englishwoman, petite & pretty & vivacious. I'm told he is a very skillful surgeon, as well as a general practitioner, & he seems prosperous here.

WEDNESDAY, JAN. 6/71 A hard gale from the west roared & tore at the trees all day, but the sun got through the hurry of clouds quite frequently, & the temp. got up to 33° or 34°. In the afternoon I drove to Summerville & walked the beach, but got no pleasure out of it, because the gale drove sand from the dunes' edges in such blasts that sometimes I had to turn & stand back-to. Shopping for groceries & wine this morning, I found the town's snow-ploughs & a gang of men with picks & shovels still working to clear away into the river the (now frozen) heaps of snow about the parking lots.

THURSDAY, JAN. 7/71 Again the gale. Temp 30° at noon, & a bit more sunshine. No walk, except to the post office. This afternoon a sharp-shinned hawk seized a grosbeak at my feeding tray, & stood on the snow crust & devoured it. I got my air rifle & opened the inner & storm windows, but the hawk was wary & flew off with the remains of the grosbeak before I could fire a shot.

FRIDAY, JAN. 8, 1971 Temp. 10° above zero, getting up to 20° at noon, but the westerly gale still blew, & I was glad to have the fur-lined parka hood on my cold weather coat. Walked to the post office in the morning, to the supermarket in the afternoon, & to the library tonight. Letter from Jack McClelland's secretary saying he is away, but she is sure that a contract for "Halifax, Warden of the North" was mailed to me "several weeks ago". She has asked the Contract Dept. to send me a photo-copy, & asks me to forward the revisions & additions to the book at once. This seems to me a panicky cover-up for the "Contract Dept." — a job obviously bungled or mishandled by one person — & I'm not sending anything until I see the royalty rates etc. in a contract. I still have no reply to my letter of Dec. 4th. to their general manager D. B. Ritchie. If this is the way they do or undo business I want no part of it.

SATURDAY, JAN. 9/71 Temp 5° above zero last night, 20° at noon. The sky was clear — the first day of full sunshine since Dec. 21. Drove to Summerville in the afternoon & walked to the river & back, pausing to rest for ten minutes in my rocky nook by the railway bridge. Noticed a few lobster boats at their traps. Most of the fishermen took in their traps after Xmas, but the price is now up to $1.25 per lb, & these hardy ones figure it's worth the risk. A chap named Charles Doucet phoned from Hfx., said he is working on a "semi-documentary" film about scuba-diving on sunken ships, would like me to appear in it as an author making research for a book on the subject, & going out in the boat to watch operations & talk with the divers. I said he'd better get an actor, but he wants to come to Pool next Monday for a chat. I said okay. Another shoestring operator, I suspect.

SUNDAY, JAN. 10, 1971 Temp. 10° above zero last night. A bright calm day, clouding badly in the afternoon. At 1 p.m., to get the best of the sun, I drove to Summerville & walked the beach. Not a single bird came to my feeding tray yesterday or today, I suppose because the hawk is still around.

MONDAY, JAN. 11/71 One or two inches of snow fell in the night, & Charles Doucet phoned this morning from Halifax, saying it was snowing hard there, & would I mind if he postponed his visit till tomorrow. Okay. I phoned Vicky Chicoules at

the C.B.C. Toronto re the contract for TV rights in The Wedding Gift. (See Dec. 3 & 4, 1970, & Jan. 8/71) She told me to return the unsigned contract to her, & she would "work it out at this end" — meaning I presume that she would check with M. & S. & then draw up a new contract direct with me.

Drove to Summerville & walked the beach. The temp. had got up to 38°, with a calm air & occasional sunshine, very pleasant. Since her return from hospital last September, the various doctors (including our local Lloyd Macdonald) seem to have dropped Mrs. C.'s case, without saying what they really thought of it. She still takes some special pills, but makes no complaint of pains in arms or legs, & gets about very well. (The doctors' conclusion, which they did not reveal to C., was that her condition was psycho-somatic)

TUESDAY, JAN. 12/71 Again two inches of snow in the night, & another inch in flurries during the day. Telegram from Ritchie ignoring my letter of Dec. 4/70 & asking me to return contract as "C.B.C. cannot wait much longer". Replied by telegram (night letter) referring to my letter, pointing out that under original agreement with Jack McClelland I retained all dramatic rights in The Wedding Gift, & the CBC should have been referred to me. Said I had talked to Vicky Chicoles yesterday. Said finally that I had no objection to the contract but I do object to 25% agent's fee. Ten days ago I asked Mutsaers to come & adjust my TV set. He has not come, so this morning I got the repair man from Simpsons-Sears, the firm I bought the set from in the fall of '69. He worked for half an hour & left, apparently satisfied. About 12.30 Charles Doucet arrived from Halifax, with a typewritten summary of the script for his movie, plus some "still" photos, plus a film showing some of his surface & under-water shots of wrecks, etc. He had a portable screen & film-projector, & the shots were very interesting. I was dubious about his proposition, though. Although he phrased it delicately he wants my name in direct association with the film, in order to impress the film distributors & others. To do this, he wants me actually to write a book about sunken wrecks on the N.S. coast, & to appear on the film as an author talking to divers on the boats & the scene, all to be done this year — in fact within the next 6 months, because he will do the sound-film, on & under the surface, in July. Delicately, too, he avoided any mention of a fee or indeed any cash payment to me for all this. Presumably

my reward would be in the form of royalties on the book. I told him it would take me at least a year to write it, & I didn't consider such a book to be in my field, or a viable commercial proposition. I said I had no publisher at the present time, although Jack McClelland & other Canadian publishers had approached me. Doucet asked if I would mind him talking to Jack McClelland about the commercial possibilities of such a book if written by myself. I said No, & we left it at that. Doucet is a good-looking & intelligent man, about 35, a native of Halifax, of Acadian (Chéticamp) descent. As a sideline to his diving-filming, he owns a shop in Halifax which sells antique bottles & other bric-a-brac found on the sea bottom — very popular with tourists and collectors. He presented me with a bit of decayed oak timber containing a 6½" bronze or copper spike, found on the bottom of Bedford Basin near Rockingham. The wood shows signs of charring, & he thought it might be from one of D'Anville's ships, burnt there in 1746.

Again no birds at my feeding tray, but just after sundown, in the brief winter twilight, 6 or 7 robins came to the bushes behind my garden fence, & then flew off. Presumably the same ones I saw there on Dec. 28. Tonight our TV set worked very well.

WEDNESDAY, JAN. 13, 1971 Temp. exactly zero when I got up this morning, & was only 8° above at noon, with an open-&-shiek sky. I thawed the car out & drove downtown to shop & get the mail. Letter from the Registrar, Order of Canada, advising me of a formal investiture at Government House, Ottawa, on March 31. The ceremony will be followed by a reception & dinner. Dress for gentlemen to be white tie or military mess dress, ladies to wear long evening dress. Enclosed was a form to be returned, stating whether I would or would not be able to attend, etc. I have a tuxedo but no white-tie-&-tails, & in any case my lifetime habit has been to avoid attendance at all fuss-&-feathers affairs. I rented a tuxedo a few years ago to attend a small (black tie) dinner at Government House, Halifax, when my friends the McKeans were there & wished me to meet Fitzroy Maclean. I later had one tailor-made, but have never worn it. To buy or even rent a white-tie-&-tails suit for this affair would be ridiculous.

THURSDAY, JAN. 14, 1971 Again a fall of snow in the night, amounting to 4 or 5 inches, which I shoveled away this morning. Temp. 5° above zero last night, getting up to 20° today. Walked to the post office & grocery store, & this evening to the Library. My neighbour Erik Andersen is up & about, but says he is shoveling no more snow, & his car will stay in his garage. On the phone Ray Gordon, in Milton, told me the same thing; he had a mild heart attack while shoveling his driveway a week or more ago.

Letter from Ritchie, apologizing for "an erroneous assumption" that McClelland & Stewart were entitled to a 25% commission on the sale of dramatic. He then asserted that M. & S. were entitled to 10%, & enclosed a photo-copy of the old 1947 contract for proof. But, in fact, that contract expired in 1967, when M. & S. let "The Wedding Gift & Other Stories" go out of print. I wrote to Ritchie pointing this out, & asserting once more, in detail, my sole ownership of the dramatic rights.

SATURDAY, JAN. 16/71 Very cold (5° above zero tonight) & windy, yesterday & today. Letter from C.B.C., Toronto, enclosing new contract for "Wedding Gift" in my name, with no reference to McClelland & Stewart. My fee is the same, $500. Tonight C. & I attended a Chinese dinner put on by the Kiwanis Club at the curling rink, the tickets $2.50 each — a bargain. The Austin Parkers, Ralph Johnsons, & Charles Williams' dropped in at our house for a drink before going on to the rink, where we found a huge, happy, chattering crowd. Dining tables for 4 persons each had been set up in the big lounge. Catering was in the capable hands of Wong's Restaurant, & my son Tom (current president of Kiwanis) & others were busy with cars, rushing covered pots of steaming food from restaurant to rink. Other members of Kiwanis were in white jackets waiting on the tables. (Our waiter was Douglas Parker, Austin's son.) The bar was busy, & I got a bottle of Sauterne for our table — the Johnsons & ourselves. A huge meal. Terrific hubbub. We are not curling players but we have a "social membership" (fee $10 per couple) which entitles us to attend these dinners which are put on nearly every Saturday evening at the rink, usually by the curling club themselves, throughout the winter season.

SUNDAY, JAN. 17, 1971 Today was sunny, but the temp. only crept up from zero to a few degrees above, so there was no temptation to go outdoors. Just after noon we had callers from Hfx., a young naval lieutenant named W. G. Middelton & his wife. He had written, asking for an interview. He is getting out of the RCN next year & plans to attend St Mary's University. Wants to become a professional writer. We chatted for over two hours & I gave him what advice I could.

Since Jan. 8 only a few chickadees & a pair of tree sparrows have come to my feeding tray. The throng of grosbeaks have vanished completely. Today a lone robin foraged for berries on a wild shrub behind my garden fence. It may be the lone survivor of the 7 robins I saw there earlier in this hard spell of winter.

MONDAY, JAN. 18/71 Temp. exactly zero last night, getting up to 20° at noon. Calm. Pallid sunshine on a sky like a badly faded blue handkerchief. Wrote Miss Grace Pratt, Dalhousie University Library, saying I could not take part in the symposium on the arts in the Atlantic provinces, originally scheduled for June 1970, but postponed now to the coming March 10th. I pointed out the severity of the winter, & lack of rail passenger service between Liverpool & Hfx — nothing but a badly overcrowded & unreliable bus, subject to every freak of the weather. I cannot undertake to drive my own car, a round trip of 180 miles, including several steep hills & long stretches of woods, under winter conditions which in all probability will continue well past the end of March.

Also sent back to the Secretary General, Order of Canada, the form I received Jan. 13, marking it "will not be able to attend."

Today a few grosbeaks came to the seed tray, their first appearance since Jan. 8. Also an interesting succession of other birds — blueays, redpolled linnets, juncos, tree sparrows, a lone goldfinch & a lone pine siskin. Also all seven of the little flock of robins turned up to nibble at the hard-frozen chokecherries still hanging on a couple of low shrubs behind my garden fence. (I first noticed them there on Dec. 28)

TUESDAY, JAN. 19/71 Zero last night, up to 30° by 3 p.m., with snow falling slowly in large flakes. This morning's Chronicle-

Herald has an obituary of a boyhood chum of mine Egerton ("Edge") Allen, aged 68. His family owned the wooden semi-detached houses, Nos 51 & 53 Chebucto, living in 51 & renting 53 to my family during the years 1913 – 1919. A large flock of grosbeaks came to the tray today, plus the other birds, a busy little scene. Had drinks & chat at Andersens tonight.

WEDNESDAY, JAN. 20, 1971 Snow all day – no wind, just falling. I tramped to the post office in the morning, & to the supermarket for meat & groceries in the afternoon. At 4:30 Mel Gardner phoned, asking what I thought of the Historical Society meeting scheduled for tonight. I said "cancel it, by phone & by announcement through the Bridgewater radio station, CKBW." He agreed, & the meeting is put over to next month. Just a sample of the way this relentless winter weather is affecting social as well as business life all over the upper half of North America & of Europe.

THURSDAY, JAN. 21/71 When I got up this morning I found 4 to 5 inches of new snow, with the usual barrier thrown up by the street plough. As usual I had two hours of hard shoveling. Miss Pratt phoned, having got my letter, urging me to come, & saying Dalhousie would send a car to take me to Halifax & bring me back. But I said No, politely. After all, I am a writer, not a talker. Then today's mail brought a letter from Mount St Vincent University inviting, in fact urging me to address their students any time between now & mid-April, or if I'm too busy, then some time next Fall.

FRIDAY, JAN. 22/71 Nearly an inch of snow fell in the night. Today the temp. got up to 40°, & water began to trickle in the street, so towards evening I had to shovel away the new snow, lest it turn to ice in the night. (Tonight the temp. dropped to 15° above.)

The mail brought photo copies of a McClelland & Stewart contract for the new edition of "Halifax, Warden of the North", dated Aug. 20, 1970, which I had never received. Some funny business here, I feel sure. However I signed the photo copy & mailed it this afternoon, together with my list of changes & additions, & re-written final chapters.

This evening C & I made our regular trip to the town library (Tuesdays & Fridays) to forage for reading matter.

SATURDAY, JAN. 23/71 Another snowstorm began about noon & lasted through the night. At 5:30, after drinks at the Erik Andersens' house, we went with them to the curling rink &

Halifax Chronicle-Herald Jan. 19, 1971

E. S. (Edge) Allen

Former county councillor dies

EGERTON S. (Edge) ALLEN, 68, Lakeview, a former Halifax County councillor and businessman, died at the Victoria General Hospital on Sunday after a short illness.

Son of the late Edmund S. Allen and Isabel Hamilton, he was born and spent most of his life in the Halifax area.

He was educated at Chebucto School and the Halifax County Academy.

For many years he operated a wholesale stationery business in the city and for the past 10 years he was associated with the Red Cross Blood Donor Clinic.

He was elected to the Halifax Municipal Council in 1949 and represented the Lakeview District 27 for six years.

During his years on council, he was chairman of the municipal law amendments committee, chairman of the health board, and chairman of the finance committee.

Active in the Masonic Order, he was a charter member and a Worshipful Master of Bedford Lodge 104.

He served as Senior Grand Warden of the Grand Nova Scotia Lodge and a Deputy Grand Master in 1960. He was a Grand Representative of Grand Lodge of Sweden near Grand Lodge of Nova Scotia and a Past Most Wise Sovereign of Keith Sovereign Chapter of Rose Croix.

He was a 32nd degree member of the Ancient and Accepted Scottish Rite.

Two older brothers George W. G. and Joseph H. predeceased him.

He is survived by his wife, the former Violet Ryan, of Springhill, one daughter Anne (Mrs. Rodney Welner), Fall River; one brother E. Keith, of Halifax, and two grandchildren.

The body is at Cruikshanks Funeral Home, Robie Street where funeral service will be held on Wednesday at 2 p.m. with Dr. W. C. Anderson officiating. Interment will take place in Camp Hill Cemetery.

had another of their Saturday evening dinners, the main dish this time being "Lobster Newburg". A great bustle & hubbub, as usual — if you wish to be heard by your dinner partners you have to make the most casual remark at the pitch of a yell. E. stayed to watch the curling, but I came home for the quiet reading & TV.

SUNDAY, JAN. 24, 1971 Sunny after the storm. I worked 3 hours to shovel my paths & driveway. Felt tired afterwards, & declined an invitation to join a small party for cocktails downtown in the afternoon. Wrote Mount St Vincent pointing out the difficulties & hazards of winter travel, & suggesting sometime next Fall. (Former president of M.S.V., Sister Francis d'Assisi, had asked me to address the students at various times in the past few years, & I feel I should do this.) No birds came to my feeding tray today, although I cleared 6 or 7 inches of snow off it & placed fresh seeds.

MONDAY, JAN. 25/71 A pleasant sunny day, temp. 38° at noon. Pamela is in Halifax for a few days, with the L'pool ladies' curling team, playing for the provincial championship, so the three youngsters are lunching & dining with us. In the afternoon I drove with E. to Summerville & back, to get a change of scene, & to re-charge the car battery.

Letter from Jack McClelland re Doucet's proposition, (see Jan. 9 & 12) about the proposed book to be called "The Wreck Hunters". He is ready to publish it. (Indeed I think that Jack would publish anything with my name on it!) He writes also — "If the available research is as advertised & if you can put the book together in a hurry, I urge you to do so." My own reaction is No. To take somebody else's research — which may or may not be thorough or accurate — & slap it together in a book, would be contrary to all my work & principles. Doucet's whole interest is in the film, which he & his associates want to sell as "a full documentary" in Canada & abroad, involving a Canadian writer of some international repute.

TUESDAY, JAN. 26/71 The traditional "January thaw" arrived today, after almost continuous cold & rough weather since Dec. 4. Temp. rose to 40°, with fog all day, & rain tonight. I hear

that "Red" Oldale had a heart attack after shoveling snow on Sunday, & died yesterday afternoon. A papermaker I had known since my own Mersey Paper Co. days. Had a haircut this morning, & barber Fred Wharton told me that the building containing his shop & the adjoining Mersey Drug Store (Hector Macleod) has been purchased by lawyer Lester Clements. Next Fall, Clements intends to convert these two stores into offices. This evening Tom Jr. phoned, asking E. to come to his apartment tomorrow morning, for a session of baby-sitting, as little Blair is sick with a bilious complaint, & Pamela is in Hfx. with her curling team.

WEDNESDAY, JAN. 27, 1971 The rain yesterday at temp 40° continued into the night, shrinking the great banks of snow along the streets to some extent. Then the wind (swung) NW, & this morning in thick squalls of snow I drove E. to Tom's apartment, where she spent several hours. (Tom takes Wednesday afternoon "off" from his dental practice.) I had hoped for a walk on Summerville beach, but thick squalls of snow continued at intervals all day. This evening E. was again at Tom's apartment, looking after Blair.

Wednesday night is always a dull one on T.V. The CBC "culture" department, & ice hockey, render it a desert as far as ordinary intelligent entertainment goes. We had hoped that the new CTV relay station at Caledonia would give us a reliable alternative, but it is too weak most of the time, & often it is "off the air" altogether for hours.

News:- Prime Minister Trudeau has been attending the Commonwealth Conference at Singapore, & making a tour of the adjacent islands & Ceylon. This has taken him away from a lot of bad weather in all respects. Over 500,000 Canadians are now out of work, & the opposition leaders (notably Robert Stanfield) are very busy telling everyone that it is all the fault of Trudeau's government. Stanfield has made a tour (accompanied by newsmen & TV cameras) to visit the unemployed & poor in cities across Canada, as he said "to publicize their plight". He failed to make much political gain, however. One TV news shot at Vancouver, which we all saw & heard, revealed a crowd of unemployed men yelling, "Hey, Mr. Rich Man, why don't you give us some of your money?" etc.

THURSDAY, JAN. 28, 1971 Temp. zero last night. Sunny today but only 10° above zero at noon. In the morning I thawed the car engine & drove E. down to Tom's place for the day. In the afternoon I drove to Summerville & walked the beach to the river & back. I was well clothed, & had my thick green wool cap down over my ears, so in spite of an icy W. breeze I enjoyed the escape from the house. Pamela's curling team (champions of N.S. last year) won against three provincial teams but were defeated by Wolfville this morning, so she motored to L'pool this afternoon, & E. came home at 4 p.m.

FRIDAY, JAN. 29/71 Cold, & squalls of snow. No exercise except walks to the post office & grocery store. Federal cabinet minister Sharp, in a TV interview today, admitted that 756,000 Canadians are now drawing unemployment money; but he insisted that far fewer than these are actually jobless. He did not elaborate. There are certainly a lot of free-loaders on this federal dole. The usual birds at my seed tray today. They are wary, & take off suddenly & swiftly at any alarm. This afternoon I glanced from my study window & saw a sharp-shinned hawk make a futile dive at them. Probably the same hawk I noticed on Jan. 7.

SATURDAY, JAN. 30/71 Another snowstorm began early this morning, with wind blowing hard from the south. After a time it changed to rain, & the temp. got up to 40°. I shoveled the slush off my walk & driveway when the wind hauled NW in the afternoon, lest it freeze there. The only birds at the feed tray were a pair of redpolls & a pair of goldfinches.

SUNDAY, JAN. 31/71 Three inches of fluffy snow fell in the night, & I spent a sweaty hour shoveling this morning. According to the N.S. weather bureau we have had already more snow in N.S. than in any full winter since records began in 1874. Capt. Charles Williams' wife has been abed with phlebitis for the past week or two. E. & I drove to their house this afternoon — E. with a chicken casserole — & found Florence up & about but still weak. We had a pleasant chat, & on TV watched the latest American rocket-ship ("Apollo 14") take off with 3 men on a voyage to the moon.

MONDAY, FEB. 1, 1971 Sunny & cold. In the afternoon I drove to Summerville & walked the beach. Tom Jr & his curling team are playing in a bonspiel at Bridgewater, & Pamela & the other wives went along to watch, so E. spent the evening baby-sitting in their apartment. My bird visitors now include a little flock of purple finches, male & female.

WEDNESDAY, FEB. 3/71 We are still in the deep freeze. Temp. 5° above zero Monday & Tuesday nights, getting up to 20° at noon. Today the temp. didn't get above 10° & tonight it dropped to 9° or 10° below zero. No walking in these bitter airs except the morning trek to the post office. Sidewalks & roads are icy, & several people have broken bones. This evening Austin & Vera Parker came in, & we had a long chat & drinks. On Jan. 22 Austin, & Burke Douglas, drove to Big Falls & trekked on snowshoes to the camp at Eagle Lake, where they stayed through the next day's snowstorm, returning home on the 24th. They found about 4' of snow on the level in the woods, with much deeper drifts in places. Saw quite a lot of deer tracks, but these might have been made by a few wandering about in search of browse.

News:— Prime Minister Trudeau returned a couple of days ago from South-east Asia, where he attended (& played a wise & conciliatory part in) the Commonwealth Conference at Singapore, & had a lot of fun riding elephants etc. in Ceylon, Java, Borneo, on state visits to these places. At home he faces a storm over the sharply rising unemployment, & the shrill attacks of every sort of other disgruntled groups, from Indians to "Women's Liberation". In Nova Scotia, Premier Regan & his confident young cabinet, with their staff of intellectual advisers, are taking a tough line with all sorts of money demands (including large demands by the universities) & with the "wild cat" strikes in the construction industries which have given Nova Scotia labour a bad name abroad during the past 5 or 10 years.

THURSDAY, FEB. 4/71 5° below zero last night, 20° above at noon. Again no exercise but the morning walk to the post office. The furnace (& the electric radiators in my den) keep the house warm, & I sit & read, & in the evening watch the few TV shows that amuse or interest me. I am getting little or nothing done on my biography, & doubt if I will ever finish it. Who on earth would read it?

E. occupies herself in house work, needlework, reading & TV.

FRIDAY, FEB. 5, 1971

Cheques from Doubleday (Canada) & McClelland & Stewart for various odds & ends of royalties on my surviving books. They are: —

CLOTH BOUND

"Pied Piper of Dipper Creek" (M. & S.) Apparently a small remnant.
"Wings of Night" (Doubleday, Toronto) " " " "
"Path of Destiny" " " Still well stocked apparently.
"Hangman's Beach" " " Book Club edition. Probably a small stock

PAPERBACKS

"His Majesty's Yankees" Popular Library edition. Apparently well stocked
"The Governor's Lady" " " " " "
"The Nymph & The Lamp" New Canadian Library edition. " " "
"At the Tide's Turn & Other Stories" " " " " "
"Hangman's Beach" (The Path of Destiny) Popular Library edition " " "

OUT OF PRINT

"Tamburt", "Roger Sudden", "Pride's Fancy", "The Wedding Gift & Other Stories", "Halifax, Warden of the North", "Sidefall", "A Matter of Arms", "Son of the Hawk", "Footsteps on Old Floors".

News:- The U.S. rocket-ship "Apollo 14" landed on the moon about 5 a.m. (our time), & this evening on TV we saw some blurred pictures of two men walking about, shapeless in "space clothing", pulling a little cart, etc. No great excitement among the people on earth, as there was when the first men landed on the moon in '69.

Tonight another snowstorm began about sundown, & raged all night.

SATURDAY, FEB. 6/71 The storm changed to rain for a time in the night, but the rain was absorbed in the fallen snow. About 6 inches of new snow on top of the old, & in its sodden state it made a heavy two hours of shoveling this morning. The temp. got up to nearly 40° whenever the sun got through the clouds, & there was some useful melting of the ice which still chokes the roof gutters & rainspouts. A flock of at least 50 grosbeaks came to my tray yesterday & today, plus the purple finches & goldfinches. Also I saw the sharp-shinned hawk sitting for a few moments in the back ash tree, but the birds had fled too quickly for him (or her). This evening John & Dorothy

Wickwire invited the Austin Parkers & ourselves to be their guests at the bi-monthly Saturday dinner at the curling club. Austin & I provided the wine. The usual lively crowd & hubbub. Afterwards the Wickwires & Parkers adjourned for an evening of bridge, & E. invited Ralph & Hallabelle Johnson to our house for a chat. Tonight the temp. got down to 30°, turning the snow-melt on paths & streets to a skim of ice.

SUNDAY, FEB. 7, 1971 Temp. up to 38°, a faint mist, no wind. This weekend is the first real break in two months of cold rough winter. In the afternoon I drove to Summerville, dropped E. to chat with Terence & family, & went on to walk the beach. I found a dozen other people from Liverpool strolling there, & my son Tom "jogging" to the river & back.

Am reading "The French Lieutenant's Woman" by English author John Fowles, whose work ("The Magus", etc) has been praised to the skies by many of the so-called critics since he emerged from obscurity a few years ago. I find it (as I found "The Magus") a hodge-podge, of essays on everything from beach fossils to the social quirks of England in the 1830-1870 period, strung together by a thin tale of a love affair with incredible characters & no plot at all.

MONDAY, FEB. 8/71 A snowstorm began early this morning, & again changed to rain. The temp. was only 35°, so the rain did not melt the snow much. The streets were rivers.

Charles Doucet phoned about his proposition, & I said No, & gave my reasons. He didn't argue.

TUESDAY, FEB. 9/71 Rain at intervals all night & today, with temp. up to 40°. It has at last melted the snow from our roofs & the ice from our eaves-gutters, & has shrunk considerably the old hard-frozen snow banks along the streets. By noon the rain & wind ceased, & the temp. had risen to 50°. I drove to Summerville & walked the beach. Broad River was a brown torrent, & so were all the brooks along the way. I hear that several buildings on Main Street & Market Street were flooded.

Since I ceased my six-mile walks on the Milton road at the end of the 1969-1970 winter, the arthritic pains in leg & hip have much improved; and the frequent heavy snow-shoveling bouts of the present winter have not been painful. Nevertheless I

detest this long imprisonment by the weather, so different from the several past winters. I learn that an old American friend, Mrs. Rita Beebe, died a few days ago in Florida. Her family, the Millikens, bought an old farmhouse on the island at Mill Village many years ago, & they were very kind & hospitable to me in my first lonely summers in Queens County. After her parents died, Mrs. Beebe continued to spend her summers at Mill Village, including last year, when she was obviously ailing.

FRIDAY, FEB. 12, 1971 Sunny walks on Summerville Beach, yesterday & today. This afternoon the temp. got up to 45°, & the old snowbanks "decayed" a lot. At the beach I saw about 60 herring gulls at the mouth of Broad River, at low tide, questing for washed-up quahaugs & sea urchins. Also a sharp-shinned hawk hovering over the dunes, presumably seeking mice or shrews abroad in the mild weather. Yesterday & today I able to sit in my rocky nook by the Broad River railway bridge, feeling the sun's warmth on my face, for the first time this winter.

SATURDAY, FEB. 13/71 The thaw continues. Temp. 40° last night, & 50° at noon today, under a cloudy sky. After lunch I drove with C. to Summerville, & she walked for a few minutes on the sand. I had taken along a few golf balls & an old No 5 iron, intending to play my way to the river & back. However, about half way, rain began to fall, & I had to return. The rain continued, with a south wind, all night.

Letter from the president of the students' union at Mc Master University inviting me to attend "a Teach-In on Canadian Independence" on March 5 & 6 at Hamilton, Ont. Answer: sorry No.

SUNDAY, FEB. 14/71 A long dull day indoors, owing to the rain & fog. The snow has shrunk a great deal, exposing some small patches of the back & side lawns, & reducing the great mounds of ploughed & shoveled snow at the street end of my driveway from a height of 7 or 8 feet to about 5 feet. On TV we heard reports of floods in many parts of N.S. The thick ice on the Lahave above Bridgewater broke & surged down against the (80-year-old) town bridge, which collapsed about 4 o'clock this afternoon. Nobody hurt, & the town needed

a new bridge. (The old one was very narrow, & its right-angled approaches were awkward for motor traffic.)

MONDAY, FEB. 15, 1971 Sunny, temp. 30°, with a NW gale, so no walk except to the post office. The thaw has exposed the earth about several of my rose bushes, so I shoveled snow about them for protection.

About 50 grosbeaks, & a mixed score of purple & gold finches, plus a couple of chickadees, come to my tray each day. The sun sets now sets in the V formed by the north wall of the school & the slope of my garage roof — hurrah! About one point north of west.

TUESDAY, FEB. 16/71 Sunny, with a strong W. breeze, temp. 30° at noon. Walked at Summerville Beach this afternoon, well muffled, & sat at ease for twenty minutes in my sheltered nook at the railway bridge. Some thick ice-floes are caught against the upstream side of the bridge, but apparently the main outpour on Saturday night passed through to the sea. The mail brought the usual weekly bundle of English papers & magazines, plus some books, from Bill White.

Forgot to mention that yesterday Great Britain changed over to decimal currency, retaining the terms "pounds, shillings & pence" but issuing new coins on a decimal basis.

WEDNESDAY, FEB. 17/71 A delightful sunny day, temp. 30°, light W. breeze. I spent the whole afternoon outdoors. First I walked around the golf course & the tip of White Point. The course is about 80% bare of snow, with some crusty remains of old drifts in the hollows, & some slippery patches of ice. Sat for half an hour in the little rain shelter by No. 5 green, in its south quarter, facing the sun & sheltered from the breeze. The seat was warmed by the sun, & I had to open my coat & take off my cap, despite a snowbank only six feet away. After this I drove to Summerville & walked to the nook by the railway bridge, where I found my son Tom resting after his trot along the beach. We sat chatting & enjoying the warmth of the sun for half an hour, & then walked back to our cars. No birds to be seen except the usual herring gulls & crows. The historical society met tonight at the Eric Manthornes' house on Cobb's Ridge. The 1971 slate of officers includes "Mel" Gardiner for his fourth term as President. Mrs. Nina Inness read extracts from a diary kept by the bride of Liverpool captain Joseph Inness, on a honeymoon voyage from St. John N.B. around the Cape of Good Hope

to Yokohama in 1888. She showed photos of the ship, of Captain Joe, & of the bride, petite little Ellie Macdonald of Liverpool, N.S.

THURSDAY, FEB. 18, 1971 Snow fell all day, in big moist flakes, & ceased about sundown, leaving about 4 inches on the ground. After dinner I shoveled it off my driveway & paths, because the temp. was dropping well below freezing point. In the afternoon I shopped at the liquor store — 1 dozen quarts of Fernandes rum for me ($73.80); 1 dozen quarts of gin for E. ($70.80); and 1 dozen quarts of Canadian sauterne for both of us ($16.20) This evening on the TV national news, I watched & heard Jack McClelland telling news reporters that although 1970 was the best year in the history of McClelland & Stewart, he is offering the firm for sale — because he needs $2,000,000 & cannot get it from the banks. A paradox that he didn't explain. For the past 12 months Jack has been very active, across Canada, in the Let's-save-Canada-from-total-ownership-by-the-Yankees campaign (I forget the official name but that's what it means.) During 1970 the oldest Canadian publishing firm, Ryerson Press of Toronto, wholly owned by the United Church of Canada, was sold to a U.S. corporation. So was another old-established Toronto publishing firm, W. J. Gage & Co. Jack McClelland said in closing his TV statement that he would not sell to a foreign firm. He added that "I have no intention of being sold with the firm ... book publishing is a trade for young people and I want to try something else."

Jack is now about 50, with long locks of blond hair hanging untidily at the back of his head in the fashion of the young moderns. George Foster told me a few years ago (see entry Sep. 26/68) that Jack had been reckless in a lot of his publishing ventures & would soon be in financial difficulty.

His own printed statement to the press, dated today, follows the TV statement almost word for word, but with an additional "The Government should stay out of book publishing but should give the industry access to long term capital on terms at least comparable to those it offers to foreign industrialists."

This makes the whole thing sound like a long planned attempt to get $2,000,000 from the government on the plea of saving the last big Canadian publishing firm from the Yankees. But

there are such glaring inconsistencies that none of it makes sense.

FRIDAY, FEB. 19, 1971 Snow fell slowly all morning, then ceased. In the afternoon the temp. rose to 40° & the sun showed a little. Shopped for steak, & a broiled chicken — my regular Friday afternoon mission — & this evening made the regular call for books from the library.

SUNDAY, FEB. 21/71 Ted & Hilda Bayer called this afternoon. They were able to cross over the Lahave at Bridgewater, where army engineers have replaced the broken span with a single-lane Bailey bridge. They brought with them a big man, 40-ish, named MacDougal, who is connected with the Talbot book store in Hfx. He mentioned that many of my books are now out of print, despite the fact that there is a good market for them in the Maritime Provinces. In the past 2 or 3 years, a new firm in Windsor N.S. has been printing paper-backed books aimed at this market, with considerable success. He proposed that Talbot Ltd. do the same with one or more of my out-of-print books, as an experiment. I agreed to let them try with one book, & see how it works out. Nothing came of this.

MONDAY, FEB. 22/71 "Mik" Green had asked me to talk to the Kiwanis Club at their luncheon today, so I walked to Lane's restaurant. About 20 men, in the private dining room. I spoke on the old Indian Gardens, the large tribe that lived there, & then disappeared, & what probably happened to them. Afterwards I changed to walking clothes & drove to Summerville for a stroll in the bright sunshine. Above tidemark there is still much snow, so there was no place to sit & linger in the sun.

Old Miss Alma Morton phoned, saying that her nephew Fred died in the Liverpool hospital on Saturday, & asked me to write an obituary note for the Liverpool Advance. She also asked Edith (who has an old family connection with the Mortons) & me to attend the funeral tomorrow. Fred was 61, an amiable moron, & a great trial to Alma in her old age.

TUESDAY, FEB. 23/71 Simpsons-Sears TV repair man came & replaced a burnt-out light bulb behind the channel numbers. He suggested taking the set to his workshop for a "conversion" check, which would give a sharper picture. I agreed, & a truck took it away this morning, & brought it back this afternoon.

E. had a ladies' bridge foursome arranged for this afternoon,

which she felt she could not postpone, so I went alone to Fred Morton's funeral service at 2 p.m. It was in the Disciples of Christ church, about 50 or 60 people. A snow storm had begun about 1 p.m. & when we emerged from the church it was in full blast. It seems to me that most of the funerals I have attended in Milton have been in the midst of violent rain or snowstorms.

WEDNESDAY, FEB. 24, 1971 The worst snowstorm of the winter roared about the house all night & finally blew itself out late this afternoon. About 10" of snow fell in the level, but I have a drift waist-deep in my driveway, & where the street plow threw up its usual bank there is snow to my armpits.

I found my furnace oil tanks very low this morning, & had to summon Earl Wypnot with his tank truck to refill them. I dug a path from the street to the oil intake pipe at the back of the house in the midst of the storm, & Earl remarked, "No one but very would have done that. Other people expect us to wade through the drifts." When the storm ceased about 4 p.m. I started the heavy job of digging out my driveway, beginning at the garage. I cleared it about 1/3 of the way to the street, & then I was tired — & retired. Our TV picture is much improved, & we get the Caledonia (CTV) station almost as well as the local (CBC) relay station. I wish I could say as much for the programs. Some things are entertaining, or interesting anyhow, but there is an awful lot of drivel. We pass the evenings reading, & putting the books aside now & then to watch a good bit of TV.

THURSDAY, FEB. 25/71 Overcast, temp. 20° last night, freezing the soft & somewhat moist snowfall to a hard & crusty stuff. I worked two hours this morning, & got my driveway cleared as far as the entrance, where the bank thrown up by the street plough is as heavy as cement. Jerry Nickerson called me into his house then, for a drink of rum & a chat. In the afternoon, after a good rest, I tackled the last barrier — hard & heavy work — & I was tired & sore in muscles & back when I finished.

Letter from Dalhousie U. inviting me to be one of three judges for the 1970-71 W. H. Dennis Memorial Prizes in English.

The other two judges are Prof. Roger Crowther of St. Mary's U., & Prof. J. L. Hill of Mount St. Vincent U.

Letter from Benton Robinson, whilom writer & for many years a teacher in N.S. high schools. He is giving a course on the modern novel to the N.Y. Summer School in Hfx. this year, & proposes to use "The Nymph & The Lamp" as one example. Wants detail on background, intention, etc. Also asks if I would spend 40 minutes with his class some time in July or early August. He hopes to get Hugh MacLennan & Morley Callaghan as well.

FEB. 26, 1971 Mostly sunny, after a cold night, & temp up to 40°. This morning I paid the Simpsons-Sears people, in cash, for the two adjustment & repair jobs. (Jan. 12 = $9.50) (Feb. 23 = $15.18) This includes replacement of the "focus rectifier", & of a small light bulb behind the station indicator. In the afternoon I dug out the street drain, hugely buried under hard-packed snow. It was covered with ice as well, & I had to thaw that with buckets of hot water. Took the car downtown & picked up a load of groceries, steak, & a broiled chicken. Also a green plaid jacket ($42) I had ordered from Simpsons-Sears. The grosbeaks came to my seed tray briefly, & then vanished. The little flock of purple finches are more constant, & stay longer.

SATURDAY, FEB. 27/71 Overcast. Temp. up to 40°. In the afternoon, at half tide, I walked on Summerville Beach, in a bleak little breeze from SE. The mail brought two little brochures autographed "With compliments, Watson Kirkconnell". One is entitled "The Streets of Wolfville 1650-1970", the other "A Georgian House on the Post Road" — the house he bought in Wolfville in 1963 when he was about to retire ~~1963~~ from the presidency of Acadia University. As usual he gets in a long list of his publications since retirement — indeed he continues to pour forth a flood of prose & rhyme on all sorts of subjects, in various languages. (Enclosed in "A Georgian House etc." I found nine verses of eulogy of his pet cat "Fluffy", with photograph.) Kirkconnell is now 76. This evening a light rain began, & continued most of the night.

SUNDAY, FEB. 28/71 A delightful day, sunny, with little wind, & temp. nearly 50° in the afternoon. The snowbanks

shrank visibly. Walking on Summerville Beach I met several people from Town, including Tom, Pam, & little Blair. On my return home I found Armand Wigglesworth, who was Liverpool's electrical engineer for many years after he got out of the air force in 1945. Some years ago, he got a job in Halifax as head of the Civil Defence organisation in Nova Scotia. He had come to borrow a copy of Maclean's Magazine in which (in 1942) I had described the Queens County Emergency Authority & their emergency hospital, caring for torpedoed crews, etc. He mentioned that his organisation now has, stored in Liverpool, all the equipment for a 200 bed emergency hospital.

This evening E. & I, & the Jack McClearns, were guests at a pleasant little dinner party given by the Charles Williams in honour of the Maurice Russells. The Russells' trip to South Africa, under the auspices of the Bowaters Co., has been cancelled; so they are taking off on private journey to Britain, Portugal, Morocco & Madeira.

MONDAY, MARCH 1, 1971 The traditional March winds came right on time, a blustering NW gale with a clear sky & bright sun. Under this combination, there was little water trickling in the streets, but a lot of evaporation, & our snowbanks withered a good deal at temp. 40°. E. came with me to Summerville & walked part way along the beach, & then returned to the car. I walked to the railway bridge & sat half an hour in the sun & out of the wind. Wrote Dalhousie U. agreeing to serve as a judge on the Dennis Prizes, provided this does not entail a journey to Hfx. this month. Also wrote thanks to Kirkconnell.

News:- The N. S. Public Utilities Board, after due deliberation, has rejected Liverpool's application to annex Milton, Brooklyn, etc. The application was made by former Mayor Frank Trainor & his council without a referendum to the town taxpayers, who would have voted No themselves. The examples of Halifax & Dartmouth in recent years are glaring — their annexation of suburbs brought great demands for services there, & the "old" ratepayers found their taxes jumping year after year. Trainor's whole object really was to get the Mersey paper mill & its adjacent woodlands into the town's

assessment area. Naturally the municipality of Queens (who keep their own debt & taxes low by milking this fat cow) fought the town's application. They hired sharp & experienced lawyers in Hfx & Yarmouth, as well as L'pool lawyer Gerald Freeman, who lives outside the town limits. L'pool's case was presented by the town solicitor, Lester Clements, an amiable but none too capable man. The result was a foregone conclusion. Our present mayor, Murphy, told the press that he was glad to hear the verdict — "we have enough problems within the present town boundaries."

TUESDAY, MAR. 2/71 A sunny day, temp. 38°, west wind. E. came with me to Summerville, walked the whole length of the beach, & sat with me for half an hour in the sun by the bridge.

Bird note:- These fine days the little flock of purple (& some gold) finches, & a few Chickadees, are the only customers at my seed tray. On their mysterious & erratic way the grosbeaks have disappeared.

Fashion note:- (see Sep 19/70) The organized attempt of the female fashion industry to bring back the long full skirt has failed. During the winter season many women (notably the middleaged & old) bought & wore trouser-suits, even at evening parties, in various fabrics & colours, usually with a wide flare at the ankles. Younger women with good legs (like Tom's wife Pamela) went on wearing their mini-skirts & body-stockings, & will continue to do so.

WEDNESDAY, MAR. 3/71 The fourth sunny day in a row — a miracle in this dark & stormy winter. E. had a bridge engagement for the afternoon. As I walked at Summerville I could see an ominous spread of high cloud coming up the sky from SE, & the breeze hauled E, very bleak off the sea.

The Hfx. weather bureau forecasts a long & severe storm, probably the worst yet, moving up towards Quebec & the Maritimes. By midnight it was blowing & snowing hard.

THURSDAY, MAR. 4/71 During today the storm here changed to freezing rain, & late in the afternoon to melting rain. This reduced the new fall of snow to 2 or 3 inches of stiff slush. About 8 p.m. the rain ceased & the temp. went down to freezing point, so I shovelled the slush off my paths & driveway before it turned to ice. As usual, the storm knocked out the TV (Channel 6) relay transmitter at Caledonia, so we were reduced

to the dull face of the CBC for this evening's entertainment.

The storm has paralysed Quebec, Eastern Ontario, & northern New Brunswick, with winds to 60 m.p.h. & a huge fall of snow on top of the winter's accumulation.

FRIDAY, MAR. 5, 1971 The storm here resumed with snow in the night & high winds, & when I got up this morning it was snowing & blowing hard. Shoveled the driveway, paths, & street drain again after lunch, & took E. in the car to the supermarket for the weekly load of groceries, which usually we do on Wednesdays. The parking lot was six inches deep in snow & slush, with cars grinding & slithering. Tom's youngsters came to supper as usual on Fridays. In short, the winter routine.

Health note:- My weight, naked, is 174 lbs. I drink about 1 pint of rum per day, mostly in the late evening when I am getting myself ready for sleep — plus 1½ Seconals. This gets me through the night.

News:- Our gay bachelor Prime Minister, Pierre Trudeau, pulled another surprise (even to his own cabinet) out of his highly individual hat yesterday, by marrying Margaret, a daughter of James Sinclair, of Vancouver, former member of the Liberal cabinet. He is 51, she is 22, & the marriage was performed in a Roman Catholic ceremony, a small family affair, in B.C. They met 3 years ago when Trudeau flew to Tahiti for a winter holiday, & met Sinclair's family also on a holiday.

SATURDAY, MARCH 6, 1971 The Progressive-Conservative party of N.S. are in convention at Halifax to elect a new leader. Since the Liberals won the last election under the young Regan, against a sick and old G. I. Smith, the PC's have looked for someone young & dynamic. For weeks past, 3 candidates have been stumping the province, addressing gatherings of PC's, and being very young & dynamic indeed. They are:- John Buchanan, 39, the only Tory in the Hfx-Dartmouth area to retain his seat in the last election; Roland Thornhill, 36, mayor of Dartmouth; Gerald Doucet, 33, the young Acadian MPP for Richmond County, C.B., who was minister of education in the Smith cabinet. We saw some TV views of the convention in a Hfx. hotel this afternoon & evening. The whole thing a sedulous aping of American political conventions — the

band music; the delegates parading about the hall with placards on long sticks, & ranting & cheering for their favourite; the straw hats, the slogan buttons & ribbons; the pretty girl ushers in mini-skirts. Thornhill dropped out after the first vote, & most of his supporters turned to Buchanan. So Buchanan was elected. The whole thing was a ridiculous (& to me saddening) Lilliputian parody of made-in-U.S.A. politics.

This evening the Austin Parkers invited us to be their guests at the Curling Club supper. We watched the curlers for a time, & then went on to Douglas Parkers' house on Main Street, where we were joined by the Ralph Johnsons, & played bridge until midnight. I think this must be the first time I've played bridge in at least a year, & probably two. As I don't know any of the bidding conventions I am a sore trial to partners who do, but it passed the evening pleasantly enough.

SUNDAY, MARCH 7, 1971 Walked Summerville beach this afternoon. E. came with me but turned back about half way. A chill breeze off the sea, & a mass of blue-black cloud coming up the sky from SE. This evening we attended a small farewell dinner party for the Russells, given by "Mik" & Eleanor Green. The other guests were the Austin Parkers & John Wickwires. When we left, the storm had begun, with freezing rain, which made every step an adventure. During the night it changed to just plain rain, but not enough to melt any of the snow on the ground.

MONDAY, MAR. 8/71 Dreary weather. A few spots of sunshine, but mostly cloudy, with snow squalls so thick that I had to turn on my electric light at mid-day, in order to read.

TUESDAY, MAR. 9/71 Same weather. Finished my income tax papers for 1970. Jack McClelland phoned this afternoon about the new edition of "Halifax". His firm intend to use a photo-copy process, using the 1965 Doubleday edition, & he wanted to make sure that Doubleday had relinquished all the rights. I am entirely ignorant of the photo-process, so I'm still wondering how they can do this & still work in my list of corrections, changes, & additions. Jack was brisk & cheerful. When I made a quip about his much-publicized financial problem, he said it was going to be solved all right, and soon.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 10, 1971 Sunny all day. At Summerville I sat for half an hour in the shelter of the bridge abutment. Late in the afternoon a man named William R. Moore came to see me. Said he had always wanted to meet me, having read all my books. Went on to say that as a hobby during the past 30 years he had collected books & pamphlets about Nova Scotia, that it was the finest collection of Nova Scotiana in existence, & he had sold it recently to Acadia University for $25,000. All news to me. After staying an hour he left his business card. He is a salesman for Atlantic Securities Ltd., a small Halifax firm dealing in stocks & bonds. He made no sales pitch, but I suspect that this was an ice-breaking call, & the pitch will come next time.

The TV programs were such a bore this evening that I went to the movies for a change.

THURSDAY, MAR. 11/71 Walked at Summerville in a bleak east wind. Rain tonight on the South Shore, not enough to melt the old snow. Inland the storm was mostly snow. Erik & Lou Anderssen joined us in the evening for drinks & chat.

FRIDAY, MAR. 12/71 Sunny, temp. 40°, westerly gale. I was able to sit in my sheltered nook at Summerville for half an hour. The snowbanks are wilting at last. No grosbeaks have come to my garden tray for two weeks or so; but purple & gold finches (about a dozen of each) come every day. In another week, if the snow goes at the present rate, we can start watching for the first robins & fox sparrows.

SATURDAY, MAR. 13/71 Sunny, temp. 40°, easterly breeze. Usual walk at Summerville. Noticed a red-&-white D.O.T. ship checking the fairway buoy in the main Port Mouton channel, presumably the "Edward Cornwallis" on her spring round.

News:- Premier Regan has claimed Nova Scotian sovereignty for Sable Island. This is in view of the oil explorations there & elsewhere off the N.S. coast during the past 4 or 5 years. The federal gov't. claims all offshore oil rights. In the case of Sable Island, the entire "population" (now about 20 people including some wives & children) has been paid & maintained by the federal government ever since Confederation, because they are employed solely as light-keepers, meteorologists, etc. However, the first lifesaving crew was established there in 1801 by the N.S.

gov't., & they maintained it until 1867. So the lawyers have a point to argue. Today in Montreal, after a long trial, Paul Rose, self-acknowledged leader of the FLQ gang who kidnapped Mr. Laporte, was convicted of his murder & sentenced to life imprisonment. He denied taking part in the actual murder, & conducted his own "defence" by shouting abuse & long political harangues, which caused him to be banished from the courtroom several times.

SUNDAY, MARCH 14, 1971 Sunny, temp. 40°, light E. breeze. E. came with me to Summerville, & we gathered about 30 "sand dollars" for Ted Bayers' souvenir shop. Sat a half hour in the sun at the bridge. Several other walkers on the beach, & many cars on the road.

Back at home, I noticed a fat brown rat nibbling at fallen seeds under the bird tray. Nicked him with my air rifle from the den window, & he scampered away. The same thing happened last winter.

MONDAY, MAR. 15/71 A bleak grey day with strong N.W. wind

The Feb. & March issues of "Legion", the regular magazine of the Canadian Legion, contain articles entitled "Mutiny - The Odyssey of HMCS Uganda" by a writer who signs himself J. W. Essex. The Uganda was a cruiser taken over from the Royal Navy in 1944, & the only Canadian ship to see action against the Japs. Essex describes this; but chiefly he attacks Capt. H. F. Pullen as a sort of half Captain Bligh (of "Bounty") and half Captain Queeg of the "Caine Mutiny", an American novel. "A zealous traditionalist, Commander Pullen insists on his master-at-arms carrying a lantern for his nightly rounds, after the manner of Lord Nelson. Perhaps this explained the telescope he carried on the quarterdeck." He gives instances of harsh discipline, bad food, etc. I knew Pullen had the reputation of a martinet, & something of his obsession about Nelson, but nothing about this "Uganda" business. He is a pugnacious man, & I expect there will be a counter-attack

TUESDAY, MAR. 16/71 Showers in the night, & a mild spring-like day, with temp. up to 62° in the sun. I took E. to Summerville for a call on Betty Freeman, & I went on to the beach, where I spent an hour, walking & sitting in the sun. In town, the old snowbanks are withering, but there is still a lot about the streets.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 17, 1971 A wonderful day, sunny & warm (70° in the sun) & just a light air from the east. E. accompanied me on the beach walk & we sat in the sun by the river for half an hour. The great heap of snow on my front lawn, which at its February peak was a good 7 feet high, has dwindled to less than 5 feet, & on the back lawn it has shrunk from knee-deep to about 3 or 4 inches.

During the past four days not a single bird came to my seed tray, I suppose because the ground is now bare here & there under pine, spruce & hemlock trees, where the grosbeaks & finches can extract seeds from fallen cones — their natural food. Also at the beach I noticed several flies & other winged insects, including some fuzzy little white moths.

THURSDAY, MAR. 18/71 This is the time of year when winter plays cat-&-mouse with poor little Spring; so I was not surprised, when I awoke this morning, to see a thick flurry of snow. The temp. did not get above 40°, but about 2 p.m. the sun emerged, & I made my Summerville walk with Lawrence & Kay Verge. Pamela drove to Hfx this morning, so the kids came to our house for lunch & dinner. The purple finches returned to my tray today. No other birds.

FRIDAY, MAR. 19/71 Sunny, temp. 40°, W. breze. E. came with me to Summerville, & we sat nearly an hour in the sun by the bridge. Parts of my front, side, & back lawns are now bare of snow.

SATURDAY, MAR. 20/71 The first (official) day of spring had a bad start — a storm dumped 2 or 3 inches of snow in the night, then changed to a light rain. The sun came out about 4 p.m., & the new snow vanished. The usual finches came to my bird tray, & they were joined by several evening grosbeaks after an absence of about three weeks. Mel. Gardner came this afternoon & stayed for a chat. The old boy was a bit despondent; his wife is in hospital at Halifax, & he has a stomach ailment. I got him talking about old days in Liverpool, which he enjoys, & he left more cheerful.

Received by mail a great bundle of prose and "poetry" submitted by Dalhousie students for the Dennis prizes. One or two had something to say & said it well. Most of it absolute drivel, in the doleful self-pitying vein so popular with modern youth. One "poet", in a piece called "Light sifts down", quite unconsciously summed up the whole

lot of them in these immortal words:—

"... his unfinished mind
reaches for what is not there"

Also received more photostat copies of Grey Owl news clippings & a copy of his will, sent by Donald Smith, the Toronto student who has been corresponding with me, on the subject. He will read his paper on Grey Owl before the Ontario Historical Society meet June.

SUNDAY, MARCH 21, 1971 A typical dreary late-March day, mostly overcast, frequent thick snow squalls, just enough sun peering through holes in the ceiling to melt the new snow. Indoors, reading, all day.

News:— A week or two ago the South Vietnamese army, so carefully trained & equipped by the Americans, thrust forward into Laos to cut the famous "Ho-Chi-Minh" trail through which the North Vietnamese supply & reinforce their own troops & those of the Communist ("Viet Cong") partisans in South Vietnam. Its real purpose was to demonstrate the ability of the South Vietnam army to strike out, as well as to defend. This would set the stage for the final withdrawal of American forces. But the South Vietnam army has been defeated, despite a large & expensive umbrella of American air-bombers & helicopters, & in spite of optimistic U.S. official news reports the retreat looks now like a complete rout.

MONDAY, MAR. 22/71 Snow flurries this morning, some sunshine in the afternoon, when I walked at Summerville & sat half an hour by the river. Today, for the first time in Nova Scotia (or Canada, for that matter) TV cameras were admitted to the Legislature, & we were treated to the budget speech of Peter Nicholson, Minister of Finance & Economics, with other honourable members looking wise and solemn and camera-conscious in the background. These speeches & deliberations are well reported in the newspapers, where the reader may take as much or as little as he wants. There is dull fare enough on our TV screens without the posing and prosing of provincial politicians.

The mail brought Vol. 1, Number 1, of the "Nova Scotia Historical Quarterly" which contains my article on "The Feast of St. Aspinquid". This is the latest venture of the Petheric Press, of Halifax, W. H. McCurdy publisher.

TUESDAY, MARCH 23, 1971 A grey day, temp. 40°, breeze SE. E. came with me on the beach walk, & we gathered a few sand dollars. Now that the snowbank has receded a bit from the front of the house, E's crocus & tulip shoots begin to show. As an experiment last Fall she planted a few crocus bulbs around the hydrangea trunk by the front walk, & two or three rows of tulip bulbs under the false bay window of our living room.

WEDNESDAY, MAR. 24/71 Alas for the hopeful appearance of crocus & tulip — a heavy snowfall in the night, tapering off in flurries this morning, with a few tentative peeps of sunshine. I measured 10 inches lying on the bird-seed tray. Temp rose to nearly 40° & my shoveling was hot work. No birds have appeared at the tray since their brief appearance on March 20. Today the new snowfall drove them out of the woods again, & within minutes of scraping the tray & putting out a fresh supply of seeds there were gold & purple finches, grosbeaks, & chickadees.

News:- The wave of demands & strikes for more pay continues everywhere. Halifax is in financial difficulties, & consequently could not offer the full wage demand of its street employees. So they have struck, using as their main weapon the non-collection of garbage, & placing truculent pickets, male & female, to prevent private citizens from taking their garbage to the city dumps. This has become the favourite weapon of city employees everywhere.

Late bird note:- Towards evening a male red-winged blackbird came & fed hungrily on the tray, & searched the snow under it for fallen seeds, remaining until dark. I have not seen one since last Fall, & can only conclude that this is an early arrival from the south. The males usually appear in N.S. in early April, a week or two before the females. They are never plentiful along the South Shore.

THURSDAY, MAR. 25/71 A grey day, temp. 35, with a keen NW wind, so no walk except to the post office. Two male red-winged blackbirds came to the tray today, & one remained foraging in the snow beneath until sundown. The usual flocks of finches, several chickadees & juncos. No grosbeaks.

Spring note:- Replacing a few wornout items in my modest wardrobe, I have bought a pair of grey flannel slacks, a lightweight cardigan sweater (yellow), a bluish-green jacket of Harris

tweed, & a pair of golf shoes.

Today E. went to Dr. Floyd Macdonald's office for a check-up, at his suggestion. She feels well, & has little or no pain in her arms & legs. She busies herself at housework, & frequently takes a walk to the stores. No further signs of mental aberration, although her mind is very dull at times.

FRIDAY, MARCH 26, 1971 The sun got through the clouds a bit today, but at 40° with a cold wind it did not melt the snow much. I walked & sat at Summerville. E. went to the local hospital for a chest X-ray, arranged by Dr. Macdonald.

The mail brought a pleasant little note from Roy Daniells, who is president of the Royal Society of Canada, & has been head of the English Dept. at the University of B.C. for many years. "This supremely well-earned distinction, for a long-term achievement both uniquely creative and, at the same time, in the public service of Canada, enables all of us to feel honoured by association." He is referring, of course, to my Medal of Service in the Order of Canada.

The same birds came to my tray today, plus a lone grosbeak.

SATURDAY, MAR. 27/71 A grey day with icy NE wind. Walked with E. at Summerville, & I remarked that it looked & felt like a snowstorm in the offing. At 6 p.m. the weather forecast from Hfx. was simply "cloudy". By 8 p.m. the NE wind had risen to a whistling gale & a snowstorm. After this had been going on for half an hour, our TV screen had a new weather bulletin warning mariners & others of what was all too evident. Evident, alas, was the weekend slackness of the weather bureau at Hfx.

News:- In the House, & in public addresses outside of it, Premier Regan boldly predicts that within 15 years, perhaps much sooner, Nova Scotia will be one of the "have" provinces of Canada, chiefly because (a) oil in large quantity is known to exist beneath the sea floor off the N.S. coast; and (b) because the tidal power of Minas Basin is soon to be developed into providing huge quantities of electricity.

I am doubtful. Oil drillers have been busy at Sable Island & over the ocean bed between there & Cape Breton for the past five years, & so far their test borings have shown only small traces of gas & oil. And the tidal power of Fundy has

been dreamed up, again & again, for the past fifty years at least.

SUNDAY, MARCH 28, 1971 The snowstorm whooshed & swished about the house all night, & petered out this morning as a drizzle of cold rain, just enough to turn the fluffy snow to a hard & heavy mass. About 6" to 8", drifted knee-deep in places. I shoveled 1½ hours this morning, & 2 hours this afternoon. Cleared the bird tray & placed the usual sunflower seeds, but no birds came. Outdoors, I could hear the boom of heavy surf on Coffin's Island & Western Head.

MONDAY, MAR. 29/71 A sunny morning, temp. 40. Cloudy in the afternoon when I walked with E. at Summerville. The storm had swept all the raffle of the winter off the beach & into the edge of the dunes. A light rain fell this evening, while we were chatting over drinks with the Andersens, next door. I am going over the Dalhousie students' short stories, essays, & "verse" again, for a final decision.

TUESDAY, MAR. 30/71 The snowbanks sank a bit today under a hazy sun, temp. 50°. Walked & gathered sea-shells with E. at Summerville. Part of my car's exhaust pipe, just below the engine, developed a hole or holes by corrosion this winter, making quite a noise. The General Motors agency here (Rossignol Sales) had to send away for a new part, & it took a week to get here. They installed it today.

WEDNESDAY, MAR. 31/71 Dreary weather, temp. 38°, snow falling slowly in thick flakes all day, melting on contact with the streets. The TV programs on Wednesday nights are such a bore that tonight we went to the movie theatre & enjoyed an amusing & colourful picture. Must do this more often.

THURSDAY, APRIL 1/71 Sunny, cool W. wind. E. & I walked at Summerville & sat half an hour in the sun by the river. My bird tray is visited every day by a mingled flock of finches, & today by a small flock of juncos. No grosbeaks since Mar. 24, & no further appearance of the red-winged blackbirds.

Yesterday my barber for many years, Fred Wharton, closed his shop on Main Street for the last time. Next door, Hector Macleod, another old friend, is closing his business at the end of this month. These premises, in a desirable spot opposite the post office, & a few steps from the banks & Town Hall, were purchased last Fall by Liverpool lawyer Lester Clements,

who intends to convert them to offices. Macleod's ("The Mersey Store") was a narrow little shop selling patent medicines, tobacco, candy, books, magazines, etc. Macleod was a son of Robie Macleod, a master shipwright of Liverpool in the sailing days, & the walls of his shop were decorated with ship models & pictures. He was an authority on the Liverpool ships, & many men like myself dropped in there often to buy anything at all & have a yarn. The barber's shop next door was a similar port of call. We shall miss them.

FRIDAY, APRIL 2, 1971 A grey day, temp. 40°. The Raddall youngsters came to supper & to watch TV for an hour or two, as usual on Fridays. Phone call from Professor J. L. Hill, Dept. of English, ~~Nfld~~ Memorial Un. Nfld., asking for my decisions on the Dennis prizes. I gave them, & my choices more or less agreed with his. He will now consult the other judge, Prof. ~~Roger Crowther~~ Joseph R. WHALEN, of St. Mary's.

This afternoon, as a relief from reading, I unshipped the wheels of my golf cart & greased the bearings. The ground is still mostly covered with snow, & it will be sodden with rain as the snow goes, so I won't be able to use the cart for another month.

SATURDAY APL. 3 1971 A pleasant day, temp. up to 54° in the sun, light southerly breeze. Walked at Summerville with E., & sat by the river for half an hour. Noticed son Tom busy cutting & burning brush on his lot near Hunts Point. At home, my rose bushes are now exposed by the shrinking snow, & I cut them back to about 7" from the ground. Most of them appear to be dead, due to the severity of the winter. A little flock of finches ("purple," & gold) continues to visit my seed tray, & now & then a few juncos & chickadees, an occasional lone grosbeak. The red-winged blackbirds (March 24 & 25) have disappeared.

SUNDAY, APL. 4/71 The best day yet, 75° in the sun, a light SW breeze. Walked the Summerville Beach with E., & sat for an hour toasting our faces in the sun. Many young people salintering & sitting on the edge of the dunes. Busy motor traffic on the road. At Hunts Point we found Tom & Pamela busy piling & burning brush. The lot presents a serious drainage problem with the melting of the snow, because a culvert under the highway pours water from the higher land above the road, & this run-off wanders across Tom's land to the sea.

At White Point I drove down the Lodge road to the

place where E. picks mayflowers. The bank is bare today, but was still covered with snow two days ago, & she found only a few buds. A flock of 25 or 30 grosbeaks came to my seed tray this morning, & foraged on the ground below for seeds that fell during the winter. This is the first large flock I have seen since Feb. 5. Saw a small sandpiper on the beach, the first arrival. Impossible to identify without binoculars, but probably a sanderling.

MONDAY, APR. 5, 1971 Another fine day, though with a cool west wind. Temp. got up to 55° in the sun. This evening I bought two new tires at Illsley's garage for $26 each. They are Goodyears, of good quality. The garage men removed my snow tires & placed the new ones on the rear end. I replaced the original front end tires in July 1969. After I got home I took mattock & shovel, & broke down some of the icy lump by my front walk, & threw it across the street where the sun falls all day. This afternoon E. & I walked & swimmed ourselves at Summerville. The "sandpiper" I noticed there yesterday had a companion today, & I got a good look at them. They were piping plover. (Tufts says April 3 is the average date of their appearance on the South Shore.)

While we were sitting in the lee of the bridge abutment a female marsh hawk made two swoops over the dune grass about 100 feet away.

Should have noted on Jan. 1 st. that this year, for the first time, the Town of Liverpool undertook the cost of garbage collection & disposal — adding this cost to everyone's taxes, of course. For several years past, private truckers hauled garbage to the town dumps, which is in old gravel pits a short way off the South Shore highway, west of the town. The chief trucker was Ivan Doggett, of White Point, who had two well-equipped trucks & ran an efficient service, for a fee of $24 per year per householder. He extended this service to Milton & Brooklyn. Milton people, from the West One, had dumped their garbage in the river, Brooklyn people in the salt water of their cove. Apparently the Milton & Brooklyn people are now taxed for garbage disposal, like the Liverpool people; for when I drove around Milton (after leaving Illsley's garage) this morning, I noticed neatly tied olive-green plastic

sacks of garbage outside every house — evidently this was collection day up there. The authorities' object in taxing for garbage disposal is good & obvious. No householder is going to throw his garbage in the river or the harbour (or anywhere else) when he is being taxed for proper disposal. This removes a lot of pollution from the river & harbour which had been going on for many years.

TUESDAY, APL. 6, 1971 Again a sunny day. This morning I chopped & shoveled more of the old packed snow into the stove. Then I and Erik Andersen helped Austin Parker to fell a three-trunked ash tree, about 18" at the butt, & cut it into firewood chunks. I made a rough count of the annual rings on the stump, & found it to be 40 or 50 years old — a small sapling when Austin had his house built here, about 40 years ago. His wife Vera goes to the Victoria General hospital in Hfx. tomorrow. Dr. Frank Bell found a lump in one of her breasts, possibly dangerous.

In the afternoon I stowed in a carton the various large clam, quahaug, & other smaller shells, plus sea urchins, & two or three hundred "sand dollars", which E. & I have gathered on our Summerville walks. Drove to Oakland & presented them to Ted & Hilda Bayer for their (summer) souvenir shop at Chester. Stayed for an hour's chat, then drove home. The single-way (Army "Bailey" bridge) span at Bridgewater still chokes the traffic, but the provincial highways board promises to have the old span replaced, two-way, by May 24 th.

For the past two days my throat has been sore, with a dry cough. Tonight my nose begins to run a bit, & after this slow incubation I suppose I'm in for a bad cold, after being immune all winter.

WEDNESDAY, APL. 7/71 Awoke at 7 a.m. to find a brisk snowstorm blowing. The gale continued all day, but the snow changed to rain, & in the afternoon the temp. got up to 50°. Shopped for meat, groceries, & wine. Tom & Pamela went to Hfx. this morning, so the children got their meals with us. At the bird tray I had a brief but sure glimpse of a lone fox sparrow, my first sighting this season. For the rest of the day there was the usual mixed flock of finches, & a few grosbeaks. Tom & Pam got back at 6 p.m. with a large carton of books & magazines from Pam's father, Bill White.

THURSDAY, APRIL 8, 1971 Awoke this morning to find myself with the worst cold I have had for years. Some sneezing, & a slow nasal drip, but mainly a painful throat & lungs, and a dry cough. For some time past I have been corresponding with a young man named Donald Smith, from the University of Toronto, who is doing widespread research on the English impostor who called himself "Grey Owl". My account of "Grey Owl" in "Footsteps on Old Floors" was the first factual & cohesive one published, although all sorts of garbled & often false accounts have appeared in Canadian newspapers & magazines since Grey Owl's death in 1938. Smith has been visiting North Bay, Temagami, Biscotasing, Chapleau, & other haunts of Belaney in northern Ontario, & getting audio-tapes of old men & women reminiscing about the man. He has also hunted up several of Belaney's Indian & half-breed wives, & got tapes and photographs from them. I had told him I would be happy to show him my own information, & this evening about 9 p.m. he arrived on a bus from Hfx. where he had been doing some research in the Archives. I fetched him to my house from the Mersey Hotel, where he had taken a room for the night. A tall, slim man of about 25, with a pleasant smile & a mild voice, & with a terrific enthusiasm about his chosen task. He showed me three albums of excellent photos of the bush towns, & of Belaney & his male & female friends. We assumed that he had dined in Halifax, & towards midnight when we suggested refreshments he admitted that he had not eaten anything since noon. E. promptly made up a huge tray of sandwiches, which he consumed as he talked, & ran off a lot of his tapes. All immensely interesting to me. It was about 2:30 a.m. when I returned him to the hotel in my car.

GOOD FRIDAY, APL. 9/71 Smith walked up from the hotel at 9 a.m. & set to work at once making notes from my material. We had lunch at noon, & then he returned to my desk & documents. He didn't want to stop long enough to eat dinner, so again E. supplied a tray of sandwiches & glasses of white wine. He worked straight through until he finished the job about 9:30 p.m. He then asked if he could borrow my typewritten copies of Belaney's army & civil service documents, & of the war diary of the 13th. Battalion, C.E.F. I said I could do better

than that, & lent him the microfilm I bought from the National Archives several years ago. He promised to return it within a month, & at 10 p.m. left by taxi for Digby, or rather Bear River, where he intends to consult my informants there, & see if he can find others. After that he goes to Cabano, on Lac Temiscouata, for more ground research. I felt wretched all day, talking in an unnatural basso voice that seemed to come out of my boots. I went to bed with an ominous feeling of prostration, the same feeling I have had just prior to my two experiences with pneumonia.

SATURDAY, APRIL 10, 1971 Mild (60°) & overcast. All the snow has gone from the front & sides of my house, & only a small rotten patch remains on the back lawn. I forced myself to get up, shave & dress, & stayed indoors until 3 p.m., when I drove E. down to the supermarket to get steak & chicken. A huge crowd of shoppers, & continuous motor traffic. I still feel wretched, but no worse than yesterday. Erik Anderssen came in & adjusted the broiling element in our electric oven.

This evening Prof. Hill, of Mount St. Vincent, phoned about the Lemis Awards. While he & I were in fairly close agreement, the third judge, a Prof. Tennant or Pennant, has very different and positive choices. His first choice for poetry, for example, was the chap whose pen-name is "Flypassos", and whose stuff is simply an outpour of incoherent words about little of nothing. "Flypassos" is the one whose poem called "Light Fifo Down" contains a naive confession in one priceless line ... "his unfinished mind reaches for what is not there".

Heavy rain tonight, melting the last scraps of snow about the streets.

SUNDAY, APL. 11/71 (Easter Sunday) A drizzle of rain all day. I got up, shaved, & dressed, as usual. This morning the excruciating pain in my throat reached its height, my lungs continued sore & tight, & about 10 a.m. I felt the first symptoms of pneumonia — a great increase in my temperature, especially in my aching head; and my hands going cold. E. wanted to send for the doctor, but I knew what that meant — an immediate removal to the hospital, with all the restrictions which would drive me mad. I waited another hour for the chill to begin in my feet, but apparently I had passed the crisis, for the warmth returned to my hands, & my head was not so hot.

So passed a long & miserable day. E had planned to have Tom & family to dinner, but my illness ruled that out. Sammy & Debby last evening brought to the door their Easter "cards" for "Nana & Gumpy", made by themselves with crayons.

MONDAY, APRIL 12, 1971 Sunny & warm (65°) but I remained a house-prisoner, coughing & wheezing, & throat-scraping, & what my good Kentish mother used to call "snotting". My temperature has gone down considerably, & so has the pain in my throat. The first robin I have seen this spring appeared briefly on my garden wall today & then flew away. A few purple finches & chickadees continue to visit the tray.

TUESDAY, APL. 13/71 Overcast, temp. 50°, fog offshore. I ventured outdoors this afternoon with rake, brush, & shovel, & cleared away the winter's accumulation of dirt & rubbish along the street front of my house — a wheelbarrow full. Then I raked & removed the mass of seed-hulls under the bird tray, & most of the twigs & branches on the back lawn. By that time I felt tired, after only 1½ hours, & retired to the house for a hot bath & change. My throat is still sore at the back, very painful at times, as if some sort of ulcer had formed there; & my gums & the lining of my mouth are swollen & painful. Reading "James Boswell" by Pottle, a detailed study of the Malahide & other papers.

Prof. Hill phoned again this evening about the Dennis awards. He has had a further consultation with the third judge, & now we came to a compromise agreement.

WEDNESDAY, APL. 14/71 Hazy & mild, temp. 60 at noon, but a cold fog just offshore. Took the car downtown this morning, & E. shopped for meat & groceries. In the afternoon I worked again with rake & clippers, cleaning up the winter's litter of broken twigs, bits of paper, etc. on the side & back lawns. I removed the seed tray to the garage, & put the bird bath in business for the new season. A pair of robins hopped up & down the ash tree at the back of the garden, with the usual courtship ritual & the usual problem — for their first nesting the only possible site near the bird-bath is a pair of small spruce trees behind Andersson's fence. All the other trees in our vicinity are hardwoods, & will be bare until June. Austin Parker says his wife is up & about after her cancer operation, & he expects her home in another day or two.

APRIL 14, 1971 (continued) Today the N.B. Government proclaimed the Age of Majority Act, which lowers the age from 21 to 19. This follows the lowering of the voting age to 19 last year. The new Act gives 19 & 20 year-olds the right to drink in public places, to sign legal documents, marry without consent of parents, etc. This should have been done long ago.

APL. 15/71 Awoke to find an inch of snow on the ground, & more falling in thick flakes. It changed to a cold rain, & by noon most of the snow had vanished. This afternoon, using the little hand-pushed spreader, I applied 22 lb. "Lawn Green" fertilizer to all my lawn areas, up, down, & athwartships.

FRIDAY, APL. 16/71 Sunny mostly (a thick snow squall midday) with a cold SE breeze. This afternoon I drove to White Point & walked around the golf course, while E. picked a bunch of mayflowers, some in fat bud, some in full blossom, by the Lodge road. The course is still very wet in places, but I found Jim Dumeah & his groundsman Clair Hupfman, busy with motor-machines, ("spiking" & mowing) on the greens. Jim said the greens had come well through the winter, & if the weather held fine he would set up the greens flags next Monday.

I had taken my binoculars along, but saw no birds except a few robins on Nos 8 & 9 fairways, the most sheltered part of the course. I still am as weak as a wet rag, & I was hot & tired when I got back to the cat.

Late this evening the Andersseins invited us in for drinks & chat. Their military son Michael & wife expect a child next Fall, making them grandparents for the first time, & they are delighted.

SATURDAY, APL. 17/71 A storm of wind in the night, & enough snow to cover the ground about an inch deep. Received my town tax bills for 1971. Again a jump. The house, garage & lot are taxed $461.31; the furniture etc ("use & occupancy") $89.38; a total of $550.69. During the 1960's the total was about $312. In 1970 there was a sudden jump in assessment as well as the tax rate, making a total of $500. Towns all over the province have experienced these sudden increases of taxation, mostly caused by expenditures for schools & teachers. This year a lot of them are reducing school staffs & expenses merely to hold the taxes at something like the present level. The union

of teachers, like any other trade union, is now making loud screams of protest, but they will have to face the facts.

A miserable day, alternate rain – snow – rain. To make it perfect, the Caledonia relay station of the CTV network made on of its frequent breakdowns yesterday, so last night & tonight we were cast upon the CBC for television entertainment. Either one of them, taken alone, is loaded with boredom but has certain bright spots, & by switching back & forth one can usually pick the best of both.

SUNDAY, APL. 18, 1971 Another dreary grey day, with the thermometer apparently stuck at 40°. In the afternoon on TV we watched Montreal win over Boston 4-2 in a playoff game. Tom & family dined with us & stayed for chat till 8 p.m.

MONDAY, APL. 19/71 The sun got through at times this afternoon, & I walked the beach at Summerville. Looked in at the golf course on the way home. The ground remains sodden & unfit for play.

TUESDAY, APL. 20/71 A grey day with a bleak east breeze. This is the weather that penetrates to my arthritic bones & joints, making walking a stiff & painful business, & forcing me to much more than my usual stoop. For the sake of exercise & fresh air, I spent an hour this afternoon, trimming the edge of my front lawn with a turfing spade, & raking & re-seeding some winter-killed patches of the back lawn. I note among recent grants of money by the Canada Council a generous sum to a Swiss woman who has spent the past two years teaching at Acadia University. The grant will enable her to spend the next two years in her native Switzerland, studying "Seduction in the 18th. century". I can almost hear the lady laughing up her sleeve. Typical of many Canada Council grants to academic free-loaders wangling a paid holiday abroad.

WEDNESDAY, APL. 21/71 When I picked up my morning paper I was sorry to see that Harry MacKeen died in hospital at Halifax last night, aged 78. He was a brilliant lawyer, a soldier in the wars, and Lieut. Governor of N.S. from 1963 to 1968. A man with a great gift for friendship, he was beloved from one end of the province to the other.

Despite a dull sky & some spits of rain, I walked at Summerville & sat for a time by the river. Noticed a pair

of piping plover. Tonight the Historical Society met at our house, 35 members present, President Melbourne Gardner in the chair. Two or three new American members, people who have moved to Port Medway under the guidance of retired USAF colonel Bob Kirkpatrick. Speaker was a young man on the staff of the regional high school here; his subject, the history of King's College. The usual coffee-bread & butter, cake refreshments.

THURSDAY, APL. 22, 1971 Fog & drizzle most of the day. Went to the movies this evening, an American comedy called "MASH", about a field hospital in the Korean War, done in the latest manner, with all the four-letter obscenities uttered loudly & often, a good deal of fornication involving nurses & officers, a macabre travesty of the Last Supper, gory scenes on the operating tables, etc. The audience howled with laughter (the women loudest) at all the sexy bits, & the obscenities. Well, I found a lot of the picture amusing myself, certainly a relief from the dull fare on TV.

FRIDAY, APL. 23/71 Another grey day, with a chill easterly breeze. No exercise. I still feel weak, & have a sinus drip which requires a noisy clearing of my throat whenever I want to speak. Harry MacKeen was buried in Fairview Cemetery today, after funeral service in St. David's (Presbyterian) church. A large crowd. No flowers by request. No military pomp.

I couldn't have filled his shoes as Lieutenant-Governor when he retired; but I believe the offer was made to me at his suggestion (see Feb. 29/68) although in politics he had been an ardent Conservative & the powers-that-be were, Liberal.

SATURDAY, APL. 24/71 A fine day at last, with afternoon temp. up to 70° in the sun. Francie phoned at 8:30 a.m. saying she & Bill had visited their friends the Keddies at Mahone Bay overnight, & would drive down & lunch with us. A great surprise. E. bustled about with preparations, & I drove to Summerville for a walk. When I got home E. was downcast. Francie had phoned again. Bill had changed his mind about coming here. In the afternoon I took E. to White Point, where she picked a bunch of mayflowers while I walked around the golf course. The pro. (Samedi) said members could play on Monday in the fairways, but must stay off the tees & greens for some days yet.

Our neighbour Ralph Johnson came to dine with

us & we spent the evening in chat. He is about 70, chief forester for Mersey Paper Co. for many years, retired about five years ago. Still occupies his time as a consultant, especially in tax assessment on timber land, & says there is so much work offering nowadays that he is considering hiring a qualified young forester for an assistant. His wife is on a visit to the States, & returns next week.

SUNDAY, APL. 25, 1971 Again a bleak grey day, with some spatters of rain. In the afternoon I sifted a grass- & weed-killing powder along the sides of my driveway, & at the stretch edge of my front lawn, where grass tends to overgrow the asphalt or to force its way up through it. I have tried rock salt for two or three years, but it merely turns the grass brown for a time. I then worked on the rose bushes, opening the hilled-up earth I piled about the stems last Fall, & working a trowel-full of Vigoro about each one. The four roses beneath my den window are dead & must be replaced. All the others came through a hard winter very well, & are showing buds.

I found that the earthenware drainpipe which supports my ~~birdbath~~ bird-bath had cracked right through during the winter. My neighbour Howland White made the bath of concrete, & supplied the pipe many years ago. Now the only possible replacement is one of the plastic things advertised in the mail order catalogues.

MONDAY, APL. 26/71 Same weather. In the afternoon I took some balls, a N° 3 wood, & a N° 5 iron, & played around the golf course, avoiding the tees & greens, which are still taboo. At the end of one round, rain began, & I came home.

TUESDAY, APL. 27/71 Same weather. This afternoon C. came with me to the golf course, & played about N° 8 & 9 holes with a club & a ball. She insists that the rheumatic ailment in her legs is now gone, & that she intends to resume golf this summer. I played ten holes with Paul King. No other players out.

WEDNESDAY, APL. 28/71 Same weather. Slowly, April drags its dreary days away. Slowly the turf is turning green. The little flock of purple finches, which visited my feeding tray all winter, come now to drink at the bird-bath, & to eat the grass seeds I have scattered over bare patches of lawn.

I have delayed writing to Mrs. Harry MacKeen, knowing she would have an avalanche of sympathy mail. I did so today. To our sympathy I added, "I need not remind you of the simple truth I told you when last we all stood together in the hall of Government House." (see Feb. 16/68). This evening Ken Dagley came in with camera & high-power lighting equipment to photograph my medals, etc. The Mersey Paper Co. commissioned him to do this for the biographical article to appear in the July issue of The Mersey Quarterly.

THURSDAY, APL. 29, 1971 The sun got through the steely grey clouds at intervals today. Temp. 55° at 5 p.m. C. came with me to the golf course, & picked a bunch of mayflowers. I played 16 holes alone, pushing my golf-cart, & quit then, exhausted. Following my bout of 'flu, I am getting my strength back very slowly, & feel like a wet rag after any exertion.

FRIDAY, APL. 30/71 I awoke this morning to see ice on the bird bath. Glad I hadn't planted any new roses. Phone call from Prof. Malcolm Ross, Dept. of English, Dalhousie. He is General Editor for McClelland & Stewart's paperback New Canadian Library. (In 1959 they published — & still keep in print — "At the Tide's Turn & Other Stories", with an introduction by Dalhousie professor Allan Bevan.)

Ross would like to include in New Canadian Library "His Majesty's Yankees", "Roger Sudden", & "Hangman's Beach". However, Doubleday's paperback arrangement with Popular Library for "H.M.Y." & "Hangman's Beach" is still in effect so long as they have stock from their publication in 1969. I told Ross that "Roger Sudden" was clear for a paperback edition by New Canadian Library, & he said McClelland & Stewart would get in touch with me. He would like to talk to me in Liverpool some day this summer. Received (by mail order) a white plastic (imitation marble) bird bath, & installed it in place of the old one. Had to drive to Summerville beach for a bucket of sand, to fill the base of the thing. It looks fine, but I doubt if the birds will enjoy it as they enjoyed the old cement one.

SATURDAY, MAY 1/71 Sunny morning after a cold night. I got 4 new rosebushes from Leo Henderson (1 Helen Traubel, 1 Peace, 1 Karl Herbst, 1 Chrysler Imperial) & dug them in to

replace the 4 that died last winter under the west windows of my study. Golf at White Point this afternoon with Paul King, under a grey sky & a cool sea breeze.

SUNDAY, MAY 2, 1971 Overcast, fairly warm in town, ~~fog~~ but a bank of fog just offshore, & an icy breeze from it blowing over the golf course. Many players out, however, & progress was slow. I quit at 9 holes, with stiff & painful hip joints. This damp cold penetrates to my bones as the dry cold of winter does not.

MONDAY, MAY 3/71 Same weather but less wind. I played a brisk 18 holes alone at White Point, wearing a heavy sweater. Got home wet with perspiration, partly from the effort, partly from pain. Wrote Ken McCormick, Head of Doubleday, New York, asking him to advise me about reprint rights of Popular Library in "His Majesty's Yankees", "The Governor's Lady" & "Hangman's Beach". Under an arrangement by Doubleday, Popular Library issued paperback editions of these novels in 1969. Booksellers in Halifax tell me they are now unobtainable.

TUESDAY, MAY 4/71 Heavy rain in the night, overcast & damp today, so except for a morning shopping trip with the car I was indoors all day, reading.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 5/71 Golf this afternoon under a grey sky & in a cold SSE breeze off the sea. Noticed 4 wild geese flying low & heading west towards Port Joli, their winter sanctuary, as if the continuous cold weather had changed their minds about nesting in the north. Went to the movies tonight & again saw a somewhat bawdy comedy, this one English, with a lot of bare female skin but none of the loud profanity which marks the modern American films.

THURSDAY, MAY 6/71 Overcast but calm & fairly warm (57°) Harold Thompson, & a chap named Lowe from the Bridgewater radio station (CKBW) arrived about 1:30 with a tape recorder, & interviewed me about early days in radio telegraphy & telephony. This is for broadcast about May 18 in connection with the Liverpool Kinsmen Club. Played 9 holes at White Point with Lew Tottie, Paul King, Charles Murphy. Rheumatic pain & stiffness in my left hand now adds to the old arthritic

ditto in my right hip & knee, so that my game is more erratic than ever, & only rarely can I hit a ball more than 150 yards.

When I got home I filled the garden roller with water, ready for the season. Young Tommy came, & asked if I was using my bicycle any more. This is the C.C.M. bike I bought new in the spring of 1968, hoping that it would solve my painful hiking problem. It did not. (The sharp knee-bend at the top of the pedal revolution proved to be more painful than the easier travel was worth.) I used the bike a few times, riding to Potanoc & back, in the spring of '68 & '69. Then I gave it up. I've kept the bike oiled & greased, & it is like new. So I delighted the boy by pumping up the tires & telling him it was his. He thanked me & rode away home with it.

News:- Premier Regan, on what is described as a "combined business & holiday trip", is in Europe drumming up new investments in Nova Scotia. Edmund de Rothschild (whom I met on the White Point golf course last summer) has been in contact with the Nova Scotia government for at least a year, in connection with the development of hydro-electric power using the Bay of Fundy tides. Regan now announces that de Rothschild will try to put together a consortium of many investment bankers & companies, in Britain, Canada, France, the United States, etc., for development of the Fundy power on a large scale. He will expect the provinces of N.S. and N.B. to grant concessions on operation, amount of royalties, & fixed taxation, & promises that the major control will be in Canada.

FRIDAY, May 7, 1971 Grey sky, cold sea breeze. This morning I rolled the lawns for the first time this season; just a once-over lengthwise, & that left me with aching joints & drenched with sweat. I still have what doctors call "rales" in my lungs, & a persistent small dry cough. In the afternoon I played 16 holes at White Point alone. Very few players. Rain began soon afterward. As usual on Fridays the Raddall youngsters came to supper & to watch TV until 7 p.m.

The MacMillan Bloedel company, largest paper, pulp, & lumber producer in B.C., in which I have 200 shares of common stock, is omitting dividends in the second quarter of this year. Trouble is due to a general overproduction of

newsprint paper in a falling market, notably the U.K. market, & the ruthless wage & benefit demands of the paper-makers' unions. This affects all mills, & here in Liverpool the Bowaters plant will be shut down at intervals, for several days at a time, in order to clear off surplus paper in the warehouses.

SATURDAY, MAY 8, 1971 Mostly overcast. Golf in the afternoon in a cold sea wind, with a bank of fog wavering back & forth over the shore. Noticed a few dandelions in bloom. C. came along, & played a few holes on the upper (& more sheltered) part of the course. I have decided to let my subscription to "Life" Magazine expire next month. This is the famous American news-photograph magazine, founded by Henry Luce & others in the 1930's. I have been a subscriber since the early 1940's, when "Life's" photos of the second world war in all its phases were unmatched anywhere. For many years the magazine continued with its original purpose, the world's news in photographs, although its editorial slant was increasingly biased, both in domestic U.S. politics, & in the U.S. attitude to the world at large. During the last three or four years the magazine's original purpose has been lost, & its content has been subject to all sorts of editorial quirks, often having nothing to do with world news. Its companion magazine "Time", with letter-press news & a few photos, is still unmatched in the English-speaking world. I get the Canadian edition, which begins with two pages of Canadian news, & otherwise is the same as the U.S. edition.

SUNDAY, MAY 9/71 A thin rain all day, with a raw (45°) east wind, so indoors all day, reading & watching T.V. Tom Tom dropped in for a chat, this being "Mother's Day". He has learned (from Douglas Parker, treasurer & chief accountant of Mersey Paper Co.) that the 49% share of the Mersey mill held by the Washington Post is now a goldsend, as The Post naturally gets all its paper from here. Parker also said that Bowater's much bigger (& older) paper mill at Corner Brook, Nfld. is in a very bad way financially, & owing to the market depression will be shut down for periods amounting to two or three months of this year.

MONDAY, MAY 10, 1971 The sun emerged for an hour or so about noon, but the cold sea fog hung over White Point — at times I could see my breath — & I played golf alone & almost at a trot.

I noticed the Popular Library (paperback) editions of "Path of Destiny", "His Majesty's Yankees", "The Governor's Lady" & "Hangman's Beach", all on sale in the book racks at Lemon's drug store. Last winter (Feb. 21/71) MacDougal of Talbot's Book Store, Hfx., told me all these titles were out of print, & his store had been unable to procure them.

TUESDAY, MAY 11/71 A sunny & fairly warm (65°) day at last. I was able, for the first time this season, to play golf without a cap on my head, & without a jacket. E. played several holes, & says her legs bother her no more. On return to town I went over my lawns with the roller again, (crossways this time) & that should be enough. After that, Erik Andersen joined me for drinks & chat.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 12/71 As yesterday, except that at White Point the sky turned to the old familiar grey, the Western Head foghorn began to groan, & the cold sea breeze took charge. My dry cough clings to me, & I still have no natural "pep". I have to make myself walk to the post office in the morning, & around the golf course in the afternoon, with my hip & knee joints stiff & painful at every move. On top of all this, for several weeks past my nightly rum & sleeping pills have little or no effect. I sit up till 1 a.m., & waken about 5:30, lie awake with nerves twitching until 6:30 or 7, & then get up for another day.

THURSDAY, MAY 13/71 Some spits of rain, then a hazy sun, & temp quite comfortable. Golf as usual. Much ado in the newspapers about the weakening value of the U.S. dollar abroad, especially compared with the German mark & Japanese yen, now the strongest currencies in the world — just 26 years since the Germans & Japs were defeated & ruined, & the U.S. were the chief victor. Yesterday the Germans decided to unpeg the international value of the mark, & let it "float free", just as Canada let its dollar "float" up to parity with the U.S. dollar a year or two ago. Up went the mark, to the great chagrin of France, which ever since De Gaul's height of power has dominated the European

common market. Weakness of the U.S. dollar is only partly due to the drain of the Vietnam war. Much more is caused by continuing drain of U.S. funds for investment abroad, continuing large subsidies to "have-not" nations in various parts of the world, & by large numbers of Americans traveling or entirely removing (with their investments and/or pensions) to other countries.

In Canada the big bone of contention is the still rising number of people out of work, or at any rate demanding welfare hand-outs of one kind or another, & the still rising inflation. The Trudeau government tried to stop inflation by discouraging wage increases in Canadian industry. This was defeated by the now all-powerful trades unions, which got large increases by strikes or the threat of strikes. A couple of weeks ago the government fell in with this trend by raising the annual pay & allowances of MP's from $18,000 to $26,000. (The Senate got a comparable increase, too.)

FRIDAY, MAY 14, 1971 Rain last night & today until evening, when the sun came out & the temp. rose to 70°. All my shrubs leafing out, forsythia flowering, & the red blossom on Joe Rushie's maple tree. The growing season seems a week later than the average, due to cold & cloudy skies through so much of the spring.

SATURDAY, MAY 15/71 A clear day with fresh NW wind, temp. up to 75°. C. & I went to White Point in the morning & played golf in our separate ways. In the afternoon I mowed my lawns for the first time this season. Also loosened earth & applied Vigoro around the hydrangea & weigelia shrubs. Got one of the garden lounge-chairs out of storage in the garage, & C. sat in the sunshine for an hour.

SUNDAY, MAY 16/71 A grey day with a cold sea breeze. Golf alone in the afternoon. Little bird-life to be seen except the usual gulls & crows. A few robins nesting in the spruce trees alongside of N° 7, 8, & 9 fairways, but not the throng of other years. Noticed fresh deer droppings on the edge of N° 8 green, which has woods on three sides. Tom & Pamela at Hunt's Point, getting their rented (Murray Mosher's) cottage ready for the summer. Rain tonight, & temp. 40°

MONDAY, MAY 17, 1971

Rain all day. Letter from Ken McCormick in answer to my query of May 3. "The Popular Library paperbacks of your three novels are very much in print, & are still listed in the March 1971 'Paperbound Books in Print'. We certainly would make other arrangements if they had gone out of print." (My entry on May 10 confirms this. Presumably MacGregor was talking through his hat.) I note in this morning's paper the death of one of my old Sable Island acquaintances of fifty years ago — Jack Lynch, who in 1921 was coxswain of the lifesaving boat. I met him again, briefly, in Liverpool in the early 1930's, when he was radio operator on a rum-runner. He was one of the Lynch's of Mc Nab's Island.

Medical note:- E. has had piles ever since she was a girl. Now, in addition to her other ailments, she is suffering from one of the recurrent attacks of swollen & painful hemorrhoids, spending most of the time in bed.

TUESDAY, MAY 18/71 Drizzle all day. Again no exercise but a walk to the post office. E's condition not improved.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 19/71 The fog cleared off this morning, & the afternoon was sunny & humid, temp. 70°. I took my car to the supermarket in the morning, & shopped for meat & groceries. Outside, a man named Raymond Whynot asked me if I could give him a pair of shoes. He was wounded in Italy during War Two, & lost much of the use of one arm. I was president of the local branch of the Canadian Legion when he returned home in 1944, & I got him a job as an electrician's helper — just passing tools to the electrician, which he could do very easily — at the Mersey paper mill. However, he soon quitted the job, & has done nothing since, except to draw a pension for his disability. I had on a pair of stout brown shoes, which I have only worn a few times, so I gave them to him. In the afternoon I played golf. The course is like a swamp in places after the heavy rains. Violets & bluets now blooming along the edges of the fairways. At 6:30 I attended the annual dinner meeting of the Q.C. Historical Society, usually held in the Fall. This time the catering was done by ladies of Trinity Church, at $2 per plate, & they gave us a good meal in the parish hall. The program committee had asked me to read a paper, & I

gave a talk on a bit of local folklore, the babes-in-the-wood tragedy of the Laing boys, which happened in December 1941. Fifty-six members present, a good turnout for our small society.

This morning I had a visit from Senator & Mrs. John N. Ryder, of Seattle. He is a descendant of Solomon Ryder, a pioneer settler at Liverpool & Argyle, & is hunting up the family tree. I supplied what information I had, & Mrs Ryder made copies on my typewriter. Very pleasant people.

THURSDAY, MAY 20, 1971 Fog, increasing to a drizzle this morning, when Capt Charlie Williams & Dr. John Wickwire enveigled me into a game of golf. We sloshed our way around 18 holes. Noticed a pair of male bobolinks, which are not common on the South Shore. (The males arrive first, crossing from New England to Cape Sable & vicinity, & most of them go on up the Fundy shore to Minas Basin & Chignecto, where they are joined by the females for mating & nesting.)

FRIDAY, MAY 21/71 Same dreary weather. News:- While Prime Minister Trudeau & wife are on a state visit to Russia, one of his cabinet (Mr. Rievens, Postmaster) has resigned, & a former cabinet member (Mr. Hellyer) has declared himself an Independent. There are other signs of Liberal discontent with Mr. Trudeau's financial policy & stiff attitude towards the unemployed.

Nova Scotia's Premier Regan has returned from his trip to Britain & France in search of new industrial investments, etc., & says Nova Scotian labour strikes are notorious abroad, to an extent that surprised him. That should have been no surprise to him, or anybody, at home or abroad. No financier in his right mind would invest one dollar in building an industry in N.S. nowadays, & certainly not a shrewd one like Rothschild, despite Regan's optimistic talk about a private consortium of Rothschild & others to build the Fundy tidal hydro-electric dream.

SATURDAY, MAY 22/71 Another grey day, but the fog moved out to sea a bit, & in the afternoon I sloshed around the golf course with Paul King. Just as we finished, the fog moved in again.

Joseph Holloway brought E. & me a dozen small trout, caught in a brook near his home at Middlefield, & this evening we had most of them for dinner, fried in flour.

Yesterday Earl Weynot refilled my cellar tanks with

furnace oil, & I found that the price had jumped from 21d to 24d per gallon since the last filling in February. The oil refining companies blame the Arab countries from Iraq to Algeria, which supply a great part of the world's oil, including eastern North America. This spring they got together & demanded a big increase in the price of crude oil, & of course got it. The sad part of this to eastern Canadians & Americans is that huge pools of oil lie under the surface of Alaska & arctic Canada. The Americans have begun to build a pipeline across Alaska, whence oil will go by tankers to refineries in the state of Washington. This alarms the people of British Columbia, who foresee damage to these huge tankers en route, & consequent oil pollution of their coast. The Canadian government has suggested to the U.S. govt. that, instead, a pipeline be built to follow the Mackenzie River valley, & thence across Alberta to the U.S. This would benefit both countries in providing an outlet to the Arctic oil. However the Americans are going ahead with the Alaska pipeline. Either way, the arctic oil will be of no benefit to eastern North America on account of the cost of transportation.

SUNDAY, MAY 23/1971 Heavy rain all day & evening. In the afternoon we drove to Hunts Point & called on the junior Raddalls, who are spending the weekend at the Moshos cottage. We found them sitting cheerfully about a bright wood fire & listening to a ball game on the radio.

E's anal ailment is improving under medication, but still she cannot sit comfortably for long, & has to spend much time lying down. The rheumatic pains in her legs, very bad last year, have subsided under the prescription of "cortisone" pills, & she seems to have no more inflammation in the eye, which caused so much trouble last year. Her mental deterioration, revealed so suddenly & clearly on May 21/70, shows no further signs that I can see. She seems to be holding her mind steady by an effort of will, & refuses to talk about it.

MONDAY, MAY 24/71 The traditional holiday marking Queen Victoria's birthday, in my own youth called Empire Day. The shops, banks, & the post office were closed today, otherwise there were no celebrations. The empire being as dead as Victoria.

Our sky cleared at last in the afternoon, & I mowed my lawns. Eric & Lou Andersen came in for chat &

drinks at the end of the afternoon.

TUESDAY, MAY 25, 1971 Again dark & damp. Played golf in a drizzle of rain, & the balls dug so deeply in the sodden ground that it was often difficult to find them. News:- In the presence of TV cameras & radio mikes, Paul Hellyer today launched his "Canada Action" group, with a program of fiscal & other reforms in the federal government. It is a splinter of the Liberal Party, rather than a separate party. I doubt if it will get anywhere, unless at the next election Trudeau finds himself with a precarious majority & has to bargain for Hellyer's support.

Meanwhile Mr. & Mrs. Trudeau are touring Russia (Moscow - Samarkand - Murmansk etc.) & the Soviets are giving them the red carpet treatment, even to organized large crowds, all cheering & waving little Canadian flags.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 26/71 Same weather & golf, but the sun got through in town towards the end of the afternoon, & E. was able to sit for a time in the garden. This is a census year, & today a young woman called at our house & left a form to be filled out, which she will pick up in a week or so.

E. & the ladies of our acquaintance are having a great fuss, getting new dresses & hats for the big wedding on Saturday, & for the supper party on Friday evening, which is being given at Lane's restaurant by Mrs. Thompson of Halifax, mother of the groom.

THURSDAY, MAY 27/71 At last a clear hot (75°) day, the first since May 15. I enjoyed the afternoon at White Point, despite the long grass & soggy ground, & a sudden swarm of black-flies. The unmown fairways ablaze with dandelions & buzzing with fat bees. E. was able to sit in her long chair in the garden at home for a good part of the afternoon.

News:- Air Canada is advertising a new jet service, non-stop, from New York to Halifax beginning June 1 - "our Summer Express". The time en route will be just 1½ hours.

FRIDAY, MAY 28/71 Again a dark & threatening sky when I played golf at White Point. However the sun emerged towards evening, when we joined a large cocktail-&-supper party at Lane's restaurant, in a private dining room, given by Mrs. E. A. Thompson of Halifax, whose son Walter, a Dalhousie law student, marries Joanne Parker here tomorrow. A large number

of guests from Halifax, including Graham Dennis of the Hfx. Herald, & General Plow, former lieutenant-governor of N.S. A lively party, & much pleasant chat.

SATURDAY, MAY 29, 1971 Clear & hot. In the morning I mowed my lawns, & applied the first band of "Lygon" to the birch trunks. In the afternoon we attended the Thompson-Parker wedding in Zion Church. The place was full. The four young men ushers, & most of the men from Halifax, in morning coats & striped trousers. I wore my tan summer shirt, for coolness & comfort. Reception afterwards in the big lounge of the curling rink. About 200 people. Light refreshments. I gave the toast to the bride. The tall & handsome groom responded neatly. His brother Dan gave the toast to the bridesmaids. Chatted briefly with Hugh Pullen (in full fig, including a grey plug hat), the Mitchell brothers, & many others. Left about 5 pm. & drove with E. to Port Morien, where the ladies of the Port Morien church were serving a lobster chowder supper (price $1.50, plus 60¢ for a second helping). On the way back, stopped to call on Tom & Pamela at Hunts Point, & Tom took me to see his house site. A contractor from Sable River (Allister Harlow) has made a good truck road from the highway to the sea front of the lot, & has begun hauling "fill" to raise the level of the swampy places. Tom thinks he will have the grounds completed by Fall, & next year he will have the house built, including a two-car garage, plus tennis court & swimming pool. Mike Byrne, an architect with the Dumaresque firm at Halifax, has drawn the plans.

SUNDAY, MAY 30/71 Today our too-familiar weather resumed its pattern, with fog, & then a drizzling rain. E. came with me to the golf course at 12:30, & played Nos 8 & 9 while I went on from No 1. I joined Merrill Rawding until the fog became cold rain & drove everybody off the course. Tonight we attended a large cocktail-&-supper party given by John & Dorothy McKenzie in honour of some of the Parker relatives who came here for the wedding.

MONDAY, MAY 31/71 Dull & humid. Noticed the first Baltimore oriole of the season, flitting about my garden. A long visit this afternoon from John Leefe, 29, a schoolteacher here for the past two years. He is a graduate of King's University, & a member of its board of governors. After some preliminary chat

about local history, etc. he came to the point of his visit. Would I permit him to suggest my name to the Board of governors for the post of Chancellor? I said I didn't think I was qualified, & I would like to know first what the duties & responsibilities of the Chancellor were. He said he would write to Bishop Davis. I presume he had discussed the matter with members of the board, as he said there was a feeling that a distinguished literary man would be preferred over the usual wealthy business man. No doubt the post is mostly honorary, but there would be functions to attend & speeches to make — things I don't enjoy one bit.

King's gave me my first literary honour, a Fellowship in The Haliburton, away back in 1945. So I felt that I couldn't say a blunt No.

This evening Fred Hill phoned for a chat. He is back at his summer home at Great Village after the usual winter in Florida; & a lonely man since Nola died, poor fellow.

Rain, which had been threatening all day, poured down all night. This soggy weather is on the South Shore. People in the Annapolis valley, & elsewhere inland, are enjoying clear & hot summer weather.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 2, 1971 A fine hot day. This morning I removed the two wooden storm windows on the west side of my study, & the kitchen storm window. All the others I left on, to stay, instead of removing them every spring & putting them on every Fall. We can get all the fresh air we want through the aluminium sliding windows; & the old-fashioned wooden ones, especially along the front & sides of the house, help to shut out the noise of the street as well as bad weather. I played golf in the afternoon with John McKenzie, Maurice Russell, & George Kyle. E. played eleven holes. The temp. got up to 80° in the sun, but a sea breeze made it delightful.

THURSDAY, JUNE 3/71 The weather bureau forecast rain this afternoon or evening, so E. & I played golf this morning while the sunshine lasted. In the afternoon I washed my car for the first time since last September. Rain began at 5 p.m. & continued, with some thunder, into the night.

FRIDAY, JUNE 4, 1971 Fine & hot (80° in the sun at noon) with a high humidity, as the earth & vegetation are drenched from last night's rain. Golf with C. in the afternoon. All the trees & shrubs now in leaf, & everywhere a delightful fresh green.

SATURDAY, JUNE 5/71 Cold (40°) last night. Sunny with a cool wind today. Mowed my lawns in the morning. Golf with C. & Paul King in the afternoon. The course beginning to dry a bit, but still soggy & unmown in places.

SUNDAY, JUNE 6/71 As yesterday. Same weather & golf. Flocks of goldfinches feeding on dandelion seeds about the course.

MONDAY, JUNE 7/71 Same weather & golf. I was pleased to see an osprey flitting along the shore by No. 6 tee in search of fish, obviously a male foraging for a mate sitting on eggs. Last year the ospreys, a feature at White Point for many years, failed to appear.

TUESDAY, JUNE 8/71 Back to our rainy season, fog, showers, thunder grumbling to seaward at intervals all day & night. Enjoying a large & beautifully illustrated book on the arts, letters, architecture, industry, wars, etc. of "The Eighteenth Century", lately received from the Book of the Month Club. Written by a selection of British academics, edited by Alfred Cobban of the University of London, & published in the U.S.A. by the McGraw-Hill Company.

For variety, I checked the sights on my air rifle, which I use to discourage grackles, rats, & other predators in my garden. Set up a cardboard target with a black bulls-eye, in the garden, & my neighbour Eric Andersen joined me in shooting at it. We found the gun throwing distinctly to the right, & after a lot of judicious tapping on the rear sight got it adjusted.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 9/71 Another dank day. Bill & Francie Dennis are attending a medical convention in Halifax. Edith wants to visit with them in Moncton, so I am to put her on the Hfx bus at Bridgewater tomorrow, & they will pick her up there. Friends who listen to CBC radio programs at night tell me the radio play of "Roger Sudden" is now being broadcast in several instalments, & that it is done very well.

THURSDAY, JUNE 10, 1971 Another dark dank day, with the sun getting through in late afternoon. This morning I found my garbage can on the back lawn, upside down, with the lid still on & clamped in place. But a nocturnal operation by raccoons had managed to bend the flexible plastic lid enough to drag out part of the inner plastic bag. They had succeeded in getting some fish remnants from our dinner yesterday. At 8:40 I drove to Bridgewater with E., & left her & her suitcase at the bus waiting-room.

Golf this afternoon with Paul King, Monsignor Thomas Delaney, & Father Donald Campbell, who took charge of the R.C. parish here when Delaney retired. Phone call from a man named Barnard, in charge of the magazine put out by the N.S. govt. for tourist promotion. Wants me to write a 2,000 word article on the Yankees of the South Shore, period 1760-1815, for a fee of $400. He will write a letter to confirm.

SATURDAY, JUNE 12/71 Sunny & warm, yesterday & today, with a refreshing NW. Played golf alone, both afternoons. Mixed flocks of goldfinches & purple finches feeding on dandelion seeds about the course. This morning I put a bundle of shirts, underwear, pyjamas, socks & handkerchiefs through the washing machine, & hung it on the outdoor wash-line. All nice & dry by the time I got home from golf. Lobster for supper. Lilac is now in full bloom in the garden, & the scent of it drifts into my study. One or more pairs of swifts are nesting in the fireplace flue of my chimney. I burned some paper in the hearth to discourage them, as the nests of dry twigs make a chimney-fire hazard; but they ignored it.

SUNDAY, JUNE 13/71 Dark & dank. Temp. 50°. Golf in the afternoon with Paul King. Home for a bath & change, & then out to Hunt's Point, where Tom & Pam had invited me to a supper of boiled clams, dug at Port Mouton creek. Tom told me that a water-diviner (the proper word is "dowser") named Connolly, from Port Medway, came to his building lot last week, to find a place to dig a well. He walked about with a freshly-cut forked branch of apple-wood, holding one fork in each hand, horizontally. At certain places the applewood turned toward

the grounds, & he marked these with driven stakes. Tom didn't know whether to accept it as a lark or whether there might be something in it — the usual dilemma of pragmatic people confronted by a dowser. As a brook flows through the property, & at least one third of it is boggy (with an expensive draining & filling problem) one could dig a hole anywhere & get water.

MONDAY, JUNE 14, 1971 Same weather. I spent the afternoon mowing my lawns & clipping the edges. I forgot to note on June 4 that I suddenly realized that I hadn't received the insignia of the Order of Canada (see Nov. 9/70 & Jan. 13/71) & I wrote to the Registrar of the Order (Roger de C. Mantel) asking if it had been sent to me. Today I had a reply from him, saying "It is not the Chancellor's" (i.e. the Governor-General's) "policy to send insignia through the mail when recipients are unable to attend an Investiture. They are invited to the following one", & he goes on to say the next Investiture is planned for Oct. 29th. — "I know that the Chancellor will be looking forward to seeing you at that time." I should have rejected the thing in the first place.

TUESDAY, JUNE 15/71 Sunny, with a very cool sea wind. This morning I went over the lawns spraying 1½ gallons of "Killex" solution, to kill the dandelion, buttercup, & plantain weeds, & to discourage (it won't kill) the greedy growth of chickweed. Drove to the liquor store for a case (1 dozen quarts) of Trinidad rum, my favourite, "Fernandes Vat 19" brand. Golf this afternoon with George Kyle. Lilac, spirea, & bush honeysuckle shrubs about my garden are in full bloom, & my hawthorn (which blooms every second year) is covered with white blossom.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 16/71 Fine & warm. Shopped for steak & groceries this morning. Golf with Kyle in afternoon. Noticed a male bobolink singing on a weed stalk in the old hay field alongside No 1 fairway, where I saw two on May 20. Evidently one pair are nesting in the field. I have seen no ospreys at White Point since the lone visitor on June 7. This evening I watered my roses for the first time this season. Afterwards went to the movie theatre, a pleasant English comedy. E. phoned from Moncton, & said she would return to Liverpool by train & bus on Friday.

THURSDAY, JUNE 17, 1971

Fine & warm. This morning I emptied the laundry basket again, & hung out a full line, which dried nicely by 1 p.m., when I took it in & went to White Point. Golf with Paul King, Austin Parker, & old (80-ish) Bob Gascoigne, who is nearly blind & can see only the ball at his feet. Bob hits the ball as straight as, in his younger days, but not far. We watch where it goes & steer him to it. Parker told me he saw a scarlet tanager male, feeding about the edge of his garden patch at Forth Joli, quite fearless. It sat for a time on the roof of his car. These birds are rarely seen in N.S.

I broiled a steak for supper. News:- A conference of Canada's provincial premiers, with Prime Minister Trudeau in the chair, has just ended, after several days' argument about changes to the constitution, behind closed doors. It is known that Quebec made its usual demands for everything under the sun; that the western provinces (especially B.C.) attacked any further concessions to Quebec, pointing out the enormous sum of federal money now being spent there; that Ontario made demands of its own, mostly because it is richer & therefore pays more taxes than any other province; & that the Atlantic provinces made clucking sounds at all this because they are the poor relatives. In short, the usual thing, except that after all the usual wind they have apparently agreed "to study" some important change or changes in the constitution.

FRIDAY, JUNE 18/71 Fine & warm. Sprayed the rose bushes with an anti-aphid solution, & at evening gave the earth about them another good soaking with water. Golf in the afternoon. Shopped for steak & a broiled chicken. Simpsons-Sears delivered a new carpet for the living room, cost $277.83.

At 9 pm. drove to the bus stop & picked up E., who reports a pleasant & interesting visit in Moncton, & a call on Bill & Marian White in Halifax.

News:- Finance Minister Benson disclosed his budget this evening, after the stock markets closed for the weekend. Some relief for income taxpayers in the small & medium brackets, some heavier tax on the rich. The much

debated tax on capital gains goes into effect next January 1st, something entirely new for Canada.

SATURDAY, JUNE 19, 1971 Fine & warm. Golf with Fred Giffen & Paul King. Dined on fresh salmon which E. bought at Boutilier's fish market in Hfx. (Price $1.78 per lb.) Here we live on the Mersey, & within 9 miles of the Medway, both prolific salmon-netting estuaries until a few years ago. Now the local catch is so small, & the demand so great, that the only reliable supply is in the Hfx. fish market — & almost certainly of Newfoundland origin.

At sundown the temp. outdoors was 88°, & I brought down the big electric fan to make things bearable in the living room. It has been stowed away upstairs since last summer.

Awakened at 2.30 a.m., filling chilled with only a bed-sheet half-covering me, & found that the temp. outdoors had dropped to 60°. I shut off the fan, & went about the house closing windows.

SUNDAY ~~SATURDAY~~, JUNE 20/71 Fine & hot (88° in the sun) with a fresh air off the sea. Golf this afternoon. Heavy traffic on the roads, including many U.S. & Ontario cars & trailers. Tom & Pamela invited us to dine with them at Hunts Point — charcoal-broiled steaks, baked potatoes, etc. — delicious. Drove along towards Summerville to see Tom's house site. He has nearly finished his brook pool — shifting rocks out of the former shallow pool & cementing them into a wall around it. Harlow has done most of the filling & bulldozing on the house site, & will dig a well on one of the sites "revealed" by the dowser. When ~~Tom~~ Tom told his architect (Michael Byrne) about this, Byrne simply said "Oh Jesus!" Blackflies swarmed about the site, where they breed in the swampy places where the brooks seeps through the stone beach. No fill is possible there, because it would choke the brook's exit.

Yesterday I received from Donald Smith a carbon copy of his paper on "Grey Owl", which he read to the annual meeting of the Ontario Historical Society at Trent University, Peterborough. Considering his arduous research, it is a poor result. For example, he skips lightly over Belaney's army career, merely mentioning that he was a sniper & was wounded, & ignoring the revelation of the man's character as a malingerer & liar. He

stresses "Grey Owl's" role as a pleader for conservation of the north country & its inhabitants, Indian & animal, & insists that "Grey Owl" was "Canada's greatest Northern writer" & in fact "a great Canadian."

~~Sunday~~ MONDAY, JUNE 21, 1971 Warm & hazy. Golf this afternoon with Austin Parker. This evening E. & I phoned a farewell to old Miss Alina Morton, who has sold the handsome old house & its extensive grounds at Milton, disposed of all her furniture, etc., & is retiring to a de luxe nursing home at Fairview, Halifax. She will be 93 next Fall. The house was built during the years 1864-65, when her father John S. Morton was young & prosperous, & is the last surviving mansion of that era in Milton.

TUESDAY, JUNE 22/71 Overcast & sultry, with some showers, in the morning. Some weeks ago E. began to insist that the carpet in our living room is worn out & must be replaced. It is only worn badly in one place (where she sits) & this was covered with a small mat of matching carpet. ~~Each week~~ I said mildly that I couldn't afford the cash right now, & suggested that we make the old carpet "do" for another year. In her demented way she announced that she would order a new one & "I'll pay for it myself". Two days ago the carpet came, & I paid for it ($271.00). This afternoon I moved the furniture & the old carpet, attempted to put down the new one — & found that she had ordered one several feet too big. Back it went to Simpsons-Sears, & this time I checked the measure myself. I mowed my lawns after that, & sweated out some of my frustration.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 23/71 Fog all day, rain at evening, with a chill E. wind. Golf in the afternoon. In my garden, where I had dug earth about a rose bush at the SW corner of the garage, I found a badly corroded copper coin. One side had a central garland of some sort, surrounded by the words "Half Penny Token" & the date 1843. The other side bore the head of young Queen Victoria, surrounded by the words "Province of Nova Scotia". Wonder how it got there. Park Street was just a cowpath until 1897, when Judge Forbes built his new mansion facing it, & all this area was just stony pasture land.

THURSDAY, JUNE 24, 1971 Fog & drizzle until 2 p.m., then a humid heat, temp. 88°. Golf at White Point. E. came along & played some holes by herself. News:- The constitutional conference at Victoria turned out to be a dismal flop, as I expected. Premier Bourassa, after his return to Quebec, announced his veto on the whole business. Prime Minister Trudeau dismissed the failure with one of his characteristic shrugs.

FRIDAY, JUNE 25/71 An accountants' convention at White Point has booked exclusive rights on the golf course this afternoon, so this morning I drove there & played 18 holes in dense fog. E. came along for 9 holes. In town the sun was clear & warm, but the weather bureau predicts rain tomorrow. A good time for spreading fertilizer on my lawns, as the last lot (April 15) is clearly finished; so I spread 22 lb. of "Lawn Green", which should last till the end of August.

News:- Premier Regan has announced that Mobil Oil Canada Ltd., drilling an exploratory well at the extreme west tip of Sable Island, have found a considerable flow of "gas & condensate" at a depth of 5,900 feet. This is the same company that drilled a well on the island to a depth of 15,106 feet in 1967, found "non-commercial amounts of gas & a trace of oil in several formations", & abandoned it.

SATURDAY, JUNE 26/71 Showers in the night, a dull damp day until evening when the sun got through a bit. The golf course undoubtedly crowded, so I stayed at home, working on an article for the Nova Scotia Magazine (see June 10).

The bloom on my hawthorn tree is now shedding like so much confetti, white with a tinge of pink. Lilac & spirea spent & falling also. Some buds showing on rose bushes. Weigelia buds beginning to open & show red.

SUNDAY, JUNE 27/71 Warm, with a strong NW wind. Golf at White Point with "Mik" Green & Paul King. E. played one round. At evening E. & I dined at White Point Lodge, which is now open for the season, & had a pleasant chat with the managers, Mr. & Mrs. Elliott. At home I watered the roses & changed the water in the bird bath, which is very popular with my feathered friends in this weather.

MONDAY, JUNE 28/71 "Liverpool Week" began yesterday, when Premier Regan (introduced by Ken Jones MPP) opened the affair

with a brief speech to a crowd on the riverside parking lot, where the Mersey band played on the green plat by the water, & the service clubs served a fish chowder supper.

This morning our neighbours Jerry & Jean Nickerson invited Ralph & Hallabelle Johnson, & ourselves, to visit Lahave & tour the by-roads in their car. We set off in their car at 9 a.m. A warm day with a fresh breeze. Jerry is now retired from the fishery firm of J. B. Nickerson & Son, which is ~~now~~ run by his son Jerry & nephew Ronald, both college-trained engineers, with large modern plants & fleets of trawlers at North Sydney, N.S., Georgetown P.E.I., & Riverport N.S. We drove first to Riverport, & we men went through the plant on Kraut Point, which was built under old Jerry's supervision a few years ago. It now employs about 350 men & women, & the manager is Bob Wentzel, a chum of my son's at Acadia U. Enlargement of the plant is in progress, & contractors are extending Kraut Point with great quantities of rock & gravel. The place was like a beehive, with 4 trawlers at the wharf, & fish passing by chutes into the plant, where all sorts of electric machines gutted & beheaded them, sliced the flesh into fillets, removed the skins, etc. Women packed the fillets into cardboard boxes, another machine slapped the firm's label around the boxes, & away they went to the freezing plant, all in the space of a few minutes. For the trawlers, a big machine turns out hundreds of tons of ice, like salt. In a cold storage room as big as a barn, we were shown boxes of cod, haddock, herring, rosefish ("ocean perch"), scallops & shrimp, in tons, all ready for shipment. This industry has revived the old village of Riverport, where the big wooden houses of old-time schooner captains face the water of the cove. For that matter it has revived the whole area, because the seamen & workers come in by car. For lunch Jerry took us to the excellent little restaurant run by three women at Turtle's Beach, near Kingsburg. After that we visited one of Jerry's former captains, named Silver, a tall jolly old fellow with a paunch & a purple nose, who insisted on pouring us each a drink of rum while he & Jerry yarned about old times. One or two daughters, & grandchildren, are summering with the Silvers, & the captain

took us out to his workshop & showed us a beautiful model, half built, of an old time fishing schooner. He chuckled, "All those women about the house — a man's gotta have somethin' to do outside, or they'd drive him over the bow."

We drove over the neck of Riverport for a look at the old battery site near "The Five Houses", still so-called ever since colonial times, when cannon on the tall sea-bluff commanded the Lahave entrance. Then to the Lahave river, where we crossed over to West Lahave by the little barge pushed by motorboat. Around the shore to Crescent Beach, along the sands to Bush Island & about the island wherever the roads went. (In his early days, operating from his first little fish-plant at Port Joli, Jerry used to visit all these places in a motorboat, buying fish & lobsters.) On to Petite Riviere, & along the shore by Broad Cove, Dogler's Cove, etc. Home at 5 p.m., & Jerry presented us each with a big package of fresh-frozen shrimps from the plant at Riverport. A very pleasant & interesting day.

TUESDAY, JUNE 29, 1971 Temp. by my thermometer this morning at 6.30 was 40°, & I hear of temperatures nearly down to freezing point a few miles inland. Today was cool, with a grey sky & occasional drops of rain, like a day in late October. Golf this afternoon with Austin Parker, Paul King, & Bob Gascoigne — Bob in his 80's & nearly blind, able to see & hit the ball at his feet, but we had to tell him where to find it. Austin, C. & I had drinks at our house afterwards. Pamela & her two boys dropped in with a big bundle of magazines sent by her father — she had driven to Hfx. & left Debby with the Whites for a week, during which she will take daily lessons in figure skating. Health note:— After golf & a bath, & of course before the evening meal, my weight naked is 172 lbs.

So far this season we have not sprayed our trees to kill the small green caterpillars of the ~~gipsy~~ ~~gipsy~~ gipsy moth, which have been a destructive pest for many years. Ralph Johnsen tells me that foresters in the employ of the provincial govt., during the past few years, have been releasing some sort of flies, imported from Europe, which prey upon the larvae of this moth. The result is now clear here.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 30, 1971 Very hot (92° in the sun) but with a fresh NW wind. As part of the "Liverpool Week" celebration, ladies of the Historical Society are taking turns at playing hostess, in ~~costume~~ costume, at the Perkins House. E. did her turn this morning, dressed in her great-grandmother's blue silk gown. Golf in the afternoon. Gave my roses a good soaking with the hose tonight. The deck & small balustrades of my front porch are showing signs of rot, & need replacing before the whole front entrance & steps can be repainted. I discovered the rot today, & tried to get a carpenter. But at this busy season, it seems impossible to get a small job done.

THURSDAY, JULY 1/71 Dominion or Canada Day — nobody seems to know exactly what to call it nowadays. A few flags to be seen, but nothing like the displays of bygone days. This is (I think) because most people cannot feel any regard or affection for the new Canadian flag, as they did for the old red ensign or the British union jack. This feeling or lack of feeling will pass with time, no doubt.

Very hot & hazy today. Took E. & old Tom Miller out to the golf course, where there was a pleasant sea breeze.

News:- A furore in the U.S., beginning last week, when the New York Times & the Washington Post began publishing hitherto secret documents about the war in Vietnam. They show that U.S. military chiefs ("the Pentagon") deliberately planned each extension of the war, & persuaded Presidents Kennedy & Johnson to go along with them with the promise that each extension would bring a quick & complete victory.

Our postage rate for ordinary letters & postcards within Canada jumped from 6¢ to 7¢ today. Next Jan. 1st. it rises to 8¢ — and the greedy & belligerent postmens' union is already making new & big demands for more pay & less work.

FRIDAY, JULY 2/71 A fine summer day, temp. 80°, with a fresh breeze & open-& shut sky. Played golf this morning. In the afternoon E. & I attended the funeral of Amy Supper Haslam, who had been a semi-paralytic for some years, & died suddenly while visiting her mother, our old friend (& E's relative) Mrs. Freeman Supper. Amy was 54, the fourth of the Supper family to die before their time. Service

in the Milton Baptist church, & burial in the Milton cemetery. The surviving Lupper daughters (& some grand-daughters) were there, with their husbands, & after the funeral they & their mother insisted that we come (with many others) to the old Lupper house for tea & talk. It was pleasant to see & talk to so many old friends, but a melancholy thought that we come together only on the regular occasions of death.

Today I discovered the nest of the yellow warblers which have flitted about our back lawn for several weeks & entertained us with their music. It is in a deutzia shrub on the west side of our sun porch, & from the porch window we can look into the nest. The young are well advanced & E. saw two of them flop out of the nest. Later we saw the Jeans' cat trotting away from the foot of this shrub, & we fear it got one or more of the young birds.

My red weigelia shrubs are blooming, & some early white blossoms appear on the golden elders.

I washed my car & vacuum-cleaned the interior — there was still some sand on the floor from last winter's walks on Summerville Beach. Gave the earth about the roses & honeysuckle a good soaking with the hose.

Received a letter from Jack McClelland. His firm has received a loan of about one million dollars from the Ontario government, which will enable him to "keep McClelland & Stewart out of R.T. hands". He has agreed to remain in charge "for at least five years". For more than four years past "all at M & S have operated under extreme financial pressure. This has affected morale & efficiency. It has created disruption, changes, & occasional chaos. For the next few years we will concentrate on the publishing of books. So expect improvement in our sales, promotion, publishing & marketing techniques."

SUNDAY, JULY 4, 1971 Fine hot weather yesterday & today, with temp. dropping to 50° at night. Golf in the afternoons. E. & I dined at White Point Lodge, & sat for a time afterwards on the patio looking over the beach. Saw an osprey catch a good-sized fish & carry it off to the strip of woods between the lake & the golf course, obviously to a nest. So the fish hawks are nesting here, after a complete absence last year, after an unbroken presence of many

years. Afterwards called on the junior Raddalls at Hunts Point.

MONDAY, JULY 5, 1971 Lovely weather continues. Golf this morning with Austin Parker & our old friend & business acquaintance Harvey Crowell, & we lunched together at the Lodge, where Crowell is staying a few days.

TUESDAY, JULY 6/71 Shopped for groceries & wine this morning. Golf in the afternoon, despite fog, drizzle, & some showers of rain. Some of my roses begin to bloom. The 4 new ones, planted under my study windows, are puny & sickly, possibly because I used too much fertilizer when I planted them.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 7/71 Overcast & humid. Golf in the afternoon. C. played a few holes. This evening we attended a party of about 30 people, at Edwin Parker's house, to celebrate Erik Andersen's 70th birthday. Cocktails, a buffet dinner & pleasant chat.

THURSDAY, JULY 8/71 Fine & hot, with a fresh NW breeze. Golf this morning with Charles Williams, Austin Parker & Maurice Russell. We lunched in the clubhouse on chicken sandwiches & beer. Bought a pair of brown shoes ($16.00) to replace the pair I gave to Raymond Rhynot on May 19th. I have a notion that he sold them for a few dollars to buy beer, but no matter. Re-painted bygon bands around my birch trees. So far the first painting seems to have discouraged the leaf-miners, but the effect must be wearing off.

I learn that Tom Jory has succeeded in selling his big property at Mill Village, & has bought the excellent modern house of George Doggett at Hunts Point.

FRIDAY, JULY 9/71 Sunny & warm, with a fresh W. breeze. The morning sun & air delightful at White Point, where I went with C. at 9:30. She played one round, & had a lesson from the pro., while I played 18 holes with Paul King. Shopped for meat & groceries in the afternoon. The ground is now very dry, with spreading brown patches of dead grass wherever the soil is thin. This evening I put out my garden hose & sprinkler, & left it running all night — the first time I have watered the lawn this summer.

SATURDAY, JULY 10/71 Fine & hot. Golf with John Wickwire this morning, & lunched on beer & a sandwich in the clubhouse. In the afternoon drove with C. along the

shore road from Brooklyn to the Medway. Called at the MacDill house in Mill Village, but Marilla & her guests were away. Drove up the Medway, but hardly saw the river for dust whirled up by a procession of big trucks hauling gravel from a pit at Greenfield to the site of the new highway bridge above ~~Greenfield~~ PORT MEDWAY. Stopped for chat & drinks with Michael & Heidi Byrne at the lodge built by Lou Parrot many years ago, which they have renamed "Embyr Lodge". They have installed more modern bathroom & kitchen equipment, & electric heating (they often use the lodge in winter) but have not changed the log structure or furniture. The lupins still bloom by the river, where Parrot's mistress Anne Kelly scattered his ashes in that bizarre ceremony in July 1967.

SUNDAY, JULY 11, 1971 Fine & hot. Golf in the morning. Dined at White Point Lodge, & called on the junior Raddalls at Hunts Point.

MONDAY, JULY 12/71 Fine & hot. Golf this morning with Wickware, Parker, & Williams, & we lunched on beer & sandwiches in the clubhouse. In the afternoon I mowed my lawns, which remain green despite the drought, being largely shaded by trees & shrubs. Some large & lovely Nocturne, & Miranda, roses now in bloom. Also the golden elder, deutzia, & weigelia shrubs. Robins, song sparrows, catbirds, yellow warblers, occasionally a Baltimore oriole, continue to enjoy the bird bath.

TUESDAY, JULY 13/71 Again fine, with a fresh N. breeze. Golf this morning with Parker & Williams. My sister Nellie Cassidy is here from Alabama, having rented a furnished house at Mahone for the summer. Her daughter Carol, son-in-law John Paisley, 4 children, & 2 large & energetic dogs, are now touring N.S. in a "motor-home," & they all called on us this afternoon for a chat. John Paisley has served 3 years flying jet aircraft from a U.S. Navy aircraft carrier off the coast of Vietnam, & is now a Commander with a staff appointment at Newport News, or rather Norfolk, Virginia. He hopes to buy a piece of shore in the neighborhood of Mahone, & will build a summer home there. He & Carol have 3 boys & a girl, all

handsome & spirited youngsters with good manners, & we enjoyed their visit.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 14, 1971 A dark morning, threatening rain, as we set off at 10:30 for a picnic at Kejimkujik with the Ralph Johnsons, Austin Parkers, Hector Dunlaps, & the Dunlaps' daughter Betty Whalen & her children, who are on a visit from B.C., where Betty's naval husband is now stationed. We had planned to picnic on the bank of the Maitland River near Jacques Landing, but rain began to fall heavily when we reached the place, & we removed to the shore of Kej Lake, where the park authorities have built a covered pavilion for just such occasions, equipped with brick stoves, & washing & toilet facilities. Betty & the kids bathed in the lake, which was of course much warmer than the air, & we lunched on broiled chicken, potato salad, rolls, blueberry cake, & coffee. It was, as I remarked, the best picnic I ever had in the rain. Rain continued to fall in a torrent, much to the relief of the farmers after the long dry spell. Home about 4 p.m.

THURSDAY, JULY 15/71 Fine & warm. Golf this ~~morning~~ afternoon with ~~Baker~~ C. for 9 holes, & the second nine alone. Letter from Esmond Butler, Secretary General, Order of Canada, inviting me to attend an investiture of the order in Ottawa, Oct 29. This time it says "It is usual for the dress on this occasion to be white tie & decorations, long evening dress for ladies, & mess dress for members of the armed forces. However, if it is not convenient to wear this attire, other forms of suitable dress will be entirely satisfactory." Apparently someone or some institution must have got through to Governor-General Michener, who is Chancellor of the Order, & who (according to one newspaper correspondent recently) conducts affairs at Ottawa's Government House with more regal fuss & feathers than the ~~Eng~~ royal family at Buckingham Palace. I note among the newly named members of the Order, Dan George, an old Indian from British Columbia who has distinguished himself lately on TV & in a movie play. They could hardly expect this simple & dignified old chap to turn out in anything so ridiculous as "white tie & tails." (See diary Nov. 9/70, Jan. 13/71 & June 14/71.)

FRIDAY, JULY 16, 1971 Continued ideal weather – hot days & cool nights. Golf this morning with Parker, Williams, & Bert Waters, & we lunched in the clubhouse on sandwiches & beer. Shopped for meat & groceries in the afternoon, including a dozen boxes of excellent strawberries at just under 50¢ per box. The Mersey Quarterly magazine, summer issue contains a biographical article about me, with some photos.

SATURDAY, JULY 17/71 Morning golf with Williams & Parker, & lunch in the clubhouse. E. was busy making strawberry jam, which I like to have with my toast at breakfast throughout the year. This evening the Canadian Legion Branch N° 38 put on a dinner & entertainment for the surviving members of the services in War One, with their wives. I attended with E. About 26 old boys, & it was pleasant to chat with George Braine & others whom I hadn't seen for years. Entertainment was provided by a large troupe, male & female, from Army Branch at Halifax. Some very good singing, & one little man who did a whistling act, including imitations of loon & other bird calls, the best of I ever heard. As one of the two surviving charter members of Branch 38 (Austin Parker is the other) I was asked to express the thanks of us all.

SUNDAY, JULY 18/71 A few heavy showers, clearing off about 3 p.m. At 5:30 E. & I attended a cocktail party at Marilla MacDill's summer home, Mill Village. Many guests, including a U.S.A.F. colonel & wife who have bought a home at Port Medway. This makes 3 retired U.S. air colonels & wives living there. Then on to another party at Hector Dunlap's summer cottage, Summerville, which lasted until 9. Dined at home at 10 p.m. A meal at that hour, in a very empty stomach, upset my metabolic process, & despite sleeping pills I sat reading until 3 a.m.

MONDAY, JULY 19/71 Fine, with a fresh sea breeze. Golf with Williams, Parker & Russell.

TUESDAY, JULY 20/71 Thunder & heavy rain in the night, foggy this morning. Sky began to clear in the afternoon, & I took E. to the golf course. The little brook that crosses N° 8 fairway, dry for weeks, was a torrent.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 21/71 Fine & hot. Golf this morning with Williams & Waters. Parker, Wickwire, & Russell played behind us, & we all lunched together at the clubhouse. In the afternoon,

in spite of 80° heat; I mowed my lawns. My roses are blooming well, except the four sickly ones I planted May 1st. The weigelia shrubs are now past their bloom, but the deutzia & golden elder are still showy.

THURSDAY, JULY 22, 1971 Overcast & sultry. Golf this morning with Parker, & lunched in the clubhouse. In the afternoon a Mrs. Betty Charlton, of Lunenburg, came to see me, about a collection of children's stories, & another of Lunenburg county pioneer tales, written in past years by her mother, Bessie Mason, who is now aged 86. Mrs. Charlton had pencil drawings of her own, to illustrate the children's tales. Both the tales & the drawings are charming, & I gave her every encouragement & what advice I could. This evening E. & I attended a cocktail party at Bernadette Ratchford's house, Hunts Point. About 30 or 40 people, mostly old friends & acquaintances, & much pleasant chat.

FRIDAY, JULY 23/71 Sunny, calm, temp. 80° at noon. Golf with Parker this morning, lunched at home. Worked on the south shore article for the Nova Scotia magazine. A dry chore. The feverish urge to write, which drove me & governed my life for forty years, has vanished like the winter snows. It is a dull job now merely to write a letter.

SATURDAY, JULY 24/71 Overcast, calm, hot. I have not turned in a golf score card at the clubhouse for years, but someone did in our lately formed morning group, so this morning I found myself in a foursome playing for a cup for members under 70. The other three men were Max Harding, a local dealer in stocks & bonds & real estate; Arthur Vey, a retired Mersey paper man; & Clarie Webber, who has been the chief union man among the paper mill employees for many years. We had a pleasant round; the scores were Harding 91, mine 98, Vey 100 & Webber 102. I don't know what my handicap is — it used to be 18, many years ago — so I don't know the outcome.

SUNDAY, JULY 25/71 A shower or two in the night. Very hot (88°) today. Golf with E. in the afternoon. Tom Y. & family looked in for a minute after we got home — they were on their way to the cottage at Hunts Point, after spending a few days at Brule, on the Northumberland Strait shore near Moncton, the summer home of Pamela's mother.