Sep. 2, 1960
To
Nov. 2, 1961

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Diary of Thomas H. Haddall II

The girl, after much anxious thought (she is Protestant, he Catholic) decided to marry a man of her own religion. This was a great blow to Hugh.

Incorrect. The house was built in 1798 by Capt. Joseph Barss Sr., and Capt. Joe Jr. subsequently lived there. 1

FRIDAY, SEP. 2, 1960 (continued). ↓ privateer "Liverpool Packet", after the War of 1812. In the summer of 1817 Barss removed to Kentville, his wife's home, & there spent the rest of his life.

SATURDAY, SEP. 3/60 Fine & hot. Tom Jr., Jack Dunlap & Mike Byrne, chums since Liverpool school days, had a final party, together with their wives, at the ~~B~~ Lozers' cottage, Ponhook Lake. Only one missing was Hugh Byrne, who had made a sudden trip to see his fiancée, a Liverpool girl now teaching school at Scheffersville, Quebec. Undoubtedly this year is the last time that these companions will be able to enjoy each other's company for a whole summer. By next summer Tom will be busy working up a dental practice somewhere else in Nova Scotia; Jack will be transferred somewhere else in the forestry department of Mersey Paper Co; Mike will be practising as an architect, probably in Halifax but possibly with his uncle Kingsford Jones in California; Hugh Byrne alone (employed by Mersey here in Public Relations) will be living in Liverpool.

SUNDAY, SEP. 4/60 Cool & overcast, with light showers at evening — the first sign of rain here in weeks. Tom, Pamela & baby left by car for Hfx about 1:30 p.m., having spent most of the past four months with us. Later I played golf with Jack McClearn & Len Pottie. A middle-aged spinster of Annapolis, Miss Ruth Baxter, some days ago sent me a copy of the first chapter in a book she

has written for teen-agers, asking my comment & advice. I wrote her today, giving what advice I could, & returning the M/S.

TUESDAY, SEP. 6/60 Still fine, although the temp. drops sharply at night. 40° last night. The Beech Hill fire is still burning in the leaf mould but the fire crews are holding it from spreading. The fire on Roseway River has burned about 40 square miles, mostly scrub, but is now creeping towards good Mersey Paper Co. timber near Spectacle Lake. In addition to civilian fire-fighters the Navy & Air Force have sent in large crews, mostly by helicopter. Altogether about ~~1000~~ 500 men are on the scene, & the Mersey people have sent in several big bull-dozers to plough a fire break between Mink Lake & Spectacle.

I autographed about 100 copies of Governor's Lady for Macleod. This afternoon Bendelier phoned from Hfx., asking me to do some autographing at the Book Room.

Forgot to record, about a week or more ago, that Hugh Shaw, editor of Weekend Magazine, came to see me & to ask for an article from my pen. I suggested a piece about the two most famous ships ever built in Nova Scotia — "Mary Celeste" and "Bluenose" — & the odd fact that both of them ended as wrecks on the coast of Haiti, less than 50 miles apart. He agreed & said he would write a letter as soon as he returned to his Montreal office, making a firm fee, something more than $500. Yesterday I phoned Fred Hill at Great

NOTE:— Shaw never did confirm this as he promised ⊙ Apparently he felt that, despite my (Canadian) reading — public reputation, I was/is worth more than $500 ⊙

FRIDAY, SEP. 2/60, CONTINUED

~~privateer "Liverpool Packet", after the War of 1812. Barss removed from Liverpool to Kentville in the summer of 1817 & spent the rest of his life there.~~

Village, asking him to make enquiries at Spencer's Island, where "Mary Celeste" was built under the name of "Amazon" ⊙ I have some notes, taken in years past, on the early story of "Amazon"; but I'd like to make a visit to Spencer's Island if it were worth my while ⊙ Hill is the former curator of the Mariner's Museum at Norfolk, Va.; now retired at Great Village ⊙ I met him on my visit to Virginia years ago; & we have corresponded since ⊙ Both of us are now on the board of the Maritime Museum in the Hfx. citadel.

THURSDAY, SEP. 8/60

~~Marianne~~ left off for Hfx with C. at 7:45 a.m. Dropped her at Simpsons' department store & went on downtown to the Book Room. Autographed about 125 copies of G. L. & lunched with Bendelier & Lieut. Percy R.C.N. at the Nova Scotian hotel ⊙ Percy, a bearded type, is having a book of short stories published by Ryerson this Fall. He is, this year, head of the local branch of Canadian Authors' Association. Wants me to visit them & give an address Oct. 8. I said "Maybe" but refused to commit myself to that date ⊙ Bendelier introduced me to a salesman for John C. Winston Co., Toronto, who wanted to know if I would permit them to publish a new edition (Canada only) of "Son of The Hawk". Bendelier said he would order 1,600

Later note:— nothing came of this.

copies if the book were re-published. The salesman, a little weasened man, seemed to me half drunk, so I told him to have his Toronto boss write me a letter. Had a brief chat with "Jeff" Jefferson in Province House. It was hell-hot in downtown Halifax, & I found him in the Hansard office, sitting in shirt & under-pants, pecking away at a typewriter. He explained that his secretary was on vacation. Picked up E. at Frankie's flat about 3.30. A hot drive home, with all the car windows & vents open. These admitted a bee & several hornets, one of which contrived to crawl on the front seat & suddenly stung me on the posterior. Disconcerting to say the least.

Home about 6 p.m.; tubbed & changed. At 7 the Parkers picked us up & drove to a dinner party at the Tozers' cottage, Ponhook Lake. Drinks, & a big meal of chicken & rice pilaffe, the chicken roasted over a charcoal grill on the verandah. Mrs. Conway Atwater there, Rita Beebe, Marilla MacDill, the Bert Waters, John Wickwires. Home about 1 a.m. The Medway is so low that the stretch running through Greenfield is just a mass of stones with a faint trickle of water here & there between them. You could walk across it anywhere. Heavy smoke from the Roseway forest fire, which has now jumped the Jordan River near Jordan Lake.

FRIDAY, SEP. 9, 1960

Still fine & hot. A hurricane is reported off Florida. If it gets up this way it will bring the rain we need. New brush fires reported in various places in Quebec, N.B., N.S. & Nfld. This afternoon I washed & put on the ten storm windows which cover the front & sun porch. "Governor's Lady" went on sale today in Canada & U.S. Received a wire from George Shively in New York, sending good wishes on the occasion. Mersey Paper Co. sent up a copy of "G.L." asked me to autograph it especially for Sir Eric Bowater, who arrives here Monday & intends to stay a week.

SATURDAY, SEP. 10/60 Again fine, with a S.W. wind blowing at gale force at times. The Roseway River fire has now jumped the west branch of the Jordan & is eating into valuable timber on the Queens County line. Today 15 truck-loads of soldiers from Camp Gagetown N.B. passed through Liverpool en route to Indian Fields on Roseway River. Others have been fighting the fire, with civilian crews, from the Rossignol side for some days past. Austin Parker tells me that last year the provincial fire-ranging service bull-dozed a truck road from Indian Fields (Roseway) to link up with the Mersey Paper Co.'s system of logging roads at Jordan. They call it an "access road" for fire-ranging purposes. Unfortunately it also provided access to the upper Roseway area for parties of anglers, & last May several parties actually

traveled by jeep from Shelburne, town, to Caledonia, Queens County — the first time this has been possible. The fire-ranging service also constructed an air-strip for their light single-engined planes at Indian Fields.

The present dangerous fire broke out on the "access road" near Indian Fields, & the rangers suspect a careless party of anglers or illicit deer-hunters using the new road. Certainly no one else had the slightest reason to be in that remote area in late August.

A party at the John McKenzies' tonight, to see photo-slides taken by Senator Don Smith on his trip around the world last year. He showed only part of his collection — Australia, Hong Kong, Bangkok, Iran, Palestine — all excellent photography in full color. Mowbray Jones there. Told me he had recently had his mill mechanics repair and restore the bronze plaque on the Sylvanus Cobb memorial. The lettering had been badly damaged by stone-throwing vandals in years past. (The Queens Co. Historical Society had agreed to pay for this.)

SUNDAY, SEP. 11/60 Again fine, with a light breeze. Drove with E. to Greenfield & had lunch & spent the afternoon with Lou Parrot & Ann Kelly at the lodge. Main dish at lunch was planked salmon — a nice grilse roasted at the open fire.

MONDAY, SEP. 12/60 A long letter from my sister Hilda Gamester, after a silence of three months. The temporary job with Bowater's in London proved a fiasco. The technical terms of the paper trade, English business procedures & idioms, even English voices on

the phone, were new & strange & often incomprehensible. Her fellow office workers were cold & distant & unhelpful. In her anxiety she got into a state of nerves, so that even ordinary typing became difficult. She gave it up, & spent the whole summer exploring London & southern England. Fortunately two or three women friends from Nova Scotia turned up in London, & she made tours with them as far as Devon & York. She had another short visit with Aunt Ly in Kent, & spent a day with Aunt Jess at Chorley Wood. She leaves soon for a continental tour that will take her to France, Holland, Germany, Switzerland & Italy. After that she intends to return to North America, & is undecided whether to seek a job in Alabama (where Nellie lives) or to settle down once more in Halifax. Reading between the lines I can see that she is restless, lonely & unhappy. E. is writing, asking her to make a stay with us in Liverpool before she decides what to do next.

"Hurricane Donna" — so called by the Weather Bureau — first reported off Florida on the 9th, is now rushing up the coast. It did huge damage in Florida & Carolina, pummeled New York & Boston, & is expected to pass across the Maritimes tonight.

I played golf at White Point this afternoon — the only player on the course. Dense fog & a few sprinkles of rain. At 10:30 p.m. a wind arose in mild gusts, with a heavy downpour of rain, the first real rain in many weeks.

TUESDAY, SEP. 13, 1960 Hurricane Donna whirled away to the Gulf of St. Laurence last night, & we got only the extreme fringe of it, with very little rain. Apple growers in the Valley estimate their loss at 10% to 15%, & call it a miracle.

Dull skies today. I got in 18 holes at White Point where there was a grand surf. This evening rain fell lightly but steadily for some hours. In an opening speech at the Lunenburg Exhibition today, Transport Minister Hees announced that the government is about to form a Coastguard, something that has been advocated vainly in the Maritime Provinces for half a century. Half a dozen specially designed ships will be built for coastal and Bank fishery patrols, somewhat on the U.S. style. Apart from this, the new branch will take over the direction of all ships & boats now operated by the Dept. of Transport.

Sir Eric Bowater & suite (including one of his daughters) arrived at the Mersey Paper Co's Lodge, up the river, yesterday. I understand he intends to stay a week. So far there has been no newspaper announcement, nothing like the usual blare of publicity, & the entertaining seems confined to Mersey executives. I suspect that he is there for quiet conferences with government as well as mill brass, possibly to thresh out such matters as the renewal of the contract with the N.S. Power Commission, & the shot-gun marriage of the Mersey Shipping Co. fleet with that of Bowater last year.

WEDNESDAY, SEP. 14/60 A warm windy day, quickly drying the ground after last evening's rain. At noon a young man named Haliburton, a native of Avonport, N.S., came to see me. For the past 3 years he has been

teaching in a school in Sierra Leone, where in the 18th. century there was an immigration of negroes from Nova Scotia. He found people in Sierra Leone who trace their descent from negroes who came from N.S. in 1791; & still more descended from the Maroons who came from N.S. in 1800. The Maroons were dominant in all ways, & their descendants are still the leading merchants, politicians, etc. He has ambitions to be an author, & intends to begin with a novel for teen-age readers, the hero of which will be a negro, one of those who came to Shelburne with the Loyalists, & who subsequently went with Clarkson to S.L. He has been in N.S. all summer, digging up material in the Archives & Legislature Library, & has lately visited Shelburne. Seems very intelligent & determined. I told him what I knew about the Shelburne negroes, including "Colonel" Stephen Bluck & his mysterious disappearance on the old military road from Shelburne to Annapolis. He returns to S.L. in a month or so, & intends to write his book there.

THURSDAY, SEP. 15/60 Fine & warm. The rains on the 12th & 13th. seem to have brought the forest fires under control. This afternoon I drove with C. to Lunenburg, to see the Exhibition. The usual fishery exhibits, etc. One new note in the manufacturers' building; a stall filled with made-in-Japan nylon nets, lines, etc., & two smiling Jap salesmen in attendance. Met & chatted briefly with Hedley Doty & Joseph Purcell. Drove back to Bridgewater & thence around the shore to Petite Riviere and the Arenburg House. A hearty welcome from the old sea

captain & Mrs. Arenburg, & later a hearty & well served dinner. Home about 8 p.m., & found notes tucked under my door by callers in our absence, W.A. Dennis of Kentville, & George Foster of Toronto.

The mail today included a brief letter from my sister Winifred, informing me that she is now Mrs. Lawrence Merlin. He is an "estimator" (whatever that is) at the Dockyard, a widower for years. She met him soon after she went to work at the Dockyard offices last March, & they were married quietly on Sep. 10. She adds, "There is no polish to him but the man underneath is honest & good."

SATURDAY, SEP. 17/60 Fine weather continues, but with cold nights. Last night the temp. dropped well below freezing point, & the fire-fighting crews near Jordan Lake were bothered this morning with ice in their motor-pumps & hand-pumps. The fire continues to smoulder in old stumps etc. & MUST BE watched during daylight hours when the wind springs up. Some of the soldiers of the Black Watch (from Camp Gagetown) are still on the job with the fire patrols, but most have gone back to N.B.

Golf this afternoon, played 26 holes. Have seen two reviews of Governor's Lady (New York Herald Tribune, & Canadian Press) both in high approval. Survivors of the 25th. (Nova Scotia) Batt'n., which served in World War One, decided to hold their annual get-together in Liverpool this year. Returning from golf I saw the parade along Main Street, a little pathetic, about 25 or 30 grey heads & bald heads, marching two-&-two with no music, not even a drum, many of them out of step. Recognised only two — our own Sheriff, Jack McGorry, and George Braine,

who was postmaster at Milton in the 1920's.

In Halifax, government carpenters are engaged in repair of the city's famous landmark, the old clock tower on the shoulder of Citadel Hill. It amounts to reconstruction, for they found the old structure (built 1803) in a rotten state, & have practically torn it down to the ground.

SUNDAY SEP. 18/60 A grey raw day with spits of rain. Attended Zion Church this morning, for the first time since July. The new minister, Matheson, preached a didactic sermon. Seems very earnest & businesslike, but I shall miss John Macdonald. E. & brother Terence spent the day in Dartmouth & vicinity, took Marie Freeman out for a drive & lunch, returning her to the hospital late in the afternoon.

Should have mentioned on Sep. 15 that in Lunenburg I had another look at the "Bounty", lying at Smith & Rhuland's dock. All three masts have been stepped, & the topmasts, with the standing rigging. No yards across yet & of course no running rigging.

TUESDAY, SEP. 20/60 Heavy rains tonight, with easterly wind, drenching most of Nova Scotia, putting an end to the long drought & the forest fires. Reviews of "Governor's Lady" by Deacon (Toronto Globe & Mail) and Louis Dudek (Montreal Star). The latter is himself a writer & part-time professor of English literature. His review was favorable but stiff, as if he were reciting to a class. Deacon's was a friendly sprawl, headed by an informal photo of me, taken at Moose Harbor a couple of years ago. The original photo wasn't bad, but the engravers had touched it up about

the eyes, & as it appears on newsprint I resemble a sea-going Al Capone.

SATURDAY, SEP. 24/60 A fine windy day, with grand surf on the beach at White Point, where this afternoon I played golf with Bishop Waterman & the Liverpool (C. of E.) parson, whose name is Parsons.

A few days ago the missing link in Canada's transcontinental highway, a stretch on the north shore of Lake Superior near the town of Wawa, was opened to motor traffic. Now that it is done, I wonder why our people were so long about it. Shade of Alexander Mackenzie!

MONDAY, SEP. 26/60 Continuous fine weather for several days, & the forest fire on the Roseway River has broken out again. News: much puffing & puffing in the U.N. building in New York, though it failed to blow the house down. Mr. Khrushchev & a number of satellite bigwigs — or little-wigs (they include Egypt's Nasser & Cuba's Castro) are attending the session in person. So are Britain's MacMillan, Canada's Diefenbaker, & of course President Eisenhower. Khrushchev made a bitter attack on Dag Hammerschold, current head of the U.N., claiming that he was a tool of the U.S.A. Khrushchev wants the U.N. to be ruled by a triumvirate from the U.S.S.R., Britain & the U.S.A. He got no support outside the pro-Soviet cluster.

Tonight on T.V. I watched a joint debate between Messrs. Nixon (Republican) & Kennedy (Democrat), whose campaign for the Presidency of the U.S.A. is now entering its final stage. Both are able men, good speakers,

quick in thought & speech; but Kennedy was far the more impressive.

Letter from Charlie Bruce, Toronto. He is tired of his job (with Canadian Press) after all these hectic years of news work. Would like to retire in 1962, when he will be 57, instead of waiting till the regular retirement age of 65. Has in mind a novel about the Florida loyalists who came to Nova Scotia, notably to Guysborough County, his old home, of which he has written so much nostalgic prose & verse.

WEDNESDAY, SEP. 28/60 Overcast & humid, with spots of sunshine. I note from "The Guardsman," the annual publication of the Canadian Guards, that Major Bill Thenton is now commanding the regimental depot at Petawawa, a very dull post indeed. He reached major's rank while serving with the West Novas in Italy more than 15 years ago.

Howard Bendelier phoned from Hfx. tonight. Wants me to attend a meeting of the Authors' Association (see Sep. 8) on Saturday night, Oct. 8; also to take part in a T.V. discussion (to be shown or filmed on Sunday Oct. 9) with Percy, Evelyn Richardson & somebody from Ryerson's, Toronto. He was quite urgent, so I agreed.

SUNDAY, OCT. 2/60 A sharp frost last night — our first. Church with E. this morning, & took communion. A full congregation. Golf this afternoon in bright sunshine. The course crowded.

MONDAY, OCT. 3, 1960 Overcast & showery. A crew of carpenters & a big crane began to work this morning, at the old Bristol shipyard, on construction of a temporary wooden bridge, parallel with the old iron one. This is to carry the traffic while the iron bridge is being dismantled & a new one built in its place.

TUESDAY, OCT. 4/60 Sunny & cool. Today I signed the deed, making over my house & land on Park St. to Edith, which lawyer Earl Milford had prepared for me. In the event of my death before hers, this will reduce my estate by $12,000 in view of the Estate Tax. This afternoon I was visited by Allan Dent of London, one of Bowater's public relations staff, & Ed. Davey, a member of the Montreal public relations firm which Bowater employs for Canadian affairs. Dent asked me if I would write an article for the Bowater house magazine, as I did a year or two ~~[illegible]~~ ago. I agreed. They won't need it till next spring, & Dent will write me further. After some chat he asked me what the people hereabouts felt about Bowater's ownership of the Mersey mill. I said they felt a deep regret that the ownership had passed to a big corporation with headquarters two or three thousand miles away, & pointed out that it was quite natural in view of past experience in Nova Scotia. I have a hunch that this was the main object of Dent's visit here, as he had called on Cecil Day & others, with the same question undoubtedly. Possibly Sir Eric

had sniffed a faint air of hostility during his visit here last month, when he talked with Premier Stanfield & other government people.

WEDNESDAY, OCT. 5/60 A bright fall day after a frosty night. Drove to the Valley this morning with E., via Caledonia, Victoria, & Bear River. Most of the hardwoods have only begun to turn color, but the change is more pronounced on the South Mountain. At Fort Anne museum I found that my old acquaintance Laura Hardy is now retired, & the curator now is Miss Gertrude Ritchie. She gave me the use of the library & card index, & I made notes on the La Tour material. Lunched at the Chez Henri restaurant outside the town. Drove across the new ~~bay~~ dam to Granville, which is not quite finished but is passable by motor traffic. The old iron bridge remains, with one end of the middle span dipped in the river. Returned home via Middleton, New Germany, Pleasant River & Caledonia, bringing along two Air Force lads bound for Liverpool on leave from Greenwood station. Home at 5:30.

FRIDAY, OCT. 7/60 Heavy rain last night; bright & cool today. Tom, Pam, & baby Deborah arrived from Hfx at 8:30 p.m., to spend Thanksgiving with us.

A sidelight on the Liverpool visit of Eric the Red (see Sep. 13). The great man was ushered through the paper mill, where he shook hands affably with various foremen & workmen, & was photographed in these fraternal

poses. It was noticed that Sir Eric wore a pair of Kid gloves. After he had gone, a sweeper found (in a corner near the exit towards the offices) the same Kid gloves, flung away as milord withdrew. This news passed quickly about the mill, of course.

SATURDAY, OCT. 8/60 Bright fall day. Frank Woodworth, railway section foreman, who considers me his amanuensis & lawyer, came at 9 this morning. Asked me to write a formal letter to Nelson, the C.N.R. roadmaster at Bridgewater, tendering his resignation, & his claim to pension now, instead of waiting another year. He claims he's 65 this month. The railway claims he was born in 1896. He had with him a packet of much-thumbed letters & documents, including a Record of Birth filed in 1947, etc. I wrote the letter, & he went off happily to the post office.

This afternoon I drove to Hfx. & took a room at the Nova Scotian hotel. It was in the new section, not quite completed due to a strike of plasterers last spring. My room however is handsomely finished & furnished (even to a T.V. set built to match the bureau & writing desk.) I went up to the Citadel Museum at 8 p.m. to attend the meeting of Hfx. branch, Canadian Authors Association, & to hear an address by young John N. Grant (a native of Pictou) who this year succeeded Lorne Pierce as managing editor of the Ryerson Press, Toronto. About 30 people sat down to a supper in the I.O.D.E. tea room in the Citadel — a former powder magazine. Shook hands & chatted with Kay Hill, Will Bird & wife, Barbara Grantmyre, Phyllis Blakeney, Hatfield & wife, Bill Borrett & wife,

Helen Creighton,

Evelyn Richardson, & Lieut. H. Percy R.C.N. (who is President of the Hfx. authors this year) & Gerald Freeman (formerly of Liverpool, a Canadian Press man for some years, & now in Hfx. to study for a law degree, doing free-lance reporting on the side.) Grant's address was very sensible, talking about the modern trend in book publishing — i.e. "hard cover" books. "The novel today is not as popular as in former days. Actually the public are reading more fiction than ever before, but they prefer to buy it cheaply in paper covers." — "The biggest hard-cover market today is for non-fiction dealing with modern man & his affairs." And so on. A general chat afterwards. Back to the hotel about 11 p.m.

Borrett, who has charge of the restoration work on the Citadel, & the museum within, told me that the job (a federal gov't. project extending over several years) has already cost over a million dollars — "and we could spend another million to good purpose here." He added that the federal gov't. is now considering the repair & preservation of the old fortifications on George's Island.

SUNDAY, Oct. 9/60 Sunny & cool. Walked up to Saint Paul's this morning & attended the Harvest Festival service. A full church, including many young people & children. At 2 p.m. drove to the CBC. building on Bell Road & did an 8 minute book discussion bit for the "Gazette" T.V. show, with John Grant, Evelyn Richardson & Percy. Mrs. Richardson & Percy have new books just published by Ryerson. Lloyd MacInnis, in introducing us for the camera, referred to me as "the dean of living Nova Scotia

authors", which made me feel ancient & venerable. I can remember white-bearded Archibald MacMechan being described in just that phrase. What with before-&-after sessions in the make-up room, the usual preliminary "dry run" before the cameras, etc., we didn't get away till 3.30. Despite the Sunday traffic I made a fast run home, 2 hours 10 minutes.

MONDAY, OCT. 10/60 Bright & cool. Tom Jr. & chums Jack Dunlap & Mike Byrne went to Greenfield, partridge hunting, this morning, but had no luck. I spent this afternoon mowing the lawns, burning trash, stowing away the garden furniture & lawn roller, etc. Later I watched part of a World Series baseball game in New York — Pittsburg Pirates beat the N.Y. Yankees 4-2.

This is Canadian Thanksgiving Day, & at 5 p.m. my family sat down to a fine turkey dinner. At 6.30 Tom Jr., Pam & baby returned to Hfx. with the Mike Byrnes.

After long study & pondering I have come to a conclusion about my proposed novel, dealing with the life of Charles Latour. It is impossible. The man was a picaresque character, with few dull moments in what we know of his life — BUT:—

(a) His career was deeply influenced by the civil wars in France between Catholic & Huguenot, & the events of his time in Acadie were a direct reflection of them. Thus any book about those events must be involved in a religious quarrel from first to last.

(b) He cohabited with a squaw or squaws during his early manhood in Acadie, & raised a brood of half-breed

children who received his name. His first white wife, the famous & tragic Marie Jacquelin, had children by him, exact number unknown but including more than one son. His second white wife, Madame D'Aunay, widow of his great rival & enemy, had 8 children by D'Aunay & several more by La Tour. Thus any writer dealing faithfully with La Tour finds himself awash in the man's offspring & step-children. He must also reckon with numerous modern Acadian descendants of this enormous litter, all of whom are touchy about any suggestion of Indian blood, and all rigid Catholics.

(c) The records of the time are sparse and often contradictory, & they differ widely about important dates, to the confusion of historians. Thus, according to Parkman, La Tour was at least 46 when he married Marie Jacquelin. Murdoch thinks he was about 33.

(d) A novel dodging all these stumbling blocks would be purely imaginative & false.

TUESDAY, OCT. 11/60 Rain. Took my car to Illsley's service station & had my snow tires installed on the rear wheels. Of my "summer" tires I had the better pair installed on the front wheels, & sent off the other two for re-treading.

Received a batch of news-cuttings — reviews of Governor's Lady, from Shively in New York. The newspapers everywhere from N.Y. to Baton Rouge & San Francisco, & from Hfx to Vancouver. A copy of the N.Y. Times review also came from Jacques Chambrun, my former agent in New York,

from whom I parted many years ago. Many of the "reviews" are the usual brief paragraphs written by some hack in a hurry, giving no opinion but simply repeating the summary on the book jacket. Newspapers like N.Y. Times, & N.Y. Tribune, which have competent reviewers who really read the books, gave pertinent & accurate critiques. All were favorable, although there were one or two sour notes in Dudek's review in Montreal Star; & an unsigned review in Toronto Star said (like Dudek) that I was "our foremost writer of historical fiction" - but added "his attempts at contemporary fiction have been indifferent successes". The fact is that my modern novels were well received by the critics, & one of them (The Nymph & The Lamp) has sold more copies, in more languages, than most of my other books put together. The best of the reviews (such as N.Y. Times, & Tribune, & Canadian Press) point out that the book is really a dispassionate view of the American Revolution & its aftermath for the Loyalists, seen through the eyes of two of its prominent victims; and most of them observe that, despite the title, it is mainly the story of John Wentworth.

THURSDAY, Oct. 13/60 Golf this afternoon in a high chill wind, heavy cloud & sudden sunshine. A letter from my sister Hilda; she has completed her rambles about England & Scotland, leaves now to tour the continent for 5 or 6 weeks. Expects to fly back to Hfx. in mid-December.

News:- This week the United States has been staging a three-ring circus, (1) the "World Series" baseball games (Pittsburg Pirates won from N.Y. Yankees) - (2) the Presidential election contest between Republican Nixon & Democrat Kennedy, including sharp personal debates under T.V. eyes, - and

(3) the antics of Mr. Kruschev at the United Nations' gathering in New York. Kruschev provided the best show (by far) — bold, ill-mannered, belligerent, shrewd at times & at others the complete buffoon. During Prime Minister MacMillan's speech before the U.N., Kruschev interrupted by shouting & banging both fists (alternately) on his desk from shoulder height. Yesterday he interrupted a Philippine speaker in the same way, & as a final touch wrenched off one of his shoes & banged the desk with that. MacMillan, Eisenhauer & other important statesmen made their speeches & departed for home at once; but Kruschev has stayed 3 weeks, entertaining large parties of small-nation delegates at the Soviet embassy, giving interviews to newspapers & T.V. networks, etc. I saw & heard the T.V. interview, conducted by American newsmen armed with "loaded" questions, & getting some loaded answers through Kruschev's expert interpreters. This type of interview is a favorite with American reporters, a bad-mannered business in itself; & in Kruschev they met their match. He did not hesitate to call MacMillan & Eisenhauer "liars", the Philippine delegate a "jerk", & so on.

The whole three weeks' performance leaves one wondering, & remembering Hitler & Mussolini. Is Kruschev simply a clever but boorish jack-in-office, or is he a dangerous madman?

FRIDAY, OCT. 14/60 Played 28 holes at White Point this afternoon. This evening went up the street & had drinks & chat with the Parkers & Dorothy Wickwire. It is Austin's

65th birthday, although a stranger would guess 55 at most. A straight six feet, greying blond hair, active & vigorous, still ably carrying on his work as Treasurer and Vice-President of Mersey Paper Co — & still able to shoot & carry a deer on his shoulders in the woods.

SUNDAY, OCT. 16/60 Overcast & mild, raining at night. E. drove to Hfx this morning with brother Perry. I attended morning service at Zion Church. "Laymen's Sunday" — the service conducted by lawyer Carl Milford, assisted by (Mayor) Charles Murphy, Dr. John Wickwire & (Senator) Donald Smith, who in place of the sermon gave a talk on his visit to the Holy Land last year. In the afternoon I played golf, one round alone, another with Mowbray Jones & Maurice Russell. Jones very tired at the end of nine holes. Absorbed in business, he has had little exercise in a long time, & he still suffers the effects of his kidney operation. At 9 p.m. E. arrived back from Hfx. with Francie & her two lively little boys, who will stay with us a week. She invited Marie Freeman to come down & spend a week with us after this, but Marie declined.

FRIDAY, OCT. 21/60 A gale of wind & rain yesterday & last night. The ash tree outside my study, always the first to shed its leaves, is naked this morning. My mind is a desert, yielding nothing to write, as it has been for many months, though I sit alternately reading & brooding in the study every day.

SUNDAY, OCT. 23/60 Church this morning. Golf this afternoon with Maurice Russell. Austin Parker persuaded

me to accompany him to Jordan Lake tomorrow, for two or three days' hunting. Learned that Roland ("Rolie") Harris died yesterday. A native of Pictou, he came to Liverpool as a mate in one of the Mersey Paper ships in the 1930's. A good looking, intelligent fellow with a somewhat plodding manner, he had a beautiful wife with a roving eye. The lady found small-town life in Liverpool a bore. In 1939 Harris joined the R.C.N., together with two other Mersey marine officers, C. W. Copelin & D. H. S. Macdonald. They commanded the first three flower-class corvettes built in Canada (Windflower, Hepatica & Trillium), took them across the Atlantic still unarmed, & served for many months in the famous Western Approaches convoys, where they were known as "the three musketeers" — always debonair & ready to tackle anything.

Harris's wife took off for Montreal. There was a divorce, & she married a Montreal man of wealth. Harris did not re-marry until recent years, when he lived in retirement at Mahone Bay. The funeral is to be at Pictou.

MONDAY, OCT. 24/60 Drove to Jordan Lake this afternoon with Austin Parker in a downpour of rain. Crossing the Mersey Co's. bridge over Kejimkujik River I noticed the stream vastly lower than I had ever seen it before, the result of the past summer's drought. The Mersey Co. are still extending & improving their system of roads in the forest area between the Mersey & Jordan Rivers, & a motor car can drive with ease into the far backwoods. At Jordan Lake we found awaiting us

Bud Coffill & Ed. Connolly of the Income Tax office, Halifax, with whom Austin hunts here every year. The staff of the little hunting camp were old acquaintances — Fred Connolly the cook; Atwood "Pat" Dexter, chief guide & boss; & the other guides "Sim" Hunt and Clarence Oickle.

On my two former visits to this camp it was necessary to pass through the Tobeatic Game Sanctuary, accompanied by game wardens who took charge of our rifles on the way. The sanctuary boundary has been shifted since, so that the Jordan Lake area, once a famous haunt of deer, is now open to anyone with a car or truck who can pass the Mersey Co's. gate at Kejimkujik River. This means a great number, including the Mersey Co's. own loggers and truckmen; & the surviving deer in the Jordan Lake region are now few & extremely wary.

TUESDAY, OCT. 25/60 The storm reached its height in the night, with a flooding rain & gale force wind that shook the camp shacks & threatened to tear the tarred-felt off the roofs. Today the rain continued in irregular gusts. Oickle attached himself to me, as he always does. He is an amiable fellow & an excellent hunter, but inclined to be trigger-happy. On my last hunt here, two or three years ago, we came upon a buck deer moving in a thicket. I held my fire, because any of the intervening twigs could divert a high-powered bullet, resulting in a miss or a wound in some non-vital part. Without asking my permission Oickle fired & the deer ran off and escaped, leaving a thin trail of blood spots that petered out after a few hundred yards. We searched the area, that day & the next, without success, and

undoubtedly the deer perished miserably in some distant thicket.

Hence, when our party separated in pairs to hunt this morning, & when Dikle asked if he could take his rifle, I shook my head & said — pointing to my own — that one was enough. We left camp soon after sun-up, & hunted through the dripping woods along the ridge east of Sixth Lake Brook. Coffill & guide Dexter were hunting near us, & in the dry flowage of the brook they came upon two small does, both moving away. Coffill, another trigger-happy soul, shot one of the does three times in the buttocks, ruining the meat on both haunches, taping the intestines to shreds. He then left Dexter to put the deer out of its misery & dashed happily after the other. From my position further along the ridge I could see the second doe running in the flowage, but there was no chance of a decent shot & I refrained. Coffill got no chance at all, & the doe got away. We went back to the deer that Coffill had shot, & the two guides skinned it & salvaged what meat they could. I never saw such a bloody mess, & couldn't refrain from saying to Coffill, "What were you trying to do — make a batch of mince-meat on the hoof?" The guides carried the meat to the brook edge, where they could get it with a canoe later.

Arrived back at camp about 2 p.m. in pouring rain, & had a belated dinner. Parker & "Jim" got back at 3 p.m, having seen no game. Towards sunset we separated in pairs again, driving by car to various abandoned logging camps, where deer sometimes come out to feed in the clearings at sundown. Saw nothing, & came back to

Jordan Lake in the rainy dark.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 26/60 Another cloudy day, with rain at intervals, & all the woods sodden. Oikle & I hunted the woods & old clearings far east of the camp, near the edge of Dunraven Bog, which we could see now & again. Nobody saw any game all day except "Jim" & Ed. Connally, who came upon a buck & doe lying down in a thicket. Both fired & missed as the deer sprang up & away.

THURSDAY, Oct. 27/60 Coffill & Connelly left for Halifax after breakfast, with the remains of Coffills deer stowed in the back of his station-wagon. The weather cleared at last, a lovely sunny day. Oikle & "Jim" & I hunted the woods & swamps between Sixth Lake Brook & what used to be Fourth Lake. (Fourth is now merely part of the Rossignol flowage). Rough traveling at times. Saw no game bigger than a weasel & a partridge, & came back to camp at 1.30 p.m. without firing a shot. Parker & "Pat" got back at 2 p.m. They had seen a running buck at Pitman's Point in Jordan Lake, but had no chance to shoot. Trailing the buck by its hoof-prints in the wet ground they found that it had run to the end of the point, jumped into the water & swum across the narrows. The sanctuary lies on the other side — a smart deer. Had a belated dinner & packed up. I slipped Oikle a $5 tip as we shook hands in Goodbye. Left Jordan Lake about 3 p.m. Saw old Ike Smart in Caledonia & stopped for a few quips with him. Home about 6 p.m. These days in the woods were refreshing & I enjoyed them despite an aching lower jaw. The spot where Dr. Hoffman removed the impacted wisdom tooth

on the right side is still very sensitive to heat & cold, & I suppose I got a chill in it some days back.

FRIDAY, Oct. 28/60 Sunny & cool. Played 36 holes at White Point this afternoon. Letters include a note from Bill Wilson, now rector of Trinity Episcopal Church at Stoughton, Mass., & father of three children. Edith left to spend the weekend with Tom & Francie in Hfx.

SATURDAY, Oct. 29/60 This evening I was guest speaker at a dinner of the Western N.S. Bar Association, in the Mersey Hotel. About sixteen lawyers & their wives, from Annapolis around to Lunenburg. Peter Nicholson, of Annapolis, was chairman. Guests included magistrate Horace Dickie, Judge Levy, & Emerson, who is now at his summer home in Greenfield. Mostly young men, & a lively company. Roy Lawrence promised to send me all the documents in the Sarah Crocker case, of which the late Judge Archibald told me long ago.

SUNDAY, Oct. 30/60 A dull day, drizzling rain at intervals. Church this morning. Lunch with the Austin Parkers. E. returned from Hfx. with Terry Freeman at 8 p.m. Should have mentioned yesterday a card from my sister Hilda, mailed in Innsbrück.

MONDAY, Oct. 31/60 Writing letters all morning — catching up on the accumulated mail. Golf this afternoon; overcast, with a stiff easterly breeze, & a fine surf on the beach. No one else out. News: Henry Hicks has resigned his leadership of the Liberal party in N.S. He has been appointed Dean of Arts & Science at Dalhousie University, and will be Vice-President under Dr. Kerr.

THURSDAY, NOV. 3, 1960

Sunny & mild. Golf this afternoon; several other players, of both sexes, on the course. Doubleday continues to send newspaper reviews of "Governor's Lady," from various cities in the States & Canada; all approve the book.

Tonight on TV I saw old friends Commander Rafe Barrett & wife Pauline talking about their recent 1½ years in Russia, where he was naval attaché at the Canadian embassy. They are now on their way to a new appointment in British Columbia. News: manufacturing industry in the U.S. & Canada continues the decline which became apparent a year ago, like the thermometer outside my hall window. Cottons, woolens, motor cars & coal suffer most, & there are the old familiar demands, mostly from Ontario, for higher tariffs on imported goods. In N.S. the Dominion Steel & Coal Co. has just announced that 3 more mines in Cape Breton will be closed permanently in January 1961. The miners' unions, who have done so much to ruin their own industry in the past with ever-increasing wages and low production, are screaming bloody murder, demanding that the national govt. take over the mines & run them — the old story. And the owners have their own cynical attitude; if the miners scream loud enough the govt. will offer increased subsidies to keep the mines open.

I am reading George Hardy's book "From Sea Unto Sea", the 4th. volume in Doubleday's Canadian History series, of which I wrote Vol. 3. It covers the period from 1850 (where I ended mine) to 1910, & deals extensively with the development of the West. The style is easy-going,

almost colloquial in spots, & will probably horrify some of our professional historians — even though Hardy is head of the Dept. of Classics at the University of Alberta. He has the western outlook, with a scathing opinion of Ontario politicians & manufacturing interests, and of the land-greedy interests of the United States.

FRIDAY, NOV. 4/60 On the golf course this afternoon I suddenly began to feel ill, a rising nausea & chill. Stuck it out, but on getting home found I'd been bitten by a bug now going the rounds — "intestinal 'flu" or "24-hour flu" — which is chiefly manifest in icy chill, nausea & diarrhoea. Spent a wretched night.

SATURDAY, NOV. 5/60 Indoors all day. Felt better towards evening but still pretty low. Phyl Jones invited us to dinner at Mersey Lodge but I didn't feel up to it.

SUNDAY, NOV. 6/60 Sunny but cold. Golf this afternoon. Tonight Austin Parker & Hector Dunlap got back from a weekend at Eagle Lake. Dunlap shot a fine buck deer on the slope above the west cove, only a few yards from the spot where I got one, years ago. This was luck. All hunters report deer very scarce. Yet a wool-brained "expert", employed by the N.S. government a year or so ago, declared that the deer herd in N.S. had grown too large for the available fodder!

Wrote H. B. Jefferson, whose articles on N.S. railway history are still appearing regularly in the Hfx. Chronicle-Herald, urging him to do a piece on the old Liverpool-Milton railway & the logging railroad of the Sable River Lumber Company.

TUESDAY, NOV. 8, 1960

A cold bright day. Got my two re-treaded tires from Illsley — the cost of retreading $14 each. Returned to Ken Jones the documents of two old Liverpool law cases, which he lent me to copy. Played 27 holes at White Point this afternoon. Received a slightly premature and extraordinary birthday present — a carefully packed flat carton of pickles, tomato soup, steak sauce, etc., sent by C. N. Express from the H. J. Heinz Co. at Leamington, Ontario. Inside was a printed birthday card offering "very best wishes on your 57th. birthday" and the card of Heinz Co. president, F. J. Sherk. This company makes a great advertising play on the fact that they turn out 57 varieties of pickles etc. Presumably they got my 57th. birth date from Who's Who. Do they send everyone in Who's Who a package of this stuff on his 57th. birthday? Had a card from my sister Hilda, mailed on the Côte d'Azur at Nice. Today is presidential election day in the U.S., the climax of a tremendous campaign between Nixon (the Vice-President) and Kennedy, which U.S. newsmen estimate to have cost over $150,000,000.

When I went to bed at midnight the T.V. was still showing partial results of the voting, but Kennedy had a very clear lead.

WEDNESDAY, NOV. 9/60 Kennedy is the new president of the U.S., by a small majority of the popular vote but a substantial margin in the electoral college. Owing to the complexities of the U.S. presidential election system the Kennedy victory was not known definitely

until this afternoon. He is the youngest man (43) ever to be elected president, & the first Roman Catholic. The general policies of the two parties were much the same, but there was an obvious feeling in the U.S. that their government needed new & dynamic leadership, & that Kennedy could supply it. The present depression of business in the U.S. gave Kennedy a strong labor vote in the cities, & he seems to have got support from a good many of the farmers as well.

FRIDAY, NOV. 11/60 Sunny & cold for Remembrance Day. Tom Jr. has determined to begin a dental practice here when he graduates next May, & is busy enquiring for a suitable office in Main Street. The N.S. Hospital at Dartmouth has notified Edith that Marie Freeman is incurable, & must be removed to the care of relatives or a County Home. E. & brother Terence have arranged for Marie to be cared for in Mrs. Harlen's nursing home in Milton, which is of course MARIE'S former family home.

SUNDAY, NOV. 13/60 My 57th birthday. E. gave me a new (№6) golf club, Tom & Pam presented some socks, & there was an iced cake with candles at dinner. Tom, Pam & I went to church this morning, while Grandma minded baby Deborah. At evening Tom, Pam & baby returned to Hfx. with Mike & Heidi Byrne.

MONDAY, NOV. 14/60 Warm, calm, hazy — an Indian summer day. Played golf. Attended a performance of Shakespear (The Tempest) in the auditorium of the Regional

High School. A roving company from Toronto, calling themselves The Canadian Players. No stage scenery, and without it, the players (who were quite good) failed to evoke the atmosphere of the play.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 16/60 Mild, & drizzling. Letter from Hugh MacLennan, all hot & bothered about the dire fate facing Canadian magazines under U.S. competition, & urging me to appear on their behalf when the Royal Commission on Publications sits in Halifax on Dec. 2. The fuss, as in similar outcries in the past, comes chiefly from Maclean's Magazine; and the chief target is the U.S. news magazine "Time", which has a large circulation in Canada & gets a lot of money for advertisements. I wrote Hugh this afternoon, saying that Maclean's had grown vastly in circulation, assets & staff during the past 20 years, despite the alleged unfair competition. Also we have no magazine like "Time" in Canada, giving a thorough cover of world events; it is read by an intelligent class of people, well able to detect & judge for themselves any "Yankee" slant on the news, so there's no danger of Canadian ideas being swamped by the Americans.

THURSDAY, Nov. 17/60 Wet, dark, dreary weather. Received a copy of "Sails of the Maritimes" by John Parker, which is just published under the aegis of the Maritime Museum of Canada, with a grant from the Canada Council. A history of the 2 and 3-masted schooners which flourished in the period 1890–1920, & an excellent job of book-making. Glad to see that Liverpool shipbuilders &

captains get full mention — a feature strangely omitted or neglected in F. W. Wallace's books on the square-riggers.

MONDAY, NOV. 21/60

A fine day, mostly cloudy. Drove to H'x with E. this morning. Dropped her at Simpsons' for shopping. Left my car in the parking lot at the corner of Queen & Spring Garden. Walked to the Book Room & autographed two or three dozen copies of Governor's Lady. Bendelier has a few orders for my West Nova history & wanted a couple of dozen to sell on consignment. I went up to Connolly's & autographed some copies of G. L. there. Talked to Jack Neville on the phone, & he agreed to turn over to Bendelier the West Nova books that have lain unsold in Connolly's basement storage for the past twelve years. (I make it 34 copies.) Lunched at the Halifax Club with Harvey Crowell. Walked up to Mahon's on Spring Garden Road & autographed some copies of "G. L." and "Wings of Night". Picked up E. at Francie's flat about 3 o'clock & set off for home.

Another letter from Hugh MacLennan, insisting that Maclean's & other Canadian magazines are in dire financial straits due to unfair competition by U.S. mags. in Canada, notably "Time" and "Reader's Digest".

By an odd coincidence my phone rang this evening, a call from Halifax. It was Murray ("Chip") Chipman, who is advertising manager for the Maclean publications, with headquarters in Montreal. After some preliminary banter (the latest joke from Paris & some of Chip's awful puns) he got down to business.

Referred to the Royal Commission on Publications; said Hugh McLennan will present "a magnificent paper" before the Commission when it sits in Montreal; asked if "the famous Thomas Raddall" would do the same when the Commission comes to Hfx. I told him what I'd told Hugh. "Chip" replied that Maclean's had lost $265,000 in the past 3 years — "that's the God's truth" — and was only kept going by profits from trade magazines published by the Maclean-Hunter people. In fact he talked for half an hour; and (realising that I was still unconvinced) rang off with the cheerful assurance that he would send me "a barrel of facts & figures" for my enlightenment.

Evidently the Chronicle-Herald editorial of Nov. 16, attacking this new move to tax American mags. for the benefit of Maclean's, (and perhaps my letter to Hugh in the same vein,) has brought Chipman down to Hfx. in a hurry. Hugh does a lot of writing for Maclean's & augments his income considerably thereby; but I don't think that is in the front of his mind. He's an idealist & the Maclean people have caught him with their lofty argument about the danger of U.S. intrusions into Canadian culture. "Chip" even asserted to me that "if the Canadian publications are forced out of business, Canada itself will become part of the U.S. in less than 50 years."

What nonsense! And when I think of my own relations with Maclean's I have to chuckle. It was their rejection of my early short stories that sent me

to Blackwood's Magazine, the Saturday Evening Post, et al, and it wasn't until I'd established a name for myself abroad that they showed any interest in my work. Even then they preferred to buy Canadian rights in my old Blackwood stories & publish them at low second-hand rates.

Forgot to note that on Saturday, Nov. 19, Terry Freeman & E. drove to Dartmouth & fetched Marie home to Milton. Mrs. Harden has a comfortable room for her & she seems quite happy there. How long she will remain so, without the daily care & therapy of a trained hospital staff, is a question.

TUESDAY, NOV. 22/60

In spite of frosty nights (down to 20° Fahr. sometimes) most of our November days have been fairly mild; I am able to play golf each dry afternoon (today is wet) comfortably with bare hands; & I notice dandelions & buttercups in bloom on the golf course here & there. A letter today from Chipman, on Lord Nelson hotel paper, enclosing cuttings from the Financial Post (of Toronto) giving summaries of the complaints placed before the Royal Commission on Publications, by Canadian publishing groups. More is to follow from Toronto. Chipman sets forth the way in which he apparently expects me to address the Commission, including this gem — "As a writer whose recognition came first in part through Canadian magazines you recognise their place and importance for Canadian writers to find expression for their talents." Nuts!

FRIDAY, NOV. 25, 1960 Sunny, cool, calm. Golf all afternoon at White Point, where I noticed large flocks of snow buntings very tame — one sat on a fence post & let me walk to within 3 feet. During this week three old acquaintances of mine have died. Ned Hunt, 69, was a Milton relative of Edith; served in a medical unit overseas in War One; worked as a gate watchman for Mersey Paper Co; for many years, as bandmaster, kept the town band operating. H. B. ("Bern") Freeman, 87, lived & died at Potanoc. A big hearty man, he was foreman at Rapid Falls pulp mill during my years (1923-29) as book-keeper for the Macleod Pulp & Paper Co. Tony Da Silva, 90, died in the County Home at Middlefield. He was the last member of a Liverpool family founded during the Napoleonic Wars by a Portuguese seaman, who married a local woman. In the later years of the 19th century there were other families here, similarly founded, notably the Gomez (pronounced locally GOOMS) who were part Negro, & the Fernandez, who were white. At one time, there were several brothers Fernandez, all captains, sailing out of Liverpool, all good Bluenoses.

SATURDAY, NOV. 26/60 Another fine calm day, & golf all afternoon. A surprising letter from my sister Hilda, mailed in Ottawa, where she has a government job as a stenographer. She had applied for a job there, writing from England, and expecting some sort of temporary job when the House opens in January. (She worked there for 2 or 3 years as secretary to Senator Gordon Isnor, of Halifax.) A friend cabled her an immediate opportunity, which must be taken at once. Hilda had just reached England after her long tour of the

continent, intending to stay a week or two with Aunt Ly in Kent. She had to make a hasty farewell & catch a jet plane across the Atlantic — 6 hours from London to Montreal.

Today I had another letter from "Chip" Chipman, together with full copies of the submissions made by Maclean's & other Canadian publishing groups before the Royal Commission on Publications. All very plausible but with one fatal flaw — the assumption that Canadian advertising in "foreign" (i.e. American) magazines would turn to Canadian magazines if the "foreign" publishers were shut out or compelled to charge higher rates. And there is no mention of Canadian periodicals published by newspapers (notably Weekend Magazine) which have built up large circulations and advertising revenue, cutting sharply into the field of Maclean's et al.

WEDNESDAY, NOV. 30/60 Rainy & mild, with gloomy sky. On the whole this has been a pleasant month, with comfortable temperatures & little rain. Letter from Lloyd MacInnis, CBC, Hfx, informing me that the Haliburton piece, filmed with me in Windsor last summer, will be shown on the "Gazette" program next week. He added that Cameron Graham, director of "Gazette" for several years, has been transferred to Ottawa, his home town. I liked "Sammy" Graham, a tall blond man, energetic & imaginative, an enthusiast about Nova Scotia. Today's newspaper mentions that the schooner "Sally Irene," laden with flour, is aground & possibly a total wreck on the Nfld. coast, off Fogo Island at the entrance to Seldom Harbor. Owners are the Ritcey Bros. Fishing Company, Riverport, N.S. She is 145 feet long,

one of the last Bank schooners built at Lunenburg.

A group of Lunenburg business men, headed by old Capt. Angus Walters, has started a fund to build another schooner "Bluenose", using the original plans & specifications. Estimated cost, $150,000 to $200,000. At present the famous old "Bluenose" is commemorated chiefly by her image on the Canadian ten-cent piece. Idea is to solicit a gift of dimes all over Canada — two million would do it — and use the new "Bluenose" as a tourist attraction at Lunenburg.

Letter from George Nelson of Doubleday's, Toronto, enclosing correspondence with Don Thomson, president of Canadian Authors Association. Thomson wants me to attend the C.A.A. convention in Toronto next June & suggests that Doubleday present me with their Award at that time. Nelson pointed out that I've received the Award already, but agreed to give a coffee party at which I would speak "informally". So, I suppose I shall have to go.

FRIDAY, DEC. 2/60 Sunny but cold (20°) & windy. Yesterday we had some thick flurries of snow — our first of the winter. The new (& temporary) town bridge is almost complete. The contractor has built two long [redacted] of heavy timber, one from each bank of the river, leaving a gap exactly measured to contain the central span of the old (iron) bridge. Last night, the workmen shifted the iron span from one to the other.

SATURDAY, DEC. 3/60

Mild & sunny. Played golf this afternoon. This evening, at the Kirkpatrick house in Milton, the Raddalls, the Jack McClearns & the Bob Kirkpatricks gave the first party of the Christmas season. Cocktails

and buffet-style edibles, 5 p.m. & 8.30 p.m.; about 80 people, all of whom seemed to enjoy the affair immensely. Jack's vivacious wife Edith is in hospital for a spell — she has a heart ailment — so their pretty daughter Judy took her mother's place as a hostess.

SUNDAY, DEC. 4/60 Another miraculous day, mild, not a cloud in the sky, not a breath of wind. Church alone this morning. Golf in the afternoon — the sea at White Point as smooth as glass.

MONDAY, DEC. 5/60 Ditto — except church. After golf I drove to Hunts Point & bought 10 lbs. lobsters (@ 40¢ lb.) from Harvey Doggett. So far, in spite of fine weather, the local lobster catch has been poor — nobody knows why.

About 4.30 a female voice phoned from CBC, Toronto, urging me to appear on their TV show called "Live a Borrowed Life". I said no, as I did to a similar invitation last summer. The voice said it would call me again after the New Year, to see if I'd changed my mind.

TUESDAY, DEC. 6/60 The Lunenburg-built replica of H.M.A. Bounty has arrived in Tahiti, where the movie will be made. Except for a small fire in the engineroom the long voyage passed without difficulty.

THURSDAY, DEC. 8/60 A bleak day, temp. 25° at noon, with whistling N.W. wind. E. set off to Hfx. with the Parkers, at 8 a.m., intending to return this afternoon. At 6 p.m. she phoned, saying that the road had proved dangerous all the way from Bridgewater to Hfx — a thin snow falling & making ice on the asphalt. Many cars in the ditch, etc. The Parkers won't attempt the return until noon tomorrow.

FRIDAY, DEC. 9, 1960 Temp. 15° above zero with a high wind. E. & the Parkers got back safely from Hfx this afternoon.

News:- The revolutionary govt. of Cuba under Fidel Castro is busy seizing & operating all sorts of business from Havana hotels to sugar mills, & including banks. U.S. banks ceased operations in Cuba earlier this year, leaving the Bank of Nova & Royal Bank of Canada the only "foreign banks" in the island. Yesterday the Royal Bank abruptly announced the sale of its Cuban branches & assets, valued at over $100,000,000 (including deposits) to the National Bank of Cuba. The R.B.C. has been operating in Cuba for more than 60 years, & did a lot of its business with sugar estates & mills. After the seizure of the sugar industry most of the bank's business was cut off, & it became impossible to continue. According to newspaper accounts the R.B.C. got $1,000,000 in cash & the rest in "debentures" — presumably bonds of the Cuban govt., which, in the highly probable event of another revolution, won't be worth the paper they're printed on. The remaining "foreign" bank, the Bank of Nova Scotia & its Cuban branches, undoubtedly faces the same politely disguised confiscation.

Letter from George Nelson, of Doubleday, Toronto, saying that the firm will pay the expenses of E. and myself if we attend the Canadian Authors' convention there next June. He says the trade sale of "Governor's Lady" is now close to 12,000, but does not indicate whether this is Canada only, or Canada & the U.S. (This figure refers to book-shop orders & does not include the Doubleday Book Club distribution.) He adds that the book is now in its second printing in the U.S.

SUNDAY, DEC. 11, 1960 Bitter cold & windy, yesterday & today. At noon E. & I attended a cocktail party given by the Ken Jones's & Eric Hazeldines at the Jones house on Main Street. A great crowd; hardly room to move; included officers from a Canadian govt. icebreaker – lighthouse-supply ship now refitting at the Steel & Engine Co. dock.

These Sunday noon "at homes" were started in L'pool a few years ago by Mowbray Jones & wife.

No outdoor exercise since the cold winds began to blow five days ago. Since Dr. Hoffman's operation on my lower jaw last summer, the bone is extremely sensitive to cold, & a long walk in this kind of weather means a painful neuralgia lasting for days.

MONDAY, DEC. 12/60 A howling blizzard all day & evening, our first real snowstorm this winter. At the height of it this afternoon a fire broke out in Bridgewater (an old wooden business block at the upper end of the main street was destroyed) and the Liverpool fire engine & crew were summoned there to help.

TUESDAY, DEC. 13/60 Shoveled out my driveway this afternoon – hard work, as the snow had an icy crust. Wind & flurries of snow all day. I note from Sun's Record that Lou Parrot has transferred property at Greenfield by deed to Ann Kelly. Tonight, on the T.V. program called "Gazette", appeared the interview with me, filmed last summer in the Haliburton House, Windsor. It was done without the usual ghastly make-up, & I looked quite my normal self.

THURSDAY, DEC. 15, 1960

Bright crisp weather (20° above zero at noon) & the winds have died away at last, so that I was able to walk to Milton & back this afternoon — my first outdoor exercise for ten days. The town is still digging itself out. These stormy days have damaged the gear of the lobstermen, & the price has jumped from 40¢ per lb. (live weight) to 65¢.

The provincial commission investigating the N.S. liquor laws (our Dr. John Wickwire is one of the commission) is winding up its hearings in Hfx, having spent two months, partly in touring Canada & parts of the States to see how things are done elsewhere. Here in N.S. the opposition to any revision of our antiquated liquor laws comes as usual from the "temperance" societies, whose membership nowadays is comparatively small, despite their claim to be speaking for "the vast majority of our people". They are backed chiefly by Baptist, and to some extent United Church groups, chiefly through pressure applied by clergy. Here in Liverpool our own U.C. minister, Rev. Matheson, called a meeting of deacons & stewards to draw up a petition to the commission urging retention of the old laws. He was somewhat astonished to find a majority of his church board against it, and not afraid to say so. The times have changed.

SATURDAY, DEC. 17/60 A wild storm of wind & rain all last night & much of today. A bad knock to the lobstermen, who lost many of their traps in Monday's storm. Inland we hear of barns blown down, greenhouses smashed, etc.

SUNDAY, DEC. 18, 1960 Church this morning. Service conducted entirely by children; 50 or 60 in the choir, in white surplices & caps; a boy & two girls in the teens on the rostrum. The remainder of the Sunday School filed in & filled the front part of the church. The rest of the pews were packed with adults, mostly fond papas & mamas, many of whom are never seen in church at other times. The weather was calm & mild, so this afternoon I walked to Milton & back. Then bathed, changed, & drove my car to Milton, & fetched Marie Freeman down to have dinner & spend the evening with us. Forgot to mention yesterday afternoon a cocktail party given by the Lester Clements & (Dr.) Lloyd Macleods, at the Macleod house on Main St., next to the Mersey Hotel. Huge crowd. Had a long chat with Whalley, the paraplegic war-cripple who lives at Port Joli.

TUESDAY, DEC. 20/60 Twinges of rheumatism in my shoulder-joints, left ankle & left big toe, after many months without any trouble of this sort. These wandering pains usually settle in one place - the small of the back - & this is what I dread. Roy Laurence K.C., of Annapolis, has sent me copies of the court papers in connection with the Sarah Crocker case 1936-37, together with notes of his own. He was counsel for Sarah's second "husband" in the case. M. B. Archibald, (later a judge of Supreme Court), who was counsel for the Salvation Army in the case, gave me a full account of his side of the case years ago, & I still have my typewritten notes on it.

THURSDAY, DEC. 21/60 A rainstorm yesterday, & nearly all of the Dec. 12th snow is gone. My warning pains of

Tuesday have proved correct. My old curse, lumbago, is upon me once again, crippling & painful. As usual I can rise from a chair only with great pain & difficulty, & I can only walk stooped & with my torso at a distinct list to port. Keep myself occupied studying the Croker papers & preparing a typewritten account of the whole curious case. Some day I hope to publish a book on notable Nova Scotia court cases, including this, & such others as the Gates murder case in Hfx just after World War One, two Liverpool cases (murder & theft) in 1817, etc. Also some mention of notable British murderers whose careers touched Nova Scotia; such as Dougal, of the famous Moat Farm case in England, whose multiple murders began when he was a soldier in garrison at Hfx. N.S. (While in Hfx. between 1884 & 1886 he had two wives, both of whom died quickly & mysteriously, on the same pattern as his later affairs in England.) And the British murderer George Joseph Smith, who operated in the same way, & who was stationed in Halifax N.S. with the Northhamptonshire Regiment in the 1890's. All this will require long & extensive research, a hobby project which at the present time I can't afford.

SATURDAY, DEC. 24/60

Fine, crisp with a light fall of snow last night, just enough to cover the ground. I hobbled slowly down to the post office & back, for a breath of fresh air. Bishop Waterman phoned from the Liverpool parsonage, wishing me & mine the compliments of the season. He is on his way to Lockeport, where he will conduct the Christmas Day services. This evening I drove with E. to Hector Dunlap's, near Fort Lark, & there had a drink or two & chatted with Ralph Johnson, Charles Williams & their wives. Then a brief

call on the Austin Parkers. Their daughter Ann & her babies have come home to live for a year; her husband has T.B. & must go to the Kentville Sanitarium.

Local news:- two Mersey mill men whom I've known for years are leaving shortly with their families — Larry Wickwire & Randy Day. Both are going to better jobs with paper companies in the province of Quebec. Wickwire, a brother of Dr. John, is chief engineer at the Mersey mill. Day has a clerical job of some kind.

SUNDAY, CHRISTMAS DAY, 1960 Fine, calm, mild. I am still tortured & semi-crippled with lumbago. At 1 p.m. Bill Dennis, Francie, & their two lively boys Gregory & Terry, ~~after~~ arrived from Hfx. in Bill's new Ford car. Francie swollen with her third pregnancy but she looks well. They had dinner with us & so did Marie Freeman, Terry & Betty Freeman & their son Roger & daughter Joan. Roger is a first-year student at Acadia. Bill Dennis has his plans all made. Next May he & another graduating M.D. from ~~Acadia~~ Dalhousie will open a joint practice in Summerside P.E.I. After the turkey & plum pudding (all of the party wearing jaunty paper caps from pull-crackers) we moved to the living room & had the ritual opening of gifts & Christmas stockings, the kids especially having a wonderful time. At 4 p.m. the Freemans returned to Milton & the Dennis's set off for Halifax.

MONDAY, DEC. 26/60 Another mild calm day. At 1 p.m. the other half of our family arrived — Tom, Pamela & baby Deborah, who drove down in Mrs. White's Chevrolet and

~~they~~ will stay with us for five or six days. Tom full of plans for setting up his dental practice here next May. He intends renting two vacant office rooms over Larry Seldon's drug store at the corner of Main & Gorham streets. Oddly enough these same rooms were occupied by a bygone dental partnership, Drs. Mulhall & Freeman, who practised there when I first came to Queens County in 1923. E. has been scouting for an apartment for Tom & Pam, thinks they may be able to get one of the best in town, in a big house near Fork Point, formerly owned by the heirs of Col. Jones, & now owned by Randolph Day.

I read today one of my Xmas gifts, the latest novel of Nicholas Monsarrat, called "The Nylon Pirates". It is a sometimes amusing but tawdry thing, evidently the outcome of a 3-months' "luxury cruise" from New York to the West Indies, South America & South Africa. It deals with a party of American crooks & whores who embark on such a cruise! A long way below "The Cruel Sea", which was Monsarrat's best effort, & which made his fortune. A year or two ago his second marriage went the way of the first — separation & now divorce — & with it his residence in Ottawa. He now seems to divide his time between London, New York & Hollywood. (~~Wrong. He kept his Ottawa residence.~~)

WEDNESDAY, DEC. 28/60 Temp. 4° above zero this morning. The snow vanished almost completely several days ago. After a week more or less housed by lumbago I said To hell with it & walked to Milton & back this afternoon — crouched, & going slowly. The exercise & fresh air did me good, although the pain in my loins remains. E. & I went to a cocktail

party this evening at Fort Point — our hosts Berth Waters & wife. Huge crowd. Chatted a few moments with Randolph Day, who told me his new job is in the office employ of the Canadian Pulp & Paper Institute, in Montreal. He has agreed to rent one of his apartments to Tom & Pam. The rent is stiff, $90 per month, & Tom must sign a 3-year lease beginning March 1st, although he will be busy in Halifax with final studies & graduation until mid-May.

Tom Jr. is busy with plans for setting up his practice. He talks blithely of borrowing $10,000 from the bank, & says the bank will not demand collateral, because doctors & dentists are considered a good risk. This causes me to reflect that whenever I borrow from the bank I have to put up collateral (usually my telephone company shares) well above the amount borrowed. Evidently authors are a bad risk. Pamela is pregnant & "expecting" next summer. All in all, including the furnishing of his apartment & his offices (and ~~purchasing~~ a new car which he intends to buy on the instalment payment system) he will need at least $15,000. His apartment rent is $90 per month, his office rent will be about $65, & he cannot expect to work up a paying practice in less than one year, probably longer; so he will have to borrow still more to cover the deficit in income during that time.

News:— The Diefenbaker government, on Dec. 20th, slapped an increase of 15% in the tax on dividends of foreign corporations operating in Canada. This was aimed directly at U.S. investments in this country, chiming neatly with the anti-American propaganda which has been whipped

up in Canada by self-interested groups (like the Canadian magazine publishers) in the past year or two. At the same time Ottawa invited a Cuban trade delegation to come & discuss import & export business on a large new scale. As the U.S. this year placed an embargo on goods to Cuba this was another direct slap at Uncle Sam. The reaction in Washington naturally is retaliation. As an immediate result the Canadian dollar has lost most of its premium (as high as 6% at times during the past five years) over the U.S. dollar. As a further result we must expect a renewal of the old high tariff on Canadian goods entering the U.S. in one form or another. There has been a powerful lobby for this in Washington for years. Now they have a first rate talking point.

In a wider view the new Canadian attitude fits in with the "Yankee go home!" attitude which has sprung up all over the world in the past ten years, & which the Russians have been busy exploiting. We may expect a turn in U.S. thought towards the "isolation policy" of the 1920's & 30's.

FRIDAY, DEC. 30/60 Another good walk to Milton yesterday. My back improves but I still have to carry myself with a stoop. A light snow last night, rain today. Still pursuing his plans, Tom Jr. has got an option on two of Keith Barling's lots, facing on the harbor between Fort Point & the end of Waterloo Street. He hopes to build a home there "in about ten years' time."

SATURDAY, DEC. 31/60

A grey day, threatening rain. Tom &

Pam & six other couples had a "progressive dinner" to celebrate New Year's Eve — cocktails at Jack Dunlap's flat; dinner, main course, at the Douglas Tozers' house; dessert & drinks at our house. E. & I kept house with baby Debbie until the party arrived about 10 p.m.

We went next door, where the Eric Anderssens had invited us & other friends, for drinks & chat. Then up to the Austin Parkers", where we saw the New Year in quite thoroughly. Home at 1.30 a.m., when the young party moved off.

SUNDAY, JAN. 1, 1961 Parker & I, under mimeographed orders from our businesslike parson, took our places at the two doors of Zion Church this morning, handshaking the customers. All the stewards have to take turns at this, & P. & I are to be on duty each Sunday this month. The Rev. Matheson is a good & energetic man, but no preacher — he reads his sermons, & in a monotonous singsong.

We had our turkey dinner at 5 p.m., enjoying the winsome ways of baby Debbie. The weather blew up a great storm of wind & rain towards evening, & howled about the house all night.

MONDAY, JAN. 2/61 The wind came around to N.W. this morning & blew hard all day. Tom, Pam & baby left for Hfx after lunch. Tom asked for $1,065.00, to see him through till May, & I gave him a cheque. E. & I attended a small cocktail party (4–6 p.m.) at Capt. Charles Williams' home, Fort Point. The pain and "bind" are gradually going from my loins but I still cannot stand straight or walk

with ease. News:- Hon. C. D. Howe died in Montreal on Saturday night. He was a professional engineer & building contractor who became the strong man of Mackenzie King's govt. during War Two & the post-war years till 1957. Able & sincere, he hated the petty nag of politics, drove his measures through Parliament with the force of a bull-dozer, & got a lot of good things done.

Today Dartmouth N.S. incorporates itself with various suburbs that have grown large in the past 20 years, & becomes the ~~second~~ 1 city (though it still calls itself a town) in N.S., with a population of 50,000. Today the new private T.V. station at Halifax, CJCH, began broadcasting on channel 5, though it won't have full power till March. (We can't get it here.) Its objects are purely commercial, although it must conform to regulations of Canada's Board of Broadcasting Governors. For those within its range it will provide an alternative to CBC fare, some of which is unutterably dull — especially the dismal plays which originate in Toronto.

WEDNESDAY, JAN. 4/61 A snowstorm blew up in the night & continued all day. Despite my lame back I shoveled paths (thigh deep) to the ploughed street from the side & front doors. Yesterday we installed our bird-seed tray on top of the bird-bath in the garden; and as if by magic a small flock of Evening Grosbeaks appeared within an hour. Today they flitted back & forth disconsolately in the storm. Trudged down to the post office this afternoon in my green winter coat with its (detachable) parka hood.

Letter from Reginald V. Harris, Q.C., of Hfx, urging me to

write a biography of the late Sir Frederick Fraser, who founded the School for the Blind in Hfx. No can do. With Tom Jr. & his family still on my shoulders, & likely to continue so for the next two years, I must confine my time & efforts to things that will bring a reasonable return of cash. At present my mind remains empty, haunted by the knowledge that I should now be deep in my next book, which Doubleday so confidently expects. Sometimes I feel that at last I have come to the end of the tether — that I can write nothing more.

Tonight at 8:30 I trudged to Zion Church to attend a meeting of the board of stewards. Subject, a budget for 1961. I learned (1.) the Rev. Matheson wants more than the $4250 per year (including $650 allowance for a car) which was paid to Mr. Macdonald, and came here on the promise that the salary would be raised substantially. He got $4250 at his last post, St. Peters, C.B., a smaller congregation with less work & responsibility. (2) In 1960 Zion Church sold to Imperial Oil Co. a piece of land adjoining the railway line on the Parade Point. The land was an inheritance from the old Gorham estate, acquired through the merger of the Congregational people with the United Church in 1925. The Imp. Oil Co. paid $3,000 for it, & has lately erected a cluster of oil tanks (painted in delicate pastel shades of pink, green & blue) to ~~supplant~~ replace their old tanks at the railway station. (3) Zion Church still receives about $300 per year from the Gorham estate, a trust set up more than a century ago, and now administered

by the Eastern Trust Co. of Halifax.

(4) The church building, erected after its predecessor was destroyed by fire in 1865, is a tall ungainly structure built on the architectural principles of a barn. It was unsound from the first, for it was badly damaged by a gale in 1870, & some time later the steeple had to be removed and replaced with the present squat bell-tower. A few years ago it was actually dangerous, and it had to be strengthened inside with horizontal iron rods running (high over the heads of the congregation) from wall to wall. Last year a committee headed by Merrill Rawding discovered that large and expensive repairs to the roof & walls cannot be delayed much longer. The minimum cost was estimated at $35,000. A more generous repair & renovation, with an attempt to reduce its present ugliness of design, would cost $60,000. The committee pointed out that Zion really needs a completely new building, which would cost at least $120,000.

For the present, the stewards are concerned entirely with operating expenses. We decided to raise the minister's pay to $4,800 per year. In addition to this he has the parsonage, well equipped with oil furnace, electric stove, refrigerator, electric washing machine & dryer, etc. The congregation pays all taxes, light & water bills on the parsonage, and pays $200 a year towards the oil fuel bill. It also pays an annual sum to the general pension fund of the United Church. Altogether the minister's pay and benefits amount to the equivalent of at least $6,000 a year.

Altogether we came to a budget (including such items as $1,050 for the organist, & contributions to general

church administration & missionary funds) of $12,000. This must be raised from a congregation of about 300 families and lone individuals, only a quarter of whom have incomes approaching or surpassing that of the minister.

THURSDAY, JAN. 5/61 Bright & cold. The town (& province) still digging out of snow banks. This morning I shoveled a path to the bird-tray, & soon noticed three grosbeaks feasting on the sunflower seeds. Today Trans-Canada Air began a jet passenger plane service from Vancouver to Britain via Halifax. The time (including four stops en route from Vancouver) was less than 16 hours. The time from Halifax to Glasgow was 5 hours.

This evening C. & I attended a dinner party at Sherman Andersen's house on College Street, in honor of Mrs. Andersen's sister Roxana (née Smith, of South Brookfield) About six couples.

SUNDAY, JAN. 8/61 A thaw yesterday & today; no sun, no rain; just mild misty weather which has shrunk the snow banks like magic. Church this morning; walked most of the way. My back seems almost normal again, but I get a sharp jab now & then to remind me that the lumbago is still lurking there. This evening we drove with the Parkers to the Holloway house at Middlefield, where the Holloways, the Leif Holts & Frank Hiltz's had a big supper party. It was a farewell to Mr. & Mrs. Lawrence McKinnie & Mr. & Mrs. Randolph Day, who leave soon for their new homes in Quebec province.

MONDAY, JAN. 9/61 Fine & cold. Walked to Hilton & back. Jack McClearn dined & spent part of the evening with us — his wife

Edith is in the local hospital, recovering from a heart attack.

News:- permanent closure of 3 large coal mines, owned by Dominion Steel & Coal Co. in Cape Breton, has been averted again by a govt. subsidy. Even so, "Dosco" insists that the pits must be closed this summer, because gas & oil fuel have cut away much of their old market for coal in P.Q. & Ontario.

News: the Congo pot still boils - literally & figuratively. (A month or two ago some Irish soldiers of the United Nations force in Congo were killed & eaten.) Mr. N'Krumah, the dictator of Ghana, backed by two or three other black potentates, wants all the white troops of the U.N. withdrawn from Congo, leaving only those of African nations. This would enable Krumah to pursue his ambition - to become the president or leader of an all-black United States of Africa. In Cuba the ridiculous fanatic Castro has mobilized an army of men, women & teen-agers of both sexes, armed with new Russian equipment from tanks to rifles. He declares that Cuba is about to be invaded by U.S. forces.

In Laos (pronounced "louse"), one of the new native states set up in what used to be Siam & French Indo-China, there is a new civil war between "red" and "white" elements; and as usual the Russians & Chinese are supplying cannon etc. to the "reds", while the U.S. does the same for the "whites".

Algeria remains a battlefield of the French & the Moslems.

Of all the native states & nations set up in the old British, French, Dutch & Belgian empires in Asia & Africa, only India seems capable of democratic government, with consequent peace & order. The rest are a political & economic mess, with no hope for a long time to come.

WEDNESDAY, JAN. 11, 1961

Mild, after a sharp night. Drove my car to Milton this afternoon & brought Marie Freeman down for dinner & the evening. I sent a telegram of felicitations to be read at a testimonial dinner to William ("Bill") Arthur Deacon in Toronto tonight. Bill is retiring from his long-time job as literary editor of the Globe & Mail. Phone call from John Hobbay (or Holiday?) of CBC, Toronto, asking permission to broadcast (radio only) a half-hour play based on my short story "The Powers of Darkness". In 1957 the Halifax station did a play, written by Clyde Douglas, on the same tale. It was a poor thing. Hobway proposes to write a new play, & make a complete new production of it. My fee to be $50. I agreed. Letter from Cicero T. Ritchie, the too-enthusiastic admirer of my work who in 1958 proposed to write a two-volume biography — "the first volume now or soon, the second after your death." (See diary entries Sep. 30 & Oct. 3, 1958). I was more alarmed than flattered. Now he says he's suffered a coronary attack & must give up the idea. Maybe, as a courtesy, I should now offer to write his biography, after his death.

Old Joe Wentzel, aged 88, died today. For many years he was in charge of Liverpool's original marine slip, near his home at Fort Point, repairing wooden ships of all sorts. During World War ~~Two~~ One he was boss carpenter when the wooden freight steamer "War ~~King~~ Halifax" was built on this slip.

During War Two he came out of retirement & took the job of boss carpenter, warship repairs, when Mersey Paper Co. undertook the refitting of R.C.N. corvettes at their Brooklyn docks. Joe was a tall burly man, much liked by everyone. In latter years he amused himself in making small-scale models of Liverpool sailing ships that he had known.

SUNDAY, JAN. 15/61 Sunny, windy, cold. A little snow on the ground — my back lawn one-third bare. Church this morning. This evening, with about 20 other couples, we were invited to the home of Maynard Colp (RCAF, retired) & wife, at the corner of Main & Union streets. The Colps are nice people & no one could refuse. Unfortunately they are strictly temperance, & the entertainment was the singing of hymns around the piano, led by the Rev. Matheson. Few of us are songbirds, even in the best of trim, so the ladies did most of the singing while the men sat about, sneaking glances at their watches, until it was time (11.30 p.m.) to go.

FRIDAY, JAN. 20/61 Cold clear weather for the past four or five days, with a good walk to Milton each afternoon. Much reading. No writing but letters.

At daylight a nor'-east blizzard began, & blew all day & night. This morning Mr. John Kennedy was inaugurated President of the United States. I watched a film of the show on T.V. in the afternoon. The weather in Washington was sunny & cold (20°) with just enough snow to whiten the ground. The breath of the people, including Kennedy, showed like puffs of steam whenever they spoke. The stands seemed to be full of spectators, but newsmen said

the crowds were much smaller than usual owing to the cold.

SATURDAY, JAN. 21/61

Sunny, after the storm, but still very windy & cold. Phone call from Ken Jones M.P.P. re the Gorham Trust Fund, established by the will of Mrs. James (Jedidah) Gorham after her death in 1849. She left her whole estate in trust for various benevolent purposes in Liverpool. The trust fund (now administered by Eastern Trust Co., Halifax) amounts to $45,000. One item in the trust was the care & upkeep of the small wooden school, built by James Gorham in 1812, on the west corner of Gorham & Church streets. It is still in use, but an anachronism, too small to accommodate more than 30 children, and impossible to adapt to modern sanitary & other standards. The Town Council intends to build a new & larger school for junior grades on Sargent Street, wants to dispose of the old Gorham building, & to receive the appropriate portion of the Gorham fund for the (park) cost or upkeep of the new school. Jones is preparing a legal petition to change the terms of the original Gorham Trust to that extent; wants me to write an affidavit attesting that James & Jedidah Gorham died childless. This to satisfy the courts that no modern claimant may arise to dispute the change. I agreed, but asked for time to consult Brent Smith's genealogical records in the Archives at Hfx. I wrote Fergusson at the Archives this afternoon. At 5 p.m. Bill

& young Gregory Dennis arrived by car from Hfx. with Wilfred ("Bud") Gillis. Little Greg will stay with us, & his smaller brother Terry goes to Grandma Dennis in Brookfield, while Frances is "lying-in" — she expects her third child within a few days. Bill & Bud have been friends through medical school, & this summer they intend to set up practice together at Summerside, P.E.I. They had dinner with us & returned to Hfx. at 8 p.m.

SUNDAY, JAN. 22/61 Sunny & very cold, 5° above zero at 8 a.m. Church this morning, alone & afoot. Should have mentioned that yesterday's Chronicle-Herald contains the first article on the old Liverpool-Milton Railway by "J. B. King" (i.e. H. B. Jefferson.) He quotes from my letters. The second article is to appear next week.

MONDAY, JAN. 23/61 Temp. exactly zero at 8 a.m. Large numbers of grosbeaks, starlings, grackles & sparrows enjoying our feeding-tray on the bird bath in the back garden. I found our kitchen sink waste-pipe plugged with some mysterious obstructions and a consequent gathering of lint, etc. This morning Kelly Aulenbach, the plumber, came with an assistant. They had to saw out a section of the waste-pipe & replace it with a complete new part including "trap". The obstructions turned out to be three or four miniature (plastic) golf clubs, part of a set for stirring drinks. Young Gregory must have found them & shoved them down the drain on his last visit here. J. L. Erskine, of Wolfville, has sent me a copy of his paper on ancient Indian shell-heaps in N.S. He is a careful investigator & digger, but some of his conclusions seem fanciful to me.

FRIDAY, JAN. 27, 1961 Our Arctic weather continues unbroken. In our narrow coastal strip along the South Shore from Yarmouth to about Chester we enjoy the mildest winter temperatures in all Canada east of the Rockies. Even so, for the past fortnight we have had temperatures ranging from zero to 20° above. At the same time Guysborough has had temperatures as low as 16° below zero, and one night Fredericton had 26° below. This evening E. & I attended a dinner party & cards afterward, given by Bert & Catherine Waters at their Fort Point home. I am no card player but I was commandeered into a bridge game. My score, like the weather, was just a little above zero.

SATURDAY, JAN. 28/61 Sunshine, & the temp. got up to 20° above, with no wind; so after many days confined to short walks in the wintry blast I was able to enjoy a hike to Milton & back this afternoon. A woman phoned me this morning, a Mrs. Floyd Smith of Great Hill. She had read, in this morning's Hfx Chronicle-Herald, the second instalment of Jefferson's history of the old Liverpool-Milton railway, in which my name was mentioned as a consultant. She thought I might be interested in a typewritten document in her possession which apparently referred to the early history of the pulp mills at Milton. She said it was found some time ago wedged between two rocks at high tide, at Sandy Cove, & looked as if it had been thrown into the Mersey river or the harbor, before drifting to that spot. She sent it over to town this afternoon for my perusal. It consisted of 3+ typed pages, business-letter size, bound with wire staples to a sheet of stiff blue paper such as lawyers use as

covers for deeds & other legal documents. It had no title or preamble, & was unsigned; but on reading it I soon discovered that it was a memoir of William Keddy, whom I once met, years ago, in Milton. He began life on a small backwoods farm at Chelsea, Lun. Co., but made his home for many years in Milton. According to Miltonians he was a very astute & energetic man, a born promoter who made a fortune in timber deals, the old Milton Electric Light Company, etc. Some considered him unscrupulous. His son Owen became a prosperous & well regarded doctor at Windsor, & was for some time mayor of that town.

SUNDAY, JAN. 29/61 A cold crisp sunny day. Walked to church & back. In the afternoon J. Roy Gordon called to see the Keddy document. It is genuine, beyond doubt, though how it came to the shore at Sandy Cove is a mystery. It seems to have been dictated to a typist some time after 1930, when Keddy was an old man living with his son Dr. Owen at Windsor. He recounts with great unction, various slick deals in timberland, in the stock of the Hughes pulp mills at Milton, & in the electric-light franchise for the village of Milton. And then, as if his conscience bothered him a bit, he sets forth various charitable gifts & benevolences, most of which however went to his brothers & various nieces, etc. Gordon remembers him as a bland smooth-talking man, apparently of independent means, living in Milton East when Gordon came here in 1910.

The memoirs are very disjointed & seldom give a definite date. Apparently the chief timber & pulp mill coups were made in the period roughly 1890-1910. The memoirs end

with his sale of the Milton electric light franchise to Western Nova Scotia Electric (a subsidiary of U.S. power interests) in or about 1929.

MONDAY, JAN. 30/61 A phone call from Hfx. informed us that our daughter Frances gave birth to a baby girl — just what she wanted — early this morning. Both are "doing well". Walked to Milton this afternoon — very cold, & snowing lightly all the way. Dropped in to Ken Jones' law office & read copies of the wills of James & Jedidah Gorham, in which no mention was made of a son or daughter. There were bequests to a number of people, mostly servants, including an Ann Carol Randolph. According to Robert Long, she was a girl brought up in the Gorham household, in whom they took an affectionate interest. She married in Annapolis & named her first child John Gorham Randolph. There was another bequest to a child of Freeman Supper, named Freeman Gorham Supper.

Ken, with my assistance, drew up an affidavit which tonight I signed, stating that after study of Liverpool documents for many years I had never found mention of a living child of James & Jedidah, & that I firmly believed they died without heirs of their own flesh, or adapted child or children in the legal sense.

Noticed in this morning's paper that the lobster fishermen of Seal Island, with families & various dogs, geese & even pigeons, had been evacuated by a Marine Dept. ship yesterday. Their leader, my old

The evacuees, men, women & children, totalled 38 persons.

friend Dewey Nickerson, had requested this by radio. The past fortnight's severe temperatures & contrary winds had left them dangerously short of food. Knowing Dewey, I can picture him directing the whole thing — even to crating the geese & pigeons. The evacuation was made by boat in a snowstorm, with temperature about 10 above zero — a real Dewey feat.

TUESDAY, JAN. 31/61 Temp. 8° below zero at 8 a.m., rising slowly to 15° above, in the afternoon, when the sky was dark with snow squalls. Phyl Jones asked us to drop in for a chat this evening. We haven't seen much of each other for many months. Mowbray is away two-thirds of his time on business trips to Newfoundland, Montreal, New York, etc., & Phyllis often accompanies him. They have no family ties now; the two oldest girls are married & away; the youngest girl Stephanie ("Taffy") is studying art at a U.S. college, & the twin boys are at Upper Canada College. Letter from Commodore Medland RCN, chairman of the Maritime Museum board, asking me to serve another 3 years on the Board of Trustees. I wrote, agreeing.

WEDNESDAY, FEB. 1/61 Temp 6° below zero at 8 a.m. rising to only 5° above during the day, despite bright sunshine. The pattern of this frigid spell, unbroken since Jan. 15, is sunshine in the mornings, cloud & light snow flurries in the afternoons, clear & brilliant starshine at night. To get the sunshine I walked to Milton & back (6 miles altogether) this morning, with my parka hood drawn to keep my ears from freezing. No snow to amount to anything since the storm of Jan. 20.

THURSDAY, FEB. 2/61 Temp 8° below at 8 a.m. (It was 19° below at Big Falls, 39° below at Stellarton.) A strong wind down the river, so I confined my walk to the post office & back. According to Halifax weather bureau, this is the longest unbroken spell of near-zero & sub-zero weather in N.S. since the recording of temperatures began in 1874. This is the legendary Groundhog Day, & if any groundhog ventured out hereabouts today he certainly saw his shadow in the bright sunshine; hence, according to the legend, we shall have another 6 weeks of hard cold.

Today, for the first time, our little grandson Gregory Dennis asked, "Where's Daddy? Where's Mummy?" However he was soon absorbed again in his play.

FRIDAY, FEB. 3/61 Our frigid weather relaxed today — temp rose to 25° above zero, & the sun actually felt warm. Walked to Milton & back, stopping for a brief yarn with Archie at the forge. Gerald Richardson of CBC phoned. They intend a series of TV talks & interviews, across Canada, by Bruce Hutchinson; wants to know if I would permit a filmed interview in my home, March 1st or 2nd. I said Yes.

SATURDAY, FEB. 4/61 Yesterday's ease of temperature was a "weather-breeder". A strong & bleak NE wind all day today, turning into a blizzard towards dark. In the evening, despite the storm, E. & I went with the Austin Parkers to a large party at the Mersey Hotel — given by (Mr. & Mrs.) Edwin Parker, Hugh MacMillan, Burke Douglas & Erik Andersson. Drinks, chat, finally coffee & sandwiches etc.

MONDAY, FEB. 6, 1961

Today again the Temp. got up above 25°, after a near-zero night. The storm on Saturday night was actually the fringe of a terrific blizzard, which had dumped up to 36 inches of snow on New York & New England, with wind in gusts up to 100 miles an hour. Directly or indirectly the storm caused the death of 100 people in those parts. After passing Cape Cod the storm veered out towards Sable Island. Yarmouth got 10" of snow, Liverpool 5", & Halifax none at all.

Walking to Milton this afternoon I noticed gangs of workmen in various places digging to reach frozen water pipes leading from the mains to stores & houses. The steady near- or - below zero nights of the past fortnight have caused a deeper penetration of frost into the ground than anyone can remember. On the river just below Hill's Grove I noticed a young man chopping a hole in the ice over mid-stream. He told me the ice there was a foot thick, & he was going to try fishing for smelts. In ordinary winters the ice is never safe on this stretch of the river, where the current runs fast. Wrote letters to J. L. Erskine & Jim Donly anent Erskine's report on ancient Indian camp sites; & to H. B. Jefferson re the L. & N. and the H. & S. W railways, and Gilbert Kempton's photographs of these.

Letter from Francie. Her new daughter is to be named Stephanie Lynn Dennis — the "Lynn" in honor of Francie's girlhood friend Lynn Seldon. She is anxious to re-unite her family as soon as possible, & hopes to have

little Jerry & Gregory again by Wednesday.

TUESDAY, FEB. 7/61 Fine. Temp. 20° at noon, dropping to 10° at night. Dentist Charlie MacIntosh replaced a broken filling in one of my lower molars, & treated a small gum-boil there. Dropped & broke my "outdoor" glasses (as distinct from the bi-focals I use indoors) & took them to Wile, the optometrist, for replacement.

For several days past, a small gang of workmen have been ripping the planking off the two stubs of the old town bridge. At the same time trucks have been bringing quantities of long angle-iron for the new job. Tonight on T.V. I saw & heard an interview with Ned Pratt, now aged 78. The film was "shot" last summer — Frank Willis the interviewer. The old boy, sat under trees, neatly dressed — even to a homburg hat — & seemed as cheerful & ready-witted as ever. His Newfoundland accent unblemished by more than 50 years in Ontario. Talked mostly of his youth, when he "clerked" in a Nfld. country store "selling everything from brown sugar to corsets", & later taught a country school on the Nfld. coast. At about 25 he had saved enough money to take him to Toronto University. At Willis's prodding he told how, in the early 1930's, (when his salary as a university professor was never enough to cover his hospitality) he "hocked" his gold medal (the Lorne Pierce medal) from the Royal Society of Canada. "I got $25 for it, at a little pawnshop in King Street, & invited about a dozen fellow Newfoundlanders to a dinner at the Royal York."

FRIDAY, FEB. 10, 1961

Snowing lightly at intervals. Bill & Francie arrived from Hfx by car at 1 p.m. bringing the new baby Stephanie. Bill & his partner recently made a brief trip to Summerside to look things over. They have been assured of a house to rent, for each, and expect no difficulty in finding office space. Stephanie is a wee dark thing, more like her mother than the other children — both of them blond Dennises. Frances looks extremely well. She had her baby in the Halifax Infirmary, where Bill is serving the last of his internship, & is full of praise for the hospital and staff. They left at 4 p.m., taking little Gregory back with them. He has had a fine time here, & we enjoyed him thoroughly.

SUNDAY, FEB. 12/61 Temp. about zero at 8 a.m., rising to 25° at noon, a lovely crisp sunny day. E. & I walked to church this morning, & in the afternoon I enjoyed a lone walk to Milton & back. Kids skating on the river in various patches they had cleared of snow; & from tracks in the snow I noticed that two young men had got on the ice just below Salmon Island and walked almost to the railway bridge, traveling right down the middle of the river.

The long cold snap has produced ice conditions in many South Shore harbors, unknown for years. Liverpool has had no trouble; but government patrol boats have had to break ice for the passage of motor fishing-boats at Lunenburg, Port Mouton, Shelburne, Lockeport & Yarmouth.

Farther afield, the large & powerful ice-breakers of

the Marine Dept. have had great difficulty in getting ships in & out of the (paper mill) harbors at Corner Brook, Nfld; Dalhousie, N.B, & Baie Comeau, P.Q.; and the dream of recent years in Quebec City, to have a cleared passage to the open sea all winter, has had a sharp awakening.

Terry Freeman brought Marie down from Milton to have dinner & spend the evening with us, returning for her at 9 p.m.

MONDAY, FEB. 13/61 Beautiful weather, like yesterday. Had a Milton walk in the afternoon. Called at the Stenpro office where Gilbert Kempton (70) works, drafting machine parts. He lent me 8 prints, taken from his father's old plates of the 1890's, showing the Liverpool & Milton train on the trestle at Rapid Falls; entering the little enginehouse; and of the N. & S.W. railway bridge above Liverpool — the small steamer "Help" & a diver exploring the site, the first (timber) bridge, the permanent bridge under construction alongside it, & the work train & subsequent passenger trains crossing it.

Heard today that Ann, wife of my old friend Lt.-Cdr. Charles Copelin, died in London some days ago. Cancer. Burial in a Catholic churchyard in Surrey; which means apparently that Charlie intends to remain in England when he retires as head of Bowaters Marine Dept. in a year or two.

Foreign news:— Patrice Lumumba, the rattle-brained Negro who seized power in the Congo when the Belgian troops withdrew, & made a howling mess of things, is dead. He was made a prisoner by an opposition faction & transported to Katanga province a short time ago. Negro officials in

Katanga say he was "killed while trying to escape" — the old story.

Within the past few days the Russians pulled off another spectacular planet-missile stunt. They shot a rocket missile far into space, & from it a second missile emerged & is now heading for the planet Venus.

FEB. 14, 1961 Snowing lightly all day. Sent off the Kempton photos to H. B. Jefferson for his newspaper articles on the L. & N., and the H. & S. W. railways. He has promised to credit the photographer, Gilbert Kempton Sr., & to return the "pix" undamaged.

Harrison Lewis, of Sable River, has declared to the newspapers that, owing to heavy ice forming over the eel grass beds, no less than 10,000 wild geese are starving to death at Port Joli & Port L'Hebert. He says he has placed grain on the shores in certain places, but the geese have been harassed by poachers & will not come in gunshot range of the shore.

Lewis was many years at Ottawa, a civil servant in the wild life conservation bureau of the Dept. of Natural Resources. He retired to Sable River some years ago, and has occupied his time since in a war on poachers and a harassing of legitimate gunners in the Sable River — Port L'Hebert — Port Joli area, laying charges with the R.C.M.P., demanding changes in the bird sanctuary areas, etc. An admirable man in many ways, but a bit of a crank. Actually the annual bag of wild geese in these parts, by sportsmen & poachers as well, is a mere fraction of the total flock. And the inlets have been frozen over before. Thirty years ago or so a disease or fungus actually

destroyed the eel grass beds. At those times the geese simply took wing for more southerly latitudes, as most Canada geese do.

FRIDAY, FEB. 17/61 Bright sunny days with afternoon temperatures up to 35°, diving to a few degrees above zero at night. Good walks to Milton every day — the paved road bare & dry. Tonight two handsome & intelligent young chaps, 20-ish, came to ask me about opportunities to dive for "treasure" — or any sunken ships around here. Their names, O. J. DeLong and Philip Decker. Both live in Brooklyn. They are skin-diving enthusiasts, have the latest S.C.U.B.A. equipment, and have formed a partnership offering diving services — "Salvage, Recovery, Restoration" — to the public. (They presented me with a neatly printed business card.) I got out the charts & showed them several possibilities, including the spot near Brooklyn (Neal's Ledges) where the French transport "Duc de Choiseul" was chased ashore, wrecked, & eventually sunk, during the American Revolutionary War.

SATURDAY, FEB. 18/61 Again a sunny day, dead calm, with temp. up to 40° after a near-zero night. Fine walk to Milton — like a day in spring. Letters include a "fan" note from — of all people — an Anglican nun called Sister Caedmon, in the convent of St. Anne, Kingston N.Y. She had just read my "The Nymph & The Lamp" & thought it wonderful. Hardly a nunnish book, it seems to me. The

provincial gov't has announced increases in the gasoline tax and the general tax for hospital benefits. Today's Chronicle-Herald has my photo over Jefferson's final article on the L. & M. Railway, in which he quotes again from my letters. Phone call from ~~Walter~~ Weeks (C.B.C.) re the interview mentioned by Richardson on Feb. 3. The date is changed to Feb. 27, & Weeks will arrive with a camera crew after lunch.

MONDAY, FEB. 20/61 Sunny, 32° at noon, with a real March gale at N.W. My old Seal Island friend Dewey Nickerson blew in; his first visit in a long time. He admits that the dramatic evacuation of the island (see Jan. 30) was really unnecessary; the lobster fishing was finished for the winter, & it was easier to get home to Clark's Harbor on the gov't. steamer than in their own motor boats. People around Cape Sable have been quizzing him unmercifully about it. He also admitted (sipping away at a glass of rum) that he, his married son, & other lobster fishermen are all drawing [redacted] $28 to $36 a week from the Unemployment Fund. "It's a racket, Lon, but everybody's doing it, so I do, too."

The lobster fishermen at Cape Sable have been prosperous for years. Dewey himself probably clears about $5,000 a year. It was always a feature of this fishery that the men took up their traps at the end of January, stayed at home through the stormy months of February & March, & set forth again in April. When fishermen were brought under the beneficent Unemployment Fund a few years ago, they found that they could get paid for this comfortable

lay-over, & now they're all doing it.

This afternoon, after my walk to Milton, I shovelled the remaining snow from my driveway, got the car started, & drove to Hunt's Point & back. The car has been sitting idle in the garage since the snowstorm of Jan. 20, & the present mild spell offered a chance to charge the battery.

TUESDAY, FEB. 21/61 Sunny, temp. 32° at noon, & no wind. The old snowbanks along the street sides have shriveled to grimy little ridges. I note from the Hfx. papers that the West N.S. Regiment has been authorized to recruit two platoons in Lunenburg town. After the late (1939-45) war, a militia shuffle made the W.N.S.R. practically an Annapolis Valley unit, retaining only one company on the South Shore at Bridgewater. I thought this a great mistake, & said so at a regimental dinner at Aldershot (see entry Nov. 18, 1949).

WEDNESDAY, FEB. 22/61 Windy, with cloud & sunshine. Lloyd MacInnis, CBC, phoned from Hfx. this morning. The CBC headquarters at Toronto wants to do an interview on my life & work. It will be done sometime in the next few weeks, will last at least 30 minutes, & will be broadcast on the radio network — not T.V. I agreed. MacInnis will come down here for the thing, & he is to let me know a few days in advance. Letter from Basil Partridge, of the Canadian Authors Association, Toronto. He wants me to join in a panel talk about novel writing, at the convention in Toronto next June. I replied that I'd rather not. I've already promised to give a talk at Doubleday's coffee party there on June 21, & that should be enough.

Noted on my walk today that the two shore ends of

the old town bridge have been dismantled, cut up with oxy-acetylene torches, & trucked away. This was done during the past fortnight by a gang of men working with a scow. The old central span is serving as part of the temporary bridge a few yards up-river. At 4 p.m. I drove to Milton & fetched Marie Freeman to dine & spend the evening with us, returning her at 9 p.m.

George Shively, of Doubleday, New York, informs me in a brief note that book-shop sales of "Governor's Lady" so far amount to about 14,000 copies, roughly half in the U.S & half in Canada. This is disheartening. They have made no effort to advertise the book or to promote the sales in any way. Friends of mine report that they had to hunt all over Boston to find a shop selling it; and in Hartford, Conn., a city of over 200,000 people, there wasn't a copy for sale, even in Doubleday's own shop there. Adoption by Doubleday's mail-order book club this month will mean a large distribution, but little or nothing in the way of cash for me. By a simple book-keeping entry Doubleday will recoup themselves for their "$10,000 Award", of which $7,500 was actually an advance against royalties. The research & writing of the book took two years, & was delayed another year before publication, by Doubleday's own decision. To tide me over 1959 & 1960 I had already drawn $7,500 against the royalties when the "Award" was made.

When George Nelson induced me to change publishers in 1956 he held out glittering prospects of "major promotion" of my books, on the same level as Thomas Costain's. This proved false.

THURSDAY, FEB. 23, 1961

This evening, as one of the stewards, I attended a meeting in the basement of Zion Church. Present also were Rev. Parker Matheson & a Rev. Mr. MacMahon, who had driven over from Bridgewater. Also the Liverpool Baptist minister & his chief deacon. Subject was the new high-pressure method of raising church funds, called the Hector System, evolved from the system of the famous Wells Organization, a professional company which raises large sums for churches (& charges a fat fee.) MacMahon, tall, lean, dark, 40-ish, wearing a R.C.A.F. veteran's pin. A lively, shrewd, up-to-the-minute man, with the air of a fighter pilot just returning from a successful battle. He related his experiences with the Wells method, & then with the Hector Plan, which is sponsored by the Canadian Council of Churches.

His church in Bridgewater has raised about $90,000 in three years, with the intention of building a completely new edifice on the latest architectural lines. He made it all sound easy, & said we could do the same. (I couldn't help reflecting that his Bridgewater congregation is larger and — more important than that — with a much greater proportion of the well-to-do.) The main idea of the Hector Plan is to get all or several of the Protestant churches in a community or sector working in the same way at the same time. This creates a sort of local fever or excitement, a fertile field for

fund raising. The preparations are elaborate, with bales of well printed literature, movies, etc., and a careful drilling of canvassers extending over a period of weeks before the actual "drive". An important feature is a careful & detailed assessment of incomes in each congregation — Roman Catholic style — so that every soul can be pressed for a sum according to his cash assets. Successive church services will stress the religious satisfaction of "giving in God's service". And so on. It all sounded to me like something cooked up by the leading character in Sinclair Lewis's book, "Elmer Gantry". But MacMahon insisted that in these hectic modern times the church must adopt the methods of modern business if it is to live at all. And he stressed the point that, under the Sector Plan, every member or adherent of each church is visited and drawn into the fervor, thus arousing a new sharp interest instead of the present dormancy. (He may have something there.) One thing is sure. The present structure of Zion Church is an ugly tottering barn, & something drastic & expensive has got to be done about it soon. In recent years Protestant churches across Canada have used the Wells company, or this "Sector Plan", with great success.

We emerged from the meeting into a blinding snowstorm. The weather bureau had predicted rain.

FRIDAY, FEB. 25/61 The blizzard petered out this morning. I shoveled out my paths & the driveway — knee-deep. Our bird-feeding tray remains popular; noticed about 20 grosbeaks,

among other birds, there today. Cheerful letter from Francie, recounting a sudden outbreak of illness in her family. All caught colds. Then Bill's developed into a touch of pneumonia. At the same time little Terry relapsed into a coma, lying utterly motionless for many hours, with eyes wide open. The doctors diagnosed this, after some puzzlement. Caused by a rare virus with a long name. The boy is recovering under treatment, & the doctors think there was no injury to the brain. Sick herself, Francie kept on her feet through all this — "I accomplished nothing before my marriage, but I am damned well determined to make a success of raising my family." Bill is now recovered & has been sent to complete his interneship in a Moncton hospital. Happily, their ~~three~~ four years in the small & gloomy little basement apartment, long on hope but short of money, will soon be at an end.

SUNDAY, FEB. 26/61 Drizzling rain, yesterday, pouring rain all night & most of today. Temp. up to 45°. E. went to Hfx. with the Parkers yesterday, returning at evening. She reports Francie & her family now quite well. Tom is busy all day at the Dalhousie dental clinic — he actually has a long waiting list of patients or customers, booked for days ahead — and each evening from 6.30 to 9 he studies at the Dal. library in preparation for his exams.

MONDAY, FEB. 27/61 A hard frost last night, temp. 20° this morning. The CBC people were due to arrive at noon, so I took my walk to Milton under a sunny sky this morning. Just as I got home the phone rang — Walter Wicks, in Halifax. He & his camera & sound men had

just flown in from Newfoundland. They had things to do in Hfx. & could not arrive in Liverpool much before 6 p.m. Would that be alright? I said okay.

From past experience with roving CBC camera crews I expected at least six people. From the same experience I laid in a stock of Coca-cola and canned beer, and E. made a huge pile of sandwiches & a gallon of coffee.

About 6 p.m. Wicks arrived in his car, followed about 7 p.m. by a fat camera man & a bald silent "sound man" in another car with half a ton of electrical & photographic equipment. This was the whole crew, a remarkable change.

The show is to be called "Canada Camera", an hour-long affair, with the great Bruce Hutchinson as the narrator, illustrated with camera interviews of various characters from coast to coast. Newfoundland was allotted exactly one minute. For this, Wicks (not Weeks) & his two men had flown to St. John's, with their heavy & air-expensive equipment, & spent two days.

This morning they had to get up at 5.30 a.m. in order to catch the flight to Hfx. For Nova Scotia the script allots 2 minutes to me, & 2 minutes to a fisherman at Yarmouth. With the gear set up in my study, including Klieg lights, I sat in a chair and answered three questions:-

1. "As an established writer you could live anywhere. Why do you choose to live in the Maritime Provinces?"
2. "Do you think Canadian writing is improving in quality"
3. "Are Canadian artists — in all the arts — receiving recognition & adequate pay nowadays?"

Any one of these questions would have taken several minutes for an adequate answer. Wicks' script allotted exactly 120 seconds, including the time for the questioner's voice. My answers could only be so brief as to be inane. The crew made two "takes", packed up, & set off for Yarmouth about 9:30.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 1/61

A bright cold calm morning, instead of the snowstorm predicted by weather bureau. This morning I turned over to the Royal Bank a certificate for 250 shares, common stock, in the Maritime Telegraph & Telephone company. I instructed them to sell 160 shares at #18 and arrange a new certificate in my name for the 90 shares remaining. This will provide me with about #2800 for the purchase of new stock which Bell Telephone Co. is about to offer its shareholders. My Bell holdings entitle me to buy 75 common shares at #38. The current market price for Bell is a fraction over #49.

I note on my walks that the old Riverside hotel, a wooden structure, is being torn down. It has been a cheap apartment house for many years, though it still bore the old hotel sign. A somewhat delapidated building, it stood on the river side of Main Street near the Masonic Hall, well removed from the roadway, with a long (and badly neglected) lawn & fine trees. I understand the property has been bought by a food-market chain, who intend building a large store, with an asphalt-paved parking lot replacing the old lawn. The contractors have already cut down all the trees & gutted the building.

FRIDAY, MARCH 3, 1961

Two or three days ago the Cape Breton miners' union (U.M.W.) sent about 75 men to "lobby" the members of the N.S. Legislature, now sitting. The Hfx. papers merely mention the "lobby"; but Jack Golding, in his brief evening reports by Hfx. T.V., has referred repeatedly, but in a very guarded way, to a belligerent and dangerous attitude on the part of the miners' group. It is apparent that there has been tension almost to the point of a riot within Province House.

The U.M.W. is demanding that the government take over & run the mines, including the three obsolete mines due to be closed within a few weeks. These 3 mines employ about 2,500 men. The U.M.W. demands also that all "foreign" oil fuel be taxed to pay the deficit. This means all the oil fuel used in the factories & homes of Eastern Canada, which is naturally imported by sea from Aruba, Venezuela & elsewhere. They do not explain what is to be done with the unsalable coal they wish to go on mining. The mine owners (DOSCO) issued a plain warning last year that these 3 mines must be closed, & gave illuminating figures on the dwindling market. Few if any of the miners have made the least effort to seek other employment. Tim Buck, head of the Communist party in Canada, has turned up in Cape Breton to make speeches. In this morning's Hfx. Chronicle-Herald I note a letter from Kenneth Leslie, advocating a hearing for Mr. Buck. Leslie is the erst-while Nova Scotia poet who called on me here many years ago. In those days he did not mention Communism but described himself as an "anti-Imperialist", full of the ancient wrongs of Ireland & Highland Scotland.

He was too lofty a poet to consider working for a living, and he managed a life of ease by marrying in succession (each eventually divorced him) two or three women of means. About the time of the late war in Korea he was in New York, publishing a small paper called "Protestant", which was openly Communist & devoted to scurrilous attacks on the Roman Catholic church. When the anti-Communist fever set in in the U.S. he fled to Kentville N.S., & remained there some years living quietly with a young woman of Jewish appearance, said to be his latest wife. He now appears to be living in Elmsdale, N.S.

TUESDAY, MAR. 7/61

Our oil furnace conked out this morning. I phoned McCaul, who installed it & has the local agency; but he & his men were all away, working on a contract in eastern N.S. I got Maurice Jollimore, the electrician, to check the motor, etc, & he could find nothing wrong. Finally, after much phoning, a mechanic named Murray Shaw turned up about noon. He does furnace-service work for Imperial Oil, from whom I buy my fuel. He soon found the trouble; the coupling between the motor & the fuel pump had worked loose & was not functioning. He then went into a long rigmarole about the fuel piping from the tank; claimed it was improperly installed, that any fire insurence inspector would cancel my policy, etc. He said he could replace the copper piping & instal it properly in a few hours work, so I told him to go ahead. I stopped smoking cigarettes this morning.

THURSDAY, MAR. 9/61

Jollimore installed a new thermostat in our living room, to control the furnace. It is supposed to

be much more sensitive than the old one.

SUNDAY, MAR. 12/61 Church with E. this morning. Took a drive to Port Mouton this afternoon. The golf course is still half-covered with patches of snow, with frozen pools in every hollow. As far as work goes, my mind continues empty, & so does my life. I read, walk to Milton or Polanoc, play "Scrabble" with E., & spend the evenings alternately reading & watching T.V.

MONDAY, MAR. 13/61 Bernard Collins, carpenter, of Hunts Point, came to work at 8 a.m. He is to tear up & remove the (asphalt) kitchen tiles, & the red "lino" covering of kitchen sideboards & table, which were installed in 1946. He is a busy, twinkling, blue-eyed man, 60-ish. He worked all day at the old stuff, removing it, & scraping away the residual glue. Edith went down to the hardware store & picked out the new pattern she wants. The new tiles (floor) to be rubber.

A sunny day with chill wind. As the roads are bare & dry (though the old snow is withering at each side) I wore a pair of canvas sneakers this afternoon. Walked to Polanoc & back.

Note from the newspaper that Gordon Day died in Dartmouth a day or two ago. He was on the life-saving staff at Sable Island when I was there in 1921-22. A goodlooking & intelligent lad, he determined to be a wireless operator, & learned the business in the station. He passed the exams. at Hfx. & served 17 years as an operator, afloat & ashore, with the Dept. of Transport; then retired & operated a hardware store in Dartmouth until his death. As with so many of the companions of my youth, I never heard of him again until I saw the notice of his death.

TUESDAY, MARCH 14, 1961

Letter from Ruth Liepman, Hamburg. Zsolnay, who published "The Nymph & The Lamp" in Austria & Germany, now wants to bring out a cheap (presumably paper-covered) edition. Liepman wants to handle this deal for me. I replied by air mail, agreeing to these matters.

A snowstorm howled in from the sea this afternoon & blew all night. Collins has most of the new floor tiles laid. They are of rubber, in a marbled beige tone. The old tiles were hard & brittle, a checker-board of red & black.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 15/61 About 8" of new snow on top of the old stuff. The storm turned to rain about daylight & by 8 a.m. there was a flood pouring down Park St. I hustled forth & shoveled out the street drain first, & then my front & back walks. Tonight the temp. dropped below freezing point, making a slippery nightmare of the whole business. I had promised to address the Historical Society, & with such very bad traveling conditions I expected nobody to be there; I was surprised to find 30 or 40 people, including Mowbray Jones, and Charles Kelsie (the paraplegic war veteran) & wife, who had motored all the way from Port Joli. My subject was the battle between H.M.S. Blonde & the French warships Duc de Choiseul in Liverpool Bay, April 1778; & the whole strange chain of circumstances (beginning with Benjamin Franklin & Silas Dean & Beaumarchais in Paris) which led up to this encounter. The members seemed to like it & I chatted afterwards with the Kelsies & others, & walked home, accompanied part of the

way by M. Jones. Today, at the London conference of Commonwealth prime ministers, Mr. Verwoerd of South Africa announced that his country would become an independent republic, on May 31. He added politely that South Africa would leave the Commonwealth. This was due to the attitude of various other members of the Commonwealth who sought to interfere in South Africa's internal affairs. Meaning "apartheit", of course, and referring to Ghana, India, Ceylon particularly, and obliquely to Canada. Our Mr. Diefenbaker, at the London conference, has taken a leading part in insisting that every member of the Commonwealth must subscribe to the principle of the brotherhood of man.

Behind all this is the achievement of the nationalist Boer party, working quietly & grimly towards the recovery of their independence ever since they lost it in the war with the British, 1899-1902. In May '61 it will be exactly 59 years since the Boers signed the peace treaty, & obviously the date was set with the anniversary in view.

THURSDAY, MAR. 16/61 Overcast & mild. Walked to Milton this afternoon. Reading Goldwin Smith's "Heritage of Man". I note from today's Advance that old Joe Jeremy died a few days ago in the Queens General Hospital. He was 86, the last of the old generation of Micmac Indians in Queens County, the ones who really knew the language & traditions. He had lived most of his life in a shack at Molega. Burial in the R. C. cemetery at West Caledonia. Collins did not work today, owing to a shortage of material.

FRIDAY, MARCH 17, 1961 Sunny, cold wind. Walked to Polanoc & back this afternoon. Learned that my old friend Loy Parrot died some days ago at his winter home in Ellsworth, Maine. His housekeeper-companion for the past six or seven years, Mrs. Ann Kelly, will come to Greenfield in April with his ashes, which in accordance with his wish are to be scattered over the slope going down from his summer lodge to the Medway River.

SATURDAY, MAR. 18/61 Temp. 5° above zero this morning. Drove with E. to Bridgewater for a bit of shopping. Two or 3 miles past Brooklyn my engine began to get hot, & most of the glycol mixture had boiled away by the time I got to a service station at Mill Village. When the man unscrewed the radiator cap, a geyser of steam shot forth; yet there were globules of ice on the inner (engine) side of the radiator itself. Apparently the liquid had got low, or more likely diluted too much by service men adding water from time to time; & last night's cold snap had frozen much of the radiator. It took half an hour to thaw out the radiator in the warm air of the station. By that time the engine had cooled enough to put water into the system. I drove the car one or two miles, to see if the liquid was working properly. The engine temp. was now normal, & there was no sign of leakage in the radiator or its connections. Drove back to the service station, where the man drained off the water & refilled the whole system with a half-&-half mixture of glycol & water. This meant 2 gallons of ethylene glycol, cost $8.72. Drove on to Bridgewater where (to cap the morning's events) neither E. nor I could find in the shops the things

we wanted. This afternoon I drove to Milton & fetched Marie Freeman to dine & spend the evening playing "Scrabble" with E., returning her at 10 p.m.

TUESDAY, MAR. 21/61 A wild N.W. gale last night & all of today — temp. at 8 am. was just 8° above zero — the first day of spring! However we on the South Shore escaped the other edge of this storm, which dumped heavy snow all over eastern N.S. & Cape Breton.

I have not smoked a cigaret since the morning of Mar. 7. It took some fortitude but I seem to get along all right. I have smoked tobacco in pipe or cigaret form ever since I was a boy going to sea, & for the past 15 years have smoked an average of 50 cigarets a day — far too much. I knocked off smoking for a few months in 1957 but foolishly went back to the cigarets again.

Collins came today, finished his job in the kitchen. His bill, $36.00. Edith is now busy painting the kitchen walls & cupboards a creamy-yellow tint instead of the former stark white.

Letter from Mrs. Barbara Grantmyre, Elmsdale, informs me that Kenneth Leslie came to that village about 1955, bought an old large house, & lived there alone. He told the villagers that his wife "Olga" was caring for a sick relative in the States, & that she would rejoin him here. She never did. Eventually the village grapevine learned that "Olga" had divorced him & married his nephew. Leslie taught for a month in the East Hants Rural High School, quit because (so he said) he didn't like the pay. He acted as a "supply preacher" in Elmsdale Presbyterian church

& other rural churches for a fee of $6 per Sunday. He continued to edit & write for his Communist-tinted paper. Its masthead stated that it was "printed & published in Elmsdale, Nova Scotia", but the printing & [redacted] publishing were actually done elsewhere. In '58 or thereabouts Leslie & some other Canadian writers visited Russia, on the invitation & at the expense of the Soviet government.

Two years ago Leslie sold the house in Elmsdale, traveled to California, married a well-to-do widow named "Norah", & is now living with her on Robin St., Halifax. The heading of his letter to Tim Buck (see my entry March 3) was therefore false — he has not lived in Elmsdale since 1959. Leslie [redacted] has spent his life in comfortable circumstances by marrying a succession of well-to-do women. His first was one of the wealthy Moirs of Hfx, & they lived for a few years at Bridgetown, N.S. His second was an American woman older than himself, with a grown-up family. "Norah" makes his fourth at least! "Olga" may have been the young woman, of Jewish appearance & Bohemian habits, with whom he fled to Kentville from New York at the time of the McCarthy anti-communist uproar in the States.

WEDNESDAY, MAR. 22/61 For the past 3 days I've been typing the strange adventures of H.M.S. Blonde (which I touched upon in my talk to the Historical Society on the 15th) verifying all the references. It might make an interesting paper to read before the N.S. Historical Society some time.

Today the harsh wind died, the sun shone, & the old snowbanks began to melt again. I walked to

Polanoc & back, in the afternoon, enjoying every step.

THURSDAY, MAR. 23/61 Warm & sunny all day — the temp. in the sun at 4 p.m. was 65°. There is still snow in patches all over the golf course at White Point, & water-logged turf in the open stretches; nevertheless I went out & played a full 18 holes, & loved it. The sea was as blue as a summer day, with just enough surf to make a splash on the shore.

Several Lockeport fishing boats are missing since the wild storm of March 21. Most of their men are married, & if dead they leave 50 fatherless children in that one small town.

FRIDAY, MAR. 24/61 Rain all day. E. tells me that Hector Dunlap had a hospital check-up this week, after recurrent chest pains. Diagnosis — angina. The doctor gives him seven or eight years to live, with care & luck, but warns that it could kill at any time. Despite air & sea search, three Lockeport long-liners are missing, with 17 men, all believed dead.

SATURDAY, MAR. 25/61 Drizzle all day. E. has been busy repainting the kitchen, which now looks very smart & shipshape. She complained that the Bendix washing machine in our basement was out of order, so our skilful neighbor Eric Andersen came with a chest of tools to fix it. After taking the whole thing apart & finding nothing wrong, he checked the water supply & found one of the intake valves screwed shut. E. never touches these valves, so it must have been done by old Mr. Collins on Tuesday. He did a lot of his sawing etc. in the basement, & presumably turned the valve

in a moment of curiosity, to see what would happen — & of course nothing did! I presented Eric a quart of Fernandez rum for his trouble. This evening Mowbray & Phyl Jones asked us & the Austin Parkers to drop in for a chat with Monty Lewin, who is in town for a day or two on his way between Bermuda & Montreal. Monty had imbibed some whiskey, & in a somewhat thick voice regaled us with preposterous tales of sailing the South Pacific in 1920 in a 3-masted barquentine, at the same time commanding a detachment of Fiji Island police; & of sailing a schooner from Connecticut to Newfoundland in 1942, under the blue ensign, for the Canadian Navy. Later we watched one of the play-off games (hockey) on T.V. — Detroit beat Toronto 4-2.

MONDAY, MAR. 27/61 E. went to Hfx. this morning with Capt. Charles Williams & wife, returning at evening. A sunny but boisterous day with a wild northerly gale. I walked the loop up-river in the afternoon, crossing by Polanoc Bridge. The gale, which left western N.S. in sunshine, dumped a heavy load of snow on eastern N.S., P.E.I. & Cape Breton, tying up all road, rail & air traffic. Today I sent a bank draft to Montreal, covering the purchase of 75 shares (common) in Bell Telephone Co. of Canada, at $38. (See "March 1").

Tonight on T.V. I watched the "Canada Camera" show — Bruce Hutchinson supposedly revisiting scenes & people across Canada as he did when he wrote his book "The Unknown Country" years ago. Actually he simply sat in a Vancouver CBC studio, looking wise & owlish with pipe & shell-rimmed spectacles, asking the questions which had been put to the

participants by roving camera crews, weeks before. Each participant then "appeared" on a small T.V. screen beside him, answering the questions. Much of it had been cut — my part to a single question & answer, which consumed less than a minute.

MAR. 28/61. TUESDAY Sunny, with a mild breeze, temp. up to 50°. Played 18 holes at White Point this afternoon with Len Pottie. Most of the course now bare of snow. H.B. Jefferson returned by post today the railway photos I borrowed from Gilbert Kempton. With them came one of his witty letters about the Legislature session just closed. Chief point was the bill relaxing the liquor laws. The bill was bitterly opposed by "Temperance" people, notably one or two Protestant parsons who were so intemperate as to accuse the members of the Legislature of "selling out to the liquor interests." This drew a reply from cabinet minister Donahoe on the floor of the House, applauded by Liberal & C.C.F. members as well as the Conservatives. The bill was passed without a single Nay (Hx newspapers said there was one Nay, but Hansard says none.) As the session closed (& before the Lieut-Governor arrived to sign the bills) some of the newspaper men decided to have an impromptu party in a small committee room on the second floor of Province House. To that end they stowed a case of rum in this room. Soon afterwards a squad of charladies arrived to clean up the place before the Lieut-Gov. arrived. They discovered the rum & promptly opened several bottles for an impromptu party of their own. As Jeff puts it: — "In about half an hour the women were running rampant, their primary business forgotten!

The dames were hustled into the downstairs caverns, so as not to offend the eye of His Honour when he arrived a few minutes later with his be-medalled aides." The ghosts of Joe Howe must have chortled over that.

After returning from White Pt. this afternoon I spread half a sack of chemical fertilizer over the back lawn, part of which is still under snow. Fetched Marie Freeman down from Milton to have dinner & an evening playing Scrabble with E.

WEDNESDAY, MAR. 29/61 A dull bleak day with a chilly breeze from the sea — right off the ice packs. Played 18 holes alone at White Point. (Noticed the fresh tracks of two deer on N° 2 & N° 6 fairways.) Towards the 17th hole a light snow began to fall, in minute pellets like a frozen Scotch mist. This developed into a steady fall that persisted all evening, despite temperature above freezing point — about 34°. At 5:30 Kapuse (manager, Bank of N.S.) picked me up & took me to Port Joli for a lobster supper with the Stumble Inn poker players. Ate two bowls of delicious chowder, freshly baked biscuits, apple pie, cheese & coffee. About 15 men sat down to supper, including (Anglican parson) Mr. Parsons, who left early to conduct a Lenten evening service at Trinity Church. The poker crew began their long night's cards playing as soon as the supper table was cleared. I washed the dishes, & the wipers were Kapuse, & "Shorty" Broughm, who was a sea-going wireless operator in my day, & is now a paper-maker at Brooklyn. Home about 8 p.m.

THURSDAY, MARCH 30, 1961

K. P. Harris K.C. phoned from Hfx. at noon, asked me to give the toast to Canada at the dinner of the St. George's Society next month. I declined politely, mentioning the foible that has saved me from such affairs for many years — the fact that I never wear formal clothes and therefore never attend formal dinners. Golf this afternoon in a bitter wind off the sea but a good deal of sunshine. Tom S., Pamela & baby Deborah arrived this evening (Mike Byrne drove them down from Hfx) to spend Easter with us.

News:- Russian trawlers have been operating on the (so-called Canadian) fishing banks for several years past. Now the Canadian sealing fleet reports the presence of a large Russian ship, equipped with two helicopters for spotting seal herds on the ice. Like the trawlers it is operating outside the 3-mile limit & Canada has no legal objection. The sealers are having a tough time in the heaviest pack ice within living memory, the result of the exceptionally cold winter. The Nova Scotia - Newfoundland ferry steamer "William Carson" has been trapped in the ice for a week, about half way between Cape North & Argentia, & just got free today.

SUNDAY, (EASTER) APRIL 2/61 A wild gale of rain yesterday. FRIDAY was our first day of spring — not according to the calendar, but because (a) I noticed & heard a pair of fox sparrows foraging on the back

lawn in a little flock of juncos; and (b) while playing golf at White Point I saw a flock of wild geese heading N.E. from their wintering place at Port Joli.

The rain sprang, but did not abolish the grimy crusts of old snowdrifts about the town gutters. This morning Tom Jr., Pamela & I attended service at Zion Church. The old building packed, gallery & all; & the ladies very sprightly in spring hats, most of which were built in various fabrics, chiefly gauze of all hues, on the principle of the leaning tower of Pisa. We had a turkey dinner, prepared by E. who stayed at home; & at 1.15 p.m. we all set off for Hfx, Tom Jr. driving. Deposited Tom & his little family at 1240 University Avenue, & paid a brief visit downstairs to Francie & little Greg Dennis in their basement flat. (Bill Dennis is posted in Moncton, & the little boy Terry was off somewhere.)

Francie says the promises of two good houses in Summerside for Bill & partner have proved quite empty. And there are difficulties about an office. However they are still determined to set up medical practice there, & will take any accommodation they can get.

Mr. Wm. White, Pam's father, presented her & Tom with a cheque for $500 on their wedding anniversary. Also an oil painting (marine) done by Jack Grey in 1960. The painting is good, but obviously painted in New York (probably in the middle of a night, Jack's best working time, & Jack well primed with Benzedrine)

from pencil sketches made in Nova Scotia long before.
E. & I left Hfx in our old (1954) Monarch about 3.45 p.m. Much traffic on the shore road, the pace dictated on this winding thoroughfare by Hfx. motorists (usually with a car full of girls, or kids & dogs) out for a leisurely ramble at 30 m.p.h.
Called at Oakland (near Mahone Bay) where my sister Hilda Gamester is spending the week-end with her friend Mrs. Baker. She will come on to Liverpool by bus tomorrow. Home at 6.30

MONDAY, APL. 3/61 A black-&-blue sky all day, with huge fluffs of snowflakes drifting down & melting on the ground. Hilda came down by bus, arriving here at 1 p.m. for a day or two with us. She chats cheerfully about her European journeys last year, but admits she's still terribly depressed & uncertain of her future. She is not going back to Ottawa & her post as secretary to a Newfoundland M.P. — she can't stand the man. She thinks now she will seek another post in Halifax.

WEDNESDAY, APL. 5/61 Sunny but a sea breeze right off the pack ice. Golf alone this afternoon. Hilda returned to Hfx. by bus this evening.

THURSDAY, APL. 6/61 I've caught a head cold — after getting through the whole winter without a cold of any sort! It did not prevent me from an afternoon's golf with Len Pottie — we had to quit at the 25th hole on account of rain. Sneezing, blowing & weeping all evening, & spent a restless night in spite of a sleeping pill. The bills

for our kitchen renovation amount to $132; almost twice the cost of the same job done in 1948. Received copies of the London (Collins) edition of "The Governor's Lady", just out. The same jacket portrait of Frances Wentworth, etc. Not a bad production, but inferior in jacket color, in binding, paper & print, compared with the New York edition. In other words, the usual thing in my experience with American & British publishers. This British edition sells for 18 shillings, which is roughly $2.50 at current rate of exchange. Author's royalty is thus 25¢ per copy, of which Doubleday will retain half.

FRIDAY, APL. 7/61 My cold went into high gear this morning. Utter misery all day & night.

SUNDAY, APL. 9/61 The 44th. anniversary of Vimy Ridge (which also occurred on a Sunday — an Easter Sunday), when a snowfall whitened the French landscape & added to the miseries of the wounded. I remember my father sending home, pressed between the pages of a letter, a few [redacted] VIOLETS which he had found in bloom (despite the sudden snow) on the top of the ridge, in the midst of the battle.

I have been more or less confined to the house (but not to bed) with a severe & wretched cold since the 6th. This afternoon, in bright sunshine, the temp. rose to 59°, & I drove with E. to Greenfield & back. I still sneeze & snuffle, & sleep only a few hours by benefit of rum & sedonal pills. I have not smoked a cigaret since March 7; & now that I've got over the stupid craving for tobacco I can turn

my attention to my weight, which this winter has crept up to 190 lbs. Naked. This in spite of the fact that for several years I have eaten nothing but buttered toast (2 slices) & 2 cups of coffee for breakfast; two sandwiches (1 meat, 1 tomato) for lunch; & a real meal only at 5 p.m. (steak, roast, chicken, rarely fish, with vegetables, & nuts for desert). The fattening calories I suppose come from this heavy evening meal, plus the 6 or 8 ounces of rum I drink before going to bed. The rum is necessary to my sleep, without which I should go mad even though the sleep is brief. So I must cut down on the food.

TUESDAY, APL. 11/61 A wild sea gale of wind & rain all night, during which our oil furnace conked out again. (See March 7). The house was frigid when I got up this morning. Outdoor temp. 34°. As before the McCaul men were out of town, & I had to get Murray Sherman. Half an hour later I heard a roar in the cellar, & found it full of oil smoke. Sherman had run outdoors, & was peering into the cellar from the safe vantage of the driveway. In reply to my questions he resorted to his usual gibberish (muttered swiftly in a low voice, & never face-to-face). He fiddled about with the electric motor pump, the spark point, etc, & obviously had no idea of the cause of the trouble. Finally I told him to pack up & go. At 7 p.m. J. McCaul turned up, worked till 10 p.m., & then quitted for the night. The trouble is in the fuel pump, which is old & worn, & will not deliver pressure enough to vaporize the fuel properly before ignition. Fortunately I had wood

enough to keep a fire going in the living-room hearth all day & evening.

Letter from Brian Cummings, editor of the new Bowater house magazine "Bowater World", with headquarters in London. (See entry Oct 4/60) Asked if I would write a piece on Tarleton's Legion as I had outlined it to Dent last Fall, & at what fee.

WEDNESDAY, APL. 12/61 Overcast & bleak. A date to remember — today the Russians fired a missile into space with a man aboard, & retrieved him safe & sound. They had done it before with dogs, & the Americans had done it with a monkey. The adventurer was a major of the Soviet air force, who talked to Earth by radio telephone while whizzing in space at 25,000 miles an hour. Sir Bernard Lovell, director of Britain's radio-telescope observatory at Jodrell Bank, says — "This is the greatest scientific achievement in the history of man." Amongst others, all over the world, President Kennedy has cabled to Moscow the congratulations of the U.S.

THURSDAY, APL. 13/61 Today's newspapers are full of the Soviet space-man or "cosmonaut", as one calls him. His flight took 108 minutes, during which he passed around the earth at a tremendous distance & was able to see its "daylit" half quite clearly. At 1 p.m. I met the west-bound bus from Hfx & picked up my sister Hilda Gamester, who has been spending a few days with "Ping" Pipon & wife at Mahone Bay. Tonight C. had a party of ladies in for cards. I withdrew to chat & watch T.V. with Austin Parker at his house. A bleak raw day, turning into another

wild sea gale of sleet & then rain, which swooped & slatted about the house all night. I had the telephone company instal a new phone a day or so ago, replacing the heavy old black thing on the small desk in the hall. It is a bright terra-cotta coloured affair of plastic, quite handsome, with such a discreet little ring that one can barely hear it.

SUNDAY, APL. 16/61 Cool & overcast after another wet sea gale. Left off for Hfx. at 10 a.m. with Hilda & E. Lunched in a small restaurant at Hubbards. All the wayside lakes & ponds still covered with ice, & there is snow under every clump of softwoods, but hopeful anglers were busy with rod & line in all the streams. Deposited Hilda at my sister Winifred's house & stopped for a brief chat with Win's new husband Merlin, a tall, bald amiable man very keen on fishing. On to 1470 University Avenue & visited, first, Tom & Pam. The Royal Bank of Canada, Liverpool, has agreed to lend Tom sums up to $10,000, with two main conditions:— (a) that I endorse the note, and (b) that Tom Jr. insure his life for $10,000 & endorse the policy in favor of the bank. He gave me a bundle of documents which I am to take into the bank tomorrow to complete the transaction. Then a call on Frances & her family in the lower flat. Bill had driven in from Moncton to spend the week-end with them. After the first disillusionment about setting up a new medical partnership in Summerside (see Apl. 2) Bill has received an excellent proposition for himself in

Moncton — the practice of a doctor who has decided to go to the States to qualify in surgery. His income from general practice in Moncton last year was $25,000. He will turn over a good house, furnished, with office included, for a rental of $200 per month. Bill has decided to take it.

Grandma E. wanted little Gregory for another visit, so Francie packed a bag & he came back to Pool with us. Home at 5.30

MONDAY, APL. 17/61 Snow in the night, & a drizzle of rain all day. Tied up the loan papers at Royal Bank. The bank takes no chances. The note is for $10,000 payable on demand, signed by Tom Jr. & endorsed by myself. A letter today from one of my boyhood chums in England, Eric Wallingford, whom I have not seen or heard from since my family left Hythe in 1913. He now lives in Harlow, Essex, & is an engineer. His father & mine were fellow instructors on the School of Musketry staff at Hythe.

TUESDAY, APL. 18/61 A dull grey day, with specks of snow flying thickly at intervals. This afternoon I went to work on the jungle of shrubbery along the south side of the house, cutting ruthlessly in preparation for the painters this summer. At 7.30 brought Marie Freeman down from Milton to have dinner & spend the evening with us. I have another sudden head-cold.

THURSDAY, APL. 20/61 A fine sunny day, the first in more than two weeks. Played 27 holes at White Point

this afternoon. My cold almost vanished, after 48 hours of misery, chiefly in the right side of my head, with a continual sensation of hot pepper in the right nostril, & such a spout of mucus that handkerchiefs were useless — I took a towel.

A couple of weeks ago a man named Richard Dana Hall III, who has an old colonial house in Francestown, N.H., (which was named after Frances Wentworth in John's time as governor) wrote & asked me how he could procure a copy of the Copley painting used on the jacket of my book. I sent him the Kodachrome negative, taken by Doubleday's photographer. Today I received from him a 8" × 10" enlargement of the negative, suitable for framing. I sent it on to Zwicker's, in Hfx., to be framed.

News:- two days ago a few hundred exiles from Cuba, moving from Florida & Guatemala, landed near Habana in a mad attempt to overthrow the communist regime of Fidele Castro. They were overwhelmed by Castro troops armed with the latest Russian tanks, artillery & jet planes. From Moscow Mr. Kruschev used the occasion to hurl dark threats against the U.S., which he claimed were behind the "invasion". Today I saw & heard President Kennedy on T.V., refuting the Russian accusation. What he did not say (probably because it was obvious) was that U.S. intervention in Cuba by force of arms would have been massive & decisive — nothing like the current fizzle of Latin hot-heads.

SUNDAY, APRIL 23/61 Rain, with a gale tonight. Church alone this morning. At 1 p.m. Lloyd MacInnis of the CBC arrived with two lads, 17-ish, one his son Ron, plus tape recording gear. The C.B.C. wants an interview, informal, on my life & work, for the national (radio only) network, to last ½ hour. After the usual preliminary discussion for an hour or so, we adjourned to my den & "taped" an hour's talk (to be cut & edited in Toronto) — the boys operating the recording apparatus & MacInnis doing the interviewing. This took the rest of the afternoon. At 5 p.m. E. served sandwiches, milk & tea, & at 5:30 our visitors took off for Hfx. MacInnis said that the CBC wants to do a half-hour film interview some time in May for their national network show "Close-Up".

Am reading for the first time the autobiography of Mazo de la Roche, published in 1957 under the title "Ringing the Changes". She does not give a single date, but she was then 78, & she reveals herself as a lifelong neurotic & hypochondriac. The lifelong & mysterious relationship with her companion Caroline is mentioned frequently as "the Play", which they performed together in private as a relief from contact with the world. Neither ever married, & Caroline seems to have been the dominant partner.

I first met Mazo at a dinner at Walter Allward's house in Toronto in 1946. Napier Moore & wife took me there, & on the way Moore described Miss de la Roche in a tone of affectionate

The autobiography is dedicated — "For Caroline, from first to last."

amusement as "a dessicated turkey with dyed blonde hair". It proved to be quite apt. In her biography (page 189) she speaks of the triumph of "Jalna" and adds:— "Thomas Raddall has written me: 'You cannot imagine what your winning of the Atlantic Monthly prize meant to us other Canadian writers. It was as though you opened a door that had been inexorably shut against us.'" Here, as in so much of the autobiography, she uses her imagination & a faulty memory. When "Jalna" was published IN 1927 I was only experimenting with short stories as a hobby, & had no notion that I could ever succeed as a professional writer. Years afterwards I realized that two Canadian women writers (Mazo with "Jalna", Martha Ostenso with "Wild Geese") had opened the way for Canadian novels in the U.S.; and quite possibly I remarked on the fact when I first met Miss de la Roche in '46. But this "quotation" in her book makes me sound as if I had been beating vainly at the U.S. door myself for years before "Jalna."

All in all, the biography reveals that "Jalna" & the other Whiteoak books had no real basis in Canadian life, historic or contemporary; they were conceptions of her faery imagination first & last, & most of the sequels to "Jalna" were written in England & drawn from characters she saw or met in England or on the Continent.

MONDAY, APL. 24/61 Sunny, with a chill sea wind. Golf this afternoon. Letter from Frank Willis, CBC, Toronto, with a three-fold proposition:—

(1) He wants to discuss terms for a (radio only) play

drawn from "The Governor's Lady."

(2) He wants me to "collaborate" (i.e. supply research material from my "Path of Destiny") with Joseph Schull, who will write a series of documentary playlets (radio only) about the War of 1812.

(3) He wants to come to Liverpool in early June with a camera-audio crew & make a filmed interview, concerned with my life & work, for the T.V. (national network) program called "Close-Up".

News:- French army officers & white colonists in Algeria have combined & seized the power there, in defiance of Prime Minister De Gaulle's move to give the Moslems an equal vote with the whites. Paris is in a tizzy, expecting a coup to seize the government of France itself by a mass landing of rebel paratroops & Foreign Legionaires from Africa. I remember a similar panic in France when I was touring Europe exactly 3 years ago.

TUESDAY, APL. 25/61 Received a copy of "Northern Lights", another Canadian anthology published by Doubleday, selected by George Nelson of Toronto. It contains my short story "The Golden Age". Letter from H. B. Jefferson saying that the Hfx Chronicle-Herald had decided to discontinue his series of articles on the history of N.S. railways. The last will appear about May 6. "Jeff" is very indignant, as he has done much research, and was about to begin on what he calls "the greatest period of the N.S. lines, from 1890 to 1920".

The French army revolt in Algiers is fizzling out.

THURSDAY, APRIL 27, 1961 Sunny, after three days of cold drizzle & rain. Golf at White Point in afternoon. Sandy Lumsden, CBC Halifax, phoned at 5 p.m. saying:- (a) The Ohio T.V. Film Festival has given a "first award" to the CBC's "Habitation, Port Royal" show, for which I did the research in the summer of 1959. Apparently this Ohio thing involves a lot of prestige for all concerned, & this is the first time a Hfx-produced show has won a "first award". And (b) for educational purposes (i.e. showing in schools across Canada) the CBC wants to film half-hour interviews with Canadian writers Morley Callaghan, Eric Nichol, Robertson Davies, Earl Birney & myself. The filming of myself would be done in Liverpool next August, if I agreed. So, I agreed. I'm a little overwhelmed with all this sudden attention from CBC. I fear they've decided I'm an interesting old character, likely to drop off the hooks any moment, & therefore I must be recorded for posterity. I'd much prefer that posterity read my books.

FRIDAY, APL. 28/61 A good warm day, temp. 60° at noon, & little wind. This morning I got 100 lbs. of crushed limestone from the Co-Op. store in Brooklyn, & spread it over my lawns, front & back. Washed it in with the hose. Filled the lawn roller with water. Took the car to the service station for oil change & grease job, & had the men remove my snow tires & put on the tires I had re-treaded last Fall. Lohnes, the Lossignol car

salesman came to my house, wanted to sell me a new "Corvair" with automatic gear shift for $2950, & offered $800 for my old car as a trade-in. I said I'd planned to run my old car for another year, but would consider it — & I would also ask the Ford people for their best offer for a "Falcon".

At noon Mrs. White & her housekeeper "Gladys" arrived by car from Hfx. They had with them a load of chinaware etc. sent down by Tom & Pamela, also new curtains for the apartment at Fort Point. C. & I went with them to the apartment, plus stepladder & tools. I was of some assistance but "Gladys" (a Newfoundlander) proved a capable carpenter - curtain hanger, so I withdrew to play golf at White Point, & Home at 3.30. Mrs. White called at 4 with the apartment key, said all the curtains were successfully hung, refused to stay for a meal with us, & returned at once to Hfx. She said Tom was in the midst of exams., felt he had done well with first two — which are the toughest.

SATURDAY, APL. 29/61 Spent the morning raking & then rolling the lawns. Lou Fain came & offered me about the same deal on a Ford "Falcon" as Rohnes offered on a "Corvair" — the prices are the same. However he had not a "Falcon" to demonstrate, instead tried to sell me an English-made "Zephyr" also priced about $2900. I drove it a mile or two out of town & back, but remained non-committal about purchase. I know nothing of the relative merits of cars,

so I asked my neighbor Eric Anderssen, who knows a lot. His answer:- "Don't buy a Zephyr; they look and move smartly in summer, but they're the devil to start on a cold winter day. The Falcon is quite good, but Bain has only a sub-agency, & has to send to the Ford agent in Bridgewater for spare parts. Get a Corvair. It's a good car, & the Kossignol firm here have an up-to-date garage & give excellent service."

My sister Hilda Gamester drove down from Hfx this morning with Amy Prescott, who is making a week-end visit with the Charles Williams. The Williams had a small party this evening, which we attended. I hear that Charles Copelin is in town to sell or lease his house, & to arrange shipment to England of his sloop, which has been laid up in a Chester yacht-yard for the past three or four years.

SUNDAY, APL. 30/61 A wild gale all night, & all today a bleak & miserable procession of alternate snow & rain squalls. Hilda & I attended morning service at Zion Church. At noon Charles & Florence Williams & Miss Prescott lunched with us, & towards evening Miss P. & Hilda drove off to Hfx.

MONDAY, MAY 1/61 Sunny & quite warm. Yesterday's snow melted in the rain, but I hear that eastern N.S. & Cape Breton got 6 inches of pure snow. Golf this afternoon. At 9 p.m. E. & I joined a large party at the Austin Parkers', in honor of Charlie Copelin & two other Bowater men. Drinks & chat & food. One of the Bowater men, a very english

Englishman with the Irish name of Mc Coy, proved to be a resident of Kent & very knowledgeable about Hythe, Folkstone, & other parts I knew.

TUESDAY, MAY 2/61 Another sea gale, with snow & then heavy rain. Arranged (through the Bank of N.S.) to sell 125 shares of my Maritime Tel. & Tel. stock, at $18 or better. This to finance the purchase of a new car. Letter from Brian Cummings, of Bowaters, London (see April 11) saying my fee of $400 is too high, & offering $300. I dislike Bowaters, London, & I dislike this kind of horse-chaffering, so I wrote back saying my fee was $400 & so we can't do business.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 3/61 Wind came around to W. & blew with gusto up to 60 m.p.h. all day. I went out by the side door, opening on my driveway, & a terrific gust tore the aluminum storm door out of my hands. It brought up hard at the length of the guard-chain & buckled ½" or more. This shattered both panes of glass, top & bottom, in long slim pieces like bayonets. All this happened in about 2 seconds. Later, trying to rake up the mess, I found pieces of glass as far away as the middle of the street. I got Mr. Demone to take the door away, straighten it, & replace the glass. At least a dozen other people had aluminum storm doors shattered in the same way today.

Charlie Copelin gave a (lobster) dinner party at the Mersey Hotel this evening, with drinks & chat before & afterwards in the second-story suite which Mersey Paper Co. keeps under lease. About 25 people including

E. & me. To my surprise Copelin announced that he & son Greg intend to spend July & August at the Copelin shore cottage, Hunts Point. He is getting his sloop out of storage at Chester & intends to do some sailing also.

FRIDAY, MAY 5/61 Note from Pamela's father, Bill White, regarding the enlarged color-photo of Copley's portrait of Frances Wentworth. I sent it to Zwicker's two weeks or so ago for framing. Zwicker had shown it to Mrs. Plow, wife of the Lieut-Governor, who wants permission to make an enlarged photo-copy for Government House. I gave it.

Tom & Pamela arrived this afternoon in their new green Falcon station-wagon, having left baby Deborah in the care of Mrs. White. All their furniture has been loaded on one of Snow's transport vans, & will arrive tomorrow. Tom feels he did well in his exams. He is pale & thin after the past two months of study-cramming, but happy to be through with the whole thing.

News: today from Cape Canaveral an American "astronaut" named Sheppard was shot into space, traveled at a terrific speed for 15 minutes, & then descended into the sea as planned. Sealed in the top segment of the great rocket he was recovered, safe & sound. This is a much lesser achievement than that of the Russians on April 12, for their Major Gagarin actually traveled in orbit around the earth; but it proves that the Americans are catching up with the Soviet rocket experts at last.

SUNDAY, MAY 7, 1961 Sunny & cool. Golf this p.m. Tom & Pamela have all their furniture installed & arranged, including electric stove, refrigerator & washing machine which they bought new here. They intend moving into the apartment tomorrow, when Mrs. White will drive down from Hfx. with baby Deborah.

MONDAY, MAY 8/61 Showers & drizzle. Mr. & Mrs. White drove down with Debby this afternoon, & called to see us with Tom & Pam. Mr. White brought with him the Wentworth portrait, which Zwicker has framed handsomely. Mrs. Plow is having a copy made, & Zwicker will return my photo negative when that is done.

The Bank of N.S., through their Halifax broker, have sold for me 125 common shares of Maritime Tel. & Tel. Co., at $18\frac{5}{8}$. I bought 90 of these in '52 at #15, and 35 in '56 @ $14\frac{3}{4}$.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 10/61 Attended a meeting of the Canadian Legion tonight & paid up my dues to Jan. 1962. They have begun the foundation of their new building, on the same old quay but nearer to the harbourside. The old building at the end of the quay (originally a sea-merchants' warehouse) will be torn down when the new one is finished. They are borrowing #15,000 from the Bank of N.S. & are optimistic about raising the rest, including much donated material. Had a beer & a chat in the clubroom afterwards with Jack McGerry & Alan Langille, both old-timers like myself. Not many of those who formed the branch in 1930 are now living.

THURSDAY, MAY 11, 1961 A sunny day, after a dreary spell of bleak rain & fog & drizzle. I spent the morning pushing a mower & tugging a roller over my lawns, front & back; and I played 18 holes at White Point this afternoon. On the second 9 I scored 37, one of the few times I have accomplished this; but the first nine was a sad tale. Wonderful to be outdoors all day. I have borrowed from Jones & Milford a volume of N.S. Law Reports 1853-55, & am typing a copy of the case between Bank of N.S. and Thomas Chandler Haliburton in 1854. (C. J. Burchell, Q.C., of Hfx., gave me the clue.) It proves that the author of "Sam Slick", who castigated his fellow Bluenoses for their gullibility and poor business sense, was himself the most gullible and business-senseless man. The affair cost him £887/10/3, a big sum in those days. The case was tried by the Chief Justice, & Haliburton's appeal was rejected by his fellow members of the Supreme Court bench. It made him something of a laughing stock, in view of his "Sam Slick" diatribes, and was probably one of the reasons, if not the main reason, why he quitted N.S. in 1856 & made his home in England.

SUNDAY, MAY 14/61 Last night was mild - the first night since last summer when it has been possible to sleep without the electric blanket. Today was a scorcher. My thermometer stood at 85° in the sun at 3 p.m. Church this a.m., with Edith wearing her new mink stole. Jon & Sam there also, parking Debby with child-nursery ladies in the

basement. Played 16 holes at White Point in the afternoon — the course crowded & play very slow. Great traffic on the roads. People pouring out to the beaches & shore cottages as if it were midsummer. Tom, Pam & Debby spent the afternoon at Port Joli, had dinner with us & stayed the evening. Tom got back last night from a day or two fishing with Jack Dunlap in the Medway headwaters near Lake Alma. He got ten trout.

THURSDAY, MAY 18/61 A cool sunny day for the Dalhousie graduation ceremonies. The medical & dental graduates were in the afternoon group. I drove up to Hfx. this morning with E., lunched at Simpsons. Found Francie all packed up & cleaning the dim little basement apartment at 140 University Avenue, where she & Bill & the children have lived for the past 4 years. Their battered second-or-third hand furniture was set out in the back yard, where Cecil Dennis could pick it up with his truck.

At 1.45 E. & Francie & I made our way to the gymnasium, & secured good seats. By 2.30, when the academic procession entered, the place was packed. Music from a large orchestra supplied by the Royal Canadian Artillery band. Their blue-& scarlet uniforms, & the various hues of academic gowns & hoods, made a magnificent splash of color. The conferring of degrees, a long business, with the high point for us when Tom Jr. & Bill Dennis were capped by President Kerr & presented with their diplomas. As Tom was capped

I noticed a brief exchange of words between them. (Dr. Kerr had asked him, "Is your father here?" & Tom said "Yes, sir".) Mr & Mrs. Cecil Dennis & daughter Carol were in the crowd, so were Pam & Mrs. White; & Mr. White sat on the platform as President of the Nova Scotia School of Art. Meanwhile, outside, the Whites' faithful maidservant Gladys was taking care of Baby Debbie. The main address was given by Prime Minister Diefenbaker, who received an honorary degree. "Dief", whose usual oratorical style, as seen & heard on TV, is that of a lawyer seeking to impress a jury, was keen & witty, with some words of wisdom besides.

Afterwards, in the bright sunshine on the campus lawn, we foregathered for photog & small-gauge movie shots — Bill, Francie, & the Dennises; the Whites, Tom, Pamela, Debbie & ourselves; & a Mr. & Mrs. Creaghan (CREE'-YAN) from Moncton (Mrs. is sister to Mrs. White) whose son also graduated today. Tom brought two or three of his professors to shake my hand; & I had a few minutes' chat with Helene Sandford Bennet, old friend from my childhood in Hfx, whose husband (head of the English dept. at Dal. for many years) is serving his last year as vice-president of the University.

A very happy occasion, the culmination of 8 years' study for Tom, & 9 years for Bill — & of financial strain for me, if not Dennis Sr.!

Afterwards (about 5 p.m.) we gathered at the White home on Henry Street — The Whites, Tom,

Pam, Debbie, the Creaghans — & most thoughtfully for me my old friends Donald (active head of the Nova Scotia College of Art) & wife Mollie MacKay. I used to see the MacKays a lot in the old lovely days when Moiker had a flat in Hfx., & I went there often to poke about the Archives & revel in the companionship of the MacKays, Jim Martell & wife, Andrew & "Sully" Merkel, & others of their lively & esoteric group which vanished sd soon after the Second World War.

The Whiles served drinks & a delicious buffet supper. At 8 p.m. E. & I excused ourselves & drove to a motel near Bedford. (I knew it was hopeless, at the time of a Dalhousie closing, to look for accommodation in any hotel in town.) Tom Jr. had phoned the motel & reserved a room for us. Later we found Bill & Francie staying overnight at the same motel, on a motor trip for a fortnight as far as Niagara Falls. They had previously arranged for the care of their offspring — Grandma Sutherland at Brookfield will take care of the baby; Cecil Dennis' wife will take care of Terry, & Edith will take little Gregory to Liverpool for a stay with us.

FRIDAY, MAY 19/61 Drove into the city after breakfast. Left E. to pick up little Gregory & go on to Liverpool with Tom, Pam & Debbie. I attended a meeting of the Historic Sites Advisory Council of N.S., in a committee room in Province House. Will Bird in

the chair; Dr. Kelsall from Annapolis; Miss Katherine McLennan from Sydney; R. S. Hall from Parrsborough; Professor Bellivéau from Church Point; Bruce Fergusson of the N.S. Archives & myself. A long list of demands from all over the province; individuals & groups wanting cairns & plaques to commemorate this or that. One group demanded that we recommend to the govt the complete rebuilding of one of the main locks on the old Shubenacadie canal. Bird is now 70 & more than a bit deaf, and he's inclined to go off on chatty little side-tracks. Hence the morning went past. We lunched together at the Carlton Hotel. I got very fidgety as the afternoon wore on — torture to my none-too-happy nerves. Got through at 3 p.m. & I set out at once for home.

My old ('54) car is in bad shape — on this trip the shock-absorbers went out of business — & the sooner I get rid of it the better. The weather in Hfx. had been overcast, with a boisterous & icy wind from the sea. By the time I reached Bridgewater it had become a gale with heavy rain. Home about 5.45.

Tonight at 9 p.m. Austin Parker phoned, saying that our old friend & colleague Hubert Macdonald had died (presumably during an operation) in a New York hospital. He had entered the hospital ~~three weeks~~ ago with a complication of heart disease & an intestinal tumor.

MONDAY, MAY 22/61 Sunny this morning, but soon the wind swung east again, with the familiar feel of ice, & by night a cold rain falling. Mowed my lawns

this morning, played 18 holes at White Point this afternoon. At 4 p.m. C. & I drove to the Macdonald house on Waterloo Street & spent half an hour with Gwladys & her mother. Mac. died last Friday. The surgeon had opened his abdomen, but found cancer too far advanced for an operation. Within an hour he was dead. He was 61 & had hoped to retire to Nova Scotia at 65.

Letter from Carol Paisley, my sister Nellie's daughter, whose husband is an air pilot with one of the big U. S. lines. They now live in Amarillo, Texas, & have 3 children.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 24/61 Still grey & showery weather, with temperatures at night dropping below 40° F abt.

Mac's funeral this afternoon. Many people in the (United) church. Pallbearers were Mowbray Jones, B. J. Waters, Rolf Seaborne, J. A. Parker, Maurice Russell & myself. A Legion burial party attended. Rain poured heavily as we stood at the graveside, & the bugler-boy had some difficulty on the lower notes of Last Post & Reveille.

The widow had chosen a magnificent mahogany coffin because Mac had always loved that wood, as many seamen do. Fred Schanche had flown up from New York to attend the funeral, & Capt. Ralph Williams came from Musquodoboit. Burial was in the old Methodist cemetery (now belonging to Zion Church) on the slope behind the parade, where Mac's first wife was buried. Mac married her sister Gwladys Williams a year or two later.

This evening C. & I spent with Gwladys & her mother in the house on Waterloo Street. Many other

people called.

THURSDAY, MAY 25/61

A warm sunny day, the first in a week. Phoned Lohnes this morning & he brought a Corvair for me to test. Drove to Port Mouton & back; I particularly wanted to try it on the long steep hill at Broad River. It proved satisfactory, & I ordered a four-door sedan, color green. Price #2995, allowance for my old car #825, net cash #2170.

Played golf this afternoon, but with pain & some difficulty; Lumbago again, after some months without an attack. At 4:30 drove to Milton & fetched Marie Freeman down to have dinner & the usual evening playing "Scrabble" with C.

SUNDAY, MAY 28/61 A sunny afternoon, after another two days & nights of gale force winds & squalls of cold rain. Church this morning, & sat with Tom & Pam. This afternoon I had two callers from the fisheries research (federal) department, Dr. Mansfield & Dean Fisher, both young scientists. They intend a visit to Sable Island, particularly with reference to the seal colony, & wanted to talk it over with me. I told them what I could recall & showed my old snapshots; also showed them Professor Cameron's large & detailed map of the island, made from RCAF photos taken in 1952.

At 4 p.m. I picked up Dick Mulhall in my car & drove up the hill to Zion Church cemetery (formerly the Congregational cemetery). He has charge of the sale of lots & keeps the cemetery records. I selected & arranged

to buy a lot 9' x 19'. The price is $30. An additional $200 will secure perpetual care through a trust fund vested with the Montreal Trust company's Hfx. office.

Tom J., Pam & Debby came to dinner — lobsters which I bought at Hunt's Point yesterday. Little Greg Dennis spent the afternoon in Milton with the Terry Freemans.

MONDAY, MAY 29/61 A fine day but still windy. (This month, with its succession of gales & cold rains, has been more like March than May.) Golf this afternoon. My right foot, during the past 2 or 3 weeks, has developed a painful condition after much walking or golf. It feels like a lump or spur on the bone, somewhere about the root of the second toe, and it makes me walk lame on that foot after half a mile or so. I fear this will need surgery to cure.

Last evening E. discovered that she had lost the diamond from her engagement ring, which I gave her in 1926. (The platinum prongs of the ring had become worn or sprung apart.) A diligent search today failed to find it. As I recall it the stone cost about $200 — a tremendous sum (two months' wages) to me in those days; and although it was a modest size I dare say it would cost $500 or $600 today.

THURSDAY, JUNE 1/61 Still windy, but sunny & warm for a change. Golf yesterday & today. Right foot continues painful & lame. Yesterday while mopping the floor in little Greg's bedroom E. found her diamond — a miracle. Asked Jack McClearn to arrange

air tickets Hfx.-Toronto on June 19, & Toronto-Hfx on June 23rd, for E. & me. I have agreed to take part in a discussion on the novel ("Why is it taking such a beating these days? Is there hope of a come-back?") at the Canadian Authors' convention. George Nelson proposes that he, wife Lily, E. & myself slip away to Muskoka for two days, returning to Toronto on June 22 in time for the finals dinner of the C.A.A. convention, at which Dr. Wilder Penfield will speak. I have agreed. As an old-timer, the regular proceedings of a C.A.A. convention (mostly women of a certain age) bore me stiff.

Frances phoned E. today. She & Bill have just got back from their motor trip to Quebec & Ontario, returning via the States. In their typical haphazard fashion, they cleared out of their old flat in Hfx on the blind hope of moving into the furnished house of Bill's predecessor in Moncton, on June 1. They now find they can't have the house till mid-June. Therefore Francie will stay with us, with her three children, until about June 15, while Bill picks up the practice in Moncton.

FRIDAY, JUNE 2/61 Played golf, in dense & cold fog this morning. Heavy rain in afternoon. Bill Dennis, Frances, Terry & baby Stephanie arrived by car at 5.30 p.m., much to Gregory's delight - & from then on the two little boys went wild. In an interval I mentioned my lame right foot, & Bill diagnosed the symptoms as those of a "planter's wart", which forms for no apparent

reasons under the flesh of the sole, & grows inward toward the bone. Removal is a simple surgical job, but of course it would mean no energetic use of the foot for a couple of weeks. So I shall postpone the operation till the Fall rains, when a fortnight without exercise is a matter of course.

Tom Jr. dropped in, mentioned that he has six patients already — 3 of them sent to him by Dr. Charles MacIntosh, our leading dentist, who is booked up for a month ahead. He goes to Hfx. on Sunday, to stay at his "frat" house, in order to take the "Dominion" exams, which will enable him to practise anywhere in Canada. As he has passed the provincial exams, & intends to practice here, he doesn't need the "Dominion" certificate, & regrets now that he paid the $125 deposit for the "Dominion" exams.

SATURDAY, JUNE 3/61 Lohnes brought my new car to the door this morning. He had picked it up at Moncton, which apparently is a distributing point for General Motors in Nova Scotia, & drove it to Liverpool yesterday. It is green, with automatic drive (the engine at the rear); & the back seat folds down to provide extra luggage space. Total price $2995. Allowance for my old car $825. Net price $2170. (I gave Lohnes a cheque for this amount, in favor of Rossignol Sales Co.) The car is guaranteed against defects of manufacture for 12 months or 12,000 miles — whichever comes first!

Played golf at White Point this afternoon

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 7/61 I set off this morning in my new car for Parrsborough, driving by way of Chester Basin,

Windsor, Kaudon, Shubenacadie & Truro. At Great Village I called on Fred Hill, for many years a director of the famous Mariners' Museum at Newport News, Virginia, where I met him long ago. He is now retired & living with wife Nola in a tastefully furnished old farmhouse, a mile or two off the motor road at the mouth of Great Village Creek. I talked over my present notion with him — the famous "Mary Celeste", & particularly the story of her origin — she was built & launched at Spencer's Island as the brigantine "Amazon". I have collected material about her, as a matter of curiosity, over the years; but no writer has ever dug up the Nova Scotia details.

I plan to make Parrsboro my headquarters for visits to Economy, Five Islands, Spencer's Island etc. Hence I declined the Hills' urgent invitation to stay with them, & pushed on to a summer hotel, the Ottawa House, 2 miles outside Parrsboro. It is a ramshackle old wooden fire-trap, at one time the summer home of Sir Charles Tupper. It faces on the beach, with Partridge Island in the foreground, & a beautiful view of Blomidon & Cape Split on the other side of Minas Basin. The present proprietors, Mr. & Mrs. Wheaton, had just opened the hotel for the summer. The tourist season does not really begin until about July 1; so except for one or two overnight guests I had the hotel to myself for four days.

I spent these days roaming the Parrsboro shore from Economy almost to Apple River. The road is hilly, with long climbs and corresponding swoops, and many hairpin

bends — very much like the Cabot Trail, with splendid views of land & seascape. Talked with many people about the old shipbuilding industry, especially at Spencer's Island where "Amazon" was built. Best informant was R. Lester Lewis, grandson of the builder of "Amazon", himself now in his 70's, living on the old Lewis farmstead at West Advocate. Each day, at the hotel, I made copious notes of my journeys & observations, on my old portable typewriter. On June 10 I drove to Great Village, had dinner & spent the evening with the Hills & their weekend guests, a Halifax bank official named Macdonald & his lively wife, sister to Nola Hill.

MONDAY, JUNE 12/61 Left Parrsboro about 10 a.m. I had promised to call on Cecil & Frances Dennis, at their farm in Middle Stewiacke, so I drove there & had a meal & a yarn. Left there about 3 p.m. & drove via Shubenacadie to Windsor, where I had the first & only bit of car trouble — the engine suddenly refused to "idle", stopping dead whenever I took my foot off the accelerator! A garage mechanic said the twin carburretors had got out of balance. He got the engine to "idle", though not properly, & I went on my way, arriving at the Royal Anne motel, Annapolis, about 7 p.m.

TUESDAY, JUNE 13/61 A very hot day. Left Annapolis about 9.30 a.m. & drove along the French shore. Lunched on a sandwich & glass of milk at Pubnico. At Barrington Passage I turned off to Cape Island

via the causeway, to Clark's Harbor. Hoped to see my friend Dewey Nickerson, but he was out fishing. However I had a long yarn with old Robbie Blades. Reached home about 5 p.m. & found Edith, Francie & the three children all well & happy.

During my absence it had rained almost every day on the South Shore, a setback to the Leslie men, whom I had hired to paint the house. They got in about one full day, scraping off the worst of the old paint; and today they had their first full day (four men) putting on a priming coat of light bluish-green over the old cream color. The final coat is to be dark green, with the trim painted white.

On this trip I drove over a thousand miles in the little Corvair, & except for the minor carburetor trouble I found it perfectly satisfactory. It climbed the hills of the Parrsboro shore without difficulty, & rode well on the rough stretches of gravel & dirt roads. The average performance was 32 miles per gallon of gasoline — almost twice the performance of my old Monarch.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 14/61 A wire from George Nelson. The CBC wants to do an interview with me, in Toronto next Tuesday, for their "Open House" show. I wired agreement. Letter from Jack McLelland. Three new Canadian anthologies, being compiled by various publishers, want to use stories of mine. Jack suggested the fees, & I wrote agreement. I left my car with the Rossignol dealers this morning for carburetor adjustment, a greasing job, & a wash to remove the red

grime of the Parrsboro shore.

THURSDAY, JUNE 15/61 Rain all day. Frank Willis, CBC, phoned from Toronto. (see April 24) His "Close-Up" project has been delayed, & is scheduled now for July. Suggests I lunch with him & Kennedy, to talk it over, while I'm in Toronto next week.

FRIDAY, JUNE 16/61 A fine day at last, & this morning I dashed out to White Point & played 18 holes — my first real physical exercise in almost a fortnight. The air was utterly calm & the blackflies were a torment. The alternately wet spells & sudden hot suns ~~[illegible]~~ of the past six weeks have produced the largest & most vicious crop of blackflies & mosquitoes within anybody's memory. Alexander ("Sandy") Linsden of CBC called this afternoon & stayed nearly 3 hours talking over the T.V. interview (for school use) as arranged on April 27. His camera crew will arrive here in the latter part of this month, & Ken Homes will probably do the interviewing.

The painters have scraped the "rough" places on my house & garage, & applied a coat of blush-green priming over all. Today they applied the final coat of dark green to the north side of the house. They will wait some days before applying this coat to the more weather-exposed sides of the house, in order to let the priming coat "set" properly.

Our budgerigar, which has been moping lately, gave a sudden wild flutter about his cage this afternoon, & fell dead. I buried it this evening at the back of the garden.

SATURDAY, JUNE 17, 1961 Fine & cool. Spent the morning mowing the lawns, & played 18 holes at White Point this afternoon. Bill Dennis arrived by car from Moncton. His rented house (complete with doctor's office) is now ready for occupancy, & his practice is in full swing — he attended 21 patients yesterday.

SUNDAY, JUNE 18/61 Fine & warm. Bill set off for Moncton at 10 a.m., taking Francie, Gregory, Terry & baby Stephanie, & with every nook & cranny of his car crammed with baggage, toys etc. The little boys were excited, as usual, & as the uproar faded down the street with the departing car I'm sure our neighbors joined us in a sigh of relief. Our part of Park Street has been in a continual state of riot for the past fortnight.

This afternoon I drove with E. to Halifax, stored my car in the Argyle Garage, & stayed overnight at the Nova Scotian hotel.

MONDAY, JUNE 19/61 Left the hotel by airport bus at 10 a.m., after some hasty last-minute shopping. My first sight of the new airport (Kelly Lake). Picked up air tickets (Toronto & return), which cost $230. A pleasant flight in a Viscount plane landed us at the new Montreal airport at 1.20 p.m. local time.

Our plane for Toronto, a D.8 jet, was scheduled to take off at 2.30. At Montreal the air was hot & stifling, temp. between 85° & 90°. Only the main concourse is air conditioned. The smaller waiting rooms, where you await your particular flight (in this case, far away in a wing of the enormous building)

were like ovens. At 2:30 we were allowed to board the plane, which also was like an oven sitting on the tarmac. Then followed a long exasperating wait. Apparently the plane's captain was not satisfied with the trim of his craft, & there was a lot of fuss & argument about the fuel tanks in the port wing. Fuel trucks came & went. All sorts of officials drove up in all sorts of motor cars, from jeeps to limousines, dashed up & down the gangway to the cockpit, held long & agitated conferences on the ground. At one stage the plane taxied slowly down an immensely long runway, sat there for 20 minutes, & then was recalled to the airport building for more conferences & more business with fuel trucks. At 4 p.m. we finally took off, half stifled & sopping with perspiration.

Arrived Toronto (Malton airport) at 5 p.m. in pouring rain, which I was glad to see — it cooled the air beautifully. At 6 p.m. we reached the Westbury hotel, where George Nelson had reserved a room for us; very smart & comfortable, & not far from Hart House, where the Canadian Authors' Association is holding its sessions. Had a leisurely dinner, & phoned Nelson at 9 p.m. to report our arrival & discuss tomorrow's affairs.

TUESDAY, JUNE 20/61 A fine day, not too warm. At 9:45 a.m. I joined a panel discussion in one of the lecture rooms. With me on the dais were Ralph Allen, W. G. Hardy, Mrs. Laura Salverson, & the chairman, Professor J. M. Robson of Victoria College

The subject given us was "What is wrong with the novel? — meaning, we were told, "Why are people reading factual articles & books nowadays in preference to the novel?"

Within five minutes Robson lost control. Mrs. Salverson (a pleasant but garrulous old lady) and George Hardy, (a self-important professor of U. of Alberta, who writes sexy novels about ancient Greece & Rome) did practically all the talking. Ralph Allen & I (and Robson) got a few words in edgeways.

Main point, on which we agreed, was that actually people are reading more novels than ever, but to a great extent in the cheap paper-backed editions, which yield very little profit to the author while cutting sharply the sales of his book in cloth covers. But actually the discussion was pointless, as these panel affairs usually are. The audience was the usual crowd, mainly middle-aged women, with a sprinkling of young hopefuls. I chatted afterwards with Will Bird & wife, Bill Deacon, Gladys Taylor, & various strangers who came & introduced themselves.

Edith went off to shop & to lunch with two former Liverpudlians now living in Toronto — Mrs. Enid Doggett & Mrs. Joan (Pickwire) Chandler. I lunched with George Nelson at an excellent restaurant called the Four Seasons. Then over to 105 Bond Street, where I inspected the big new extension to the Doubleday Canada building. The firm seems highly prosperous & enterprising. Shortly after 3 p.m. I took a taxi to the C.B.C. building on Jarvis Street, where Max

Ferguson was to interview me for an afternoon T.V. show called "Open House". I knew Ferguson when he conducted the "Gazette" show on Halifax T.V.; a clever & handsome young man, somewhat given to making snide remarks & putting "loaded" questions in his interviews; so I was prepared for battle. However he was pleasant & courteous, & all went well. The interview was filmed & will appear on the "Open House" show tomorrow.

At 9 p.m., Doubleday Canada Ltd. gave a coffee party in the dining hall of Hart House, always an impressive place where portraits of bygone college dignitaries look down upon you, & a long quotation from "Areopagitica" runs around the four walls.

Nelson introduced me from mid-floor & presented me with a copy of "Governor's Lady" beautifully bound in red morocco. I then found that I was to make a speech. I did the best I could, mostly reminiscences. Much chat afterwards, with various people, including a most importunate female, 40-ish, named Rogers, who urged me to collaborate with her on a book about the wives of all the Governors-General of Canada. Had a hard time getting away from her. Best talk was with Ralph Allen, former war correspondent & in recent years managing editor of Maclean's Magazine. He gave up full time editing last year, now has an ideal arrangement by which he works on a salary with Maclean's for six months in the year, & free-lances the rest. A big burly man with balding dark-red hair, brusque in

manner & speech, & very able with the pen. He wrote Volume 5 of the Doubleday History of Canada, which will be published this Fall. It takes in roughly the period 1900 - 1950. Blair Fraser, who took Allen's place as managing editor of Macleans (but will leave them soon) has agreed to write the 6th. (& concluding) volume of the series, to be published about 1963.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 21/61 At 2 a.m. I wakened suddenly, hearing a thud, & found E. lying unconscious on the floor of our room. She has been smitten by a germ, some sort of intestinal flu, with an evil combination of nausea, diarrhoea, & pains in the mid-section; & she had fainted on her way to the bathroom. I carried her to her bed, & managed to restore her to consciousness; but then at once I had to carry her to the bathroom, where she was violently sick. This seemed to afford her much relief; & when George & Lily Nelson arrived at 9 a.m. to take us to Muskoka, she insisted that the plans not be changed.

George drove about 150 miles, by way of Barrie & Gravenhurst, to the Sherwood Inn, on Lake Joseph, a favorite summer haunt of Tom & Ida Costain. A charming & very comfortable wooden inn, with four or five adjuncts cottages facing on the lake, all very well kept, painted white, & surrounded by tall spruce, hemlock, cedar, maple, birch & elm trees. Lake Joseph appears to be part of the Severn River watershed, which flows into Georgian Bay. After lunch E. retired to our bedroom, still feeling unwell. Lily dozed in a lawn chair. George launched into my writing plans — the

actual purpose of this retreat from the C.A.A. convention.

He seemed quite worried that I had made no progress on the La Tour novel, which we agreed upon in New York. I told him what my researches had revealed to me — that Charles de La Tour was a spineless shifter, content to drift with the winds of chance, changing his religion & even his national loyalty whenever it seemed fit to do so. I despised the man, especially in comparing him with his short-lived but strong & wholly admirable French wife. He had troops by offspring by Indian women, by Madame La Tour, & finally by D'Aunay's widow, whom he married to get back his own properties plus D'Aunay's.

How can I write a novel about such a self-centred weakling, in a background that involves all the pully-haul of Catholic & Protestant in the time of Henri Quatre?

George, of course, is primarily the businessman. He urged me to get busy with a novel about La Tour, willy-nilly. Then to take one of La Tour's descendants & do another novel involving some later period of Canadian history — & so on — ad infinitum — a series going on & on like Mazo de la Roche's "Jalna" books. I tried to explain to him, in my fumbling way, that I had no desire whatever to write a series of Jalna books; that I had striven hard, for many years, to achieve some reputation as a good workman in English prose, dealing truly & simply in the Canadian scene, past & present; & having made that reputation I could not bring

myself to churn out costume pieces purely for the money market, as has my good & kind friend Tom Costain.

Apart from this matter, Nelson mentioned that McClelland & Stewart apparently have let my "Halifax, Warden of the North" go out of print. The copies they are now supplying book shops & libraries are really an edition published in England by Dent's years ago; Dent's apparently had a smaller sale than they expected, & McClelland & Stewart bought their "remainder".

Nelson says he is planning a series of books on five Canadian cities. He would like to use my Halifax book, brought up to date, as the third volume, to come out about 1964. He suggested that I write M. & S. this Fall, requesting a return to me of the copyright. If they insist on holding it, I should offer to buy the copyright, plus any stock they have on hand, if the price is reasonable. Doubleday would then reimburse me, & the way to a new edition would be clear.

We went indoors to watch the "Open House" interview on T.V. Later we four went to the charming dwelling of Mr. Harry Draper, the owner of Sherwood Inn, & he served drinks before we went down to the hotel for dinner. A chubby man with a heart ailment, he lost his wife recently & still feels rather cut up. He had all my books & said he had admired my work for many years. He chatted about War One, when his battalion of Canadian Railway Troops built light rail lines, often under shell fire; & he described a tough

job near the Yser River, the seaward flank of the famous Ypres salient.

The tourist rush does not begin until July 1, and except for small party of middle-aged ladies we had the dining room to ourselves. E. was still feeling unwell, & soon after dinner she retired. This day was sunny & not unduly hot, & the scene is lovely.

THURSDAY, JUNE 22/61 Another fine day. We had an engagement for lunch with Frank & Gladys Willis, so George set off with us about 9 a.m. He dropped Lily at their home in the Etobicoke suburb of Toronto, & took us on to our hotel. At 1 p.m. we taxied to the C.B.C. building on Jarvis St, where the Willis's were waiting, & they took us across the street for lunch at the Celebrity Club. Frank seemed subdued, nothing like his usual exuberant self. He said the expedition to do a "Close Up" interview of me in Liverpool, first scheduled for early June, then "some time in July", is still in a vague state. He made no mention of the War of 1812 radio plays in collaboration with Schull (see April 24) nor the radio play rights to "Governor's Lady", so I said nothing about them either.

We parted cheerfully about 3 p.m., & E. & I went back to the hotel. At 6:30 we taxied to Howard Ferguson Hall (part of the U. of T. set-up) for the final banquet of the Canadian Authors Assocn. The speaker was the famous Montreal neurologist,

Dr. Wilder Penfield, who has also written two excellent novels. An invitation to the public had been extended, & the hall was jammed. Wilder's theme was a description of life & ideals among the ancient Greeks, & a comparison with those of Canada ~~tonight~~ today. His main point — the brain of the bygone Athenian was no larger or better than that of the modern Canadian, and we are capable of the same ideals & achievements if we would but apply ourselves to them.

I had the pleasure of shaking hands with Dr. & Mrs. Penfield after the dinner, also with dear old Ned Pratt. Had a brief word or two with Jack McClelland. He informed me that he & Farley Mowat have bought a sloop in St. Pierre, & next summer they purpose a cruise along the N.S. coast. They intend to call on me in Liverpool. He added a bit of news heard by radio late this afternoon. Philippa Monsarrat, now living in Toronto, has secured a divorce from Nicholas, with custody of their two little boys & presumably, a hefty sum of alimony. The judge sitting on the divorce case referred to the main point of evidence — that Nicholas & another woman had spent a long holiday together in Barbados — and observed, "It seems clear that they were not there to write a book". Monsarrat did not contest the case.

George drove us to the hotel about 11 pm. & we said our thanks & goodbyes. E. felt & looked considerably better this evening, while I reluctantly discovered

that I now had the bug myself.

FRIDAY, JUNE 23/61 Up at 8:30 a.m., after a miserable & restless night. Ate nothing until just before noon, when I forced myself to swallow a plain omelette & some toast. Taxied to the Royal York & boarded the bus for Malton airport at 12:30. Took off for Montreal on a smart & comfortable Vanguard plane at 1:30, arrived at Montreal airport at 2:40. Once again Montreal was hell hot. A jam of passengers at the T.C.A. desk. The staff was too small & too lesisurely to handle them quickly. I had my tickets of course, but I had to secure boarding passes before we could get on the plane. Finally, with only two or three minutes to spare, we had to run the length of the building to Gate 9. We reached it just as the plane attendant closed the aircraft door & began to remove the boarding steps. I yelled, so did ~~the~~ the gate guard, & fortunately the man had good hearing in the racket of the airport. He replaced the steps, re-opened the door, & in we went. We sank into our seats breathless & drenched with sweat.

The plane was a much-used & shabby Viscount, jammed with people, including a number of infants. Our seats were right at the forward end, & all through the flight a procession of females & infants brushed past my knees on their way in & out of the two lavatories. I felt utterly wretched, fighting back nausea, & suffering a continual cramp amidships.

Arrived at Hfx. airport at 7 p.m. (Hfx. time) & swept into the city by the airport bus. At the Lord Nelson we transferred by taxi to the Argyle Garage. Got my car, tossed in the luggage, & set off for home, about 8:30. By driving fast I managed to get half-way (Chester Basin) before the full fall of night. My eyes no longer measure distances accurately when driving in the glare of opposing headlights. However we got home all right, about 11:30, & found that the painters had practically completed their job on the house.

MONDAY, JUNE 26/61 Sunny & warm. Spirea bushes in full bloom, & I've never seen such a mass of blossom on our hawthorn tree. Cyril Leslie came this morning with his bill for painting the house, garage & all storm windows, two coats. Labor (4 men) $218.75, paint $101.46, total $320.21. I gave him a cheque.

At 2 p.m. Sandy Lumsden & Ken Homer arrived to discuss the half-hour film interview which is to be "taped" here in August. They stayed to dinner & left for Hfx at 8 p.m.

TUESDAY, JUNE 27/61 Fine & warm. At letters all morning. Golf this afternoon, a hurried 16 holes — there is a druggists' convention at White Point Lodge, & the course soon became jammed with the drug trade & its wives. Fetched Marie Freeman down from Milton to have dinner & spend the evening with us.

During our absence in Toronto the builders of the new Liverpool bridge have made very little progress. Traffic moving townward over the temporary

bridge is routed through the waterfront parking area to Legion Street. This section (roadbay only) has been paved with asphalt. The new Legion building is up in frame, & so is the steel-&-cement block structure of the new supermarket, (I.G.A.) where the old Riverside Hotel used to be. I note many new houses going up on the fringes of the town & in Milton & Brooklyn.

FRIDAY, JUNE 30/61 I was on the golf course at 8.30 a.m., & got in 18 holes, bright sunshine, no wind, & no crowd. The sky blackened at noon, & for the rest of the day we had thunder & heavy showers. Tom Jr., Pamela & Debbie called after dinner. Tom has patients every day, plus occasional evening appointments, & is doing far better than he expected in building a practice. This evening Tony Ross & his fiancée, a widow née Moneys, of Halifax, called to see me. They are on their way to the Kejimkujik Lodge on what Ross calls "a bird-watching expedition." He is a handsome Irishman, six feet, red-gold hair, cultured accent, charming manner, 35-ish. She is slim, quiet, rather shy. Ross is a wanderer, & has been many things, including Spanish interpreter to American movie companies in Spain. Drifted to Halifax some years ago, got a job with CBC, & is now a producer of radio plays etc. there. Says he is planning a series of half-hour radio plays, beginning next January or February, having to do with Maritime Canada & the sea, past & present. Wants me

to do at least one, & if possible two or three scripts for this, at $250 per script. I suggested that he look over the published volumes of my short stories — chiefly "Tamburs" and "Muster of Arms" — & ~~suggest~~ bed the possibilities in sea stories there. This he promised to do, & departed for "Kedge" at 9 p.m. To all appearance the personification of that literary cliche', the glib & handsome Irish rogue, catnip to women, plausible to all men. His appearance in the flesh was a little startling, but I recovered enough to take much salt with everything he said.

Colonel Michael Wardell phoned this afternoon from Fredericton, asking for a short story or article to lead off his August number of "The Atlantic Advocate". I said, I had nothing on hand, which was true. He asked, "Haven't you anything in the bottom drawer?" And again the answer was No. Even if I had something written, he pays only $150. I could sell the same thing to Maclean's or Weekend for $500, & quite possibly to U.S. magazines for $1500.

SATURDAY, JULY 1/61 Lovely hot day. I went out to the golf course at 8:30 a.m., & managed to get in a round before the mob arrived. Then drove to Port Medway & bought two grilse from R.A. Wight, fish dealer. They weighed about 4½ lbs each, & the price was 65¢ per lb. I delivered one to Vera Lapke.

There was racing this afternoon, with high-speed

outboard-motor boats, on the river above the highway bridge. We have quite a large club of local enthusiasts, & many visitors came towing boats on trailers behind their cars.

Our old sailing club has been dead for 20 years.

The Legion held their usual bazaar tonight on the school grounds. This is all that remains of the Dominion Day celebrations of the 1930's & 1940's; in those days a day-long affair of sports, always including an important game between the Liverpool Larrupers and another senior baseball team.

SUNDAY, JULY 2/61 Again fine, with a gusty S.W. wind. Ken Jones, M.P.P., wrote me yesterday for details about the old Dexter tavern, at Fort Point. He hopes to persuade the provincial govt. to take it over & furnish it, as a corollary to the Perkins house. I doubt if he can do it, although as a cabinet minister he has much influence. Anyhow I spent this morning & part of the evening digging out old notes, searching Perkins' diary, & writing a full account of the Dexter house. It has been changed very little since the 18th century, & is still in use as a dwelling. In the afternoon I played golf, & got in 18 holes fairly quickly, in spite of the crowd. Tremendous motor traffic on the roads, including many American cars.

American novelist Ernest Hemingway, aged 63, shot himself to death this morning at ~~his summer home~~ his summer home near Ketchum, Idaho. He had been ailing for some months & had just returned from the Mayo Clinic. A great writer until his middle years, when he

became obsessed with the importance of being Ernest.
A theatrical character, always in the news, always acting the part of his own book heroes, wading in (animal) blood; and women (including four wives); and food and drink. He spent little of his life in the United States, preferring France, Italy & Spain, with a winter home in Cuba; and his stories were mostly about characters like himself — swashbuckling Americans wandering abroad, killing every known variety of fish and bird and animal game, lady-killing as an indoor sport; and with a morbid lust for watching human bloodshed, in the prize ring, in the bull ring, or in the wars of his time.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 5/61

Lovely summer weather. The deep frosts last winter killed most of the honeysuckle & badly damaged the rose bushes along my back garden wall. However two or three vines of honeysuckle survive, & it will recover; so will the roses. With both of the other Liverpool dentists away at a convention, Tom Jr. is swamped with work. Yesterday he was busy from 9 a.m. to 6 p.m. with no time to eat luncheon. Edith phoned Francie in Moncton today, & learned that Bill Dennis is equally busy in his medical practice — going day & night.

During the month of June there was a large run of salmon in the Medway River — apparently the mysterious breeding cycle is at one of its periodical peaks. Sportsmen report the angling falling off, as the hot weather shrinks the stream, but they add

NOTE:- Some of this is incorrect. See my typewritten memoirs on Philip Hooper Moore, written in 1969.

that the river is still "full of fish — only they won't take a fly."

Philip Moore died at Chester today, aged about ~~85~~ (82). An American engineer (with a degree from some small U.S. college) he came to Nova Scotia as a young man, & managed to live extremely well by his wits. He was manager of the Medway River pulp mill in the early 1900's. It was then owned by a U.S. concern who trusted him absolutely. At intervals he went to the States with a bundle of legal papers for the signatures of his bosses. Finally they found him out in some sort of peculation or mismanagement; but when they tried to "fire" him, Moore produced a paper, signed blindly by the bosses, which gave him a considerable share in the mill itself. They fought an expensive legal case in Canadian courts — eventually it went to the Privy Council in Britain — but Moore won. The owners had to buy him out, for a considerable sum. ~~about 1924~~

With this money (or some of it) he built, in 1908, and operated a lodge for sportsmen at [redacted] Landing on Lake Rossignol. Most of his customers were well-to-do Americans, including one of the Rockefellers. Moore mulcted them with excessive charges, & by 1929 he had lost most of his business. Providentially the N.S. Power Commission completed their big storage dam on the Mersey River at that time, & it flooded ~~Rossignol~~ Low's Landing. Moore produced ledgers that apparently showed many free-spending customers, claimed that the dam was robbing him of a livelihood, & got

see below

$40,000 ~ a scandal in the Halifax newspapers of 1930. He then proceeded to build a camp for anglers & fishermen at Owl Head, near Chester, but his methods & reputation were well known, & the elaborate set-up at Owl Head passed into other hands. Among his many activities of a lifetime he had written, in spare moments, a novel, one or two books of hunting tales, & a great deal of verse ~ all very bad. On the strength of these he became a member of the Canadian Authors Association a few years ago. In fact he had caught the financial fascen of the Canadian Writers' Foundation, a fund gathered in Ottawa, partly from government, partly from private sources, to aid aged or indigent Canadian authors. It was meant for Canadians who had risked indigence by the devotion of years to writing. However, with the aid of two gullible spinsters of the Hfx. branch, C.A.A., Moore succeeded in getting more than $2000 from the Foundation last year. A month or two ago he wrote the Foundation demanding an extra $200 per month, on the plea that his wife required hospital treatment for a broken hip. This time the Foundation wrote to me, & I told them Moore's pretences were false ~ hospitals in N.S. are free to everyone.

Correction:- After getting $40,000 from the N.S. govt in 1930, Moore promoted a summer hotel with cottages at White Point Beach. He also promoted a golf course in connection with it. The site & the idea were good, but Moore put little of his own money

into it, and spent the investors' money in such a way that the whole thing went bankrupt within a year. E. M. Bradford, the last of the old-fashioned investment bankers in Halifax, swallowed Moore's glib talk & sold a lot of the White Point stock & bonds to his clients. He died shortly after the bankruptcy, & his friends said the White Point affair killed him. The Great Depression of the 1930's was in full swing when the White Point properties came under the hammer. Moore, now using his own money, made the only bid. It was very low, & for a time it looked as if he would get one of the finest bargains to be had in N.S. at that time. However the interests of the bondholders were in the hands of a trust company in Hfx. One of its officers was a man named Elliott. Rather than see Moore get away with this trickery, Elliott got together with some friends, raised enough money to out-bid Moore, & got the property. Elliott's son Howard became manager (he still is) and after some lean years made the White Point lodge & cottages a very profitable & valuable business.

The golf club promoted by Moore fell flat after some development work. Most of the money went into the pockets of Moore & his promotion agent, a suave & plausible "Major" Hamilton. The subscribers were mostly Liverpool men on the staff of the (then new) Mersey Paper Company. When the White Point Company was reconstituted under Howard Elliott,

the "golf course" was merely a string of spare pastures with only a few holes & fairways roughly completed.

A Mersey Paper group formed the Liverpool Golf & Country Club, leased the existing "fairways" from the White Point Company, bought much more land from neighboring farmers, & created the present 9-hole course.

It was after his failure with the White Point scheme that Moore promoted a similar scheme at Owl Head. This, too, he ran into bankruptcy.

I first saw him in action when I was book-keeper for the old pulp mills at Milton. At that time, Roy Gordon was manager, and Moore owned the sportsmen's "hotel" at Lake Rossignol. It was in the spring of 1925 or '26, when the pulp company's storage dam at Indian Gardens, in a time of heavy rains & melting snow, had backed up water as far as Jacques Landing at the head of Lake Rossignol. Moore claimed that the water had flooded his boathouse, threatened lawsuit, & bluffed Gordon into signing a cheque for $750 for "damages". I never forgot the smug grin on Moore's face as he stepped out of the office into his large & expensive car.

FRIDAY, JULY 5/61 Played 18 holes at White Point this morning with Harvey Crowell & son Eddie, former golf champion of Nova Scotia. Dense fog at the Point, & Eddie unable to judge accurately the directions & distances. Hence I held the honor

through the first 9 holes, — my score 40, Eddie's 41, Harvey's 45. In the second 9 Eddie shot a 32, I a 44, & Harvey a 46.

The ladies of the golf club put on a supper beginning at 5:30, in which E. was heavily involved in cooking vegetables & making salads. This (the first club supper after July 4, when most of our American visitors arrive) has become a sort of get-together. Among other visitors present I noted Mrs. Conway Atwater (permanent residence Bermuda, staying her usual few days in N.S. on her way to Europe); Kita Beebe & Marilla McDill, who have permanent homes in Boston & summer homes at Mill Village; Bob & Mabel Kirkpatrick, back in their summer home at Milton after the usual winter in Florida; "Jock" Millar & wife, here for the summer at their Broad River cottage, after the winter in Florida. Bert Waters hailed me for a golf foursome beginning at 8:30 tomorrow morning.

SATURDAY, JULY 8/61 A leisurely 18 holes this a.m. with Waters, Jack McCleam & Dr. John Wickwire. My score 85, Waters 87, Wickwire 92, McCleam 103. Sky overcast, & a cold wind off the sea. Rain at evening, & the furnace going.

SUNDAY, JULY 9/61 Overcast. Played golf at White Point, alone, a quick 18 holes. Mrs. Anne Kelly had asked a few friends of the late Lou Parrot to attend a small ceremony at the Greenfield lodge this afternoon — the

scattering of Parrot's ashes on the slope near the river. The others present were Bert & Catharine Waters, R. H. & Mrs. Lockward, Dorothy Wickwire, Mr. & Miss [redacted] Kidd, Mr. & Mrs. James Freeman, & Mr. & Mrs. Willard Freeman. We descended the steep bank from the lodge clinging to a precarious hand-rail, & halted about 50 yards from the river, where a large patch of lupins were in bloom. A passage of scripture & a prayer were recited by a man named McDormand, a former Baptish minister who is now a teacher in Liverpool high school. The ashes were a greyish-white mixture of lumps & powder, about a pint & a half, contained in a cellophane bag, & this sealed in a cardboard box about 10" × 10" × 10" with some paper packing.

McDormand had some difficulty opening the box; he asked for a pen-knife but no one had one, & finally he managed to tear it open. After the scripture reading, & as McDormand began his prayer, Mrs. Kelly, in a patterned grey dress that fitted her neat figure, walked slowly amongst the lupins. She thrust her bare hand into the cellophane bag at intervals, drew forth a handful of ashes, & cast it over the flowers. The breeze up the river blew the fine white dust about her, & she was obliged to turn her face away, to avoid getting it into her eyes & nostrils. Some of it remained in her dark hair. The time was 7:30 p.m.

Immediately afterwards we climbed back to the lodge, & Mrs. Kelly offered to make sandwiches & tea. The ladies accepted, with that facility for free

food which is one of the less endearing of feminine attitudes; & most of the husbands, though obviously reluctant, fell in with their wives' decision. However, I rebelled. I'm not squeamish about many things, & no doubt Mrs. Kelly scrubbed her hands on her return to the lodge; but the association of ideas was too much for me. The notion of eating, however inadvertently, a speck of the late Parrot, made me slightly sick.

Dorothy Wickwire had driven us out there, so at my insistence she drove us back to Liverpool.

I noted that (last winter) a crew of loggers had cut all the larger trees remaining on the Parrot land, leaving it cluttered with dead slash. Parrot must have arranged this before his death, turning the timber into cash for the benefit of Mrs. Kelly.

His wife Frances, who refused him a divorce, has lawyers busy trying to get liens on everything Lou owned. They are too late to do anything about the timber, which is now transformed into Canadian currency & stashed away in a Liverpool bank's safety deposit box, in Mrs. Kelly's name.

MONDAY, JULY 10/61 Overcast & muggy. There has been fog at White Point at some time every 24 hours since July 1st. Golf alone this afternoon. A party this evening at the Lozers in honor of Mrs. Beebe, Mrs. MacDill, Mrs. Atwater, & Lady Ricketts.

A suction dredge is working on the harbor bar, a seagoing monstrosity called "Swellmaster". Residents at Fork Point say it should be "Smellmaster", as

it stirs up the stinking mud. The muck goes into the hold; surplus water is pumped off, & at intervals the whole contraption steams outside Coffin's Island to dump the stuff.

THURSDAY, JULY 10/61 Open & shut weather, with fog lying along the shore & creating a light but chilly breeze. White Point Lodge has just opened its new bar and swimming pool. So far the bar has been more popular than the pool, owing to the cold & fog.

Had a round of golf this afternoon with Harvey Crowell & Austin Parker. Crowell remarked that this was an occasion — the first time we three have been together for more than a few minutes since 1928, when Parker was manager of the old Milton woodpulp mills, I was book-keeper, & Crowell came down from Halifax every year to audit the accounts.

A large & lively dinner party tonight at the home of Bert & Catharine Waters, Fort Point, in honor of the American visitors & Lady Ricketts. We came home in a pelting thunder-storm.

The newspapers are full of an unseemly row between James Coyne, governor of the Bank of Canada, and the Diefenbaker government. Last year Coyne, although only 49, made preparation for a cosy retirement by getting the Bank's board of directors to raise his pension from $12,500 to $25,000. This was done quietly, & neither the govt. nor the public knew about it for many weeks. Coyne then

began making public addresses & giving interviews in which he declared that Canada must stop the financing of industry & development by American capital. As the statements went on they became more & more positive & reactionary, advocating high tariffs to shut out U.S. goods & build up Canadian industry, & so on — old John A. Macdonald's National Policy with modern financial trimmings. The tiff with the gov't soon became clear when Coyne denounced gov't. measures to depreciate the value of the Canadian dollar in terms of the U.S. dollar. The gov't then introduced a bill to compel Coyne's resignation. It passed the lower house, but Coyne appealed to the Senate (which has a large Liberal majority in its ancient ranks), and yesterday the Senate rejected the bill, & passed a motion praising Coyne's work & policy. Having got this endorsement, Coyne then made public his resignation. His honor is now vindicated, he says, and (as he does not say) he can now sit back with his $25,000 a year.

The Rev. C. H. Cook, (who married Edith & me in the Baptist church, Milton, in 1927) died today in retirement at Canning. He was 73.

FRIDAY, 1961 JULY 11

E. & I had dinner this evening at White Point with Mrs. Mary Harris, widow of Goodwin Harris, Toronto. She is spending a week or two at the lodge with her son David's wife, a pretty blonde who

sometimes plays in Toronto theatricals, & their baby girl.

On leaving the lodge about 9 p.m. I found ~~Hoey~~ beside my car a man of about my own age & build, lying on his back, with large dark eyes staring at the sky. A grey-haired woman knelt with her face pressed against his. ~~I thought at first that~~ She was attempting the new mouth-to-mouth method of resuscitation, as his face was turning blue. Elliott, manager of the lodge, was there with one or two of his cabin attendants. They had fetched blankets to cover the man. In a few minutes Dr. Jim Wickwire arrived from Liverpool. The man was Justice K. G. Morden of the Ontario Court of Appeals, who was a colonel of The Queens Own Rifles during the second World War. He & his wife had arrived only a few hours before, & on their way from the dining room to their cabin he dropped dead — coronary thrombosis.

TUESDAY, JULY 18/61 Overcast, humid, with fog moving in at night. For the past fortnight the weather has been like this, with little wind except an icy breath from the fog banks at night, & sometimes by day. Many guests at White Point lodge have got tired of an atmosphere always damp & varying between steamy & icy, & are moving off inland in search of sunshine. I note from a brief editorial paragraph that Mazo de la Roche died a few days ago. It was not noticed in our daily paper.

E. gave a coffee party this morning — the Harris ladies from White Point, Mrs. Hal Dyer, Dorothy Wickwire, Edith McClearn, & our daughter-in-law Pamela.

Note re Mazo de la Roche (and see Apl. 23/61).
She died at 82. Her novel "Jalna" won a $10,000 prize offered by the (U.S.) Atlantic Monthly in 1927. Soon after this she moved to England & stayed till 1938, when the approach of the Hitler war drove her & her inseparable companion Caroline back to Ontario. (Mazo was born in Newmarket, Ont., in 1879. Caroline was a cousin, somewhat younger.) She wrote 31 novels, of which only the 16 "Jalna" stories were successful — one unkind critic called them "the everlasting Jalna soap opera". They sold enormously in the U.S. and Europe, & made her a fab fortune.

On July 7/60 I had a kind little note from Caroline Clement, conveying Mazo's congratulations on my winning of the Doubleday Award, and mentioning that Miss de la Roche had been gravely ill for months.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 19/61 "Ninon".

SATURDAY, JULY 22/61 Golf this morning with John Wickwire, Bert Waters & Jack McClearn. A foggy beginning. (The fog-horn on Western Head has been blowing at some time, usually at night, in every 24 hours for the past 3 weeks.) The mist burned off & we had a humid-hot day. For the past 2 days Milton has been celebrating its 200th anniversary, on dubious grounds — as far as I know there were no permanent residents at "The Falls" before 1763. They

put on quite a show yesterday — a long parade of floats, an army band, Medley Paper Co. band, a "fly-past" of aircraft from Greenwood air base, etc. The celebration concluded tonight in the Milton Community Hall. Otto Wilson persuaded me to give a talk on Milton's history, to be followed by a bagpipe-and-drum concert by the Dunvegan Girls' Band, from ~~Dartmouth~~ WESTVILLE, N.S. When I got to the hall about 7.45 p.m. the band was parading & playing up & down before it in the still blazing heat. Girls from age 10 to about 16, in full Highland costume, very smart & military in their march movements. At 8 p.m. Otto Wilson introduced me on the platform. I talked about 20 minutes, & then was glad to turn the show over to the pipers & get away into the open air.

Terry Freeman had a bad accident last night. There was a dance in the Milton hall, part of the celebrations; & while cooling off on an outside staircase, a railing gave way & Terry & wife Betty & others fell to the ground. Betty escaped with bruises, but Terence sustained a broken vertebra in the lower spine, which will keep him in a cast for the next month.

Milton, like Liverpool, is very lovely now, with all the trees & shrubs & lawns at their best. The village now has a population of 2,000, with many new homes, all nicely painted & well kept, on both sides of the river. Its community enterprise is well shown in

the Community Hall, the clubhouse of the canoe & camera club, the Baptist Church, the additional school, all built or rebuilt within recent years. Utterly changed from the shabby & moribund sawmill village which I came upon in 1923.

THURSDAY, JULY 27/61 Continuous hot weather, with fog hanging just two or three miles off the land & sometimes moving in at night. Little or no wind, day after day. Fishermen report seeing a submarine re-fueling from a Russian "mother-ship" which accompanies a fleet of trawlers net-fishing for herring on Georges Bank.

All afternoon on the golf course I heard the thud & shudder of what I took to be gun practice by naval craft to the eastward, or possibly the battery of 9.2's at Hartland Point, at the eastern mouth of Halifax harbor, which can be heard distinctly here (at 70 miles) under certain atmospheric conditions. However, about 10 p.m. there was another series of detonations, which sounded more like depth charges, & rattled our windows & shook the house.

TUESDAY, AUG. 1/61 Still fine warm weather in the days with a cool sea air at night. Utterly marvellous. Golf every afternoon. My weight is down to 178 stripped, & I never felt better in my life. Havent smoked a single cigaret since March 7. The ladies of the historical society staged a tea on the Perkins house lawn this

evening, all in 18th. or early 19th. century costume. They had 400 guests, including many summer visitors. Tom Jr. dropped in for a brief chat this evening. He is doing $50 to $80 worth of work every day, & allowing for bad debts he reckons his income at not less than $1200 per month. Fantastic to me, of course, when I look back over my own career — starting at sea on $45 a month, working many years in a pulp mill & then a paper mill at a salary that began at $85 a month & never got higher than $175. As a writer I had a long lean struggle; & even in the past ten years, when I came to recognition as one of the top Canadian writers, I suppose my annual income (with its violent ups & downs) hasn't averaged much more than $8,000 a year, including receipts from foreign sales of every kind. All of which goes to prove that, whatever gift I had, it wasn't one for earning money. My savings today are about $50,000, most of which came from blind but lucky investments.

Today Prime Minister MacMillan of Great Britain made application to join the European common market comprised in France, Belgium, Luxembourg, Holland & West Germany. This is a historical step, for if carried out to the full it means that Britain will give up its system of customs preferences which have favored (notably) Canada, Australia, New Zealand,

South Africa, etc, in the British market. The cold truth is that the old British Empire, with its set preferences for trade, is a thing of the past. The British must look out for themselves, commercially, without ties of sentiment to former "colonies" or "dominions" which have, long since, cast off their rule. On the part of Canada, it seems to me, this gives us the only alternative choice — a customs (if not a political) union with the United States.

THURSDAY, AUG. 3/61 Golf this afternoon with Bert Waters, Bill Hall, Bruce Dougherty. On the course I met Boyd Snow, who was boss of the Seven Seas Fishery Company in Liverpool 30-odd years ago. He has been in the sales end of a prosperous fish wholesale business in Montreal for many years.

Today in Ottawa, amid all the hoop-la of an American political convention, the C.C.F and the Canadian Congress of Labor united their forces under the title of The New Democratic Party. As their leader they elected T. C. Douglas, the former Baptist minister who has led & kept the C.C.F. in political power in Saskatchewan for many years. Nevertheless the obvious power behind the N.D.P. throne is that of Canadian trades unions, whose leader is the able & forceful French Canadian, Jodoin. Much fuss in the letter columns of the Hfx. Chronicle-Herald about the forthcoming visit of Major Gagarin, the famous

Russian astronaut. He was invited by American (but N.S. born) millionaire, Cyrus Eaton, who will entertain him at his farm at Deep Cove, Lun. Co. Most of the letter-writers are opposed to any official countenance for the visitor. Amongst the few approving I note one from Kenneth Leslie, headed by an address in Pictou town, & purporting to speak for the farmers & miners & fishermen of that county.

SUNDAY, AUG. 7/61 Overcast, with a warm mist & sporadic drizzle for the past few days — the atmosphere of a Turkish bath. This afternoon E. & I went to Port Joli with food & liquid refreshments, & held a picnic party with the Austen Parkers at their seaside cottage. They have with them their daughter Anne & two children; also son Jim, wife & three children from Georgia. The Hector Dunlaps joined us. The sun worked through the overcast & we had a fine warm evening.

News:- today the Russians shot another spaceman into orbit — Major Gherman Titov, of the Soviet air force. Instead of making a single loop around the earth, like his predecessor Gagarin, he is to make 17 before descending. British & other radio monitors tracked the rocket-cabin in flight, & overheard conversations by radio-phone between Titov & the ground crew. Gagarin, incidentally, was in Nova Scotia today, the guest of Cyrus Eaton, on his way back from a visit to Cuba. He cut

short his visit & flew back to Russia to greet Titov on his return to earth.

~~MONDAY~~ TUESDAY, AUG. 8/61.

Clear & hot. Forty-three years ago my father, Thomas Head Raddall 1st., led his regiment into the battle at Amiens which Ludendorff called "Germany's black day in this war". Father was killed, with many other officers & men, in the supreme effort of the second day of the battle, August 9, 1918. Almost exactly three months later the Germans surrendered & the war was over.

~~Today~~ YESTERDAY morning, a little after 11 a.m., my son Tom's wife Pamela gave birth to a fine healthy boy at the Liverpool hospital. He will be R.N.R. 4th — so my son informs me. Pam's mother drove down from Hfx. & returned at [redacted] evening, taking with her little Debby, who will stay with the Whites for a couple of weeks.

C. & I took some roses to the hospital this evening & found Tom with Pamela — Pam looking remarkably well & unperturbed. We were allowed a peep at the baby, through a window in the hospital nursery. Impossible to say who or what he resembles at this early age, but he weighs well over 8 pounds & looks sturdy.

Today I received a cheque from Doubleday (N.Y.) for royalties on "The Governor's Lady" sold in the U.S. during the 6 months ending April 30/61

It amounted to $10,162.04, & the present premium on the American dollar (almost 3%) boosted this to $10,466.69. This brings my receipts from this book to something over $21,000. Most of the sales were through Doubleday's book clubs, all in hard covers, & the total number of copies sold in North America is now about 430,000, of which 68,000 were sold in Canada. I had to draw on Doubleday during '59 & '60 to keep myself solvent — a total amount of $1,500, & another $2,500 this spring — bringing the total advance to the exact amount of the Doubleday Novel Award, $10,000.

WEDNESDAY, AUG. 9/61 The Russian space-man, Titov, is back to earth & receiving a hero's welcome in Moscow & elsewhere in Russia. A very hot day & night — I slept fitfully, on the couch in my den, where there was a breath of air from the garden. C. spent part of the night sitting on a bench on the back lawn.

THURSDAY, AUG. 10/61 Another fire-hot day & night. Newfoundland is actually burning — great forest fires, many coastal villages on fire, & people fleeing by boat. Dined at White Point Lodge with C. Sherry in the new bar, a comfortably furnished and tasteful room looking out on the swimming pool. Chatted with Mrs. Madge Parker & daughter, the Dunfords & Richardsons. Also an architect named Wallace, whose forbears came from Hfx; he is interested in the Wolfeboro (N.H.) mansion of John Wentworth, described in my book, & wanted to know

if any plans exist.

SATURDAY, AUG. 12/61 The hot weather continues. A bank of fog lies just off the land, sometimes moving in at night. Sometimes moving off a few miles, often touching Western Head & Gull Island. It seems to me the fog horn at Western Head has been blowing, at some time in the 24 hours, almost continuously, since the first of July.

Tonight E. & I attended a wedding in the United Church. The daughter of our neighbour, Mrs. Ralph Johnson (by her first husband); and a tall & handsome Macleod lad, from the west road to Milton. He is in the R.C.A.F., stationed at Greenwood. The girl is only 17, Florida-born, a pallid blond replica of her amiable but lazy & almost witless mother. Ralph is well liked & respected, a foreman official of Mersey Paper Co. since it was born in 1928 — & soon to retire on pension. A big crowd at the church, & at the subsequent reception in the Mersey Hotel. It was hell-hot, for the faint afternoon breeze had dropped. So after shaking hands & congratulating the bridal party I slid out & made my way home, where I could shuck off my shoes & most of my clothes, & relax over a cold drink. E. stayed to the bitter end.

MONDAY, AUG. 14/61 A sudden alteration of weather; still sunny, but with a brisk N.W. wind, like Fall; and tonight the sky is cold & starry, temp 48°.

Today I phoned Bill White at G. E. Leslie Co's. office, Ltd., & arranged to sell my 825 shares of common stock in Bell Telephone Co., & to invest the proceeds in common stock of B.C. Telephone Co.

In the spring of 59 I sold my B.C. Telephone stock at 45 & invested the money in Bell at 40. (Both pay the same dividend, $2.20 per share.) Now Bell is selling at 53½ to 54, & B.C. Tel. at a fraction under 49; so there is profit in another switch.

WEDNESDAY, AUG. 16/61 Cool & cloudy. A brief thunderstorm this afternoon brought a shower, barely enough to spot the dust; the first rain in weeks. This afternoon E. & I had drinks at the Austine Parkers' house with Rita Beebe, Marilla McDill, Bert Waters & wife Catherine, & Bert's spinster sisters from Ohio. Then on to the golf club, where the club ladies were serving a lobster chowder supper. A great crowd, & the chowder ran low, so that late arrivals like us got only a small bowl of it, & that very thin.

News:- another international crisis over West Berlin, precipitated as usual by the Russians, & with some of Kruschev's typical sabre-rattling, or rather rocket-whistling. President Kennedy, & Prime Minister MacMillan have made the usual grave speeches (so has our own Diefenbaker), & the U.S. has decided to increase its draft for the army. With this in view, the troubles in Congo, Algeria, Tunisia, Cuba, etc. have at last vanished

from the front pages of the newspapers.

Letter from Lloyd MacInnis enclosing a copy of the "C.B.C. Times". It contains an article about my life & work, & announces that MacInnis's interview with me will be broadcast over CBC radio network, coast-to-coast, in five instalments between Aug. 25 & 29.

Called on Pamela this afternoon, & had a peep at J.H.R. the 4th, snoozing peacefully in his crib. Dr. Tom (3rd) is busy every day (& some evenings) at his dental practice. The little girl Debby is still with Grandmother White in Hfx, but will return next week.

THURSDAY, AUG. 17/61

Letter from Bill White. His company sold my 825 Bell shares at an average net price (after deducting brokerage) of $53.67 per share. They bought 900 shares of B.C. Telephone at an average price of $48.90, including brokerage.

FRIDAY, AUG. 18/61 Fine weather still. I have kept my lawns green with a thorough soaking by hose & sprinkler, twice a week. The greens on the golf course survive in a similar fashion, but in the fairways the patches of dead brown turf are spreading rapidly. By a miracle, no serious forest fires in Nova Scotia so far, although a lightning storm set off some small ones near Lake Kedgemakooge & on the South Mountain a day or two ago. After golf this afternoon E. & I

picked up some fresh rolls & sweet cakes at the local bakery, drove to Bridgewater & got a barbecued chicken at the Co-op. store on the eastern hill, recrossed the river, drove down to Fort Point at West Lahave, & had a picnic supper at the shore. All very pleasant, & the chicken was delicious.

SUNDAY, AUG. 20/61 Still fine & warm. Several forest fires are now burning — one between Eagle Lake & Indian Gardens, my old hunting ground. We can smell the smoke in town. Mersey Paper Co. & provincial govt. fire-fighting crews are on the job.

This morning Bill & Marion White drove down from Hfx., bringing with them baby Deborah. They lunched with Tom & Pam, & returned to Hfx at 4 p.m., this time with Edith as their passenger. E. will stay a day or two with the Whites in Hfx, & then intends to drive with Mrs. White to Moncton, where she will stay a fortnight with Bill & Francie Dennis.

This evening a woman from Table River read my fortune in a teacup. The following things will happen to me before the end of 1961:—

(1) I shall shortly receive a package by mail which will be of interest or importance to me.

(2) I shall receive an interesting letter in a brown manila envelope.

(3) I shall attend a large Catholic or possibly Anglican ceremony, at which a tall priest or bishop will officiate. The ceremony involves a large gathering, & might be a wedding or a funeral, etc.

(4) a dark slim woman will play an important role in my immediate future.
(5) I shall receive a considerable sum of money by cheque, & the cheque will be of a light color.

MONDAY, AUG. 21/61 Rain! After weeks of drought. A slow but steady rain. It began this morning just as I finished washing my car. (This is almost infallibly a rain-making event!)

A young man named Dick Pearson, from the National Museum of Canada, called this morning & took careful photographs of my collection of Indian arrowheads, tools, potsherds, etc. Today I mailed Bill White a Royal Bank draft in favor of G. E. Leslie & Co., Hfx., & asked him to invest the sum ($6,000) in any stock he favors. This at the urging of Tom S., who considers it a crime to "leave money sitting around idle in a bank."

TUESDAY, AUG. 22/61 The rain ceased this morning. Unfortunately it fell only along the South Shore, so that many of the bush fires now burning in N.S., N.B., & Nfld. are still unchecked. The fires at Indian Gardens & Bangs Falls seem to be out, or under control.

Played golf alone this afternoon.

WEDNESDAY, AUG. 23/61 Letter from Bill White. He has invested my $6,000 in common stock of Dominion Textile Co. (400 shares @ 14¾ plus 25¢ per share for G. E. Leslie Co's. commission, making exactly $6,000) This stock paid 70¢ dividend per share last year, & Bill thinks the dividend may rise

to $1 within two years; hence the stock is well worth holding. Golf this afternoon. Tubbed, changed, & drove to Chester, where Jack & Shirley Gray had invited me to a painting-show-cum-cocktail-party. It was held in what used to be Peter Jack's house on Haddon Hill, now owned by David McKeen. Swarms of people. A busy photographer got a picture of Jack, Earl Bailey & me chatting together. Bailey is the Lunenburg marine artist, an almost total cripple, who does his painting by holding a brush in his teeth. Bill White was there & we had a chat. He has been a long-time sponsor & purchaser of Gray's work. I knew few others in the throng, but many came up & introduced themselves, including old Col. Sidney Oland & wife, & various people who'd been at a cocktail party in Chester when I visited Napier Moore & "Chip" Chipman there in 1945. Shirley whispered to me, "This party ends at 7.30, but don't go away. Come & have a corned beef & cabbage supper with us aboard our new boat — it's tied up at the old dock opposite Heisler's boat-yard." At 7.15 some of the guests began to leave; the parking space was jammed, & as my car had several others blocked in I drove away down to the dock. Jack's boat is a large & comfortable motor yacht which he bought in Florida, named "Riptide II". I made myself comfortable in a deck chair aft, but by 8.15 there was no sign of Jack or Shirley, & I

was as hungry as a wolf. I was about to leave when a man in a neighboring boat introduced himself as a Dr. Nicholson, a native of Cape Breton now practising in Hfx; he said the Grays would be along any time now, & invited me aboard his boat for a drink. So I went, & had a pleasant chat with Nicholson, his wife & young son. They have all my books at home, & Nicholson said he had first seen my name in Blackwood's Magazine, to which his father was a subscriber.

About 9 p.m. the Grays turned up, with several young men, including David McKeen, a chap named Gordon, a chap named Mathers, & two whose names escaped me; also Mathers' blond wife. All were a bit hilarious from the party, & there was another round of drinks before Shirley & Mrs. M. served us big platters of corned beef & cabbage, hot from the galley stove. In the hubbub of chat which filled the cabin Shirley informed me that she had persuaded Jack to sell their house in Maine & return to Halifax, where they plan to buy or build a home. Jack has severed his connection with the New York gallery which has handled the sale of his work for several years. He said "The past two years have been pretty rugged" — whatever that means. Colonel Oland is having a picture-show (all Gray's stuff) & party at his Hfx residence in September, & Jack urged me to attend that, too. Home about 11.30 p.m.

THURSDAY, AUG. 24, 1961 Fine & cool. Dinner party tonight at Rita Beebe's house, Mill Village. The Bert Waters, the Jack McCleans, Manilla McDill & three guests of Rita's son & his wife. "Junie" Beebe has been in Europe most of the summer, sailing a racing yacht in British, French & Danish waters.

SATURDAY, AUG. 26/61 Golf this afternoon, then mowed my lawns & watered the plants, including E's indoor pots. Temp. about 80°, with a very high humidity; indeed yesterday & today reminded me of Gulf Stream weather in my seagoing days; a pall of thick steamy clouds moving across the sky from S.W., a hot sun poking through at intervals, and on deck the atmosphere of a Turkish bath.

News:- Newfoundland's premier Smallwood has appealed to Ottawa for help in fighting the terrific forest fires, one of which has a front 75 miles long. Ottawa promptly ordered 1,000 troops to be flown in from Cape Gaglorup & elsewhere in Eastern Canada, together with fire fighting equipment, field Kitchens, supplies, tents, etc, and a force of experienced forest rangers to direct their efforts.

SUNDAY, AUG. 27/61 Rain began in the night, & there was a heavy downpour all morning. By 5 p.m. the clouds had vanished & the sun was out. I went to White Point after dinner, & managed to play 16 holes before a heavy fog rolled in & killed the last of

the daylight.

MONDAY, AUG. 28/61 Warm, with a pleasant breeze. The rains on Sunday were general throughout the Maritimes, where all the forest fires are now "out". Even in Newfoundland there was rain enough to check the big fires there, & now that troops have arrived, the fire fighting crews have taken new heart. About 20,000 people have been evacuated from villages in the danger zone, mostly by sea. Letter today from Miss Margaret Moses, a Liverpool girl now employed in Baltimore, Maryland. On the evening of Aug. 24, while driving near Baltimore, she picked up the C.B.C. broadcast of Lloyd MacInnis's interview with me, which was "taped" in my home last April. She heard the talk clearly on an ordinary car radio, despite all the powerful U.S. stations operating close to the same wave length in the intervening distance. The Mariners Museum, Newport News, Virginia, has sent me a photograph of their excellent model of the "Mary Celeste", which has the sails — set, furled, or blown to rags — just as they were when she was found by the "Dei Gratia". This was arranged for me by Fred Hill.

SUNDAY, SEP. 3, 1961 Rain tonight, the first since last Sunday. Dr. John Wickwire dropped in to see me last night & again this afternoon. The church (Zion) has decided to put on a campaign under the "Hector Plan", as described in my diary entry of Feb. 23rd. Wickwire wants me to join him on the Programme

committee. He says the object of the campaign is primarily to arouse a new spirit in the congregation, and the raising of funds is a lesser concern; but this is nonsense, as the Rev. MacMahon made clear to us last February. (See also diary entry Jan. 4th.)

Wickwire would not take No for an answer, left a printed manual for me to study, & said he would call again.

Edith intended to return here from Moncton next Tuesday; but tonight, just before twelve o'clock, she phoned to say that Frances had just been taken to hospital for an appendix operation, & Grandma will stay another week to take care of the children.

TUESDAY, SEPT. 5/61 A party this evening to celebrate the 25th. wedding anniversary of Maurice Russell & wife. About 30 people. Drinks at Senator Donald Smith's house from 6 to 7 p.m., followed by dinner at the Mersey Hotel. Then back to Smith's for liqueurs & chat, & the presentation of silver candlesticks. Russell came from Fort William to join the purchasing department of Mersey Paper Co. in 1929, moved to the Sales Dept. a few years later, now has an executive position. A tall gaunt man, who lost one eye in a childhood accident. He was a first rate back-slapper and Yes-man, which pleased the Mersey bosses; but something of a back-biter too, hence Austin Parker & I never had much trust in him. A breathless muggy

night, & I was glad to get away home.

WEDNESDAY, SEP. 6/61 Louis Head — lovely.

News:— Russia has resumed test explosions of the nuclear type, after a sort of gentlemen's agreement with the western nations not to do so, which has lasted for some time. Probably it is part of the war of nerves now being waged over the sovereignty of west Berlin; but some U.S. physicists think that Russian scientists have come up with some new development in nuclear explosions, and Kruschev promptly decided to test it.

Local news:— Schools in Nova Scotia opened yesterday for the new term; but pupils arriving at several schools in Queens County (Mount Pleasant, Milton, & Brooklyn) found few or no teachers on the job, & had to return home. This is due to a salary dispute between the Municipality of Queens Co. and the powerful N.S. Teachers' Union, headed by Tom Parker at Halifax. The teachers in these schools demanded higher salaries, the Municipality refused, & the N.S.T.U. (by advertisements in the newspapers at various times this summer) placed a sort of invisible picket line about the schools, which few teachers dared to cross. The Warden of the Municipality of Queens is a man named Gross, of Beach Meadows, 80 years old, stubborn & miserly, & so far he has had the Council under his thumb.

THURSDAY, SEP. 7/61 Sunny, with a fresh breeze. Golf this afternoon. Washed my car. Bert & Catherine

Waters invited me to join a dinner party, the other guests being Rita Beebe & her guests the Ballous, & Marilla McDill. We had drinks at the Waters' house, then drove to Ragged Island Inn, Allendale, where Miss Arnold put on a great spread of food for us. Afterwards we drove to Lockeport to let the Ballous see a typical N.S. fishing town, thence back to the Waters house in Liverpool for more drinks & chat. Home at 10.30. A clear cool night, full of stars. A note from Edith yesterday. Francie is recovering well after her operation, but it will be at least another week before she can take charge of her frenetic family & household, & E. says she herself is "fushed". She will cope until Bill can find a housekeeper.

SATURDAY, SEP. 9/61 The first hurricane warning of the season (in this latitude) was cancelled this evening. A large & violent storm had been moving northward towards Nova Scotia, but today it veered out into the Atlantic, & it will not affect our fine weather.

E. phoned from Moncton tonight, I said that Francie is coming home from hospital on Tuesday. She wants me to drive to Moncton on that day & pick her up for the return to Liverpool.

SUNDAY, SEP. 10/61 Burning hot day & night. Golf this afternoon. Dinner party at the John Wickwires' tonight — the Waters, Rita Beebe & Marilla McDill & their guests, & myself. I returned the Sector Manual

which John left with me on Sep. 3. Told him in private that I could not serve on his Programme Committee for various personal reasons, and he accepted my refusal without asking what they were.

In crossing to Bristol I note that little progress is apparent in the new town bridge, despite the fact that various machines & a gang of men have been "putting in time" since last December. All that has been accomplished is a pair of new concrete abutments, one on each side of the river, & I would like to know how much (per cubic foot of concrete) this has cost so far.

~~MONDAY~~ TUESDAY, SEP. 12/61 Another hell-hot day and night. After lying sleepless most of last night on the couch in my den, I couldn't face a 300-mile drive to Moncton in this heat, & the weather bureau says there is no relief in sight. So I phoned E. at 9 a.m. told her to take a plane from Moncton to Hfx tomorrow, & I will meet her at the airport.

WEDNESDAY, SEP. 13/61 Drove to Hfx airport this morning in time for lunch in the restaurant at 12.30. E. was to arrive there at 1.30 but turned up on another plane about 2.15. Francie is recovering quickly from her operation, & has engaged a housekeeper to help her during the next fortnight. Home about 5 p.m.

At 6 p.m. the Jack McClearns picked us up & we went on to the Tozer cottage at Tonhook Lake, where the Tozers & Austin Parkers were giving a dinner party in honor of Charlie Copelin & son

Marlon Brando raps Lunenburg ship—

"Bounty" burns too easily

Capt. Bligh of HMS Bounty fame complained strongly in 1789 when the ship's crew mutinied and set him adrift in the vast Pacific.

Now actor Marlon Brando, who plays Fletcher Christian, the mutineer who did Bligh the nasty turn, in MGM's portrayal of "Mutiny on the Bounty," has found fault with the British frigate's new namesake.

Brando complained in Hollywood Saturday that the Lunenburg-built replica of the Bounty caught fire too easily.

"The ship cost $750,000 to build," he said, "and caught fire five times."

He did not specify when or how fire broke out on the ship. The vessel was used as a prop for the filming of the movie in Tahiti.

Metro Goldwyn Mayer, the Bounty's owner, has expressed satisfaction with the ship's performance. The movie company said the vessel will be sold upon completion of the film.

Brando's complaint about the Bounty was one of several he made against the film's producers. He accused MGM of financial extravagance, poor direction and judgment.

Hfx Chronicle-Herald. Sep. 11, 1961

Gregory. The Loopelins came to Chester N.S. from England early in August. Charlie's sloop has been lying idle at Heisler's yard, Chester, ever since he was transferred to Bowaters' head office, London, several years ago. He & Greg spent many days scraping, painting & generally restoring the craft, then sailed down the eastern shore. Ultimate destination was Cornerbrook, Nfld., where they planned to load the sloop on the deck of a Bowater ship bound for England. However, fog & calms & contrary winds delayed them & they got no farther than Baddeck, where they left the sloop in care of a local boat-yard for the winter. Charlie plans to return next summer & sail the sloop to Cornerbrook the long way 'round, with calls in P.E.I., Gaspe, & the Quebec north shore.

Letter from Sandy Lumsden. He & Ken Homer are coming down to chat with me about their script, on the 18th. The camera-&-sound crew will arrive here Sep. 26 & stay four days.

FRIDAY, SEP. 15/61 The tag-end of a hurricane from the Gulf of Mexico (which did huge damage in Texas & Louisiana) passed over N.S. today. We had wind in gusts at 50 to 60 miles per hour, which gave the birch trees and ash trees at the back of my house a furious thrashing. A low black ceiling of cloud sent down a heavy downpour towards evening when the wind eased, and a lighter rain fell all night — the first really useful rain in many weeks.

I note from the Hfx. paper that Will R. Bird has got a grant of $5,000 to $6,000 from the Canada Council "for research into the life of Des Barres, the first governor of Cape Breton".

SATURDAY, SEP. 16/61 A fine cool Fall day. I played 18 holes at White Point, then mowed the lawns & cleaned up the debris of yesterday's storm.

Charles Gopelin & son Gregory dined & spent the evening with us. They return to Britain by jet plane tomorrow. Charlie ~~Read~~ has advertised his house on Church Street for sale, furnished. He & Greg packed up a lot of things they want to keep for sentiments sake, & these will go to England by one of the Bowater ships.

SUNDAY, SEP. 17/61 Another sunny but cool day. See off with C. for Annapolis at 10 a.m. At Caledonia a young man warned us that the unpaved stretch from Kempt to Annapolis was still rough going, especially 15 miles under "construction", which he termed "very bad". So I drove back to South Brookfield & took the paved road via Hemford & New Germany. At the latter place we found a restaurant open & had a light lunch. Pushed on to Annapolis, via Middleton, traveling down the right bank of the river & crossing the new causeway from Granville to Annapolis. Walked about the ramparts of the fort, & drove around the "Three Bridges Road" to Le Quille for old times' sake. Then back along

the (more traveled) highway along the left bank of the river, from Annapolis to Bridgetown. Here one sees more orchards (& wayside stands selling fruit) than on the Clarence–Granville side, but even so the scarcity of large apple farms nowadays is striking, when I remember the Valley as I first saw it in September 1922. Many of the old orchards have been torn up by the roots since 1945, & the Valley farmers nowadays depend more on poultry, dairy products, & vegetables. At Bridgetown we turned down a side street to look at the former residence of Carl Freeman, whose daughter Eileen was C's. friend at Acadia Ladies' Seminary — they were cousins of some sort. Arrived back at Liverpool about 5 p.m. (via Middleton, New Germany & Bridgewater) & after sherry at our house dined on T-bone steaks at the Blue Room Restaurant, opposite the Parade.

MONDAY, SEP. 18/61 Lovely sunny day & cool wind. Handy Dumsden & Ken Homer of CBC arrived at 11 a.m., lunched with us, & spent the afternoon discussing Homer's tentative script & other details of the T.V. film interview. They & a crew of six technicians will come here on ~~Oct.~~ Sep. 26 & stay until the 30th. The film will be broadcast on CBC stations across Canada on Nov. 28, aimed particularly at senior high schools.

TUESDAY, SEP. 19/61 Cold nights (38° last night) & sunny days. Mr. Dag Hammerschiold, head of

the United Nations staff, & an indefatigable worker for peace in this trigger-itchy world, was killed last night when his plane crashed in Northern Rhodesia.

THURSDAY, SEP. 21/61 The weather bureau, yesterday, issued dire warnings of a hurricane called "Esther", with winds up to 80 m.p.h., floods of rain, etc. It was supposed to hit the mouth of the Bay of Fundy tonight at 9 p.m., with exceptionally high tides, & consequent destruction.

I played golf this afternoon under a dead grey sky, with an uneasy little wind from the east. However my barometer was falling very little & very slowly at 9 p.m., although rain had begun. At 11 p.m. on T.V. we were advised that the storm had almost halted south of Nova Scotia, & was petering out fast. Marie Freeman had dinner & spent the evening with us. Her condition seems static now: the giggle & mincing manner of a girl of twelve, conversation in a dull voice like the scrape of a shoe on pavement, punctuated by a tinny laughter over nothing at all. "Miss Flite" in the flesh.

This afternoon, while I was at White Point, old Arthur Maclean of Pleasantfield (or Middlefield, I never can remember which) arrived at my house with ½ cord of excellent dry hardwood cut in 2' lengths, which I had ordered for my living-room hearth. He & his two sons unloaded

the wood, carried it into my cellar, piled it neatly there, & charged me only $8.50 for the whole business — indeed Grithen explained to E. that he had been charging $16 per cord, but he felt obliged to increase the price a little owing to his "rising costs"!

FRIDAY, SEP. 22/61 Hurricane "Esther" died almost completely somewhere south of N.S. We got some rain, but little wind. A drizzle all today.

Yesterday's "Liverpool Advance" came out in its old wide format. Editor Day has decided to abandon the tabloid size which he had been using for several years. Mowbray Jones, in a letter published in this "Advance", appeals to the public to economize on electrical consumption for the next month or two, owing to the low level of water in the Rossignol storage dam.

SATURDAY, SEP. 23/61 Stifling & perspiring all day in a warm moist atmosphere, with not a stir of wind. My sister Nellie, her husband Max Cassidy, & my sister Hilda Gamester arrived at noon & stayed with us until evening. Max & Nellie have been visiting his old home in Cape Breton & are now about to return to Alabama. Hilda has sold her house at Jollimore (Hfx) & has purchased Blanche Baker's charming little house at Mahone Bay. She has had a promotion in her job with the Fisheries Research Board at Hfx. Nellie has let her figure go completely, is immense & shapeless, & quite cheerful

about it. Max is 63, will retire in 2 years' time, intends to live on in Alabama, with occasional visits to Nova Scotia in the summer time. He is a camera addict, & after tea he set up his projector & showed an immense number of slides depicting scenes on their West Coast trip last year, etc. His voice is a gravelly monotone, & I had great difficulty in keeping awake.

Later in the evening E. & I spent an hour or so with Mowbray & Phyl Jones. They suggested another visit to Lesbos with us, next month.

SUNDAY, SEP. 24/61 Another humid & breathless day, in a continual mist & occasional warm drizzle. Drove to Mahone Bay & lunched with Max, Nellie & Hilda at "Green Shutters". A huge meal of roast beef, fresh garden vegetables, pie, rolls & coffee. Then around the bay to Hilda's little farmhouse by the Oakland Road. Her friends, the Pipons, joined us for afternoon tea at five. We said goodbye soon after in order to avoid driving after dark in the dense mist. Home about 6.30.

TUESDAY, SEP. 26/61 Sandy Rumsden, Ken Homer, & a crew of six (2 camera men, 1 electrician, 1 audio man, 1 make-up man, 1 script girl) arrived after lunch & spent the rest of the day removing or moving furniture in my study & the adjoining dining room, & installing their cameras, lights, micro-

phones, etc. Most interesting member of the crew is the chief cameraman, Harro ~~Hansesen~~ GARMSEN, a native of Flensburg, near the Danish border of Germany. Tall, blonde, handsome, competent, now about 36, he served in the German navy in World War Two, mostly in E-boats in the Channel.

WEDNESDAY, SEP. 27/61 A long day, sitting in the hot glare of Klieg lights at intervals, while Ken Homer interviewed me about my life & works. At other intervals the crew debated camera shots & angles, measured the light, adjusted the gear. There were rehearsals of each of the six "scenes" (all shot in my study) and "dry runs", with much fussing over time for each, right down to the second. At the end of the day they had only 2 "scenes" taken to Lumsden's satisfaction — he is a perfectionist.

THURSDAY, SEP. 28/61 At it all day, or most of the day. Complications include a loud squawk from the public-address system of the nearby Regional High School, at every change of classes. Hence all attempts at actual "takes" had to be made in the intervals between squawks. Shortly after lunch part of the audio equipment, (in the "sound" truck parked on my driveway) got hot & caught fire. Lumsden phoned Hfx, & had another audio outfit sent down by car — a delay of 3 hours. So he continued until 10.30 p.m. Douglas Vozes dropped in, & we had drinks & chat with him & with the T.V. crew. The crew left about 12.30. Doug.

stayed till almost 2 a.m.

FRIDAY, SEPT. 29/61 Lumsden & his merry men finished "shooting" in my den about noon. During the afternoon they replaced my furniture, cleaned up the rooms, & removed their gear to the Simeon Perkins house. Donald Crowdis, of the N.S. Museum of Science, dropped in at 4:30 & stayed & had dinner with us. The provincial govt. has added to his duties & he is now a sort of inspector-general of provincial museums, including the Perkins house. His errand here, however, had to do with the old Dexter tavern at Fort Point.

Some weeks ago Kennedy Jones, M.P.P. wrote me that he hoped to persuade the govt. to purchase and preserve the building, & asked me to furnish him with details of it, including its history. I was enthusiastic, & gave him a thorough account. Now, Crowdis informs me that the notion put forward by Jones is to remove the old tavern from its site, & place in the grounds at the rear of the Perkins house. I smell a rat. Evidently somebody wants the tavern site at Fort Point for a building lot. Crowdis & I went to the tavern (now the residence of a man named Forbes & family) & went over it from top to bottom. It is built on a slope, at two levels, with a roomy cellar of hewn stone. The sills at ground level on the east side are quite rotten.

I said I would oppose any attempt to move the building to the Perkins grounds; it would spoil both places. Crowdis agreed. I went to the Perkins house in the evening to watch Lumsden's crew "taking" David Murray,

a CBC actor, dressed in 18th century costume as the "Colonel Larrabee" of my stories, writing the diary entries mentioned in my tale "Between the Lines".

SATURDAY, SEP. 30/61 Lumsden & GARMSEN ~~Gamesen~~ picked me up at 9.30 a.m. & we drove to Shelburne. In the Mackay shipyard there Gamesen took silent-movie shots of me talking to old Mackay (he is 83, & as spry as any of his workmen) alongside a wooden trawler on the stocks. Mackay is a lively & interesting old chap, & Gamesen was happy with the shots he got. Home at 1.30 p.m., & Lumsden & Gamesen went on to Hfx.

Letter from Jack McClelland asking permission to publish one of my novels in his firm's New Canadian Library (paper-back) series. He would prefer "His Majesty's Yankees", but these rights are in the hands of Doubleday. I wrote George Nelson about this today; also told him (re our chat on June 21) that McClelland & Stewart have given up the publishing rights in "Halifax, Warden of the North" at my request, so the way is now clear for a new edition.

SUNDAY, OCT. 1/61 Lovely Fall day. Golf this afternoon, the first real exercise in a week.

TUESDAY, OCT. 3/61 Drizzle & showers. A flash fire in the new (& still uncompleted) electrical transformer & switching installations at the Mersey paper mill yesterday caused very serious damage. The mill is shut down for two days only, but replacing the electrical wiring etc. will take weeks. Today I had a

small T.V. aerial placed in my attic, for a try-out. I have had no aerial at all since an ice-storm destroyed the one on my study roof a year or two ago; I could pick up the CBHT relay transmitter on Great Hill quite clearly. This new one enables me to pick up the ~~more~~ CJCH station direct from Halifax (though with considerable "fading" and "snow") and improves the quality of the picture from our local CBHT relay station.

Note from Barbara Grantmyre enclosing a Sydney, N.S., newspaper clipping about my old acquaintance James D. Gillis, author of "The Cape Breton Giant", & other immortal works. He is now in his 90's, bedridden in a private home in Inverness County, but able to sit up & talk about his life & works.

WEDNESDAY, OCT. 4/61 Wet & muggy air continues. Temp. 74° at noon. Mosquitoes swarming (& biting) in my back garden. Dr. William Murphy, dentist, has purchased & moved into the house of the late Charles O. Smith, two doors north of me on Park Street. At the urgent request of Dr. John Wickwire (who called on me three times) I attended a meeting tonight in the vestry of Zion Church. About 25 men & women present, all chosen as representatives of the congregation. We were addressed by Austin Parker & Wickwire. Parker has undertaken to be chairman & leader of a drive on the sector

Plan (see entry Feb. 23/61) with Daniel Lordly (manager of the Bank of Montreal branch here) and Dr. John Wickwire as his chief aides. Wickwire divided us into groups of 6 or 7, & we were given one hour to discuss all aspects of the Church's activity, & to make recommendations, including an estimate of cost, on printed forms. There followed a general discussion of the recommendations — Parker setting them forth on a blackboard. The recommendations included everything from a raise in the janitor's pay (from $450 to $1500 a year) to building a completely new church & vestry at an estimated cost of $225,000. The Rev. Mr. Matheson, questioned on personal needs, asked for a private study, to be built in the present vestry, as his study in the parsonage is subject to interruptions & the noise of his children. He also complained that the parsonage kitchen is cold & drafty in winter. When I tiptoed out of the meeting at 10 p.m. (after 2½ hours) the discussion was still dragging along.

THURSDAY, Oct. 5/61 The weather began to clear at last. Went down to Tom Jr.'s office at 9 a.m. & he replaced a filling that had broken away from one of my lower right molars. Spent the morning scrubbing my house windows with the long hose-brush, and taking down ten storm windows from the overhead racks in the garage, & scrubbing them. Hard & heavy work, & I was tired by noon. Spent the afternoon lazily, watching the World Series

baseball game (Cincinnati versus N.Y. Yankees) on T.V.
Pamela called, with my grandson Tommy in the perambulator, & little Debbie pushing her doll-carriage.

FRIDAY, OCT. 6/61 Working on storm windows again this morning. What a house of windows mine is! There are 28 altogether. One of these (in my study) has no storm window; I like to be able to open it full whenever I wish, even in winter. Seven others (nearly all upstairs) have permanent aluminum storm-cum-screen windows. Thus I have 20 wooden storm-windows to take off & stow in overhead racks in the garage every spring; and to take down, wash, and re-install every Fall.

My sister Hilda Gamester came down from Hfx. by bus tonight, & will spend the Thanksgiving week-end with us. Having sold her house in Jollimore, she is now renting a bedroom & sittingroom in that village & catching a bus to & from the city. The oceanographic research staff in Hfx, with which she is now employed, will move next year into large new quarters now being built at Tuft's Cove on the Dartmouth side. When that time comes she will probably have to find new living quarters on that side.

SATURDAY, OCT. 7/61 After another morning's hard work my storm windows are all on, except two upstairs which require a longer ladder than I have. Leslie, the painter, who removed them last spring, has promised to bring his long ladder & replace them.

This afternoon I drove to Ten Mile Lake

with E. & Hilda, & we had a picnic supper on the shore. The weather fine & warm. The temperature at 5 p.m. in the full sunshine must have been close to 80°.

News from Hfx:- The old Pavilion Barracks, facing on Brunswick Street near the corner of Cogswell Street, are being torn down. The city has possessed them since about 1948, when the Dept. of National Defence turned over much obsolete military property to the city's use.

SUNDAY, Oct. 8/61 Golf this afternoon in sunshine & a stiff S.E. wind. E. & Hilda came with me.

The weather bureau has issued warnings of a hurricane (named Frances) heading for the Bay of Fundy, with marginal winds on the South Shore of N.S. up to 60 miles per hour.

MONDAY, Oct. 9/61 The storm appeared to have passed last night, with considerable rain but moderate winds. The sun came out this morning, & I set off with Austin Parker to have a look at the cabin at Eagle Lake. I had not been there since Feb. 1960. Austin visited it just about a year ago, & found the lake very low, & the well bone dry. Today the bushes & ferns were wet from last night's rain, & we were soaked to the waist when we reached the camp. Found it intact, although the black ants, boring in the lower logs, had caused a drift of "sawdust" over the floor. The logs at the east end are now badly rotted & ant-bored, but they may last out our time, having stood the weather of the past 30 years. We found

the lake higher than we expected, & 2 feet of water in the well. Indeed the woods & swamps seem soaked; so that from now until the freeze-up any rain that falls should flow quickly to the river & lakes.

We made tea, lunched on sandwiches, & walked down the river trail as far as the old burn. By that time the sky had clouded heavily, with a S.E. wind, & rain fell in a steady drizzle all the way back to camp & out to Big Falls. We were drenched again. Since I was last at Big Falls the Dept. of Fisheries has created a road-ramp leading up to the top of No. 3 dam, & it is now possible to drive a car right to the place where we kept our punt. During the past forest-fire season various float-equipped patrol planes "landed" above the dam, & re-fueled at the edge of the new roadway. We found several drums of aviation gasoline still lying there.

Hilda had (Thanksgiving Day) dinner with us, & at 9 p.m. left for Halifax with a chap named Harlen from Milton, who works in the city & takes passengers at $2 each — about half the bus or railway fare.

WEDNESDAY, OCT. 11/61 Chilly nights & sunny days. Golf this afternoon, & then mowed my back lawn. Received a copy of "Ordeal By Fire", the 5th volume in Doubleday's Canadian history series, by Ralph Allen. (Allen had written on the fly leaf, "For Thomas Raddall, with profound admiration and heartiest good wishes.")

Today a new Liverpool "supermarket", with bowling alleys in the basement, opened its doors. It stands on the site long occupied by the Riverside Hotel, on Main Street near the Masonic Hall. The Canadian Legion opened their new building about two weeks ago, & carpenters are now tearing down the old one, at the end of the wharf.

SATURDAY, OCT. 14/61 A steady drizzle of rain all day & night. I have bought two new photograph albums, & I spent all day pasting into them various pictures taken by Louis Jaques, Chris Lund, Margaret Perry, Frances Davis, & others during the past ten years. Until 1945 I was my own camera-man, very amateurish but occasionally good. In the next year a Kodak salesman persuaded me to trade-in my old camera & buy the first (experimental) "Pony" camera turned out by his company. It was a failure. The Kodak Company produced an improved model within two years, & within 10 years it ceased making film to fit the original. Hence I have taken no pictures since 1957, & few since 1946; I think because there was no longer any incentive — the world (and life itself) seemed stale to me after the age of 45.

SUNDAY, OCT. 15/61 Pouring rain all day, and the leaves beginning to fall fast. Maynard Colp (squadron-leader, R.C.A.F. retired) phoned & urged me to attend a meeting in Zion Church vestry

this afternoon — 24 men have been selected to assess the income and possessions of every member of the congregation. This, in turn, will be passed to a special group, headed by Merrill Rawding, who will decide exactly how much money each member should contribute to the church under the Vector Plan. I refused; first because I feel the Vector Plan smacks evilly of the Roman Catholic system of raising funds — putting a religious pistol to every head. And second because I haven't the faintest idea about the income & possessions of more than a dozen of the congregation. Also I am far from charmed by the present minister, Matheson, in comparison with the late encumbent Rev. John Macdonald. Macdonald was modest, simple, utterly sincere & understanding, a true man of God. Matheson is a more modern type, closely concerned with his wife & family, kind & comfort and demands with God coming somewhere after that. He reads his sermons, which are always dull and pedestrian; he has a keen eye for modern gimmicks (such as a childrens' choir on certain Sundays, each child in a white gown & cap) etc.

MONDAY, Oct. 16/61

Windy & overcast. A United Church minister, Rev. William Pope of Great Village, came to see me this morning with a strange proposition. He was 35-ish; small, cropped brown hair; shrewd

grey eyes behind glasses, very glib & businesslike. He informed me that he is starting an ambitious correspondence-course college at Great Village. He reminded me that the famous International Correspondence School ("I.C.S.") employs 1400 people at Scranton, Pa.. He intends to begin with courses in the arts. He has signed up the Dutch-Canadian artist De Garthe, of Halifax, to write a course of correspondence lectures on the art of painting. He wants me to undertake the course on writing, & suggests 9 correspondence lectures, each of 5,000 words. For this he would pay $1,000 on signing the contract, and $2 per student taking the full writing course.

The whole thing was so preposterous that I almost said No at once. However, seeing that he must have risen at a very early hour to reach my house at 11 a.m., I said I would think it over for a week & let him know my decision.

Apart from anything else, correspondence courses of this sort are notoriously the last resort of mediocre writers who have given up the hope of success. And the title of "my" course, the reverend gentleman informed me, would be "How to write what editors want". When I thought how my whole writing career has been one of writing what I wanted, whether editors liked it or not, I had to smile. Pope departed for Great Village in a smart modern car after lunching with us,

& leaving with me some notes about his courses typed on a sheet of letter paper with an imposing printed heading, OPPORTUNITY COLLEGE — A.C.E.
AN AMERICAN-CANADIAN-ENGLISH HOME STUDY INSTITUTION, GREAT VILLAGE, N.S., CANADA.

TUESDAY, OCT. 17/61 Our first really cold night. Temp. 30° at 8 a.m., & a mild flurry of snow later in the morning. My house painters, the Leslies, only yesterday brought their long ladder & put on the storm windows of my bathroom & the upstairs landing — the only ones I can't reach myself. Played golf this afternoon in a 42° temperature & a strong N.W. breeze, a lead-grey cloud ceiling with occasional spots of sunshine. Surprisingly my score was 81.

My only artificial tooth, a front one on a gold bridge (installed by Dr. (now Senator) Don Smith about 25 or 30 years ago) collapsed last night. Tom Jr. patched it up temporarily & sent to Hfx this morning for a new one. It will have to be made to specifications, which he thinks will take a week.

News:- The Russians have set off 20 nuclear explosions in the past week or two, in various empty parts of Siberia & the Arctic. In doing so they rudely broke the gentlemen's agreement with U.S.A., that no more nuclear-explosion tests would be made, which has been effective for the past 2 or 3 years.

Much alarm over "fall-out" on Canadian & other soil.

Rev. J. W. A. Nicholson died in Sydney today, aged 88. I had not heard of him for many years, but we often walked the roads and woods when he was minister of Zion Church during & some time after the Second World War. A man of brilliant mind & rugged character, he was a converted socialist, gave all his earnings to the poor, & while in Liverpool stood for election as a C.C.F. candidate for Queens just after the war. (He was defeated). He wore ordinary ministerial garb except for two things: he liked to wear a black "ten gallon" hat of the cowboy sort, & on his feet he preferred a pair of rubber soled "sneakers". In Liverpool (on account of the hat) he was known as "Buffalo Bill"; and amongst ourselves, we companions of the woods trails (Parker, Smith, Dunlap & Sam Campbell) called him "the reverend Johnny Nick".

In Hfx. today Hon. Walter Dinsdale, of the Diefenbaker cabinet in Ottawa, announced (a) the old French fortress of Louisburg is to be restored as an historic monument, to be completed in 1967, at a cost of $12,000,000; (b.) another million is to be spent on the Halifax citadel museum, which had already cost $1,200,000; the old fort on Georges Island, Hfx. harbor, is to be restored (also by 1967) as a museum.

The old lighthouse on George's Island will remain, but will be equipped with automatic lighting

apparatus when the present keeper retires:— this in line with the policy of the Dept. of Transport during the past 15 years.

WEDNESDAY, OCT. 18/61 Yesterday was like late November. Today was like late August — I played golf in shirt sleeves & was hot. Dinner tonight at Charles & Florence Williams' house — a party in honor of Capt. Biggs, of the steamship "Margaret Bowater," and his tall & handsome blonde French wife.

Aside, in the sun porch, the chief officer of the "M. B." (a Welshman) & George Kyle (who is back here after several months at the Bowater office in London), gave me some candid comment on the autocratic & expensive ways of Sir Eric Bowater. The man lives and acts like a czar, with an insatiable zest for power, praise, & pretty women — not to mention food & wine. The company's best ships are all named after members of his family; all have a certain amount of passenger accommodation, & all maintain food, wine & [redacted] cooking facilities of the highest standard in case any of Sir Eric's friends or business confreres should decide to take a trip. According to Kyle, one pair of passengers, an American man & wife, drank $300 worth of wine in a week aboard a Bowater ship.

Under Sir Eric's drive the Bowater organization is still expanding in many parts of the world,

Man who formed 1st united church in East dies

Dr. J. W. A. Nicholson, 88

Halifax Chronicle-Herald, Oct. 18, 1961

Dr. J. W. A. Nicholson, the distinguished Maritime clergyman who formed the first united church in eastern Canada 20 years before the United Church came into being, died in Sydney yesterday after a long illness. He was 88.

A man of wide interests, he stood as a CCF candidate in federal and provincial elections, but was never elected. At the time of his death he was honorary president of the provincial CCF party. His political maxim was "full employment, full enjoyment."

Last year he was presented with an honorary Doctor of Laws degree by Dalhousie University.

BRILLIANT STUDENT

John W. A. Nicholson was born in Oban, Richmond County, in 1873. A brilliant student, he attended Halifax County Academy, graduated from Dalhousie University where he led his class and from Pine Hill Divinity College in 1900. He took post-graduate work at Edinburgh University and at the University of Berlin. Later he took masters' degrees in economics and political science at Columbia University.

His first ministry was at Saint John, N. B. But at Inverness in 1905 he formed eastern Canada's first united church by bringing together Methodist and Presbyterian churches. It was 20 years before the United Church of Canada was founded. At Inverness he conducted services in Gaelic and English.

FORMER CHAPLAIN

Later he held pastorates in many Maritime towns. He retired in 1939 to become a supply minister and served in many other parts of the provinces as well as a short term in Bermuda.

During the Second World War he was chaplain to the Merchant Navy. More recently he served in a similar capacity at Dalhousie University and was United Church hospital chaplain. He was also visiting minister at St. Andrew's Church, Halifax. He was an active member of the Cape Breton Club in Halifax.

The fast-moving figure of Dr. Nicholson, who preferred walking to other modes of transport was a familiar figure on the streets of Halifax. He was usually hatless and often coatless — a friend once said it was hard for him to keep an overcoat because he was likely to give it to a needy person.

He was married to the former Evelyn Webster, who died at the end of the Second World War; they had no children. Surviving is his 92-year-old brother, Daniel of Malden, Mass., and a number of nephews and nieces.

The body will be moved to Halifax Thursday morning and will rest at St. Andrew's United Church before the funeral service at 2 p.m. The service will be under the direction of the Halifax presbytery of the United Church and will be followed by interment in Mount Hermon cemetery.

notably now in the West European free-trade union (France, Italy, Belgium, Holland, Luxemburg, West Germany) which Great Britain will soon join. Sir Eric has been able to build up his huge financial empire by mustering able men about him & borrowing other peoples' money. But like all autocrats he has created a complex driven by one man. What will happen to the Bowater Empire when Sir Eric dies — as soon he must?

THURSDAY, OCT. 19/61 Foggy all morning, patches of warm sunshine in a fuzzy overcast this afternoon. Played golf with Dr. John Wickware & Don Smith. Quite comfortable in a T-shirt & thin duck trousers.

Wrote Jack McClelland, who wants permission to print one of my novels in his firm's (McClelland & Stewart) paper-back series called New Canadian Library. His editor, Malcolm Ross, asked for publication rights in this order of preference:- (1) His Majesty's Yankees; (2) Roger Sudden; (3) The Nymph & the Lamp. Ross is an academic type; & with academic types my best books are the histories & the historical novels. Doubleday hold rights in the first two, & in response to my query George Nelson turned a sharp thumb down. So I told Jack that he could use The Nymph & The Lamp. The "New Canadian Library" printings are small, & the royalty to the author is only 3 cents per copy. But never mind.

FRIDAY, OCT. 20, 1961 A dreary day of wind & rain & semi-darkness. I oiled the furnace motors, a bi-annual job. Also, I began to type, on separate sheets, a list of my short stories & books, stating the various publishing agreements, re anthologies, etc. I started to keep this record in an ordinary stenographers' notebook, many years ago, & the thing is now falling to pieces. I can understand it, but my executors wouldn't.

Austin Parker phoned, wanting me to join him & Bud Coffill in a deer hunt at Jordan Lake next week, but I begged off.

Tonight the T.V. informed us that the weather bureau (which has been most inaccurate about the past few days) belatedly has become aware that a hurricane called "Gerda" had sneaked up from the southern seas & is now upon us. The center is expected to whirl up the spine of Nova Scotia from Yarmouth tonight, with torrents of rain & wind up to 60 m.p.h. We need the rain badly, & at midnight I was actually delighted to find water seeping into the south side of my cellar & making its way by my painfully chipped gutter to the drain on the north side. This has not happened for a long dry time. There have been rumors that the Mersey paper mill would close down this weekend & remain so until rains raised the water storage in Lake Rossignol. Such a lay-off of mill workmen has not occurred since the 1930's.

SATURDAY, OCT. 21, 1961

A dark, drizzling day in the wake of the storm. Most of Nova Scotia got 2 to 3 inches of rain, but our Western Head station reported something over 5 inches! I proved this, this afternoon, when I drove around Western Head (with Edith, Pamela, & little Debby as passengers) to see the heavy seas breaking on the shore. The swamp at the Head was flooded and actually flowing over the road. Today Hector Macleod, in his store opposite the post office, showed me Christmas cards printed from paintings of N.S. scenes by Joseph Purcell. I have used Purcell's picture-cards for ordinary correspondence for years. The Christmas card printing is something new. I ordered 6 dozen.

The latest addition to modern life in Liverpool is a new building at Cecil Whynot's motor-car service station outside town on the Shelburne road. It contains a battery of automatic (electric) clothes washers and dryers. For about half a dollar a housewife can run her wash through, & take it out dry, in less than an hour. I'm told the automatic laundry is doing a great business, and this by a satisfied customer, Terence Freeman's wife, Betty, of Milton!

SUNDAY, OCT. 22/61 Another dark wet day. Lay late in bed — I have not been to church since

June — but soon after noon John Wickware phoned to remind me that I must attend another meeting of his Programme Committee (under the "Sector Plan") in the church vestry at 2 p.m.

So I went there, with about 15 others, mostly women very earnest in church work; and for 3 hours we sat on hard wooden chairs while John, Austin Parker, & Dan Lordly conducted the meeting. It was an extension & a resumé of our meeting of Oct. 4. In the course of 3 hours we summarized the recommendations (many of them fantastic) of the Oct. 4 group; & evolved a list of proposals which will be put before a general dinner-meeting of the Zion congregation to be held in the new Canadian Legion hall in November.

Dinner party (buffet style) tonight at the Larry Seldons' house — their 36th wedding anniversary. The Al Hutchins, the Mowbray Jones, the Donald Smiths, the Sherman Andersens, the Maurice Russells, the Merrill Lawdings, the Jack Mobleams, the Austin Parkers & ourselves. The paper mill people happy about the rains, which came just in time to prevent a shut-down.

MONDAY, OCT. 23/61 The fourth successive day of wind & lowering sky, with sprinkles of rain. This afternoon, desperate for fresh air & exercise, I drove out to White Point & played 18 holes. A wild gale from the east — I had to lean forward, head down, to make my way up No 5 & No 6 fairways — and temp. about 45°.

TUESDAY, OCT. 24, 1961 Another wild dark day, with heavy rain along the South Shore. Party at Mowbray Jones' house this evening in honor of Mr. & Mrs. Tony Balloch, who are moving here from Corner Brook, Nfld. Balloch, an Englishman, has been Assistant Mill Manager of the big Bowater's mill at Corner Brook. He now takes a similar post here, as right-hand-man to Jones. Hugh Joyce, who had been assistant to Jones here, goes to take Balloch's place at Corner Brook. I think this swap is part of Bowater's policy of integration; by this means Britons like Balloch, trained under Sir Eric, are gradually placed in executive positions in mills acquired abroad; at the same time young executives of the acquired mills, like Hugh Joyce, a Canadian, are sent to Corner Brook, which is now largely staffed by Britons.

Balloch is a pleasant & cultured man, 45-ish, & his wife is an American from Washington.

THURSDAY, OCT. 26/61 Rain again yesterday, & the South Shore streams are in flood; yet the rain belt did not extend far inland, and the Kozsignol reservoir is still far from normal level.

Today the sky cleared, & we had a sunny afternoon, temp. 50°. I played 22 holes at White Point with John Wickwire. Noticed 6 new log cottages being built at White Point Beach & the Lodge Company "ploughing in" last summer's profits. On the golf course Jackson & his

ground crew are busy making 3 new sand traps about No 6 green, & another at the right hand (front) corner of No 8.

This evening, at a sudden phone summons from Mowbray Jones, I picked up Vera Parker & drove in my car with her & C. around the corner to the Jones house. He & Phyllis were entertaining the redoubtable "Monty" Lewin, of Cornerbrook (and Bermuda), and we played slap-dash bridge with him (alternating partners) until ~~@~~ 11.30, when we delivered him at the Jersey Hotel & went home. (Austin Parker was attending a church meeting, re the "Hector Plan" in Bridgewater.)

SATURDAY, OCT. 28/61 A frosty night & a sunny but chilly day. Rev. Matheson has asked me to prepare a pamphlet on the history of Zion Church, to be issued on Sunday, Nov 19:— this year being the 200th. anniversary of the first chapel in Liverpool, a (traditional) Presbyterian church on King Street. The foundation stones of this chapel can still be seen on King Street, opposite Mrs. Bert McNeil's nursing home which is No 93.

As nearly all of the first settlers were Congregationalists, I doubt if the first church was erected by Presbyterians. Perkins, whose diary began in 1766, mentions "the meeting house", but does not say where it is. Nevertheless he

makes clear that in 1766 the "meeting house" had become a Congregational affair & no mention of Presbyterians. Of course at that time the (New England) Congregational body included all sorts of beliefs & services, ranging from Presbyterianism to something like the later Methodists & even Baptists.

Today I received a copy of the latest anthology to include my work, a hard-covered book entitled "Galaxy of Short Stories & Essays" selected by C. F. Kingstch, head of the Dept. of English, Harbord Collegiate Institute, Toronto. It is intended "for reading & study in the senior forms of Canadian secondary schools."

This afternoon, in the cold wind & bright sunshine, I played 23 holes at White Point. Part of the way I was accompanied by Chris Clarke & his pet doberman-pinscher dog, out for a walk. Clarke is an eccentric but well-to-do young Englishman, sent out to join the Mersey mill staff two or three years ago.

The provincial Highway Board are busy putting a new asphalt surface on the highway from Liverpool to about the Five Rivers bridge. Their trucks & workmen have built up some of the hollows with rocks & earth, dumped on top of the old asphalt, and slapped down a new asphalt surface, regardless of the recent

heavy rains and frosts. I can only presume that they know more than I do about these conditions for roadmaking.

SUNDAY, OCT. 29/61 Attended church for the first time since June 10, the occasion being the baptism of my grandson Thomas. He objected to the whole affair & roared lustily, much to the embarrassment of his parents, & the amusement of the congregation.

Golf this afternoon in bright sunshine, & I was joined by John Wickware on the second nine holes. Tom, Pamela, Debbie & baby Thomas came to dinner with E. & me, & stayed an hour or so afterwards.

MONDAY, OCT. 30/61 A dark wet day. I have been smitten by some sort of 'flu bug, the symptoms mostly intestinal but accompanied by headache, spells of dizziness, & much running at the nose. Spent all day at my typewriter, hammering out the church history for Mr. Matheson. It involved much digging into old notes (compiled for my address to Zion Congregation Nov. 20, 1955), new notes gathered since from various sources, a jumble of notes & reminiscences supplied by old (Rev.) Willy Wright, & checking with More's History of Queens County, Janet Mullins' "Some Liverpool Chronicles", etc., and not least the Perkins diary.

News:- As the much-advertised climax to a series of 20 to 30 nuclear explosions, Russia fired today what

was supposed to be a 50-megathon bomb, in the atmosphere over the Arctic. Seismologists in various parts of Europe declared the power of the explosion to be far more than 50, some say up to 100 megathons. This leads to speculation that this Russian explosion "ran away with itself", as an American test-bomb did years ago at Bikini.

All this is in defiance of appeals from the United Nations, asking Moscow not to poison the earth's atmosphere any further. Krushchev's reply, in a bombastic speech to the 22nd. Soviet Communist Party Congress, now meeting in Moscow, was to pooh-pooh these fears as capitalistic propaganda.

Obviously these explosions are designed to spread fear of the Russian might throughout the world, whether or not there is any real danger from the "fall-out". At the same time Mr. Krushchev has enlivened the Congress with violent abuse of a dead enemy within the state — Stalin, whose embalmed corpse is to be removed from the Kremlin shrine which it has shared to date with that of Lenin. Rumor says the Stalin corpse will be buried in his native Georgia.

TUESDAY, OCT. 31/61 A mild grey day, with spots of sunshine, after a week's rain. Austin Parker returned from 3 days hunting at Jordan Lake with his friends from the Income Tax Office, Halifax. (He asked me to go but I begged off.) They did not see a single deer — this in the immediate neighborhood

of the Tobeatic game sanctuary, & in an area famous in the 1940's & early 1950's for herds of deer. An "expert" employed by the N.S. govt. has insisted for several years past that the deer population of the province is too large for the available food. This nonsense aroused howls of laughter, especially in western N.S., where the deer have been dwindling for ten years. Hence, this year, the govt. decreed that, for deer hunting purposes, the province would be divided in halves. West of the Halifax—Windsor highway no hunter could kill more than one deer, male or female. East of that line a hunter may shoot two.

This afternoon I played 23 holes at White Point. C. accompanied me for 14 of them. A few other players out. Noticed many small wild bees still sucking at dandelions about the course. Oddly, they regarded a golf ball as something apparently succulent, & almost invariably when I walked up to my ball I found a bee sitting on it.

Hallowe'en tonight. Somewhere between 100 & 200 kids came to our door for "trick or treat" in varying costumes, all very cheerful & orderly.

WEDNESDAY, NOV. 1/61 I have had new prints made from many of my camera negatives made between 1927 & 1937, which fortunately I had preserved. The old prints in many cases are now badly faded. Spent the morning going over

the old albums & replacing the faded prints.

Played 18 holes at White Point this afternoon, in alternate sunshine & showers. Got a bit wet but no harm felt. Tonight E. & I attended a dinner meeting of Zion congregation, held in the new auditorium of the Canadian Legion, & catered by the Legion Ladies' Auxiliary. About 300 people present, from all walks of life. The purpose was to explain the Hector Plan and the new requirements of the church. Austin Parker, as general chairman under the plan, presided over the meeting. Dr. John McKenzie, Merrill Rawding, Ted Emerson & Maurice Russell gave details of the propositions of the Program Committee.

Main point was the proposed increase in Zion's over-all yearly budget from $16,600 to $28,000. This is to take care of many things, including $10,000 to be set aside for a Building Fund. Although the church structure is far from satisfactory it has been found safe by a firm of architects, and general opinion is that the most pressing need is a modern church hall, equipped not only for the Sunday school but for games, showers etc, for youth activities. There is no such youth centre anywhere in the town. However part of the building fund would be set aside as a long-term project for a new church. (Such a fund should have been started years ago).

When these matters were put before the people they voted unanimously in favor of the new budget.

THURSDAY, NOV. 2, 1961 Bright & cool. Sorry to read in this morning's Hfx paper that Leslie Gordon Barnard is dead. He wrote good short stories, so did his wife Margaret, & they supported themselves (& managed a good deal of travel) on their pens for the past 40 years — no easy thing in Canada. They visited us here in Liverpool two or three times in the years between 1948 & 1955. Wrote a note to Margaret Barnard & put it in the noon mail. At 1.30 I set off for Hfx with E. A cool bright day. All the maple leaves gone; but the poplars, some birch & ash, & the oaks still make a bright show.

The chief Hfx. hotels (Nova Scotian & Lord Nelson) are both under additional construction, and neither of them at the present time makes any attempt to solve the frantic car-parking problem of its guests. Hence for the first time I ~~stayed~~ stayed at the old Carleton, on Argyle Street, with parking in the Argyle Garage, just across the way. The food was good, the service brisk & clean, & we had a large well furnished double-bed room on the 3rd. floor, looking out upon the chancel of St. Paul's. The place is rather a fire-trap — very narrow winding stairs, & a jerky little self-service elevator holding not more than five people; but it is most convenient to the down-town shopping & business district, & is quite popular with provincial people visiting the city.

I called on Bendelier at the Book Room. He informed me that Doubleday are selling off the remainder

of their last printing of "The Governor's Lady" to the booksellers at bargain prices. This is typical of Doubleday's hardheaded & ruthless policy. Once a book has ceased moving rapidly & in large numbers they clear their shelves.

Ah 7.45 I drove with C. to the Citadel, where in the tea room (an old powder magazine) the Hfx. branch of the Canadian Authors' Association were giving an "Emerald Jubilee Supper" to celebrate the 40th anniversary of the Hfx. branch. (It was founded, through the efforts of Archibald MacMechan, in the same year as the C.A.A. itself.)

Chief guests were Donald Thomson (THOMSON), of Ottawa, (national president of C.A.A.) & his wife Teresa, who raises funds for Canadian Writers' Foundation, the only charity in Canada giving aid to ill or indigent authors. We had a good supper & several speeches, the best an address by Thomson, who has a pawky wit. Chatted with Barbara Grantmyre, Kay Hill, Bill Borrett, Will Bird, Dodie Hatfield, Helen Creighton. Couldn't help noticing the great proportion of grey hairs. Of 30 or 35 persons present I don't think more than 3 were under 40, most of them (like me) well over 50. Young writers eschew the C.A.A. & with good reason. In most of its branches the members are largely middle-aged females of inferior talent & accomplishment, who meet to read aloud (and praise extravagantly) unpublished manuscripts of each other. MacMechan himself observed this ruefully, in a private diary entry, within ten years of the

CAR

Aug. 23, 1960 - 8 new spark plugs, new points, & motor thoroughly checked, at Bain's
" " - brakes completely relined.

June 1, 1960 - complete new muffler & exhaust pipe. Ilsley's.
Apl. 7, 1960 - 1 new #710 tire & tube "

← Will Bird wearing a hearing-aid. He is now 70 & has been quite deaf for years.

Sep. 15, 1960. Oiled furnace motors.

April, 1961. McCauley checked & cleaned whole furnace & installed new fuel pump.

Oct. 20/61. Oiled furnace motors.