

July ²⁵
1971
to
Feb. 27, 1973

RECORD



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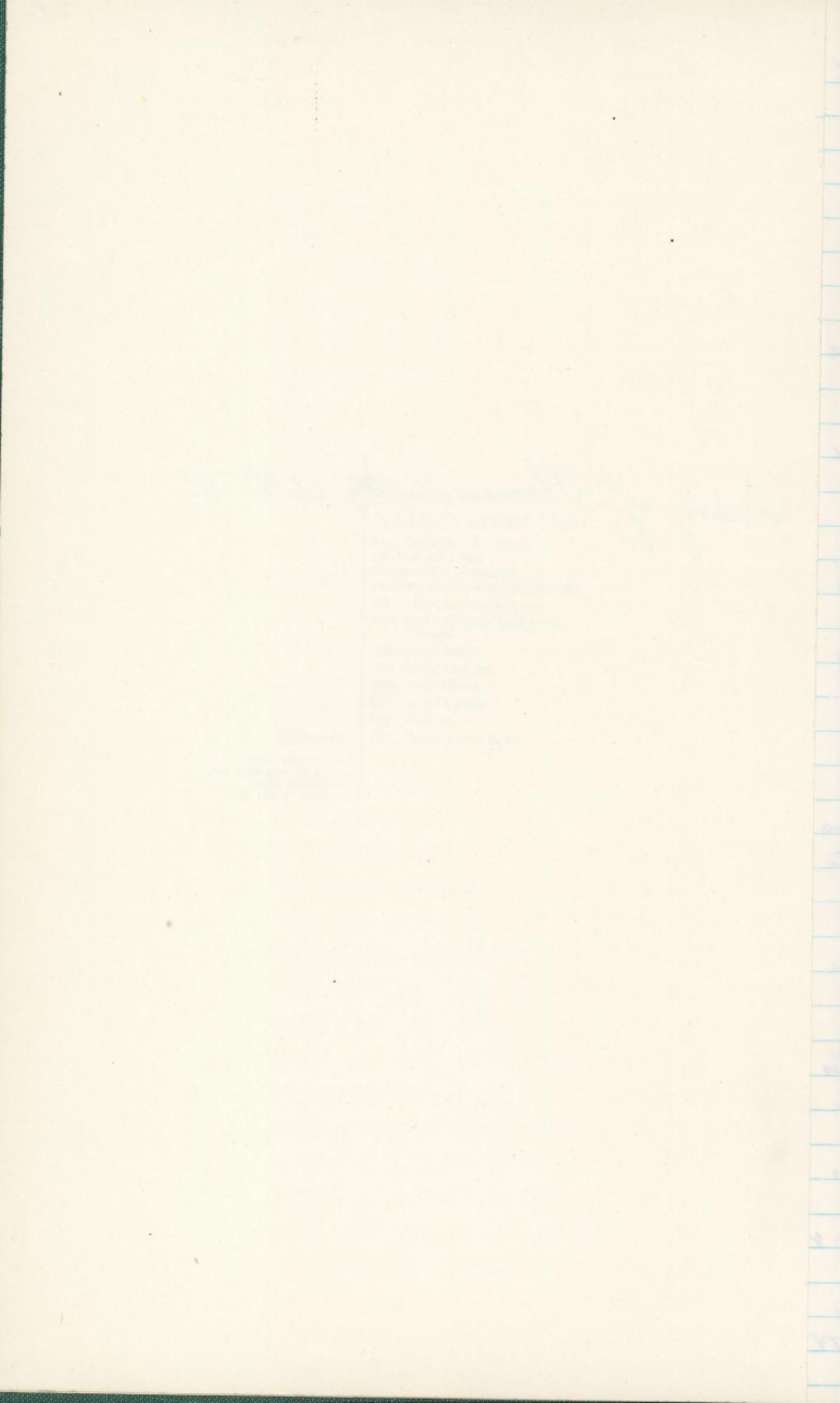
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Diary of Thomas H. Raddall II



SUNDAY, July 25, 1971 (continued). I finished writing the article on history of the South Shore, commissioned by Murray Barnard, editor of The Nova Scotia Magazine, which is published by the N.S. Information Bureau mainly for distribution abroad. It is an excellent production, with the best of paper, print, & photos.

MONDAY, July 26/71 Warm & overcast & calm. Golf this morning with Parker, Williams, & Russell, & lunch in the clubhouse. I found that (owing to a handicap of 28 strokes) I had won this year's Russell Cup on Saturday; the only competition I have ever entered since I started playing golf. A hilarious thing to the club members & to me, because my unorthodox "lumberjack stance" & other golf eccentricities have amused the club for many years. When I got home in the afternoon I found a car & caravan parked outside the house, & C. entertaining Bill & Francie Dennis & their four youngsters on the back lawn. It was pleasant to see them all again. They left Moncton shortly after 6 a.m., & after their call here went on to the cottage they have rented at Flint's Point.

Late this afternoon Lloyd Bochner phoned me from California about his film option on *The Nymph & The Lamp*, which expires at the end of this month. He said he was still negotiating with the Canadian Film Development Board for a grant of money, & added that actor Gregory Peck was interested in playing the leading male role. He then asked me to extend the option for 90 days, without further payment. This was almost exactly his proposal of July 1970. I said No, I wanted a free hand. If I got an option or purchase offer from some other person or group I would phone Bochner at once, & give him 30 days to meet that offer. He asked me to put that in a telegram, & I agreed. About an hour later my phone rang again.

This time (again as in July 1970) it was Richard Rosenberg, of the Hollywood law firm of Hertzbarg & Childs, with a long persuasion, to which again I said No. I said that in the original option agreement I had set the price low (\$25,000) because I wanted to see a Canadian production. I said the rights were worth

much more than that, & for that reason alone I would not renew the old option, nor would I extend it even for a short period without a better price & a substantial cash fee which would not apply on the purchase price. After some discussion Rosenberg agreed on a price of \$35,000, & suggested a renewal of option at this price for 120 days, the renewal fee to be \$1,000 & not applicable to the purchase price. He said this was subject to approval by Bochner, & he would phone me tomorrow.

News:- This morning in a rocket-ship called Apollo 15, three Americans set off from Florida for the moon. They have with them a four-wheeled vehicle, powered by electric batteries, in which they can drive about the moon's surface.

TUESDAY, JULY 27/71 Fine & hot, with heavy showers & distant thunder in the night. Golf this morning. C. & I called on the Dennis & Raddall families at Hunts Point in the evening.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 28/71 Fine & very hot. Golf with Parker in the morning. In the afternoon invited Jerry Wickerson & wife to join us for drinks & chat in the shade of the lawn.

This evening Rosenberg phoned from California, & after some palaver he agreed that Bochner would pay \$35,000 (less the \$4,000 previously paid for options) in 3 instalments, as follows:- \$8,500 upon exercise of the option, \$12,500 one year after that, & \$10,000 two years after exercise. I agreed to extend the expiring option for 4 months (to & including Nov 30, 1971) without further option payment. I have no confidence in Bochner's ability to finance a movie production, & Nov. 30 will be the end of his effort.

THURSDAY, JULY 29/71 Fine & hot. Golf with Williams & two American visitors at White Point in the morning. Lunch in the clubhouse. Moved my back lawn (temp. 80°!) in the afternoon, bathed, changed, & C. & I invited the Anderssons over for drinks & chat in the shade.

FRIDAY, JULY 30/71 Overcast & sultry. Golf with Parker & the two Americans. My score 89, the best this year. Lunch in the clubhouse. In the afternoon I finished mowing my lawns. Spent the evening quietly, reading & watching some TV. The American astronauts in Apollo 15 landed on

the moon today.

MONDAY, AUG. 2, 1971

SUNDAY, AUG. 1, 1971 Heat, day after day & night after night — I have slept downstairs on a couch the past 3 nights — but no complaint. Winter will come all too soon. Left this afternoon.

At 5 p.m. C. & I picked up Evelyn White & drove to White Point for dinner with John Langdon & wife. A pleasant evening. In the dining room a little girl came to our table with a copy of "The Governor's Lady" & asked me to autograph it.

MONDAY, AUG. 2/71 Hot & humid in town, delightful on the shore. Today is young Jerry Dennis' birthday, & we drove to Hunts Point at 4 p.m. with a present for him (a tennis racket) & a large casserole of braised beef & spaghetti, a cake & ice cream; & we & the junior Raddalls & the Dennis family all dined just above the beach outside the Dennis cottage.

TUESDAY, AUG. 3/71 Very hot. My sister Hilda & husband Ted Bayar had invited the whole Raddall & Dennis tribes to an al fresco lunch & a swim at Mahone Bay today. Bill is back at his practice in Moncton until tomorrow, & Tom is busy with his practice here; so Pam & Francie, with seven kids & the dog "Jingles" piled into the Raddall station wagon, & I drove with C. from Liverpool. We passed through Bridgewater at 11:40 a.m., neatly avoiding the noontime traffic jam. My sister Nellie Cassidy was awaiting us with the Bayers. The kids went off to swim at a small beach in view of the house, & we oldsters had drinks & chat in the sunshine. Nellie lives alone in the house she has rented for the summer, & intends to have a small home built on the north end of Hilda's property. Her son-in-law John Paisley & daughter Carol visited Mahone this summer, & bought about 10 acres of land on high ground towards Indian Point, commanding a splendid view of the bay & islands. They plan to build there, & make it their summer (or perhaps year-round) home when Johnnie retires from the U.S. Navy air force a few years hence. We lunched on hamburgers, (cooked outdoors) salad, deviled eggs, cake & ice cream. Left for home about 3 p.m., crossing the Sakare at the upper bridge & skirting the main streets of Bridgewater to avoid a great traffic jam caused by a parade of bands, floats, etc.

in connection with the Lunenburg County Fair in the grounds above the hospital.

WEDNESDAY, AUG. 4, 1971 Golf this morning with Williams & Wickwire, & lunched in the clubhouse. A thick steamy fog on the shore, & overcast humid weather in town. Temp 80°, as it has been for many days. C. went to Hunts Point, to take care of the Raddall & Dennis youngsters. Tom, Pamela, Bill & Francie, spent the day & evening with Dr. Keddy on his motor-yacht, cruising about Mahone Bay. Some heavy showers of rain this evening, which cooled the air.

FRIDAY, AUG. 6/71 Sunny but with much cirrus cloud at times, & a distinctly cool air, with almost a touch of Fall. Golf this morning with Bill Dennis & John Wickwire. Bill's score 86, mine 92, Wickwire's 100. Sandwiches & beer in the clubhouse afterwards. This is daughter Francie's 35th birthday, & at 3 p.m. I drove to Hunts Point with C. & a birthday cake. Pamela & her youngsters were there, & Tom joined us after his day's work. Drinks & chat, & we dined together at the shore-side on barbecued pork chops with apple sauce, new potatoes, beans, etc.

SATURDAY, AUG. 7/71 Dense fog in the morning, clearing & very hot in the afternoon. Golf with Wickwire (his score 92, mine 90). Very pleasant, meeting on the course a number of old friends & acquaintances who came here every August.

This is another birthday, young Tommy Raddall's eleventh, so in the afternoon C. & I went to Hunts Point with a new baseball bat & balls, etc. At low tide (4 p.m.) Tom, Pam, & Bill Dennis went over to Port Mouton to dig clams in the mudbanks of the creek, above the highway bridge, where there are no dwellings or campers to pollute the stream. In an hour they got two buckets full, which they rinsed thoroughly in sea water, & we had them, steamed, for supper.

Long letter from a Mr. Conrad Wright, a graduate of Brasenose College, Oxford, now living in Ottawa & summering at Wolfville. Doing research on former Brasenose men who had some connection with Canada, he had discovered that Charles Mary Wentworth, son of Sir John & Frances Wentworth, was one of them, & gave me considerable detail. Wants further information. Unfortunately I have none. My research on

the Wentworths covered only the period of my book, & the dilettante son Charles Mary was in his first term at Oxford when it closed.

News:- The American astronauts returned safely to earth from the moon today, dropping into the sea north of Hawaii, where U.S. naval sea & air craft were waiting to pick them up. Tonight we watched TV motion pictures of their travels in space, on the moon, "landing" in the sea, etc.

SUNDAY, AUG. 8, 1971 Sunny in town, dense fog on the shore. The Dennis family came to lunch & said goodbye till next year. About 2 p.m. I went to White Point hoping to get two quick rounds on the golf course. Unfortunately Boyd Snow was on N^o 1 tee waiting for someone to come along & play with him. Forty (or so) years ago he was the keen, bustling, & unscrupulous manager of the Seven Seas Fishery Company here in Liverpool, paying himself a fat salary & unlimited expenses. The company went bust, & reverted to the original owners, Jerry Hubert, & Rawson Nickerson; & Boyd went off to Montreal & better pickings. He is now 70-odd, half deaf & garrulous, with a fat belly & a wheezing breath. It took us 2 hours to play nine holes, & I quit then & went home. Dined with C. at White Point Lodge.

MONDAY, AUG. 9/71 The 53rd. anniversary of my father's death in battle at Amiens, an event that changed my life entirely. Fog on the shore when I played golf this morning with Jack Fortune & John Alward. Met more friends & acquaintances, including Ann Sharp, of Ontario, former lady golf champion in Canada, & Morley Jones, who joined Fortune & Alward & me for a few holes. He is feeble & unwell. Fortune is, I believe, supervisor of Royal Bank of Canada branches in the Maritime Provinces, a pleasant & handsome man of about 50, staying a week or so at White Point Lodge with wife & daughter. He & young Alward are good average golfers, & I amazed myself & them by shooting an 85 (41+44), my best score in a very long time. This evening C. & I, the Ralph Johnsons, & the Charles Williams, jointly gave a cocktail & al fresco dinner party on the Johnsons' back lawn. About 30 people. The guests of honour were Jim & Cathy Parker, who are here from Tennessee to spend a vacation

(SEE JUNE 15, 1932)

with Jim's parents, the Austin Parkers.

TUESDAY, AUG. 10, 1971 Sunny & very hot (90°) Golf with Fortune & Alward. My score back to normal, 93.

WEDNESDAY, AUG. 11/71 Overcast & cooler. Golf with John Wickwire, & lunch in the clubhouse. In the afternoon the Maritimes salesman of McClelland & Stewart dropped in for a chat, bringing with him a copy of the new edition of "Halifax, Warden of the North". I checked it with my list of corrections, changes, & additions, & found that all had been incorporated. A few typographical errors, but I noted nothing wrong of any importance. The print, paper, illustrations, cover, & binding, are all far superior to the Doubleday edition of 1965. The retail price, according to the jacket, is \$7.95, but the salesman said it was \$10. In small print, below the publisher's data on a front flyleaf, is "Printed & bound in Hong Kong by Serasia Limited". In the evening I mowed my lawns & watered my roses, a hot job, as I had let the grass grow since July 30 in. to conserve the moisture in the earth — the town authorities have forbidden the watering of lawns owing to the shrinking level of town lake.

THURSDAY, AUG. 12/71 Heavy showers of rain this morning, tapering off in the afternoon. Mike Byrne dropped in. He said about 20 Nova Scotia architects & their wives will be at White Point Lodge on Sep 11, & asked me & C. to join them at dinner, & me to give an informal talk on the history of the South Shore — preferably not about architecture. I agreed.

FRIDAY, AUG. 13/71 A marvellous summer day, clear sky, warm sun, & a cool breeze off the sea. Golf this morning with Parkes, Wickwire, & Russell. For no reason we all played badly — my score was 104. Lunch in the clubhouse. In the early evening I drove with C. to Western Head, & had a look at my cabin site at Moose Harbour. Some picnickers had littered the place with paper plates, pop cans, gravy-stained aluminum foil, an empty paper sack for charcoal, etc. Then drove to Summerside Beach & had a look at the camping colony at the end of it. Some tents, but mostly motor-caravans. These

people have to get fresh water from the motor service station at Summerville, & the only sanitary facilities are a pair of small wooden privies (one for men, one for women) erected by the provincial government. Called on the Terence Freemans & the Carl Bonnads, & had a chat with son Tom at his house site. He is now clearing trees & underbrush from the west side of the brook. The Bonnads on their old farm, mostly grown over with alders etc. right down to the shore, are visited occasionally by deer & a bear, which must cross over the motor highway, presumably at night.

SATURDAY, AUG. 14, 1971 Another beautiful day. Golf in the afternoon. C. came along for a few holes. Bill Harlow called & we had a chat. He was a Liverpool boy who studied for a B.Sc. & got a job with a pharmaceutical manufacturer in Ontario, years ago. He eventually started a firm of his own & is now well-to-do. Another caller was a Mrs. King, daughter of Ralph Burnaby, a Milton man who went to Ontario to farm, got into politics, & during the 1930's was head of the United Farmers party, which had a vogue there during the Depression of those years. Other callers were Esther Clark Wright & husband Conrad Wright, of Wolfville. Wright, an Englishman, a graduate of Brasenose College, Oxford, is doing research on Charles Mary Wentworth (son of Sir John & Lady Frances) & other 18th century graduates of Brasenose whose subsequent lives touched on Nova Scotia.

This evening, after a couple of gins, C. went into another of her insane-jealousy rants. This time, instead of the Liverpool merchant's wife, it was an American woman, a widow, whom we have known for many years. She has a cottage on the beach at Port Mouton which she visits every year. She is now about 73, an alcoholic, & as loony as C. herself. I have had passing glimpses of her, in a car on the road, during the past several years, but that is all.

SUNDAY, AUG. 15/71 Heavy rain in the night & continuing all day, a fore-runner of the first hurricane of the season, called "Beth" by the weather bureau. Wind up to 80 miles an hour at the centre, and 30 to 50 in gusts on the fringe, which will sweep along the N.S. coasts. At 5 p.m. we drove with the Parkers to Capt. Victor jeans' cottage at Summerville, where he & his wife entertained a party of friends

Correction:- The main dish is called "fish 'n brewis", the "brewis" being a broth rendered from roasted salt pork fat.

& neighbours with a Newfoundland supper. The entree was a bowl of chowder containing lobster etc. The main dish was "Brewis", containing salt codfish, well soaked in fresh water to remove the salt, broken into pieces, & then cooked in a frying pan. It is served with a bowl of pork fat, cut into small cubes & heated to render the liquid. It is delicious. (I hadn't tasted it since I was on Sable Island 50 years ago) Strawberry shortcake for dessert. When we arrived at Summerville at 5:30 p.m. the sea was flat calm, as it has been for many days. Within half an hour the surf was getting up fast, although the wind was still moderate at S.E. When we left for home at 9:30 the wind was rising & the rain very heavy. By midnight gusts were battering at our house, with sheets of rain, & the TV reported floods & washed-out roads in many places.

MONDAY, AUG. 16, 1971 The wind hauled around to N.W. & blew hard all night & most of today, thus flattening the S.E. sea kicked up by the gale. The sky a mat of clouds, with some blue holes in the afternoon. According to the rain-gauge at the paper mill, we got over 8 inches of rain in the past 24 hours, which must be a record. I drove along the shore to Broad River, which was a roaring brown flood, where only a few days ago there just a dribble among dry rocks. The brook that runs through Tom's property was up over its banks, & not only seeping through the stony beach but rushing through a gully in it. Visited the golf course, & found the pro. delighted with the rain. After the long drought, the course is now absolutely sodden, with pools in all the low places, but Dumeah said it would be fit for play tomorrow.

News:- On Sunday night (when of course the banks & stock exchanges were closed) President Nixon of the U.S.A. made a sudden & dramatic announcement on T.V. His government is imposing an immediate additional tariff of 10% on all foreign imports. At the same time it is (in effect) putting the U.S. dollar off the gold standard, which amounts to devaluation in terms of foreign currency. This means that U.S. importers will have to pay more dollars for foreign goods, while on the other hand foreigners can buy U.S. exports at cheaper prices. Nixon said these measures were "temporary", but

that is what the U.S. government paid of similar measures during the depression of the 1930's, which lasted many years. Today this announcement sent all foreign governments (except the Soviet Union & its satellites) into a tizzy, & many of the foreign stock markets remained closed. Our Mr. Trudeau & his wife are on holiday in Yugoslavia; but our finance minister Benson has been recalled from holiday in Holland, & he will join an immediate delegation from Ottawa to Washington, to protest the new impositions. Within the U.S. the powerful manufacturing & financial interests are delighted at this return to the old high tariff policy, & today the U.S. stock exchanges had a huge demand.

The storm "Beth" has caused floods all along the Atlantic sea front of N.S., & in Antigonish & Pictou counties. Roads & bridges washed out in many places. In Dartmouth, Lake Banook poured a flood down the streets to the harbour, & many people were driven out of their homes along the rivers to the eastward.

TUESDAY, Aug. 17/71 Fine & hot. Golf this afternoon with Paul King & a young man from Halifax, Bob Goodfellow. At 4:30 Ted & Hilda Bayet, & my sister Nellie Cassidy, joined G. & me for drinks on the lawn, & then dinner indoors.

WEDNESDAY, AUG. 18/71 Fine & hot. Golf this morning with Wickwire, Russell & Williams. My score 94. Lunch in the club-house. This evening I mowed my lawns, in a temp. of 80°.

News:- Today's Liverpool Advance had a big front page bln. W. Kennedy Jones announced that he is resigning his seat in the N.S. Legislature, without waiting for his term to end. Says he has taken employment in Halifax, which will keep him there five days a week. (Although he sold out his law firm here, years ago, to Carl Milford & Gerald Freeman, it still bears his name.)

Real reason, I think, is that he knows he would not be successful in another election - and another election will almost certainly be held this Fall, with a return of the Liberal govt. On the whole, Ken Jones was a good member for the County of Queens, & a hard-working cabinet minister; but his schizophrenia gave him an increasingly Jekyll-&-Hyde personality as the years went on, & the good & sensible side of him became less & less apparent. (see diary June 17, 1969)

CN names W. S. K. Jones corporate consultant

(CHRONICLE - HERALD AUG. 20, 1971)

MONCTON — The appointment of W. S. K. Jones as corporate consultant for Canadian National in Nova Scotia was announced Thursday by David Blair, vice-president of CN's Atlantic Region.

Mr. Jones recently resigned from the Nova Scotia Legislature in which he had served for 18 years to become a business consultant with headquarters at Halifax.

Mr. Blair said that Mr. Jones would be assisting him in the field of corporate relations in Nova Scotia.

This is the latest step Mr. Blair said by CN in a system-wide move to strengthen and develop the company's cor-

porate relations in all parts of Canada.

With regional headquarters already located in New Brunswick, the naming of a corporate consultant in Nova Scotia is seen as a further improvement in the close links between CN and the economic life of the Maritimes, he said.

Mr. Jones, a graduate of King's College and Dalhousie University Law School, practised law in Liverpool, N.S. prior to being elected to the Legislature in 1953. He served as speaker of the house, provincial secretary, minister of public welfare, minister of trade and industry, minister of finance and economics and minister of municipal affairs.

THURSDAY, AUG. 19, 1971 A cool grey day, with fog close to the shore, so I didn't play golf. The freezer compartment of my refrigerator quit operating. It is supposed to be emptied and "de-iced" twice a year, but C. obviously hadn't done this for a long time. Erik Anderssen came in, & we found the back part of the compartment a solid mass of ice, even to the coils below the fan. I brought down an electric radiator (with fan) from the attic, & we set this up to blow hot air into the freezer compartment. It took about 2 hours to melt all the ice. Today I filled out a form sent me by the Registrar of the Order of Canada, saying that I would attend the investiture in Ottawa, arriving there in the morning of Oct. 29th., & leaving the next morning. (The Registrar will make reservations at the Skyline Hotel.) I also indicated that I would pay my own expenses. (The Govt. offers to pay the travel expenses of those who cannot afford it.) The new invitation says "It is usual for the dress on this occasion to be white tie ... However, if it is not convenient to wear this attire, other forms of suitable dress will be entirely satisfactory". I intend to wear my old charcoal-black business suit, which I have seldom worn except to funeral services in church. I think that should be "suitable".

News:- The new U.S. tariff & financial policy continues to upset the trading nations. Prime Minister Trudeau has cut short his holiday on the Adriatic coast, & returned to Ottawa for a cabinet conference. Canada's delegation has already returned to Ottawa, having got more-or-less a blunt No. I watched a Canadian press interview in Washington with U.S. Secretary of the Treasury John Connally. With a cynical smile, Connally said that up till a few years ago Canada had a trade deficit with the U.S. That is no longer the case. For example last year Canada sold ^{to U.S.} more than a billion dollars over the amount of goods she purchased from the U.S. This, he said, was typical of the foreign-trade situation which has forced the U.S. to protective measures.

FRIDAY, AUG. 20/71 Fog, heavy showers, & occasional grumbles of thunder. Sent for the Simpsons-Sears service man to examine my refrigerator. Although the 5 year guarantee has expired (I bought

it in Feb. 1965) he said the company would replace the freezer unit with an improved one. No charge for the parts, but I would have to pay the service charge. He will install it about the end of next week. Meanwhile he adjusted our old one to prevent excessive icing.

I notice a colony of tent-caterpillars in one of my birches, & another in the hawthorns, both too high to reach with a ladder. The best treatment is to break off the affected branch or twigs, & burn it. Other trees about the town have infestations of these things. We shall have to spray them next year. This has occurred just when we thought we had the gypsy-moth-grubs licked, & no other pest in sight.

Saturday, Aug. 21, 1971 Golf trip afternoon in a fog & a temp. of 75°, with the sun almost breaking through. Like exercising in a Turkish bath. Afterwards, beer on the back lawn, with C. & the Andersens.

Sunday, Aug. 22/71 Dead calm. Dense fog at White Point, where I went in the afternoon. A slam-bang thunderstorm came along from the northward, & I quit after 9 holes, just in time to escape a downpour. The storm was brief, but it knocked out the electric supply several times. At White Point I saw a small flock of sandpipers, another of willets, foraging on the coarse, & obviously in migration — always the first sign of waning summer. Since the hurricane of Aug. 15 the air has been so moist that even our interior doors & frames are swollen. Last night, even with a hard slam, I could not close the side door enough to lock it. This has not happened since I bought the house ~~about~~³⁶ years ago.

Bird note: - The only steady patrons of my bird bath now are robins, catbirds & sparrows. It is really luxurious, because the roses around it shed their petals in the water.

This evening drove with C. to Hunt's Point, & found Tom & family at their new house site — Tom cutting & burning brush on the farcher side of the brook, which is now flowing within its walled banks. The flood had washed away about 2 truck-loads of his new gravel-fill. Discussing Ken Jones's retirement, he said Ken's intentions had been revealed to the Conservative party organization last Fall. He claimed he could not live on his salary as a mere MPP. (Not mentioning the large sum left to him by his father years ago, & presumably well

invested.) Apparently he made tentative approaches to one or two of the big Halifax law firms, but got no encouragement. In his new capacity as a "corporate consultant" to the C.N.R. Railways, Atlantic Region, he will be in fact a lobbyist in the legislatures, & he hopes to add other companies to his clientele. Meanwhile, the Queens County Tories are hunting about for a candidate in the forthcoming election or by-election. First they asked Tom himself, & got a flat No, as they have before. Then Dr. Floyd MacDonald, who was willing at first, & then decided No. Gerald Freeman, Liverpool law partner in Ken's old law firm (still listed in the phone book as Jones, Milford & Freeman) would jump at it, having strong political ambitions, but he is much disliked by the Tory group, & by the people generally.

MONDAY, AUG. 23/71 Mist & showers. Indoors all day.

Fortunately Bill White's weekly bundle of newspapers, magazines, & books was at hand. Should have noted on Aug. 21 that I wrote Donald Campon, of U.N.B. giving permission to use his transcript of talks with me, in book form or any other way he wishes.

TUESDAY, AUG. 24/71 A sunny, windy, day. Golf in the afternoon. E. came with me for a few holes, & then quitted & sat in the car, completely tired. I realise now that her insistence on accompanying me, whenever I go to White Point without male companions, is part of her jealousy-mania. It is to make sure that I am not meeting one of the phantom women of her sick mind. On my second round Paul King fell in with me & we played nine holes together. I suppose E. will next suspect Paul's wife, Madge, age 70.

WEDNESDAY, AUG. 25/71 A cool night (55°) & the furnace was running when I aroose at 7:30 a.m. Golf this morning with Williams, Wickwire, & Max Hobbing. Mowed my lawns in the afternoon, when the temp. in the sun was 85° . Noticed large flocks of "least" sandpipers foraging on the golf ^{course}, busy & fearless of human approach.

THURSDAY, AUG. 26/71 A bright clear day. Old Bernard Collins, carpenter, who agreed to do my front porch job, weeks ago, came in from Glants Point at 8 a.m., with a young helper, probably a carpenter-graduate of one of the new vocational schools. I had suspected that whole structure of the porch,

(the deck, the short balustrade, the two porch columns, & the steps) was rotten, & so it proved to be. All must be replaced. Bernie likes to keep several jobs going at the same time, & mine is no exception. He & the young man propped the porch roof, & took everything else down, during the morning. Then he went elsewhere, leaving the young carpenter to put in the new beams & deck. He returned at 4 p.m. & worked with the young man for half an hour. At 4:30 Bernie departed in his car, & the young man on his motor-cycle.

FRIDAY, AUG. 27, 1971 Another day of bright sun & fresh air. Golf in the morning with Williams, Wickwire, & Russell. We met & spoke briefly to Mowbray Jones, who is staying in a cottage at White Point. He is about 65, but as Wickwire observed "he looks & moves like a sick man of 90". The Bowaters Company eased him out several years ago, & since then he has busied himself in western & northwestern air transportation, & other companies & banks (he is on the board of directors of something like a dozen). Said to be worth two or three millions now — & welcome to every dollar. Bernie Collins & helpers worked all day on my new porch, finished the porch itself, including posts & balustrades. Next job is a set of new steps. Simpkins-Sears service man came & installed a new fan unit in our freezer. Mike Byrne says his architect friends have had to cancel their plans for a meeting at White Point. (see Aug. 12)

SATURDAY, AUG. 28/71 Overcast & threatening rain, which finally fell in the evening. In the afternoon Peter Taylor came over from ^{CHESTER} Bridgewater for a chat. A slim, dark man, balding, 35-ish, he was in newspaper work for years, first in his native New Brunswick, later in Ottawa. A year or two ago he bought Brian Bachman's advertising agency in Halifax, & moved his family to Chester. Now he has sold the agency, & taken a job with McClelland & Stewart in Toronto as head of their advertising & promotion department. They certainly need new brains & energy in that department, & I wish him well.

Local note:- For many years our county courthouse has been painted outside with a drab brown, except the portico &

pillars, which got a heavy coating of dark grey. Last week it was painted white all over, & it looks what it was meant to represent, a small & well proportioned Greek temple. It was built in 1854 to a design from Frederick Tompkins, M.A., A.C.A., who was head of Gorham College here during its short life.

SUNDAY, AUG. 29, 1971 Sunny & hot, despite a N. breeze. Golf in the afternoon. C. came along & potted about for nine holes. Afterwards we dined at White Point Lodge, which seemed half empty — the summer visitors are flocking home. Had a brief chat with Dr. & Mrs. Cineccia (see Neck E.E.A.) of Philadelphia, who visit here & play golf every summer.

Noticed a flock of night hawks diving & swirling over the beach in front of the lodge. They were feeding on a migration of winged ants, one of which alighted on my sleeve. One sees this every year. But this time a flock of herring gulls joined in the air-feast, something I never saw before. They are so much slower & clumsy on the wing than the swift little hawks that they seemed ludicrous, but they seemed to be enjoying these little tidbits, opening & snapping their beaks right & left in the swarm.

MONDAY, AUG. 30/71 Sunny & hot. Golf in the afternoon, a few holes with C., & then with Paul King. My play very bad for the past week or so, don't know why, unless it is the nagging dread of the future with C., which haunts me with memories of her sister Marie after her mind began to go.

Collins & his young carpenter finished the steps, put back the iron railings, etc. Another young man painted them, & also went about the house, scraping & repainting patches of peeled white paint on the wooden trim. They have worked well & made a neat job, although I don't like the quality of the wood, especially on the porch deck — such a lot of big knots. Thirty years ago wood like that was called "roughage" (i.e. "refuse") & its only use was in patching old barns, pig sties, etc. Now it is in common use, even in building new houses. Our Liverpool water supply is still unfit to drink, unless boiled. The chlorine additive is so strong that the water has a horrible taste in any case, & when used in washing or bathing it turns the soapuds to

a thick greenish scum that lines the basin or bathtub like a tidemark. News:- Owing to the weakness of the paper market, & the fact that much of the plant is out of date, the Bowaters Paper Corp. recently announced a partial shut-down of their Nfld. operations, laying off one-third of their 1,000 employees, & hinting that they may be forced to shut down the whole thing. Newfoundland's embittered premier "Joey" Smallwood, with a provincial election in the offing, now threatens to expropriate the Bowaters mill at Corner Brook, plus their big hydro-electric plant at Deer Lake, plus all their timberlands, & run them as a government enterprise. Bluffing, probably. The Bowaters properties in Nfld. have an estimated value over \$100,000,000; & the question being asked in Nfld. & elsewhere, in view of "Joey's" large & feckless financial commitments in other directions, is "Where would Joey find the money?" All this interests us in Liverpool because of course our own paper mill, the main stay of the town & district, is owned 51% by Bowaters Paper, Corp., of London, England, & 49% by a U.S. newspaper, the Washington Post. It was built in 1929 (Corner Brook was built by Britain's Armstrong-Whitworth Co. in 1925) but its machines have been kept up to date, especially in the past 20 years, by frequent replacements.

TUESDAY, AUG. 31, 1971 Warm, with a fresh breeze. Golf in the afternoon. C. came along for a few holes, & I played the rest with Dr. & Mrs. Wilson, of Middleton, N.B.

News:- The Social Credit party's government of Alberta, in power for 36 years, has been defeated soundly by a rejuvenated Progressive-Conservative party. Part of the "time for a change" movement which has upset several provincial gov'ts. in the last two years.

WEDNESDAY, SEP. 1/71 Another fine day. Golf this morning with Williams & Russell, with lunch in the clubhouse.

THURSDAY, SEP. 2/71 Temp. sank to 40° last night, but rose through a sunny day to 70°, with a fresh NW breeze. Golf in the afternoon. The town schools opened today, & again we have the morning & afternoon thunder & roar of buses, cars, & motorcycles, which will continue ^{until} next summer. Collins & his men have been working on the Lenty house, across the street, since they "finished" my job on Monday. I complained to

Collins about the paint job on the porch & steps, so today they went over the deck & steps with an electric "sander", & then painted another grey coat. Also they put a new coat of black paint on the iron step-railings, which were rusty & pitted in many places. Gauthier, the trucker, today hauled away the old steps & other debris (at a charge of \$3), & I cleaned up the shavings, sawdust, old nails, & odds & ends of wood, so our front entrance looks shipshape again.

FRIDAY, SEP. 3, 1971 Fine & warm still. Golf in afternoon.

Visited the Perkins House & chatted with Mrs. Mack, the curator, about the J.M. Ford diary & other documents which Bruce Ferguson, Provincial Archivist, wants to borrow for microfilming. Wrote Ferguson, saying I saw no difficulty, but it will have to be authorized at the next meeting of the Queens County Historical Society, which takes place in the latter part of October.

SATURDAY, SEP. 4/71 Extremely hot, with a ^{high} haze that I suppose is "smog" drifting up from the Boston - New York area, though there is no noticeable smell or irritant here on the ground. Golf in the afternoon. Dined with Tom & Sam & the youngsters at Hunts Point, ~~where~~ where there was a fresh air off the bay. A feast of steamed clams, the last of the season, probably, as the schools opened on Sep. 2 & the Raddall family have moved back to town, coming back to Hunts Point for weekends. Tomorrow they, the Chris Clarkes, the Jack Danlaps, & some others are going by motorboat to spend the day on Port Mouton Island.

SUNDAY, SEP. 5/71 Weather the same, except that the haze, descended to ground level. Temp. 90° at noon. Golf in the afternoon, drenched with sweat. About 5 p.m. the sky became very dark, & began to rain, cooling the air. This was just after I finished watering my roses for the first time since Aug. 11th — the intermittent rains since then have kept the ground moist. Took C. to dine at White Point Lodge, which was full of strangers (as always for the Labour Day weekend) — the familiar summer visitors have gone. Bird note: — Capt. Charles Williams reports a brown pelican among the gulls feeding along the shore behind his garden at Fort Point. Another has been seen at Port Medway.

Evidently strays carried north by the hurricane of Aug. 16th.

MONDAY (LABOUR DAY) SEP. 6, 1971

A bright but cool day.

No mail, of course, & the banks & shops closed. Golf in the afternoon with Wickwire & Jim Dumah. E. came along to keep an eye on me — playing a few holes, some distance behind us. Her crippling "rheumatism" of last year is gone — clearly psychosomatic, after all the doctors & the spell in hospital. She does her household tasks with the automatic efficiency of long experience, but is absent-minded about turning off lights in unoccupied rooms, & the electric stove; & cleaning around the bathroom toilet, etc. I now check these matters automatically as part of my day's routine, & do not mind; but I wonder how long our life will continue on this uneasy scale, remembering her brother Ralph & sister Marie.

TUESDAY, SEP 7/71 Overcast, warm, calm. Golf in the morning with Williams & Wickwire. Mowed my lawns in the afternoon — they are getting very dry, & begin to show brown in places. Noticed a heavy crop of berries, ripe & red, on three chokecherry trees about 10 feet high, in the little copse behind my garden wall. Phone call from Dr (professor) Benjamin R. Doane, of Halifax. He is chairman of a private group called The Nova Scotia Council of Resources, whose concern is the ecology of the province. They are much concerned about Sable Island at present. The oil drillers have been reasonably careful about it, but the Dept of Transport personnel on the island now drive cars, jeeps, & a truck, over the dunes everywhere, cutting into the turf of ~~marram~~^{MARRAM} grass & exposing the sand to the winds. This was especially noticeable in the hurricane of last Aug 15-16, which tore large quantities of sand away from dunes in the middle of the island, which had been covered with marram for centuries.

WEDNESDAY, SEP 8/71 Golf in dense fog this morning with Williams, Wickwire, & Reginald Wigglesworth. Not a breath of wind, & the mosquitoes were vicious. Shopped for groceries in the afternoon. Mixed a solution of "Killer" & went over my lawns spraying plantain, buttercup, & dandelion weeds, which have begun to show up again since the application on June 15. This evening the air

was clear & balmy & delightful, so I strolled down to the riverfront & sat on a bench near the old cannon, looking across to the old house of privateerman Joseph Barss, now utterly changed into Lane's Motel. A pair of youths in a speedboat took up & down the river in the dusk. The parking lot behind me, the streets, the bridge, all garnish with powerful electric lights & neon signs. Wondered what Barss would think if he came back now. Went to the movie show. An amusing but almost plotless thing called "The Only Show in Town", about a compulsive gambler in Las Vegas, & a showgirl divorcee. Elizabeth Taylor played the girl. She is reputed to get a million dollars for every movie she makes, but in this one I should say she wasn't worth ten cents.

Below is a cutting from the Fall catalogue of McClelland & Stewart, which lists about 50 books, some of them reprints like mine.



August
\$7.95

Halifax

Thomas H. Raddall

When *Halifax - Warden of the North* was first published in 1948 it was immediately recognized not only as a superb piece of scholarship but as one of the most dramatic and lively historical works ever to be published in Canada. Since then it has gone through three editions and numerous printings and its stature as a minor classic remains undiminished. This is the fascinating history of a city which has played a unique role in the development of this nation. Thomas H. Raddall, winner of many international honours and awards, is best known for his many historical novels and collections of short stories. This edition is revised and includes two complete new chapters bringing the book up to date. Illustrated. L.P.

ISBN 0-7710-7246-5

M. & S. chose to use this old photo plate of me, instead of more recent ones, which would require a new plate.

THURSDAY, SEP 9, 1971 Overcast & hot & humid. Golf in the afternoon. Reading the weekly bundle of English, U.S., and Canadian newspapers & magazines sent by Bill White. I read books, constantly also, some purchased from the Marlboro firm in New York, some from the Liverpool library, some sent by White. I watch the best of TV in the evenings, with a book in my lap for the dull spots and commercials. I am in hard, vigorous, health, & weigh 169 lbs. naked, just 4 lbs. more than the doctors' charts show as

ideal for a man of my height & age.

FRIDAY, SEP. 10, 1971 Fine & warm. A convention of insurance men from Halifax, staying at White Point Lodge, bought exclusive rights to our golf course today, so I stayed at home, reading, writing one or two letters, etc. Anglican parson, C.R. Elliott came to see me, asking information about my life, work, honours, etc. John Leefe (see May 31/71) had submitted my name to the Board of Governors, University of King's College. I asked Elliott what I had asked Leefe — "just what is involved in the title of Chancellor?" — & like Leefe he did not know.

SATURDAY, SEP. 11/71 Delightful day, sunny & cool. Golf this morning with Williams & Wickwire. A great crowd on the course, nearly all Nova Scotians. White Point Lodge closes tonight, after a poor season. The money pinch has affected the American tourist trade, excepting the throng of trailer-campers, spending cash only for gasoline & food. The more expensive motels & resorts (even inside the U.S. like those on Cape Cod) have had "vacancies" all summer. All this reflects the depression of trade & investment within the U.S., & the sharp decline in the value of the U.S. dollar abroad.

SUNDAY, SEP. 12/71 A cool grey day, with light rain in the afternoon when I was playing golf with Paul & Madge King. Saw two small groups of wild geese heading for Port Joli, where quite a lot have arrived in the past ten days. A pair of loons swimming close to the shore by N^o 6 tee.

MONDAY, SEP. 13/71 Drizzle all last night & today. At 9 a.m. the two professional handy-men from White Point (who call themselves "The Speedy Cleaners" but will tackle anything) came to put down a new carpet in the diningroom & to replace the worn carpet in my study with the one we removed from the living-room in July. It meant first removing all the furniture (and my files) & then putting it back, a heavy job. To lighten the bookcases in my study I removed the books, exactly 331 plus many pamphlets & brochures. Fortunately the wall bookcase in the dining-room (containing 267 books) stands clear of the floor. All the rest of my books, maps, etc., are on shelves in the attic, because there is simply no room for them downstairs.

WEDNESDAY, SEP 15, 1971 Drizzle, fog, & heavy thunder-showers. The third day without outdoor exercise & sunshine & fresh air - how I hate this kind of weather. Sitting indoors, reading old books, bored. Went to the movies tonight. An English play by Kingsley Amis, who is highly rated in the modern British literary set. Much made of mini-skirts & sex by actor Noel Harrison & actress Hayley Mills, both tops in ^{British} cinema. Trash, all of it, but amusing in spots.

THURSDAY, SEP 16/71 Dark & oppressively humid day. When the sun finally got through the clouds in the afternoon, the temp. was 85°! I drove with C. to Oakland, where we visited my sisters Hilda & Nellie for a couple of hours, & brought Nellie to Liverpool to stay with us for 3 or 4 days. She intends to sell her house in Birmingham, Alabama, & has the plans of a small house she intends to build at Oakland, on a piece of Hilda's land.

FRIDAY, SEP 17/71 Fog all day, very thick on the shore. On the invitation of the Austin Parkers we drove to their cottage at Port Joli & dined with them - fried chicken, with potatoes, pumpkin, etc - the vegetable fresh from Austin's garden there. Home at dark.

SATURDAY, SEP 18/71 Same weather. This afternoon the junior Raddalls invited us to visit them at the Hunts Point cottage. The fog lifted enough that we could see a dim shadow of Port Morton Island, across the bay. The sea has lost its chill at last, & my son Tom had a long bathe in the surf. We dined *de luxe* on pheasant & wild duck, products of Tom's hunting last fall & kept frozen since, a French white ^{wine}, etc., all delicious. Home at dark.

SUNDAY, SEP 19/71 A sunny day, after a solid week of damp & darkness. My sister Hilda Bayer drove here this morning to fetch Nellie back to Oakland, whence soon she returns to Birmingham for the winter. Soon after noon I drove with C. to the golf course, but found it over-run with male & female players from the Eden Club in the Valley, who had been invited for a general tournament. Came back to town, badly wanting hard exercise & sunshine after so many days without them, so I broke the Sabbath heartily, mowed my lawns, & then sprayed the weeds with a strong

Killer solution. (The Killer I applied on Sep. 8 was ineffective.)

The young history teacher in our regional high school, John Leep, stopped by for a chat. Said he had submitted my name for the honorary office of Chancellor of King's, & the decision will be up to the Board of Governors. The Board is not committed in any way at present, & not am I.

MONDAY, SEP. 20, 1971 Open-&-shut sky, & very humid. Golf this morning with Williams & Wickwire. The grass very wet with dew, & mosquitoes a pest. This afternoon took C. for a drive along the shore to Eagle Head & Ragged Harbour, thence to Port Medway & up the river to Charlottetown. Got out of the car to look at work on the new highway bridge, which will cross the Medway about half a mile below the old. The contractors have been dumping hundreds of truckloads of rock & gravel on the east (the "Old Kettle Road") side of the river, making it considerably more narrow at this point, & on this "fill" they are erecting large ferro-concrete abutments for the bridge. On the west side, large bulldozers were beginning the new stretch of roadway, which will by-pass Mill Village entirely.

News:- The pinch of trade, bad as it was, is now really severe in Canada as the effect of the new U.S. import tax is manifest. Motorcar & other manufacturers are laying off hundreds of workers. Yesterday the Toronto ^{op} Telegram, one of that city's "big three" newspapers, announced that it was going out of business & selling its subscription list (several millions) to the Toronto Star. This puts about 1200 employees out of work.

TUESDAY, SEP. 21/71 Overcast & humid. Golf this afternoon with the pro, Jim Dumeah. C. came out with ^{me} & played a few holes. I mailed a "regrets, No" to invitations from St. Mary's University to attend a Mass, a special convocation, & a dinner, to celebrate the installation of Dr. Carrigan as President, on Oct. 7. This evening Mrs. Olga Broomfield, of the Mount St. Vincent staff, phoned about a visit there in the first half of October — an invitation first extended last January. Having refused St. Mary's I couldn't say Yes to this. She then suggested the latter part of Oct., but I am going to Ottawa for the Order of Canada affair.

Then, & I added that I could not undertake a long motor trip after the first of November. She wants me to talk to her English class, who have several of my books on their reading list.

THURSDAY, SEP. 23, 1971 A bright day & dry air, very refreshing after so much humid weather. I came with me, to the golf course, where I played with Sumeah, Father Donald Campbell, our Liverpool R.C. priest, & another priest whose name escapes me. Large & small groups of geese flying over the course very frequently now, all honking cheerfully as they sight Port Joli ahead. News: - In a press interview on T.V. tonight Prime Minister Trudeau, replying to questions from Charles Lynch & others, said that if the new import taxes on manufactured goods entering the U.S. are temporary, we must learn to live with them. But if, in addition to shutting out goods from Europe & Japan, the U.S. intends to change the whole economy of North America by taking only raw materials from Canada, then we must re-make our whole economy to protect our technological society. Asked what alternatives Canada had, Trudeau gave one of his characteristic shrugs & said we had plenty of alternatives, ranging all the way between the two extremes — total integration with the U.S., and total war with the U.S.

FRIDAY, SEP. 24/71 An open-&-shut sky & mild air. Golf in the afternoon with Sumeah. The C.B.C. last January bought the use of my short story "The Wedding Gift" as a half-hour TV play, for \$500. The play will be shown on the national network next Thursday evening. Today I have a letter from them offering the same terms for "The Nymph & The Lamp" (Lloyd Bochner's extended option on all dramatic rights in The Nymph expires Nov. 30th).

SATURDAY, SEP. 25/71 A cold (30°) night, & a chilly day with a north wind. Golf this afternoon with Wickwire, King, & Sumeah, & in spite of a sweater I was cold, for the first time since last spring. Not a bird to be seen, on the golf course, or on my back lawn at home, where the elder-berries & choke-cherries are hanging in tempting black clusters — usually by this time the starlings & flocks of migrating robins have cleaned them up. Dinner at the

Jerry Pickerson's house, two doors away. Other guests were the Mel Gardners, the Charles Williams, the Bairds, the Jorgys. Main dish was planked salmon, broiled on oak plank by wood coals in Jerry's outdoor fireplace, but eaten indoors because the evening air was chilly. Enjoyed the food & talk, but afterwards could not sleep (despite rum & 1½ Decans), & sat up watching an old movie on TV until 2:30 a.m.

Wrote CBC, saying *The Nymph*'s dramatic rights were under option expiring Nov. 30th; & that in any case I would not sell the Canadian TV rights for \$500, nor would I permit my novel to be compressed into a 30-minute play, which would ruin the story.

SUNDAY, SEP. 26, 1971 Sun, clouded, & wind, but more comfortable than yesterday. Golf with Samesh. Afternoon tea at Mel Gardner's house, Brooklyn, in honour of Mel's 85th birthday. A party of about 25 people, including Ken Jones, who gave a toast to the old chap, who is undoubtedly the brightest & best liked man in the counties of Queens & Lunenburg, where he spent much of his life. Jones himself is now too fat, with a big belly & a general bloated look. He reminds me of his father Col. C.H. L. Jones, who was head of *Mersey Papers* when I joined that company & had a good business mind but was physically overindulgent in food, drink, & women.

MONDAY, SEP. 27/71 Cold (38° here, as low as 30° in some inland parts of N.S.) last night, temp. up to 65° in the afternoon. A perfect autumn afternoon as I played golf with Samesh, Wickwire, & Russell. Clear sky, light NW breeze, the sea the dark blue of Fall. Pamela drove to Hfx today to do some shopping, so the youngsters lunched & dined with us.

I note in today's paper the death of Miss Eva Pye, the best of my teachers at Chubucto School during the First World War! No age given, but she must have been at least 85. I hunted her up in Hfx. about 1932, & proudly presented her with a copy of my first little book "Saga of the Rover", inscribed to her. Later on she changed her address & I never heard of her again. Apparently she had been in a Hfx. nursing home for years. As a teacher she had ideas & methods much in advance of the humdrum system of my time, & she battled valiantly to "push them across".

TUESDAY

~~MONDAY~~, SEP. 28, 1971 Again a cold night & a bright cool day. Today I tackled a tall chore — storm windows. Last year I caulked them with asbestos-putty, a stuff used with a hand gun in which a hard pressure must be maintained on the "trigger". With this I could leave them on all year round, & save the semi-annual drudgery of taking-off, washing both inner & outer windows, & putting-on. However, the compound cracked as it dried, & the 3 main street-facing windows then was a penetration of dust & moisture. I had to wait until after noon for the woodwork to get thoroughly dry after the night's dew. Then I had to scrape away the old caulking, which had hardened like ordinary window-putty, take them off, wash the house windows while C. did the storm windows, then put them back on, leaning & leaning on ladders. A long & tiring task, & I had to quit at 3:45. These heavy old-fashioned storm windows were made in 1936, & next year I shall replace the three main front ones, & the 2 remaining on the west side of my study, with modern aluminum ones, which remain permanently in place, & can be washed from inside as well as outdoors.

Except for the perennial crows, starlings, English sparrows, etc., all the birds have now vanished. The ripe fruit on my elderberry shrubs, & the choke-cherries behind my garden, hangs untouched, whereas in former years they were eagerly gobbed by flocks of migrating robins. Several of my roses are in full bud again & about to bloom, but I fear the frost will get here first. Similarly, a hard winter seems to be descending on trade & industry all over the world, exacerbated by the sudden raising of tariff walls in the United States. I have a feeling that the U.S. is about to relapse into its old isolation, withdrawing its troops not only from the long & disastrous war in Viet-Nam, but from Europe, Korea, etc. Complete isolation from foreign affairs was the original ideal of George Washington & the other founders of the republic, after all.

WEDNESDAY, SEP. 29/71 A mild, grey, windy day. This afternoon I finished my storm-window chore — completed caulking the front windows, & washed my den windows, & put the storm windows on

den & kitchen. Also closed & caulked the air-vent in the cement foundation of my den. All this while the woodwork is dry, after the long fire spell. (Last year a damp September delayed this work a month.) Dinner party tonight at the Austin Parkers' house, about twenty people, good food & light chat. Hector Dunlap, at the age of 72, sporting a new Charlie Chaplin moustache, & talking cheerfully of his annual deer-hunt at Eagle Lake next month with Austin Parker, age 76. They hunt almost entirely by canoe, around the shores of Eagle & Long Lakes, a slow & easy method for the sake of Hector's health.

THURSDAY, SEP. 30, 1971 A chilly night, followed by a sunny & warm (72°) day, with a strong W. wind. Golf in the afternoon. Watched my play, "The Wedding Gift" on TV tonight. A good production, but the 30 minutes were broken by no less than five long advertisements, all plugging "country music" (cowboys & guitars) shows on the autumn program. The abrupt cuts & leaps, back & forth, from the 18th century to the 20th, utterly destroyed the continuity & the play. Typical CBC operational stupidity.

Have been reading "T. Scott Fitzgerald, a critical portrait" by H. J. Pizer, one of the now numerous books on Fitzgerald & his wife Zelda, who have become (after Joyce & Hemingway) the most famous of the coterie of literary neurotics & drunks who hung about Paris in the 1920's. Robert McAlmon (known in Paris as "Robert McAlimony" from his chief source of income) wrote in ~~1930~~ 1934, "I agree with Scott himself in thinking that most of his books will not be interesting to later generations, except to intellectuals who will perhaps 'revive' him in order to show their own extreme sensibilities."

So do I.

FRIDAY, OCT. 1/71 Another lovely Fall day. This morning I had my eyes examined by Robert Wile, the optometrist here, who prescribed new lenses for my glasses 3 years ago. He found what I had suspected myself, that my right eye has retained its vision, but the left eye (always the weak one) had deteriorated badly. He prescribed new stronger lens for the left eye, & I will get them in about a week.

Golf alone this afternoon.

SATURDAY, OCT. 2/71 Fine & warm. Golf alone in afternoon. A crowd on the course. A flock of grackles, evidently in

Miss Eva Pye

Miss Eva C. Pye of Halifax, a resident of the Halifax Nursing Home, died Friday in Victoria General Hospital, Halifax.

She was a daughter of Elias and Celeste Pye, Ecum Secum.

Surviving besides her parents are, two sisters, Mrs. Ethel Gaw, Saskatchewan; and Mrs. Dorothy Schofield, Wolfville.

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migration, foraged about my garden for a time. Then a lone robin. Brown leaves falling from the wire birches. For most of the summer my applications of "Cryon" kept the leaf-runners out of my birches, but my neighbor Anderson did nothing, & eventually the worms got into my trees from his.

By post today I received six copies of the new edition of "Halifax Warden of The North", from McClelland & Stewart. They were promised to me 5 or 6 weeks ago. As they were printed & bound in Hong Kong, I suppose the shipment has been held up by cargo congestion at Vancouver, caused by a strike (since July) of all the longshoremen on the U.S. Pacific coast.

SUNDAY, OCT. 3, 1971 Cloudy, windy, cool. Moved my lawns this afternoon, already cluttered with fallen leaves. The earth is brick-hard for lack of rain. My son Tom & three companions are in New Brunswick for their annual woodcock shoot, & C. invited Pamela & the youngsters to dine with us. Young Tommy was tired from an afternoon at ice hocky practice in the rink, under the strict tuition of a hired pro. The evening TV programs were very dull on both networks. Technically the Caledonia relay station of the CTV network is now much improved, with a clear colour picture & few breaks. I slept badly, despite Seconals & rum, & finally got up at 4 a.m. & made a breakfast of toast & cocoa, thinking that would give me sleep. It didn't. After something like 20 years of taking Seconals my body has built up a resistance to them, as I have noticed during the past year or two. I don't like to ask Dr. Macdonald for a larger prescription but I must.

MONDAY, OCT. 4/71 The grass was white with frost this a.m., the first frost of the season, quickly melting in the sun. Golf this afternoon with Charles Williams, Fred Hearty, & Gary Webber — all retired employees of Mersy Paper Co. Williams was a sea captain & later marine superintendent, Hearty was a machinist, Webber a welder & for many years head of the papermakers' union.

TUESDAY, OCT. 5/71 This morning's Halifax Chronicle-Herald came forth with red ~~reading~~ headline 3" high "IT'S OIL", & a large photo of Premier Regan holding up a little bottle of it.

The premier had announced that "oil had been found on Sable Island and, although the quantity & commercial significance are yet unknown, the discovery might well be the future prosperity of Nova Scotia". Actually the traces of oil & gas had been found & made known some months ago by Mobil Oil Canada Ltd. which began drilling at the west tip of the island last spring. There is still a lot of doubt about the "quantity & commercial significance", also about the means of getting the oil to mainland refineries. Ever since oil companies began drilling in various places off the N.S. coast several years ago, the N.S. government has claimed full ownership of prospective tax royalties, and Ottawa still insists that the federal government claims half. So far it is a business of counting chickens unhatched, on the basis of a mere glimpse at a bit of shell.

Mild & overcast today. The John Wickwines, the Austin Parkers & ourselves are giving a cocktail & dinner party for about 40 people tomorrow at the Wickwines' summer home, Port Joli, & our ladies are busy cooking huge quantities of goulash, etc.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 6, 1971 Fog & rain. Our party at Port Joli went very well. The Wickwine house is a tastefully & expensively modernised one that stands above the western shore of Port Joli, with old hewn beams & a huge stone chimney & fireplace. The property is part of a 200 acre grant to Murdoch Cameron in 1786, when a party of Scotch ex-soldiers, whose regiment was disbanded at Shelburne in 1783, took up lands by warrant at "Great Port Jolly". Presumably the house was built then or soon afterwards. The Wickwines bought it from an old fisherman named Theriault, who turned over to them some old papers, including a deed of 100 acres from Murdoch Cameron to another Cameron dated 1826.

THURSDAY, Oct. 7/71 Sunny & warm, with a westerly wind. Golf alone in the afternoon. Flocks of migrating robins on the course. Last Friday, Wile sent to Gfx. the single-lens gold-rimmed glasses I have used for years for outdoor walks, golf, etc., as he cannot fit the new lens into them here. So I have been playing golf with my old bi-focals, with

some weird results. Canadian stock markets, which have been shrinking for the past two years, are now really falling as the effects of the new U.S. tariff become apparent. Canadian financial experts, like Eric Reitans of Montreal, formerly head of the Montreal stock exchange & later a member of the Trudeau cabinet) predict a long depression of Canadian industry lasting for several years.

FRIDAY, Oct. 8, 1971 As yesterday. C. came with me to White Point & picked a couple of quarts of cranberries above the sea shore behind N° 6 tee.

SATURDAY, Oct. 9/71 Fine & cool. This morning I got my glasses back from Wile - one pair of bifocals for general use, one pair of single lenses for golf etc - with new lens of much greater magnification for the left eye. Cost \$37.50.

I wore the single-lens pair at golf with Jim Durnah this afternoon, & found them much better for distance, although I have to be careful when looking down at a ball at my feet. It will take some experience to get used to them. This evening C. & I had drinks & chat with the Erik Anderssons, who have been away most of the past two months, mostly at Gagetown N.B. where their Army son Michael is stationed. Troops from various parts of Canada were assembled there for manoeuvres, with all kinds of equipment from tanks to helicopters, & they were much impressed. Hemon the druggist has received at last the 2 dozen copies of "Halifax, Warden of the North" he ordered some time ago, & got me to autograph them when I was downtown this morning.

SUNDAY, Oct. 10, 1971 Golf this afternoon, hatted after ten holes by a storm of wind & rain, which continued through the night. I finished examination of the new edition of "Halifax", noting typographical errors, broken letters in the type, etc., & listing them for future printings.

MONDAY, Oct. 11/71 The storm petered out in drizzle today, & left the streets & gardens littered with fallen twigs & (mostly green) leaves. The increasingly dull TV programs (yesterday there were 4 hours of the Social Credit party's convention, for example) drove me to the movies tonight - Elliot Gould in a trifling thing called "I love my wife".

TUESDAY, OCT. 12, 1971 Sunny & quite warm, despite a strong N. wind. Golf this afternoon, & then washed my car, & the west-facing storm windows of the house, ^{which} had become splattered with muddy drops, presumably dust off the trees & the west side of the house, in the storm of Sunday night. News:- the Canadian stock markets droop lower every day, especially the manufacturing companies' stocks. I hold 200 shares of MacMillan Bloedel, the largest lumber & paper company in British Columbia, for example. Last November it was worth \$36 per share. Today it is worth \$20 $\frac{1}{2}$. Fortunately most of my savings are invested in public utilities, which have not lost so much.

WEDNESDAY, OCT. 13/71 A cold (35°) night, & a cold but sunny day. C. came to White Point with me & played a few holes. On my second round I fell in with Merrill Rawding, who last year sold (to Murray Mosher) his partnership in the prosperous building & contracting firm of Mosher & Rawding. He began alone as a contractor on small government wharf repairs, entered politics as Liberal candidate for Queens, & for several years was Minister of Highways in the government of Angus L. Macdonald. After his political defeat in 1953 he formed a contracting partnership with Murray Mosher of Liverpool, who had an Engineering degree from the University of Toronto & a lot of money inherited from his father. Mosher's superior education, & Rawding's practical experience, enabled the new firm to bid for, & carry out, much larger & more intricate jobs than either of them had carried out before. Now well-to-do, & a youthful & vigorous 66, Rawding plans some years of travel. He & his wife covered Europe during the past two summers. Now he has bought a luxurious "motor-home", equipped with just about everything, & next winter they plan to drive all the way south to Mexico & Ecuador.

THURSDAY, OCT. 14/71 Hazy & mild. Golf with Charles Williams. Saw 2 large flights of wild geese heading towards Port Joli. This evening a Grade 12 student, Horrie Rice, came to talk with me for an hour about the art of writing short stories & novels - this for an English term paper he is to write this semester. A tall (about 6'2") handsome & intelligent young man, with pertinent questions to ask & discuss. News:- At Ottawa, Finance Minister Benson

announced tonight a cut in personal & corporation income tax, & a wide set of expenditures to mitigate the great & growing unemployment problem, amounting to about one billion dollars. The Tories call this a "deathbed repentance", because they have been advocating such tax cuts & expenditures for many months. The NDP approve the cut in personal income tax (which will benefit the highly paid labour unions) but object to the cut in tax on "the rich corporations".

FRIDAY, Oct. 15, 1971 Lovely warm (80° in the sun at 4 p.m.) day, with little breeze. A C.B.C. man named Bateman phoned from Hfx last night, asking for an interview at 2 p.m. today. So I had no afternoon exercise today. He proved to be a young fellow in the late twenties, with a proposition. C.B.C. is contemplating a series of thirteen brief (20 minute) shows on T.V. next summer, dealing with interesting & scenic places about Nova Scotia which have some history. They want me to line up the program on the historic-interest side (6 to 8 minutes per show), writing a "treatment" of each for the guidance of script writers & cameramen. They offer me \$2,500 for all this, & want a definite answer by next Tuesday morning, when Bateman will phone me from Halifax.

My son Tom dropped in this evening, mainly to show us his new Dodge car, an elaborately equipped station-wagon, cost \$6,700. His friend, local physician Floyd Macdonald, has decided to seek the Conservative nomination for candidate in the forthcoming by-election in Queens. Macdonald, a handsome & athletic man in the mid-thirties, works hard at his practice & earns about \$50,000 a year. Why he wants to go into politics is a mystery, except that he is restless & wants a change from small-town life. He & his wife were incompatible, & separated last year by mutual consent. She has gone to the home of her parents in Montreal, taking with her the only child, & is getting a divorce (also by mutual consent) on the plea of "mental cruelty". A sad business, because he is not a philanderer nor a sadist, & both of them were handsome & well-liked here.

SATURDAY, Oct. 16/71 A fine fall day, temp. 60° . Golf with Dumegh in the afternoon. This evening C. & I went to the golf clubhouse & attended the season-closing party, with the

presentation of the various cups & shields. I have seldom played in any of the matches, & never attended the annual party until now. This year somebody put my name in for the match for the Russell Cup, which is for members over the age of 65, & with the aid of a generous handicap (28, I think) I won. There was a great burst of laughter & applause when I was presented with the token trophy, a small gilt figure of a golfer, showing absolutely professional form, because of course my tree-chopping style has amused the members for many years. I joined the club in the year 1947, when the club's first pro, Tom Vanks, was dying of cancer, & there was nobody to teach the game except one's friends, who all had different ideas. I had never had a golf club in my hands before, but I had become an accomplished ax-man on my hunting & exploring journeys in the woods, & finally I adopted the ax-man's stance & swing — & it worked in a good enough fashion.

SUNDAY, Oct. 17/71 Cool & bright. After lunch drove with C. to view the autumn foliage:— Milton — South Brookfield — New Germany — Bridgewater — Waverly — Chelsea — Greenfield, & home. Every year now we see the spread of smart new bungalows & well-embedded "trailer-homes" outside the villages, along the asphalt roads, in what used to be unbroken woods or small abandoned farms. Electric light & the telephone lines are available all along these roads, & what with TV, radio, a car or truck for every family, bus service to schools, & prompt snow-ploughing in the winters, there is no isolation in such places any more. After getting home we watched on TV the final game of the baseball "world series", won by the Pittsburgh "Pirates" from Baltimore "Orioles". Most of the Pittsburgh team, & some of the Baltimore team, are mulattoes with Spanish names, from Puerto Rico & Cuba, goodlooking & athletic men who play the game extremely well.

News:— We saw on TV the arrival in Ottawa of Premier Kosygin of Russia, the first Russian head-of-state ever to visit Canada. Along the route from airport to the embassy there were strong guards to keep off the usual "protest" groups who waved placards & yelled abuse.

MONDAY, Oct. 18/71 Sun & cloud. Temp. 60°. Golf in afternoon with Dumeach, Wickens & Williams. A flock of 40 or 50 starlings,

and a dozen or so of robins, are devouring the ripe dark fruit of my golden elder shrubs, & staining my white asbestos shingles with droppings like blobs of purple ink. Most of my rose bushes are in full bud & beginning to bloom again.

News:- Walking out of the House of Commons today with Prime Minister Trudeau, Mr. Kosygin was attacked and thrown to the ground by a Hungarian immigrant, despite the elaborate police precautions. Police rescued him quickly & he was unhurt. Trudeau was embarrassed & indignant, & apologized to Kosygin for the Canadian people.

TUESDAY, OCT. 19, 1971 Sun & cloud, & a gusty N. wind tearing leaves off the trees. Adrian Bateman phoned from Hfx. this morning, & I said I would do the series for \$2500 if the C.B.C. decides to go ahead with it. He will let me know soon. Thinks the deadline will be "in March", & the job will involve my presence in Hfx. for some days, presumably going over "shot lists" & timing the "voice-over" stuff, as I did with Bill Harper on the Halifax story in 1967. Golf this afternoon with Dumeah. The wind had shifted to E., right off the sea, boisterous & cold, & our bare hands were stiff & chilled.

WEDNESDAY, OCT. 20/71 Sunny & cool, after a frosty (30°) night. Golf with Dumeah. Little wind, & consequently much more comfortable than yesterday. The Historical Society opened its winter season with a meeting at Miss Isabel McNeil's charming old house, Mill Village! About 35 or 40 people. Among other business, the Society agreed to permit Provincial Archivist Bruce Ferguson to take certain of our museum documents to Halifax for microfilming, on his promise of a prompt & safe return. Also agreed to give every facility to John Leefe, a good schoolteacher who is a member of the Society, to annotate & index the Robert Long collection of photographs & documents. Miss Marguerite Letson of Mill Village gave an interesting & amusing talk on Queens County colloquialisms as she had remembered them from her youth. Many were nautical & natural in Port Medway with its ship-builders & sailors. (E.G.) A housewife, going out to her clothesline on a windy day, & finding one of her bedsheet torn from an upper corner to the opposite lower corner, exclaims "There's

one of my bedsheets split up from clew to earring!"

Cd. Kirkpatrick showed an oil painting, which he had found recently, of tern schooner "C.A. Sabean", 349 tons net, designed by Robbie McLeod & built by John W. Hutt at Liverpool in 1901. She had a career of 28 years & then was abandoned at sea, 1921. Our Society president, Melbourne Gardner, as a boy of 15 or so, was present at her launching; & another member present, Joseph Letson, was mate of the "C.A. Sabean" in later years.

THURSDAY, Oct. 21, 1971 A lovely autumn day. Golf as usual.

Have just finished reading the latest sensational "novel" by Mordecai Richler, "A. Uobain's Horseman" (His last was more typically entitled "Cocksure".) Richler is a Montreal Jew who grew up in the poor Jewish quarter, emigrated to Britain in his 20's, & became a writer for the B.B.C. & to some extent for British movies. He quickly became a critic & writer-on-the-side for the avant-garde British weekly "New Statesman", & in recent years has been hailed by avant-garde reviewers on both sides of the Atlantic for his brilliant & caustic satire. Actually he, & various brilliant & satirical Jewish writers in the U.S. (who have turned out a torrent of best-selling books in the past 15 years or so) are all slavish imitators of "Ulysses" by James Joyce. Joyce was an Irishman, but his hero was a sensual, sad, Jew ("Leopold Bloom") married to a Gentile woman who finds him unsatisfactory & disgusting. Joyce, in his turn, was much influenced by Rabelais & alcohol.

Richler, who lives in England with a Gentile wife, likes to call himself a Canadian, & occasionally visits Montreal & Toronto; but he despises Canada & Canadians, & writes satirical comments & magazine articles on them, although he never actually saw or experienced much of them outside of Montreal. Growing up there, amid the intense dislike of the French Canadians, & the remote attitude of the well-to-do Anglo-Canadians, he acquired a hatred of them all, linking them in his mind with the Nazis of Germany, whose atrocities still obsess many Jews of today. That is the theme of "A. Uobain's Horseman". In the climactic chapter, his hero takes a blonde German student-servant ("au pair") girl into his London flat, where he & another Jew inflict upon her every possible obscene & disgusting act, all described

in vicious detail. Presumably this is supposed to symbolize the revenge of the Jew upon the whole body of the non-Jews.

News: - A provincial election in Ontario, where the Conservatives have been in power for 28 years, has returned a Conservative government with a bigger majority than the last one. This in spite of a trend in recent years to throw old provincial regimes out of the window. (N.S., N.B., Sask., etc.)

FRIDAY, Oct. 22, 1971 Still another sunny Fall day. Golf with Williams & Russell. While we were playing, a flock of about 40 wild geese flew over towards Port Joli. I liked Williams' anecdote of a gruff old skipper in a schooner making the Labrador coast in thick weather. A keen young lookout at the masthead cries, "Cap'n! I see a sea-gull two points off the port bow!" The captain spits disgustedly. "Flyin' or walkin'?"

I wrote Ferguson about microfilming the documents.

SATURDAY, Oct. 23/71 Same weather. Golf in the afternoon, with some blackflies pestering though not biting. My back lawn is littered with fallen leaves, mostly from the birches & the asp tree between my property & Andersens, which always shed their leaves first. My roses are slowly coming into bloom again, & a few migratory robins hop about the bird bath. Back to friends Austin Parker & Jerry Nickerson have gone to Eagle Lake, with Hector Dunlap, to spend a week in the old camp.

SUNDAY, Oct. 24/71 Same weather. Golf, this time in an amusing competition for the men - each threesome or foursome composed of first-rate, second-rate, third-rate players according to their handicaps. I played in a three-some - Reginald Wiggleworth, a papermaker, handicap 9; myself, handicap 19, & Albert Sapp, retired grocer, a beginner at golf, handicap 36. Our actual scores were: - Wiggleworth, 80; myself, 92; Sapp, 124. We didn't win, but it was a lovely afternoon.

MONDAY, Oct. 25/71 Same weather. Mercury Papers, Co. are sending a car to Hfx. today, to pick up some air flight tickets, & through Maurice Russell, I am getting them to do the same for me - a flight leaving Hfx. airport at 8:25 p.m. Thursday, & arriving at Ottawa at 9:05 p.m. Ottawa time. Return flight leaves Ottawa 11:50 a.m. Saturday, & arrives

Hfx. at 2:20 p.m. Hfx. time. I took a certified cheque for the Air Canada fares (#124) to Russell's house on Shad Street this morning. Don Smith came across the street, said he was going to Ottawa to attend the Senate tomorrow, & would return on Saturday on the same flight as myself. He wants to arrange a small luncheon in the parliamentary restaurant on Friday, at which I shall meet Eric Spicer, Librarian of the Parliament, & one or two others. I wired Nantel, registrar of the Order of Canada, to advise the Skyline Hotel of my arrival & departure times & dates. Golf in the afternoon with Sumeah. On my return home I vacuum-cleaned the air filters in the furnace, & oiled the electric motors, which have not been serviced since Whynot's men were here a year ago.

TUESDAY, Oct. 26, 1971 Rain, mostly drizzle all day. Had the car greased & re-oiled. News: - tonight the assembly of the League of Nations at New York voted by a large majority to admit The People's Republic of China (Peking) as the representative of the Chinese nation. Hitherto, under the urgent sponsorship of the United States, the League has recognised only the Chinese on the island of Taiwan, under the dictatorship of Chiang Kai Shek, who fled from China many years ago. President Nixon & his representatives are very indignant at this repudiation of U.S. policy, especially because several of the League nations which were vociferous for Pekin are in receipt of large U.S. donations every year. I think myself, that Pekin should have been recognised long ago, as Russia was. I recall that during War Two the British military staff had no faith in Chiang Kai Shek as an ally because his regime was utterly corrupt & his armies worthless. Time proved them right.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 27/71 Overcast & mild. Overcast & mild. Golf this afternoon with Sumeah, Ray Verge, & Father Campbell, the Liverpool R.C. priest. Campbell is a very good golfer, & he & Father Walsh (from Bridgewater) play at White Point nearly every afternoon.

THURSDAY, Oct. 28/71 Mild & sunny for my trip to Ottawa. Left home about 4 p.m., to avoid driving after dark, when the oncoming headlights blind me. Reached the airport about 6:45, deposited my suitcase at the Air Canada desk, & got

a boarding pass. Dined in the restaurant, a leisurely meal with a half-bottle of Sauterne. Afterwards, sitting in the waiting room, it was interesting to the writer in me to watch the various kinds of humanity sitting or wandering about. As usual nowadays they included, a notable number of "hippies" — young men with long scruffy hair (often bound with a sort of Red Indian headband) & beards, in odd sorts of shirts & jackets (a fringed Red-Indian type of blouse or jacket in imitation leather is popular) & faded, patched, & ragged-bottomed denim trousers; & their female counterparts with long hair hanging down in strings, & wearing much the same sort of clothes, many carrying bedrolls or big haversacks. They look like a lot of down-&-out bums, yet obviously all had the price of an air ticket to Montreal or Toronto.

But my impressions on this journey to Rideau Hall are too long to set down here. I shall do this in typescript for my file, under that title, "Journey to Rideau Hall, 1971".

My plane proved to be a big twin-jet-engine D.C. 9, my first flight in a jet plane! It took off at 8.40 p.m. (Halifax time) & in a couple of minutes the captain announced over the P.A. system that we were flying at 31,000 feet. In an hour we were passing Montreal, & 25 minutes later we were on the ground at Ottawa airport. The airport "limousine" (actually a small bus, fare \$1.75) took about half an hour to deposit me at the smart modern Skyline Hotel, where Government House had reserved a room for me. Senator Donald Smith was awaiting me there, & we went up to my room & chatted for half an hour. He invited me to sit for a time in the Senators' Gallery of the House of Commons tomorrow morning, followed by luncheon in the Parliament Restaurant.

As always in a strange room, like a cat in a strange garret, I slept badly, despite sleeping pills.

Friday, Oct. 29, 1971 A fine warm day. I strolled from the hotel to the Parliament Buildings (about a 10 or 15 minute walk) & found Don in his Senate room, a spacious one with furniture upholstered in red leather. Went to the House of Commons & watched & heard a desultory debate on various small matters. Many members had departed as usual for a weekend at home, so there were many empty seats, although the public galleries were

full of young people, mostly of high school age. Prime Minister Trudeau was away to attend a Liberal meeting & dinner at Halifax. Mr. Sharp was acting as his deputy, & the cabinet was represented by Messrs. Benson, Marchand, Spachter, & one or two others.

For lunch with me in the restaurant, Smith had invited Spicer & a pleasant man named ~~H.J. Smith~~^{Donald} from the Archives, & we sat in an alcove. Afterwards, Smith took me on a tour of the Parliament buildings, pointing out the fine wood carvings & stone carvings. He loves the place & knows every inch of it. Visited Spicer in the beautiful Library. Afterwards strolled down the shopping mall, a long one lined mostly with small boutiques. This took us to within a few yards of the hotel, where I thanked Don & parted. After a rest, I bathed, shaved (to get rid of "five o'clock shadow") & put on my attire for tonight's occasion — a plain black ("charcoal") business suit, white shirt, plain grey tie, grey silk socks, black shoes.

Government House had reserved rooms at the Skyline for most of the new members of the Order of Canada & their guests, also a special bus to take us to Rideau Hall at 5 p.m.

We assembled in our places (each chair marked with a ticket bearing the name of the occupant) in the ballroom, facing a large dais. Behind us, an orchestra from the R.C.M.T. band, in dress uniform, gave forth music. I found that while most of the males were in white-tie-&-tails, there were others like myself who had individual ideas about suitable dress. My right hand companion, a Montreal artist of Italian birth named Guido Molinari, wore a black suit like mine. So did Gordon ("Gordie") Howe, the famous hockey player, & two or three more. Altogether there were 9 new "companions" & 25 "Service Medal" members, of whom five were women. The list is obviously modeled from that of the Queen's Honour in Britain, with representatives of all sides of life, including science, medicine, teaching, sport & so on, ~~and~~^{and} the inevitable horse jockey. The other sport representatives were hockey players Jean Beliveau & Gordon Howe, both tall & handsome men, with pretty & intelligent blonde wives. (Molinari said to me, "As you see, of all these worthy people, you & I, a writer & a painter, are the only representatives of the arts. Does not that say something of the place of the arts in Canada?")

Other Maritimers included the former head of St. Francis

Xavier University at Antigonish, Rt. Rev. Malcolm MacLellan, & Mr. Innis MacLeod Q.C., an authority on law, in the employ of the N.S. government. The most striking person present was old Chief Dan George of Vancouver, in full Indian dress, with long grey hair flowing past his shoulders.

At 6 p.m. the orchestra struck up a processional march, & the Governor General (Roland Michener) & his lady, preceded & followed by aides, entered the ballroom & took their places on the dais. There was a great blaze of Klieg lights for the benefit of a platoon of T.V. & still-life photographers at the right. Michener wore full dress & the glittering chain of his office as Chancellor of the Order. A tall & handsome young man, Esmond Butler, who is Secretary General of the Order, read aloud each citation, as one's name was called & one approached the dais. A bow to the Chancellor. A brief greeting & a handshake from His Excellency, who then fastened the medal to one's lapel. Another bow to H.E., & one to his lady, & then one walked to the left, signed the register, & received the diploma of the Order, rolled & tied with red ribbon.

All this took time. Finally the Chancellor gave a brief address about this, Canada's own order of honour. Then the Orchestra played a few bars of God Save The Queen, & O Canada. Their Excellencies withdrew as we remained standing. Then we moved to another room for drinks & chat. I had a long talk with Sam George & his grand-daughter (who was dressed in a plain evening gown). She told me, "When the chief got his invitation, he said 'I'm not going to wear one of those monkey-suits. I'm an Indian & I'm dressing as an Indian'." I said I heartily agreed with him.

I talked also with Louis Robichaud, an ebullient little man, former premier of N.B.; Mrs. Ross Hemington, whose husband was head of Mount Allison University for years — he died a few weeks ago, & she was there to receive his insignia as a Companion in the order; with Molinari; with Gordon Howe & his pretty wife; with the Innis MacLeods — who live in Dartmouth — she is a medical doctor & works in the Dalhousie medical school; & with several guests of members of the Order, who introduced themselves & said they had enjoyed my books.

At about 8 p.m. we all moved to what is called the

Tent Room, really an annex to Rideau Hall, built for a huge badminton court or courts, years ago, with plain four walls & peaked roof. It was converted, in recent years, to the semblance of a marquee tent, by red & white candy-striped hangings about the walls & ceiling.

Here we found a large & elaborate buffet supper spread, with white-capped attendants. I chose a delicious sea-food hot-pot, creamed, in which I could identify lobster, scallop, shrimp & anchovy, among other ingredients. Rice & rolls. For dessert I chose fruit compote, with a bit of Swedish pastry. Attendants served white & red wines. I found an empty seat at one of the many round tables, with the Gordon Lowes & the MacLeods, & some others. Good food & talk. At about 9:30 everyone arose, & their Excellencies left, slowly, shaking hands as they made their way out. Then we withdrew. The diploma was a large & awkward thing to carry, & Esmond Butler said he would take charge of mine (& several others) & mail them to us. Back to the hotel about 10 p.m., & again had a fitful sleep, due to a noisy party in the next room, which did not subside until 4:30 a.m. — my usual bad luck in hotels nowadays.

Saturday, Oct. 30, 1971 Went to the airport by taxi about 11 a.m. & checked my suitcase with Air Canada. Another twin-jet DC 9. Took off about 10 minutes before noon, in bright sunshine, & again I had a good seat, beside a window at the fore end of the plane. A good view of the Ottawa river & valley until we reached the vicinity of Montreal, when the plane rose above white clouds & shut off the ground view. From the moment the plane left Ottawa, the three stewardesses hustled about, serving drinks & lunch. I had planned to have nothing more than a couple of sandwiches & a glass of ale; but I found there were no sandwiches, but a hot meal with a choice of steak or chicken. I settled for steak, which proved to be a medium sized filet mignon, with baked potato & fresh green peas, rolls & butter. I also found that as a first class passenger all drinks were "on the house", & I was served a white wine with the salad, a red wine with the meat, & a liqueur (I chose my favourite Tia Maria) at the close. Phew! Meanwhile, with a strong tail wind, the plane was making great speed. By the time I was sipping the liqueur the plane went below the clouds & I could see the city & port of St. John just to the left.

A good view as we crossed over Fundy, seeing Cape Split, Spencer's Island, Blomidon etc. Owing to the tail wind we were 15 minutes ahead of schedule, having taken little more than an hour on the flight from Ottawa. My car was awaiting me in the parking lot (the parking fee was \$3.25). A chance to fill my gas tank at a nearby station, & then the drive home, which I reached a few minutes before 5 p.m. Atlantic daylight time. Tonight ends the daylight time for the season, and we set our clocks & watches back one hour.

News. - The provincial election in Newfoundland on Friday resulted in a stalemate - Conservatives 21, Liberals 20, & the new "Labrador Party" 1. It was a great defeat really for Lombastic "Joey" Smallwood, the Liberal premier, who took Nfld. into the Canadian confederation & has swamped his Tory opponents in six successive elections. He had done a lot for Nfld., & for his friends & himself on the side. He also made a lot of expensive mistakes in drawing various foreign industries to Nfld., & piled up an enormous ~~debt~~ debt.

SUNDAY, Oct. 31, 1971 After a frosty night, a moderate (55°) day. Played golf in the afternoon, with Russell, Williams & Webber, in a mixed competition based on handicaps, like the one a week ago. Many players, & we were nearly 4 hours covering 18 holes. Long before the finish we were tired & chilled. Home for a bath & change, & then on to Tom's apartment, where Pamela provided a delicious dinner to celebrate my new medal. Tom spent yesterday in North Queens, with Floyd Macdonald, who is running on the Conservative side in the Queens County by-election, both of them shaking hands & handing out pamphlets, etc.

MONDAY, Nov. 1/71 Mild & overcast. In the afternoon played 9 holes at White Point with Jim Sumeah & Kay Verge, & then rain drove us off the course. Letter from Ket Beste uit Reader's Digest, saying they are including a condensed version of The Nymph & The Lamp ("De Nimp en de Lamp") in their latest volume of the Dutch edition of Reader's Digest Condensed Books. They are sending me a copy & "we hope that you will be pleased with the way in which we have presented your book to

a large Dutch readership." My book was first translated into Dutch & published under hard covers by Born in 1952 under the title "De Heijf en de Kamp". It was republished there under hard covers by De Gejinsboekerie in 1954, under the title "'t gebeurde op Marina". So this makes the third time around.

A note from Ottawa photographer John Evans, enclosing a 4×5 " colour photo of Governor-General Michener presenting me with my medal. He offers to send me copies, mounted in folders, at the rate of \$15 each for 8×10 " size, or \$7.50 each for 4×5 ", plus a "camera charge" of \$10 in general.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 3/71 Rain yesterday. Sunny today, temp. 70° , &

I was bitten by a thirsty mosquito on the golf course. I was warm to the perspiration point in T-shirt & thin trousers, with no underwear but a pair of cotton shorts - just what I wear in summer. Many players out, including several women.

In my garden the roses are in full bloom, with no apparent damage from the few light frosts we have had so far.

THURSDAY, Nov. 4/71 Fine & mild again. Golf with Dumeah, Pottie,

Williams, Wickwire. Austin Parkes back from the usual late Fall stay at Eagle Lake camp with Hector Dunlap. In a whole week they saw only one deer, by the stillwater brook between Long & Eagle lakes; & Dunlap, with his rifle in the bow of the canoe, missed a quick chance to shoot. Cocktail party this evening at the Maurice Russell's house - a fare-ye-well to Bert & Calperine Waters, who leave soon for their customary six months in Florida.

FRIDAY, Nov. 5/71 After a frosty night, a cool (50°) but sunny day. E. left home for N.B. by bus at 1.30, there to catch a train for Moncton, where she will stay a week with Bill & Frankie Dennis & their children. I played golf, & later shopped for bread, steak, a broiled chicken, etc.

SATURDAY, Nov. 6/71 Same weather, except that last night the temp. dropped to 28° , putting ice on the bird-bath for the first time this winter. Golf with Dumeah. At 4 p.m. my sister Winifred called, with her second husband Larry Merlin & her adopted (during the first marriage) daughter Rosemary, a small, quiet person of about 26 who is a teacher in Halifax. Larry & Winifred bought a small house at Northport, near Pugwash, when he retired from the Dockyard two or three years ago.

After some chat they left for home via Hfx.

News:- For some months past the U.S. government has been preparing a huge atomic explosion in a shaft dug more than a mile deep in the remote island of Amchitka, in the Aleutians. The Russians have conducted similar underground explosions, for scientific experiment, during the past two years. U.S. scientists, backed by President Nixon & his cabinet, assured the world that no air pollution or other dire result would occur. Nevertheless there were the usual protest marches in & outside the U.S., & they declared (among other things) that the "bomb" would create earthquakes & huge tidal waves. The government of Canada made an official protest, as long ago as last spring, against the whole idea of nuclear-fission blasts which might seriously affect the B.C. coast. Today the "bomb" was exploded, & there were no earthquakes, tidal waves, etc. U.S. scientists, some accompanied by their wives & families, have been living on Amchitka for months, & they remained there during & after the blast, to pursue their studies.

SUNDAY, Nov. 7, 1971 Golf this afternoon with Dumsah, under a grey sky & in half a gale blowing in from the sea. Lost two balls, & so did the pros. Boiled a steak for dinner, with mushrooms, bread, & wine.

MONDAY, Nov. 8/71 A bleak day, temp. 38° with a brisk NW wind, glints of sunshine but mostly dark clouds, from which came a few light dustings of snow — the first of the season.

Drove to the woods this afternoon, & cut a carload of spruce & fir brush to cover my rosebeds. Stowed the garden chairs overhead in the garage, & installed the storm door on the house entrance from the driveway. Today's Hfx paper has long accounts of Josip Broz "Tito", the wise & tenacious dictator of Yugoslavia, who received an honorary degree from Dalhousie University on Saturday, together with Sir Fitzroy Maclean, who parachuted into Yugoslavia during the Hitler war as head of the British military mission. It was the first time they had met since the war. Also present at the ceremony were the widows of two Dalhousie alumni, Major Bill Jones of Bear River, N.S. & Dr. Ian MacKenzie of Hfx, who also fought with Tito in the Yugoslavian campaign. At the Dalhousie

ceremony Sito said that a street in Belgrade will be named after Major Jones. A few years ago I met Fitzroy Maclean at a small dinner at Government House, Halifax, & found him interesting, & very modest about his wartime exploits.

Had a tin of frozen lobster for my dinner at 5 p.m.

TUESDAY, Nov. 9, 1971 Same weather. According to the weather bureau at Hfx. this evening this was the coldest day (25° here, much lower inland & eastward) in November since their records began over a century ago. I walked to the post office, & that was my only venture outdoors. For the first time since last April I wore my winter coat, a black (or rather very dark grey) garment, knee-length, with wind- & water proof surface, & well insulated inside. I finished typing on account of my Ottawa visit.

News: — The C.P.R. has announced that it will withdraw its ^{ton} liner Empress of Canada from both trans-Atlantic & cruise services at the end of this month. Launched in 1961, it is the last of the once famous C.P. fleet in which every Canadian took pride, & which dated back to the completion of the ocean-to-ocean railway in 1886. Reason — the swift rise of jet aircraft competition during the past few years. C.P. officials say their ships carried 98,000 passengers between Canada & Britain in 1960. By 1970 the figure was less than 24,000.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 10/71 Sun & cloud, temp. got up to 40° , & the wind eased to SW. I had intended to rake up fallen leaves, place them over the rose beds, & anchor them there with brush from the woods; but Jim Dumeah phoned me at noon — "How about a game of golf?" So I put on a set of wrist-to-ankle winter underwear, a T-shirt, trousers & a heavy sweater, & enjoyed 18 holes. We played with bare hands (stuffing them into the warmth of our trouser pockets when we could). Sea calm. A couple of trawlers hull-down on the sea horizon. Fresh tracks of a big deer in N° 9 fairway & a smaller one in N° 3. I still await confirmation & details of the C.B.C. business proposed by Bateman on Oct. 15 & 19 — exasperating, because I'd like to get the work started.

Then I attended a dinner party this evening at Austin Parker's house, given by the Parkers & Williams as a fare-well to Bert & Catherine Waters. About 20 people, all old friends.

THURSDAY, Nov. 11, 1971 Another frosty night. Today calm, temp. 45°. I watched part of the Armistice or rather Remembrance Day proceedings at Ottawa on TV. This afternoon I worked hard at my garden chores, raking up the mass of leaves & dumping them in the wild shrubbery beyond my back fence. Several of my rose bushes perished in last year's hard winter, so this time I heaped dead leaves about them, & anchored them leaves with a cross-hatch of brushwood whose ~~top~~ butt ends I stuck in the earth. Dined with Tom & Pamela & their youngsters. C. phoned this evening to say she would arrive at 9 p.m. tomorrow on the train from Halifax.

FRIDAY, Nov. 12/71 Frosty night, dark day, temp. 40°. This morning I polished the hydrangea shrub by my front walk, as usual in the Fall, & cleaned up the leaves & debris from my front lawn. While I was doing this, Whynot's mom came & made the annual service job on the furnace. After my frugal lunch I drove to White Point & played 9 holes in a cold drizzle of rain with Dumeah. We noticed cat tracks in front of N° 8 green, made by "jockers" last night, hunting for the buck & doe whose tracks we saw on Wednesday. At 8:45 p.m. drove to the bus stop outside Masonic Hall on Main St., & picked up C. She fears air flight & consequently came by train to Spx, where Marian White met her at the station & took her to the White home on Edward Street. Chat & a salad tea filled the next two or three hours, & then Marian drove her to the bus station. She reports the Dennis family all well & extremely active in all sorts of sports & other activities. Bill & Francie are very popular in Moncton, & their house is a gathering place for all sorts of people — at one party they had over a hundred guests.

SATURDAY, Nov. 13/71 Snow fell in the night, just enough to whiten the ground, slowly melting through the day, although the temp. never got over 40°. This is my 68th birthday, & at our evening meal C. served for dessert a little dish of my old-time (from childhood) favourite, bread-&-butter pudding, well mixed with currants & raisins, with a small pink candle burning on the top. Towards noon, from my study window I saw a little flock of evening grosbeaks flitting

about the shrubbery — the first appearance of our winter visitors, who usually are very erratic in their early visits & don't come regularly to my feeding tray until late in December. I hastened out to place the big wooden tray on the bird-bath, well sprinkled with sun-flower seeds, but the grosbeaks flew away at my approach, & did not come back.

News.— The by-election campaign in Queens County is in full swing. The other one is in Kings County, where the Liberals ate at quarrel with each other & one man threatened to run against the officially chosen Liberal candidate as an Independent. Premier Regan, with his precarious majority in the House, must win one way or the other, & so our little County is getting the full Liberal attention. For an openet, the Government presented a cheque for \$36,000 towards payment for the ice-rink, built by the Kinomen's Club two years ago & still heavily burdened with debt. Now they have announced a complete re-paving of the highway from Liverpool to Broad River, as well as new paving on several bits of by-road such as the old gravel road from Port Medway to Long Cove. They have hired gangs of men to clear bushes & gather up bottles & other debris from the roadsides — usually a spring chore. They have another gang re-planking the lower Milton bridge. Now that the voting age has been lowered from 21 to 18, both sides are giving much attention to the young. The Conservatives arranged a dance in Liverpool, with music by a local "rock" foursome from Sandy Cove. The Liberals trumped this with a gathering in the Milton hall, on the same night, and an imported group of musicians, & a female singer, all famous on TV. So it goes. Liberal candidate is Harley Umphrey, who came to Liverpool 7 or 8 years ago from Ontario, as manager of the new "J. G. A." food supermarket. He is a pleasant & capable fellow, & is well liked. Conservative candidate is Dr. Floyd Macdonald, a native of New Brunswick, who ~~has~~ came here 9 ~~12~~ years ago, built up a large general practice, & is well liked. The New Democratic Party (socialist) are running a local man named Roy, who operates a small restaurant on the road between Liverpool & Brooklyn.

SUNDAY, Nov. 14, 1971 A freezing day (32°) with NW wind. I stayed indoors, reading, & sometimes watching TV. In the

afternoon Tom, Pam, & the youngsters called to wish me a happy birthday, with gifts of red & white French wine.

MONDAY, Nov. 15, 1971 A sunny day with strong N. wind, temp. 38°, hence no exercise but a walk to the post office. As an example of the present costly postal rates: - An officer in Halifax headquarters of Maritime Command ("Marcom") asked me, as a favour, to send him an autographed copy of "Halifax, Warden of the North". As I don't make a practice of stocking and selling my own books, & consequently am not a registered bookseller, I cannot claim the special rate on books sold by post, & the cost of sending this book to Halifax was 65¢. A scoutmaster in Truro, planning an expedition to Seal Island with some of his boys next summer, asked me to send him a copy of the Saturday Evening Post containing my article on the island, published in 1948. I did so today. The postal charge was 45¢.

News: - The provincial importance of the by-elections in Kings & Queens has achieved national news importance, & last night on the TV national news report from Toronto we were amused to see colour-movie shots of Liverpool's main street, the paper mill, Umphrey's food market, & Roy's little wayside restaurant. Fame at last!

TUESDAY, Nov. 16, 71 Again strong N. wind & temp. 38°, this time with a dark sky & occasional spatters of rain. Election day. I voted for Dr. Macdonald at the courthouse polling booth, & so did C. One hour after the polls closed, Umphrey admitted defeat. When the total count was in, Macdonald had a majority over 800 - three or four times the scant majority of Ken Jones in the last election. However the Liberals won the former Conservative seat in Kings by a comparatively small majority, mostly given by the votes of airmen & wives at the big Greenwood air base. So the Regan government is now secure with 24 seats, while the Tories have 20, & the NDP 2.

Terence & Betty Freeman called this evening. He is still working part time at the Mersey mill office, & under the doctor's orders takes a daily walk of 2 miles. An old acquaintance of ours in Milton, Aubrey Coombs, dropped dead of a heart attack in the river woods on Monday. He & a

companion had shot a deer, & were dragging it towards the river road when Combs collapsed. He was 66.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 17, 1971 The sixth consecutive day of northerly gales & temperatures under 40° , but we are getting off lightly here on the South Shore. In the Valley, & from Hfx. eastward, there has been snow, sleet, & freezing rain, & much damage to telephone & electrical lines in Cape Breton & Newfoundland. Historical Society met tonight at Seth Bartling's house, about 35 people. In appointing the usual nominating committee to arrange officers for the coming year, "Mel" Gardner said he had now served 4 years as President, & he would not serve another term, due to his age & increasing disabilities. Col. Kirkpatrick suggested that we prepare & distribute a map of Queens County, showing places of historic interest & how to get there — this for the rapidly increasing numbers of summer visitors & new residents. A committee was appointed to look into this. The evening's entertainment was a talking-picture or rather two t-p's. The first showed, with actors in costume, the first French settlement at Port Royal, building of the "habitation", the Order of Good Cheer, etc. (I did the research for this, in 1959, when the C.B.C. produced it.) The second showed the pageant, in costume, by members of the Annapolis dramatic society, at Leguille two or three years ago, when the N.S. Light & Power Co. opened a new hydro-electric plant, disguised as an old French grain mill.

THURSDAY, Nov. 18/71 A bright day, 40° , & the wind at last had dwindled to a N. breeze. Sumeah & I played 18 holes at White. The big buck deer (see Nov. 12) has escaped the "jackers" so far, & Sumeah saw it standing on No. 8 green yesterday morning. Its hoof-prints were deep in the green today, much to Sumeah's annoyance. Dr. Bruce Ferguson phoned from Hfx., said he will drive down to L'pool on Saturday morning, to pick up some books & documents for microfilming! (See Sep. 3 & Oct. 20.) Today I bought my Christmas cards (100 or so) & mailed the ones for England by surface mail.

FRIDAY, Nov. 19/71 Sunny, temp. 45° , SW breeze. Golf with Sumeah, Wickwire, & Pottie. Noticed tire-marks on No. 5 fairway, made last night by "jackers" looking for deer along the edge of the woods past the little cemetery. Long letter from W. J. Smith, Dominion Archivist, whom I met for the first time at lunch in Ottawa on Oct. 29. He had written me last year urging me

to give or bequeath my papers, manuscripts, diaries etc. to the Archives at Ottawa. At that time I replied (as I have replied to various requests of this kind) that I intended to retain my papers for the purpose of writing my own memoirs, & that I had not decided where they should go after that. At the luncheon he & Spices urged me to publish my memoirs, but he refrained from mentioning the disposal of my papers. In this letter he renews his plea, & at the close suggests that the Dominion Archives might purchase my papers "within the limits of a relatively small budget for that purpose".

SATURDAY, Nov. 20, 1971 Rain. Temp. 50°. Bruce Ferguson arrived at the Perkins House about noon, & I met him there with Mrs. Mack, curator of the house, & Mrs. David Inness, custodian of the Q.C. Historical Society's little museum in the ell of the house. He sorted out a large number of books & documents for microfilming at the Archives in Halifax, & made a list of them, which Ferguson signed before stowing them in his car. He & his sister then came to lunch with us, & stayed for a long chat before driving away.

Letter from Paul Heller, of Warner Bros. Inc., Burbank, California, enquiring about the motion picture rights in "The Nymph & The Lamp".

SUNDAY, Nov. 21/71 A real Indian Summer day — calm, sunny, temp. 50°. Golf in the afternoon with Dumeah & others, playing with bare hands. Wrote Heller, air mail, saying my book is under option which expires Nov. 30, & adding that, if he has a proposition he should phone me promptly.

MONDAY, Nov. 22/71 Rain, mostly drizzle, with a few specks of snow. Still no word from Adrian Bateman re the CBC proposal. (See Oct. 15 & 19.) Until I have exact detail of what they require I can do little or nothing. From past experience with CBC (they prefer to make tentative proposals by phone, so there is nothing in plain black & white) they will inform me of nothing until the last minute, & then suddenly demand that I pull the complete rabbit out of my hat. Tonight C. & I dined with the junior Raddalls — this is Tom's 37th birthday, & there was a birthday cake. He has run into difficulties about his elaborately planned new home at ~~too~~ Hunts Point. Local contractors, large & small, refuse to undertake it, giving

various excuses; but more than one has hinted doubts about the low & marshy site, so close to the sea. Architect Michael Byrne, who drew the plans for the house, after visiting the site last year, had estimated the cost at \$50,000. The leading contractor at Liverpool, Murray Mosher, told Tom the other day it would be \$75,000 at least.

TUESDAY, Nov. 23, 1971 A cold grey day. Wrote W. D. Smith, saying I appreciate the excellence of the Public Archives of Canada, but I want to keep my papers at the present time. I promised (like Morley Callaghan) that I would get in touch with P.A.C. before disposing of the papers in any other way.

Phone call from Mrs. Helen Martin, Sydney N.S. She is of Micmac Indian blood, a sister of Peter Christmas, of Christmas Island, Cape Breton, who came to Milton, Q.C., a few years ago, as a teacher in the Milton school. Last year the Federal Dept. of Northern Affairs put him on their payroll & transferred him back to Cape Breton, to look after the Micmacs there, examine their needs & report on their grievances. His sister Helen has been compiling a sort of history of the Micmacs, on a grant of \$2,000 from Ottawa, & Peter told her to get in touch with me. She did this by letter last August, & I replied that I knew something of Micmac history, but I was by no means an authority. However I said I would help her in any way I could. In her phone talk today she said she was coming to Liverpool in another week or two, bringing her manuscript for my perusal. I suggested that she mail it, but she wants to go over it with me in person. She is a volatile person, very excited about her project.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 24/71 A calm day of sun & cloud, temp. 30°. Golf in the afternoon with Suresh — no other players on the course. Letter from Donald Cameron asking permission to use his interview with me, in a CBC broadcast, in the pages of "Quill & Quire", etc. He is frankly working up all possible publicity for his forthcoming (1972) book of interviews with Canadian authors. I wrote my permission.

This evening the South Queens Chamber of Commerce held a dinner & business meeting in the private dining room of Lane's restaurant, with guest of honour Hector Macleod, Liverpool

shopkeeper who retired last spring after more than 40 years in business on Main Street. They also invited me, as an old friend, to give a little eulogy & present him with a gift.

Tonight about 11 p.m. I had a phone call from Paul Heller in Burbank, California. He had got my letter, but he could offer nothing concrete until his two associates return from Europe "about December 15th or 20th". In the course of conversation he admitted that Lloyd Bochner had told him about his option on "The Nymph & The Lamp" (which expires at the end of this month, & which obviously Bochner cannot renew without a cash payment). I also discovered that while Heller had written me on the letterhead of Warner Brothers, an old & substantial movie company in the U.S. which has made one or two films in Canada recently, he has no connection with the firm except that he formerly worked in their Burbank office & still uses it as a mailing address. I closed the conversation by saying I would await a definite purchase offer on or soon after Dec. 15th. He is obviously just another Hollywood slicker, like all the others I have dealt with, beginning many years ago with the glib John Rich — who first wrote me on the letterhead of Universal Pictures Inc. & turned out to have no connection with them.

Thursday, Nov. 25, 1971 Dark & windy day, temp. 40°, culminating in a storm of wind & rain that went on all night. I took my car to Rossignol garage to get my snow tires put on, have the ignition corrected, & (this proved to be a major operation) to stop oil leak which for the past ~~last~~ six months has coated my front grille with black grease. All this after the annual check-up (also performed by Rossignol, the only garage in town with a fully equipped machine shop), required by law, which passed the car as OK early this month.

News:- Nothing new, really. India & Pakistan waging an undeclared war on the border of East Pakistan. Egypt's Prime Minister Sadat (like Nasser before him) making almost daily predictions of another attack on Israel, & Israel awaiting the attack with eager confidence. The war in Vietnam in continued stalemate, with the corrupt South Vietnam regime bound to collapse when the last U.S.

troops are withdrawn a year or two hence. On the world's domestic fronts a general withering of trade & employment. Britain has the highest number of people on the dole since the dreary depression years of the 1930's. Growing unemployment in Canada as the new U.S. protective tariffs increase their effect. Growing unemployment in the U.S. itself as manufacturers prune their payrolls. The stock markets reflect all this.

FRIDAY, Nov. 26, 1971 The storm petered out in drizzle & a mere breeze today. The biggest rainfall since August 15th - the Morley lakes are said to be quite low. Now that all the leaves are down, I performed the last of my Fall chores, cleaning out the house rain-gutters, & flushing the downspouts with the garden ~~hose~~ hose. Two of the downspouts were completely plugged. The garage people returned my car at 2 pm.

SATURDAY, Nov. 27/71 A dark bleak day. Wrote most of my Christmas cards, over a hundred. Cocktail party at Leif Holt's house on Church Street, the usual hubbub and heat. Good fun, but glad to get home.

I note in today's paper that Dr. Gosse, of Halifax, has been appointed Chancellor of King's University. A distinguished surgeon & teacher, he was formerly on the Board of Governors. I don't know why my young friend Leife thought I would make a suitable Chancellor, but anyhow that's that.

Home news from abroad, or vice versa. During C's visit to Moncton earlier this month, Francie mentioned some feminine internal disorders. Knowing her mother's nervous & mental instability, she did not mention that she was entering hospital towards the end of the month, for a hysterectomy operation. Tonight at the party Dorothy Wickwire, just returned with husband John from a medical convention at Halifax, told C. she had met a Moncton friend of Francie's, who mentioned the operation. As soon as we got home, C. paged the Moncton hospital & was put through to a bedside phone in Francie's room. She opened the conversation with an affectionate "You, brat!", & talked for a long time. Francie assured her that she was recovering quickly & expected to be home in a day or two. She was astonished that C. had heard so soon.

SUNDAY, Nov. 28, 1971 A storm of wind & rain. In the afternoon we watched on TV the long & colorful parade of floats & bands in Vancouver, where the Canadian football final game for the Grey Cup was to be played. It was all American style (like the football game itself, in which most of the good players on Canadian teams come from the U.S.) except for the preponderance of bagpipe bands, male & female, in full Highland costume. Nova Scotia had a float in the parade, with a model of the schooner "Bluenose" (made in Calgary), a girl in a bikini (the temp in Vancouver was 47°) & another in the ice-hockey uniform of Nova Scotia's sole professional team. (The team, formed last year, consists almost entirely of players from Quebec & Ontario, & they play in the international league under the name "Voyagars".)

MONDAY, Nov. 29/71 A dark, calm, day — a respite between storms, for the weather bureau predicts another tomorrow. We are lucky that the sky-fall was rain on the south shore. The "valley" & eastern N.S. got several inches of wet snow, & they had many motor accidents. Although I raked & dumped a great lot of fallen leaves some time ago, the late-shedding shrubs & a wind-drift from my neighbours' trees had covered large parts of my lawns — front, side, & back. So I spent all afternoon in painful labour (my back & right hip) raking up & dumping the new (& I hope last) lot.

Spent evening with Jerry Nickersons

TUESDAY, Nov. 30/71 Wind & heavy rain all night, & drizzle all day, temp. 50°. This is the last day of Lloyd Bochner's extended option on "The Nymph & The Lamp", & I have had no word from him, so that's that. I suspect that Paul Heller's vague proposition was made in concert with Bochner as a stall to give him 3 more weeks without option fee.

Since I got the new & stronger lens from Wile, Oct 9th, I find that the sight of my left eye has waned again to a perceptible degree, & begin to fear something more serious.

THURSDAY, DEC. 2/71 Awoke this morning to find snow on the ground, just enough to whiten it, temp. 20°, NW wind. Drove to Summersville about 1 p.m. for my first beach walk of the season. I was well covered, from double-branched underwear to my insulated walking coat, but still I found it cold on the exposed beach & was glad to get back to the car. Last

night, after my bath, I weighed myself naked — 170 lbs.

Friday, Dec. 3, 1971. A cold day, with over & shut sky. Tom Jr. checked my teeth this morning, & put in 3 fillings. Shortly after 1 p.m. I had a phone call from Beverly Hills, California, a man who gave his name as L. E. Winkler & said he was speaking for a firm called Global Business Management whose business had to do with financing moving picture productions. They had a client who was interested in the movie rights to The Nymph & The Lamp, & wanted to know if the "property" was available. I said I had made a verbal agreement to with another party to hold these rights open until Dec. 20th. Winkler asked what I would charge for a 7 months option, & I said \$1,500. He did not ask my price for the "property", but asked me to phone him collect on or about Dec. 20th. If the "property" was then available his client would like have a definite option by the end of this year. I suspect another shoe-string operator like all the others I have dealt with; but all this nibbling shows a live interest in my "property" in the movie business somewhere.

Dorothy Wickwire turned over to me, for presentation to the Queens Co. Historical Society, two interesting items found in their house at Port Joli. One was Henry Alline's sermon first given at Port Midway ("Port Midway") Feb. 19, 1783, & printed & bound in a small (6" x 3½") booklet by A. Henry, Halifax. The other was a copy of the Liverpool Advance, printed on four sheets each 9½" by 6½", giving detail of the great fire in Liverpool on Sep. 8, 1895. It was printed on borrowed press & type "having lost our entire plant in Sunday's fire". The Wickwires had the Alline booklet well bound in hard covers by the Liverpool bookbinders Kelsey & Whalley, who also covered the Advance copy with thin but airtight sheets of transparent plastic.

News: Following rumors that the U.S. planned to change its hitherto long fixed price for gold, thus devaluating its own paper currency abroad without actually saying so, the U.S. dollar sank sharply today in the Japanese & various European money markets. In effect this will make U.S. exports cheaper abroad, & foreign imports more expensive in the U.S.A. — just what President Nixon's government are scheming in every possible way to bring about.

Saturday, Dec. 4/71 Cold, with snow flurries & patches of sunshine. Ken Jones' friends arranged a testimonial dinner to

him during the past two weeks, inviting the Queens County public to attend, at \$4.00 a plate. The dinner took place tonight in Legion Hall. I was never an intimate of Jones, personally or politically, so I went to the movies. My son Tom, who was an intimate on both counts, lost his liking & trust in the man during the past 8 years, like a good many others. Ken's Jekyll & Hyde life (See my diary entry June 17, 1968) became well known, & disgusted a lot of his friends & followers; but I suppose his 18 years of service in the legislature deserve some kind of recognition.

News - The N.S. Power Commission announces an offer to buy its chief rival, the privately owned N.S. Light & Power Co., at a price of \$13 per share of common stock. (Yesterday's quotation on the Toronto stock exchange was \$10 1/2.) I had some shares years ago, but on the advice of Bill White I sold them in 1967. Edith has 165 shares which she inherited from the estate of her sister, Marie.

If it goes through, this deal will end the rivalry which began in 1919, when the provincial government set up its own electric power commission & expropriated the N.S.L.P. Co.'s new (& not quite completed) hydro-electric plant on the Indian River at St. Margaret's Bay. The next & much bigger step was in 1928, when the Power Commission expropriated the old Mersey Hydraulic Co.'s undeveloped sites & rights on the Mersey River & built what were then the largest hydro-electric plants in Nova Scotia. Since then the two bodies have expanded greatly, more or less side-by-side, with some hydro but in recent years mainly steam plants. To me, it makes good sense to unite them, not only for the best efficiency, but for the benefit of the people. The Ontario government did this long ago, & in more recent years so have the governments of B.C. and Quebec.

SUNDAY, DEC. 5, 1971 Bright & cold. (Temp. last night 15°) Drove to Summerville in the afternoon, dropped E. at her brother Terence's house, & went on to walk the beach to the railway bridge & back. Sharp NW wind. Saw 20 or 30 birds flying about the beach head, snow buntings I think, but my eyes were watering too much to see clearly.

MONDAY, DEC. 6, 1971 A cold open & shut day. No exercise but a walk to the Post Office. Right hip & left knee painful. Wrote some letters. The junior Raddalls came to lunch & supper, while Pamela was on a shopping trip to Olfa. This morning I put sunflower seeds on the bird tray, & they were promptly bolted down whole by 4 or 5 blue jays. Later on, a couple of evening grosbeaks & a goldfinch came to the empty tray, stayed a few minutes, & flew away.

My car starts reluctantly, in spite of the recent garage work. I had asked the head mechanic to check the ignition system along with everything else, but this was not done. So this afternoon the car went back to the garage.

TUESDAY, DEC. 7/71 A drizzle of rain, temp. 40°. This morning I fired my air rifle (from my study window) at the seed tray, where a pair of blue jays were gobbling the seeds & keeping the other birds away. Each time a pellet struck the tray they flew up into a tree, but within 5 minutes they were back. So I killed one, & let it lie on the tray as a warning. Less than 5 minutes later a big but scruffy black-&-white cat came along, saw the protruding tail, leaped on the tray, & carried off the jay. After half an hour I looked up from my papers & saw the cat standing on the tray & waiting hopefully for another gift from Santa Claus. Now I suppose I shall have to shoot the cat.

News:- The war between Pakistan & India is now officially declared, after several days of unofficial fighting. Pakistani forces in East Pakistan are under heavy attack from Indian forces by land, sea & air, & from the rebellious "Bengla Desh" guerrillas. The main Indian object is apparently to set up an independent state of Bengla-Desh. On the other hand, the main Pakistani forces in West Pakistan seem to be intent on doing the same thing in Kashmir. It is a ^{new} problem for the Americans, now engaged in their slow & humiliating retreat from Indo-China, where their enemy was continually supplied & armed by Russia & China. In the new war, the Chinese seem to be backing Pakistan, while Russia backs the Indians.

WEDNESDAY, DEC. 8/71 A dark & bleak day, temp. 34°. Today 25 or 30 evening grosbeaks came to my seed tray — the first real gathering of these birds this winter. Also 8 or 10 robins foraged on the lawn, & on berries on the shrubs beyond my back fence. And a female downy woodpecker flitted about my trees.

THURSDAY, DEC. 9, 1971 Overcast, temp 40°. Drove to Hunts Point this afternoon & bought 15 lbs. lobsters (@ \$1.10 per lb.) from Harry Doggett, who had just come in from his traps. So far the catch has been poor, about half the catch of last December at this time.

News:- Although A.R. ^{HARRINGTON} Richardson, head of N.S. Light & Power Co., has stated firmly that the announcement of a take-over by the N.S. Power Commission came as a complete surprise to him & his company, it now appears that some people knew about it well beforehand. Charles C. MacCulloch of Hfx, wealthy merchant in building supplies, owned 2,400 shares in October 1970. Since then he has ^{acquired} about 130,000 more, at prices on the stock exchange averaging a fraction over \$10 per share. This makes him the biggest single stockholder. A few days ago a mysterious new corporation called "Merfax & Company" acquired 101,095 shares at a little over \$10. My shrewd & well-to-do neighbour on Park Street, Jerry Nickerson, acquired 10,200 shares at about \$10, less than 3 months ago.

This mysterious prescience will give them a quick profit of nearly \$3 per share if the NSPC bid of \$13 goes through — more if NSLP gets a better deal. The personal stock holdings of ^{HARRINGTON} Richardson & his directors are shown to be very small. All this (& much more) is revealed in today's ^{HARRINGTON} Hfx. Chronicle-Herald. Richardson & his directors (who include Frank Covert Q.C., Jack MacKeen, Mowbray Jones, & other notably sharp financiers) could have made under-cover purchases, of course; but on the face of it one must suspect an information leak to friends of the Regan government.

~~Richardson~~ ~~Richardson~~ Attended a lively cocktail party this evening at (retired school inspector) Annie Ritchie's house near Fort Point. Jerry Nickerson was there, grinning & saying nothing. Among the guests were young (26-ish) David Jones & his attractive & vivacious wife Amber, whom he met when ^{was} working in a bank in Sydney a few years ago. Recently they bought the old (1766) house at Fort Point which in colonial days was the Bextor Tavern. They are living in it & at the same time restoring it. Amber told C. & me an extraordinary story. Soon after they moved into the house, David had a strange

dream, in which he saw "a little old man in colonial dress" moving about inside the house. Since then, Amber said, she herself had seen the "little old man" several times in their bedroom — not a dream, but actual sight on awakening in the night. More than this, she has several times found household objects removed from tables and dropped on the floor. She asked me if I knew anything in the history of the house to account for "a little old man wearing a white shirt with ruffles at the neck & sleeves, a pair of dark breeches, & leather boots reaching to the knee & turned down at the top". I said No. She asked me if I believed in ghosts, & I smiled & said "I'm afraid not." Her description sounds like a fashionable gentleman of the 1790's sans coat & waistcoat, but she could have seen that on the jackets of many a costume novel of that time. Or she could have been pulling out own ancient legs.

After the party Jerry Nickerson came in to our house, & showed C. how to get all the meat out of our lobsters, using a special tool he had made himself. We called Erik & Lou Andersen over, drank a toast to their new grand-daughter, & chatted till midnight.

FRIDAY, DEC. 10, 1971 Dark & damp. This morning's paper adds to the intriguing NSLP business. The company President, A. R. Harrington, owns about 1700 shares; director Frank M. Covert owns a little over 11,000 shares; director McWayne Jones has 8,000 shares; board chairman Jack MacKeen has 36,000 shares.

Among Christmas cards arriving, one from my ~~out~~ cousin Phyllis Elliott & husband Ralph, with a penned note saying they have just returned to England from an air visit to Australia & Japan.

SATURDAY, DEC. 11/71 Rain. Here on the South Shore the lawns are still green, while the rest of N.S. (including Annapolis Valley) & N.B. & P.E.I. have snow on the ground. No birds at my feeding tray since the flock on Dec. 8 — they have all gone back to the woods. News:— Official reports from both sides in the India war are so boastful & mendacious that one cannot believe either of them. However, tonight we saw some TV film, taken by a B.B.C. or C.B.C. camera crew, showing Indian troops advancing into East Pakistan with plenty of modern artillery, tanks, trucks, radio-telephone equipment, etc., & being wildly cheered by liberated Bengla-Desh people. The

British observers say the west Pakistani troops in Bengal are outnumbered by at least 3 to 1; they have much less artillery, tanks etc., & of course owing to the isolated position of East Pakistan they are cut off from all reinforcement & supply.

One can have no sympathy for them, owing to their brutal behaviour to the Bengla-Desh people. At the same time, seeing these swarms of well-armed & well-supplied Indian troops, it is hard to believe the repeated outcries of Mrs. Gandhi about India's inability to feed the Bengla-Desh refugees who have fled into India during the past six months.

SUNDAY, DEC. 12, 1971 After seven days of dark sky & wet or merely bleak weather, a lovely post-Indian summer day. Clear sunshine, a light W. breeze, temp. 53°. Drove to Sommerville in the afternoon, dropping E. at Terence Freeman's house, walked the beach to Broad River, & sat nearly half an hour in my nook by the bridge, with the sun actually warm on my face. Many other people walking the beach, including my son Tom doing his customary jog-trot. Cocktail party at 6.30 at Sherman Anderssen's house on College Street.

MONDAY, DEC. 13/71 Rain, clearing about 2 p.m. with temp. dropping below 40° & a rising N.W. gale, so no walking except to the post office. Christmas cards are now in full spate. Among others, one from Clement W. Crowell, retired school-inspector in western N.Y., who bought a house in Florida ten years or so ago, & has since only spent the summers at his lovely home at Lake Annis. The long motor-drives back & forth became a dreaded chore, & when I last talked with him several years ago he was considering living permanently in the U.S. Now he & his wife Estie are wintering again at Lake Annis — "most important thing is comfort, & we have it here with all our belongings around us."

Here in Liverpool the town workmen have set up & lighted the usual big Christmas tree in front of Town Hall, & fastened small spruce trees on metal brackets high on the telephone poles in the shopping districts. Householders are making the customary displays of spruce boughs & coloured lights, most of them modest, but some very elaborate. The T.V. musical shows resound with Christmas carols.

TUESDAY, DEC. 14/71 Sunny but windy & cold. I sent to Eaton's for a pair of ski goggles, so that I can walk the beach on

days like this without my eyes streaming water, not only at the time, but for hours afterwards.

News: - Cape Breton skin-diver Alex Storm & two companions, who recovered a treasure of coins etc. from the French warship "Chameau" off Louisburg in 1965, have sold it at a carefully advertised auction in New York. They got nearly \$200,000 for it. Some of the bidders for various coins, a ring, a cross of a Chevalier of St. Louis, etc., came all the way from France. The sale has been delayed all this time by litigation in Cape Breton, & the court finally ruled that Storm must give some of the proceeds to three former partners who dropped out of the search in 1964.

Wednesday, Dec. 15, 1971 About an inch of snow fell in the night, giving some promise of a white Christmas. This morning I signed over her two certificates (totalling 195 shares) of N.S. Light & Power Co. stock, & arranged for the local Bank of Nova Scotia, to forward them to the Canada Permanent Trust Co. at Halifax for payment. This follows an announcement by the N.S. Power Commission that it was determined to acquire all NSLP stock, & at a price of \$13 per share, not more.

A flock of grosbeaks came to my seed tray this morning, feeding hungrily. One of them, fluttering about, made two close passes at my study window, & then dashed itself at the glass so hard that it nearly broke the pane. This has happened before, & the bird was merely stunned for a time. This one fell dead.

News: - Yesterday President Nixon of the U.S., & President Pompidou of France, met on neutral half-way ground (one of the Azores) like the heads of two warring nations discussing terms of peace. It was the monetary war, of course. France has maintained, right along, that the U.S. must de-value its dollar & that the French franc would stay at present value. So far, as a matter of prestige, the Americans have refused to admit that their dollar isn't almighty any more. Now, however, Nixon has agreed to officially de-value the U.S. dollar in terms of foreign currency (present foreign currency, that is) by 5% to 8%. Pompidou flew home in triumph, Nixon in obvious defeat. How odd De Gaulle would have laughed! This sets the stage for a general international monetary conference in Washington shortly, in which the U.S. will insist that Japan & West Germany revise their currency upward. Britain seems to be going her own gaits comfortably as she enters the European

Market. The Canadian dollar is expected to continue "floating" close to par with the U.S. dollar. Much of all this is incomprehensible to laymen like me, who can only see with dismay their own personal savings & income shrinking daily under the demands of greedy labour unions & tax collectors right here at home.

Tonight at about 10:30 the house became chilly, & I discovered that my furnace fuel tanks had run dry. I didn't like to turn out the oil men at that hour, & used a portable electric heater to warm the living room until I went to bed at about 1 a.m. Fortunately the electric-heated blankets have long since solved the bedroom-heating problem.

THURSDAY, DEC 16, 1971 When I arose at 7:30 a.m. the house was like a tomb. We got our breakfast comfortably with the portable electric heater in the kitchen, & the oil truck came soon after 8 a.m. I can recall only one ^{other} occasion like this since the automatic oil furnace was installed in the year 1950, as I usually check the tank gauge closely in winter.

The weather turned mild (up to 54° at noon) & the sky was grey-black, threatening rain. Nevertheless I walked the length of Summerside beach in the afternoon. Found the corpse of a dovekie washed up by the tide. Movies tonight - "Lawrence of Arabia", several years old, but the first showing here. Spectacular, but a travesty of history in the manner of Lowell Thomas, the American writer who started the hero-cult of Lawrence in 1918.

News:- The N.S. Light & Power Company's officials & directors are still trying to get arbitration by the Supreme Court on the take-over value of the company's assets. One of the recent big purchasers of NSLP stock, who have cashed-in for a quick profit at \$13, is the mysterious "Norfax & Company", which picked up 101,095 shares at about \$9 in the early months of this year. It turns out to be a Jew named Ralph Medjuk, who has made a fortune in Halifax during the past 20 years, mainly in building & renting high-rise office & apartment buildings.

In Bengal, the Pakistani forces have surrendered, & India has proclaimed the independent state of Bengal-Desh. Having achieved this, Mrs. Gandhi & her government now want to stop the war, before the west Pakistanis get any further into Kashmir.

FRIDAY, DEC. 17, 1971 Sunny, but a cold NW wind, so no outdoor exercise except a morning walk to the post office, & an afternoon walk to the supermarket for steak & a broiled chicken. C. informed me that we were invited to a cocktail party at Dr. Lloyd Macleod's house on Main Street. So at 9:30 we dressed up (C. in a new ankle-length two-piece costume) & drove there. Found the Macleods & Clements making preparations for the party - which is for tomorrow night. We departed amid goodnatured badinage. Knowing C.'s wooly-mindedness, I should have checked the invitation card, which said very clearly "Dec. 18".

SATURDAY, DEC. 18/71 Overcast with glints of pallid sunshine, & a raw N.E. wind. My new ski-goggles have arrived. They have a foam rubber rim to make an airtight fit on the face, & an elastic headband. So this bleak afternoon I was able to walk up & down Summerville beach, & then around the golf course, in comfort & with clear vision. Among the Christmas cards now filling my P.O. box I found one with the penned signature of "Margaret and Pierre Trudeau", addressed to me as a member of the Order of Canada. And I note in today's newspaper that the year-end list of awards includes two Nova Scotians, both to be Companions of the Order, ^{RALPH} Bell is a retired millionaire, & I don't know what he has done to merit the award except to give money to Mount Allison University. He has lived many years in seclusion in an expensive house & estate at Mardon Point, Lunenburg County. Miss Isabel Mac Neil, now retired at Mill Village, was for many years superintendent of the prison for women at Kingston, Ontario, & a keen & dedicated worker for rehabilitation.

After my afternoon hike I was pleasantly tired, & in no mood to dress up this evening & stand about for two or 3 hours at a cocktail party. So C. went with the Parkers & returned about 11:30 p.m. reporting a fine time - Macleod's house jammed with over a hundred people.

News:- The U.S. government has announced that it will raise the price of gold from the old rate of \$35 per ounce to a new one of $\$38.00$, thus de-valuing the U.S. dollar by 8.57% in terms of international finance. It will also cancel the arbitrary extra 10% tax on foreign imports, which set all the trading nations in a tizzy on August 16th. All

part of the international game of biggest-my-neighbors which has been going on for months.

Nova Scotia's finance minister Peter Nicholson has announced an increase in provincial income tax amounting to about 10%. As the provincial tax is actually collected by the federal income tax department, this will in effect cancel the proposed reduction of federal tax in the much-debated Benson bill now before the Senate.

SUNDAY, DEC. 19, 1971. Temp. 15° above zero last night. Today was sunny with a cold NW breeze, temp. 20°. In the afternoon, well wrapped & goggles, I walked Summerville beach & the golf course. Met son Tom jogging along the beach, & stopped for a chat. Regarding Port Mouton Island in the offing, he said his old school chum Gordon Macdonald (now a lawyer in Kentville) & two or three other Valley men, bought the whole island a year or two ago for about \$45,000. Last summer they sold it to New York interests for \$148,000. Macdonald had the larger share in this speculation, & made a profit of about \$50,000. That is the current story, anyhow. After I got home, I brought our Christmas tree indoors, fixed it in the metal stand, & rigged the electric lights. On the top of the tree stands the little figure of Santa Claus, lit with an internal electric bulb, which has adorned our Christmas tree ever since our children were small, about 30 years ago.

MONDAY, DEC. 20/71. Snow falling slowly all day. The usual flock of grosbeaks, & a few chickadees fed at my seed tray. During the past few days, after a long hiatus, I have resumed writing my memoirs, & am now in the old cable-ship "Mackay-Bennett", with my diary at my elbow.

I was sorry to read in this morning's Hfa. newspaper that my old friend Charles Bruce had died in Toronto. He was 65, & had been ailing with a weak heart & high blood pressure for some years. A native of Guysborough County, he became a newsman with Canadian Press, & was a war correspondent for C.P. during the Hitler war. He loved his old home, & wrote much about it in prose & verse. His Christmas card, which came just a few days ago, had a scrawled note including "Had a good 3 weeks in N.S. in August".

I have had no word from Paul Heller, (see Nov. 24/71) so

the movie rights in *The Nymph & The Lamp* are now open again. I am tired of these shoe-string Hollywood operators, including the man Winkler who phoned me on Dec. 3, & I shall ~~not~~ not phone him now that the rights are clear, as he suggested.

TUESDAY, DEC. 21/71 An inch or two of snow in the night, turning to sleet or light rain, & then frost enough to turn the slush to ice. Had the garage men put on my car's new license plate. Blue figures on a white background, a change from yellow on black. A merry cocktail party tonight at M. S. "Mit" Green's house, the last of the Christmas parties, as far as we are concerned, anyhow. The younger people will continue almost every evening until the New Year — as we ourselves used to do long ago, & good luck to them.

WEDNESDAY, DEC. 22/71 Cold, with a NW gale. My sister Hilda & husband Ted Bayer drove here from Mahone Bay this afternoon for a short visit & to deliver Christmas gifts. This evening about 7.30 I had a phone call from California — Rosalind Heller, speaking for husband Paul (see Nov. 24). She said Paul was still keen on "*The Nymph & the Lamp*", that "Columbia Pictures" were definitely interested, & would I hold the rights open for some time longer? Columbia is the second big company name that Heller has thrown in as bait — originally he wrote me on the letterhead of Warner Brothers. So I told the lady I would not hold the rights open, & that I would sell the rights to the first one prepared to make a concrete deal. End of conversation. Temp. dropped to 6° above zero tonight, with a roaring NW gale continuing all night — our coldest weather so far this winter. Here on our narrow strip of the South Shore there is still not enough snow to bury the lawn grass, though there is some ice about the streets. Everywhere else in the province there is much snow & ice, & the papers report many motor accidents.

THURSDAY, DEC. 23/71 Temp 6° above zero last night, rising to 15° at noon, but with the same NW gale. I walked to the post office well muffed, with the detachable parka hood fastened to my coat & drawn over my head, & wearing my ski goggles. In the afternoon, after thawing my car engine, I drove to the supermarket for meat & chicken, & then took C. about the town, delivering Xmas presents. A swarm of cars & shoppers in the streets, especially in the grocery stores, as all shops will close from now till the 27th.

Dec. 20, 1971

Charles Bruce dies in Toronto at 65

TORONTO (CP) Charles Bruce, poet, author and for many years one of Canada's most distinguished newspaper men, died in his sleep at his home Sunday. He was 65.

Funeral services will be private.

In failing health for a number of years, Mr. Bruce retired from the active newspaper field

in 1963. He was general superintendent at that time of The Canadian Press, the national news co-operative with which he had been associated for 35 years.

On retirement, he devoted several years to research for News and the Southams, a history of the newspaper and publishing company and its family members, published in 1968.

He has since contributed articles, most of them relating to his native Nova Scotia, to a number of Canadian publications.

Charles Tory Bruce was born at Port Shoreham, Guysborough County, and was educated at local schools and at Mount Allison University at Sackville, N.B.

His former university honored him in 1952, the 25th anniversary of his graduation, with an honorary doctorate of letters. That same year he received a governor-general's literary award for *The Mulgrave Road*, judged the best book of poetry written by a Canadian in 1951.

In addition to several volumes of poetry and the history of the Southam company, Mr. Bruce wrote a novel, *The Channel Shore*, and a chronicle of interwoven stories, *The Township of Time*. In recent months he was doing research for another novel relating to the Second World War, during which he served overseas as London bureau chief for The Canadian Press.

In 1944 he flew as a correspondent with the Royal Air Force on the ill-fated airborne assault on Arnhem in the Netherlands. His plane crash-landed in Belgium and for several days he was reported missing.

He returned to the CP London office to find one of his colleagues writing his obituary.

Mr. Bruce edited the college paper at Mount Allison and began his formal newspaper career with the Halifax Chronicle. He joined CP at New York in 1928, transferred to Halifax for five years, then moved to Toronto where he became general news editor in 1937.

During the war he was bureau chief at New York before going to London. He returned to Canada in 1945 to be appointed general superintendent.

A writer of taut prose, stately verse and exactingly accurate and well-backgrounded news copy, Mr. Bruce was paid this tribute in his company's annual report that announced his retirement:

"The whole operating structure of CP as a group of working newspaper people took strength from Charlie's constant concern for the individual and the news report gained character from his insistence that style rules are not a straitjacket to curb originality."

Married to the former Agnes King of Vancouver, Mr. Bruce is survived by his wife and four sons, Harry of Halifax, and Alan, Andrew and Harvey of Toronto.



CHARLES BRUCE

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Dec 24, 1971 Temp. came up to 40° this morning, & by afternoon we had a wild southerly gale with heavy rain, which continued through the night. The junior Raddalls came to lunch (lobster chowder) with us, & Debby gave a little piano recital for her parents, showing the result of the music lessons she takes twice a week from E. (Tom & I am have no piano). Terence & Betty Freeman called, & in the evening the Andersens invited us & the Austin Parkers to drop in for drinks & chat. Their daughter Karen is spending Christmas with them, on holiday from her school-teaching post at Ottawa.

Received by surface mail the copy of the Dutch "Reader's Digest" quarterly book ("HET BESTE BOEK") containing a condensed version of "DE NIEUWE DE LAMP" with several excellent full page illustrations. They'd had my ~~box~~ copy beautifully bound in board covered with soft leather, a pleasant compliment. It was mailed in Amsterdam on Oct. 27th, & was 58 days in passage — an example of the long delays in surface mail to & from Europe, now that the fast & regular passenger-&-mail liners have been withdrawn from North Atlantic runs.

DEC. 25, 1971 The rain washed away the little snow we had, so we have a green Christmas, though not a mild one. The wind hauled to NW & blew very hard all day, temp. dropping to 18°, with some glints of sunshine & flurries of snow.

At noon I drove with E. to Port Point & we had a fine dinner of roast turkey, cranberry sauce, vegetables, plum pudding, etc., with a rosé wine. Pamela had hoped to have her own parents also; but the cold gale following such heavy rain made the roads too slippery for elderly drivers, especially on the high stretches between Halifax & Mahone.

Returned home at ~~4:00~~. Since at our age & condition we want nothing much from each other, E. & I exchanged token gifts — she gave me a new shirt, I gave her a dozen red roses, which she florist delivered on Christmas Eve.

We watched Queen Elizabeth making her annual address to the peoples of the Commonwealth on T.V. This time it was not a stiff business of reading from a script. Instead she sat with her two youngest boys, turning the leaves of family

photograph albums, & commenting here & there as the camera moved close to show particular photos — King Edward VII in his first motor car, King George V in the cab of a smart steam railway engine, various wartime photos of King George VI & his queen, & of Elizabeth herself in W.A.A.C. uniform, etc. The boys, both handsome & fair-haired like their father (who did not appear in the show at all) were entirely natural & naive in their comments — & of course the photographs illustrated the point of her brief summary, the vast changes in the world of her time.

SUNDAY, DEC. 26, 1971 Wind howled to S. again, with a dark sky, & it was spitting rain at 1 p.m. when I drove to Summersville, dropped C. at Terence Freeman's house, & walked the beach to the river & back. My first good exercise in a week. The rain increased to a steady pelter as I returned, & continued all evening.

MONDAY, DEC. 27/71 Sunny, temp. 20°, light E. breeze. Walked at Summersville & around the golf course, stopping to sit in the sun in the beach nook by the railway bridge, & again in the wooden shelter by N° 5 green. Thin ice on the pools.

TUESDAY, DEC. 28/71 Our freeze-thaw-freeze-thaw weather continues. Light rain this morning & temp. 50° at noon. A black sky all afternoon, threatening more rain. No walk. The N.S. Light & Power Company, & the N.S. Power Commission, continue their battle with full page ads. in the Hfx. papers. N.S.L.P. now claim to have over 51% of the common shares; & their staff are phoning small shareholders all over the Maritime Provinces seeking even more support.

N.S.L.P. now demands arbitration in the courts as to the take-over value of the property. Premier Regan & his N.S.P.C. stick to their offer of \$13 per share, & no compromise. It's all a storm in a teacup, & the ultimate losers will be the consumers of electricity in N.S., who will have to pay the cost in higher rates.

WEDNESDAY, DEC. 29/71 Back to freeze. Temp. dropped to 15° last night. Bright sunshine & temp. 20° in the afternoon when I hiked up & down Summersville Beach & around the golf course, wearing my ski goggles.

THURSDAY, DEC. 30/71 As yesterday, except that an inch or two of snow fell in the night. I walked the beach in thin hazy sun-shine & a sharp NW wind. A few crows & seagulls foraging at the low tide mark. Massacre & Jacket islands floating above the sea in the mirage. The Halifax weather bureau predicts a

bizzard with gale force winds. About 10 p.m. snow began falling slowly, but there was no wind when I went to bed at 12:30.

FRIDAY, DEC. 31, 1971 The main storm passed to the seaward about 100 miles south of us, so we got moderate winds & about 8" of snow, with knee-deep drifts here & there. Temp. 20°.

I spent two hours shoveling out my driveway & front walk.

At 6 pm. we attended a large & lively cocktail party at Dr. Frank Bell's house, a few doors down Park Street. At 9:30 we called on Maude & Mary Russell, on School St., & then joined a party of old friends at Capt. Chas. Williams' house, Hock Point, where we saw the old year out with drinks & chat. For the hungry there were Charlie's famous fish chowder, plum cakes, etc. When we went home at 1:30 a.m. it was a perfect winter night, temp. about zero, a clear sky, & a full moon shining on the snow.

SATURDAY, JAN. 1, 1972 Sunny, calm, very cold. My son Tom & some other gunners spent most of the day at Ragged Harbour & beyond towards Port Medway, where numbers of wild duck and geese have been shot in the past few days. Unusual for geese to be there. Pamela & Debbie walked to our house this afternoon with a birthday gift for E. Debbie's left wrist was in a cast, & thereby hangs a tale. Two or three days ago she fell while skating, & reported some pain in her wrist. Her mother thought it was just a bruise - & the kids are falling on the ice almost every day - & found no swelling in the wrist. Yesterday Debbie waited till Pamela was busy elsewhere, & then phoned the office of Dr. Floyd Macdonald, made an appointment, & walked a mile to Floyd's office. He took her to the hospital for X-rays, which revealed a cracked bone, & he applied a cast & took her home to her astonished mother. Deborah is 12 years old, a shy & charming girl, now very slight & long-legged, but with the promise of beauty in the bud.

From noon to 2:30, like millions of others in the U.S. & Canada, we watched on TV the colourful "Parade of Roses" at Pasadena, California. This time the N.S. government had a float in the parade (theme, the schooner Bluenose, with popular singer Anne Murray sitting on a flowered platform above.) Not visible, but there for no reason at all but a winter holiday, were no less than five officials of the N.S. government, three accompanied by

their wives. Of these, according to a government spokesman quizzed by the Halifax Chronicle-Herald yesterday, Mr. Gamet Brown was paying his own & his wife's expenses. The rest obviously were there at the expense of the taxpayers. Brown, the most forceful & powerful member of the present N.S. cabinet, is known as "Regan's hatchet-man".

Temp. 10° above zero tonight.

SUNDAY, JAN. 2, 1972 Temp. 40, a black sky, SW wind. Walked up & down Summerville beach alone. Two or three herring gulls & crows eating two small ducks, probably shot by hunters & cast up by the tide. Black heads & backs, white breast & belly — a pair of female "old squaws" perhaps. Rain began in a slow fashion late in afternoon, mounted to a downpour with a hard southerly gale that roared about the house all night.

MONDAY, JAN. 3/72 Sunny & mild (40°) but the wind had hauled to NW, blowing just as hard, so no walking the beach in the blast of sand off the dunes. The rain recurred nearly all of the day in open places, excepting the shrunken heaps left at the street sides by shovels & snow ploughs. The local shops have had no birdseed since Christmas & will have none for some days yet, so all the feeding-trays in town, including mine, are empty & deserted. Much ado in the newspapers about the new federal income tax law, which came into effect on Jan. 1. The chief concern is the section which gives the federal government the right to tax all capital gains, whether that gain is on stocks & bonds, or on valuable paintings or antiques etc., or on all lands & buildings except the taxpayer's own homestead.

On the whole I think the new system of taxation is a just one, although I don't see how it can be enforced without a veritable army of trained investigators.

TUESDAY, JAN. 4/72 The wind light at SW, & I had a good walk on the beach & around the golf course, where I picked up six balls, shaken out of spruce, trees by the gales of the past two days. The sky was blue-black, & this evening another storm began, first with snow, then rain, then snow again.

WEDNESDAY, JAN. 5/72 About 4 inches of wet snow, with an icy crust, & water underneath. Temp. dropping below freezing point so I shoveled it off my driveway & walls before it turned solid. Snow squalls continued all day. Towards noon our next-door neighbours Joe Pushie & wife set off by taxi for Halifax airport. They will

fly to Australia for a visit with their son, Bruce, whom they have not seen since ~~about~~¹⁹³⁷ the year ~~the~~. He shipped as cabin boy in the Mersey Paper Co.'s ship "Vinland", & deserted in Sydney. He trained as a mechanist in the R.A.A.F., served in Australia during the war & afterwards, married an Australian girl, & now works in the ~~Melbourne~~ post office.

THURSDAY, JAN. 6, 1972 Temp. 5° above zero when I arose this morning, & I had great difficulty in starting my car, despite my portable electric heater, & despite two sessions in the Rossignol garage last month which cost \$110 for labour & new spark plugs, new "points", etc. Shopped for groceries, rum & wine. Bought a supply of the new 8-cent postage stamps. (A letter in town or anywhere in Canada cost 7¢ last year, 5¢ before that. And the more we pay, the worse the postal service becomes, under the arrogant rule of the postal workers' union.)

The streets are icy & dangerous, & the temp. was only 15° above zero at noon; but I had to drive the car long enough to re-charge the battery, so this afternoon I drove to Summerside, well clothed & goggled, & walked the beach.

News: - Most of the business analysts predict a sharp rise of prosperity this year in the U.S. & Canada, after the depression of the past 3 or 4 years. But that's what they said, at this time last year.

Further postal note (international). Today I received a Christmas card postmarked in London, England, on Nov. 12/71. It had taken 55 days by surface mail to reach me.

FRIDAY, JAN. 7/72 Temp. 8° above zero last night, up to 34° in the afternoon. Walking the beach in the afternoon, I found crows busy tearing at the body of a small black-&-white duck, recently killed, like those I saw on Jan. 2. I now believe these ducks are chased by crows & forced down on the beach, where with their webbed feet they cannot take off again. Some days ago I saw half a dozen little ducks of this sort being chased by 10 or 12 crows. They were all flying about 5 feet above the sea - unusual for crows - & the ducks were obviously in great terror. By a sharp swerve the ducks got away towards the open sea, & the crows gave up the chase & flew on over the beach towards the lagoon.

News: - Russell Harrington, head of the N.S. Light &

Power Co., in a public statement on TV, admitted defeat in the effort to get a higher price than \$13 for common shares, & advised shareholders to sell at that price to the N.S. government.

SATURDAY, JAN. 8, 1972 About 2 inches of snow in the night, which I scraped off my driveway & front walk. Some squalls of snow through the day. I have not been able to feed my winter birds since Christmas, when I ran out of seed, & our local stores still have no supply. The birds come, look at the empty snow on the tray, & then fly away.

SUNDAY, JAN. 9/72 Our see-saw weather continues. Temp. 5° above zero last night, snow squalls today, temp. up to 47° & pouring rain tonight. Indoors all day.

News:- The former British liner "Queen Elizabeth" caught fire & burned to a hulk in Hong Kong harbour today, a sad end for a great ship. I saw her & her sister ship "Queen Mary" when they were operating as Troopships at Halifax during War Two, & for some time afterwards when they were bringing back troops, wives & children. Later they were supreme in the trans-Atlantic passenger trade between Southampton, Cherbourg & New York. A few years ago, when aircraft began to take the cream of that trade, they were sold to American interests. The "Mary" went to California to be moored permanently as a beach hotel & pleasure resort. The "Elizabeth" went to Florida for a similar purpose. However, the Florida scheme fell through, & the "Elizabeth" was sold to a wealthy Chinaman in Hong Kong.

MONDAY, JAN. 10/72 A spring-like day. Most of the shore snow is gone, & today the sun shone, with a mild SW breeze, & temp. up to nearly 60° in the sun. I strolled the beach at Summerside, & could have sat for an hour at the river if my rock seat hadn't been so hard. Today I had my car examined again by the Rossignol mechanics. This time they said the trouble was in the choke mechanism of the twin carburetors, & they ~~had~~ corrected it, or so they said.

TUESDAY, JAN. 11/72 Drizzle & fog, temp. 40°. My lungs are bare & still show a faint green. Played the game of "Scrabble" with E. most of the afternoon. She seems quite sane & agile, walks downtown & to Tom J's apartment frequently, with none of the psychosomatic pains & cramps of two years ^{ago} & she has had no hallucinations, in my presence anyhow, since the brief attack last

summertime.

WEDNESDAY,

JAN. 12, 1972

The old-fashioned "January thaw" continues with dense fog, temp. 40°. Had a visit this morning from John Leefe, the enterprising young schoolteacher who is interested in history, & hopes to become a writer. He is preparing a paper on the privateer "Liverpool Packet", to read before the Queens County Historical Society next week, & I lent him some of my notes on his captain Joseph Barss. This afternoon I was able to get 5 lbs. of sunflower seed at Henderson's store.

Financial news:- The U.S. & Canadian stock markets are rising on the new note of stability & optimism in the trading world.

The Canadian income tax department, in connection with the new (1972) "capital gains" tax, had set Dec. 22/71 as the "valuation day" for stocks & bonds. Hence this rise in market values since Jan 1/72 has already made certain a considerable gains-tax from the speculators who buy & sell frequently.

THURSDAY, JAN. 13/72 Same weather. For the first time since Christmas I covered my big feeding tray with bird seed, & soon had a busy flock of evening grosbeaks, goldfinches, juncos & chickadees. Walked the beach at Summersville this afternoon in a thick & cold fog.

FRIDAY, JAN. 14/72 Temp. got up to 50° last evening. A slow rain all night, & threatening all today, so no walk. Through John Leefe, I have lent my copy of "The Anatomy of Nelson's Ships" to the manual training teacher of the Liverpool Rural High School. It contains scale drawings & details of gun carriages, which would make an interesting & useful project for the carpentry classes. The idea is to remove two or three of the old cannon from Liverpool street corners, remove the rust & scale, provide them with correct carriages, & set them up in York Park to form a small battery as in days of yore. (The two cannon there now were placed at the time of the Fenian scare about 1867, & have no connection with the older & more lively history of the town.) The idea is Leefe's, & I like it, & so does Mayor Murphy.

McClelland & Stewart have sent me about a dozen clippings, newspaper reviews of the new edition of "Halifax, Warden of the North". All but one praise it. The exception

is that of a writer on the Halifax Herald staff, who advises readers that the last three chapters contain many errors. These chapters, of course, contain my low opinion of the present-day Herald-Chronicle.

About a month ago my grand-daughter Deborah Riddall borrowed my only copy of "The Rover" (MacMillan edition) for her schoolteacher, who wanted to read it, in instalments, to her class. Must keep track of this.

SATURDAY, JAN. 15, 1972 A blue-grey sky, a breeze from E., temp. 20° ~ all the signs of snow. I walked the beach at Summerville, & then around the golf course, which is entirely bare except for ice on the puddles. So far this winter there has been no storm blowing hard & long enough from NE. to kick up a huge surf & wrench thousands of hard-shell clams from their beds off Summerville. So the gulls have had slim pickings there — a few clams but mostly sea urchins. Those at White Point depend entirely on sea urchins, which they get among the rocks at low tide & break open on the golf course.

SUNDAY, JAN. 16/72 Temp. 4° above zero last night, 15° above today. Snow began falling about noon & continued slowly into the night. Indoors all day, reading & playing Scrabble with E.

MONDAY, JAN. 17/72 About 4" of snow on the ground. I shoveled off my driveway & walk, & put out seed for the birds. However, they had more weather sense than I, & stayed in the woods — & another slow fall of snow began about noon.

Worked a bit more on my memoirs — have got as far as Sable Island. Weighed myself today. I am 174 lbs. naked.

TUESDAY, JAN. 18/72 Scraped another 2" off my driveway & walks this morning. A lovely day, mostly sunny, & temp. getting up from last night's 10° above zero to 40°. Drove to Summerville & walked the beach. Saw a flock of 6 or 7 robins flitting about the shrubs at Parker's. Late in the afternoon at least a dozen robins appeared at the back of my garden, some ~~the~~ nibbling at hawthorn berries. The usual flock of grosbeaks, cowbirds, juncos & chickadees were busy at my tray. Then came a most unusual flock of cedar waxwings, at least 10, perching in the back ash tree & nibbling at the ash ~~tree~~ seeds, which hang on the tree long after the leaves have gone. I have seen waxwings once or twice before in winter, but never so many as this flock.

WEDNESDAY, JAN. 19, 1972 Sunny, with temp. up to 50°, a hazy sun, & wind at SW blowing half a gale. Walked the beach, while C. sat in the car. The Historical Society met tonight at Eric Manthorne's house on Cobb's Ridge. About forty people. Eric Millard is the new president, & Melbourne Gardner steps down, by his own wish. Young John Leje read his paper on the privateer "Liverpool Packet", well researched, with sources given. News:- The organized labour unions continue to demand huge pay increases, & to strike when the demands are not met. Latest is a strike by air traffic control men, at the civilian airports across Canada, paralyzing the whole air movement except by private plane. The trains & buses cannot cope with their suddenly increased passenger loads, & there is hardship throughout the North, which depends entirely on air transport. The strikers now get an average \$9,000 to \$10,000 a year, & they want an increase of 60%. The familiar old game of demanding twice the gain you expect to get, so that the employer (in this case the Canadian government) can "bargain" & eventually settle for exactly what the strikers ~~want to get~~. Meanwhile the strike goes on just long enough to let the general public feel once more the strangling power of the unions.

THURSDAY, JAN. 20/72 Sunny, NW wind, temp. 28°. Put on my knee-length hunting boots, & tramped around the golf course & the triangle of rough barren, swamp, & stony beach which form the actual White Point. Most of the open ground is bare. I sat comfortably for half an hour, in the sunshine & well screened from the wind, in the shelter beside N° 5 green. Wrote a letter of personal appreciation to old Mel Gardner & his wife Minie, for their good work during the years of his presidency.

This evening a man named Maurice Singer phoned me from California! Said he was "of Columbia Pictures" & an associate of Paul Heller. (see Nov. 20/71, Nov. 24/71, Dec. 22/71) He gave me the familiar old malarkey - "Here at Columbia we're very excited about your book, I know you will approve of our casting for the parts, & I called to let you know this, & to make sure that the rights are still open." When I said, "Yes, they are," he said, "I shall phone you with a definite proposal within ten days or two weeks." I said, "I shall

await your call," & put up the phone.

FRIDAY, JAN. 21, 1972 About 3" of snow fell in the night, soft & soggy stuff which would turn to ice when the wind howled, so I shoveled it off my walk & driveway. Tramped Summerville Beach for half an hour in the afternoon. Spent most of the day writing an account of the various settlements in Queens County & their "patterns of speech" — this for a woman student at Acadia U. who is working on an English 448 (Linguistics) project.

SATURDAY, JAN. 22/72 After a cold night, a mild (40°) day with hazy sunshine. Tramped about White Point in the afternoon. At the extreme tip of the point I found 20 or 30 small sandpipers standing on the wet stones & feeding at the edge of the light surf. Without binoculars I could not examine them, & when I tried to get closer they flew back & forth in long loops over the sea, revealing a white flash underneath, which makes me feel sure they were sandpipers. (Tufts records "stragglers in winter" & gives instances in ones & twos.) Met Jim Dumeah, the golf pro, walking around the course to see how his new drains were working.

At 5 p.m. John & Dorothy Hickwire, Austin & Yea Parker, & Erik & Lou Anderssen, dropped in for drinks & chat, & at 6 we all went to the Saturday night dinner at the curling club. Lobster Newburg with green beans & salad, peach trifle, coffee, all delicious. (Cost \$2.50 per person, & we bought bottles of rosé wine extra. This is, of course, in addition to the \$15 per season fee I pay as a "social member".) The weekly dinners are popular, & there was a great hubbub of cheerful people. Afterwards we played bridge at the Andersens' house till 11.30. As I rarely play more than once or twice a year, & know nothing of the science of the game or the bidding conventions, I play in a slapdash fashion that sometimes gets a good result; but against shrewd opponents I am a trial to my partner. All very pleasant.

SUNDAY, JAN. 23/72 Drizzle, & temp. up to 50° . Most of the open ground is bare. Had a visit this afternoon from Douglas How, whom I met about 1957 when I think he was a parliamentary assistant at Ottawa. Later he worked for years on the staff of the Reader's Digest (Canada) & had a large part in putting together their excellent 2-volume history of the Canadian forces in W.W.2 — which he tells me has now sold more than 70,000 copies.

Now, in middle age, he has gone back to college, & is working towards a master's degree in history at Dalhousie. His chosen thesis is the wartime career of Rear Admiral L. W. Murray RCN, & its unfortunate ending in the Halifax riots of 1945. I stated in my Halifax book that Murray had fought the sea war in the northwest Atlantic with brilliance & success, & that "this unsavoury climax" was clearly no fault of his. How had many questions to ask me about Murray & his shrewish English (and strongly anti-Canadian wife), & the cause of the Halifax riots, etc., & he took notes. Pamela Riddell went to Kentville today with the Liverpool ladies' curling team, & Tom & the youngsters dined with us.

MONDAY, JAN. 24 1972 Drizzle. Temp 40°. Spent most of the day reading the weekly bundle of London, New York, & Toronto newspapers & magazines sent to me by Bill White. Since I got my corrected eyeglasses from White last October, the sight of my left eye has continued to deteriorate. The thin rheumy mucus which forms over the eyeball & "weeps" slowly from the eye corners at times, is not so bad now as it was last fall, so this in itself is not the main cause of the failing sight.

News:— Air Canada is still grounded by the strike. Now the CBC technicians have voted to strike. This will stop all "live" shows, originating in Canada, including the ice-hockey games — thus stabbing our hockey-mad populace in their most tender spot. To reduce the numbers of unemployed workmen, Ottawa is now making generous grants to what it calls the Local Initiative Program, all across Canada but mainly in the Quebec-Maritime Provinces — Newfoundland area. Ottawa provides all the money. The "local initiative" consists of local ideas for playgrounds, repairs to old churches, etc. Liverpool is getting \$4,000, to "demolish old buildings & extend parking area" — which is supposed to employ ten men, presumably for a month. This is exactly the sort of program which the U.S. government used during the worst years of the Great Depression 1931-1938. Officially it was called WPA (from the Work Projects Administration). Unofficially it was called "boondoggling", which my American dictionary defines as "to do work of little or no practical value merely to keep or look busy."

TUESDAY, JAN. 25, 1972

Heavy rain & a southerly gale this afternoon.
Then the wind hauled NW & blew hard all night.

Weekend Magazine, issue of Jan. 8/72, had a long article criticizing the Canada Council. Originally the council was set up in 1957, by the federal government, with \$50,000,000 from the "death duties" of James Dunn & J. W. Killam. This still produces about \$5,000,000 a year for endowments. But this proved to be a drop in the bucket of demands for Canadian "culture", & the council now spends over \$28,000,000 a year in grants to writers, artists, ballet & other theatrical groups, & all sorts of academics, many of whom spend the money on trips abroad, or actually live abroad, with an occasional trip home to Canada in order to qualify. A lot of them are well paid & experienced professionals fully able to finance themselves, such as pianist Glenn Gould, photographers Roloff BENY Beane, & authors Mordecai Richler, Margaret Laurence, Joseph Schull. (Of these Richler & Laurence have lived in England for many years, Beny chiefly in Italy.) Here in Nova Scotia in recent years Will R. Bird got two fat grants for "research" for a biography of J. T. W. DesBarres, a surveyor & mapmaker of Nova Scotia in colonial times. He paid a professional researcher in London to make a brief look at DesBarres' life in England, & wrote the book sitting comfortably at home in Halifax.

WEDNESDAY, JAN. 26/72 Temp. 10° above zero, with a bitter NW gale, & occasional light dustings of snow. Owing to the strike-bound airports, Canadian mails have to be re-routed by railway, for which the railroads are now poorly equipped & unprepared. So the mail is moving slowly when it moves at all.

THURSDAY, JAN. 27/72 Same weather. The snow is slight, & does not cover the grass tips, & the streets remain bare. At the ladies' bonspiel at Wolfville, the Liverpool team are still winning, & the Kodiac youngsters continue to lynch at our house. For the evening meal at home, as for breakfast, Papa Tom & young Debbie cook up something. Little Blair says he hopes Mummy doesn't earn any more, because he wants her to come home.

C. spent the afternoon playing cards at a hen party, & I broiled a steak for my supper.

Bureaucratic stuff-&-nonsense note:- For years we have referred to the "weather bureau". Beginning this winter the

the government meteorological staff gave it a new name. Officially it is now the "Atmospheric Environment Service". At first I thought it was a joke. But the A.E.S. is serious about it.

FRIDAY, JAN. 28, 1972 The cold blast of the past two days, following several wet ones, subsided to a calm today, & the temp. got up to 25°. Having no exercise for nearly a week, I planned a good walk this afternoon. But snow began to fall, & continued, not heavily but enough to make all walking (& driving) slippery & dangerous. Pamela & her curling team at Wolfville were defeated in the semi-finals today, so our young visitors came for their last lunch this week.

SATURDAY, JAN. 29/72 About 3" of snow, which I shoveled off my driveway & walks. The rest of the day was sunny, with some light squalls of snow, & as I have some twinges of my old enemy, lumbago, forcing to walk with even more stoop than usual, I gave up the notion of a hike at White Point or the beach. Spent the afternoon playing Scrabble with E, & she won.

News: Prime Minister Trudeau has re-shuffled his cabinet, the most notable changes being Benson, who goes from Finance to Defense, & Turner who goes from Justice to Finance.

Both are able men. Benson had scorned popularity to put through his tax reforms, which in my lay opinion were good & just. The opposition parties say Trudeau is preparing for an election campaign, probably in June.

Among the rich, there is a great outcry against the new federal "capital gains" tax, & the assumption by the poorer provinces (Saskatchewan, Manitoba, the Maritimes & Quebec) of the "death duties" tax, relinquished by Ottawa. K.C. Irving, said to be worth \$500,000,000 had announced his removal to the tax haven of the Bahamas. He cannot remove his properties in New Brunswick & elsewhere, which are now in the hands of his three sons, but undoubtedly he has removed a huge amount in portable stocks, bonds, & cash. The Montreal Trust Company is advising its clients living outside Nova Scotia (for instance) to shift any Nova Scotia investments to Alberta, the only Canadian province which refuses to impose any form of "death duties". I'm told that our Liverpool rich men (notably B.J. Waters, R.L. Seabone, Jerry Nickerson) anticipated heavier death duties long ago, & have

conveyed a large part of their wealth to sons, daughters, & grandchildren in the form of gifts & family trusts. The net effect of all this, according to the rich Cassandra's, is a flight of capital out of Nova Scotia & New Brunswick, & the prevention of any coming in. But this has been going on, really, ever since death duties & high income taxes were imposed in many countries after the First World War. For example, Canada's gold king, Harry Oakes, who took a huge fortune to the Bahamas in the 1920's. And for a local example, Wallace Ogilvie of Liverpool, who in 1944 removed to the Bahamas with ill-gotten war profits of \$500,000 or so.

SUNDAY, JAN. 30, 1972 Snow falling slowly all day. We stayed indoors, but all the young people were out walking, parents towing kids on sleds & toboggans, skaters on their way to & from the rink, etc.

MONDAY, JAN. 31/72 Snow ceased towards morning, about 4" on the ground. Despite a painful back I shoveled it off my driveway & paths, & hobbled to the post office & back. John Leje dropped in for a chat, & to return the book & the Bass documents I lent him on the 14th.

TUESDAY, FEB. 1/72 Temp. exactly zero last night, up to 25° in bright sunlight & calm air at noon, a delightful winter day. I walked on the beach at Summerside, & found a small dory cast up by the sea. About 9' long & 3½' beam - too small for a fisherman - with "EVA" carved neatly on small name-boards on each side near the stem. It looked like one of the small flat-boats used by pairs or single gunners hunting wild fowl at Port Joli & other inlets.

WEDNESDAY, FEB. 2/72 Temp. 18°, calm, overcast. Put on my hunting boots, drove to White Point, & walked around the golf course. Snow thin in some places, up to my boot tops in others. E. out playing bridge this afternoon. I broiled a steak for supper. The mail brought a contract from McClelland & Stewart for re-publication of "Roger Sudden" this Fall in their (paperback) New Canadian Library. This novel, originally published in hard covers by M. & S. in Canada, Doubleday in U.S.A. in 1944. Later in paperbacks in both countries, all out of print since 1959. Tonight we watched & heard on T.V. the colourful opening ceremonies of the winter Olympic Games in

the northerly Japanese island of Hokkaido. Transmitted via a "satellite" in space over the Pacific, the picture, sound & colour were sharp & clear, one of the greatest of modern miracles.

THURSDAY, FEB. 3, 1972 A dust of snow falling slowly all day, temp. 18°. A walk to the post office, no more. Reading, a little writing, Scrabble with E. On TV, the CBC has begun to show its million-dollar serial "Jalna", based on the series of novels by Mayo de la Roche, which were very popular in the 1930's among female readers at home & abroad. The CBC staff were obviously inspired by the success of the BBC's "The Forsyte Saga" by Galsworthy, shown last year as a TV serial in Britain, the U.S., Canada, Australia & (in translation) elsewhere — even in Russia.

But as critics are now pointing out, Roche was no Galsworthy, although her books were an imitation. The Jalna series of books were known to unkind critics in Canada as the "Jalna soap opera"; & it was pointed out that her scenes & characters bore no real relation to Canada or Canadians, being the saga of an Anglo-Indian family which moved from India to Ontario in the 1850's & continued to live an exotic life there. I met Mayo de la Roche in Toronto a few times in the 1940's; & she mentioned me in her quaint autobiography as saying that Jalna "opened the door" to the U.S. market for Canadian authors like me.

So, I did, as a compliment, at a Toronto dinner party long afterwards. But her quotation implied that I (& others) had been beating on the door in vain until she opened it. In fact, when "Jalna" appeared in 1927 I was experimenting with my first short story, & my dearest hope was to see it published in Maclean's Magazine, right in Toronto.

FRIDAY, FEB. 4/72 A furious gale of wind & heavy rain all last night, & this morning most of the open ground was bare. According to our "Atmospheric Environment Service" in Halifax, this was the wet edge of an enormous storm extending over north-eastern U.S. & Canada from Arkansas to Nfld. The inland people got snow, & practically all air & road traffic in Ontario, Quebec, & northern New Brunswick was stopped today. I was amused to receive by registered

post from McClelland & Stewart today, half a dozen copies of the new paperback edition of "Roger Sudden". I had given verbal consent to this edition when Malcolm Ross phoned me from Halifax last April, & he assured me that M & S would send a contract shortly. M & S. got around to printing the paperback this winter, & at the last moment, obviously, discovered that they'd omitted a contract for it. Typical of their slapdash way of doing business.

I note that the retail price of this edition is \$2.95, so at 6% my royalty will be 17 $\frac{1}{2}$ cents per copy. There is a good introduction by J.R. Leitold, a professor of English at Dalhousie University. (Malcolm Ross, head of Dal's English Dept. is General Editor of the New Canadian Library for M. & S.)

The back cover has the awful picture of me, originally done in pen & ink, years ago, by what Napier Moore assured me was "positively the worst artist in Toronto".

SATURDAY, FEB. 5, 1972 Windy & cold. Checking over the new edition of "Roger Sudden" for printers' flaws, & finding very few. Scrabble with C. in the afternoon. Together with John & Dorothy Wickwire we attended the bi-weekly supper at the curling club, & later withdrew to the Wickwires' house on Main Street & played bridge, the wives electing to play against the husbands. I am an indifferent player. John, ^{although} more practised, is inclined to be a dreamer. So the ladies clobbered us. I learn that Douglas, son of our friends Austin & Vera Parker, is leaving town for a much more lucrative post in the head office of Bowater Paper Corp. at Greenwich, Connecticut. He has been chief accountant at the Mersey mill here for several years. He & his wife Sheila are a popular couple, & will be missed.

SUNDAY, FEB. 6/72 Windy & cold. Indoors all day

MONDAY, FEB. 7/72 The gales went down at last, & this afternoon I enjoyed an hour's walk at White Point. Came upon 16 ducks (old squaws, I think) within easy gunshot of the shore. Also saw the little flock of sandpipers at the tip of the Point, where I saw them on Jan. 22.

TUESDAY, FEB. 8/72 Again windy & cool. Walked to the post office, & in the afternoon took the car to the grocery store, but spent most of the day indoors; writing, reading, scrabble & TV.

WEDNESDAY, FEB. 9, 1972 After a cold night, the temp. rose to 28° today, with strong W. wind & bright sunshine. Had an hour's walk at White Point, where the golf course is almost entirely bare of snow. The N.S. legislature opened today, & we saw & heard the opening ceremonies on T.V. The dignity of the affair was marred by more than 300 Halifax school teachers, most of them male, & many with beards & long hair, who surrounded Province bearing placards & yelling slogans against the government's limit of 5% on the increase of school salaries this year. Their noise penetrated the assembly chamber, & at times the speech from the throne could hardly be heard from the back benches. This took place during school hours, so they were neglecting their pupils.

THURSDAY, FEB. 10/72 Sunny, temp. 30° , no wind. Another good walk at White Point, where I sat for half an hour in the rain shelter at N° 5, enjoying the sunshine. Several other people walking on the golf course. A letter from McClelland & Stewart, asking for a recent photograph of me, to replace the one they have been using on the jacket of "Halifax, Garden of the North" for many years. I have no really recent photo. I tried one with local photographer Dagley some time ago, but his forte is coloured photos of wedding ~~parties~~ parties, not old men, & his portrait of me was a failure.

FRIDAY, FEB. 11/72 Same weather, & same walk at White Point, except that C. suddenly decided to come with me, turning off at N° 4 green, & awaiting me in the shelter at N° 5 when I came around the point. Noticed a new grave dug, in the little cemetery by N° 5 fairway, for Eddie West, who died yesterday. He was a groundsman for the golf club for many years, honest & hardworking, & I always liked to chat with him on my golf rounds.

SATURDAY, FEB. 12/72 Sunny & mild (40°) I attended Eddie West's funeral service in the little Anglican church of St. James, on the back road at Hants Point. The place was full of local people & golfers. After the committal ceremony at the grave, one of the grave diggers told me that the frost in this bare ground was about 18" deep. I sat for a time in the sun at N° 5 shelter, & walked around the course.

I have received a copy of "The Prince & His Lady," by Mollie Gillen, published in Toronto in 1970. It is the history of Prince Edward, Duke of Kent, (whose only legitimate child became Queen Victoria) and his long-time mistress Madame de Laurent. Mrs. Gillen is an Australian, married to a Canadian, & an experienced researcher & journalist. Aided by money from the Canada Council she spent 5 years on the research for this book, in Britain, France, & Canada. A splendid job, everything well documented. Among other matters, she disposes of the mythical brood of children allegedly born to Edward & Madame; & in doing so she shatters the "biography" by Toronto journalist Mackenzie Porter, published in 1961 under the title "Preface to 'Overture to Victoria'" — a meretricious thing, as I noted when I read it.

SUNDAY, FEB. 13, 1972 Sunny & mild (40°) with a light breeze from S. which can only mean rain. Walked on Summerville beach this afternoon. C. walked a little way & returned to the car.

My right hip painful from so much walking in the past week, especially the walks in heavy boots around the rough tip of White Point; but I take such pleasure in these almost daily hikes, so unusual in the midst of winter nowadays, that I accept the pain as a natural price for it. The shore fields have been bare & dry for many days, & today people were burning the dead brown grass around their dwellings.

This morning my son Tom & other fathers took Liverpool's best small-boy hockey team to Dartmouth, for a game with the best small-boy Dartmouth team. (My grandson Tommy is a forward on the Liverpool team.) The country-town boys played well against the city slickers, holding the score even at 2-2 until the last ten minutes, when Dartmouth scored twice for a final 4-2. Tommy scored one of the Liverpool goals. His grandmother White was one of the spectators. Tom said he drove on much of the new highway at 70 to 80 miles an hour with ease, & coming home made the trip from Dartmouth (including passage of the new Mackay bridge) in one hour & forty minutes.

C. & I heard all this at dinner with the junior Raddolls in their apartment at York Point this evening.

MONDAY, FEB. 14/72 A s.e. gale & heavy rain all last night. Thick fog & showers today. We hear of floods at Truro & elsewhere

inland, where there was much snow on the ground. I wrote a little more of my memoirs, consulting the old diary, snapshots, & documents. Scrabble with C. all afternoon & much of the evening — the TV program was mostly a bore.

TUESDAY, FEB. 15, 1972 A midwinter miracle — clear blue sky, a light W. air, Temp. 50° in the shade at noon, certainly 60° in the sun. After lunch I drove to White Point, & walked for an hour, & sunned myself in the shelter at N° 5 green for half an hour. After the storm, a magnificent surf.

This evening two young men called on me, Gordon Baird (son of the chief Liverpool insurance broker) and John Gordon, (son of the Baptist minister at Milton, & grandson of my old acquaintance there, Roy Gordon.) They are completing Grade Twelve here, & go on to Acadia U. near Tall.

John Gordon has hair right down to his shoulders, & the steel-rimmed eyeglasses which are de rigueur with the young set nowadays; but his trousers & jacket were not conspicuous. Baird, in spite of a pimpled face, was a real lily of the field. The same long hair & glasses — plus bushy side-whiskers, white bell-bottomed trousers with thin black stripes, a blue shirt, & for outdoor wear a cream-coloured coat or smock reaching the knees, lined & edged with some artificial white stuff resembling swansdown, in fact the sort of thing that ladies used to wear in boudoirs.

They handed me a six-page pamphlet (15" by 12") of the Dept. of the Secretary of State, Ottawa, entitled "Opportunities for Youth 1972", setting forth ideas for employment this summer for large or small student groups, at a government wage of \$90 per week maximum. When my son Tom was a student he worked his summers as a common seaman or with pick-&-shovel in the Mersey paper mill yard. But so many students nowadays are lilies-of-the-field, above such demeaning tasks, that the government is handing out money in this fashion. These two want to form a group of 6 or 8 students here, to study Queens County historic sites & other places of interest, & then to act as guides to tourists in conjunction with the local tourist bureau. I told them as much as I could about these things for about an hour, & they departed, asking (getting) leave to return for more.

(The government turned down their application)

FEB. 16, 1972 cooler, but still much sunshine. Made the White Point walk. Historical Society met tonight at Mrs. Chas. Holden's house at the tip of Court Street. About 35 people. The President (Eric Millard) reported another "Opportunities for Youth" project. A Liverpool student at U.N.B., planning to be an archaeologist, wishes to employ himself & 2 or 3 others in tidying the old town cemetery between Main & Church streets, restoring fallen tombstones, repairing broken ones, cleaning inscriptions, etc. The town council has approved this, & Millard himself will supervise it this summer. Charles Kelsey reported that the Local Initiative Program (see Jan. 24 entry) for Port Mouton is to employ a few labourers in clearing bushes etc. from the old cemetery of Tarleton's Legion there, & making a good approach from the highway. The Society asked me to write the National Historic Sites & Monuments Board, requesting a monument & plaque for this graveyard.

Col. ~~H~~^{Kirk} Patrick reported on the Society's own project (no government money!) for a map of Queens County showing historic & modern places of interest. We voted \$100 to have 1,000 copies printed, for distribution to tourists. (This will be useful to the student guides I mentioned yesterday.)

Donald Cameron has sent me a copy of the ~~week~~ monthly magazine of the Canadian book industry, "Quill, & Quire", for December 1971. It contains at length the interview with me which Cameron made & recorded four or five years ago. Cameron has recorded interviews with other Canadian authors, all of which are to be published in book form by Macmillan in autumn 1972.

News:- The new session of Parliament at Ottawa opened today, & we saw a little of it on TV. The foreground outside the house was occupied by the drearily familiar strikers' pickets bearing placards, & slouching along in a short circle. (This time the pickets represent unions of television technical employees, & of Canada Air electrical employees.) President Nixon, with his wife, & a large delegation of diplomatic experts, newspapermen & camera men left by air today for talks with Mao Tse Tung at Pekin! So Mahomet goes to the mountain, after many years of staying aloof & supporting the worthless

Chiang Kai Shek regime in Taiwan.

FRIDAY, FEB. 18, 1972. Still cold at night, but sunny in daytime, temp. 30°, wind east. Walked to White Point.

Sea blue, with a few gulls & crows along the foreshore, a lone trawler on the skyline. Shopped for meat & wine. Wrote Ferguson, who is N.S. representative on the National Historic Sites & Monuments Board, about the Port Mouton project. Hector Dunlop passed to me a brochure lately printed here for the United Baptist Church, with a good picture of the church on the cover. Copies are given to church members & visitors. The issue for Sunday Feb. 13/72 contains a program of the morning service, including a long "responsive prayer", in which the parson recited a paragraph at a time, followed by a brief response of the congregation. A slight error of the printer gives spice to the parson's final paragraph, in which he speaks of: "those who shall walk this way in days to come, with confidence in a blessed immortality."

To this, the people respond, in a final sentence: "The Lord hath done great things for us, wherein is our heart glad."

SATURDAY, FEB. 19/72. A terrific gale from S.E. all day, with snow beginning about 3 p.m., turning to rain at 7:30, then alternating snow & rain all night. After drinks & chat at the Parker's house, the John Nickers, Austin Parkers & ourselves went on to dine at the Curling Club. A delicious meal of Chinese food, catered by Wong's Restaurant. Price \$2.50 per plate, wine extra, in addition to the \$15 fee we pay for this bi-monthly dining privilege during the winter season. A big & lively crowd. Later our party returned to Park Street & played bridge at the Jerry Nickersons' house, with Nickerson friends & relatives who also had dined at the club. As usual my bridge score was the lowest.

SUNDAY, FEB. 20/72. The storm petered out this morning, with some violent thunder & lightning shortly after 6 a.m. I spent a hot & hard 1½ hours shoveling soggy snow off my paths & driveway, & clearing out the street gutters & drains. After lunch I drove with C. around Western

Head to see the most spectacular surf of the winter. It had washed across the asphalt road in places, but without damage.

In the late afternoon we called on Capt. Charles Williams, C. with a pot of shrimp-&-lobster chowder. (His wife returned home yesterday from the hospital.) The high sea had dumped a lot of dirty-grey ice floes on his back lawn — ice from the town shore. I noticed several fishing-net buoys etc. tied to a stake at the side of the lawn. These had washed ashore there at various times, two of them from the Russian & east European fishing fleets that operate off our coast.

Tonight on TV (via a satellite in space) we watched the arrival of President Nixon & his wife & staff on their mission to Peking. They were greeted by President Chou-en-li & a group of officials in civilian clothes; & a large military band played "The Star Spangled Banner" extremely well, followed by the anthem of the Peoples Republic of China. Other than Chou's staff there were no civilians in sight on the airport. Instead there was a very large "honour guard" of Chinese soldiers & marines, very smart in obviously new greatcoats & fur caps, & all exactly the same height, which appeared to be about 6 feet. (Apparently drawn chiefly from Manchuria, where men are much taller than the other Chinese.) They stood in mathematically exact rows, as stiff & unhuman as a wall of ninepins, shoulder to shoulder.

MONDAY, FEB. 21, 1972 A cold & windy day. Except for the morning walk to the post office, I stayed indoors, working on my memoirs, playing Scrabble with C, & watching TV.

Pamela phoned in some agitation. She had just heard from her mother that her father (Mr. J. White) had tripped on a carpet & fallen heavily, breaking his hip bone & pelvis in three places. He is in hospital, facing a complicated operation on these bones, & a long time in bed. This on top of phlebitis, an ailment of the past few years. About ten years ago he had cancer of the stomach, & Boston surgeons removed the entire stomach. He is in his 70's.

TUESDAY, FEB. 22/72 A snowstorm in the night, changing to rain in the forenoon, then (as the wind came around to N.W.) changing back to snow. I drove with C to the groceries in the morning. A flock of at least 40 grosbeaks came to my

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seed tray, plus a few goldfinches & chickadees.

WEDNESDAY, FEB. 23, 1972

I awakened this morning to the sound of shingle nails popping in the frost, & when I came downstairs my outdoor thermometer showed 5° below zero - our coldest night this winter, with a strong NW wind. The temp. got up to 8° above zero in the sun today. I zipped the detachable parka hood onto my Arctic coat, & wore my ski goggles when I walked to the post office in the morning. Later I walked again to an appointment with Wile, the optometrist. The weakness of my left eye, for which he prescribed a stronger lens last Fall, is faltering still more, & often there is a film of mucus over it, very thin, but enough to blur the sight. He made careful tests, & informed me that I have an incipient "senile cataract". He said it is common in people over 65. It grows, & ~~sometimes~~ arrests for several years, & then grows again. He could not say what mine would do. Meanwhile he will provide me with a stronger left lens. Fortunately, as he pointed out, my right eye remains strong & steady.

THURSDAY, FEB. 24, 72

A snowstorm began last night & continued all day. It slacked its force & fell this evening, so I turned on my outdoor lights & worked for an hour to clear my front walk & driveway from the natural fall & the heavy bank thrown up by the street plough. Our next door neighbours, Joe Puskie & wife, are back from Australia, where they had a long visit with son Bruce. They left in a snowstorm early in January, & returned just in time for this one.

FRIDAY, FEB. 25, 72

Snow continued falling in slow flakes all night & all day. I finished shoveling out my driveway. Wrote a bit more of my memoirs, & played Scrabble with C. letter from the Vice-Chancellor of University of King's College, Halifax (Dr. J. Graham Morgan). A convocation of the U. of K.C. on Feb. 22 elected me for the degree of D.C.L (honoris causa) to be awarded at the Encarnia on May 10. They ask me to accept the award & to make the Encarnia address. Oh dear! I've got all the honours I want or deserve, & I dread the ordeal, especially now with my arthritic stoop & failing sight, but

courtesy forbids me to say No. The faculty & students of King's gave me my first honour away back in 1945, when they made me a Fellow of The Halifax, their venerable literary society.

Pamela got back from a two-day visit to Halifax. Her father is in the Infirmary (the best hospital in Halifax, even including the big Victoria General) & is remarkably well after the operation.

SATURDAY, FEB. 26, 1972 Another snowstorm began in the night & continued all day. It has now been snowing continuously since Wednesday night. The daily papers & the T.V. news programs are filled with the yammer of politicians at Halifax & Ottawa; with strikes & threats of more strikes; with bloody murder & attempted murder by sneak bombers & snipers of the I.R.A. in northern Ireland & in England. President Nixon's dramatic visit to China is now finished, after much formal entertainment & baffle-gab speeches that said nothing of any importance.

SUNDAY, FEB. 27/72 During the night the snowstorm turned to rain for a time, long enough to saturate the top two inches of snow. Then the wind sprang around to NW & the temp. dropped to 20° , putting a hard crust of ice on the snow. When I got up this morning the sun was shining. The street plough had turned around just before the freeze, throwing up great banks on each side of the roadway, which was cleared just enough for two cars to pass abreast. At first I couldn't even get out. The side door was completely blocked & frozen, & I got the front storm door open with great difficulty. Shoveled & hacked to clear the steps & front walk, cleared the side door, dug a path to the garage & the garden tray, cleared off the tray, & set out sunflower seeds. Goldfinches & grosbeaks soon arrived for a belated breakfast.

Several of my neighbors hired a tractor-bulldozer to clear their driveways, but I left mine plugged. Another snowfall is predicted for tomorrow. Wrote Morgan with thanks for my election to the A.C.L., & agreeing to make the address. Brian Robinson (student at U.N.B.) phoned, asking me to write a letter endorsing his cemetery-restoration project (see Feb. 16). So I wrote the letter. Played Scrabble with E. Have brought my memoirs to my arrival in Liverpool in 1923.

MONDAY, FEB. 28, 1972 A south breeze, & a light rain at temp. 40° , instead of the predicted snowstorm! It gave me a chance to shovel the ice off my front steps. The grosbeaks & goldfinches came as usual to my tray, no other birds. I miss the white-throat sparrows, the bedecked linnets, & others that came from time to time in other winters.

TUESDAY, FEB. 29/72 Mild (40°) & overcast. I shoveled out the street drain & most of my driveway, a long & painful job, the snow having a thick ice crust & sodden with water underneath. I was too tired then to tackle the hardest job of all, the wall of hard-packed & icy snow thrown across my driveway by the street plough. I walked to the supermarket & had our groceries sent up by delivery van.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 1/72 The month came in like a lamb this morning, with calm air, sunny sky, & temp. up to 50° in the shade at noon. After lunch I toiled with shovel for an hour, clearing the hard wall across my driveway. I could not do anything with a 2 inch layer of ice at the bottom, but I can drive my car out without difficulty.

The March issue of the N.Y. Historical Quarterly has an article on an ~~at~~ early attempt at the consolidation of Kings & Dalhousie, by my young friend John Leefe. In the Book Review section there is a review of the revised edition of "Thomas H. Raddall's classic work, *Halifax, Warden of the North*". It mentions that the first edition (1948) has become a collector's item, "selling for as much as \$20". It goes on to say, "Booksellers report that many people who own copies of the original edition have bought copies of the revised edition." Same at last!

THURSDAY, MAR. 2/72 A hard freeze last night, & a cold drizzle of rain today, put a skin of ice on paths & roads. I had intended to drive to Milton this morning, & have my straggling white locks trimmed by Fred Wharton, my old Liverpool barker who now operates in his house there. But I didn't dare attempt the road up there.

FRIDAY, MAR. 3/72 Fog & drizzle all night & morning, temp. up to 52° . Water running everywhere, & the town ploughs busy pushing old snowbanks from the street sides to the middle, where it can melt. Drove to Milton this morning,

* found Wharton in a small but well equipped one-chair shop at the back of his house. I emerged with my head feeling naked but neatly trimmed for the first time in many months. Got my new lenses installed in the old frames by Wile. My left eyeight is still a bit blurred but Wile says it is natural with catarrh - no lens can fully correct that. I am to return in 6 months for another examination & another change.

Georgina Bell, (wife of Dr. Frank Bell, who lives on Park Street) called this evening with her guests Murray & Coralene McQuigge, who had one or two of my books to autograph & wanted to meet the author. McQuigge, a handsome & pleasant young man, is completing medical studies at Dalhousie, & may intend to practice here in association with Bell.

News:- The Nova Scotia Teachers' Union continues its "rotating" strikes, following the artful strategy now used by many of the higher-skilled labour unions. There is no general walk-out, just a local strike for one day, in various towns in succession, & without warning. With persistence this gradually disrupts the working of the schools, or the post offices, radio, & TV programs, or whatever, while the main body of the union continues to draw full pay.

The N.S.T.U. have been offered a 5% increase in pay, but they reject with scorn anything so low. There are some acrid letters in the *Hx. newspapers*, written by teachers, former teachers, & just plain taxpayers. Many, including not a few teachers, deplore the Union's tactics as degrading to the profession. Our Liverpool high schools have been "struck" two or three times already in the campaign.

SATURDAY, MAR. 4, 1972 The thaw ended last evening, when the temp. dropped 30° in one hour. Awakened this morning to find the temp. at 20°, & an inch of crusty new snow. Wrote some of my memoirs, & played scrabble with E.

We dined with our Park Street friends, Ralph Johnson & wife, at the Curling Club, as their guests. Returned to our house & played bridge till 11 p.m.

SUNDAY, MAR. 5/72 A snowstorm began about dawn, & by the end of the afternoon changed to a cold rain - too cold to melt the snow, which soaked it up like a sponge. Spent the day indoors, writing, scrabbling, & watching TV. By evening the temp.

began to clear, & I shovelled the heavy slush off my house steps & front walk. Also my driveway from the garage to my side door - the street end was already a lake on top of the slush.

MONDAY, MAR. 6, 1972 Temp. 20°, & all streets a dangerous mess of rutted & hard frozen slush. I crept down to the post office but otherwise I was glad to stay indoors, writing, reading, scrabbling, & watching the few really interesting or entertaining programs on T.V.

TUESDAY, MAR. 7/72 Patchy sunshine & some light dustings of snow. Got the car out & drove downtown for the weekly load of groceries, & to renew my supply of rum, gin & wine. The streets remain icy & dangerous except in the centre where the combination of traffic & salt has exposed a narrow lane of asphalt. John Liep dropped in for a chat. He is making a collection of my printed works, & has quite a lot of them. I took him up in the attic & showed him the shelves where I keep a few spare copies of some. Gave him copies of first edition "The Wedding Gift", second edition "Son of the Hawk", Dutch & German editions of "The Nymph & The Lamp", etc. He has his English class making a study of "His Majesty's Yankees" & tracing the actual people & events, & reports them keenly interested.

Wrote to a student at University of Western Ontario, a native of Trinidad, studying for a Master's degree in English. In his graduate course he intends a major ~~paper~~ on some of my work, notably "Pride's Fancy", & he asked for the facts about the Caribbean scenes & action.

WEDNESDAY, MAR. 8/72 Rain all day at temp. 45° took most of the ice off asphalt streets & driveways. Indoors all day. I have not had any physical exercise but shoveling snow since my walk at White Point on Feb. 18. C's wig-maker in Halifax has supplied her with a new one. It has white hair instead of the former iron-grey ones, & gives her quite an 18th century look.

THURSDAY, MAR. 9/72 Sunny, with some clouds & a cold W. wind. I drove to Summerside & walked the beach. Had a look at the golf. It seems mostly bare. My lawn has a thin cover of ice more than snow, the aftermath of March 5 & 6.

Received a parcel of books from the Marlboro Company at New York, including a re-issue of Thoreau's "Cape Cod", with additions from his journal on later visits; a book on the Hexe beliefs still held among the Pennsylvania "Dutch" in the 20th century, as in some of our Lunenburg "Dutch", including a murder case remarkably like the one I wrote in a short story ("The Powers of Darkness") many years ago; Malcolm Lowry's last novel "October Ferry To Gabriola", put together by his widow from the rough manuscript; "Thrust & Counterthrust" by H. G. Glassen, a discussion of the border history of Canada & the U.S.; and "Nudist Society", a discussion of this growing cult by those American sociologists: - except for the children, who are beautiful, the photographs show a clumsy & ungainly lot of males & females, an offense to the eye for that reason before any other.

FRIDAY, MARCH 10, 1972 Cold & sunny. I walked around the golf course this afternoon. On the point itself, the narrow path worn by generations of fishermen looking for lost gear or gunning for ducks, had been filled in places by stones weighing up to 20 lbs., flung up, by the storm of Feb. 19, probably. Old wooden raffle, from the old high tide mark was strewn among the bushes & hummocks above the path.

SATURDAY, MAR. 11/72 Open & shut sky, mostly shut, & when I walked at White Point, snowflakes were falling, large & feathery. C. had some ladies in for bridge & refreshments.

SUNDAY, MAR. 12/72 Snow, & then a drizzle of rain. Indoors all day reading & playing Scrabble. Worked on my autobiography all evening, with my diary before me & my old snapshot album, with its inscriptions, at my side. It goes slowly because of the various facts to be checked, for example the Mersey River power & paper scheme of F. J. A. Barnum & his associates, & the provincial election campaign of 1925.

MONDAY, MAR. 13/72 Bright & cold. Walked at White Point, where I sunned myself for half an hour in the shelter of N° 5 green. The breeze was N.E., & on the tip of the point I could smell sulphur from the Mersey paper mill at a distance of about 6 miles.

TUESDAY, MAR. 14/72 Like yesterday. The newspapers, the T.V. & radio - "the media" in Marshall McLuhan's term, now used everywhere - are clogged ~~with~~ political reports & interviews & discussions. This is a presidential election ^{year} in the U.S.; a federal election

year in Canada; & here in Nova Scotia the Regan government is under daily bombardment by Conservative critics in the Assembly, all reported in diary detail by the *Hfx. papers*.

In Ulster, the so-called Irish Republican Army continues its daily bombing & shooting, most of it by young men unemployed & filled with the exciting lust for seach murder which flares up in the Catholic Irish like a recurrent fever in their history. The war in Vietnam seems to have been damped down by the Communist forces themselves, seeing the withdrawal of U.S. troops, regiment by regiment, although the U.S. air forces continue their violent & costly bombing of the Communist support lines.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 15, 1972 A dark sky, with snow beginning in the afternoon. Had my car greased & oiled. John Leep dropped in for a chat, & accompanied me again to the attic, where I showed him Tom Claghurst's original pen & ink drawings for "Saga of The Rover" & "The Mariland Sagas", also, Harve Stein's excellent & well researched drawings for "Roger Sudden" when it ran as a serial in "Adventure" magazine in 1944, & two personal cartoons by Bob Chambers of the Halifax Herald, one of which, as the result of a hilarious argument, shows a dreamed-up duel between us, with flintlock pistols, beside the old Martello tower in Point Pleasant Park. Also showed him the printers' original plates for Claghurst's illustrations in the two "Saga" books, & my haphazard collection of Indian artifacts from the Mersey river & lakes, from the Medway river, & from camp sites at Port Joli & Port L'Herberg. Historical Society met tonight at Mrs. Giffin's house on Bristol Avenue. Nearly 40 people. Col. Rodolph Kirkpatrick showed the make-up of the proposed map of Queens County, showing the historic sites & present-day places of interest, sand beaches, river & sea angling, etc. This will be distributed to American & other visitors this summer. Drove home in a snowstorm, which turned to light rain, & then blew a violent gale all night.

THURSDAY, MAR. 16/72 A drizzle of rain, temp. 40° all day. The ice on my back lawn begins to decay. As usual during a thaw, few birds came to my seed tray.

FRIDAY, MARCH 17, 1972

Same weather - Nova Scotia's false spring - "the weather breeder". We shall have much snow to shovel yet. Tom Jr. dropped in for one of his periodical chats. He has a large & lucrative practice, & (although he won't admit it) drives himself too hard. He has developed a duodenal ulcer, judging from symptoms, but he won't admit that either. He & Pamela are bubbling with plans for their house at Hurd's Point. A local contractor will build the foundation this summer.

SATURDAY, MAR. 18/72 Same weather. My lawns are now about 3/4 bare of ice & snow. This evening we invited our friends & neighbours the Parkers, Johnsons & Wickwines to be our guests at the Surfing Club dinner, with drinks at our house for a start. The main dish at the Club was lobster chowder, always a favourite food, so I got the tickets well in advance. The usual happy crowd & hubbub. Afterwards we played bridge at the Johnsons' house. Altogether a very pleasant evening.

Russell MacLeod, of the Canadian Legion branch here, phoned to invite me to the annual Vigny dinner, & to address the comrades on the battle & the Canadian war memorial there. The battle actually began on April 9, 1917, but this year that is a Sunday, so the dinner will be on the evening of Saturday, April 8.

SUNDAY, MAR. 19/72 Mild (48°) & overcast. Drove with E. to Summerville & had a chat with Terence & Betty Freeman. The asphalt road is heaved by frost-&-thaw in places, & there are bone-shaking bumps.

MONDAY, MAR. 20/72 The first day of spring, according to the calendar. Bright sunshine, temp. 48° , with a cool N. breeze. E. came with me to White Point & walked around the golf course. We sat in the wooden shelter at N^o 5 green, out of the breeze & enjoying the sun, for nearly half an hour.

For several evenings I have been struggling through Lawry's "October Ferry to Gabriola". He was an Englishman of talent & education (Cambridge) who became an alcoholic, wandering with his wife, to Mexico, the U.S., Haiti, Italy, etc. before he died in England at the age of 48. His books mander along with no visible plot or direction, dragging in all kinds of irrelevant matter from Latin & French tags to the social crimes like hanging for murder. James Joyce with an English accent. His books did not sell

well until after his death, when he was "discovered" by the English-speaking academic circles of the U.S. & Britain. Proof of the saying that "If you can manage to write a few poems or books of sufficient obscurity, & then die drunk in a ditch", you will be remembered as a genius.

TUESDAY, MAR. 21, 1972 Same weather. Walked alone at White Point, where I was surprised & delighted to see a pair of Ipswich sparrows foraging in the grass, probably on their way to Table Island. The golf course is completely bare. Only a few patches of rotten ice remain on my lawn, & a small lump at the front of the house. C's tulips, planted last Fall, begin to show signs of life.

WEDNESDAY, MAR. 22/72 Winter again, with a bleak east wind, grey sky, & finally a thin snow blowing. Indoors all day except for a grocery-shopping trip with the cat, & a walk a few yards up the street to the Austin Parkers' house at 6 p.m., where we & other old friends who have known each other for 40 years or more were entertained with drinks, a buffet supper, & bridge.

An occasion; because soon, by the inevitable process of human life, this hitherto intact group must begin to disintegrate by illness & death. They are: - Austin & Vera Parker, Hector & Marion Dunlap, Charles & Florence Williams, Seth Bartling, Anne Ritchie, John & Dorothy Wickwire, Ralph & Hallabelle Johnson, & ourselves. We had a merry evening, with light-hearted reminiscences of old times.

THURSDAY, MAR. 23/72 Temp. 40° & a slow rain all day, which melted the new snow & some of the old ice in the corners of my lawn. I get about 500 words of my memoirs written every day, with my diary at hand, my old albums of snapshots with their captions & dates, & consulting by phone with Roy Gordon, Austin Parker, Capt. Charles Williams & others. Today I paused to write a brief memoir about the last drove of saw-logs (as distinct from mere pulpwood) to come down the Mersey River. This was white pine, cut for the Macleod Pulp & Paper Co. in the woods between Pescawess & Keweenaw lakes in the winter of 1926-27, floated down the lakes & river in the spring of 1927, & run in their small mill

at Potanoc that Fall. I acted as tally-man when the lumber was loaded in railway cars at Potanoc in February 1928 & shipped to Halifax, Stellarton & Charlottetown.

FRIDAY, MARCH 24, 1972 Mild (50° at noon) & overcast, with a few blurred glimpses of the sun. Walked on Summerside beach this afternoon. The Raddall children, Debby, Tommy, & Blais, came to supper with us, as usual, on Fridays. Our mild weather is the fringe of a vast storm which has dumped 30" of snow on northern N.B., Quebec, & eastern Ontario, paralyzing all traffic.

News. - Prime Minister Heath of Britain has announced that the British government is taking over the rule of Ulster from the so-called Union government at Stormont, & that Catholic as well as Protestant advisors will be consulted by the newly appointed Secretary for Northern Ireland. British troops will remain in the Ulster counties ~~as long as~~ as long as terrorists continue their activities — & the I.R.A. in Dublin have announced the continuance as long as British troops remain in the country. A general election in Newfoundland to resolve the stalemate of last October. This time the Conservatives under Premier Frank Moores won a big majority.

SATURDAY, MAR. 25/72 A grey day, temp. 38° . I walked about White Point in the afternoon. A big swell of the sea breaking on the rocks. Hoped to see a robin or a fox sparrow. Nothing but the usual winter crows & sea gulls. Tom & Helena Jorey invited us to an evening of bridge at their luxurious one-storey home at Hunt's Point, so we went. The house was built for George Doggett a few years ago. (Doggett is a native of White Point, who made a fortune in the Northern Ontario gold mines.) The Joreys bought it when they sold their big remodeled farmhouse at Mill Village. Tom fell down the stairs there & injured his spine, so that he has to walk with a cane, & has some difficulty with his fingers, noticeable in playing cards; but he remains cheerful & a knowing but reckless player of cards. It was snowing lightly when we came home, & the road was slippery, but I drove slowly & got home all right.

SUNDAY & MONDAY, MAR. 26 & 27/72 Bleak weather. Snow falling lightly. Stayed indoors except walk to the post office.

TUESDAY, MARCH 28, 1972

Again a day of slow-falling snow flakes, all melting on the ground, which remains bare. Writing, reading, & scrabbling with C, & making the usual car trip to the supermarket for meat & vegetables. It is time for the first robin to appear, & the first fox sparrow, but probably this snowy weather has held them back.

WEDNESDAY, MAR. 29/72 Sun & cloud - "open & shut weather" with a strong E.N.E. wind. The bare ground begins to dry. Walked at White Point, watching for robins & fox sparrows, but saw none. Noticed in the newspaper that my old friend Tom Boyle, the fiddler, had died at 97. When I first met him in the 1920's he was a farmer at West Caledonia, known as "Red Tom" to distinguish him from "Black Tom Boyle", from their red & black hair. Both were descendants of the Irish settlers in North Queens. "Red Tom" was one of my early informants about Jim Charles, whose story I told in "Footsteps on Old Floors".

THURSDAY, MAR. 30/72 Same weather. My lower back has been more than usually painful lately, & arthritis makes its presence known in my right forearm, as well as my hip & shoulder joints. So I make my walk at White Point gritting my teeth, & sweating from pain as much as effort. Ice has begun to break up on the White Point Lake. Today among the usual birds at my feeding tray there was a red-winged blackbird, a spring arrival. (Last year one showed up there on March 24.)

GOOD FRIDAY, MAR. 31/72 A dreary day with a moist snow falling in big flakes all day, then turning to a gale of wind & rain that lasted all night. Spent the day indoors, writing, reading, & scrabbling.

SATURDAY, APRIL 1/72 Some rain, then just overcast, & sunshine at evening. Temp. 40°. All the snow is gone from my lawns. Walked to the post office, otherwise indoors all day, going over my diary & documents, & writing a little. I have got the auto-biography down to the end of 1932. The first 30 years of my life were the most lively & interesting, & there is much to say about them. The next 40 shouldn't require so much time or space.

SUNDAY, APRIL 2, 1972 Sunny & calm, temp up to 60° in the sun, our first real spring day. In the afternoon drove with E. to Summersville, where I walked the beach & sat for a time by the river, chatting with son Tom & his youngsters. Many other people out walking the beach or pottering about their summer cottages.

We invited the younger Reddells to dine with us this evening at Wong's Restaurant on Market Street, a party of seven. Two men named Wong (a very common name among Chinese from Hong Kong) apparently unrelated, named Peter & Kim, came to Liverpool in 1929 when the Messel mill was built. Peter set up a restaurant, which he later called the Brigantine, on Main Street. Kim set up another, called The Radio, on Market Street. Peter married a white tramp, & eventually removed to Ontario. Kim ~~married~~^{married} a Chinese wife, & several children appeared (mysteriously in one or two cases — probably teen-agers smuggled into Canada via Vancouver) during & after the Second World War. The sons & daughters all married white people here, & are goodlooking & intelligent. The sons have worked in de luxe Chinese restaurants in Montreal & Toronto, & lately persuaded old Kim to remodel the place, get a wine & spirits license, & serve much better meals. They re-opened a week or so ago, & this evening the place was packed. We got a good meal, & I paid the bill, which (with a tip for the waitress) cost me a little less than \$30.

MONDAY, APR. 3/72 A damp snow falling all day. I stayed indoors, making up my income tax for 1971, & filling out the complicated forms. My professional income last year was only \$2,044, & with car & other expense deductions it came to a taxable \$1,537.01. My income from investments was \$3,575.56. And I got the standard Old Age Pension of \$960. My tax, by my calculations, was \$411. No doubt the Income Tax Dept. will want more.

TUESDAY, APR. 4/72 Overcast. Yesterday's snow melted on the asphalt streets, but about 2" remains on the ground. In this unpropitious weather the first spring birds arrived at my tray — sparrows & grackles — while half a dozen robins foraged on the pile of dead leaves behind my garden wall. The winter birds also came in numbers to the tray —

grosbeaks, goldfinches, juncos, pine siskins.

Letter from Little, Brown & Co., Boston, enclosing a cheque for \$384.06, being my 3⁵ share of 576.07 royalties on a new (1971) & presumably paperback edition of "The Nymph & The Lamp", printed in England. I sent it back, pointing out that they melted the Boston plates & let the book go out of print in 1956, & that their then existing arrangements for foreign editions all expired long ago. I wound up with:-

"For making this sale you are entitled to an agent's 10% but you do not own any part of these two books." {^{15. THE}
^{NYMPH, AND}
^{TIDEFALL}

Austin & Vera Barker called in, to say goodbye. They are flying to the U.S. for a holiday, will spend some time with son Jim in Tennessee, & the rest with Douglas in his new home in Connecticut.

WEDNESDAY, APR. 5, 1972 Another dark day, with such snow falling & then light rain. Still, the fox sparrows sang, & flocks of robins seemed to be everywhere. A show of sunshine at evening. I spent most of the day indoors, working on the autobiography, with some Scrabble in the afternoon.

THURSDAY, APR. 6/72 A sunny spring morning, clouding later, with snow & then rain in the evening. Erik Andersen came in with his tools & fixed a broken wire in our electric stove.

FRIDAY, APR. 7/72 Drizzle, snow, & sleet, most of it melting on the ground. Got new golf jacket & light green slacks from Simpsons-Sears, presuming the golf course will be open for play in three weeks' time.

SATURDAY, APR. 8/72 A snowstorm began in the night & continued all day, accumulating about 6" on the level, more in drifts, by evening. As tomorrow will be the 55th anniversary of the battle of Vimy Ridge, the Mersey (i.e. South Queens) branch of the Canadian Legion had arranged a dinner for veterans of the First World War, & asked me to give a talk on the battle. I had studied the official history of it, talked to many men who were in it, & I still have the diary of my father, who fought in it. I had to shovel out my car. Fortunately I hadn't taken off the winter tires, & made it all right, with S. However, the storm had prevented many of the old chaps & their wives from getting there, & including the present officials of Branch 38 & their wives not more than 40 sat

down to dine. It was a pleasant affair. We were piped into the dining room by a piper in full costume (he referred to his instrument as "my dudelsack"), & the Ladies' Auxiliary served a good dinner. I gave my little talk, & passed around three souvenirs of the battle sent home by my father — a field-grey German infantry cap, a shoulder-strap of the German 17th Division, which made a counter-attack & was chopped down by Dad's machine guns, & in the original envelope a sprig of violets which Dad plucked on the edge of a tiny wood. Although flat & fragile, the violets still have a trace of blue after 55 years.

SUNDAY, APR. 9, 1972 The snowstorm continued all day, slackening off towards night. There looks to be at least 12 inches on the level, & I have a drift of two or three feet in front of my garage. Worked most of the day on my speech for King's College encaenia, mostly about Thomas Haliburton & the art of taking a good look at ourselves, & laughing at ourselves — an art forgotten in these sectionalized & strident times. All day the poor spring robins fluttered back & forth, all fluffed up against the cold, & hungry. One or two of our neighbours put out bread for them — no good at all. The robins can't or won't eat it, & a swarm of greedy seagulls can & do. At evening the snow ceased at last, & I shoveled out my paths & most of my driveway. The temperature was down to 26° , & the look & feel of things were like an evening in January or February.

MONDAY, APR. 10/72 Sunny, & temp. up to 50° in the sun. Finished shoveling my driveway, otherwise no exercise. Impossible to enjoy a walk in all the slush. I put out sunflower seeds on the tray, & all day a flock of grosbeaks, goldfinches, fox sparrows & robins fed or scratched industriously about it.

Since Wile the optometrist prescribed a stronger lens for my left eye, the second in five months (see Oct. 1/71, Apr. 23/72) the sight of that eye has blurred still more. It worries me, but there seems to be nothing I can do about it. Worked on my King's College speech.

TUESDAY, APR. 11/72 Sun & cloud, temp. up to 50° in town, withering the snow, although it still covers most of my lawn. I drove to Summerville & walked the beach, but there was a raw SE breeze there, so no lingering in the sun. My electric

typewriter, purchased from Max Harding in May 1964, when he had the Smith-Corona agency here, is getting very slow & shows its eight years of service in all ways. It cost \$180, less the \$60 trade-in value of my previous (manual) machine. Harding gave up the agency years ago, & there is no competent service for my machine unless I take it in to Halifax. This will mean a special trip & a long overhaul, during which I shall be without a typewriter. So today I ordered from Simpsons-Sears another Smith-Corona electric portable, price \$200 plus tax. When the old machine is repaired I can use it for a standby. (The price is ~~\$200 plus 7% tax - \$214.00~~)

WEDNESDAY, APR. 12, 1972 Mild & overcast. Only a few grosbeaks come to my tray now, but it is well patronized by goldfinches, chickadees, juncos & even fox sparrows. The presence of deep snow to the north & east is undoubtedly keeping large flocks of robins & fox sparrows here on the south shore, where the ground is becoming bare in large patches. They look fat & healthy — indeed yesterday I noticed a pair of robins mating on the snow under my feeding tray.

THURSDAY, APR. 13/72 Overcast & mild in town, but when I walked at White Point the sea breeze was icy, with a feel of snow that turned out to be correct — a storm of wind & rain in the evening, that turned to snow & blew all night.

Received my new typewriter today — very prompt service. I had several dizzy spells today, especially when rising from my seat, or in ~~of~~ stooping. Strange.

FRIDAY, APR. 14/71 The snow continued all day, moist stuff, making about 3" in all on the ground, though it quickly melted from the salted streets. The radio & T.V. stations' news service today announced the honorary degrees to be conferred at King's on May 10th.

SATURDAY, APR. 15/71 Overcast. Drove to Summerside & walked the beach in a raw E.S.E. breeze with the promise of more snow. Today's ~~fly~~ papers contain announcements of honorary degrees to be conferred by Acadia, Mount Allison, & King's universities next month.

SUNDAY, APR. 16/71 A dreary day of alternate drizzle & light snow. I put out my last sunflower seeds for the birds — the stores sold out their supply weeks ago. News: — On TV we saw

pictures of American astronauts on a new voyage to the moon; of the fighting in Viet Nam, where the American-trained & equipped army of South Viet Nam is under a very strong attack by Russian-trained & equipped invaders from North Vietnam, & seems to be getting the worst of it. The Americans are keeping their greatly reduced ground forces out of it, while making severe attacks by aircraft on North Viet Nam. He also saw President Nixon on his brief token visit to Ottawa, heavily guarded by RCMP in uniform & plain clothes, against a scruffy-looking lot of noisy "protesters", about 100 in all, protesting against various things, & quarrelling among themselves. They achieved their main purpose in that none of the public (as one U.S. newspaperman quipped on TV) "got any nearer to the President than Calgary, Alberta". Mr. Nixon, mending political fences in all directions in an election year, goes near to Moscow.

MONDAY, APR. 17, 1972 Fog & some drizzle, shrinking the snow.

Indoors all day except for a walk to the post office. In the afternoon took my car to the Rossignol service station, had the winter tires removed from the rear end & replaced with summer tires.

TUESDAY, APR. 18/72 Sunshine all day, temp. up to 64° despite a brisk N. wind. Walked at White Point, where hundreds of robins were foraging for worms on the golf course. Dumeah, the pro., & Chapman the chief groundsman, agreed with me that we had never seen so many robins in any previous spring. With their marvellous instinct they know that all the land to the north & east is still snowbound, & so the successive flights have held up here on the south shore, where most of the open ground is bare. I stored my bird-feeding tray away to await another winter. Robins & fox sparrows still foraging about my lawn, but the grosbeaks, goldfinches, chickadees & juncos have vanished.

WEDNESDAY, APR. 19/72 Overcast & bleak. Snow began falling in large flakes about 4 p.m., changed to cold rain about 7 p.m., & made footing very slippery. For the historical society meeting at our house tonight I borrowed 16 chairs from our neighbours to supplement our own. About 35 people came, & Bob Robert Kirkpatrick gave a talk on the old Liverpool & Milton railway.

THURSDAY, APRIL 20, 1972 More snow in the night, & again my front steps were treacherous with semi-frozen slush this morning. Another grey day with specks of snow. A plumber came to check the kitchen taps & install new filters, which I had on hand. Shortly after lunch had a visit from two young men, Nova Scotia college students, who have a summer project studying vegetation, particularly the trees, in Keweenaw Park. They wanted to know the history of the region, especially the logging industry. Then came a young man named Ralph Kelly, from radio station CKBW, Bridgewater, with camera & recording apparatus. He "taped" a long interview about my life & work, to be broadcast in 10 or 15 minute sections on (of all times) Sunday mornings, before the church services. He says CKBW has the most roomy & best equipped radio station east of Montreal, & employs 21 people, which surprised me. (He added that the Halifax radio stations are well equipped but cramped.)

FRIDAY, APR. 21/72 Another ^{day} of sunshine & snow squalls, with a blustery N. wind. In one sunny interval in the afternoon I drove with C. to Hunt's Point & had a look at Tom's house site, where a contractor has begun work on the foundation. This alone will cost an estimated \$14,000. Tom now thinks the total cost will run to \$50,000.

Looked in the White Point woods for mayflowers, but C. could hardly find a bud in her favourite spot. I feel weak & flabby (my weight naked, is 174 lbs) from lack of outdoor exercise. So far this month I have been able to take just five good afternoon walks.

SATURDAY, APR. 22/72 At last a fine day, with temp. up to 60° in the sun, despite a cool N. breeze. In the afternoon drove to White Point, where I walked around the golf course, while C. again hunted in vain for mayflowers in bloom or with anything more than a vestige of buds. On TV this evening we watched two of the "Apollo Six" astronauts walking about on the moon with their peculiar shuffle-&-skip gait — all familiar from previous lunar expeditions & consequently a bore after five minutes. This trip they have found some bigger boulders, & looked into one very deep crater, & the TV system is very much improved, giving good clear pictures.

Sunday, April 23, 1972 Weather back to normal - overcast, some showers of rain, & thermometer stuck at 40° . Drove with E. to Hunts Point in the afternoon, & found Tom & Pamela busy re-stocking spruce & hemlock boards in open layers so they would dry by June, when the actual house-carpentry begins. (The boards were sawn in North Queens last Fall & simply piled there for the winter. Thus they are not only "green" but in some the moisture is still frozen.) The contractor for the foundation has made a good start. The soil has a surface layer of about 6" to 12" of brown leaf-mold, & under that a deep layer of grey clay mixed with gravel & a few boulders. No bedrock, & the contractor cannot go deeper because at high tide the sea would seep in through the stony beach rampart. I would call that a very un-firm foundation for a large & heavy house, but the contractor & architect seem to think it all right. On returning home, I greased & oiled the bearings of my golf cart, although the course will not be fit for play for weeks yet, if this weather continues.

MONDAY, APR. 24/72 Same weather. Got a sack of "Lawn Green" fertilizer from Henderson. Phoned the Arnside Motel, Halifax, & reserved a double room for May 10. This evening, fulfilling a promise made last month, I went to the Zion United Church vestry hall (the basement of the church) & addressed a full house of women from the Anglican, Baptist, & United Church congregations on the subject, "Old Days in Liverpool". They were very attentive & seemed much pleased.

The heat in Florida is driving the human wild-goose north a month before their usual time. Bob & Catherine Waters arrived in Liverpool yesterday. Old Mrs. Roy Shipman has been back at her Fort Point house for the past fortnight. Today I had a postcard from Fred Hill, of Great Village, saying the temperature at Daytona Beach was 92° , & he is coming north "to cool off" in Nova Scotia. That won't take long.

TUESDAY, APR. 25/72 Overcast, calm, temp. 60° . This afternoon I removed the old leaves & brushwood with which I covered the rose bushes last November. They made a good insulator & I hope the roses survived better than last year. Raked up leaves & twigs from the back lawn for two hours. The ground is still soggy from the continual damp weather.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 26, 1972 Temp. 40° & a cold drizzle. Notes from my sister Helga, & from C. L. Bennett, retired head of the English department at Dalhousie, congratulating me on the forthcoming honours from King's. It is sad to reflect that "Ben" Bennett, & his wife Helene, whom I have known from my boyhood days in Halifax, are the only old friends of mine remaining in the Halifax area. Our neighbours the Austin Parkers returned tonight from a visit with their sons in the United States.

THURSDAY, APR. 27/72 A grey day with a bleak N.E. breeze. I drove to White Point & walked around the course in my winter coat. The turf is still soggy, but the pros. told me the course will be open for play this Saturday. I am so stiff with arthritis, even to my forearms & fingers now, that I couldn't enjoy the game until the air gets warmer & the turf much firmer. News: - the American astronauts returned safely this afternoon, splashing down in the Pacific Ocean near a waiting U.S. warship. They brought back 145 lbs. of rocks for the geologists to pore over. Tonight the sky cleared & from my study window I could see the moon shining, & at the full. It still seems incredible that men have been walking about on it.

FRIDAY, APR. 28/72 Winter continues. Today a few glimpses of sunshine but mostly black cloud discharging rain, sleet, & for about 15 minutes, in a sudden gusty wind, a thick bombardment of hailstones as big as peas. Austin Parker presented me with a bottle of Fernandes rum for looking after his mail while he was away. John Keefe dropped in for a chat over coffee this afternoon. His English class have made a thorough study of "His Majesty's Yankees" this term, & next term he will take them through "Roger Sudden".

SATURDAY, APR. 29/72 Sunny, windy, temp. 60° . The golf course opened today, & I played 9 holes with "Mit" Green. Quite a lot of other players, mostly young men.

SUNDAY, APR. 30/72 Another fine warm day. Played 18 holes at White Point, & C. gathered a small bunch of mayflowers - the first of the season, which is at least two weeks behind the norm. We dined at Fort Point with the junior

Rapdalls. Contractors have finished the cement foundation of their house at Hunt's Point, & the job now awaits the carpenter who will not be free to tackle it (owing to another contract) until June.

MONDAY, May 1, 1972 The first really hot day - temp. up to 80° in the sun, with a warm SW breeze. This morning I sprayed about 20 lbs. of "Lawn Green" (formula 20-10-5) over my lawns. In the afternoon I played golf at White Point. Noticed a flock of tree swallows swooping & feeding over the tip of the course, as if they had just arrived there - the first I have seen this year. (Tufts gives the average date of arrival in the Valley, over 30 years, as April 19. Another proof of our much retarded spring.) O. is having her old sore-foot trouble (corns) due to many years of cramming her feet into shoes too small or on too high heels. I got down one of the long garden chairs, & she sunned herself on the back lawn for two or three hours.

By 10 p.m. winter came back with a snap. The temp. dropped to 40°, with the familiar icy air from the sea.

TUESDAY, May 2/72 Still 40°, with a slow cold rain. I took my car out, & hauled my discarded garden brush to the town dump, a mile or so, a few hundred yards off the main highway towards Yarmouth. For many years road contractors have been digging gravel from ancient glacial kames there (they still do) & the town simply fills in the empty pits with old cars, rubbish & garbage of every kind.

Tonight Capt. Charles Williams & wife invited us to dine with them at Wong's Restaurant, with drinks & chat at his house first. From his back windows we could see a federal government dredge at work on the harbour bar. This is the first dredging in years. The channel through the bar had silted in to a depth of no more than 8 feet, so that small fish-draggers had difficulty in getting up to the fish plant.

The meal was very tasty, a pseudo "Chinese" dish called Lobster Canton, with fried rice, etc. Lobster is very scarce & expensive nowadays, so the ingenious Chinese restaurant keepers of North America have invented Lobster Canton, in which the lobster is there all right but in the shell, chopped in short lengths for picking by the diner, & smothered in

sauces & rice. Afterwards we played bridge at Charlie's house, the ladies against the men, & the ladies won. The rain poured all evening & well into the night.

WEANESDAY, May 3, 1972 Fifty-nine years ago my family left England for Nova Scotia. Today our weather remained cold & damp & dark. The mail brought polite invitations to a "reception" by the King's alumni association on May 9, & the Encaenia Ball by the class of '72 on May 11. Answered, sorry No. A woman with an educated English accent phoned from Halifax. She is doing research on early horse-breeding in N.S., evidence of riding to hounds, etc. I know little or nothing except that various bigwigs, including the Duke of Kent, imported blood stallions at various times. Played Scrabble with E. Went to the movies tonight for a change from our terribly dull TV.

THURSDAY, May 4/72 Rain all day. In the afternoon Adrian Bateman dropped in. He is the young black-bearded CBC man who called on me last Oct. 15th. about a series of short TV travel sketches. I had not heard from him since. Apparently the slow-down tactics of CBC electrical technicians stopped a lot of such programs. Now Bateman asked if I was still willing to do the sketches, so that he can put up the proposition again to his bosses. I said Yes, & off he went.

FRIDAY, May 5/72 Sunny, with half a gale from NW. Played golf in the afternoon, the course still soggy, & bunkers full of water. A beautiful surf on the shore.

News:- In Vietnam the inevitable is happening. With most of the U.S. ground forces withdrawn from the country, & the rest stationed mostly about Saigon, the North Vietnam army attacked the South Vietnam army about two weeks ago, & the S.V. forces are more or less running away. Heavy air bombing by U.S. forces makes no difference.

SATURDAY, May 6/72 Sunny, with a chilly sea breeze. Golf at White Point. E. came along & picked a big bunch of mayflowers. This evening I spent an hour or more with an electrical heat pad wrapped around my right forearm, the muscles of which have been stiff & painful for several weeks.

SUNDAY, May 7, 1972 Sunny, with a brisk west wind. E. & I called on old Rolf Seabome at York Point, this morning, & C. presented him with a bowl of mayflowers, as she used to do for Rolf's wife Muriel for many years. She lives alone, & is only a wisp of his former self.

I typed the final draft of my Encycenia address at King's. Golf in the afternoon. Brush fires & grass fires keep the Liverpool fire engines on the go these days, for by agreement they cover the villages outside the town as far as Port Mouton.

MONDAY, May 8/72 Sunny, but a cold sea breeze. Golf in the afternoon.

Noticed a pair of tree swallows fluttering about Andersen's nesting "house", possibly those which nested there last year. As I noted on May 1, the tree swallows are at least two weeks late this year.

Austin Parker & brother Edwin spent last weekend on a fishing trip at Sixth, Sevenish & Jordan lakes & brooks. They got three trout! The streams west of Rossignol used to be excellent trout waters 20 or 30 years ago when I knew them well.

TUESDAY, May 9/72 A slow cold rain all day, changing suddenly about 10 p.m. to a furious storm of wind & snow. I was up several times in the night, looking at the storm, & wondering how I would get to Halifax tomorrow in time for the Encycenia ceremonies at King's, as my car is light, & is equipped with summer tires.

WEDNESDAY, May 10/72 My son Tom was determined to take his family to the Encycenia, so they made room for us in their big station-wagon. We set off at 9 a.m. in about 5 inches of wet snow. The highway board had been caught flat-footed by this late & unpredicted blizzard, so for a great part of the way the road was unploughed & unsalted. The going was very slippery. In one place Tom had to stop, to knock an accumulation of packed wet snow from the brakes; & then we had to push the car, with Pamela at the wheel, to get going again. We got to the Armdale Motel, where E. & I were staying, about 12:30. Tom usually makes the trip in less than 2 hours. Tom & family went on to lunch with Pam's parents.

At 2 p.m. C. & I went by taxi to King's University, where I donned a flowing red & gold gown, & flat black hat, in the President's office, together with my fellow honorary graduates, L.P. Edwards, a Nova Scotian who has long been on the faculty of U.N.B., and the Very Rev. Harry Cooper, dean of the diocese.

of Fredericton. Owing to the storm still raging, the processional march did not venture across the campus but traveled by "the tunnel", an underground passage containing steam & water pipes. The program was long, much more elaborate & religious than St. Mary's, & it included the installation of the new Chancellor, Dr. Norman Gosee. (In conversation with Gosee I found that in early life, like me, he had been a wireless telegraph operator, & he spent several months on Table Island in 1911, ten years before I went there.) There were 63 students graduating with degrees of various kinds. The valedictorian was a Negro with a huge head of frizzy hair in the so-called "Afro" style, now living in Dartmouth but originally, I was told, from the West Indies. Very clever & well spoken, & very popular with the student body. At the reception afterwards I had a brief chat with Tom, Pamela & their youngsters, who then left at once, to get home before dark. C. & I were taken in charge by Archbishop H. W. Davis & wife, a very pleasant couple, & I enjoyed chatting with old friends Harvey Cowell (who was in the academic procession representing Acadia University), Harry Sykes, Olga Martell & old Mrs. Martell (widow & mother of James Martell) & many other acquaintances. I had difficulty in getting a taxi back to the Brandon Motel, & President Graham Morgan of King's insisted on driving us there himself. By that time it was nearly 6 p.m. & we had a short time to relax & change before taxi-ing to the President's Lodge, adjoining King's College, for dinner. The three honorary graduates were the dinner guests of honour, & about 15 people sat about the long table in the dining room, including of course Dr. Morgan & his pretty & charming wife, Dr. Gosee & wife, Archbishop Davis & wife! An excellent dinner of broiled lobster, soup, canard à l'orange, sherbet, with three wines, & coffee. The chat was free & informal, & each of the "honorary" was called upon to tell stories — I rendered three anecdotes of the old Indian "Scabby Lou", to great applause. Got a taxi back to the motel at 11 p.m., & had a quiet night.

Thursday, May 14, 1972 Warm sunshine this morning. I had arranged for Liverpool taxi-driver Carl Gerhardt to drive up to Hfa. & take us home this morning. He arrived at 10 a.m.

✓ first took me to the Smith-Corona-Manchuk Co. office in the Lord Nelson hotel basement, where I left my old machine for repair & overhaul. Their mechanic said it would cost at least \$61, including a new platen, & the cost will be much more if it requires a new motor.

Snowploughs had cleared the road, & we breasted along to Liverpool in 2 hours from the Lord Nelson. Gerhardt's fee was \$35. I gave him \$40. He is an excellent driver & very obliging.

+ Tonight about 10:30 my phone rang, and a feeble voice said, "Tom, it's Rolfe. I just read in my paper that you had been made an honorary member of the legislature. So I want to congratulate you;" with that he rang off. It was poor old Rolfe Sabine, whose once keen mind is a bit aberrant nowadays.

FRIDAY, MAY 12, 1972 Patchy weather - sun, cloud, occasional rain & sleet. My lawns remain covered with snow, but the seven inches dropped by the storm have shrunk to about two. Letters of congratulation from Bruce Ferguson (chief archivist at Dfca), Jack Fortune (district general manager, Royal Bank, Dfca) & my old Mersey Paper Co. associate Nelson Greenleaf.

Tonight, under the auspices of the Kiwanis Club here, a high school orchestra & chorus from Maine gave a concert in the high school auditorium. They numbered 103 people altogether, & Kiwanis had arranged over-night accommodation in various Liverpool homes. Tom & Pam undertook to feed & bed 3 girls, so young Tommy & Blair gave up their room, & supped & bedded with us.

SATURDAY, MAY 13/72 Fine & warm. The snow vanished from my lawn. Drove with C. to Summersville this afternoon. Owing to her sore feet, she stayed in the car, while I walked the beach & sat for half an hour in the sun by the railway bridge. This cosy nook is already being used by young couples; although there were none today, I found on a rock nearby, written in red lipstick, the word love (thus) with two tally-marks just below, in the same lipstick. I found a dead swallow on the river bank, & I daresay many other birds perished in the storm last Wednesday, although other swallows were flitting about today.

The mail brought a pleasant note from Henry Hicks, President of Dalhousie, who did the "capping" of graduates at King's last Wednesday, an office which marks the close association of the two universities. He wrote, "I think your Convocation

address at King's was a little, gem," etc. He wants a copy of it. Also a letter from Douglas Blackwood, of William Blackwood & Sons, Edinburgh, about my short story "Winter's Tale", originally published in Blackwood's Magazine in 1936. The Canadian branch of an American publishing firm (Holt, Rinehart & Winston) had asked for the right to publish it in a textbook for Canadian literature courses at the college level, to be entitled "The Evolution of Canadian Literature 1914-1945". Blackwood told them the publishing rights were mine, & sent me a copy of his letter. He added, "I wonder if there is any hope of letting me see any more of your stories. Those you had in the Magazine were so good, and it would be a pleasure to have you as a contributor again." My last contribution was a wartime (1943) article on British capture of Louisburg entitled "Combined Operations, 1758".

SUNDAY, MAY 14, 1972 Fine & warm, temp. 70° in the shade. All the snow in the open has vanished, except for the great heaps behind Jerry Nickerson's garden, pushed there by snow-ploughs clearing the school parking lot. The golf course is closed again - the fairways & greens too soggy for play after the melting of Wednesday's snow. I got out some garden chairs & sat in the sun while I loosened the earth about the rose bushes & mixed in a good quantity of Vigoro. Erik Andersen, whose wife is away, joined us late in the afternoon, & we had drinks on the lawn, & a supper of lobster-&-fish chowder with white wine. He remained there chatting until dusk. The lilac & bush honeysuckle buds have opened, & the forsythia buds are just on the point.

MONDAY, May 15/72 A grey day, temp. 55°, & a slow rain all day. Worked on my address to the historical society, to be given Wednesday night. Wrote letters. Played Scrabble with C.

TUESDAY, May 16/72 Rain all day & night, heavy at times. My forsythia bushes are in yellow bloom, for the first time in several years - usually the sparrows eat the buds during the winter, but no sparrows appeared last winter.

WEDNESDAY, May 17/72 Overcast, damp, fairly warm. However much we hate this dismal weather, it certainly fosters vegetable growth, especially the grass. My lawns are growing

famously. Tonight the Historical Society held their annual dinner, in the parish hall of Trinity Church, & a group of Anglican ladies did the catering — a fine spread of hot & cold buffet dishes, at \$2 per plate. I had been asked to make an address, & I chose for my subject the white pine logging industry in Queens County, a resume from colonial times to 1927, when the last drive of sawlogs (as distinct from pulpwood) came down the river from the Kejimkujik region, & was sawn in the lack of the water mills, the Potanac mill then owned by Macleod Pulp & Paper Co. I was book-keeper for the Macleod Company, & I tallied this white pine lumber as it was being loaded in railway boxcars at the old Potanac siding, during several cold & snowy days in February 1928.

About 50 people present, a good turnout for the society.

THURSDAY, May 18, 1972 Sunny & calm, with a humid & sticky atmosphere arising from the sodden earth. In the afternoon drove with C. to Summersville & walked the beach. Noticed a lone willett wading in the edge of the light surf, & many barn swallows feeding on the small flies that gather about washed-up seaweed at high tide mark. The road contractors have machines & men deepening the roadside ditches on the highway between Liverpool & Broad River, in preparation for re-paving this summer. The old paving is full of frost bumps & cracks.

FRIDAY, May 19/72 A cool grey day. Walked the beach at Summersville in the afternoon. Two men were setting fire to the old dune-grass there. Not a single lobster-booth to be seen. The lobster catch has been so poor that many fishermen are content to loaf on the government's unemployment fund. The price of lobsters is about \$1.39 per pound at retail, & none of the local shops & supermarkets are stocking them, either fresh or in tins. This evening Milton ("Milt") Green, boss of Mersey Paper Co., & wife Eleanor, gave a small dinner party to some of their older friends — the Austin Parkers, the Joyers, Wickwires, Seldons & ourselves. Delicious food & pleasant talk.

SATURDAY, May 20/72 Cold drizzle & fog. Indoors all day. I am suffering one of my periodic attacks of neuralgia in the jaws. It starts as an apparent toothache, shifting from tooth to tooth, & from jaw to jaw, a steady ache with paroxysms of

severe pain. No doubt the bleak weather has something to do with it.

"base" Mulhall came to the door & lent me his copy of a book called "Tom Pile Jim", written by a Baptist minister named B. Freeman Ashley, & published in Chicago apparently in 1894. It is drawn about Liverpool & Milton, describes the old Cowie tannery & brook, which lay on the west side of the river near the (subsequently built) railway bridge, & gives brief & fanciful descriptions of logging in winter at Lake Rossignol. Ashley was minister of the Baptist church, a frequent speaker at temperance meetings. He removed to the U.S., & became a prolific writer of books for young people, in the style of Horatio Alger.

SUNDAY, May 21, 1972 Dark & damp nearly all day. Spent most of it indoors suffering intense pain in my jaws, but late in the afternoon drove with C. to Summerside & called on her brother Terence & wife Betty. Got some work done on my autobiography, & am now up to the outbreak of war in 1939.

MONDAY, May 22/72 The traditional holiday, originally May 24, Queen Victoria's birthday, later called Empire Day. Both of these names mean nothing now, but the people insist on a holiday carefully fitted on a weekend, & so we have it.

The sun got through to us at last, with temp up to 80° in town. In the afternoon C. picked a bunch of mayflowers at White Point, where I played golf in a cold breeze from the sea. The course is still sodden, with pools in every hollow on the fairways, & the bunkers full of water. All my garden shrubs are now leafing-out, & the lawn grass is long enough to mow.

TUESDAY, May 23/72 Fine & hot (82° in the sun) with strong west wind. Mowed my lawns this morning - hardy going, as the ground is still soft & wet, & the grass thick. In the afternoon I painted the birch trunks with bands of evil-smelling "Cyon", which will enter the sap stream to protect the forthcoming leaves against the miner grubs. Sat for another hour in the sun, toasting the right side of my face in hope of alleviating the painful tic-douloureux which has afflicted me for the past five or six weeks.

News:- President Nixon is in Moscow for talks with the Russian leaders about world affairs in general & (?) Vietnam in particular.

WEDNESDAY, May 24, 1972 Sunny but cool (55°), with an icy breeze off the sea at White Point, where I spent the afternoon playing very bad golf with our local R.C. priest, Father Campbell, who is a good player himself. C. came to White Point with me & took a golf lesson from the pro.

THURSDAY, May 25/72 Temp. dropped to 40° last night, & the day was again bright but cold. I played golf in a wind blowing half a gale from the sea. Only 4 other players on the course. The neuralgia in my right face has subsided considerably but the lower jaw still aches where, years ago, a dental surgeon sawed an impacted wisdom tooth from the bone. John Leff came in for a chat. He & a Brooklyn skin-diver named Le Long are planning to search the harbour bottom about Neal's Ledges for relics of the "Sue de Choiseul".

FRIDAY, MAY 26/72 Temp. 39° last night. The day sunny with the same cold sea wind. I played 9 holes at White Point, & then had to quit — top cold, & the pain in my right forearm too intense. All the shrubs are now well on with their leaves, the forsythia still blooming, & the Indian Paint now beginning to bloom. Fishermen are dipping traps in the rivers.

News:- In Moscow, President Nixon has signed various minor agreements, including one about a joint U.S.-Russian expedition to the moon; but so far no mention of the main thing — the large & persistent Russian support of arms & munitions to the communist North Vietnamese forces, versus U.S. support of South Vietnam.

SATURDAY, May 27, 1972 Fine & warm, with wind around to S.W. C., still troubled with a sore foot, sunned herself on the back lawn most of the afternoon, while I played golf at White Point. News:- On TV we watched President Nixon & the top Russian man signing, amid great pomp & circumstance, an agreement to limit their production of nuclear-fission weapons. However, there was no provision for a searching & complete inspection of each other's N-F weaponry, so the new treaty has no real meaning. Both nations now have a great store of N-F missiles, enough to blow each other (& everybody else) off the face of the earth.

The neuralgic pain in my right jaw is subsiding. To a lesser extent, so is the "tennis elbow" pain in my right forearm.

SUNDAY, May 28, 1972. Again fine & hot. I played golf in the afternoon, while C. sunned herself on the home lawn. In the evening we visited Tom Jr. & family at Hunt's Point, where they have rented Murray Mosher's cottage again for the season. Tom expects his carpenters to start work on the frame of his shore house next month.

MONDAY, May 29/72 A perfect day — clear sky, warm sun (82° in the sun) & fresh W. breeze. I spent most of the morning mowing my lawns, for the second time. Also I removed the storm window from the kitchen window, & replaced it with the copper-screen, my final adjustment to summer. In the afternoon C. & I played 7 holes of golf together; she'd had enough then, & retired to chat & sip ale in the clubhouse. I went on to play 6 more holes, by which time I was tired enough to quit.

Saw a catbird at the edge of the golf course yesterday, but so far no appearance of the pair that have nested in the shrubs behind my garden wall during several past summers. Saw a Baltimore oriole briefly on my lawn at evening. A mass of white blossom on the Indian pear, choke cherry & other similar wild shrubs.

TUESDAY, May 30/72 Again a sunny day, but a trifle cool at White Point, where a bank of sea-fog on the shore dropped the temp. from 80° in town to (at a guess) 50°. C. played a few holes at the warmer end of the course while I played a full 18 with Paul King. This is the ninth sunny day in succession, & there are many brush fires, especially in the region about Halifax & Dartmouth.

Austin & Vera Parker came in for a chat this evening.

WEDNESDAY, May 31/72 A dense sea-fog in town this morning, alternate drizzle & patches of sunshing in the afternoon, hence I worked on my memoirs instead of playing golf. The bird life about my back lawn is increasing. A pair of catbirds showed up, about 2 weeks late. A pair of cedar waxwings gathered old grass for a nest. A pair of Kingbirds investigating a low cedar shrub outside Joe Pashie's house, near door. One glimpse of a Baltimore oriole. And always the lone robin, whose mate must have been killed by a cat.

THURSDAY, JUNE 1/72 Foggy & cool. After golf this afternoon I drove to Port Mouton & inspected the little cemetery of

Tarleton's Legion & some of their descendants, which has been cleared of trees & undergrowth during the past spring as a "Local Initiative Project", financed by the federal government. I went over the site of old Guysborough Town, including the cemetery, with Thad Mehlman, forest ranger for the Port Mouton district, in 1939, & made careful notes. On the 33 years since, the cemetery has sprouted a dense tangle of scrub hardwood trees & shrubs, 15 feet high. The L.D.P. group of young unemployed men, under the direction of old Thad, have cleared the main plot, about 60 feet square, & built a neat picket fence about it. Also they have made an approach for motorcars, where formerly there was merely a faint footpath, trod by the village cows. Excepting one, the graves of the original British (Tarleton's) Legion people are marked only by pieces of flat fieldstone stuck on end in the ground.

The exception is the broken stub of a polished slate stone bearing the epitaph "A true friend lies buried here". The rest of this tombstone has vanished. When Mehlman & I examined the site in 1939 we found two other sections of the stone & found it to be that of Daniel Smith, a soldier of Tarleton's Legion, born in London, England, in 1758, died at Port Mouton, 1814. He had a grant of 300 acres, confirmed in 1784.

In 1939 this area was an open pasture, studded with natural rocks, so that it was difficult to detect the outlying grave-marking stones; but I noted at the time that there were at least 50 graves. The present cleared & enclosed area does not contain all of the graves.

FRIDAY, JUNE 2, 1972 Heavy rain last night & this morning, then fog. Should put out the forest fires. John Leife dropped in for a chat about N.S. history. I note in the Hfx newspaper that Prime Minister Trudeau has announced a change in the Order of Canada decorations. As established 5 years ago the Order was of two classes. The top grade was to consist of not more than 150 persons distinguished for their service to Canada, in their various fields. The second grade was the Medal of Service, (which I hold) which also was for distinguished national service. There is to be a third grade for distinction in regional service. The holders of the Medal of Service (268 at present) are to exchange their medals for a new type, & will be known as Officers of the Order of Canada.

There is to be a military branch also of the Order, with decorations to be called The Cross of Valour, The Star of Courage,

the Medal of Bravery. These changes & extensions are wise, I think; although it will be a century, perhaps, before Canadians recognise these now strange novelties as decorations worthy of respect.

Shortly after 4 p.m. (noon in California) a man named Michael Campus phoned from Hollywood. The old story; he is a moving-picture director, has just read my marvellous book *The Nymph & The Lamp*, is eager to make a movie of it. Is it available, & on what terms? I said I would give him a 6-months' option for \$1,000, the price to be \$35,000. He said he would consult some other people, & would phone me on next Monday evening.

SATURDAY, JUNE 3, 1972 Fog, gradually clearing. Golf this afternoon with Paul King. A chill sea breeze made a jacket necessary.

I note from the *Ha. Chronicle-Herald* that an Ontario company, the Mika Studio, Belleville, has brought out a facsimile edition, in hard covers, of James More's *History of Queens County, N.Y.*, originally published in 1873. The Mika people hitherto have specialized in facsimile editions of Ontario histories, atlases & biographies. The Queens County history is No. 27 in their "Canadians Reprint Series". The last recorded instance of More's original history being offered for sale was in 1970, when a national second-hand dealer put a price of \$55.00 on it.

SUNDAY, JUNE 4/72 Sunny & warm for the Apple Blossom Festival in the Valley, with huge crowds according to report. Here on the South Shore a southerly breeze kept a cold fog on the coast. C. came with me to the golf course & played a few holes. I got trapped behind some very slow people, & quitted at the 15th hole.

MONDAY, JUNE 5/72 A cool dull day. I mowed my back lawn, & then rain drove me indoors. About 7 p.m. Michael Campus phoned to make a brief progress report. He had talked to Screen Gems Corporation, & they were definitely interested. He would phone me again in two days' time.

TUESDAY, JUNE 6/72 Again a cool grey day, with the furnace running at intervals. This afternoon a man named D. Frayre, of Trovo, assisted by another man & a boy, put a coat of "Flintkote" on my asphalt driveway & the street front

of my house. This is to seal the fine cracks which have appeared in the asphalt since Acadia Construction Co. re-paved it in 1968. First the Turo men went over it with a powerful gasoline-driven blower to clear it of dust, etc. Then they sprayed on the bitumen solution with an air jet nozzle under 180 lbs. pressure. The price was \$40.

Last Friday evening I took a drive with E. to Greenfield & thence down the Medway to Mill Village & home. At Bang's Falls, traveling at not more than 35 M.P.H., I struck what looked to be a shallow hole, & my front wheels went into a violent "shimmy", almost wrenching the steering wheel out of my hands. I stopped the car with the brakes, & then went on without further trouble. However, if another car had been approaching, or if I had been driving on a highway at 50 or 60 M.P.H., we would have been killed, for the car was utterly out of control. So this morning I took the car to the Rossignol Garage, told the boss mechanic of this incident, & told him to have the front wheels carefully checked, & to have the tires "balanced".

He did all this, changed the tires around to even the wear, & then "balanced" the front wheels. The shock absorbers were in good condition.

This morning Joe Holloway came with his annual donation to our larder, eight trout, caught soon after daylight in a small brook near his Middlefield farm. Apparently nobody else knows about the brook, & Joe takes 60 to 80 trout from it every season. We enjoyed the trout for supper tonight.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 7/72 Overcast & cool. I played one round at White Point in a bleak sea breeze, & that was enough. Our neighbour Erik Aarssen, whose wife is away, dined with us. Michael Campus phoned in the evening, merely to repeat what he had said on Monday. My son-in-law Bill Dennis phoned with something much more interesting. He is driving here from Moncton on June 28 bringing Francie & her two little girls for a visit with Edith. He will drive back to Moncton with me on the 29th, pick up the two boys, & go on to Boistown, on the S.W. branch of the Miramichi. There we four embark in canoes, with guides,

for 3 or 4 day trip down the river, fishing for salmon as we go. With any decent weather it should be a very pleasant trip, whether we catch a salmon or not. Owing to the great dwindling of the salmon in recent years the federal govt. has forbidden commercial salmon fishing in the estuary of the Miramichi; but this does not apply to anglers on the river, whose catch is comparatively small.

THURSDAY, JUNE 8, 1972 Open-&-shut sky, with patches of sunshine. The Radloff kids lunched & dined with us, as Pamela is in Halifax. Her father undergoes another operation on his broken hip today. The poor man is a mere skeleton. I played golf in the afternoon with Paul King. In the evening I drove Tom to Hunt's Point, where he likes to potter about his property until dark. The contractor for the foundation has finished the cement job, but failed to send men to remove the metal casings, & Tom's carpenters are supposed to start work as soon as that is done.

FRIDAY, JUNE 9/72 Rain. Temp. 52°. My 45th wedding anniversary. I had the florist send up a dozen red roses for C. The mail brought the usual invitation to the Lieut. Governor's annual garden party. Sorry, No. Passed the day reading, writing a couple of letters, & playing Scrabble with C.

SATURDAY, JUNE 10/72 Same wretched weather. Same ways to pass the time. C easily wins at Scrabble. Letter from Michael Campus in Hollywood, enclosing xerox copy of a recent ^{article in} ~~copy of~~ Los Angeles Herald-Examiner, on Michael Campus and his second film entitled "ZPG". His first was "Survival" — "an improvisational dramatization of the dynamics of psychodrama".

"ZPG" is a piece of science fiction, "a picture about a world where smog is so thick that people wear gas masks." "The story of a couple (Oliver Reed & Geraldine Chaplin) who decide to have a child even though it means their potential extinction." The article describes Campus as "An angry young man who bristles with the energy of a social reformer, Campus looks like a bespectacled Elliott Gould with his wiry black hair, mustache, & dark

zealous eyes." My story "The Nymph & The Lamp" is a simple love story of a middle-aged man & a woman close to 30 who, on Table Island, find escape from the frenetic post-war world of the 1920's — half a century ago. I shudder to think what a man like Campus would do to it. However, I doubt very much if he has any real prospect of raising the money to pay me & produce a movie from my book.

SUNDAY, JUNE 11, 1972 The heavy rains of the past 2 days subsided to an occasional drizzle, but the dark clouds remain, & tonight the temp went down to 40° — the weather bureau predicted some frost in low-lying areas inland. In the afternoon I drove with C to Hunt's Point, where Tom has been busy removing metal forms from the concrete foundation. The brook was a torrent, flooding part of his house site.

MONDAY, JUNE 12/72 Sunny, but the sea breeze was cold at White Point. Michael Campus phoned from Hollywood again this evening, merely to say he is seeing the president of Screen Gems Corporation on Wednesday evening, & will phone me on Thursday. He had heard that "other people" are interested in the screen rights to my novel, & consequently he wants to be in frequent touch with me.

TUESDAY, JUNE 13/72 Sunny, with a pleasant SW breeze. Mowed & clipped my lawns all morning, & played golf all afternoon. C. played a few holes herself.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 14/72 Sunny & warm in town, but as usual an icy fog lay just offshore at White Point, making a cold air off the water. C. busied herself planting marigold & other small flowering plants beside the front walk. Our lilacs & bush honeysuckle have been in full bloom for a week.

FRIDAY, JUNE 16/72 Hot today in town, despite a strong W. wind which tore some leaves off the trees & blew them along the streets. News:— Mr. Trudeau formally opened the huge hydro-electric plant at Churchill Falls, Labrador. The late prime minister of Britain lent his name to it, at Joey Smallwood's suggestion, when the idea of this development was conceived, years ago.

SATURDAY, JUNE 17/72 A chilly grey day, with showers. Indoors. Checking over some of my old papers, & reading.

SUNDAY, JUNE 18, 1972 Another chilly grey day, temp. 51° tonight.
 Drove with C. to Hunts Point, where the junior Raddalls have the Mosher cottage again for the season, & joined them in a feast of clams which they dug in the creek at central Port Mouton. Work on the foundation of their house is still dragging on, with a gang of 6 men mostly loafing. Tom has complained to the contractors for this job (Mosher & Rawding) but gets no satisfaction. He estimates the foundation alone will have cost between \$10,000 & \$15,000 by the time it is finished. He has engaged two good carpenters to build the house itself, from plans supplied by the architect (Byrne), but of course they can do little until the foundation is complete.

I have heard no more from the man named Campus, & presume his scheme has fallen through, like all the others for filming *The Nymph & The Lamp*, on a shoe-string.

MONDAY, JUNE 19/72 Visited the Perkins House this morning. The chief curator, Mrs. Marion Mack, informed me that the N.S. Archives had returned, some weeks ago, the books & documents borrowed for photo-copying by chief archivist Bruce Ferguson on Nov. 20/71. Ferguson came again last Saturday (June 17) with Eric Millard, president of the Q.C. Historical Society, & carried off another lot for microfilming. Golf this afternoon under a grey sky, with a cool air. Eric played 9 holes with me, & I joined Paul King & Monsignor Delaney for the back nine.

Dr. Floyd Macdonald, M.P.P. for Queens County, announces that he is going to British Columbia for several months, to study at a clinic, & that he will retain his seat.

He came here from New Brunswick about 10 years ago, & has since worked up a large & lucrative general practice. A goodlooking man, of athletic build, he had a pretty wife & a child. However, the marriage fell apart a few years ago, for reasons unknown, & the wife returned to her home in Montreal with the child, & got a divorce. He once told my son Tom, "No woman could live with me."

After our own family physician, John Wickwire, retired from general practice to specialize in heart ailments, Floyd became our G.P. He is capable, hardworking, & has

a pleasant bedside manner that endears him especially to old ladies. (One of them, the widow of R.C.B. Kaulbach of Lunenburg, died last spring & bequeathed him a house full of valuable antiques, which he promptly sold, at auction, for high prices, mostly to dealers & collectors from Halifax.) Then he decided to run as a Conservative candidate at the last election, he won with a large majority. My son Tom, who is one of his intimates, tells me that Floyd really intends to remove permanently to B.C., & that John Buchanan, leader of the N.S. Conservative party, has talked him into the present announcement as a political expedient for the time being.

TUESDAY, JUNE 20, 1972. The sun came out & was hot in town & inland, but at White Point this afternoon the cold sea-fog hung over the course of just off-shore, as usual.

Letter from Lawrence H. Reed, Copyright Dept., Doubleday & Company Inc., New York. Since last writing me (July 1970), when he renewed my copyright on "His Majesty's Yankees", he has renewed my copyright on "Roger Sudden", & "in the next year or two we plan to renew copyright on "Pride's Fancy". He asked me to confirm my legal address for copyright purposes. In a previous letter Reed made clear that renewal of my copyright by Doubleday does not imply an intention to re-publish.

Invitation to join the international P.E.N. club or association, which has its Canadian centre in Montreal. I dropped out of the Canadian Authors' Association years ago, & have no intention of joining P.E.N. or any other so-called writers' society whose main occupation seems to be talk & posture.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 21/72. Hot, humid, mostly overcast sky & little breeze, so the blackflies & mosquitoes held a feast. This morning I had a visit from Father Melanson, Acadian (& fluently bilingual) priest at Chezzetcook, N.S. He is compiling a history of the Catholic missions on the eastern shore of N.S., & wanted to know my sources for references to Pere Pierre Thury at Gébeucto in the 17th century, in my book on Halifax. A pleasant & interesting man.

Golf this afternoon with John Wickwire, Austin Parker, & Maurice Russell.

THURSDAY, JUNE 22, 1972 Rain & fog. My old typewriter, which I took to the S-C-M office in Halifax on May 11, for repair & overhaul, has not returned. Their Toronto office sent me a bill for \$64.05, which I paid promptly by cheque on June 5. So I have written the Halifax office about it.

FRIDAY, JUNE 23/72 Rain & fog. We complain of our dark "summer", but so far we have escaped floods, like those in B.C., Dakota (where hundreds of people perished) & now the tropical storm which hit Florida some days ago, & is moving slowly N.E. President Nixon has proclaimed "disaster areas" in Maryland, Virginia, Pennsylvania, & up-state New York. If this storm does not peter out between New York state & the Bay of Fundy, we shall have trouble here, because the almost continuous wet weather has already saturated the landscape, & all our streams are high.

My letter to Smith-Corona-Manhant brought a quick response, for my typewriter arrived from Halifax on the bus today.

SATURDAY, JUNE 24/72 Rain & fog. Fred Hill phoned this evening from Great Village. He is back from the hospital, without operation. "Just antibiotics & so on". Wants me to stop & see him on my way to Moncton next week, but I think Bill Dennis will be anxious to get along to the Miramichi. To test the renovation of my old typewriter, I am typing (from my diary) an account of my first & last public appearance tour of Toronto-London-Ottawa-Montreal in November 1946. This machine has "elite" type, which is somewhat smaller but more distinctive than the "pica" type of my new machine. I shall use it for correspondence & as a stand-by for the new one, which will be better for professional typescripts.

SUNDAY, JUNE 25/72 Drizzle & fog, temp 70° at noon. Typed most of the day, but in the afternoon drove with E. to Hunts Point to visit the junior Kaddals. Their concrete foundation for the new house is almost complete, & the carpenters have installed floorbeams & quite a bit of floor & walls.

MONDAY, JUNE 26, 1972

More fog & drizzle — we have not had a good sunny day since the 16th. I have been waiting for a dry day to mow my lawns, so they are like a hayfield, & this morning I did the job. Hard work, & I was sopping wet when I finished towards noon. Finished typing a copy of my diary notes on my first (& last) public appearance tour. Nov. 13—Dec. 4, 1946, with some footnotes about my conversation & subsequent correspondence with Mayo de la Roche. Bill Harper, CBC, phoned in the afternoon. He is preparing a film on the sinking of the Titanic in 1912, wants to copy the photos I got from Harold Lligginson showing the bodies on the deck of the "MacKay-Bennett", etc.; also my clipping of a news interview with W. J. Gray, my original boss in the Marconi Company, who was chief operator at Cape Race when they picked up the distress call from Gray's friend, Jack Phillips, chief wireless operator of the Titanic.

TUESDAY, JUNE 27/72 A fine hot day — the first break in ten days of wet & cloudy weather. E has been bustling about the house for a week, cleaning, polishing, etc. in preparation for the visit of the Dennis's tomorrow. Bill is driving down with Franice & her two little girls, who will visit with G. while I am on the fishing trip to the Miramichi with Bill & the two boys.

I played nine holes at White Point in the afternoon — the course still soggy in spots — it hasn't had a chance to dry really since the snow went off the ground. I sent, by registered mail, the photos & clipping to Bill Harper.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 28/72 Fine & warm. The Dennis party arrived shortly after noon, with dog & cat. I had a phone call from the secretary to Cyrus Eaton, the Nova-Scotia born American financier, who comes every summer to his cattle farm, near Cash River, Lun. Co., & maintains his boyhood home at Pugwash as an annual gathering place for international scientists & thinkers. This year it is a gathering of astronomers to watch the eclipse of the sun on July 10. I was invited to come to the Pugwash house on July 8, stay overnight as guest of the

Eatons, & attend a luncheon they are giving on July 9 for the astronomers. The Lieutenant Governor & other dignitaries would be present. I declined gracefully & asked the secretary to convey my regret that I could not be in Pugwash on July 9th. I'd be interested in meeting Eaton, a unique capitalist who cultivates friendship with the Russians, but I wouldn't drive a round trip of well over 400 miles in summer heat & traffic just to lunch with a lot of dignitaries & astronomers.

This evening we all drove to Flinots Point & visited the junior Raddalls. Their new house is taking shape quite rapidly now that the foundations are finished.

THURSDAY, JUNE 29, 1972 Left L'pool with Bill at 8 a.m. Lunched with Bills parents, Cecil & Frances Dennis, at their summer cottage near Malagash. Got some lobsters from fishermen there, boiled them, & took them with us. On to Moncton, where we picked up the boys, Greg aged 14, Jerry aged 13, & fishing rods & gear. Then on to Boiestown N.B., where we had a late lobster supper & spent the night at the Upper Miramichi Fishing Lodge, proprietor a pleasant & capable fellow named Clayton Stewart.

FRIDAY, JUNE 30/72 Set off from Boiestown in a mini-bus, with 3 guides & food supplies etc, & towing a trailer carrying 3 chestnut canoes. Drove to within ~~of~~ 25 miles of Fredericton, then took a road up the Nashwaak, a tributary of the St. John River, & over the height of land through almost unbroken woods to a place called Half Moon Cove on the upper waters of the Southwest branch of the Miramichi. Embarked in the canoes there: — Bill with guide Clarence Mackay, the two boys with guide Ernest Norrard, & I with guide Trevorion ("Vin") Lyons, a limping but able chap aged 66, pleasant but taciturn.

A hot summer day, 82° in the shade. Beautiful wooded ridges rise from both banks, multitudes of birds nesting in thickets by the water & trilling their various songs. Saw two young bull moose on the right bank about a mile apart. Mostly smooth paddling, but all pole work in the rapids. "Vin" got stuck on rocks in a tricky

fall called Big Loney, but we got off all right. Fished in one smooth run called McKib's Pond, but saw no salmon. Then rough water among granite boulders, especially in a long stretch called The Narrows, the stream winding like a ~~free~~ frenzied snake among ridges of spruce, fir, & cedar, with some birch, maple & poplar. Lunched on a small island formed by flood-borne stones & gravel. Fished here & there. Arrived at Moose Ball camp, a roomy log structure high on the right bank. Had supper & fished till dark. The boys caught a few trout. Bill & I with our salmon flies & gear got nothing.

After we went to bed a bear knocked over the garbage can right ~~beyond~~ behind the camp.

SUNDAY, JULY 2, 1912 Again hot. Fished all morning without a sign of salmon, but I have long been a philosopher about catching fish, & enjoy the action in the forest scene.

Flocks of evening grosbeaks nest in the Minamichi valley, where they first appeared ten or fifteen years ago. We see them only in winter on the south shore of N.S., when they come to our seed trays. Towards the end of the afternoon a salmon jumped just opposite the camp, & Bill got it hooked after a few casts. After a 25-minute battle he got it in to Mackay's dipnet. A nice nine pounder! Mackay removed the guts, head, & backbone, & put it in the smoke-house which is part of every fishing camp. Tonight we heard a racket of cans in the garbage dump about 100 feet behind the camp. I took my flashlight & we got close enough to see three bears munching away.

MONDAY, JULY 3/12 A fine hot day. Packed up & left Moose Ball camp about 9 a.m. Came down the river over a series of riffles & rapids. Paused to fish in a pool called Pork Barrel & one or two other places. Not a sign of salmon. A great number of small trout, about 5" long, which frequently take the salmon fly just enough to get hooked. He remove them carefully & drop them back in the river. At regular intervals Bill & I pass our rods to the guides so they can try for themselves, but it makes no difference in the luck, skilled & experienced though they are. Government fishery experts have figured that only one salmon out of ten passing up the river will take a

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a fly, & I remarked cheerfully that we're evidently struck the river when the other nine are going up. Bill & the boys catch enough trout to embellish our breakfast plates along with the bacon & eggs. About 10:30 A.M. we reached our last camp, high on the left bank, just above small Slate Island, where a good little trout brook enters the river. Here again we caught no salmon, but had a brief "raise", & so did my guide "Tim" — just enough to make an unmistakable swirl in the water, but not to see the fish. Quite a few trout, & young Jerry especially had good fishing at the mouth of the brook.

After supper, rain began to fall heavily, & we put on our waterproof trousers & parkas, & fished till 9 p.m. So far we have seen 3 moose, 3 bears, 4 or 5 beaver, & today Greg found a turtle of the painted-turtle species, about 18 inches long.

TUESDAY, July 4, 1972 Rain all last night, & threatening rain most of today, with a cold easterly wind that made us keep on our waterproofs just for warmth. Embarked from the Slate Island camp about 9 a.m. & passed down a series of long serpentine curves in the right river, falling quite steeply in long riffles but no really difficult falls, although the guides have, to mind what they are about. All along, on either hand, rise the beautiful wooded ridges — not a clearing or even a stump to be seen. We fished in every possible place but saw no salmon. Lunched on a small slate ledge on the right bank. Then on again, over shallow rapids to the end of our 25 mile voyage, a place called Burnt Hill (well covered with green woods now) where a narrow gravel road comes down a steep slope to the right bank. After a short wait here, Clayton Stewart came along with the minibus & trailer, & the guides loaded the gear & canoes & away we went to Boiestrom. Stewart charges \$40 per day per person, so my bill for five days was \$200, plus \$17 for a salmon fishing license. All a cheap price for the pleasure. It reminded me poignantly of my journeys on our Mersey River as a young man, before the

Power Commission drowned the beautiful falls with hydro-power dams & stopped all passage of the salmon, & before the paper company cut every slope beside the upper streams & reduced the view from a canoe to a dreary vista of stumps & dead slash.

We returned as far as Moncton & stopped at Bill's house for the night.

WEDNESDAY, July 5, 1972 A fine hot day for our return to Liverpool, this time bringing the boys. Got there in time for lunch. Frances & the little girls have been enjoying trips to the beach & about the town in my car, so we are all a well tanned bunch.

THURSDAY, July 6/72 Mostly overcast & warm. Bill & family spent most of the afternoon & evening at the beach with Tom's family. I played 9 holes of golf in company with Mrs. Burnford & her young son David.

FRIDAY, July 7/72 Fine & hot. Bill, Frances & the youngsters, plus a picnic luncheon, drove to Barton's Beach this morning, joined Tom & Pamela in a clam dig at Port Morton creek, & returned here for supper.

Bill, Frances, & the older boy Gregory, went out to Hunt's Point later in the evening, joined the junior Raddolls in a clam feast & talk, & returned at 1 a.m.

I played golf in the afternoon with John Wickwire & Paul King.

SATURDAY, July 8/72 Fine but overcast & humid. The Dennis family, including dog & cat, left after lunch for Mahone, where they will stay overnight with Bill's classmate Dr. Reddy. Tomorrow they go on to Moncton.

In the afternoon I played golf alone. Play was slow, as there were several two-ball foursomes playing for the Mersey Cup. One foursome invited me to drive off N° 8 tee ahead of them, & so pass through. When I took up my usual stance, which is that of an axe-man about to fell a tree, a long-standing joke among my friends, Max Harding remarked, "Well, there's the last of the great wood-choppers, now that ~~few~~ Coombs is gone." (Edward Coombs of Milton, a famous Mersey logger & an old friend of mine, died years ago.)

SUNDAY, July 9, 1972 Fine & hot. (90° in the sun). Began to type an account of the canoe trip on the Miramichi, from my pencilled notes along the way, making a carbon copy for the Dennis family. Golf in the afternoon.

MONDAY, July 10/72 Same weather. Golf in the afternoon with Paul King & Monsignor Thomas Delaney. My score was 92, the best for some time. This is the day of the sun's eclipse by the moon - total in a band about 100 miles wide, moving rapidly on a steep slant from Canada's Arctic coast through Hudson Bay, parts of P.Q. & N.B., most of P.E.I. & the north-eastern part of N.S.

Cyrus Eaton's gathering of scientists at Pugwash had an excellent view, those at Antigonish were disappointed by cloud. Here at Liverpool the usual un-natural twilight began about 5:30, & lasted perhaps 20 minutes. The temperature in sunlight dropped quickly from 90° to 70°, & the birds were quiet, & so were most people. This is the second total eclipse to pass over Nova Scotia within 3 years. According to the newspapers there won't be another until the year 2024.

In the evening I drove with C. to Hunt's Point, & as usual found Tom & Linda pottering about, dropping rocks into holes, etc. Their two carpenters, excellent men, have got the basic floors & walls erected, & will soon be able to start on the roof.

TUESDAY, July 11/72 Rain last night. Overcast & warm today. Shopped for groceries etc. this morning. With the tourist & summer-resident swarm, a constant traffic of cars & caravans. Spent most of the afternoon studying my Governor Wentworth notes & writing a letter to Conrad H. Wright, Wolfville, in response to a long list of queries.

News:- I note from the Hfx. paper that Boutilier's, the famous old wholesale & retail fish firm on Hollis Street, have just gone out of business. Their property has been sold, reportedly to the N.S. government, for the erection of a large new office building. I note also that my Canadian publishers, McClelland & Stewart, are establishing an "Atlantic regional office" at Halifax, in a suite in Duke Street Towers.

I had a brief visit by George Freeman,

only son of the late Willard & Maggie Freeman, Milton. Willard died many years ago, Maggie recently. Their home in Milton is an 18th century wooden house of the Cape Cod cottage type, with dormers peering from the roof, complete with small-paned windows etc., hardly changed a bit since it was built in East Milton, about half way between the two bridges, on the east side of the highway.

George, now 50-ish, has spent most of his adult life in Ontario, is now a teacher of business accounting in a Toronto school. He is removing the best of the old family china, pewterware, etc., & intends to sell the rest of the furniture, & the house. Has several offers for the house, including one from an American woman who wants to remove the house, stick by stick, & put it up again on a shore location at Lockport, N.Y. Will let me see some of the unsaleable stuff, such as a broken churn, documents etc., in case our Historical Society would like to have them.

WEDNESDAY,

~~TUESDAY~~, July 12, 1972 Fine & hot. Golf this afternoon with

Austin Parkes. This evening drove with E. to Western Head, then to Moose Harbour, where we walked in to my old cabin site. Long grass & alder bushes are flourishing there. Even the stones of my simple outdoor fireplace have tumbled down, & a stranger would never know that a roomy cabin of half-logs with a big plate-glass window had stood there. Then on to a tour of Milton, where we passed for a look at the Willard Freeman house, shabby & weather-worn, but still dignified. I hope that, whoever buys it, the house will remain where it has stood for nearly two centuries.

Spent the rest of the evening till 11 p.m. typing the account of my Miramichi voyage, with a carbon copy for the Dennis's.

THURSDAY, JULY 13/72 Fine & very hot. My roses begin to

bloom. Although I painted the birch trunks with Cygon on May 22, many of the leaves show a tinge of brown, a sure sign of the leaf-miner grubs. Golf this afternoon with Paul King & Liverpool's retired R.C. priest, Rev. Thos. Delaney, & the current one, Rev. Donald Campbell. On the round someone hailed me with "How are you doing?" I said, "I'm up against the King & the church - pretty heavy odds!" Met Harvey Crowell, & made a date for golf at 10 a.m. Saturday. Our town water, which always tastes terrible owing to the heavy admixture of

New regional office for publishing firm

Halifax will be the site of McClelland and Stewart Limited's first Atlantic regional office. The Toronto firm is Canada's largest home-owned publishing house.

David Walmark, newly appointed manager of the company's Atlantic division, said the decision to set up an office in Halifax reflects a move towards regional publishing in Canada.

The firm will operate out of a suite in Duke Street Towers in Halifax. Mr. Walmark has already begun to set up the office.

Mr. Walmark will be in charge of sales and editorial and promotion for the area. For the past two years he has been manager of the firm's college department.

He said that if successful the move to set up a regional office in Halifax could lead to creation of McClelland and Stewart offices in Western Canadian centres, possibly Winnipeg and Edmonton. The

company is now represented by agents in Montreal and Vancouver.

"Regional publication is a very valuable thing," he said. Opening of the Halifax office was simply "a recognition of that."

Part of his job would be to seek out Maritime writers and poets for publication.

He will represent the company at the trade, university and school levels, as well as being in charge of sales, editorial and promotions.

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Chlorine, is now undrinkable unless boiled, according to an official announcement by the town council. This happens every summer since about 1958. The usual recourse in hot weather is to drink ale, of which my own choice is a lager produced in N.S. called "Alpine", which costs 29 cents a pint in the Government liquor store.

FRIDAY, July 14, 1972 Rain all day. We, & the junior Raddalls, have enjoyed Bill's smoked salmon, which he presented to us. The N.S. strawberry crop is very poor this year, owing to insects & a lot of winter kill. Edith got 4 small boxes today, at 60 cents a box. My (red) weigelia shrubs have had this usual mass of bloom, & now begin to shatter. The golden elders are coming into bloom, & on still evenings fill the garden with their scent. There has been no bloom on the honeysuckle at the back fence since the very wet summer of 1967, & it was broken many summers before that. In the first years after I planted it in the early 1930's the honeysuckle bloomed all over the back wall, & the perfume drifted into our windows at night. Since then the profuse growth of the surrounding trees & shrubs seems to have robbed the honeysuckle of root moisture, as well as sunlight.

George Freeman today brought an old dasher churn to the Perkins house, & donated it to the Historical Society, per Mrs. Marion Mack, curator. It needs repairs, & for the present is stored in the loft of the museum room.

SATURDAY, July 15/72 Played 9 holes at White Point this morning with old friend Harvey Crowell, aged 83. Dense fog, & play very slow. The sun came through in the afternoon (90°) when I mowed my lawns & clipped some of the shrubs. Bath & a beer, & then supper on the back lawn in the shade ~ lobster salad, delicious.

I learn that Jack Grey, who illustrated my book of short stories, "A Master of Arms", 1954, is in Chester N.S. with a 70-foot yacht & a professional crew of three. He has been in the big money for a long time now, based in Florida, cruising in the West Indies, etc.

SUNDAY, JULY 16, 1972

Fog all morning, clearing about noon in town. It remained foggy at White Point in the afternoon, when I played golf with "Mick" Green. C. & I dined with the junior Raddalls at Hunts Point cottage — broiled steak, > fresh strawberries.

MONDAY, JULY 17/72 Overcast & humid in town. Despite my application of "Cygion" to the birch trunks on May 23, the leaf-mining worms are busy again, so this morning I opened a new bottle of Cygion & painted the trunk bands again. Also I mixed a gallon of water & weed-killer & went over my lawns spraying dandelion, plantain, buttercup & chickweed. On the whole the weeds are not bad, because I sprayed them with "Killer" last summer & again in September.

Golf in a warm fog at White Point with Paul King.

TUESDAY, JULY 18/72 Sunny & humid. Golf with King & the two priests. At 5:30 p.m. Capt Charles Williams & wife picked up C. & me in their car & took us to the Tozer cottage on Ponhook Lake, Medway River.

(It bears the name of the Marmac — I suggested for it years ago — WONTOKODE = PEACE.) Douglas & Phyllis Tozer were giving an al fresco dinner party for a few friends.

The Pack McBlarns were there, very enthusiastic about their winter in Australia, & making plans to return there next fall for another. The Tozers' guests were from Toronto, a pleasant pair whose name escapes me for the moment — he was a shipmate of Tozer's in the RCN in War Two, & is now with the Collins publishing company. After drinks we had a salmon, cooked on the charcoal broiler outdoors, with various side dishes, all delicious. Home about 11:30.

Note: - Today I weighed 171 lbs. naked.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 19/72 Sunny, but a cool dry air. Golf alone in the afternoon. In the evening, drove with C. to Hunts Point, & had a chat with Tom & Pamela at the new house site. Today all the roof trusses arrived by truck from a factory at Dartmouth. They are of white spruce, fabricated & assembled in long shallow triangles, ready to erect.

Garden note, amending my entry of July 14. Our unpredictable honeysuckle has put forth a considerable number of blossoms

THURSDAY, JULY 20, 1972 Heavy showers last night, & a light drizzle all today. (There has been no need to water my roses or my lawns at any time this season so far.) While the grass was wet this morning I tried to spread another lot of "Lawn Green" fertilizer (the first lot was on May 1st), but the stuff simply gummed up the exit holes of the little machine, & I gave it up to await a dry day. Golf in the afternoon in the drizzle with Paul King. This morning the "Advance" office borrowed my paper on the Liverpool privateersmen Joseph Barss, senior & junior, to print in part in their next issue. I didn't much like the idea, as it is in connection with the opening of a new "Captain Barss Lounge", etc. in Ronald Lane's motel, which is, of course, built in & around the old Barss house on Bristol Avenue. However, I agreed, pointing out certain parts which they must not use.

FRIDAY, JULY 21/72 Overcast, & some fog at the tip of White Point, where I played golf with Paul King & Fr. Delaney.

News:- After long investigation by the U. S. government's National Highway Traffic Safety Administration, the "Corvair" car has been declared safe. This was the first car attacked in Ralph Nader's book "Unsafe At Any Speed", & as a result the General Motors Corporation ceased production of it in 1969. I bought one of the first Corvairs in 1961. Like many other Corvair drivers, changing from heavy front-engine cars to these light, rear-engined cars, I found the steering tricky at speeds over 50 m.p.h., but I got used to it. The main fault, really, was exposed brake-drums, so that on long drives in heavy rain or slush the brake linings got wet & failed to hold. Eventually G.M. called in the cars to the workshops of the various dealers, & at no charge installed protective covers on the brakes. In 1966 I bought a new "Monza" Corvair. By that time G.M. had eliminated the faults in Corvair design, but Nader's book killed the market for it in 1969. My "Monza" is now entering its 7th year (I bought it in July 1966) & it is still a smart-looking & easily handled car.

SATURDAY, July 22, 1972 Sunny & warm, with a pleasant air from the sea. Golf in the afternoon with L. Pottie, M. Russell, & G. Kyle. The course crowded & the play very slow. My neighbour, two doors down Park Street, Jerry Nickerson, is busy with further repairs & changes to the excellent & well built house he bought a few years ago. It seems to be a mania with him. Not content with local carpenters & local wages, he brings a pair of carpenters from Lévis & gives them board & lodging in his house - his wife of course doing the cooking & bed-making. He busies about helping the carpenters all day long. This morning I was amused to see him & his wife shoveling gravel into a portable (gasoline engine) cement mixer, & called across to them, "Wait till the Women's Liberation Movement hears about this!" They just smiled & plied their shovels. Jerry made a fortune in the wholesale fish business, now run by his two sons at North Sydney, Carbone, & Lévis in Nova Scotia, with further interests in Newfoundland & P.E.I. He has increased his fortune immensely by constant & shrewdly-advised speculations in the Canadian & U.S. stock markets, & is worth at least a million dollars, & probably much more.

SUNDAY, JULY 23/72 Fine & warm, with a strong NW breeze blowing the fog (which has been just off-shore, & often on-shore at White Point & Western Head, for weeks) away out beyond the horizon. Hence a clean & sparkling sea, & air with more life in it. Golf in the afternoon, with Mr. & Mrs. Turcotte, Montrealers who summer at White Point Lodge every year. C. & I dined at the Lodge, for the first time this summer. Sat for a time afterwards by the swimming pool, chaffing with theineccias; then on to Hunt's Point, to inspect the junior Raddall's' dream house. The carpenters have got the roof trusses installed. At home, the wind ceased, & the temp. was 85°, so our big electric fan was very useful. Almost forgot to note a brief call on us by old friend Dewey Nickerson, fisherman of Clark's Harbour, now retired. He is 74. He says Mrs. Winnie Hamilton, now very old & feeble, is still living with daughter Mary & husband in the old Crowell house on Seal Island.

HALIFAX
CHRONICLE-HERALD
July 21, 1972

Corvair declared safe by U.S. government

WASHINGTON (Reuter) — The Corvair automobile, which helped catapult Ralph Nader to international fame when he condemned it as dangerous, was declared safe in a government report yesterday.

The National Highway Traffic Safety Administration said following an investigation lasting nearly two years that "no potential safety-related defect exists" on 1960-1963 Corvairs.

The rear-engined General Motors car was taken out of production in 1969 following publication of Nader's book Unsafe at Any Speed.

General Motors hired private detectives to investigate the 38-year-old consumer advocate. Nader sued the firm and the case was settled out of court for \$425,000.

Douglas Toms, administrator of the U.S. transportation department's traffic safety administration, said the investigation had determined that the "handling and stability performance of these cars is at

least as good as the performance of several contemporary domestic and foreign vehicles."

The report said "the Corvair performance does not result in an abnormal potential for loss of control or rollover."

to Hunt's Point, to inspect house. The carpenters have installed. At home, the windows; so our big electric fan got to note a brief call on Jackson, fisherman of Clark's X. He says Mrs. Winnie Al... is still in with do...
is still in with do...

MONDAY, July 24, 1972 Another sunny & sparkling day. Golf in the afternoon with Paul King & Monsignor Delaney. A tall dark young man named Harry ^{EISENHAUER} ~~Leach~~, late of Mahone Bay, called this evening for information about the Bank of Acadia & Bank of Liverpool, which had a brief & disastrous life in the early 1870's. I lent him my notes to copy, & he is to return them tomorrow. I watered my roses for the first time this season, a thorough soaking of the beds.

TUESDAY, July 25/72 Overcast & cool. Golf with King & Delaney. John Langdon & wife dropped in to invite us to dine with them & Mrs. Evelyn White at White Point Lodge on Saturday. Harry ^{EISENHAUER} returned my notes this morning.

WEDNESDAY, July 26/72 Some rain in the night, fog this a.m. until noon, when the sky cleared for a fine hot day. After our usual grocery-shopping expedition this morning, I went to the former army (militia artillery) depot on the site of the long-gone Elmwood Hotel, now owned by the town. Two ancient muzzle-loading cannon have lain there, near the Perkins house, since the town engineer & his men, a few months ago, removed them from opposite corners of Main & School streets. (See entry Jan. 14/72.) The gun from McLean's corner is 70 inches long, calibre $4\frac{1}{4}$ ". The gun from Snow's corner is 81 inches long from the muzzle to the end of the cascabel, a remarkable length for a calibre of only $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches, & seems to be of a much older time. As I was measuring the guns, a swarthy man with a large drooping moustache, hair down to his shoulders, & dressed in dirty dungarees cut off at the knee, came out of the nearby building (which bears a crudely printed sign "Handicrafts") & said, "Do you want to buy them?" I told him curtly that I represented the Historical Society, which has a proprietary interest in the disposal of these guns within the town. He went inside the handicrafts shop, which was meagrely furnished, & sat at a desk. I entered & asked his name & business, & he said he was "Larry Jonah", teacher of industrial arts in the Liverpool Rural High School, & that he intended to have his class clean the rust

off the guns & make carriages for them. I suspect that he is one of the American draft-dodgers who came to Canada & got jobs during the recent years of the Viet Nam war.

John Leete came to my house later, & I told him about this encounter. He agreed that "Jonah" was "a bit of a weirdie", & that we had better keep an eye on the guns. They could be sold & removed at night by a junk dealer's truck & crane, & "Jonah" could swear he knew nothing about it.

THURSDAY, JULY 27, 1972 Overcast & cool. Golf in the afternoon with King & Delaney. As usual in summer, my arthritic pains & stiffness have diminished greatly, especially the pains in my right forearm which came from shoveling snow ("tennis elbow") late in the winter. Golf keeps me spry & in good shape — I weigh 171 lbs naked. The blurring effect of cataract steadily increases in my left eye, but I get along on the clear sight of the other. Last week the editor of the Liverpool Advance asked permission to print my paper on Liverpool pinesteer-men Joseph Bars, Sr. & Jr. Today I find it with big headlines, including my name, right alongside a publicity blurb for a new cocktail lounge (called "The Captain Bars Room") in Lane's motel, which is built on & around the old Bars mansion. A sickening bit of trickery.

FRIDAY, JULY 28/72 Overcast. Had a phone call from Mrs. M. Mack, chief curator of the Perkins House, reporting a bold theft yesterday afternoon between 2:30 & 4:30 p.m. The thief waited until both the women attendants were busy escorting parties of visitors through the main part of the house, & when the little museum in the ell was empty. He then pulled a big glass case out from the wall, slid the back panel aside, & stole a brass-hilted sword. When the attendants noticed this at 4:30, one of them remembered a tall blond man, wearing a light overcoat reaching to his knees, loitering about the museum. They have notified the police, but of course that is hopeless. The Fort Anne museum at Annapolis reports a theft in similar circumstances a few days ago. Evidently a practised & systematic thief.

Ronald Lane had the gall to phone me today, asking permission to reprint my Bars paper in a pamphlet,

which he could distribute to his customers. I said No, adding that I had never allowed my name to be used in advertising other than the book business.

Golf this afternoon in a calm & humid air, & under a black cloud canopy, which dropped some heavy showers just after I got home at 4 p.m.

This evening we had a visit from William Wilson, who left here about 18 or 20 years ago. His father was the Anglican parson here (J.M.C. Wilson) for years, & his mother a well-to-do American woman. They built a brick house at York Point, & on departure sold it to the R.C.M.P. who still use it, for their Liverpool quarters. "Father John" Wilson (as he liked to be called) was a high-church Anglican, much disliked by the low-church parish here. He left under a cloud, & got an Episcopalian church in Massachusetts. He & his wife are dead. William, now aged 53, married a very intelligent American girl, & through his father's or mother's influence got some sort of lay preaching or working post with the Episcopalian church in Swampscott. He told us that his wife left him "for no reason" eight years ago, & took the children with her. He also said he works in a Swampscott hardware store, & has a financial interest in a novelty shop at Cape Cod. His sloop "Ripple" in which I sailed sometimes during & after the Second World War, is now owned (& smartly kept) by a Halifax man named Pugh.

SATURDAY, JULY 29, 1972 Moved my lawn this morning, the usual hot job. Bathed & changed. Golf in the afternoon with Paul King. A beautiful day after last night's rain, the sea clear & sparkling, & a champagne air. Bathed & changed into white shirt, brown tie, & my summer tan gabardine suit. C. & I picked up Mrs. Hoyland (Evelyn) White & took her to White Point Lodge, where we dined with Mr. & Mrs. John Langdon, & chatted in their cottage afterwards.

SUNDAY, JULY 30/72 Sunny & warm, with a fresh breeze from the sea. Golf in the afternoon. We dined with the junior Raddalls at Hunt's Point, & later called on Carl & Jean Conrad, who are now retired & living in the little old farmhouse, east of Hunt's Point, which they bought with its 30-odd acres of shore land, about ten years ago.

MONDAY, JULY 31, 1972 Fine & warm. Golf in the afternoon. Cyrus Eaton had invited C. & me to dinner this evening at his main summer home, Deep Cove, near Blandford. C. has one of her spells of intestinal upset, so I went alone. Between Mill Village & Bridgewater there are many miles of road under construction ("destruction" is a better word) with bumps, holes, loose stones, clouds of dust. The road traffic was heavy, & with huge earth-moving machines & trucks looming out of the dust clouds, sometimes right across the road, everyone had to move slowly.

Eaton raises prize beef cattle, which he exhibits with success at various famous cattle shows in Canada & the U.S., but this is done on various small neighbouring shore farms, & you see nothing on his own place except a flock of tame Canada geese! A large comfortable house set in trees & lawns, facing on Mahone Bay at Upper Blandford; a dead end shore road leads to it, without a signboard of any kind. Eaton is a tall, stooped man of 89, with white hair, bright grey eyes. He is quite deaf, & from an odd vanity refuses to wear a hearing-aid. His (second) wife is 60-ish, a bright, taut blonde woman who cannot walk but manipulates herself about the rooms quickly & expertly in a wheel chair. In the general conversation she is constantly wheeling herself up close to him to repeat something, loudly & with careful articulation, which somebody else had said. There were two nieces of his, middle-aged married women, one of whom has a summer home at Squawash & (at Eaton's urging & probable financing) raises prize Hampshire Sheep. My fellow-guests were three American men — two bankers & a lawyer — who administer the Shatford Trust, & make a personal visit to Hubbards every summer. (The trust is a large sum, bequeathed for the benefit of his native village, by a Hubbards man named Shatford who made a fortune in wildcat oil drilling many years ago. The annual income is spent in financing Hubbards young men & women at college, in improvements to the village school, etc.)

Caton himself is enormously wealthy, with many financial interests, but his brief correspondence with me is typed by a male secretary on stationery of the Chesapeake & Ohio Railway, of which he is board chairman. He is proud of being a Nova Scotia boy (from a little shore farm at Pugwash) who made good, & he is fond of reciting the names & exploits of others. One sitting room in the Deep Cove house has a portrait of Donald Mackay over the mantelpiece, & the walls have models & full engravings of Mackay's famous square-riggers. Caton pointed these out to the three American men "Started his career as a ship-carpenter at the age of seventeen, down here near Shilburne. Built these ships at Boston." He is full of ideas about the advancement of Nova Scotia. The current one is to develop Hubbards as a port for the enormous tankers now being built to carry crude oil from the Persian Gulf to North America. Some of these draw as much as 80 feet of water when fully loaded, & ports that deep would be very few. He says that Hubbards has 90 feet, & he is having some of his top engineers of the Chesapeake & Ohio come up here to investigate & report. He has mentioned it to Premier Regan & says Regan is enthusiastic. He then smiled, & asked us whether we ourselves approved, "Yes or No". One & all, beginning with his wife, we voted No. It would spoil a beautiful place, with very little actual benefit to the local people, & an accident to one of those huge tankers would foul up the whole N.S. coast. Caton protests that N.S. needs prosperity, that only a prosperous people can develop art & culture of every kind, & cites the case of Athens in the age of Pericles. Then, with a diplomatic nod at me — "Of course this man is an exception, a genius who stayed at home."

Left shortly after nine o'clock. The 60 or 70 mile drive home in the dark was the usual nightmare — blinded by the headlights of every oncoming car. I got home at 10:45, vowing once more never to do that again.

TUESDAY, AUG. 1, 1972 Rain this morning, then bright warm weather again. As always on this date, it seems incredible that our brief summer is half gone. Golf this afternoon, then worked about my roses, loosening the earth about them, & mixing in "Vigoro" fertilizer. C. still unwell with diarrhoea, blames it on drinking the town water, although now she has a jar of water from Son's well at Hunt's Point, kept in the "frig", & she drinks ale, gin, & bottled soft drinks.

WEDNESDAY, AUG. 2/72 Fine & warm. Golf with a man whose name, escaped me — accountant for a copper mine at Chibougamau, Quebec. Local news:— On the death of boss & chief owner Charles O. Smith, some years ago, the building & land owned by Rossignol Sales Ltd. at the ~~south~~^{west} end of the town bridge was sold to K.C. Irving, the New Brunswick magnate. Irving had purchased the marine slip & workshop & foundry of Steel & Engine Products Co., (formerly the Thompson Brothers Machinery Co.) an old Liverpool waterfront firm that had prospered & expanded greatly during the Second World War. He added the site of Nickerson Bros. Fishery Co. after their plant burned, & that of Alton Snow's feeding coal business.

Up to ~~now~~^{presently}, Rossignol Sales Ltd operated under lease from Irving. This year Irving gave notice that the lease would end within twelve months. Presumably he wants the building for storage or some further expansion of Steel & Engine Co. Apparently sensing this, Manthorne & Pierce, who had acquired the Rossignol agency for General Motors, sold out a year or two ago to young David Jones, son of Kennedy Jones, & nephew of Rolf Seabrook, both wealthy men. The Rossignol car & truck agency has a lucrative sales & garage business.

So, Jones has purchased the old vacant warehouse & timber yard of the defunct Liverpool Lumber Co., between the Liverpool baseball park & the railway station. The old warehouse has been torn down, & contractors are laying foundations for a large new motor sales agency & machine shop. A wise move, I think.

K.C. Irving now owns the whole commercial waterfront of Liverpool from Market Street to the foot of School Street.

THURSDAY, AUG. 3, 1972 Overcast & warm. After golf this afternoon I took the hose (turned to a slow flow) & soaked the beds of my rose bushes for the first time this summer. I have not watered the lawns at all, & they are still a good green due to the shade of trees & shrubs.

FRIDAY, AUG. 4/72 Heavy showers of rain all morning - I might have known! A woman visitor this afternoon - the kind I dread most - full of flattery going on & on, & with an old copy of "Wings of Night" for my autograph. From her conversation it was obviously the only book of mine she had read, & she didn't know much about that.

This evening I mowed my lawns.

SATURDAY, AUG. 5/72 Fine & warm, after a somewhat chilly night. This morning Erik Andersson & I got out the gasoline pump, & sprayed a strong solution of water and a powder called MALATHION - malathion - on two of our birch trees & a young elm in the back garden of Mrs. Evelyn White, across the street. Some of the branches had become infested with "web worm" - something different from the familiar tent-caterpillars, but looking much like it.

Afterwards, Erik, & wife Lou joined us for ale & chat.

Golf in the afternoon - the course crowded, & play very slow, but the sea air & sunshine marvellous.

SUNDAY, AUG. 6/72 Same weather - marvellous! Golf in the afternoon. C & I dined at White Point Lodge, & had a pleasant chat afterwards with Dr & Mrs. Cincoria, of New York, in their cottage by the beach.

MONDAY, AUG. 7/72 Cold (45° last night). Today a low grey sky & mild, with spots of rain. Paul King & I played golf in the afternoon, & had to quit at the 16th. hole, when rain began a steady downpour.

TUESDAY, AUG. 8/72 Rain. Charles Bagley, school teacher & lay preacher, of Talmouth N.S. (a native of Liverpool) made one of his visits today, bringing with him a young Mrs. Purdy, a teacher in Windsor, whose interest is in Nova Scotia literature & history. They stayed all afternoon in a discussion of my books. Bagley begged me to let him borrow my sole copies of various addresses & lectures I have given on the subject of writing, & reluctantly

I let him have them. He wishes to make copies on a Xerox machine at the Falmouth school, & promises to return them within a week.

WEDNESDAY, AUG. 9, 1972 Fine & hot. Just such a day in France in 1918 — 54 years ago — when my father died leading his regiment through the German line at Amiens.

Golf in the afternoon. A crowd on the course, play very slow, & I quit at 4 p.m., having an engagement in town.

The engagement was a small cocktail party on the lawn of our Park Street friends the Austin Parkers, in honour of their oldest son Jim & wife Cathy, who return to Tennessee tomorrow after a vacation at the Parkers' summer cottage, Port Joli. With them was David, Jim's oldest son by his divorced first wife, a slim six-footer of about 19, with a mop of blond hair & a terrific Southern accent.

Afterwards C. & I dined at the Chinese restaurant.

THURSDAY, AUG. 10/72 Fine & warm, with a fresh west breeze.

Golf in the afternoon with two men from Philadelphia who stay at White Point Lodge every summer.

My evening meal was interrupted by a Liverpool woman, a widow, 50-ish, whose sons run the local printing plant. She had written some poems, & wanted me to read them at my leisure, & "give an honest opinion of them", with a view to publication. I read them through this evening, little bits of sentimental drivel that seldom rhyme or scan; but of course I can't tell her that.

During the year, but especially in the summer months, I am plastered by all kinds of people for all kinds of things. Yesterday Catherine (Mrs. B.D.) Waters made another subtle attempt to get a pair of books that Mrs. Adele Hark gave me long ago. And an American woman phoned me about 10:30 p.m. to say that her husband is a descendant of Liverpool privateer Joseph Barss, & she wanted information! Here, the nobel man, had told her about my paper on the Barss family, part of which was printed in the Liverpool Advance last week. She asked, indeed insisted, that I have Xerox copies made, & gave me her address. I try to be courteous to all these people, but it becomes a strain.

FRIDAY, AUG. 11, 1972 Fine & hot, despite a strong northerly breeze. Golf this afternoon with Father Donald Campbell & Paul King. The course was badly overcrowded, mostly by tourists of both sexes & all ages, few of whom knew much about the game. We gave up at the 16th hole. C. is content to spend the afternoons in a reclining chair on our back lawn, which is shady & fresh & green. Her psychosomatic leg-pains & stiffness have virtually disappeared, & so far this year there have been no attacks of manic jealousy, or other symptoms of insanity. However, she sleeps heavily for two, three, & sometimes four hours after the evening meal, & then cannot sleep the rest of the night, despite the sleeping pills. These slow night hours of insomnia are bad for anyone in her neurotic condition, & I urge her not to sleep in the early evening.

SATURDAY, AUG. 12/72 A cool day, with a north wind & an open-&-shut sky, like Fall. Instead of golf this afternoon I mowed my lawns. I have not watered them all summer, & they begin to show small spots of brown, although in the main they remain fresh. We were invited to a large (80 or 90 people) cocktail-&-supper party (given by Mrs. Tom Ratchford, Charles Copelin, & Charles & Florence Williams) at Mrs. Ratchford's home at Hunts Point.

For the ladies it was a dress-up affair, for some mysterious reason, & there has been much shopping for new ankle-length gowns for the occasion. C., with her short frame & huge belly, has difficulty with such dresses, & prefers to wear "pant-suits" whose smock-like coat conceals much of the bulge. Also she has been troubled with bad digestion. So she decided not to go. The Parkers picked me up & took me there. It was pleasant, chatting with old friends & acquaintances, some of them living in far places & visiting here. Home about 9 p.m.

SUNDAY, AUG. 13/72 Overcast & cool. Golf in the afternoon, alone, & played well, for me. Score $42 + 46 = 88$. Usually I play in the upper 90's. This evening I soaked my roses thoroughly with the hose, for the second time this summer.

MONDAY, AUG. 14/72 Overcast & warm. Maurice Russell persuaded Capt. Charles Williams, Austin Parker, & me to

play golf this morning, teeing off about 9:45. As I foresaw, we ran into the morning mob of tourists, who pay green fees & are content to spend the whole morning playing nine holes. As a result I didn't get home till nearly 2 p.m. Lunch was a glass of ale.

In the evening I suggested to E. that we visit the young Raddalls at Hunt's Point; but she is in a state of mental depression & inertia, & refused to budge from the sofa, where she spends most of the day. I drove out, & found the whole family busy passing up composition shingles to the roof, where the carpenters were working. A pair of men from a Halifax glazing firm were busy installing the big sea-facing windows, which are of double glass, with a sealed air space between, for insulation. Also the windows are "one-way view" — in other words a prowler outside sees nothing but a mirror view of the sea. The new well has about 10 feet of water, in a very dry time, so the supply should be no problem.

All one storey, the house is 92 feet long, all facing across the bay to Port Mouton Island & the smaller islands inside that, with the scattered houses of fishermen in S.W. Port Mouton in the background. The house, the site — with the picturesque brook — & the view, attract a daily throng of visitors, local & tourist, in fact it is the talk-piece of the whole district.

^{WEDNESDAY,} AUG. 16, 1972 Yesterday & Today were sunny & cool, & the nights now are chilly, so the furnace runs. Letter today from Herbert Moraw of Toronto, now aged 80 & still going strong. He & Roy Whitehead of Toronto were young lieutenants in my father's battalion, & on August 9th 1918 they were seriously wounded at about the time my father was killed. They have lunch together every year on the anniversary of the battle.

FRIDAY, Aug. 18/72 Same weather, & golf every afternoon. I note from the Hfx. paper that the municipality of Lunenburg is to have a regional library system, with the main library at Bridgewater & subsidiaries at Mahone & Lunenburg town. These will be able to draw books from the central library at Hfx.

This leaves Liverpool town, & the Municipality of Queens, the only part of Nova Scotia still refusing to pay the cost of the provincial library service. I well recall the battle we had to get the town of Liverpool to pay even a small

part of the cost of the little De Wolfe Memorial Library. The opposition was led by Cecil Day (then editor & owner of the Advance newspaper), by the late Charles O. Smith, (manager ~~founder~~ of Steel & Engine Products Co., & owner of the lucrative Rossignol Sales Co.) & Smith's henchling R. H. Lockwood, who was mayor of Liverpool at that time. Their cry was that they were paying more taxes than they could bear, & that citizens who wished to read books should buy them.

Day is now retired, in one of the swank houses of the town, with a snug fortune of at least a quarter-million dollars. Smith died years ago, unwept, unhonored & unsung, leaving a fortune of at least half a million to his widow & two offspring, all of whom now live elsewhere. Lockwood, retired on pension, lives alone, deaf & dim-sighted, a glum vegetable. But we still have no adequate library service.

SATURDAY, AUG. 19, 1972 Rain in the night, the first since Aug. 8. Fine & hot this afternoon. Golf as usual. In the evening I drove with E. to Hunts Point & inspected Tom's house with him. All the main sea-facing windows are installed, the roof completely covered with composition shingles, & the carpenters have begun to put on the wall shingles. The latter are of B.C. cedar, & will be left unpainted.

On the golf course I noted 3 or 4 pectoral sandpipers, & a flock of about 15 semi-palmated ("ring-neck") doves. In migration of course — our summer is nearly gone.

SUNDAY, AUG. 20/72 Fine & warm, with a refreshing yesterday breeze. Golf this afternoon. E. & I dined at White Point Lodge. Afterwards, sitting outside, we were greeted by Newbray & Phyllis Jones. Newbray tanned, & seemingly much more healthy than last year, when he looked & acted like an old sick man. Drove on to Humerville, & visited E.'s brother Terence Freeman & wife in their pleasant little house looking over Port Maiton Bay.

MONDAY, AUG. 21/72 Same weather. Played golf this a.m. with Custer Parker & Charlie Williams, my score 89.

In the afternoon I mowed my lawns, in a temp. of 88°. I still use the reel-type push-mower, which takes a lot of sweat but does a much neater & more even job than the gasoline-engine mower which most people use.

nowadays. This morning's Hfx. paper has a front-page spread of the conference at Deep Cove called by Cyrus Eaton. (See diary entry July 31). It was attended by head executives of the Chesapeake & Ohio, the Baltimore & Ohio, the Canadian Pacific, & Canadian National railways; plus Lieut. Governor Oland, Premier Regan, & other Nova Scotian political & financial bigwigs. Several of the American executives were taken by helicopter later for a bird's eye view of St. Margaret's Bay. One of the American directors, Milton Eisenhower, (brother of the late President) had one brief comment for the local newsmen — "This is a lovely land here".

WEDNESDAY, AUG. 23, 1972 Same weather. This evening C. & I attended a buffet supper in the garden of Ralph & Kallabelle Johnson, with 20 or 30 other guests, nearly all neighbourhood friends & acquaintances. News: - Halifax newsmen have located our errant physician & Queens County MPP, Floyd Macdonald, in Fernie B.C., where he says he is studying anaesthetics in a local clinic. He was vague & contradictory about returning to N.S. When the newsmen, by phone, asked him what his political plans were, he said he would help the B.C. conservatives to defeat Premier W.A.C. ("Wacky") Bennett's Social Credit government, & then he might return to help N.S. Conservative leader Buchanan to defeat the Liberal gov't. of Gerald Regan. When the newsmen asked if he had a message for his constituents in Queens County, he answered that he had discovered the meaning of sex, & was living with a harem in the B.C. mountains.

Presumably this referred to the gossip here, that Macdonald had a love affair with Mrs. Peter Davies, a nurse at the Liverpool hospital, who left here with her children several months ago, & is now living somewhere in the West. But the whole thing looks like an attack of schizophrenia, or paranoia.

THURSDAY, AUG. 24/72 Hot & humid. Golf with King & Parker.

FRIDAY, AUG. 25/72 Same weather, with a steamy fog just off the shore, wavering in & out. Golf with King.

News: - Prime Minister Trudeau has been very coy all summer about the date of the federal election. Newsmen

now predict October 30th.

SATURDAY, AUG. 26, 1972 Same weather. Golf with King in the afternoon. In the evening I drove with C. to Platts Parish for a call on the junior Raddalls. The new house comes on steadily; most of the windows installed, & the cedar shingles now cover all of the sea-facing wall of the house. On returning to town, I got out the hose & soaked the rosebeds, also C.'s flower borders along the front of the house.

Charles Bagley returned the typescripts of several of my public addresses & lectures. He had made copies on the Falmouth school's "Xerox" machine, bound them together neatly, & got me to autograph the set.

SUNDAY, AUG. 27/72 Fine & hot, with a refreshing sea air at White Point, where I played golf alone. At 5 p.m. drove with C. to Platts town, returned a couple of books borrowed from Tom Jorey, & went on to a feast of clams with the junior Raddalls. Pamela's mother had driven down from N.B. this morning, bringing husband Bill White, who is slowly recovering from a broken hip. They reported the road between Bridgewater still under "construction", very rough & dusty.

MONDAY, AUG. 28/72 Fog, rumbles of thunder, occasional showers. Indoors all day, for a change. Reading Herman Wouk's novel "The Winds of War" — really an exposition of the Second World War up to Pearl Harbour & the U.S. entry as a combatant, from the viewpoint of an intelligent American Jew, with subsequent naval experience. In an oddly inverted way his model obviously was Tolstoy's "War and Peace", with a careful study of land fighting & the internal social & political problems of land war on the grand scale. I found it highly interesting, although incredibly — not even plausible — in spots, like all of Wouk's books.

TUESDAY, AUG. 29/72 Fine & hot. Golf with King.

WEDNESDAY, AUG. 30/72 " " " Spent the morning mowing my lawns. In the afternoon David Walmark came. He is the new Atlantic regional representative of my Canadian publishers, McClelland & Stewart. (See entry July 11) Very tall (about 6' 4"), goodlooking, 30-ish, pleasant & knowledgeable. He conveyed greetings from Jack McClelland,

wanted to know what I was doing; what I was planning to write next;
 ✓ what, if any, were my connections with other publishers. I told him about my memoirs, showed him a sample of what I have written so far, & said I had no plans beyond this - even for publication of the memoirs, which I am writing primarily as an adjunct to my other papers, correspondence, & diaries.

He said Jack had told him to keep in close touch with me, & about 4:30 left for Yarmouth.

THURSDAY, AUG. 31/72 Fine & hot. Golf with King.

News:- In a provincial election in B.C., the Social Credit govt. of Premier W.A.C. ("Wacky") Bennett, in power for 20 years, has been defeated by the socialist N.D.P. (New Democratic Party). This makes the third N.D.P. government in the west - the others are Manitoba & Saskatchewan. Bennett had become autocratic in the extreme, & the successful slogan of the N.D.P. in this campaign was "Enough is enough".

FRIDAY, SEP. 1/72 Fine & hot. Golf with King. In the early evening C & I called on the junior Rabbatts at Hunt's Point, & inspected the new house. News:- Prime Minister Trudeau announced a national election on Oct. 30th. —

precisely the date that CBC News has forecast for the past 2 or 3 weeks. This evening all the interesting TV shows were set aside for hours of political yackety-yack by Trudeau, Stanfield, Lewis & Caouette - leaders of the Liberal, Conservative, National Democratic, & Social Credit parties, & discussion by groups of newsmen. Nothing new. Nothing that we have not read or heard from the news media for many months past. And this will go on for the next two months. Ugh!

SATURDAY, SEP. 2/72 Fine & hot. Golf with King. At midnight police chief Hugh Dixon phoned me, to say that my son's office door was not locked. The lock had not been tampered with, & there was no way of locking it without a key. The entrance is on Gorham Street, only a few yards from the police office in Town Hall, so I was not much worried, & went to bed.

SUNDAY, SEP. 3/72 After breakfast, I drove to Gorham Street & examined Tom's office. No signs of burglary. Drove on to Hunt's Point & told Tom to come into town & check things himself. He thinks his cleaning-woman must have forgotten to

lock the door when she left on Saturday afternoon.

I played golf in the afternoon, under a grey sky with a few spatters of rain, & a slowly rising surf on the shore making the growling sound that usually comes ahead of a storm. At 5 p.m. the Andersens picked us up in their car & drove to the Wickwire house at Port Joli — a supper party of about 20 people, mostly Parker friends & relatives, bidding farewell to Mildred (Parker) Mitchell & husband Wallace, who have been holidaying at the Parker summer home at Port Joli. Rain was falling heavily when we left, & the wind was rising to gusts of about 40 m.p.h. in the night — the tail end of a storm that has been moving slowly northward from the Caribbean.

MONDAY, SEP. 4, 1972 A dark humid day after the storm. I drove with C. around Western Head, but the waves were not large & the tide was low, hence not much surf. My lawn was littered with fallen twigs & leaves, & I spent an hour raking them up & dumping them behind the wall.

Tom reports no damage to his new house, except that some composition roof shingles had their weather edges flapped up. They will have to be cemented. Tonight on TV I watched the second game of the Russia-Canada ice hockey series. For years the Russians have been tourning Canadian amateur teams in Europe, & the Canadians complained that the Russians are really professionals, paid by the Soviet government. For their part the Russians refused to play against Canadian professionals. Now the Russians feel more sure of themselves, & the result is this series of games, played in Canada, against players picked from Canadian professional teams. The first game was played in Montreal last Saturday night, & the Canadians got a shocking surprise. The Russians proved to be fast & rugged players, their passes were fast & accurate, & they won 7 to 3. Tonight the Canadians won 4 to 1, but the Russians put up a fast & furious battle & it wasn't a walkover by any means.

This is Labor Day, so the post office, the banks & stores were all closed.

TUESDAY, SEP. 5, 1972

Fine & warm. Golf with King & Mrs. Delaney.

News:- Shocking news from the Olympic Games at Munich. A gang of Arab terrorists broke into the athletes' living quarters, shot & killed two Israeli men, abducted 9 others, & murdered all their captives when they were cornered by German police.

WEDNESDAY, SEP. 6/72 Fine & warm. Last month I had a note from Lt. Governor Oland, saying that a Mr. John Wentworth of Hawaii was coming to Halifax in September, to see Government House, as he is "a descendant of Governor John Wentworth," suggesting that he interview me here. I agreed, but pointed out that Governor John Wentworth had only one child, who lived to adulthood, a son named Charles-Mary who never married. This morning about 11:15 the Wentworth party arrived at my house - John Wentworth & wife, 60-ish, & their daughter & son-in-law, all pleasant & intelligent people. Oland had shown them my letter. John Wentworth said his grandfather was obsessed with the notion that he was descended from Governor John, of New Hampshire & Nova Scotia. He added that he, himself, attached no importance to it, being content to know that he was a descendant of the first Wentworth in New Hampshire. The Wentworth family in N.H. subsequently became numerous, & the family tree had many ramifications. I agreed, & mentioned that there were various John Wentworths, one of whom was one of Governor John's most bitter opponents in the events leading up to the American Revolution. After some polite chab they left for Hx. In the afternoon I picked up old Tom Miller (well on towards 90) & took him to the golf course, where he enjoys putting about the edge of No. 1 fairway. I played 18 holes alone, & then took Tom home.

Today Mr. J. Cosh ("speedy cleaning & maintenance") finished taking down, cleaning, & putting back 11 storm windows (8 in front of the house & 3 at back). Fee = \$16.00

FRIDAY, SEP. 8/72 Fine weather continues. Tonight the ~~first~~ game in the Canada-Russia hockey series was played in Vancouver. I watched it on TV. The Russians again showed their superiority in team play, & won 5-3. As the game went on, the Canadian team got a lot of booring from the audience. Compared with the clean-cut Russians,

several of the Canadians had lady-killing mops of hair & fuzzy sideburns, & the comparison was revealing. Are these spoiled & self-indulgent young men of the National Hockey League really worth \$150,000 or more a year?

The Canadian team goes to Moscow for the next three ^{or four} games. On their home ice, they won 1, tied 1, & lost 2.

SUNDAY, SEP. 10, 1972 Light rain in the night, temp. 50°. Today was cloudy & windy, & we had a chilly Fall day, with the furnace running frequently, & our windows closed for the first time in many weeks. Indoors all day, re-typing the badly worn account of my trip aboard a minesweeper at Halifax, in September 1942. At 4 p.m. C. & I drove with Erik Anderssen to Brooklyn, where we joined a sperry-&-tea party of about 25 people at Melbourne Gardner's house. The old chap is 86 this month, & still looks well; but his wife, ~~but~~ who is 65, told me aside that the doctors have warned her that he is failing fast.

MONDAY, SEP. 11/72 Open-&-shut sky, with half a gale blowing from the north. Played 18 holes of very bad golf with King, but enjoyed it nevertheless — the course was almost deserted, after the slow crowds of the summer. Some of the trees begin to shed leaves, possibly because of the long drought. Out-of-town people say they have only two or three inches of water in their wells. The city of Halifax is getting two to three million gallons a day from Dartmouth, by means of a pipe laid across the Angus Macdonald Bridge.

WEDNESDAY, SEP. 13/72 Temp. 40° last night, up to 80° in the sun today. Now the federal election is in full cry, & the newspapers, the TV news shows etc. are full of the yodel-yack of politicians. The Conservative strategy is to play up the colourless & somewhat tongue-tied personality of "Bob" Stanfield as the good solid man, ~~as~~ opposed to the flamboyant personality of Pierre Trudeau. On the other hand, Trudeau has trimmed the untidy bush of hair at the back of his balding head, dresses more like a business man, & is less given to flippancy repartee with reporters.

I visited the Perkins Library today, & turned over to the museum various documents that have been placed in my hands

for this purpose, making sure that all were recorded in the gift book.

The two old cannon which the town engineer removed from corners of School & Main streets early this summer, are still lying outside one of the old militia storesheds next to the Perkins House. (See Jan. 14/72 and July 26/72)

FRIDAY, SEP. 15/72 Fine & cool. This afternoon I drove with C. to Bridgewater by the direct route, & back along the shore road through Lettuce, Little Riviere, Broad Cove & Togler's Cove. The new bridge across the Medway & its direct road approaches, newly paved, cut off ~~nearly~~ the old road through Mill Village, with its S curves & narrow & awkward bridge. About 10 miles between Danesville & Tobe's Cross are still under "destruction", very dusty & rough. The return route by the shore was as lovely as ever. Many new homes & summer bungalows, others a-building, in fact every sign of prosperity.

This evening C. chatted by phone to my sister Hattie Cassidy, who is now well settled in her new cottage near sister Hilda's, at Oakland. She & Hilda are about to set off for Halifax airport to meet her son-in-law Johnnie Paisley, who has flown up from Newport News to settle some business about the land he bought at Indian Point last year.

Mail:- The C.B.C. offers \$500 for the use of my short story "McDow's Salvation" (from "Gambar & Other Stories") in a 30-minute TV play. I wrote agreement.

SUNDAY, SEP. 17/72 Windy & overcast. Drove with C. to Hunt's Point & chatted with Tom & Pamela, both busy at odd chores about their new house. The building boom in ~~Halifax~~^{CANADA} has made shortages (& sharply increased prices) on lumber, plywood, tarpaper, shingles, etc. Tom's carpenters are held up again & again by lack of the simplest materials.

TUESDAY, SEP. 19/72 This morning Dr. Frank Bell examined my eyes, confirmed Wile's diagnosis of cataract in my left eye, & said he would arrange an examination by an ophthalmologist in Halifax. While he pooh-poohed the old-fashioned idea that a cataract could not be excised until it was "ripe", he thought an operation now would lessen rather than improve the vision, & I should make

periodical visits to a specialist to check on the cataract's progress. I infer from his remarks that the old-fashioned idea was really right, & the operation will be deferred until my left eye is practically blind. Then it is bound to be an improvement. I came away depressed. Among other gloomy prospects, I shall have to take a physical (including of course an optical) examination at age 70, in order to obtain a license to drive my car. My right eye remains clear, & I get by now on that, although the blurred left eye affects my general vision, & I notice it at golf & everything else.

WEDNESDAY, SEP 20, 1972 A bright & warm Fall day after a chilly (40°) night. Golf alone in the afternoon. Pamela drove to Lfx. early this morning to see her parents & do some shopping. Tom got his meals in a restaurant, & the three children had lunch & dinner with us.

I gave my rosebeds a good soaking — most of the bushes are in bud again.

FRIDAY, SEP 22/72 Light rain all day — badly needed. Today the professional Canadian ice hockey team played in Moscow for the first time. For a considerable time they had the lead 3-0. Then the Russians turned on a lightning show of skill & power, & won the game 5-4. The game was shown on TV this afternoon, & there was a huge audience right across Canada. One newsmen remarked that Canadians & Russians have as deep & passionate interest in this hockey series as the Americans have in their so-called World Series baseball finals.

In Canada, despite large newspaper & TV coverage, the political campaign grinds on dully. The Conservatives & NDP declare that the country has never been in worse shape, & there is much reference to the 500,000 people who have registered for unemployment insurance. The Liberals maintain that gross national production, actual employment, cash savings & expenditures, etc., are all higher than ever; & they think strongly that many of the 500,000 unemployed are free-loaders who don't want to work. Even in a small town like Liverpool we can see plenty of such loafers getting along comfortably on "the Unemployment", & various

added doles, public & private. They have plenty of money for beer, & are the largest group of customers of the Potte (Merry Hotel) tavern, where many of them hang about cheerfully all day.

SUNDAY, SEP. 24, 1972 Temp. 38° last night. A bright cool day.

Golf in the afternoon, & then went on with E. to Port Joli, where we dined & spent the evening with our old friends Austin & Vera Parkes, at their summer cottage on Parkes Point.

Austin has a vegetable garden there, well sheltered from the sea, & we dined on broiled steak, with potatoes, squash, & beans fresh from the garden.

MONDAY, SEP. 25/72 Raining by the back-rock in Lemoine's drug store this morning, I noted cloth-bound copies of

"Halifax, Warden of The North", also paperback copies of:- "His Majesty's Yankees", "Roger Cudden", "Governor's Lady", "Hangman's Beach", "Path of Destiny", "The Nymph & The Lamp", & "At the Tide's Turn & other stories". Excepting the MacMillan edition of "The Rover", these are the only books of mine now in print.

TUESDAY, SEP. 26/72 Hazy, humid, temp 75°. Golf alone this afternoon, & then mowed my lawns. In Moscow today the Canadian hockey team won 4-3. The series, which is broadcast on TV here via a space satellite, attracts enormous attention in Canada, whereas the batherings of our politicians get very little.

WEDNESDAY, SEP. 27/72 Rain in the morning. At 4 a.m.

I wakened to see E. going past my bedroom doorway, & returning with a glass of gin. This nocturnal drinking at all hours has been going on for weeks. She retires to her bedroom & sleeps heavily from about 6 p.m. to 9 p.m. After that, in spite of the regular dose of 1½ seconal capsules, she cannot sleep at all.

At noon today she said "I feel like hell".

I wanted to call Dr. Frank Bell, but she said No. When I got the mail, she opened the envelope containing her Old Age Pension, & brought it to me, saying in a strange voice "What is this?" (She has been getting & cashing these cheques every month for more than two years.)

Oh four different times in the afternoon she demanded to know why I wasn't playing golf. (The ground was too

wch.) After I repaid for the fourth time she went into a long tirade about my "neglect" of her. I said gently that every day of my life now I spend 21 hours of the 24 with her, or under the same roof with her, & surely she didn't mind me taking some exercise & fresh air at the golf course, my only recreation? She then went on with the old quarrels of our marriage, with a contorted face & mad eyes, shouting that everything, including her present condition, was my fault. She does not seem to realize that I was not married to her brother Ralph or her sister Marie, both of whom died mad.

I told her quietly that she needed medical help, & now. Again she refused, & flounced away to her bedroom. I have seen this coming on for a long time, & I dread what ^{yet} is to come.

THURSDAY, SEP. 28, 1972

C. phoned Dr. Bell today, saying

"I feel like hell" etc., & he prescribed some tranquillizing pills, which I got from the drug store for her.

FRIDAY, SEP. 29/72

C. says the new pills are doing her some good. Tonight I had a phone call from

New York. It was Charles Elliott, son of Ralph & my cousin Phyllis Elliott. He is in a British timber business at Leeds, & makes frequent trips to the U.S. & Canada to buy maple & other veneer specialties. He had a spare weekend & would fly up to Halifax tomorrow.

I said I would meet him at the Hfx. airport & bring him on to Liverpool.

SATURDAY, SEP. 30/72 As usual when I make a trip to Hfx. the weather turned to rain & a gale whose gusts swayed my little car on the high road over the hills.

Reached the airport at 11:30, but missed Charles in the crowd. However we got together at the Air Canada office an hour later, lunched on sandwiches in the airport coffee shop, & left for Liverpool. He is a charming fellow in the early 30's, with "balding" dark hair & a distinct resemblance to my son Tom. Stopped at Chester Basin for a few minutes' chat with my sister Hilda Baer in her curio shop. Again at Mahone Bay to visit sister Nellie Cassidy in her bijou cottage, built last winter

near the house of Ted & Hilda Baet. Reached home about 5 p.m. Had drinks, dined, & talked the evening through. His father Ralph Elliott has recovered from the arthritic attack which almost crippled him a few years ago, remains an active director of the Westminster Bank, & the Lombard Bank.

SUNDAY, ~~Sept~~ OCT. 1, 1972 Fulfilling a promise, I took Tommy Roddall & his school chums Alan Robert & Andrew Jones across to Annapolis to inspect Fort Anne & the Habitation. Charles Elliott came along to see something more of the country.

Again the weather was wretched — pouring rain until we got over the South Mountain, & then occasional drizzle. However, the boys enjoyed the trip, & so did Charles. The hardwood trees are not yet in full colour, & you need sunlight to appreciate the show anywhere; but Charles was much pleased with what there was, & with his professional interest in timber had many questions about the various kinds of trees & their uses. Home a little before 4 p.m.

MONDAY, OCT. 2/72 Temp 40° last night, followed by a cool day & an open-&-shut sky. Left home with Charles about 9:45 a.m. & drove to the Hfx. airport. Lunched together in the airport coffee-shop & chatted afterwards until his plane left for New York at 1:45 p.m. He returns to England after two more days there, having been away about 3 weeks. I got home about 4 p.m. A National Film Board man named Tregarten (or something like that) phoned soon afterwards. Wants to film an interview with me this evening, in connection with a show the NFB has been doing, mainly at Blue Rocks & elsewhere in Lunenburg County, about the Nova Scotia rum-runners in the period 1925-1935.

Whitman Tregarten (correct spelling) & crew of 4 men came this evening, set up the usual powerful lights, reflectors, sound recorder, off-camera microphone, & movie camera, & Tregarten interviewed me for half an hour about my memories of the rum-runners built or operated from Liverpool.

News:- I was sad to read in today's Chronicle-Herald that Dr. Norman Gosse, distinguished surgeon & teacher, had died in Hfx. on Saturday. Only last May he was inducted Chancellor of King's College, & one of his first acts of office on that occasion was to confer on me an honorary D.C.L.

TUESDAY, Oct. 3, 1972 Sunny, with a light N. breeze, a beautiful fall day. Golf with Capt Charles Williams & Paul King. My game was awful, but I'm used to that, & the exercise & sunshine were refreshing. Dr. Bell has arranged an appointment with an ophthalmologist in Hfx., a Dr. Sapp, but Sapp's secretary put me down for 4:30 p.m. on Oct 23, which would mean driving home in the dark, a dangerous thing for me with my night-blindness in opposing headlights. So I wrote to Sapp today asking for an appointment between 11 a.m. and 3 p.m. Letter from the CBC. The West German Broadcasting Company ("Westdeutscher Rundfunk") offers a fee for "a single broadcast of my short story "The Wedding Gift". Answer, okay.

The roses in my garden begin to bloom again, & as usual I hope they will escape frost. The temp. last night was 40°.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 4/72 Same weather. Golf with Charles Williams & Austin Parker. Flocks of migrating robins on the course, which has been almost barren of bird life since the local robins & others flew away southward weeks ago.

SATURDAY, Oct. 7/72 Rain began about noon today, & increased to almost a downpour about 11 p.m. with violent gusts of wind, & some thunder & lightning, which knocked out the local TV relay station on Great Hill. As usual the street drain outside my house was plugged with fallen leaves & debris, & a torrent poured down the street & flooded my driveway.

SUNDAY, Oct. 8/72 The rain ceased in the night, & I spent two hours this morning raking up & removing fallen leaves, twigs & various rubbish from my lawn & street front. A sweaty job in saturated air & temp 65°, with a grey sky, uneasy westerly wind, & barometer still low.

In the afternoon the rain resumed in fitful showers. Drove with C. to Hunt's Point, & found Tom & Pamela busy putting about their new house. The brook was high but still within its banks. The sea had thrown some water over the cobble beach at high tide, but not enough to damage.

MONDAY, (THANKSGIVING DAY) Oct. 9, 1972 Barometer began to rise this morning, & the wind came around to a gusty gale from NW. Open & shut sky. In the afternoon I mowed my lawns. Flocks of migrating robins feed on the black fruit of my elderberry shrubs & take turns at splashing in my bird-bath. Starlings alternate in these activities.

My furnace-oil tanks were getting low, & this afternoon Carl Wynnott's truck refilled them with 311.5 gallons at 25¢ per gallon. E. & I had our Thanksgiving dinner alone — turkey, etc., with wine & liqueur. All the shops, banks, & post office remained closed today — a long weekend holiday.

TUESDAY, Oct. 10/72 Temp. 40° last night, getting up to 50° in the sun, with a strong cold wind from the north. Golf this afternoon — only 3 other players out. My play was terrible — having only one good eye anyway, & that one wavering in the wind — but as always enjoyed the exercise & air. This afternoon Wynnott's service man came & cleaned the furnace, replaced air-filters, etc. At my insistence he took apart the humidifier & its plates, & found (as I suspected) that this important device for moistening the hot air blown into the rooms had become choked with deposit from our execrable town water. It had not functioned for the past year.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 11/72 Temp. 31° last night — our first frost. It rose gradually to 65° in the sun this afternoon, when I was playing golf. Today a repair-&-maintenance man came & replaced the door-switch, & adjusted the freeze fan, of our refrigerator, which has been operating poorly for the past week. His bill for a half-hour's work was "switch \$3.37, service \$6.25", a total of \$9.62. I paid our golf pro, Jim Dumeah, for storage & cleaning of our clubs & carts this season — ^{\$8.50}~~\$10~~ for mine, & ^{\$8.50}~~\$10~~ for E.'s. I brought E.'s clubs & cart home. She has not used them more than two or three times all this season, & then just to putt around two or three holes. This evening we attended a cocktail party at the Eric Manthorne's house, Cobb's Ridge. Old friends, mostly.

THURSDAY, Oct. 12/72 A dark wet day. John Leefe came in for a chat in the afternoon.

FRIDAY, OCT. 13, 1971

Cold & windy, with some showers.

Another man from Simpsons-Taylor came this morning, this time to adjust our TV set, which for some time past has failed to bring in the CTV network station at Fredericton, although it shows put local relay of the CBC system well enough. After some fiddling about with the aerial in our attic, etc., for half an hour, without result, he replaced a small electronic tube in the set itself, & of course the CTV picture appeared at once, in full colour. The charge was \$4.17 for the tube, \$9.50 for service.

SATURDAY, OCT. 14/71 Another frost (temp. 31°) last night, & a cool bright day. (Five inches of snow in Amherst, Moncton, & on P.E.I. Winter already?) Golf this afternoon, & got home in time to see half of the first baseball game in the so-called (entirely U.S.) "World Series", in which a team from Oakland, California, defeated Cincinnati.

At 6 pm I drove with C. to Port Joli, where the Dr. John Wickinnes were giving a buffet dinner party in honour of Austin Parker's 77th birthday. About twenty people, all old friends. As the oldest friend (fifty years neat May since I took over Austin's job in Walton) I was asked to present gifts & make a little speech. Austin's six-foot frame is almost as straight as ever, his mind as busy & alert, his face as cheerful. His wife Vera a year or two younger, & she too remains vigorous & active in her house & garden. A remarkable pair of good people.

SUNDAY, OCT. 15/71 A bleak day, dark, with alternate showers & scraps of sunshine. Called on the junior Raddalls, both working away cheerfully in their new house - Tom painting, Pamela scraping & waxing an old pine table, in a temperature close to 45°. Watched the World Series ball game on TV. Oakland won again, right on the Cincinnati team's home field.

MONDAY, OCT. 16/71 Sharp frost last night. A bright day, temp. 45°-50°. Played golf with Dunash, Lottie, & King. With a half-blind left eye, & both eyes watering in the brisk wind, I played a ludicrously bad game, but no

matter. After a long summer recess I have begun to write a little more of my memoirs, looking up diaries & old letters.

TUESDAY, Oct. 17, 1972 Another storm of wind & rain. A U.S. naval (official) historian wrote from Washington some days ago saying "we make good use of the Perkins diary in our continuing 'Naval Documents of the American Revolution' project." He had visited the Simeon Perkins house here last summer, & wanted to know the origin & other details of the Perkins portrait hanging there. I wrote today what I knew, which is not much, after refreshing my memory of the picture by studying it in the Perkins house.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 18/72 Bright & cool, 48° at noon. Golf alone in the afternoon. A meeting of the Historical Society this evening at Mel. Gardner's house in Brooklyn. About 35 people, including some new members, schoolteachers. Much discussion of thefts from the Perkins House museum during the past two summers, all carried out by bold & practised thieves who had carefully studied the routines of the women guides. The speaker was Dr. Stephen Bedwell, one of the research staff on the federal government's Louisbourg restoration project. He gave a good lecture on the sieges of 1745 & 1758, illustrated with slides & a screen.

THURSDAY, Oct. 19/72 Winter came to us with a triumphant shout today. Snow began falling slowly soon after noon, & by evening we had a real snowstorm, with temp 32°, so that the snow froze on every tree & bush. With this going on outside, we watched the fourth game in the "World Series", played at Oakland, California; played at night by artificial light, & (I think) on artificial turf, all looking very summery. Oakland won 3-2.

FRIDAY, Oct. 20/72 Arose at 7:30 this morning to find 2" to 6" of snow on the ground, & on the trees, shrubs, telephone lines, etc. The 6" neatly piled on my circular bird-bath looked like a wedding cake. My poor roses, some in full bloom, some just opening their buds, red, pink, yellow, had an incongruous look in the Arctic landscape. Got out my winter coat & galoshes, & the snow shovel, & cleared my walks & the driveway. The last snowstorm was on May 10, so this one makes the shortest snow-free season in my

memory. Tom & Pamela for years have lived in a three-apartment house at Fort Point, owned by lawyer Carl Milford. Now Milford appears to be in financial trouble, & he is about to sell his own house on Main Street, which will mean moving to Tom's flat. Tom has no formal lease, & Milford has intimated that he will want the flat next January. Tom & Pam with their three children need a roomy apartment — something not to be found in Liverpool at the present time. He has engaged his carpenter at Hylton's Point to work on the interior of the new house all winter, & hopes to get furnace, plumbing, & water supply installed in time to make the place habitable by mid-January.

This evening, following her unfortunate habit, C. slept on the sofa in the living room until 10 p.m. or so, then changed to bed attire & sat sipping gin & watching TV with me until about 11.30. She then swallowed 1½ capsules of Sedonal, washed down with gin, poured herself another gin, & started upstairs with it. Suddenly I heard a crash, ran up the stairs, & found her lying on the landing. Fortunately she is well padded with fat, & was not hurt. I helped her into bed, & she passed the rest of the night there.

SATURDAY, Oct. 21, 1972 A hard frost (24°) last night. The asphalt roads are bare, but the snow & ice remain on the ground & the roofs. A bright cold day, & for my walk to the post office this morning I put aside the cotton singlet & shorts of summer & donned my long-armed & long-legged winter underwear (which I detest) for the sake of my arthritic joints. C. has recovered from last night's mishap, & this afternoon we watched the sixth game in the "World Series", in which the Cincinnati "Reds" absolutely routed the Oakland "Athletics" with a score of 8-1. I have often remarked ~~how~~ nearly always the "World Series" runs to seven games before it is decided, a financial bonus to the club owners, what with forty or fifty thousand paying spectators in the stadium plus the fat sums from television.

Cynicism aside, it was a relief to watch this very bad ball game uninterrupted by the repetitious yack-yack of politicians

which takes so much TV time & fills the newspapers. The awful coincidence of a presidential election campaign in the U.S., & a federal election campaign in ~~the U.S.~~^{CANADA}, preoccupies all the newspapers, the radio, & TV.

A few weeks ago the New Democratic Party (socialist) party defeated the long-in-office Social Credit government of British Columbia headed by Premier W.A.C. ("Wacky") Bennett. I had not thought much about it, but now I learn that the new government has announced its intention of taking over such public utilities as B.C. Telephone Company, & Inland Gas Company, in which about half of my life savings are invested. As a result the values of both have dropped heavily in the stock markets, although it is said that the shareholders will be paid a fair price. I made these investments between 1963 & 1967 on the advice of my son Tom's father-in-law William J. White, an experienced stockbroker, but of course nobody could foresee a socialist government taking power in B.C.

SUNDAY, Oct. 22, 1972 Sunny, with temp. up to 45°, which melted the snow from the roofs & left a thin white crust here & there in open places. After lunch I drove with C. to Hunts Lantz, & found Tom & family pottering about the new house. They have borrowed my portable electric heater, but today the warmth of the sun through the big windows was enough. Returned home to watch the final game of the "World Series", which the Oakland team won 3-2, a thriller, utterly unlike yesterday's fiasco.

TUESDAY, Oct. 24/72 This morning Pamela drove Tom's station wagon to Halifax, taking C. & me as passengers — C. to catch the 11:15 train for Moncton, where she intends to visit Bill & Francie for a week or two — I to keep an 11:30 appointment with ophthalmologist George Sapp in the medical clinic at 5880 Spring Garden Road. As usual for journeys to Halifax the weather was filthy — rain & fog. George Sapp is a son of Albert Sapp, Liverpool grocer, now retired. He is a clever & well qualified man with a busy practice. He examined my eyes thoroughly for half an hour. Verdict: — the retinas of both eyes are good, but the

left eye vision is obscured by cataract, now "ripe" & operable. However, the removal of this cataract would require the daily nuisance & discomfort of putting in & taking out a contact lens. His advice: - so long as the sight of the right eye remains reasonably good for reading, writing, driving my car etc., I should ignore the condition of the left. He estimated that my right eye should remain good for two to five years.

If - as - & when cataract starts in the right eye, the left eye should be cleared by operation. I am to come in again for a check-up next spring. At the close of the interview he smiled & produced a copy of "Halifax, Warden of the North" for my autograph.

I lunched with Pam & her parents in their home on Edward Street. Poor old Bill White, still barely able to get about after his broken-hip operation, and emaciated by the diet required since the removal of his stomach for cancer several years ago, is merely a ghost of the keen & active man I knew as a stockbroker ~~long~~ years ago. He spends most of his time upstairs, in bed or sitting at a small desk with a pillow at his back, reading the financial papers, & clipping out bits with scissors to send to old friends & clients.

Pam & I left for Liverpool at 3 p.m. & got there after a fast run a little after 5.

Thursday, Oct. 26, 1972 The wet weather cleared today. All of the snow is gone. After no exercise for a week I was glad to get out to the golf course again. Temp. 48° with a strong N. breeze. The only players were Sumeah & Lottie, who played with me for nine holes & then quitted. I played the other nine alone. Unable to see the ball clearly, so it was just good exercise, not golf. Robins foraging all over the fairways - the latest flock on their way south. A lot of droppings of wild guse around the greens at N° 4 & N° 5, both of which are close to the sea, & on my lone rounds a pair of guse flew up from N° 5 green & circled over the sea.

Friday, Oct. 27/72 Sunny, temp. up to 60°. Golf with Maurice Russell & Charles Williams. Dined at Mr. & Mrs. Donald

Scott's house, as one of a party of fifteen, mostly Park Street neighbours. Good food & chat.

SATURDAY, OCT. 28, 1972 Mild & overcast, S. wind. Golf with Paul King. I was warm in summer underwear, barehanded & bare-headed. Many players out, to play, & to take their clubs home, as the club closes for the season this weekend. Tonight at midnight Canada resumed standard time for the winter & spring, & I put my watch & clocks back one hour.

SUNDAY, OCT. 29/72 A dark rainy day. I stayed indoors, working on my memoirs, reading, watching some of the programs on TV. Thank God the yacking of the politicians has stopped at last, & tomorrow will decide the issue. E phoned from Moncton this evening. Bill & Francie are driving down on Wednesday evening & will bring her home in the evening.

MONDAY, OCT. 30/72 Dark & damp, clearing late in the afternoon. I polled my vote in the courthouse this morning on my way home from the post office. The Conservative member for Queens-Lunenburg is Lloyd Crouse. The present Liberal candidate in Jaynes Kinley. Both are Lunenburg men. In my general view the Trudeau government deserves another term in office, whereas Stanfield does not impress me at all. In my local view Kinley has the stigma of his late father, a wealthy man who sat for the constituency several terms, & then got himself a seat in the Senate. However, Crouse has settled comfortably in Ottawa, & spends little of his time here, except in summer when Ottawa is too hot. I voted for Kinley.

In the afternoon my phone rang. It was Maurice Singer, who phoned me on Jan. 20 about more rights in The Nymph & The Lamp. Now he asked my price for the property, & I said \$35,000. He asked my price for a one-year option, & I said \$2,000. He said he would have to consult his Columbia associates, & would call me again in about a week's time. Just another casual nibble, meaning nothing.

Tom examined my teeth today, & repaired a felling in a lower molar. The polls closed at 7 p.m., & at 8 p.m. I switched on my TV set to watch the returns. Crouse won with a large majority in Queens-

Lunenburg. The Liberals won 2 seats from Conservatives in Newfoundland, & 1 in P.E.I. Nova Scotia & N.B. elected the same majority of PC's that they had before. Caouette's Social Credit party got 14 seats in Quebec, & the Liberals won practically all of the rest. Ontario, which elected so many Liberals in Trudeau's first election, reverted to its traditional Conservative role. The West also elected a surprising number of PC's. As early as 9 p.m. the TV computers foretold a minority government, & when I went to bed at midnight the Liberals had 108 seats, the Conservatives 107.

TUESDAY, Oct. 31, 1972 Sunny, cold (40°) & calm. Golf this p.m. with Wickwire, Williams & Russell. We found deer tracks in various places — deeply cut in N° 8 green, where Dumeah saw a big doe this morning. Tonight was Halloween, & I had laid in a stock of apples & various candies. About 120 kids came, several accompanied by their mamas, & the last went away happily about 8 p.m. No visitation by teenage & grown-up lots of both sexes, traveling in trucks & cars from "outer space", as in some former years.

News:- Much newspaper & TV speculation on what is to happen at Ottawa, where the Conservatives now have 109 seats & the Liberals 108. Speculation on the causes of the Trudeau debacle also. Resentment over high unemployment, high taxes; the Anglophone backlash against Trudeau's Francophone ministers & administrators, who pushed the bi-lingual policy too hard — all these had a strong part in it. In Quebec, naturally, there is a feeling that the strong Conservative vote in other parts of Canada was an outright anti-French vote. Laurier LaPierre, a fluently bilingual figure on national TV, who is also a professor at McGill, puts it well: — "I feel sad about it because it gives charlatans a chance to make capital to the detriment of national unity." That is the way I feel, too.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 1/72 Same weather. I had the golf course all to myself this afternoon, except for one person — young Eddie Dumeah with his gun, lying in one of the sand traps by N° 8 green, hoping to see a deer step out of the surrounding

woods. Many robins still foraging for worms & on the fairways.

About 7 pm. Bill & Francie Dennis arrived with E., having driven down from Moncton this afternoon, & dined in Bridgewater. Bill & Francie stopped for a brief chat, & then went on to Mahone, to spend the night with Bill's college chum Dr. Keady. They report great election excitement & activity in New Brunswick, & say the vote was almost completely a division of languages — most of the English voting Conservative (as they did themselves) & most of the French voting Liberal.

THURSDAY, Nov. 2, 1972 Overcast & milder. As my last chore in battening down the house for the winter, this afternoon I removed the framed insect-screen from the kitchen window, washed the storm windows, screwed it on, & sealed the edges with plasticene. With the ordinary course of our winter & our long cold "spring" it will be seven months before I take it off again, always a melancholy thought.

FRIDAY, Nov. 3/72 Rain. Took my car to the Rossignol garage for the annual check-up of brakes, lights, steering gear. The Raddall youngsters came from school in the afternoon, to play, dine & watch TV until 7 p.m., when I took them home in the car. With recounts of the votes in various closely contested ridings, the Liberals & Conservatives have each 109 seats. Yesterday in a TV interview by members of the Canadian press, Mr. Trudeau announced that he intended to carry on the government, & he will not resign unless his government is defeated by vote in the new House of Commons. He was mild, easy, obviously & admittedly chastened by the reaction of so many Canadian voters against his policies, & said he & his colleagues would study to find what things they had been doing wrong.

SUNDAY, Nov. 5/72 Still rainy & cold. Drove with E. to visit the junior Raddalls, working away in their new house. A big fire in the hearth, but the place was like a tomb. Went on to call on Lenore & Betty Freeman at Summerville. They report several bears making nocturnal visits about their & other neighbouring houses on the shore road, where the woods are just a few yards away.

MONDAY, Nov. 6, 1972 Sunny, calm, temp. 40°. Drove to the woods at Rapid Falls & cut spruce & fir brushwood to cover my roses. Cut the roses back to about 7 or 8 inches, raked a heap of fallen leaves about each one, & then anchored the stakes in place with brushwood, thrusting the stems into the ground. I used dead leaves anchored in this fashion for the first time last year, & all my roses came through the winter & spring alive, whereas most of the rose growers in town used brush alone, & lost many by the thaw-freeze-thaw-freeze process of our erratic "spring".

TUESDAY, Nov. 7/72 Same weather. Golf with Paul King. A few belated robins on the course. Magnificent surf on the shore. I have not heard from Charles Elliott since he visited us at the end of September; but today I had a letter from his mother, my cousin Phyllis, saying Charles & his family had just arrived for a fortnight's visit, & he had told Ralph & her about his call on the Raddalls of Nova Scotia. Ralph has retired from direct management of the Westminster Bank, but remains deputy chairman of the bank board, & chairman of Lombard Banking Co.. He and Phil have lately returned from Hong Kong, where Westminster Bank has opened a new office. The Bank of China gave them a dinner & wanted them to go on to Peking, but Ralph didn't feel up to it. He wants to retire from everything next spring. Tonight on TV there was more political yak-yak, this time from the U.S. where the presidential election took place today. Unlike the Canadian pre-election "sample" poll (which predicted a clear majority for the Liberals), the American pollsters were right on — a smashing victory for President Nixon, although in their peculiar way the Americans retain a ~~weak~~ Democrat majority in the Congress.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 8/72 Overcast, calm, 40°. Golf this afternoon with John Wickwire.

THURSDAY, Nov. 9/72 A wet sea gale all last night, all today, & all of this night. C. had three ladies in to play bridge all afternoon. All the hardwood trees have

shed their leaves, except the oaks.

FRIDAY, Nov. 10, 1972 The rain & wind petered out this afternoon. The Readers Digest people have sent me a copy of their latest book, "Great Short Stories of The World", well printed on good paper, & well bound. My story "Blind MacNair" is there, & I am in famous company — Steinbeck, Maugham, Chekhov, Wilde, Thaxton, Maupassant, Hemingway, etc. — seventy-one in all. The fee for use of my story is \$650, of which McClelland & Stewart will collect 10% as agents.

Bird note: — Half a dozen evening grosbeaks foraged briefly on my back lawn this afternoon — their first appearance of the new winter season.

SATURDAY, Nov. 11/72 Still dark & wet. At the insistence of Helena, Jory, C. & I spent the afternoon playing bridge at their Hunts Point home. Tom Jory is able to get about slowly, after his spinal injury in a fall a few years ago. He & Helena & C. are all keen & practised bridge players, whereas I am no card player at all except ~~it is taught in a bungling~~ in a bungling fashion — I never play unless I am absolutely cornered to make a fourth. Helena & I played against Jory & C., who won with some enormous score that Helena didn't bother to add up. Home at 5 p.m.

SUNDAY, Nov. 12/72 Dark & wet, temp. 40°. C. & I visited the junior Raddalls at Hunts Point, & found them as usual pottering about — Pam scraping old furniture, Tom cementing stones in the patio. At home, I got some work done on my memoirs, mainly quotes from my diary in the busy year 1944.

MONDAY, Nov. 13/72 Same weather. My 69th birthday. C. presented me with a T-shirt. The Legion, Branch 38, sent up a cake covered with white icing, & on top of that, written in green icing, "Happy birthday, Tom" Very kind of them. At 6 p.m. the junior Raddalls joined us bearing gifts, a bottle of Tessier (Anjou) Petillant, & from little Tommy, bought with his own pocket money, a pair of small screwdrivers with bright coloured handles. C. had sent to a restaurant for a take-out dinner of Chinese food, & there was a cake of

her own baking, with special places containing a dime (for luck) for each of the children, & 13 cahales.

At 69 I am in reasonably good health, weigh about 170 lbs, & still have most of my own teeth. Like most old men I walk with a stoop, & an arthritic limp in the right leg. I have been almost completely deaf in my right ear for many years, due to a nasal cold, & travel in an unpressurized airplane in the winter of 1943-44. And now, due to cataract that developed rapidly during the past year, I am getting blind in the left eye. However I get along quite well with the other eye & ear, & am thankful to have nothing worse.

TUESDAY, Nov. 14, 1972 I took my first winter walk on Summerville beach. A calm air, sea & sky the colour of lead, one or two herring gulls foraging for surf clams thrown up by the tide. Afterwards spent an hour raking up & dumping fallen leaves from my back lawn. I was out for the afternoon playing bridge with her ~~ladies'~~ group. Austin Parker, Hector Dunlap, Capt. Charles Williams & Erik Andersen spent last week at the camp on Eagle Lake. It was wet, but they had plenty to eat & drink, & passed the time cutting firewood & playing cards.

This evening Terence & Betty Freeman came in for a chat. A neighbour of theirs had trapped & killed one of the bears that have been foraging at night about their houses, & Terence had taken a hind quarter & cut it up into steaks & roasts, which he was distributing to his friends. He offered me some but I thought of the garbage on which these bears had been feeding lately, & made a polite excuse. I know that the meat is said to look & taste rather like beef, & in colonial days a smoked bear ham was considered a delicacy even at Governor Wentworth's Table; but I have never eaten it.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 15/72 A storm of alternate rain & snow blew all last night & most of today. Eventually the rain conquered, & the ground remained bare. John Leife dropped in for a chat this afternoon.

THURSDAY, Nov. 16/72 Temp. 30° with a northerly gale, so I was able to stretch my legs only to the post office & back.

Young Tommy Raddall & two chums called on me today, & I showed them how to make a miniature flag of old France - fleur de lis on a white ground. They have made good use of their visit to Annapolis with me on Oct 1st, & have built a very neat replica of the "Habitation" using discarded "Popsicle" sticks for palings etc. Tommy did most of the work. ("Popsicles" are oblongs of chocolate-coated ice cream, frozen on to a short flat stick, which makes a handle.)

Our newspapers, TV & radio continue long postmortem discussions of the federal election, as if the public had not seen & heard enough of politics in the past two months. I think that what Sam Slick said of the Bluoxes long ago is true of Canadians as a whole — they waste time on fruitless political wrangles instead of getting down to work.

FRIDAY, Nov. 17, 1972 Sunny but cold (30°) with a strong N. wind. Worked on my memoirs. A somewhat belated note from my little grand-daughter Tracey Dennis, wishing me a happy birthday. I wrote a cheerful letter in reply.

SATURDAY, Nov. 18/72 Grey sky, temp up to 38° , light E. breeze. Played 18 holes at White Point, my first real exercise since Nov. 8, & it was wonderful to feel my blood stirring again. A small flock of late robins, a lone hunter with a gun, & I, had the whole course to ourselves. Invisible in the scrub woods beyond White Point Lodge, but noisy enough, were the bulldozers of Morbray Jones' contractors.

I'm told Jones has bought most of the land on the east side of the estuary of the Five Rivers stream, & is laying it off in streets & lanes for a swank housing development.

SUNDAY, Nov. 19/72 Sunny, temp 40° , a light air from S. Played golf with Paul King & Charlie Williams. Comfortable with bare hands. C. walked around the first 9 holes with us. Afterwards drove on to Hunt Point & called on Tom & Pam. The walls of those bedrooms are finished in handsome wood panels from Japan, artificial, but so curiously made that they look like real walnut.

MONDAY, Nov. 20/72 Yesterday was our Indian Summer, I guess. Another sea gale today, with torrents of rain.

TUESDAY, Nov. 21/72 Cold & dark & windy. Took the car downtown with C. to shop for groceries etc. Worked on my memoirs. Have

got as far as the summer of 1945. The war years had been very busy ones for me in all ways, & there was much to record. I am making direct quotations from my diary in many places, because they record my thoughts & emotions at the time rather than my memory of them now.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 22, 1972 Sunny, cold (30° at noon) light N. breeze. My son Tom's 38th birthday. Presented him with a bottle of Steeping cherry brandy. I took a few clubs & went around the golf course. No other players out. Saw a lone snow bunting, the first of the winter. They are erratic visitors on our perch of the shore, & usually you see them in a flock, or none at all.

THURSDAY, Nov. 23/72 Same weather. Again a lone 18 holes at White Point, enjoying the blue sky & sea, & the good stir of blood in my old carcass. Stopped to chat with the pro, Jim Lumish, busy tidying up the fringes of the course before he begins his winter job in the Mersey paper mill.

FRIDAY, Nov. 24/72 Overcast, temp. 36° . Signed & mailed a CBC contract for the use of my story "MacIvor's Salvation" in a ~~two~~-half-hour TV play. Fee \$500.

Went to White Point this afternoon & played one round, using a №3 wood & a №7 iron, & avoiding the greens, which were getting soft after the hard freeze of the past few days & nights. A fine snow began to fall, melting on the ground, so I returned to town, & got Whynot's service station to remove the summer tires from my rear wheels & put on the snow tires.

SUNDAY, Nov. 26/72 Another wet sea gale, yesterday & today, which I spent mostly indoors, working on my memoirs. This afternoon I drove with C. to Hunts Point & called on Tom & Pam.

TUESDAY, Nov. 28/72 Weather yesterday was windy & wet again. Today the sky cleared, temp. 50° , with a mild south breeze. In the afternoon I walked on Summersville beach. Saw a mixed flock of what I took to be redpolls & goldfinches foraging for small flies among the drying wrack left by the tide. Returned as far as White Point for a stroll around the golf course, overtook Jim Lumish playing a lone round, & I joined him for a few holes, using his clubs.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 29, 1972 Memoirs all morning. Golf with Dumeah this afternoon. The rapidly failing sight in my ^{left} eye makes the game a travesty, but Jim pretends not to notice.

THURSDAY, Nov. 30/72 Received a CBC cheque for the future TV use of my short story "MacDivo's Salvation" (\$500 less income tax deduction \$75.00). Golf with Dumeah & Chas. Williams for 9 holes. I played the other 9 alone. A bright calm day, temp. 30°. Lobster boats busy in the bay, setting out traps for the brief winter season.

FRIDAY, DEC. 1/72 Rain, & then a rising gale. Indoors all day. Erik Anderssen dropped in this evening & we had drinks & chat. His wife is attending an old aunt dying at Mahone Bay. C. was very muddled in mind & talk, one of her increasingly frequent loony spells.

SATURDAY, DEC 2/72 sunny, but temp. 30° with a furious NW gale. Indoors all day except for a car trip to the post office & grocery store. Writing Christmas cards.

On TV watched the big parade in Hamilton, Ont., where a Saskatchewan team will play against the Hamilton "Ligers" for the Grey Cup tomorrow. A seemingly endless procession of bands, groups of strutting "majorettes" (pretty girls showing their legs in tights & mini-skirts) & "floats" of various sorts — it took 3 hours to pass the TV camera. The military & naval bands wore the uniforms of their units. The civilian bands (much more numerous) wore ~~the~~ garish rigs imported from the States — shakos with plumes, fancy jackets, trousers with a broad stripe down the outside of the legs, & white shoes; and they marched with the short quick-step of American bands in such parades, & with the same drills & gestures.

SUNDAY, DEC. 3/72 The wind sprang up from SW, putting the temp. up to 54° with a threat of rain. My Mahone Bay sisters, Nellie Cassidy & Hilda Bayet, motored over here this afternoon with Hilda's husband Ted Bayet. They dined with us, & returned to Mahone Bay in the evening. Nellie & Ted have been plagued with illness, so we have seen little of each other during the past summer & fall. Nellie, now in her 73rd year, suffers severely from an arthritic condition, especially in her right arm, which at times is semi-paralyzed. She has

to go to the Lunenburg hospital every day for a shot of cortisone in the right shoulder. Ted Bayer, age about 71, has a severe case of asthma. He nearly died of it last summer, & spent 3 weeks in hospital. Now he has to carry about with him an electric fan-vapour apparatus (it looks like a small vacuum cleaner) & every 4 hours he has to put a salt-&-water solution in the machine, stuff a small towel in his mouth, & inhale the saline vapour entirely through his nose for ten minutes or so. This does not cramp his style, though. By nature he is boisterous & talkative, & his conversational voice is close to a shout, so between spells at the machine our little welkin rang.

What a lot of old crocks we are! Hilda is far the youngest, in her 59th year, a short roly-poly figure, & so far has none of the physical or mental handicaps that afflict the rest of us. In spite of all our ailments we are a cheerful crew, & the time passed pleasantly.

MONDAY, DEC. 4, 1972 Sunny, light W breeze, temp. at noon 30°. I played 18 holes at White Point & except for a small flock of snow buntings I had the course to myself. Although frozen, the course is as green as in summer.

News:- The President of Éire, Éamon de Valera, who led the Sinn Fein (progenitors of the I.R.A.) in the guerilla war against British troops in the early 1920's, yesterday signed a decree giving the government of Prime Minister Lynch full power to suppress the I.R.A. in the republic.

Local news:- Our errant doctor & M.P.P. for Queens County, who has been living & working in British Columbia since last June, turned up here this weekend to clear out his office & wind up his medical practice. Also to attend a meeting of Conservatives, who voted "confidence" in his re-election of the Queens County seat in absentia for the remainder of the current legislature. (Leader of the N.S. Conservative party, Buchanan, persuaded the doctor (Floyd Macdonald) to do this, rather than risk a by-election.) Macdonald gave various weak excuses for his removal to B.C. The real reason, well known to everybody here, is an amour with a nurse at the Queens County General Hospital, ~~she~~ who left

her husband & turned up in B.C. shortly before the doctor went there. His own wife divorced him two or three years ago. An editorial column in this morning's Chronicle-Herald attacks the doctor for his political irresponsibility, & says "we suggest he has a moral obligation to resign & clear the way for the election of someone else".

TUESDAY, DEC. 5, 1972 A snowstorm began in the night at temp. 20° & continued until about 3 p.m., when the temp. got up to 40° & the stuff changed to a drizzle of rain. About 8" on the ground. I shoveled out the street drain, my front walk, & most of the driveway, & got drenched to the skin.

THURSDAY, DEC. 7/72 The sun emerged from the clouds in a weak & wan fashion this afternoon, & I put on a pair of thick rubber-soled boots & walked around the golf course — very soggy, & pools in many places.

FRIDAY, DEC. 8/72 Fine & cold. Some time ago a Miss Alice Hale, of the Atlantic Institute of ~~Deaf~~ Education, which has an office in Hfx., wrote asking permission to bring three Dartmouth students for an interview, to be recorded. I replied Yes & invited them to lunch. They arrived shortly before noon. I fed them sandwiches & tea, & then we did the interview — the three girls asking questions, & Miss Hale remaining quiet in the background. She told me this is the first of a series of such interviews with Maritime authors, all in the context of a new curriculum in Canadian literature.

MONDAY, DEC. 11/72 Wind & rain for the past two days — & today. Tonight the CBC ran an hour-long TV show about "Grey Owl", including many film clips of old movies taken by the Dept. of Northern Affairs in the 1930's, showing "Grey Owl" with beavers, with "Astahares", alone paddling a canoe, alone on snowshoes. The text was written by Léonard Dickson, with aid from my student visitor Donald Smith. Like Smith's own address to an Ontario historical society last year, it was literally and figuratively a "snow job", making only slight mention of "Grey Owl's" seduction & abandonment of Indian as well as white women, no mention of his fakery as a soldier, no mention of his sojourn with the Micmacs in Nova Scotia. And like Smith's essay it played up "Grey Owl" as a great & sincere conservationist.

who almost single-handed saved the beaver from extinction in Canada, etc. No mention of the Dept of Northern Affairs, which had been working hard at conservation of wild life long before Archie Belaney got into the act - including restoration of the beaver - & long after he dropped out of it.

News: - Another U.S. rocket crew landed on the moon today - "Apollo 17", & U.S. officials say it may be the last manned moon-shot for a long time to come.

TUESDAY, DEC. 12/72 A bleak day, temp. 20°, with specks of snow. Drove to Hants Point Wharf in late afternoon to get 20 lbs. lobsters (half for the Austin Parkers, half for us) from fisherman Harry Doggett, just back from hauling his traps. The price is \$1.50 per lb - the highest it has ever been - & it goes up every day. The stormy weather, the small catch so far, have shaved up the price. I got home half frozen from standing about the wharf in the cold breeze.

WEDNESDAY, DEC. 13/72 Awoke about 4 a.m. with a fit of coughing & a miserable malaise. Got up at 7:30, went down stairs & made the coffee for breakfast as usual, but couldn't eat; drank one cup of coffee & went back to bed. All my bones ached, & my hands & feet were icy cold, despite the warmth of an electric blanket. These are typical symptoms of an oncoming attack of influenza (or pneumonia in my experience) but I had no fever & no nasal flow. E. brought me a bowl of soup at noon. I got up in the afternoon, wrapped in a heavy dressing gown, & watched TV dozily all evening. By that time warmth had returned to my hands & feet & the ache had gone from my bones, though I still felt unwell. E. suggested that I might have what is called "the 24-hour 'flu'".

THURSDAY, DEC. 14/72 Cold but sunny. Arose this morning feeling a bit weak but otherwise normal. Got the car out & went downtown to shop & get the mail. My neighbours, the Anderssons, have been away most of the past month, & I get their mail daily & check their house locks & the indoor temperature. This morning I found the temp. down to 45° & the oil furnace cold. I checked the oil tank, which was half full. Although I've had an automatic oil furnace for more than

22 years I don't know anything about the intricate electric gadgets that control them, so I phoned Edwin Parker & he came at once. He began where I did, at the fuel tank, & checked the oil valves, the furnace itself, & finally checked the electric wiring right back to the main household switch & fuse box — which we should have checked in the first place. The box contained an array of small fuses, one of which had blown. We put in another, & the furnace sprung to life.

This afternoon I drove with E. to Hunts Point, & bought a small 5' spruce tree for Christmas, price \$1.00.

SATURDAY, DEC. 16, 1972 Faithfully following the pattern of the stormiest autumn in many years, a violent sea-gale began last night, & by morning snow was blowing with it. About 3 p.m. the wind hauled to the south, the temp. came up from 20° to 40°, & a fine rain saturated (but did not melt) the snow. The weather bureau warned that the gale would spring up again from the west, with gusts up to 70 m.p.h., & freezing temperatures. So every householder turned up with a shovel to clear his driveway & walk & drains before the freeze-up. As usual, after I got my street gutter & drains cleared, the street plow came along & heaped a mass of packed slush over them, & I had it all to do again. My driveway had snow knee-deep against the side-door, all heavy shoveling. About 4 p.m. Austin & Vera Parker invited us & our neighbors Capt. Victor Jeans & wife to come up for drinks & a chat. Jeans, who is marine superintendent & harbour pilot for Mercy Paper Co. said there were two big ships outside, one an oil tanker, the other a paper carrier, riding out the storm. It was impossible to bring them in & dock them, as they have to swing at an angle of almost 45° to make the dock from the fairway, & the seas are breaking right over the breakwater at Brooklyn. By 9 p.m. the gale did spring up again from NW, tearing at the trees & roofs, & dumping several inches more snow, with temp. down to 20° again.

Most of our Christmas cards have arrived, with scribbled messages from friends we have not seen in years.

The Municipality of Queens sent every owner of land along the sea shore a very different Christmas message, a

terrific jump in assessment for taxes. Parker & Jeans both spoke of huge increases on their summer cottages at Port Joli & Summerville. My little plot of land at Moose Harbour, denuded by a forest fire nearly 20 years ago, which destroyed my cabin & killed all the trees, is now a patch of rocks & stumps. It has no beach in front of it, just a lot of sea-washed boulders. The tax assessment has been \$75. The new assessment is \$500.

SUNDAY, DEC. 17, 1972 Temp. 18°, strong NW wind, & flurries of snow all day. Capt. Jeans & wife invited C. & me, & Capt. Charles Williams & wife, to luncheon today - the food all prepared by Jeans himself, the pièce-de-résistance being an old-fashioned hot meat pie with light & fluffy pastry around & over it. He mentioned that the freighter waiting outside Liverpool is a South American, & she is to load paper here for Guayaquil (Ecuador) & Callao (Peru).

MONDAY, DEC. 18/72 Same weather. Our friends Austin & Vera Parker left for Hfa. this afternoon. They are flying to the States, to spend the next two or three weeks with son Douglas in Connecticut, & son Jim in Tennessee. Austin turned over the keys to his house, & his post office box, & asked me to get his mail & to check the house & furnace from time to time.

News: - Washington announced that peace negotiations with North Vietnam have broken down, & heavy bombing of Hanoi & other strategic centres has been resumed by U.S. naval & land aircraft, & by the strongly beefed-up air force of South Vietnam. For many weeks the newspapers, magazines, & TV news shows, have shown President Nixon's special peace negotiator, Dr. Kissinger, flitting back & forth between Washington, Paris, Saigon, etc. Kissinger is of German birth & speaks with a Teutonic accent. His hair is like a cap of tight little curls, & he wears a perpetual grin or smirk that won't rub off. Last October, when the presidential election campaign was in full cry, he & Nixon announced that peace with North Vietnam was now assured, & only a few details remained to be settled. Nixon's opponent, McGovern, reminded the U.S.

public that this was the same empty promise Nixon had given in the previous election campaign - "Peace soon, on honourable terms". Nobody listened.

TUESDAY, DEC 19, 1972 A pleasant winter day, calm, snow falling at intervals, & some sunshine. Temp. 12° last night, 20 at noon. At 5:30 E. & I attended a cocktail party at Douglas & Phyllis Toyer's house, Fort Point. News:- The three American astronauts in the rocket-ship "Apollo 17" splashed down safely near Samoa today, & tonight we saw colour TV movies of the men emerging, & then being "landed" by helicopter on the deck of an aircraft carrier.

THURSDAY, DEC 21/72 Same weather. A little snow every day for the past six days. I brought the Christmas tree indoors, fixed it in the metal stand, & rigged the coloured electric lights. E. hung the ornaments. Most of our neighbours in the upper part of Park Street are away to visit sons or daughters for Christmas - the Parkers, Andersens, Nickersons, & Johnsons.

My niece, Carol Paisley (my sister Nellie's daughter) made a surprise telephone call this afternoon from a booth on Main Street. She & husband John Paisley (a Commander in the U.S. Naval Air Force) & family had driven up here from Norfolk, Virginia, in their "camper" truck, & just paused to say Hello on their way to spend Christmas with Nellie at Mahone. This evening E. & I attended a cocktail party given by Milton & Eleanor Green at their house on Church Street. He has been promoted to be manager of Bowater's paper mill at Corner Brook, Nfld., a much bigger mill than Mervay, now running full time. He has been the most popular manager of the Mervay mill since it was built 43 years & several managers ago, & he & his family will be missed very much.

A circular letter from the retiring minister of Zion United Church sets forth the church program for the next six months. The new minister, a Mr. Sitos, cannot get here till next June. In the meantime the Zion folk will join in service with the Anglicans of Trinity Church. This could be one more step in the ecumenical movement which I think most church people desire. Zion is in a bad way financially, & poorly attended like so many churches nowadays. I sent the treasurer my annual contribution a

few days ago - one cheque for the lot, instead of cash in weekly envelopes which one is supposed to put in the plate on Sundays. Except to pay my respects at an occasional funeral service I haven't gone to church for years.

FRIDAY, DEC. 22, 1972 A flood of rain last night & all today, making our icy streets so treacherous that I did not venture downtown, although I dug out the street drain & gutters, & made my daily inspection of the Andersens' & Taskers' doors & furnaces.

News:- The renewed furious air attacks by U.S. & South Vietnamese forces on North Vietnam are drawing the usual furious protests within & without the U.S.

Local U.S. news:- I forgot to note a week or two ago that the famous U.S. photo-magazine "Life" will cease publication at the end of this year. It was started by the proprietors of the (still successful) news magazine "Time" in 1936, & was enormously popular all over the world during World War Two and the turbulent years since. The proprietors say that "Life" was killed by competition from TV news-shows, & by the sharp increase in magazine postal costs in recent years. However, I think the main cause was something else - the increasingly quirky notions of the proprietors & staff, getting away from their original purpose, the sharp illustration of the world's news, & producing issues of the magazine largely devoted to (e.g.) medieval Italian art, or anthropological studies of remote New Guinea (or African etc) tribes, etc.

I subscribed eagerly soon after the opening of War Two, & kept up my subscription until the summer of 1971, when the contents had become thin & dull. Last Fall, on a special offer (23 weeks for \$3.87), I renewed my subscription. What will become of this I do not know.

SUNDAY, DEC. 24/72 A grey day, temp. 35°. The junior Raddells dined with us on lobster chowder, our now traditional Christmas Eve fare. The rains left an inch or two of snow on the ground, but the asphalt streets are bare.

MONDAY, Christmas Day. Mostly overcast. We opened our gift packages. C. wanted something practical, so I gave her an electric "deep fryer" for chicken, fish, etc. She gave

me pajamas & a light dressing gown. Bill & Franice, also practical, sent C. an electric broil, for steaks, etc. Other gifts of various kinds included European cheeses of several kinds, wines, etc.

Soon after noon we joined the junior Raddalls for dinner, again the traditional turkey, plum pudding, wine etc. Home about 2:30. Feeling the need of exercise I drove to Sommerville, walked the beach to the river, & returned along the railway track to get the shelter of the dunes against a raw easterly breeze.

WEDNESDAY, DEC 27, 1972 Overcast still, with a few snowflakes. Tonight on TV we saw pictures of the funeral of Harry Truman, former president of the U.S., who died Monday. He was eminently sensible, with a quick decisive mind, highly respected at home & abroad. Later in the evening we heard that Lester Pearson, former prime minister of Canada, had died of cancer. A successful diplomat, especially when representing Canada at the U.N., he proved to be an amiable but indecisive prime minister.

For my den I have bought a small portable radio, capable of picking up the Hfx. radio stations very well by daylight — but not at night, when the American stations come booming in — the old fault of our position on the coast. It also picks up short-wave stations — as far away as Moscow by night — & marine radiophone & telegraph, etc.

SUNDAY, DEC 31/72 Same weather but colder, temp. down to 10° or 15° above zero. Not one sunny day since Dec. 14. Last night a snowstorm began, & today I had to wade through the snow to check the temperatures of the Parker & Anderssen houses. No temptation to go outdoors these days, except for these neighbourly rounds, & walking to the post office, so I'm getting quite a bit of my memoirs typed. The 1940's were crowded years, with all kinds of contacts & experiences to record, & I have just got as far as the publication of "The Nymph & The Lamp", which as I realize now was the crest of my writing career, as it was of my life itself. There were good things after that, but none as good as "The Nymph" in 1950.

Tonight the snowfall changed to a spell of freezing

rain, & then just plain rain, a fitting end for a year of bad weather. The past autumn & early winter were especially wet & windy. With most of our old friends & neighbours away for the holidays, the upper end of Park Street was a cemetery of dark houses, & in the snow & slush there was very little passing traffic. Even the T.V. shows ~~were~~ were cheerless — an hour-long picture of Lester Pearson's funeral; another long show of clippings from his speeches & interviews going back 20 years or more, which have been shown more or less every evening since his death on Wednesday. In life he was a humorous & modest man, & I'm sure he would have deplored the whole thing.

MONDAY, JAN. 1, 1973 The storm changed to rain, with temp. up to 50°. I dug out the street gutter & drain to swallow some of the flood, & shoveled out my driveway, just in case the wind came around to NW & froze all the slush. However the temp. stayed high & the rain dissolved most of the snow by nightfall. Most of my lawn is bare, with the tuft still faintly green. We dined alone on roast turkey, & about 7 o'clock the junior Raddalls came in with birthday gifts for grandma, & joined us in a light dessert of liqueurs & fruit cake.

The great entertainment of the day was the regular TV spectacle on New Year's Day — the famous Rose Bowl Parade at Pasadena, California — 2½ hours of marching bands, flower floats, numerous troops of riders on beautiful palamino horses, pretty girls, etc. On our colour set it was all very lovely, & in great contrast to the rain & slush outside our windows.

News:— President Nixon ordered a cessation of the violent air bombing of North Vietnam, which has destroyed much of the city & port of Hanoi, & killed or injured thousands of civilian men, women & children, apart from military damage & casualties. To their part the North Vietnamese, ~~armed~~ armed with the latest Russian ground-to-air rocket missiles ("SAM's") & range finders, have shot down a lot of U.S. aircraft, including the enormous "B 52" bombers, which fly at such great heights that hitherto they have been immune. Washington isn't saying much, but obviously

the stubborn militarists who conduct this war from the Pentagon still hope to force the North Vietnamese to peace terms which will save the American "face" in Asia. On the other hand the stubborn militarists in Hanoi claim to have won the renewed air battle & forced the Americans to stop.

Other news: - British people slid quietly into the European commercial union today. Despite some reassuring double-talk by Prime Minister "Ted" Heath, aimed chiefly at Canada, Australia & New Zealand, the so-called British Commonwealth is now as dead as the old British Empire. It's everyone for himself, & Canada's profitable trade preference in Britain is gone forever. Henceforth we must deal with the European Common Market, where the competition will be very tough.

WEDNESDAY, JAN. 3, 1973 Temp. 18° above zero, with a stiff NW breeze. Mostly sunny. Today I filed official protest (6 copies of the document are required!) against the new assessment of my patch of barren land & swamp at Moose Harbour. The old assessment was \$75. The new one is \$500. The assessor, an arrogant young man, said the lot had "a big field". I said it had none, & he said he would go with me this afternoon & look at the place. He failed to turn up.

When the Austin Parkers went away before Christmas they turned on the light at the back of the house. Yesterday on my daily check I found the light burned out, so I legged up a ladder & replaced the bulb. The Andersens have returned, so that part of my daily round is finished.

News from Halifax: - another famous landmark is being demolished to make way for a modern structure. It is the old stone Chronicle Building on Prince St., facing Joe Howe's statue & the legislature, for many years the home of the "Morning Chronicle" and "Daily Echo", organs of Liberal Party views. These newspapers were "sold up the hill" to the Conservative "Halifax Herald" and "Evening Mail" in December 1948. The old building has been used since for additional office space by a neighbouring trust company.

THURSDAY, JAN. 4, 1973

A snowstorm began this afternoon, turned to rain in the night, washing most of the snow away.

Shopping today for groceries, we got 3 small bags of sunflower seed impossible to procure here until now.

I set out my big wooden bird-feeding tray (on top of the frozen bird-bath in the garden), with a plentiful supply of seeds — & not a single bird came. I suppose our regular customers (evening grosbeaks, goldfinches, chickadees) have looked from time to time this winter & written us off their books.

Owing to the continuous rough, wet, or cold weather, I have not been able to enjoy a long walk for nearly a month.

FRIDAY, JAN. 5/73 Same weather pattern. Icy streets this morning, then more snow, then more rain, & tonight more snow.

The Andersens returned home yesterday, & tonight invited us in for drinks & chat.

SATURDAY, JAN. 6/73 Temp. 10° above zero, with a blasting N.W. gale & some squalls of snow. Walked to the post office, & checked the Parkes house. Brushed the snow off my bird tray, put out some more sunflower seed, & got my first customers, a pair of goldfinches, which stayed there nibbling until dusk. Wrote several letters, catching up on my correspondence. Dalhousie U. wants me again to be one of the judges of prose & poetry for the Dennis Memorial Prizes. (Under the Dennis terms of reference one of the three judges must be a professional author). In practice the others are invariably professors of English at two of the Nova Scotian universities. I found in the past that I could get along pretty well with the professors on prose submissions, but not on the so-called poetry which makes up most of the papers. Usually one of the professors saw great qualities in stuff that I called drivel, the other seemed doubtful but cast his vote eventually for the drivel, & the drivel got a prize. So today I wrote, pointing out my difficulty in making long car drives, & suggesting that they get a judge capable of meeting personally with the others for discussion, & not by letter or phone.

Another demand came from the Heritage Trust of N.S., whose headquarters are at Halifax. Last year they published

a paperback volume called "Seasoned Timbers," with photos of old houses on the Valley route from Hfx. to Yarmouth, & text giving interior & exterior architectural details, & complete histories of each house, from the builder to the present occupant. A very good & interesting book. Now they propose a book covering the shore route, & want me to undertake the Liverpool area. I replied that I know only a little about architecture, and only approximate building dates for colonial houses here, except in a few cases - like the Perkins house. I suggested that they secure the services of Eric Millard, retired town engineer of Liverpool & a professional surveyor, with years of experience in examining houses & in title searches in the Records office.

SUNDAY, JAN. 7, 1973 Same weather. Indoors all day except to check the Parker house. Some sort of muscular spasm gave me severe pain in the middle of my back, just below the shoulder blades, & continued all day. Even the touch of a chair-back was painful, so I spent much of the afternoon tramping up & down my den, reading over my memoirs, & then an hour or two at "Scrabble" with C. The two goldfinches returned to my feeding tray, also 3 or 4 chickadees & two greedy blue-jays. No sign of the grosbeaks, usually our chief customers.

MONDAY, JAN. 8/73 Same weather. My back improved. Walked to the post office in the morning, & to Town Hall in the afternoon to pay my (& the Parkers') electric + water + sewer + garbage bill.

The same customers at my bird tray, except that 4 or 5 blue jays drove the others off, from time to time. Tonight the temp. is 4° above zero.

TUESDAY, JAN. 9/73 Same weather. Our friends the Austin Parkers got home by car from Halifax airport at 10:30 p.m. I had turned up their furnace thermostat & switched on lights downstair.

WEDNESDAY, JAN. 10/73 Same weather. A note from my sister Nellie Cassidy at Mahone. She is leaving about the end of this month & will stay with daughter Carol & family at Norfolk, Virginia, returning to her Mahone house in June. Letter from Professor James Gray, Dalhousie U., re the Dennis literary awards. It will not be necessary for me to attend discussions. The other judges are Prof John Snyder of St. Mary's, & Paul McIsaac of Mount St. Vincent. McIsaac is chairman & will get in

touch with me. Phone call from ~~CTV~~, Toronto. One of their people wants to tape an interview with me about nautical history in Nova Scotia, later this month. "Ron Kelly will get in touch". Agreed.

THURSDAY, JAN 11, 1973 Temp. crept up to 24° & we had about an inch of fluffy snow. I received notice from the Municipality of Queens that, in view of my protest, the new assessment of my patch of shore at Moose Harbour will be \$350 instead of \$500. Hector Macleod, who owns the bit of shore adjoining, had his reduced by about the same proportion, but will not protest further, feeling it is of no use. There is a great anger among property owners all along the coast about these large & arbitrary increases of tax assessment, however.

I had a phone call tonight from Professor Devendra P. Varma, of the Dept. of English, Dalhousie U. He is the very erudite native of India whose specialty is the Gothic novels of the 18th century. In May 1966 he came to me bubbling over with an idea of writing a two-volume work about me and my publications. At that time he had scarcely been outside of Halifax, and knew absolutely nothing about Nova Scotia, its history or its people. I was polite, but I did not encourage him, & I have not heard from him in a long time.

Now he is very anxious for me ("as the leading author of Nova Scotia") to come to Hfx. on Jan. 20th, as he wishes to introduce me to Raymond McNally and Radu Florescu (American & Rumanian authors) who have recently published a book called "In Search of Dracula: a true history of Dracula and vampire legends." He still knows so little about Nova Scotia that I had to explain that it wasn't just a matter of jumping into my car & driving around a corner, that in fact it meant a round trip over icy roads for 200 miles, which, I couldn't undertake. My own life & works are anything but Gothic, so I can't understand why I should be interested in Dracula, or for that matter why Varma should be interested in me.

SUNDAY, JAN. 15, 1973

Temp. 2° above zero last night. This morning G. demanded that I thaw out the car because we had to attend a farewell cocktail party for the Greens, at the house of Dr. (dentist) Charles Mackintosh - a distance of about 250 yards. I protested, but that was no good. We drove there shortly after noon & chatted with old friends till 1:30, when I drove around the corner & home. By that time the breeze was around to SW & the temp. up to 31° ; the first let-up in days of low temperatures & high NW winds. I changed to walking clothes, drove to Summerville Beach, & walked to Broad River & back. The first time I have been able to take a good walk since Dec. 7. The weather has been too cold or stormy, or the footing too icy, for anything more than a walk to the post office.

MONDAY, JAN. 16/73

Mild. Temp. 40° . The snow now is very thin on the ground. Had another afternoon walk at Summerville under a black sky, but no rain fell. My skillful neighbour Erik Andersen undertook to repair my swivel chair, which I use at the typewriter desk. The metal legs fractured & spread apart a couple of weeks ago, after nearly 10 years' service. John Leeje dropped in for a chat. I have got my memoirs as far as 1954, when my career & reputation as a writer were at their peak. The 40's & 50's were the crowded years, with so much to record.

TUESDAY, JAN. 17/73

A beautiful day, sunny, a light W. breeze, temp. 40° . This afternoon, for this time this winter, I was able to walk along Summerville beach & sit in the sun in the sheltered nook by the railway bridge for half an hour. I then drove to the golf course, found it about 95% bare of snow & ice, & walked around seven fairways on the turf.

At home, no winter birds have yet appeared except half a dozen goldfinches & occasional blue jays. Most of the sunflower seed lies untouched on the tray.

WEDNESDAY, JAN. 17/73

Overcast, temp. 40° . Donald Cameron, Ron Kelly, & two TV camera-men (see entry Jan. 10) arrived in Liverpool this evening, & the first two came to my house for an interview. The CTV network is making a

a series of TV interviews etc. illustrating the life of ordinary people in Canada from coast to coast, & the history of their environment. Cameron is the whilom professor of English who called on me with his wife & family in 1968. He was then on his way to take up a post at the University of New Brunswick. Afterwards he wrote articles about me for the Dalhousie Review, & for the Dec. 1971 issue of "~~the~~" Quill & Quire". The Q. & Q. article described Cameron as:- "An associate professor of English at U.N.B., co-editor of 'The Mysterious East', a writer of short stories and scholarly articles, a regular contributor to CBC radio."

Cameron has strongly left-wing views, socially & politically, & he contributes to small left-wing publications in New Brunswick ("The Mysterious East") and Nova Scotia ("The Fourth Estate"). He now makes his home among the Acadian fishermen at Arichat N.S. I hardly recognised him dark man, 40-ish, who called on me in '68. In addition to a black moustache drooping around the mouth corners, he has grown an enormous bush of hair in two shades, white on the crown & black on the sides.

Ron Kelly is a trim tall man, 40-ish, balding, a director of photography for CTV, a Canadian of cultured interests who lived for some years in Mexico or Spain.

We talked about the people of Liverpool & their background, & they asked me to accompany them & their camera crew tomorrow. I said I could in the morning, but I had promised to give an afternoon talk to a group of old men & ladies who call themselves "The Senior Citizens Club." Immediately they asked if they could photograph & record the session of the Club. I was doubtful, thinking that it might show the club (mostly old ladies, who entertain themselves by singing hymns & songs, & amateur theatricals, etc.) in a ridiculous light. However, I phoned the leaders of the club, & they were delighted.

THURSDAY, JAN 18/73

During the morning the TV crew photographed me at the old sawmill dam, Milton, talking about the first small 6 miles of the pioneers, & the development of prosperous lumber & shipbuilding industries in the next hundred years.

Again by the town parking lot, at the riverside, where I talked about the old cannon there, & the armed merchant ships and privateers of Liverpool, etc. I took them to see the old portraits in Town Hall, & the Perkins house etc., which they will photograph tomorrow. They had their cameras and powerful lights set up in the Lions' Club Community Centre on Gorham Street when I arrived there at 2:30 pm. About 30 or 40 people, largely female, well dressed & primped for the occasion. There were four young clergymen, who attend all the Club's meetings. The show opened with a hymn, sung heartily to the tune of a piano, & then I gave my talk, about the old & interesting houses & scenes about the town, & some light anecdotes. Afterwards Kelly asked what was my fee for assisting him & his crew. I said I didn't charge a fee for showing anyone my town. In the evening a florist came to our house with a dozen yellow roses & a card from Kelly, for C.

FRIDAY, JAN 19, 1973 A beautiful sunny day, light SW breeze, temp. rising to 58° in the sun. In the afternoon I enjoyed walking Summerside beach & the White Point golf course, & sat in the sun for half an hour. In the evening Kelly & Cameron called, briefly to offer thanks, (plus a bottle of cognac & another of rum) & say goodbye. Their crew had spent the day photographing at Town Hall, the Perkins house, Fort Point, etc., & they leave tomorrow morning for Annapolis, & then Fredericton. From past experience I know they will have difficulty in compressing their "takes" in the Maritimes into a one-hour show, & a lot of their film & tape will end on the cutting-room floor.

SATURDAY, JAN 20/73 Fog, then heavy rain, temp. 50°. President Nixon was inaugurated at Washington today, standing in a bullet-proof glass enclosure where the parade went past. Neither of the Canadian TV networks covered the affair, except for a brief extract in the regular news programs. About 11 pm. the temp. dropped to 20°, & a violent storm of wind & snow went on all night.

MONDAY, JAN. 22, 1973

Saturday night's snow was only a few inches & I had no trouble in shoveling out my driveway.

Today was calm & sunny, temp. 40°. Enjoyed a walk on Summerville beach, & on the way back had my car washed in the automatic machine at Wynn's service station, for the first time since November. Tom Jr. dropped in this evening for a chat. Our former physician Dr. Floyd Macdonald, who has been in B.C. since last summer, is in town for a few days. He remains M.P.P. for Queens, & apparently intends to take his seat in the legislature long enough to qualify for the sessional salary.

News:- Former U.S. president Lyndon Johnson is dead from a heart attack at age 64. He inherited the office (as vice-president) when President Kennedy was assassinated, & later was elected on his own. He inherited the Vietnam war from the Kennedy regime, & greatly increased the U.S. forces there on the advice of the Pentagon generals, who insisted that it was the only way to bring the war quickly to an end. When that failed he stopped the air bombing of North Vietnam & opened peace talks, with no better result. Within the U.S. he did more for the black people than any president since Lincoln, yet his reward was a great outburst of black rioting & burning, some of it right in Washington. At the end of his elected term he retired to his ranch in Texas.

TUESDAY, JAN. 23/73 A flood of rain last night & this morning again removed most of the snow. This afternoon I had another phone call from Maurice Singer. (see Oct. 30) This time he said he & his Columbia Pictures associates had drawn up a tentative budget of \$1,800,000 for a production of "The Nymph & The Lamp", & they had good hope of interesting Richard Burton in the part of "Matthew", Robert Redford in the part of "Skane", & ~~Glenda~~ Jackson in the part of "Isabel". This was to convince me that he intended a first rate production of my story. I had heard this sort of thing before, of course, from the shifty John Rich & others, so

I was not impressed. I said my price was still \$35,000. After some more talk he offered me \$20,000 plus 2% of the profit on the picture. I insisted on 4%, & finally he agreed. He will draw up an option on that basis, the option to run 18 months & the option fee to be \$1,000. If, at the end of 18 months he wishes to renew the option, he can do so for 12 months at a further fee of \$1,000.

~~WEDNESDAY~~ At 11 p.m. we saw & heard President Nixon on TV making an announcement to the U.S. people. He said representatives of the United States, of South Vietnam, & of North Vietnam, had come to an agreement to end the war at midnight on Saturday Jan. 27th. All U.S. troops are to be withdrawn from South East Asia within 60 days thereafter. All U.S. prisoners in North Vietnam (there are about 587) are to be released within 60 days thereafter. The people of South Vietnam are to be given an opportunity to elect a government of their own choice.

Mrs. Nixon called it "a peace with honour".

I think it would be more realistic to call it a truce, until the Vietnamese north & south, have proven their good faith. If it is truly a permanent peace, it is a great blessing to everyone concerned - & that means the whole world.

Wednesday, JAN. 24/73 The sun came out this afternoon & I drove with E. to Summerville. E. walked some distance on the beach with me & then turned back to the car. I went on to the Broad River bridge, & sat for a time in the sun.

News:- Contrary to everybody's expectations, the stock markets in the U.S. & Canada have dropped sharply with news of peace, just as they did after the news of peace in Korea in September 1953.

Friday, JAN. 26/73 Temp. 30° at noon, & sunny. I walked the beach at Summerville. Mrs. Marion Mack, curator of the Perkins house, which is closed up for the winter, visits the house with the handyman, Arthur Jarvis, on Tuesdays & Fridays. On Tuesday afternoon everything was O.K. This morning they found that thieves had broken in, probably late on Tuesday night when a great storm of wind & rain made good cover. They had driven a car or light truck to the

back of the house (the tire marks were in the turf), forced the back door of the museum, & taken three or four old flintlock muskets in excellent shape & condition. Leather straps which secured the muskets in a rack had been cut with a sharp knife. Nothing else was disturbed. The thieves knew exactly what they wanted, & exactly where it was.

A police (town) constable called at my house this evening & asked for a description of the guns. I told him what I could, but of course I had no exact description of each gun, & there were no serial numbers etc. in the time they were made. I showed him my own flintlock musket so he would see what they looked like. A beefy young man of small intelligence & poor grammar, he showed no interest in the gun. He was interested only in my father's army revolver, which hangs on my wall near my other guns.

However, the R.C.M.P. are interested in the case, & sent down some special investigators & a tracking dog. This is just the latest (& smallest) of a succession of nocturnal raids this winter, carried out by a gang of bold & skillful thieves. Mrs. Madge Sherman, an elderly widow living alone near Summerville, spent a weekend in Liverpool with friends. When she returned, her bungalow had been robbed of much furniture, as well as bric-a-brac. Then, in spite of bright floodlights on the riverside parking ground, the Canadian Legion building was robbed of about \$1,000.00 worth of booze in the bar — the second time this has been done.

SATURDAY, JAN. 27, 1973 A calm sunny day, temp. 40°. This afternoon I walked Summerville Beach with C, & sat about 20 minutes, warm in the sunshine at the railway bridge. Several others enjoying the walk & the sunshine. On the way home, we called on the junior Raddalls, who were putting up their shore house. Then I drove to White Point & walked around the golf course.

MONDAY, JAN. 29/73 A grey day, bleak east wind, but still no snow. Capt. Charles Williams, Fort Point, is 70 today, & on Friday he goes to hospital in Hfa. for a prostate gland operation. So tonight he & his wife gave a party & invited all their friends — a buzzing house-full. Charlie was the busiest & liveliest man there.

WEDNESDAY, JAN. 31, 1973.

Very cold, with a gusty NW & squalls of snow.

Started my car engine with the electric heater & made our weekly trip to the supermarket for meat & groceries. Tonight Col. Robert Kirkpatrick, newly elected president of the Queens County Historical Society, met with John Legge & myself at Legge's new house on Cobb's Ridge, for an informal discussion of plans for 1973. Foremost problem is the museum in the Perkins House, which has suffered several sneak-thefts in the past 2 or 3 years, & lately an outright burglary. To make it burglar-proof would require massive doors & locks, iron bars over the windows, etc., which would make it resemble a small prison. To prevent sneak thefts would mean keeping a capable & vigilant attendant in the museum every minute of every day during the 5 months (May 15 - Oct 15) the museum is open to the public. Our Society cannot afford such expense; & the government, which already maintains 3 women guides & a caretaker during the summer season in the house itself, will not undertake care of the museum in the fall, as the museum is the property & responsibility of the Society.

THURSDAY, FEB. 1/73

Temp exactly zero last night. Rose to 20° today, with bright sunshine. My barometer showed 30.8. I have rarely seen it higher. This afternoon I got Dr. Frank Bell to look at a strange wart-like growth in my right nostril. It started with a small nick from my razor about 8 or 10 months ago. I was shaving too close to the mouth of the nostril. The nick healed but left a slight lump, which I soon cut again. I have cut it four or five times, & each time it grows bigger; about $\frac{1}{4}$ " long now, with a sort of dirty-cream colour, as if I hadn't been careful in blowing my nose. Frank called it "a horny growth", not malignant, & he snipped away some of it & put a drop of acid on the stump. I am to see him again in 5 or 6 days' time. He thinks it may have to be "burned out".

Whynot filled my furnace oil tanks today. The price is 27 cents per gallon, a jump of 2¢ since the last filling in December. In December 1967 it was 19½¢.

SATURDAY, FEB. 3/73

Our winter continues its game of up-&-down the thermometer. Last night & today a gale of rain, temp. 50°. It took away the last vestige of snow.

As usual I wrote a few pages of memoirs, played

Scrabble, read, & watched the more interesting TV shows.

MONDAY, FEB. 5, 1973 Sunny, temp. 40°, NW breeze. For the first time since Jan. 27 the conditions were right for a walk on Summerville beach, & I sat for a time in the sun by the railway bridge. My bird tray has the same customers—8 or 10 goldfinches, 6 or more chickadees, occasional juncos & English sparrows & white-throats. No grosbeaks have appeared so far this winter.

FRIDAY, FEB. 9/73 Overcast, frequent drizzle, temp. 40°, for the past several days. The ground remains bare, & free of frost. For the first time this winter, a flock of 25 or 30 evening grosbeaks came to my seed tray. Harry Paterson dropped in, to show me a brief but good account of the emergency organization set up in Liverpool during World War Two. Paterson was in charge of the medical arrangements, especially the 40 bed emergency hospital, which proved so useful when German submarines were torpedoing ships in the early months of 1942.

SATURDAY, FEB. 10/73 Sunny, calm. Temp. 10° above zero at 8 a.m., rising to 25° at noon. Enjoying walking at Summerville Beach & around the golf course.

SUNDAY, FEB. 11/73 A blizzard struck in the night & raged all day & tonight, the first big snowstorm of the winter. A similar storm hit the southern States yesterday & dumped more than a foot of snow in Virginia, the Carolinas & Georgia — almost to the Florida boundary, something almost unheard of before.

Our street snowplow threw a breast-deep bank across our front, & I had to struggle through it to check the furnace of our Andersen neighbours, who are away again. Otherwise we spent the day cozily with our books & TV, & the Scrabble board.

MONDAY, FEB. 12/73 The wind diminished, but a light powdery snow continued, with intervals of freezing rain, & showers of ice pellets, just to make everything perfect. I laboured a couple of hours this morning & again (after a rest) in the afternoon, digging out my walks & driveway. The snow is anywhere from knee deep to waist deep, & with the icy crust it was heavy work. Also I dug a path from

the street to the Anderssen house, & checked their furnace heat.

All over Nova Scotia the schools etc. are closed, air & road traffic paralyzed, & so on. I cleared off my bird tray & put out plenty of sunflower seeds. About 15 goldfinches came, & a few juncos, chickadees, English sparrows, 2 blue jays & a lone siskin.

WEDNESDAY, FEB. 14, 1973 Snow squalls & spots of sun. Weather forecast says snow tomorrow afternoon & then rain, so I dug out the street drain, which the snow plough had buried under a wall of packed & frozen snow.

C.'s mental condition (see Aug. 11, Aug. 13, Sep. 27, Sep. 28, 1972) has stabilized since she got the prescription for tranquilizing pills on Sep. 28/72. She takes these through the day, & second before going to bed. The psycho-somatic pains which crippled her legs & sent her to hospital in Hfx. a year or two ago have disappeared, & when she chooses (if my car is not available) she walks to the post office, the dress shops, or to Tom's apartment at Fort Point.

This evening, in the course of a casual after-dinner conversation, she suddenly accused my oldest friend, (a happily married man of spotless character, whom I have known for 40 years) of a sexual affair some years ago, in his office, with a then notorious woman, a most unlovely person with nymphomaniac tendencies that made her a town joke. It was like the sudden outburst of May 21, 1970, except that this time my friend, & not I, was the victim.

THURSDAY, FEB. 15/73 My neighbour Erik Andersson & wife got home today from a sojourn in Kentville, & I helped him to dig out his driveway - hard work for two hours. A freezing rain was falling & our clothes were crackling with ice when we finished. In the evening the temp. rose to 40°, & there was just plain rain for a time.

SATURDAY, FEB. 17/73 Very cold weather. Today 5° above zero, with strong NW wind. These days, especially with the slippery footing, a walk to the post office is enough.

News:- As the provincial assembly is now sitting, the first 2 or 3 pages of the Hfx. newspaper are covered with the usual bickering of the politicians. Two days ago, however, there was something much more lively. Two members

from Cape Breton, Paul MacEwan (National Democratic Party) and Dr. "Mike" Laffin (Conservative) got into an altercation over the water supply at New Waterford, & Laffin walked to MacEwan's desk & smote him several times in the face with his fist. This is customary in argument in Cape Breton, but the first time it has ever been seen on the floor of the House. The Rules & Privileges Committee has suspended Laffin from sitting in the House for 14 days, & ordered him to apologize to the House & to MacEwan.

In the big world beyond our little provincial flurries, American prisoners of war are returning by air from Vietnam, some after as much as 8 years in small isolated camps. The TV shows them to be in good physical condition compared with the haggard & gaunt POW's now being exchanged by the rival armies of Vietnamese.

Strangely, in view of the American withdrawal from the costly Vietnam war, the value of the U.S. dollar is still falling sharply in Europe & Japan, & the U.S. financial authorities are apparently content to let it "float". The Americans have something else to worry about; an increasing shortage of fuel oil, & increasing prices on the oil imported from the Persian Gulf & elsewhere. The huge oil discoveries in Alaska & the Canadian North West remain unused because of the enormous cost of getting the oil to market.

SUNDAY, FEB. 18/73. Sunny but windy & cold. Owing to a fly epidemic the local hospital was closed to visitors for the past 2 or 3 weeks. During that time two of my old companions in the woods have been confined there:- Roy Gordon, aged 84, for a bowel operation, & Hector Dunlap, aged 73, with emphysema. Gordon returned home before the ban was lifted, & he is now out & about, as spry as a cricket. I walked up to the hospital today & had a chat with Dunlap. He is quite cheerful, with plenty of visitors, & a (smuggled) tot of rum every evening. Another old friend, Capt. Charlie Williams, ~~had~~ has returned very spry (he was shoveling snow after the last storm), after a prostate gland operation at Halifax.

MONDAY, FEB. 19, 1973 A pleasant morning, sunny, temp. 35°. The sky had clouded, with a bleak W. breeze, when I walked on the beach at Summerside in the afternoon. My first good walk since Feb. 10.

E. has a cold, with intestinal complications, & spent most of the day in bed.

News:- Tonight at Ottawa finance minister Turner read his new budget. Chief points were:- sharp decrease of income tax, increase of tax-exempt income in the lowest earnings, increase of old age pension (formerly \$82 a month, now \$100), large new expenditures to increase employment. All of which were obviously forced upon the Trudeau govt. by the small but commanding bloc of NDP members led by David Lewis. Mr. Stanfield, head of the Conservative opposition, had foreseen this, & had been advocating some of these very things. So Stanfield now claims the Liberals have stolen his ideas, & Lewis looks & talks very smugly, as well he might. The ironical side of all this, is that if the Liberals had announced these radical changes in financial policy a year ago they would have won last Fall's election & got all the credit.

WEDNESDAY, FEB. 21/73 Mild (40°) with some light rain.

E. slowly recovering from her ailment, & dragging herself about. Historical Society meeting tonight. John Leefe & I are on the Museum Committee, with the problem of stopping the persistent thefts, without funds to hire guards.

FRIDAY, FEB. 23/73 Snow fell last night & today in big soft flakes, amounting to 8 or 10 inches this afternoon, when I shoveled it off my driveway & front walk, a laborious two hours. E. is much better physically, & goes about her household chores.

I tap away at my memoirs, all from my diaries, & have got to the year 1961.

SATURDAY, FEB. 24/73 A thin snow falling at intervals, with some glints of pale sun. Temp. 40°! This afternoon I scraped an inch of slush off my walk & driveway, lest it freeze there in the night. Sure enough the temp. dropped to 21°.

SUNDAY, FEB. 25/73 Sunny, windy, cold. My neighbours, the Andersens, have been away for some days, & their driveway

had about 8 inches of hard snow & a great barrier pushed across the entrance by the street plough, so I spent about 2 hours this afternoon shoveling it all away.

They got home about 9 p.m.

I noted that the sun set today a little north of West, always a welcome sign that spring is on the way, although we shall have plenty of winter weather yet.

MONDAY, FEB. 26, 1973 Sunny & cold. NW. breeze. Walked at Summerville Beach. No birds at my tray for the past 3 days.

TUESDAY, FEB. 27/73 Sunny & cold (temp. zero at 8 a.m.)

This evening, at a request by phone, Bob Kirkpatrick & I represented the Historical Society at a meeting of some senior high school students in Town Hall. We weren't told what it was about beforehand. There were 4 young women who smoked cigarettes continuously & had little or nothing to say, though they looked at each other & giggled faintly, with side glances at the two old fogeys. There were 3 young men, none of whom smoked, curiously enough. One was clean-shaven & had trim short hair. One had a short black beard & long black hair trimmed with what we used to call a "Dutch cut" many years ago. The third was a lean youth named Dan Floyd, from Milton, who had the most to say, although that was not much. He wore glasses, had blondish hair to his shoulders, a thin straggle of facial hairs, & about an equal number of pimples. He showed me a hand-written treatise of his own, headed "Opportunities for Youth", & apparently what the meeting was all about. It stated that the young people in this area must have a "cultural centre", with appropriate buildings & equipment for

(a) A shop where various kinds of handicraft could be gathered & sold.

(b) Art classes.

(c) Drama classes, with theatrical facilities.

(d) Handicraft classes.

(e) Music

(f) Dance

(g) Preservation of historic buildings.

The last was obviously an after-thought, but important because it offered an immediate means of getting



