

May 28, 1948 - Dec. 18, 1948

RECORDS

No. 442-R

Diary

Thomas H. Raddall.

May 28/48 to Dec. 18/48

The January 1950
for final action on
Uniacke House

MAY 28, 1948 (continued)

Professor Belliveau of St. Ann's College, Prof. Longley of Acadia, Dr. Bruce Ferguson of the Archives staff.

At this, our second meeting, we got some concrete business done. After much discussion recommended to the govt. that the Uniacke house, with its entire contents & the adjacent lands between the Windsor road & Lake Uniacke, be purchased for \$25,000, also that a further sum of \$5,000 be set aside during the current year for payment of caretaker & for small repairs.

Also recommended to govt. that \$5,000 be appropriated this year for "repairs & restoration" of the Perkins house at Liverpool, & a further sum of \$2,000 for payment of caretaker & minor repairs. Altogether we recommended government expenditure of \$50,000 in the next 12 months.

Edith dropped in at Province House after her shopping & we took a taxi back to Moiner's flat & had tea with her. About 7 p.m. set off for Kentville to stay over-night with Alice Smith. Alice was "out" (conducting part of a music festival at Wolfville) but she had left young Michael to watch out for us & to provide us with a key.

We bathed, changed & about 10 p.m. drove to Aldershot

camp to attend the regimental ball of the West N.S. Regtⁿ
at the invitation of Col. "Tommy" Powers. The old
officers' mess at "The Compound" has been much enlarged
& re-decorated since I saw it in the war days of '43
— & after a word or two with Tommy & Mrs. Powers at
the doot we passed into a lively mob. Don Campbell,
Gemmell, Bill Sheaton & Cecil Whynacht came
up & chatted, but most of the officers present were
of the new post-war regimental set-up & I knew
none, except Henry Hicks of Bridgetown. A chap named
Philip Hornsby came up, looked vaguely familiar, & proved
to have been a pupil at Chebucto School when I was
there. Danced several times with Edith, procured
one or two drinks at the bar (a popular place, for the
night was intensely warm & muggy); then Col. Powers
came & asked us to join Brig-General Foster's party
in the card-room, where we met & chatted with
the general & his lady, Premier Angus McDonald & his lady,
Roland Sutton, Henry Hicks & his two lively young brothers,
for a time. Finally a buffet supper in the big
basement dining-room, another dance & we took our
farewell. Might have stayed longer but a severe chest
& throat cold had laid hold of me on the trip to
Granville two days ago & in the muggy ballroom

The resultant fever made me feel extremely ill. Back to Kenntville about 1 a.m., where Alice came in & chatted awhile in our bedroom. No sleep, I lay & tossed in a fever all night with a raging sore throat & agonized chest. (After getting through the longest, coldest, dreariest winter & spring on record, without so much as a snuffle!)

SATURDAY, MAY 29/48

This is the day of the great apple blossom carnival — unique because this year, owing to the late season, there is not an apple blossom to be seen in the whole length of the Valley!

Alice insisted on serving breakfast in our room. Another day of muggy heat. I felt wretched but put a good face on it, & while the ladies enjoyed a reunion I drove Jack Mosher, his boy Donald, & Alice's boy Michael, to Port Williams, then to Wolfville & back. In Wolfville we got out & inspected the old De Wolfe house, which a local historical society is trying to preserve. It is a frame building in rather poor repair & occupied by a number of families as a tenement. The local fruit packing company whose property it adjoins (& who own the house) propose to tear the house down soon to make room for their business. Its chief historical memento is

a scenic wallpaper of the French Directoire period (1795-99) as illustrated in the Britannica (Vol. 12, p. 492, plate 21, figure 1), & said to have been a gift to the De Wolfes from the Duke of Kent. It consists of small squares of paper each 18" by 20½" carefully pasted on the walls to form a continuous panorama around three sides.

The paper has been heavily varnished in more recent times, & this & the encrusted dirt & smoke (the present tenant of this room has a stove close against one wall) have obscured the design to some extent.

After lunch I packed six women (including Alice, Edith, "Riva" Mosher & three of their chums) into the car & drove to the ball park, where we got seats on the great wooden stand & sat in a broiling sun for the next three hours while the decorated floats, the bands, the airmen, the "Mounties", a naval detachment, & Tommy Powers' "West Novas" paraded past. Not a single apple blossom in evidence, another proof of the wonders to be wrought by ballyhoos. We left shortly after the "crowning" of "Queen Annapolisa", hoping to get out of the traffic jam before the main mob broke out; but hundreds had the same idea; the road was jammed, it took us nearly an hour to get from the ball park to Alice's house. There we took our farewells & left

for home by the road to Chester Basin. After the humid heat of Kentville we ran into rain on the high land of South Mountain, & the rain continued all the way home. Stopped for dinner at the Royal Hotel, Mahone, where I discovered that the new managers were Gilbert Morris & his wife, whom I met at Jim Martello's during the war. We had a delicious & satisfying meal, thence home about 8.30. Frances had been parked with the Seldons, Tommy with the Dunlaps, in our absence. In fact Tommy was in Halifax today with the Liverpool cadet band, playing at a music festival in Dalhousie gym. He returned at 1.30 A.M. reporting a wonderful time, including the exploration of two radio stations (CHNS & CJCH).

SUNDAY, MAY 30/48

Pouring rain until the early hours, then a hot oppressive day. I gave in at last to the cold & stayed in bed, perspiring, wheezing with a blinding headache, all day. Got up for a couple of hours this evening.

MONDAY, MAY 31/48

Pouring rain all day & night. Got up & dressed about 7 a.m. & sat about the house all day, feeling utterly wretched.

TUESDAY, JUNE 1/48

Overcast & chill, drizzling rain at intervals. Up at 6 a.m. Throat & chest still very painful, another wretched night & no improvement. Drove down to D.I.

Wickwar's office at 9 a.m. for an examination. He ordered Terna to give me a penicillin inhalation - a business which lasted about 20 minutes, & did no good whatever.

Intermittent rain all day, heavy rain all night. This kind of weather seems general on both coasts, for there are huge and damaging floods in the river valleys of B.C. & Oregon.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 2/48 Awake at 4 a.m., up at 5:30, still in great pain & a queer feeling of distress. Pain seems to be just behind my Adam's apple, as if some sort of ulcer had formed there. Voice very hoarse & speech painful. The steady downpour of rain ceased about noon, the sun came out - a welcome sight, for we have seen very little of it in the past six or seven weeks - & I walked down to the doctor's office for another experimental penicillin treatment - an inhalation of 20 minutes (& I forget how many thousand units) plus an intra-muscular injection (in the buttock) of several thousand more.

Hubert MacDonald phoned to say that Alec Williams is motoring up from New York, & proposing that Alec, himself, Austin Parker & I make a trout-fishing trip of two or three days up-river. I said I'd be delighted. Surely this miserable quinsy (or whatever it is) will have departed by this week's end.

THURSDAY, JUNE 3/48 Cool & overcast - had my den stove going all morning. Throat still very painful, speech

difficult, swallowing an ordeal. Down to Doc. Wickwire this morning for the third inhalation treatment — no good, just a waste of penicillin, but he insisted on a third try.

I think two or three days' soaking in warm sunshine would do me more good than all the doctor's treatments but sunshine is forbidden us in Nova Scotia by the weather man. Tonight Edith & I went up to Mersy Lodge at Upper Great Brook & dined with Alec Williams, the Hubert MacDonalds, the Roy Shipmans & Vera Parker. Ike Smart, the sports guide, pointed out that the river & all the brooks are in flood, & there will be no worthwhile fishing until the floods subside. After dinner the ladies chatted by the big fireplace, & at MacDonald's suggestion the men played poker — 5 & 10. I am no poker player; however I joined in & lost \$1.40. Home at 1 a.m.

FRIDAY, JUNE 4/48

Muggy & overcast. Parker, MacDonald & I foregathered with Williams at lunch in the Lodge. Spent the afternoon fishing in the long eddy ("Minard's") & down below the lodge, with no luck except that Alec landed a nice two-pound trout. Mac went to town & brought the wives to dinner, including Marion Williams, who arrived in L'pool today via L'ourd. A fine dinner

& much light talk afterwards. My laryngitis has now become acute, excruciating pain & swelling, & a splitting headache. Glad to get home at 11 pm. although I get little sleep. Worst feature of my ailment is the frequent paroxysm of coughing, which seems literally to tear my throat & bronchial tubes apart.

SATURDAY, JUNE 5/48 Lay about the house & garden feeling wretched all day. Dewey Nickerson blew in from Clark's Harbour with two dozen lobsters & stopped for drinks & a yarn.

SUNDAY, JUNE 6/48 At last a sunny day, but with a high cold wind from N.W. that feels like Fall. Towards evening, desperate for a bit of exercise & a little fresh air after this week of painful imprisonment, I walked to the railway bridge & back. Got a bit of fresh chill in my chest & spent a miserable night coughing violently, reading, walking up & down.

MONDAY, JUNE 7/48 A warm day! The first since last summer, & after the longest, wettest, coldest spring ever. This afternoon I spent outdoors, mowing my lawn & trimming shrubs, drinking in the sunshine. Throat still sore, difficult to swallow, a harsh & violent dry cough at frequent intervals. This is the tenth successive day of utter wretchedness - how long,

O Lord, how long?

WED. JUNE 9/48

Our wedding anniversary - the 21st.
A howling easterly gale & sheets of rain, yesterday & today.
Furnace going full blast. Still very wretched in mind &
body. A little party tonight at Parkers - the Sunlaps
& the Hubert MacDonalds, ourselves.

THURS. JUNE 10/48

Blak east wind; frequent showers: miserable.
My sister Winifred arrived for a visit, with her adopted child
Rosemary. This afternoon I attended a party on board
s/s Vinland, which sails tomorrow with a load of newsprint
for New Zealand. Captain Ralph Williams doing the
honours, spinning yarns in Newfoundland dialect - a
merry time.

FRIDAY, JUNE 11/48

Cold & overcast with a bleak air from the
sea. Walked to Gull Islands siding & returned along the
railway - the first long walk in three weeks. Still have a
sore larynx & severe bronchial cough.

SATURDAY, JUNE 12/48

Cold, with occasional showers. Sky in
the west broke in late afternoon, gave us a glimpse of the sun
- the first since June 7th. Furnace still going. Drove to
Multon at evening so Winnie could call on Aunt Marie Bell
& Marie Freeman. The river is extremely high.

SUNDAY, JUNE 13/48

Overcast & cold. Attempted a motor drive
to show Winnie the beauties of the countryside, but just past Port

Monday the rain began to pour & we turned homeward. My throat still sore, especially at night.

MONDAY, JUNE 14/48 Foggy & cold. Temp. 42° morning & night, rising to about 50° at noon, day after day. A short walk after lunch, otherwise confined by this cursed bronchitis.

TUESDAY, JUNE 15/48 Let the furnace out yesterday afternoon, & when I got up at 6 a.m. the house was like a tomb. Temp. outdoors 40°, with a dense & frigid fog. Bronchitis & laryngitis worse.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 16/48 At last a fine hot day - I spent the whole afternoon outdoors soaking in the sunshine. This is the first fine day since June 7th - which was the first since May 30th. I cannot remember a

six-week period in late May & early June which was so cold & so continuously wet. Austin Parker dropped in to discuss our long delayed fishing trip & suggested that we start tomorrow.

John McClelland phoned from Toronto, said his son Jack had bumped into W. R. Bird at the authors' convention at Ottawa, & that Bird had hinted strongly that he would like to change publishers - i.e. from his present publishers (Ryerson Press) to McClelland & Stewart. John wanted to know what I thought of M. & S. taking on Bird. I said I had no real objection but it seemed to me that complications might arise. Bird is an imitative writer (his novel "Here

~~Some~~ "Stays Good Yorkshire" was placed exactly in the scene & period of my book "His Majesty's Yankels" & included some of the same characters & incidents) & I feel that he has to some extent been riding in my pocket.

Bird has told various people that Ryerson's poor promotion of his books is the main reason why they do not sell as well as mine. Hence if he & I appeared together on M. & S. list I suppose he would kick up a fuss if his book did not get what he considered an adequate share of the promotion. He makes a point of visiting bookshops in his journeys about the Dominion, introducing himself & distributing charm, & raising hell with Ryerson if a bookshop anywhere has not a copy of his works. All of this is well known to Mc Blelland (Bird makes no secret of these foibles) & he agreed that complications might arise with Bird & me on the same list. He went further & said he would drop the whole Bird idea rather than risk our own very happy relations.

THURSDAY, JUNE 17/48

Set off this afternoon with Austin Parker on an exploring-fishing trip, with his canoe lashed on top of the car. Our object, long discussed, was to explore West Brook to its headwaters (i.e. Mud Lake, at the edge of Dunraven Bog) & if possible to push across on foot to the headwaters of the Sable & Tom

Tigney rivers, which flow out of the farther edges of the great bog. The Indians call West Brook "BE-OO-TA-GOOK" - which means a "no-account stream". Yet it is more than a mere brook, it is a river with four lakes in its course. We set off about 1 p.m., drove to Indian Gardens, put the canoe in the water, loaded it & set off through what used to be First Lake & now is only a bay of Lake Rossignol. A fine hot sun with a light breeze & we had an easy passage through the flourage to the mouth of West Brook. We fished at the first dam & pushed on, flicking our flies in the runs & pools & stillwaters on the way up. A few small trout were feeding in a lackadaisical manner in the stillwaters, usually not far above a run. I caught one & lost another. We reached the first lake about 5 p.m. & tented just above the log dam, a grand spot with a breeze down the lake to keep away the flies. The tent had a mosquito bar & when we were inside a single squirt of D.D.T. killed any stray intruders. Austin had a folding canvas bed affair but I slept on a few handfuls of hard-back bush and reeds (no brush to be had at this spot) & found it hard lying.

FRIDAY, JUNE 25/48

We pushed off after a leisurely breakfast. Again a fine hot day & the scenery along the stream very beautiful - mostly meadows of wild grass shaded by red maples where the still-waters wound, and of course ridges of rock & pine where the rapids were. Pictorially it was a fisherman's paradise - I never saw more tempting runs or pools; but we could scarcely raise a fish. At the foot of the long second lake we beached the canoe & had a look at the portage to Broad River, about a mile (I walked half way, found it littered with windfalls & apparently unused for years.) From here on West Brook is a hard road to travel, the still-waters are few & short, the rapids long & crooked & increasingly steep. We had to "track" the canoe up many of the steep runs by means of a rope & in several places had to jump into water knee-deep to hitch the heavily laden canoe off a rock in the rapid water. Trees had fallen across the stream in several places, which complicated matters, but only in one place did we have to unload the canoe & carry our stuff. Reached Rush Lake about 5 pm. & were glad to stop & make supper.

by the dam, in the cool breeze off the lake. Rush Lake is unbeautiful, studded with rocks, which make a canoe passage precarious in a heavy chop. It is surrounded by bog, but ^{beyond} the SW side rises the steep hardwood ridge known as Porcupine Hill, where Lord Sunraven used to camp with his guides & beaters while engaged in slaughtering the caribou. After supper we pushed on across Rush Lake & entered the brook which flows down from Mud Lake. Someone had told us that it was possible to get a canoe up to Mud Lake & all our plans were predicated on that. However after about a mile of easy paddling along deep, black, winding stillwaters surrounded by grassy meadow & shabby maples - most beautiful scenery - we came to a series of runs where the brook became narrow & shallow. After some struggle we were obliged to make camp with the approach of darkness. I walked up the brook about a quarter mile & found it no better than the strip we had just scrambled over. Fine moonlight night, few mosquitoes, no flies, enjoyable sitting by the fire. During the day we saw three deer standing in the grass beside the stream, &

came upon several families of alarmed ducks & ducklings.
SATURDAY, JUNE 19/48 Up soon after sunrise,
& found an ominous scud sweeping over the sky from
the south. It was obvious now that we must give
up our plan, to camp at Mud Lake, as we were due
back in a pool on Monday night. To satisfy our
curiosity however we walked up to the lake —
about a mile from our tenting place — ^{the brook} _{no more}
than a ditch on this end, with dead trees down
across it everywhere — but we found it easy &
pleasant walking in the firm meadow beside it.

The lake proved small; no rocks visible; surrounded
by a strip of swamp, with a prominent ridge of
hardwood ("North Blue Hill") on the southerly side
of it. In general the land is low & covered with
spruce & pine down to the bog edge, & the bogs are
covered with rhodora & rhododendron just getting past
their full bloom. Got back to our tent about
noon, had dinner & broke camp hurriedly, for the
storm was fast approaching & we wanted to get as
far downstream as possible before it broke. The
first rain fell as we reached the ~~the~~ sawdust
pile, at the outlet of Rush Lake — the last relic
of the operations of the Sable River Lumber Company

which operated a logging railway through this part of the country until 1915. I would have camped here, beside the brook, where I could have made a comfortable bed of sawdust, & where we could have had the advantage of pitching our tent over dry ground, & having our stuff under cover before the storm got worse. However Austin was all for pushing on, so we went on downstream, reversing our procedure on the way up & finding it easier but tedious none the less. On the long steep rapids we had to wade frequently to free the canoe while letting it downstream with the rope. The rain fell in torrents. My rubber coat had been pressed into service to keep the sleeping bags dry, & as I had nothing else but a thin shirt, a pair of thin khaki slacks, a pair of cotton shorts & a thin "wind-breaker" I was soon soaked to the hide. Parker had been wise enough to wear "long-handled" underwear & a stout mackinaw shirt. About 4:30 we ran the canoe under a convenient overhanging pine for a bit of shelter. We were over the worst of the rapids but there was a long stretch to Second Lake, so Parker decided to camp where we were. It did not take long but of course it was a thoroughly

wet camp & I had to sleep on the wet ground. The rain poured all night & the tent leaked. The joys of "fishing!"

SUNDAY, JUNE 20/48 I awoke feeling wretched - had in fact developed a terrific cold after yesterday's exposure, and on top of my long siege of bronchitis I felt ill. I lay in my sleeping bag until about 9:30 a.m., when the rain ceased & the sun came out. We spent the rest of the morning & part of the afternoon drying out our clothes & gear, then packed up & went on downstream. Reached our old camp site beside the Lirish Lake dam about 5 p.m., when I simply dropped against the sloping logs of the dam's face, sitting on the dry strip of foreshore, & feeling desperately sick. My whole skull ached with neuralgia, my eyes & nose streamed, there was no more strength left in me. Parker pitched the tent & I crawled in for my fourth successive night on the ground - the longest I ever spent in my life, & the most miserable.

MONDAY, JUNE 21/48. Sunny again. I crawled out about 9 a.m. & forced myself to eat a slice of bread & drink a cup of coffee. Parker fished industriously in the pool below the dam & in the lake above,

without success. We ~~had dinner~~ & pushed on downstream, fishing here & there, I sneezing & blowing & weeping violently all the way. Reached the Rossignol floyage about 12 ^{noon} ~~pm~~ & as there was only a light breeze it looked like a good chance to get down to the Indian Gardens. However a terrific thunderstorm came up over Rossignol & we had to hustle ashore upon a small island & throw the tent over a branch - just in time, for rain fell in sheets. (Farther down river there was hail as well).

As soon as it passed we set off again, to take advantage of the light, baffling thunder-airs, & hoping to get down the lake before the inevitable north-westerly squally began. This we managed very nicely, reaching the Garding about 4.30. Five minutes after we landed, the wind struck hard, & the whole of Rossignol was an angry mass of whitecaps. Had we delayed even half an hour we should have had to run for shelter somewhere up the lake, & stay there at least another night. Home about 6 p.m. Had a hot bath, supper, went to bed about 10 pm & slept 12 hours. (Atlas Construction Co. has just started clearing at Rapid Falls for new power development.)

TUESDAY, JUNE 22/48

Busy correcting proofs of the first batch of galley from the printers of "West Nova". Rev. H. C. Sycart, dean of men's residence at Kings College, dropped in this afternoon with Paul Lohnes, the young student who is in charge of the b. of C. parish of Eagle Head - Mill Village this summer. Sycart wants me to address the Haliburton Club in N. for on Aug. 24th. at a special dinner, part of Kings' celebration of its 25th year in Halifax.

THURSDAY, JUNE 24/48

The annual national conference of Canadian Clubs (men's & women's) is being held at St. John this year, & I had promised D. Gordon Miller, a St. John lawyer, that I would address the conference at a luncheon; so this afternoon I drove to Digby. The cross-country road very dusty, especially on the section between Liverpool & Middlefield, which has been prepared for paving; and very rough for 5 miles between South Brookfield & Caledonia, where a swarm of men & machines are widening, ditching & straightening the road. Stored my car at a Digby garage & boarded the C.P.R. steamer "Princess Helene". She was scheduled to sail at 3:15 p.m. standard time, but I found that the steamer's departures are governed entirely by the amount of miscellaneous freight to be embarked. In this case she did not sail until about 4 p.m.

a dense fog all the way. Foghorn blowing incessantly —
a the trip takes about 2½ hours. Many passengers,
& including a large number of American tourists, all
elaborately dressed, male & female. One particularly
striking couple, evidently on a honeymoon & very much
absorbed in each other — the girl with a magnificent
figure, a rather plain face but passionate black eyes
& a most expressive mouth; the man tall, blond,
& handsome, reserved, looking a little bored or perhaps
merely dazed by her ceaseless attentions.

I had hoped to get a good look at my old
station on Partridge Island but the fog held &
the sound of the island fog-horn reminded me
grimly enough of my month on the island in the
late spring of 1919. Willet had reserved a
room for me at the Admiral Beatty, & I had
barely reached it when Willet appeared at the door
with A. C. Glennie, a vice-president of Manchester-Robertson
-Allison, the big department store. Both were in evening
dress & both urged me to come right in to the large
private dining room where the City of St. John was
giving a dinner to the club delegates. I never wear
formal clothes & begged off. Got a bath & changed,
& had dinner alone & at leisure in the hotel's main

dining room. At 9 p.m. Willeh & Glennie carried me off to a musicale at the home of F. G. Spencer, owner of a movie theatre chain. He has a private theatre in the house & about 80 of us were entertained by a talking picture, "Three Lively Daughters", starring Jose Iturbi & Jeannette MacDonald, a gorgeous affair in technicolor. Spencer told us it was the first showing of the picture anywhere in Canada. Back to my hotel in Glennie's car about 1 a.m.

FRIDAY, JUNE 25/48

A fine hot day. Spent most of the morning shopping, & at the New Brunswick Museum - a splendid place where I could cheerfully have spent a week - full of interesting things, well displayed, & a storehouse of historical information. It is beautifully sited, overlooking part of St. John Bay, & including in its grounds the beginning of the old Indian portage across to the head of the reversing falls.

Lunch was in the Admiral Beatty, a large crowd of men & women, the chairman a one-eyed man named MacAlary & my companion on the right a pleasant & well-spoken woman from the West, a Mrs. Somerfeld. I had chosen as my subject "The trials of Canadian authorship", & talked for 25 minutes on the subject, pointing out that, far from encouraging

Canada

native writers, treats them scurvily in the matter of income tax (all book royalties are "unearned income," etc) & takes no part whatever in the promotion of young writers.

The Canadian Authors Assocn. recently attempted to raise an endowment fund for the assistance of young writers, but the Income Tax Dept. promptly ruled that donations to the fund would be taxable - insisting that the C.A.A. is a "trade organization." I pointed out that the only honors available to a native writer in Canada is the Governor-General's Award - which is in fact financed by the C.A.A. I urged the delegates to discuss these matters with their clubs at home & to get them working on the problems facing Canadian writers. I could not have chosen a better subject - it aroused an immense amount of comment later - most of them, men & women, were astonished to realize the handicaps & the indifference which a Canadian writer encounters.

From the luncheon I went to M.-R.-A. store, to autograph books for an hour in their book dept. They do a large business. The young woman in charge of their book dept. told me they had sold over 500 copies of "Pride's Lancy," for instance. Several people in the line-up (the canny Glennie

had advertised my visit beforehand in the St. John newspapers) wanted to chat - including a charming Mrs. Sweet, who is herself a writer of sorts. One man turned out to be a radio operator named Johnston, whom I had met at Chibucto Head in 1923.

At 5 p.m. Glennie whisked me away to a reception at Government House, where I shook hands with Lieut. Governor & Mrs. MacLaren & found many of the Canadian Club people sipping tea & nibbling sandwiches. Met Dorothy Hunt Estabrook, a school chum of Edith's, also Dr. & Mrs. Keim of St. Andrew's. Back to the hotel for a bath & change & then out to the Country Club with the Millets & Glennies. A charming spot, overlooking the Kennebecasis River, & a very fine clubhouse. Cocktails about 8 p.m. & then we went in to dine. Fruit cocktail, soup, lobster in the half-shell, a huge serving of roast chicken & vegetables, strawberry short-cake (the strawberries flown from Ontario) & coffee. - a huge meal which fortunately spread over two hours.

At 10 p.m. by pre-arrangement Lou Charron & my sister Minnie called for me & took me to their apartment in St. John. Two lively & tuneful chaps there & a lively blonde named Kay ^{MACLURE} who is keen to become a writer. We sat about sipping drinks, listened to

a broadcast of the Louis-Walcott fight. (Louis won by a knock-out in the 12th round & then announced that it was his last fight.) I wanted to get back to my hotel & catch some sleep before getting up to catch the morning boat, but Win insisted that I stay & the party went on till 3 a.m. Got back to the hotel & caught a little uneasy sleep before 7, in the morning of —

SATURDAY, JUNE 26/48. — when I got up & packed. Should have breakfasted at the hotel but Willet had suggested that I breakfast on the boat. Went down to the wharf by taxi & found that the steamship dining room did not open until sailing time. A huge mob of vacationists & tourists poured aboard the boat & thronged about the dining room door. I made three widely separated trips down there in the course of the next two hours, found the mob undiminished & an inadequate dining-room staff & equipment unable to cope fully with it. At 10.30 I gave up in disgust & staved the pangs I hungered with a couple of chocolate bars. Many women delegates of the Canadian Club conference were aboard, topping off their trips with a visit to Nova Scotia. Wherever I went about the deck they stopped me to ask

questions about my luncheon theme of yesterday, & professed themselves keenly interested in seeing that something is done about it. I hope the seed fell on more soil of this kind, for Canada's indifference to a native literature is a scandal in a nation of her wealth & power. Reached Digby at noon - a beautiful day, & a beautiful sight, sailing in through the Gap. Got my car & drove to Annapolis where I at last satisfied my hunger with my favourite chicken chop suey at Chan's restaurant. An uneventful drive across country. Reached home at 4 p.m.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 30/48

A fine hot day. Galley-proofs of the "West Nova" history are coming along in frequent batches for correction. The Canadian Military Journal (who arranged the printing job) have a French-Canadian firm - the Provincial Printing Co. of Montreal - to do their printing. The French typesetters have several weaknesses in dealing with English copy, the worst being a habit of breaking a word ruthlessly at the end of a line.

This afternoon I drove with Edith to White Point, where I received a golf lesson from Manuge, the "pro." (When I started playing last summer the club's "pro", Tonks, was ill & in fact

slowly dying, so that today's was actually my first lesson. I find I have much to learn. Eventually played around the course in something like 130 - awful - & lost 4 balls.

The news from Europe is all of trouble. The British are out of Palestine but the Jews continue to blame them for everything under the sun. At present there is an uneasy truce between Arab & Jew, presided over by the Swedish mediator, Count Bernadotte. In the U.S. Mr. Dewey has won the Republican nomination for president & seems sure of winning next autumn. Mr. Truman has proven an earnest but lamentably weak president, especially in the shoes of the far-sighted & powerful Roosevelt. The Russians in Berlin continue to make themselves as obnoxious as possible to the British & Americans, interfering with supplies & communications to their zones of occupation & maintaining a rude & belligerent attitude in all their dealings with the West.

In Jugoslavia, surprisingly, Josip Tito, the J. V. dictator, seems to have fallen out with his Russian bosses & two days ago was denounced from Moscow. "When thieves fall out -"

On Monday the 28th. Premier MacNair's Liberal government was swept back into power with a huge majority in New Brunswick. Only 4 Conservatives were elected & most of the C.C.F. & all of the Social Credit candidates were defeated. This is heartening news to the Liberals everywhere & mournful news to the Tories. In fact the rise of the C.C.F. with its promises of "pie in the sky" under Socialism, makes that party the real opponent of the old line parties, & the tendency of many Tories seems to be a drift into the Liberal ranks to merge their strength.

I suspect we shall have a provincial election in Nova Scotia this autumn.

THURSDAY, JULY 1/48

A fine hot day - Dominion Day - which some of our ultra-nationalists now insist on calling Canada Day. Parliament prorogued yesterday & Mr. Mackenzie King has ended his last session as prime minister. Today in Liverpool the Legion had their usual parade & sports. This afternoon I went to the golf course with Edith & spent a happy three hours. The score for 18 holes was 118 - nothing to write home about - but my driving is definitely better for the lesson yesterday, although I lost 3 balls. At the clubhouse however I

found no less than 26 balls of mine, lost last summer & found since by the caddies!

FRIDAY, JULY 2/48 Pouring rain & muggy air all day. From lunch-time until 11 p.m. I spent painting the bathroom. Then I sat up till 12.30 correcting galley-proofs of the WNSR history.

SATURDAY, JULY 3/48 A fine hot day. Woke at 5 a.m. with a splitting headache - from yesterday's paint fumes, I suppose. Up at 6 & got breakfast. Felt drowsy then & slept from 8 to 9. Busy all morning typing a list of captions for the photographs in "West Novas". Spent the afternoon on the golf course - a score of 119 for 18 holes, & lost 3 balls. Lovely there, with a cool breeze from the sea.

SUNDAY, JULY 4/48 Fine & hot. This afternoon took the kids to Summerville for a swim, drove back to White Point with Edith & played 18 holes. Score 128 - lost 5 balls. Picked up the kids at Summerville & drove on to Carter's Beach for a picnic tea.

MONDAY, JULY 5/48 Fine & hot. Galley-proofs of the WNSR history arriving almost every day, keep me busy in the mornings & evenings, a tedious task with many corrections to be made. Golf this afternoon & a second lesson from the "pro".

Played 18 holes - score 125 - but lost only 1 ball, a miracle.

THURSDAY, JULY 8/48

Golf again, after two days' wet & bleak easterly weather with temperature down to 45° - everyone shivering. The course very wet, & a sudden squall of heavy rain drove us into the shelter of the spruce trees on N° 4. Finished 18 holes in 125, & lost 3 balls.

FRIDAY, JULY 16/48

Fine weather, golf nearly every day. I am as brown as a nut and feel better than for months. Col. Keefler of Canadian Military Journal (through whom I arranged the printing & binding of "West Norvas") points out that now is the time to get extra copies printed, while the type is set up. Made an offer of 1,000 copies at \$1.00 each, bound with a gummed paper cover instead of cloth & boards, or 1000 copies exactly like the first edition, but unbound, for about \$800 (incl. sales tax & freight to Hfx). This is tempting; but the first edition will involve close to \$3,000 of my funds & I can't afford to tie up another cent.

SUNDAY, JULY 18/48

Drove to Chester with Edith this morning for lunch with Col. K. M. Holloway (RCR, ret.) & his wife, a daughter of Archibald MacMechan. They have a new house, rather remote from the village but on a hilltop with a fine view of the sea. It is called "Ultima Thule". Old Mrs. MacMechan was there, in

good health & spirits, & Lindsay Bennet (Dep't of English
Dalhousie) & his wife Helene, & Eric Balders & his wife.
Balders very keen on Nova Scotia history & we had
a long chat after lunch. The Holloways are delighted
with their new house but I gathered that Mrs. found
the winter rather long on their lonely hill. Home
at 6 p.m. found Francie had locked up the house & gone
off to play; had to gain entrance by prying up one of
my den windows & crawling in.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 21/48

Lovely weather. Golf almost every
afternoon - this afternoon with John Parr, a visitor
from Windsor, Ont. My score for 18 holes = 111 (lost
one ball). Parr came back to town & had tea with us,
& then we drove out to Summerville for a clam-bake at
Jerry Pickerson's cabin. Returned to town at 11 p.m.
to meet the train bringing home the Liverpool school
cadet corps from Camp Utopia, N. B. They all got
off the car yelling like Indians & looking just as dark.
The Liverpool corps won the General Efficiency Award
for all Nova Scotia, also the cup for proficiency in rifle
shooting during the year, & the "Shield for Army & Air Force
Cadets, Rifle Shooting" for proficiency at the summer camp.
Tommy reports a wonderful time, carried off a practice
hand-grenade for a souvenir, as usual gave a good & clear

account of things & people seen. On the steamer crossing from St. John to Digby he met an elderly lady who noticed his shoulder flash & asked if he knew me. He told her ~~she~~ who he was, & in return she informed him that she was Kenneth Robert's mother & that her son knew me well.

THURSDAY, JULY 22/48

Parr lunched with us today & we went on to the golf course & played 18 holes in blazing hot weather. He leaves tomorrow.

SATURDAY, JULY 24/48

Pouring rain all night & morning. No golf - the first golfless day in the past ten. Still awaiting the page proofs of the final 100 pages of "West Novas". The promised publication date - Aug. 1st - now seems impossible. Lucky to get the books in Halifax by August 31st. A week or so ago I wrote an article on Seal Island, intending to send it to Macdon's Magazine. However a letter from my agent Chabrun in New York asked if I had anything on hand, so I sent him the thing. A wire today says the Saturday Evening Post has bought it for \$1,000, wants to send a photographer to the island. I wired & said I would take the photographer there if they wished.

SUNDAY, JULY 25/48

Fine. Golf this afternoon with Miss Matsui, a Canadian Japanese who is employed by a Montreal firm of chartered accountants & is here auditing

the books of Mersey Paper Co. Went on with Edith & Francie to Carter's Beach & joined Marie Freeman & her guests Montford Mackood & wife, & Elsie (Mackood) Hansen & husband, in a picnic tea.

MONDAY, JULY 26/48 Set off at 8 A.M. in the car with Tommy, Francie & Edith, plus Evelyn White & ~~son Douglas~~ & assorted baggage. Clear hot weather. Arrived at Carleton about noon, deposited Tommy at Camp Wapomeo, & picked up young Douglas White, who had just finished two weeks there in the junior YMCA camp. Had a yarn with Nathan Rain, who told me he has located an ancient midden probably Micmac, & composed largely of oyster shells. It is on the coast not far from Yarmouth & rather unique, for oysters are not found in that vicinity nowadays.

Pushed on to Mrs. Grierson's house in Weymouth, & there deposited Mrs. White & Douglas & our Francie, who is staying a week there with Evelyn junior. Edith & I went on to Middleton & had an excellent dinner at the American House there. On coming out discovered that a section of rubber hose in the car's water system had given way & emptied the radiator. The hotel manager got a local mechanic to open his garage & make the necessary repairs. Got away

about 8 p.m. & found the road to New Germany dusty but reasonably smooth. The gov't. started to pave this road from Bridgewater to Middleton about the year 1937 but only got as far as New Germany. A further stretch has been prepared for paving but the completion of the job seems as far away as ever. On the Liverpool-Annapolis road the construction gangs are now well into their third year, & so far only 12 miles (as far as the Queens County poorhouse!) are ready for paving, about 5 miles more are torn up near Calidonia, & not a foot of paving will be laid until next year. American tourists are caustic about the condition of the cross-country roads & so are we, especially because it offers proof of the old gibe that "time means nothing in the Maritimes." Yet the road expenditures are tremendous & the contractors & their political friends wax fat.

TUESDAY, JULY 27/48 Golf this afternoon with Hubert MacDonald. My score 51+63 which seems about my average. Mac was quite displeased with his own 96 for eighteen holes.

Sat up till midnight correcting the final page proofs of "West Nevas".

THURSDAY, JULY 29/48 Fortin, of Provincial Publishing Co., advises that his printing plant will be closed for

holidays from July 31 to Aug. 9, hence completion of the "West Novas" book (originally guaranteed for Aug. 1) cannot be accomplished before Aug. 15. This means the books cannot be placed on sale in Halifax before Aug. 21st.

FRIDAY, JULY 30/48. A blazing hot day with a strong (and hot) SW gale blowing. Edith & I drove to Hfx this morning, took Mother & Hilda to lunch at the Lord Nelson. At 2:30 we returned to L'pool, bringing Mother to stay with us the month of August. Reached home about 6:30, washed & changed, & all went on to White Point for dinner. Lovely there, & we sat on a bench above the beach until dusk.

TUESDAY, AUG. 3/48 Expected a Saturday Evening Post photographer named Gus Pasquarella to arrive at Yarmouth by air from Boston today but at the last minute he phoned to say that he could not get a seat in the plane & would come by boat. Phoned Dewey Nickerson at Clark's Harbour to advise him of the change of plan & he said he would "fore-lay for us". Golf this afternoon - 132, & 7 lost balls - after a magnificent 104 yesterday! I shall never learn this game. Weather continues hot but with a refreshing westerly breeze.

WEDNESDAY, AUG. 4, 1948

Set off from Liverpool with Jerry Nickerson at 1.30 p.m. & picked up Pasquarella at Yarmouth airport at 5 p.m. Went on to Clark's Harbour & got rooms at the little Seaview Hotel. Dewey Nickerson was there awaiting us & we had a merry party. To bed about midnight.

THURSDAY & FRIDAY:

Thick fog, with occasional drenching rains. Killed time around the hotel & waterfront — useless to start for Seal Island in weather like this, impossible to photograph anything. P. is here to get coloured pictures, which require strong sunlight. Made a trip down to The Hawk & called on the once-famous Lottie Nickerson, who in the period 1910-1924 kept a boarding house for the wireless operators on the cape. She was a lively & lusty wench & in each crew selected one man to enjoy her personal favours. In my day she was famous from Cape Sable to Newfoundland. She pulled out old postcard albums & showed me cards (usually of the comic sort with a lewd by-line, or pictures of girls in undress of various sorts) mailed from every wireless station on the Canadian east coast & from ports all over the world. Today she is 60 and asthmatic but with traces of a good figure & a roguish gleam of eye. After the

the Cape Sable station closed down in 1925 she married a little dumpy fisherman with a squint & lived happily (& respectably) ever after. It was strange to see these cards with their double-entendre messages, many of them signed by men I knew nearly 30 years ago.

SATURDAY, AUG. 27/48

The morning broke fine & we set off at 9 a.m. in Dewey's motorboat "BILLY W." On the voyage Dewey stopped on Connor's Shoal to fish for pollock, using a lure instead of bait — a slim fish-shaped lead painted with scarlet finger-nail enamel, & a cod-hook disguised with strands about 3" long plucked from a nylon rope. (Most Cape Islanders nowadays use this rig for pollock-fishing. It was introduced by American sportsmen a year or two before the late war.) Using an outrigger pole on each side (each with 2 lines) & one line over the stern, we had some fun when the pollock struck. I caught 3 weighing 10 to 15 lbs each, & "Gus" got some pictures. Arrived at Seal Island about noon. "Gus" wanted pictures of men hauling up a boat, like those I took in May, but there were only one or two fishermen about; & a "crew" of Pubnico Acadians, engaged on repairs to the government breakwater, refused

to assist because they wanted to get home for the weekend & their two motorboats were waiting. We hauled up Dewey's boat with a scratch crew (I posed as a fisherman in the tableau) but the set-up was obviously faked & I doubt if the Post would use it.

Dewey went on to arrange board & lodging for us ("Gus" to stay at Mrs. Hamiltons, Jerry & I & Dewey at the light-house keepers residence). When we reached Mrs. Hamiltons house we found her daughter Mary & adopted daughter Minnie. They told us the lady of the island was "helping to paint the lighthouse."

"Gus" & I rushed off at once to the south end of the island & found the 59-year old woman looking very trim in ~~painter~~-daubed overalls & a hat with a jaunty gull's feather, & about to climb on to a staging slung from the cat-walk of the lighthouse.

We went up inside & Gus got a picture of her on the catwalk. Got a very late dinner at Mrs. Hamiltons (where Dewey had left the provisions we brought with us) & spent the afternoon tramping the beach & dunes about East Cove, Gus snapping pictures right & left. The indefatigable Dewey had set some lobster traps soon after our arrival, & we had an enormous feed of lobsters served "dry" (i.e. fried in butter) for supper at Mrs. Hamiltons. Sat talking

till about 10 p.m. when Jerry & I set off through the woods to the lighthouse with the radio operator, who lives with the lightkeeper. We found Gallant & his wife awaiting us & eager for a yarn, so I pulled out a bottle of rum & we sat talking till midnight. Then to bed.

SUNDAY, AUG. 8/48 A fine warm day, splendid for photography, & Gus was in his element. — pictures of the lightkeeper & his family, at their dinner, in the kitchen, in the lighthouse etc. — pictures of Burns, the radio operator, & his equipment. — Pictures of Mrs. Hamilton beside the graves at South Point, where we gathered bunches of blue iris and freeweed to provide a bit of colour. — pictures of Mrs. Hamilton, Dewey & I beside a cast-up lifeboat etc. He was at it all day. Gus is of Italian descent, slim, dark, handsome, very nattily dressed; & 15-year-old Minnie Hamilton fell in love with him at first sight & followed him wherever he went, eager to carry his flash-bulbs & other spare equipment. A strange child with a charming face, she is reputedly the daughter of infamous Captain Wallace Gilvie by Mrs. Hamilton's sister, who fell in love headlong with that active & unscrupulous man when he wrecked his steamer "Perygona" there in the 1930's. Mrs. Hamilton has adopted the girl, who calls her "mother". Mrs. Hamilton's own daughter Mary, a tall

pale secretive woman of 24 or 25, also had turned up on the island since my last visit, bringing with her a husband picked up somewhere in her travels, a short red-haired empty-faced chap of about 19 or 20. An odd little menage; & as we soon discovered that Mary was anything but in love with her husband, & that the radio operator & the assistant light-keeper were very much in love with Mary, it was as Jerry said "like finding yourself in the middle of a play". Another great lobster supper at Mrs. Hamilton's & then off through the woods with a lantern in "Spark's" hand, & a final yarn in the lightkeeper's kitchen. Dewey offered to wind the light-motor, (it has to be wound more than 500 turns of the crank every 3 hours) so I went up in the lighthouse with him. Afterwards we stepped out on the cat-walk under a night full of stars & with a blaze of ~~brilliant~~ aurora in the north. Dewey told me how old John Crowell, who loved poetry especially, Byron, used to stand at the rail after winding the motor, booming over the woods & the shore verse after verse in his wonderful voice.

Jerry & I had ~~two~~ ~~two~~ beds in the lightkeeper's spare bedroom & ~~we~~ ^{Dewey} slept with Jerry. He was in merry mood & kept us laughing at his tales

until 2 a.m. when he finally dropped off to sleep.

MONDAY, AUG. 9/48 Another fine day. Gus has 80 or 90 pictures & no more coloured film, so we said Goodbye, thanked our hosts (we prevailed upon Mrs. Gallant to accept \$5 for our beds, but Mrs. Hamilton would take nothing) & wended our way to West Cove. There we found one of the fishermen's boats sunk awash, off the breakwater, & a crowd of the Putnico men standing about idly regarding it, & the two Cape Deland fishermen who owned it. The boat (entitled "Brown Bomber") had been fishing on Elbow Shoal (between Seal Island & Blonde Rock) & struck against a bar of steel, part of a general cargo (including such things as jeeps and shells and air-bombs) jettisoned by the salvagers of the U.S. steamer "William McClay", which went aground there in 1942. The bar knocked a nasty hole in the boat, which filled but did not sink until another fishing boat had managed to work it in to West Cove. Dewey plunged into the midst of the idlers, roaring commands, assembling blocks & ropes, etc., & in half an hour had the "Brown Bomber" hauled up on the slip with the water running out of her through the punched hole. The hole was covered with canvas & laths, all carefully daubed with white lead, & about noon we set off for Clarke's Harbour in Dewey's

boat, towing the wounded "Bomber". Another motor boat (the island mail boat) came along & put a line aboard the "Bomber" also, so that we made good speed.

The boats started inshore to Lockewick Pass & came down inside Bon Portage & Stoddart islands, to take advantage of the "first of the ebb" — the tide being still "on the flood" on the direct route to Clark's Harbour.

Mrs. Hamilton had packed a basket lunch & a thermos jug of hot coffee for us & we had a happy voyage.

(I stole Jerry's black silk pajamas & Dewey hoisted them to the breeze on the boat's gaff). Changed our clothes in the hotel, paid our bills, had a last drink with Dewey, & set off about 3 p.m. for Yarmouth airport. Some delay at the ferry, due to an unusual amount of traffic, but we reached the airport in time to put Gus & his impedimenta (five grips & suitcases, nearly all full of photographic equipment) aboard the plane for Boston. Jerry & I had dinner at the Grand Hotel in Yarmouth & drove home in a leisurely fashion — a blaze of Northern Lights lit up the night, the brightest I ever saw them in this latitude in summer) & arrived home at midnight.

Dewey had given us a parting gift of fresh lobsters, which we divided.

WEDNESDAY, AUG. 11, 1948

All morning mowing the lawn, trimming, shrubs, etc. Tommy back from the YMCA camp, proudly displaying the badge of "Honour Camps", a coveted prize. Played golf all afternoon with Hubert MacDonald. Dinner at White Point as guests of the Jasons, Creeds - a party of ten, including the Perrots, wealthy Americans who have a summer place near Greenfield. Perrot a keen woodsman & we had a long yarn afterwards.

The big Canadian news of the past week was the Liberal party's selection of Mr. St. Laurent as their leader in place of Mackenzie King. Overseas the queer situation in Berlin continues, with the Russians still behaving in their boorish & hostile manner, apparently eager for war, & the British & U.S. forces still supplying their portion of the Berlin area by air.

THURSDAY, AUG. 12, 1948

Golf this afternoon. Edith & I went on from the clubhouse to White Point with Mrs. ~~Harold~~ Dyer & had a chat & drinks with Mr. & Mrs. Goodwin Harris, Torontonians who are on holiday there. Back to town & a very special chicken chop-suey at Peter Wong's. A chat this evening at Parker's with Warren & Hazel (Cushing) Winters. Winters is an example of the good material Canada lost to the

U.S. in the lean years after the first Great War. He served in France & Belgium with the N.S. Highlanders & soon afterwards migrated to Hartford, Conn. where he joined the staff of one of the big insurance companies. He is now a highly paid actuary, an American citizen, & he & his wife (also a Bluenose) are thoroughly steeped in American ways of thought & life; their two children are 100% American, & all of them regard Nova Scotia with the tolerant and slightly contemptuous amusement of civilized folk visiting the heathen in his native squalor.

FRIDAY, AUG. 13/48.

Golf this afternoon with Hector Dunlap - who pointed out that it was an unlucky day to play - & sure enough we both played as terrible a game of golf as White Point has yet seen. Afterwards picked up Professor Harold Mc Innes & his wife & took them to the old Perkins house & other points of interest, then on to my house, where had drinks & dinner. Drove them back to White Point later in a terrific downpour of rain, which continued all night.

SATURDAY, AUG. 14/48.

Much damage to roads by last night's cloudburst & by winds of hurricane force (which we escaped) in the eastern parts of N.S. A wash-out on the railway

near Chester derailed the morning train, which did not arrive in Liverpool until about 8 p.m. - seven hours late.

~~Visited~~ Tommy & his chum Gordon Kyle are camping for a week at Summerville Beach. Look out a load of stuff for them this afternoon.

SUNDAY, AUG. 15/48 Helen Brighton arrived in town yesterday with her recording equipment. She has spent the summer mostly in Windsor & Pubnico, gathering folk-lore of all sorts. She wants a recording of Liverpool seamen & their chants & ballads, so this evening I took her to see old Will Smith. At first he was reluctant to sing unless I sang with him, but as we got into the chants he lost his nervousness & sang heartily until 11 p.m.

MONDAY, AUG. 16/48 Miss Brighton came to lunch with us & brought a large & lovely bunch of water lilies purchased from a boy in the street. She intends visiting Cape Island next, but first had to attend a wedding in Hfx. She left about 2 p.m.

I went on to the golf course with Edith & my mother. I played a fair round. Many people out. Visited the boys at Summerville with fresh food supplies.

The Canadian govt. has removed its embargo on export of cattle to the inflated U.S. market, so

we are faced with a large & immediate rise in the price of meat. This appears to be a sop to the powerful farm lobby at Ottawa, which at last has admitted that "a suitable substitute for butter" (margarine) will be necessary in Canada next winter in view of the impending butter shortage. Alone amongst the nations of the world, Canada (thanks to the farm bloc) has forbidden importation, manufacture or sale of butter substitutes for the past fifty years.

WED. AUG. 18/48

Napier & Blanche Moore blew into town on the way back to Toronto from a holiday at Chester. They phoned from the Mersey Hotel, where they are staying the night, & came up & spent the evening with us. Moore has purchased land at Chester & contemplates building a summer home there when he retires in 1953.

THURSDAY, AUG. 19/48

The Moores left this morning for Yarmouth, & Edith & I went along with them in our own car as far as Barrington, where we had lunch together at the McMullen House. Today is Moore's 55th birthday & I had phoned Mrs. McMullen last night to arrange a birthday cake, so that it made a pleasant little surprise, with the waitress bringing in a fine pink-&-white confection, studded

with silver "thousands", & one great candle, & everybody in the dining room joining the chorus of "Happy Birthday to you". Edith & I drove back to pool in the afternoon, stopping to shop at Shelburne, & to visit Jimmy & chum at Summerville.

My old enemy, arthritis, is back after an absence of many months — this time appearing in my right arm about the elbow. Not severe but enough to give a twinge at any quick movement.

FRIDAY, AUG. 20/48 The first galleys of "Halifax" arrived from McClelland & Stewart today for correction.

Golf this afternoon with Moray. I went around 18 holes in 121 — lost 7 balls. Lovely cool day. Found my name posted for the duffers' competition — my opponent, Father Delaney of St. Gregory's.

Forgot to mention yesterday evening a visit from Harry Inder, who was O.S.B. at Camperdown radio station when I was stationed there in 1922. I knew him at once, after 26 years. He is still in the service, at North Sydney, after spending 20 years in the Magdalen Islands. Tells me that they now have a 44-hour week, first-rate pay, a pension on retirement & much better working conditions than in my day — but adds "the modern operator isn't a patch on the men of your day, who

really knew their business."

SATURDAY, AUG. 21/48

Golf this afternoon - the duffers' tournament - in which I went around with (R.C.) Father Delaney & managed 18 holes in 105. (Doc. Wickwire won the cup.)

TUESDAY, AUG. 24/48

Drove to Hfx. this afternoon, to attend a dinner at King's College (part of the reunion festivities) & address the Haliburton Club. Burning hot day. An excellent dinner in Commons Hall. About 150 men & women present. Premier MacDonald welcomed the Kings alumni back to N.S., & Mayor Ahern spoke for the city of Hfx. The chief dinner speaker was L. A. Forsyth ('09) once a teacher at King's & now a well-to-do lawyer in Montreal. Very witty & effective. After dinner all withdrew to the Haliburton Room, where, as a special concession (and in defiance of all precedent) the ladies were permitted to sit & listen to my address - a very nice compliment to me. Dr. Walker, president of King's, introduced me. I had chosen the subject "Nova Scotian humour", thinking it best suited not only to a club founded in Haliburton's memory but to a hot summer night, and it was happily received. Later I had talk with

Angus L. (who again mentioned his deep interest in the preservation of historic buildings, particularly the Perkins house and "Mount Uniacke") & with his wife, who is a leading spirit in the Poetry Society in Hfx. Also renewed my acquaintance with Burns Martin, Elliott Hudson, Dysart & others, & enjoyed the evening thoroughly.

WEDNESDAY, AUG. 25/48 Went into town this morning & gave Bendeliet, manager of the Book Room, nine copies of the West Nova history - an advance lot sent to me by the printers. They have done a fairly good job, although the paper did not come up to my expectations. The rest of the edition (which consists of 1,000 copies) are coming by freight from Montreal. The provincial Dept. of Education has ordered 200 copies for distribution to school libraries, & the rest go to Bendeliet for sale at \$4.00 (\$4.20 postpaid). All are to be autographed, so I must return to the city soon.

Drove to King's College at noon, picked up Dysart, & joined a procession of cars bearing the alumni to Hubbard's, where we enjoyed a fine buffet luncheon on the shore. The chief item was

fresh boiled lobster - boiled over an open fire on the beach in a huge rectangular copper affair which, according to an attendant, was originally one of the mess kettles of the American frigate "Chesapeake", captured in the War of 1812. Very hot weather, but it was pleasant sitting by the shore & talking to Forsyth & other good raconteurs.

Said goodbye at about 3:30 & drove home.

King's still suffers from its old financial ills. Anglicans apparently do not support their college as the Baptists & United Church support Acadia & Mount Allison. Partly this is due to a relatively small Anglican communion in the province & the comparative scarcity of wealthy Anglicans, but it seems to me that the shadow of the past still hangs over it - the old reliance on state support and the shock of its withdrawal. King's Collegiate School at Windsor is in still worse shape financially, still under the rigid rule of the Synod - who contribute very little to its support. As Dunscomb (dean of men at King's College) confessed, "The miracle is that the college & school have managed to exist at all for the past century." He is

very loyal & energetic, a lively man with a very engaging personality, a tower of strength to Walker I should say.

Tea at home. Very hot, & afterwards we fled to the cooler air of White Point, where I played 18 holes - the last two in the dusk, a groping sort of business. Score 112.

Returned to find Rex Wilson in the garden - a young American teacher at Brown University who wants to do a study of comparative philology in this part of N.S. next year.

THURSDAY, AUG. 26/48. Golf this afternoon. Then to Forbes Point at Port Joli with the Parkers & Dunlaps. We had a delicious swim & a picnic tea by the shore. Then went to call on an American college professor, Dr. Terpenning, & his wife, both elderly people, who have a cabin on one part of the point. Parker had arranged to purchase the north side of the point & now produced the deeds. He bought part of the land from Terpenning for \$400 & part from old Avery Macdonald for \$300. He plans to build a summer cottage there in a year or two, & hinted that he would sell cottage sites to Dunlap & me. Home at 11:30.

FRIDAY, AUG. 27/48

Busy reading galley-proofs of the "Halifax" volume, which are now coming in steadily from McClelland & Stewart. Golf this afternoon.

SATURDAY, AUG. 28/48

Tommy & his chums broke camp at Summerville today - he has been away most of the summer - at cadet camp, then at Camp "Napones" & finally at the beach. Edith & I drove to Chester this morning & had lunch at the Hackmatack Inn with Mr. & Mrs. Treblecock, who have a cottage nearby. (He is manager of the Toronto Stock Exchange). Afterwards drove to see the land purchased by Napier Moore, a steep grassy hillside with a very lovely view of sea & islands. Then to the golf course, where we watched thirty-three yachts coming in on the homeward leg of the Saturday race - a sight to behold. Left Chester about 5 p.m. & drove through Lunenburg to Bridgewater where we found the restaurants unable to serve hot meals because the electric supply had been cut off by a lightning storm. Went on towards L'pool, and from Hebb's Cross to Mill Village passed through the most violent lightning storm I ever saw - a continual flashing of lightning and floods

of rain. Almost impossible to drive at times, because the wipers could not clear the rain from the windshield fast enough. Terrific & continuous thunder. Saw a large house or barn near Italy Cross a mass of flames, apparently struck in the storm. At Brooklyn we found the roads dry & people walking about in shirt-sleeves. Home for a bottle of beer & then down to Peter Wong's restaurant for chop-suey - delicious, & what a quantity!

THURSDAY, SEP. 2/48 One of the miracles of the excellent meteorological service which ~~we~~ we retain from the late war, is the ability to "watch" the progress of storms. Thus in the past 3 days we have had regular bulletins on a hurricane which appeared at Barbados heading north, took a look at Carolina, & passed our coast just east of Sable Island - with a side-swipe at Cape Breton, where the winds reached a force of 65 M.P.H. & there was much ~~the~~ damage. Here on the ~~shore~~ south shore we got the fringe of it - strong northerly winds, grey skies, & as temperature dropping to 45° Fahr. every night. This sudden change from the burning weather of summer sent me foraging about Milton for a supply of wood for my fireplace. Arranged to

get 4 cords from Steve Whymot @ \$14.⁰⁰ — just double
the price in 1938. The coal miners in N.S. are
making their annual demand for more wages — which
means another jump in the price of soft coal, & another
whirl in the spiral of inflation.

Amongst our various visitors in the past few
days were an odd trio — a Mrs. Hartley, who
comes from Toronto, a small slight grey-blonde woman
of about 55; a Mr. Bercovich, an artist who
lives in Montreal, 50-ish, tall, fat, blond, with
heavy-lidded large green-grey eyes, a jolly countenance
& a terrific Central-European accent; and Madame
Guise, Bercovich's mistress, a black-haired, swarthy
Frenchwoman in the early 50's who looks more like a
Mexican. They were on a painting tour of N.S.,
professed themselves charmed with the country, &
said they were coming back. They travel by train &
bus, & their baggage (very little) they wheel along
the street in a light two-wheeled trolley of the sort
you see in big city self-service stores. We have
had a stream of callers all summer, many of them
people who had read my books & wanted to see the
author (Bercovich was "charmed" with *Pride's Lane*) but
these were the most exotic, I think.

FRIDAY, SEP 3, 1948

Fine warm day. Drove to Hfa this afternoon, taking Mother home, & dropping off Edith at the Seabreeze Hotel, Queensland Beach, for a few days' rest. I stayed the night at Mother's flat. Phoned Bendelier (of The Book Room) who told me he had not received the West Nova histories — which according to the printers had been shipped Aug. 23rd. I wired the printers to trace the shipment. I had hoped to autograph the books while I was up here — now I must make another trip within a few days — one more in the long succession of expensive headaches this book has given me.

SATURDAY, SEP 4, 48

Shopping downtown this morning — got some new records of sea shanties at Willis' store, & some chocolates for Edith at Moir's, & some candy for the kids. Left about 10 a.m., stopped at Queensland for a chat with Edith, pushed on to L'pool & had lunch at home. Then on to the golf course, where I played a rotten 18 holes — my wrists a bit tired from the 100 mile car drive perhaps. Sunny & cool, a distinct feel of Fall in the air, & the sea the hard dark blue of autumn. This prompt appearance of autumn at the very first of September is a little dismaying when we remember how the cold wet

spring weather lingered through most of June.
MONDAY, SEP. 6/48 (Labour Day) Very hot. Golf this
afternoon with Brent Smith, my score 105. These
scores would look better if I played "preferred
lies" as the club rules permit (and as most players
do) but the business of tee-ing up the ball at every
lie by poking it into position seems to me like
cheating at solitaire. I play 'em where they fall
& so can look Colonel Bogey right in the eye.

A wire from Provincial Publishing Co. says most
of the West Nova books have been shipped from
Montreal & the rest will follow shortly. Galley-proofs
of the Halifax book still coming in for correction.

TUESDAY, SEP. 7/48 Hot day. Edith arrived home from
her little holiday, on the noon fuz from Queensland, &
reports the food at the Seabreeze very good & the
company amusing. Tommy & I busy putting
firewood in the cellar this morning & evening. A
frightful stink of oil there on Sunday revealed a
serious leak in my oil barrel, which lies on its side
in chocks. (Water in the oil settles at the bottom ~~and~~
& eventually rusts it through). Got the Imperial Oil
man to come up, transfer the oil to a new barrel.
Cost \$6.00 (\$5 for the barrel, \$1 to the man for his trouble.)

Replaced a pane in one of the cellar windows, broken by Tommy's ball. Golf this afternoon - score 106 - very hot in spite of the air from the bay.

A Canadian naval squadron including the new aircraft carrier "Magnificent" is en route for Hudson Bay for manoeuvres. It is the first time that warships of any nation have sailed those waters since the old French wars, & it reflects the current distrust of Russia on the other side of the Pole. In France the people are up to their merry old game of changing the government every week or so. The collapse of 1940 has taught them nothing & their nation remains rotten at the core. This leaves the debt-harrassed British the only strong nation in Europe outside Russia. The Americans are still playing a strong hand in European affairs, of course: indeed U.S. newspapers & magazines are loud about the Soviet menace, & many of them predict war within 5 years. A small Royal Navy frigate has just finished a short stay in Halifax. She is the first (and probably the only) R.N. ship to call at Hfx in 1948. What a change from the old days! Several U.S. warships (including submarines) have been in Hfx this summer on training cruises.

MONDAY, SEP. 13, 1948.

Drove to Hfx. this morning & spent the afternoon autographing copies of "West Nozas" at the Book Room, Barrington St. Upon taking the books out of the cartons we found at least a dozen copies badly marred by black thumb-prints - apparently the binder's - two bound in the covers upside-down, etc. But the worst discovery was that 50 copies bore numbers above 1,000 - this in an edition stated on the flyleaf to be a "special edition, limited to 1,000 copies, of which this is N^o 50-and-40". How this ridiculous error occurred is something for the printers to explain. Obviously these books cannot be sold, nor can the numbers be altered without casting suspicion upon the validity of the whole "special edition". The printers, (a French-Canadian firm which uses the Canadian Military Journal as a front for soliciting printing jobs from military & veterans' organizations) billed me for the full amount of the job plus several unexplained extras - sending the bill at least 2 weeks before final shipment was made, & urging me to pay at once. I refused.

TUESDAY, SEP. 14/48.

Autographing books all day at the Book Room. Bendisier told me in confidence that Ryerson Press (of Toronto) who own the Book Room business, are planning to close it next

Chevrolet at nearly what I paid for it in 1936.

A textile manufacturing company at Leno, which began to build a new plant a year ago at an estimated cost of \$150,000, has found that it required another \$100,000 before completion. The company is thus in serious financial difficulty & the Eastern Trust Co., acting for the bond-holders, has had to step in and take over.

SUNDAY, SEP. 19/48 Cool sunny day, which Edith & I spent with Lou & Frances Parrot at Greenfield. We drove this morning to Jason's Creeds' house at Mill Village, left our car there & went on with the Creeds in their car to "Harlow Lodge". This is a large & picturesque bungalow of logs, with a roof of 3-foot cedar shingles laid about 10" to the weather. It stands in a large block of fine hemlock & pine timber on a bluff overlooking Mountain Falls of the Medway River, between Greenfield & Bangs Falls. Originally this large grove was owned by an American named Holmes, who built a large summer-house and outdoor fireplace & encouraged local young people to hold picnics & corn-boils there. When I came to Milton in the early 1920's I used to motor out there with other young men & girls for such affairs, and

Correction. Holmes died about 1926, and
his estate sold the Greenfield woodland to
Lou Parrot

the place was known as Holmes Park. After the great
financial crash of 1929 Holmes sold the area to
a successful speculator named Parrot, who ~~came in~~
~~1933~~ built the present lodge, which is of course,
barred to the public. Parrot is a gaunt shock-
haired man of about 65. He was quite badly injured
in World War One, & after getting out of hospital
spent several years in a sort of hobo life, living
mostly in the woods of Maine & northern New Brunswick.
In this way eventually he recovered somewhat in health
& ambition, went into the ^{insurance and} stock-broking business in Boston,
& by a series of lucky (or skilful) speculations made
a fortune in the great bull market of 1927-1929.
Apparently, he was able to "cash in" before the
crash of '29 & he & his wife have been spending the
four summer months at their Greenfield lodge ever since. ~~his~~
His wife is a good-looking blonde of about 40, from
Arkansas, & speaks with a rich Southern accent.
At the lodge we found the Parrots & John &
Dorothy Nickwire, & we all set off for the foot of
Panoak Lake in cars well packed with picnic baskets.
Went up the lake in Parrot's motor-boat & landed on
Little Glode Island, where the Parrots frequently come
to spend a night in a substantially built log

lean-to with a vast stone fireplace before it. Here the guide (old Ray Robart) boiled potatoes & heated up the prepared food, & we all sat about a long table of hewn plank & devoured great dishes of stewed chicken & vegetables, followed by strawberry shortcake & coffee. At 4 p.m. we returned to the lodge, sat about talking & admiring the river, & about 6 p.m. had a buffet supper in the big living-room before a log fire on the stone hearth. Parrot is an ardent archer & showed us his bows & arrows with great pride. Like most rich Americans he is an ardent Roosevelt-hater also, & cannot stop, although "that man" is now dead & gone. In other respects he is an amusing conversationalist, especially when recalling his tramp life after the old war, & he is a genuine lover of the forest & wild life. Left with the Creeds about 9 & drove down the river in a flood of light from a full moon. Home about 10:30.

Monday, Sep. 20/48 Sunny, but with a cool northerly wind. Page proofs of the Halifax book are now arriving, so I can compile an index. Desmond Newell, of Mc Graw-Hill & Stewart, called this afternoon. He reports advance sales of "Halifax" fairly good, although the tentative price of \$5.00 makes booksellers cautious in their orders. I

played 18 holes of golf this afternoon with Brent Smith
— my score 103. Aunt Marie's birthday today.
She came down to tea with us, & there was of course
a birthday cake.

TUESDAY, SEP. 21/48 Fine cool. Golf with Smith again
this afternoon — my score 101, the best this year.

WEDNESDAY, SEP. 22/48 Cool, cloudy, showery. I had
agreed to "open" the Gallopia Fair, so after an early
lunch I set off for North Queens with Edith, Frances,
& Lynn Seldon. (Tommy had gone out with the cadet
band in the morning.) The prepared highway has
been oiled, as far as it goes — the 12-Mile — & is
as smooth as asphalt. The rest of the way quite good
as well. The 18-Mile meadows very lovely with swamp
maples all in red leaf. Ronald Shutt, the live-wire
manager of the Fair, met me at the main building. The
show began there at 2 p.m. when Merrill Lavington
(Minister of Highways) stepped up to the microphones (there
was a public-address loudspeaker system, also a recording
outfit from CKBW, the radio station at Bridgewater)
& introduced me in a neat little speech. I spoke about
fifteen minutes & pronounced the fair "open". There
followed a beauty contest, with 16 very charming young
things from various parts of the county parading back

& forth on the platform while three judges made up their minds. Eventually the "queen" was chosen - young Edith Hyde, sixteen, a very pretty girl who lives a few houses away from us on Park Street. She mounted a "throne" was draped in a very fine scarlet robe, & provided with a very gaudy but effective looking sceptre.

I was asked to crown the "queen", & did so with pleasure. This concluded my duties & I spent the rest of the afternoon wandering about the fair grounds and acting as banker for Tommy & Frances. Met a good many old acquaintances, including Clark Murray.

The season was so wet through June that all the crops had to be planted late & hence the crops are really too late for the exhibition - only a meagre display of vegetables & fruits. A very poor poultry display, much to my surprise. Very good displays of horses & cattle, however, & in general the fair is one of the best yet. We had supper in one of the "restaurants" (one conducted by ladies in aid of Baptist Church funds, the other for United Church funds) & drove home in the sunset light. Later, at 9.30, we heard CKBW broadcasting the whole business.

A letter from Col. Keebler, of Canadian Military Journal, conveys explanations & excuses from the printers

of "West Nova". In lieu of damaged & mis-numbered copies they are sending me ten, correctly numbered, & say that eight more were sent to newspapers for review. To this they add a rebate of \$50 on the bill.

THURSDAY, SEP. 23/48

Lovely sunny day. The nights are chilly now & we enjoy an open fire. In the mornings when I get up I turn on a portable electric heater in the kitchen & light the oil stove in my den to take off the sharp chill of the night.

Golf this afternoon - the best yet - for without conscious striving I not only "broke 100" but achieved a marvellous 90! Today I mailed Canadian Military Journal a cheque for their printing bill, adding express charges, deducting their rebate & the \$1,000 cash I advanced on the contract.

SUNDAY, SEP. 26/48

Glorious weather. Frosty at night, clear sunshine all day, & by afternoon warm enough for shirt-sleeves. Golf this morning with Tom Miller. My score 99, his 98. Alice (Lamont) Smith is staying a few days with us, & this afternoon we all went up-river & had a picnic tea beside the tailrace of No. 1 power dam. Saw three deer by the river road on the way home. The Atlas Construction Co., which has a camp on the knoll just above

Billy Wagler's old place on Deep Brook, has torn up the earth & razed the forest in all directions, but it is difficult to see yet what ~~of~~ form the new power development will take. Saw several gangs of farmers & lumbermen at the Indian Gardens with motor trucks, rounding up & carrying home the cattle which, in the old custom, were turned loose up-river to graze at large all summer. Formerly these cattle were not rounded up until late October; but nowadays, when the autumn woods are full of chumps with rifles, shooting at everything that moves, the owners find it wise to get their cattle home before the hunting season.

MONDAY, SEP 27/48

Another lovely day. Golf again — in very bad form, score 115, & lost 7 or 8 balls. Edith & Alice came along. Returned home & had a visit from (Mrs) Phoebe Eyskine Mackellat, an electionist now making her headquarters at Hfx., who is anxious to arrange recitals in the South Shore towns. Says she met me at a Canadian Authors' meeting in Toronto or Montreal, & wants me to use my influence with the local school board, the I.O.D.E., & others, to get her a booking here. I gather that she recites everything from

Shakespeare to Ned Pratt, & in costume. She is a slender, vivacious woman of about 35, light brown hair, blue eyes, good legs — & talks a blue streak. I advised her to see the regent of the I.O.D.E., & I would put in a word for her. A little Shakespeare on the hoof wouldn't do the townsfolk any harm & might prove interesting & instructive.

WEDNESDAY, SEP. 29/48 Wonderful weather. Golf every afternoon — today with Brent Smith. My score 107. Bert Anderson, the big, roaring, plethoric but goodnatured boss of the power developments on Mersey River ever since they were built in 1929, died today of a heart ailment. Tonight between 10 & 11 p.m. the trans-Canada network of the C.B.C. broadcast as a play my novel "Frieda's Fancy", under the direction of J. Frank Willis, with an original musical score composed by Godfrey Ridout and played by an orchestra under Samuel Helsenkoren. It was well done. The radio adaptation by Joseph Schull very good indeed. I wired my congratulations to Willis.

THURSDAY, SEP. 30/48 "Bert" Anderson died of a heart ailment ~~today~~ ^{yesterday} at 58. A big rough P.C. Islander, very competent & popular, he had been supt. of the power developments on the Mersey River since they were built in 1929.

FRIDAY, ~~SEP~~ OCT. 1, 1948.

Another lovely day. Spent the morning washing & putting on storm windows. Golf this afternoon - my score 94. Deer hunting season opened today, with a mob of hunters in the woods. The great Conservative convention is in full swing at Ottawa. John Bracken has resigned as leader, & the chief applicants for the job are John Diefenbaker, an able lawyer from Saskatchewan, and Premier George Drew of Ontario. General opinion is that Drew will become national leader, since he has the support of his own province - all-powerful in Conservative Party politics. But this will mean that Ontario will now rule the national party openly (as it has done covertly for 40 years) and the rest of Canada has little love for that province. To my mind Diefenbaker is the party's best choice if it hopes for anything like national support in the next election. Drew is too closely identified with the rich & greedy Ontario manufacturers & financiers.

In Europe the situation remains grave. The Russians continue their belligerent talk & tactics at Berlin, Britain has begun to re-arm on a large scale, the U.S. are increasing their own great armaments (they are conscripting men for training, the first time this

has occurred in peacetime in their history) & here in Canada strenuous efforts are being made to bring the Reserve force up to strength, and to encourage military training in the schools. The school cadet corps now wear a uniform exactly like that of the active army, & each corps wears on its berets the badge of the local Reserve unit. (In the case of Liverpool it is the artillery.) Lieut. Fred Embree (who served with the West N.Y. Regt in the late war & is now on the army staff at Hfx) visited the Liverpool corps this week on a tour of inspection, & informed the boys that their corps will soon receive new uniforms, gymnasium equipment, great-coats, raincoats, field telephone and signalling equipment, standard army rifles, Bren guns, etc.

The local Reserve unit (the 133rd. field battery, R.C.A.) has issued a call for 100 more recruits. It is part of the 14th. Field Regiment, whose ~~three~~ three batteries are all on the South Shore: — the 84th. field battery at Yarmouth, the 152nd. at Shelburne, & the 133rd. at Liverpool. Its local H.Q. (133rd. Battery) is in the old Elmwood hotel buildings. We hear that the old hotel is to be torn down & that a modern armoury will be built in its place.

Weather during September was generally fine

with some very warm days - & some unseasonably cold ones. The gales & rain we had were caused by four hurricanes which came up from the West Indies & passed to seaward over Sable Island, causing secondary disturbances in our area. One unusual result of the hurricanes has been the appearance of flocks of pelicans on the shore east of Halifax, off Port Medway, & in the Cornwallis River. According to Robt Tufts, the Wolfville bird expert, this is the first recorded visit of white pelicans to Nova Scotia.

WEDNESDAY, OCT. 6/48 Gorgeous weather; golf every afternoon. Scores run from 109 down to 94. All summer & fall I have been unable to settle down to writing a novel, because a procession of printers' proofs etc. has been coming in.

The West Nova history was the worst - a stream of proofs & correspondence all through July & most of August. Then began a stream of galley proofs for my Halifax book, to be published by McClelland & Stewart. After galleys came the page proofs - because in this case I had to compile an index. Sent off the index & the last batch of page proofs yesterday - and received in the same mail a great package of page proofs, the entire proofs of Prof. H. A. Innis' book on Simson Perkins' diary, to be published by the Champlain Society. The Society

originally asked me to compile the book, but I could not undertake it & they passed the whole job to Innis. I took the original Perkins diary up to Hfx, so that Innis could examine it at his leisure in the Archives. He let it lie there nearly 3 years before he got around to the job, & now he has sent me the entire proofs with a bland request that I check them before publication.

Yesterday I wrote a long & urgent letter to Will Bird, who is chairman of the N. S. Historic Sites & Monuments Board. The Board was formed one year ago & in that time Bird has called just two meetings, both last spring, & nothing whatever has been done. I expressed to Bird my keen dissatisfaction over the neglect of the Simon Perkins house, which has stood shut up & untended ever since the gov't. accepted possession in September 1947; and I demanded that something concrete be done about care & maintenance of this property at once.

THURSDAY, OCT. 7/48 Worked yesterday & today on the Champlain Society's book, & spent this evening with J. Brenton Smith, going over doubtful names, etc. News from Quebec says that C. H. L. Jones has retired from the presidency of Price Bros. (the big Quebec paper & lumber firm) owing to ill health, — but that he will remain president of Mersey Paper Co. here. Hear that

Note: - the Liverpool based Canadian legion, subsequently sent lawyer Ross Byrne to Montreal, to investigate Tommy Falls' death. As far as we can find out, Falls was arrested for being drunk & diarrhoeic in a public place. He put up a struggle, requiring several policemen, all the way to the lock-up. There he was beaten over the head repeatedly with clubs, & never regained consciousness. However Byrne could do nothing in the face of the hand lying by the Montreal police.

Tommy Falls, (the Liverpool negro who enlisted in the West N. S. Regt, & won the heavyweight boxing championship of 1st. Canadian division, & finally of British Isles (Army)) died in some sort of brawl at Montreal lately.

He was a pleasant, inoffensive chap when I knew him before the war. He was one of "Tiger" (Lorence) Warrington's sparring partners in the latter 1930's when "Tiger" was at the peak of his career.

FRIDAY, OCT. 8, 48 Still fine warm days & frosty nights. Sent off the Champlain Society's proofs today, & wrote a long letter to Innis giving a list of errors & notes. Golf as usual this afternoon. Maples about the course in full colours now & a spectacle in the sunshine.

Letter from Will Bird; says he has done everything to get work started on the Perkins House, but that Mr. Harold Connolly, Minister of Trade & Industry, has simply ignored the whole project. Hints that there is "bad blood" between Connolly & someone else in the department who has charge of this sort of thing (probably T. J. Courtney) & suggests this is the reason. Says he (Bird) will take up the matter with Premier MacDonald, who is personally enthusiastic about the Perkins & Knacke houses & their preservation by the provincial government.

MONDAY, OCT. 11, 1948

Thanksgiving Day. Mild & overcast.

This morning in the presence of a large crowd, old Sheriff Duncan Mulhall laid the cornerstone of the new hospital (to be known as the Queens General Hospital) on the harbour side of the Western Head road, just inside the town limit. J. H. M. Jones presided, & there were addresses by Mayor Wright, M. D. Rawding, M.L.A. for Queens, & R. H. Winters, M.P. for Queens-Lunenburg. Mrs. Jerry V. Nickerson, started collecting for a hospital 12 years ago, but the chief driving force since then has been Jones, who was determined to see one built. The townsfolk generally are conscious of the advantages of a local hospital, but many wonder how the town is to support it, even with a certain amount of provincial government assistance. The financial history of small hospitals in country towns is a dismal one.

This afternoon I attended the season-closing ceremonies of the Liverpool Golf & Country Club, & played nine holes with Maurice Russell, Jack McLearn, & Capt. Charles Williams. At the clubhouse light refreshments were served, & Reg. Coboorn, the 1948 Club champion, saw that the big silver punchbowl was filled & its contents well distributed. B. J. Waters distributed the various cups won in match play, & all went happily. Henceforth the

clubhouse will remain closed for the winter months, but the course will remain open for the late season enthusiasts.

The news from abroad is good and bad. Europe like North America has enjoyed the best harvest in many years; but the constant & growing friction with Russia leads steadily towards war. All the nations are arming rapidly again. France, as usual, is torn by strikes, & changing its government every week - a tempting prospect to any invader. Everywhere the cost of living continues to rise, with the farmers, the manufacturers & the labour unions, vying with each other in the effort to force it higher & in the effort to blame each other for the result. What is the end to be?

THURSDAY, OCT. 14/48 Sunny & mild. I have a cold, just beginning, of the copious sneeze-&-flow sort which renders smoking an irritation & thinking impossible. So this morning at 9 Edith & I set out in the Chevrolet for the Valley - leaving the kids (at school) to get themselves a snack lunch from the refrigerator. The autumn colour is past its peak (the small red maples in the swamps have dropped their leaves) but is still magnificent. From L'pool to the County Poorhouse at the 12 Mile the road has been completed - all but the asphalt paving, but a temporary coat of oil gives it a smooth surface, so that I could buzz along at 50 M.P.H. without

the usual violent bouncing of a gravel road. From 12 Mile to South Brookfield the old gravel highway remains untouched, pot-holes in places but on the whole quite good. From South Brookfield to Kempt the roadbed has been widened, raised, straightened etc. this summer (the contractors are still at work), & we found this stretch rough, with mud to the axles in places, & cluttered with busy steam shovels & trucks. From Kempt to Annapolis the old highway again. Turned off through Leguille, crossed the river by the sawmill, & again admired the lovely view of meadows, trees & hills, on the way around past the golf course. Stopped in Annapolis for gasoline. The North Mountain in full colour & most gorgeous. A high tide (moon will be full on the 17th) filling the Basin & surging up the river as far as Bridgetown in a grey flood with white-caps caused by the force of the current. Stopped at a farmer's wayside stand to buy plums & apples. The English market (which demanded chiefly gravensteins) has vanished since 1939 - stopped by sea transport difficulties during the war, and killed by Britain's financial difficulties after 1945. Ottawa has been persuading Valley farmers to face the fact since the war ended, & by offering bonuses for old trees destroyed & for new graftings & plantings made, the Dept. of Agriculture

has got many of the orchardists to pull up the old grovenstein
(& other unmarketable) trees & replace them with red-skinned
apples like Delicious & Hinesap which sell well in Canada
& the U.S. The conversion is well advanced, & all
along the Valley we passed orchards of the old types
literally pulled up by the roots. Still there is a crop
of about one million barrels to be disposed of, & the
Dominion govt. has come to the rescue. It proposes to buy
the unsaleable portion of the crop & distribute the fruit
to hospitals, jails, orphanages, etc. — free. The new
graftings & plantings are expected to bear in another
three or four years, & until then, presumably the Dom.
govt. will continue to hold the baby. The strange
thing to us is that the growers still demand top prices
for their product — on our South Shore a small hamper
of Valley apples costs \$3.50 — & they complain that
the home market is so small! When one considers
that the Valley apple crop has been disposed of by all
sorts of artificial means since 1939, the whole district
looks amazingly prosperous. Stopped at Middleton
about 1 p.m. & had a fine dinner at the American House
— where we encountered Mrs. Gilbert Morris of the Royal
Hotel, Mahone, apparently on a sort of busman's holiday.
On the Middleton - Bridgewater road we found

the first 20 miles or so newly paved (as far as Albany cross) & the next 23 miles of old gravel highway very rough, full of holes & washboards, all the way to New Germany. This road illustrates the effect of the six-year war on the gov't. paving program. The first 17 miles from Bridgewater to New Germany were paved as far back as 1938. Ten years later we have 20 more miles paved — & there remains that awful 23-mile gap.

Home about 7 p.m. Note:— the Middleton-Bridgewater road is a curious jigsaw. The newly paved stretch from Middleton to Albany cross follows exactly the route of the ancient road from Nictaux to Liverpool, first surveyed in 1798 & later cut out & much used by the people of North Queens. (The bit of this old highway between Albany cross & North Brookfield is still passable for wagons, I'm told.) At Albany cross the motor highway turns off the old Liverpool road, & follows the old Annapolis-Halifax military road (surveyed in 1814-15, & subsequently settled by veterans of Wellington's army) for about 5 miles to Dalhousie, & then strikes off towards New Germany by the old Lahave road, cut some time previous to 1815 towards Nictaux from the German settlements at East Lahave.

FRIDAY, OCT. 15/78. Indoors all of a wet gloomy day with a severe cold.

SATURDAY, OCT. 16, 1948.

Frosty night. Sunny day. Fruit on my golden-elder shrubs hanging in great purple bunches. Virginia creeper a bright scarlet, the shapely ash tree beside my den just turning a faint ~~pink~~ purplish hue before casting off its leaves. Leaves falling everywhere. Here in Nova Scotia this long & glorious passing away of summer is tinged with a special melancholy; not because we fear the death of the year, which is stark & white & has its own beauty and even satisfaction, but because we know the resurrection will be so long, so slow, so wet & bleak and joyless. After last spring, with its racking bronchitis that did not leave me till the sunshine of July, I find myself longing for Arizona or some other dry & sunny place where I could go & work from March to June.

After long & vexatious delays, harassed by an endless succession of printer's proofs & the work & wires & correspondence connected with them, I am able at last to turn my whole mind to the novel I had hoped to begin last summer.

The difficulty, as always, is the start - the plunge from the diving board. Yet it should not be difficult to write, for it will deal with wireless operators & their women on lonely stations 25 or 30 years ago. In one sense it is a story I've been waiting all that time to write.

Saw this afternoon with Dunlap & Smith & Edith came along & kept score. I played badly (score 108) but

enjoyed the warm sunshine & the exercise after yesterday's confinement.

SUNDAY, OCT. 17/48

Sunny, with strong S. wind. Golf this morning with Dunlap & Smith. Played wretchedly - score 118. (Dunlap 108, Smith 94.) This afternoon went out again, this time with Edith only, & played 18 holes in exactly 100 - very good in such a gale. Many players out.

MONDAY, OCT. 18/48

Began my novel about wireless operators & an island today. Wrote about 1,000 words - & promptly re-wrote almost all of them. Rain all day. Spent the afternoon cleaning the furnace.

TUESDAY, OCT. 19/48.

Overcast, with a bitter north wind. At my desk all morning & evening. For exercise went out alone to the golf course & played 19 holes. Not another player on the course, & no wonder in such weather.

SATURDAY, OCT. 23/48

Very cold weather for this time. Temp. 23° Fahrot. night before last - 17° in Milton. Lit my furnace yesterday for the first time since our cold & rainy June. This afternoon went to Eagle Lake with Parker & Dunlap for a week-end deer hunt - the first time I've had my rifle off the rack this fall. This year the deer-hunting season has been extended to two whole months (Oct. & Nov.) & we plan to have our main

hunt in the latter part of November when the leaves are off all the hardwoods. Reached camp about 4 p.m. & went on by canoe to the head of Eagle Lake, where Dunlap & I concealed ourselves (I on my favourite rock) in the wild meadow by the brook, while Parker went up through the woods south of it. A long gold vigil with no reward — not even a sound. Parker reported many deer tracks in the swamp skirting the hemlocks. Back to camp in the dark, & soon had a roaring fire & a good supper. P. & I played cribbage, & I listened to the hockey broadcast from Toronto.

SUNDAY, OCT. 27/48 Wind S.E., overcast, threatening rain. Had a late breakfast & about 10:30 a.m. went down to Half-Hay Cove in the red canoe. Looked about the hardwood hill & found plenty of deer signs, then followed our new trail to the foot of Long Lake & found that the deer had been using it a lot — one big buck had done some furious pawing here & there. Saw a few ducks in the cove there, & noticed others apparently feeding in the brook at the lake outlet. P., who had a shotgun, crept through the wild grass & got a shot or two. About 30 ducks went up. He got one, a small grey bird like a teal. Rain began to pour as we followed the brook down to Eagle Lake & scrambled along the lake

shore to the canoe. Reached camp drenched about 9 p.m. Cooked a late dinner. The rain let up nicely & we were out at Big Falls by dark.

MONDAY, OCT. 25/48

A howling easterly gale began last night soon after I got home & raged all of today, with sheets of rain. The first really severe storm of the autumn - those of Sept. & early Oct. passed to seaward of us & struck the coast east of Hfx. An American fishing vessel, a dragger, running into the harbor last night got on the bar, on the Sandy Cove side of the channel, & would have beaten to pieces but for two local fishing boats, which at considerable risk in the dark & the breaking seas got lines aboard & towed her off.

This afternoon with Edith in the car I drove around Western Head, where the sea was magnificent, the spume & froth blowing right across the road.

The frosts of last week have severely damaged the apple crop in the Annapolis Valley, where such popular varieties as Northern Spy & Delicious were still on the trees. Temps. as low as 14° Fahr't reported in some very low orchards.

TUESDAY, OCT. 26/48

Rain all night & today, with fierce gusts of wind at times. Eaton's mail-order catalogue for this fall & winter is advertising "Pride's Fancy" at #149.

This is the first time that any of my books has been offered anywhere (except through book clubs) at less than the original retail price. In this case Mclelland & Stewart had a large stock on hand, a result of too great an enthusiasm back in the winter of 1946-1947, when Doubleday's arrangement with the Literary Guild poured 50,000 copies into Canada & sated the market.

WEDNESDAY, OCT. 27/48 A glorious sunny day after 60-odd hours of continuous storm & wet. Golf this afternoon with Edith; played very badly (64 & 53) but the sun & air were wonderfully good. A strong northerly gale blowing, though strangely mild in temperature; & a grand surf breaking along the beach & amongst the rocks & flinging spray in my face as I stood on N^o 5 tee. Gave my furnace & den stove-pipes a final overhaul, using asbestos cement in the joints. The furnace job was rather quaint, for I had to lean far into the abyss through the hall register hole, wetting the smokepipe with spray from the garden watering can, & smearing the clay on with manipulations of my N^o 5 golf iron. The job was rather good - certainly the best stroke with my N^o 5 today.

This evening at the movies with Edith & Frances. Bill Wilson called just as we got home & presented us with a jar of "Father John's own honey" - which.

is made by bees maintained by the reverend John on the breed place at Mill Village - & more surprisingly, a pint of "mead," fermented from honey by the reverend John after a recipe in Mrs. Beaton's Cook Book. We drank the mead dubiously (but with determined shouts of "Skool"!) and found it a very mild & pleasant drink.

THURSDAY, OCT. 28/48 Sunny & calm. Went round the golf course this afternoon in an even 100, much to my pleasure. From the 4th tee watched two flocks of wild geese heading down the coast to Port Joli, all honking merrily - & no wonder; it's a long way there from Hudson Bay. The golf course is a favourite resting place for other migrating flocks - robins, curlews & so on. Every day there seems to be a new lot.

FRIDAY, OCT. 29/48 Another summer day. Marie Freeman went to Hfx today, to enter the Victoria General Hospital for a rather serious operation. Terence took her there in his car, & Edith went along. I played 18 holes of golf (in 96) this afternoon.

Eire, within the past fortnight, became in name what it has been in fact for many years - an independent republic. South Africa is about to do the same. The south Irish and South Africans are oddly alike in their ancient grudges against the British, their insistence on a

language of their own, a flag of their own, and government with an intensely nationalistic policy over-riding English-speaking minorities. Both are anxious to incorporate in their rule certain people on the north (Ulstermen & Rhodesians) who are equally anxious to remain British. And both are notorious for bigotry and poor business capacity.

In Palestine the Jewish army has continued its conquest towards Egypt, despite the appeals of the United Nations' mediator, Bunches. The Jews, financed by an enormous fund raised in the United States during 1946 & 1947, & armed with guns, tanks & planes smuggled to Palestine from the U.S., have easily defeated the Egyptian troops, & have held the trans-Jordan Arab forces on a line drawn through Jerusalem. So far they have driven 200,000 Arab people from their homes, & they make no secret of their further aggressive plans.

SATURDAY, OCT. 30/48. Lovely day. Golf this afternoon. Dr. Bengie Atlee operated on Marie Freeman today, says she is doing well. The presidential-election hubbub in the U.S. is now at its height, & the betting seems to be on Dewey. The N.S. Minister of Agriculture, McKenzie, has declared in a public address that the British market for Annapolis Valley apples seems permanently closed, & as there seems to be

no market in the U.S. or central Canada (which ~~has~~ ^{has} apples of ~~their~~ ^{its} own to market) — two thousand families may be forced to leave the Valley to seek a living elsewhere. This seems a deliberate exaggeration, for the rich soil is still there & a good many Valley people already have gone in for mixed farming — the obvious solution. Bob Chambers' cartoon in today's Halifax Herald shows the statue of Evangeline at Grand Pre, leaning down from her pedestal to read the McKenzie statement, & exclaiming "What! Again?"

Tonight is Halloween, & the "shell-out" parties were out in full force, disguised in masks or burnt cork & in various costumes. Tommy & nine of his chums got into a scrape on Summit Street, where they carried a heavy iron water pipe from the nearby excavation & placed it on someone's doorstep. The thing rolled down the steps & knocked a chunk off the lowermost, an "ornamental" concrete thing. The woman of the house (a harridan named Putnam) called the police, gave the names of five boys (including Thomas J.) & demanded their arrest. The policeman called Edith & the other parents, & the boys are to go down to the police office tomorrow afternoon.

SUNDAY, OCT. 31/48 Lovely weather continues. Played golf this morning with R. H. Lockward, local manager of

the Royal Bank. Golf again in the afternoon. Edith went around with me. Tommy & his chums were lectured by the policeman this afternoon & sent up to make their peace with Mrs. Putnam. The humourless creature informed them that they must pay for the repair of her doorstep, & that unless she had the money in her hand by next Wednesday she would see their parents in court. The boys were more astonished than chastened by her other remarks, & no wonder. She wants \$35!

Forgot to record two or three days ago that I had received two copies of the 1948 edition of Roger Sudden in Swedish. The translation was done by Ulla Hornborg & the printing in Helsingfors, Finland. Like the Danes, the Swedes use the title "The Unconquerable" ("DE OKUVLIGA"). The sale of these rights was arranged through Doubleday Doran under my old agreement with them.

Monday, Nov. 1/48 The finish of autumn rolls on. Each morning I write - or go through the motions; each afternoon I make the round of White Point, pausing at each tee & frequently along the seaward fairways, to admire the view; each evening I shut myself up in my den with my unborn novel. At this stage the characters always seem to move & talk in a flat sort of way - you know what you want, yet you can't get it on to

the paper. Every third or fourth day you scrap what has been written, & start again, fumbling for the keynote you want & must have to go on with. This is what talking writers call "living with your characters," I suppose. To me it seems more like a passionate effort to make their acquaintance.

TUESDAY, Nov. 2/48 Fine again. The U.S. elections, which have troubled international (e.g. Palestine) as well as domestic politics ever since the campaign began a year ago, finally came to an end today when the voters actually went to the polls. As usual the Republican candidate had the fervent support of most U.S. newspapers & magazines — even the usually unbiassed "Time", and "Life", came out with ardent support for Dewey & flatly predicted his election. At midnight tonight the returns were far from complete but it was clear the Truman had been elected & that the Democrats had a majority in the Congress & probably the Senate.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 3/48 Fine again. Edith went up to Hfx. today in brother Jerry's car to call on sister Marie in hospital. The Nov. 6 issue of Saturday Evening Post contains my article on Seal Island, with Pasquarella's excellent colour-photographs. I secured copies for Jerry & Dewey Nickerson.

FRIDAY, Nov. 5 1948

Rain last night & mist & showers today - the first break in a remarkable stretch of fine weather. (I played 18 holes of golf yesterday afternoon in shirt-sleeves.)

The U.S. is still trying to figure out the amazing Democratic victory, which upset all predictions, including the Gallop & other private polls which had come to be regarded as infallible. Truman's own energetic and passionate campaign, waged in spite of gloomy predictions in his own ranks, & the defection of many of the Southern Democrats (who started their own party, the "Sixiecrats"), gives him a new stature in the world as in the U.S. The Chiang Kai chek regime in China, always corrupt, & held in power for the past six years by powerful American aid, seems to be collapsing. Communist armies (undoubtedly armed by the Russians) have taken Mukden, & with it the whole of Manchuria, & are already deep in the heart of China proper. American citizens have been advised to leave Nanking & Shanghai.

Golf again this afternoon & in shortsleeves, the air as balmy as summer. All this is part of a great calm which has been lying over half the continent for ten days, causing heavy fogs on the Great Lakes (where shipping was tied up for days), and a strange affair

in a small Pennsylvania zinc-smelting town, where the fog became soaked with poisonous vapour from the smelters & caused 500 casualties, ~~out~~ of whom a dozen or more died.

The Jason Breeds (of Mill Village) and Rev. John & Mrs. & Bill Wilson came to dinner with us tonight. Breed was purser on the cableships "Mackay-Bennet" many years before I sailed in her, & he was aboard when the first crude wireless outfit was installed at New York for the purpose of reporting the yacht races (about 1898) when Lord ^{LIPTON'S} ~~DeMorravens~~ ^{"STAMROCK I."} ~~Vallentyne~~ tried to win back the America's Cup. Some of this old gear was still stored in the ship in my time, & I "pinched" — & still have — the "coherer" which was the first form of radio tube.

MONDAY, NOV. 8/48

Fine, with a strong west wind, & still warm, after two days of alternate showers & drizzle. Golf this afternoon — 103. The course is remarkably good for so late in the season, although of course the fairways now are lumpy owing to the repeated night frosts, & the greens are "slow" due to uncut grass. Our horse furnace was lit & kept burning one or two days in the latter ^{part} ~~days~~ of October, when night frosts were severe, but it has been out since, & we still get along comfortably.

with a portable electric heater in the kitchen in the mornings, my den (oil) stove going, with the door open, which takes the chill off the dining room, & a good blaze of hardwood in the fireplace each evening.

I have not attended a meeting of the Canadian Legion in a very long time. Like many another of the old brigade I felt that we had fulfilled our task through the years & could call it finished when we handed over the local branch to young veterans of the late war, together with several hundred dollars in the current bank account & something like \$3,000 in the Poppy (Charity) Fund. I did not approve their subsequent enterprise, the "beer parlour", which operated for some time in the "sample rooms" of the Messy Hotel (a small separate building on Court Street), & then for many months in (of all places) the cellar of Dr. J. R. Ford's house, on Main Street. This was run by the doctor's son, Eugene, an erratic chap of 35 or so, suspected of being a pervert, & practising as a masseur. (For one year this creature was actually president of the local Legion branch!) The expected profits of the beer parlour failed to materialize, in fact last spring Ford & his parents (both mentally weak) packed up & removed to Shelburne in a hurry, leaving the Legion to pay a dismaying shower of bills.

Meanwhile the Legion rooms in the second floor of the building on the west corner of Main & Gorham streets, have become a hang-out for all sorts of loafers claiming to be ex-servicemen, & the good name of the Legion, which we had maintained jealously, has gone to the dogs.

The branch for some time has been running into debt, & paying bills out of the Poppy Fund to the tune of \$1700⁰⁰, a flagrant misuse of the charity fund.

Now, seeking another site for a "beer parlour", they propose to buy an old building on Roger Inness's wharf & make a clubhouse out of it, at an estimated cost of \$3,500. Today I received a circular inviting me to contribute "generously" to a fund for this purpose. I threw it in the waste-basket.

TUESDAY, Nov. 9/48. Overcast but mild. Golf this afternoon - score 99 (54+45). Strange to be coming home with golf clubs in late afternoon, & seeing Tommy or Frances dump their schoolbooks & rush off with their skates to the rink.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 10/48 Very mild, with dense fog. Played 18 holes this afternoon with Manuge, the pro, who went round in 67 - the lowest score yet made on the White Point course. (Mine was 101!) The steady decline of employment in N.S. since 1945, when the war industries

closed, has been eased by a steady trek to Ontario - taking the place of the trek to the U.S. after War One.

Things are booming in "Upper Canada" and the trek is growing, even from Queens County, where employment is relatively plentiful compared with most towns in N.S.

SATURDAY, NOV. 13/48

My birthday - the 45th. My family presented me with cigars and - the piece de resistance - a patent folding bed of the sort used by the air force during the war, very light, & taking very little space - just the thing for fishing trips. At lunch, too, there was an iced cake with candles, & a chant of "Happy Birthday to You."

After lunch I left with Hector Dunlap for several days' deer hunting at Eagle Lake. (The ~~second~~ time I've had my rifle off the rack this fall.) Parker & Hubert Macdonald cannot get away until tomorrow, so Dunlap & I hustled up to Big Falls in a drizzle of rain & spent until dark in boating & then carrying a week's supplies to Eagle Lake camp.

SUNDAY, NOV. 14/48

This morning Dunlap & I lugged the rest of the stuff up the mile of trail from the boat landing, & spent the rest of the day in various small chores, getting the camp ready for use. Parker arrived in mid-afternoon alone (Mac cannot come) & we spent the

rest of the daylight ~~setting our mouse traps at Haunted~~
~~Bog, at the upper end of Long Lake back, on the west~~
~~side of Long Lake.~~ & the evening in peeling vegetables
& cutting meat for a monumental stew, - enough to
fill our big camp dixie & provide 1 hearty meal a day
for a week.

MONDAY, Nov. 15/48

Fine & cool. We three set out
in the red canoe for a day's hunting towards Long
Lake. At Half Way cove on Eagle Lake I stepped
ashore, intending to hunt over the ridge & through the
woods to the north tip of Long Lake, where the others
would pick me up in the canoe again. About 200 yards
up the slope on the old trail I spotted a fine 8-point
buck trotting through the bushes towards the lake.

Apparently he had heard the sounds of the canoe & my
landing, & was hustling down to investigate. I just had
time to slip the safety catch & throw up my rifle when
he was crossing my path, not more than 100 feet ahead.

I aimed for the butt of his neck, & as he swerved towards me
when I pulled the trigger the bullet pierced the lower
part of his neck & shattered the heart. He dropped in
the path. P. & D. heard the shot & came back, & helped
to gut the carcass & hang it up. I then went on through
the woods while they set beaver traps at Haunted Bog and

the upper end of Long Lake brook. There we came together & went over in the canoe to set traps by a beaver house on the west side of Long Lake. Back at camp, very hungry, about 3 p.m., & by the time we had finished our belated meal the day was too far gone for further ventures.

TUESDAY, Nov. 16/48 Set off this morning to examine our traps. (The season opens officially today; we set last night in case other beaver hunters came along.) Nothing touched at Haunted Bog. P. & I paddled the canoe up the brook to Long Lake while Dunlap hunted up the wild meadow ahead of us. He came upon a buck & doe near the old beaver dam half way up the brook, tried for the buck but hit & killed the doe, which we gutted & draped over a log to drain. Went on to the beaver house above, & found a fine big beaver in one of the traps.

A hard northerly gale had sprung up & we debated the passage of Long Lake. However we decided to try it. I steered, Dunlap took the bow paddle, & we landed P. on the east shore of Long Lake so he ~~was~~ could hunt back through the hemlocks. We got across Long Lake at the narrows & found one of our traps sprung — but no beaver. Heading back, we ran into a hard black squall & had to paddle very hard to get up into the shelter of the north bay of the lake. In

the brook entrance we met two beaver hunters, an Indian (Louis Glode) & a young Lewe chap from Two Mile Hill. They were disappointed to find us ahead of them but were quite philosophical about it. Parker came along, crossed over the brook & hunted the woods towards Half Way Cove on Eagle Lake, where we picked him up in the canoe.

Glode & Lewe came along after we reached camp, & stopped for a drink of rum with us before going on down to the river. We spent the rest of the evening (& an hour after dark, by lantern light) in skinning out lone beaver, a long & tedious job. Glode had warned us that beaver are difficult to skin (especially along the back) without nicking the pelt; but we (Stanley did nearly ^{all} of it) managed it successfully.

At 8 pm., by the light of a full moon, & with the water like glass after the day's high wind, we paddled down Eagle Lake to examine the traps at Haunted Bay. Found the traps untouched. (Forgot to mention that I rowed P's little dinghy down the lake in the morning, & on the return from Long Lake in the canoe we took aboard S's deer carcass. At Eagle Lake the gale was still blowing hard with a nasty lull, so S. & I got in the dinghy & rowed it up to Half Way Cove, towing the canoe. There the wind subsided. P. was awaiting us, &

we dragged my buck down to the lake & loaded it (frozen stiff) across the after-gunnwales of the dinghy. I then rowed the dinghy back to camp, while P. & D. brought the canoe.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 17/48. Cold, sunny & very calm. Parker went to town today & got entangled in Mercury Paper Co. business, so he sent Roy Gordon in to keep us company.

After breakfast Dunlap & I paddled down the lake to examine our beaver traps. On the way up the brook I saw a big doe deer standing by the beaver house, but said nothing until it began to run, lest D. shoot it. (He has already shot his quota - 2 deer - this fall, but is inclined to have the trigger-itch.) So the doe got away.

At the beaver house we found one trap sprung but no beaver, & the same story on the west side of Long Lake.

Returning, we paddled past Haunted Bog & up the east side of Eagle Lake. Saw a fine buck & doe in the strip of meadow below the old camp at S. K. Cove, & another buck & doe in a point of meadow about 1/4 mile up the lake on the same side. D. was anxious to shoot, & jumped ashore in each case, but the deer got away into the woods. In the afternoon we carried the carcasses of our two deer down to the river, & boated them down to Big Falls, where we stowed

the meat in our cars. There, by a fortunate chance, we met Gordon on his way in, loaded with duff, & took him into the boat, reaching camp at dark.

THURSDAY, Nov. 18/48 I have to be in Kfx for a meeting of the N. S. Historic Sites & Monuments Council tomorrow morning. So L. & G. set off to examine the traps & to hunt, while I washed the dishes & straightened up the camp. Shaved, washed, then hiked out to Big Falls with my rifle & two haversacks. Drove to town, put my deer meat in A's shed, went home, had lunch, bathed, changed, packed, & set off for Kfx. Got there about 5 p.m., had dinner with Mother & Hilda, & in the evening walked down to the Armories to see the Marine Exhibition, a show sponsored by the Port of Halifax Club. Many interesting exhibits.

FRIDAY, Nov. 19/48. All morning & afternoon at Province House with the H. S. & M. board. — D. C. Harvey, Will Bird, Miss K. MacLennan, Professor Belliveau, Bruce Leguizon. Much discussion of inscriptions on plaques for the "French Shore". All of us very dissatisfied with failure of govt. to put into effect a single resolution passed by our Council since its inception over a year ago. Apparently Mr. Harold Connolly, Minister of Trade & Industry, has no interest whatever in matters historical, & regards

the H. S. M. Board as an imposition thrust upon him by the Premier - whom he dislikes intensely. Our final bit of work for the day was a resolution demanding that some minister or official be given direct responsibility (& funds) for carrying out our proposals - or that the Board be dissolved.

I went to the Nova Scotian Hotel for lunch & encountered Desmond Newell (Maritime salesman for MacLelland & Stewart) & Howard Bendeliet, manager of The Book Room. Both had rather long faces, & I found that they had just received a wire from M. & S. informing them that the price of my new book ("Halifax: Garden of the North") is to be \$6 instead of \$5. The original price was bad enough for the "popular" trade; at \$6 Bendeliet thinks the book will be very difficult to sell. I could only shrug. Of course Bendeliet is pessimistic anyway, because the Book Room is going out of business next April 1st after nearly 30 years as the leading Hfx. book-shop. He says nobody is buying books nowadays.

Had an early tea with Mother & drove home to Liverpool. A magnificent sunset. Home about 8.30 p.m. Found my family still in a state of consternation, caused by an explosion in the furnace pipe & chimney last evening. Tommy had been pottering about the

cellar & threw a large quantity of sweepings (mostly dust) on the fire. It did not ignite properly for lack of air & apparently smouldered & filled the smoke-pipe with gas. The explosion blew the pipe apart at the elbow & blew open the soot door at the chimney base, filling the cellar with smoke & soot. Ralph Johnson came over & put the pipe together, & all was secure once more; but it might have been serious.

SATURDAY, NOV. 20/48

After lunch set out with Parker, & Smith, for our camp at Eagle Lake. Pouring rain all the way & despite our raincoats we got very wet about the legs. At camp we found Dunlap & Gordon in their underwear, playing cribbage, after a drenching canoe trip to the various beaver traps. We had drinks all round & had a big supper & a merry evening. D. & G. had found 2 more beavers in the traps, making a total of 3. Two of these were taken at the beaver-house at the head of the Long-Eagle brook, the other at the house just below our camp. Traps at Haunted Bog & on the west side of Long Lake had been sprung night after night but the beaver escaped. On one trip between the lakes G. had fired at (& missed) a buck deer in the wild meadow, & a few minutes later had the pleasure

(all too rare nowadays) of watching a big bull moose come out of the woods & cross the brook a few yards from where he sat.

SUNDAY, Nov. 21/48 A strong west wind failed to clear the weather & there was alternate mist & drizzle all day.

This morning I rowed the dinghy to the south end of Eagle Lake while P. & D. took the green canoe. We took up the traps, which were empty, & so closed our first venture in the beaver business. The skins will be turned in to the provincial Dept. of Lands & Forests, which markets the entire catch, deducts expenses, & pays the proceeds to the trappers. After dinner we straightened up the camp, stowed the canoes on their racks, the dinghy in its nest, & departed for home.

G. & V. walked to Big Falls. P., D. & I brought the baggage down the Big Falls pond in the motor-punt. The wind was making quite a "sea" at the lower end, & the punt shopped her nose under several times.

Home at dark.

THURSDAY, Nov. 25/48 Copies of my "Halifax" book have arrived at Hfx. book shops & Desmond Newell phoned, asking me to come up for the "launching", to take place on Saturday. Drove there this afternoon, had tea with Mother & Hilda, phoned Newell, & went to a movie.

FRIDAY, NOV. 26, 1948

All morning with Sewell, visiting bookshops & autographing a few copies of the book for each. Sewell thought this was necessary to keep them all happy, as he has arranged a "meet the author" hour at the Book Room for tomorrow. Lunched with him at the Nova Scotian; with us, Peter ~~W~~ Grossman, who is the new head of Regional Libraries in N.Y., a mild pleasant chap who was wounded in Italy while serving with an armoured regiment, & still has a limp.

In the afternoon called on Gordon Studd & Pearson McCurdy at the Chronicle office. They have been phoning & wiring, asking me to broadcast from their station CJCH; so I went up there (the studios are still in the cramped top floor of the Lord Nelson) with Carleton Bowes (literary editor of the Chronicle) & recorded a three-way discussion of my book - all impromptu - with Bowes & Foughnane, a tall & handsome young man who is now the station director. Dinner at the Nova Scotian with Sewell & Bendeliet, then up to Sewell's room, where we heard the CJCH broadcast at 8:15. Drove Bendeliet to Armdale about 11:30 & then went home & to bed.

SATURDAY, NOV. 27/48

Sewell had arranged a presentation of my book to Mayor J. E. ("See") Ahern, with

a news photographer present, of course, so we went to City Hall about 10:30. Ahern is a curious combination of bombast and showmanship, with energy & a certain shrewdness that comes of his early newspaper training. A good many Gallegonians regard him as a self-important clown, but he has brains. He loves publicity, & he took office at a time when the military authorities were ready to turn over much valuable property for civic use & assessment; & when the city had plenty of money to spend on improvements; so that he has come to regard himself as the god from the machine. We found him "all burned up" (as he expressed it) because these great works (most of them just begun or still merely scheduled) were not described in detail in my book, (he had procured a copy & skimmed through the last three chapters without finding mention of his name), and because I had described in some detail the work of the Civic Planning Commission under Ira Mc Nab.

Ahern, who is at sword-points with a good many people at City Hall, regards Mc Nab as a visionary nincompoop. Having got all this off his chest he cooled down, smiled, said it was a very good book, told the photographer where to stand, posed with me

while I autographed the book, & finally told the reporter how to write his story. I said very little during the interview except to insist that my book was accurate & objective, & that I regarded the McNab Commission's planning as a major achievement, and that the story of the new streets and improvements properly belongs in the city's 3rd. century, since most of them will be completed after 1949.

I was "burned up" myself at his first long harangue, but kept my temper, & we parted amiably. He has done a good deal for the city, but so have other mayors, & I could not clutter up ~~to~~ my book with a catalogue of their achievements or of his. I think he knew this, under the bombast, & that was why he cooled off so rapidly.

Lunch at the Yacht Squadron clubhouse with Studd & Pearson McCurdy. At 3 p.m. I arrived at the Book Room for the autographing bee, in a downpour of rain which became a violent storm in a few minutes & lasted the rest of the day & night. It was exactly the weather which greeted Bonaparte's meet-the-author party when "His Majesty's Yankees" came out. However he sold about 100 copies of "Halifax" during the hour I was there, &

was pleased. Several old friends came in, amongst them Col. Tommy Powers, Sam Campbell, Phoebe (Ervine) McKellar, Dr. Elliott, Eric Balders, & dear old "Lucky" Logan.

Don Mackay turned up & carried me off (in a borrowed raincoat) to an art exhibition in the auditorium of the former Ladies' College, farther along Barrington Street. I had not been there since I was a boy,

strumming away at a piano in Miss Hoyt's annual recital for her pupils. The building was used as a hostel for servicemen during the war, & they built a proscenium arch over the stage; otherwise the place was the same — even the paint looked familiar.

Molly Mackay was pouring tea, & Phyllis Jones introduced her mother (also pouring tea), who does very good little seascapes in oils under the name "Leggy Currie". Don

introduced Wm. De Garthe, a tall breezy blond man with a terrific accent (Dutch?) whose painting I have admired, & a tall Miss Zwicker whose group of old hovels on Water Street I liked. Finally I got De Garthe to drive me down to the station square, where I had parked my car, & so I got home dry.

Dinner with Mother & Hilda. Then down to the officers' mess at R.A. Park, where Capt. Don Campbell had asked me to come & meet a few of the old West

Nova officers who are still in Hfx. — C. F. Whynacht, Paul Whalley, John Cameron. They congratulated me on the history & praised it. Sam Campbell there also & we sat smoking & yarning over drinks until 11:15, when I drove back to Mother's flat & slept like the dead. Almost forgot to ~~not~~ mention that at 9:15 this morning I made a broadcast from CHNS, talking about the history of Hfx — right after the morning news, a good spot for Bendelier's show. Right after this (quite unknown to me) a queer old monologist named Anna Dexter came on the air & devoted her 15-minute morning program to a eulogy of my book. I sat talking to Gerald Redmond for some time — the manager of CHNS; & heard a good deal about the rivalry of the Hfx broadcasting stations, CHNS, CJCH, and the gov'n station C.B.H.

SUNDAY, NOV. 28/48 A howling northerly gale. Drove to Dartmouth (the ferry made heavy weather of it, & the foremost cars were well spattered with spray) & had lunch à deux with Helen Brighton in her huge old home on Newcastle Street. She has divided it into 4 apartments, 3 of which she rents, retaining

3 rooms downstairs for herself. Huge rooms with 12-foot walls. Her living room has an alcove with a splendid view looking straight down the harbour towards the mouth. There she has her typewriter & does her work. The house itself overlooks Dartmouth Cove. I thought it must have been built by a sea captain or at least a shipowner, but she told me the builder was a judge. ~~It~~

The walls are hung with portraits of her ancestors & the rooms are filled with worn & comfortable old furniture. Left there about 4 p.m. & drove to Hfx by the road past the Burnside Magazine (greatly improved & about to be paved) which joins the main highway at Bedford. Dinner with Micker & Hilda, & spent most of the evening in the Clattenburgs' apartment below, sipping beer & talking to Rae & Jean.

MONDAY, Nov. 29/48.

Drove to town this morning & picked up 50 copies of "Wish Novas" at the Book Room. Stopped at Simpson's to shop for Xmas cards, & at Armdale Post Office to leave Bendeliers raincoat, then on down the south shore. At Lunenburg I left 25 copies of "Wish Novas" at C. H. R. Zwicker's store, to be sold at the regular

price (\$4.00) and commission (20%). At Bridgewater I left 25 copies at C. W. Green's store, Little.

Home, very cold & feeling unwell, about 1:30.

TUESDAY, Nov. 30/48

Another grey day, but very calm. Still feel queer. Breakfast was coffee & toast, dinner a piece of apple pie & milk, supper a bowl of soup. Thought a bit of exercise & fresh air would do me good this afternoon, so drove to White Point & played 18 holes. Score 104. No one else out. The pro. has taken up all the benches, flags, etc.

WEDNESDAY, DEC. 1/48

Overcast & dead calm. Edith went off to Hfx for a day's shopping with Madge King, so I did the "cooking" & got the meals today.

Golf again this afternoon - & again had the course to myself. There is still much beauty in the land- & - sea-
scape of the Point. Today opens the lobster season & all the fishermen's boats were busy setting traps about the bay & outside Port Mouton Island. My score 98 (48+50), very good for me. The greens are as good as ever, but the fairway is uneven with frost-bumps & worm-casts, & the ball bounces in a weird fashion at times; there is no surface water on the course but the turf (which now freezes every night) is rather soggy & the ball stops wherever it lands.

On my way back to town a weasel ran across the road in front of my car right in the edge of town, its fur as white as snow & the black tail-tips very noticeable.

Saw about 20 wild geese flying west over the golf course, very low, & honking merrily.

FRIDAY, DEC. 3/48

Overcast, calm. Got all my Christmas cards (about seventy-five) written, sealed, stamped & addressed. Still afflicted with an unhappy feeling & occasional pains in my lower abdomen, accompanied by a constant headache. Exercise does not drive it away (played 18 holes this afternoon) & I have eaten little for three days so it is not over-stuffing, a habit to which I am not addicted in any case.

Halifax has just opened its third beer tavern under the new law. The first was the Sea Horse, adjoining the Carleton Hotel on Argyle St; this is still the most popular. — I'm told there is frequently a queue outside. Since September it has been possible to get beer or wine with one's meals at the chief Halifax hotels. As a precaution against too-ardent drinkers, the girls on the dining-room staffs have been replaced by waiters.

SATURDAY, DEC. 4/48

Sunny, mild, calm. Golf this afternoon with Hector Dunlap. (Score a tie — 106). Five other golfers out.

SUNDAY, DEC. 5/48

Overcast, with a cold wind blowing in from the sea. Golf this afternoon with Parker & Dunlap, but it was too chilly for comfort or good playing. (None of us had gloves)

In trotting towards N^o 6 tee in an effort to keep warm I put my left foot in a hole & gave the ankle a painful wrench.

My score was 116, the poorest in many weeks.

TUESDAY, DEC. 7/48

Sunny, with mild S.W. gale blowing. Had a walk to Milton & back - my first since last spring - & stopped in the forge for a chat with Will Turner, Archie Mc Knight & the others. Movies tonight with Edith & Frances, also something I have not done in a long time. On the way home, looked in at the curling rink, which has been open for skating for several weeks - children in the afternoon, adults at night - the new artificial ice is a great thing. However, the curlers begin their season next week & ~~the~~ thenceforth the skaters must depend on the ponds.

Another fatal airplane accident at Hfa. yesterday. A month or so ago the Royal Canadian Navy (Air Arm) took over the Eastern Passage station, which was named "H.M.C.S. Shearwater" & is being used for the training of "Sea-Link" pilots. According to gossip in the (army) officers' mess at Royal Artillery Park, the young & inexperienced R.C.N. pilots are trying to emulate the crack team of Fleet Air Arm pilots who toured Canada & the States last summer & set everyone gasping with their display of "hot" flying. The chief foreign news is the

continued defeat of Chinese nationalist armies by Chinese communist forces. During the autumn the Reds took Mukden & with it the whole of Manchuria, & now they are pressing south towards Nanking. Although they are obviously encouraged from Moscow, the Chinese Reds seem to have little if any Russian military equipment; on the contrary most of them seem to have American equipment taken (or purchased?) from Chiang Kai shek's forces. Since 1941 the U.S.A. has poured huge quantities of arms, ammunition, food & equipment into the hands of Chiang's corrupt regime, to no purpose except the enrichment of Chiang's officers & commissaries, & now Chiang's government has lost the confidence of the U.S., & as well as that of the Chinese people. Madame Chiang is now in Washington, having flown from China to appeal to President Truman for further American support.

THURSDAY, DEC. 9/48 Cool, calm day with alternate cloud & sunshine. No work today nor for several days past as far as writing my novel is concerned — my mind suddenly went blank & the images will not come. All I can see is that I shall not have a book ready for publication in the autumn of '49 as I had hoped. A good thing, perhaps —

one every year is too many. But it means I must depend on a good deal of magazine writing for next year's income.

Golf, alone, this afternoon. 18 holes in 99. Wore gloves for the first time this season although the weather was not really cold, & after twenty minutes' play, I could have done without them. Still troubled with mysterious aches in my abdomen & accompanying insomnia.

SATURDAY, DEC. 11/48

Winter arrived yesterday with a belated bang - the first snow & some real cold. The snow amounted to about an inch, & the frost (20° this morning) turned the first slush to a glare of ice on the roads.

Today after lunch we heard a radio broadcast of the proceedings at Ottawa in which representatives of Newfoundland & Canada signed the agreement bringing Nfld. into Confederation. The new province will formally join Canada next March.

Walked to Milton & back; very slippery footing & a bitter wind down-river.

MONDAY, DEC. 13/48

The federal by-election in Kings-Annapolis-Digby, caused by the resignation of J. L. McPhay, (who has held the seat since 1926) resulted today in the election of a Conservative candidate, George Norman, by a substantial majority. This was a surprise, not only

because the seat is traditionally Liberal, but because the government has been supporting the Valley apple-growers by all sorts of financial gifts ever since the market in Britain vanished in 1939. The C.C.F. candidate lost his deposit. The campaign drew to the Valley all sorts of big political guns — Prime Minister St. Laurent, Illsley hignuel, Abbott who succeeded him as Finance Minister; George Drew, the new national Conservative leader; Goldwell, leader of the national C.C.F. party, & others. Drew and Goldwell almost came to blows before the microphone at a meeting at Acadia University, & all in all it was the most exciting campaign in Nova Scotia for years.

TUESDAY, DEC. 14/48

The snow vanished in rain two days ago but the weather today is very cold, with a howling northerly wind. My car refused to start — the battery had given up the ghost, & I had to phone the garage to send up a new one.

THURSDAY, DEC. 16/48

This afternoon, as I was striding off on a hike to Milton, Dick Mulhall hailed me & said "Come on with us to Port L'Hebert — Jerry Nickerson, Bill Rawding, Art Killam & I — to have a crack at the birds." So I hustled back to the house, changed to woods rig, brought down sleeping bag, shotgun, shells & haversack, & my new folding canvas cot,

✓ went off to Port L'Herbert. We took a pair of small flat-boats at the fish wharf ✓ paddled ourselves ✓ gear across to Jerry's camp, which sits in a lone clump of tall spruces on the barren west side of the harbor.

We discovered that parties unknown had been using the camp, ✓ had departed, taking with them much of the crockery ✓ tableware, leaving the woodbox empty ✓ the camp in a grubby condition. While the others cleaned up the camp, Dick ✓ I searched ✓ found a big fit, practically dead, ✓ quite dry. We felled it ✓ sawed it into chunks with a crosscut saw, ✓ split enough to last the camp a day. These labours occupied us until dark.

FRIDAY, DEC. 17/48 Heavy rain all day but not enough wind with it to make good duck-shooting. Rawding ✓ I walked down to Sand Cove in the morning, set a pair of decoys, ✓ lurked under a spruce tree for several hours. A few black ducks were flying but all far out of gunshot. Sat about the camp all afternoon ✓ evening, spinning yarns ✓ listening to Rawding's portable radio. The weather cleared about dark ✓ up came the moon, about one day past the full, very big, ✓ beautiful. Some enterprising souls at the north end of the harbour went out in a boat or boats

and stored up the great flock of wild geese there, & about 10:30 the geese came over our camp in two or three flights, all honking indignantly, a great racket. We rushed out with our guns, blazing away with energy; Jerry thought we hit two, but Bill & I were quite sure the geese went scathelers. Jerry & Bill took a flat-boat & rowed down as far as Sand Cove, searching in the bright moonlight for cripples, but found none.

SATURDAY, DEC. 18/48. Cold day, with a strong N.W. wind & occasional squalls of snow. Dick & Ark went home last night. This morning I chopped firewood while Bill & Jerry set rabbit snares in the barrens. In the afternoon Jerry took a flatboat & rowed up the harbour in hopes of a shot at ducks, while Bill & I again went down the shore. We came upon a flock of whistlers (Golden-Eye) feeding just out of gunshot, & lay against the frozen ground for an hour, peering through a thin screen of bushes in hopes that they would work inshore. No luck. We then separated, Bill setting his decoys just inside a small rocky point, & I going on to Sand Cove. There, for the rest of the afternoon, crouching under a cat-spruce tree in the bitter wind, I watched another bunch of whistlers - about 15 or 20 - feeding just out of gunshot opposite the cove.



