CANADIAN AUTHOR AND BOOKMAN, Sept. 1944

Raddall of the Maritimes

H. Washington Tyler

I HAVE never met Thomas H. Raddall, author of that excellent book of short stories of Canadian life, **The Pied Piper of Dipper Creek**, which won the 1944 Governor General's Literary Award for fiction, but I have known him, in a literary sense, for over twenty eight years. One doesn't have to meet people to know them, you know; often quite the reverse!

Our letter of introduction was one written by him as a boy of eleven, so overwhelmingly enthusiastic and exuberant in tone, that a remark was lightly made at the time: "If that boy doesn't turn out a writer, I'll eat my hat." No holding back a natural talent like that, it just flowed spontaneously as soon as pen touched paper.

England sired him, at Hythe, near Folkstone, in beautiful Kent. And he got away to a bad start, for it was Friday, November 13, 1904. But when the family, including an older and younger sister, left England in 1915, because of his father's transfer from the School of Musketry at Hythe, to the Military at Halifax, young Tom was still tender enough in years to be easily transplanted. He took root quickly. His young, eagerly receptive mind sopped up knowledge like a sponge. Canada and its history immediately cast its spell over him.

His teacher at Chebucto Road school, Miss Emma Theakston, found him an extremely interesting pupil, most alert and outstanding. His essays were so well written, that her mother used to ask particularly for her to bring them home, that she might read them. The Raddalls were a nice family she thought. While shopping in a store where the clerk happened to be an old pupil, mention was made of Thomas Raddall winning the Literary Award, at which a man standing near by, said: "Raddall — did I hear the name Raddall?" On explaining, the man remarked: "I was present when his father was killed. I was wounded at the same time." A strange coincidence by which to introduce the fact that Thomas H. Raddall's father died a hero's death in August 1918, while fighting with the First Canadian Contingent overseas.

The teacher kept in touch with the family, and in a nice little letter from Thomas Raddall at the time of his marriage to Miss Edith Freeman, of Milton, near Liverpool, he wrote: "The latch of our door will always be left open for you."

His mother, Mrs. Ellen Raddall, is a permanent resident of Halifax, and has surely brought some of the sweetness of English nightingales away with her in her speaking voice. I first heard its soft sweet quality over the telephone, for I wanted to know if her son had written much poetry.

"He was always scribbling lines from when he was a little fellow" she said." "I have a box full of them somewhere, if I haven't destroyed them."

This is a side of him with which we are yet to become familiar. Except for his excellent "Hull Down" printed in **An Acadian Sheaf**, the second poetry publication of the Halifax Branch of The CAA in 1935, I am unfamiliar with Thomas H. Raddall, the poet, but that he has a gift in this direction which should be cultivated, is undeniable.

Perhaps, after all, it is as a historical novelist he will achieve most. His first venture in this direction is drawn from a source enduringly authentic. Much patience and labored research went into his beguilingly titled book **His Majesty's Yankees**. A book so full of breath taking activity, from the opening pages of suspended excitement while the hero stalks, fires, and misses his first moose, to that highly dramatic moment when brother shoots brother, thereby proving the extent of the fidelity to inward conviction, while the father directs the shot. All this would make excellent film material.

I am glad that nothing came of Thomas H. Raddall's first love, the sea. I am glad that he found, to use his own words, "the salt sea . . . bitter to my lips." I am glad that being a wireless operator, or a bookkeeper did not entice him long, otherwise he might not have written these engaging stories of Canadian life that **Blackwood's Magazine** first published, and which have now won for him the Governor General's Medal, and those others that have been found in the pages of **Maclean's, The Saturday Evening Post, the Halifax Chronicle**, and elsewhere.

It is with the greatest anticipation I look forward to his latest book, now in the hands of the publishers, after the reading of which I shall muse on the little boy who won a small money prize for writing a story about a picture of a rabbit and a tortoise, and promptly sent it to a Tobacco Fund to supply smokes for the soldiers of the last war. Of such noble material are British writers made. Now he is a father himself of a little boy of nine, and a little girl of seven.

No, I have never met Thomas H. Raddall, and perhaps it were better if I never do, for, like most English people he is very modest, and after what has been said here, it may not be good for my health! Anyway, I proved a good prophet, and that he has saved me from a most indigestible meal, I thank him.

Poetry Contest

THE Poetry Group of the Montreal Branch will accept entries of poems for its 1944 Year Book up to October 15. The book will be published later in the autumn. Three poems may be submitted by any writer in the Province of Quebec — in either English or French — accompanied by a fee of fifty cents. An editorial committee will decide which poems are to be published in the Year Book. Contributions should be addressed to The Rice Studio Limited, 750 Sherbrooke St. W., Montreal.

Pollock, Francis

FRANCIS POLLOCK was born in 1876 of Irish parentage. He spent his childhood in a Huron County (Ontario) village, and was educated in St. Mary's Collegiate. For a time, he attended the University of Toronto, but he left an academic life to take up short story writing and to travel to Cuba and Europe.

In 1906 and 1907 he was a reporter on the *Toronto Mail and Empire*, but the successful sale of a first novel made possible a year in London and Paris. When he returned, he lived during the summers near Toronto, Ontario, and was an apiarist. His winters were spent in the South where he wrote boys' serials for the *Youths' Companion* and sensational novels for New York magazines. His pen name was Frank Lillie Pollock.

Since his retirement from the field of commercial fiction writing, he has published two novels, *Bitter Honey* (1935) and *Jupiter Eight* (1936). His works are characterized by witty satire on the foibles of our modern age.

Novels:

The Woods-Rider (Juvenile) — 1922: New York: Century.
Bitter Honey — 1935: Toronto: Nelson.
Jupiter Eight — 1936: Toronto: Nelson.

Raddall, Thomas H.

THOMAS H. RADDALL was born at Hythe, near Folkestone, England, but in 1913 his family moved to Halifax, Nova Scotia, and he attended Chebucto School and Halifax Academy.

During World War I he served as a wireless operator on transports and other ships, and on shore wireless stations along the Nova Scotian coast and on Sable Island.

In 1923 he became accountant for a small pulp mill on the Mersey River in Nova Scotia. Here he came in contact with millhands, lumberjacks, hunters, anglers, and a group of Micmac Indians; and his experiences provided the inspiration to write stories about them. In 1933 his short stories appeared in *Blackwoods*, and won the acclaim of a discriminating public, prominent among whom were Kipling and John Buchan.

His hobbies are hunting, fishing and Nova Scotian history. He is considered an authority on the Micmac Indians and their remains in Nova Scotia. With his wife and two children, Frances and Thomas Junior, he makes his home at Liverpool, Nova Scotia.

His first novel was *His Majesty's Yankees* (1941), a tale of Nova Scotia during the American Revolution, when its inhabitants were largely former New Englanders. *Roger Sudden*, the story of the founding of Halifax and the second siege of Louisburg, was published in 1944.

Winner of the Governor-General's Award in 1943, Mr. Raddall's most cherished criticism is from the pen of John Buchan in his foreword to *The Pied Piper of Dipper Creek* — "I confess to a special liking for a story which has something of a plot and which issues in a dramatic climax, a type which has had many distinguished exponents from Sir Walter Scott through Stevenson and Maupassant to Kipling and Conrad. To this school Mr. Raddall belongs and he is worthy of a great succession. He has the rare gift of swift, spare, clean-limbed narrative. And he has great stories to tell."

Novels:

His Majesty's Yankees — 1941: Toronto: McClelland.
Roger Sudden — 1944: Toronto: McClelland.
Tambour and Other Stories — 1945: Toronto: McClelland.

Stories:

The Pied Piper of Dipper Creek — 1939: Toronto: Ryerson.

publ. by UNIV. OF TORONTO. ONT. COLL. OF EDUCATION

THOMAS H. RADDALL

THOMAS H. RADDALL was born in England, but he has lived in Canada ever since he was a boy. His father was an army instructor, who transferred to the Canadian army in 1913, and was killed in action while leading the Winnipeg Rifles at Amiens in 1918. Young Thomas was educated in the Halifax public schools. When his father was killed he left the Halifax Academy to enlist. He was then 15. He became a wireless operator, served on transports during the war, and after the war continued in the Merchant Marine. In 1921 he was transferred to coastal duty and served in a number of lonely wireless stations along the east coast. He spent a year on Sable Island, that unstable and desolate drift of sand which is known as "The Graveyard of the Atlantic." When Mr. Raddall writes of sailormen and the sea, he knows what he is talking about.

When he tired of this roving life, Mr. Raddall took a course in accounting and accepted a job as bookkeeper in a small pulp mill in Queen's County, Nova Scotia. He spent his spare time in exploring the picturesque woods and streams of Nova Scotia and in steeping himself in the historic lore of that romantic province. His love for Nova Scotia is so deep that success as a writer did not draw him away. He lives with his wife and family at Liverpool, a small town on the east coast.

Raddall began his literary career by writing short stories. The high literary quality of his work is attested by the fact that it was *Blackwood's Magazine* which first published a series of his stirring tales. This was in 1933. Since then he has had short stories published in Colliers', Maclean's, the Saturday Evening Post and other leading periodicals in Europe and America. In 1942 he brought out his first novel, *His Majesty's Yankees*, which was an immediate success. It was followed in 1944 by *Roger Sudden* a romantic story of the adventures of a Jacobite gentleman in England and Nova Scotia in the 18th century. *Pride's Fancy*, his most recent novel, was published in November, 1946. Many of his short stories have been published in two volumes, *The Pied Piper of Dipper Creek* and *Tambour*.

PHELPS, ARTHUR LEONARD
CANADIAN WRITERS. TORONTO, McCLELLAND + STEWART, 1951

Thomas Raddall

THOMAS RADDALL IS AN EXAMPLE OF THE CANADIAN writer about whom readers outside Canada are enthusiastic but concerning whom Canadians have tended to be ignorant, grudging or apathetic. I think it is the nemesis of our colonialism at work once again. Canadians should not have had to wait for *Blackwood's Magazine* in England to appreciate Thomas Raddall's stories. It is a comment on Canadian reader interest that when Raddall's Canadian publishers brought out THE PIED PIPER OF DIPPER CREEK, a collection of his short stories, they deemed it expedient to launch the volume with the credentials of a foreword by Lord Tweedsmuir. The favour of an Englishman (though he happened to be a Scot!) and a Lord would presumably set the office-boy newspaper reviewers on the right track.

The publishers were not entirely to blame. Few in Canada had discovered Raddall or said the appropriate directive critical things about him. There is the further fact that no Canadian literary

personage or critic, had there been one to speak out, would have carried outstanding authority and respect. In literary matters Canadians still tend to wait upon the King's nod. This might be put down to humility and modesty were it not for the suspicion that it is mere ignorance. The fact seems to be that few if any Canadians knew or cared about Thomas Raddall until he presented his credentials from abroad. It is to be remembered that the prose tales of Charles G. D. Roberts were known and enjoyed in Britain and elsewhere nearly fifty years before Roberts became a Knight and was acclaimed in Canada. The pleasant tales for children and those who delight in children by L. M. Montgomery had publication in England nearly forty years before she obtained the first imprint of a Canadian publishing house. At least it may be said that Canadians have been reticent about their own writers.

That brings me back to Thomas Raddall. The other day I was talking to a Canadian nurse, a woman long resident in the United States and the victim of successive yearly subscriptions to book clubs, to whom I had loaned an armful of Raddall. She was exasperated and enthusiastic. "But why didn't I learn of this man before?" she said. "He's delightful. He's alive and colourful and he makes me love my own country." I told her that the Literary Guild had made PRIDE'S FANCY one of its monthly selections. "I must have missed it," she said, "But anyway, I keep Canadian connections;

I subscribe to *Maclean's and Saturday Night* and I see the University Quarterlies. Why didn't they shout to me about these books?"

Now of course that is not quite fair to the Canadian attitude towards the work of Canadian writers. The comment is the comment of an ordinary reader familiar with the mine-run of currently publicized material. That volume of short stories by Raddall, THE PIED PIPER OF DIPPER CREEK, received the Governor-General's Award for distinguished Canadian literature in 1943, and again, in 1949, his book on the city of Halifax, called HALIFAX, WARDEN OF THE NORTH received the same honour. Raddall has not been without recognition in his own country. Indeed, such recognition as he has received is sign of the changing literary times in Canada. The Canadian reader is now beginning to discover and appreciate for himself the merits that may lie in the work of his own writers. The combination of exasperation and enthusiasm in my nurse friend is a part of the awakening process.

Now who is this Thomas Raddall and what has he done?

Thomas Raddall, now in his late forties, son of the late Colonel T. H. Raddall, was born in England, came to Canada as a boy, and for over thirty years has been, not a lost incomer, but a committed Canadian—committed particularly in relation to his adopted province, Nova Scotia. Nova Scotia's history, Nova Scotia's ships, Nova Scotia's men and women, and the sea, which is so much the life of

that province, have been, in Raddall, the urgency and even passion which have turned him from sea-rover, radio operator, bookkeeper into a writer, with burnt bridges behind him, depending for his living on his pen. The fact that more than 170,000 copies of his books have been sold in all parts of the world, that there have been English and foreign language editions, that selections from his work have appeared in Braille in Britain and the United States, may suggest that Raddall justifies his commitment to the writer's labour.

From the first, Thomas Raddall has accepted and worked within a Canadian tradition. He says: "It was from Haliburton that I learned a most important fact—that stories could be written about the country I knew best, and about the people in it and the incidents of their daily life; and that if the stories were good enough, and the workmanship were good enough, the world would read them."

There are two prides in that: pride in one's own material and pride in craftsmanship. Raddall has both. It is what makes him solid and respectable as a writer. When John Buchan wrote the foreword to the PIED PIPER stories it was the tribute of one workman to another. With calculating kindliness Buchan put his finger on the achievement of Raddall which may at the same time suggest his limitations. Buchan says: "I confess to a special liking for a story which has something of a plot and which issues in a dramatic climax . . . . To this school Mr.

Raddall belongs, and he is worthy of a great succession. He has the rare gift of swift, spare, clean-limbed narrative. And he has great stories to tell." That last sentence, I take it, has not only the flavour of the phrase "great yarns"; it means also that Buchan was aware that Raddall recognized the greatness in his own native material. There is a clue to Raddall's attitude to this material in his comment on HALIFAX, WARDEN OF THE NORTH while it was still in contemplation. He said: "I have in mind a book on Halifax; not a novel, but the story of the city, from its foundation to the present time. The true story of Halifax is a romance in itself, and one I should like to put on paper." The Halifax story is a first-rate achievement. Equipped with an acute historical sixth sense and the capacity for assiduous apprenticeship to archives, equipped also with a gleeful impishness and a sharp eye for human nature, (he didn't sit at the feet of Haliburton for nothing) Raddall brought the tradition and present day verities of Halifax alive. He both delighted and scandalized his readers. He made Canadian doings, Canadian personalities, Canadian scenes as vital and worthy a part of the fabric of the human story as any such material gathered by any writer anywhere. If you want some fascinating hours of winter reading I recommend Thomas Raddall's HALIFAX, WARDEN OF THE NORTH.

But it is of the short stories I wish chiefly to speak; and of one of those in particular: *Before Snow Flies*. Raddall began his literary career with

sketches and short stories, widened his range to the type called the historical romance, tightened his grip in the firm workmanship of the Halifax book, and, most recently, in THE NYMPH AND THE LAMP, has essayed what, for lack of a better phrase, may be called the novel proper: that is, the story, which as organism and as art, presumes to dimensions beyond mere tale telling. For me, the short stories still seem to contain the essential best of Raddall. When HIS MAJESTY'S YANKEES was published in 1942 in London, New York and Toronto, someone proclaimed it "the historical fiction discovery of the year." Be that as it may, HIS MAJESTY'S YANKEES, a grand vivid three-dimensional tale, is of a type matched by many others. The same may be said of ROGER SUDDEN, which the Latin Americans seem to want translated for them into Spanish. Raddall knows the recipe for colourful women and ardent men but it tends nevertheless to be a type recipe. It is in the short stories that the knack of the writer for close description and human verity is disciplined to exactitude and fineness by the indigenous material. The texture is hard-woven and the pattern often exquisite. The short stories seem to me the artistic core of Raddall's work.

On the surface, the short story of which I wish to speak is simple to the point of being ordinary. But if I turned the statement about and said that *Before Snow Flies* is ordinary to the point of being simple, one might glimpse a special tribute. There is a simplicity which is ultimate and satisfying, like

the gable end of a Canadian nineteenth century stone grist mill here in my own countryside around Kingston, Ontario.

Before Snow Flies, a story in the PIED PIPER collection, begins thus:

> "Yeah," old Ham Pintle said, with another furtive glance over his shoulder, "Bound fer the Spanish Main, that's me. Where the palm trees grow, an' hibiscus blossoms runnin' by the roadside like a bush fire, an' nigger gals walkin' down to load the vessels with baskets on their heads."
>
> "How d'you get there?" young Dougie asked, for his mind was practical.
>
> "Ha! Easy as rollin' off a log. I'll foller along the coast, puttin' in fer the night wherever I take the notion. The only real jump is acrost the Bay o'Fundy, but I'll hitch around the Nova Scotia shore as far as Briar Island afore I jump, which takes the curse off it. Boston, Cape Cod Canal, Vineyard Haven, Long Island Sound, New York — all inside waters, just like rowin' a dory about the cove here. Then short runs an' easy chances to Chesapeake Bay. From there on it's a reg'lar chain o' sound and canals, all the way down through the Ca'linas an' Georgia, an' nothin' to do but foller the sign-posts an' take pot-shots at the alligators along the bank. First thing I know, I'm in Florida where the oranges come from. Then easy ja'nts along the coast to Key West an' there I am, with the whole West Indies under my forefoot an nothin' to do but foller up the islands till I come to the Spanish Main."
>
> "How d'you know?" young Dougie said. "You've never been outa Kezzigoosa in your life."

They sail together, the boy and the old man, out of the little port of Kezzigoosa bound for the Spanish Main; the old man, after a lifetime of stay-at-home boat building for others, full of dreams of warm seas and far places, and the boy sea-enamoured and adventurous. "Why, I know all them places like the palm o' me hand," says old Ham. "Havana-de-Cuba an' Port-a-Prance an' Trinidad, an' Demerara where the rum comes from. Sunshine, Dougie, all day an' every day an' you takin' it easy in a cotton shirt an' a pair canvas trousers same as a lord. Warm nights, boy, an' stars hangin' low an' hot enough to singe your hair, an' gittars twangin' an' creole gals dancin' . . . ."

But they never reach the Spanish Main. They sail across bays and past headlands and lighthouses and wooded shores to Halifax and ultimately to Yarmouth. They put in at Nova Scotia ports, the old man finding sea-cronies and the talk of ships. They stop in a little bay to get an illicit catch of lobsters. They feel the chill of the autumn mornings and see the glory of the frost-painted woods. Sailors have warned them, indulging the old man's fancy for the Spanish Main, that they must be south before the snow flies and the boy is anxious and weather-wary but the old man dawdles from port to port along the Nova Scotia shores. He cannot hurry away from what he loves. At the critical point when they should veer south if they are really going south, Dougie shouts: "You're holdin' her too much to the no'thard. You got to give her more

westin' to clear Cape Fourchu." "Fact is, Dougie Boy," says old Ham, "I got an errand in Yarmouth."

And just as the first snow flies they put up the ship for the winter in Yarmouth. Old Ham never gets farther than the discovery of his own Nova Scotia. In the end, he is content with his own autumn.

> "Ah, Fall. A wonderful time o' year, boy. Trees an' shrubs handsome as a picture, crops in, an' the summer's work behind you. Days that kind o' smoky blue, lazy-like, an' the nights just sharp enough to make a fire feel good. There's the moose an' deer huntin', an' the duck an' goose shootin'. There's work, too; storm doors an' windas to put on, an' sods to bank around the house, an' a big pile o' cordwood to saw an' split an' pile in the woodshed, an' a heap o' other chores to be done afore the cold weather sets in. Doin' them Fall chores gives a man a queer kind o' cosy feelin' he couldn't buy in a store with a million dollars. Takes the curse off o' winter, Fall does, that's a fact . . . . Ain't she the grand country, though!"

I suppose the story is a sort of parable. Raddall has loaded it with his love of his own material and old Ham becomes local and universal humanity. In many of his stories Raddall achieves this result. He knows the secret of economy and exactitude in observed detail. He makes that detail belong where he finds it, with all its right flavour and colour, and belong also, as symbol and picture, to the warm life of human universality. Old Ham is Everyman.

In Raddall's latest book and most serious venture in the novel form, THE NYMPH AND THE LAMP, there is much of this descriptive sharp exactitude. Sable Island, the scene of the book's central action, is a splendid achievement in creative evocation. But the book's people seem to fail us. The novelists' nimbus of plus dimensional suggestion seems lacking. There is not enough human vista in the book. There is even the suggestion of that sorriest of all makeshifts, built-in sex appeal. There is not enough to frighten and dismay and exalt the reader. Yet the suggestion of power is present. The reach is there if not the grasp. And Thomas Raddall, studious craftsman and alert observer, is not yet fifty.

Thomas H. Raddall's published work includes:

HIS MAJESTY'S YANKEES	Doubleday and Co. Inc.	1942
PIED PIPER OF DIPPER CREEK	McClelland and Stewart Limited	1943
ROGER SUDDEN	Doubleday and Co. Inc.	1944
TAMBOUR AND OTHER STORIES	McClelland and Stewart Limited	1945
THE WEDDING GIFT AND OTHER STORIES	McClelland and Stewart Limited	1946
HALIFAX, WARDEN OF THE NORTH	McClelland and Stewart Limited	1948
THE NYMPH AND THE LAMP	McClelland and Stewart Limited	1950

Thomas H. Raddall

WHEN *The Pied Piper of Dipper Creek*, a collection of short stories by the Canadian writer, Thomas H. Raddall, was published in 1939, it had a foreword by the then Governor-General of Canada, Lord Tweedsmuir. His Lordship, better known as John Buchan, said in part, "I confess to a special liking for a story which has something of a plot and which issues in a dramatic climax, a type which has had many distinguished exponents from Sir Walter Scott through Stevenson and Maupassant to Kipling and Conrad. To this school Mr. Raddall belongs, and he is worthy of a great succession. He has the rare gift of swift, spare, clean-limbed narrative. And he has great stories to tell." *The Nymph and the Lamp*, Raddall's latest novel (1950) was a selection of the Doubleday Dollar Book Club in February 1951.

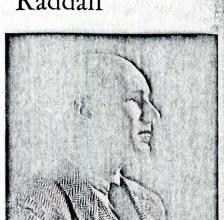
Thomas Head Raddall (which rhymes with bradawl) was born November 13, 1903, at Hythe, England, the son of Lieutenant-Colonel T. H. Raddall, D.S.O., an instructor in the British Army School of Musketry, and Ellen (Gifford) Raddall. Colonel Raddall was transferred to the Canadian Army in 1913, and the family sailed for Nova Scotia; he was killed in the final months of the war.

Fifteen-year-old Tom Raddall left Halifax Academy to serve in the North Atlantic as radio operator in naval transports, the famous cable-ship *Mackay-Bennett*, and in various tramps and colliers in the Atlantic trade. Transferred to coastal duty in 1921, he served in lonely wireless stations along the Canadian east coast, including Sable Island, "Graveyard of the Atlantic."

From sea to forest was the next step. Raddall studied accounting in a Halifax business college, and took a job as bookkeeper in a small wood-pulp mill in western Nova Scotia. In his spare time, summer and winter, he explored the Mersey River valley by foot and canoe, talking to mill hands, lumberjacks, river-drivers, hunters, trappers, and Micmac Indians. In 1927 he married Edith Freeman, a music teacher and *Mayflower* descendant whose family had moved north from Cape Cod in 1760, and the young couple settled in a house in Milton, on the banks of the Mersey. They have two children, Thomas, Jr., and Frances.

Six years later Raddall's stories began to appear in *Blackwood's Magazine*. They won warm praise from Kipling as well as Buchan. A series of historical short stories caught the fancy of the late Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., and Kenneth Roberts, who urged him to write full-length novels. *His Majesty's Yankees* (1942), a tale of Nova Scotia during the American Revolution and the attack on Fort Cumberland, was the first. The *Library Journal* called it, rather equivocally, "quite comparable to Roberts in style." Wilson Follett in the *Atlantic* was more explicit: "A lively tale, well told. But what makes the generous measure of fiction and history run over is the added element of pure lyricism." The novel, also published in Canada and Great Britain, has been transliterated into Braille.

Roger Sudden (1944), another Dollar Book Club selection, has been widely translated. Exiled after Prince Charlie's defeat at Culloden, the oddly named hero comes to America for adventure in Halifax and Louisburg. The *Saturday Review* praised its "knowledge of Indian life and early English behavior on the shore," but both Roger



THOMAS H. RADDALL

and his sweetheart seemed familiar but unbelievab to Virginia Kirkus and the Boston *Globe*.

Tantalus (1945) and *The Wedding Gift* (1947 were more short stories. In between was a thi Colonial-period historical novel, *Pride's Fan* (1946). A Literary Guild selection, it seem tenuous in plot to the *Weekly Book Review*; "rousing tale, well told" to *Book Week*. Lou Bechtel praised *Son of the Hawk* (1950) for i continuous excitement and fast action.

The Nymph and the Lamp deserted the past a the mainland to tell a modern love story again "a primitive and weirdly fascinating settin (Kirkus). Matthew Carney, operator of a tel graph relay station on a tiny island off the No Scotian coast, goes ashore on vacation, bringi back a wife who dislikes the barren island. Wi liam McFee, in the *Saturday Review*, called it tale with nerves and sinews." The next Radd novel will also deal with life on the Canadi coast.

Twice Raddall has been given the Governo General's Award for Distinguished Canadian Lite ature, the first time in 1943 for *The Pied Piper* a again in 1949 for *Halifax, Warden of the Nort* a history of the city. His history of the West No Scotia Regiment was published in a limited editi in 1948. Dalhousie University gave him an hono ary LL.D. the next year.

The Raddalls live in the little seaport town Liverpool, Nova Scotia, where he can indulge h hobbies of fishing, hunting, golf, and sailing sm craft. The writer was a Lieutenant (Reserve) World War II. He is vice-president of the Can dian Authors Association, and a member of t Canadian Legion. According to the Toronto *Glo and Mail*, he has "a Bluenose accent—that's En lish spiced by a sea wind. He's got the good squa face of a sailor, keen amber eyes, and the stoc solid walk of a man used to the tilting deck much as the misty moorlands of Nova Scotia."

EARLE F. WALBRIDGE

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. . . until brief encounter becomes close contact, the business saga will suffer

and people. A first step might be an annual award, offered by a businessman or a company, for the best Canadian novel with a business setting. The award might be channelled through the Canadian Authors' Association. Contestants would have to resist the temptation to paint too rosy a picture of business, but at least this type of contest might induce novelists to look at business with a more interested eye. No one yet has perceived material for fiction in some of the great financial and commercial ventures which have played a vital part in the development of Canada.

Industry Tells Its Own Story

Suppose the novelist stoutly refuses to see in business a promising setting for fiction, or continues to regard executives with hostility or distaste? What then? There is, perhaps only one way out: Business must get its own story across. One method of doing this is by publishing readable company histories. In the hands of a competent writer, the dry-as-dust business record takes on new liveliness and value.

One of the most skilful practitioners of this craft is Canadian writer Merrill Denison. His *Harvest Triumphant* traces the growth of the Massey-Harris Company and the changes agricultural machinery brought to rural life on both sides of the border. More recently, in *The Barley and the Stream*, he has retold the story of Molson's Brewery, beginning with the arrival of young John Molson in Montreal in the 1780's. Such books reflect the romance inherent in many a business saga.

If a history isn't the answer—and not all enterprises are sufficiently colorful or long-lived — why shouldn't the businessman try his hand at setting down his own story? In the years when the burden of day-to-day affairs presses hard on him, he has neither the leisure nor the desire to turn author. But when he reaches retirement, he has the opportunity. Two Canadian executives have recently grasped it.

Less Tooth and Claw

First comes C. L. Burton, the retired president of Simpson's. Two years ago he set down, without benefit of a ghost writer, the story of his life as a Canadian merchant and gave it the title *A Sense of Urgency*. It tells, with simplicity and charm, of his progress from his beginnings as the son of a general merchant in a small village near Toronto to his election as the president of one of Canada's largest department stores. For him, merchandising proved a fascinating occupation and he writes about it with gusto. But he doesn't merely *record;* he analyzes changes in the social pattern and in the attitude of business over the years. He notes, for example, that cold-blooded ruthlessness, so common an ingredient in novels about business, is actually disappearing. "Much of the tooth and claw principle in business," he remarks, "has been eliminated, partly because of the importance of public opinion and goodwill to business, and partly because of an increase in the understanding of the ethics of business, if not an improvement in the ethics themselves."

Merchandiser and Manufacturer

Burton's book has many attractive features—his insight into the merchandiser's job, his interest in gauging the changing tastes of the public, his shrewd comments on business then and now, and his simple delight in the trappings of success. Towards the end he suggests that one day his autobiography may serve some novelist as a source.

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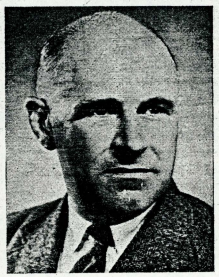

THOMAS RADDALL (above) in his book **Tidefall** pictured Captain Saxby Nolan as determined violent and clever; a man who won money and power by following the sea—and by rum-running.

Pacey, Desmond - Creative writing in Canada Ryerson 2nd 1961

Here Stays Good Yorkshire is perhaps the best, and may be considered as typical. In the foreword Mr. Bird, following the new fashion in historical fiction, stakes his claim to documentary accuracy: "Every care has been taken to present the arrival and establishment of the Yorkshire families as accurately as possible. The documents dealing with discharged members of the Royal Highland Emigrants are exact copies of originals in the Nova Scotia Archives; only the names are fictitious." Obviously anticipating the charge that his characters are so multitudinous as to be confusing, he then sets out a list of the principal characters which includes the names and basic data of no less than forty-five persons. Characteristically, the novel begins with a fight: Bird is obsessed with physical violence, and fights and brawls of one kind or another occur in almost every chapter. As we follow the course of the story, we are aware that the writer's greatest gift is an abounding vitality. Like a Fielding or a Dickens, if only in this respect, he has an immense narrative fecundity: people and incidents spring to his mind in such rapid succession that he has scarcely time to set them down before they are crowded unceremoniously off the stage by others. There is an obvious lack of artistic discipline, too little regard for selection and arrangement, but the narrative moves so quickly that we have scarcely time to notice those things. Everything is vibrant with activity: a man does not simply take a bath, he takes "a thumping fine bath"; when a girl kisses him, it is a kiss that "sets him back on his heels". And there is plenty of humour too: humour as substantial and as palatable as Yorkshire pudding. The old father enjoys sleeping upstairs alone because he can sleep with his stockings on every night without anyone knowing it; when one of the sons is about to warm the bed for his bride with a warming pan she says, "Jonty, darling, do we need it? I thowt I could warm thee?"

All this is so natural, so vigorous and primitive and heart-warming, that only the carping critic is uneasily aware of a

certain slipshod quality in the style and structure. Bird does not trouble to search for the unusual phrase: the colloquial cliché will serve his turn. "They had supper in style and Gideon was in his best form." "She was a worker all right." "It was a grand spring." He is frequently careless in his sentence structure: "An old person was of no use on a farm, and how could they enjoy life?" Short, choppy sentences follow one another like chips from the Yorkshiremen's axes: "The settlers answered questions in broken English. He had been on his land a few years but he did not own cattle. Times were hard."

But such a colloquial, careless style sometimes adds to rather than detracts from the authenticity of the story. More serious are the structural faults. The point of view shifts so frequently that we grow bewildered: we are just getting used to the reactions of one individual when we are compelled to see a completely different set of incidents through completely different eyes. As in Niven's novels, we get a series of episodes which are sketched rather than fully rendered.

Will R. Bird is a rough and ready workman, but for his narrative vigour, his ability to bring to life a diverse group of strong characters and his dry folksy humour he has a large popular following.

A much more conscientious craftsman and stylist is his fellow Nova Scotian, Thomas H. Raddall (born 1903). After serving several years' apprenticeship as a writer of short stories for such magazines as *Blackwood's*, and incidentally attracting the favourable attention of John Buchan, Raddall published his first novel, *His Majesty's Yankees*, in 1942. He has since published three other historical novels (*Roger Sudden*, 1944; *Pride's Fancy*, 1946; and *The Governor's Lady*, 1960); three novels with a modern setting (*The Nymph and the Lamp*, 1950; *Tidefall*, 1953; and *The Wings of Night*, 1956); three volumes of short stories (*The Pied Piper of Dipper Creek*, 1939; *Tambour*, 1945; and *The Wedding Gift*, 1947); and a history of Halifax, *Warden of the North* (1949).

His Majesty's Yankees is a historical novel of Nova Scotia during the American revolution. Like Bird's novels, it is crowded with turbulent characters and with violent events; it differs from Bird's novels in that it is more carefully constructed and written with more distinction of style. The structure is less episodic, and a number of scenes are selected for special emphasis and arranged with telling effect. The attack on Fort Cumberland in particular, the climax of the book, is described with compelling vividness. But, as Stephen Vincent Benét pointed out in a contemporary review, the events which follow this attack are somewhat anticlimactic: "Everything builds up to the attempt upon Fort Cumberland —but the attempt is a failure. After which Mr. Raddall must carry his story on. He does so with skill and interest but the spine of his story has been broken."

Roger Sudden is another historical romance based on the rivalry between French and English in Nova Scotia in the eighteenth century. The hero is an outlawed Jacobite who is captured by the Indians, joins the French, but eventually helps in the siege of Louisburg and wins the woman of his heart. As this summary indicates, the material is standard melodrama, but Raddall gives it a certain distinction by his swiftly moving prose and his passion for historical accuracy. His sympathetic account of life among the Indians is especially memorable. But the novel has not the concentrated power of *His Majesty's Yankees* and none of its characters are particularly vivid.

Since *Pride's Fancy*, a swashbuckling tale of colonial privateersmen, represented a further decline from the high standard Raddall had set himself in his first historical romance, it was good to see him turning, in *The Nymph and the Lamp*, to more recent material for fresh inspiration. Already, in some of his short stories, Raddall had revealed a capacity to deal convincingly with the contemporary scene. In this novel he drew upon his own early experiences of life as a wireless operator on lonely outposts off the Nova

Scotia coast. The chief male character, Matthew Carney, operates a relay station on a barren island, and the novel tells of his first vacation on the mainland, of his marriage and of the difficulties which his wife faces in attempting to adjust to life on the island. It is in describing the island that Mr. Raddall is most successful: the sea, the fog, the sand, the gulls and other wild life are rendered with convincing realism. As usual, Raddall also succeeds in keeping the story moving at a rapid pace, and in building up strong suspense. Carney himself, and the other men of the island, emerge as credible characters, but the woman is, comparatively, a failure, and the last section of the novel is too elaborately contrived.

In *Tidefall* Raddall continued to experiment with more modern material, but disappointingly did not improve on his performance in *The Nymph and the Lamp*. *Tidefall* is the story of a scoundrel who amasses a fortune in rum-running during the twenties, settles down with his ill-gotten gains in a small Nova Scotia port in 1931, and is thwarted in his hopes of becoming a respectable citizen partly by his own bestiality and partly by the economic depression. This plot provides opportunities for descriptions of the smuggling activities of the Prohibition Era, of economic conditions in Nova Scotia during the first three decades of this century and of adventures at sea in all kinds of weather and in many types of ships. All these opportunities, and especially those of describing the sea and ships, Raddall exploits to the full. He is much less successful, however, in dealing with the personal relations of his characters. The smuggler himself, Saxby Nolan, is too uniformly wicked to be credible or to leave room for suspense about his course of conduct, and the love triangle involving Saxby, his wife and the lonely radio operator fails to convince.

The same strengths and weaknesses marked Raddall's third contemporary novel, *The Wings of Night*. The setting—a small Nova Scotian town—is rendered accurately and sug-

gestively, but the characters are stereotypes, and the plot becomes increasingly melodramatic as it proceeds.

Perhaps in permanent reaction from the imperfect success of his novels with a contemporary setting, Raddall returned in 1960 to historical romance with *The Governor's Lady*, with which he won a substantial American literary prize and a multitude of readers.

The continuing popular demand for historical romance will no doubt guarantee the survival of this form in Canadian letters, but it is likely to survive merely as a form of popular entertainment rather than as a serious literary enterprise. It is difficult to avoid the conclusion that the long popularity of this form of fiction among Canadian writers arose from a failure of nerve, from a fear of attempting to cope with the complexity and amorphousness of contemporary Canadian society. As that society increasingly takes form, and thus becomes more manageable, it is likely to draw writers away from the past.

2. *The Regional Idyll*

The line between the historical romance and the regional idyll, like that between many other literary forms, is by no means sharp and hard. Some historical romances—Salverson's *Viking Heart* and Bird's *Here Stays Good Yorkshire*, for example—are both regional and idyllic, and some regional idylls—such as Mazo de la Roche's *Building of Jalna* and Grace Campbell's *Thorn Apple Tree*—are also historical and romantic. But there are certain differences of tone, emphasis and attitude between the two forms which make the division a convenient one. Whereas the historical romance is concerned to a significant degree with the impact of public events upon its characters, the regional idyll is concerned rather with the private lives of its characters, and if public events occur they are very much in the background. The historical romance tends to be masculine and boisterous in attitude

and tone, and is filled with scenes of violent combat and physical passion. The regional idyll, written predominantly in Canada at least by women, is feminine and domestic in emphasis, and treats of young love, the home and the family.

This form of fiction has not been nearly as prominent in Canada since World War I as it was in the days of L. M. Montgomery, Ralph Connor, Norman Duncan and their lesser contemporaries, but it has had one major exponent and many minor ones. Of the minor idyllists, perhaps the best known is Grace Campbell (born 1895), who has produced five novels of this type: *Thorn Apple Tree* (1942), *The Higher Hill* (1944), *Fresh Wind Blowing* (1947), *The Tower and the Town* (1950) and *Torbeg* (1953). The first two of these deal with the lives of the Scottish pioneers in Glengarry in a pleasant, sincere if undistinguished way. The best element in both books is the vivid re-creation of the daily lives of the settlers, and the love story in each case is merely the sugar on the didactic pill. The third novel, dealing with the impact of World War II upon a group of young people, has the same wholesome flavour and moral emphasis, but it is marred by a melodramatic final section. *The Tower and the Town*, like so many novels of this school, is the story of a Protestant minister in a rural Ontario charge. Mrs. Campbell makes the minister's faith and hardships convincing, but she eventually enmeshes him in a too melodramatic plot. In *Torbeg* she goes back to the past of the Scottish settlers who constitute the characters of her earlier novels, and deals with the Jacobite rebellion of '45 in a romantic and nostalgic but entertaining fashion. The work of Grace Campbell typifies very well this school of regional idyllicism: it is honest, wholesome, pleasant and competent, but it lacks depth and scope.

The other minor examples of the regional idyll in this period must be dismissed even more briefly. They have included Fred Jacob's *Day Before Yesterday* (1925), Patrick Slater's *The Yellow Briar* (1933), Jessie Beattie's *Hill-Top*

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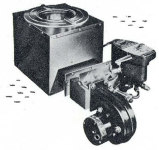

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CONTENTS

Letters 11, 12, 72

Editorial 14

Christmas in London —Helen Claire Howes 17

Toys from the Attic —Frances Parkhill 23

Willows—Margaret Louise Rempel 26

The Mystery of the Carleton Portrait—Sir Alec Martin 28

Lt.-Col. Edmund Nugent 34

O Christmas Tree—Ethra Grange .. 36

A Most Unsuitable Match —Dagmar Loewenherz 38

John Diefenbaker—Bill Werthman 40

Renegade in Power, A Review —J. W. B. 41

Great Stories to Tell —Stanley T. Spicer 44

When the Reindeer Came to Newfoundland —Michael Francis Harrington 47

Down East—E. Anne Ryan 48

The Patter of Little Feet —F. Fraser Bond 49

From the Yacht Clubs—Nautilus 57

Aftermath of the Budget—Maximus 58

Round and About 60

Verses for Christmas 64

Book Reviews 65

On Understanding Modern Art —Richmond W. Longley 72

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The cover illustration shows the burning of Christmas trees. See also Round and About.

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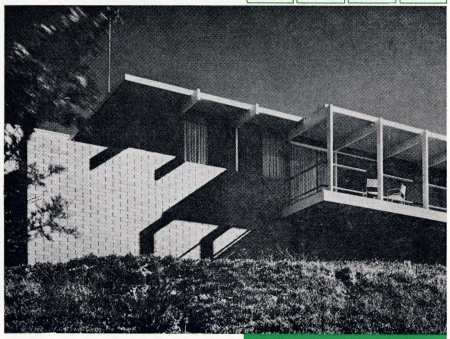

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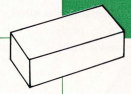

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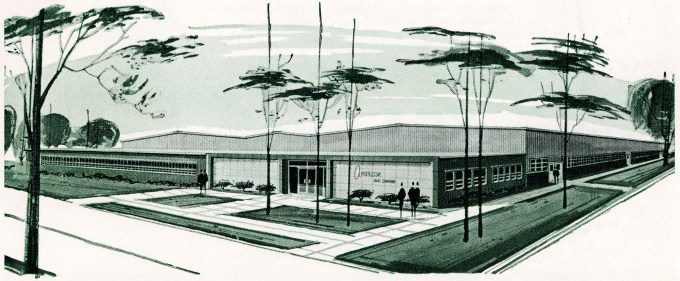

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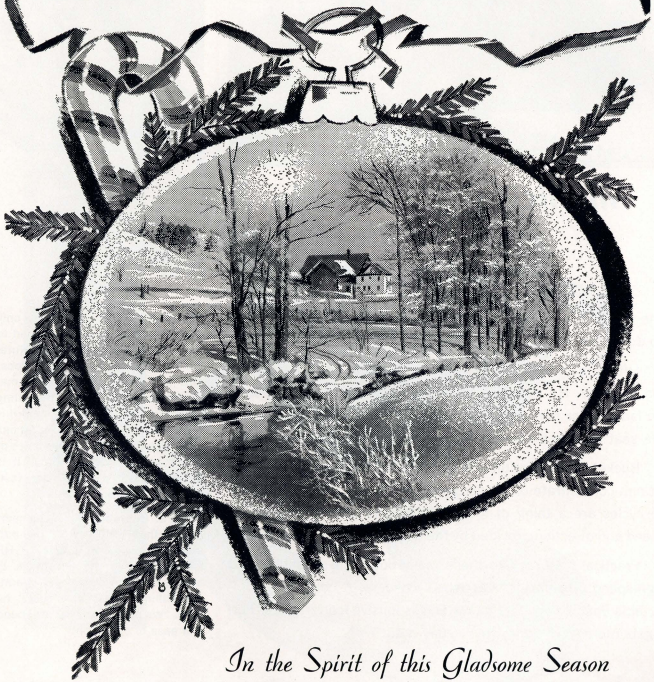

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LETTERS

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Sir:

In reading Ralph Barker's "Atlantic Adventure" account of the Princess Lowenstein-Wertheim's ill-fated flight, I wondered whether any really extensive search has ever been made in northern Newfoundland and Labrador.

It seems to me that so little exploration has been done in the wastes of Labrador that it is possible the wreckage of the plane may be there, hidden in one of the crevasses or in a bog.

If the plane had crashed at sea, it seems likely that some bits of wreckage would have been found by merchant ships or by fishermen. Mr. Barker makes no mention of any such wreckage having been found.

In any case, shouldn't there be some sort of memorial somewhere to these aviation pioneers?

R. M. FITZWILLIAM,
Boston, Mass.

The Yarmouth Stone

Sir:

The stone mentioned in Mr. Roy K. Cooke's article in the November issue of *The Atlantic Advocate* is associated with Yarmouth, and not with the Tusket River as stated.

The stone in the Yarmouth Public Library, now the Izaak Walton Killam Memorial Library, was found by Dr. Richard Fletcher, whose home and land were at the head of Yarmouth Harbour, on or near his land. The Yarmouth County Historical Society has a marker placed to indicate the spot where he found it.

In his *Yarmouth, Nova Scotia: A Sequel to Campbell's History*, Boston, 1888, George S. Brown quotes on page 22 and the following pages a report of Mr. Henry Phillips of the Antiquarian Society of Philadelphia. This had been printed in *The Yarmouth Herald*, July 23, 1884. Illustrated reprints of Mr. Phillips's report were made on a broadsheet and distributed through the Yarmouth Public Library. The Phillips report states: "On the shore of the Bay of Fundy, opposite the Town of Yarmouth, stands a rock . . . which, about the end of the last century, was discovered by a man named Fletcher."

The preceding paragraph quotes a letter from Mr. T. B. Flint of Yarmouth, N.S., (later Clerk of the House of Commons), and says: "He states that on an island near the mouth of the Tusket River there are also two very large stones with inscriptions in similar characters."

Rev. Gordon Lewis, who was acting Anglican rector at Tusket over a number of years, wrote in an article mentioning Tusket, but without reference to a stone there: "Leif Erikson and members of his family visited Yarmouth, left the Yarmouth stone with his name on it, built a village at Tusket and explored the neighbourhood for 12 years and we know not how much longer."

In later years numbers of runeologists and scholars have examined the inscriptions on the "Fletcher stone" and have written letters and articles and delivered papers on the subject.

Among these are Sir David Wilson, president of the University of Toronto, in *Transactions of the Royal Society of Canada*, Section II, 1890, pages 109-25, "The Vinland of the Northmen", read May 27, 1890; Col. Wilfred Bovey, "The Vinland Voyages", in *Transactions of the Royal Society of Canada*, Section II, 1936, pages 27 to 47, with maps. On page 32 he mentions "Runic stones, one in Nova Scotia", and says "see Jones and Raddall." This latter is a small book, *The Markland Sagas*, by Thomas H. Raddall,

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privately printed by the Gazette Printing Company, Montreal, about 1934, and contains a bibliography on page 117.

In his paper before the Royal Society of Canada, Sir David Wilson, speaking of the "inscribed stone" of Nova Scotia, says: "So far back as 1857 I received from Dr. J. G. Farish a full-sized copy of the inscription with the following account of it: 'The inscription, of which the accompanying sketch is an exact copy, was discovered 45 years ago at Yarmouth, Nova Scotia.' "

There are other references which I have simply caught in scanning bibliographies and periodicals in Ottawa and at home in Yarmouth.

The finding of the Yarmouth stone is very definitely associated with the head of Yarmouth Harbour.

(Miss) Grace S. Lewis,
Assistant Secretary,
Yarmouth Public Library,
Yarmouth, N.S.

¶ Dr. Helge Ingstad announced at the National Geographic Society in Washington early last month that he had excavated traces of nine Norse buildings and a primitive smithy at L'Anse aux Meadows in northern Newfoundland, dating about 1000 A.D. He claims this as the first incontrovertible proof of Viking visits to North America before Columbus's voyage of 1492. See also *The Atlantic Advocate*, April, 1962.—Ed.

Van Morrell

Sir:

I often read your very interesting magazine and find it well worth reading. In the September issue there is an article on the exploits and dare-devil feats of the late Van Morrel by Fred Phillips. In it he states that Van Morrel is buried in North View Cemetery in Dearborn, Michigan. I think he is mistaken in the latter part of the name. I think if he checks again he will find out the correct name is Northfield. It borders on or off the military road in old Dearborn or West Dearborn. You turn north at Sacred Heart Church. This church's books go back a long way to the time of Fort Dearborn and the French voyageurs. Have someone check on the name of the cemetery. See if I am not correct when I say it should be Northfield. If I am wrong, please forgive me.

William Couns,
Kitchener, Ont.

Oakes Family

Sir:

I enjoy reading *The Atlantic Advocate*, especially the historical items.

I write now in the hope that some of your readers may be able to help me in my research of the Oakes family. Jesse and Deborah Baldwin Oakes were Loyalists. They came to Nova Scotia in 1783. In 1784 they were given a grant of land at Cape St. Mary's in Annapolis County. Jesse was twice married. By his first wife he had two children. One, a son Henry, built a home on the banks of the Joggin River. By his second wife he had Phineas, Parker, Israel, Jesse, Seth and Priscilla.

Israel Oakes was my great-great-grandfather. I have found in some old records that the Jesse Oakes family came from Long Island, New York, but no further information.

If any of your readers have any information in regard to the Oakes family, both past and present, I would appreciate hearing from them.

Mrs. Cecil J. Crouse,
R. R. No. 3,
Bridgewater, N.S.

Winter gently blankets the campus and with it comes a flurry of new activity—hockey, skiing, skating and basketball, climaxed by colorful winter carnival festivities. Extra-curricular activities are only one feature of college life at the University of New Brunswick, albeit an integral one. Students are encouraged to take part in every aspect of this life, and freely make use of the Lady Beaverbrook rink and gym and other outdoor facilities. But, more important, the skier and skater pursue the arts and sciences in library, lab and classroom, maintaining the University's tradition of scholarship. From this healthy environment emerge the self-discipline, skill and enthusiasm that typify graduates of U.N.B., past, present and future.

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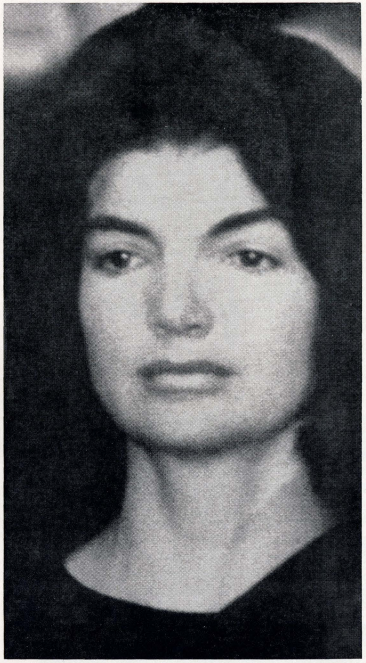
and the light shineth in darkness



As a light shining through the darkness, the courage of Mrs. John F. Kennedy will be remembered by the world with wonder and deep compassion.

She was the young wife who seemed to symbolize all young wives. She was the central figure in a story of unexampled horror and tragedy. Yet in every scene she was beautiful, austere, self-controlled, and dignified by the very nobility of her restraint.

The television cameras intruded into her innermost grief, invaded her torture of anguish and desolation, pierced her widow's veil to reveal the contours of her face and the expression of her eyes. Never for an instant did she falter. Not for a moment did she succumb to the emotions of misery and despair that were gripping her.

As she walked with her children, John and Caroline, at her husband's obsequies, Jacqueline Kennedy presented to the world a picture so calm and yet so poignant as to have many a woman, and, we doubt not, many a man too, openly sobbing as they watched at their television sets.

They remembered that this was the woman who had just witnessed the brutal slaying of her husband as bullets smashed through his head and neck, who had cradled him bleeding as he lay dying in her arms on the way to the hospital, who had seen the hopeless fight of the doctors and surgeons for the life that was already ebbing on his arrival at the emergency operating room, and who had been with him when extreme unction was administered.

Every action that has not been televised has been described minutely, how she kissed her husband's right cheek, then picked up his right hand and held it in both of hers, resting it on his chest as she laid her cheek on it and listened to Father Hubert intoning in Latin the last rites.

The pitiless exposure of every detail of the Dallas drama allowed no respite and no escape. Never before had assassination, murder, lawlessness and police ineptitude been chronicled as a non-stop close-up television spectacle. The whole hideous story will be uncovered in due course by the public investigation now under way in the United States under the chairmanship of the Supreme Court Chief Justice Earl Warren.

Whatever the outcome, there can be no doubt that the Free World has received a formidable blow, that international restraints will be loosened, that faith in world order sponsored by the Western Alliance and led by the United States will be impaired. There can be no doubt that established order has received a setback which it will take time and a concerted effort to mend.

MEMORIALS TO KENNEDY

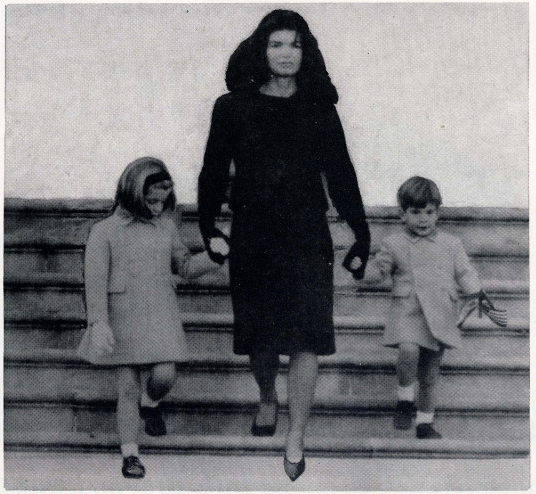
The abominable outrage of Dallas took the life of President Kennedy and left his tasks unfinished. It is the lot of others to do what they can to finish them. The world, however, is intent on remembering him. And rightly so. In the United States many memorials are being planned. Streets, schools, squares, parks and highways are being named for him. It is proposed to mint 50 million silver dollars and to print an issue of postage stamps bearing the likeness of his head upon them. Other plans include the naming of a causeway, of cultural centres, of Idlewild Airport, and of a dormitory at his old university of Harvard. All these things are good. President Johnson has announced that Cape Canaveral, home of the giant rocket missile range, is renamed Cape Kennedy. The decision will be widely approved.

We do not believe that the last word has been spoken on this matter of memorials. No one will dispute that the future safety, not alone of the United States, but of the Free World itself, relies, to a great extent, upon the efficiency of the American rocket development. Canada owes much, its very existence probably as a Free Nation, to the defence shield of the United States. It is entirely fitting and proper that President Kennedy's name should be associated with the vital processes of defence development which he did so much to foster. It is a good thing that his name should be permanently attached to the range.

There is another sort of development which we believe would be more truly typical of the late President. The rocket missile range, vital as it is to the future security of the United States and of the Free World, is a means of developing the instruments of death. We, for our part, would like to see the people of the United States apply his name also to a development for the living, to a permanent raising of living standards made possible by a new abundance of electric power and the consequent industrial development. There is just such a plan which would bring about a regeneration of the economy of the State of Maine, other New England States, and the Maritime Provinces of Canada.

PASSAMAQUODDY

The Passamaquoddy project was one dear to John Kennedy's heart. He was able to see the immense potential of it, to see it as a magic wand which would enrich his country and abolish want from Northern Maine.



It is an integrated project of tidal power and upper St. John River hydro-electric development at Dickey Dam, capable of producing a million kilowatts of low-cost energy estimated at 4 mills per kilowatt hour.

It is a billion-dollar project, to be financed entirely by the United States at a rate of $2\frac{3}{4}$ per cent interest, the total cost to be repaid from power revenue over 50 years.

Construction of the project would significantly reduce unemployment in the area on both sides of the border. An estimated 14,000 man-years of local labour would be employed.

Far more important is the industrial development that would be triggered in the region. Cheap power in an area of resources, of political stability, and of well-located open ports would unquestionably attract industry.

The Passamaquoddy project would have an immense advantage for Canada. It would be an ideal complement to the proposed Canadian tidal power development of Chignecto, at the eastern end of the Bay of Fundy.

TIDAL POWER

Tidal power is most economically produced at variable periods, and the peaks and depressions of the two productive systems at Passamaquoddy and Chignecto could be timed to mutual advantages. Furthermore, Passamaquoddy would provide a power line from the New Brunswick border to Boston, with a profound bearing on the economy of the Chignecto development.

The Canadian investigation at Chignecto, it should be noted, is already under way through the action of the Atlantic Development Board. A number of far-reaching decisions have been made by the Board. They include major assistance to electric power production in Newfoundland and New Brunswick. They are in the nature of recommendations by the Board to Hon. J. W. Pickersgill, Secretary of State. The announcements are expected to be made public by the year's end.

In addition, research by the Atlantic Development Board is actively progressing into the development of the St. John River, and in particular, into the proposal to develop the mouth of the river to bring about a threefold result in terms of flood abatement, improved navigation, and power development. Two committees, one in New Brunswick and the other in Ottawa, are actively engaged.

The Atlantic Development Board is to be represented on a joint Canadian-United States committee on Passamaquoddy called by Hon. Paul Martin, Minister of External Affairs, for December 4 and 5 to examine the technical details of the project, particularly as it will affect Canada. The economist on the Canadian side will be the Board's representative Mr. F. J. Doucet.

THE KENNEDY DAM

Canadians, we believe, should do their utmost to foster and assist the Passamaquoddy plan. The fortunes of the Canadian Atlantic Provinces and Northern Maine are linked. Their problems are similar. The means of solving them are similar. The characters of the two peoples are similar. Nothing short of massive investment in the area can bring about the needed results if the economy is to be repaired and the lot of the peoples made commensurate with that of the peoples of other areas. The whole region could be made one of the most desirable of North America, but that can only come as the result of massive investment and prodigious effort.

If the John F. Kennedy development of Passamaquoddy could be undertaken by our good friends to the south of us, and if Canadian Maritime development could be synchronized, a light would be lit in the glow of which the name of John Fitzgerald Kennedy would shine brightly and be blessed by the generations still to come.

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CHRISTMAS IN LONDON

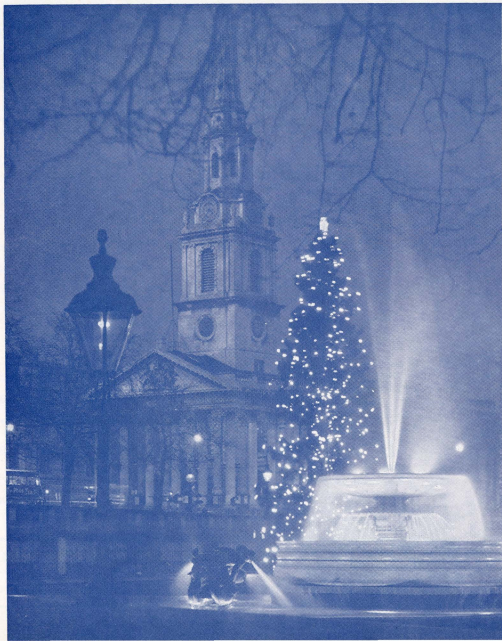
by Helen Claire Howes

CHRISTMAS BEGINS IN London weeks before December 25, when Harrods line-draw their tower in lights, and the starry chandeliers are hung down the centre of Regent Street, to disappear round the sharp curve leading into Piccadilly Circus. All the big stores in Knightsbridge and Oxford Street, the banks, hotels and restaurants compete in festive adornment to turn the downtown district into a world of enchantment.

Long before the giant trees are set up in church porticos and city squares, even the smallest neighbourhood sweet-shop proclaims the joyful season with a storm of cotton snowflakes, paper chains and holly wreaths, filling children and adults alike with an exciting sense of anticipation. Londoners enjoy Christmas to the full, for every red berry and loop of tinsel will be whisked away immediately the Twelve Days are over.

Visually, there is no better introduction to London at Christmas time than from the top of a double-decker bus (front seat if the crowds permit). Take a bus down Oxford Street, for instance, past Selfridge's galloping reindeer and toy-bulging windows, or from Kensington High Street after an early cup of tea at Derry and Toms. Settle quickly for a long, rubber-necking ride and look quietly to the left. That's Church Street, lined both sides with antique shops. Don't miss Kensington Gardens on your left again, and a glimpse of Queen Victoria's birthplace, Kensington Palace.

The bus sweeps you on to Knightsbridge. Watch for a peek at Harrods on



The Christmas tree in Trafalgar Square near St. Martin-in-the-Fields is an annual gift from Oslo to London.

O. O. BENDER, Manager, SUPERIOR WHOLESALE FURNITURE, WINNIPEG

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Choristers from the Chapel, Tower of London, singing carols

your right, many charming little "madam" shops, then the Albert Memorial on your left and the Royal Albert Hall on your right. On the edge of Hyde Park, riders may be cantering along Rotten Row. At Hyde Park Corner you are swept around the new cloverleaf which has taken over one of London's finest vistas—the junction of Piccadilly, Knightsbridge, and Constitution Hill. This leads to Buckingham Palace through the great arch reserved for royalty and important guests. (If the gates are open, leave the bus and the Christmas lights for another occasion, for Her Majesty may be driving through.)

Along Piccadilly, you'll pass Green Park, powdered perhaps with light snow, and then the Ritz, its foyer candle-lit, resinous with evergreens. Note the doorway, and drop in one day for tea.

Almost before you know it, there is dainty Eros in the centre of Piccadilly Circus. Mark it well, for city planners have designs on these old-fashioned fronts and gaudy billboards. Another turn, and in Trafalgar Square the steeple-tall Christmas tree, Oslo's annual gift to London, reaches skyward in all its splendour, with perhaps a sifting of real snow to offset the rich green of its boughs and glittering ornaments.

You might drop off at Canada House and the National Gallery (both in Trafalgar Square), for the bus goes on to the City, that square-mile seat of Britain's financial greatness and the repository of much of her history.

In Trafalgar Square, see the crèche, hard by the Christmas tree and fountains. Around the manger, the Holy Family, and the dazzling tree, shoppers and office-workers gather nightly to sing the old loved carols, the heritage of English-speaking peoples the world over. The *Daily Express* children's carol service is also held in Trafalgar Square, and over at the Tower of London the choristers from the Chapel sing carols in the Tower precincts.

Save the City for leisurely browsing; it holds too many places that should be seen by day—Fleet Street, home of the great British newspapers, St. Paul's Cathedral, with its newly scrubbed face, Mansion House, home of the Lord Mayor, the Guildhall, Lloyds, the Old Bailey, the Bank of England, the Stock Exchange, the London Silver Vaults, and Wren's lovely little City churches. Many of them

Glimmering snowflakes suspended in Regent Street

have been renovated since their almost complete destruction through bombing, and share again with Britain's cathedrals and parish churches the re-creation of the first Christmas.

Throughout the Twelve Days of Christmas the boys in the choir schools remain in residence to raise their sweet young voices at special carol services which are held in every cathedral, abbey and parish church. Sir William McKie, organist and master chorister at Westminster Abbey, says that many boys prefer to remain over the holidays because of the special treats, parties and trips to the pantomime.

Church bells play a great part in Christmas celebrations, and visitors to London have the thrill of hearing the bells of St. Paul's pealing out over the rooftops on Christmas Eve, just as the shops are closing. The eight bells of Westminster Abbey join in the song; later in the evening St. Paul's bells are heard again, and again on Christmas when Westminster's chime in once more.

In many parishes, bell ringing is very popular and highly skilled, the captain or ringing master leading his team in a concert from the church tower on every festive occasion. Groups of hand-bell ringers are also seen on Christmas Eve, walking through the towns ringing their carols, calling at inn and tavern to ring for the guests who join in with song. Sometimes the ringers team up with the carollers who sing from house to house.

Despite the early preparations in streets and shops, Christmas in many households does not actually begin until the day before Christmas. Then the house is fragrant with evergreens, the "kissing bough" of holly and mistletoe is hung, gifts are wrapped, the goose or turkey is stuffed and the pudding is made. The parents may slip off to a before-lunch sherry party, cautioning the children not to touch a thing. In the afternoon the family settles down to listen to the Festival of Nine Lessons and Carols, broadcast from King's College Chapel in Cambridge. For thirty-six years, at exactly 3 o'clock, the fluting voices of the choristers have been heard singing the processional hymn "Once in Royal David's City". Christmas has come again.

Several of England's famous cathedrals (Winchester, Salisbury, Canterbury, St. Albans, and Guildford) are within an hour or so of London and there are daily tours by coach and train. Decorated for the Christmas services, the cathedrals are especially beautiful, and concerts of sacred music as well as carols celebrate the Nativity.

There are Cook's tours around London too, but if you dislike group participation in sightseeing you may welcome the over-the-shoulder "walkie-talkie" guide to fifty places of interest. These Taped Tours may be rented from 9 to 6 p.m. for about $5, and for another $1.50 you may have a second ear-phone for a friend. (Your hotel porter should know where to get a set.)

For Christmas week in London it is well to reserve accommodation early. Within the last year thirteen hotels have been built, including the new thirty-storey London Hilton which overlooks Hyde Park and Buckingham Palace and gardens. Many people find this situation rather disturbing. The British Travel Association (151 Bloor West, Toronto 5) will send you a list of hotels, restaurants, and Trust Houses, but if you arrive with no reservation at all, contact London Hotels Information Services. (Make sure your choice has central heating as Canadians understand it.)

If you would like to spend a typical country Christmas you might reserve at an inn in the Cotswolds, west of London in Gloucestershire. The White Hart in Chipping Norton is a Trust House. At Lygon Arms in Broadway you can watch the hunt riding with the foxhounds down the main street on Boxing Day.

Let no one cry down English cooking now. A revolution has taken place in the preparation of food and the essentially "good, plain cooking" can be superb. You can count on an excellent typically English Christmas dinner at any of the better London hotels. If you have cultivated a taste for foreign menus, there are probably more restaurants in London than anywhere else which specialize in the cuisine of other countries. The *Good Food Guide* is available at any stationer's.

Someone asked why London has no yearly festival. The answer surely is that London is itself a year-long festival. To ensure your obtaining the seats you want for the theatre, opera, ballet, or concerts, buy an air-mailed copy of *The Times* before you leave home, or *This Week in London* when you arrive, and plan your evenings early, particularly for the Christmas-New Year weeks. You can order tickets at your hotel, at Selfridge's or other agency, or get them (considerably cheaper) at the theatre.

The following plays I should like to see, or see again, although some may have moved on by Christmas: C. P. Snow's *The Masters; Mary, Mary* (with Canada's Donald Harron); *The Bed-Sitting Room;* Lionel Bart's *Oliver*, and *Where Angels Fear to Tread*—the new E. M. Forster play which is receiving rave reviews. *Pickwick*, a musical about Christmas, is, according to one reviewer, good in those spots where Dickens's original lines are used. *Oh What a Lovely War* is an unforgettable experience, and Noel Coward's revival of *Private Lives* is a delight.

The new National Theatre of Britain has opened, with Peter O'Toole in *Hamlet* at the Old Vic, its home until the new theatre is ready in 1965. During the season *Hobson's Choice*, *Othello*, and Ibsen's *Master Builder* will also be staged. Sir Laurence Olivier is the director.

The Beggar's Opera, *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, and the very controversial *The Representative* succeed one another at the Aldwych, the home of the Royal Shakespeare Company. Agatha Christie's *The Mousetrap* is now in its eleventh year, and the musical *Lock up Your Daughters* is giving its six-hundredth performance. There is always something good at the Mermaid. Berthold Brecht's *Schweyk in the Second World War* is there at present. The new Swan and Flanders show, *At the Drop of Another Hat*, will certainly be on at Christmas, and the following Christmas.

The Establishment is on tour, but may be back in London by Christmas. The *Beyond the Fringe* characters are said to have cabled the Prime Minister: "Don't resign; you'll ruin our show." A space-age musical opens at the Palladium on December 23 and at Wembley *Around the World in Eighty Days* will be presented on ice.

If you like old-time music hall you may drink and join in the choruses as you watch at the Player's Theatre underneath Charing Cross Station. The Little Angel puppet theatre at Islington stages complete plays. Dame Flora Robson, Sir Basil Spence, and Max Reinhart are directors. Its distinguished manager, John Wright, has toured the world with his cast of 150 puppets, which have appeared in many films.

Opera lovers have many choices during the Christmas season; the Royal Opera House is staging *Der Rosenkavalier*, *Billy Budd*, and Shostakovich's *Lady Macbeth*. The Royal Ballet will, of course, be performing, with Margot Fonteyn, Vancouver's Lyn Seymour, and the mercurial Nureyev.

The Royal Festival Hall is in the throes of renovation so that while there will be concerts there, London's Festival Ballet, whose home the Hall is, will appear at the Royal Albert Hall with the London Philharmonic Orchestra. Stars of the Soviet Ballet will dance there too. The Royal Choral Society will give several concerts in this magnificent hall during the winter season.

At Sadler's Wells Theatre between December 16 and January 11 you may see the following: *Hansel and Gretel*, *La Belle Hélène*, *The Love of Three Oranges*, and *Carmen*. You can expect special Christmas programs by London's seven symphony orchestras, numerous chamber music groups, choirs and choral societies.

For animal lovers there is a national exhibit of cage birds (December 5 to 7), the National Cat Club Championship Show and the Richmond Dog Show (both December 13 and 14), Cruft's Dog Show (February 8 and 9), and the Bertram Mills Circus and Fun Fair. This runs from about mid-December to the first of February. Olympia (in Kensington, reached on the Underground) is the scene of all these attractions. For the race-track fan the horses run throughout December and January, and there is rugby football even in the worst weather. This is only a fraction of the good fare available. The handsome monthly *Coming Events in Britain* will brief you weeks ahead of time on special happenings.

The small fry will of course demand to see the Changing of the Guard. It takes place at Buckingham Palace and St. James's Palace on alternate days at 10.15 and at the Horse Guards, Whitehall, on weekdays at 11 and on Sundays at 10 a.m. At the latter site, on December 30 every year, a different type of ceremony is held. Special wreath-laying ceremonies are held in memory of King Charles I.

London is famous for its taverns, with their fine food, good company and historic associations. In almost any pub you can get a substantial lunch or a snack before attending early theatre—excellent bread and butter or crisp rolls, slices of prime ham and rare roast beef, salad greens, coffee, or a "mild and bitter".

For historical associations, try The Cheshire Cheese just off Fleet Street where Samuel Johnson's chair and first dictionary are kept under glass. Both John-

Christmas chandeliers in Regent Street

Above, the Blackheath Male Voice Choir in costume singing outside The Old Curiosity Shop. Below, children stand before the crib in Canterbury Cathedral.

son and Dickens patronized The George, just across London Bridge in Southwark. It was built in 1677, but records show an earlier "George" on the same site. Next to the fireplace is a box-pew nook that was reserved for Doctor Johnson.

Charles Dickens also patronized Ye Olde Cock whose records show that Goldsmith, Charles Lamb, Tennyson, Coleridge, Sheridan, Thackeray and Garrick often entertained there. Pepys noted in his *Diary* that he took Mrs. Kipps to The Cock, where they did "drink, eat a lobster, sing and (make) mighty merry till almost midnight." The creator of Scrooge, Bob Cratchet and Tiny Tim was The Cock's most famous patron and the writer most closely associated in our minds with Christmas. "Happy, happy Christmas that can win us back to the delusions of childish days . . . and transport the traveller thousands of miles away, back to his own fireside and his quiet home."

The traveller who wants to be won back "to the delusion of childish days" will find Christmas in London the most likely time and place.

Toys from the Attic

by FRANCES PARKHILL

CHRISTMAS WAS THREE weeks away. Rose was busy cleaning, Mrs. Watson was shut up behind her bedroom door composing a speech for the Monday Morning Musical Club, and Mr. Watson was working on important business in his office downtown. The maid wouldn't tolerate a ten-year-old in the kitchen. Dorothy was alone.

Dorothy's home was a mile from her friends' homes. It was just a comfortable house built in the early thirties, but in comparison with others it was a castle. Dorothy's friends were in awe of it, so that she couldn't get anyone to play with her on Saturdays. For the large, poor families, Saturdays were for sewing, cleaning, cooking and going into the city, on foot, to shop.

In years past, by mid-November Dorothy had felt those delightful uneasy Christmas feelings in her heart, or was it her stomach? She never could be sure. This year there wasn't a smidgen of that Christmas spirit within her.

There wasn't any snow yet and the day was gloomy, grey and cold. Dorothy liked soft glowing lights on days like this. She tried reading. The book palled because she possessed a vivid imagination that moved faster than words.

Christmas presents. Perhaps she could start making gifts. But no. This year she had saved her allowance to buy a bottle of perfume for Mother, cigarettes for Father, and handkerchiefs for the maid. Her mother preferred Chanel No. 5, but that was too expensive. She could afford Evening in Paris. When Christmas came and the bottle of perfume was opened, Dorothy would be forgiven for spilling a whole bottle of Chanel.

Mr. Watson was a chain-smoker. A carton of cigarettes would be welcome, but unfortunately wouldn't last long.

For the maid, Dorothy would get a box of handkerchiefs with roses embroidered on them, because the maid was Rose, and she loved to weep at the soap operas. When moved to tears she would resort to her white apron, which by supper time was damp and mussed.

Dorothy squirmed when she thought how the family had to hide their amusement over last year's gifts. She had thought them very useful, and was quite proud of them. For Rose, she had cut

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white cotton into large pieces and hemmed the squares. She didn't have time to do them by hand because she had to embroider on each the name of a soap opera: "Ma Perkins", "Helen Trent", "Pepper Young's Family", "Stella Dallas". But Rose didn't take her hankies seriously, and Dorothy overheard her one evening telling her friend she'd never had such a fine bunch of diapers. Rose never wept into a single handkerchief.

For Mr. Watson there had been a whole box full of clay ashtrays. Rose hadn't been happy to bake them in her oven, but the enthusiasm of the child overcame her objections and the twenty-seven ashtrays, all different shapes and sizes, were baked according to instructions. Dorothy felt that perhaps she had made a mistake. Her father didn't like to be reminded that he smoked too much.

And for her mother she had made a dresser scarf. She hadn't used the machine to hem it. The scarf was to go under the beautiful silver brush and comb set. She had chosen purple because it showed up the silver so well. Dorothy remembered too late that her mother's room was in orange. The scarf appeared on the dresser for a week before it mysteriously got lost.

The only gift that had been well received was the stuffed doll she had made for her best friend, Betsy. But of course, Betsy never got any toys. Her father in those depression years was having great difficulty in feeding his family.

She hadn't thought about her friend's gift! Then she knew why. Her mother had told her she mustn't give anything to Betsy again. Dorothy had listened sadly to the explanation. Her friend couldn't give her a gift and Dorothy mustn't embarrass Betsy by giving one to her. The reason didn't seem logical. Betsy loved receiving gifts. And at Sunday school, Dorothy was taught that giving was God's wish. The adult world was still a mystery to her, and she would have to take many things on faith until she grew up.

Other years, everywhere you turned in the Watson house in the holiday season you could see a *crèche*, a Santa Claus, a winter scene. Mrs. Watson wasn't too keen on this creative clutter, but Christmas was for children.

Dorothy hurried to the attic, and dragged the Christmas decorations from under the eaves. The first two boxes contained lights and tree balls, but the next five held her precious decorations. Slowly and carefully she took them out and examined them. They had been well packed, but they had lost their magic. Dorothy was disappointed. Was this because she was a year older and could do much better work? She started making new decorations. In a week the house was filled with her handiwork.

Again it was Saturday, and again a gloomy, snowless day. Rose was making

cookies, Mr. Watson was figuring out Christmas bonuses, and Mrs. Watson was sewing something that was a great secret. Dorothy hoped it was a red velvet dress, not a durable navy-blue tunic. The prospect of a red dress didn't interest her for long, so Dorothy wandered up to the attic. In a carefully allotted area were the toys. When was the last time she had played up there? She looked at the dolls, the cars, and the games. For the first time she saw them as they really were, small, sturdy, and very practical. Her

imagination no longer turned them into dragons and fairy princesses. Sadly Dorothy realized she had outgrown her toys.

Rose called from two floors down. Someone was at the door. On a Saturday? How exciting! The child scrambled down the ladder from the attic. Inside the kitchen door stood Betsy. Suddenly it didn't seem gloomy. Dorothy could persuade her friend to stay all day. The Watsons liked to have Betsy stay for meals, and Betsy loved the rich large meals.

Dorothy showed her friend everything she had made. Betsy gazed in awe. Christmas decorations at her house consisted of a few paper drawings on a scrawny tree. Dorothy, seeing the look of envy, quickly brought out the box of paste and paper, pipe cleaners and cloth. The two girls happily spent the rest of the morning making the most beautiful creations they had ever seen.

But after lunch, Betsy didn't want to return to making decorations. She quickly grew tired of trying to think up new designs. The play area in the attic didn't attract her either.

They talked about Christmas. Dorothy told Betsy about the red party dress she hoped her mother was making. Then she remembered her mother's admonition about gifts. She decided to tell Betsy why her mother had refused to let her make a gift for her. They agreed that the idea was silly. They sighed at the unreasonable things parents asked.

Suddenly she looked at her best friend and nearly exploded in her excitement. Betsy was always startled when this happened. She could never understand such exuberance. Dorothy wanted to give away all her toys to Betsy's brothers and sisters.

At first Betsy was overwhelmed. She looked at all the toys and shook her head. It wasn't right. What would Mrs. Watson say? Dorothy assured her that the toys were hers to do with as she liked. Betsy's family would love them. The two girls could be Santa Claus to the other children whose faith was still unshaken.

The rest of the afternoon passed in a pink glow of wrapping toys. Dorothy took all the Christmas paper, stickers and ribbons that she dared. She didn't want her mother to ask questions. Playing Santa Claus must be secret.

By mid-afternoon the paper was gone, and very little ribbon was left. Dorothy started wrapping the remaining gifts in the coloured sections of the Saturday papers. By supper time the girls were finished and had thought of a plan for delivering the parcels.

The following week was unbearably long. This year she wasn't allowed to organize the Christmas concert. Her current teacher found the child's dramatic talents annoying. Also the gifts, the small bottle of perfume, the cigarettes, and the thin hankies, were bought. Christmas was meaningless. She hadn't made her presents.

With sudden resolve she took the one doll she hadn't given away and began to sew a wardrobe for it. Betsy must have a gift.

Dorothy had no trouble leaving the house unseen Christmas Eve. Rose was occupied knitting the last few rows of her boy-friend's scarf. Her parents were out to a party that would go on until midnight.

Dorothy pulled the sled and trudged happily through the snow that had finally

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fallen. Would Betsy stay awake until after her brothers and sisters were asleep? Could she keep secret where the sled had come from?

The sled in its place outside the small house, the walk home seemed long and cold. Once in bed, sleep overtook her rapidly, and she didn't waken until seven-thirty! Dorothy roused everyone, bounced into the living-room and opened her stocking. Her stomach tightened. Safety pins, white initialled hankies, castile soap, a new pair of itchy lisle stockings, sticky tape, and her mother's annual joke—a potato.

Dorothy tried to hide her disappointment as she shovelled lumpy oatmeal into her mouth. Then she wondered why Rose insisted on oatmeal on Christmas morning when she usually ate corn flakes. The oatmeal was quickly eaten, however, for the big exciting gifts came after breakfast.

But Dorothy was again disappointed. There was a wine tailored bathrobe, another white blouse for her tunics, plain blue wool gloves, and her party dress. It was in rich velvet with pretty lace around the neck and sleeves, and it was navy-blue.

Fortunately for Dorothy, Mr. and Mrs. Watson were suffering from headaches and upset stomachs. Instead of asking her how she liked her presents, they rolled back into bed. Rose was off to spend the rest of the day with her boy-friend's family. Dorothy was alone. Christmas was over. There was nothing to fill the hollow feeling. She wandered about the house quietly and aimlessly.

Christmas was never meant to be silent! Quickly Dorothy dressed and started down the road towards her friend's house. She found it difficult to breathe the biting air. Tears came to her eyes, and soon they poured in rivers down her face. Not one silly gift, not one bright colour, not one toy had she received.

Growing angry with herself she wiped away her tears. It had been her idea to give away the toys! But she knew she would miss the wood and metal, cloth and wool that had taken her to a land of dreams where loneliness was never known. But she couldn't ask for her gifts back. Their magic would be spoiled.

Much to Dorothy's surprise she could hear the children shouting and yelling some distance from the house. At the door she knocked several times before

Betsy came. At first Betsy was startled, then a smile grew until it was the biggest that Dorothy had ever seen. It was the doll. Betsy flung her arms around her friend. Dorothy squirmed in embarrassment.

Betsy's mother saw the girls. Tears came to her eyes, and she could say nothing. Dorothy looked into the room filled with children bouncing on beds, on each other, making noises like airplanes, motor boats, and animals. Never before had Dorothy seen the children so oblivious to hunger and cold.

She left. She didn't belong there, yet she was content. Dorothy took the long way home; she flew to the moon first.

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THE MYSTERY OF THE CARLETON PORTRAIT

by

SIR ALEC MARTIN

The celebrated art authority and former chairman of the great London auction house of Christies solves the historic riddle of the real appearance of General Thomas Carleton, the first Governor of New Brunswick.

At left is the so-called Pembroke miniature that Dr. J. Clarence Webster claimed to have discovered in London, the dealer not knowing it was Governor Thomas Carleton. It was first illustrated in the Collection of the Nova Scotia Historical Society *in 1914. The miniature is in the Webster Collection of the New Brunswick Museum in Saint John. Sir Alec Martin sets out in this article his reasons for rejecting this as a genuine portrait of Thomas Carleton.*

THE BEAVERBROOK ART GALLERY, renowned already for its array of important art treasures, has recently been enriched by a miniature portrait of outstanding historical interest: the family portrait painted from life of Thomas Carleton, the first Governor of the province.

This miniature comes from the Carleton family collection of miniatures at Greywell House, Greywell, near Basingstoke, the home of the Dorchesters.

Guy, the elder brother of Thomas, was for his brilliant military services created Lord Dorchester in 1786. He was Commander-in-Chief in North America 1782-1795 and Governor-General of Canada 1786-1796. He died at Stubbings, near Maidenhead, in 1802. He was buried in the church of St. Swithun, Nately Scures, a few miles from Greywell on the main London to Basingstoke road, where his son Richard later became Rector. In this little Norman church, nearly the smallest in England, the walls are covered with tablets to the Carletons buried there, including Thomas Carleton, the first Governor of New Brunswick, who died at Ramsgate, Kent, in 1817, and of his only

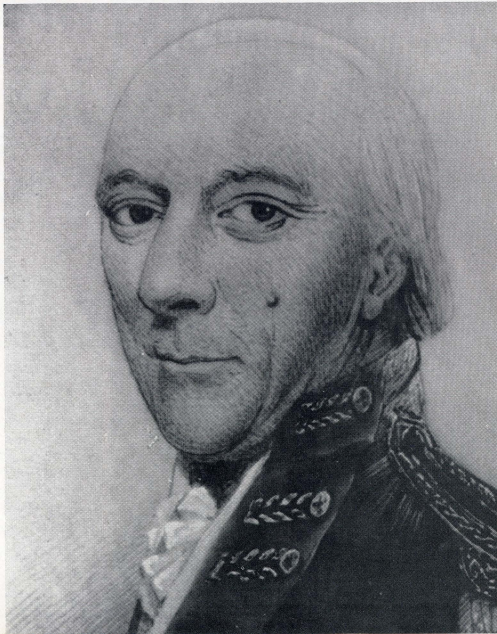
St. Swithun's Church, Nateley Scures, where Governor Thomas Carleton is buried. The walls of this little Norman church are covered with tablets to the Carletons.

son, William, born in 1789 who had fought as a boy at the Battle of Trafalgar, and died in 1874.

Recently Dudley, the last Lord Dorchester, died aged eighty-seven, and his widow, Lady Dorchester, has presented the miniature to Lord Beaverbrook. It was her husband's wish that she should do so as he wanted it henceforth to be on public view in the Beaverbrook Art Gallery in Fredericton, the capital of the province of New Brunswick.

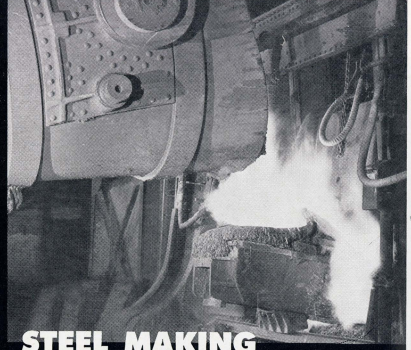
The miniature is well painted by a professional artist towards the end of the best period of eighteenth-century British portraiture. It is not signed and the artist is so far unidentified. It may be that some time a signed miniature similar in technique will turn up. We shall then know the name of the artist. It can be dated accurately between 1792 and 1798 as Carleton wears the uniform of a major-general. He became a lieutenant-general in 1798, which would have involved a slight change in the uniform he would be wearing.

It is probable that the miniature was painted in Canada as there is no record that the General paid any official visit to England while a major-general although



At right is the miniature from the Dorchester collection, now in the Beaverbrook Art Gallery in Fredericton. This miniature, painted between 1792 and 1798, may be the work of Roch, an Irish miniaturist who was deaf and dumb. *See page 33 for a reproduction of this miniature in colour.*

MINING



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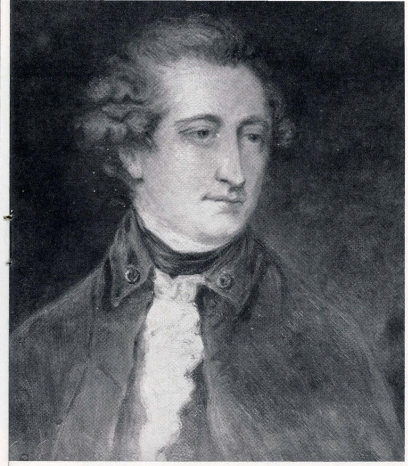
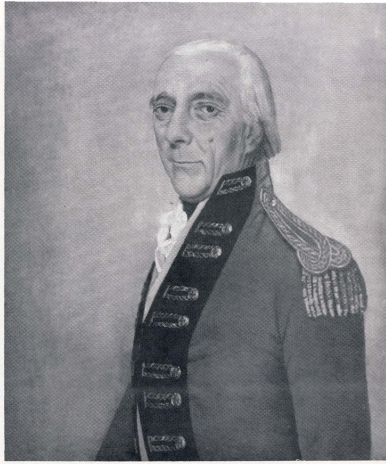
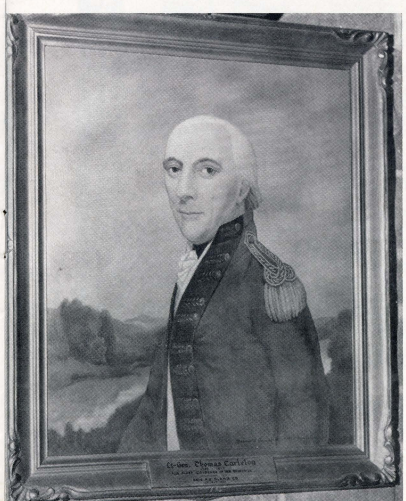
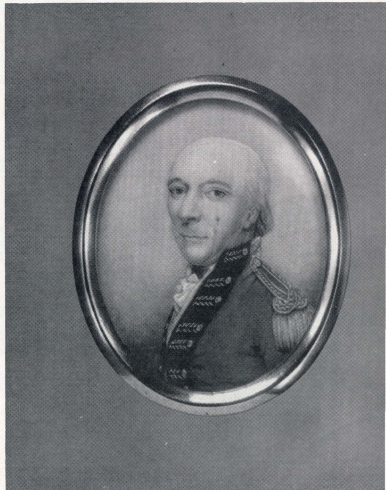
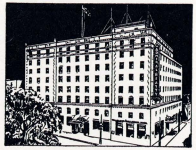




Here are four paintings copied from the miniatures. At left above is a painting in the Webster Collection, one of several copied for official purposes from the miniature in the New Brunswick Museum. At right above, and below, are three copies from the Dorchester miniature. The portrait at right above was painted by A. R. Thompson, R.A., and presented to the University of New Brunswick by Sir Alec Martin. It hangs in Carleton Hall. At left below is a painting that hangs in Carleton Barracks, the headquarters officers' mess at Camp Gagetown. It was painted by Rosamond Campbell and presented by Brigadier P. W. Oland, C.D. At right below is a copy by Mrs. B. Owen-Baker, vice-president of the Royal Miniature Society, that Sir Alec Martin had painted for Lady Dorchester.







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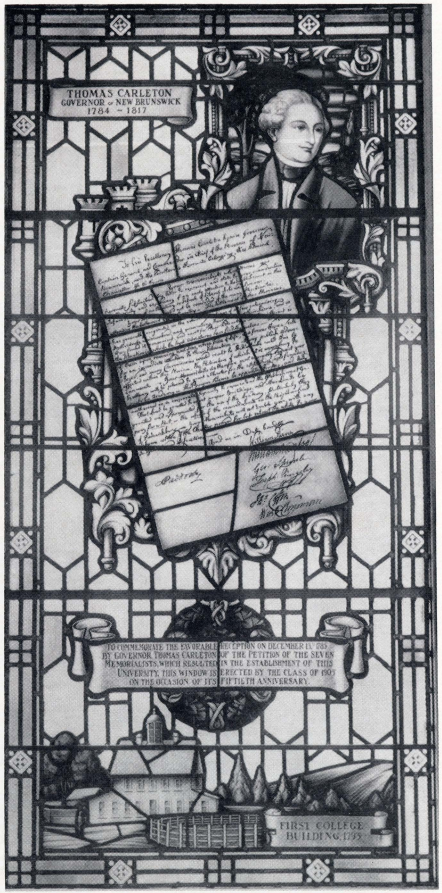


The Carleton memorial window in the Old Arts Building at the University of New Brunswick incorporates a portrait based on the miniature in the Webster Collection. The window was erected by the class of 1905 on the occasion of its fiftieth anniversary.

it is of course possible that it was painted in England during a period of leave.

Another miniature of very doubtful authenticity has hitherto circulated in Canada as representing the First Governor. It was first illustrated in the *Collection of the Nova Scotia Historical Society*, Volume XVIII, published in 1914, when a half-tone reproduction of it accompanied an article entitled "Wolfe's Men and Nova Scotia" written by Dr. Beccles Willson. It was then described as "Thomas Carleton, Governor of New Brunswick, (1784-1803)" and was said to be in the collection of Lord Pembroke.

For reasons which I am here setting out I cannot believe that this is a genuine portrait of Thomas Carleton.

In the autumn of 1960 the University of New Brunswick opened a new building for its faculty of arts, naming it Carleton Hall after the first governor whose efforts had led to the establishment of the University. At that time the president, Dr. Colin B. Mackay, wrote to me asking if I knew Lord Pembroke, and if so, whether I could seek his permission for a copy of the so-called Pembroke miniature to be made for the new building. I knew Lord Pembroke and wrote asking for this permission. He replied that he had no such miniature in the Pembroke collection and had no record that one had ever been in the possession of his family.

I then wrote to Lord Dorchester, the head of the Carleton family, asking whether he had a miniature of Thomas Carleton which he might permit to be copied for the University of New Brunswick. He replied that he possessed a miniature of Thomas Carleton in uniform and would gladly lend it to me for copying. This was done and a large copy in oils (thirty inches by twenty-five inches) was made by A. R. Thomson, R.A., which may now be seen in the new Carleton Hall of the faculty of arts at the University.

When I visited Lord Dorchester I told him about the so-called Pembroke miniature and he agreed with me that it could not represent Thomas Carleton. I mentioned that this miniature had been regarded in New Brunswick as the authentic portrait of the first Governor and suggested that it would be wonderful if his really authentic miniature portrait could some time be acquired for the recently opened Beaverbrook Art Gallery in Fredericton, the capital of the province. Lord Dorchester replied that he would never sell the miniature but that it would be his wish that Lord Beaverbrook should eventually have it for all in New Brunswick to see, present and future. Lord Dorchester died recently, and Lady Dorchester has faithfully carried out her husband's wishes. In doing so Lady Dorchester has earned for herself and her husband the lasting gratitude of the Province of New Brunswick.

General Thomas Carleton, 1735-1817, the first Governor of New Brunswick, 1784-1817. This miniature was presented by Lady Dorchester to Lord Beaverbrook. It was the wish of her husband, the last Lord Dorchester, that it should be on public view in the Beaverbrook Art Gallery.

To revert to the so-called Pembroke miniature, this depicts an insipid and effeminate man of fashion, in civilian dress, aged thirty to thirty-five years, painted about 1775. Thomas Carleton was a soldier from youth and at that time had already had years of campaigning overseas and would have looked a soldier.

It is hard to understand why Beccles Willson, a professional historian, used this questionable miniature for his official records when he himself makes it clear that, at the time he did so, he knew that the then Lady Dorchester was said to have the family miniature. Willson also stated that the Pembroke miniature had been loaned by the Earl of Pembroke for exhibition, apparently in England about 1904. I have made a thorough search and can find no trace of such a miniature in any exhibition catalogue.

In 1935 Dr. J. Clarence Webster wrote to the then Lord Pembroke asking if he could see the miniature illustrated in Beccles Willson's article. He was told in reply that the miniature must have been stolen. The present Lord Pembroke tells me that his father was frequently overwhelmed by enquiries about his art treasures and that if he could not recollect or find any record of the subject of the enquiry, he might say that it must have been stolen.

In 1936 Dr. Webster paid one of his visits to England in search of Canadian historical relics. Having the so-called Pembroke miniature in his mind, he claims that on this visit he discovered a copy of it in a dealer's shop, the dealer not knowing what he was selling, and bought it. From this were made several copies for official purposes in New Brunswick.

It is difficult to avoid the suspicion that Dr. Webster's needs were in fact known and that the copy was made to meet them.

There is no question that New Brunswick now has, and all can see in the Beaverbrook Gallery, the genuine and unique family portrait of its first Governor painted from life.

THE GAINSBOROUGH PORTRAIT

GAINSBOROUGH'S PORTRAIT of Lt. Colonel Edmund Nugent, illustrated on this page, is one of the favourite pictures in the Beaverbrook Art Gallery in Fredericton.

This and the other paintings which comprise the permanent collection will be seen again on January 31, when the Gallery will once more open to the public, following the roof repairs which have caused the closing. Added to the old favourites will be a number of new acquisitions of Lady Beaverbrook, which were described in the Round and About feature of our last month's issue. These will make the 1964 exhibition an outstanding event, and a remarkable contrast to the abstract extravaganza of the Dunn International which, by the way, has had an outstanding success at the Tate Gallery in London, drawing a constant flow of visitors. The exhibition has been extended there until December 22.

Lt. Col. Edmund Nugent by Thomas Gainsborough

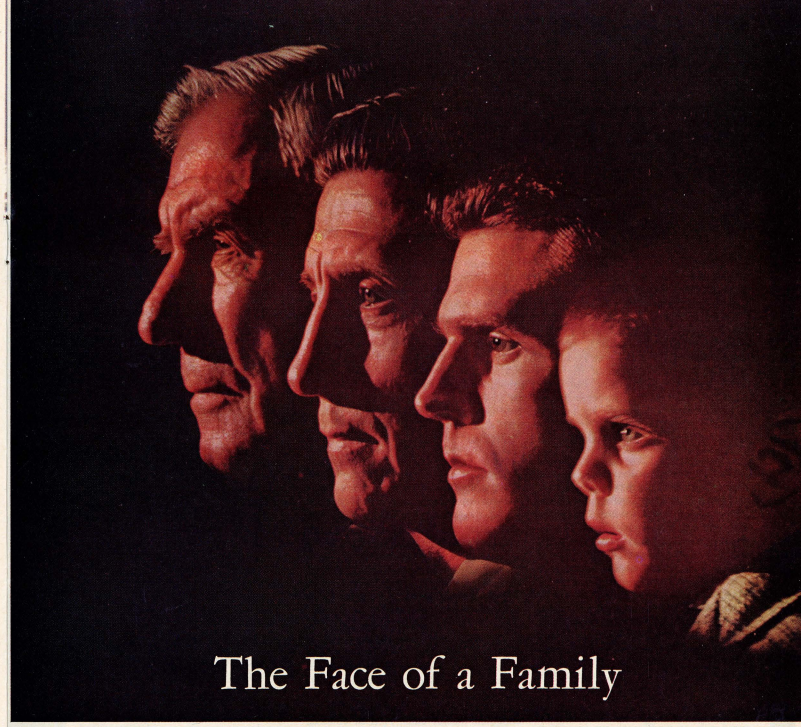
The Nugent portrait was bought by Lord Beaverbrook from Agnew's Gallery in London. It was previously in the collection of Baron Thyssen, in Switzerland, after being bought by Knoedlers from Sir Guy Nugent, a former officer of the Grenadier Guards and a descendant of the subject of the portrait, who was also an officer of the Grenadier Guards, then known as the 1st Guard.

There is a difference, however. Sir Guy earned his commission by passing examinations during his education at Eton and Sandhurst. His ancestor was educated at Fagan's Academy in Dublin but his commission in the 1st Guard was bought for him by his father, the Earl of Nugent. Life was easier in those days for the rich and the privileged. Edmund Nugent was elected a Member of Parliament for Liskeard in 1754, and resigned his commission five years later, in 1759. He sat for St. Mawes in the First Parliament of George III in 1761, and again in 1768.

He married Elizabeth Vernon in 1755, and after having two sons, George and Edmund, and a daughter Elizabeth, suffered the embarrassing matrimonial disorder of discovering that his marriage had a legal flaw which annulled it. He died in 1774. He was survived by his father the Earl.

In the Beaverbrook Art Gallery, with the provenance of the picture in the keeping of the curator, Professor Edwy Cooke, there is a letter from the present Lord Nugent, brother of Sir Guy. In it he tells how the portrait used to hang in the dining room of his grandfather's home in Norfolk. "I once," he writes, "as a small boy went to a fancy dress ball dressed in that uniform, the undress uniform of the 1st Guard. I expect I looked ridiculous."

M. W.



reflecting the dreams and adventures of boyhood
the ideals and aspirations of early manhood
the experience and knowledge of maturity
and the wisdom of the closing years

This study of four generations of one family epitomizes the association of Royal Trust with succeeding generations through 64 years of service. Royal Trust's stewardship of personal and family financial affairs has brought many deep satisfaction and peace of mind. The sum of our experience is available to all our clients in the many and varied trust services we perform.

ROYAL TRUST
CANADA'S LEADING EXECUTOR AND TRUSTEE

Great-Grandfather, grandfather, father and son—A photographic study by James R. Weyer. A full-colour reproduction suitable for framing is available on request.

really, and consisted of a solid metal hook about the thickness of an ordinary toothpick. The top of the hook carried the candle holder with its little drip-tray, while the bottom end of the hook was weighed down with a golden metal walnut. (See figure 4.) The placing of so many candles was a ticklish job, for immense care had to be taken to avoid the paper fringes or some other decorations catching fire. All the same, this did happen almost invariably and added to the thrill. The tantalizing smell of burning pine and singed sweets or biscuits was just a part of it all.

To light the candles, especially those near the top of the tree, my mother always prepared a long stick, a bamboo cane or thin metal rod and securely fastened an ordinary sized candle to the top of it, with a tinfoil collar round it to catch the candle wax. Another similar long stick had a candle-extinguisher fastened to the top; this can be improvised with a small funnel or a bit of tin twisted cone-shape. (See figure 5.) For safety's sake, a bucket of water and some damp cloths were kept in readiness.

Now the tree was ready, our Nativity scene, our "Bethlehem", too big and too important to be put under the tree as is the custom, had to be put up on a biggish table at one end of the room. Fresh moss was spread where the little stable was to stand and a light placed behind its window, to throw a ray of light on the Holy Child in the manger, and another light was placed behind the mountains of Bethlehem beyond the shed. The big star with its long tail of gold wire was hung to float over the whole scene, and an angel, with the *Gloria in Excelsis Deo* scroll in his hands, practically sat on the thatched roof of the shed. When all the figures were put in place the whole thing was flanked with flowers and greenery.

All that remained to do now was to spread a white cloth on another table, decorate it with looped ribbon and some gold tinsel and put all the presents on it. These were all wrapped in plain white or pale blue tissue paper and tied with silver, gold or white silk ribbons, and were each decorated with a small branch of fir or a slip of mistletoe.

Then, hurriedly, all the paraphernalia such as boxes, scissors, surplus wrappings, broken bits of decoration, wire, glue, string, and stepladder, were whisked out of sight and the room was tidied and made straight. Carpets and other easily inflammable objects were moved away from the tree. The curtains were drawn open and were to remain so for as long as the tree was in the house. According to a superstition, the tree should be able to look out and those outside should be allowed to look in at the tree.

A small silver bell was hung on the tree within easy reach of a grown-up person. This was to be rung a few seconds before the big double doors were thrown open to let everybody in. The bell was the signal that the *Christkindl* (Christ-child) had been, had left the gifts and the candle-lit tree and had just flown away again. Some sparklers, hung in prominent, accessible places on some lower branches were lit at the very last instant. Grandfather stood erect near the tree and led the singing. The great moment had arrived at last.

While all the preparations had been going on in greatest secrecy, the drawing-room had remained locked and even the keyholes were plugged. My belief in the *Christkindl* was as yet unshaken. I remember one night sleeping in a room next to the drawing room and hearing the sound of rustling paper, the creaking of the stepladder and suddenly the brittle, tinkling sound of one of the fragile baubles crashing to the floor. So even *Christkindl* was prone to accidents of this kind, I mused.

Up to the age of nine I was blissfully unaware of the immense labour of love my mother undertook, of the sacrifices she made each year to give me the maximum of happiness and contentment that was in her power to give. Later I was allowed to help under her guidance and supervision, but once the novelty had worn off I found most tasks too exacting because everything had to be just right and absolutely neat. Only much later did I realize how necessary was this seemingly exaggerated precision, this attention to every detail that went into the creation of the scintillating, dream-like visions of beauty and abundance that were those Christmas trees of my early childhood.

A MOST UNSUITABLE MATCH

A very short story by my friend
DAGMAR LOEWENHERZ

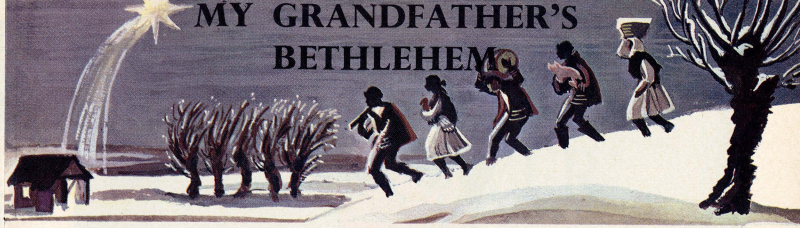
We still have a charming old Nativity which had already stood under the family's Christmas tree when my grandmother was but a little girl.

Unfortunately my little son, a true child of the atomic age, managed to destroy the figure of Saint Joseph beyond all hope of repair.

Living in a small Protestant town, I had no possibility of finding a substitute there, but going to Munich the following year to do my Christmas shopping, I had a look round. In a little shop near an old church, among candles, wax angels and holy images stood exactly the figure I was looking for, just right in style and size to match our own old Nativity.

The elderly shopkeeper, a plump, comfortable old body, named a very reasonable price and immediately took the figure out of the window. While she was carefully wrapping my purchase in tissue paper, I chatted a little about our old Nativity and said how happy I was that the dear Virgin Mary would no longer be lonesome under the tree without her betrothed. As soon as I had said this the woman stopped wrapping and cried aghast: "Good gracious me, but this is not Saint Joseph, it is only a shepherd!" I tried to convince her that this did not matter to me in the very least, confessed to being a heretic and even offered to pay a higher price. She refused to listen to my arguments, unpacked my long-sought treasure and hurriedly placed it back in the shop window to prevent any possible sacrilegious intentions on my part.

Disappointed though I was, I could not but admire this staunch, unshakable faith.

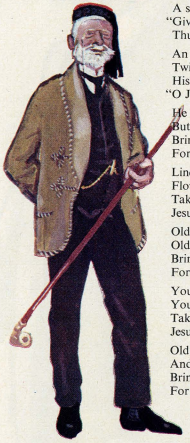


The Nativity scene is usually placed under the tree on Christmas eve in all Central European countries, and without it no Christmas would seem complete. It is called "Bethlehem" for short in Austria and many countries of the old Austro-Hungarian Empire.

Our own Bethlehem had been made by my grandfather himself and was therefore a family treasure. Being rather bigger than most Nativity scenes and much more elaborate, it took up a lot of space. For this reason, and to be more easily seen from all sides, it was put up by itself in a corner of the room where the Christmas tree stood.

Behind the little stable of the Nativity rose the hills and mountains of Bethlehem. These my grandfather had fashioned by dipping old sacks into carpenter's glue and then moulding the hilly countryside with his hands. Later when this had set and dried, he had painted the landscape and enlivened it with little clusters of

white houses nestling in the hillside. He pierced their windows, so that when a light was placed behind, it created the illusion of light shining from tiny windows in small mountain villages. This light-dotted, hilly countryside formed the background to the traditional humble shed with its tumbledown, thatched roof. All the figures of our Bethlehem my grandfather had carved and painted himself. These were far more numerous than those of the usual Nativity scenes, which normally consisted of Mary and Joseph, the infant Jesus, the ox and the ass, some shepherds with their sheep and possibly an angel or two. He had made all the figures to illustrate a very old, and, in its simplicity and ingenuousness, rather touching Christmas carol of Croatia. To give a better idea of some of the worshipping figures, I have tried to translate, only very roughly, some of the verses from this song, but I cannot hope to do justice to the child-like innocence of the original:



O what is this light o'er Bethlehem's City?
A sound of rejoicing is filling the air:
"Give praises to heaven and peace to all People"
Thus joyfully singing and shouting are they!

An old man stands leaning in yonder small shed,
Twixt the ox and the ass the child has been laid.
His mother has wrapped him and sung to him sweetly:
"O Jesus, my Jesus, most beloved of sons!"

He holds in his little hands Heaven and Earth
But for us he suffers all naked and cold.
Bring gifts to this infant, ask favours from him,
For this holy babe is the fountain of grace.

Linen from Marica, (*Mary*)
Flowers from Katica, (*Kitty*)
Take all to this little child
Jesus, our Lord.

Old Stef (*Steve*) take a barrel and fill it with wine,
Old Joza (*Joe*) will bring him some milk from the kine.
Bring gifts to this infant, ask favours from him,
For this holy babe is the fountain of life.

You Bara (*Barbara*) bring butter,
You Yana (*Jane*) a turkey,
Take all to this little child
Jesus, our Lord!

Old lazy-bones Misko (*Mike*) wake up from your sleep
And bring him a sackful of wool from your sheep!
Bring gifts to this infant, ask favours from him,
For this holy babe is the fountain of life.

You Martin bring brandy,
And Marko (*Mark*) some candy,
Give all to this little child
Jesus, our Lord.

And so it goes on, old Matija (*Mathew*) is told to wake from his drunken slumbers and to fetch some hay for the ox and the ass, fat old Jakov (*Jacob*) is summoned to come and play on his flute, Reza (*Theresa*) is encouraged to give two turtle doves for Jesus to play with and old Ivan is told to bestir himself and catch some fish quickly, and so on, and so forth.

My grandfather had carved and painted all these peasant figures of Bara, Yana, Misko, Joza and all the others in their national Croatian dress. Since he was not a very proficient sculptor, the figures were possibly a little clumsy and primitive, but to us they were lovable and had great charm and individuality.

Some of these figures were a standing family joke and were given the names of friends or relatives they were supposed to resemble—not very flattering comparisons I fear—and the Holy Infant—without irreverence, for he was loved and treasured in spite of it—was known in the family to be an acute case of mumps.

Many decades had passed since my grandfather had made this Bethlehem and all its figures for his large family of daughters, yet still I remember my mother and her sisters reproaching him: "Father, it does not matter so much Joseph looking slightly tipsy, or old Bara's legs being so unequal, one too thin and the other much too fat, but surely you did not have to give the Holy Child mumps! Couldn't you alter this?"

But he wouldn't; he just shook his white head, puffed at his long turkish pipe (*tchibuk*) and smiled: "What's done is done; let it be."

'RENEGADE IN POWER'

A Review of Peter C. Newman's Controversial Book about John Diefenbaker

by J. W. B.

RENEGADE IN POWER: THE DIEFENBAKER YEARS, by Peter C. Newman. McClelland and Stewart, Toronto. $7.50.

The reputation of the Parliamentary Press Gallery is admitted to be at its lowest ebb for some years. On a recent television panel, one of its most prominent members intimated that the Gallery's general handling of the Diefenbaker regime might very well account for the apparent decline. Swinging wildly from over-adulation in 1957 and 1958 to a height of hysterical execration in the elections of 1962 and 1963, a majority of the correspondents on Parliament Hill seemed incapable of handling any news concerning Diefenbaker with the kind of calm integrity with which the Kennedy Administration is continuously appraised by Walter Lippmann and James Reston, Washington correspondent of *The New York Times*.

It is well to keep in mind these general, occupational disabilities of recent parliamentary journalism while reading Peter C. Newman's *Renegade in Power: The Diefenbaker Years*. The author is National Affairs Editor of *Maclean's* and conducted the "Backstage At Ottawa" column of that periodical during the whole tenure of the Diefenbaker Government.

A careful reading of this colourful and blatantly controversial book suggests that its author compiled most of his bi-weekly columns, rougher notes and other material into what would be an almost book-length manuscript; probably to be tentatively called "The Diefenbaker Years". If so, it is to be regretted that the original design was not proceeded with. In that case, Mr. Newman's frequent claims to objectivity would be more acceptable than the way things turned out. In the event, either the author or his publisher appears to have decided to "go for broke" with a rip-snorting title *Renegade in Power* to be justified by the hasty interpolation of a Prologue and some melodramatic conclusions in the final pages of the book. The result is a curiously uneven work showing too many evidences of deadline demands and sacrificing a certain amount of fundamental objectivity—even integrity—in order to get it in the book-stores before the Hate Diefenbaker movement subsides. Many readers, who have hitherto held Mr. Newman in considerable esteem, will regret that he and his publisher did not see fit to make better and more permanent use of the author's impressive mass of material and of his very real ability at times to observe public events and to record them honestly. As matters now stand, Mr. Newman is highly unlikely to be able to write the definitive history of his own era, because his credentials, as a historian, have been already compromised. The book which it most resembles in the literature of Canadian politics is Sir Richard Cartwright's *Reminiscences*, wherein that doughty holder of grudges gave his last comeuppances to Sir John A., although his great enemy had been in his Kingston resting-place for twenty years. Sir Richard took almost four hundred pages of critical comment in order to demonstrate how wrong Sir John had been about almost everything. Mr. Newman has taken about the same number of pages to attempt the same kind of demolition job on Diefenbaker. Historians have never held Sir Richard's stridently presented evidence in any too great repute. So, in the long run *Renegade in Power* may not turn out to be such a hostile witness for Diefenbaker as its author intended.

The caricature portrait of John Diefenbaker on the page opposite is by William Werthman

The kernel of the Newman indictment is in the second paragraph, page xii, of the Prologue:

> *Elected as a spiritual leader at a time of growing self-doubt, John Diefenbaker turned out to be not a spiritual leader at all, but a renegade in power—a renegade both to his own cause and to the greater aspirations of the nation he was meant to be governing.*

This singular paragraph is obviously "planted" in the Prologue in order to justify the melodramatic title. It purports to elevate the Diefenbaker mandate to celestial heights. The basic absurdity of such a contention is demonstrated by Mr. Newman himself a mere thirty-six pages after the "renegade" charge is made.

Between pages 32 and 76, comprising Chapter 3: The Formative Circumstances; Chapter 4: The 1957 Election and the Ecstasies of Office; Chapter 5: The Charismatic Rampage of 1958, are to be found one of the best narrative accounts which are likely to be written of the declining days of the St. Laurent Administration: the Pipeline Debate and its fateful results, George Drew's illness and resignation, the Progressive Conservative Convention in December 1956, the 1957 election, the vigorous program of the Diefenbaker Government in the 1957-58 Session, Pearson's ill-conceived motion of non-confidence, the 1958 election, and the electoral triumph. In these forty pages or so—certainly a fascinating and well-written portion of the book—Newman refutes his own contention about the character of the mandate because what happens in his succinct narrative is this: the St. Laurent Government digs its own grave by flouting parliament and ignoring many of the regional problems of Canadians, especially those living in the West and Maritime Provinces.

Secondly, hundreds of Progressive Conservative supporters, encouraged by

this increasingly favourable political situation gather in the Cow Palace of Lansdowne Park, in December 1956, and elect John Diefenbaker leader of their party on the first ballot. Mr. Newman may contend that they were seeking "a spiritual leader", but, most certainly the vast majority of them were there for a much less exalted reason. They were looking for a man to replace George Drew and, above all, one who could beat the faltering Grits! Surely, to maintain anything else is to be either improbably naïve or to be indulging in the purest form of sophistry.

That such a conclusion is justified is again underlined by the author when he writes, page 71:

> *There was little doubt that the Vision had struck a response in the national subconsciousness. Having* inadvertently *elected John Diefenbaker as their prime minister eight months before, most of the voters now seemed determined to commit themselves to him. "A country starved of leadership for nearly half a century", wrote Hugh MacLennan, "had reached the point where it craved leadership more than anything else."*

So, here we have Mr. Newman stating that far from electing John Diefenbaker as their "spiritual leader" in 1957 the Canadian voters had done it "inadvertently" i.e. "accidentally"; and, then, in view of the failure of Liberal leadership, they elected him again in 1958—and this time they did know what they were doing! Surely, the historical truth of the matter must follow pretty closely along these lines and, if it does, what is left of Mr. Newman's fearful moral indictment which he has made the gist of his whole case and accentuated in his title? He confounds his principal thesis by remarking further along, page 76:

> *The man from Prince Albert had promised that if the people gave him a mandate, he would ensure their well-being. The voters certainly had honoured their end of the unwritten compact. Now they confidently expected the Prime Minister to keep his.*

What was different in this "sweetheart deal" with what had existed between previous electorates and each of Diefenbaker's twelve predecessors? They all promised in some measure. They all made good in some measure and they all failed in meeting everyone's expectations in some measure. Such shortcomings did not make "renegades" of Macdonald, Laurier, Borden, Mackenzie King or St. Laurent, and in what way should Diefenbaker be held to be different?

To most readers, Part II of the book will prove of outstanding interest. This portion takes up thirteen chapters including: The Prime Minister; The Cabinet; The Disillusionment of Davie Fulton; The Humbling of Donald Fleming; Alvin; George Hees YCDBSOYA*; The Gray Flannel Eminence; A Footnote on Olive Diefenbaker.

These chapters offer an absorbing collection of fact, fancies, inferences, imputations and analyses regarding the functioning of the Diefenbaker Cabinet. They have much of the interest of Robert Sherwood's *Roosevelt and Hopkins* and Donald Creighton's meticulously pieced together pictures of Sir John A. in the company of his colleagues. In such works, this, the pure ore of history, bears the imprint and vital signature of the principal personality, be it Churchill, Disraeli, Laurier, Macdonald, Mackenzie King or John George Diefenbaker. The present book is no exception. At the high tide of fortune or in fumbling and defeat, in spite of the criticism and strictures, both justified and unjustified, the portrait of John Diefenbaker which emerges is that of a restless, energetic, tough but tremendously sympathetic man, who, in spite of all, rises above the detractions and detractors to dominate the history of his time and to be responsible for a tremendous revitalization in Canadian public life.

Mr. Newman manages to be both at his best and at his worst in Part III and Part IV, which bring his political suspense story to its dramatic crescendo and quasi-tragic conclusion. There are many pages which set out some of the best political writing of the times, and, in these, supporters of the former Prime Minister will find a good deal of seemingly well-documented material to disturb them and fill them with misgiving, and to justify a considerable number of the author's strictures. It would be unfair and unjustifiable to criticize Mr. Newman for attacking what he sees in the searching light of his experience and well-informed judgment. No one should ever quarrel with a conscientious and competent journalist on that account because the exercise of his undoubted prerogative and mandate is the foundation of free institutions. Progressive Conservatives may profit a good deal by taking careful note of what Newman has to say about political ethics and methods because, in several cases, their critic is interpreting public opinion with a disquieting appearance of truth.

Unfortunately, for his intended purpose, such satirically captioned chapters as "The Fiscal Sins of a Prairie Prime Minister" and "The Carnage of the Coyne Affair" have lost much of their sting since they have been placed in competition with "The Shambles of the Gordon Budget", "The Insidious Adventure of the Toronto Experts", and "The Disembodied Spirit of Hyannis Port".

It is another shortcoming of the book that certain pages read like tape-recordings of two or three Ottawa cocktail parties and in too many cases he is inclined to interrupt his narrative to throw in superficial and unfair paragraphs like this one on page 294:

> *The* entente cordiale *initiated when Sir John A. Macdonald invited Sir Georges-Etienne Cartier into the Great Coalition that brought about Confederation collapsed during the Diefenbaker Years.*

Historically speaking, this is prejudiced nonsense because the so-called *entente cordiale* has repeatedly been broken during Quebec political upheavals.

J. W. Dafoe, a Liberal immortal if there ever was one, had this to say about Sir Wilfrid Laurier's Quebec Policy:

> *Sir Wilfrid lived to see, as the culmination of twenty years of this policy, the French and the English-Canadians more sharply divided than they had been for eighty years.**

In connection with Diefenbaker's alleged responsibility for breaking the *entente cordiale*, Mr. Newman is again his own most severe disputant in Chapter 20, "Les Epaulettes Perdues", when he gives a commendably realistic summary of the death of Paul Sauvé and its fateful influence upon Diefenbaker's fortunes in Quebec. It would appear from this and reference later on in the book that, in his personal evaluation, Paul Sauvé alive would have meant victory for Union Nationale and no Lesage resurgence—to which, by the way, Mr. Newman gives all too little credit in the favourable development of Lester Pearson's political fortunes. Neither is proper recognition made of Hon. Louis J. Robichaud's victory in New Brunswick and his militant sponsorship of the Pearson cause. Most of the credit is accorded to the Liberal Brain Trust.

The author is once more at his favourite gambit, simulating an appearance of weighty historical judgment, in statements like this one, on page 399:

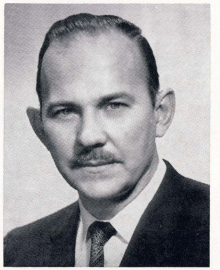
> *By aiming his appeal at the anti-Establishment non-urban sector of the population, John Diefenbaker had balkanized Canadian politics. West had been turned against East, Quebec against English-speaking Canada, and the city dwellers against the farmers.*

Surely we have enough shelves of political and economic studies to prove that the so-called "balkanization" of Canada began a long time ago, to reach its disagreeable climax—according to Mr. Newman's own evidence—in the centralizing tendencies of the St. Laurent Government and Hon. C. D. Howe's concentration of war industry in the central Canadian provinces. This is what turned West against East (i.e. central Canada) and Atlantic Canada against the Liberals. It has taken almost a hundred years of tariff discrimination, unfair freight rates, concentrations of wealth and capital investment—a hundred different ways of securing special advantages for some Canadians—and denying them to others. These policies and measures, which are a stain upon the records of otherwise great parties and great men, are the dividing instruments which have etched these twisting boundaries upon the face of Canada, between the Haves and Have-Nots. Diefenbaker did not create that situation, and all fair-minded readers of Mr. Newman's book will have an uneasy opinion that he knows it. There will be little sympathy or even comprehension of this absurd "balkanization" charge anywhere in the Maritime Provinces. The people of these areas had gone repeatedly to Ottawa, generation after generation, to plead with successive prime ministers for redress and assistance. This was especially true between 1945 and 1957. Such appeals were in large measure ignored. With the coming of John Diefenbaker, a long series of federal measures, designed to correct the economic imbalance and regional maladjustments, were pushed through Parliament between 1957 and 1962-3: the $25 million-a-year Atlantic Provinces Adjustment Grants, coal subventions for power purposes, the Nova Scotia-New Brunswick Power Grid, aid for Beechwood, the Atlantic Development Board, the South Saskatchewan dam project, Roads to Resources, ARDA, and many others, compensating economic devices to bring neglected areas a generous measure of relief. If carrying out such a program and taking the political credit for doing so constitutes a process of "balkanization" and disruption, Mr. Newman is welcome to call it so. He will not find many in Western and Atlantic Canada to agree with him.

The earlier chapters of the book, The Tory Tornado and The Formative Years, show Mr. Newman at his sympathetic best. He provides a moving appreciation of Diefenbaker's prairie, agrarian background and of the racial, social and economic forces which molded and nurtured him and made of him a unique figure in Canadian politics. It would be difficult to prove that he has ever been recreant to those roots and to that heritage. No "renegade" he to the ideas which impelled him with prophetic force nor to the people who sponsored him and set him upon the road to power. The enthralling story of "the astounding politician who is my subject" indicates, time after time, that for millions of Canadians John Diefenbaker is the champion who speaks with the tongue of prophecy and with a compassionate understanding of their problems.

* "You can't do business . . ." etc.

* *Laurier: A Study in Canadian Politics*, by J. W. Dafoe, Carleton Library, No. 3., pp. 69-70.



Mr. C. N. Simpson, President of H. G. Acres & Company Limited, is pleased to announce the appointment of Mr. H. J. Saaltink as Executive Engineer in charge of the Company's Maritime office in Saint John, New Brunswick. The office has recently been moved to new premises in the City Market Building, King Square.

Mr. Saaltink has had extensive experience with the Company since he joined it in 1952. He has been associated with many of the projects undertaken by the Company throughout Canada, and for two and one-half years immediately prior to his coming to Saint John, he had responsible duties in connection with the investigations of the Columbia River Power Projects in British Columbia.

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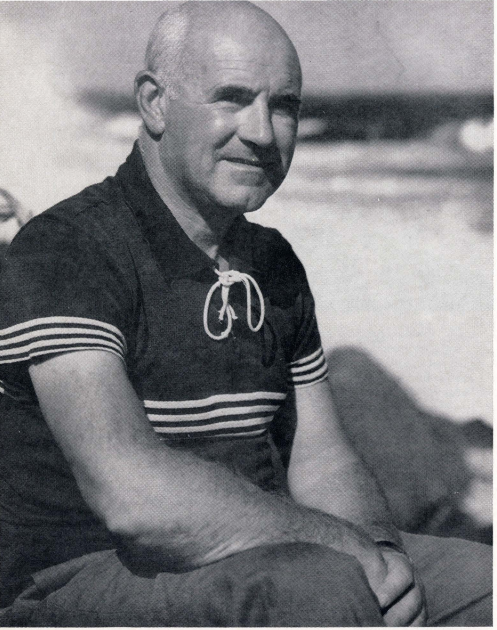


Thomas H. Raddall

GREAT STORIES TO TELL

A Profile of Thomas H. Raddall

by **STANLEY T. SPICER**

National Film Board Photos by Chris Lund

THE STUDY, IN a comfortable home in the old, colonial seaport of Liverpool, Nova Scotia, is a reflection of the life and experiences of its owner mingled with much of the history of the province. There are models of Bluenose sailing ships and one of a Norse long-ship. Along with the paintings on the walls is a framed map of Sable Island marked with the names and locations of known wrecks. A rack is filled with guns, both ancient and modern, and in a corner stands a pair of old "bear-paw" snowshoes. Indian knives and tomahawks share space with an inscribed silver tray from the officers of the West Nova Scotia Regiment. There is the medal of the Distinguished Service Order and a small plaque of polished flint from the battlefield of Amiens. Everywhere there are books.

Two centuries ago the merchants, shipowners and sailors of Liverpool won fame, and often fortune, through their privateers, those locally owned and heavily armed vessels which preyed against the enemies of the English King. For the past three decades Liverpool has gained fame of a different kind. From this study has emanated the distinguished literature of Thomas H. Raddall, author, story-teller, historian.

Raddall is immensely knowledgeable about the people of Nova Scotia and their heritage. He has done more, perhaps, than any other to preserve and record their stories, both past and present. Yet he is not a native of the province. It was an accident of destiny that brought him to Nova Scotia.

The Raddalls were Cornishmen and his father, Thomas Head Raddall, had a long and meritorious career in the British Army. In 1913 he left England with his family and settled in Halifax where he became an instructor with the Canadian Army. Soon after the outbreak of the First World War he went overseas with the 1st Canadian Division and was wounded at Ypres and Lens. In 1918, while commanding the Winnipeg Rifles, Lieutenant-Colonel T. H. Raddall, D.S.O., was killed during the battle of Amiens.

Young Raddall was then only fifteen but he managed to enlist as a radio telegrapher and served on the transports *War Karma* and *Prince George* until his discharge in 1919. Subsequently his postings as a telegrapher alternated between spells at sea as a radio officer in the Canadian Merchant Marine and at several land stations along Canada's east coast, including Partridge Island at the mouth of Saint John Harbour, North Sydney, Pictou, Sable Island and Camperdown, N.S. Raddall has vivid memories of this period. He remembers the months when, as a teen-age boy, he served on Partridge Island as the junior operator holding the midnight to eight o'clock watch and the lights of Saint John glowing so invitingly near and yet so impossibly far away. He remembers the fascination of Sable Island with its shifting sands and the mementos of the tragedies of the sea. He remembers too the *camaraderie* of the operators and the loneliness of the life. It proved to be a rich experience for a future writer.

Raddall left the telegraph service in 1922, studied accounting for a year in Halifax and then found employment in a small wood-pulp mill on the Mersey River in western Nova Scotia. In 1927 he married Edith Freeman, a music teacher of nearby Milton and in the same year secured a position on the treasurer's staff of the large, new paper mill in Liverpool.

During these years Raddall, a great outdoorsman, loved to explore the forest on foot and by canoe. He came to know mill hands, river-drivers, loggers, hunters and the Micmac Indians. He became imbued with the tales and traditions of the pioneers who had first settled the area and his searches uncovered many historical documents relating to the colonial period in Nova Scotia.

It was against this background that he began to write. At first there were failures and discouragements. His stories, slowly written and re-written in the evenings after a full day's work in the mill, came back rejected time and again. Gradually, however, he was developing his own style and in 1933, *Blackwood's Magazine*, a prestige monthly in Britain, accepted a series of his tales. These stories attracted the attention of such widely separated literary authorities as the American novelist Kenneth Roberts, Colonel Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., and John Buchan, who shortly after became Lord Tweedsmuir and Governor-General of Canada. From that time Raddall's literary career moved swiftly.

With their active encouragement, Raddall resigned his position at the mill in 1938 to become a professional author. This was a major decision in his life, for in those uncertain times Canada was just emerging from the Great Depression and over Europe, war clouds were beginning to gather. In the next year Blackwoods

Edith and Thomas H. Raddall in the study at Liverpool.

published his first book, *The Pied Piper of Dipper Creek*, a collection of stories originally written for their magazine.

Colonel Roosevelt had read many of Raddall's short stories and he was impressed with their style and the careful research behind them. Roosevelt urged him to write a book dealing with Nova Scotia during the American Revolution. Raddall was reluctant. As a new, full-time author with a wife and family to support and his short stories selling well, he was dubious about the tremendous time and effort involved, as well as the probably small monetary return for such a project. When added promptings came from Kenneth Roberts and Thomas Costain, Raddall decided to proceed with a book based on the historical facts of Nova Scotia and the American Revolution. In 1942, *His Majesty's Yankees* was published in New York. Important newspaper critics were enthusiastic and encouraged him to continue his career as a novelist.

At the outbreak of the Second World War, Raddall had sought service in the Canadian Navy but was rejected by the rigid standards of age and physical condition. He became a lieutenant in a reserve battalion of the West Nova Scotia Regiment, commanding a rifle platoon on coastal patrol and training duties. This allowed him some time for writing, and during the remaining war years his publishers brought out another historical novel and two further volumes of short stories originally written for magazines prior to the war.

Since the end of hostilities Raddall has continued his writing and to date has published seven books, four volumes of short stories and five volumes of Canadian history, in addition to numerous articles and essays written for magazines in Britain, Canada and the United States.

Raddall has seen the passing of an era of square-rigged windships, the sail-driven fishing vessels, water-driven sawmills, the songs and stories of by-gone lumber camps and these are woven through his writings.

He is a versatile man who is equally at home on a golf course or in a lumber camp and his own experiences and observations form the background for many of his stories. His short stories have appeared in such magazines as the *Saturday Evening Post*, *Collier's*, *Adventure*, *Maclean's* and *Blue Book* in addition to *Blackwood's*. Others have appeared for the first time in his published collections.

Raddall's novels and non-fiction works, like his short stories, cover a wide range of periods and themes. His first two books, one on the famed Liverpool privateer *Rover*, and the other, *The Markland Sagas*, a history of the Norse voyages to America, were privately printed in the early thirties in limited editions. Originally priced at two dollars per copy, their value has increased to fifty dollars. Raddall's studies of the early Norse voyages to this continent have taken on a new interest with the recent discovery of the remains of a Viking settlement on the northern tip of Newfoundland. Several books were included in well-known series. An enlarged and revised edition of the *Rover* was published by Macmillan in 1958 as one of their "Great Canadian Stories" series. *The Path of Destiny*, a history of Canada from British conquest to home rule, is Volume III in the Doubleday "Canadian history" series. *Son of the Hawk*, an adaptation of *His Majesty's Yankees* for teen-age readers, won the award of the Boys' Clubs of America in 1951.

Most of his writings are set against a background of Nova Scotia and the people he knows and loves. He has a strong sense of history and a deep compassion for the early settlers who came so ill-equipped to wrest a living from the harsh land. His stories range from historical to modern, from fast-paced action to tender emotional tales, and there is always vitality and plausibility.

Raddall is painstaking in his research and meticulous in his writing, believing, like Flaubert, that there is one perfect way of saying anything and that the writer must seek it at all costs. As a result his output is small, perhaps seven hundred words a day, which then may be thrown into the wastebasket. In his early years as a professional he worked long hours every day and often far into the night. Now he writes or studies from nine in the morning until noon and, when writing a book, often returns to work in the evenings. Capable of great concentration, Raddall lives his books and the characters involved, and he requires the necessary environment in which to write. Years ago he built a log cabin at Moose Harbour near the mouth of Liverpool Bay. He has described it thus: "It was a lovely spot. I could sit at my writing table and look out past Coffin Island to the sea. Many a night I slept there and saw the moon rise out of the sea, and many a sunrise too. The cabin was utterly destroyed by a forest fire in the summer of 1954. The fire also destroyed the picturesque old wooden sheds and stagings of the fishermen, the spruce woods, everything—so I did not rebuild my cabin."

Raddall was once described by a writer in the Toronto *Globe and Mail* as: "A strongly built man with sparse grey hair, the keen brown eyes of a sailor and the stocky walk of a man who is equally at home on a deck or striding the misty moorlands of his own Nova Scotia."

He still seeks the out-of-doors and his leisure hours are spent on the golf course, walking in the woods with rod or gun or chatting with the sailors and fishermen along the docks. In winter, when other activities are not possible, he walks several miles each day along the Mersey River road. No social lion, Raddall is bored by such amenities as cocktail parties. He enjoys music and the theatre and is an insatiable reader, of wide tastes. Among his favourite authors are Joseph Conrad, Kipling, T. E. Lawrence and the creator of Sam Slick, Thomas Chandler Haliburton. Raddall is a member of the Royal Canadian Legion, the Nova Scotia and Canadian Historical Societies, the Canadian Authors' Association and the Royal Society of Canada, for these are the kinds of organization which have meaning and value for him. He gives occasional talks on the Canadian radio and television networks, usually on historical subjects. As an amateur archaeologist he has particular interest in the ancient camp sites of the Micmac Indians and possesses a collection of weapons, tools and pottery found on these sites.

The novels of Thomas H. Raddall have been adopted by book clubs in Britain, Canada and the United States and have been printed in braille in these countries. In translation his books have been published in France, Belgium, Holland, Germany, Denmark, Sweden, Austria, Czechoslovakia, Italy and Portugal. In all, his books have sold more than 2,200,000 copies.

In 1945 he became a Fellow of the Haliburton, the literary society of King's College, Nova Scotia, the ninth author to be so honoured in the sixty years of the Society's history. Dalhousie University conferred on him the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws in 1949, and in 1953 he was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society of Canada. The silver medallion of the Governor-General's Award, given for the best Canadian books of the year, came to him in 1943, 1948 and 1957. In 1956 he received the gold medal of the Royal Society of Canada for distinguished service to Canadian literature.

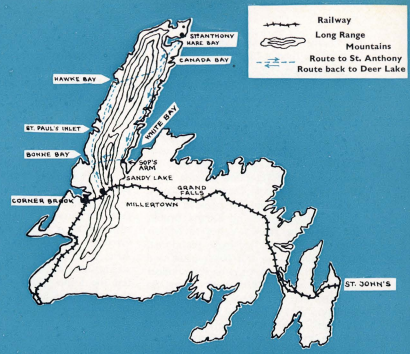
Despite his past successes and his laurels, Raddall looks to the future. He plans a revision of *Halifax, Warden of the North* and beyond that, three additional books. One is a novel set in Nova Scotia, a second is a compilation of true short stories, and the third is a history of Sable Island. He believes firmly that the market for Canadian books will undergo a significant expansion in the future, and that the short story will have a resurgence.

Nearly twenty-five years ago, the late Lord Tweedsmuir proved strongly prophetic when, in volunteering a foreword for Raddall's first book, he wrote: "I confess to a special liking for a story that has something of a plot and which issues in a dramatic climax, a type which has had many distinguished exponents from Sir Walter Scott through Stevenson and Maupassant to Kipling. To this school Mr. Raddall belongs and he is worthy of a great succession. He has the rare gift of swift, spare, clean-limbed narrative. And he has great stories to tell."

WHEN THE REINDEER CAME TO NEWFOUNDLAND

by

Michael Francis Harrington



THERE IS A distinct possibility that one of Santa's reindeer is a Newfoundland caribou. Prancer or Cupid, Dancer or Vixen—any one of the eight could have caribou blood in their veins. For, basically, reindeer and caribou are the same animal; and although reindeer are not indigenous to Newfoundland, there were real reindeer in the province half a century ago.

How did this happen? The great medical missionary pioneer, Dr. Wilfred Grenfell, was responsible. In 1907, Grenfell read about the success of an American experiment which introduced reindeer into Alaska for the benefit of the Eskimos. The inspiration behind the Alaskan venture had been Dr. Sheldon Jackson, a medical missionary like Grenfell, who had started his experiment in 1891, just at the time when Grenfell made his appearance on the Newfoundland scene. Grenfell went to Washington, D.C., to confer with Jackson, and returned to Newfoundland convinced the same thing could be done for the Eskimos of Labrador.

Reindeer are tame, hardy animals that provide milk and meat for food, fur and leather for clothing, and are invaluable in many folk industries. The reindeer is also extremely valuable in the field of transport, which accounts for its traditional significance in the Christmas itinerary of St. Nicholas. The transportation factor appealed to the Anglo-Newfoundland Development Company which was then in the process of building its paper mill at Grand Falls. They agreed to take fifty animals, which would be employed in wood-hauling operations.

Grenfell arranged for a shipment of three hundred animals which left Lapland December 30, 1907. Their destination was the Grenfell Mission headquarters at St. Anthony at the northern tip of Newfoundland. The animals were accompanied by Lapp herdsmen and their families. The ship arrived off St. Anthony on January 20, 1908, but could not enter because of a barrier of slob ice extending eight miles offshore. The decision was made to lower the reindeer into the sea and let them make their own way to land.

The herdsmen went ashore over the ice to wait for the animals. As each clambered ashore it was either tethered or turned loose with a string of bells around its neck. Some of them, instead of making for land through the slob ice, turned and swam out to sea and out of sight. Nevertheless, and this in itself is a remarkable incident, all three hundred reindeer were eventually accounted for by the waiting Lapps.

Dr. Grenfell had his reindeer ashore, but fifty of them belonged to the A.N.D. Company, destined for the logging areas near the railway junction of Millertown. It was decided to drive them there at once. Hugh Cole, a stocky young Englishman who had joined the company's survey department in 1905, and had already proven his resourcefulness and endurance, was given the job.*

Cole, and a lone companion, Tom Greening, a woods foreman, took the train to Deer Lake on January 25, 1908. They had a dog-team, a camping outfit and a week's grub. They put on snowshoes at Deer Lake and hardly took them off again until they returned to Millertown after a three-month, thousand-mile journey in what turned out to be the hardest winter for many years. They were a whole week getting to Bonne Bay where they were joined by a famous Micmac guide, Mattie Mitchell.

Now they started up the St. Barbe Coast, reaching Hawke Bay a day later. Here they engaged a local guide and struck across the long, finger-like peninsula (Petit Nord the French called it) to come out at Canada Bay. It was February 15 and they just managed to reach shelter before a blizzard broke, followed by heavy rain. Crossing Canada Bay on the ice, they took the trail to Hare Bay, crossed it, and were storm-stayed a second time in a deserted house. Eighteen days after leaving Deer Lake they plodded into St. Anthony.

The Lapland reindeer had been there more than a month and were in poor condition. The supply of Lapland moss, brought out to feed them, was gone; deep snow covered the sphagnum moss, and even the sharp hooves of the animals could not get through the covering of snow and ice. This situation persisted during the trek, but Cole and his men were able to feed the herd on the "moll-dow" growing on the spruce trees. At St. Anthony they were joined by Morris Sundine, a second-generation member of one of the Swedish families brought to Newfoundland by the Scottish lumberman, Lewis Miller. Millertown and Lewisporte are called after him.

Sundine, who spoke Swedish, was to be the interpreter for the Lapps. There were four of them, Aslec Sombie, sixty-four, and his wife, sixty-three; Pere Sombie, thirty-eight, his son, and Pere's wife, Maretta. The girl was a deaf-mute, but

* Cole died in St. John's at the age of 76 in 1960.

her ability to read sign language was a help rather than a hindrance.

On March 3, 1908, the expedition left St. Anthony—six men, two women, ten dogs and fifty reindeer. Forty of these were does, heavy with fawn. There were four stags, six hauling-stags and four reindeer herd-dogs. The women rode in *pulkas*, Lapp sleds. They had four with them. The normal route should have led across the ice of Hare and Canada Bays, down the east coast, across the ice in Sop's Arm, then via Hampden in White Bay to Sandy Lake and Kitty's Brook, and down the Hind's Valley to Millertown. But this trail had to be abandoned because the ice in the bays, lakes and large rivers was too smooth. The reindeer could not walk on it without falling. So the party had to take to the high, barren country, the spine of the peninsula (average height 2,000 feet) where the altitude meant exceptional cold, snow and hardship.

Other troubles were soon added. The reindeer were inclined to wander, and the tendency was to return to the main herd at St. Anthony. Then, above all things, the Lapps went snowblind. In spite of these setbacks the expedition managed to average thirteen miles a day in wretched weather. There were no accidents, except when one of the hauling-stags was bitten by a sled-dog.

Hugh Cole kept a diary of the journey. A typical entry reveals the trying nature of the expedition, especially when they ran short of food. Mitchell and Greening were sent back to Sop's Arm for supplies on Sunday, March 29. The men had barely enough rice for three meals, eight pounds of meat and a half-pound of tea. Three days passed and April came with a high wind from the south. The temperature "soared" to thirty-five degrees, but there was no sign of Greening or the Micmac. With only a day's rations left, Cole became worried, and grew even more anxious when Thursday came with gales, snow and sub-zero temperatures.

This weather continued through Friday and Saturday, with the party on one meal a day, tea twice-boiled, after which they dried the leaves and smoked them. It was so stormy Friday night they thought their tent would blow way. It was full of snow by morning and their stove had collapsed. They went out, however, and marked the trail from the camp to the brook in case the others returned. But it was too bad a day for the party to face the brook, which was buried by snowdrifts. A week had passed since Greening and Mitchell went to Sop's Arm. Cole had begun to give up hope of seeing them again. Cole told Sundine to tell the Lapps that eating meat before they slept was a bad practice. But they all looked so sad he gave them the last pound. It seemed as if they would have to kill one of the reindeer, but it would be a last resort.

Monday, April 6, was a fine morning. They rose early, cooked breakfast, and had the herd rounded up by half-past six. They were just about to move on when they heard gunshots. Next, Tom Greening and five other men came out of the woods with packs on their backs. Two hours later Mitchell and two other men arrived with a second load. The account each group gave of their hardship and adventures is a story in itself.

Now that the expedition had been reunited and supplied with provisions, it was wisely decided to abandon the southward route to Deer Lake and retrace the trail they had followed on the way to St. Anthony. On this stage of the journey one of the does disappeared—the only loss the herd suffered during the entire operation. By April 11 the expedition was at the 2,000-foot line of the Long Range Mountains and it took them five days to find a way down to the St. Lawrence foreshore in an almost continuous snowstorm. The snow kept falling while they made their way along the coast to Bonne Bay, while the reindeer swam St. Paul's Inlet. Bonne Bay was reached on April 19, Deer Lake, four days later. Here, Cole and some of the party took the train to Millertown to prepare for the reception of the herd, while the others escorted the reindeer overland. The herd reached its destination around April 30 and was located in a permanent "camp" on Marcy March River.

The expedition had been a notable success for the leader and his assistants. No lives had been lost, there had been no accidents, and losses to the herd were limited to the doe that went astray and the stag with the injured leg. The stag had to be shot. The herd and the Lapp herdsmen were more or less on exhibition for the next few months. The herd increased by fifty per cent when does gave birth to 25 fawns, with neither mothers nor babies being any the worse for the long journey.

But the great Newfoundland reindeer trek of the winter of 1908 ended in disappointment. After all the trouble that had been taken, it was quickly found that the reindeer could not be used by the A.N.D. Company. The Red Indian Lake area did not produce enough moss, grass and leaves to support the herd, and it was regretfully decided to send them back to St. Anthony. This time the reindeer travelled by schooner.

Dr. Grenfell got the best of the bargain. He sent the company fifty reindeer and got back 73. In the meantime the St. Anthony herd had increased to 481 with the addition of another 160 fawns. From there on, however, tragedy dogged the reindeer. Men shot them, dogs dragged them down, while the government made no move to protect them. Finally, in 1919, Grenfell, in disgust, gathered together those remaining and turned them loose in Labrador. The record is silent on their fate thereafter.

DOWN EAST

Slowly, slowly the sun comes up
Over the lilac hills;
A little fishing-boat puts out
From shore, and its canvas fills.
The bells of the Mission float across,
And the land is new again,
As a robin breaks his heart in song,
And a soft wind calls for rain.

Far ahead is the winding shore
With its gleaming miles of tracks,
Where the long train snakes its noisy way
To the port of Halifax.
Halifax! where Nelson's ghost
Still walks, soft nights in spring;
And Frobisher walks the wharves again
When anchors clank and ring.

A single, early apple tree
Throws pink its fragrant scarf;
And the smell of seaweed drifts along
From the old, neglected wharf.
Never, never a lovelier place,
Though you search forever on,
Than the Maritimes, to the native born,
When the long, cold winter's gone.

Sing me a lovely symphony,
Dear land, of colour and sound;
Of purple hills and of robins' song,
And of deep, blue water around.
Of pink arbutus, and green fir trees,
And the smell of early clover;
And a place to rest on a green hillside
When the trek of life is over.

E. ANNE RYAN

The Patter of Little Feet

by F. FRASER BOND

UP TO THIS time, I had made somewhat of a success writing Christmas stories. The Christmas story is an odd species. Although the writer can tackle it any time of the year he pleases, he must sell it in July if he is to hit its main market—the mass-circulation women's magazines. It seems they plan their December issues some six months in advance.

I hit that market at the very first try, more or less by accident. As a gift for my new nephew, and before he could read it himself, I wrote a story called "The Woolly Lamb of God". This title was not whimsical blasphemy but a fair description of the little tale, which told the story of the Nativity from the point of view of a child. Up to that time this had not been done, for "The Woolly Lamb" came years before "Amahl and the Night Visitors" cashed in on much the same idea. The story sold and came out not only in the United States but in England and in Denmark. The next year it appeared as a small book and later as a play for amateurs. I had hit a market.

Inevitably its success called for a sequel, and in it, Timeus, the kid of the original tale, ended up as a semi-delinquent. Women wrote in to the editor complaining. It wasn't right, they said. Timeus could never end up like that. I decided to leave the New Testament as it was.

Then I wrote about a little girl, using the season of Noël in Paris as background. The following year I chose a boy hero again, and set the scene back on this side of the Atlantic. After that came a fiction treatment of the origin of "Silent Night". I liked that one. I used the library of my old home in it, and the character of my old housekeeper. But what next?

Because the prevailing Christmas atmosphere rather helped me, I wrote each story during that season. Here was that season on hand, but alas no story idea along with it. The editor had intimated that although "Silent Night" had been all right in its way, he wanted me back on a child theme again.

I was a bachelor living on lower Park Avenue. There wasn't a child in the whole big apartment house—no kids, but plenty of dogs. My own small relatives lived in Canada. Most of my friends who had children lived in Westchester or elsewhere out of town. Yet the editor was insistent. I must have children in the next story.

"What you need," he had said, "is the patter of little feet."

Up to now, each of these stories had developed from some true-to-life incident. The Paris one, for instance, had stemmed from the fact that in the year I wrote it, the Cathedral of Notre Dame had, for some reason or other, cancelled its usual Christmas Eve Mass. This time again, the inspiration should come from real life, from real kids—kids with little feet that pattered. I must have children at once.

I phoned my secretary, a resourceful woman, who lived in Greenwich Village.

"Well," she said, "what is it now?"

"How does one go about getting children?" I asked.

I heard what sounded like a muffled snort, and then the reply: "Well, one would think that at your age . . ."

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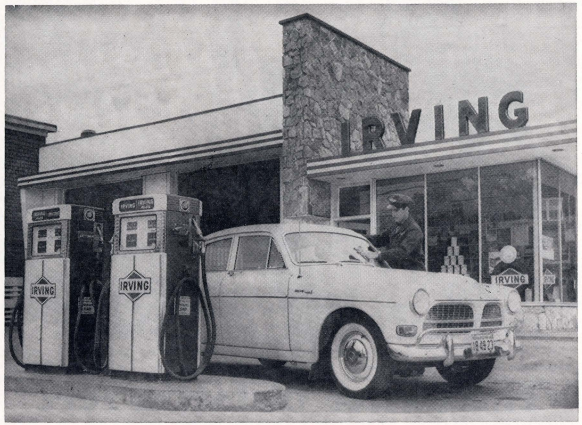

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I broke in: "I mean borrowing them or renting them. Can you rent some children for me?" Then I explained what I wanted.

"You will need at least three of different ages," she said, "one quite young."

"House-broken?"

"Of course. Then one a little older, and then one, eleven or so, to look after the younger ones. I'll see what I can do." She hung up.

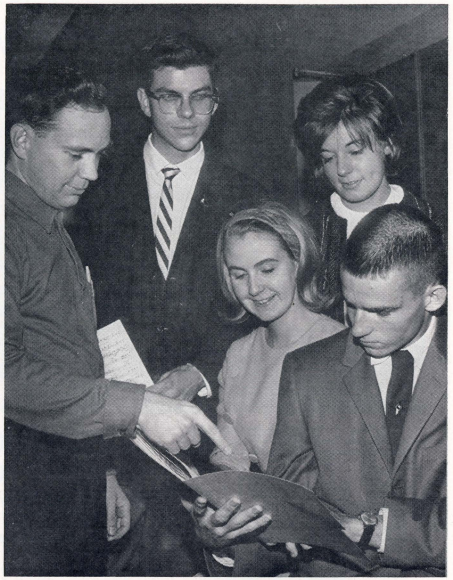
"Relax," she advised when she rang back. "It's all settled. You have three children, two girls and a boy." She explained that her cleaning woman had been in the apartment when I had called. She had got in touch with an Italian family she knew. They had agreed to lend me the three: Lucia, almost five, Nino, about nine, and Gloria, the eldest, going on twelve. I could select any presents I felt like giving them, but Nino would like a watch. When did I want them? I suggested Christmas morning about ten. My secretary said she would bring them as she had no engagements until later in the day.

In the interval I had a good time with the preparations. A florist supplied the tree. I got the oddments to decorate it and the presents for the youngsters on Fifth Avenue near by: for Lucia, a doll with a regular trousseau of different frocks; for Nino, the suggested watch. At his age, I recalled how I had prized a dollar Ingersoll. I discovered that since then, boys' watches had gone up in price like everything else. The present for Gloria "going on twelve" rather stumped me until I thought of perfume. Perfume, I realized, had pleased older girls. It would please her. I felt I could safely leave the ice cream and cookies till the morning itself. Somewhere a delicatessen would stay open even on Christmas morning, for delicatessen owners seem neither to slumber nor sleep.

The tree looked all right, but disappointed me. Somehow it failed to recall the trees I wanted to remember; the fireproofing stuff used had taken away the smell of fir or spruce. However, it was fun sticking on the baubles and the candy canes. It was even fun wrapping up the presents. They had come gift-wrapped from the stores but I peeled that off to give them a personal touch. When I had finished, they looked definitely personal.

I kept wondering how it would go and what type of plot idea I would get. I had always liked children in a detached way but had developed an uneasiness with them. What would these borrowed kids be like?

I hadn't long to wonder. The trio, with my secretary, arrived sharp on time. They had come by bus, a real adventure apparently, and they hubbubbed about it as they took off hats and coats. Then I met them, one by one—first, Lucia, a cute kid but shy. She backed away from



Professor David Wilson guides the musical interests of Dalhousie students. He is the conductor of the Dalhousie-King's Chorale and a string orchestra, both of which are growing strongly. In this photo he is shown explaining the score to some members of the choir.

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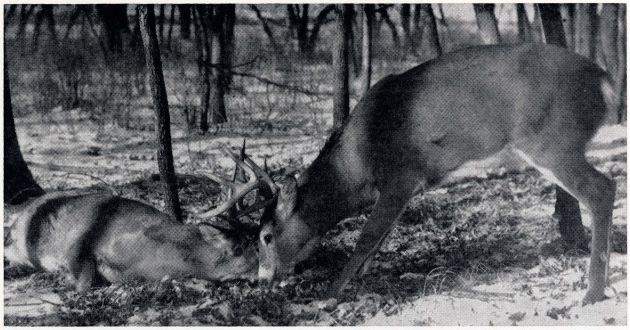

"The Monarch was still on his feet but the other was down"—an illustration from The Monarch of Mularchy Mountain.

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me when I knelt down to her level to talk. I had heard that faces with spectacles on them, even good-looking faces, frighten children. I took my glasses off. Lucia still backed away.

Nino—no shyness there. "Did you get my watch?" he asked. Gloria somewhat baffled me. She had an aloof, superior air, and seemed to be inspecting me and my apartment with faint disapproval. After the first "Good mornings," "Hellos," and "Merry Christmases" had ceased, no one spoke. The rest was silence.

My secretary tried to start the ball rolling.

"What a lovely tree, isn't it, Nino?"

"There's a better one in Altman's window," said Nino.

"Ah, you got off the bus at 34th Street and walked by those wonderful windows." I turned to Lucia. "Do tell me what you saw." It was a year when the windows, at least the front ones, were agog with electrically animated figures. Lucia showed no animation at all. She just sat.

"And now," I broke in with desperate cheerfulness, "let's see what Santa Claus has left for you."

"He's corny," I heard Nino comment. "Shussh" from the secretary.

"This, I see is for Lucia . . ."

I handed her the parcel. It was a large box, but light. She showed some liveliness as she took it from me and sat down on the floor to undo the bright ribbons. The doll pleased her. I could tell that. She pressed it in her arms close to her heart in an instinctive mother gesture.

"And now, this parcel—it's not as big as Lucia's—quite small in fact—it's for, yes, it's for Nino."

"It had better be a . . ."

"Shussh!" again from my secretary.

Nino's watch, while hardly a surprise, stimulated activity. We had quite a to-do about the correct time. It had to be wound and set and listened to at each ear.

"Swell," Nino grinned at me. "Swell."

"And now it is Gloria's turn. I wonder what this gay package contains?"

Gloria showed no signs of wondering. She rose and came toward the tree as adult as possible. No patter there; no little feet either.

However, the perfume made the hit I expected. I could see she was both surprised and delighted. She looked up at me and actually smiled. That smile along with Nino's grin and Lucia's quiet contentment made me feel that I was getting somewhere with them. But where? They didn't patter; they didn't seem to want to move. I led Lucia by the hand to a window in the bedroom that looked down on Park Avenue with its steady lanes of traffic running north and south. She turned away.

Back in the living room, the other two chattered away about something or other but shut up like clams at my approach. All in all, the five of us created an odd

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atmosphere. Somehow the children made me feel that they realized that the whole affair, while not phony exactly, was not completely genuine. People had told me that you can't fool kids. I had no intention of fooling anyone. I began to suspect that if anyone was being fooled, it was I. Fortunately I thought of the ice cream and the cookies.

"Come, Nino, give me a hand. We must help the ladies. They'll all want ice cream and cookies, I'm sure." We went to the kitchen. As I opened the refrigerator door, Nino's eyes lit up.

"Ice cubes!" he said.

"Yes, yes. But the container is here. Let's fill up these saucers."

Nino proved a good filler, but his eyes kept glancing back at the refrigerator.

Despite the early hour, all did full justice to the ice cream and the cookies. However, the ice cream had not kept too solid. The thin paper napkins, gay with holly wreaths, proved inadequate to cope with the sticky patina left on hands and faces. My secretary urged Gloria to take the younger two to the bathroom for repairs. It was just an ordinary apartment bathroom, but as I opened the door for Gloria, its shining purity apparently dazzled her. She refused to violate it.

"Not here," she said, "the kitchen. There will be paper towels. I will clean them off there."

Nino made for the refrigerator. Ice cubes. Ice cubes. In a moment he had a tray of them emptied on the kitchen table. And quickly into three mouths, three ice cubes went. Eyes shone. This was bliss. Lips growing blue with cold smiled with a new warmth. Congealed though they might soon become, each kid, even Gloria, relaxed. Through some miracle, the ice cubes had created the friendly atmosphere that the tree and the gifts had failed to achieve.

"They'll freeze their insides," I said.

"Let them freeze." The secretary had no worries. "You wanted to make them happy, I suppose. Well, you've done it."

By now, Nino had dumped more cubes on the smooth surface. In their trays the cubes looked harmless enough, but heaped in piles on top of each other, they assumed, in miniature, the sinister aspect of the February ice jam at Niagara.

Though frozen to the gills, each kid in turn began to thaw out. Lucia came and put a damp little hand in mine and led me back to the window for another look at the traffic. Nino, with one cheek bulging, began a wet enumeration of his other presents. He produced a formidable pocket knife, which reminded me of a less hefty weapon of my own lost youth. He demonstrated each of its mysteries. Picking out a corkscrew, he held it toward me and winked.

"Any use for this?" he asked.

Even Gloria developed a tepid warmth and showed real interest in a large sketch

of Washington Square that Hendrik van Loon had drawn for me.

"I used to play there." She pointed to an area east of the Arch, and she dropped her eyes as if the time she spoke of belonged to a sad and far-away past.

"And now, it's time we all got going," my secretary announced. "Come, get your things on."

"Aw, already?" Nino cast a regretful look at the melting pile.

"Yes. Already. Help me with Lucia's overshoes."

Okay, I thought to myself, the incident is closed—no patter of little feet—merely the crunching of ice cubes—no stimulating idea—no hope of a story line. I should have stuck to a safe and sure formula. My typewriter should have stalled a bus load of holiday homeward-bounders, miles from anywhere except a deserted farmhouse, and let the assorted characters improvise their Christmas Eve. The bus would have children on board too. I began to think up a good title for it all. I always like to begin with a title. It acts for me like a springboard for a diver.

"Well, we're off. We've all had a lovely time." My resourceful secretary poked each of the kids toward me to shake hands.

"No," I said. "I'm not saying goodbye yet. You came by bus. What about a taxi back?"

The doorman gave me an amused look as we passed him. He had already received his holiday tip when I went out for the ice cream. We piled into the cab and my secretary gave the address. The youngsters peered through the windows as we drove down Fourth Avenue, through Union Square, down University Place, and then west into their own neighbourhood. We dropped my secretary as we passed by her home.

Their own street seemed narrower than most, and although a taxi could hardly have been unusual there, quite a crowd of youngsters came toward us as we stopped. We had driven up in front of a building with a store window in the basement and a flight of steps leading up at the side.

There were "ohs" and "ahs" to greet Lucia as she got out first, holding the precious doll and the gay box. I heard "Jeez" from one of Nino's contemporaries as he pulled back his coat sleeve to display his watch. When at last Gloria emerged, the mass curiosity became vocal.

"Where y'been? Taxi n'everything. Where'n earth have y'been?"

I had room in the taxi now and leaned back and listened. Then, without looking around, Gloria answered her questioners in a clear, most ladylike and yet penetrating voice.

"Oh," she said, "We've just been slumming on Park Avenue."

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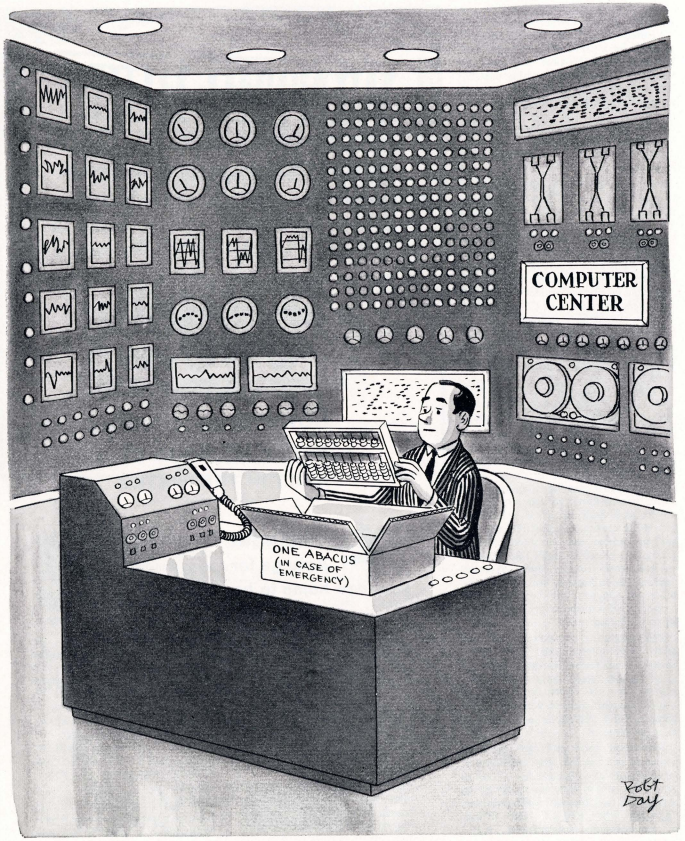

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FROM THE YACHT CLUBS

by NAUTILUS

Some of the older yacht clubs in the Atlantic Provinces possess a proud history extending back many decades and, in the early years of this century a few reached a zenith of popularity and activity which they have not since matched.

To the uninitiated, a yacht club may seem like a centre for extensive social activities where members can adorn themselves in white slacks and gold braid and where membership usually involves an aura of status and money. Possession of a yacht or active participation in yachting often seems to be of secondary concern.

The boom in yachting and the establishment of many new clubs in recent years merits a closer look. In these Atlantic Provinces there are several kinds of yacht clubs with varying kinds of functions. Those along our inland waterways tend to be organized around outboards and their facilities and programs tend to cater to this type of craft. Along the coastline, the yacht clubs consist of larger craft, both power and sail, and the club is more concerned with the practical aspects of salt water cruising and racing.

The authentic yacht club fulfills several important functions for its members. First of all it is the focal point for men and women who have a common interest: the possession and operation of water craft. In a practical sense the club provides the physical facilities where yachts can be moored in summer and stored in winter. It provides the equipment, and often the manpower, for the outfitting and repair of yachts. Then it provides the gathering place for people with this common interest. The lifeblood of most clubs is in the summer program of races and cruises organized for members.

But there are other and perhaps even more important functions of a yacht club. It is the sum total of all yacht clubs in the country that provide the only true voice for the progress and protection of yachting interests. This is the voice that must see that our navigable waters remain free, that works closely with government in the implementation and administration of laws which safeguard yachting and which polices its own membership when necessary. Thus effective liaison between clubs and vigorous support of the infant Canadian Yachting Association which was formed for these very purposes becomes almost essential.

In a region blessed by cruising waters unmatched by any other area in Canada, yacht clubs here have a responsibility to the future. It is not enough that we satisfy our interests and pleasures of the moment. Junior sailing programs for youthful members must be considered an essential part of any club's program. This not only provides qualified yachtsmen for the future but, in itself, gives youngsters a training experience of tremendous value.

Then there is the ever-present task of continually improving our own knowledge of seamanship, navigation and the safe handling of yachts regardless of type or size. This is usually accomplished through properly organized courses of recognized stature and content.

The history of yacht clubs has tended to be that each is a world unto itself with occasional links with other clubs for purposes of joint cruising or racing programs. This is no longer good enough. If yachting is to remain as a major recreational activity enjoying the present natural resources which we have, it must be sufficiently organized to protect its interests and lay proper foundations for the future. There are indications that we are slowly moving in this direction but progress can only depend on the positive interest of each member and each club. Let's get on with it.

☆ ☆ ☆

A new development of the Industrial Shipping Company of Mahone Bay, N.S., may have future implications for all mariners along Canada's east coast. The company has produced a fibreglass lighthouse for the Department of Transport and the first model was installed in Mahone Bay late last summer.

The fifteen-foot light was designed as an economical unit to replace lighthouses and day markers which are burdensome and expensive to maintain. It can be manufactured and made ready for installation in six hours and is said to require no maintenance for at least twenty-five years apart from routine service to electrical equipment.

During a hurricane this fall, heavy seas were breaking completely over the top of the light. Subsequent examination revealed no damage of any kind.

☆ ☆ ☆

Nautilus extends at this time sincere best wishes for a joyous Christmas and a Happy New Year to all who sail upon the sea and those who love the sea.

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AFTERMATH OF THE BUDGET

by MAXIMUS

When Finance Minister Walter Gordon presented his budget in June of this year, he expressed his conviction that Canadian industry should operate "with due regard to the over-all interest of Canadians and the Canadian economy". He explained this as meaning that Canadian raw materials should be processed to the greatest possible extent in Canada, that export markets should be actively sought, that Canadian industry should make a conscious effort to purchase its raw materials, components and supplies from domestic sources whenever feasible, that Canadian service firms should be employed wherever possible, and that industry should exert itself to expand in Canada all the industrial functions which can efficiently be carried on here. He made it clear that, although the Government wishes to encourage direct foreign investment in new enterprises on a partnership basis with Canadians, it wishes to discourage non-resident takeovers of established companies—an undertaking which rarely confers any benefit on the Canadian economy. Canadians should have at least a minority interest in enterprises controlled by outsiders and independent Canadian directors should be elected to represent these interests.

It is easy to see what alarms Mr. Gordon and his colleagues when one looks at the figures showing non-resident ownership of Canadian industry. The most recent figures from the Dominion Bureau of Statistics are for 1959 and show that fifty-seven per cent of our manufacturing industry, seventy-five per cent of our petroleum and natural gas industry, and sixty-one per cent of other mining and smelting in this country were controlled by non-residents. These figures would need adjusting upwards in view of take-overs in the last year alone—Canadian Oil Companies, Atlas Steels, Royalite Oil and Bailey Selburn.

Mr. Gordon suggested that, in most cases, a twenty-five per cent equity would be appropriate to ensure that a Canadian point of view would always be available for company policy decisions.

He then outlined some proposals designed to remedy the existing situation and encourage foreign-owned companies to make their shares available to Canadian investors.

A change was proposed in the tax structure to allow manufacturing and processing enterprises to deduct depreciation (for tax purposes) on new assets at the rate of fifty per cent per annum on a straight line basis. This privilege he restricted to Canadian residents and to companies having a minimum of twenty-five per cent Canadian ownership. This means that a company with a fair Canadian participation would have the advantage of writing off new machinery and equipment for tax purposes in as little as two years.

Non-residents who receive dividends from shares owned in Canadian companies have had to pay a percentage of the dividend as tax to the Canadian government. Since 1960 the rate of this "withholding tax" has been fifteen per cent. To encourage a greater Canadian participation in our own industries, Mr. Gordon proposed to lower immediately the rate of this tax to ten per cent if the dividends were paid by companies having a twenty-five per cent or greater Canadian ownership.

In addition, he proposed a second change in the tax system which would raise the rate of withholding tax to twenty per cent, effective January 1, 1965, on dividends paid out of the country by companies not having a twenty-five per cent domestic ownership.

He included in his speech a provision for a refund on the withholding tax if the percentage of Canadian investment reached the required proportion any time over the next three and a half years.

In view of these changes, we can expect to see many subsidiaries of American companies making stock offerings to the Canadian public in the near future, to bring up the ratio of Canadian ownership and thus qualify for the new tax advantages.

One of the first wholly-owned subsidiaries of an American company to bring out an issue of this type is **Canadian Refractories.** Canadian citizens are currently being given the opportunity to acquire a thirty per cent interest in the outstanding stock, and the company will thus qualify for the benefits of minimum Canadian ownership.

Canadian Refractories was incorporated in 1933 and has been since 1956 a wholly-owned subsidiary of Harbison-Walker Refractories Company, the largest manufacturer of refractories in the United States.

Canadian Refractories is the largest producer of refractories in Canada and manufactures more than 115 finished products which are sold to diverse users, both on this continent and abroad. The company maintains ten warehouses in Canada and acts as Canadian distributor for fireclay brick manufactured by Harbison-Walker.

Consolidated net earnings for the first eight months of 1963 are close to $1 million and the company appears to be in a sound financial position. Although sales and earnings are affected by the general level of business activity in the markets in which its products are sold, the long-term trend since Harbison-Walker acquired control in 1945 has been definitely upward.

Equity per share stands at a healthy $9.95 even after considerable write-offs, and no asset value is placed on the extensive research and development program. Return on the common equity is a substantial 13.87 per cent.

At the offering price of $17.50 per share, the stock is selling at 12.7 times 1962 earnings with an indicated yield of 4.57 per cent on the indicated $.80 dividend, and could be bought with confidence by investors.

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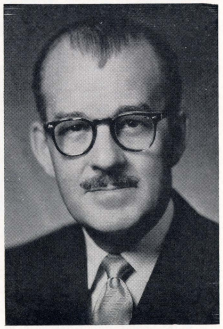

PAUL L. BELCOURT, B.C.L.

The appointment of Paul L. Belcourt as Business Development Officer for the Atlantic Provinces is announced by Carman A. Jerry, Vice-President, Atlantic Provinces Division of Royal Trust. Mr. Belcourt has had wide experience in the trust field having served at the Company's Montreal and Quebec offices prior to his appointment in 1962 as Special Representative, Business Development for Nova Scotia. He will continue to make his headquarters in Halifax.

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ROUND and ABOUT - - - by Vedette

Carleton Miniature

Sir Alec Martin, who wrote the article on page 28 about the miniature portrait of Governor Carleton, is well known in Fredericton. He came here in 1959 to hang the pictures in the Beaverbrook Art Gallery before its opening.

* * *

Sir Alec is former chairman of Christies, which in his day far outshone Sothebys as the leading art auctioneers of London. Now Sir Alec is busy raising contributions for the National Art-Collections Fund.

* * *

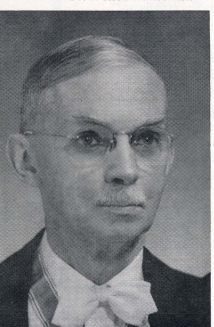
When Lord Beaverbrook learned of the Carleton miniature at Greywell House, the home of the Dorchesters near the little Norman Church of St. Swithun's at Nateley Scures where the walls are covered with memorials to the Carletons, he got in touch with Lord Dorchester, head of the Carleton family. Lord Beaverbrook coveted the miniature for New Brunswick and tried to acquire it. Lord Dorchester refused to part with it.

* * *

Lord Beaverbrook says: "Lord Dorchester wrote to me that he would be willing to leave it to me in his will. However, he never made any change in his will before he died and I did not get it. Sir Alec Martin took the initiative and finally obtained it from Lady Dorchester, who was most gracious, and we appreciate her decision most highly."

* * *

Sir Alec has told us what happened. Lady Dorchester knew of her husband's promise that Lord Beaverbrook should have the family miniature of Governor Carleton for the Gallery at Fredericton and "she lovingly carried out this wish. She saw that Lord Beaverbrook got the miniature."



Dr. Watson Kirkconnell

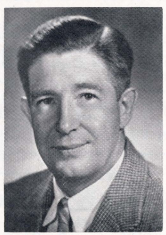
Sir Alec Martin

Sir Alec kindly arranged that a copy of the miniature be made for the Dorchester collection and presented it to Lady Dorchester.

* * *

Now the original miniature is in Fredericton at the Beaverbrook Art Gallery where Lord Dorchester wished for it to be on public display "for all to see, present and future."

* * *



Dr. J. M. R. Beveridge

Acadia President

The appointment of Dr. J. M. R. Beveridge, present dean of the school of graduate studies at Queen's University, as tenth president of Acadia University has been announced. He succeeds Dr. Watson Kirkconnell.

* * *

Dr. Beveridge, who was born in Scotland, was a science graduate of Acadia in 1937. Later he attended Toronto University where he was awarded a doctorate in 1940, and the University of Western Ontario, where he studied while lecturing and became a medical doctor. For a time he was associated with the Banting Institute and Pacific Fisheries Research Board. He was appointed professor and head of the Department of Biochemistry at Queen's in 1950. In 1963 he became dean of the school of graduate studies.

* * *

Dr. Beveridge has done much research in biochemistry and published numerous papers. An honorary degree of Doctor of Science was conferred on him in 1962 by Acadia.

* * *

Dr. Beveridge is an active member of some ten scientific societies and has served as chairman of several national committees. He was elected a Fellow of the Chemical Institute in 1944, and a Fellow of the Royal Society of Canada in 1960. He will assume his new responsibilities at Acadia in the summer of 1964.

* * *

Bequest

A bequest of $100,000 has been made to Acadia University by Dr. Joseph Austen Bancroft, the eminent geologist who died in Johannesburg, South Africa, in 1957. A native of North Sydney, Dr. Bancroft studied at Acadia, Yale, Leipzig, Bonn and McGill, and was at one time Dawson professor of Geology and head of the department at McGill.

* * *

As a consulting geologist, Dr. Bancroft was closely associated with the DeBeers diamond interests and with development of the Orange Free State gold fields. The Bancroft mine, one of the largest mines on the copper belt, was named after him. He was a brother of Prof. Merle F. Bancroft, who retired in 1961 as professor of geology at Acadia after thirty-five years on the faculty.

* * *

Honouring Teacher

The alumni of Saint Mary's University are honouring Rev. M. W. Burke-Gaffney at their annual dinner December 9. Father Burke-Gaffney has been a teacher at Saint Mary's for twenty-three years.

* * *

He was born in Dublin in 1896 and graduated as a Bachelor of Engineering from the National University of Ireland. In 1920 he entered the Jesuit order and in 1925 received the Bachelor of Arts degree from Immaculate Conception College, Montreal. Ordained a priest in 1930, he took his master of science degree in 1933 and in 1935 his doctorate in astronomy, from Georgetown University, Washington.

* * *

Father Burke-Gaffney came to Saint Mary's in 1940, following four years as a lecturer at the Jesuit Seminary in Toronto and a year at St. Paul's College, Winnipeg.

* * *

Since 1955 he has been professor of astronomy at Saint Mary's. Before that he was dean of engineering from 1940 until 1948; and dean of science from 1949 to 1955.

* * *

He is the first Canadian to hold membership in the International Academy of the History of Science.

* * *

Cover Picture

The cover illustration shows two men and a boy engaged in burning boughs trimmed from Christmas trees. The export of Christmas trees is an important part of the rural economy in the Maritimes. From left to right the Christmas tree trimmers are Jackie Barry, Jack Kelly and Frank Manderville, all of Derby Junction, N.B. (See also *The Atlantic Advocate*, November, 1959.)

Dr. J. C. Arnell

Defence Appointment

Dr. J. C. Arnell was appointed chief of personnel at Defence Research Board headquarters in Ottawa last month. He succeeds Dr. N. W. Morton who becomes an adviser to the Government of Pakistan.

* * *

Dr. Arnell was born in Halifax and is a graduate of Dalhousie and McGill universities. During the war he was a technical staff officer with the Chemical Warfare Laboratories and continued with that organization until it was renamed the Defence Research Board in 1947. In 1955 he was named director of scientific intelligence, and since then he has been successively director of plans, scientific adviser to the chief of air staff and scientific adviser to the chief of naval staff.

* * *

Winter Fair

The Atlantic Winter Fair at Halifax has been an outstanding success and it even made money, according to Don Oland, president. Official figures show that more than 81,000 people paid admission to see the fair, in addition to 20,000 school children, Scouts and Guides who attended without charge.

In last month's issue there was a letter from T. R. Lee, supervisor of public relations for the Royal Trust Company, in which he told the story of the Stanley Airport photograph in the October issue. Last month in Montreal, C. F. Harrington, vice-president and general manager of the Royal Trust Company, entertained the former commanding officers of the station at lunch. From left to right above, including the dates of their service at the Nova Scotian training station, are: Russell Cowans, Montreal (1942-43); E. L. McCarthy, Moncton, (1943-44); Gordon T. Steeves, Mahone Bay, N.S., (1941-42); Mr. Harrington; Baxter D. Richer, Lachine, (1942); Andy Morrissette, St. Lambert, (1943), and W. R. Brown, Windsor, (1943). Malcolm E. Grant, Rockliffe (1942-43), was unable to be present.

The fair attracted top livestock exhibitors. There were contestants for handcrafts, photography, fruits and vegetables and there were more industrial exhibits than could be accommodated. There were spectacular horse shows and jumping. Band music was provided by the Royal Canadian Artillery Band and displays were given by the Black Watch. The Jubilee Singers and Tommy Hunter performed and the Seagram collection of Canadian paintings was shown.

* * *

Governor Honoured

Last month in Ottawa Hon. H. P. MacKeen, Lieutenant-Governor of Nova Scotia was invested as a Knight of Grace in the Order of St. John of Jerusalem. The investiture was made by Major-General Georges P. Vanier, Governor-General of Canada.

* * *

Atlantic Ports Day

H. P. Meijer, deputy manager of the Rotterdam Port Authority, is to be the special speaker at Atlantic Ports Day in Saint John on December 9. He will discuss what makes a model port.

* * *

The Premiers of the three Maritime Provinces, Hon. George J. McIlraith, Minister of Transport, and H. Roy Crabtree, president of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association, will also participate in the meeting.

* * *

Ski News

The Woodland Ski Club of Moncton was host to a regional gathering of skiing enthusiasts last month in quarters provided at the R.C.A.F. No. 5 Supply Depot. It was the first time the Atlantic Division of the Canadian Amateur Ski Association had met in Moncton. John Dickie, president of the Atlantic Division of the C.A.S.C. was chairman. Larry Miller is the president of the Woodland Ski Club.

* * *

Those attending were representatives from Halifax, Twin Oaks, and the Wentworth Valley Ski Club, all from Nova Scotia; the Saint John Ski Club; Fredericton Ski Club; University of New Brunswick Ski Club; the Poley Mountain Development near Sussex, and Roly McLenahan of the youth and welfare department of New Brunswick. Later, Mr. and Mrs. Lu Sikorski of Magnetic Hill entertained the delegates at a buffet supper.

* * *

The Alpine Nordic ski championships next March were discussed. Last year, the Wentworth Valley Ski Club was host for the event.

* * *

Since the Poley Mountain ski development at Waterside just outside Sussex will be in operation by Christmas, and will have

H. F. Parkes, general manager of the T. Eaton Company (Maritimes) at Moncton, and a director of the T. Eaton Co., has retired after serving the company for fifty-one years. Shown below, from left to right, are John David Eaton, Toronto, president of the T. Eaton Company, Mr. Parkes and Harold B. Tait, who has been named to succeed Mr. Parkes as general manager of the firm at Moncton. Recently in Moncton, Mr. Parkes was guest of honour at a dinner attended by head-office officials from Toronto, officials from the Moncton store and store managers from all parts of the Atlantic Provinces.

Four Shediac scuba divers are shown above with the rudder from the mystery ship. From left to right are: Robert Poirier, Mrs. Robert Poirier. Frank Leger and Roger Bourque.

a T-bar lift, it was hoped New Brunswick could put in a bid to have the championships held there. As the site is halfway between Moncton and Saint John, both clubs would combine efforts to run off the meet.

* * *

Skiing is the fastest growing outdoor sport in Canada. The New Brunswick Ski Association was formed last year and is a division of the Atlantic Ski Association. There are five ski zones in New Brunswick.

* * *

Clubs joining the parent body, the Canadian Amateur Ski Association, receive membership cards covering ski-lift reductions at all lifts in Canada.

* * *

Scuba Divers

Three young men and a girl, who spend their summers scuba diving in the waters of Northumberland Strait, have discovered part of an old wreck about five miles east of Shediac.

* * *

To date, they have recovered more than 3,000 pounds of brass, and have located and hauled ashore a huge wooden rudder that appears to be at least a century old.

* * *

Robert Poirier, a Shediac pharmacist, and his wife, Loretta, their brother-in-law, Frank Leger, and a friend, Roger Bourque, a fourth year electrical engineering student at the University of New Brunswick, made the discovery entirely by accident.

The four divers found the wreck at low tide at a depth of approximately twenty-five feet, half-buried in the shifting sands of the strait. "The ice piles up here about twenty feet high in the winter," said Robert Poirier, "with probably just as much below water. It is possible the ice may have shifted the main section of the ship because we have not yet been able to locate it."

* * *

The scuba divers thought the craft might have been a brigantine on its way to or from Point du Chêne wharf, a busy shipping centre long ago. They wrote to Lloyds of London for help in identification. Lloyds, however, were unable to supply any information without the name of the ship, and the group has not been able to discover it.

* * *

The Rudder

When the rudder was set up on the Poiriers' lawn the group found that it had been constructed of rosewood, originally covered with copper plating. It was in a fairly good state of preservation and they calculated it must have been at least twenty feet high when it was built. Three brass pintles on it are spaced four feet apart. Two other pintles in the centre of the photograph may have been attached to it before the ship was sunk. The size of the rudder would suggest a relatively large vessel.

* * *

Working originally from a twenty-foot boat, the Shediac scuba diving group now have a forty-foot cabin cruiser and plan more extensive exploration next summer. They hope the recent fall storms with unusually high winds and tides may have shifted the sands and revealed more of their unknown vessel.

* * *

In the meantime, if anyone has any knowledge of shipwrecks in the Shediac Bay area, Loretta and Robert Poirier of 28 Calder Street, Shediac, would welcome information.

* * *

Film Star

Gilles Payant, the fourteen-year-old star of the Walt Disney motion picture *Big Red*, made a personal appearance in Moncton in November, when the film was screened three times before capacity audiences at the Assumption Youth Centre.

* * *

Gilles appeared on stage following each showing to speak to his fans and sign autographs. He was accompanied to Moncton by his mother, Madame Jean-Paul Payant.

* * *

The young star of the Disney film is a grade 10 student at St. Germain school in Montreal and studies drama at the school of Madame Jean Louis Audet. He said he would like to make acting a career. Born and educated in Montreal, Gilles was chosen from more than 400 boys to star in the picture with another Canadian-born actor, Walter Pidgeon, who grew up in Saint John, N.B.

Musical in Halifax

The Fantasticks, a modern musical, opens at the Neptune Theatre on December 17 and will run for four weeks, with performances every night, except Christmas Eve, until January 11. Because the Neptune has no orchestra pit, musicals must be carefully selected. Musical accompaniment for the songs in *The Fantasticks* will be provided by two pianos and a harp. Musical direction will be by John Fenwick, of Toronto.

* * *

Children's Show

The special children's show promised by the Neptune is to be *Sleeping Beauty*, and will be presented each weekday afternoon from December 23 through January 4, excluding Christmas Day.

* * *

Norman Welsh will direct the production, and the musical director will be John Fenwick. Les Lawrence, who designed the sets for the Toronto production, will design the sets for the Neptune.

* * *

The cast will include Gavin Douglas, Ted Follows, Dawn Greenhalgh, Diana LeBlanc, Mary McMurray, Milo Rignham, Norman Welsh and Molly Williams.

* * *

The Neptune Theatre has a balcony lounge in which are displayed collections of paintings. During November there was a collection of works by Henry M.

Above is a group of Saint John ladies who participated in the San Francisco number at the Fundy Frolics, *produced last month for the benefit of the New Brunswick Symphony Orchestra. In the front row, from left to right are: Anne Disher, Bobbie Prinn, and Roberta Shaw. In the back row are: Wilma Clark, Willie Brenan, Nancy McLean, Ting Brennan, Barbara Bustin and Jane Michaud.*

Rosenberg, including both water colours and oils.

* * *

Mr. Rosenberg lived in Dartmouth and was at one time principal of the Victoria School of Art and Design (now the Nova Scotia College of Art). The paintings belong to private owners in the Halifax-Dartmouth area.

* * *

Fundy Frolics

The Women's Committee (Saint John Branch) of the New Brunswick Symphony, last month presented the *Fundy Frolics*. The show was even more of a financial success than it was last year.

* * *

The music and comedy revue was again produced by the Jerome H. Cargill Organization of New York. The Cargill Organization supplied costumes, props, scenery, musical arrangements and the director for the show. Brooks Russell of New York, this year's director, calls it "instant show business". He arrived in Saint John three weeks before curtain time to organize the show with all local talent. The cast included many well-known local personalities. The last night of the show was a sell-out with standing room only.

* * *

The show consisted of song and dance numbers, black-out skits, singing solos and comedy routines. As a surprise to the audience, Mayor Eric L. Teed sportingly appeared in a light-hearted bit of clowning. The general chairman for the *Fundy Frolics* was Mrs. Ralph Brenan, Jr.

* * *

Art Display

On display at the Fairn Annex Gallery in Halifax is a show of contemporary art by two Nova Scotian artists, Mrs. Carol Fraser and Gerald Roach.

Mrs. Fraser received her B.A. and taught painting and sculpture at the University of Minnesota. Her work is represented in many private collections as well as in the University of Minnesota, the Sir George Williams University, Montreal, and the Walker Arts Centre, Minneapolis.

* * *

Mrs. Fraser was the only Nova Scotian represented in the Ottawa National Gallery Biennial for 1963, which opened in London, England, and toured Canada. She is planning a three-woman show in January with two other local artists.

* * *

Mr. Roach, attended the Nova Scotia College of Art and studied mosaics at the University of British Columbia. His works have been exhibited at Dalhousie University, the Young Contemporaries in London, Ontario, Art Alliance in Boston, and at the Waddington Galleries in Montreal.

* * *

Marine Paintings

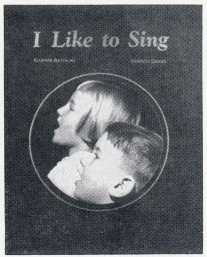
Marine paintings of William DeGarthe of Peggy's Cove, N.S., have established a new record in Saint John. His two-day show at Rothesay attracted more than 500 visitors. Forty-four of the eighty-one paintings on display were sold. The display was sponsored by the Sea Scouts Committee of St. David's Church, Rothesay.

* * *

George C. Robinson, chairman of the show, said the value of paintings sold was approximately $4,000.

* * *

The Scout committee chairman, Ronald Allan, has announced that the $1,000 earned by the Scouts would be used to furnish the Scout Room of the new St. David's Church Hall.



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VERSES FOR CHRISTMAS

CAROLS ARE WAITING

On Christmas Day the dawn breaks with a glow
No other morning boasts. As yet unsung,
Carols are waiting that, since long ago,
Have woven past with present, and have hung
Remembrance with the lights on every tree.
In its own time, though night is past, a star
Shines brighter than the sun. In harmony,
The whole sky gleams, and soon the carols are
Music within each heart. As children wake
And run, still sleepy-eyed, to see the gifts
Stacked in gay piles, and as the moments take
Dawn away finally, a small child lifts
A thin voice in the carols, whose array
Yields a great joy to all on Christmas day.

NORMA MCLAIN STOOP

THE CHRISTMAS ALPHABET

Angels and Bells, Altars and Balsam
Carols and Dolls, the Child, a Deer.
Evergreens, Fir, the warmth of Friendship,
Gifts and Greetings from far and near.
Holly wreaths, Hymns, the Hearthside's welcome,
Ivy, Joy and Kind hearts that care,
Lights that twinkle, the Log, and Legends,
Mistletoe, and Music to share.

Noel, Nativity, Ornaments on
Pine branches, Plum Puddings, Plays,
Quest for gifts, Recipes, Ribbons,
Stars and Shepherds, Santa for days!
Tinsel and Turkey, Toys and Tapers,
Useful and Unusual things,
Verses, eager and happy Voices,
Wrappings, Xmas, and Yuletide kings.

Zenith of delight, excitement,
Over gifts to give or to get,
Sacred, beautiful, joyous, tender,
This is the Christmas alphabet.

MARY BARBARA REINMUTH

FROM BETHLEHEM

After the infinite event,
After the shining night, the day
Of ardent worshipping, they went
Homeward another way.
And none who seeks for Him through wild
Strange ways, when faith and feet are lame—
Oh, none who finds the heavenly Child
Returns the way he came.

JANE MERCHANT

SLEET

The icy rain comes down a northern slope
Stabbing the wintry whiteness of the world,
Shellacking everything with water, pearled,
Making the thin wire thicken into rope.

The brittle birches rattle as I pass
I see the spruce and fir tree plumes droop low,
A sheet of fragile armour on the snow
Marks every step of mine like shattered glass.

I climb a hill, the sleek road turns and there
The beaded branches frame a window light,
There I will close a shutter on the night
And thaw its icy chill with warmth and fare.

LEE MILLS

BOOK REVIEWS

The books in this selection for Christmas have been reviewed by D. Kermode Parr, L. S. Loomer, John Braddock, Paul Le Butt and John Kelley. ***See also page 41.***

KENNEDY AND LINCOLN

J.F.K., THE MAN AND THE MYTH, by Victor Lasky, Collier-Macmillan Canada, Galt. $9.

JOHN F. KENNEDY, PRESIDENT, by Hugh Sidey, McClelland and Stewart, Toronto. $8.50.

It is unfortunate that in opening this section of book reviews for the Christmas season, which should be joyous, the subject must be the victim of recent tragedy. But President John Fitzgerald Kennedy of the United States of America has now taken his place in history, and those books which deal with his career and his administration must be evaluated in new terms. They will be read with renewed interest and they will be studied with new conscience.

There is a remarkable similarity between President John F. Kennedy and President Abraham Lincoln. Both Kennedy and Lincoln were liberals. Both presidents were irrevocably committed to the cause of racial liberty: Kennedy to civil rights; Lincoln to human rights. Both men were fully absorbed in grim and forceful struggles to attain peace and unity. Both men died before the great challenges of their careers were resolved.* Both presidents were shot in the back of the brain. Kennedy has been succeeded by his vice-president, Lyndon Baines Johnson; Lincoln was succeeded by his vice-president, Andrew Johnson.

Lincoln died probably nearer the reunification of the United States than Kennedy has to a peaceful and secure co-prosperity of the world. Only time and the vicissitudes of diplomacy can determine that, but one can be certain that history will continue to draw parallels between the lives of these two great and tragic leaders of their country.

When Kennedy avowed the right of human liberty he drew upon Lincoln's example. When he sought the presidency he was identified with the courage of great men, and of Lincoln in particular. It stood Kennedy in good stead in the eyes of his countrymen and established a new respect for the presidency from the leaders and people of other nations. Unhappily for the whole world, the coincidence of career did not stop there.

It seems probable that in his own day no other president of the United States since George Washington achieved such remarkable popularity among so large a proportion of his people. Kennedy's personal conviction and strength in the face of the political implications of segregationist reaction in the South, and his

President J. F. Kennedy

prompt and vigorous action in the Cuban missile crisis and in Berlin were high points of courage in his career, and their significance is not to be demeaned. It would, however, be sentimental dishonesty to assign to him the historic prestige of invincibility.

Kennedy's blockade of Cuba seems to have been a much more successful deterrent than Lincoln's blockade of the Southern ports. But an earlier crisis in Cuba was a debacle. How much of this responsibility belonged to Kennedy and how much to his advisers and the former administration is still being debated, and will be for years to come.

Lincoln's government was openly sympathetic towards a Mexican republic, and stated policy was that the safety of the Mexican people "and the cheerful destiny to which they aspire are intimately dependent on the continuance of free republican institutions throughout America." This attitude, applied more broadly in recent years, has had quite different implications. Lincoln showed prudent moderation by non-intervention in Mexico's domestic affairs.

In the de-segregation issue, however strong a test of Kennedy's courage it may have been, he could still count on moral and probably political support from the majority of the nation's voters. It seems doubtful if at any time he faced a decision so fraught with the threat of political suicide as did President Harry F. Truman. General Douglas MacArthur posed a dilemma by spurring American public opinion in favour of nuclear arms engagement in Korea. By refusing MacArthur, Truman incurred the public wrath. If he had agreed, it is most likely that neither he nor his voters would have been around for the next election anyway. That moment in his career made Truman a great president. For this it may be said of him, as of Lincoln: "civilization will hold his name in perpetual honour." Will the same be said of Kennedy?

If it will, there is not much hint of it in *J.F.K., the Man and the Myth*. The dust-jacket blurb of this book states: "Some will be outraged, others delighted —all will be fascinated." Only the first part applies.

Lasky prefaces his book with this statement the President made last year at Yale: "For the greatest enemy of the truth is very often not the lie—deliberate, contrived and dishonest—but the myth—persistent, persuasive and unrealistic."

Lasky then demonstrates the achievement of this kind of myth. The toad is ugly and venomous, but wears not a jewel in his head. This book is petty, snide and merciless. It brands President Kennedy with guilt by insinuation and association with just about every prejudice and rabble-rousing hatred that can be imagined. The book is about the Presi-

* Lincoln's Emancipation Act, the Thirteenth Amendment to the Constitution, received necessary ratification by three-fourths of the states after the Civil War ended, and was proclaimed December 18, 1865. Lincoln had been wounded April 14 and died April 15.

dent in much the same way that water is about an island. The President's competence and integrity are submerged in a torrent of quips by journalists and others, taken, one suspects, largely out of context.

It seems a peculiarity of the American character that it develops hysterical adulation of its heroes and at the same time has little real respect for their humanity. This book is a clear example of the second aspect of that neurotic behaviour. The physical strain and the torment of responsibility in the presidency and the gravity and complexity of international and domestic decisions pale here in contrast with the insidious emphasis on irrelevancies.

It is a great pity, then, that on the eve of the President's assassination he should also have been the victim of this journalistic buckshot. It is not that the President lacked the manly strength to stand up to such a volley, but that the public in its great interest in and sympathy for this fascinating leader may believe that this book is a good assessment of the President's character and career. It is not.

The second book, *John F. Kennedy, President*, is quite another matter. The writer is *Time's* White House correspondent, and although he is understandably somewhat condescending, he does present a highly readable book about the Kennedy administration. Thankfully the reader is spared that smart writing known in the trade as Timese. The account of events seen at the presidential level is well and clearly told. There is no extraneous or irrelevant detail and the Kennedys are portrayed with dignity and warm sympathy. Of the two books, this is the book to read.

L.S.L.

WILLIAM LYON MACKENZIE KING: Volume II—1924-1932 THE LONELY HEIGHTS, by H. Blair Neatby. University of Toronto Press. $7.95.

This is the second volume in the official biography of Mackenzie King. The first volume was done by R. MacGregor Dawson, covering the years from 1874 to 1923. After Professor Dawson's death, Mackenzie King's literary executors invited Professor Neatby to continue the work.

It is a fascinating history, presenting with clarity and colour the life and times of that astonishing man who was Prime Minister of Canada for so many years. King was in fact a puzzling character. Professor Neatby puts the problem in his opening paragraph: "The obvious assets of a political leader were missing. King had none of Macdonald's rascality or Laurier's dignified charm. Did he stay in office by Machiavellian cunning? Or was the man so ordinary that he was the average Canadian writ large . . . or did he succeed by default, surviving only because his rivals were so tragically incompetent?"

It is difficult to understand the personality of a man who was ruthlessly efficient in practical politics, who was devoted to the cause of Canadian unity and independence, and who was given to consulting fortune-tellers seriously! It may not be possible to explain him fully, but Professor Neatby has done a most interesting biographical portrait that is at the same time a history of the years in Canada that included the struggle with Arthur Meighen, the customs scandal, the constitutional issue with Lord Byng and the beginning of the great depression.

D.K.P.

WHAT'S PAST IS PROLOGUE: The Memoirs of the Right Honourable Vincent Massey, C.H. The Macmillan Company of Canada, Toronto. $7.50.

This is a solid volume of well over five hundred pages in which a famous and most distinguished Canadian gives his personal account of the great events in which he has been concerned. Vincent Massey's career has indeed been remarkable. Starting with great advantages of family wealth and education, he devoted himself to service to Canada in diplomatic and political fields. He was Canada's first Ambassador to the United States, holding that appointment from 1925 cannot serve God and skylark on a bicycle." until 1930. There followed some years of political activity for the Liberal party, and in 1935 he became High Commissioner in London, serving there through the war years. In 1952 he was appointed Governor-General of Canada, the first Canadian to hold that important post.

Mr. Massey's granddaughters in their childhood had a special name for him, he tells us. They "always called me 'Gaudy'. This came about through a fortunate inability on the part of one of them, Jane, to pronounce the formidable word 'grandfather'—so 'Gaudy' it was for all of them, with its pleasant overtone of gaiety and friendliness." In these memoirs, "Gaudy" reveals that he has the same overtones vibrating strongly in his own personality.

D.K.P.

THE SECOND CAREER, with other ESSAYS and ADDRESSES, by Wilder Penfield, O.M., M.D., F.R.S. Little, Brown Company (Canada), Toronto. $5.

Dr. Penfield has attained eminence in several overlapping careers, and what he has to say is always very well worth careful attention. This is a book, his Preface says, "intended for popular reading. The addresses . . . were written during a career in neurosurgery, or shortly after. But they are more directly concerned with education, history and the philosophy of life than they are with medicine and science."

D.K.P.

CRUSADES AND CRINOLINES: THE LIFE AND TIMES OF ELLEN CURTIS DEMOREST AND WILLIAM JENNINGS DEMOREST, by Ishbel Ross. Harper and Row, New York. $6.

Demorest was a crusading editor whose main cause was the promotion of temperance. His wife worked with him and the two shared fame from the days of the American Civil War to near the end of the century. The best-known of their magazines was *Demorest's Illustrated Monthly Magazine and Mme. Demorest's Mirror of Fashions*. It was the Demorests, not Butterick, who originated and developed the tissue patterns that became so important and familiar in dressmaking. This is the story of a famous husband-and-wife team, with a vivid picture of the social scene in which they worked so long and so successfully.

Ishbel Ross has a considerable series of biographical and historical books to her credit, and this one will add to her reputation.

Sidelight on history: anyone wishing to revive sports of the 'nineties should consider bicycle polo, played on push-bikes with long-handled tennis rackets and rubber balls. It must have been fun, though one preacher who was outraged by cyclists out on Sundays declared: "You

D.K.P.

ART TREASURES IN THE ROYAL ONTARIO MUSEUM, by Theodore A. Heinrich. McClelland and Stewart, Toronto. $15.

This book is described on its jacket as "A representative selection of the finest art treasures in the Royal Ontario Museum, commemorating the Museum's 50th anniversary". The Museum is famous for having a great collection, and its Oriental section, particularly the Chinese material, is one of the finest on this continent. A quick tour in book form therefore could be a welcome addition to the library shelves of most Canadians who never see or have infrequently studied the treasures in Toronto.

Unfortunately, the book seems to be the controversial art topic of the season in Canada. It is a nice picture book and most of the objects shown are certainly wonderful examples of man's creative achievement, but would that the production of the book displayed consistently comparable skill.

On first examination the book's text seemed to have been written with either a scholarly timidity or with that aloof academic disregard for explanations to the uninitiated. Harold Town's review, however, suggests the fault lies in some sort of internecine warfare at the Museum. Whatever the reason, the book and its buyers are the real sufferers.

About a quarter of the book is given to blank space. That is almost $4 worth of it. This space may be very handy for the do-it-yourself reader who likes to scribble notes in margins, but it is quite unenlightening for the layman who simply wants to know what the objects are. Town said: "I wonder, when a Canada Council grant is necessary to underwrite such an expensive undertaking, if it wouldn't have been sensible to fill more of the costly white space with reproductions."

Some more reproductions would have added to the ownership value, but more text would have been particularly helpful. One example of the mysterious silence of the book is a beautiful Egyptian stone knife with a gold foil handle. The text explains that the gold is wrinkled because of shrinkage in the ancient adhesive. There is not a word to explain the use of this stone implement in the age of metal. As any schoolboy who has read Frazer's *Golden Bough* is supposed to know, bronze and iron were often taboo for ceremonial knives.

The arrangement of objects and the photographic lighting defy description. Most of these have photographic effect, but quite often the beauty and clarity of the objects are secondary. A silver-gilt steeple cup stands incredibly on a sheet of cheap tinfoil, and a group of splendid T'ang Dynasty tomb figures from China are clumped together like so many marigolds in an unweeded garden.

The colour reproduction is peculiar, to say the least. The Sung Dynasty Northern celadon is so brown and muddy that it would never be recognizable as the translucent light green and the epitome of porcelain glazes that it is supposed to be. In fact, with the exception of the Ming Dynasty jar, which is too dark for a good blue and white, the glazes on the Oriental ceramics and the patinas on the bronzes are anaemic in comparison with any good originals. The Indian masks have become pale faces.

Although there are these disappointments in production, the magnificent objects in the book shine serenely through the haze of human erring, to make this volume a worthwhile reminder that Canada does have a great storehouse of treasure that can afford enjoyment to many more people than it does.

L.S.L.

THE ANCESTRAL ROOF: DOMESTIC ARCHITECTURE OF UPPER CANADA, by Marion Macrae and Anthony Adamson, with photographs by Page Toles. Clarke, Irwin Company, Toronto. $10.

The explanation of this handsome book printed on the jacket-flap begins: "Canadians have long felt the need of an authoritative account of their architectural heritage. In filling this need the Authors of *The Ancestral Roof* have

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HI, THERE!
Gregory Clark
The stories in this collection, by one of Canada's best known newspaper men, have appeared over the past few years on the inside back cover of *Weekend Magazine* and were selected by Craig Ballantyne, the magazine's editorial director. The wise, trenchant and often hilariously funny writing makes this book an ideal gift. $3.50

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Gerald Stevens
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produced also a vital cultural and social history of the period 1783-1867, enlivened by the anecdotes and myths which grew up around the houses, their owners and builders."

This is an interesting work, lavishly illustrated by fine photographs, and with the additional help to understanding afforded by line drawings, elevations and plans.

D.K.P.

PLAYTHINGS OF YESTERDAY. Harry Symons introduces the Percy Band Collection. The Ryerson Press, Toronto. $12.50.

This is a book of photographs, many in colour, of playthings of the nineteenth century, the dolls, magic lanterns, Noah's arks, buggies with horses and the rest. Percy Band's collection is considered the finest in Canada, and the book is a delight. Harry Symons has done the descriptive parts, which tell of the materials and the methods of making toys in the 1800's.

D.K.P.

THE GROUP, by Mary McCarthy. Longmans Canada, Toronto. $6.95.

This novel at the top of the best-seller list is the story of the recline and pall of eight fictitious Vassar girls of the class of '33, written by a Vassar girl who really was a member of the class of '33. Anyone who has observed the wrinkles and wear and tear evident at a class reunion might enjoy reading this book, but it does get a bit tiresome to endure the ageing process for nearly four hundred pages. All of us get old and we hardly need to be reminded.

Mary McCarthy writes well, and her earlier books, which were generally less gloomy, established her as one of the leading women writers of the United States. Aside from Mrs. McCarthy's well-established reputation, it is a little difficult to understand why this book should be selling so well. Perhaps its constant snobbery appeals to readers who would like to have had a posh finishing school education or its revelation of mediocrity in high places appeals to those who are glad they hadn't. Whatever the reason, the book is sufficiently entertaining to keep it selling for some time to come.

L.S.L.

THE LIVING REED, by Pearl S. Buck. Longmans Canada, Toronto. $7.50.

This is the story of Korea from 1881 to the end of the Second World War.

Korea was settled by peace-loving people who sought political and religious freedom. Unfortunately, its geographical position was strategically important to many nations. Russia needed eastern naval bases; Japan, faced with her usual population explosion, looked for living-space, and the U.S. was starting to expand her foreign markets, influence, and Christianity.

China alone was the only strong ally Korea had, and even her interest became suspect.

The chief problem of Korean politicians was where to seek disinterested help.

Through the eyes of four generations of the aristocratic house of Kim we see Korea's tragic history; which today is still as sadly critical.

P. Le B.

THE COLLECTOR, by John Fowles. Jonathan Cape, London. $4.25.

John Fowles's grim suspense novel is undoubtedly taken from a crime which occurred in England a few years ago.

His story of the kidnapping of a young woman, not with any evil intent, but from loneliness, by a strange young man whose hobby was collecting butterflies, grows in horror with every page. The young man's innocence is in itself terrifying as realization grows that he can never let his victim free.

The author's characterization is masterly, and he portrays the difference between kidnapper and victim, in breeding, education, taste and sensitivity, with subtle fidelity.

This book is gripping throughout, a masterly piece of fiction.

P. Le B.

THE SHOES OF THE FISHERMAN, by Morris L. West. William Morrow and Company. New York. $4.95.

It is certain that Mr. West's novel will not be received with indifference. His close analysis of a pope and papal thoughts is huge in its presumption. For not only does Mr. West pretend to interpret a pope's constant battle against pressures and intrigues inside the Vatican, but he also dictates a new policy for the Church: one of reformation, of rejection of ceremony and pomp, of a new attitude amongst the ecclesiastics to get back to the people, of a more practical and crusading Church.

Ardent Catholics may well find this one-man overhaul of their hierarchy objectionable. Others will be more tolerant. There is no denying the truth in Mr. West's comment through his Pope Kiril that: "The Papacy is the most paradoxical office in the world; the most absolute and yet the most limited; the richest in revenues but the poorest in the personal return. It was founded by a Nazarene carpenter who owned no place to rest his head, yet it is surrounded by more pomp and panoply than is seemly in this hungry world . . ."

Mr. West need not have written his account in the form of a novel. He could have written a straight documentary, and as a former Vatican correspondent for the *Daily Mail* of London he would have been well qualified to do so. As it is, his characters are thinly disguised, but dis-

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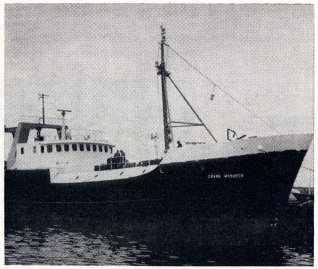

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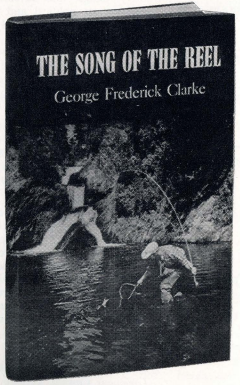

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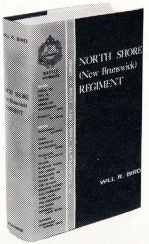

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torted, like images flickering behind a stained glass window. Pope Kiril's sorties into the streets of Rome are not so different from those of Pope John XXIII; his roving Jesuit priest, Jean Télémond, is in places exactly similar to the late Pierre Teilhard de Chardin; Kamenev's aspirations for a new Russia obtained through man-made efforts happen to be the same as Mr. Khrushchov's. But no sooner has the reader exclaimed: "Aha, I know who this is!" than the character changes and we are back into fiction again.

Mr. West has obviously chosen the novel form because he has a message. "I cannot ask my friends to accept the responsibility for my opinions," he says in his author's note. "So those who have helped me with this book must remain anonymous." Presumably, the remark applies to contemporary Churchmen as well as to Mr. West's advisers.

J.B.

CARAVANS. By James A. Michener. Random House of Canada, Toronto. $5.95.

Current news reports show that it is not uncommon for embassy staffs to help in the locating of missing persons. But when an American girl, in Mr. Mitchener's new novel, disappears in Afghanistan, she poses a particular problem for the small United States embassy at Kabul and for the hero of the story, Mark Miller, who is sent out in pursuit. The story of mystery, danger and adventure is unfolded against political and social obstructions from the people, and the rugged barrenness of the land. The characters never become more than adventure-tale people, which makes those odd pages of social philosophizing and travelogue descriptions even more incongruous. Yet the story moves at a lively pace, and makes enjoyable reading.

J.B.

THE WHITE COCKADE, by Vincent O'Brien. Abelard-Schuman, London, New York and Toronto. $4.95.

This is a fine historical novel of eighteenth-century Canada, specifically of the campaigns that included the siege of Quebec and the fall of Montreal. The author remarks in his foreword that it had long been a disappointment to him "that the dramatic part played by French-Canadians in the fight for North America has been so seldom and so inadequately recounted." He set to work to remedy this, and succeeded admirably.

D.K.P.

HUNGRY HILLS, by George Ryga. Longmans Canada, Toronto. $4.50.

This book is essential for anyone interested in the works of contemporary Canadian writers. It is a short novel, easily read at a sitting, but vivid. The work scores on four counts. First, the narrative holds the attention from the moment the young hero, Snit, returns to his impoverished farming community in the Alberta foothills where he is forced into the degradation of moonshining, and then to a violent climax. Secondly, the writing has a tangible texture that gives a three-dimensional quality to the background descriptions of a sunbaked, gritty summer. Thirdly, the characterization is so consistent and understanding that one feels Mr. Ryga must have drawn on his own childhood experience in north Alberta. And fourthly, the poetic quality and eye for original detail keeps the prose fresh. Crude words are used in the dialogues, but only in the way illiterates use them, which is rarely obnoxious.

J.B.

FASTING FRIAR, by Edward McCourt. McClelland and Stewart, Toronto and Montreal. $4.50.

This is a story with a setting of "one of the less fashionable Canadian universities", in which a storm blows up between governing body and faculty when a young professor publishes a historical novel to which objection is taken on moral grounds.

Edward McCourt knows the academic world east and west, for he taught at Queen's and the University of New Brunswick before becoming a professor of English at the University of Saskatchewan. He writes well, and another novel added to his list of five published earlier is very welcome.

D.K.P.

AGAGUK, by Yves Theriault, translated by Miriam Chapin. The Ryerson Press, Toronto. $4.95.

It seems strange that a novel by a French-Canadian author should have to wait five years for translation, when it is a literary prize-winning work that has gone through several editions in Montreal and Paris and been made available already in Japanese, German, Italian, Yugoslavian and Spanish! This English translation has been made possible by a grant from the Canada Council.

It is an excellent rendering by Miriam Chapin of a strong and interesting novel written with first-hand experience of Eskimo life by Yves Theriault.

D.K.P.

THE INCOMPARABLE ATUK, by Mordecai Richler. McClelland and Stewart, Toronto. $3.95.

Bawdy, off-beat, all-Canadian satire fills this book about a poetic Eskimo who leaves the simple purity of the north for the bright lights of Toronto, and takes to the big bad city like a seal to an ice-floe. Here he is feted as a folk-art poetic prodigy by the *avant-garde*, and does a nice bit of business on the side in mass-produced carvings. Satiric pot-shots are taken at just about everything, including Jews, advertising, business, television pundits, egg-heads, and Eskimos. Lots of targets but not many bullseyes.

J.K.

ERROR OF THE MOON, by Sara Woods. Collins, Don Mills, Ontario. $2.95.

When a murder mystery novel has an English scene and a title quoted from Shakespeare, it is a fairly safe guess before reading it that it will be dealing in mystery and character rather than the more recently popular sadistic violence and sex. For a reader who happens to be a devourer of the "classic" or old-fashioned type, with a strong dislike for the other sort, this latest story by Sara Woods is just what is needed. It will be welcome, for the search of library shelves becomes daily less rewarding.

"Sara Woods" is said to be the pseudonym of an Englishwoman now living in Halifax, Nova Scotia. Her previous "whodunits" have been *Malice Domestic, Bloody Instructions*, and *The Taste of Fears*, and they were very good. This latest one will add to her reputation.

D.K.P.

THE BIG SELL, by Pierre Berton. McClelland and Stewart, Toronto and Montreal. $5.

In his usual brash way, Pierre Berton takes a wide swipe at door-to-door salesmen, a school of popular dancing, the song sharks and all organizations which practice the hard sell upon innocent housewives.

In this book, one can read about most of the rackets by which Canadian and American taxpayers are fleeced of what little their governments leave them to spend. Concrete examples are given of people who paid as much as $50,000 on dancing lessons and others who bankrupted themselves because they fell for the well-rehearsed wiles of door-to-door salesmen.

P. Le B.

A PROMETHEAN TRILOGY, by Laurence Dakin. J. M. Dent and Sons (Canada), Toronto and Vancouver. $3.

Laurence Dakin is a highly skilled and imaginative Canadian poet, which is as much as to say that Canadians never heard of him. The Italians have. His sonnets are printed in Italian school books as examples of perfect English sonnets.

In recent years the most popularized verse in Canada has been of a tasteless, vulgar sort written by people better known for their blatant self-praise than for their erudition. Laurence Dakin is not of that tribe. He writes in well-schooled classical form with vitality and insight that should be the envy of verse-makers. Perhaps the only comparable English-language talent of the day is Christopher Fry.

The trilogy is a poetic drama of the legend of Prometheus, the Greek immortal who gave fire to man. Prometheus was punished by being chained to a mountain in the Caucasus where vultures tore at his flesh. Dakin went to the Caucasus to observe the setting first hand.

The verse is magnificent. For those readers who, like this reviewer, have grown weary of the Rube Goldberg innovations of modern verse, this book is a joyous reaffirmation of the beauty of poetry.

Dakin was born in Nova Scotia, at Sandy Cove in Digby County, and educated in the United States, Britain and Italy. Before the Nazi war he lived in Monte Carlo. During the war he spent three years in Vancouver. Since the war he has lived in New Zealand and in Fiji where, he says: "I built my own house on a lovely beach and can hear the reef thunder its symphonies or listen to the tiny wavelets lapping the sands ten feet from my door."

Dakin has written many books, published in England. *A Promethean Trilogy* is his second published in Canada. His admirers have included Tagore, Sir William Rothenstein, Richard LeGallienne, Masefield, d'Annunzio and Yeats. The time seems ripe for Canadians to read and take pride in their countryman too.

L.S.L.

THE WONDERS OF WILDLIFE IN EUROPE: Nature observed in 280 pictures, compiled by Franz A. Roedelberger and Vara Groschoff, with the work of 100 wildlife photographers. Translated by Mary Phillips and Peter Whitehead, with an introduction by Peter Scott. Longmans Canada, Toronto. $9.25

This beautiful book is a Swiss production. It presents a wonderful collection of pictures, many in colour, and all of them superb examples of the art of wildlife photography. The subjects range through the whole field, birds, mammals, reptiles, insects and marine creatures. A splendid gift for anyone interested in nature.

D.K.P.

SHOPKEEPERS TO A NATION: THE EATONS, by Mary-Etta Macpherson. McClelland and Stewart, Toronto and Montreal. $4.95.

No name in Canada is better known than that of the Eaton family. There can hardly be an inhabited place in the country where the famous mail-order catalogue of the T. Eaton Company is not to be found. The original Eatons were among Irish immigrants to Canada after the potato famine in their native land in the middle of the nineteenth century. The first advertisement of Timothy Eaton's new dry-goods emporium in Toronto appeared in 1869.

Shopkeepers to a Nation is a short, family biography, lively and readable, depicting the business and home life of leading Eatons in successive generations.

D.K.P.

ON UNDERSTANDING MODERN ART

A letter in reply to Edwy F. Cooke

by RICHMOND W. LONGLEY

In the October number of your magazine, Edwy F. Cooke discusses the problem of "Understanding Modern Art". A study of his article leaves me as cold as most of the paintings he discusses.

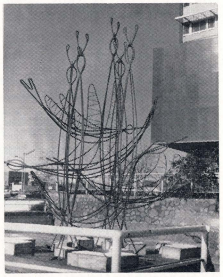
After commenting upon some of the reactions to modern "art" during the past fifty years, Mr. Cooke confesses that the problem is one of communication, which, he says, is not all on one side. Then he reaches the conclusion that the viewer must learn how to understand the painting—thus putting the problem of communication all on the side of the public. He claims that the artist must have the freedom to experiment even as the scientist. Then he concludes by describing the modern world as he sees it, and claiming for the painter the task of interpreting this world to modern man.

What of communication? Artists of former times have not always been able to communicate with the public of their days, but many works initially condemned have finally been accepted. In the field of music, Wagner struggled against the mores of his time, but later generations have learned to understand and enjoy his compositions. In their time, Tennyson was considered greater than Browning, but later generations have reversed this opinion because they have found that Browning had more to say than Tennyson.

What of modern "art"? What sign is there that this has become more acceptable during the fifty years that Mr. Cooke mentions? Art galleries and museums are, as Mr. Cooke says, purchasing these paintings, but there is reason to believe that these purchases are prompted by the opinions of the artists, not because of the public. Here in Edmonton we have an example of modern art as a fountain in front of our City Hall. One always directs visitors to view it, but the comments of these about our "spaghetti tree" indicate that the communication is far from perfect. The past fifty years have seen a growth in popularity of the stylized art of eastern Asia, and the stone work of the Eskimos. But Mr. Cooke's "art" has failed to replace the paintings and sculptures of former days in the minds of the public.

Some of the pictures accompanying Mr. Cooke's article reminded me of another in a display I once visited. At a distance, the painting appeared like a canvas three feet by five covered with jet black. There were two blotches of colour. The painter had apparently run a four-inch paint brush dipped in green paint along the right top, and there was a similar strip, this time in purple, along the right bottom. Closer examination showed marks as if the painter had set his paint can on the canvas in a number of places before it was dry. It also revealed the price at which the canvas was valued. What was the artist trying to convey? Neither I nor any of those to whom I spoke had any idea. Perhaps I am a Philistine, but the picture did not encourage me to strive to find a meaning to the work.

Stories are bandied about of some painters who have splashed paints on canvases without plan, and entered the results in a competition for artists only to find that their entries took prizes. If any such story is true, then the problem of communication exists not only with the general public, but also among artists. It may be that the judge "saw" something



of beauty, or balance, or form, which prompted him to admire the canvas, but what he saw was not what the painter planned. If this can happen among artists, is it to be wondered at that the common man may have difficulty in "seeing" in some painting the message that the artist would have him see?

Mr. Cooke invokes the aura of the scientist to justify his claim that artists should be given leave to experiment. But his argument shows that he fails to understand the purpose of scientific experiments.

Certainly a scientist experiments. A doctor seeking the value of a drug tests it out on his guinea pigs. (We in our illustration ignore the claim that such testing is morally wrong.) During the testing, the doctor discusses his findings with other doctors because the reactions he finds may have some meaning to them, and their comments may give him a lead to further testing. But when he comes from his laboratory, we demand that he speak clearly, and not give half-baked hypotheses. A large share of the burden of communication to the public rests upon the scientist.

From what little I know of chamber music, I interpret it as experimental music by musicians, music which is played for other musicians. The performance then corresponds to the discussions among scientists about their experiments. It is not presumed that this music speaks to the general public, even to most of those who appreciate classical music. The dramatist too recognizes the need to experiment, of testing out new techniques of portrayal to communicate with the public. But these techniques are tested in their workshops, and only when it is felt that they will get their message across are they used upon the public stage. Some techniques are even then discarded, and the public is educated to understand those which remain.

If the modern "artist", i.e., painter, wishes to experiment, then he too must recognize that the final result that he presents to the public must be intelligible. A certain amount of education of the public may be necessary, but even here the artist must take the lead. The burden of communication is not the responsibility of the general public as Mr. Cooke would have us believe. To a large extent, the responsibility of communication belongs to the artist, even as it does for the scientist and the dramatist.

Mr. Cooke considers that the artist, that is the painter, in particular feels the impact of our modern world, and must interpret this to the general public. The same stimuli inspire the musician, the poet, and the dramatist. These artists have changed their styles in sympathy with the changing world. Nevertheless great art in these fields still speaks intelligently to those who would listen. On the other hand, the painters expect that the general public can appreciate canvases covered with one solid colour, or by the splashings of paint by a four-year old, or by what appear to be the doodlings of an idle mind. I agree with Mr. Cooke that a great painting should interpret to its viewers something of the spirit of the world in which it was painted. But I hope that the people one hundred years hence who happen to dig out from the storerooms of the art galleries of that day some of the paintings which Mr. Cooke praises do not accept what they see as the mirror of the world of the 1960's.

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had a rollicking zest for life. Loved and respected as a teacher and friend, he won international recognition not only as Canada's foremost writer but also as a major contemporary poet. "A Garland for E. J. Pratt on his seventy-fifth birthday," *Tamarack Review*, 1 (Winter, 1957); Munro Beattie, "E. J. Pratt" in *Literary History of Canada* (1965); Earle Birney, "E. J. Pratt and His Critics" in *Our Living Tradition*, 2nd series (Toronto, 1959); W. E. Collin, "Pleiocene Heroics" in *The White Savannahs* (Toronto, 1936); Northrop Frye, Introduction to *The Collected Poems of E. J. Pratt* (2nd edition, Toronto, 1958); Northrop Frye and Roy Daniells, "Recollections of E. J. Pratt," *Can. Lit.*, 21 (Summer, 1964); Desmond Pacey, *Ten Canadian Poets* (Toronto, 1958); "Salute to E. J. Pratt," *Can. Lit.*, 19 (Winter, 1964); John Sutherland, "E. J. Pratt: A Major Contemporary Poet," *Northern Review*, V, 2 and 3, April and May, 1952); Henry W. Wells and Carl F. Klinck, *Edwin John Pratt: The Man and His Poetry* (Toronto, 1947).

ALFRED W. PURDY (1918-). Born near Wooler, Ontario, Purdy was educated at Albert College. During World War II he served in the R.C.A.F. He published his first book of verse *The Enchanted Echo* in 1944. As its title suggests, this volume contains echoes of the poetry of earlier romantics like Roberts and Carman. Purdy's later collections exhibit a more modern approach. *Pressed on Sand* (1955) and *Emu, Remember* (1956) are written in a casual lyric verse which makes skilful use of slant rhyme. *The Crafte So Longe To Lerne* (1959) and especially *Poems for all the Annettes* (1962) and *The Blur in Between* (1963) reveal his ability to present trivial subjects with imaginative insight. Although his style is also occasionally commonplace, it has a very personal intensity, and is effectively satirical. The poems of *The Cariboo Horses* (1965) powerfully express such themes as the impact of Canada's limitless landscape, the contemporary sense of human failure and social dissolution. Purdy, who has travelled widely, now lives in Toronto. Peter Stevens, "In the Raw: The Poetry of A. W. Purdy," *Can. Lit.*, 28 (Spring, 1966); Phyllis Webb, "Magnetic Field. Review of *Poems for All the Annettes*" in *Can. Lit.*, 15 (Winter, 1963).

THOMAS H. RADDALL (1903-). Born in Kent, England, Thomas Head Raddall moved with his family to Halifax in 1913. He attended the Halifax Academy until his father's death in 1918, when he left school and took a position as wireless operator aboard vessels in the Canadian Merchant Marine and at various East Coast stations. His intimate knowledge of naval operations provided him with background material for his later works. In 1922 he became bookkeeper for a small pulp mill, and accountant in 1923 for a newsprint mill in Nova Scotia where he began writing short stories and historical articles which appeared in *Blackwood's Magazine*. He remained with the mill until 1938, when he devoted himself full-time to his literary career.

In 1939 he began to contribute frequently to *Maclean's*, *Saturday Evening Post*, *Blue Book*, *Collier's* and *The Dalhousie Review*. He published a collection of short stories *Pied Piper of Dipper Creek* (1939) with an introduction by John Buchan, who linked Raddall with the school of Sir Walter Scott, Stevenson, Kipling and Conrad, complimenting him for his "rare gift of clean spare-limbed narrative." A story-teller who insisted on accurate and authentic detail, Raddall published his first historical romance, *His Majesty's Yankees* (1942), which depicts Nova Scotia during the American

revolution. Although swarming with characters and filled with violent action, the novel gives a vivid comprehensive picture of life at the time.

Raddall continued his literary career with a second historical novel, *Roger Sudden* (1944), based on the struggle between the English and French for supremacy in Canada and notable for its understanding and sympathetic treatment of the Micmac Indians. Then followed *Tambour and Other Stories* (1945), a collection of short stories, *Pride's Fancy* (1946), a romantic tale of colonial privateering, and *Halifax, Warden of the North* (1948, rev. 1965), a history of Halifax, which won a Governor General's Award.

With *The Nymph and the Lamp* (1950, *La Nymphe et la lampe*, 1952), *Tidefall* (1953) and *The Wings of Night* (1956), Raddall turned from a historical to a modern setting and drew upon his earlier experiences of the East Coast to describe convincingly his favourite themes of struggle and passion. In *The Governor's Lady* (1960) and *Hangman's Beach* (1966) he returned to the historical novel.

Raddall belongs to the Romantic tradition of novelists. His characters, although drawn with little psychological subtlety, face exciting situations and have to take decisive action. Painstakingly accurate in his historical detail, he spins vivid and suspenseful tales of an age when the heroic virtues of courage and magnanimity had full play. Winner of three Governor General's Awards, Raddall was elected F.R.S.C. in 1949 and presented with the Lorne Pierce Medal in 1956. J. R. MacGillivray, "Letters in Canada: 1942," *UTQ*, XII (April, 1943); Claude Bissell, "Letters in Canada: 1950," *UTQ*, XX (April, 1951); Claude Bissell, "Letters in Canada: 1956," *UTQ*, XXVI (April, 1957); John Matthews, Introduction to *The Nymph and the Lamp* (Toronto, 1963).

LUCIEN RAINIER (1877-1956). Né à Montréal, Joseph Melançon étudia au Collège Sainte-Marie et, après avoir fréquenté deux ans l'Ecole littéraire de Montréal, décida de devenir prêtre et fut ordonné en 1900. Il fut vicaire, curé et, longtemps, aumônier de religieuses à Montréal. En 1931, il a recueilli une partie de ses poésies dans *Avec ma vie*. Paul Wyczynski a étudié *Les débuts poétiques de Joseph Melançon* (*Revue de l'Université d'Ottawa*, 1956) et on trouve quelques pièces inédites et des pages de son journal dans l'édition des Classiques canadiens préparée par le Père Lavergne (1961).

Lucien Rainier a écrit des pièces de circonstances qui sont sans intérêt et des poèmes d'inspiration historique qui ne manquent pas d'originalité, mais ses meilleures pages sont d'inspiration spirituelle et établissent des correspondances mystérieuses entre la nature et l'âme. Romain Légaré lui a consacré une étude dans le tome II des *Archives des lettres canadiennes*. On consultera aussi la monumentale thèse de Soeur Marie Henriette-de-Jésus (1966).

JAMES REANEY (1926-). Born near Stratford, Ontario, Reaney received his early education there. In 1944 he entered the University of Toronto, where, as an undergraduate, he began writing the collection of poems published in 1949 under the title of *The Red Heart*. In its forty-two poems Reaney often deals with social themes, but is inclined to treat them much more fancifully than did his colleagues of the forties. His poetry is marked by a peculiar combination of childlike gaiety and intellectual sophistication, and he employs highly developed systems of imagery which are often teasingly obscure.

After receiving his M.A. (1949) in English literature, Reaney joined the faculty of the University of Manitoba, and received his Ph.D. (1958) from

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THOMAS HEAD RADDALL (pronounced RAD-awl) of Cornish descent, born in 1903, came to Halifax with his parents in 1913 and attended Halifax Schools. Serving in both the First and Second World Wars, his home is in Liverpool, N.S. His first published tales in "Blackwood's Magazine" drew the interest of Kenneth Roberts, Col. Theodore Roosevelt, Jr. and John Buchan later Lord Tweedsmuir.

With their active encouragement Raddall gave up his office job and became a professional author in 1938. In the following year "Blackwood's" published a book of Raddall's short stories, originally written for the magazine, under the title "The Pied Piper of Dipper Creek". Lord Tweedsmuir volunteered a foreword for the book, saying in part: "I confess to a special liking for a story that has something of a plot and which issues in a dramatic climax, a type which has had many distinguished exponents, from Sir Walter Scott through Stevenson and Maupassant to Kipling and Conrad. To this school Mr. Raddall belongs, and he is worthy of a great succession. He has the rare gift of swift, spare, clean limbed narrative. And he has great stories to tell."

Roosevelt, Roberts and Costain persuaded him to write a novel with the historical background of Nova Scotia and the American Revolution. This he did, and "His Majesty's Yankees" was published in New York by Doubleday in 1942. Its first sale was not large, but important newspaper critics were enthusiastic, and the three friends urged Raddall to go on with a career as a novelist.

To date Raddall's published works include seven novels, five volumes of short stories, four volumes of Canadian history. Apart from these he has written many articles and essays for magazines.

2:00 p.m.

Book and Library Equipmnt Fair

Canadian Association of College and University Libraries, Atlantic Room

Joint meeting with Research Section—Symposium with three speakers on some projects of library automation in Canadian libraries

****Provincial Libraries Workshop continues*** Research Section, Atlantic Room

Chairman: Mrs. Betty Hearn

Joint meeting with CACUL — a symposium with three speakers on some projects of library automation in Canadian libraries

****Young People's,*** The Citadel

Chairman: Miss Margaret Martin

Annual and business meeting

6:00 - 6:45 p.m.

Reception of the Book Publishers' Association of Canada, Atlantic Room

Receiving: The President, Members of the Executive and Mr. Hilary Marshall of the Library Committee

7:00 p.m.

BANQUET AND CABARET

sponsored by the Atlantic Provinces Library Association, Canadian Music Library Association and the Scholarships and Bursaries Committee, Commonwealth Room.

Chairmen: Miss Kathleen Currie, Miss Melva Dwyer, Miss Isabel Cummings, Miss Jean de Temple

Scholarship Awards announced

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printing of 7500 was nearly sold out by October, 1950; *Chester* (1953) in which Bill makes money fast flying his own plane; *Wolverine* the story, among other things, of catching a spy in Northern Ontario. ...ly, he did not restrict his output to this series, but published also ...lden, *Cub Reporter* (1951) and *Temagami Guide* (1955). (Cf. ... *Author and Bookman*, December, 1948, p. 50).

...derick Falkner (1902-), of West Vancouver, wrote *The Aqua-*...ans find *Chinese Treasure* (1956) (which was translated into Ger-... *The Aqualung Twins and the Vanishing People* (1957); *The* ...n Twins and the "Iron Crab" (1959).

...smary Margaret Graham wrote *Flying O'Flynn* (1958), set in ... and *Mustard and Company* (1960).

...elyn Eaton (1902-), mentioned under adult fiction, wrote *John* ...or (1937,-40) and *Canadian Circus* (1940).

...ert William Hewitt (1902-), mentioned under sports literature, ...e story of a young Ontario boy, Dave Cross, attracted by professional ... who eventually goes to Europe to win the Olympic polevault, hence ...e *Along Olympic Road* (1951).

...ugh Holliday (1910-), Toronto, took over the editorship of the ...ian *Author and Bookman* with the Summer, 1954, issue. He is well ...n juvenile readers through his Dale Thompson series: *Dale of the* ...d (1951), of which a second printing was necessary after a first ... of 15,000 copies; *Dale of the Mounted in the Northwest* (1952), ...egan with a first printing of 15,000 and sold at a similar rate; *Dale* ...*Mounted in the Arctic* (1953); *Dale of the Mounted on the West* ...954), which includes an account of the Kitimat project; *Dale of the* ...d in Newfoundland (1955), in England, *Dale of the Mounted* (1956), ...ame readers may find even better than its predecessors; *Atlantic* ...ound (1956), the story of Dale aboard a Canadian carrier; *Dale of* ...unted, DEW Line Duty (1957); *Dale of the Mounted, Sub Hunt* ...*Dale of the Mounted, Atomic Plot* (1959); *Dale of the Mounted,* ...*Assignment* (1959); *Dale of the Mounted, Pursuit on the St.* ...ce (1960). Like Hambleton, he did not confine his efforts to the series ...te also *Oil Trails in Headless Valley* (1954), the story of a boy who ...cates his father, a geologist, on a quest for oil. All of Holliday's ...e to appear in English editions. (Cf. *Canadian Author and Bookman*, ... 1955, p. 18, p. 20, Summer, 1956, p. 10).

...omas Head Raddall (1903-), mentioned under adult fiction, ← ...*The Son of the Hawk* (1950), a special juvenile version of *His* ...*Yankees* (1942,-44); *The Rover; the Story of a Canadian Privateer* ... (Cf. *Atlantic Advocate*, June, 1958, p. 83; *Canadian Author and* ..., Spring, 1959, p. 9).

...ley Edward Callaghan (1903-), mentioned under adult fiction, ...*Baldwin's Vow* (1948).

...dora Villy Cormack (1903-), mentioned under adult fiction, ...IODE prize for *When I Grow Up*, adjudged the best juvenile novel ...iously published of Alberta origin submitted in 1953.

...die (Green) McPhedran, Mrs. (Dr.) John Harris McPhedran ...), daughter of Leslie Arnold and Kitty Mary (Young) Green, ...n in Sault St. Marie and educated at the schools there and at ...ty College, University of Toronto. She had journalistic experience ...Sault *Daily Star*, went with her husband on long exploration trips ...North by canoe and plane from Flin Flon while living there, lived ... 1934-5, founded and edited *The Link*, Roseale Home and School ..., contributed a series of articles "Meet the Players" to *T.S.O.*

Winnipeg, in *The Canadian Pageant* (1951), which devotes more t
third of its space to the period since the outbreak of the First World
(Cf. *Canadian Who's Who*, vol. V).

James Maurice Stockford Careless (1919-), son of Willia
Stockford and Ada Josephine (de Rees) Careless, was born in Toron
educated at the University of Toronto Schools, the University of T
and Harvard University, with interim service (1943-5) in the Depart
External Affairs during the Second World War. He joined the depa
of history at the University of Toronto as lecturer in 1945 and was ma
fessor in 1949. In addition to doing editorial work at the top level acc
borating in *Canada and the Americas* (1953) and *Canada and the Co*
wealth (1953), both in the Spotlight on Canada series and both e
George Williams Brown (1894-), mentioned earlier, he wrote
a Story of Challenge (1953), the second volume in the Cambridge
Commonwealth series, for which he was awarded the Governor-G
Medal for Academic Non-fiction. (Cf. *Canadian Who's Who*, vol.

Donat Marc LeBourdais (1887-), son of Adalbert and
(Connick) LeBourdais, was born and educated at Clinton, British Co
He has had a wide range of business and journalistic experience, his
British Columbia, Alberta, Ontario, and the United States, and h
much free-lance work since 1921. His contribution in the field of
history is *Nation of the North: Canada since Confederation* (1953-
Canadian Who's Who, vol. V).

R. Leslie Gordon, a teacher at Upper Canada College, Toron
tributed *Canada* (1954) to the Lands and Peoples series.

Thomas Bertram Costain (1885-), mentioned under fiction,
the writing of the Doubleday three-volume history of Canada and w
first volume, *The White and the Gold: The French Regime* (1
(1954), which brings the record down to the death of Bishop Lau
1708) a century after Champlain founded Quebec. The second volu
series, *Century of Conflict; the Struggle between the French and E*
Colonial America (1956), with which the author won the Governor-
award for academic non-fiction and which brings the story down
was written by Joseph Lister Rutledge, an honors graduate of the U
of Toronto, who was a reporter on the London *Advertiser*, did editor
on *Maclean's*, *Canadian Magazine*, and the *Canadian Author and*
and published *Liberty*. The third volume of the series, *Path of*
Canada from the British Conquest to Home Rule, 1763-1850 (1957), and
which the author won the Governor-general's medal for academic non-fiction
was written by the historian Thomas Head Raddall (1903-). T
volume of the series, *From Sea to Sea: Canada* 1850-1910: *T*
Nationhood (1960), was written by William George Hardy (19
mentioned under fiction.

Col. Charles Perry Stacey (1906-), son of Dr. Charles P
Pearl (Perry) Stacey, was born in Toronto and educated at the U
there and at Corpus Christi College, Oxford. His military experie
and varied, especially in its historical aspects. He taught history at
University from 1934 to 1940 and was historical officer at Canad
Headquarters in London, England, from 1940 to 1945, when
Director of the Historical Section, General Staff, Army H
Ottawa. Of national historic interest in his *The Undefended B*
Myth and the Reality (1954). (Cf. Edgar Wardwell McInnis (
previously mentioned; *Canadian Who's Who*, vol. V).

William Bruce Hutchison (1901-), mentioned under fic
the vivid and colorful *The Struggle for the Border* (1955).

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tario in 1922, and then settled in Uxbridge, Ontario, where he took part city and county affairs. He wrote *Pioneering in the Prairie West* (2nd 1925, 3rd 1926, 4th 1933), *Life on the Frontier* (1930), and *Echoes the Prairies.* (Cf. *Who's Who among North American Authors* (vol. ; *Canadian Bookman,* November, 1933, p. 160; *Canadian Who's Who,* V).

Archibald McKellar MacMechan (1862-1933), son of John and Mary (McKellar) MacMechan, was born at Berlin (Kitchener), Ontario, and ated at Picton Union School, Hamilton Collegiate Institute, the Univerof Toronto, and Johns Hopkins University. From 1889 till shortly ore his death he was professor of English Language and Literature at lhousie University, Halifax, Nova Scotia. The Royal Society of Canada, which he was a Fellow, awarded him the Lorne Pierce Gold Medal for erature in 1932. He made a major contribution to Canadian creative nontion: *The Log of a Halifax Privateer* (1921); *The Nova-Scotia-ness of va Scotia* (1921); *The Memorial Tower* (1922); *Sagas of the Sea* 23); *Old Province Tales* (1924); *The Book of Ultima Thule* (1927), ntioned under the essay: *There go the Ships* (1928); *Red Snow on Grand* (1931). From the numerous narratives of the sea the novelist Thomas Raddall (1903-) selected and published the eclectic volume *Tales the Sea* (1947). (Cf. Morgan, *Can. Men* (1912); Queen's *Quarterly,* 33; *Nova Scotia Authors* (1949); Wallace, *D.C.B.*).

John David Higinbotham (1864-), "Articum Polo," mentioned der fiction, wrote *When the West was Young; Historical Reminiscences the early Canadian West* (1933).

George M. Mitchell, of Toronto, smitten with the gold fever of 1897-8, t out for the Klondike, travelling along rivers in a scow. He told the story his adventures to Angus A. Graham (1867-), "S. A. Maharg," ntioned under fiction, who retold them largely in Mitchell's words in *The lden Grindstone; the Adventures of Geo. M. Mitchell* (1935, -6). (Cf. *ok Review Digest,* 1935, p. 396).

Fred J. Smyth published in Cranbrook, British Columbia, *Tales of the otenays, with historical sketches by the author and others* (1938).

Albert McCarty attended school for four years in a log schoolhouse at . Vincent's, Ontario, went to work on a farm at the age of ten, married 1883, and lived on a farm at Water's Falls till 1889. He then moved to rman, Manitoba, seventeen years later to Nanton, Alberta, and in 1909 Vancouver, where he was successively in the grain, lumber, sawdust, and al business. He told to his daughter Margo (McCarty) Maxwell breathking tales of pioneer life in Ontario, Manitoba, Alberta, and British Columa, the subject matter of *On to the Sunset* (1953), by Ethel Burnett Tibbits, rn at Walter's Falls, Ontario, and educated in the schools of Pomeroy, Manitoba, at Alberta College, Edmonton, and at Columbia College, New estminster, British Columbia. She engaged in newspaper work for three ars in Vancouver and Calgary before founding and conducting her own per, the *Marpole-Richmond Review.* (Cf. *Saturday Night,* November 28, 53, p. 28).

Mabel (Jones) Margeson (ca. 1875-1951) was the daughter of Robert nclure and Emma (Pineo) Jones. Her father was professor of Greek d Latin at Acadia College and University from 1864 to 1913 and told his ildren tales of his student days there, hence Mrs. Margeson's *A Tale of Old Acadia* (1925). (Cf. *Canadian Bookman,* July, 1926, p. 213).

Frère Marie-Victorin (1885-1944), baptismal name Conrad Kirouac, n of Cyrille Kirouac, was born at Kingsley Falls, Quebec, and educated

and the daughter of the captain who rescued him. The title is from Psalm 107:29-30. The book was published in the United States in a first edition of 100,000 copies and as a choice of the Sears People's Book Club and was also a choice of a book club in England. An interesting sequel is *No Small Tempest* (1957). (Cf. *Imperial Oil Review*, February 1958, pp. 8-11; *Atlantic Advocate*, May 1958, p. 91; *My Other Islands* (1960); *Canadian Who's Who*, 1958-60, p. 938).

Hermia (Harris) Fraser, Mrs. Wallace I. Fraser (1902-), mentioned under poetry, author of many short stories, wrote *Tall Brigade; Life of Thomas McKay* (1956), fictionized to read as an historical novel (*Canadian Author and Bookman*, Summer, 1956, p. 10).

Mrs. Frances Shelley Wees (1902-) wrote *Where is Jenny Now?* (1958), set in Toronto.

Howard O'Hagan (1902-) wrote *Tay John* (1960), set in the Athabasca River valley, northwestern Alberta.

Cecil John Eustace (1903-), mentioned under philosophy and religion, contributed many short stories to American, British, and Canadian magazines, wrote an historical novel, *The Scarlet Gentleman* (1927), and novelized a Columbia Pictures scenario, *Damaged Lives* (1934).

Morley Edward Callaghan (1903-), son of Thomas and Mary (Dewan) Callaghan, is a native and resident of Toronto. He graduated in arts from St. Michael's College, University of Toronto, and in law from Osgoode Hall. He had some journalistic experience on the Toronto *Star*, lived for a while as a member of the American colony of writers in Paris and spent some time in New York and Montreal. He began writing seriously as early as 1916. His fiction includes more than one hundred short stories of such excellence that for thirteen consecutive years he was represented in the annual *Best Short Stories*, edited by Edward Joseph Harrington O'Brien (1890-1941), and that three volumes of them have been published in book form, *A Native Argosy* (1929), *Now that April's Here* (1936), and *Stories* (1959). His novels are: *Strange Fugitive* (1928); *It's Never Over* (1930); *A Broken Journey* (1932); *Such is my Beloved* (1934); *They Shall Inherit the Earth* (1935), with title from Psalm 25:12; *More Joy in Heaven* (1937), with title from Luke 15:7; *The Varsity Story* (1948), a fictional story of the University of Toronto from 1925 to 1940; *The Loved and the Lost* (1951, -61), winner of the governor-general's award for fiction; *The Man with the Coat*, 1955 winner of *Maclean's* $5,000 prize and serialized in that magazine and rewritten as *The Many Colored Coat* (1960); *A Passion in Rome*... (1961). (Cf. *Canadian Bookman*, February, 1930, p. 38, October, 1936, p. 5, p. 12; *Mail and Empire*, February 24, 1934, Saturday, September 14, 1935, Wednesday, 25, and Thursday, 26; *Canadian Author and Bookman*, September 1948, p. 51, December, 1948, p. 27; Mrs. Clara Thomas, *Canadian Novelists 1920-1945* (1946); Arthur L. Phelps, *Canadian Writers* (1951); Klinck and Watters, *Canadian Anthology* (1955), p. 523; *Canadian Literature* 12, pp. 60-64).

Thomas Head Raddall (1903-), son of Lt. Thomas H. and Ellen (Gifford) Raddall, was born at Hythe, Kent, England. The father came to a military position in Halifax, Nova Scotia, in 1915, and the son was educated at Chebucto Road School and Halifax Academy. He early manifested a keen interest in Canada and its history, hence the vivid backgrounds of his fiction. After spending some time as a wireless operator and later as a bookkeeper he decided to devote all of his time to writing. He owes part of his skill in the novel to the fact that for about ten years he concentrated on a technically more difficult form, the short story. After publishing privately *Saga of the Rover* (1931) and the *Markland Sagas* (1934), his fiction appeared through regular publishers: *The Pied Piper of Dipper Creek* (1939), a collection of short stories, for the Canadian edition of which in 1943 he was awarded the governor-general's medal; *His Majesty's Yankees* (1942, -44, -57, Braille, -45), an historical novel of Nova Scotia during the American War for Independence; *Roger Sudden* (1944, -46, -49, -52, also Danish, Swedish, and Czecho-Slovakian translations), an historical novel of the founding of Halifax and the siege of Louisbourg; *Tambour* (1945), a volume of short stories of life in Nova Scotia; *Pride's Fancy* (1946, -7), a novel of Nova Scotian privateers during the Napoleonic wars; *The Wedding Gift* (1947), short stories of Nova Scotia in the eighteenth century; *The Nymph and the Lamp* (1950, -51, -52, different editions in each year, also Dutch and French translations), a novel of life centering around an isolated Canadian wireless station in the years after the First World War; *Tidefall* (1953, -5), a powerful novel of contemporary life; *Muster of Arms and Other Stories* (1954), ten tales of the East Coast; *Wings of the Night* (1956, -7); *The Governor's Lady* (1959, -60), a fictionized biography of Frances Wentworth, wife of Sir John Wentworth (1737-1820), for which he won Doubleday's $10,000 award for Canadian fictions. (Cf. *Canadian Author and Bookman*, September, 1944, p. 26, March, 1946, p. 33, December, 1948, p. 28, March, 1949, p. 45, Christmas, 1949, p. 40, Summer, 1950, p. 11, p. 18, Autumn, 1952, pp. 5-8; *Canadian Literature*, Autumn, 1960, pp. 74-5; *Saturday Night*, December 24, 1960, p. 34; Halifax *Chronicle-Herald*, September 22, 1962, p. 25; Mrs. Thomas, as above; *Canadian Who's Who*, 1958-60, p. 916).

Barbara Villy Cormack, Mrs. (Lt.-Col.) Eric W. Cormack (1903-), a former resident of Alix, Alberta, now lives in Edmonton, where her husband is on the staff of the University and she teaches in the School for Retarded Children. In addition to writing prize-winning fiction in provincial competition sponsored by the I.O.D.E. of Alberta, she wrote two successful novels: *Local Rag* (1951), showing the influence from 1906 to 1945 of an Alberta newspaper in its community; *The House* (1955, -6), a story of rural life unified by the device of telling of the people who inhabited an Alberta farmhouse since 1913.

Abram Stilman (1903-) wrote *Healer of all flesh* (1959) and *Mariette; a novel* (1961), set in Montreal. (Cf. *Canadian Literature*, Spring 1962, p. 68).

Bradda Field (1904-), daughter of W.G.H.Y. Field and Agnes Herbert, was born in Nanaimo, British Columbia, spent her very early years in various parts of Canada, and was reared in Lancashire, England. She wrote *The Earthen Lot* (1928, -30); *Small Town* (1931, -2, -3), set in Ontario, winner of the Femina Vie Heureuse prize for the best novel by a British woman; *Grand Harbour* (1934, -6), with Malta background; *Mildi: being the Strange Story of Emy Lyon, who became Emma, Lady Hamilton* (1942), also with main title *Bride of Glory*, a Literary Guild Selection. (Cf. Black's *Who's Who*, 1954).

Margerie Scott, a member of the Windsor, Ontario, branch of the Canadian Authors Association, in addition to her work in the field of the short story, wrote novels: *Life Begins for Father* (1939, -40), in Hutchinson's First Novel Library; *Mine Own Content* (1952), the story of Sara Randall, to whom love came often, happiness never; *The Darling Illusion* (1955), the story of Olivia, who sacrificed everything to her desire to become a great actress. (Cf. *Canadian Author and Bookman, Summer*, 1952, p. 18, Spring, 1953, p. 40).

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Herman Arthur Voaden (1903-), son of Arthur and Louisa (Bale) Voaden, was born in London, Ontario, and educated at Queen's University and Yale University. After teaching at Glebe Collegiate, Ottawa, Windsor-Walkerville Technical School, and the Collegiate Institute and Technical School, Sarnia, he became director of the department of English at the Central High School of Commerce, Toronto, in 1929, where he has been director of the Play Workshop since 1934. He has had several of his own plays produced and in 1937 received the Canadian Drama Award. His critical work has been largely concerned with the editing of plays: *Six Canadian Plays* (1930); *A Book of Plays* (1935); *Four Good Plays to Read and Act* (1944), in the Heritage of Literature series; *On Stage; Plays for School and Community* (1945); *Four Plays of our Time* (1960). (Cf. *Canadian Who's Who*, vol. V).

Thomas Head Raddall (1903-), writer of fiction, selected and published with a Foreword a number of the best tales of Archibald McKellar MacMechan (1862-1933) under the title *Tales of the Sea* (1947).

He also edited some of the material for New Library series, *Rover: the Story of a Canadian Privateer* (1958-9) and *At the Turn of the Tide and Other Stories* (1960).

Roy McKeen Wiles (1903-), son of James Albert and Katherine Ellen Wiles, was born at Truro, Nova Scotia, and educated there in the public schools and at Colchester County Academy, followed by advanced work at Dalhousie and Harvard Universities. He lectured at the University of Alberta from 1928 to 1931, joined the department of English McMaster University in 1935 and rose to the rank of professor by 1948. His critical studies include *Scholarly Reporting in the Humanities* (1950) and *Serial Publication in England before 1750* (1957).

Marguerite Roberts (1904-), daughter of Ralph Elmer and Alice Enfield (Sanders) Roberts, was born in Rockport, Indiana, and educated at Evansville College and Radcliffe College. She was dean of women and assistant professor of English at McMaster University from 1937 to 1946, taught English at University College, Toronto, for one year, and in 1947 became professor of English and dean of Westhampton College, University of Richmond. She wrote *Thomas Hardy and the Theatre* (1935) and *Tess in the Theatre* (1949), containing the text of the three stage versions and the names of three world-famous actresses who played Tess. (Cf. *Canadian Who's Who*, vol. V).

Alexander Joseph Denomy (1904-), son of Alexander Joseph and Mary Emmeline (Brisson) Denomy, was born in Chatham, Ontario, and educated at Assumption College, University of Western Ontario, at the University of Toronto, and at Harvard University, where he was awarded a Frederick Sheldon Travelling Fellowship. He was a Guggenheim Fellow in 1947-8. After teaching in the department of French at the University of Toronto from 1928 to 1931 and further graduate study, he became professor of the history of comparative literature at the Pontifical Institute of Mediaeval Studies, University of Toronto. He wrote *The Old French Lives of Saint Agnes and Other Vernacular Versions of the Middle Ages* (1938); with A. D. Menut, *Nicole Oresme's de Celo et Mundo* (1943); *The Heresy of Courtly Love* (1948). With Urban T. Holmes he edited *Studies in Honor of J. D. M. Ford* (1948). (Cf. as above).

William Kaye Lamb (1904-), son of Alexander and Barbara S. (McDougall) Lamb, was born in New Westminster, British Columbia, and educated at the University of British Columbia, the University of Paris, and the University of London. He was provincial librarian of British Columbia

Klinck, Carl F., ed. Literary History of Canada UTP 1965

Anderson to any of the American ladies with three names. Though this large group contains almost all of the significant novels of the period, its bulk consists of domestic romances, often honest or earnest in intention, but abjectly imitative of the stereotypes of magazine fiction. J. R. MacGillivray's summation of the year's work in "Letters in Canada: 1940" could be applied without qualification to over 80 per cent of the fiction of the next two decades:

> There has been, with only trifling exception, no imaginative study of our Canadian life and society, no looking out upon the world, no interest in fiction as a fine art, no apparent awareness of ideas and events, but a perfect isolation from place and time. . . . Where else is there the equal to that ivory tower, soundproof, windowless, air-conditioned, and bombproof, in which these novelists tap at their typewriters undisturbed by the falling heavens?

For such writers, the only exit from the ivory tower was a door hopefully opening on the market-place.

Of the patent forms which make up the bulk of recent fiction, the historical romance has had the greatest vogue with both writers and public. Evelyn Eaton, Thomas B. Costain, W. R. Bird, and Thomas Raddall have each published a half dozen or more works in the genre (Costain's total for the period is eleven), and a score of others have explored subjects as diverse as Genghis Khan and General Wolfe, Hippocrates and William Lyon Mackenzie. Not unexpectedly, a number of writers return to the period of Christ or to Old Testament materials, and another group recall with equal piety the events of various Jacobite risings; but the subjects which outdistance all others are the history of Acadia and New France (Nova Scotia and Quebec), the saga of the United Empire Loyalists, and the rebellion of 1837. Yet despite this natural preference for materials which are close to their tradition or to Canada's history, and despite the painstaking research which their work often displays, these historical novelists have contributed very little to literature. Deceived by the apparent simplicity of a form which requires a high degree of skill and control, they have regularly stumbled into one or other of the traps of historical distortion, mechanical characterization, or wild improbable plotting. Even more important, they have not clearly understood whether their aim was simple entertainment as in Stevenson, historical reconstruction as in Robert Graves, or historical-philosophical analysis as in Hawthorne. In the face of such divided purposes, Kirby's *chien d'or* dozes on comfortable security.

Several writers, however, deserve mention for particular qualities in their work, and one, Thomas Raddall, transcends the preceding generalization. Thomas H. Raddall (b. 1903), born in England and raised in Nova Scotia, is the best of the numerous Maritime novelists who have made Canada's history their garden. Rooted in a community where tradition is long by North American standards, and the urban tangles of Montreal and Toronto remote,

he has absorbed the history, landscape, manners, and accent of his region with a completeness that amounts to possession. In addition, he has an unusual ability to recreate moments of dramatic action, and a vigorous, fluent, highly sensory style. After publishing a collection of stories which attracted the attention of John Buchan, *The Pied Piper of Dipper Creek* (1939), he produced in 1942 the best historical novel of the period, *His Majesty's Yankees*, the story of David Strange, a revolutionary agent and soldier in the turbulent days of 1774 when Nova Scotia had to choose between the dubious alternatives of Boston Whiggery and London Toryism. Crammed with the excitement of intrigue, imprisonment, escape, battle on land and sea, and amorous involvement, the action mounts to a rousing picture of the attack on Fort Cumberland; and though the pace slackens in the final section, the author's control does not falter. In subsequent works, *Roger Sudden* (1944), *Pride's Fancy* (1946), etc., the formula of historical romance diminishes the reality of the illusion; but Raddall's power remains unimpaired in two further volumes of tales, *Tambour* (1945) and *The Wedding Gift* (1947). In *The Nymph and the Lamp* (1950), a tale of life at a wireless station on Sable Island, and *Warden of the North* (1949), a history of Halifax, he shows himself to be at ease in two new areas. Raddall's principal weakness, one realizes, is his inability to penetrate deeply into the psychology of his characters, but since action, the vivid recreation of personality, and the memorable use of landscape are central to his work, the reader does not demand more. For Raddall, above all, is a gifted entertainer; and when he evades the stereotypes which mar the average narrative of derring-do, he is superbly satisfying.

Equally prolific but less accomplished than Raddall is Will R. Bird (b. 1891), chronicler of the eighteenth-century Yorkshiremen who emigrated to Nova Scotia. Evelyn Eaton (b. 1902) and Thomas B. Costain (b. 1885), both living in the United States, have had wide popular success, Mrs. Eaton with stories of Acadia, and Costain with tales of Christ, Attila the Hun, Napoleon, and the rulers of New France, which have gained him an international reputation as a manufacturer of literary placebos. Two other strains in the historical novel, though not yet strongly developed, offer hopeful alternatives to the standard formula. Grace Campbell (1895–1963) in *Thorn Apple Tree* (1942) and *The Higher Hill* (1944), recreates the pioneer experience of Glengarry Township, Ontario, with a loving attention to details of daily life, and a generally disarming unpretentiousness. This approach to history, rejecting with tranquil firmness both the sentimental excesses of a Ralph Connor and the romantic absurdities of a Major Richardson, is akin to the low-keyed beauty of such American regional writers as Sarah Orne Jewett and Willa Cather. In another direction, Louis Vaczek's *River and Stormy Sea* (1950)—a chronicle of the voyage of two Jesuit fathers to Hudson's Bay in 1672—charges a scrupulously recorded historical event with

Sylvester, Guy et al. Canadian writers. Montreal, NMH, 1967

third book *Titans* (1926), consisting of "The Cachalot" and "The Great Feud" with their memorable passages of sustained intensity and verbal brilliance, established Pratt as a major Canadian poet. *The Iron Door* (1927) is an ode which examines the mystery of death.

With *The Roosevelt and the Antinoe* (1930), Pratt turned again to the sea as his setting. For this narrative of heroic rescue, as for many of his later works, he investigated carefully all the available facts concerning the actual exploit. The poem begins quietly, picks up speed as the storm breaks, and rises to a peak of excitement as the natural elements seem to frustrate the courageous attempts of the sailors on the *Roosevelt* to rescue the perishing crew of the *Antinoe;* but human endurance and selfless daring finally triumph.

In 1930, Pratt was elected F.R.S.C. Two more volumes of short poems—*Verses of the Sea* (1930) and *Many Moods* (1932)—were followed by an even more powerful narrative of the sea, *The Titanic* (1935). In this complex and moving poem, Pratt is concerned with the struggle of forces not only of nature against man but within man himself. The irony of *hubris* (a tragically false sense of security and pride), the primitive superstitions of old sailors, the contrast between the iceberg's surface beauty and its submerged menace, and the conflict of human nobility and barbaric self-preservation are dramatically depicted. The unity of the work is faultless as every detail focuses upon the single climactic moment of action when the ship and the iceberg collide.

In *The Fable of the Goats and Other Poems* (1937), the title poem is a beast fable which satirizes militarism and totalitarianism and portrays love as superior to force. *Brébeuf and His Brethren* (1940) tells the story of the efforts of the Jesuit missionaries in Canada to win the Indians to the Christian way of life. Divided like an epic into twelve books, the narrative describes the difficult and heroic beginnings of the mission, its success in winning converts, its tragic destruction and the martyrdom of Lalemant and Brébeuf. In language and rhythm marked by excitement and dignity, Pratt explores the depths and complexity of human passion. The Indians are barbarously cruel and cunning, but they sometimes display courage, loyalty, endurance and even tenderness.

During the war Pratt published verse which reflects his concern for the victory of democratic principles. *Dunkirk* (1941) presents a realistic picture of the heroism and suffering of the 1940 evacuation of allied forces from France. *Still Life and Other Verse* (1943) contains "The Truant," which in asserting the unique creativity, defiant will and splendid capabilities of man expresses Pratt's concept of human life. Several of the poems depict war as a retrogression to primitive barbarism. His *Collected Poems* appeared in 1944, and in the following year he was created C.M.G. Other volumes about the war and its end were published in *They Are Returning* (1945) and *Behind the Log* (1947).

Pratt's next publication *Towards the Last Spike* (1952) is a narrative of the Canadian Pacific Railway. The conflict of politically opposing forces and of man against nature, which ended with the hammering of the last spike in Eagle Pass in 1885, are presented with power and imagination in this patriotic "verse panorama." A second edition of *The Collected Poems of E. J. Pratt* appeared in 1958. His poem "Landfall Ahead" was composed in 1957, in honour of the Queen's visit to Canada to open the St. Lawrence Seaway.

In all his work, Pratt sees human life in the heroic terms of a Christian humanist: despite the destructive mechanistic forces arrayed against him, and the conflict within himself, man has the capacity to triumph. Generous, compassionate and modest, Ned Pratt had a rollicking zest for life. Loved and respected as a teacher and friend, he won international recognition not only as Canada's foremost writer but also as a major contemporary poet.

"A Garland for E. J. Pratt on his seventy-fifth birthday," *Tamarack Review*, 1 (Winter, 1957); Munro Beattie, "E. J. Pratt" in *Literary History of Canada* (1965); Earle Birney, "E. J. Pratt and His Critics" in *Our Living Tradition*, 2nd series (Toronto, 1959); W. E. Collin, "Pleiocene Heroics" in *The White Savannahs* (Toronto, 1936); Northrop Frye, Introduction to *The Collected Poems of E. J.* Pratt (2nd edition, Toronto, 1958); Northrop Frye and Roy Daniells, "Recollections of E. J. Pratt," *Can. Lit.*, 21 (Summer, 1964); Desmond Pacey, *Ten Canadian Poets* (Toronto, 1958); "Salute to E. J. Pratt," *Can. Lit.*, 19 (Winter, 1964); John Sutherland, "E. J. Pratt: A Major Contemporary Poet," *Northern Review*, V, 2 and 3, April and May, 1952); Henry W. Wells and Carl F. Klinck, *Edwin John Pratt: The Man and His Poetry* (Toronto, 1947).

ALFRED W. PURDY (1918-). Born near Wooler, Ontario, Purdy was educated at Albert College. During World War II he served in the R.C.A.F. He published his first book of verse *The Enchanted Echo* in 1944. As its title suggests, this volume contains echoes of the poetry of earlier romantics like Roberts and Carman. Purdy's later collections exhibit a more modern approach. *Pressed on Sand* (1955) and *Emu, Remember* (1956) are written in a casual lyric verse which makes skilful use of slant rhyme. *The Crafte So Longe To Lerne* (1959) and especially *Poems for all the Annettes* (1962) and *The Blur in Between* (1963) reveal his ability to present trivial subjects with imaginative insight. Although his style is also occasionally commonplace, it has a very personal intensity, and is effectively satirical. The poems of *The Cariboo Horses* (1965) powerfully express such themes as the impact of Canada's limitless landscape, the contemporary sense of human failure and social dissolution. Purdy, who has travelled widely, now lives in Toronto.

Peter Stevens, "In the Raw: The Poetry of A. W. Purdy," *Can. Lit.*, 28 (Spring, 1966); Phyllis Webb, "Magnetic Field. Review of *Poems for All the Annettes*" in *Can. Lit.*, 15 (Winter, 1963).

THOMAS H. RADDALL (1903-). Born in Kent, England, Thomas Head Raddall moved with his family to Halifax in 1913. He attended the Halifax Academy until his father's death in 1918, when he left school and took a position as wireless operator aboard vessels in the Canadian Merchant Marine and at various East Coast stations. His intimate knowledge of naval operations provided him with background material for his later works. In 1922 he became bookkeeper for a small pulp mill, and accountant in 1923 for a newsprint mill in Nova Scotia where he began writing short stories and historical articles which appeared in *Blackwood's Magazine*. He remained with the mill until 1938, when he devoted himself full-time to his literary career.

In 1939 he began to contribute frequently to *Maclean's, Saturday Evening Post, Blue Book, Collier's* and *The Dalhousie Review*. He published a collection of short stories *Pied Piper of Dipper Creek* (1939) with an introduction by John Buchan, who linked Raddall with the school of Sir Walter Scott, Stevenson, Kipling and Conrad, complimenting him for his "rare gift of clean spare-limbed narrative." A story-teller who insisted on accurate and authentic detail, Raddall published his first historical romance, *His Majesty's Yankees* (1942), which depicts Nova Scotia during the American

revolution. Although swarming with characters and filled with violent action, the novel gives a vivid comprehensive picture of life at the time.

Raddall continued his literary career with a second historical novel, *Roger Sudden* (1944), based on the struggle between the English and French for supremacy in Canada and notable for its understanding and sympathetic treatment of the Micmac Indians. Then followed *Tambour and Other Stories* (1945), a collection of short stories, *Pride's Fancy* (1946), a romantic tale of colonial privateering, and *Halifax, Warden of the North* (1948, rev. 1965), a history of Halifax, which won a Governor General's Award.

With *The Nymph and the Lamp* (1950, *La Nymphe et la lampe*, 1952), *Tidefall* (1953) and *The Wings of Night* (1956), Raddall turned from a historical to a modern setting and drew upon his earlier experiences of the East Coast to describe convincingly his favourite themes of struggle and passion. In *The Governor's Lady* (1960) and *Hangman's Beach* (1966) he returned to the historical novel.

Raddall belongs to the Romantic tradition of novelists. His characters, although drawn with little psychological subtlety, face exciting situations and have to take decisive action. Painstakingly accurate in his historical detail, he spins vivid and suspenseful tales of an age when the heroic virtues of courage and magnanimity had full play. Winner of three Governor General's Awards, Raddall was elected F.R.S.C. in 1949 and presented with the Lorne Pierce Medal in 1956. J. R. MacGillivray, "Letters in Canada: 1942," *UTQ*, XII (April, 1943); Claude Bissell, "Letters in Canada: 1950," *UTQ*, XX (April, 1951); Claude Bissell, "Letters in Canada: 1956," *UTQ*, XXVI (April, 1957); John Matthews, Introduction to *The Nymph and the Lamp* (Toronto, 1963).

LUCIEN RAINIER (1877-1956). Né à Montréal, Joseph Melançon étudia au Collège Sainte-Marie et, après avoir fréquenté deux ans l'Ecole littéraire de Montréal, décida de devenir prêtre et fut ordonné en 1900. Il fut vicaire, curé et, longtemps, aumônier de religieuses à Montréal. En 1931, il a recueilli une partie de ses poésies dans *Avec ma vie*. Paul Wyczynski a étudié *Les débuts poétiques de Joseph Melançon* (*Revue de l'Université d'Ottawa*, 1956) et on trouve quelques pièces inédites et des pages de son journal dans l'édition des Classiques canadiens préparée par le Père Lavergne (1961).

Lucien Rainier a écrit des pièces de circonstances qui sont sans intérêt et des poèmes d'inspiration historique qui ne manquent pas d'originalité, mais ses meilleures pages sont d'inspiration spirituelle et établissent des correspondances mystérieuses entre la nature et l'âme. Romain légaré lui a consacré une étude dans le tome II des *Archives des lettres canadiennes*. On consultera aussi la monumentale thèse de Soeur Marie Henriette-de-Jésus (1966).

JAMES REANEY (1926-). Born near Stratford, Ontario, Reaney received his early education there. In 1944 he entered the University of Toronto, where, as an undergraduate, he began writing the collection of poems published in 1949 under the title of *The Red Heart*. In its forty-two poems Reaney often deals with social themes, but is inclined to treat them much more fancifully than did his colleagues of the forties. His poetry is marked by a peculiar combination of childlike gaiety and intellectual sophistication, and he employs highly developed systems of imagery which are often teasingly obscure.

After receiving his M.A. (1949) in English literature, Reaney joined the faculty of the University of Manitoba, and received his Ph.D. (1958) from

the University of Toronto. During this period he came under the influence of Northrop Frye. Reaney subsequently made an intensive study of the Elizabethans, and in particular of Spenser, whose *Shepherd's Calendar* is emulated in Reaney's second volume of poetry, *A Suit of Nettles* (1958). For this book he draws upon his early experience of Ontario farm life to depict allegorically a community of geese throughout the successive months of the year. Reaney's oddly sophisticated naïveté and capacity for erudite satire lend an unmistakable distinction to poems which are at once earthy, intellectual and sparkling. *A Suit of Nettles*, like its predecessor *The Red Heart*, won a Governor General's Award.

Since 1960, Reaney has been Professor of English at the University of Western Ontario. He edits the significant little magazine *Alphabet*, a semi-annual "devoted to the Iconography of the Imagination." Recently he has turned his attention to drama, and has produced a number of stage plays. *The Kildeer and Other Plays* (1962) includes two comedies, *The Kildeer* and *The Sun and the Moon*, a chamber opera libretto *Night Blooming Cereus* (for which John Beckwith wrote the music) and *One-Man Masque*, an amusing presentation of man's progress from birth to eternity. This volume shared a Governor General's award for drama with *Twelve Letters to a Small Town* (1962), in which Reaney paid poetic tribute to his birthplace Stratford.

In *The Dance of Death at London, Ontario* (1963), with drawings by Jack Chambers, Reaney satirizes a cross-section of that town. A versatile writer, he has published several short stories and a juvenile novel about York entitled *The Boy with an R in His Hand* (1965), has produced some unpublished plays (*The Easter Egg* and *Listen to the Wind*), and is working on a novel set in Perth County. Alvin Lee, "A Turn to the Stage: Reaney's Dramatic Verse," *Can. Lit.*, 15 (Winter, 1963) and *Can. Lit.*, 16 (Spring, 1963); Milton Wilson, Review of *A Suit of Nettles* in *Canadian Forum*, 38 (October, 1958).

JEAN-JULES RICHARD (1911-). Né à Saint Raphaël (Bellechasse), autodidacte, journaliste à la pige, il a publié trois romans et un recueil de nouvelles. Son premier roman, *Neuf jours de haine* (1948) est le roman canadien français le plus remarquable qu'ait inspiré la deuxième guerre mondiale. Les misères physiques et morales des soldats y sont décrites avec un réalisme troublant; l'écriture n'est malheureusement pas souvent à la hauteur de l'inspiration. Après un recueil de nouvelles, *Ville rouge* (1950), un second roman peu réussi, *Le feu dans l'amiante* (1956) inspiré par les conflits qui opposent les syndicats aux capitalistes américains à Asbestos, il a publié *Journal d'un hobo* (1965) qui raconte les pérégrinations sans but d'un clochard hermaphrodite qui fréquente surtout des milieux mal famés et parle leur langue. Cette oeuvre sans finesse ne manque pas toujours d'une certaine force un peu brutale qui lui donne une valeur de choc.

JOHN RICHARDSON (1796-1852). Born in Queenston, Ontario, the son of a Scottish surgeon attached to Simcoe's Queen's Rangers and of a mother whose maternal ancestors were Indian, Major John Richardson was educated at Detroit and Amherstburg. At fifteen he enlisted and fought for more than a year in the War of 1812, until he was captured at Moraviantown in 1813 and spent the rest of the War in a prison camp in Kentucky. After his release he was commissioned in the British Army. In 1815 he went to England on half-pay, served briefly in the West Indies and on his return spent many years in London or Paris, devoting part of his time to literary work. In London he produced his first book, a narrative

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Canada in 1802. The third unit was a militia egiment raised by Samuel Peters Jarvis (son of William Jarvis who had been a cornet in the irst unit in 1782) to serve during the REBELLION OF 1837. It was at Montgomery's Tavern and hen did garrison duty at Toronto until it was isbanded in 1838. The name Queen's York angers or 1st Americans was given in 1925 o a fourth regiment formed by a merger of e West Toronto Regiment with the 2nd ttalion of York Rangers.

Queenston Heights, Ont. See WAR OF 1812: .

quelques arpents de neige. See François-arie Arouet de VOLTAIRE.

uesnel, Joseph (1749–1809). A French ficer, he was captured by the British in 1779 ile on board a ship that was bringing muni-tions from France to assist the American revo-lutionary forces. He was taken as a prisoner to Halifax but was permitted to go to Quebec where he became naturalized and settled at Boucherville as a merchant. He wrote verse, dramas, and secular and religious music. His comedy *Colas et Colinette* (Quebec, 1788) was performed at Quebec in 1790: written in rhymed couplets, it includes songs for which he wrote the music. Two other comedies, *L'anglomanie; ou, Le dîner à l'anglaise*, in which he satirized the manners of the time, and *Le rimeur dépité* are in verse, while *Les républicains français* is in prose. Some of Quesnel's work is pre-served in *Le répertoire national* (q.v.) and in *La bibliothèque canadienne* edited by Michel BIBAUD (9 vols, 1825–30). The opera *Le père des amours* (1942) by Eugène Lapierre is based on Quesnel's life.

Quinn, David B. See Voyages of DISCOVERY: BIBLIOGRAPHY.

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deliff, T. See ONTARIO: BIBLIOGRAPHY .

ddall, Thomas (1903–). Thomas Head ddall was born in Hythe, Eng., and came to lifax in 1913. He enlisted as a wireless rator when he was fifteen and served on os and at coastguard stations on the Nova tia coast. In 1922 he became a bookkeeper a Nova Scotia paper mill, was promoted to ountant in 1925, and retired in 1938 to de-e himself to writing. His first short stories eared in *Blackwood's magazine* and later in adian and American magazines. He won Governor General's Award for fiction e times, was elected to the Royal Society of ada in 1949, and was presented with the he Pierce Medal for literature in 1956. addall's strong historical sense and his rstanding of the manners, customs, and ch patterns of Nova Scotia communities ribute to the success of his fiction, whether it is set in the past or the present. His short stories are collected in *The pied piper of Dipper Creek* (1939), with an introduction by John BUCHAN; *Tuniloup and other stories* (1943); *The wedding gift and other stories* (1947); *A master of arms and other stories* (1954), tales of the Second World War; and *At the tide's turn and other stories* (1959), a selection from his earlier collec-tions made for the New Canadian Library with a preface by Allen Bevan.

Raddall's historical romances show careful research into the early history of Nova Scotia and are written with vigour. In these, as in his novels, he makes effective use of local colour. *His Majesty's Yankees* (1942) is set during the American Revolution and stresses the desire of the early colonists in Nova Scotia to remain neutral. For this book Raddall made good use of *The neutral Yankees of Nova Scotia* by J. B. BREBNER and of the diary of Simeon PERKINS. *Roger Sudden* (1944) is a story of the Seven Years' War and the capture of Louisbourg in

1758. *Pride's fancy* (1946) is the swashbuckling tale of a privateer in the West Indies during the fight for the independence of Haiti. *The governor's lady* (1960) centres on the ambitious wife of Sir John WENTWORTH and begins with a competent account of the Wentworth family before the American Revolution; the story terminates with Wentworth's appointment as lieutenant-governor of Nova Scotia. Novels with a contemporary setting are *The nymph and the lamp* (1950) in which Raddall drew on his experience as a wireless operator at Cape Sable to depict effectively the isolation and depress-ing consequences of living on sand dunes; *Tidefall* (1953), the story of a scoundrel who made a fortune through crimes at sea but lost it later in a shipping enterprise; and *Wings of the night* (1956) in which an appreciation of the aesthetic qualities of the forests is combined with an awareness of the economic difficulties of Nova Scotia. *The nymph and the lamp* was translated into French in 1952 and reprinted for the New Canadian Library in 1963 with an introduction by John Matthews. Raddall is also the author of *Halifax: warden of the north* (1948), a local history that won the Governor General's Award. An enlarged and revised edition was published in 1965.

Radin, Paul. See INDIAN LEGENDS AND TALES: BIBLIOGRAPHY.

Radisson, Pierre-Esprit (1636?–1710). Born probably in Paris, he came to Trois-Rivières in 1651. A year later he was taken prisoner by Mohawks with whom he travelled through the greater part of New York state before he managed to escape in 1653. He reached New Amsterdam (New York), sailed for Holland, and made his way to France. He was back at Quebec by November 1655. In July 1657 he accompanied Father Paul RAGUENEAU to the Onondaga mission (near the site of Syracuse, New York) from which he escaped in March 1658 with other members of the mission colony who feared that the Iroquois were planning to massacre them. Radisson returned to Trois-Rivières and in 1659 joined his brother-in-law, the sieur des GROSEILLIERS, on a journey to Lake Superior. They reached Chequamegon Bay on the south shore of the lake. It is believed that while on this journey they conceived the idea that a water route existed between Lake Superior and Hudson Bay. Returning from the west by way of the Ottawa River, they came across the bodies of Adam DOLLARD DES ORMEAUX and his com-panions who had been killed by the Iroquois near the Long Sault a few days previously. Because they had left the colony without per-mission, they were heavily fined by the governor of New France, the sieur d'ARGEN-SON, who permitted no one to go to the west without his licence.

Disgusted by this treatment, both explorers left the colony. Radisson was with Nicolas DENYS in Acadia in 1662. In 1663 Radisson and Groseilliers sailed for Hudson Bay in a New England vessel that was turned back by ice in Hudson Strait. They arrived in England in 1665 and in 1668 were engaged by a group of merchants (the nucleus of the HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY) to make a voyage to the Bay. Ra-disson sailed on the *Eaglet* under Capt. William Stannard who put back when his ship was damaged in a storm. Groseilliers, who was on board the *Nonsuch* under Capt. Zachariah Gillam, returned in 1669 with a rich cargo of furs. Meanwhile, in June 1669, the promoters of this voyage had obtained a monopoly of the trade to the Bay and were granted a charter as the Hudson's Bay Company on 2 May 1670. On 31 May Radisson sailed with Groseilliers and Charles Bayly, governor of the company's posts, who had directions to found a permanent fort on the Nelson River. Radisson went back to England with furs in 1671 and made another expedition in 1672 from which he returned to England in 1673, leaving Groseilliers at the Bay. On Groseilliers's return to England in 1675 the brothers-in-law deserted England for France: Father Charles ALBANEL, who had been brought to England as a prisoner after making his way overland from Quebec to Charles Fort (RUPERT'S HOUSE), is believed to have had considerable influence in inducing Groseilliers and Radisson to leave England and resume allegiance to France. In 1676 Radisson paid a visit to Quebec but he was back in France by the end of the year. He served in the French navy from 1677 to 1679. He was at Quebec when the census was taken in 1681. The next year Radisson and Groseilliers sailed for Hudson Bay on behalf of a group of mer-chants of New France, the Compagnie du Nord, for whom they established FORT BOUR-BON on the Hayes River not far from two rival camps: one built by the Hudson's Bay Com-pany under John Bridgar and the other by a group of New Englanders who had arrived in

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LONGMANS

Editorial

"THE WRITER AND HIS WORLD" is the theme of the 1967 Canadian Authors Association's Convention. It has been well chosen.

But just what does that theme mean to you ?

With apologies to Shakespeare, it means to me : The Five Ages of the Writer :

"In the rough"
"In the hands of the potter"
"In the market place"
"Before his peers"
"To thine own self be true".

"IN THE ROUGH"

In the beginning, the writer starts out with nothing but raw emotion, untried ideas, hidden hostilities and a potpourri of experiences. But because he has the soul of a writer, everything in him is screaming to be heard. So, like a chimpanzee tossing paint at a canvas, he flings it out. He pounds into his typewriter, in complete abandonment and lack of discipline, everything he has ever felt, seen, thought. And it comes out bad verse, overly dramatic first novels, obscure essays, articles or short stories.

"IN THE HANDS OF THE POTTER"

Eventually it no longer satisfies to go on flinging the hot ingots of emotion or ideas into the typewriter, only to have them come out shapeless blobs of prose or verse, never quite saying what the writer intended. In sheer frustration he enters the second phase of his development, a study of his craft and a mastery of his tool — WORDS. He realizes that it is not sufficient to have within him the emotional clay of creativity, he must learn how to shape it. And so, by experimentation, he finally discovers how best — in poetry or prose — to express the things clamouring within him for voice. He becomes his own first critic.

"IN THE MARKET PLACE"

There comes then the time in the true writer's life when he is not content to "write himself out" — he must write himself "in" — into the minds of his readers. Having learned to clothe his clamouring emotions and ideas in the proper words, he must now reach more than his faithful coterie of admirers; he must reach the world. To do this he has to put a price on his creativity; he has to put a "for sale" sign on the fruits of his mind and heart. For some writers this becomes the insurmountable hurdle. Like frightened horses they shy away from the jump and graze in the sheltered meadows of the university campus or among the "I only write for my own pleasure" school of rationalizers. However the born writer takes the market-place hurdle — carrying with him his box of rejection slips and the still bleeding wounds of his "almost sales". To him the editor and publisher — cruel, heartless and critical, as he so often seems — is still the gateway to fulfillment.

"BEFORE HIS PEERS"

If he is to take his final "step to the stars" the writer must "communicate". It is not enough to learn how to write; it is not enough to learn how to "sell" a publisher, he must now learn to translate himself into the universality of the human condition. He must be married enough to the human race to feel what it feels; but divorced enough from it that he can interpret it. It will be the measure of his success whether the comparative handful of words he will write in his lifetime will bind him to his readers with bonds posterity can't break or whether they will shut him, forgotten, into a "cone of silence".

"TO THINE OWN SELF BE TRUE"

What, who, why, when — is a Canadian writer ?

If a writer wants to make big money he will probably stop writing about Canada and almost certainly leave Canada.

If a writer wants "instant fame" he will very likely have to prostitute his talent by such things as writing sex-dripping prose or taking a deliberately shocking stand on a touchy subject.

If a writer wants to be subsidized it helps if he belongs to an academic clique, belongs to the right political party, or is weather-vane enough to know which way the wind is blowing.

If a writer writes "pure Canadian-a" he should be prepared for possible ridicule or condescension from the literary critics.

But, if you can still keep your typewriter burning, while all around you, writers are accepting glory, grants and medals and you are not, then you, my friend **are**:

A CANADIAN WRITER.

Space

Now man in space is travelling far,
eventually to reach a star.

How soon will all the wonder end,
can mortal prophecy, portend ?

Old earth seems cramped and far too small,
the universe the project, all.

And man mad hurtling, jet propelled,
earth's toesin must too soon be belled.

Man cannot live by bread alone,
sit silent as a lonely stone.

Man cannot even run the earth,
listen to galactic mirth.

Yes, man now deems the earth too small,
the universe the end and all.

ARTHUR S. BOURINOT

The Writer and His World – 1

"in the rough"

In the beginning, the writer starts out with nothing but raw emotion, untried ideas, hidden hostilities and a potpourri of experiences. Such is the cargo of M. Theresa Lytle, Patrick Donohue and Ants Reigo.

MRS. M. THERESA LYTLE writes,

"I am a 35-year old cancer patient who has been in chronic hospitals for the past year. I am up and around with the aid of pain killers and spend some time in the therapy department typing . . ."

I Won't Remember You The Way You Were

Now that illness has forced us to go our separate ways,
And we cannot be together anymore,
Though my thoughts are there with you, dear, in many ways
On any happiness, we both have closed the door.

Oh, I **won't** remember you the way you were to me,
I'll pretend that you stood by me all the while,
And when visitors drop by they're bound to ask me,
So I'll say you're doing splendidly and smile.

I'll pretend you came to see me and brought flowers,
That you said how much I really meant to you,
And I'll tell them all about the many happy hours
Then no one will know the truth but just we two.

When our little girl will ask you how I am to-day,
Please just tell her I am getting on just fine,
And I'll write her loving letters every other day,
And maybe even you'd drop me a line.

You're so lucky to be free and looking after her,
I'd give anything if I could be there still,
But the doctors say I'm better off just where I am
In a hospital for the chronically ill.

When Evening Comes

When evening comes,
I want so much to be at home,
With loved ones of my very own
I feel so very much alone,
When evening comes.

The days go quickly when I'm busy,
I try and keep my mind alert,
Sometimes I work till almost dizzy,
Then I rest and think about the hurt
When evening comes.

a modern parable

The Universal Strike

By PATRICK DONOHUE

EVERYONE HAD HAD ENOUGH. They were fed up bargaining without success for better working conditions and shorter hours. A general strike was the only measure that remained.

It started with a general slowdown when grievances were unattended to. Milkmen sat on back stoops leafing through the morning news, mail clerks licked stamps listlessly and housewives loitered in the grocery stores. When conciliation failed, strike action was decided on.

❖ ❖ ❖

Patrick Donohue is a "priest in training" making his magazine debut with this piece.

❖ ❖ ❖

There were not enough "Closed Because of Strike" signs in the five-and-ten-cent store, but they were quickly made with paper and black crayons. Everyone hung up his sign and walked quietly away. Obviously, there was no need for picketing. Old pensioners turned out of their customary haunts stood on the sidewalks befuddled, leaning on their canes, until they too trudged away. The last sounds were the doors clicking as everyone disappeared inside.

The first day the sun rose unheralded. The progress of its rays streaming through the trees, into the blades of grass, and across the deserted roads, was the only movement in the world.

The second day a pigeon came insidiously from out of nowhere, it would seem. It landed in the market place and looked around. Pecking and chortling as it waddled up and down, it seemed pleased with what it found.

Soon other pigeons came to join it and eventually the earth was covered with a mass of bobbing, gobbling creatures swarming over everything. Even the trees were bending under the heavy load of birds.

This continued for some time.

Until one man realized that he hated pigeons. With deliberation, he opened his door and stepped outside. One pigeon flapped its wings and flew away. Others joined it and at once the whole swarm was on the move.

The man might have been crushed by the battalion rising in front of him, but he strode undaunted on. He looked up at the white bellies gleaming in the sun and at the bright blue sky and felt a thrill of joy.

Then other people came out cautiously.

Another God Is Dead

From a cracked Egyptian gourd libation trickles.
Three feet from where a pigeon died last March
A cat lies rigid in a one way street:
Yesterday a tire crunched its skull.

No one wants to pet or kick it;
No one fears its scratch;
No one hears its purr,
For nothing stirs beneath its fur
Today, but spongey grubs.

And yet, its fetid ether
Evacuates my breath.

ANTS REIGO is a student at Parkdale Collegiate Institute in Toronto. His English teacher, G. C. Cavanagh submitted his poem.

The Writer and His World – 2

"in the hands of the potter"

Eventually it no longer satisfies "to go on flinging the hot ingots of emotion or ideas into the typewriter" . . . he must become his own first critic. Other critics follow, like Myra Haas, Arthur S. Bourinot and K. A. Lund who describe in prose the poetry of Irving Layton and Frank R. Scott.

100 Years of Poetry

By DR. MYRA HAAS

MY FIRST ENCOUNTER with "living" Canadian literature was "The Charge of the Light Brigade" volleyed and thundered at close range by a patriotic maiden schoolteacher whose advancing padded shoulders moved "into the fray" on galloping hooves of English poYetry. Early in life, I was likewise exposed to the French element then existing in the so-called British colony known as "L'Enfant Canada."

It happened in Winnipeg, Manitoba, the meltingpot community of mosaic ethnics, where each Christmas, a diverse culture sponsored local talent. A boy soprano sang "The Rose of Tralee." Highvoltaged Ukrainian dancers sparked the air. A Polish revolutionary pianist executed Chopin.

The highlight of the evening was four boys in mocassins and old woollen tuques. Riding the cardboard waves of Lake Louise in a papier mache canoe, they went down on the wreck of "Julie Plante," with distress signals in half French, half English dialect simultaneously flagging bi-lingual Canada. Scarcely a breath ago, the time of which I speak was the year 1940.

In the same breath, modern poetry, a man-child, was born in Montreal. The child's uncommonly high intellectual forehead and colic disposition supported the rumour that T. S. Eliot, an influence from Abroad, could be, in some way, responsible.

Genetically sound, the sickly creature diapered in a maple leaf, was nevertheless Canadian. Inherent, were the grassy tufts between his toes and the skin, nubbly-textured like the bark of a tree. The three godfathers A. M. Klein, A. J. M. Smith and F. R. Scott assumed legal custody of the child. Mr. Scott, busy making notes for a poem on the Canadian Authors, arrived late for the christening.

Statistics on this somehow-evolved-or-ejaculated offspring are on public record: The boy lived with alternate parents P. K. Page, Gatien Lapointe, Phyllis Webb, Alain Grandbois, Miriam Waddington, Roland Giguere, Ralph Gustafson, Fernand Ouellette, Leonard Cohen.

He enjoyed deepsea swimming in Newfoundland waters with E. J. Pratt, the great white whale of epic poetry; skated and skied Canadian hillsides, lakes in the company of Patrick Anderson; panned for gold with Al Purdy; listened sympathetically to Uncle Dudek and Auntie Marriott recalling old-time memories of drought, breadlines, relief camps. Earle Birney saw the boy through adolescence. Raymond Souster taught him to mime, in the grand tradition of Chaplin, Canadian people and cities. From Irving Layton he learned the virtue of violence and humility; from Harry Howith, love in 57 languages; from R. G. Everson, the meaning of the universe in the cryptic seashell of Canadian identity.

Reasonably adult at the age of 100, Poetry Canada has become Canada. People grew into the image of the country and poetry grew into the likeness of the people — "each a symbol of one another."

What that symbol is, I can't say. If such exists (and it must), it derives from an identity Canadians won't admit to, least of all the poets:

> ". . . the sea transparent as a
> robin's egg holds the secret
> holy or unholy nebulous truth
> immaculate conception escapes the
> speckled vision with or without
> improved binoculars
> yet we are here
> swimming in that sperm
> radiant foetus of undetermined poetry
> waiting with coiled breath
> winged indecision
> the verdict: bird or reptile
> plant or man . . ."

Perhaps the fear is warranted. Reading through 45,000 pages of introductory notes prefacing 17 Canadian anthologies of verse, I find myself in a garden of botanical verbiage: flowers, trees, insects, birds, but no Adam and Eve in sight. Could it be that my descendants were of the Audubon species? I read further. Aha! Here it is: "Slowly, painfully the plants and creatures of the earth were transformed into People and People-poems by a recurring impact of something, someone "being felt."

IN 1860, CHARLES MAIR was "being felt" in dramatic downpours of biblical rain that nurtured the sprout of Canadiana to a height of four inches. Thirty years later, the crisp, invigorating presence of Archibald Lampman was "being felt," although there is little to redeem it in Wilfred Campbell's orphic England England England or the frightful "axe" poems wielding S. Frances Harrison's "stinging, biting, thwacking" tomahawk in the settlers' wilderness.

The Light Brigade Cavalry, reduced to one steaming Clyde, went up and down a January morning, but there was no glory in the triumphant climb. Complacent in their self-contained upper and lower bunks, hammocks, cabins, tents, Canadian poets slept through reveille. The voice of Robert Service, gusting and bellowing across the land, trickled into their eardrums; entered the bloodstream as chlorophyll to manufacture a greener leaf in perennial sonnets. A literary bomb exploding "free verse" in the neighboring United States, had no repercussions.

On the threshold of the 19th century, the dragging armies of colonial poets had reluctantly surrendered their country's emblematic banners flowing the Scottish heather and the Tennysonian coat-of-arms. Andrew Shiels' "Three Cantos and Other Waste Leaves of Halifax Literature" were neatly raked and left to moulder in the heap of immigrant sentimentality accumulated since 1831. Archibald MacMechan salted down several barrels of Herringcove Ballads, distinctly Nova Scotian. Canadian waters were at last cleared of Spanish galleons to accomodate the Bluenose and the Six Nations birchbark canoe. Less inclined to the rigours of the sea, Quebec poets, reclining eiderdown quilts of romanticism, floated

> . . . "a fine ship, carved from
> solid gold,
> With azure-reaching masts, on
> seas unknown,
> Spreadeagled Venus, naked, hair
> back-thrown
> . . . . at the prow."

Would you believe it? The Globe is round. There is no danger of falling off the edge or in the middle, except perhaps in Canada, where a line, invisible, cuts in half, equatorial French and English. Divided in dream and reality were the two: Emile Nelligan on a golden ship going SOMEWHERE; Edna Jaques in the rut of a half-mile furrow, going NOWHERE. Were they so much apart?

Tuned to the soundings of earth, stars and seasons revolving their separate worlds, the poets seemed to have no awareness of one another. Yet, unknown to them, a congenial separatism was drawing them together in a loveless pact.

Slow to thaw, phlegmatic and hard of hearing, they absorbed, individually, a total environment. Not uncommon to either French or English poets, was the urge for a native reproductive flowering. Reverting to their botanical origins, Ann Wilkinson's poetic eye was "wired to a willow." Layton's powerful lens saw with dual vision

> "Oaks have a way of concealing
> By a sudden tumult of leaves
> What it is they are feeling —
> With humans, its otherwise.
> The darkness of lip or eye
> The painedged voice,
> Are treacheries."

In search of the intangible Canadian identity, another poet wrote:

> "A sudden peace tears aside the
> veil of murmuring.
> It questions
> This foliage where I hope to find
> myself."

More embracing than Dumont, Gabriel Carpentier extended the need:

> "The time has come
> In the lost country
> When we must create above
> all else
> A single flower."

Building blocks, St. Denys-Garneau reached for a new understanding between words and gestures explaining people:

> "He arranges words for you as if
> they were simple songs,
> And in his eyes one can read his
> mischievous pleasure
> Of knowing that under the words
> he moves everything about,
> And yet in his left eye when the
> right is smiling
> A supernatural importance is
> imparted to the leaf of a tree."

Does it matter that Eli Mandel, in the summer of 1958, still tortured us with the ghoulish spectre of misconceived identity? Convincingly, he says:

> "I thanked the transformation of
> my rage that gave me vision.
> Later, to my horror,
> I discovered that my eyes were
> little stones and on my hands instead of hair were quills and in
> my blood . . . the reptile crawled."

Is it possible Kenneth Leslie could have written:

> "Beauty was mother's porridge
> in a bowl.
> Milk, oatmeal and molasses built
> my soul."

Will poets, desperate for inspiration, ever meet again with Mr. Creeley in a local pharmacy, to inquire:

> "What should a young man say,
> if he is buying Modess? Should he
> blush or not? Or turn coyly, his
> head, to one side, as if in the
> exactitude of his emotion, he were
> not offended?"

Looking between two mountains of books identifiably Canadian, and the French, English poets side by side in the original and in translation, explicitly so, I wonder that we are here, by some miracle of chance, standing upright. My greatest source of wonder, tracing fin to feather to mammal, is how the country survived its poets.

Mostly, I think of the strangers in our midst — the unknown or forgotten: James Reaney, his red heart bleeding beautifully; a lean girl with beautiful bones in the poetry of Anne Hebert; John Newlove

> "at the muddy graveside a bitten
> tongue in his salty mouth, blonde
> hair or brown busy in the wet
> wind, the eye trying to cry and
> alive, o knowing it at the other's
> expense."

Being Canadian, I don't allow myself to remember that the country slept while Raymond Knister, neglected, impoverished, drowned without a murmur.

Satyric Layton

By K. A. LUND

IRVING LAYTON is the first Canadian poet to write successfully about sexual love and for a time he appeared to write about nothing else.

In the early fifties he was the darling of the daring freshette, to be read beneath the sheets in shocked privacy. Even in the early sixties, his "tits on a bull", "small ass" and "naked twat" distracted and confirmed his earlier playboy reputation.

Now in the swinging mid-sixties Layton's lines are straight-laced and mid-Victorian in comparison with the "rivers of obscenities" sung by the Fugs and the poetry of Ginsburg.

We can acknowledge that Layton dusted off our primness and shocked us into a realization that all is not obscene which talks of copulation. Is that Layton now dead and decently interred in the coffins of his Collected Poems? Or is there more to this poet of the feverish flesh than first meets the shocked eye ?

Immediately, it must be acknowledged that Layton is no innovator. His experiments with form and style are minimal. All his unfathomed energy has gone into content encompassing an astonishing range of experience but unified by recurring symbols and by a mystic vision still awaiting its most revealing metaphorical expression.

Layton's poetry is personal exemplifying his view of a poet as "someone who has a strong sense of self and feels his life to be meaningful." But Layton does not freight his poems with the whole burden of his experience. He selects what is meaningful to him, graphing the peaks of his emotional range.

Layton's is a muse of fire.

His central symbol is the sun endowed in his vision with light vitality, creativity and virtue :

"Come, my Sun God, come, come now!
Your loins melt me, I desire
You drill my body with fire
For I burn with love and feel
Myself flame from head to heel."

Sun worshipping was religion among the ancient Persians and it has its later day exponents in our own well-tanned civilization. But Layton's vision is, of course, something quite different; his sun is non-intellectual, emotional and creative : "I come from Apollo, the great creative sun."

The sun is a powerful image for the grand theme but even poets must occasionally come indoors. The phallus and copulation are human-scale equivalents to express the creative and emotionally charged forces.

You can in some poems see the two symbols merging :

". . . before the sun round up
a phallus hung in the whitening sky."

There is a familiarity, yet variety, to the sexual love symbol which delights Layton. It gives him ample scope to explore his reliance on emotion and his distrust of hand-me-down experience, to dilate on deadenly repressive traditions while pinpricking the neo-Victorian moralist. He is at his gayest in praise of Nancy to be savoured without intellectual intervention :

"Poets praise, I pray you, Nancy
Who bends her limbs to suit my fancy;
O the road to heaven lies
Through her cool accustomed thighs.

Poets leave, I pray you, reason;
Put thought behind you for a season."

The act of love can also be a mental and emotional experience, raising Layton to a Godlike level and, like the sun, firing his mind to creativity :

"Merely to touch you is fire
In my head; my hair becomes
A burning bush."

Superimposed on sexual love is the symbol of the poem itself and the process of writing. Here Layton lays his finger on the core, to any poet, of the creative process, merges it with his other symbols of creativity, bringing the power and vitality of the sun to his comments on poetry and endowing his numerous affairs with the elegance and grace of poetry.

Layton, accordingly, sees Stephen Ward as a creative artist in preparing his girls for love-making and elevates him to the highest rung of artistic endeavour :

"I salute you, Stephen Ward,
England's last poet
asking: 'What's wrong with
fornication ?' "

Love making and poetry are frequently intertwined as in the following satiric but sensual verse :

"I love your poems, she said,
And kept stroking my thighs;
I love their intense thrust
And their hatred of lies."

Irving Layton has the expressive power and emotional intensity to deal successfully both with love-making, marking the beginning of the life cycle, and with death at its close. One of his most moving poems describes his response to his father's body.

Layton's inter-related symbols of creativity, the sun, sex, poetry and fire, give a unity and direction to the corpus of his work, making apparent that his vision and inspiration have remained firm while allowing maximum flexability in theme and content.

Irving Layton is a major poet, vital and savage, with an intensive view of life verging on the mystic. His early poems of flesh and passion are linked by symbol and life-view with his latest poetry. His caustic and prophetic voice reminds us simultaneously of the creative heights and achievements and of the hypocricy and bestiality of human behaviour.

May time continue, in his own words, to "keep me worthy of the poem that has written me since time began."

Satiric Scott

By DR. ARTHUR S. BOURINOT

THE NAME FRANK R. SCOTT brings to mind Bilingualism and Biculturalism, legal tomes, Rhodes scholar, professor's gown, court cases, defence of lost causes, pity and satire, and a host of other activities and last but not least poetry. Truly it can be said of him, "For a dream cometh with a multitude of business".

Francis Reginald Scott, Q.C., LL.D., B.Litt., etc. was born in Quebec, August 1st, 1899, a son of the Venerable Frederick George Scott, himself a poet of no mean worth. He attended Bishop's College and Magdalen College, Oxford, as a Rhodes scholar and later became Dean of the Faculty of Law, McGill University. He received a Guggenheim Fellowship in 1940; National Chairman C.C.F., 1942-50. In 1965 he was awarded The Molson Prize given by the Canada Council for his contribution to Canadian Letters.

Scott was one of the "Montreal Poets" of the twenties and a founder of the McGill Fortnightly Review and of The Canadian Mercury.

His works include "New Provinces" 1936, in cooperation with Finch, Kennedy, Klein, Pratt and A. J. M. Smith. "Overture" in 1945; "Events and Signals", 1954; "Eye of The Needle" 1957. He has translated the poems of St. Denys Garneau and Anne Hébert. "Signature" appeared in 1964 and his "Selected Poems" in 1966.

Rereading "New Provinces", 1936, one wonders what all the fuss was about when the book appeared. Compared to present day work, it appears almost Victorian. In the Preface is the following statement: "The poems in this collection were written for the most part when new techniques were on trial, and when the need for a new direction was more apparent than the knowledge of what that direction would be. "New Provinces" was hailed by many as the birth of a new poetry in Canada. And it is still looked upon as such in many regions. However, one should remember that contemporary criticism is often faulty and is usually no criterion from which to judge the staying power of a writer.

Old poets, like old soldiers, never die, they simply fade away. The writer recently went through numerous early, late and modern anthologies of verse, and what struck him was how many names in the early books were either dropped entirely in the later or represented by a single poem. A poet can never be sure of what the years will do to his work.

The poem of Scott's on which a great part of his reputation rests is, "The Canadian Authors Meet". It appeared in "New Provinces" and appears again in his latest book, so the author must have a high opinion of it."The Literary History of Canada", 1965, says this of it; "Time, certainly, has taken something away from his best known poem, "The Canadian Authors Meet", but not its essence. It is the indispensable defiance, in satirical terms of the literary 'establishment', as it struck a rebellious generation in 1927 . . . hence its persisting vitality derives less from its literary qualities . . . than from its impudent wholeness as a symbolic action".

Scott's work is clear. A pleasant change from most of the rigamarole and dirty gibberish of many of the moderns. As the late Somerset Maugham bluntly put it, "The writers who delight a clique and never reach the great public will never delight posterity, for posterity will never hear of them".

The clarity which Scott has is a great asset. Some writers and critics do not consider a poem, a painting or a piece of music, good, unless it is difficult to understand and interpret. And sometimes the poet who writes not to be understood is hailed as a master!

Scott's last volume "Selected Poems", 1966, contains samples of all his various work. It gives an almost complete picture of his poetry. He has written nature poetry, love poems, war poems, and satires, political and otherwise.

He will be remembered chiefly for his social satire. A few of the poems, so called, are not poetry at all. He writes well and with a clever pen. But it is not great poetry. However, we should be thankful for one who writes clearly and knows what he is writing about, and for the human kindness and pity that fathered much of his work.

The Canadian Authors Meet

Expansive puppets percolate
self-unction
Beneath a portrait of the Prince of
Wales.
Miss Crotchet's muse has somehow
failed to function,
Yet she's a poetess. Beaming, she
sails

From group to chattering group, with
such a dear
Victorian saintliness, as is her
fashion,
Greeting the other unknowns with
a cheer-
Virgins of sixty who still write of
passion.

The air is heavy with Canadian topics,
And Carman, Lampman, Roberts,
Campbell, Scott
Are measured for their faith and
philanthropics,
Their zeal for God and King, their
earnest thought.

The cakes are sweet, but sweeter is
the feeling
That one is mixing with the **literati**;
It warms the old, and melts the most
congealing.
Really, it is a most delightful party.

Shall we go round the mulberry bush,
or shall
We gather at the river, or shall we
Appoint a poet laureate this Fall,
Or shall we have another cup of tea?

O Canada, O Canada, Oh can
A day go by without new authors
springing
To paint the native maple, and to plan
More ways to set the selfsame
welkin ringing ?

F. R. SCOTT

The Writer and His World – 3

"in the market place"

There comes the time in the true writer's life when the publisher is his gateway to fulfillment. In 1967 Canada's major book firms will bring out in the neighborhood of 400 Canadian books. Supplementing these firms a growing number of "cottage publishers" are making the odds in favor of YOUR book getting into print better and better.

Gray Campbell

By JAN GOULD

YOU'D THINK A MAN who had already pursued three careers — a mountie, pilot and rancher, would be content to enjoy an early retirement. Gray Campbell **did** plan to relax; he sold his Alberta ranch and moved to Sidney, Vancouver Island. Yet, within a year, he celebrated his fiftieth birthday by plunging into a new career — as a publisher.

Recalling that day in 1962, Campbell cheerfully admits he wouldn't have had the audacity to enter such a precarious field had he known more about it. His first job was to persuade British Columbia bookstores that he was a bonafide publisher and would be bringing out more than the first book, "Blind Date", by Victoria's John Windsor. Once convinced, bookstore owners and newspaper editors began to help. When "Blind Date" hit the stands in British Columbia it was a happy success; local and national reviews were good, and the CBC serialized the book. The gently humorous account of how John Windsor learned to cope with the blindess that accompanied a Second World War injury now is on the bookshelves of over 5000 Canadian homes and copies have been ordered from as far away as Malaya and Israel.

"The book was my personal green light", reflects Campbell with all the smug enthusiasm of a small boy whose paper route succeeds. "Book sales gave me the courage and financial returns I needed to gamble on the next book.

Gray's Publishing now has fifteen books on the list and a reputation for "Canadiana". Campbell wants to try a book with international appeal, "one about Robbie Burns".

Some of Gray's authors are seasoned professionals. One is Charles Bowman whose "Ottawa Editor" records his years with the Ottawa Citizen. R. M. Patterson is a well known outdoors writer who has had many books produced by Macmillans of Canada but Gray Campbell quickly acquired rights to his classic adventure story "Dangerous River" and to "Far Pastures". One of his new writers is Hazel O'Neil, whose school teaching days among Doukhobor children resulted in a humorous well-selling book. "Doukhobor Daze". Harry Marriott is a Cariboo oldtimer, who produced a lively record of British Columbia's unique Cariboo area.

Campbell talks constantly about his books and authors and his enthusiasm spills over. It led John Barclay, a retired naval commander whom Campbell met on a Boy Scout popbottle drive, to join Campbell's "family" concern as secretary-treasurer and official accountant. Vice president Eleanor Campbell finds herself spending less time at home as she helps her husband read the two dozen unsolicited manuscripts which come in each month.

"Writers often query — but that's of little value to us", Campbell points out. "The finished book should be sent — and with it an outline, capsuling events of interest and summing up the story-line".

Manuscripts which Gray Campbell or his wife Eleanor like are passed to a group of readers which include a novelist, Flos Jewell Williams who has four books to her credit; a retired civil engineer and a retired army officer. Book editor is Mary Gibbs, a freelance writer who once modelled clothes for Queen Mary.

"I assemble opinions from people who are as unalike in temperament as it's possible to find", says Campbell. "If a majority of the group like a book, then I study it thoroughly and come to the final decision about it".

What with talking to authors, bank managers, printers, artists, manuscript-readers and bookstore owners, Gray Campbell hasn't time to talk about himself. If he could find time, he might tell you about the time he made headlines as a mountie. That was when he and three other mounties faced three shoot-it-out bandits; a battle which left only Campbell and another mountie alive. Then there's his wartime flying experiences which netted him an English wife and a DFC. As for his ranching experiences, he's written about those in his own book, "We Found Peace", published by Thomas Allen in 1953.

Gray Campbell is a refreshingly alert and energetic Canadian. He believes that soon others will follow his example so that small — and successful — publishing houses will be established from coast to coast.

It makes good news for writers everywhere, writers of factual material, that is. As for the fiction writer, Gray Campbell hasn't dared to gamble yet. Just give him time though — say, two more years, and **that** news should change.

Modern Press

By T. R. MELVILLE-NESS

MODERN PRESS, SASKATOON, has been in existence since 1917. The small printing plant was launched as a veteran's rehabilitation project by Saskatchewans A. P. Waldron and Harris Turner, both wounded severely in World War I. The Western Producer, farm newspaper with some 155,000 subscribers is published by Modern Press. Its predecessor in the early days of Modern Press was Turner's Weekly, a small tabloid that circulated only in Saskatoon. Then it became Saturday Press, later The Progressive, and in 1923 The Western Producer.

In 1931, driven close to bankruptcy by the depression, the newspaper was about to fold when the Saskatchewan Wheat Pool stepped in, determined that "the voice of Saskatchewan agriculture should not be allowed to die". Modern Press became the Printing and Publishing division of the Saskatchewan Wheat Pool.

A. P. Waldron cautioned the Board that the publication would be worthless in terms of influence if it became a house organ. The directors agreed, and have always left the editor with a free hand. As a general guide, the directors and Mr. Waldron, drafted a set of objectives, one of which was to preserve Western history and encourage Western writers.

In 1948, a new press and a new building enabled The Western Producer to expand. A magazine section was added. It included stories of the pioneer days in serial form, mostly from writers who had never been in print before.

In 1952 an unusually good story came to light as a serial. Comment from readers on "So Soon Forgotten" was such that the editors were encouraged to publish it in hard cover. Up until then a few books had been produced for universities, and the odd one for an author willing to pay the shot to see himself in print. There were serious limitations to efficient book publishing, but the shop managed to turn out 2,000 well printed, well bound books in record time.

These were advertised in The Western Producer, and response from readers was most gratifying.

Next venture was a book called "LAND OF HOPE" by Clara Hoffer and Mrs. F. H. Kahan. Mrs. Kahan, formerly Fanny Hoffer, was well known in Saskatchewan as a freelance writer. The book was the story of the few Jewish farm settlements in Canada, established by Mrs. Hoffer's husband before the turn of the century. Again the book sold well and this time a few booksellers carried consignment stocks.

At this point in the book publishing venture, Modern Press pioneered a method of making substantial savings on typesetting. Serial stories in The Western Producer were set in nine-point Baskerville type on a ten-point slug, three columns on the tabloid page. The type was saved after each chapter was run, and after re-reading and correction, repro proofs of the type matter, re-set in book page style, went to the litho camera for reproduction. By means of a slight enlargement, the type was raised to about 10-point on an 11-point slug, a common type size in book production.

Other high production costs were met by the installation of new binding and gathering equipment, and by 1955 the plant was in a much better position to compete in the market. In 1955, Grant MacEwan's FIFTY MIGHTY MEN was published, using type previously used in the serial story in the newspaper. Now a standard reference work on the lives of the men who developed the West, the book is in its fourth printing and has sold some 15,000 copies.

Another MacEwan book followed HOOFPRINTS AND HITCHING-POSTS, the story of the horse in Western Canada. It was an instant success. MacEwan's latest, ENTRUSTED TO MY CARE, is considered an excellent conservation text, and will probably appear in western high school libraries.

Since 1957 Modern Press (Prairie Books Service) has averaged three books per year. Included among these were THE BEST OF EDNA JAQUES; IN THE FACE OF THE WINDS, by the late W. A. S. Tegart, a Saskatchewan pioneer; UNBIND THE SHEAVES, by Ethel Kirk Grayson of Moose Jaw; DEW UPON THE GRASS, a story of the early days of settlement in Northern Manitoba; BITTER MEDICINE, Saskatoon lawyer E. F. Tollefson's account of the bitter struggle between doctors and government in 1962 when medicare was first introduced in Saskatchewan.

In 1965 the first of a series of technical guides for farmers was published, FARM MACHINERY IN PERSPECTIVE, by a well known agricultural engineer, Jack Peck. More "PERSPECTIVE" books on various farm topics are scheduled to appear.

Among Centennial Year publishing projects will be books by several well known writers. I'LL TAKE THE TRAIN by Ken Liddell, Calgary Herald columnist, MEN AGAINST THE DESERT, the story of the "Dirty Thirties" by James H. Gray of Calgary, whose THE WINTER YEARS was published by Macmillan last fall. Saskatoon writer George Shepherd, whose first book, WEST OF YESTERDAY was published by McClelland and Stewart, has chosen Modern Press for his second book, again a collection of essays on pioneer days in Saskatchewan.

A color-illustrated book on Prairie wildlife is the work of Doug Gilroy, farmer and naturalist, whose weekly column in The Western Producer has been a highlight feature for many years.

Future plans for the plant include new equipment to further streamline the book production department. While book production will remain a sideline, it is expected to grow considerably in the future. The owners are pleased that their publishing division has been able to preserve for posterity much Western Canadian material that might never otherwise have been printed, at the same time offering an opportunity to a number of new writers to market their work through a publisher with access to a rather specialized market.

LAURA E. BALDWIN'S

Rejection Slip Trauma

THE THOUGHT CAME TO ME recently that some of you readers (well, maybe one) may never have seen a rejection slip. So I've decided to share my experiences with you. It's about all I've got to share, but there are plenty to go around. What's your preference: serious, kindly, formal, cute, informal, encouraging, admonitory, why-don't-you-drop-dead, or humorous? I've had them all.

The more common style is a printed slip. It reads as follows:

"We regret that this material does not meet our current editorial requirements. Several thousand manuscripts are submitted to us each year and since we can use only a small proportion the vast majority must be returned. This does not necessarily imply lack of merit, but simply that your story or article does not suit our present needs.
Signed - The Editors"

If the editor signs his name to it in ink and adds a word or two, such as "Sorry, try again," or "Not quite, but nearly," — this can be taken as encouragement.

A helpful style of rejection slip is made out like a laundry list. There are a number of printed reasons for possible rejection, and the editor makes a check mark beside the reason(s) which he feels applicable to your case. At least you get some hint, this way.

Some of the newer, less-established journals reverse the usual lofty relationship between editor and writer by putting in a plea for your subscription along with the rejection slip. This makes the writer feel that the magazine may fold without his keep. But how many would-be writers can afford to support all the magazines to which he submits?

It is disappointing when magazines which are listed in writers' market guides as anxious for freelance material reply with a printed slip stating that their whole magazine is staff-written.

Two editors have addressed their notes of rejection to me using my first name. As I do not have the pleasure of their acquaintance. I was quite surprised!

One comment from a New-England editor was a puzzler. My article was about a fishing trip off the Maine coast, and I described the unfortunate epidemic of seasickness which struck the voyagers. They said the article was "too earthy for their readers". Is even seasickness banned in New-England? And how could a sea story be called earthy?

Punch sends a cute slip: — "The editor presents his compliments, but says no."

Other disappointments include — "As our magazine has just suspended publication . . ." or "We are preparing to go under new management, therefore for the time being . . ."

However, the choice of the lot came from AARDVARK, of Chicago. The editor evidently sees the rejection slip as an outlet of literary expression as there is an almost Japanese floweriness to his words.

"Dear Contributor —
We regret to inform you that, after prolonged discussion, we have found your contribution unsuited for publication in AARDVARK at this time, and we find that we must reject it. Do not think for one moment that this implies rejection of you as an individual, and we bear no thought of wanting to cause you traumatic pain. In this mind, we invite you to submit more material, and we thank you for thinking of us."

Go ahead, AARDVARK, don't worry about me, I'm all trauma — approximately 120 lbs. of it.

Centennial Project

Some publishers do more than publish. They **worry** about the lot of authors and book publishers in general and try to do something to make it better. HARVEST HOUSE (Montreal) is a publishing firm which is presently trying to launch a newspaper and writer campaign, which seems to deserve our support.

C. A. & B. asked Maynard Gertler, Editor of Harvest House these questions about the proposed centennial project:

WHAT PART WOULD THE NEWSPAPERS PLAY?

Answer:

During five years' residence in England, I observed that one thing which helped to make the **Manchester Guardian** an outstanding newspaper was its "Books Received" column. It carried this on the lower left hand column of its first (or last) page, as I recall, in one to three inches.

In Canada we have no national press, as such. If a new Canadian book is well reviewed and well known in Vancouver, it may be relatively unknown in Montreal, and vice versa.

In addition, there are probably over 30,000 new book titles in the English language coming into Canada from abroad each year, and a great number in French and other languages. They educate, entertain, and benefit us immensely; they also do a "snow job" on Canadian books.

If all Canadian newspapers listed all new Canadian books (books by Canadian authors or about Canada), such a move might do more to bind the country together, with small cost, than the C.P.R., C.N.R., and C.B.C. together. In short it might have unforeseen cultural and educational significance for Canada.

WHAT PART WOULD THE AUTHORS PLAY:

Answer:

Members of the Canadian Authors' Association could write the editors in their own communities suggesting that they make a habit of listing new Canadian books received.

Editorial note: I think Mr. Gertler could have gone even further in his suggestions to authors. Personally I have long advocated the idea that in even the most isolated parts of Canada, authors should **actively** promote Canadian books in such ways as: offering the local newspaper free "hand-out" reviews of any Canadian books they read (this won't make them any money and will detract from their own writing time but in the interests of Canadians writing I think we should be prepared to make some sacrifices)); offering to start a "book review section" for the local paper if it hasn't got one (the pay will be small — if not non-existent — but I know from experience that the rewards in other ways can be very great); offering to speak to English classes at your local schools (we should never forget that today's students are tomorrow's book buyers!)

CANADIAN
MARKET LIST FOR WRITERS
A comprehensive guide to Canadian Freelance Markets and their requirements
$1.00
Canadian Author's Association
Yorkville Library
22 Yorkville Ave.
Toronto 5, Ont.

The Writer and His World – 4

"before his peers"

If he is to take his final "step to the stars" the writer must "communicate". His best means of knowing whether he HAS communicated is by his "fan" or "pan" mail.

Congratulations — belatedly but no less enthusiastically — on your first issue. It was a professional-looking job, and the content showed what a vast amount of hard work you must have put into it.

H. R. Percy, Ottawa

Congratulations on your summer issue. I have just read and enjoyed its contents very much, especially your "Hello" editorial.

Amy Bissett England, Montreal

It is good to know there is someone willing to help the young writer out this way.

Bob Mackenzie, Camrose, Alta.

Just a note to say the latest issue is terrific. One gets the distinct impression that this is not a magazine for stuffed shirts. Youth has quite a large part in the material, and there's enough tolerance mixed with rueful looking-askance at the modern jargon, to make even the older readers less stodgy and set in their way. Not only that but each issue gives information never dreamed of by members even of long-standing.

Kate Munro, Ottawa

Congratulations on another good issue of the C.A. & B. It is good to have some laughs, especially at ourselves; and you or your writers have provided these.

Theresa Thomson, Ottawa

Thank you for sending me the copy of the Autumn edition of "The Canadian Author & Bookman", containing the article on your interview with my father last summer. My father is coming home later this month and I know he will be pleased to read it. I thought the article you wrote was quite interesting and I am sure my father will, also.

K. R. Thomson,
Thomson Newspapers, Toronto

My thanks for the copies of the Canadian Author and Bookman. I shall read these with special interest, and congratulate you on the good work you are doing.

Grant MacEwan,
Lieutenant-Governor, Alberta

I cannot resist telling you how excited I was with your first number of the "C.A. & B." You must have felt amply rewarded for all the editorial sweat that went into it.

So many of the features had "bite." But I thought the "Two Sisters" feature and the Nan Shipley article came off superbly.

The history of the "Bookman" filled in lots of blanks for me. Above all, I would like to say I have never read a better summary of the membership and aims of the association than that given in your editorial.

The typeface is tremendously civilized and readable. Hope you can keep it.

R. Cynewulf Robbins, Toronto

This is a bouquet. If the summer 1966 issue is any criterian, The Canadian Author & Bookman (what a lousy title) is destined for its best days.

Please convey to Nan Shipley my best wishes and a plea for more. I thought I was some kind of nut — alone in my ideas and beliefs so concisely and pleasantly expressed, especially in the penultimate paragraph of her article THE CAUSE AND THE WRITER.

THE SISTERS was an interesting piece also, as was the whole magazine. The book reviews are easy to read and to the point. I liked every word, and yet, I am reminded of a story you probably heard, about the editor who was complimented by a reader. That particular customer liked every word in the editor's current offering and said so. The editor raised the dickens in his office — not enough variety, he claimed. He wasn't out to please only one type of reader. Editing is a difficult job.

However you obviously know how to please my type of reader.

Ed. Donovan, Ottawa

Have enjoyed the last issue of The C. A. & B. very much. You have covered a notable amount of ground and all of interest. Like the format too.

Marjorie Freeman Campbell,
Burlington, Ont.

The Winter issue of The Canadian Author & Bookman, contains an interesting article on my former classmate, Margaret (Wemyss) Laurence. We are all very proud of her and even in College days appreciated her rare gifts in the literary field.

I also remember quite well Pat Jenkins as she then was, whose fine career and writing was so sadly cut off before she could make her full contribution to her country and the world of ideas generally.

Heath Macquarrie, M.P., Ottawa

Thank you for sending me a copy of the winter issue of the Canadian Author and Bookman. I read through it and found it a most interesting issue . . . but I flunked the quiz!

Milton S. Carman, Toronto

You have done a wonderful job on THE CANADIAN AUTHOR & BOOKMAN — its layout and typeography are very interesting as well as the newsworthiness of its contents, and I like John Colombo's "Dialogue".

We (meaning we authors) owe you a great debt of gratitude for taking on such an arduous task and a generally thankless one, as THE CANADIAN AUTHOR & BOOKMAN must be.

Merrill Denison, Montreal

Here's just a line to give you a pat on the back for the C. A. and B. I think you're doing a great job, so keep up the good work! I thought the last number was specially good.

Barbara Cormack, Ardrossan, Alta.

About a month ago I wrote Isabel LeBourdais requesting permission to include her first short story in our Canadian Anthology. Now I see that you have done this very thing in your own Author & Bookman. Do you know where Isabel LeBourdais is? If so, could you contact her to see if she has any objection to our using of this story which appeared in the Author & Bookman.

H. Gordon Green,
English Language Editor,
Centennial Anthology,
Ormstown, Que.

(Editor's note: Contact was made. The story appears in The Centennial Anthology in the abridged form in which it appeared in the C. A. & B.)

The Writer and His World – 5

"to thine own self be true"

If you can "keep your typewriter burning" while all around you, writers are accepting glory, grants and medals and you are not, then you, my friend, are: A CANADIAN WRITER!

Edna Canuck

By HELEN PALMER

A FEW MONTHS AGO Edna Jaques copied out 125 of her poems and mailed them to Ideals magazine, which uses reprints. The editor accepted 92, indicating there still is a lively market for what might be defined as "folk poetry".

As an exponent and skilled practitioner of this type of verse Edna Jaques has no peer in this country. Now a peppery 76, the Ontario-born, prairie raised writer is one of very few who has made a living from verses alone.

They sustained her through the Depression, the war and the more sophisticated postwar period. She not only kept herself but was able to see her daughter through a nursing course.

It is highly unlikely that anything Edna Jaques has written would be included in a scholar's anthology of Canadian poetry, but somewhere in the world there are more than 100,000 copies of the 13 books she has had published — in addition to countless thousands of newspaper clippings.

A stranger looking for a clue to her personality from the titles of her books, "Roses in December", "My Kitchen Window", "Aunt Hattie's Place", to name a few, might be justified in envisioning the author as a sweet, gentle, dreamy widow who had little to do but think noble thoughts and get them down on paper. He couldn't be more wrong.

From the day she was born, weighing 3½ pounds, while assembled relatives waited for her to join her twin sister in death, she has fought for survival. "From the day I was 12 and started to herd cattle, I've worked like a galley slave and it's been uphill all the way," she once wrote of herself.

At 14 she was selling verses to evangelist Billy Sunday which were set to music and used at revival meetings. She has worked her way across the country 15 times, picking berries, waiting on table in hotels and coastal steamers and sewing if nothing else was available.

Although she was born in Collingwood, Ont., she is a product of rural Saskatchewan where her father was the first pioneer at Briercrest, 35 miles south east of Moose Jaw. She finished grade eight only but this was not the fault of the family. Things livened up when the CNR came through in 1911, and school interfered with her fun.

Her first publisher was Thomas Miller of the Moose Jaw Times who took a poem a week from her at $1.50 a week. Harry Cook, editor of the Saskatchewan Farmer ordered two poems a month at the same price.

For 30 years she gave him the poems at the same price even though she could have done better in other markets. For seven months she wrote one a day for the Winnipeg Press, but begged off when she found it too much.

In 1932 Miller and the Moose Jaw Times published two small volumes of her poems, Drifting Soil and Wide Horizons. They were slightly smaller than an envelope and only 20 pages each. Miller gave them to her at the production cost, five cents each, and they were sold at 25 cents a copy. The first printing of 10,000 sold out immediately. Another 10,000 were printed and went almost as fast.

It gave her, she said, her "toe-hold on security. Never since have I felt poor, or forsaken or afraid." She needed the toe-hold. She had married a charming man who did not possess the ambition and tenacity to survive in the forbidding area in which he had chosen to homestead.

There were other difficulties too. After four years of working like a man, Edna Jaques left, taking her daughter with her. Her hair had turned white and she weighed 80 pounds.

When she writes of hardship there is the ring of honesty there, and this same honesty applies to all her work. She writes only of the things she knows.

And what she does is give her readers some justification and a little bit of dignity when they find themselves in a position which seems to offer no way out. When she wrote Drought Area in the 1930's many a prairie housewife cut it out and put it in the window. Beyond the window all she could see was the swirling soul-destroying dust, but from the verse she found a reason for her being:

"The women too, these gallant pioneers
Who dare not give away to fruitless tears
. . . . . .
A shining host, holding these western lands
In the safekeeping of their calloused hands."

For 17 years she contributed poetry to a column on the Toronto Star editorial page called "A Little Bit of Everything." The late Prime Minister Mackenzie King, a Star reader, said on meeting her. "Oh! I don't need an introduction to Edna. I have been her ardent fan for over 30 years."

Fans like this saved her from being hurt when Paul Hiebert wrote a satire about Sarah Binks, a prairie poetess. She knew that more people read her verses and liked them, than read Sarah Binks.

Edna's Million Dollar Poem

In 1918 she wrote an answer to "In Flanders Fields" called "In Flanders Now". It was first published in the CALGARY HERALD and then picked up by Everywoman's Club (a war time organization) in the USA. They had it printed on a sheet along with the Belgian National Anthem and sold it for 10c. They made one and a quarter (1¼) million dollars out of this poem and the money was later used to restore the Louvain Library in Belgium which had been destroyed in the war.

Edna's Aeroplane Poem

THE TRAIL OF THE AIR
(Calgary Herald, July 1919)

(Two of the verses written by Edna Jaques, immediately following her aeroplane trip with Captain McCall over the city yesterday morning).

Poised for the flight with its far
flung wing, (about 10 ft.)
and the throb of its eager heart,
Cleaving the fathomless depths of the
sky, (about 200 ft.)
While the world drops down below.

There like a bubble of wanton joy,
Skimming the breast of the sky,
As under our feet like a painted toy,
The little town goes by. (Calgary).

Author's Note: This is probably the first poem ever written to, or in an aeroplane. It was Stampede time in Calgary and the Calgary Herald let me go up as a kind of poetic stunt. I was asked to write a poem while up in the air . . . I was far too scared to write my own name while up . . . . . so had foreseen this and composed the poem before going up . . . just sat on the floor of my room and IMAGINED (like Anne of Green Gables) . . . the feel of it and memorized it and when I got back to the Herald, wrote it out. My good editor is dead long ago but I am sure he would just smile his nice smile if I told him this. . . .

Canadians All

All of the writers whose biographies appear on these pages have two things in common. Each has chosen to remain in Canada. Each has achieved his own personal success story without benefit of government grants.

Bird got a grant of about $4,000 in 1965 from Canada Council.

Ross Annett

IT IS IMPOSSIBLE to write about Edmonton's Ross Annett without mentioning "The Babe". Those 80 short stories published in Saturday Evening Post were not only the best-known short stories ever written in Canada but gave their author the distinction of being the highest paid short-story writer Canada has ever had. **C.A. & B** had the tact not to ask Mr. Annett how much he had made as a short story writer but a little mental calculation soon brings the total to a healthy figure. For instance the last 10 **Post** stories sold for $2,500 each. The average price for the other 70 Post stories ranged from $1500 to $2000 which brings a total in the neighborhood of $150,000. Add to this the 300 or more short stories he sold to "almost every magazine you could name except the woman's magazines" and you have another nice tidy sum.

In 1949 columnist Scott Young remarked: "Ross Annett's Saturday Evening Post stories have been read and loved by more people than the work of any other Canadian author, past or present."

To sum up Mr. Annett's accomplishments:

1 book — ESPECIALLY BABE

380 short stories

3 anthologies in which his stories appear published in all English-speaking countries translated and published in Scandinavian, Belgian, Netherlands and French magazines.

Will Bird

WILL R. BIRD has received so many fan letters — over 5,000 — that he had to burn them or get squeezed out of his study.

Born in Nova Scotia of Yorkshire-re-descent parents and having won the Military Medal at Mons during World War I, it is not surprising that Will Bird's most popular books and short stories have a Yorkshire tang or a war background.

A born raconteur, Mr. Bird can neither write nor talk without story after fascinating story pouring forth.

In 1931 he was sent by Macleans Magazine to cover all the areas in which Canadian troops had fought. His five months in Europe resulted in his stories being published in eighteen consecutive issues, the longest series on one subject which Macleans has ever published. Typical of Dr. Bird's anecdote is this story from that 1931 junket:

One night in a hotel in Arras a waiter came and told me there was an Englishman at another table. He had heard me speaking and wanted permission to sit with me — but he was drunk. I asked if he were a gentleman and the waiter said yes. So I said he could bring him over. To my utter amazement he was a famous major-general of the British Army, mentioned by Sir Philip Gibbs in his book "Now It Can Be Told". He asked what I was doing, and how I was getting along. I told him there were several matters of information I had no hope of getting. He at once wrote something on a piece of paper, got an envelope and sealed the paper in it, wrote an address on the envelope and told me to go, when I was in London, to the address along the Embankment. When I did the cabby thought I had a wrong num-

ber but he took me. A military guard blocked my way but the address on the envelope served to get me past three sentries and into the inner office where the head man was most courteous and asked what I wanted to know. I had prepared almost thirty questions. He looked at them and said it would take a week to dig up the answers, that he would mail them to me. A month later I received a large volume bound in cardboard and over one hundred pages, giving detailed information on every point I had mentioned. There was so much material that I used it in a column — "The Communication Trench" — which ran in 12 of the leading Canadian newspapers for a year. Then the demand was so great that the volumns were published in book form, and sold out in two months.

One wonders why the Centennial Commission did not explore the possibilities (by means of a 1967 medal possibly) of recognizing the contribution Will Bird and others like him have made to Canadian writing. His has included:

23 books — novels, histories and travel books the best known of which are HERE STAYS GOOD YORKSHIRE, JUDGMENT GLEN, THE PASSIONATE PILGRIM, THIS IS NOVA SCOTIA, THE TWO JACKS, DONE AT GRAND PRE.

506 short stories — his fiction was so popular that WAR STORIES, an American magazine, used to run two of his stories in each issue, one under the name of Bob Graham. He had 29 stories starred in O'Brien's Best Stories — only Morley Callaghan had more.

Too many articles to count.

2 books won the Ryerson All-Canada Fiction Award. 1 book won the Blue Book True Adventure Competition. National Award in Letters from University of Alberta.

Audrey Alexandra Brown

BORN IN NANAIMO, B.C. in 1904, Audrey Alexandra Brown says: "I don't remember a time when I didn't write. When I was in my late teens the **Nanaimo Herald** began to print poems of mine. Someone, then a stranger to me, Professor W. A. Clemens, sent some clippings of these to Dr. Pelham Edgar of Victoria College, the University of Toronto. Dr. Edgar showed these to Mr. Hugh Eayrs of Macmillans' of Canada. This led to the publication of my first book. The **Vancouver Sun** has been printing two poems of mine a month for 24 years. This is the only literary appearance I make nowadays."

I write in the traditional forms, which rightly or wrongly are no longer considered valid. It is a process which has been going on for years and is now almost complete. I won't say that it hasn't been painful. But everyone has a right to his own opinion, and the critics who ignore my work have reasons which seem good to them. Actually, it doesn't concern me. Time is the only sure test. If anything I have written is good it will survive. What matters is that my keenest happiness has always been and always will be, in writing; and that I have never expressed anything in which I did not genuinely believe."

Audrey Alexandra Brown's literary output includes: 5 books of poetry — A DRYAD IN NANAIMO; A DRYAD IN NANAIMO, WITH 11 NEW POEMS; THE TREE OF RESURRECTION; CHALLENGE TO TIME AND DEATH, ALL FOOLS' DAY. — 1 book of non-fiction — THE LOG OF A LAME DUCK. Awards: the Women's Press Club's first gold medal; Lorne Pierce Gold Medal (first woman) first woman to be made honorary life member of the C.A.A.

Dorothy Dumbrille

"I just cannot seem to write anything that is not Canadian nor along the historical strain. And yet, I have no standing as a Canadian writer".

DOROTHY DUMBRILLE is being too modest when she says this and yet, in this Centennial year when so many, who have devoted their lives to picturing Canada in verse, prose, music and art, have been passed over in favor of others who have yet to prove themselves—she echoes the thoughts of many.

Daughter of the Venerable Archdeacon R. J. Dumbrille, she comes as close as any Canadian writer to "having a mission". That during the war her verse brought comfort to many is attested by her hundreds of fan letters including those from Mackenzie King, Lady Byng of Vimy and Eleanor Roosevelt. And in 1945 Dorothy Dumbrille was already trying to bridge the gap between the French and English with her first novel **All This Difference.** While her books may not have netted her much money or marked critical acclaim, she's long been a "best-seller" in the hearts of her devoted fans.

1 novel — ALL THIS DIFFERENCE; 3 non-fiction books — DEEP DOORWAYS, UP AND DOWN THE GLENS, BRAGGART IN MY STEP; 150 poems — many appearing in anthologies and school texts; 200 articles; Member of the St. Lawrence Parks Commission; listed in Burke's Peerage.

George Hardy

GEORGE HARDY was born at Peniel, Ont. in 1895 and by the time he had graduated from the University of Toronto in 1917, he had picked up so many scolarships and awards it was hard to keep track of them. Suffice it to say he was the first student in Canada to graduate with three medals, one in English; the Edward Wilson Gold Medal in Classics and the Governor-General's Gold Medal awarded for attaining first place of all honours students at the University of Toronto.

He spent the next fourteen months in the Canadian Expeditionary Force and after the war received his M.A. from the University of Toronto and a Ph.D. from the University of Chicago. Dr. Hardy spent 44 years in the University of Alberta's Classics Department of which he was head at his retirement in 1964.

During those years and since his retirement he has earned the title of one of Canada's most prolific writers.

6 novels — SON OF ELI, FATHER ABRAHAM, TURN BACK THE RIVER, ALL THE TRUMPETS SOUNDED, THE UNFULFILLED, THE CITY OF LIBERTINES (Of these 5 have received international acclaim and all but 2 have appeared in paperbacks); 4 histories—FROM SEA UNTO SEA (Doubleday series); THE GREEK AND ROMAN WORLD; OUR HERITAGE FROM THE PAST; JOURNEY INTO THE PAST: 5 academic works; 2 anthologies — editor; 100 articles; 1000 radio talks — chiefly for CBC; 100 TV appearances; 5 radio plays — CBC; countless short stories — MacLean's, Canadian Home Journal, Toronto Star Weekly, The Canadian, Colliers, Saturday Evening Post and 4 in O'Brien's Best American Short Stories; Life Fellow, International Association of Arts and Letters; University of Alberta National Award in Letters; Beaver Trophy for Literature.

Thomas Raddall

BORN IN ENGLAND IN 1903, Dr. Thomas H. Raddall came to Nova Scotia with his family in 1913 and has remained there ever since. History gravitates to him; he was slightly injured in the Halifax disaster of 1917, served in both wars and married a direct descendant of one of the Mayflower passengers.

In 1939 Lord Tweedsmuir wrote: "I confess to a special liking for a story that has something of a plot and which issues in a dramatic climax, a type which has had many distinguished exponents, from Sir Walter Scott through Stevenson and Maupassant to Kipling and Conrad. To this school, Mr. Raddall belongs, and he is worthy of a great succession. He has the rare gift of swift, spare, clean limbed narrative. And he has great stories to tell".

Tom Raddall was almost 35 before he felt secure enough as a writer to risk letting his paper mill job go and jumping into the deep and foggy sea of full time authorship. Needless to say it was not easy.

"My struggle has been long and tough, as my wife can attest. Fortunately our tastes were simple and by choice we lived in a country town where the cost of living was low enough to match our income. On that basis I was able to keep a free hand, writing entirely about Canadian scenes and people, and on themes that interested me, and offering my wares in the market places at home and abroad. I wrote as I chose to write always — and I have never asked anyone for money in my life".

Thomas Raddall's first short stories appeared in Blackwood's Magazine and won him the attention of such personalities as American novelist Kenneth Roberts, Colonel Theodore Roosevelt Jr., Thomas Costain and John Buchan. He is a meticulous writer, never satisfied, believing with Flaubert that there is one perfect way of saying anything and that the writer must seek it at all costs. He is especially painstaking in research. His output therefore is not large, at most about 700 words a day, which may or may not be hurled into the waste basket.

Despite his apparently small output Tom Raddall has written:

8 novels — HIS MAJESTY'S YANKEES, ROGER SUDDEN, PRIDE'S FANCY, THE NYMPH AND THE LAMP, TIDEFALL, THE WINGS OF NIGHT, THE GOVERNOR'S LADY, HANGMAN'S BEACH: 4 volumes of short stories — The Pied Piper of Dipper Creek, Tambour, The Wedding Gift, A Muster of Arms; 4 volumes of history — West Novas, Halifax, Warden of the North, The Path of Destiny (Doubleday series), The Rover; many articles and essays; his work has been published in Braille; in translation his books have been published in every country west of the Iron Curtain; 2,000,000 and more copies of his books have been sold.

With a slight nod to "Ol' Man River"!

Ol' Canada Council

Damn fool authors poundin' dat machine
Turnin' out books while de smart hacks play
You write dat poem an' you write dat book
Can't stop writin' til de grant-given' day
Don't write clean an' don't write nice
You gotta give dem judges plenty a spice
Four-letter words an' some sex too
Only way to make dat Tamarack Review
Let me go way from de writin' machine
Let me go way from de publishin' boss
Gimme dat Canada Council grant
Dat's what'll lift my writin' cross.

Ol' man Council, dat ol' man Council
He send kids to Spain but forget me again
He just keeps dolin', he keeps on dolin' it out.

Givin' dem gravy grants to dem wot's got 'em
Though dem wot gets 'em is soon forgotten
But ol' man Council, he just keeps dolin' it out.

You an' me, we sweat an' pants
An' dose shaggy poets get dem grants
Pound dat typewriter, send dat mail
Someday gonna end up makin' dat sale
Ah gets weary an' sick of it
Ah'm tired of writin' but scared to quit
Case ol' man Council, he start dat dolin' to me.

. . . G. T.

Laura G. Salverson

Mrs. Salverson is descended from the last of the Viking nobles. Her parents — Icelanders who made the voyage to Canada in 1887 — were settlers who never settled down. Mrs. Salverson was born in Winnipeg, educated in the United States and with her railroader husband has lived almost everywhere in Canada.

Acclaimed as one of the four ranking Canadian novelists at the peak of her writing career, critics were apt to wax eloquent when commenting on her books.

"The Viking Heart" is a Canadian epic worthy of rank with the sagas of Knut Hamsun. A novel of quite unusual quality and quiet power."

"Lord of the Silver Dragon" — a wonderful story with a wonderful theme and told in a wonderful way."

"The Dove" — a novel of distinction with fine characterization."

Laura Goodman Salverson twice won the Governor General's Award — for fiction and non-fiction — though unfortunately before there was a monetary prize attached to it. She is also the proud holder of a Gold Medal from the Institute of Arts and Sciences, Paris, France.

Since writing a weekly column for the **Toronto Star Weekly** for 5 years was only part of her writing output it is virtually impossible to calculate how many words she has written in her long and successful career. Her best known achievements include :

6 novels - 1 book of verse - 1 biography - Confessions of an Immigrant's Daughter - Many short stories, articles, long lyrics, radio sketches and Little Theatre plays. Translated into braile - Translated and published in Spain, Mexico, Belgium, etc. - Hon. member of Lief Erikson Society of America. - Hon. member of Iceland Cultural Society.

Kathleen Strange

KATHLEEN STRANGE, a blonde, elfin looking woman is not the sort of person you would expect to boast of winning a World's Championship for Wheat. But sometimes she appears more proud of that honor shared with her husband than of being the first winner of the Canadian Book Contest sponsored by Dodge-McLeod with her first book WITH THE WEST IN HER EYES.

That book, which sold steadily for at least 20 years, has become pretty much of a Canadian classic— and if health permits may one day be joined by a sequel, several chapters of which Mrs. Strange has already completed.

A war bride of World War I, Mrs. Strange and her husband won their Wheat Crown in 1923 which was also the year Kathleen started writing.

Kathleen Strange's writing includes:

2 books — WITH THE WEST IN HER EYES, NEVER A DULL MOMENT; 150 articles — to Canadian, British and American magazines; 60 short stories; 75 radio scripts; $1,000 award for first book.

Mildred V. Thornton

EVER SINCE she lived in Regina over 30 years ago and painted her first Indian, Mrs. Thornton has been a friend and interpreter of Canada's first citizens. Artist, writer and lecturer, "no other painter has produced comparable work in this field in Canada".

She has visited and painted outstanding Indian people in nearly every tribe in Saskatchewan, Alberta and British Columbia. Her collection of paintings now numbers 300 and she has refused to sell any of them — they are in safety vaults for protection as this work can never be done again.

"I often look back and wonder how I did it without any official assistance whatever, but where there is a will there is a way. I loved every moment of it, and if it were possible I should like to do it all over again".

Mildred Valley Thornton has carried a notebook with her on every painting visit with the Indians and now her literary bent is taking over.

1 book — INDIAN LIVES AND LEGENDS (Mitchell Press); 1 book on the Plains Indians now at her publishers; Fellow of the Royal Society of Arts and The Royal Commonwealth Society.

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"The Writer And His World"

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You Asked

I have taken a lot of historic references from books. However, I have changed the words around to make it sound different. Do I need written permission, or could I just acknowledge my sources? Where do I put the acknowledgements?

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It is not ethical to paraphrase another writer's work, that is, to rewrite his sentences in your own words. This comes very close to plagiarism, which could leave you open to a lawsuit.

Acknowledgements usually come at the front of the book, though there is a trend to putting them at the end. Check with books on your public library shelves to see which you prefer. In any case, the publisher will probably have preferences of his own and make the decision for you.

SPEEDWAY

Speed possesses wholly
focusing the mind
on one compelling need.
Faster, faster, faster!

Captive of sensation
the will acquiesces.
Faster, faster faster
while death whines in the wind.

HELEN BALL

BOOKS

CANADIAN SHORT STORIES Ed. Robert Weaver. Oxford, $1.95 (Paper) 420 pp. MODERN CANADIAN STORIES Ed. Giose Rimanelli & Roberto Ruberto. Ryerson, $7.95, 401 pp.

ANTHOLOGIES, LIKE BABIES, take after those by whom they are produced, and to chide them for not being otherwise is futile. All have endearing qualities, and all have faults to which their begetters are blind. These progeny of Messrs. Weaver and Rimanelli are no exception. But if comment on their hereditary traits is pointless, comparison may be profitable. They stand six years apart in time (Mr. Weaver's being a paperback reprint), and the literary apprenticeship of their editors has been very different. In consequence they offer a bifocal view of short story writing in Canada that is edifying — though not so edifying as one might have hoped. The myopic native view and long-sighted look by the outsider do provide an area of overlap which should — and to some extent does — indicate the solid core of Canadian achievement in the short story form. Ten authors are represented in both books, and six of the stories are duplicated.

The picture is clouded a little by the editors' difference in approach. Mr. Weaver includes translations from the French, and undoubtedly his book is the richer for it. Mr. Rimanelli leans more towards the contemporary, and makes a point of resisting the claims of those who stood tall among dwarves in the earlier days. By giving three puffs to the already over-inflated reputation of Stephen Leacock, however, he lapses from this principle and implies that Leacock is the best short story writer Canada has produced, which is very far from being true.

Malcolm Lowry is the star performer in both books, and although the length of "The Forest Path to the Spring" must impose some strain on any definition of the short story, one readily forgives Mr. Rimanelli for devoting 58 of his 400 pages to it: much more readily than one forgives Mr. Weaver for the cumulative boredom of Ethel Wilson's "Mrs. Golightly and the First Convention".

Other writers whose stature is justly consolidated by this coincidental view are Sinclair Ross and Morley Callaghan. Irving Layton also emerges as a doughty man of prose, his lyricism under tight control. Hugh Garner leaves an impression of great competence, but one does not go from his stories with one's sensibilities all aglow, as one should from a truly great short story.

It is at the latter end of the time scale that the greatest divergence between the two books occurs. Only Mordecai Richler and Alice Munro win double mention. Mr. Rimanelli's six years of grace have permitted him to include the work of Hugh Hood, Margaret Laurence, Alden Nowlen and others who have emerged since Robert Weaver's first edition; but whether he has made the wisest use of the advantage of those six years, perhaps the anthologies of the future will help us decide.

H. R. PERCY

SIFT IN AN HOURGLASS: Ralph Gustafson. McClelland & Stewart, 93 pp., $4.50 cloth, $2.50 paper. PARASITES OF HEAVEN: Leonard Cohen. McClelland & Stewart, 80 pp., $4.50 cloth, $2.50 paper. THE REGENERATION OF AN ATHLETE: Glen Siebrasse. Delta Canada, 58 pp., $2.00.

RALPH GUSTAFSON IS ONE of the most civilized poets presently writing here. But this very quality precludes real involvement. Too often his verse is detached as the title of the first piece in the book, "Aspects of Some Forsythia Branches", or thick with allusions to "Browning of the poems, and Yeats", but always aloof. That, of course, may be counted rather as virtue than otherwise, and he can be very effective in his own way, making us see the stiff hieratic "Procession of Virgins" in the famous fifth-sixth-century Bysantine mosaic at Ravenna, with "Puzzled in mosaics amongst them / a little lamb". Still, this does send us back to a day of "clear sunshine" and another lamb kneeling to take milk from a "green bottle"—

My Love laughed.
Every once in a while,
At each quarter pint,
The tail flicked
In ecstasy,
My love bent over,
Her pretty behind in the air.
Two hands it took
To hold to the level
Of lambs in sunny meadows

and one **is** involved. One of the best poems is "Dirge for a Penny Whistle", listing with macabre humour dead (in the flesh) poets, with a final perfect comment, "Death's vulgar".

Parasites of Heaven suffers from the parsimony (no end papers, pages glued in) which makes it a poor substitute for a book of poems and no bargain at 80 pages for $2.50. Cohen says "I confess I mean to find / a passage or forge a passport / or talk a new language" but he doesn't. Rather he prefers "to ditch the early songs and say goodbye". There are no titles in his book. He has some good poems, as that on page 48, and some of those from page 52 on. Despite a drugged atmosphere as though he remembered fragments of something overheard in dream there are pictures like "Wasps with yellow whiskers wait / for food beside her china plate". Seven lines of one are magic:

I met a woman long ago,
hair black as black can go.
Are you a teacher of the heart?
Soft she answered No.
I met a girl across the sea,
hair the gold that gold can be.
Are you a teacher of the heart?

But the spell is broken with a careless line one can hardly imagine setting down as a first draft: "Yes, but not for thee". And throughout the poem are lines flat as "I ate and ate and ate,/ I didn't miss a plate". There are pages in the book which are prose in shape as well as content: some straightforward honest prose, some incoherently maundering of "sodomized elephants" and the like. Cohen at thirty-two appears to have ceased to care whether he communicates. I am sorry, for the man can write if he would.

Glen Siebrasse is also civilized, a quality conspicuously absent from the writing of too many of his age group, but he has perhaps more life,

more enthusiasm than either Gustafson or Cohen show. He is also perhaps more involved, though "I shall obey the law: what else / is there to obey?" is hardly a poetic attitude. However he realizes that making poems is work as hard as any on earth, though not always fruitful:

This is how we settle to paper
in terror,
a hard dew icing the palms.
We butcher ourselves to write;
compress a year's hell into a
yeast of sound
and open the oven's door to
find the bread
scarred with heat, black, acrid
in the mouth.

"The Building of Houses" is another good poem, and the book well deserved to win the Quebec Literary Award in 1965.

PÁDRAIG Ó BROIN

MEN AND MERIDIANS by Don W. Thomson; Queen's Printer, $8.00, 345 pp.

CABOT, CARTIER AND OTHER EARLY EXPLORERS didn't know where they were. They could determine with limited accuracy their latitude but had no means of fixing longitude until the 18th century when Britain drew the Greenwich mean line.

As instruments and techniques improved, explorers had not only to find new land but to take appropriate readings to fix their whereabouts — a task much more onerous for land travellers like Alexander Mackenzie and Samuel Hearne than for seamen like James Cook.

Cook mapped the whole of Newfoundland and parts of the St. Lawrence coast; before heading the expeditions which made him the foremost discoverer of his time, and carried him to his death on a Pacific island.

There are many more heroic figures in this book from Samuel Champlain, the father of Canadian surveying, to Sir William Logan, who completed the first geological survey of Canada. Mr. Thomson's theme is the integrity, daring and toughness of the surveying pioneers who braved sub-zero weather in winter and hordes of flies and mosquitoes in summer so that sailors, settlers, miners and road-and-rail builders might find their way with certainty and hold their land with security.

"Men and Meridians" is volume 1, covering the period prior to 1867, of the first comprehensive non-technical history of mapping and surveying in Canada.

The text is complemented with 45 illustrations and 35 fascinating historical maps.

K. A. LUND

CHINA AND THE CHINESE by Lyn Harrington, Thomas Nelson & Sons, $3.50.

LYN HARRINGTON and her photographer husband, Richard, covered 12,000 miles in two visits to China totalling 17 weeks. Out of this ambitious journey, available to a privileged few, came this edifying addition to the publisher's **World Neighbour Series,** written to introduce teen-agers to their contemporaries in other lands. However the author mars an otherwise deft attempt to open the Bamboo Curtain by such statements as: "Western nations must accept China as it is". . . . "China appears to be a benevolent despotism rather than suppression". . . . "For perhaps the first time, the Chinese people have an incorruptible government.

This is perplexing fare for adult readers, and misleading for the teenagers. Surely history has taught us that no nation can simply be accepted as it is if it fails to preserve the sanctity of every man's life; benevolent despotism rather than suppression is a new approach to an old story, and the author contradicts herself by her own observation that writers write what they are told to write, and workers don't criticize. Events in China today may not indicate that the government is corrupt but they seem to suggest that it does not enjoy the full confidence of the people!

RUTH GORDON

THE GLASS TRUMPET, by Miriam Waddington, Oxford Press, 96 pp., $4.25. HOME FREE, by George Johnston, Oxford Press, 64 pp., $3.75.

I HAVE LONG ADMIRED George Johnston and Miriam Waddington as poets and have long looked forward to reading another volume of verse by each. This review therefore may be the bias of disappointment.

The poems in **The Glass Trumpet** use effectively the most up-to-date technical devices. In them, Miriam Waddington expresses honestly and clearly what she wishes, which, if I read her rightly, is the reaction of her personality to loneliness, the cross-purposes and loss of love, and the inability of the body to live over again the moments that are gone. I like these themes, but I do not like her attitude to them, and I find that she is unable to impose her poetic vision upon me sufficiently, if only for a short time, to make me suspend my own. I find myself in poem after poem thinking of a broken-down daisy or a lonely child that neither fights back nor seeks healing elsewhere, but instead takes a masochistic pleasure in complaining. Perhaps had the poems been more varied or the book been shorter, this impression would not have become so strong, as it was with positive delight that I read the opening poems.

Home Free consists of a long poem "Under the Tree" and a number of shorter poems that continue the tradition of serious light verse so well exemplified in **The Cruising Auk.**

Every line in "Under the Tree" is true, but the kind of gentle browbeating to which the poem subjects me makes me want to cry out all the reasons I know, against the finger of guilt pointed so inexorably at me, and I know that this response is not the one which George Johnston intends.

The light verse poems, although they have charm, wit, and delicacy lack

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in the depth of theme that gave such poignancy to many of the poems of **The Cruising Auk.** Too many of them are little more than clever squibs on the quite obvious, although there are some uncanny perceptions in "Love in High Places". It is impossible for George Johnston to write a book and not to say wise and good things. However, I feel that in this one, in walking the tight rope between wit and wisdom, between tragedy and comedy, he takes his steps a little too lightly and easily and slips more often than he is perhaps aware.

FRED COGSWELL

WATCHER OF MEN by Arthur S. Bourinot; 127 pp.; $3.50.

THE QUALITY ABOVE all that shines through the lines of this latest sampling of Bourinot's poetic works is his versatility. The author maintains variety and fluency of thought and expression in memorable verse, with force and subtlety as required, passionately or placidly as the theme may demand and whether the subject matter is grave or gay, intricate or simple, profoundly relevant to life or merely incidental to it.

John Donne's reflection that "something there is acceptable in one's passing" strikes the dominant keynote of this collection of more than one hundred poems. Intimations of death or random reveries on "the ultimate sleep" appear on so many pages of WATCHER OF MEN as to suggest an almost un-Canadian preoccupation with life's surcease. Not that the total impression left by Bourinot is depressing. His personal philosophy on the fleeting nature of life is that "things are not what they seem, nothing is ever lost".

There are two Arthur Bourinot's in this volume. The essential traditionalist gives way from time to time to the free-wheeling experimentalist. Occasionally the contrast amounts to a complete clash of writing styles, such as is provided on the one hand by **The Canadian Confederation** in rhyme and, on the other, by a more modernistic treatment of a similar theme in **Legend.** In this collection Bourinot seems to be searching for a bridge leading from the rigid poetic rhythms of the past to the less disciplined yet more flexible modes of expression. Scholars of the future may well conclude that Bourinot himself constitutes the bridge in this field of literary communication in Canada.

DON W. THOMSON

Paperbacks In Review

by BLUEBELL PHILLIPS

A MODERN BATTLE OF THE BOOKS has disturbed the equanimity of the publishing, reading and writing public during the past few years, a civil strife in which the paper-backs struggled with the hard-backs for recognition as upper middle-class if not upper crust. I early joined the rebels and became known as a PBR wearing a gold pin with the words 'paperback reader' in ye olde English script surrounding a paper-back rampant. It is a beautiful and significant emblem which the most obstinate of the HBR's (hard-back readers) have finally come to admire. Since Shakespeare, Donne, Scott, and Dickens have donned the paper garb.

As a confirmed PBR, my favorites this season include these five.

THE CHORD OF STEEL by Thomas B. Costain, Permabook, 50 cents, is a lively and delightful story settling once and for all the question as to where the idea of the telephone was conceived and the instrument first used publicly — Boston, Massachusets, or Brantford, Ontario. A native of Brantford, Mr. Costain wrote of his town and the Bells so that both are unforgettable.

Ballantine books published THE SERPENT'S COIL by Farley Mowatt, at 60 cents. Mr. Mowatt tells a very enthralling tale of a Liberty Ship, its captain and crew, many of them Newfoundlanders, faced with almost certain destruction in the Atlantic in 1948.

FOOTLOOSE IN INDIA, by Gordon Sinclair, published by McClelland & Stewart, 95 cents, is Gord in his zany youth giving the reader goose-bumps and giggles as Mr. Sinclair adventures in the land of romance and mystery.

In THE SCOTCH, a Penguin edition at 95 cents, ex-patriot John Kenneth Galbraith looks through the pores of his added American skin with slightly contemptuous humour at the Ontario Scot of his boyhood.

A book that is truly exciting is another McClelland and Stewart publication, GULLY FARM, at 95 cents, by Mary Hiemstra, the story of an English immigrant family who treked in a covered wagon, in 1903, to stake their claim in the Barr Colony in what is now the Province of Saskatchewan. I answered the telephone, and cooked the dinner with GULLY FARM in one hand and made my grandsons put on sweaters because the cold seeped into my apartment from the pages of the book. So vividly, so graphically does Mrs. Hiemstra write. I couldn't wait to finish the story and then wished I hadn't begun it so the pleasure would be ahead of me. It is a tale of courage, humour, love, determination and, again, courage.

PBR pins, anyone ?

Books Received

THE NIAGARA PENINSULA: A PICTORIAL RECORD 1697-1880 by Charles P. deVolpi (Longmans).

THE BURNING STONE — Paul A. Friesen (Heinemann).

ALLIED INTERVENTION IN RUSSIA — John Swettenham (Ryerson).

THE PERSONNEL MAN — Michael Sheldon (McClelland & Stewart).

CONFESSIONS OF A TOE-HANGER — Christie Harris (M&S).

THE NEWEL POST — Cicely Louise Evans (Doubleday).

A MOST PRIVATE INTRIGUE — Leo Rosten (M&S).

DIALOGUE WITH THE DEVIL — Taylor Caldwell (Doubleday).

THE TIME IS NOON — Pearl S. Buck (Longmans).

"1967 . . . AND ALL THIS" — Victor W. Williams (Satire Pub.).

FOR MY GRANDCHILDREN—HRH Princess Alice (Copp Clark).

WATCH GONNA DO BOY . . . WATCH GONNA BE? — P. Taylor (M&S).

EXPRESSO '67 — Bruce Powe (Peter Martin Associates).

SCRATCH ONE DREAMER — David Lewis Stein (M&S).

HOUSE OF TOMORROW — Thompson (Fitzhenry & Whiteside).

INTERNATIONAL AID — Hugh L. Keenleyside (M&S).

LIFE IS A FOUR-LETTER WORD— Monsarrat (Longmans).

CARIBBEAN VACATIONS — Philip Deane (Longmans).

In The News

About writers, books, things and places literary . . .

As of February 1, 1967, the United States removed all the U.S. tariff duties on books, periodicals, newspapers, tourist literature, music in books or sheets, maps . . . etc. This generous Act, however, is still counterbalanced by the printers' manufacturing clause which does not allow more than 1500 copies of a title to be imported into the U.S.A. without risking loss of copyright.

:: :: ::

Two French publishing houses, Hachette and Larousse, are offering a joint literary prize of $1,760 plus a round trip from Canada to France for either an English or French speaking Canadian. Competitors must be between the ages of 20 and 30, and may spend at least 5 months studying in France. Anyone wanting further details about this competition should contact the Cultural Section of the French Embassy, 42 Sussex St., Ottawa.

:: :: ::

Three new books which have been making headlines this spring — and for very different reasons are Ernest Harrison's **Church Without God**, Ivan Shaffer's **The Stock Promotion Business** and Reuben Schafer and Ken Borden's **". . . Now Show Me Your Belly-button"** If you're worrying about your soul or your money the first two might prove useful. We can't think of any particular reason for reading the third named book — except that it might give you a chuckle. McClelland & Stewart published Harrison and Shaffer but Mr. Borden and Mr. Reuben Schafer pulled a Stephen Vizinczey and published themselves.

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Audrey Alexandra Brown was guest of honor at the Annual Banquet of the Victoria Branch. Also in the spotlight was Yvonne Stevenson whose book **Burns and His Bonny Jean** is being brought out by Gray Publishing Co. The introduction to the book will be written by Thomas Dalgleish, O.B.E., Honorary President of the Burns Federation of Scotland.

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One of Canada's newest 'monthlies' is **arts/Canada,** termed by its publishers "the new multi-media monthly magazine of the arts". Marshall McLuhan, world-famous Canadian medium-is-the-message philosopher wrote the lead article for the February issue. The magazine costs .75¢ and may be secured by writing to 129 Adelaide St., W., Toronto 1, Ont.

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Many publishers have a tendency to trust to God and the book page editor's initiative when it comes to getting publicity for their books. However three publishers which deserve particular credit for their consistently good promotion work (and this is not to say the other publishers are all bad — just that they don't work **quite** so hard and steadily at it!) are **Doubleday, Longmans and McClelland & Stewart.** Doubleday put out an especially bright and attractive news sheet edited by Carolynne Hastings, called "The Advance". Longmans' alert and energetic promotion director, Audrey Livermois puts out a "Longmans Log" which nearly always contains a worthwhile tid-bit for a hungry columnist. McClelland & Stewart's press releases sometimes come in floods; they may take **any** form and are always anonymous but with Jack McClelland at the helm and Tony Hawke at the promotion desk they seldom miss. Rating a good second to the three forenamed is Patricia Kent of **Clarke, Irwin** whose "Book News" sheets usually **do** contain some news worth printing.

:: :: ::

In celebration of Canada's Centennial Year, the University of Victoria recently launched the **Malahat Review.** By its international approach, this impressive-looking new quarterly is intended to emphasize the coming of age of our country and its awareness of the part it must play on the world scene. The birth of Canada's first thoroughly international quarterly of life and letters seems an event worth celebrating. Co-editors of the review are Robin Skelton and John Peter, a Doubleday award-winning author whose second book TAKE HANDS AT WINTER was published last fall.

:: :: ::

The theme of Canadian Library Week (April 16-22) is "The library, and man and his world" The symbol for this year was designed by Mr. Robert Shaw, Waterloo, Ont. The background shows two large books symbolic of library history in Canada, the blue one, 1605-1866 (the first library until Confederation) and the one in yellow, 1867-1967 (Confederation to the present). In the middle of the poster is a symbol of the world (stained glass effect) with the centennial symbol in the centre. The theme in both French and English encircles the globe.

:: :: ::

The Royal Bank of Canada has a Centennial project of major importance — the annual endowment of $50,000 to Canadians who have made an outstanding contribution to the humanities. The bank decided that the award should not only encompass the five categories of the Nobel prize but also go beyond these to include all fields of endeavour. The first Royal Bank Centennial Award will be made in 1967. Among those whose job it will be to choose the recipient are Dr. A. W. Trueman, London; G. Maxwell Bell, Calgary; the Hon. J. V. Clyne, Vancouver; Dr. Roger Gaudry, Montreal and Dr. O. M. Solandt, Toronto.

Awards Night in Edmonton saw Certificates of Achievement presented to Dr. W. G. Hardy for his book **"Origin and Ordeals of Western Civilization";** to J. G. MacGregor for **"Peter Fidler, Canada's Forgotten Surveyor";** to Dr. John W. Chalmers for **"Philips Historical Atlas of Canada;** to Tony Cashman for **"Heritage of Service"** and to Iris Allan for **"Wop May".** Mrs. June Fritch presented awards to local and Calgary winners in the 1966 Alberta Poetry Contest. Mrs. Lillian Armstrong Maze received the Alberta Scouten Memorial Award.

:: :: ::

One Canadian Author who has a Centennial project already at work, is Winnipeg's Betty Nickerson. Two hundred items from her collection of children's paintings are on display in Europe. Before making the selection for Europe, which she sent overseas at her own expense, Betty shipped eighty-five paintings to Expo, to be a part of the permanent collection there. Her display features paintings of children by other children, and will be hung in the pavilion designated "Man and His Resources". As the final exhibit before the exit, it will represent Man's Ultimate Resource— his children. The child artists originated in twenty-eight different countries.

She wrote a book, **How The World Grows Its Food,** illustrated with many of these paintings.

Published by Ryerson, the royalties from this work have been turned over to the Freedom From Hunger Campaign.

:: :: ::

The Government of Alberta and the Edmonton Branch, C.A.A. have entered into an agreement to publish an Alberta Anthology to commemorate Canada's Centennial. The book will be designed to capture Alberta's cultural and literary heritage and will be the work of Alberta's pioneer authors as well as contemporary writers and poets, and will be attractively bound and illustrated.

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IN MEMORIAM

The twenty-third national president of the Canadian Authors Association, Ronald Stewart Longley, died at Wolfville, Nova Scotia, on the evening of January 7, 1967, and was buried there on the 10th. He had seemed to be recovering bravely from a cerebral thrombosis but a further clot suddenly supervened and he died a few minutes later. He was seventy years of age.

His career was primarily academic. From a first degree at Acadia University in 1921, he proceeded to a Ph.D. at Harvard, and for 35 years was professor of history at Acadia. His chief volume was his life of Sir Francis Hincks, published in 1944, but he also wrote the official histories of Acadia University, the Wolfville Baptist Church and St. George's Masonic Lodge. On the ground of his eminence as an historian, he was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society of Canada in 1954 and received honorary doctorates from McMaster and Acadia universities. He was national president of the C.A.A. from 1964 to 1966.

Dr. Longley was much more than a man of letters and gave generously of his energy and ability to many causes. He was mayor of the town of Wolfville for six years and president of the Apple Blossom Festival for three. He was Grand Master of Masons in Nova Scotia from 1964 until his death and had been president of the Annapolis Valley Scottish Rite Club. He was president of the Maritime United Baptist Convention in 1940-41 and was later the vice-president of the Baptist Federation of Canada. He had also served on the Canadian Social Science Research Council and the Nova Scotia Historic Sites Advisory Council and was a former president of the Maritimes University Conference. At Acadia he had not only been head of the department of history but had been successively provost, dean of arts and science, academic vice-president, and acting president for three months in 1964.

Ralph Allen's death last December robbed Canadian letters not only of a superlative editor, but of a literary creator. Those who worked under Mr. Allen when he was editor of Maclean's Magazine recall his high standards of writing and research. Similarly, reporters of the Toronto Daily Star paid tribute to the wide-ranging mind of their managing editor, to his intense and alert interest in the world scene.

Ralph Allen made modern history come alive in his volume of a Canadian history series, **Ordeal By Fire.** World War II was also the setting for his novel **High White Forest,** as the Congo was the background of his Doubleday prize-winning **Ask The Name Of The Lion.** Two novels with Canadian scene were extremely different. **The Chartered Libertine** was a satire on the CBC and modern advertising, while **Peace River Country** was a nostalgic look back to his own prairie **roots.**

At the time of his death, Ralph Allen was only 53 years old. A man of great ability, he had contributed widely, and would have added still more to his and Canada's literary laurels, had he been spared.

Betty Warshaw, poet and playwright, a long-time member of the Montreal Branch of the C.A.A. and a much respected member of the poetry group died after a long illness, in the late autumn of 1966. She was well-known for her children's plays which were produced in a number of Montreal schools and for her mature dramas produced by the Sir George Williams University drama society. Miss Warshaw's poetry ranged from delightful verses for the very young to powerful and vigorous portrayals of man's emotions.

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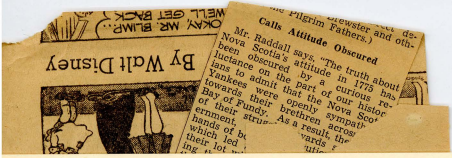

Thomas H. Raddall: The Man and His Work

by

W. J. Hawkins

A fellow Maritimer shows the close connection between T. H. Raddall's own experience of life and his work as a regional novelist.

FEW people who are acquainted with the work of Thomas H. Raddall could deny that the term, regional writer, is appropriate to describe him. While it is true that he has written a history of Canada, *The Path of Destiny* (1957), and that occasionally in his novels a John Wentworth or a Nathan Cain may travel to Great Britain, New England or the West Indies, never does a Raddallian character find himself in the hinterlands of "Upper Canada" for more than a day or so. Neil Jamieson in *The Wings of Night* visits the "warm belly of the continent" on business, but, in general, central Canada is seen in Raddall's fiction as a complex, foreboding presence in the offing, a hostile region of asphalt and cement inimical to the Maritimer.

Hugh MacLennan, another Maritimer, is more wide ranging in his themes and even in *Barometer Rising*, set completely in Halifax, the theme of Canadian nationalism is dominant. MacLennan has a firmer talent for social observation. He can deal with a particular social group, Cape Bretoners, in *Each Man's Son*, or with bicultural problems in *Two Solitudes*, or separatism in *Return of the Sphinx* with equal ease. Raddall, on the other hand, has never attempted to paint the broad Canadian scene or plumb the depths of involved social problems. Perhaps the formlessness of Canada itself, the amorphous, if not unreal, quality of its nationhood, has proved a barrier to Raddall,

for he has never been a theorist; his work is always concrete, based on the solid footing of historical fact or on direct personal observation. His sea stories with their powerful descriptive appeal are based upon personal experience. His hunting, fishing, and lumbering tales depend upon actual knowledge gained in the forests of Nova Scotia; that is why his work is more vivid and alive, though less philosophical than MacLennan's. MacLennan, a Rhodes scholar, studied at Oxford and Princeton, and eventually became a professor of English at McGill. There is a sophistication but also a remoteness in his work which makes it seem loose and indistinct compared to that of Raddall. Raddall was a telegrapher and an accountant, jobs which demand contact with reality and afford little stimulus for theorizing. His writing has been marked by the pragmatic approach. His stories work. They are not cluttered with extraneous philosophy. If there is a message at all, it emanates from the story itself. The plots, particularly in his short stories, are constructed with meticulous care; the subject matter is never remote but based on first-hand material. He writes about the Maritimes because it is only when writing of the Maritimes that he possesses sufficient concrete and accurate detail to place the subject completely in his grasp, and he will be satisfied with nothing less.

Raddall is not the type of writer who can imagine what it would be like on the prairies and then write a story set in the area; he would want to tramp over the actual ground (as he did at Fort Beauséjour before writing *His Majesty's Yankees*), touch the golden wheat, feel the blazing sun, before he would attempt the story. Because Raddall's experience has been Maritime, his work is Maritime. He is, therefore, a regional writer; and rightly so, for a novelist must write out of his own experience, and Raddall has spent his adult life near the sea and in the rural areas of Nova Scotia.

Thomas Head Raddall was born at Hythe, Kent County, England on November 13, 1903. His father was the late Colonel Thomas H. Raddall, an instructor of marksmanship at the Small Arms School of Hythe. Colonel Raddall as an expert marksman was a member of the Army's Bisley team. He left Hythe in May, 1913, to train the Canadian Militia, and his position at Halifax must have been one of some im-

portance, for his name is still included on a plaque in ancient St. Paul's Church, Halifax. In 1914, Colonel Raddall embarked with the Canadian First Division soon after the outbreak of war. He was wounded in 1915 and 1917 and was killed at Amiens in August, 1918, while commanding the Winnipeg Rifles.[1] The details of Colonel Raddall's life are significant in any study of his son's work, for Raddall was overshadowed for many years by the memory of his imposing father. Indeed, Matthew Strang in *His Majesty's Yankees*, Benajah Keane in "Full Cargo South", Amos Pride in *Pride's Fancy*, Silas Bradford in "Pax Britannia", and Colonel Sumpter Larrabee in *At the Tide's Turn* all seem to reflect the character of Raddall's gifted father.

Raddall is often associated with Sable Island and isolation yet he, like his father, has known adventure and travel. In 1917, when he was fourteen years of age, the French munitions ship, *Mont Blanc*, exploded, flattening the north end of Halifax. Raddall suffered only slight cuts and a concussion. During the rescue activities his school was turned into a morgue.[2] This unpleasant experience supplied the background for the story "Winter's Tale". Soon after his father's death in 1918 Raddall left Chebucto Road School in Halifax and attempted to join the army. He was rejected as under age, but during the same year he succeeded in joining the merchant service. He served during World War I as a telegrapher and stayed at sea after the conflict, sailing with various colliers and other ships travelling the stormy North Atlantic. Shore duty followed. He found himself at Partridge Island (near Saint John, N.B.), at Pictou, and at North Sydney. In 1921 he was posted to the graveyard of the Atlantic, Sable Island. His observations of landscape and humanity at Sable Island were later recorded in the novel *The Nymph and the Lamp*. After completing thirteen months' service at Sable, he was transferred to Camperdown near Halifax in 1922. But shore posts held no appeal for him and after a few months he tendered his resignation from the service.

Raddall then took an accounting course at the Maritime Business College, Halifax, and graduated in 1923. Jobs were not plentiful so he took a position with the MacLeod Paper Company in Milton, Queens County, N.S., intending to return to the city when the op-

portunity presented itself. He soon found, however, that living in Queens County was not as unpleasant as he had anticipated: "The boss of the pulp mill, a sportsman, took me into the woods, hunting and fishing, and suddenly I found myself just as enamoured of the woods as I had been of the sea. So I stayed, and in 1925 I met the girl who became my wife two years later. So I never went back to the city, except for short visits." [3]

After his marriage in 1927 to Edith Freeman, a music teacher of Milton, he began to write.

> It was shortly after this that I bought an old Underwood and began to peck away at it, evenings, after the day's work in the little pulp mill office, with the machine set up on the dining-room table where the light was best. I did not know how to go about it, and I realized how very ignorant I was. I knew I must first acquire the art of words and then the art of tales, and I knew the way would be long and very hard. But I knew, too, that some day I would write the story of the river and the forest and the people who came to live there in the time long gone.[4]

His interest in writing has always been to some extent associated with his interest in the history of the Maritimes. Raddall's approach, however, was not merely to record the facts of history but to attempt with as much authenticity as possible to recreate historical characters and situations. A sense of history pervades his whole life and work.

> In my seafaring, and during my sojourn in the little sawmill village of Milton in the later 1920's, I was keenly aware that I was seeing things and people and a way of life that were passing rapidly, for the 1914-1918 war and its tremendous effects were changing everything . . . . In Milton I saw the last real log-drives down the Mersey River, and saw the closing, one by one, of the old water-driven sawmills. Although I was only in my 'teens and early twenties when these things were passing I felt a pang, for they seemed to me full of the romance of another time. Hence in the short stories in *The Pied Piper of Dipper Creek* and *Tambour* I strove to capture various facets of what seemed to me a jewel of true Nova Scotiana.[5]

Raddall's story, "The Three Wise Men", was sold to *Maclean's Magazine* on April 1, 1928. The editor paid one cent per word for the six thousand words. It was the first story Raddall had written

and it was published by the first magazine to which he submitted it. The setting is Sable Island. Even today, forty-seven years after Raddall's brief posting, many people still associate him with Sable Island. In addition to "The Three Wise Men" and the novel, *The Nymph and the Lamp*, several other stories are also set in the bleak wastes of Sable.

With the admitted motive of supplementing his income, Raddall then wrote a number of adventure tales for American magazines which paid better rates than those of *Maclean's Magazine*. Between January, 1929, and February, 1930, he made over a thousand dollars by his pen, almost as much as his accountant's salary of $100.00 per month.[6]

Raddall then turned to a more serious study of history. At the urging of Colonel C. H. L. Jones of Liverpool, he published in 1931 a short historical account of a privateer ship, entitled *Saga of the Rover*. The two hundred and fifty copies printed were distributed to customers of Colonel Jones' mill.[7]

Another historical book, *The Markland Sagas*, printed privately in 1934, was a chronicle of the Norse voyages to America particularly as they pertain to Nova Scotia. While working on the historical series in 1931 an incident occurred which tells a great deal about Raddall's character and about the consequent moral tone of his writing. While visiting Halifax one day he saw quite by chance a modern replica of an old Viking ship in Halifax harbour. He made acquaintance with the crew and finally met the Captain, a man named Folgero. Raddall writes:

> Finally Folgero offered me a berth for the voyage back to Norway. It was a magnificent opportunity and my instinct was to seize it at once, before the skipper could change his mind. For a moment or two my mind was in the little fleecy clouds. Then came the facts of life. What would have been a simple matter in younger and more carefree days was no longer possible, for it meant throwing up my job, and I had a wife and in a few more months I would have a child to support. — It was, I think, the hardest decision I have ever had to make.[8]

Many of Raddall's heroes face their problems with the same grim acceptance of responsibility and self-sacrifice. Carney in *The Nymph*

and the Lamp sacrifices himself for his wife's happiness. David Strang sacrifices himself for the futile rebel cause in *His Majesty's Yankees.* Nathan Cain in *Pride's Fancy* sacrifices money for love. Raddall's heroes are usually men of principle. Raddall held tenaciously to his principles and so refused Captain Folgero's offer.

Prior to the publication of *The Markland Sagas* an event took place which changed the course of Raddall's life. On a "sudden whim" in August, 1933, Raddall sent to *Blackwood's Magazine* the story "Tit for Tat", which had already been rejected by *Maclean's.* Raddall expected a flat rejection. Instead he received a very kind letter from George William Blackwood accepting the story and asking for more. A long and happy connection with *Blackwood's Magazine* followed which brought Raddall the interest of Rudyard Kipling, John Buchan and Theodore Roosevelt, Jr.[9]

Raddall could not devote a great deal of time to his writing because of his accounting job. His position at the financial department often kept him working long hours and sometimes also at night. His free weekends he usually spent in the woods because after all the desk work he needed exercise and fresh air. His writing, therefore, was done on wet or stormy weekends and evenings. Another factor that affected his output was his method of writing. He was not a facile writer. Each tale came slowly, and each was written and rewritten several times before it went to *Blackwood's Magazine.* When a story failed to satisfy Raddall after these rewritings he tore it up. On the whole, during the 1930s he destroyed approximately two-thirds of his work. This discipline required some fortitude but it was good for the writer and his work. It was also good for his reputation with editors. Raddall observes: "Care in the construction of a tale, even of a paragraph, is evident to a good editor in one reading. Even though he may reject the story for its theme he will keep a careful eye for further contributions from the same author."[10]

By 1935 Raddall knew that writing was the career for him. His salary at that time was $1750.00 per year to which he was adding about $500.00 by his pen. He felt that if he could give his whole time to writing he could perhaps triple his writing income and with

luck equal the income of his accounting job. He would not, however, throw up his job and risk such an adventure without a substantial sum in the bank.[12] With Raddall's conventional approach to life, almost an accountant's approach, he could quickly reckon the debits and credits of financial recklessness.

He writes: "My wife was wonderful. 'Pinching and scraping' is not only a trite phrase but a term utterly inadequate for what she accomplished, not only then, but in the first few years after 1938, when I threw up my job and launched forth as a professional writer." [13]

But during the period between 1935 and 1938 Raddall was not without signs of growing literary success. He published many short stories in Great Britain, the United States and Canada.

By 1938 *Blackwood's Magazine* had become a small but stable source of income. The possibility of failure and financial ruin was not remote, yet Raddall had the courage to take the final step. In 1938, at thirty-five years of age, he embarked upon his career as a professional writer: "It was not until 1938 that I was able to support my little family entirely — if precariously — by my pen, and to walk away from that shut-in office a free man at last."[14]

With this new freedom Raddall put in long hours at his desk:

> I was at my desk each morning from eight o'clock to noon. Each afternoon I spent outdoors, walking, fishing or hunting in the season, or golfing or simply chatting on the docks with the fishermen and sailors. Each evening I went to my desk at seven and remained there or tramping up and down my den, until midnight — often until one or two o'clock in the morning if the thread of thought went well.[15]

With a solid market established at *Blackwood's Magazine* and more time available, Raddall became more prolific. In 1939 a volume of his short stories entitled *The Pied Piper of Dipper Creek* was published by William Blackwood and Sons. During 1940 Raddall's market began to expand. The first real hint of success came late in the year. An agent in New York, having seen some of his tales in *Blackwood's,* took a new story, "Blind MacNair", and sold it to *Saturday Evening Post* for $500.00. *Maclean's Magazine* and *Blackwood's* also bought a number of stories during the year. The year 1940 was a financial

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A Word Picture of Thomas H. Raddall, Author

(Halifax Herald)

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Mr. Raddall says, "The truth about Nova Scotia's attitude in 1775 has been obscured by a curious reluctance on the part of our historians to admit that the Nova Scotia Yankees were openly sympathetic towards their brethern across the Bay of Fundy. As a result, the story of their struggle towards self-government, their persecution at the hands of both sides, and the reasons which led up to their throwing in their lot with the King and so saving that lone "fourteenth colony" to the British flag, have never been properly understood in the United States or Canada. It seemed to me that here was a tale that yelled to be written."

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Brooklyn

Mr. and Mrs. Leon Reinhardt spent last week end in Pictou with the latter's parents. They were accompanied by Miss Alma Brannen of Port Mouton.

Mrs. W. A. White, who spent some weeks visiting her daughter Mrs. Andrew Harrington, recently returned to her home in Mass.

Mrs. Leon Reinhardt spent part of last week in Kentville attending the Provincial Women's Institute Convention.

We in Brooklyn, with all the rest of the Province, are glad indeed to see our friend and president of Nova Scotia's fine Paper Mill, in our midst again. Col. Jones has been a great friend of Brooklyn and our earnest wish is that he may be restored to his usual good health.

Joseph Walls, R.C.A.F., stationed in Newfoundland, is spending some time with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Walls.

Carroll Gardner, Jr., spent the past week end in Town.

Mr. Pliny Gardner was a welcome visitor to Brooklyn over the week end. Pliny is connected with Aircraft production and is doing a good job.

Mr. Fred Starrett has returned to Pictou after spending his vacation with his father. Fred is a boss welder at the plant in Pictou.

Mrs. Howard Mouzar, who has been visiting her son Edward and Mrs. Mouzar in Boston, returned home last week. Mrs. Mouzar says the new grandchild is hard to beat. Mrs. Mouzar, on her way back, made a short pleasant visit with Rev. and Mrs. Bird at St. John, N. B.

It is up to the Women's Institute of Brooklyn to provide a reading and recreation room for the men of the forces that are stationed here. If they do this they will be doing something worthwhile and needed.

Pte. Ned and Mrs. MacKinnon of Yarmouth spent some time in Brooklyn during the past week. Mr. MacKinnon is a member of the Heavy Artillery. At gun practise recently his score was 40 out of a possible 40. Mrs. MacKinnon is the former Honey Rice.

Grant Falt has joined up and is now in Halifax.

Congratulations to one of our most popular young ladies, Miss Evelyn Clattenburg, who obtained her R.N. at Yarmouth recently.

Robert Armstrong has joined the West Nova Scotia Reserve Company at Liverpool.

Victor Benvie, R.C.A.F., was home over the past week end.

The service held in the St. Andrew's Church on last Sunday evening was a very impressive one. The pastor, the Rev. Mr. Pugh, spoke on Remembrance. Mr. Pugh has a very fine choir of young people which adds much to the service.

Port Mouton

Mrs. Edward Wagner is confined to the house with an injured foot caused by a fall at her home.

Mrs. Everett Payzant and daughter, Phyllis, are visiting relatives at Halifax.

Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Cooke of Halifax were week-end visitors with relatives here.

Mrs. Stanley Atkinson is a patient in Halifax hospital where she will recieve medical treatment for throat trouble.

Miss. Bessie Lockhart, returned missionary from India, lectured on her work on Friday afternoon and evening in the Baptist church. While here she was the guest of Mrs. S. H. Colp.

Mrs. M. L. Colp and daughter, Claire, were week-end guests of her brother, Spencer Homans at Hubbards.

Mrs. W. T. Huskins, teacher at North Port Mouton, spent the week-end with her father, R. Graham, at Truro.

Remembrance Day was observed on Wednesday by a parade of school children and a short service at the Soldier's Monument at 11 a. m. Wreathes were placed by Samuel Cawpell and Edwin Harvard and the Last Post sounded by Bugler Edwin Harvard.

Robert Leslie has returned from the Annapolis Valley where he was employed for the harvest season.

Mrs. H. E. Hyndman of Bridgetown is the guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. Swain.

...which was wounded during the evacuation of Dunkirk, and still suffers from a leg wound, but in spite of that he is on active service, a captain in the army.

North 64 degrees east along the limit between the said lot and lot No. 5, 36 chains and 25 links to a post and stones; thence on the said produced 16 chains and 10 links to a post and stones; thence south 26 degrees east 21 chains and 50 links to a post and stones; thence south 64 degrees west 52 chains and 85 links to a post planted at the south-west corner of the said Lot No. 6; thence north 26 degrees west 21 chains and 10 links to the place of commencement. The above lot was granted to the Maitland Lumber Company Ltd. January 29, 1919 and re-

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Author Plays Active Role In Gaining Widespread Publicity For Province

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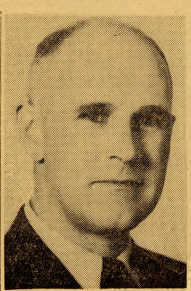

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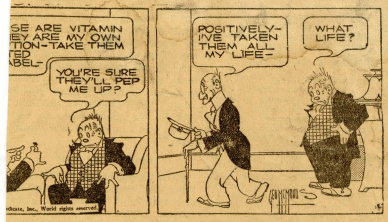
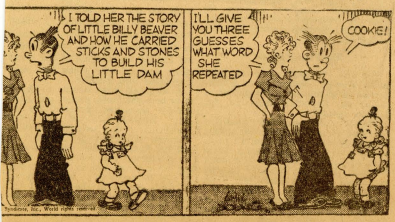
By McManus



By Chic Young



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A fundamental aspect of Raddall's character is his love of Nova Scotia. His fiction is devoted almost entirely to situations taking place in that province. A regional writer, his personal knowledge of the broad spectrum of Canadian society is limited. His interest has been focused on Nova Scotia and within that accepted limitation, his work is sound and varied. What he lacks in contemporary scope he therefore regains in historical depth. No Canadian author has mined the rich depths of Nova Scotia's past more assiduously than Thomas H. Raddall.

NOTES

[1] Thomas H. Raddall, "Sword and Pen in Kent 1903-1913," *The Dalhousie Review*, XXXII (Autumn, 1951), 145.
[2] Dave Pike, "Novelist Raddall in Unique Place", *The Halifax Herald* (September 22, 1962), p. 25.
[3] Letter from Thomas H. Raddall to Edith Rogers dated June 29, 1954.
[4] Thomas H. Raddall, "The Old House," *The Maritime Quarterly*, I (Autumn, 1947), 15.
[5] *Ibid.*
[6] Record of publications forwarded by Thomas H. Raddall to W. J. Hawkins, October 8, 1963.
[7] Raddall, "My First Book," *Canadian Author and Bookman*, XXVIII (Autumn, 1952), 7.
[8] *Ibid.*
[9] Letter from Thomas H. Raddall to Edith Rogers dated March 21, 1954.
[10] *Ibid.*
[11] Letter from Thomas H. Raddall to Edith Rogers dated March 21, 1954.
[12] *Ibid.*
[13] Raddall, "My First Book." *Canadian Author and Bookman*, XXXVIII (Autumn, 1952), 7.
[14] Letter from Thomas H. Raddall to Edith Rogers dated March 21, 1954.
[15] *Ibid.*
[16] Letter from Thomas H. Raddall to Edith Rogers dated June 5, 1954.

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CANADIAN LITERATURE v. 40 (Spring 1969)

THE UNIVERSITY OF BRITISH COLUMBIA MEDAL FOR POPULAR BIOGRAPHY 1968

By and large, 1968 was a poor year for popular biography in Canada. A good number of biographies were written, but too many showed signs of inadequate editing and too much haste in getting the books into the hands of the public. Many books — such as the one on Pearson — should have been drastically cut to make them readable; and others — such as that about Trudeau — should have been thought out more thoroughly.

Some books were better than others, but for various reasons were not of medal quality. Malcolm Foster's book, Joyce Cary *is well conceived, but hampered by too turgid a style. Some opportunity should have been taken to examine Cary's works with care, and instead only a very regular critical opinion is presented. Mr. Foster calls Cary "Joyce" too often, and the chummy tone often leads to confusion with James Joyce. Richard Gwyn's book,* Smallwood: the Unlikely Revolutionary *is the best of the contemporary political works; it begins well, and presents a nice sense of the man. The lucid prose captures the elusive spirit of Newfoundland exceptionally well, but the latter half which concerns Newfoundland more than Smallwood, weakens the book's total effect measurably. T. P. Slattery's* The Assassination of d'Arcy McGee *makes a good story about McGee's personality, much more than history books usually afford, but the book is over long and would have stood some judicious editing.*

The best book to come to the award committee this year was G. P. V. Akrigg's Shakespeare and the Earl of Southampton, *but it cannot be considered in the "popular" biography category. The book is readable to the general, but literate, reader, and is not popularized to a point of being over-general at the expense of being accurate. A new biography of Southampton was needed, and this is very useful. The final third of the book is guesswork, but it is intelligent guesswork, and has great bearing on the first two-thirds. It offers an intelligent surmise about a personality conflict, which the major portion of the book, the analysis of the verifiable facts, suggests. It fills out, in an interesting though not indisputable way, the character of a man the way a good biography should. Akrigg's book is a fine example of how facts can be made interesting, and how details add enormously to a work. The committee commend it highly.* D.S.

chronicle

LETTER FROM HALIFAX

Donald Cameron

The statue of Joseph Howe stands in the grounds of the Legislature, staring determinedly at the head office of the Bank of Nova Scotia. A few blocks away, in an old stone building near the docks, are the offices of the *Acadian Recorder*. An hour's drive brings one to Windsor, where Haliburton House is open to the public as one of Canada's few authentic literary shrines.

Canadian writing in English began here, nearly a century and a half ago. This tough old city of trade and warfare saw good writers come and go when the site of Vancouver was hardly known; Lord Selkirk's little cluster of farms on the Red River was twenty years old when Halifax was the centre of an astonishingly fertile intellectual circle. What about our own day, when clusters of writers lurk in every Canadian university town, when little presses in twenty cities pour out chapbooks and quarterlies of experimental writing at a bewildering rate?

No little magazines. No basement publishers. No poet of any consequence, unless one cheats by claiming a slice of John Newlove, who spent last winter in Nova Scotia. A flourishing branch of the Canadian Authors' Association, but no special interest in writing at any of the city's five degree-granting institutions. A depressing scene.

Yet everything seems to stand ready, waiting to crystallize. The CBC has an important operation in Halifax, with an endless appetite especially for radio scripts. Radio drama is currently having a special boom. The Neptune Theatre, Canada's first professional repertory company, is now an established part of the city's life, and it is crying for new plays. According to Heinar Piller, the theatre's artistic director, the lack of new plays is a "burning problem", one which can't

be resolved easily because the prerequisites for good playwrights have been absent:

> Most Canadian playwrights are not familiar enough with the theatrical medium. They haven't been subjected to theatre ever since their childhood, they've seen maybe five to ten productions in their lives, perhaps the usual clichés of touring Broadway productions. They haven't had the opportunity to observe and explore and experiment in their own work, to find out what is effective on a stage.

Nevertheless, Neptune has produced a number of original plays. Dr. Arthur Murphy, a Halifax surgeon who served his apprenticeship in radio drama, has written two of them; Gavin Douglas, formerly a Neptune actor, wrote the script for *The Wooden World*, an anthology of Nova Scotian history, and is now in London on a Canada Council grant, turning himself into a playwright. More recently Henry Whittier, a Dalhousie English professor, has written two dramatic anthologies which the Neptune has presented in high schools all over the province, and he hopes to write original plays in the future.

Dr. Whittier aside, the universities are curiously uninvolved in contemporary Canadian writing. Will R. Bird, a novelist absorbed by Maritime history, lives in Halifax, but he has been honoured in Alberta rather than Nova Scotia. The *Dalhousie Review* sandwiches some poetry between its learned articles, but prints practically no fiction. The general atmosphere suggests a belief that a man who is going to write will write whatever the obstacles, but the man who really needs encouragement and stimulation probably should do something else in which his interest is self-generating.

Writers have emerged from this austere academic tradition, of course, the best known being Hugh MacLennan. More recently Simon Gray followed a pattern similar to MacLennan's: after graduation he left for Cambridge and Vancouver before coming to rest as a lecturer in English at the University of London. Asked if he received any encouragement as an undergraduate when he was beginning to write, he gave the answer that perhaps typifies the kind of writer one would expect to bud in Halifax: "I never thought that I particularly needed encouragement, of an official sort anyway."

The city itself is fascinating, and MacLennan has written often and affectionately about it:

> All the proportions of Halifax are strange. She sits there on her ironstone, generally in the wet, with all her faults exposed.... The smell of tar, fish-meal, bilge, ozone, salt water, spruce forests and her own slums are rich in her nostrils. She is like an old trollop, lying in wait for weary seamen, if that is how you choose to regard her. She is like an old lady living in genteel poverty amid the disorder of her own past, if you think of her more gently.... She possesses the same kind of beauty Rembrandt discovered in the battered faces of the old men and women he loved best to paint.[1]

Interestingly, Simon Gray also remembers the rich character and atmosphere of the city with pleasure, even down to the pungent smells which are an integral part of the Halifax experience:

> I loved Halifax in many ways; I still do feel immensely nostalgic about it. I think it's one of the most beautiful places I've been. I'm one of the few people who liked Barrington Street as it was then, a very dilapidated, very seedy street indeed, but the odour of stale fish and fog was one of the most romantic I've ever smelt, and I still hunger for it.

The attitude that writing is a solitary art which is generated only from within is by no means limited to Halifax, however, and it accounts for the most curious phenomenon of Nova Scotian writing: in the chief city of Atlantic Canada, there is no literary community at all, and the most successful and prominent authors live in small towns far away.

When a Nova Scotian tries to explain something about his native province, he will probably refer you to one of Thomas Raddall's books. Probably the topic will be historical, for in part Raddall both feeds and is fed by the passionate interest of the ordinary Nova Scotian in his own colourful history. (Will Bird, who has an analogous though much less intense relationship with his readers, gave me a revealing fact: his historical novels of Yorkshiremen in the Amherst area have about two-thirds of their considerable sale within the Maritimes.) I doubt if there can be another writer in Canada who has so intimate a relationship with his public as Thomas Raddall, or one who is so nearly a spokesman for the inarticulate attitudes of a community the extent and nature of which he knows exactly. Sailors and teachers, businessmen and students, they all read Raddall; the mayor of Halifax gives copies of Raddall's fine history of the city, *Halifax, Warden of the North*, to his distinguished visitors.

Raddall makes his home in Liverpool, down the South Shore from Halifax, a town that has figured prominently in more than one of his novels. Originally

a Yankee trading settlement, Liverpool now lives on its mills, and Raddall moved there after he left the sea originally to take a job as a mill accountant. In his mid-sixties, he is a muscular sun-browned man with a dramatically white ruff of hair around the crown of his head. One might mistake him for a senior naval officer off duty. He has known few writers. "Once or twice a wandering American writer drifted along the coast," he recalls, speaking of his early years, "and stopped in to see me because he'd read one of my stories. But other than that I had no contact with writers at all." He has no regrets about living in a country town. "The way to learn to write is to write — work it out yourself. And you *can't* do that in a crowd. A writer's business is to stay away from any organized group."

Writing in isolation has its disadvantages — for Raddall, "the main regret has been the lack of live theatre. I've always loved that when I could get it. But other than that I've missed nothing." Books, movies and TV are readily available in Liverpool; informal contacts with other writers are enjoyable when they come along, but too much of that kind of thing would be a bore. "Authors are not meant to be gregarious," Raddall argues, "I'm more interested in people generally than people who write about them." The life and history of his fellow Nova Scotians provide his real stimulation. Remembering his first days as a writer, Raddall remarks that "I found that right where I was, in this part of the Maritime Provinces, I had all the material that any writer could wish for."

One might enumerate endless contrasts between Raddall and Ernest Buckler. Raddall, who is curiously ignored by academic criticism, is beloved in Nova Scotia, while Buckler, far less celebrated in his native province, is widely agreed to be among the most important of Canadian novelists. Raddall specializes in history and action, Buckler in philosophy and contemporary psychology. Buckler is dedicated to fiction as art; Raddall is the romancer and story-teller. On the afternoon I visited him, Raddall was going golfing with his wife, and he gives an impression of settled contentment; Buckler, a bachelor, in uncertain health, half-shy, half-rebel, accepts that the wound is implied in the bow. "It is the *sick* whale that produces the ambergris," he insists, "it is the *irritated* oyster that produces the pearl."

Yet in discussing their styles of life, the two Nova Scotians offer remarkably parallel ideas. For Buckler too, isolation is a positive value: the writer must be alone, cannot be distracted, even though the cost of solitude is the most appalling loneliness. And country life "lets you know who you are. You have to be plugged into the arteries of life as well as the veins." Buckler has travelled: he worked

in New York when he was a Dalhousie undergraduate, and for some years he lived in Toronto. But he finds the arteries of Bridgetown, Nova Scotia, richer than most.

> In the Nova Scotia country, almost specifically in the country where I live, you get the universals more than you do almost anywhere else. You don't have to wander all over the bloody world and explore every nook and cranny in it to find out how people behave. This is the whole tenor of my present book, ***Oxbells and Fireflies,*** that in a small community like this even, you have a representation of every kind of action, of every kind of psychological mode. The whole macrocosm is here in microcosm.

As for contact with other writers,

> Writers by and large are the dreariest people you can possibly know. Because they're just stuffed with words like dry bread dressing up a Christmas goose's ass. You subsist on people who really live, who are not looking at what they're doing all the time. You have to observe people who act simply, and who are not introspective in the least; and draw your conclusions from them.

Books come to Buckler through the mobile library; painting is "a blind spot of mine". Music and plays are available on records: "You can get almost everybody in better form than when they're performing on the stage. You *miss* the magic of the curtain, though."

As one might expect, Buckler shares with many another Maritime writer a real gratitude to the CBC, especially the radio network, for providing both stimulation and outlet. He has written many talks, stories and plays for radio, and listens regularly. "I love the CBC," he says, "I think it's the thing that Canada has most to be proud of. It gets kind of precious sometimes, and they get this — thing, about this, well, just discovered twelfth-century music, for the unaccompanied lute. But never mind that; when they're good they're *goddam* good, aren't they? and they're almost induplicable." (Arthur Murphy, as a dramatist, is even more forceful: "Without the CBC, I don't think there'd be any significant Canadian theatre today.")

Acadia University, up the Annapolis Valley at Wolfville, has been interested in Buckler. He has friends on the faculty there, and Professor Gregory Cook, himself a poet, recently completed the first thesis on Buckler's work. Some time ago Buckler was persuaded to sit in on Acadia's creative writing workshop, and to his surprise he enjoyed it. "If you've been through the mill yourself, you can show them all kinds of short cuts," he admits. "You can show them where they're going wrong, where they have to tighten this up. Actually I had a fine time."

He's been invited to give the course himself, but he worries that it might be pretentious. On the other hand, "Real hard cash just for this. Everybody thinks I'm crazy to turn it down." Buckler is no more affluent than other writers, and it is hard to see how anyone could lose if he took up the invitation. Next year, perhaps.

To spend a summer afternoon talking with Ernest Buckler is to focus many of the experiences both of Nova Scotia and of his own novels. He lives in a serene white farmhouse outside Bridgetown, a century-old house filled with well-worn family furniture. The talk is leisurely and careful, words are weighed before they are spoken — and weighed, as often as not, for comic effect. Buckler's criticism of another novelist — that he doesn't take enough time with his writing — is revealing; for on the lush floor of the Annapolis Valley, shut in by its two mountains, traditional rhythms and tested values quietly control the pace. There is no hustle, and conversation turns easily towards love, destiny, comedy. Buckler has no doubt paid for his choice of venue, but he has gained from it a rare perspective, much the way other Nova Scotian writers have gained perspective in history. Visions of this quality are not easy to find in swinging urban Canada, and driving home through the warm evening one is grateful that Nova Scotians and their writers are saltily individual. Fads wither; empires have clashed and fallen; the rocks and the sea endure. Nova Scotians know in their bones the indifference of history, and they live intimately with the naked conditions of life. Ironstone and brine: history: the farms and the woods. In Nova Scotia, one feels himself to have a better than even chance of laying hands on something permanent.

FOOTNOTE

[1] "Portrait of a City", from *Cross Country* (Toronto, 1949), reprinted in Will R. Bird, ed., *Atlantic Anthology* (Toronto, 1959). All other quotations are from tape-recorded interviews, and I want to express my gratitude to the many people I spoke with for their courtesy and their universal generosity with their time.

review articles

NOURISHING THE ADDICT

Clara Thomas

DOUGAL MCLEISH, *The Traitor Game*. Macmillan. $5.95.
MARGARET BRIGGS, *Lost Identity*. McClelland & Stewart. $5.95.
NIGEL FOXELL, *Carnival*. Oberon Press. $2.50
JOHN CORNISH, *Sherbourne Street*, Clarke Irwin. $4.75.

"THERE IS NOTHING," said Toad, "absolutely nothing, like messing about in boats". The mystery-story bibber feels exactly the same about the books which satisfy and nourish his addiction. For addiction it is, and beside and beyond both reach and grasp of the articles which explicate the genre's characteristics and analyse its attractions, there remain, as every addict knows, two awful necessities: there must be more; there will never be enough.

Certain and constant components of the appeal are carry-overs from childish simplicities — mixtures of the novel and the familiar, danger and security, the blackly wicked and the snowy good. The path of adventure and pleasurable, because vicarious, concern and fear is the same path, whether guided by Winnie the Pooh or by Lord Peter Wimsey. The goal and the satisfactions are the same — through darkness and disorder to light and the righting of the rocking balance of things.

The habitual "found-in" of the mystery story expects virtuoso variations on the theme, however, and quite often he becomes a demanding connoisseur of the runs and trills of the production. The best writers in the genre have created characters who are dazzling performers; they have also created believable worlds, memorable talk, tones and moods of dizzying variety — and always, good yarns. Dougal McLeish may well join their hierarchy.

The Traitor Game is Buchan in its derivation and Canadian in its plot and setting. Its suspense accumulates to a wonderfully unlikely but satisfying climax featuring a fragile and heroic Governor-General as a Super-hero, a Canadian St. George, and a villainous Premier of Ontario as the Super-villain Dragon. The characters are predictable in their types: shaggy Max, the everlasting boy adventurer, sniffing out evil to test his strength against it: his adversary, Captain Mittelhorn, who is, in fact, another projection of the Max character, his strengths given to darkness, not to light; John Lane, the doomed loser who turns winner after all. So far, *The Traitor Game* is all old-formula, though competently handled.

DALHOUSIE REVIEW v. 49 winter 1969-70 p540-8

Donald Cameron

THOMAS RADDALL:
THE ART OF HISTORICAL FICTION

THE POSITION OF THOMAS RADDALL in Canadian letters is curious indeed. Here is a novelist who has attracted international attention, who has been a professional writer for thirty years, a winner of three Governor-General's Awards and the Lorne Pierce medal for "distinguished service to Canadian literature", a Fellowship in the Royal Society of Canada and honorary doctorates from Dalhousie and Saint Mary's, a novelist uniquely beloved in his native province of Nova Scotia and discussed with respect in any standard work on Canadian literature. Yet in all the reams of criticism of our literature which have appeared within the last ten years there is hardly an essay on his work, and none that approaches it critically with any real degree of rigour or penetration.

Now although Raddall makes the point himself that his novels of contemporary life have been more widely read than his historical fiction, his fellow Nova Scotians appear to love above all his interpretation of their history, and this appears to be revealing about both Raddall and his public. Of the historical novels—*His Majesty's Yankees* (1942), *Roger Sudden* (1944), *Pride's Fancy* (1946), *The Governor's Lady* (1960), and *Hangman's Beach* (1966)—the first is perhaps the most impressive achievement, and it repays careful study.

The historical novel as a genre would appear to be in a condition remarkably parallel to Raddall's own literary situation: it presents, as Ernest Bernbaum succinctly remarks, "the anomaly of a genre flourishing in the world of literary experience, and despised in the world of literary thought".[1] Damned by Brandes as "a bastard species", dismissed by Brunetière in an epigram,[2] the historical novel is widely considered an impossible form. "Either the novel becomes pure cram", writes Leslie Stephen, "a dictionary of antiquities dissolved in a thin solution of romance, or, which is generally more refreshing, it takes leave of accuracy altogether and simply takes the plot and costume from history, but allows us to feel that genuine moderns are masquerading in the dress of a bygone century. Even in the last case it generally results in a kind of dance in fetters."[3] Yet, as Bernbaum points out, a staggering number of the great novels are in some sense historical works: *Henry Esmond, War and Peace, The Scarlet Letter,* works by Pushkin, Balzac, Faulkner, and many others. But to find a critic who really looks seriously at historical fiction we must skip all the way from Liverpool, Nova Scotia, to the University of Budapest and the Marxist critic and philosopher Georg Lukács, whose book *The Historical Novel* is almost the only searching attempt to determine the nature of the form.

Lukács' brilliant study regards the historical novel as part of the general growth of a sense of the significance of history which occurred during the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries, a development of which Gibbon, Macaulay, Hegel, and Marx are among the obvious representatives. For Lukács, Scott is the classical historical novelist, the channel through whom the new historical consciousness revolutionized fiction. "What is lacking in the so-called historical novel before Sir Walter Scott", he writes, "is precisely the specifically historical, that is, derivation of the individuality of characters from the historical peculiarity of their age."[4]

To Lukács, the genius of Scott is revealed especially in the structure of his novels. The novels are invariably set at decisive transitional moments in national history; they are full of characters who give "living human embodiment to historical-social types." The principal characters are typical national figures of their periods— bourgeois, decent, average, not passionately committed to one side or the other. Their role is to bring the warring extremes into contact, to allow the reader to view both camps sympathetically, and thus to allow us to feel the tragedy and loss when one side is—inevitably—defeated. The mediocre hero also represents, of course, the compromise and continuity that heal the wounds and allow communal life to continue.

Most readers will be immediately impressed by the parallels with such a novel as *His Majesty's Yankees.* A very average boy, David Strang, is drawn by personality and temperament, as is his brother Luke, to the rebel side of the American Revolution; but he finally acquiesces in the view of the others in his family that the Yankee families in Nova Scotia will have to live with the British king. In the course of this development we have seen both sides intimately, and we have come to appreciate the mixture of motives which drives them. And the setting is certainly an historical turning-point of great significance: the burning ghettos, the New Deal, Apollo 12, and the agony of Vietnam are all implied in American independence.

By his choice of period and hero, in other words, Raddall has put him-

self in a position to show us what it actually feels like to live in the middle of this great historical decision. And he has made full use of this opportunity. David, like Edward Waverley and Henry Morton, does indeed fight on both sides, coming at last to the same conclusions as his fellow-citizens.

The novel ends, not in a glorious victory either way, but in a resigned compromise. "Davy!", Luke appeals, "You're for liberty." And David replies "I'm done with fighting for a word, Luke. I'm for myself—and Mark and Father and all the rest of us who want to live in some kind of peace on this coast. I'm for fighting whoever interferes with us, whether it's king or Congress or only a bloody Salem pirate flying the Congress colours."[5]

This quality of compromise is also a feature of Scott, the realization that slogans are finally less persuasive than the need to live and love and work: the view that history is a sequence of collisions from each of which a compromise emerges, a *modus vivendi* which pays its respects to both the need for change and the need for continuity. The parallel with Hegelian logic is obvious, and, after all, Hegel's logic underlies Marx's historical dialectic.

It was Hegel, too, who coined some phrases that Lukács finds useful in describing the relation between the leader and the led: one who quietly supports a movement but does not lead it is a "maintaining" individual; the leader of a popular movement is, like his opposite numbers, a "world-historical" figure. The relations between them, Lukács argues, follow a certain set of principles both in life and in the classical historical novel.

In the course of his wanderings, for instance, David meets the leaders of both sides: Richard Uniacke, to take an example, for the rebels; Michael Francklin for the crown. Now the treatment of the world-historical figure is a difficult formal question for historical fiction: on the one hand, such a figure must be realistically drawn to be credible; on the other hand he must display the qualities which give him his historical significance. Lukács points with admiration to the simple solution devised by Sir Walter Scott: Scott simply makes the great man a minor character in the structure of the novel, so that he is seen realistically but only fleetingly, and only on the occasions when he is acting in the role of leader. He may thus appear very human—testy, quirky, or whatever—but his situation in the novel renders it impossible for him to seem trivial.

This treatment of the great man finds an almost exact parallel in the best practice of Raddall. General Wolfe, for instance, is part of the whole historical atmosphere of the novel *Roger Sudden*, which concerns the interaction of the French, the English, and the Indians—and we notice in passing how adroitly Roger is made to live with each of the three groups for a considerable period, as a consequence of the opportunistic game he is playing in the midst of the conflict. But we never knowingly see Wolfe himself until just before the end of the novel, when he is on the way to Quebec. He and Roger recognize each other—a rather grim moment for the hero, since he has years earlier robbed Wolfe at gunpoint without knowing who he was—and Wolfe displays astuteness, a good memory, a recognition of Roger's courage and ruthlessness, and a habit of command no less imperious for being casual. The meeting is one of the novel's most dramatic moments.

The impact of Wolfe—or of Toussaint l'Ouverture in *Pride's Fancy*—may conveniently be contrasted with the brief appearances of Garrick, Sheridan, and Burke in *The Governor's Lady*, where the men of letters, having no particular relevance to the plot, become merely decorative, like period costume. With Johnny Wentworth and Fanny herself, Raddall would appear to make the opposite error, fixing his narrative directly on the "world-historical" characters so that they become, eventually, so much our intimates that we forget their historical significance. Or to carry the comparison one step further, Wentworth is much more impressive in *Pride's Fancy* or *Hangman's Beach*, where he is only glimpsed, than he is in *The Governor's Lady*.

This attention to both the leader and the followers seems to Lukács to make the historical novel a modern equivalent of epic: it displays the totality of a culture's life. The leader is thus seen both as shaping events and being shaped by them, as responding to the aspirations of his followers as well as giving them practical direction. Indeed Lukács stresses the blaze of glory that may emerge in an ordinary man when social crisis brings out potentialities that may surprise even their possessor: an obscure Alabama clergyman is revealed as a spokesman of international stature for an entire race. Margaret Laurence and Wole Soyinka depicted this phenomenon in West Africa; and in Scott the *locus classicus* is the astonishing but thoroughly convincing eloquence of Jeanie Deans. For the novelist, such a phenomenon is a godsend: it articulates the nature of the conflict from the mouths of the humble characters involved. Raddall's work contains numerous such articulations. When the thirteen colonies declare their independence, the revolutionary council of Nova Scotia divides. David Strang wants to patch it up, but old Malachi Salter, merchant of Halifax, sees that compromise is impossible.

"No middle road. Ah, good God, the tragedy, the tragedy! So many people

here and in the rest of our America want a middle road, and nothing for them but a hard choice in the end. God knows I don't love the king nor his rotten parliament. But to cut ourselves off forever from the British people, the men and women who speak our tongue in every part of the world—no! Not that! Anything but that!" (pp. 182-3).

So much for "historical". What about "novel"?

In conversation, Raddall tends to refer to his books as "romances" or "tales", words which suggest that they are unlike realistic fiction. His colourful, muscular style supports the idea; so does his repeated emphasis on the transcendent importance of the heroine to the hero, an emphasis which in *Roger Sudden* leads to a self-conscious use of the image of the Golden Woman. Looking at the seamen of Wapping, Roger thinks

> The earth was a great golden woman, many-breasted like one of those heathen Hindu goddess, and about her all these brutal and thirsty children swarmed to suck, to explore, and to suck again. Yet all their sucking and exploring brought them little nourishment, for along their hard road waited a many-handed god to wring them dry—merchants, ship-owners, tidewaiters, crimps, and whores. The moral seemed to be that it was better to wring than to suck, and Roger made good note of it. Nevertheless he was fascinated by the notion of those golden breasts beyond the seas.[6]

By the end of the novel this image has been converted into the concrete woman Mary Foy, and the effect is mawkishly sentimental:

> He was startled, seeing not Mary Foy but a Golden Woman made human by some alchemy that had to do with himself, as if he had looked upon her through a warped glass all this time and now in this gloomy place beheld her as she was. Fantastic! . . . and yet . . . and yet there she was. All his yearnings, all his journeys, had brought him infallibly to this place and to this moment. And there was nothing new or strange about it, for surely this was the revelation that must come to all young fools who seek the riches of the world—to find them in a living, breathing woman after all? Eternal quest, eternal answer . . . and eternal fools! (p. 332).

In almost any of the historical novels the hero can be found making extreme comments of this kind, and the nasty noise of construction seems to lie behind them. As E. M. Forster pointed out, death and marriage are the stock endings of novels; and Raddall draws heavily on marriage. In *Roger Sudden* he uses both death and an equivalent of marriage; the *éclaircissement* between Roger and Mary has an emotional impact similar to that of the consummation of a love affair. There is indeed a sense of stock pattern about the novels: a young man goes forth into the world to seek his fortune, gets caught up in great public events, and finally retires to one of the coves of Nova Scotia with the girl he has dreamed of. Yet, like many another device, this pattern has become hackneyed because it is useful; and we ought to consider its uses. In passing it should be noted also that in a contemporary novel, *The Nymph and the Lamp*, Raddall is very far indeed from any stock pattern.

What are the uses of this pattern? Here again Lukács on Scott gives us a valuable hint: in Scott, the historical moment means that

> certain crises in the personal destinies of a number of human beings coincide and interweave within the determining context of an historical crisis. It is precisely for this reason that his manner of portraying the historical crisis is never abstract, the split of the nation into warring parties always runs through the centre of the closest human relationships. Parents and children, lover and beloved, old friends, etc., confront one another as opponents, or the inevitability of this confrontation carries the collision deep into their personal lives. It is always a fate suffered by groups of people connected and involved with one another; and it is never a matter of one single catastrophe, but of a chain of catastrophies, where the solution of each gives birth to a new conflict.[7]

We feel even public events, that is, as *individuals*; a civil war in Canada would make enemies of specific people we know and love. So it is with David Strang: the Revolution cuts him off from both his royalist and his neutral brother, from his family and town, from Fear Bingay. Youthful rebellion, the need to assert himself, lust for adventure and the upheavals of sex are at least as important in David's motivation as are his overtly political attitudes. From this standpoint the events of *His Majesty's Yankees* are rather like a rite of passage, and they end appropriately with David restored to his context but with his independence established, his manhood proved, his woman secured. The consummation of a love affair brings a certain peace which Raddall characteristically uses as a private parallel to the end of the public conflicts.

Again, it is realized that for most readers the context of nineteenth-century Nova Scotia or the American Revolution will be relatively unfamiliar; another advantage of the romantic pattern is its implicit reassurance that all is not new and strange. We do not have to be told about the feelings of a young man with his way to make. We understand without explanation the love of a man for a woman. And because we *do* recognize something of David's feelings, we follow his career with sympathy and interest, we are sensitive to what affects him. Through this sympathy, the public events make their impact.

Thus we return to public events. With the acknowledgment of certain areas where Raddall is not usually convincing, it should still be argued that his strengths are much more significant than his weaknesses, and that they have not yet been fully recognized. In the description of such actions as the moose hunt with which *His Majesty's Yankees* opens, he is superb. His sense of place is subtle and sensitive. His feeling for the atmosphere of the past is remarkable: here, for instance, is his evocation of the flavour of an evening in Louisbourg:

> Dusk at last, and the sea fog creeping in gray wisps between the warehouses, and the scrape of a fiddle somewhere down the Quai, and Breton voices raised in song. A woman's laugh in the alley behind, a slap and a man's voice urgent in the dialect of St. Jean de Luz. A roll of drums from the ramparts beating the retreat. The gray of the dusty windows black at last. A scurry of rats in the silent Magasin de Rodriques (p. 191).

Above all, Raddall has an amazing ability to recreate the past in a way that convinces the reader of its accuracy. The psychology of his characters is rarely modernized; for one thing, he has a fine ear for speech, and he has been quite consciously careful to give to such characters as David Strang an appropriate manner of speaking.

> Whether you write fiction or whether you write history, if you're writing honestly you have to have a constant regard for the truth. I've always said that nobody has a greater regard for the truth than the honest writer of historical fiction, because he knows how one can be made to resemble the other. And it gives him a pretty sharp eye for what's false, or what is badly stated, in the record of the past.
>
> Of course the attitude of the critics has been largely brought about by what I might call the prostitutes of the historical novel, the writers of costume pieces. Kathleen Winsor, I suppose, is the outstanding example. Now she did make some study of England in the time of Charles the Second, the kind of clothes people wore, the houses they lived in, and so forth. But where she fell down, of course, was in her dialogue. The only way you can find out how people talked is to read the letters and diaries that they wrote, see how they spelled the words, because they're liable to spell them the way they pronounced them. And she hadn't bothered to do that. She had her people speaking a very stilted kind of language, that was never heard at one time in one place in England or anywhere else, and she gave it up after a few chapters and after that just had her characters talking straight Californese.
>
> Well, she had sex on every second page and the book was a tremendous success. But of course the whole thing was false, even though she had started out with some study of the time and the people. No: if you're going to interfere with the truth, with history, to the extent of introducing some fiction into it, you owe history something for the liberty you're taking, and that is, to make sure of your facts. Then your reader is not only going to be entertained by a story, but he's going to learn something true about the time of which you're writing.[8]

What is the final effect? What can the historical novel hope to do? Two things, I suggest: I have already discussed the first, the vivification, as it were, of history. In an interview he gave me some months ago, Raddall described the second aim of the historical novel in this way:

> It is interesting, and I think important, to go back over the past and not merely write a costume piece, but to deal with some phase of history where something important in human destiny was being worked out, and to study the lives of the people who were connected with it, and to bring out the small details of their lives which gradually led to these decisions, these actions. And in that way you can make clear to the ordinary reader why these things took place.

It is here, of course, that the historical novel uses its ability to see the past in the light of the present: it selects, from the welter of material which confuses any of us about the historical trends of our own era, those trends in the past which *did* in fact prevail; it makes clear what in the past constitutes the necessary and sufficient conditions for the situation in which we find ourselves in the present.

In the end, ought we not to drop the façades of rational analysis and admit that the books we admire are usually the books we love? We do not love books merely for their intellectual pleasure any more than we love women for their minds only. Raddall, as has already been noted, is loved in Nova Scotia; and the reason is certainly not that he follows brilliantly the principles of the classical historical novel. *Hangman's Beach* is nearly as popular as *His Majesty's Yankees*, but the later novel is not nearly so impressive a work of the historical imagination as the earlier. No: Raddall is loved because he expresses the feeling of Nova Scotians for their land, its history, its people; if he is romantic, so—in their way—are they. Nova Scotia, key to Canada in the French wars and the American Revolution, has history in the bones of its people, and it is that quality to which Raddall speaks.

If we in Canada are ever to know who we are, we will have to know how we got here. And the achievement of Raddall, it seems to me, is that more than anyone else he has dramatized for us the continuity between our present and our past, he has shown us the forces that shaped us. We call

these forces history; but, as Raddall never forgets, history is based on geography, on passion, on accident, and on destiny. In the last analysis, Raddall's command of the techniques of historical fiction is used to say something unfashionable but profound about his land and his people, and no doubt that is why they feel that he speaks for them. What man who has known and loved Nova Scotia can fail to be moved by the last words of *His Majesty's Yankees*?

> But our sons would never give themselves wholly to anything but this rocky homeland on the sea's edge, where life is a struggle that demands a man's utmost and will take no less, where beauty alone is bountiful, and only death comes easily; where courage springs from the eternal rock like the clear singing rivers, like the deep-rooted forest itself.

NOTES

1. Ernest Bernbaum, "The Views of the Great Critics on the Historical Novel," *PMLA XL* (1926), p. 440.
2. Quoted by Bernbaum, p. 438.
3. *Hours in a Library* (New York, 1875), p. 192.
4. *The Historical Novel* (1937), trans. Hannah and Stanley Mitchell (London, 1962), p. 19.
5. *His Majesty's Yankees* (1942) (Toronto: Popular Library, n.d.), p. 396.
6. *Roger Sudden* (Garden City, N. Y., 1944), p. 39.
7. *The Historical Novel*, p. 41.
8. Interview with Raddall at his home in Liverpool, N. S., August 26, 1968. I am very grateful to Dr. Raddall for his hospitality and kindness in the preparation of this essay.

LEAF-BURNING RITUAL

Derek Crawley

I am more alive for raking of dead leaves.
Blood and mind beat faster at this funeral rite
Of red flame standing in black ash
The dust of Fall still withering
In multi-coloured glory
The beauty of destruction.

Review Articles

Milton: A Tercentenary Stock-Taking

Habent sua fata libelli—"books have their own destinies." It is not often, however, that such a destiny includes the elaborate celebration of a three-hundredth anniversary, as was the case in 1967 with the tercentenary of the publication of *Paradise Lost*. The four-hundredth anniversary of the birth of Shakespeare had been celebrated in 1964 and the seven-hundredth birthday of Dante in 1965, but none of their individual works had ever met with large-scale commemorative recognition. Among the far-flung conferences of scholars in honour of Milton's epic, one may mention Canadian gatherings at the University of Western Ontario and the University of Alberta, a Southern California meeting at the Huntington Library, and an Anglo-American series of lectures at the University of York, England. Other recent volumes on Milton, unrelated to such conferences and lecture series, have also been published. During the decades 1920-50, an acid tide of denigration had burst the critical dikes and flooded over most of the ancient meadows, but more recent critical studies have done much to reclaim and sweeten the fields, at least for serious scholars. The lectures and articles of 1967, now becoming available in book form, are valuable as the latest survey of the re-emerging Miltonic terrain.

The conference at London, Ontario, has produced a five-lecture volume,* edited by Dr. Balachandra Rajan, head of the Department of English at the University of Western Ontario. Each lecturer was left free to choose his own topic, yet the result, if not clearly structured, is not wholly invertebrate. As the Foreword explains, "If the responses to Milton's poem which are printed in this collection reflect anything in common other than the poem itself, it is surely the presence of the Woodhouse tradition. . . . What the various papers in this book have in common is the firm recognition that the text does not stand alone but is illuminated by and illuminates a properly chosen context."

Roy Daniells' introductory essay, "A Happy Rural Seat of Various View", takes as its theme, "the pleasure of living in the Garden of Eden, the skill and care with which Milton has managed its aspect and its prospect, the

**Paradise Lost: A Tercentenary Tribute.* Edited by Balachandra Rajan. Toronto: University of Toronto Press, in Association with the University of Western Ontario, 1969. Pp. xi, 140. $5.00.

Soc.; with Magnolia Petroleum Co., 1939-42; Mayes-Bevan Co., 1946-50 when joined present Co.; later appld. Extve. Vice-Pres. and Gen. Mgr.; served in 2nd World War, Major, U.S. Army Engrs., 1942-46; Clubs: Calgary Golf & Country; Ranchmen's; Calgary Petroleum; Brook-Hollow Golf (Dallas); Home: 6128 Belvedere Road, Calgary, Alta.; Office: Suite 2840, Calgary Place Number One, 330 5th Ave. S.W., Calgary 1, Alta.

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RADDALL, Thomas Head, O.C. (1970), LL.D., Litt.D., F.R.S.C.; author; b. Hythe, Kent, Eng., 13 Nov. 1903; s. late Thomas Head, Sr., R.N. (Winnipeg Rifles, killed in action 1918) and Ellen (Gifford) R.; e. St. Leonard's Sch., Hythe, Eng.; Chebucto Sch., Halifax, N.S.; Halifax Acad.; Dalhousie Univ., LL.D. 1949; m. Edith Margaret, d. Frederick Freeman, Milton, N.S., 9 June 1927; children: Thomas, Frances; served as Bookkeeper for a N.S. pulp mill, 1923-27; Clerk, constr. co., 1928; Acct., newsprint paper mill, 1929-38; served as Wireless Offr. on various R.N. transport vessels and later Canada. Merchant Marine and E. Coast wireless stns., 1918-22; Lieut., Reserve Army, 1942-43; winner of Gov.-Gen's. Award for Candn. Lit., 1944, 48 and 57; awarded Lorne Pierce Medal by Roy. Soc. Can. for outstanding contrib. to Candn. Lit., 1956; Fellowship, Haliburton Soc., King's Coll., N.S., 1945; author of "Pied Piper of Dipper Creek", 1939; "His Majesty's Yankees", 1942; "Roger Sudden", 1944; "Tambour", 1945; "Pride's Fancy", 1946; "The Wedding Gift and Other Stories", 1947; "History of West Nova Scotia Regiment", 1948; "Halifax, Warden of the North", 1948; "The Nymph and The Lamp", 1950; "Tidefall", 1953; "A Muster of Arms", 1954; "The Wings of Night", 1956; "The Path of Destiny", 1957; "The Rover", 1958; "The Governor's Lady", 1959; "Hangman's Beach", 1966; "Footsteps On Old Floors", 1968; mem., Queens Co. Hist. Soc.; N.S. Hist. Soc.; Candn. Hist. Assn.; Royal Candn. Legion (Past Pres. Queen's Br.); United Church; recreations: hunting, fishing, golf; Home: 44 Parks St., Liverpool, N.S.

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RAE Robert; b. Toronto, Ont., 19 June 1890; s. John and Mary (Bullock) R.; e. Pub. Schs.; Toronto Tech. High Sch.; m. Mae Adelaide, d. Thomas Collins, Passaic Park, N.J., Nov. 1916; joined Dominion Bank 1906; held various jr. positions until apptd. Mgr. of a Montreal Br., 1919; Asst. Agent, New York, 1920, and Agent there, 1926; Mgr., Toronto, Ont. 1929; Asst. Gen. Mgr. 1931; Gen. Mgr. 1937; Vice-Pres., and Dir. 1942; President 1948; Vice-Chrmn., The Toronto-Dominion Bank, 1955-57; el. Pres., Candn. Bankers' Assn., 1948; Past Vice-Pres. for Ont., Candn. Chamber Comm.; mem., St. Andrews Soc.; Burns Soc.; Presbyterian; recreations: golf, fishing; Clubs: National; Granite; Home: 174 Warren Rd., Toronto, Ont.

Page 14

Mersey Quarterly

Summer, 1971

Ribbon Snake — This snake is closely related to our common Garter Snake, and in Canada is found only in southern Ontario and in southwestern Nova Scotia. It can be identified by its slender body and three bright yellow stripes. Very little is known about the distribution of this snake in Nova Scotia, and so far it has only been found in northern Queens County.

Red Eft — This amphibian is the immature land stage of the water-dwelling Red-spotted Newt. After spending two or three years on land, it migrates to water, where it transforms into an adult Newt. The Red Eft hibernates during our cold Nova Scotia winters.

Tiger Swallowtail Butterfly and Rhodora — This large colorful butterfly is common here in the late spring and early summer, and early arrivals sometimes feed on the spring flowers of the Rhodora plant, a member of the heath family that is characteristic of bogs and swamps.

Calapogon Orchid — One of the many colorful and fragile orchids that are protected in Kejimkujik National Park, the Calapogon is also called the "Grass Pink" orchid. It is one of the most characteristic plants of bogs in the western part of Nova Scotia, and in Kejimkujik it is found in bogs, swamps and on lakeshores.

Bullfrog — Our largest frog, the bullfrog is found throughout Nova Scotia, but appears to be most abundant in the general vicinity of the new Kejimkujik National Park. Their deep voice is a common evening sound during late spring, when they mate on the numerous lakes, rivers and bogs found in this area.

"IN THE LONG TERM THE FUTURE LOOKS SOUND"

Again we are approaching the midpoint of another year. So far it has been a most difficult year for our industry. We are reminded more than ever that we are part of a great international business and as such we are dependent on the various forces which affect world trade and all its complications.

Everywhere we read reports of adverse conditions in business, both in Canada and in the market areas we serve throughout the world. We are no longer isolated from events in other countries, for even here in Nova Scotia we form part of the fabric of international trade.

The business reports make dismal reading as we learn of production cutbacks, layoffs and poor corporate earnings. All this gives little encouragement to the prospective investor in our enterprise. But the greatest danger in these times is fear and panic. We must be quick to realize and deal with our problems, for they will require the patience, skill, ability, effort and wisdom of every one of us if we are to survive these difficult times. On the other hand, we must also be farsighted enough to realize that in the long term the future looks sound. The important thing is to keep our Company in a healthy and happy state if we want to enjoy the future when better conditions return.

It may be a good time to remember "a smooth sea never made a skilful mariner, neither do uninterrupted prosperity and success qualify for usefulness and happiness. The storms of adversity, like those of the ocean, rouse the faculties, and excite invention, prudence, skill, and fortitude of the voyager. The martyrs of ancient times, in bracing their minds to outward calamities, acquired a loftiness of purpose and a moral heroism worth a lifetime of softness and security."

So be of good cheer and enjoy this summer!

M. J. Green

Mersey Quarterly

BOWATERS MERSEY
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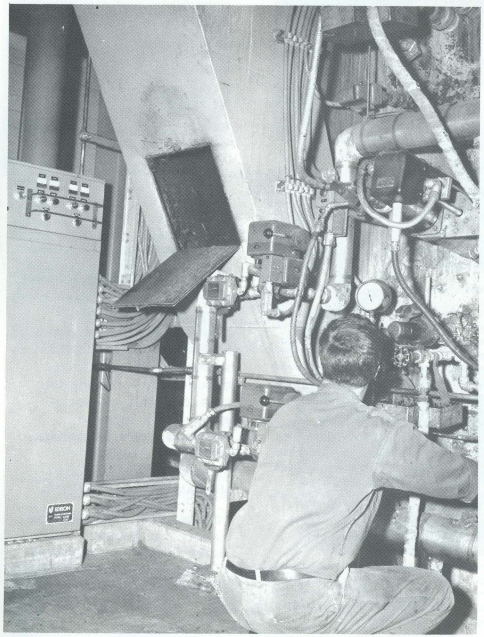
A PLAN FOR ACTION



The new No. 4 boiler is designed to burn bark from the Woodroom. It is fitted with a fly ash collector which has greatly reduced air contamination from the steam plant.

Considerable controversy has arisen over the environmental crisis, which has become one of the biggest issues in North American politics today. The Alarmists advocate that "we must either reduce the amount we consume or the numbers of consumers, until we establish an intelligent equilibrium with our environment". Industry and labour tend, on the other hand, to downgrade the seriousness of the problem because of the effects it could have on profit and employment. Between these two extremes must lie a reasonable approach.

Because of the significance and complexity of the subject, it is important that all Mersey employees are aware of the affect that the mill has on the ecology of the Liverpool area. Last year, M. G. Green, President and General Manager of Bowaters Mersey Paper Company, summarized the mill's environmental contamination problem for the Company's Board of Directors and informed them of our seven-phase programme for reducing the amount of contaminants from the mill. Though this programme has been modified subsequently, Mr. Green's presentation may be considered as Mersey's 'white paper' on environmental pollution.

One of the Washington Post's senior correspondents, Elsie Carper, was sent to Bowaters Mersey in January 1971 and wrote an objective report, which appeared in the Washington Post on January 31, analysing the problems that existed at Mersey. Her findings were little different than those which had been arrived at by Mersey's own Environmental Control Committee, under the chairmanship of G. W. Robinson, General Superintendent — Operations. The members of the Committee are: D. E. Rudolph, Assistant Chief Engineer, and F. S. Giffin, Mill Chemist.

Obviously, the first function of the Committee has been to define the problems. (It should be noted that a preliminary survey had been made by H. A. Paterson, then Mill Manager, in the early 1960's.) Environmental contamination from Bowaters Mersey falls under three basic headings: air and land pollution, and water contamination.

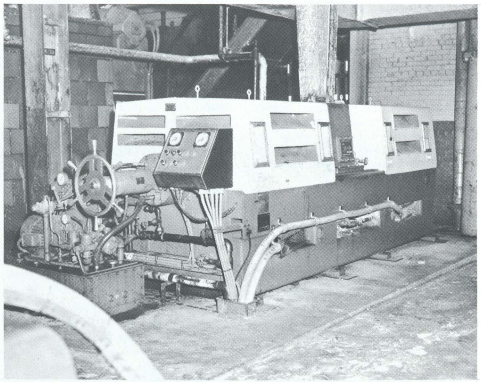
During the construction of the new steam plant in 1968, a fly ash collector was installed on No. 4 boiler, which virtually eliminated the 'fall-out' of fine wood ash — the residue from the bark burning system. A more difficult problem is the discharge of the cooking acid gas to the atmosphere. This results from releasing the pressure in a digester prior to 'blowing a cook'. Attempts have been made to condense this gas and to sewer it through the mill's main outfall. To date, these have been unsuccessful, though the problem continues to receive close attention and should be resolved shortly.

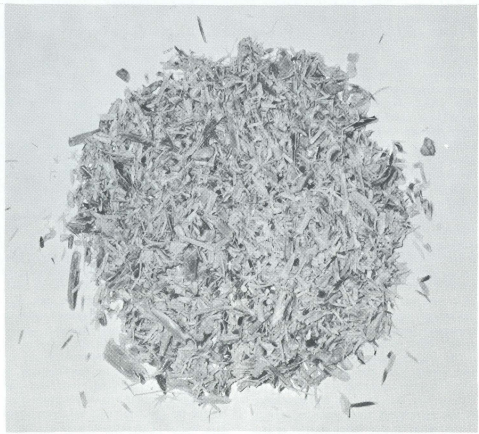
Land contamination by the newsprint mill results directly from water contamination, which will be discussed later. It should be remembered that the mill was built in 1929, during an era when little thought was given to the quality of the environment but rather emphasis was being placed on industrial investment and consequent employment. The construction and successful operation of the Mersey Paper Company revitalized the dying community of Liverpool. In those days part of the north western shoreline of the estuary of the Mersey River towards Liverpool was not badly littered. Today, this area has disappeared beneath banks of bark, wood and wood fibre which have been discharged from the mill for more than forty years. To these have been added silt and domestic sewerage from further up the Mersey River.

Like most other pulp and paper mills, Mersey's most serious environmental contamination problem is in the realm of water pollution. In order to put the problem in its true perspective it is necessary to use a few basic statistics. The mill uses in excess of 12,000,000 U.S. gallons of water daily from Herring Cove Lake Brook and then returns it to the sea, with approximately the same acidity as existed at its source. This is made up of 5.5 million gallons from the main sewer, 1 million gallons from the steam plant and about 3 million gallons from the Woodroom sewer. These outfalls contain suspended solids at the daily rate, in dry tons, as follows:

Bark fines — 10 tons
Mill screenings — 8 tons
White water loss — 2.5 tons
For a total of 20.5 tons a day.

In addition to this, 180 tons per day of dissolved solids from the sulphite mill are sewered to the harbour. This is a solution of sodium lignosulphanate or, in other





The new sulphite knot refiner system, which was installed in January 1971, will reclaim 4 tons per day of rejects from the sulphite knotter screens. These rejects (shown above) consist of large uncooked chips and knots from the sulphite mill, which are converted into pulp.

words, waste sulphite liquor. Though this figure sounds substantial, when viewed in the light of the physical dimension and chemical composition of Liverpool Bay, it is not too significant. It means that Mersey is adding sodium to the sea which already contains 10,561 ppm, at a rate of 0.51 ppm. The organic portion of spent sulphite liquor is oxidized in sea water and, if the action took place entirely within the harbour, this would result in a reduction of 0.86 ppm in available oxygen. However, because of the substantial effects of the tides, some of the oxidization occurs in the vast body of water beyond the Fairway Buoy.

No national nor Nova Scotian standards have yet been established by government to control the discharge of effluents. Work, however, has been progressing in this direction, for several meetings have been held between the appropriate government agencies and affected industries. The pulp and paper industry, too, has been active in seeking solutions. The sixth Pulp and Paper Air and Stream Improvement Conference was held in Quebec City on April 13 and was attended by D. W. Clark, Mill Manager; D. E. Rudolph, Assistant Chief Engineer, and H. R. Dobson, Control Superintendent. Amongst the many papers presented was one entitled 'National Effluents Standards'. These are being used as guidelines by Mersey's Environmental Control Committee, which has developed a three-phase plan for Mersey which will meet these standards. The standards will allow Mersey to discharge, as suspended solids, 1.24 percent of its production. Based on a production of 513 tons a day, the acceptable level will be 6.4 tons per day.

Before going into the details of the Committee's proposals, it is worth considering what positive steps Mersey has already taken to reduce the amount of solids that it had been sewering. In 1962 the construction of the broke storage tank allowed substantial quantities of stock to be stored and re-used rather than being discharged through the sewer, as had happened previously. In 1969 the bull screen reject reclaim system was installed in the chipper room to utilize the rejects and slivers from the groundwood mill, which had been sewered at the rate of 4.5 tons per day. As a result of the installation of this equipment, three tons per day of this material are now being ground up in a hog and used in the manufacture of sulphite pulp. In January 1971, a sulphite knot refiner was installed to reclaim rejects from the sulphite knotter screens at a rate of 4 tons per day. The equipment started operations on a part-time basis, though modifications to it are being made and it is expected that soon it will be in continuous, efficient operation.

The three-stage proposals of the Environmental Control Committee would reclaim up to 80 percent (or 8 tons a day) of the bark fines which would go to the bark press and thence to the steam plant for burning. The water from the screening system and from the bark press would be recycled and would be used for drum showers, drum drain sluicing, etc. Stage one, which will remove approximately 35 percent or 3.5 tons per day of bark fines, involves the installation of two Esco triple screw drainers and auxiliary equipment. Stage two entails the installation of Bauer 606 Centri-cleaners and auxiliary equipment, for a further reduction of 45 percent or 4.5 tons per day. The third stage would be to thicken the solid material from stage two for addition to the bark press feed.

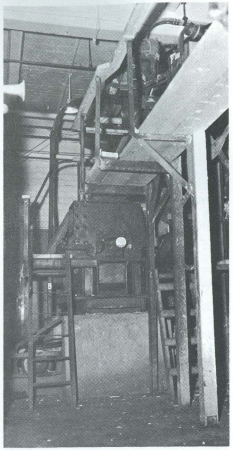
In addition to this, the Committee foresees the possibility of an interim bark storage pile in the block pile area. It questions the ability of the present bark press to deal with the additional load. The present bark press has not been too satisfactory in the past and has been incapable of sufficient water removal during prime barking periods.

Under the Committee's proposal, the drainers, centri-cleaners, DSM screens and auxiliary equipment, as well as the bark press, would be used to handle the waste solids from other areas in the mill. From these, the water would be squeezed by the bark press and they would then proceed to the steam plant for burning. The end result of these installations will be the reduction of suspended solids in the mill effluent to acceptable levels.

The problem of dissolved solids is much more complex and has not yet received close scrutiny by the Environmental Control Committee. The proposed national standards will require more than a 50 percent reduction in biological oxygen demand (B.O.D.) by paper mills which also manufacture sulphite pulp. Presently, in light of the limited technology in this field, the solution is not a simple one. For Mersey to reduce these dissolved solids to acceptable levels would involve a capital expenditure probably in the order of 10 million dollars. This investment would not generate any revenue for the Company. It should be remembered, too, that the Company's average annual net profit after tax for the last five years has been about $1.7 million. This estimate assumes that it would be necessary for Mersey to change the chemical base of its sulphite process from Sodium to magnesium; to install settlement lagoons in which its effluent could be subjected to biological treatment by bacteria.

The harmful effects on industry which could be caused by such a forced outlay of capital could have a disastrous impact on employment. Consequently, the United Papermakers and Paperworkers AFL-CIO, CLC presented, on behalf of its 150,000 members working in the paper industry in the United States and Canada, to all levels of government in the two countries, its position on air and water pollution control measures in the paper and allied products industry. The union pointed out that, "Unreasonable action which eliminates employment opportunities in the industry even if limited to a relatively small percentage of all firms will therefore have a significantly adverse economic impact on many thousands of workers and families, and upon their communities".

Despite claims of the deleterious effects that the dissolved solids are having on the aquatic life in the Mersey estuary, these dissolved solids, because they are being released to such a large body of cold water, which is flushed twice daily by the action of the Atlantic tides, do not seem to be causing too much harm. Miss Carper, in her article in the Washington Post, states,



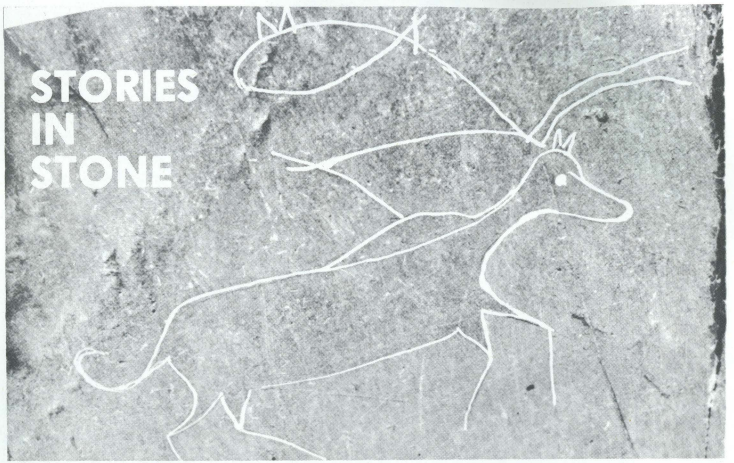
The installation of the bull screen reject-reclaim system in 1967 has resulted in 3 tons per day of slivers and coarse fibres from the groundwood mill being reclaimed for use in the sulphite plant. With some modifications to the system, a further 1.5 tons can be reclaimed daily.

Bull Screen Rejects

"No official survey has been made of water quality in the Bay but there has been no apparent effect on fish life, a good barometer of pollution. The best spot for catching pollock, cod and mackerel is the Breakwater, a quarter of a mile below the mill, according to Joseph Forbes, Protection Officer for the Canadian Department of Fisheries and Forestry". In spite of this, the Company is considering the possibility of an ecological survey to assess the amount and effects of pollution in Liverpool Bay.

The pulp and paper industry, which has for years been the mainstay of the Canadian economy, recognizes that it has been one of the major polluters of the environment and many individual companies have outlined the action planned to remedy their individual problems. Already the industry has reduced suspended solids by about 60 percent in recent years in spite of almost a 30 percent increase in production. The Honourable Jack Davis, Minister — designate for the new Department of the Environment, has "acknowledged that new pollution control standards to be introduced will bring added costs at a time the industry in Canada is in difficulty, but stated that ultimately and inevitably these new costs will be passed on to the consumer who in effect will be paying for a cleaner environment". A more positive approach would be to give consideration to tax incentives to encourage action by the industry in Canada, which presently pays substantially higher corporate taxes than its competitors in the United States and Scandinavia. Rather than be opportunists and yield to the political pressures from the Alarmists, it will be necessary for government to exercise statesmanship when setting national effluent standards, and consider financial relief to industries to meet them, so that we can 'learn how to handle science and especially technology and make sure it is put to good use, not only to develop new and more profitable products and minimize pollution, but to develop a good quality of life for the 3½ billion people in our amazing world'.

STORIES IN STONE



An early MicMac drawing showing a deer and in the upper portion a fish.

By R. B. Dobson
National and Historic Parks Service

The "Fairy Rocks" area of Kejimkujik Lake in the new National Park contains the largest known collection of petroglyphs, or rock etchings, in Nova Scotia. There are others also, located in the park and on the Medway River, but the Fairy Rocks are the best known and most accessible.

Along the beach in this area are ledges of slate rock. The slate, which has been the 'blackboard' for the etchings, was polished smooth by the powerful glaciers of the last Ice Age about 10,000 years ago. If you look very closely on the rocks you can find these stories in stone.

It is impossible to date accurately most of the petroglyphs, however, they can be grouped by subject matter into approximate periods. The earliest and most difficult to find are those done by MicMacs, and depicting such subjects as legends, daily life and habits, and designs. Later etchings with French designs and names were perhaps done by Acadians, reputed to have stayed at Kejimkujik for a few years after their exile in 1755. Loggers and river-drivers in the early 1800's added many fine designs of sailing ships. Early settlers and more recent visitors usually etched only their names and dates.

MicMac designs — There is no real evidence to determine whether or not these etchings were made before the arrival of the earliest French missionaries. However, they are believed to have been made prior to the beginning of the 18th century, at that time the Kejimkujik Lake was at the centre of one of the most used MicMac canoe routes. Subjects etched by the MicMacs include legends such as the "Myth of Atosis", native animals, fishing from canoes, and MicMac medicine lodges. Most, however, depict women's headgear, emphasizing to a great extent the decorations and patterns.

French names and designs — There is no concrete evidence yet to state that the exiled Acadians visited this area, except for the existence of these French designs and two old legends, which are as follows: "The presence of French names and styles of art is explained by a story which was communicated by Louis Labrador, whose great-grandfather, old Ledore, according to his account, guided a body of French Acadians who, at the time of the expulsion, were not shipped off with the majority. They escaped the English in 1756 and travelled from the valley of Annapolis to Shelburne, at the extreme southeast of the peninsula. During that passage they halted for a considerable time to recruit in the beautiful valley along the Kejimkujik Lake, on the very ground where these markings appear, which was also on the ancient Indian trail".

Many of the rock drawings have been destroyed by modern etchings.

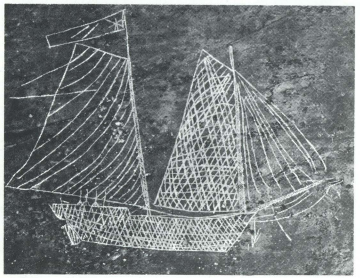
"Another local tradition, told by a resident of the neighbourhood, gives a still earlier date for the French work. He says that after the capture of Port Royal, in 1710, a party of the defeated Frenchmen, with a number of Indians as guides, went with their cattle to the wide meadows upon Kejimkujik Lake and remaining there for a long time. It is exceedingly probable that the French would have been attracted to scratch on this fascinating smooth slate surface whether they had observed previous markings or not".

English names — These are the most obvious and numerous. Often they are etched over top of the MicMac and other older etchings. The most common subject is the detailed sailing ships which seem so out of place here in the lakes and woodlands of the interior. After the forests of the coastal areas were depleted, the loggers moved upstream to the river banks and lakeshores, where White Pine and other species thrived. They probably began cutting in the Kejimkujik area in the early 1800's. The early loggers used the rivers as roads, just as the MicMacs before them. Each spring at break-up the logs were driven down river to the waiting mills, and perhaps while waiting out a storm the loggers camped beside Fairy Rocks. Here, perhaps with ship's tools, they carved the intricate sailing ships that they knew and dreamed of.

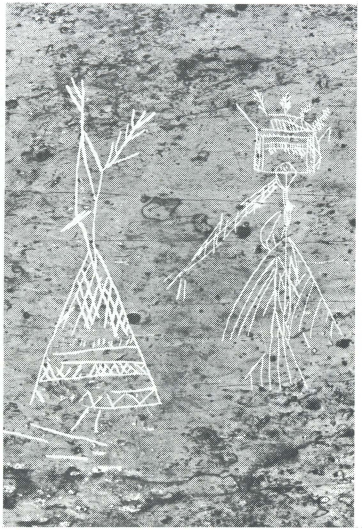
The nearby farming communities of New Grafton and Maitland Bridge were first settled in the early 1820's, and a few farmers, whose descendents still live on the original homesteads, also left their names inscribed in stone.

By the turn of the 20th century, this area was becoming famous as a country abounding with majestic moose and speckled trout, two trophies which attracted sportsmen from afar. They also added some of their names and dates on the now countless scratches and designs on the Fairy Rocks.

The story of the exploration and recording of the Fairy Rock petroglyphs is a fascinating one which began in 1873. That year James F. More published his book "The History of Queens County, Nova Scotia". Following is a quote from this book: "The county line skirts a small pond or lake attached to Cegemacaga Lake (Kejimkujik) called Fairy Lake, at the outlet of this lake the county line passes over what is called the Fairy Rocks, — these rocks are of a reddish brown slate, and on which numerous names had been cut, some dating in the year 1824; there are also some rude Indian representations of animals, birds, etc., etc. The rocks being soft and porous, these marks have been very much obliterated by the rains and ice." This reference caught the eye of Mr. George Creed, of South Rawdon. It aroused his curiosity and he subsequently visited the Fairy Rocks to see the etchings in 1882. He was not disappointed, and spent the following few years trying to interest professional archaeologists in this area, finally succeeding when



This particular drawing was probably scratched on the rock's surface in the early 1800's.

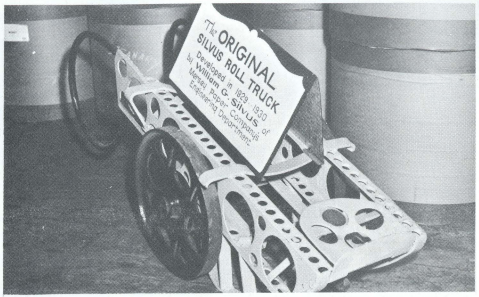


Ancient art showing Indian headpieces.

Col. Mallery of the famous Smithsonian Institute agreed to travel to Nova Scotia. In 1887 and 1888 Creed and Mallery visited sites and painstakingly recorded over 300 petroglyphs, finding over 2,000. Creed's work represents the most extensive ever attempted at the Fairy Rocks, and his original copies are on file at the Historial Branch of the Nova Scotia Museum in Halifax.

After Creed and Mallery no persons became more than casually interested in the petroglyphs until the 1940's, when Dr. and Mrs. Arthur Kelsall of Annapolis Royal began to spend their vacations at Kejimkujik. They also were intrigued by a reference to the petroglyphs in the "Dominion Illustrated" of October 13, 1888, an article of Creed's. Kelsalls, believing Creed's original copies to be lost, began a time-consuming photographic recording process in 1944, continuing on an irregular basis until about 1955. Meanwhile, Kelsalls' interest had caused Creed's original copies to be "rediscovered" in the dusty files of the Nova Scotia Museum, and the Kelsalls were able to check the results of sixty years of weathering. They found that natural processes had done very little to the etchings, although many of the older ones had recent man-made scratches superimposed.

Presently, the research of the Fairy Rocks is moving into a new period. The National Parks Service has recognized the irreplaceable value of these petroglyphs, and is affording them the protection they deserve. In the summer of 1970 work by two archaeological students commenced on the detailed mapping of all petroglyph sites in the Park. Plans for the summer of 1971 include a more intensive programme for recording in detail as many of the older Fairy Rock petroglyphs as time permits.

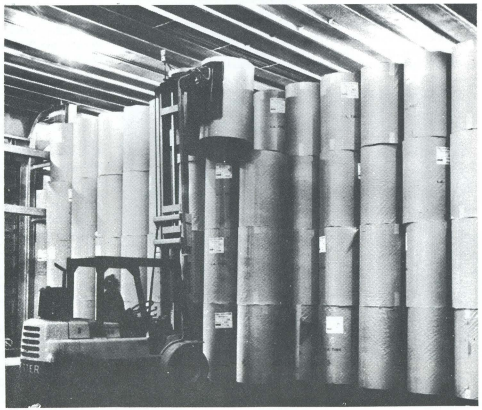


The original Silvus truck. A modified version is now widely used in the newsprint industry.

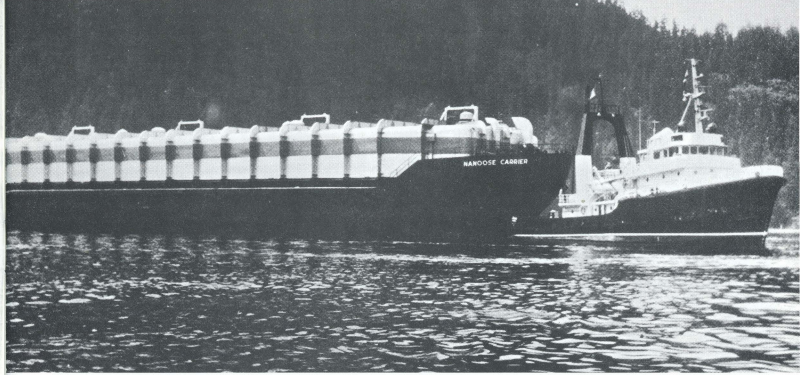
NEWSPRINT TRANSPORTATION IN THE FUTURE

Captain E. M. More

The transportation of newsprint has been of keen interest to Bowaters Mersey from the very origin of the mill. The old Mersey Paper Company was probably the leader in what could be termed modern newsprint transportation by building the T.S.S. "Markland" which, as far as we know, was the first ship solely designed for the transportation of newsprint. The ship was built as close as possible to resemble a warehouse by building a wide trunk deck on top of the main deck in order to gain extra space. This idea was possible due to the fact that newsprint per cubic foot weighed generally less than a cubic foot of general cargo. The designers were so anxious to gain cubic space that the crew's living quarters were very different from the ordinary cargo vessel, and we who sailed in her always claimed that the architects suddenly realized it was necessary to have a crew and their quarters were put on as an afterthought.



A vacuum lift truck loading rolls of newsprint (four tiers high) in a barge.



Barges are used extensively on the west coast to transport newsprint.

In the early 1950's, the original "Markland" was becoming outdated and the Mersey Paper built the new T.S.S. Markland, which was probably the most modern newsprint carrier of her time. Incidentally, this ship is still afloat and used primarily in the newsprint and pulp trade on the East Coast of North America.

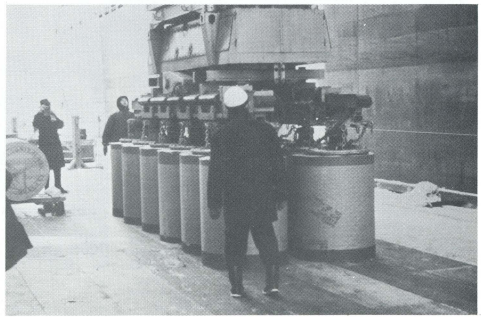
In the mid 1950's, Bowater Steamship Company built a fleet of newsprint carriers specifically designed for the business. These ships, as you know, are still being used by the Bowater Organization.

Prior to the Bowater ships, the mill at Corner Brook used two ships called the "Humber Arm" and the "Corner Brook". These ships were similar to regular merchant ships, especially fitted to carry newsprint.

The Mersey Paper Company led again in the handling of newsprint by the invention of a special handtruck to stow newsprint on end in holds of ships, warehouses and railcars. This handtruck was called the Silvus Truck and was invented by William Silvus of the old Mersey Paper Engineering Department. The truck in a modified version became extensively used in the newsprint industry.

In the late 1950's and early 60's, the weight of individual rolls of newsprint increased from 1400 to 1800 and 2000 lbs. This brought up a problem in the discharge of newsprint which was formerly accomplished by breaking rolls over in holds of ships simply by manpower. A wooden plug with rope attached was placed in the roll core at top. The roll was then pulled over by hand onto suitable mats. The additional weight of rolls caused severe crimping and splitting damage during the breaking over process, which was objectional to pressrooms. In order to solve this problem, a small electric clamp machine was installed on the S.S. "Nicholas Bowater" and used up and down the Atlantic seaboard to prove to the various stevedoring companies that turning rolls over by clamp machine was a feasible method of discharge in holds of ships. The Robinson Terminal Warehouse Corporation in Alexandria, Va., was already using clamp machines in holds of ships. Therefore, the practicability of this type of discharge was confirmed. Due partly to the efforts of Bowater, the handling of newsprint by clamp machine and vacuum truck is now with few exceptions generally used in North America and the industry as a whole.

New methods of shipping by water have been and are being developed, namely barge, sideport ship and large bulk carriers. MacMillan Bloedel has initiated a system of one tug and three barges to transport their newsprint from the mill at Port Albernie on Vancouver Island to San Francisco and Los Angeles, the main idea



A Munck vacuum is ready to lift a load of twelve rolls of newsprint.

being one barge loading at mill, one barge travelling, and the third barge discharging. The barges represent a great deal of thought and ingenuity. They are capable of lifting about 7200 short tons of newsprint each. The barge remaining at the mill is used as a warehouse. Newsprint is removed, twelve rolls at a time, by dolly directly from wrapping platform to inside the barge where it is picked off and stowed in place on the barge. The newsprint is not moved from the stowed position until it is discharged at either Los Angeles or San Francisco. The barges are towed by a powerful tug, using a Hawser between tug and barge; the barge of course is unmanned, the anchor, ballast pumps, lights, etc., are controlled by wireless from the tug. We in the Maritimes will soon have an opportunity to watch this new type of newsprint transportation as MacMillan Bloedel is planning to ship newsprint from St. John, New Brunswick to the East Coast of the United States. It will be interesting to watch how the system works with our weather conditions and comparatively shallow water.

Sideport ships used for transporting newsprint are being developed in Europe by the Scandinavians. They can be loaded by conveyors directly from the pier or warehouse. With a full cargo they can travel at about 15 knots. The level of sideport as compared with apron of wharf is controlled by a very sophisticated system of ballasting. The writer understands that when newsprint rolls arrive aboard ship by the conveyor, they are put in stowage by a system of clamp trucks and elevators. The success of this operation may open up a new line of thought in the loading and discharging of newsprint. A sideport ship used on the Great Lakes is the package freighter "Fort William" which has a tween deck completely free from obstruction with eight sideport doors that can be used to carry newsprint by clamp machine directly from wharf to stowage in ship. The clamp machines move in one door and proceed out the other with no interruption. You can imagine the efficiency possible. The lower hold in the "Fort William" is serviced by elevators. This type of ship is confined to the Great Lakes and the St. Lawrence River only.

The large general cargo ships used in the newsprint trade are capable of lifting eighteen thousand tons or more in one cargo. These ships are loaded with Munck Gantry cranes using Munck vacuum lifts which can load or discharge twelve rolls of newsprint at one time. Corner Brook has loaded some newsprint for Australia on this type of ship; the operation, although showing potential, was not overly successful in the fact that the vacuum pads were not too reliable unless the wrapping around the roll was practically air leak proof. However, in the not too distant future, the head vacuum idea should come into its own and be widely used.

The new lash system ships are really a breakthrough for the future. The ship itself is 820 feet long and capable of a service speed of 22.5 knots. The ships have a 500 ton capacity crane which can lift barges 61 feet 6 inches long by 31 feet 2 inches wide with 370 long tons of cargo on board. These barges — all 73 of them — can be lifted over stern and carried by the gigantic crane to appropriate position in hold of ship. The barges can carry about 300 tons of newsprint each. The system is basically a mother ship which awaits at a suitable port to load barges that have previously been loaded. She then proceeds to another port, probably near a river with canal systems where the barges are lowered into the water and towed to their various destinations. This is a terrifically expensive setup and requires great coordination to operate. Up to now, we understand the system is successful, but in a few years' time, we will know if it will prove itself the same as the container ship idea which has been adopted as a means of transportation for general cargo direct from supplier to customer.

Another new concept of shipping is the tug-barge combination where the tug is locked firmly into the barge and acts very much as an outboard motor on a small boat. The idea has great possibilities in saving on transportation cost.

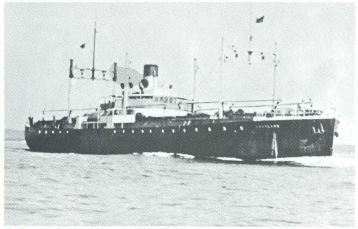
Transportation by rail has improved immensely in the last fifteen or twenty years. Much research and development has been put into the development of railcars for the carrying of newsprint.

Previous to the development of fifty and sixty foot cars with hydro-cushioned, shock-absorbing connections, the transportation of newsprint by rail was very hazardous in that many carloads of newsprint suffered severe damage during movement from mill to customer. This damage was caused primarily in rail yards or marshalling yards where the cars received rough treatment. When a car was shunted into a line of cars, there was little chance of taking up the shock. Therefore, it was like hitting a stone wall. You can imagine what would happen to the newsprint if the shunt was made at excessive speed.

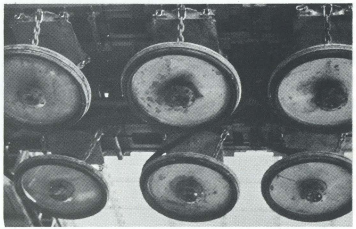
These barges — all 73 of them — can be lifted over stern and carried by the gigantic crane to appropriate position in hold of ship. The barges can carry about 300 tons of newsprint each. The system is basically a mother ship which awaits at a suitable port to load barges that have previously been loaded. She then proceeds to another port, probably near a river with canal systems where the barges are lowered into the water and towed to their various destinations. This is a terrifically expensive setup and requires great coordination to operate. Up to now, we understand the system is successful, but in a few years' time, we will know if it will prove itself the same as the container ship idea which has been adopted as a means of transportation for general cargo direct from supplier to customer.

The rail movement has improved in carrying capacity of railcars. In the change from 40 to 50 and 60 foot cars, which now can be double-tiered, a carrying capacity varying anywhere from 34 rolls in 40 foot cars to about 106 rolls in 60 foot cars can be achieved.

The writer has attempted to give a general idea of the transportation of newsprint along with the progress and development of shipping. Needless to say, the subject is actively being progressed so as to combat the ever increasing cost which makes the saving of time and handling of the essence.



The first T.S.S. Markland was, as far as we can determine, the first ship designed especially for the transportation of newsprint.



Six vacuum pads are used by one type of Munck vacuum lift.

NOVA SCOTIA'S WILD LIFE PARK

Canada Geese are just one of dozens of species of common and rare water fowl found in the Park.

The animals and birds housed at Nova Scotia's Shubenacadie Wildlife Park draw several hundred thousand visitors each year — from every province and territory of Canada, from throughout the United States, as well as from many other countries of the world.

While walking along the Park's well-trodden paths, one can see pheasants, cranes, peacocks, owls, ducks, geese, swans and even a bald eagle. The animals there include deer, moose, caribou, rabbits, porcupines, sheep, otters, fishers, minks, wolverines, seals, bears, foxes, raccoons, skunks, lynx, bobcats, cougars, badgers, possums, martens and black squirrels.

The Park began under humble circumstances during the Spring of 1950 when the Department of Lands and Forests built one small pen for rearing pheasants for release throughout the province. Next year more pheasants were reared and the number of pens increased. Seeing the success of the project, Nova Scotians started to bring in abandoned and injured animals, such as raccoons, and fox cubs. During 1951 and 1952 more animals were added and soon the Park was well stocked with most of the animals native to Nova Scotia.

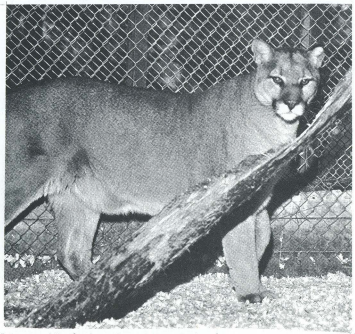
The Superintendent, Eldon R. Pace, was associated with the Park from its beginning. During the first year of operation he was kept busy rearing pheasants but, as the number of animals and birds increased, he and the Department of Lands and Forests realized the potential of a public park and built additional pens and cages. When the park was officially opened in 1954, it comprised approximately ten acres of fields, woods and ponds. It has expanded ever since and now consists of roughly two hundred acres.

As the Park's Superintendent, Eldon's main interest and concern has been the welfare of the animals and birds — a responsibility he

This young Arctic Fox seems to be enjoying all the attention he gets.

has exercised to the full. He has enjoyed the successes — such as seeing newly hatched ducklings take to the water for the first time — and has suffered the hardships of animal care — such as maintaining long vigils beside a mother too long in labour. As the Park has grown, he is forced to spend more time acquiring new species; maintaining the Park's facilities and caring for the needs of the visiting public.

The Park obtains new birds and animals mostly through an exchange programme with other zoos and animal dealers. The Calgary Zoo and the Alberta Game Farm are the Park's main sources of animals in Canada, while an animal dealer is used to obtain animals and birds from the United States. Through the exchange programme, the Park has acquired birds and animals exotic to Nova Scotia and in several cases not native to North America.



Largest North American cat, variously called the Puma, Cougar or Mountain Lion, paces regally past its clawing log.

The Wildlife Park is not only for display purposes but also conducts various experiments, especially in releasing, to the wild, birds and animals bred in captivity. One of the rarer types of waterfowl in captivity is the Brant, the smallest species of wild goose. A few years ago, Eldon, with some friends, made a trip to Coral Harbour, South Hampton Island, in the North West Territories in search of this rare bird. During his month long trip he caught twenty-six young goslings which he brought home and reared to maturity. They have since nested successfully. Shubenacadie is the first zoo in the world to breed Ring-necked ducks in captivity. During the 1950's this duck was becoming increasingly rare in Nova Scotia. In 1959, Eldon discovered in Pictou County his first Ring-necked duck's nest. He took the eggs to the Park where they were successfully hatched in the Park's hatchery. In 1961, the ducks nested for the first time and have been rearing young each year ever since. It is interesting to note that both the Brant and the Ring-necked ducks, bred in the Park, are able to fly in and out at will.

Several years ago, wood ducks were almost extinct in the province. In an attempt to increase the population, the Department of Lands and Forests acquired six pairs for breeding stock for

Woodland Caribou mother fondly nurses newborn calf. In common with wild Caribou, she is shedding heavy winter coat.

Shubenacadie. As a result of a number of releases, they are now fairly common throughout Nova Scotia. In the wild, wood ducks usually nest eight to twelve feet above the ground in hollow trees. To provide a similar environment in the Park, Eldon has constructed small wooden boxes and has them attached to trees eight to twelve feet above ground. The wood ducks immediately accepted this substitute.

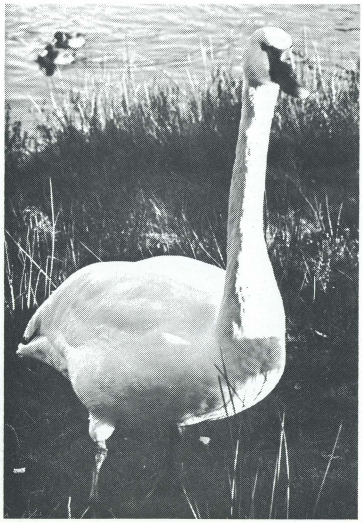
Many of the animals at the Park have a history. In the early years most of the animals brought to the Park were in a sickly condition. This was particularly true of moose, all of which died within a few months of arrival, although constant care and treatment were given them. Finally in the Spring of 1956, what appeared to be a healthy young bull, was brought in. After being there a few days, it was discovered that a hind leg had been injured during capture. Veterinarians were called in and after ten days of intensive care, the leg began to heal. Eldon then tried to obtain a mate. Through the kindness of the Department of Lands and Mines of New Brunswick, a female was obtained and it calved in the Spring of 1961. Moose

have successfully been raised and the descendants of the original pair can be seen today at the Park.

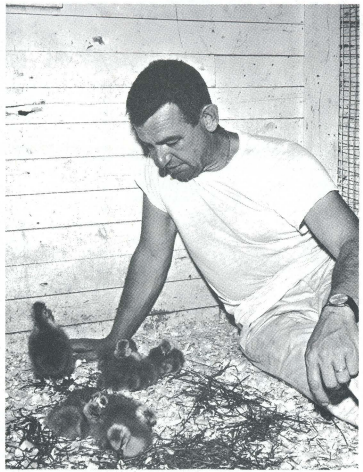
The layout of the Park itself is very interesting. The deer, caribou, moose and sheep are allowed to run free within fenced in areas. Predatory animals are caged only out of necessity. Only a few ducks and geese are confined to the ponds, whilst most have their freedom. Where possible, Eldon has tried to duplicate the natural environment of many animals. For example, as some of the sheep come from very rocky slopes, mounds of rocks twelve to twenty feet high have been built for the sheep to climb on in order to keep them healthy and their hooves in excellent condition.

Although the birds and animals are wild, they do not seem to mind the presence of humans walking through the Park. Many will try to gain the attention of visitors and one in particular is the peacock, which freely displays for the public by fanning his tail — a truly impressive sight.

Although deer are common throughout Nova Scotia, at the Park, they are of particular interest to visitors. Eldon Pace is most interested in a recent occurrence. Of the many fields close to the Wildlife Park, the wild deer were tending one in particular. Being curious, he took a sample of sod and soil from the field and a sample from a nearby field and placed them in the deer pen one evening. The next morning the sample from the field was gone completely, while the sample from the other field was left untouched. Eldon is now planning on getting a sample of soil from the outside field and having it analyzed by the Department of Lands and Forests. It should prove very interesting to see what attracted the deer.



Once nearly extinct, the majestic Trumpeter Swan is making a comeback.



Park Superintendent, Eldon Pace, relaxes with some feathered friends he is raising.

House cats are becoming an increasing nuisance. They not only spread mange but kill small animals. They thwarted the first attempt to keep gophers at the Park. Initially, the gophers were doing very well, but last year Eldon finally caught thirteen housecats only after they had very successfully disposed of the gophers. However, the Park does not easily give up an attempt to introduce a new species and, at present, another dozen gophers are on order.

Since the Park was officially opened in 1954, it has continued to expand. More land has been developed to house the growing collection of animals. Additional facilities, which include parking areas, toilets and picnic tables, have been built for the public; still no entry fee is charged.

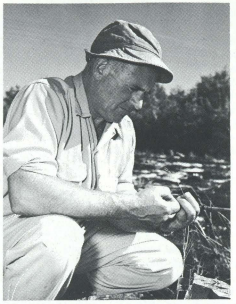
The recreational and educational value of the park is immense. Tourists observe many forms of wildlife at close range which they would never see in the wild. Some of the reasons for which people come to the Park are amazing. Eldon is quick to tell of some hunters who called at the Park dressed in full hunting clothes, carrying high-powered rifles, and who had walked straight past a deer pen to find an attendant. In all sincerity they asked to be shown a deer so they would know what to shoot while out in the woods.

Shubenacadie Wildlife Park is known throughout the world by naturalists for its successful programme of breeding wildlife in captivity. To tourists it shows birds and animals that come from many parts of the world. To visit the Park is a must for all people who love and appreciate the wonders of wildlife.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Eldon finds it very difficult to obtain young otters and would be very appreciative if some of our readers could assist him in this endeavour.

GREAT STORIES TO TELL

For many years, Dr. Raddall spent mornings and evenings at his writing. During the afternoons he would spend part of his time either hunting or fishing, whichever was in season.



Since Thomas Haliburton published his "Sam Slick" stories in 1837, Thomas Raddall is the first author whose books about Nova Scotia and its people were published and read widely abroad, as well as at home. Dr. Raddall began his career as a full-time author in 1938 and brought fame not only to himself, but to his hometown of Liverpool, Nova Scotia and to the Canadian nation.

Dr. Raddall, better known in his hometown as Tom, came to Nova Scotia from England in 1913, when his father transferred from the English to the Canadian Army. His family life was upset by the First Great War. His father was killed in the Battle of Amiens in 1918, and the previous year, his mother had been seriously injured in the Halifax Explosion, when a ship load of munitions, destined for Europe exploded and destroyed a large part of the city.

Giving his age as eighteen, although he was only 15, Tom enlisted in the Merchant Service and trained as a wireless operator, serving on the transports "War Karma" and "Prince George". After his discharge, he served in the Canadian Merchant Marine for four years and was then posted to shore duty on Sable Island, "The Graveyard of the Atlantic", where he spent a year. This deserted outpost did not appeal to him at all, but as he says, "I learned to ride the wild ponies on the island and learned to swim". Later, it provided the setting for his most successful novel, "The Nymph and The Lamp".

After the Sable Island episode, he studied accounting in a Halifax business school, coming to Queens County to work for the MacLeod Pulp Mill in Milton after he graduated. He became enhanced with the beauty of the South Shore and explored the forests of Mersey water shed at every opportunity. During his journeys along the Mersey River, he came in close contact with loggers, river drivers and MicMac Indians. He had always been fascinated by the tales which these people had to tell and became very interested in the MicMacs. In fact, he became so interested in the Indians that he learned to speak their language so he could listen to their great stories. These years added to his previous experiences at sea to give him material for his future career as a writer.

Tom married Edith Freeman in 1927, but found his pay inadequate to support a wife, so he began experimenting with writing short stories to supplement his income. His first was sent to MacLean's magazine and was accepted, but as he says, "It was written to their specifications or slant", and this was not his thought in writing at all. He wanted to write about Nova Scotians in his own style which would be descriptive of the people of whom he was writing. He did just this in his next few stories, but they were continually rejected by MacLean's. So Tom tossed them in a drawer and went on with his job as an accountant.

In the spring of 1929, he came to Mersey. His official title was Cashier but as he says, "Handling the cash was only a small part of my job. I was handling the sales ledger and all the woods accounts and a dozen and one things". However, he continued writing short stories in his spare time and was doing fairly well. In fact, he had reached a point where he had to give up something. Approaching his boss, Tom Ratchford, he told him that he was leaving his job for a literary career. This horrified Ratchford, as there had been very few Canadian authors living in Canada and writing about Canada who had ever been able to make a go of it.

Raddall launched his career at the worst possible time, 1938. The after-effects of the Depression were still obvious. He says, "I couldn't have picked a worse time to throw up a steady job, but I knew it had to be then or never, so I did it and I had a rough time for several years".

Though his savings dwindled during the next few years, the Saturday Evening Post started to publish his stories. Other stories, which had been rejected by MacLean's, were being published in Blackwood's Magazine in England. His fame as an author was growing. Two leading American historical novelists — Colonel Theodore Roosevelt, Jr. and Kenneth Roberts, became interested in Raddall's historical short stories and persuaded Tom to write an historical novel on Nova Scotia during the American Revolution. "His Majesty's Yankees" was his first historical novel but it only had a fair sale, so he had to return to writing short stories to keep himself out of financial binds. However, he was determined to succeed as a novelist and wanted to tell the stories of the foundation of Halifax, the seige of Louisbourg and of the Liverpool Privateers. During the next few years, he wrote 'Roger Sudden', 'Pride's Fancy' and 'Halifax, Warden of the North' and became known as an author whose books were worth reading.

This silver tray, which was presented to Dr. Raddall when he separated from Mersey, shows the esteem in which he was held by his immediate associates, as well as the managers at Mersey. The, inscription in the centre of the tray reads, "Presented to Thomas Head Raddall in appreciation of his cooperation and good fellowship and to signify that in severing his business connection to embark upon a literary career he carries with him the highest esteem and utmost goodwill of his associates and Mersey Paper Company Limited. Dated February 1929 until April 1938."

"The Nymph and The Lamp" has been the most successful of Raddall's novels. It has sold between six and seven hundred thousand copies throughout the English speaking world and has been published in foreign translation in every country in Europe, west of the Iron Curtain. It has also been made into a television play. At the present time, it is under option to a Hollywood group, who are considering making it into a movie.

Dr. Thomas Raddall has been acclaimed as one of Canada's great authors. He has received honorary Doctor of Laws Degrees from Dalhousie and Doctor of Literature from St. Mary's Universities, and in 1953, was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society of Canada. In 1956, he received the Society's Gold Medal for Distinguished Service to Canadian Literature. The Silver Medallion of the Governor General's award, given annually for the best Canadian books of the year, came to him in 1944, 1948 and 1957. In 1971, he was awarded the Service Medal of the Order of Canada, which is the country's senior medal below the Victoria Cross and George Medal.

Dr. Raddall was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society of Canada in 1953 and in 1956, he received the Society's gold medal for distinguished service to Canadian Literature.

In all, he has written nineteen books, including novels and a series of short stories published in book form. Excerpts from them are being used in the Province's school curriculum. Tom is now in semi-retirement and writing his memoirs, but it is not beyond the realm of possibility, that before he retires he will write additional books.

John Buchan, one of the leading English authors of this century, who later became Lord Tweedsmuir and Governor General of Canada, said: "His style is of a type which has many distinguished exponents from Sir Walter Scott through Stevenson and Maupassant to Kipling and Conrad. To this school Dr. Raddall belongs. He has a rare gift of swift, spare, clean-limbed narrative and has great stories to tell".

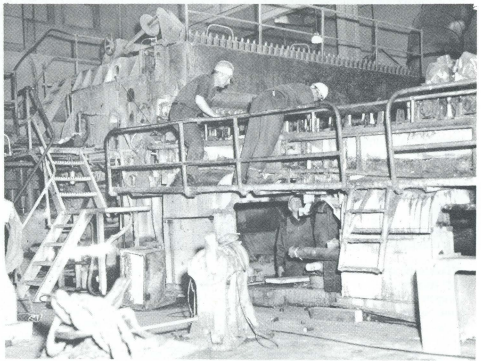
These are four of the seventeen books which Dr. Raddall has written during his literary career. Of these four, The Governor's Lady, Halifax, Warden of the North, Hangman's Beach and The Nymph and The Lamp, he feels that the latter has been his most successful book.

COMPANY OPERATIONS

The present crisis facing the Canadian newsprint industry is regarded by some economists as being worse since the Great Depression of the 1930's. Mills are laying off employees, shortening the work week and closing down for several weeks at a time.

The United States has always been the largest market for Canadian newsprint. During the 1960's several new mills were built in North America, most in the Southern States. This area is most attractive for investment in newsprint factories because of its proximity to the large population centres and consequently lower transportation costs. The new competition has had a severe effect on the Canadian mills. The growth of the American economy began to slow down in the late 60's resulting in rising unemployment, decreased corporate profits and reduced advertising expenditures. Stocks of newsprint at customers' warehouses have increased from a thirty-three day supply during 1970 to a thirty-seven day supply at present. Canadian shipments to the U.S. market have decreased by 3.6 per cent during the first quarter of this year, compared to the first quarter of last year.

One of the worst blows suffered by the Canadian industry was revaluation of the Canadian dollar. The result was an equivalent reduction in the selling price of approximately $9 per ton to Canadian manufacturers.



Although there has been an increase in the selling price of newsprint since revaluation, it has not been sufficient to combat the adverse effects of floating the dollar; of increased labour costs, resulting from high wage settlements made last summer; and the dramatic rise in the cost of fuel oil actually went up by 83 percent. Most Canadian mills showed a very substantial decrease in profits for 1970 as compared with 1969. Mersey was well above the average with only 13 percent decrease.

No. 1 paper machine received a new cross beam during the April shutdown. Employees left to right are: Buzz Neilson, millwright; Jim Cross, sub-foreman machine millwrights; and Johnny Walker, machine millwright.

Skidder hauling trees from the cutting area to the yard. At this stage the trees are full length. They will be cut into log or pulpwood lengths at the yard.

Pulpwood and logs in the yard area waiting transportation to our newsprint mill at Liverpool and the Sawmill at Bridgewater.

Mersey operated during 1970 at 98 percent of capacity compared to the Canadian industry at 86 percent. Certainly much of the credit for this must go to the aggressiveness and efficiency of Bowater Sales Incorporated. It is also due largely to our sales company that Mersey has only experienced a one week shutdown during the first half of this year.

An improvement in the immediate outlook for the Canadian newsprint industry depends on an upswing in the American economy which is forecast by some to occur later this year. Its effects on the industry should be felt quickly, for the manufacturers have tended to avoid stock piling in their warehouses. (It should be remembered that newsprint consumption is an effective barometer for measuring the state of an economy.)

Since 1956, Bowaters Mersey has paid great attention to the modernization of mill equipment and techniques to increase productivity and quality. The latest development in this programme is the plan to install a fabric hydro-foil system, which includes an endless woven fabric used in conjunction with a sufficient quantity of foils. A complete set of Huyck hydro-foils is scheduled to be installed on No. 1 machine during the latter part of July. With this fabric hydro-foil system, fabrics appear to have a considerably longer life-span than wires with a consequent increase in productivity because of less down time. An increase in quality may result because of better sheet formation and less wire marking. If the installation on No. 1 machine is a success, a similar system will also be installed on No. 2 machine.

A complete set of hydro-foils for one of our machines consists of six sets of four foils and one set of seven foils. They will have a one degree slope at the forming board which gradually increases until a three degree slope is attained at the first press. Other mills have found this slope provides the best water drainage and a good retention of fines. Each foil, which will be 240 inches across the machine and four inches in width, will be made to specification for our paper machines. The all-synthetic forming fabrics have been tied throughout the industry on table rolls but with little success. When used in conjunction with foils the results have been very satisfactory.

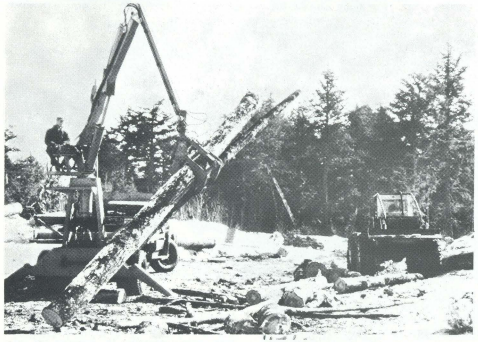
A minimum amount of preparatory work is required on No. 1 machine prior to installation. During the April shutdown, the twenty inch north cross beam was replaced by a twelve inch structural steel 'wide flange' beam, which will give the required support for the paper machine and also allow sufficient space to install the foils. Some new piping will also be required at time of installation. If No. 2 machine receives the fabric foil system, the save-all pans must be lowered and the present twenty inch cross beam replaced. The forming board will have to be equipped with polyethylene strips in place of fabric and resin strips.

Metal wires will continue to be used for a short time after the hydrofoils have been installed, so that the papermakers can become familiar with the new equipment. Once the normal start-up difficulties have been overcome, fabrics will replace the wires.

A variable speed drive for the sweat dryer was installed on No. 1 paper machine recently.

The combination of fabrics and foils is being adopted at an increasing rate throughout the industry and it is estimated that approximately 25 percent of all fourdrinier paper machines was using synthetic forming fabrics at the end of 1970.

A variable speed drive was installed on the sweat dryer on No. 1 machine to permit manual speed adjustment. The surface of the sweat dryer is worn away by the constant rubbing of the doctor so that eventually, the dryer will not perform in unison with the other dryers. Now the speed of the sweat dryer can be adjusted to



A knuckle boom loader is used to pile logs at the yard.

WOODLANDS OPERATIONS

The heavy accumulation of snow in the woods had a serious effect on logging operations last winter. Although our woods camps were open all winter, several of the smaller independent operators were forced to close down. Roundwood that had been landed at roadside last Fall, was hauled to the mill all winter, except during January, when the pond was being dredged. With the shortage of logs and faced with poor market conditions, many sawmills were forced to shut down, resulting in a shortage of chips to the mill. In order to overcome the deficit, approximately 2,000 cords of spruce were chipped in the Woodroom and further chipping is anticipated during the

A prime tree being notched prior to being felled by use of a power saw.

compensate for its decrease in size. The same type of manual control was installed on No. 2 paper machine approximately two years ago.

Paint manufacturers have recently developed a paint that can be applied to a wet surface or under water. Mersey tried this new paint on No. 2 couch pit with encouraging results. During the April shutdown, the inside of the sulphite primary refiner chest was given two coats of Colmo-Kote M type paint. This paint will provide better protection for the concrete and prolong its life.

On June 1, Mersey started to buy liquid alum instead of powdered alum. It is delivered in rail tank cars, which are unloaded to a storage tank by compressed air. This has resulted in decreased handling costs and hopefully, a more uniform alum solution.

The tank, constructed of fibreglass reinforced epoxy, with a sandwiched layer of polyurethane foam for insulation, has a capacity of 23,000 gallons. Electric heaters inside the tank will maintain the solution at operating temperatures during the winter. Pumps, with built-in metering devices, will supply alum to the paper machines. Instrumentation will automatically control the pump's operation, so the alum flow will probably match the stock flow, assuring the desired amount required in the stock.

year, of which fourteen thousand cords will be hemlock.

The surveying season was delayed by at least two weeks this year, due to snow conditions. One crew started on May 17 in the Annapolis County to survey several recently purchased lots and to renew existing lines. Once this area is completed, the crew is expected to move to Digby County.

The programme of replacing wooden posts with metal stakes and aluminum caps, started in the summer of 1970, will continue this year. The carbon steel rod is driven three feet into the ground and after a few months it is very difficult to remove. One disadvantage of this stake is that it weighs seven pounds and carrying it in the woods is difficult.

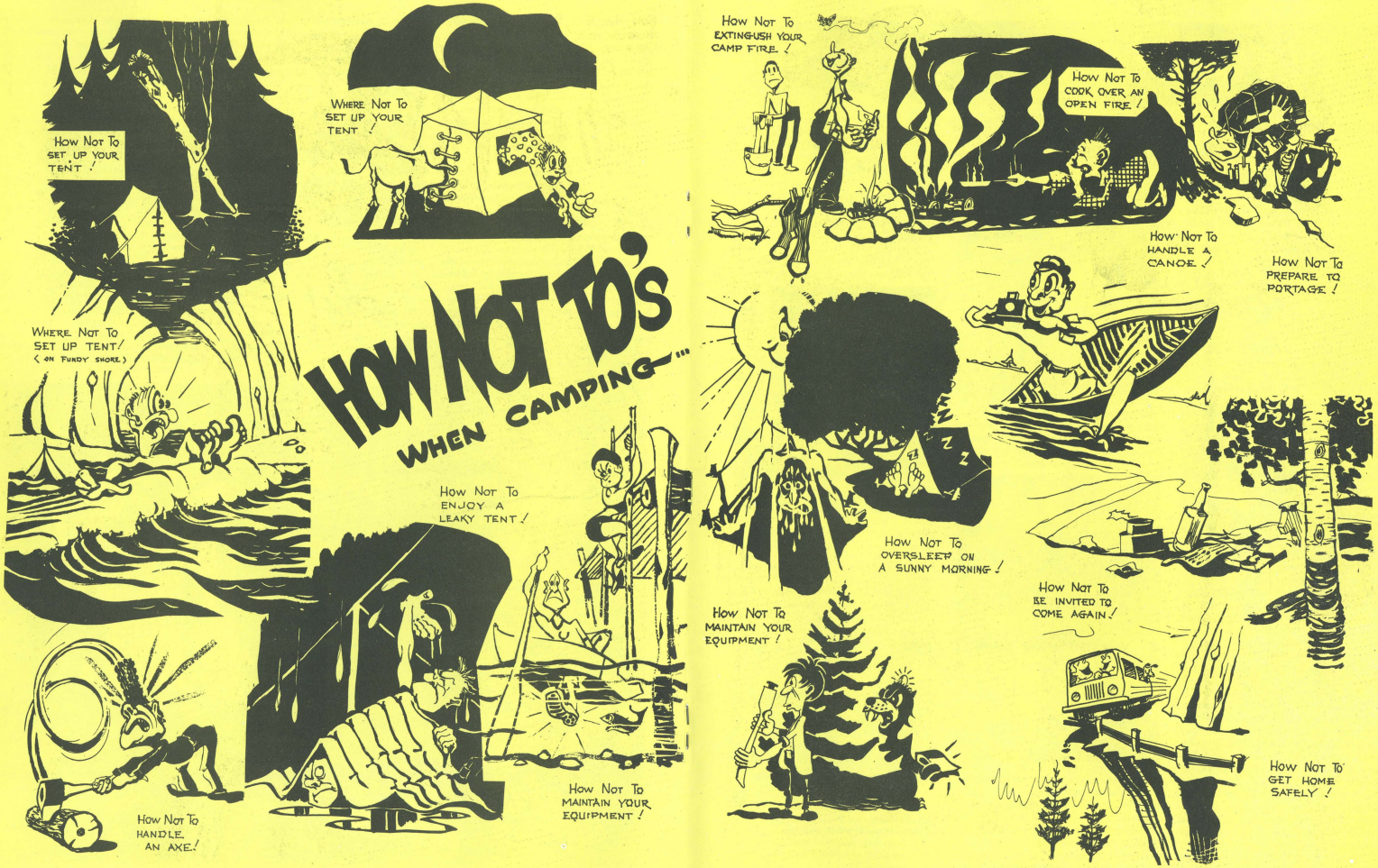
In the April 1971 Newsletter entitled "Pith to Periderm", published by the Forest Research Laboratory in Fredericton, considerable attention was given to the increase in population of the spruce budworm in Nova Scotia. This insect feeds mainly on new growths of balsam fir. Once the new growth is ravished, they feed off old fir and gradually turn to spruce. The degree of damage which can be done depends on the intensity of infestation. After a heavy infestation of approximately three years, the trees will die. If they are to be used commercially, harvesting must occur within the next few years.

There are two schools of thought on how to combat the spruce budworm. Some believe that outbreaks should be controlled by chemical spraying; while others contend that this only buys time for salvage operations, and that nature should be allowed to take its course, for the budworms will soon deplete their food supply.

The insect has ravished large parts of New Brunswick forests and the government has spent considerable sums of money to fight them. However, the insect has survived and is on the increase. In Nova Scotia where chemical sprays have not been used to combat the pest, the budworm population has been cyclical with periodic lows and highs in the population. In 1969 several parts of Nova Scotian forests were attacked but not to any great extent. In 1970, the infestation was considerably larger, mainly in some areas of Hants and Annapolis Counties where Bowaters Mersey owns considerable land. It is believed the budworm has crossed the Bay of Fundy from New Brunswick. Once reaching Nova Scotia in Hants and Annapolis Counties, the insects appear to be spreading toward the western end of Nova Scotia. If they continue to progress in this direction, the Company has cause for alarm due to their large land holdings. Woodlands personnel are now in the process of investigating the intensity of budworm infestation in this area.

The areas now affected have the highest degree of infestation seen in Nova Scotia in many years. The question faced by woodlot owners is what action should be taken now to contain this pest, or will it follow a cycle and soon recede.

The installation of the print-weigh system was completed last Fall. From left to right are: Doug Parker, Chief Accountant; Jack Hadskis, Supervisor - Data Processing; and Hugh McMillan, Treasurer, discussing a print-out of the cargo specification information for newsprint destined for Peru, South America.


How Not To SET UP YOUR TENT !
Where Not To SET UP YOUR TENT !
HOW NOT TO's WHEN CAMPING
Where Not To SET UP TENT ! (ON FURDY SHORE)
How Not To ENJOY A LEAKY TENT !
How Not To HANDLE AN AXE !
How Not To MAINTAIN YOUR EQUIPMENT !
How Not To EXTINGUISH YOUR CAMP FIRE !
How Not To COOK OVER AN OPEN FIRE !
How Not To HANDLE A CANOE !
How Not To PREPARE TO PORTAGE !
How Not To OVERSLEEP ON A SUNNY MORNING !
How Not To MAINTAIN YOUR EQUIPMENT !
How Not To BE INVITED TO COME AGAIN !
How Not To GET HOME SAFELY !

DEPARTMENT NEWS

WOODLANDS

Jack Dunlop

It is with much regret that this usually bright and cheerful column must start out on a rather depressing note. This note, of course, is the spring report of the winter sports activities. As all you readers know, Woodlands has reigned supreme in the sports world of Mersey for years. This year however, like the Boston Bruins, our teams has an outstanding record during regular season play but faltered in play-offs and as a result gave up the Nuts and Knots trophy for curling and also lost the Mouzar trophy for Broomball (an old man's game at best). These defeats were, in both cases, to inferior teams. There is always an explanation for such upsets as occurred in the 1970-71 season, and briefly I will attempt to bring this to the attention of the followers of our two great teams. I refer once again to the Boston Bruins and ask what that team would be like without Bobby Orr? The obvious answer is that it would be seriously weakened. This is exactly what happened to Woodlands. Their Bobby Orr sacrificed a year of sports so that he could devote his time fully to the local political scene. A great loss but to a worthwhile cause. A word of optimism however — perhaps he will return for the 1971-72 season.

On April 30, 1971, a rather lengthy career ended and a new one began for our old friend **Lorne Robar.** Lorne, for a great many years, was boss man in the cook house at Medway's Base Camp. During his spare time he earned himself the name of being the best fisherman and poorest trapper in the District. During his working time he earned himself the reputation of being one of the best cooks the Company has had the privilege of employing. Also he is a very close and highly regarded friend of this writer. On behalf of the entire Woodlands Department, we wish him well in his new career — retirement.

Roger Melanson decided that far away fields were definitely greener and resigned from the Company to enter into private surveying. To celebrate, or for whatever reason this type of party is held, a large gathering took place at the home of Brian Purdy in Roger's honor. Included in the evening's entertainment were such events as arm wrestling, guitar strumming, knock and poker. The usual people made substantial contributions across the card table; however, the net result of the evening was to wish Roger well in his new career, which we did.

The end of the hunting season usually produces **Jim Harding** and **Brian Purdy** who take up stations in our offices. We are glad to see them come but equally glad to see them leave. Their departure indicates that summer is not too far away and after the winter of 1970-71, nobody will be sorry that it has ended. Jim and Brian return to their normal duties at the Lodge.

From early December until late March, nobody from this Department moved off the beaten or plowed path in this case without snowshoes or a ski-doo.

During this winter of the big snows it was not uncommon to be able to measure five feet of the "stuff". Although snowshoes were necessary, it allowed for travelling over the top of brush piles, stumps, etc. so it did provide some advantages.

Wildlife suffered from the deep snow. **Arthur Moore** will verify this by relating a story where some of his pulpwood cutters actually walked up to a deer and caught it. Sadly, they were too late with their rescue because two days later the deer died.

On the subject of suffering, the picture above, shows some suffering which takes place on one of our red pine plantations just before Christmas each year. The tops of individual trees are broken off for window box decorations. A few side branches from each tree would be equally as attractive and would do much less harm. Willful destruction of this nature is a criminal offence on the one hand but consider on the other hand what it costs each of us who are employed by Mersey in cold hard cash. I wonder why a person or persons feel they have the right to penalize us all. Watch out for the bear traps next year whoever you are!

Fishing season is upon us, so once again our usual closing message: PLEASE BE CAREFUL WITH FIRE WHILE TRAVELLING IN OR NEAR THE WOODS!

Jack Fraser, Foreman of the Finishing Department, is making sure this one doesn't get away — Hang on tight Jack!

This winning smile belongs to Pamela Jean, five month old daughter of Doug and Nina Inness. Doug is a clerk in the Finishing department and Nina is a former Mersey girl.

It looks like two of the three bears arrived at the home of Heather and Joanne Pierce last Christmas. Heather and Joanne are granddaughters of Jack Fraser, Finishing department.

I guess we can't blame Sandi for looking a bit serious in this photo — Santa hadn't filled her sock yet! Sandi is the sixteen month old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Arnie Jollimore. Arnie is a paper tester in the Finishing department. Her grandparents are Doug Fox, wharf, and Clarence Jollimore, storage.

WOODROOM

Jerry Muise

I hope by the time this edition of the Quarterly goes to press, all of our snow will be gone.

All the ski-doo owners sure had plenty of the white stuff this winter. As for those who don't own ski-doos — who minds walking a few miles in a snow storm every other night or so for three months.

Everyone seems to have enjoyed the new skating rink, with hockey and broomball being the highlights. However, now, it is indeed a pleasure to see the green grass again, and the fishing tales are starting.

Before our next issue, **Leo Muise** will be retiring. Leo became a Mersey employee in 1935. We wish him many years of good health and leisure. His great sense of humor will be missed by all of us.

News in our department is not too plentiful this time; **John Cosby** was one of the successful hunters from the woodroom this year and came home with a bear. For some reason, he had trouble getting anyone to sample his steaks. **Lynwood Anthony** claims the bear had cataracts, or John wouldn't have got him.

Another true hunting episode of a so-called good hunter which came to light, though it did happen years ago, is still worth relating. It seems this hunter became lost. In trying to find his way out, he encountered and shot a moose. As darkness was drawing near, he decided to take the hide off the animal, and use it as a blanket. Much to his sorrow, the hide froze during the night, and there was the hunter, laughing on the inside and crying on the outside — until noon the next day, when the hide thawed enough for him to get out. Next time a sleeping bag is recommended.

I have noticed many fellows with mustaches this winter. I couldn't help but ask, "Don't the ladies mind?" They all seemed to answer, "no". You know after a certain age, we only use our lips to whistle — Right!!

At the coming exhibition, it's absolutely pointless for **Cecil Lowe** to take his lovely steers to compete with **Byron Anthony.** The old saying is "The harder they look, the better they are"; sure applies here, and would automatically make Byron the winner.

Hope to have more news next time, meanwhile, enjoy the coming summer weather.

To all the sick, a speedy recovery, good luck and good health until the next issue.

Eugene, son of Malcolm Oickle, married Ruth Ann Stewart of Lockeport, where they now reside, on March 27, 1971. Malcolm is roll wrapper operator and spare weigher in the Finishing Department.

This lovely bride is the daughter of Malcolm Oickle, Finishing Department. Susan married Andrew Bezanson on October 10, 1970, and the happy couple now resides in Vancouver, B.C.

While visiting Green Gables, P.E.I., Mrs. Stedman Naugler, and son Terry, and Mrs. Charles Oickle stopped long enough to have this snap taken. Mrs. Naugler is a daughter of Russell Oickle and Mrs. Oickle a sister-in-law. Russell is a machine operator's helper on the Finishing floor.

Pictured here are Frank Oickle and Sybil Foster. Frank is the son of Russell Oickle, Finishing Department, and Sybil is the daughter of Jack Foster, pool man. They are both students of Shelburne Regional Vocational School.

It looks as though Darlene Amanda could occupy a fair amount of Cyril's acquired spare time. Darlene is Cyril Sunderland's granddaughter, and Cyril is a recently retired employee of the Finishing Department.

PAPER DEPARTMENT

Earl Richard

This seems to be the year for travel in the paper department, some of the paper makers took, early or late vacations, call it what you may, and journeyed far afield.

In February, **Beverly Colp** and his wife Betty Jean, along with others in the Colp family took a trip to Florida. Bev returned with a ten gallon hat and a large bag of oranges, which kept people in the department eating for quite sometime. Also, congratulations to Bev and his wife on the arrival of another new son.

A vacation in sunny Bermuda, was the

Hector and Gwenny Hazlett, who recently celebrated their 36th wedding anniversary, appear ready for another thirty-six years of wedded bliss. Hector is a woodhandler in the Woodroom.

Lyall Vaughan, retired watchman, seems to be gazing fondly upon someone, and she is Judith Webber of Sydney. Lyall has 'adopted' Judith as a grandchild, which Judith makes real by calling him 'Grampie'.

setting for **Mac Bowers** and his wife Lou, but we feel that it was more than just a vacation for Mac, he wanted some early golf practice. He says the balls travel straighter and much farther in the warm weather. It's hard to believe when you have seen the slice that Mac can put on a golf ball. However, he will now have the jump on the rest of us.

In February the new skating arena opened, and all of the old timers turned out in force. **Norbert Waltherr,** a real hockey enthusuast, showed some of his old form and not only played, but coached his team to the top position in the play-offs.

Sonny Dalby, Gordie Arthur and **Bert Wolfe** also played hockey this year. **Ernie Blackbird** was getting ready to play, but decided to wait until next year. Maybe he couldn't find skates for his dog.

One of our shift paper inspectors, **Eugene 'Bunny' Lohnes** made a trip to the Washington Post press room in January. The purpose of his visit, to check the performance of our newsprint on their presses.

Wilbur McCoombs plans to visit the Calgary Stampede this summer. Perhaps we will have some pictures of Wilbur on horse back next issue.

A retirement party, though late in coming, was held for Albert Haynes last December. Albert, a boss machine tender, was an original Mersey employee. Since his retirement Albert keeps busy with his gardening and his cabin on the Midway River, he also enjoys travelling, having made several trips to England in the past. This summer he and his wife plan on going "ome" again. Good travelling Albert, and a happy retirement.

This serious-looking little fellow is Leonard Roy, seven-week old grandson of Lynwood Anthony. Lynwood is a truck driver in the mill yards.

Pictured here are Byron Anthony's children, Steven, Michael and Cindy, in anticipation of a toboggan ride. Byron is a spare foreman in the Woodroom.

CONSTRUCTION DEPARTMENT

Remby Hemeon

Well folks, time again for the spring edition of the Quarterly. Who said spring! By the feeling of the temperature most mornings you would think it was late February or very early March.

If anyone tries to convince you that we cannot have an old-fashioned winter on the South Shore of Nova Scotia, they should have resided in or about this area, this last season, or still better, in your correspondent's area, as you can see from a picture of my driveway in this magazine. Thinking of late snowstorms, it appears a certain Chev wagon from the Greenfield area had the snowtires removed on the lawful date for studded tires and was proceeding to work at the paper mill. It got off on the shoulder of the road and then completely refused to go any further, but

Cecil Lowe is the proud owner of these two beauties and they don't seem to mind taking time out from work to have their picture taken. Cecil is a millwright in the Woodroom.

Pictured here is 'old' Byron Anthony in his younger days of breaking in steers and 'road' labour, guessing from what might be on the back of that wagon, but at least he stopped work long enough to have his picture taken with his 'beast of burden'. Byron is spare Woodroom foreman.

Well, I guess we know now what Raymond Whynot does with his spare time since he left Mersey. It looks as if he's having a tough time "adjusting" and the wind isn't making it any easier. Raymond is a retired Woodroom foreman.

Jordan Joudrey came to the rescue and brought the driver into work. Anyone wishing more information on this may find **Percy Leneten** can be of some help.

During the same storm, it so happened that our Nurse-in-Charge had to convey certain employees to work because of the inability of some makes of conveyance, in particular a model produced by American

Motors Limited. For a better version of this perhaps you should ask **Earl Moses.**

Then there is a certain 'Chevelle' that has a very tough road in such storms, and we can understand why **Max Smith** stayed at home.

Murray Langille traded his Meteor for a '65 Chev Impala and then he had to drive to work with other men because he couldn't get it out of the yard. Oh yes, Murray is in the boat business again; this time he is building a twenty-two footer. Better step it up, Murray, the lobster season will soon be over. **Bunny Peach** looks after **Rod Andrews** and **Dean Scobey,** making sure they get to work. Bunny was the recipient of a nice little Vauxhall Viva or the 'Kangaroo', as we know it. A nice little means of transportation. It doesn't even give you a lame back.

Anyone needing the services of a good carpenter should contact **Ernie Croft,** he is a real professional since building his new home.

Chester Baker has moved out to Ponhook Lake for the season's weekends.

Pictured here is none other than Dick Gardner, Woodroom foreman, proudly holding the big one that didn't get away. We wonder how many bigger ones did get away though!

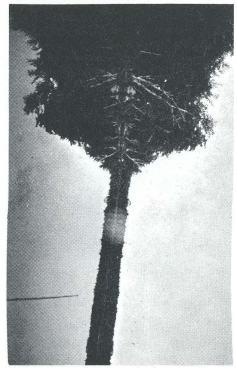
Pictured here are John Richard right, and Ernest Allen, sons of Raymond Croxen. Raymond is a woodhandler in the woodroom.

By the way, ask him how he got his trailer out of the storage area this spring — it wasn't easy.

Clyde Corkum has traded cars and this time he got into the dependable brand. He has a nice new Mercury Montego, so he won't have any worries of getting out of the driveway next winter. This last season the Dodge brand couldn't make it.

Ray Lyle, too, has seen the light. He has a Mercury line, a nice '68 Meteor. He too can depend on a nice vacation trip this year.

Joe Fralic will soon have his new boat, so



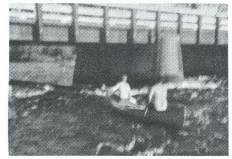
Mickey Hartlen, Mechanical Department, came up with this trick photo, which we will let our readers puzzle out. Rotate 90 degrees to the left to see what it is.

you can easily see where he will be spending most of his time for the next season.

Bucky Wamboldt has come back to his summer home. He spent all the last season at his winter abode, the 'Little Digger'.

Percy Zinck is preparing for the summer weekends at his cabin at Molega Lake. A real nice place with a beautiful sunset. **Malcolm Parnell** has been at his usual spring hobby of fishing. Haven't heard of any real big ones as yet.

Paul Cross has been on vacation to do some farming. Imagine planting in this



I guess as long as Eric Lowe and Brian Purdy are at the ends of those canoe paddles there is plenty for the many spectators to watch. This photo was taken on Milton Day and by the looks of that bridge, quite a few people turned out for the canoe race. Eric is a woodhandler in the Woodroom and Brian a member of the office staff.

kind of weather!

Eugene Anthony says he has everything in the Mill Village area under control, not having much trouble with new residents moving in. They could easily see who the 'Mayor' is.

Wally Wamboldt is looking for some sort of a new wall for his barn, something those ponies he has can't kick down. Before replacing the wall, maybe he should get new ponies.

This seems to be all the news available at present, to all of you from all of us, have safe and happy vacations this summer.

This happy little fellow is Michael Robert, five month old son of Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Vienneau, and grandson of Sanford Dexter. Sanford is one of Mersey's pool men.

Shown here are two of Carl Ernst's grandchildren, Peter, three and one-half years, and Craig Smith, one week old. Carl is a Woodroom oiler.

STEAM DEPARTMENT

Bud MacNeil

By the time this is printed, this past winter will be a memory of the deep snows. Also, it seems to be getting harder to dig news from the fellows. However, I did manage to round up some.

Our Assistant Superintendent, **Henry Prieto** and his wife were on a month's vacation to South America. They reported a very good time, although Henry got caught in the breakers while walking on the beach. Too bad his wife couldn't get a picture of him standing and trying to dry off.

Doug Levy and **Doug Whynot,** two of our department spares, have both moved into new homes, Doug Levy at Mersey Point and Doug Whynot on Great Hill. Also, we would like to congratulate both

Dougs on new arrivals. Both have become fathers of baby girls. Perhaps this is the reason why Doug Levy needed so many sets of snow tires this winter. While on the subject of new homes, **Jim Fiander** has bought a new home on Cobb's Ridge. Jim says it's open house anytime fellows.

Two of our watchmen at Nickerson's Pond, **Dick Abbott** and **Ernie Weagle,** say that the cold weather and the large amounts of snow at least kept the bears in hibernation this past winter. But wait until Spring boys, they'll be back.

One of our turbine operators, **Les Smith,** and his wife Janet, graduated from Square Dancing School. We often wondered what

This surprised-looking little fellow is another of Carl Ernst's grandchildren. He is Gordon Steven Ernst of Wolfville, at the age of six months. Carl is an oiler in the Woodroom.

Leo Muise seems to have hands full now, with all those grandchildren. They are, left: Ellen Anne Dugas, Julie Elizabeth and John Buckler. Leo is a cleaner in the Woodroom.

These two youngsters seem overjoyed at the prospect of having their picture taken. They are Jackie and Jeffrey Hanley, grandchildren of Bill Foley, Woodroom Foreman.

those steps where which Les was doing around the turbine. Everyone thought he was shadow-boxing — but now we all know.

During November, the Company put on a curling party for all of its employees. By the groans around the Steam department the next day, it was successful as usual.

While on curling, **George Smith** is one of our department's avid curlers. He spent a week of curling in Quebec and reported that he had a very good time, even it he did have to keep an eye open for the F.L.Q. Don't worry George, you can't speak French.

This year saw the opening of our new Queens Memorial Arena and many of the boys from the mill have been coaching various hockey teams from the

There seems to be a very familiar face in the centre of these children, and it belongs to Terrance Freeman of the Purchasing Department. Seated on Terrance's knee is Mark Freeman, seven months, son of Roger and Paula Freeman, and standing are Kevin and Allen Smith, sons of Dick and Joan Smith. Dick is a clerk in the Mechanical department. Roger has been a summer worker with Mersey and Paula a former Mersey girl.

This smiling face is that of Daren Freeman, son of Gordon Freeman. His grandfathers are Berkley Freeman, Sulphite Department, and Colin Williams, Woodroom.

It looks as though Santa didn't forget to stop at the Johnson's home. Pictured here are Gail and Steven Johnson, grandchildren of Clifford Johnson, foreman in the steam plant. Gail is five years old and Steven is seven.

communities surrounding Liverpool. One of the Steam department boys, **Larry Thorbourne,** has been busy all winter coaching the small fry. Larry is also remodeling the inside of his house, we wonder how some of the panels looked upside down. Guess Larry shook hands with the 'Captain' a few times.

The new arena hasn't only attracted the small fry, but it has also attracted some of our older children. **Ben Mouzar** is taking a course in hockey instruction and according to reports, Ben is alright standing, but when he starts skating he can't stop until he runs into the boards. Never mind Ben, you have all summer to take off that bulge.

Bruce Thorbourne, one of our foremen, has had a busy winter with curling and then helping the Liverpool Fire Department set up their Maritime Curling Bonspiel, which was very successful. Bruce also went away with the Legion curling team which competed at North Sydney. **Arthur Nickerson,** one of our turbine operators had the misfortune to fall and break his ankle. We from the department all wish Arthur a speedy recovery and hope he will soon be back to work.

Some people trade cars and boats in the spring, but for **John Swain** it is oxen. We hear John has worn out two sets of snowtires this winter travelling all over the

These seem to be happy looking people, posing long enough to have their picture taken. Shown in the photo are Algar Cliff and Norwood Cliff Johnson, sons of Cliff Johnson, with a few friends. Cliff is a foreman in the Steam plant.

country looking for a pair of slow oxen. Finally, he found them. He says there is lots of pulling power, but not too fast at times.

In the previous issue of the Quarterly, we mentioned that **Bill Tutty** had bought a cabin lot on Ponhook Lake. We now find out that Bill found the work too hard, so he talked his brother Briar into selling his cabin to him. The power of talk— eh, Bill.

Ralph Whynot is preparing for the fishing season; he has bought a new tackle box for his fishing gear and he has it locked and chained to the floor of his car. Ralph says his lures are so potent that they just take off to find the fish.

George Leaman and his wife had a very pleasant Easter vacation this year. They visited friends in New Hampshire, as well as his brother in Townsend, Massachusetts.

At this time, I wish to extend congratulations to all the people in Queens County who worked so hard to make the Queens County Memorial Arena a fact. Anyone who doubts the success of this rink has only to go there anytime and watch the children of all ages, yes, and also the older, brittle-bones, taking advantage of its

Pictured here is James Murray, grandson of William Whynot. Bill is a millwright in the Construction Department.

Shown here are Elizabeth Ann and William Jr., children of William Whynot, Construction Department.

facilities. So once again, a warm vote of thanks.

By the time this edition of the Quarterly has been distributed, spring will be over and summer vacations started. It is my hope that everyone will have a safe and enjoyable vacation.

OFFICES

John Hagen
Ivan Stewart

Since our last issue of the Quarterly there have been several staff changes in the purchasing and store department. Sharon Roy purchasing stenographer has left us for a job in Halifax. She has been replaced by **Rosalie White. David Doggett** has transferred to data processing, while **Chris Roberts** is now working as spare office girl. Best of luck to all in their new occupations.

Al Harrington heads our sick and disabled list. He had the misfortune of breaking a leg while trying to be a hockey star. Several of our boys have had minor scrapes and bruises since the new rink opened. Maybe we're not as young as we think!

John Amero and his wife Vivian finally moved into their new home in Brooklyn. We can't help but wonder if John would ever attempt to build again during the winter.

'New car fever' has finally gained a hold on one of our staff, and **Bud Wefer** is the proud owner of a new car since our last issue.

As yet, vacations have not really begun, so pictures are a scarce item. However, our switchboard operator, **Verna Irwin** reports spending a short, but nice vacation in California during March.

Both, Yours Truly and **John Inness** became new fathers recently, both of baby boys. **Bernie McKinnon**, in the personnel department, is also a new father. Perhaps we can have some photos of the new arrivals, in the next publication.

The winter season has been quite different than usual, but life goes on the same in the Accounting and Sales departments.

The annual Accounting Department Christmas party was held at Hugh McMillan's house last year and everyone managed to get into the spirit of the season, even though there was a terrible rain storm that evening.

New arrivals in the family seemed to be the word of the day for our department. **Doug Parker** and his wife were blessed with a boy. Doug doesn't feel our-numbered in the household anymore. **Clair Hartlen** was made a grandfather; his son

Lisa Corkum, right, and Heather Lawrence are busily engaged in unwrapping gifts, the occasion being Lisa's fourth birthday. Heather is the daughter of Peter Lawrence of Mersey's Woodlands Department and Lisa is a granddaughter of Clyde Corkum of the Construction Department.

Percy Lenethen's son, LeRoy, was married late last summer. LeRoy is taking his final year of law at Dalhousie and his wife Patricia, teaches at Queen Elizabeth High School in Halifax.

Phyllis Lenethen graduated from the Victoria General Hospital's school of nursing on March 24. Phyllis is now working at the University of Alberta Hospital in Edmonton. She is the daughter of Percy Lenethen, a millwright in the Construction Department.

Gary and daughter-in-law, Janet, became proud parents of a baby boy. In the early part of April, Clair and his wife journeyed to Toronto to visit Gary and his family. While in Toronto Clair was fortunate enough to see one of the Stanley Cup quarter-final games between Toronto and New York.

Allison Pierce succeeded in falling down his cellar stairs and breaking his wrist. His cast is now off and Al is a bit concerned as to whether he is going to be able to handle his golf clubs this summer.

Peter Williams and his wife decided to pull up stakes and come closer to the mill to live. They moved from Port Mouton to Brooklyn and every day you could see Peter's Cortina at the repair shop piled high with odds and ends.

I hope this report doesn't get left in **Bert Wiles'** office because I hear Bert has a pet wastepaper basket somewhere in his office. Bert returned from a trip in the province with a bug he thought was dead. He wrapped it carefully in a piece of paper so he wouldn't lose it. When he got home he went to look at the bug and he was very surprised to see that it had eaten its way out of the paper. Could this be a paper bug?

Ralph Whynot, watchman at Nickerson's Pond, hopes we don't have another winter like this past winter. Ralph claims every day he had a day off, he had to move snow; luckily, Ralph has a snow blower. As he says, the years catch up with him and he doesn't feel he could shovel the quantity of snow which came down last winter.

Shown here are Mr. and Mrs. William Whynot, parents of Ralph Whynot of the Steam Department. Ralph is in hopes that he and his wife, when they are in their 70's, will be as active as his parents are.

Patricia Tonello has received honors for having attained an average of 90.3 per cent on her Provincial Examinations in all phases of beauty culture. Patricia is the daughter of Ledo Tonello who is a tour chief in the Electrical department. She is also a granddaughter of Sandy Tonello, who retired some years ago from the Sulphite Department.

A great many changes have taken place in the Data Processing office to date. New machines are being installed and also a new operator has come on the scene. **David Doggett** has transferred from Purchasing to the Data Processing office. Good luck Dave in your new endeavours. **Robert MacLean** has also come into the scene as the Data Processing office needed a spare keypunch machine operator in a hurry.

Royce (Hap) Melanson has been visiting the hospital frequently. Many people think it is the psychotherapist who has caught his eye, but Hap insists he has a bad back.

Well, I guess there isn't anymore scandal in the wind so I'll say so long until the next issue.

MERSEY GIRLS

Anne Comeau
Opal McCoombs

It's time to get started on some more news about the dashing "Mersey Girls"! With summer fast approaching everyone is buzzing about their vacations and what they plan to do. We hope everyone has a lazy, enjoyable vacation.

Again, we had to say "Good-bye" to some of our girls. **Lynore Lee,** Sales Department Secretary, left to join her husband in his new job in Halifax. We all

This is the original 'happy gang' of the Electrical Department. From the left are: Len Jordan, now retired; Jack Ward, motor winder; Stan Wills, electrical foreman; Charles Dodge, who was electrical superintendent when the photo was taken; Harry Oldale; Lloyd MacLeod, retired electrical foreman; and Hardy MacDonald.

wish her the best and miss her witty humor. **Margaret MacDonald** left to work in a bank in her home town in Lockeport. **Blanche Comeau** joined our staff when Margaret left. By now "petite" Blanche is familiar with everyone as she is filling in on Telex at the time of writing.

Sharon Roy, Purchasing Department Secretary left after working with Bowaters for six years. She is missed by all and we are pleased to hear she enjoys her job at St. Mary's University in Halifax. **Verna Irwin** had a surprise 'wine and cheese' party for Sharon and everyone enjoyed themselves tremendously!! Wow!

Shown here are Philson Paul Kempton and Richard Kempton. Philson is the two year old grandson of Victor Kempton and Richard is Vic's youngest son. Vic is a Control room operator in the Electrical Department.

This charming young lady is Louise, daughter of Victor and Marjorie Kempton. Louise is a student nurse at the Victoria General Hospital in Halifax and will graduate in March of next year.

Shy, reserved, **Rosalie White** took Sharon's place, and after the first week her face returned to its normal color. However, this Spring brought forth a shiny diamond and now she's walking around in step to "Here comes the Bride". Good luck Rosalie and congratulations to the lucky guy!!

At the time of writing **Jean DesRosiers** is on sick leave. We all hope she is soon back to work and as fit as a fiddle!

Florence Gardner is patiently awaiting for the Golf Course to open. Florence has been very quiet about any news and therefore, we have to listen and wait for gossip. Come on Florence, don't be so tight with news!

Although **Les Brooks** had lots of experience last winter with some snow she is now smiling and has put all experiences behind!

All Sales raised at Mersey when **Anne Comeau** took over as Secretary of Sales Department! Anne has been kept busy

Earl Richard, paper inspector in the Finishing Department, always felt that when he held his first grandchild he would be an old man, but by the happy expression on Earl's face he does not consider his first grandson, Sean Marks who, when the photo was taken was one year old, put him in the so-called grandfather class.

going to the city to see a "man" interest, but still had time during the winter for curling and skating.

Marg Minard had her ups and downs at skidooing last winter especially, when she had to walk sometimes! However, she said she enjoyed the fresh air tremendously and the exercise was great!

Verna Irwin left our "cold Canadian winter" for two weeks to vacation in California with her mother and an aunt. They all reported an enjoyable time, reminding us how the good old sunshine feels.

Karen Smith hosted our Christmas party this year which everyone enjoyed. Her

father proved his ability as a fine "chef" by the satisfaction shown by all those who sampled his lobster chowder.

Sandra Turpin gave our "winter sports" a go this year by joining the Curling Club where she looked like an "old pro" nor did Sandra miss many nights in our new skating rink. **Isabel Oickle** and **Marg Caldwell** also invested in new skates this year. We're hoping to see them next season in the Ice Capades!

Linda Levy is finally going to be a proud mother and this time it isn't "Samoyeds".

It is not too often that we are lucky enough to get a family picture in our Quarterly. However, Earl Richard, our correspondent for the Paper Department, must have done some tall talking to get this photograph of Beverly Colp and his family for the magazine. From the left: Kevin, 12; Mrs. Colp; and baby Kendell; Karen, 10; Karalee, 3; and Beverly, who is a fifth hand on the paper machines. The occasion for the family photo was little Kendell's baptism.

Beverly Colp, one of Mersey's papermakers, and his father, Sidney Colp of the Marine Department, and their families visited Florida late last winter. In the photo we see Beverly, left, and Sydney, each with a bag of oranges they bought at Cyprus Gardens.

Betty Lou Wamboldt is filling in for Linda as a key punch operator during her absence. Betty Lou decided to skate this winter but soon gave up, saying "there were too many downfalls". **Sandra Vaughn,** whom we're all familiar with, since she has replaced as office girl before, has been with us for most of the season.

Sheila Feakes thought a son was what her family needed but she's the proud mother of another girl. Better luck next time Sheila!

Chris Roberts and her husband went to Prince Edward Island for Christmas, but a snow storm delayed their return a few days. Chris is now a spare office girl and is familiar to everyone in the Mill.

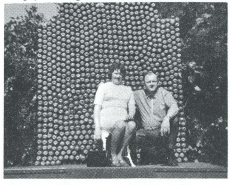
Ruth Sommers at the time of writing is out sick but we hope the beautiful spring weather will help her have a speedy recovery.

Dot Mouzar enjoyed a wonderful vacation on the island of Majorica, which is just off the coast of Spain. She reported fine weather, a beautiful holiday and we hope to have a picture to show our readers.

We suppose **Shirley Francis** will be kept busy again this summer with landscaping for her new home. She and her husband Max, moved in last fall and from what we hear all their hard work was well worth it.

We thought that **Estelle Melanson,** by now, would appear at work in the latest fashion — "hot pants". Perhaps when the warm summer days come, Estelle will take the big step!

Rose Lundrigan has taken out added life insurance since she started travelling to work with a certain "red haired steno!" Keep your fingers crossed Rose and close



In another photo we mentioned that Beverly Colp and his wife, Betty Jean, vacationed in Florida last winter. From all reports from the Paper Department, Beverly returned with more oranges than appear in the Cyprus Gardens' advertisement.

John Manley, our correspondent for the Electrical Department, suggested we caption this picture "And the Band Played On". Actually, John never spoke truer words, for our Mersey Band is very active and plays many engagements during the spring, summer and fall. However, in the above photo, which was taken on the occasion of Mersey's 25th anniversary in 1954, the Band provided entertainment for the party. On the left — George Robinson, Phillip Sapp, Jack Ward, Bill Chandler, Ray Marshall and Arthur Hirtle. At the piano, Band Master Frank Padmore, on the Base Fiddle, Max Harding, and on the Base Horn Murray Mosher. One of the Band members mentioned by the feeling of his head the next morning, it must have been a successful celebration.

your eyes, it's not all that bad! She parks between the lines now.

We hope all of our readers have a sunny summer, and remember keep smiling — it looks a lot better.

GROUNDWOOD DEPARTMENT

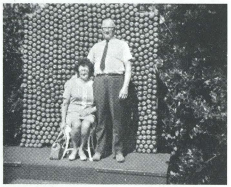
Ira Huskins

Will someone please tell **Harold Harnish** that winter is over, he can get his hair cut now. The men on "D" shift say that Harold has gone hippie with the long hair and all, but I think he is growing some extra for **Ron Lavender.** This past winter was no picnic for a guy like Ron so he made a deal with Harold and next winter there will be long blond curls sticking from under Ron's cap and only his hair dresser will know for sure.

Kenny Chandler has long hair around the sides of his head too, although for a different reason. He is carrying a comb for the first time in years and says that he had forgotten what a joy it is to pull a comb through those curls.

Morris and Floyd Grant are still waiting for the snow to disappear so they can get

Shown here are Mr. and Mrs. Paul Oliver, who were married last fall. Paul is one of Mersey's dockworkers. His father, Perry, is an oiler at Mersey.



Sid Colp and his wife, Mossie, vacationed in Florida late last winter. Sid says the oranges were delicious, the sights were marvellous and for the most part, easy on the eyes. However, he says ten days were all he could stand.

Lorne Robar, chief cook at the Medway base camp, retired last April. Lorne was very proficient at his business and from experience, I know he could cook you up the most wholesome and best meal that you have ever eaten.

that fishing trip in. They do not mind the flies and ticks, but say they sure hate to sleep in a snow bank.

Charlie Wentzell is anxiously awaiting summer also so he can get his hay made. No, he doesn't have a head of cattle or a riding horse. The hay is for the children's pet hampster.

How about **Royce Oickle** getting short changed at a local establishment? It seems Royce went in search of something to quench his thirst, only to find out later that the bottles containing his favorite thirst quencher were tightly capped, but only partly filled. In the future, may I suggest never buy a thirst quencher from a clerk with the hiccups!

Rol Kempton and his wife were on a three week trip to Vancouver Island last fall. While there, they visited with their daughter Shirley and son Walter and their families at Port Alberne and with their son Ronald and family at Coutenney. They travelled about the Island stopping at times for some trout fishing. Rol tells me that the trout really grow big in that country, especially the ones his wife caught. While there they stopped at Tofino, the end of the Trans Canada Highway.

And speaking of highways, it appears that the new route 103 will be going right past **Reg Giffin's** place in Hunts Point. Watch out for those bulldozers Reg!

The new rink is proving to be a great asset to the county as a lot of people are using the ice for enjoyment in skating, hockey, and broomball.

Many of the Groundwood department workers take part in hockey and broomball and also as spectators to both.

Floyd Grant moves like Bobby Orr back of the blueline, a little slower of course.

We shall close with a little story that happened to **Herman Rawding** this past winter at the curling club. Herman hurt his back while curling and was off work for a period of time. The way we heard the story is, Herman was trying to make an impression with some on-lookers who were studying his form, so Herman tried to "whip arm" a 42-pound curling stone.

Have a safe and enjoyable summer — see you in the fall!

Shown here is one year old Arnold John Hartlen. His grandfather is Ronald Lavender who works in the Groundwood Department as a magazine loader.

Pictured here is Ricky Ross, two and one-half years, and is one of the small citizens at C.F.B. Borden. Ricky and his dog Lady thoroughly enjoyed the pond in his backyard, especially after he received a pair of skates as a Christmas gift from his grandfather, Dick Gardner. Dick is one of the foremen in the Woodroom.

SULPHITE DEPARTMENT

George Mansfield

News in this department seems to be scarce in the spring. However most everyone is getting prepared for fishing and gardening.

The engineering department has installed agitators in number one blow pit.

This little lass is five and one-half year old Susan Ross, at her home at C.F.B. Borden, and she is a granddaughter of Dick Gardner. To those of our readers who know her grandfather, they certainly should be able to see the handsome Gardner look in Susan.

Lisa and Shane Hatt are the children of Winston "Nibby" Hatt who is employed at the Mersey Lodge. Their grandfather, Nels Deveau, is one of Mersey's pipefitters. He hopes that perhaps Shane will follow in his grandfather's footsteps as a ball player.

It seems that many Mersey employees have travelled far afield during the last six months. Ned McKinnon and his wife visited Germany last December for five weeks, visiting their daughter and husband. While there, Ned had his photo taken with his granddaughter, sixteen month old Vicky Verge.

Shown here is Tanya Lynne Whynot, three year old granddaughter of Kelly Whynot, who is a storage man in the Marine Department.

The purpose of the agitation is to reduce the acidity of the stock, and it seems to be working quite well.

This fall will see the retirement of one of the department's original employees, **George Jefferson.** George says he is looking forward to his retirement.

Berkley Freeman, one of our digester cooks, is spending a week with his daughter in Montreal. It's quite possible, he may return bi-lingual and bi-cultural — or perhaps he may join one of the organizations up there.

Anyone wishing to share bachelor quarters this spring should contact **Roger Wentzell,** as his missus is off to England for three weeks, to visit her mother.

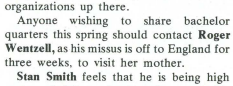
Stan Smith feels that he is being high pressured into a boat and motor this spring, by his son Mike. We wish you all the luck in the world Michael.

We wonder if there is any truth in the fact that **George Mansfield** is a poor cook. According to **Pete Zwicker**, of the pipe shop, it is true. Pete says, just after George's wife left for South Carolina, he saw the Mansfield cat coming across the road with its blanket and dish in its mouth.

The department super star, **James Mitton** seems to be spending more time in the penalty box than on the ice. It seems when Jim is playing hockey, he cannot catch the younger players, so he trips them; he is a bad-boy.

It seems as if **Merril Greenough** is spending so much time behind the bar at the Legion, that he is now building one, in his basement recreation room — just so he will feel at home.

In closing this column, we offer congratulations to **Raymond Wentzell** and his wife Linda on the arrival of a baby girl.



The annual Accounting Department Christmas party was successful, as it usually is, judging from this happy looking group of people. At the piano is Mrs. George McClearn, and beside her Douglas Parker, who would appear to be having a bit of trouble hitting the low notes; Linda Levy and Lloyd Skinner, who are vocally inclined; Mrs. Jack Hadskis; and last but not least with only part of his radiant countenance showing, Allison Pierce.

Another group at the Accounting office Christmas party, from the left: Allison Pierce, Mrs. John Hagen, Clair Hartlen, and Mrs. Lloyd Skinner.

These are the twin grandsons of Allister "Doc" Calder in our Woodlands Department. On the left is Craig and Paul. They were born on Doc's birthday, August 13, and Doc says he predicted months ahead that his son and daughter-in-law would be the proud parents of twins, not only that, but Doc also predicted the day on which they would arrive into the world.

This is John Jr., son of John Hagen, who works in the Accounting Department. It would appear that he is another good-natured Hagen, as the Hagen smile is already in evidence.

MECHANICAL DEPARTMENT

Stephen Golden
Bernard Neilson

Once again, winter leaves us with nothing but memories of the year of the big snows and cold weather. A few of the boys have different memories of the past winter. Some of them seem to have enjoyed skidooing and perhaps most of all, the opening of the new rink, as a number of them took part in the sports of broomball and hockey. A few of the boys soon found out they are not getting any younger.

Two of the fellows were **Clyde Colp** and **Charles Richardson.** Clyde, in talking with some of the fellows, told them, "You have to be a man to play broomball. The only trouble is, I didn't have enough ice time. I could have played a lot longer as I didn't get a bit lame". Charles was having quite a laugh until he, too, found out that he wasn't in top condition. Best of luck Charles, with the bruises.

Sherman MacCaul, Danny Schrader and **Harry Farncombe** took vacations to travel south last winter. They all said they had a good time and the weather was much warmer than it was here.

Now that spring has taken over, along with it comes the fishing season. As usual, **Billy Schnair** and **Allison Anthony** are landing some 'whoppers' in the pipe shop. I don't know how they are doing at the brooks but knowing them, they will probably catch their limit. Billy has purchased a piece of land at LaBelle where

Cyril Sunderland retired last January as a rewind operator in the Finishing Department. On his retirement, the people in the Finishing Department supplied an evening's entertainment. From left around the table are: Vern DeLong, retired weigher; Ralph Waltherr; Horace Leneten; Carl Greek, retired weigher; Cyril, and Archie MacKay. In the corner Alex Gauthier, retired paper inspector, and Jack Fraser, Finishing Department foreman, are holding a private conversation. Next to them along the wall are Gordon Turpin, retired floor boss, and Hugh Whynacht.

Cyril Sunderland has no excuse for the big ones that get away now, for on his retirement the fellows in the Finishing Department presented him with a fishing rod and reel. Seated are, from the left; Barry Wentzell, Ralph Waltherr and Laurie Coops.

he plans on building a cabin. That is, if he can give up fishing long enough.

Vernon "Chippy" Wolfe of the millwrights spent most of his spare time this past winter at the Curling Club trying to improve his curling, and Leo "Flash" alias "Sam Sampson" donned his hockey equipment and played right wing for Scottie's Raiders in the hockey league at the Queens Memorial Arena. After all the regular daily schedules were over, the Forestry, Central and Mechanical Departments played broomball on Tuesday nights. There were quite a few aches and pains at first, but after a few games, they were forgotten. The Mechanical Department won the broomball trophy by defeating the Control Department in overtime.

In the line of winter vacations, **Ned McKinnon** and **Vernon "Brown" Anthony** covered many miles during their vacations. Ned and his wife "Honey" spent the month of December in Germany visiting with their daughter, while Vernon and family visited Mrs. Anthony's family in Holland. **Stan Wagner** and **Frank Leslie** have been visited by the car salesman and have new up-to-date automobiles with all the latest safety equipment installed. This gave **Mike O'Leary**, millwright foreman, an idea. He is going to install a seatbelt on his office chair so when he goes to sleep he won't fall out of it again.

Spring must be here at last, as **Johnny Walker** is out breaking rocks around his house and **Charles "Bish" Connolly** is busy getting his garden in, so in his leisure time he can get off fishing.

In closing we would like to wish all the sick a speedy recovery and hope everyone has a pleasant and safe summer season.

It would seem that habits from the little white-washed building have carried over into the modern age of plumbing and all the conveniences of the indoor bathroom. This is indicated in the above photo where little Leo d'Entremont, four and one-half year old son of Anaclet d'Entremont, could be carrying on the tradition of those who were not use to the modern conveniences. Anaclet is a millwright in the Mechanical Department.

MARINE DEPARTMENT

G. W. Levy

The spring has sprung, the grass has ris', I wonder where the warm weather is. Just ask **Chester Burns,** Wharf Storage Supervisor, who is up at the crack of dawn preparing his flower gardens. Also with the coming of Spring, Wharf Superintendent **Captain Jeans** and his wife vacationed to Bermuda for a week's holiday, to bask in the warm sunshine.

As we drive through Bristol, we can see **Wilf Young,** Assistant Marine Superintendent out in his back yard preparing his garden for the prize vegetables, which can be grown only in the Young's back yard.

Bud MacNeil, Steam Plant, has presented us with a three generation picture. Seated are his mother, Mrs. C. A. MacNeil, and Michele Smith, his granddaughter and Mrs. MacNeil's great granddaughter. Standing are, left, Billy, and David, his sons. Michele is the daughter of Karen Smith, Personnel Department.

A new hockey star for the NHL, or at least that's what her grandfather, Bud MacNeil, says. She is Michele, daughter of Karen Smith who is secretary for the Personnel Department. Her grandfather Bud, works in the Steam plant.

From the type of music we hear on radio and television today, I think probably most of us would welcome back some of the old country time music. Any of us having a desire to hear some, perhaps if we would contact Russ Hatt and Karen Smith, they may supply it.

This little bundle of joy, Lisa Anne, was a Christmas present to Diane and Doug Whynot. Doug is a third spare in the Steam Department.

In October **John Walsh** was presented with a seven pound six ounce, bundle of joy by his wife Sandra, called "Tiddly-wink's" but I think her real name is Margo Lynn. Congratulations to them both. Congratulations also go out to **Paul Oliver** and wife Pamela on the arrival of a six pound, fourteen ounce son, Christian Timothy.

Farm hunting is **Cecil Dean's** favorite pastime, because, as I understand it, his pet horse wants a home of his own.

Sid Colp and his wife vacationed in sunny Florida, last February. They enjoyed themselves very much especially Sid, who really enjoyed the scenery.

Shown here is Tracy Kim Levy, six month old daughter of Doug Levy, who works in the Steam plant. Our Steam Department correspondent, Bud MacNeil, says that Doug wore out at least two sets of snowtires travelling back and forth to the hospital.

Congratulations to **Tom Quinn** and his wife the former Edna Smith from Yarmouth, who were married at the beginning of the new year.

From what I understand, the Supervisory people of the Marine department who go south on vacation should make arrangements to have side rails installed on their beds.

We are all glad to see **Arnold Gaetz** back to work after six months of illness; but we are sorry that **Fred White** is off work because of two operations; but we hear he is coming along fine.

Even though we have had a long hard winter and fuel bills were getting us down, **Donald Corkum** was able to give us some hope on February 15, with a bouquet of Mayflowers. I wonder if he had found a way of preserving things from one year to

Shown here are a group of students in the well-equipped machine shop classroom at Shelburne Regional Vocational School. On the extreme right is Bert MacNeil, who is a brother of Karen Smith, Personnel Department secretary. Bud MacNeil, 1st operator in the Steam plant is Bert's father.

Ernie Weagle, Nickerson's Pond watchman for the Steam plant, has made frequent trips to Toronto over the last few years. We can now see the reason why Ernie has made so many trips. He is shown here with four of his six grandchildren. From left to right: Granddad, Caroline, Wally, and Jonathan Enslen.

the next.

Two new members to the Marine Department are **Ronnie Burns** and **Randy Whynot.** We welcome them both and hope they enjoy working with us.

Though we have gained two new members we have lost one long time member, Donald Whynot, who retired on February 28, 1971. A party was given in his honor by the Marine Department. He was presented with gifts from the Department Salary staff by Captain Jeans and Chester Burns, and by **Weldon Gaetz** on behalf of his fellow workers. The party was a great success, with music and songs supplied by our Marine men.

It seems Don is putting his retirement to good use, by painting the Church Hall. Well we guess what Don's aim is.

One of our stevedores is starting up a petition to install rubber light poles so when they jump out in front of Chevs, they will give instead of take.

Between beds that dump their occupants and light poles that jump out in the road it has been an eventful season. Hope the next one is as good. See you then.

ELECTRICAL DEPARTMENT

John Manley

Before any chatter, on behalf of the department, I wish to extend our sincere thanks to Joe Mason for the many years of fine reporting he did for the Quarterly. I was asked to take over for him and before I realized what I was saying, the word "yes" popped out. The old maxim of "never volunteer" fell by the wayside and here I am, like it or not.

We offer congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. David Whynot, who were married last April. The bride, Linda Joy, is the daughter of Ray Baron, who is a fourth hand on the paper machines. Ray is also president of Local 259, United Papermakers and Paperworkers.

Groundwood Foreman, Roland Kempton, and his wife, visited with their son Walter, at Tofino in British Columbia. Roland says Tofino is at the very end of the Trans Canada Highway.

Building new homes seems to be the 'in' thing this year. **Dick St. Louis,** nicknamed Flash because of his talent on the ice this winter, is building. So is **Jack Kay, Jr. Gary Jollimore** discovered his dream house and is buying instead. Rumours are flying thick and fast that weddings will be in vogue this summer. But all of the snooping I've done to trace them down has proven fruitless. We suspect **Bob Rhodenizer** and Gary Jollimore know more than they are telling. That right fellows?

You know I sometimes wonder if **Al Mutsaers** has been putting us on all these years about coming from Holland. He sure has the luck of the Irish. 1970 was a marvellous year for Al and at the time of writing, Al and his wife are vacationing with relatives in Holland — or is that Ireland, Al?

Jack Ward and his 'missus' are spending a few weeks in B.C. visiting their son, who by the way, is also a musician and plays in the Royal Canadian Navy band. April is certainly a beautiful time of the year to go there Jack. Perhaps you will have a chance

When Roland Kempton and his wife were visiting in B.C., they celebrated their fortieth wedding anniversary. To mark the occasion, their sons Walter and Ronald took them to dinner at Timber Lodge, Port Alberni.

to do a bit of bragging about our wonderful weather — Ugh!

While dwelling on vacations, **Al Stewart** has a new travel trailer and come this time I suppose Al, you will be "King of the Road". Lloyd MacLeod, who retired last October, is seriously thinking of a trip to B.C., but is apprehensive about travelling. Guess there is no gypsy blood in you Lloyd.

Claude Martin, our venerable trapper, had a disappointing season for trapping wildcats and I'll bet everyone knows why — Snow! After placing a 'whole mess' of snares, old man winter dumped a heap of the white stuff over them and they were buried until May. Oh well Claude, you will be able to use them next year, unless!!! At least the wildcats will be there.

Ledo Tonello had an interesting experience with the "fuzz" last fall, when he was duck hunting. It seems the "fuzz"

thought Ledo was out hunting a little too early in the morn, but it just wasn't so. Everything turned out fine, for the ducks that is.

Jovial **Walter Cameron** was grinning from ear to ear when the Habs defeated the Bruins in playoffs last winter. Seems Walter is the only Montreal fan in the department. Something about their speed he likes, 'cause if you know Walter, you know he likes speed.

Variety is the spice of life they say, and **Bill Parnell** has branched out from ham radio to the chemical reaction of Yeast, fruit juices and a mess of other ingredients. Everyone is wondering what he is trying to make, with no one saying anything. Maybe Bill is trying for a job in the lab.

It's nice to see **Clare Wood** back at work after his illness, and **Donnie Winters** is still convalescing at the time of writing but is expected back within two weeks. **John Kay, Sr.** has had a lot of sickness this last year and we certainly hope you'll soon be fit again John.

During their vacation to British Columbia, Roland Kempton and his wife went on a fishing trip to Great Central Lake in Vancouver. It is plain to see who catches all the fish in the Kempton family. The three fish which Mrs. Kempton is holding weighed in at over four pounds. Rollie says he was too ashamed to weigh the two smelt he caught.

Either the rabbits move faster or the bullets slower, but **Bill White** was surely frustrated last winter while hunting. His two buddies, **Vic Kempton** and Ledo Tonello, had no trouble. Do you suppose it was because they had shot guns, Bill? Throw away that 22 old fellow, you ain't as young as you used to be.

They say travel broadens the mind so **Walter MacLeod's** must be very broad. In the past year Walter has been to Seattle, Montreal, Boston and heaven knows where else. Now he is thinking of Europe. Stay away from those Swedish girls Walter, you may not want to come back.

Anyone who likes strawberry shortcake should weasel an invite to dining at **Fred Giffin's** home. Fred's wife makes a delicious one, but watch out for his young daughter Tessa. She will trim the pants off you at cards.

Before closing, a word about women's lib. After extolling the virtues of the movement, one disinterested young man was asked, "What's the matter? Don't you believe in women's clubs?" To this he tartly replied, "I do madam, but only if kindness fails".

Have a good summer everyone!

Ready for bed after a hard day at play is three year old Heather Dawn. Heather is the daughter of Peter Lawrence who works in Mersey's Woodlands.

On the right is Nancy, 9, and Julie Ann, 5, the children of Ira Huskins, magazine loader in the Groundwood Department. Ira is Quarterly correspondent for that department and he says that he would like to have the fellows from the department turn in more photographs as well as news so his column might be expanded.

CONTROL DEPARTMENT

William Chandler

Here we are once again ready for the snow to go; getting ready for some nice spring weather and looking forward to a pleasant Summer. The winter was long, but with the extra activities at the new rink, I'm sure, some hate to see it go so fast. I would like to personally say, that the rink is a very useful and a great asset to the community. All the people who worked so hard for its completion should be very highly commended for their great work.

I know in our department, we have already produced stars, and even super stars in broom ball and also hockey. They have proven it in one way or another, mostly in the other. I haven't taken part in the activities so I can be objective in my views. For the first star I would have to pick, No. 1 **Alan Harlow,** No. 2, **Jack Shupe** (Druppie Drowers) and No. 3, **David Arthur.**

Our number 1 Super star said, "If they can't take it, well they shouldn't be playing." Curling also was a going concern in the department this year, but I think you may get an argument if you use the old cliche — the best team always wins'. **Harold Dobson** and Jack Shupe may disagree. **David Oickle** came through with a grand trophy, as he said he would.

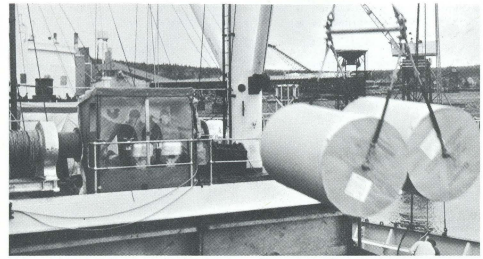
We even have the picture below to prove it.

Frank Charest and **Sam Dexter** both reported having completed a course in navigation, which in the future should prove to be very useful. But they may have to build a larger boat in order to lay their charts and plot their courses.

Roger Ross used up his cases of ammunition this winter, but he said the birds are getting heavier all the time. I wonder why?

With eyes as bright as buttons, Cindy Lee Wagner seems to be impatiently waiting for her dad Francis to complete the task of taking her photo. Francis works in the Groundwood Department as a magazine loader.

These two happy looking little faces belong to John and Betty, children of Sam Robar. John is in grade 5 and Betty is in grade 4 at Milton Centennial School. Sam is one of Mersey's Labour Pool men.



Mersey's dock supervisors and workmen have, over the years, been a versatile group of men and have always taken the initiative when presented with a problem. Their latest innovation was designing and constructing a portable shelter for the winch operators when loading cargoes of newsprint. In the photograph we see one of these shelters in place. With the type of winter we had this year, the winch operators say 'it was a God send'.

The ultimate in satisfaction, Brent Tutty looks extremely happy to receive the 'Nuts and Knots' curling shield because he knows he represents such a terrific group of curlers. Arnold Meisner is equally as happy because he knows beyond any doubt that the better team deserved the trophy. Absent from the photo is 'Dirty' Mouzar. Brent is Mechanical Supervisor and Arnold is Lumber Operations Superintendent.

Looking relaxed and ready for whatever may come is Shaune Andrew Hartlen. Shaune is the son of Gary and Mrs. Hartlen of Scarboro, Ontario and is a grandson of Clair Hartlen, Mersey's Cashier. Gary, employed by DuPont in Ontario, worked for Mersey as a summer student while attending university.

One of the highlights of the Liverpool Curling Club's closing banquet was the presentation of an honorary life membership to Wendell (Shorty) Broughm. Shown making the presentation to Shorty is the President of the Curling Club, Dr. Tom Raddall. Until his retirement in 1966, Shorty was a machine tender at Mersey.

Spring is just about here and in the next edition. I may be able to tell you about all the big fish that didn't get away, because we have many anxious fishermen just waiting for the water to get a bit warmer.

Cyril (Case) Mulhall, scheduled to retire at the end of May, has been off sick, and will not return to work before his retirement date. From the latest reports, we understand Case's health is improving. We all hope that he has a very long and happy retirement. Maybe in the next issue we will have some pleasant pictures of his retirement party.

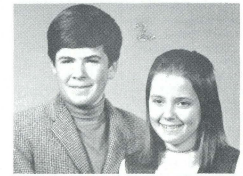
Have a good vacation and a pleasant summer.

FINISHING DEPARTMENT

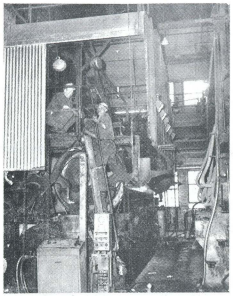
Willard Aulenback

Welcome to the good old summertime and all the activities it brings with it. Time once again for vacations, fishing, boating, travelling and all the outdoor pastimes; after a real tough winter one welcomes a relief from shovelling snow.

This past winter was a bit more enjoyable for a few of our boys, as the new arena was the centre for many a Broomball and Hockey game. The morning after the first game was 'agony', as tired muscles were sore and patience short. However, as the season progressed, the muscles also improved. This season's league didn't produce a "Bobby Orr", but watch out for next year. To our readers who have never seen a Broomball game it would be entertaining to see a 'rookie' club on the ice.



Shown here are Clifford Armstrong's grandchildren, Gordon and Patricia Danielson, who reside in Ottawa. Cliff is a pipefitter in the Mechanical Department.

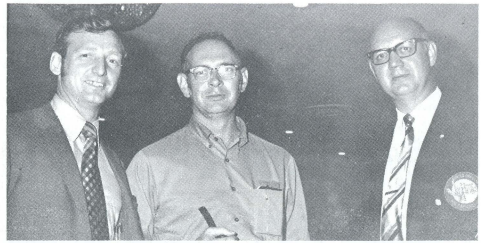


Clyde Colp, rigger, and Jack Rudderham, millwright, were installing a variable speed drive on the sweat dryer of No. 1 paper machine when our photographer happened to go by. They took time out from their labour to give the cameraman a wide smile. However, they are usually smiling most of the time anyway.

During the winter one of our men, Cyril Sunderland, retired. The boys had a retirement party for Cyril and presented him with a salmon rod and reel. Now that he is retired and has plenty of time, Cyril has a desire to do some salmon fishing and I think he will find there is plenty of excitement when he hooks a salmon, especially his first one. Elsewhere in this issue are some pictures of the party and they speak for themselves.

We will be losing another man this year in the person of **Jack Fraser.** On August 31 Jack will have completed many years with Mersey and will be retiring. A coincidence comes to mind when I think of Jack's retirement date, for last December when he received his Company calendar for 1971 it only had eight months on it, ending August 31. I think most everyone in our department will agree that things just won't be the same after Jack is gone. A long-

Shown here is Christopher Pottie, six year old grandson of Mersey's Production Manager, I. H. "Sid" Pottie. Chris' dad Jim, at one time, was employed in Mersey's Control Department.



Shown here are representatives of the United Papermakers and Paperworkers, Local 259. From the left: International Representative J. P. "Bud" Gallie; Vice-president Ernest Blackbird; and President, Ray Baron. The photo was taken during negotiations which came to a conclusion in October of 1970. Ernie is one of Mersey's backtenders and Ray is a fourth hand.

Throughout our magazine we have various pictures showing the Colp family's visit to Florida last winter. This particular group shows the Colps as a family unit as well as the people they were visiting. Back row from the left: Beverly Colp and Junior Hirtle, who is the son of Albert Hirtle who retired from Mersey a few years ago. Front row: Mrs. Beverly Colp, Mrs. Sidney Colp, Mrs. Hirtle and Sidney Colp. The photo was taken at Cyprus Gardens.

Our Production Manager, Sid Pottie, was kind enough to bring in this photo of three of his grandchildren. From the left are Paul, three and one-half; Craig, seven; and Domica. Their Dad, David, is Principal of Schools in Thorburn.

In the above photo Jim Pottie and his one and one-half year old daughter, Jennifer. Jim's dad and Jennifer's granddad, Sid Pottie, is an original Mersey employee who began working for the Company in 1929 in the Control Department.

Shown here is Lloyd Legge's family. From the left are: Brian, Eleanor, Tina and Coleen. They are all students in Milton Centennial School. Lloyd, who is an iron worker-welder at Mersey practices one of the almost forgotten trades which is blacksmithing.

With hockey the highlight of sports since the new Liverpool arena opened this winter, our Woodroom correspondent, Jerry Muise, brought in this photo of one of the Liverpool hockey teams of years gone by. Though many of the people shown here are no longer with us, some losing their lives during the Second World War, others are still employed at Mersey. Back row, left: Coach, Herb Dixon; Arnold "Dutch" Richard; Don MacLean; Ed Curtis; Aubrey Nickerson; Perry Thorbourne, now boss oiler at Mersey; Bert Young; and George Chandler. Front row: Roy Sorette; Gordon Hirtle; Artie Wells, storage man at Mersey; Norbert Waltherr, one of Mersey's machine tenders; and Don Kelso. Both Artie and Norbert still play hockey and we understand that this winter Norbert not only played, but coached his team to the top position.

Maurice W. Russell, Vice-president Bowater Sales Limited and Director of Sales and Traffic for Bowaters Mersey Paper Company, retired January 1, 1971. Maurice came to Mersey in 1929 as assistant to the Purchasing Agent and was one of the Company's original employees. At the present time, he is in Durban, South Africa where he accepted a consulting assignment with the Mondi Paper Company. The above photo was taken at a party held to honor Maurice in his retirement from Mersey. From the left: Mr. and Mrs. Russell; Mrs. Green and Mr. Green, President of Bowaters Mersey.

During the spring a few of the grade 9 boys from Liverpool visited Mersey's experimental forest in the Herring Cove Lake area. This land covers 18,000 acres. The trees are carefully measured and checked for growth each year, also certain areas of this forest are treated with special fertilizers and the growth recorded and compared against untreated areas.

service employee, Jack spent some years working as a weigher before coming to the office and can tell many interesting and amusing tales about working conditions and the older employees of the early days at Mersey. We hope he enjoys his "twilight years", and will pay us a visit once in awhile.

While on the subject of visits, we would like to see more of our retired men come to the mill to chat with us.

The new car bug has bitten some of our men this spring. **Russell Huey, Malcolm Oickle, Robert Brown,** and **Doug Inness** come to mind right away, but more will probably follow. Some of these four had second thoughts later. Robert Brown found that his new one didn't like the cold weather. On a few mornings it just wouldn't start, so I dare not tell you what kind he bought. Three days after Doug Inness traded his old car the motor "conked out" and Doug had a hard time convincing the salesman that the deal was honest. My! My! what a doubtful man.

Gerald Haughn now has a new companion and it is man's best friend, another dog to take the place of the pet that was lost. Gerald is quite proud of the new pet and would never let any harm come to it. More dog owners should be like that, for animals are not 'dumb' when they have to choose between a kind or cruel master.

Three ravishing beauties. From the left: David Chandler, who works in the Sales department at Mersey, Carl Milford, Liverpool lawyer, and Carl's brother-in-law Louis Johnston. These three gentlemen? are all adorned in their wives wigs and taking part in a Hallowe'en party. We haven't heard the end results of the party, however, knowing at least two who took part in it, we can imagine it was very successful.

During the closing banquet which the Company held for the graduates of the First Aid class, Mersey's President & General Manager, M. G. Green, presented First Aid awards to members of the class. In the photo you see Mr. Green, left, presenting Wilfred Young, Assistant Marine Superintendent, with his First Aid certificate.

Last Fall, George McClearn of the Accounting Department, successfully completed his Registered Industrial Accountant's course. In the photo, Mersey's President, M. G. Green, returns the certificate to George with his congratulations, after discussing the significance of the course and its diploma with George.

If you ever want someone to play cupid, ask David. He may be able to put that arrow just where you want it. This was a trophy he won in his section for the Intermediate Archery team for the province, which was held in Truro.

Looking very much like some of the national league goal tenders, who have been clipped in the face with a puck, is six year old Wade Murant, grandson of Bert Cross, one of Mersey riggers.

Bunny Lohnes had a trip to the Washington Post pressrooms last winter and enjoyed the experience. Although he was working most of the time while he was there, he managed to see a few of the Washington sights. Bunny has moved from the town to Mersey Point. Several years ago he bought a house at Mersey Point, had it repaired and now it is his permanent home.

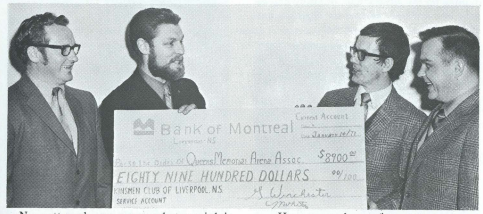
Earl Richard was "laid low" for a few weeks last winter, as he was suddenly taken to the hospital and eventually had an operation. However, he "bounced" back, with the help of the miniskirted nurses. While in hospital, Earl had to be careful how he responded to treatment, for his wife is also a nurse. Perhaps he couldn't fool his wife as easily as you or I could have done.

Another chap on our sick list is **Hastings Whynot,** who is recovering from a broken ankle. This is the result of an unfortunate accident in our department.

Over the years, we have shown in our Quarterly, some of Mersey's employees at work. In this particular photo is Gordon Peverill, a millwright, at work on the bandsaw.

It is not too often that a father can boast of three daughters who are graduate R.N.'s. However, our Safety Superintendent, Arthur Killam, has three such daughters. From the left, Randi, Elizabeth and Shawne.

This is a top-notch hockey team which the new Queens Memorial Arena produced this past winter. Among them are various Mersey employees. Back row from the left: Dr. Floyd MacDonald; Jim Irwin, Mersey; Alvin Jones, Dave Girouard; David Winters; Doug Hyde; Vic MacLeod; Peter Christmas; Garnet MacGuire; and King Cochrane. Front row from the left: Jim Mitton, Mersey; Dereck White; Terry Whynot; Norbert Waltherr, coach, Mersey; and David Frellick. Elsewhere in the Quarterly we have a photograph of the Liverpool Hockey team of approximately twenty years ago. An interesting note is that Norbert Waltherr was also playing on that team and from all reports, we gather Norbert has not lost any of his proficiency at hockey.



All of the service clubs in Liverpool were instrumental in promoting fund raising campaigns for the new Queens Memorial Arena. One such club, the Liverpool Kinsmen, had pledged $20,000. In the photo we see them presenting a cheque for $8,900, which was the final payment of their pledge. From the left: Manson White, Garnet Winchester, one of Mersey's pipefitters, and also treasurer of the Kinsmen, Owen Hamlin and Bob McConnell.

No matter who we are or what our job is there are times when we become discouraged and feel like throwing in the towel. Some months ago a friend passed me a few lines that described this attitude and after reading it I tried to overcome this line of thinking. It is in the lighter vein and goes like this:

I'm not allowed to run the train,
Nor see how fast it'll go.
I'm not allowed to let off steam,
Or make the whistle blow.
I do not exercise control,
Or even ring the bell,
But let the darn thing jump the track
And see who catches Hell.

Have a good vacation; see you next issue.

MEDWAY DISTRICT

Arthur Moore

Call the winter what you like, severe, old-fashioned or modern, it certainly was a difficult one for man, machine and beast which had to contend with snow depths greater than we have had for many years. Even though the snow seems as if it would like to stay all summer, spring is finally taking over and soon, it will be time to head for that favourite fishing pool.

The main cutting operation is taking place at the new camp in Dalhousie with

Over the past forty years, Mersey has always encouraged First Aid training among its employees. One such class shown here was conducted last winter under the able leadership of William F. Crowell. Back row from the left: Gary Levy, Brian Purdy, Peter Lawrence, Wilfred Young, Donald Joudrey, Mervin Zwicker, Gordon Peverill, Anaclet d'Entremont, David Arthur, Samuel Dexter and Jim Harding. Front row from the left: John Walsh, Eugene Pyke, Cecil Dean, William Crowell, Instructor, Henry Prieto, Remby Hemeon, Everett Golden and Peter Shot.

production all going into pulpwood. Two men at this camp, **William Flemming** and **Brian Webster** are making plans to attend the Maritime Forest Ranger School.

We had the misfortune of losing the power plant in a fire recently. **Bruce Rowter** is busy installing a replacement which he says will have sufficient power to bring in Newfoundland programmes on **Walter Crouse's** television set.

Scotty Wambolt's hound, Scamp, is having some keen competition for the affection of his master.

Wilbert Early stepped out of retirement to take over the gate tending job for the summer.

This spring we had to say farewell to two employees who were very familiar to this district. **Randolph Lewis** retired on April 1, after twenty years of service as a scaler. Our popular cook at the base camp, **Lorne Robar** retired on May 1, after twenty-two years in Mersey cook camps.

Another fine season is here. To the many people who enjoy nature and the great outdoors, the forest lands are a prized possession. Please be careful with fire.

This photo was posed for by Richard St. Louis, one of Mersey's motor winders. Maybe it should be called 'A Way to a Shorter Life', for anyone can visualize what would happen if the pendant hanging from the chain around Richard's neck should become entangled in moving machinery.

In keeping with the festive spirit, the watchmen at Mersey's fresh water supply system brighten their working area with a Christmas tree and exchanging of gifts. In the photo, Lanney DeLong, Mersey's foreman at the fresh water supply system.

An outside view of the new Queens Memorial Arena, the scene of much activity for both young and the not so young.

Kyack Day is an annual event on the Medway River at Mill Village. It is usually held on the holiday honoring Queen Victoria's birthday, in May. Two Mersey employees in the foreground — Bordon Colp, one of Mersey's magazine loaders, and Beverly Colp, a papermaker, are seen dipping for the silvery fish. In many places they are not only known as Kyacks, but also Alewives and Gaspereau.

Shown here are James Cleveland and his wife Nancy, who were married in Pictou on April 10. Jim is a Science teacher at Queen Elizabeth High School in Halifax. His dad Arthur, is a machine tender in the Paper Department.

Throughout the Quarterly, department correspondents have referred to the unusual quantity of snow which fell this past winter. Remby Hemeon, of the Construction Department, brought in this photo so we could see the size of the snow banks he had to shovel.

After a hunting trip last Fall, Ben Mouzar and Larry Thorbourne returned with the deer shown in the above photo. We understand Ben had trouble helping to carry the animal out of the woods, so Larry's children attempted to demonstrate for Ben how it should be done. From the left, Brad, Todd and Tina.

The 'Pause which Refreshes', or that is what Bud Wile, left, and Bob 'Dirty' Mouzar say; but, perhaps it is a result of too many pauses to tip the jug that caused the Forestry Department to lose the broomball trophy.

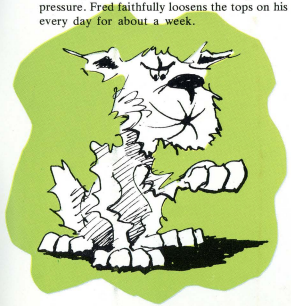
Hugh, three years, and Matthew, three months, are the children of Mr. and Mrs. Keith Collins. Keith is a tester in the Control Department.

Burrows Brew

Fred Burrows may have stones in his chips and trouble in the grinders, but when it comes to making homemade chokecherry wine, there isn't so much as a seed in the brew to spoil its perfection. September seems to be the best time of year to make the brew, as the cherries are ripe and ready for mashing.

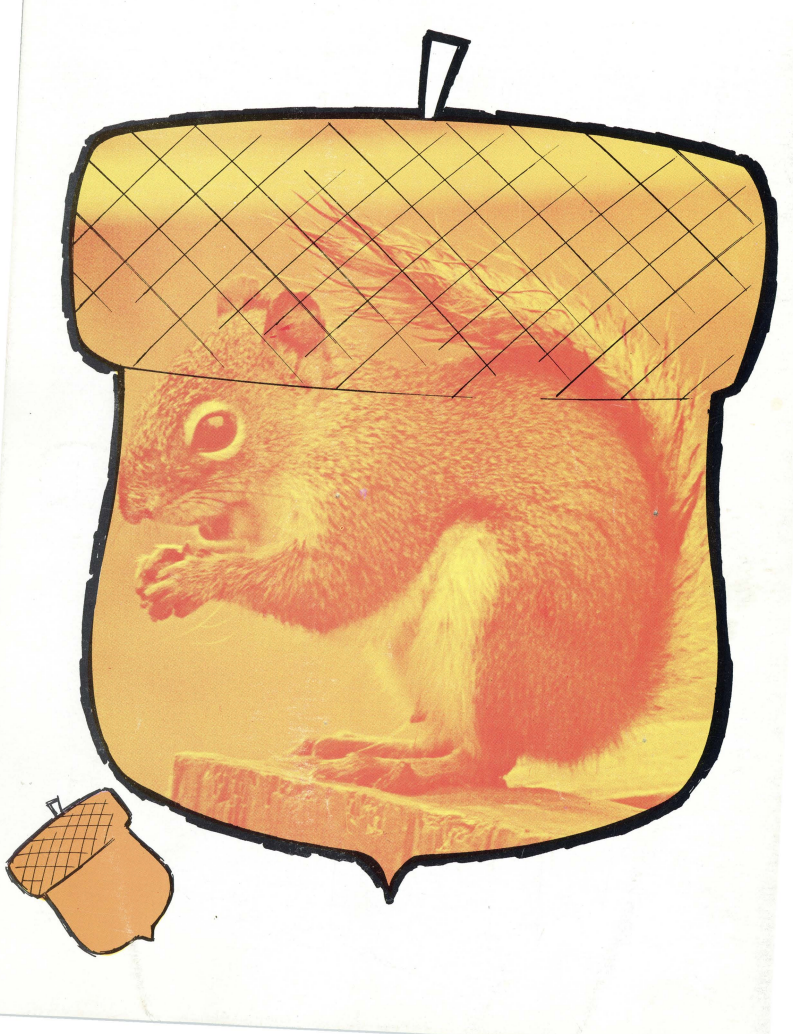
After 'smashing' up eight quarts of cherries in a five gallon crock, pour in ten pounds of white sugar and fill the crock three inches from the top with hot water. This is stirred until the sugar is dissolved, after which the crock is covered with a clean cloth, keeping the mixture away from draft. It will begin to work in four to six days. Fred emphasizes that yeast is NOT added.

A close watch is kept on the crock and any mold that may form on the top should be scraped off. If Fred ever complains of a sore arm about that time of year, it's because he has to stir the mixture every couple of days for the first two weeks. After the first week, one pound of sugar is added and one-half pound after the second week. Fermentation usually takes thirty days. When the contents of the crock have stopped working, Fred strains the mixture through cheese cloth into sterilized one gallon jugs, and any mash left in the bottom is squeezed through jelly bags to get that 'last drop'. Screw tops are used on the jugs so that after the first day or day and a half, they can be loosened to relieve any build-up of pressure. Fred faithfully loosens the tops on his jugs every day for about a week.



The time has now come to pour the wine into more jugs for a clear wine. This is done by pouring the contents of the jugs, very slowly, into the waiting jugs so that any sediment is left behind. When this is completed, let the wine sit for a few weeks, releasing the caps frequently to release pressure.

Fred mildly remarks that the longer the wine is left to work the more potent it becomes, but nevertheless, watch out for that second glass he hands you!!



St James Press London and Chicago

1a Montagu Mews North, London W1H 1AJ Telephone 01-486 3543

17 November 1971

Thomas Head Raddall, Esq.
44 Park Street
Liverpool, Nova Scotia
CANADA.

Dear Mr. Raddall:

Enclosed is a copy of the biographical, bibliographical and commentary portion of your entry in our forthcoming book, Contemporary Novelists.

I should be grateful if you would look it over, make any corrections, add any books to be published between now and the end of 1972, and return the copy to me as soon as possible.

Contemporary Novelists will be published in the Spring, by St. James Press in London and St. Martin's Press in New York.

Thank you for your help on the project.

Yours sincerely,

James Vinson

James Vinson, Editor

JV/gw

CONTEMPORARY NOVELISTS

published by St.James Press, London and Chicago,1972

RADDALL, Thomas Head. Canadian. Born in Hythe, Kent, England, 13 November 1903; emigrated to Canada in 1913. Educated at St. Leonard's School, Hythe: Chebucto School, Halifax, Nova Scotia: Halifax Academy. Wireless operator, Canadian Merchant Marine, 1918-1922; served as a Lieutenant in the 2nd (Reserve) Battalion, West Nova Scotia Regiment, 1942-43. Married Edith Margaret Freeman in 1927; has two children. Accountant in the wood pulp and paper industries in Nova Scotia, 1923-38. Full-time writer since 1938.

Recipient: Governor-General's Award, 1944, for non-fiction, 1949,1958; Boys Club of America Junior Book Award, 1951; Lorne Pierce Medal, 1956.

LL.D., Dalhousie University, Halifax,1949; Litt.D. St. Mary's University, Halifax, 1969. Fellow, Royal Society of Canada, 1953. Medal of Service, Order of Canada, 1970. Address: 44 Park Street, Liverpool, Nova Scotia, Canada.

D.C.L. University of King's College, 1972; University of St. Francis Xavier, LL.D. 1973

PUBLICATIONS

Novels

His Majesty's Yankees.	New York, Doubleday, and Toronto, McClelland & Stewart, 1942; Edinburgh, Blackwood, 1944.
Roger Sudden.	New York, Doubleday, and Toronto, McClelland & Stewart, 1945; London, Hurst, 1946.
Pride's Fancy	New York, Doubleday, and Toronto, McClelland & Stewart, 1946; London, Hurst, 1948.
The Nymph and The Lamp	Boston, Little Brown, and Toronto, McClelland & Stewart, 1950; London, Hutchinson, 1951.
Son of the Hawk	Philadelphia, Winston, 1950.
Tidefall	Boston, Little Brown, and Toronto,McClelland & Stewart, 1953; London, Hutchinson, 1955.
The Wings of Night	New York and Toronto, Doubleday, 1956; London, MacMillan, 1957.
The Governor's Lady	New York and Toronto, Doubleday,1960; London, Collins,1961.
Hangman's Beach	New York and Toronto, Doubleday, 1966.

Short Stories

Pied Piper of Dipper Creek and Other Tales. Edinburgh, Blackwood, 1939; Toronto, McClelland & Stewart, 1943.
The Wedding Gift and Other Stories Toronto, McClelland & Stewart, 1947.
Tambour and Other Stories. Toronto, McClelland & Stewart, 1945.
A Muster of Arms and Other Stories. Toronto, McClelland & Stewart, 1954.
Footsteps on Old Floors: True Tales of Mystery. New York and Toronto, Doubleday, 1968.

Other

West Novas: A History of the West Nova Scotia Regiment. Halifax, Book Room, 1948
Halifax, Warden of The North Toronto, McClelland & Stewart, 1948; London, Dent, 1950.
The Path of Destiny: Canada from the British Conquest to Home Rule, 1763-1850 New York and Toronto, Doubleday, 1957.
The Rover: The Story of a Canadian Privateer Toronto and London, MacMillan, 1958; New York, St. Martin's Press, 1959.

Critical Studies: "Thomas H. Raddall: The Man and His Work" by W.J.Hawkins, in Queens Quarterly (Kingston, Ontario) Spring 1968.
"Thomas Raddall: The Art of Historical Fiction" by Donald Cameron, in Dalhousie Review (Halifax), 1970.

Thomas Head Raddall comments:

As a youth I went to sea in Canadian ships, served in the North Atlantic for three years, and then a year as wireless operator on Sable Island, "The Graveyard of the Atlantic". Subsequently these experiences and observations gave me material for short stories and a novel, The Nymph and The Lamp. When I left the sea I took a job as book-keeper for a wood-pulp mill in the Nova Scotia forest. This gave me many interesting years of friendship with mill hands, loggers, river-drivers, hunters, and a band of Micmac Indians. I spent most of my spare time in the woods, exploring the Mersey River and its lakes, on foot and by canoe. On the indoor side I had a deep interest in Canadian, and especially Nova Scotian, history, and my experience of the sea and the forest gave me light on many of the old documents I found in the Archives at Halifax and elsewhere. Hence, half a dozen novels, many short stories of Colonial times, and three books of plain history.

In all my fiction, whether historical or contemporary, I sought to inform as well as to give intelligent entertainment, and to convey in words and style my own delight in the English language.

****

THOMAS H. RADDALL

This Canadian author was born at Hythe, Kent County, England, in 1903. He attended Saint Leonard's School there until 1913, when his father transferred from the British to the Canadian Army and removed his family to Halifax,N.S. Colonel Raddall was killed in battle in France in 1918, while commanding a battalion of Canadian infantry.

At Halifax, young Thomas attended Chebucto School. His home was badly damaged when the explosion of a munitions ship destroyed much of the city in 1917. At the time of the explosion he was in Chebucto School, which was badly damaged, but he escaped with concussion and a slight cut.

In 1918, giving his age as 18, he trained as a wireless telegrapher, and served in the transports "War Karma" and "Prince George" in the North Atlantic until his discharge in 1919. He then became a radio officer in ships of the Canadian merchant marine. In 1921 he was posted to shore duty on Sable Island, "the graveyard of the Atlantic", where he spent a year.

In 1922 he left the telegraph service, studied accounting in a Halifax business school, and took a job with a small wood-pulp mill on the Mersey River in western Nova Scotia. He enjoyed life in the woods, and for several years spent his holidays exploring the forest on the Mersey watershed, afoot and by canoe. This gave him a close acquaintance with loggers, river-drivers, hunters, and a band of Micmac Indians. These years, added to his experiences at sea and on Sable Island, gave him much material as a writer later on.

In 1927 he married Edith Freeman, a young music teacher, and soon afterwards they made their home in the small seaport of Liverpool, at the mouth of the Mersey River, where Raddall had a new post as accountant with a paper mill. Liverpool was an old colonial town, settled by New Englanders before the American Revolution. Tales and traditions of these pioneers had been handed down, and Raddall found documents which gave a new light on Nova Scotia history during the colonial period.

He began to experiment with short stories of Nova Scotia, past and present. After much failure and discouragement, including rejection by the leading Canadian magazine, he got his first break in 1933, when Blackwood's Magazine began to publish a series of his Nova Scotia tales. His output was small, written and re-written slowly and carefully in the evenings, after work at the paper mill. These tales, appearing at irregular intervals in the famous old British monthly, with subscribers all over the world, drew the interest of Colonel Theodore Roosevelt Jr., American novelist Kenneth Roberts, and British novelist John Buchan, who became Lord Tweedsmuir, Governor General of Canada.

The encouragement of these three men led Raddall to quit his office job and become a professional author in 1938. In the following year the Blackwood firm published a book of Raddall's stories, originally written for their magazine, with the title "The Pied Piper of Dipper Creek". Lord Tweedsmuir wrote a foreword for the book, saying in part:- "I confess to a special liking for a story that has something of a plot and issues in a dramatic climax, a type which has had many distinguished exponents, from

Sir Walter Scott through Stevenson and Maupassant to Kipling and Conrad. To this school Mr. Raddall belongs, and he is worthy of a great succession. He has the rare gift of swift, spare, clean-limbed narrative, and he has great stories to tell."

After reading some of Raddall's historical tales in Blackwood's Magazine, Theodore Roosevelt urged him to write a history of Nova Scotia during the American Revolution, when the destiny of Canada was being fought out. Raddall was doubtful. He was now committed to writing for a living, with a wife and two children to support. His stories of Nova Scotia were being published in top American as well as British magazines, which gave him a fair living. The writing of history could not.

Roosevelt, Roberts, and Thomas Costain then persuaded him to write a novel about Nova Scotia during the American Revolution, firmly based on fact, like the historical tales he had written for Blackwood's Magazine. In 1942 the novel, "His Majesty's Yankees", was published in New York and Toronto. The sale of the first edition was not large, but important critics were pleased with it, and his friends urged Raddall to go on with a career as a novelist.

The Second World War was then in full blast. When it began in 1939 Raddall had sought service in the Canadian Navy, citing his former experience as a seagoing radio officer. He was rejected by the Navy's rigid age limit and physical standard, so he turned to the Canadian Army, and got a commission as lieutenant in a reserve battalion of the West Nova Scotia Regiment, which had a battalion on active service in Europe. Raddall hoped to get there, but again he was stopped by the standards for overseas service, and he remained with the reserve battalion, commanding a rifle

platoon on coastal patrols and training duties in Nova Scotia. This gave him some time for writing, and during the war his publishers brought out a second historical novel, "Roger Sudden", as well as two books of short stories that he had written for magazines before the war.

Since then he has been writing with the same steady care. Apart from two small books privately printed in the early 1930's, he has published seventeen books, including 8 novels, 5 volumes of short stories, and 4 volumes of history. Apart from these he has written many articles for magazines, and scripts for radio and television. His novels have been published in English in Canada, Britain, and the United States. In foreign translation they have been published in every European language west of the Iron Curtain. At home and abroad, more than two million copies have been sold.

In all his work Raddall has written about Canada, and chiefly about the little sea-girt province in which he lives. Canadians have honoured him for this. The Haliburton literary society of King's College, Nova Scotia, elected him a fellow. So did the Royal Society of Canada. He has received honorary degrees from Dalhousie University, Saint Mary's University, and the University of King's College, and Saint Francis Xavier University. He has received three times the Governor-General's Award for the best Canadian book of the year. He has received the gold medal of the Royal Society of Canada for distinguished service to Canadian literature. In 1971, at a ceremony in Government House, Ottawa, he received the medal of service in the Order of Canada, the country's highest honour.

Thomas Raddall's home is at 44 Park Street, Liverpool, N.S.,

a house he bought from a sea captain in 1935. His family name is Cornish and is pronounced with a slight emphasis on the first syllable, RAD-awl. He is a member of the Canadian Legion, the Nova Scotia Historical Society, the Canadian Historical Association, and the Royal Society of Canada.

He studies and writes in a small annex to his house, facing on the garden. Models of sailing ships stand on the bookcases, and the walls are covered with paintings, photographs of his seafaring and woods-roving days, a map of Sable Island, a rack of guns ancient and modern, the snowshoes on which in younger days he tramped many miles in the forest, an inscribed silver tray from the officers of the West Nova Scotia Regiment, a barometer from his fellow townsmen inscribed 'in affection and esteem', and a small plaque of polished flint from his father's grave in France.

The Toronto Globe and Mail once described Raddall as "a strongly built man with sparse grey hair, the keen brown eyes of a sailor, and the stocky walk of a man who is equally at home on a deck or striding the misty moorlands of his own Nova Scotia."

He writes or studies in his workroom every morning. Except in bad weather he spends every afternoon outdoors, walking on the river road, chatting with sailors and fishermen at the docks, or playing golf at White Point, which faces on the sea.

He is a meticulous writer, never satisfied, believing with Flaubert that there is one perfect way of saying anything, and that the writer should seek it at all costs. He is equally painstaking in research.

****

Raddall's works as plays

"Roger Sudden" was dramatized as the first TV serial play of the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation, starring Patrick McNee, noted British actor, in 1952.

"The Nymph and The Lamp" appeared as a TV play in the United States in 1952, starring Robert Preston and Margaret Sullavan.

"The Wings of Night" appeared as a TV serial play on the national network of the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation in 1963, all the location photography being done on the actual scene of the story in Nova Scotia.

Shorter plays have been broadcast on CBC television/from "The Powers of Darkness", "The Wedding Gift" and "McIvor's Salvation". Other short stories, "The Golden Age" and "Between The Lines", have been broadcast as plays on the CBC radio network.

Anthologies

Selections from Raddall's stories have been published in thirty-six anthologies in Canada, Britain, and the United States. Some are in Canadian schoolbooks for junior and high school grades. Some are in textbooks for Canadian college students. Selections for student use also have been published in the German and Japanese languages.

DICTIONARY OF INTERNATIONAL BIOGRAPHY

I filled out this questionnaire March 16, 1973

Patron: HIS IMPERIAL MAJESTY HAILE SELASSIE I, Emperor of Ethiopia
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INTERNATIONAL BIOGRAPHICAL CENTRE
CAMBRIDGE. CB2 3QP ENGLAND.
Telephone : 0223-66631

By Air Mail

Dear Biographee:

A PERSONAL LETTER FROM THE HON. GENERAL EDITOR

In writing to let you know that your name has been put forward to me for biographical inclusion in the commemorative Tenth Edition of this world-famed work, I would like to invite you kindly to complete the enclosed questionnaire and return it to me within fourteen days of receipt. My Editors will then be able to prepare your detailed entry.

D.I.B. X, scheduled for publication in Winter 1973, will, for the first time, be issued in four volumes (three containing biographies - A to G, H to O, and P to Z - of men and women of achievement throughout the world, and one including a complete index of all entries in D.I.B. I to X inclusive, plus all Forewords, Dedications, Memoirs, etc., as detailed on the accompanying questionnaire). After this publication in four volumes the Dictionary of International Biography will revert to two volumes each year. Thus, this invitation to you is a once-and-for-all offer for inclusion in a four-volume set, and I know you will wish to take advantage of it.

The massive D.I.B. X will contain some 20,000 biographies; the Editorial staff has already been increased; and arrangements have been made with our printers for computerized typesetting and rapid printing and binding to ensure publication by the due date. In spite of the speed necessitated by doubling the size of the work there will be no loss of quality: indeed, we are proud of the many fine comments which have been made about the quality and general excellence of D.I.B. by librarians and biographees in many countries.

The Dictionary of International Biography is a firmly-established record of contemporary achievement circulating on a very large scale to no fewer than 137 nations of the world. It enjoys the support and patronage of Heads of State and

P.T.O.

Government, National Librarians, University Presidents, etc. Each annual issue is dedicated to a Head of State and contains a frontispiece portrait and memoir on the life and work of the Head of State concerned. Thus far, all Continents have been recognized. As each Edition is published, a special presentation copy is made and bound by hand (incorporating in the leather and 22 carat gold binding the national colours of the country honoured) and presented to the Head of State to whom the volume is dedicated. Copies of this superb Royal Edition are housed in the private libraries of Sovereigns, Presidents and Prime Ministers. As an English organization, D.I.B. is proud of the fact that the first Head of State to have a personal copy was Queen Elizabeth II; her private library at Windsor Castle include D.I.B. in its Royal Edition.

A special feature of D.I.B. is the copyrighted coding which provides, at a glance, details of all other biographical reference works in which you are listed, some 130 biographical publications being included in this coding. (For more details of the coding see the top of Page 3 of the questionnaire).

For the seventh consecutive year I have been honoured by appointment as Hon. General Editor of D.I.B. and it is a source of great pride to me that I have been closely associated with this publication, as a member of the Editorial and Advisory Board, since its inception in 1960.

In accordance with long-standing policy, there is no charge or fee of any kind for the publication of your biography, nor are you under any obligation to purchase a copy. However, should you so wish, you are entitled (as a biographee) to take advantage of the special terms detailed on the back page of the questionnaire. These very substantial reductions (of up to 37.5%) have been introduced as our way of thanking biographees for co-operating with us in the preparation of this work.

Yours very truly,

Ernest Kay
Hon. General Editor

RADDALL, Thomas Head* 1903-

Novelist and historian; b. 13 Nov. 1903 in Hythe, Kent, England; son of Thomas Head and Ellen (Gifford) Raddall; came to Canada in 1913 and settled in Halifax, NS; m. Edith Margaret Freeman 9 June 1927; children: Thomas b. 22 Nov. 1934, Frances b. 6 Aug. 1936.

EDUCATION

Attended St. Leonard's primary school in Hythe,

466 Spadina Rd., Forest Hill Village, Toronto 10, Ont.

CAREER

Voluntary Aid Department, UK, 1915-18, probationary nurse; *Winnipeg and west,* woman's editor; Winnipeg Little Theatre, actress and director 1923-33; University of Manitoba, drama director; moved to Toronto in 1933; free-lance author; Hart House Theatre, Toronto, guest director 1934, director 1935-36; travelled in France and Germany, 1935;

1909-13; Chebucto Road primary school in Halifax, 1913-17; Halifax Academy, 1918.

RELIGION

United Church.

HOME

44 Park St., Liverpool, NS.

CAREER

Mainly literary; Canadian Merchant Marine, wireless officer 1918-22; pulp mill, Queen's County, NS, bookkeeper 1923-27; construction company, clerk 1928; Mersey Paper Company, Liverpool, accountant 1929-38; Reserve Army, 1942-43, became lieutenant.

MEMBER

Queen's County Historical Society; Nova Scotia Historical Society; Canadian Historical Association; Royal Canadian Legion (Queen's branch, past president); Royal Society of Canada (elected fellow, 1949).

AWARDS, HONOURS

Governor General's literary award for *The pied piper of Dipper Creek and other tales,* 1943, *Halifax, warden of the north,* 1949 and *The path of destiny,* 1957; Haliburton Society fellowship from King's College, Halifax, 1945; LL D from Dalhousie University, 1949; Lorne Pierce medal, 1956; Doubleday Canadian prize novel award for *The governor's lady,* 1960.

WRITINGS

(with C.H.L. Jones and T.W. Hayhurst) *The saga of the Rover* (non-fiction), Royal Print. & Litho., 1932?; (with C.H.L. Jones) *The Markland sagas* (non-fiction), *Gazette,* 1934; *The pied piper of Dipper Creek, and other tales,* Blackwood, 1938; *His Majesty's Yankees* (novel), Doubleday, 1942 (also published under title *Son of the hawk,* Winston, 1950; translated into braille); *Roger Sudden* (novel), McClelland & Stewart, 1944 (translated into Danish, Swedish, and Czech; Doubleday Dollar Book Club selection; produced on radio, CBS, 1947; on television, CBC, 1953); *Tambour and other stories,* McClelland & Stewart, 1945; *Pride's fancy* (novel), McClelland & Stewart, 1946 (Literary Guild selection); *The wedding gift, and other stories,* McClelland & Stewart, 1947; *West Novas; a history of the West Nova Scotia Regiment,* privately printed, 1948; *Halifax, warden of the north* (non-fiction), McClelland & Stewart, 1948; *The nymph and the lamp* (novel), Little, Brown, 1950 (translated into Dutch and French; Doubleday Dollar Book Club selection, Feb. 1951; produced on television, CBS, 1951; on radio, CBC, 1964); *Tidefall, a novel,* McClelland & Stewart, 1953; *A muster of arms, and other stories,* McClelland & Stewart, 1954; *The wings of night* (novel), Doubleday, 1956 (translated into German; produced on television, CBC, 1963); *The path of destiny; Canada from the British conquest to home rule; 1763-1850,* Doubleday,

Brunswick, Confederation Art Gallery and Museum, Charlottetown, PEI, Memorial University and Dalhousie University, 1966.
GROUP: Represented in group exhibitions held in Canada since 1961 including annual exhibitions of the Winnipeg Show, Atlantic Awards Exhibition and Canadian Society of Graphic Arts; represented in group exhibitions organized by the National Gallery of Canada, Ottawa, Ont., including the fourth, fifth, and sixth Biennial of Canadian Painting, 1961, 1963, and 1965.
COLLECTIONS IN WHICH REPRESENTED
Mount Allison University; Confederation Art Gallery and Museum, Charlottetown, PEI; Dalhousie University, Halifax, NS; London Public Library and Art Museum, Ont.; National Gallery of Canada; New Brunswick Museum, St. John; Department of External Affairs, Ottawa; Canadian Industries Ltd., Collection, Montreal; Royal Bank of Canada, Ontario HQRS Building; Memorial University of Newfoundland; Canada Council Collection, Ottawa.

PREVOST, Robert
Designer.
EDUCATION
Studied in Italy 1960.
HOME
265 Troisième Ave., Saint-Lambert, PQ.
CAREER
Les Compagnons de Saint-Laurent, The Holy Cross Fathers, Montreal Festival Society, Le Théâtre Club, Le Théâtre du Rideau Vert, Saint Joseph's Oratory, Montreal, designer; Toronto Opera Festival, designer; Les Grands Ballets Canadiens, Montreal, designer; National Ballet of Canada, Toronto, designer; CBC, Montreal, staff designer 1952 Théâtre du Nouveau Monde, Montreal, co-founder 1951, resident designer 1953–; National Theatre School of Canada, Montreal, teacher 19 ?– ?
AWARDS, HONOURS
Canada Council senior arts fellowship 1960.
THEATRE
Designed set for *Le maître de Santiago, Freederig* (Les Compagnons), *Three penny opera, Carmen* (Canadian Opera Company, Toronto), *Richard II* (Nouveau Monde), *Venice preserved* (Nouveau Monde), *Azouk* (Nouveau Monde, 1954/55), *La mouette* (Nouveau Monde, 1955/56), *Three farce* (Stratford, Ont. Festival, 1956), *Le malade imagi aire* (Stratford, Ont. Festival, 1958), *Un chapeau de paille d'Italie* (Nouveau Monde, 1958), *Le tem des lilas* (Nouveau Monde, 1958); décor and costumes for *La reine morte* (Rideau Vert, 1958); dé cor for *Clérembard* (Nouveau Monde, spring 195 costumes for *Othello* (Stratford, Ont. Festival, 1959); set and costumes for *A court occasion* (Royal Winnipeg Ballet, Playhouse Theatre, Winnipeg, 26 Dec. 1961); set for *The comedy of er-*

1957; *The Rover* (juvenile fiction), Macmillan, 1958; *At the tide's turn, and other stories,* McClelland & Stewart, 1959; *The governor's lady* (novel), Doubleday, 1960 (Doubleday Book Club selection, Dec. 1960); *Hangman's Beach* (novel), Doubleday, 1966; *Footsteps on old floors; true tales of mystery,* Doubleday, 1968.

CONTRIBUTED: Short stories and articles to *Saturday evening post stories, 1940* and *1941,* edited by R. Smith, Barnes, 1949; *Book of Canadian stories,* edited by D. Pacey, Ryerson, 1950; *Great stories from the world of sport,* edited by P. Schwed and H.W. Wind, Simon & Shuster, 1958; *Cavalcade of the north,* edited by G.E. Nelson, Doubleday, 1958; *Canadian short stories,* edited by R. Weaver, Oxford, 1960; "Sable Island" to *World book encyclopedia,* Field, 1960; *Blackwood's magazine, Collier's, Saturday evening post, Maclean's, Blue book, Dalhousie review, Saturday night, Atlantic advocate, Canadian author and bookman.*

RAMSAY, Lisa, pseud.
see WUORIO, Eva-Lis

RATHBURN, Eldon Davis* 1916-
Composer, pianist, and organist; b. 21 Apr. 1916 in Queenstown, NB; son of Caleb Davis and Blanche Vera (Puddington) Rathburn.

EDUCATION

Attended Dufferin School and King George School, 1923-30, and Saint John Vocational School, 1931-33 in Saint John, NB; studied piano with Mrs. A.H. Campbell, William Bowden, and Eric Rollinson, to 1939; McGill Conservatorium (New Brunswick centre), licentiate of music 1936; studied composition with Healey Willan, piano with Reginald Godden, Toronto (now Royal) Conservatory of Music, 1938-39.

HOME

760 Tasse St., Ville St. Laurent, PQ.

CAREER

Dance band pianist in Saint John 1939-47; New Brunswick Music Festival, accompanist 1944-46;

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Library

October 1975.

Dear Contributor to Creative Canada:

The Reference Division, McPherson Library, University of Victoria is compiling the third volume of Creative Canada: a Biographical Dictionary of Twentieth-Century Creative and Performing Artists, and updating the entries (of which yours is one) in the first two volumes, published in 1970 and 1972 by the University of Toronto Press. You are therefore invited to complete the enclosed forms in as much detail as possible for the period from December 1968 to the present. To assist you, a copy of your printed entry as it now stands is included. Your co-operation in returning the completed forms within one month of receipt will be much appreciated. Since we are working to a publication deadline, update information received after December 1975 will not normally be included in the third volume.

As a matter of interest, Choice (June 1972), one of the most prestigious book reviewing journals, noted in its review of Creative Canada: "there is nothing like it for Canada ... it is one of the best reference/biographical buys about."

Your assistance will help us maintain the high standard we have tried to set. Thank you.

Yours sincerely,

Helen M. Rodney

Helen M. Rodney (Mrs.)
Head, Reference Division
McPherson Library, and
Director, Creative Canada

HMR:jb

Encls.

Completed new form and mailed it Dec. 10, 1975
H.M.R.

[ca. 1980]

THOMAS H. RADDALL

Thomas Head Raddall was born in 1903 at Hythe, Kent, England, where his father was on the staff of the British Army School of Musketry. He attended Saint Leonard's School there until 1913, when his father transferred to a similar post in the Canadian Army and removed his family to Halifax, Nova Scotia. Raddall senior went overseas with the 1st. Canadian Division in 1914, rose to the command of the Winnipeg Rifles, and was killed while leading them in the battle of Amiens in 1918.

At Halifax, young Thomas attended Chebucto School. The school and his home nearby were badly damaged in 1917, when the explosion of a munitions ships destroyed much of the city. He escaped with concussion and a slight cut.

In 1918, giving his age as 18, he trained as a wireless telegrapher, and served in the ships "War Karma" and "Prince George" until his discharge in 1919. He then became a radio officer in ships of the Canadian merchant marine. In 1921 he was posted to shore duty on Sable Island, "The Graveyard of the Atlantic", where he spent a year.

In 1922 he left the service, studied accounting in a Halifax business school, and took a job in a small wood-pulp mill on the Mersey River in western Nova Scotia. He enjoyed life in the woods, and for several years spent his holidays exploring the Mersey watershed, afoot and by canoe, which brought him into close acquaintance with loggers, river-drivers, hunters, trappers, and a band of Micmac Indians. Added to his experiences at sea and on Sable Island, these travels in the forest gave him rich material for short stories and novels later on.

In 1927 he married a young music teacher in Milton, Edith Freeman, and they made their home in the small seaport of Liverpool, at the

Mersey mouth, where Raddall took an office job in a new paper mill. Liverpool was an old colonial town, settled by New Englanders before the American Revolution. Tales and traditions of these pioneers had been handed down , and Raddall found documents that gave a new light on Nova Scotia history during the colonial period.

He began to experiment with short stories of Nova Scotia, past and present. In 1933 the famous British monthly Blackwood's Magazine began to publish a series of his stories. His output was small, written and re-written in the evenings after work at the paper mill. Appearing in Blackwood's his stories drew the interest of a world-wide readership, including Colonel Theodore Roosevelt Jr., American historical novelist Kenneth Roberts, and British novelist John Buchan. With the encouragement of these men Raddall quit his job in 1938 and launched forth as a professional author.

In 1939 the Blackwood firm published a book of Raddall's short stories entitled "The Pied Piper of Dipper Creek". John Buchan, then Lord Tweedsmuir and Governor-General of Canada, wrote a foreword for the book, saying in part: "I confess to a special liking for a story that has something of a plot and issues in a dramatic climax, a type which has had many distinguished exponents, from Sir Walter Scott through Stevenson and Maupassant to Kipling and Conrad. To this school Mr. Raddall belongs, and he is worthy of a great succession. He has the rare gift of swift, spare, clean-limbed narrative, and he has great stories to tell."

After reading some of Raddall's colonial tales in Blackwood's, Theodore Roosevelt urged him to write a history of Nova Scotia during the American Revolution, when the destiny of Canada was being fought

out. Raddall was doubtful, for he was now committed to writing for a living, with a wife and children to support. His stories were being published in American as well as British magazines, which gave him a fair living. The writing of history could not. Roosevelt, Roberts and Thomas Costain then persuaded him to write a novel about Nova Scotia during the American Revolution, firmly based on fact like the historical short stories he had written for Blackwood's. The novel, entitled "His Majesty's Yankees", was published in New York and Toronto in 1942. It received acclaim from prominent critics, and it sold about ten thousand copies before going out of print -- a long way from a best seller.

The Second World War was then in full blast. Raddall had sought service in the Canadian navy, citing his experience as a seagoing radio officer; but he was turned away by the navy's standards for age and physique. In 1943 he became a lieutenant commanding a rifle platoon in the reserve battalion of the West Nova Scotia Regiment, on coastal patrol duties. This gave him some time for writing, and during the war his publishers brought out a second historical novel, "Roger Sudden", as well as two books of short stories written for magazines before the war.

Apart from two small books printed privately before the war, Raddall today is the author of eighteen books, including 8 novels, 5 volumes of short stories, 4 volumes of Canadian history, and his autobiography, "In My Time", published in 1976. The novels have been published in English in Canada, the United States, and Britain. In translation they have been published in almost every European language west of the Iron Curtain. At home and abroad, more than 2,500,000 copies have been sold.

In all his work Raddall has written about Canada, and chiefly about the little sea-girt province in which he lives. For this he has been

honoured by his countrymen. He is a Fellow of the Royal Society of Canada, and of The Haliburton, the literary society of the University of King's College. He has received honorary degrees from Dalhousie University, the University of King's College, Saint Mary's University, and Saint Francis Xavier University. He has received three Governor-General's Awards, the Lorne Pierce medal of the Royal Society of Canada, and the gold medal of the University of Alberta. In 1971 he was made an Officer of the Order of Canada, the country's highest honour.

Raddall's home is in Liverpool, Nova Scotia, where he has lived more than fifty years. The family name is Cornish and is pronouced with a slight emphasis on the first syllable, RAD-awl. He is a member of the Canadian Legion and the Nova Scotia Historical Society.

****

Raddall's works as plays

"Roger Sudden" was dramatized as the first serial play on Canadian television in 1953.

"The Nymph and The Lamp" was dramatized as a television play in the United States in 1952, on the Columbia Broadcasting System.

"The Wings of Night" was dramatized as a serial play on the television network of the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation in 1963-64, all the location photography being done on the scene of the story in Nova Scotia.

ANTHOLOGIES

Selections from Raddall's work have been published in about fifty anthologies in Canada, the United States, and Britain. Selections for student use have been published in the German and Japanese languages.

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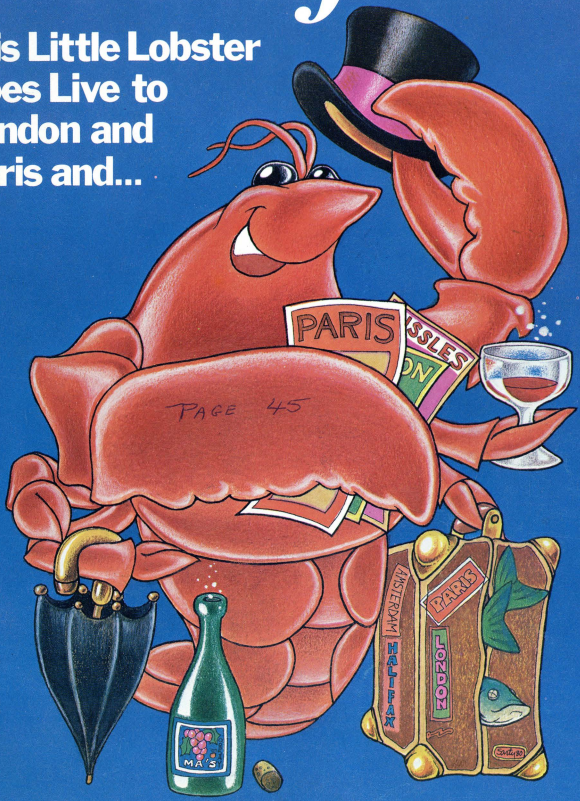

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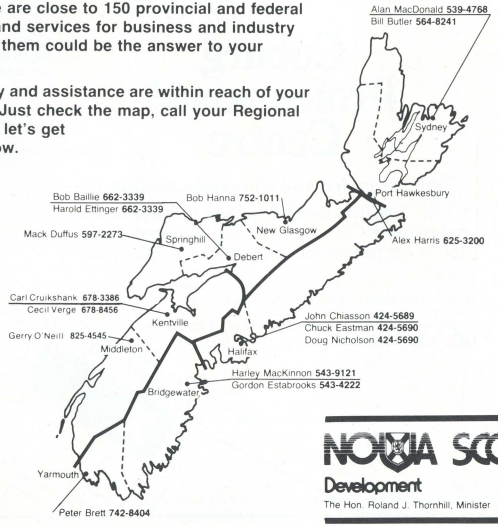

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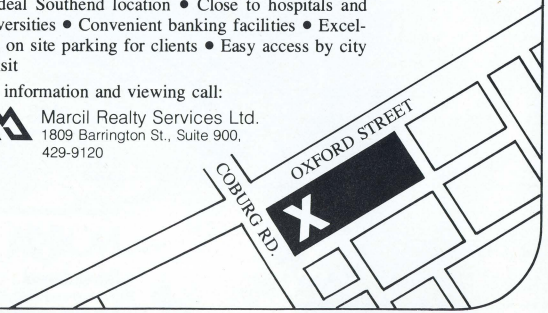

Halifax

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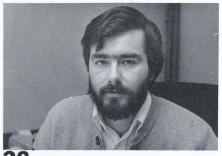
28

61

33

28
This Little Lobster Went to London
By John Cunningham
Clearwater Lobsters is doing a thriving business shipping Atlantic lobsters live to Europe.

33
Three Craftsmen
By John DeMont
Fine craftsmen are a dying breed; Men who take care to do things properly. John DeMont spoke to three.

36
Everybody's Gotta Have a Home
By Jill Cooper-Robinson
Now's the time to buy, says Ms. Robinson. There is plenty of choice — even on the peninsula.

41
The Fine Art of Surfacing
By Marcia Ross
Six young artists who are struggling to make ends meet.

44
Old Man and the Sea
By John Cunningham
Thomas Raddall looks back over his days on Sable Island, the backdrop for some of his best work.

48
Halifax Women: About the House
By Heather MacLeod
A Women's Place offers refuge.

THE COLUMNISTS

6
The Nova Scotians
By Glen Hancock
Nova Scotians have long gone down to the sea for their livelihood but its a tradition that's slowly being forgotten.

11
Politics
By Ian Thompson
Mr. Thompson asks, "Why can't lawyers discipline themselves?"

14
Sport
By Don Martin
Spring is coming and it's time to get healthy again.

THE ARTS

51
Pop
By Robert Lawrence
Paralandra has been playing together for five years but nobody's heard them.

53
Food
By Betsey Harwood
The Italians started using forks because they found eating pasta with their hands too slippery and messy. And the fork was the forerunner of the modern tablesetting.

59
Gardens
By Dorothy Perkyns
March is a good time to revitalize your house plants. Mrs. Perkyns explains how.

61
Art
By J.C. Morrow
Al Chaddock has strong views about the environment that he expresses through his art.

ALSO...

4 **Letters**
16 **What's On!**
24 **About Town**
55 **Halifax Past**
58 **New and Noted**
63 **Crossword** *The New York Times*
64 **The Informer**

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Letters

I don't know why you saw fit to print Don Martin's whining about the Vees in your last issue. It seems to me that the onus to fill the Metro Centre is on Haligonians rather than the Vees.

Conveniently, Martin neglects to mention that the Vees have produced several championship teams, are always in contention and during the past decade have provided a grand opportunity to witness the development of numerous bright stars: Dryden, Larry Robinson, Pierre Mondou and others. Is that not their part of the bargain? It also seems that it was our own provincial and municipal leaders who brought us the $14 million Metro Centre. And not exclusively for hockey either — how about the enhancement of Halifax as a convention city, for instance?

As for the Canadiens' 'arrogance' perhaps their record gives them a little something to be 'arrogant' about. Or maybe they make the decisions in Montreal because that's where they pay the shot. Martin might have mentioned that they lose money on the operation but that's part of the price for developing hockey talent, which is their first responsibility. I don't see any of Halifax's wealthier citizens taking any risks in that way.

If Halifax doesn't respond to good teams in a fine arena, maybe, just maybe, its our fault. So come on *Halifax,* stop printing such cheap, easy shots. They only serve to create a reputation for whining and carping. In short, put up or shut up.
John Knight
Halifax

As a member of the growing colony of bluenosers on the west coast I thought I would write to say that many of us look forward to *Halifax* each month. It's a good way to stay tuned to what's happening in the old hometown. Especially liked the forecast for the 80s.
B.K. MacDonald,
Vancouver

Address letters to: The Editor, *Halifax* Magazine, P.O. Box 2172, Halifax, N.S., B3J 3C4.

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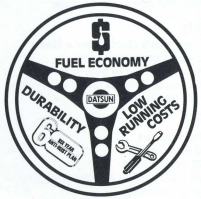

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The Nova Scotians

GLEN HANCOCK

Don't Give Up The Ship

". . . The Eastern provinces have looked to the sea for a livelihood for centuries. It is disturbing that Nova Scotians know so little of this heritage . . ."

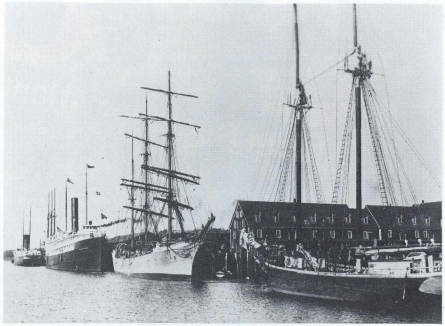
While the Canadian navy still gropes for a name to dignify its glorious past — one which would identify with the shining hours of its World War II service when it was known as the Royal Canadian Navy — it is making elaborate plans to celebrate its 70th anniversary. Packaged somewhat incongruously with the 375th year of the founding of Port Royal, the naval milestone will be the tourist showcase in Nova Scotia for 1980.

On May 4, 1910 Sir Wilfrid Laurier, then prime minister, brought in a bill to establish a Canadian naval force and it is to this date that the navy traces its beginning.

To many people it may come as a surprise that a country so linked historically with the sea and with the navies of other nations should for itself have a navy that has existed for such a brief period of time. It might even be rationalized that Canada's first attempts to raise a sea force of its own go back as far as 1880, for it was in that year that the young independent dominion acquired its first battleship. A gift from the British Admiralty, the *Charybdis* was the only full-rigged vessel to be owned by the Department of Marine and Fisheries 100 years ago. The intention was that it should be a training ship for Canadian naval volunteers. It was, however, a short-lived misadventure. The *Charybdis* was old and her timbers were rotten. In less than two years she was towed into Halifax for disposal and the project abandoned. It would be 30 years more before the Royal Canadian Navy came into being as an entity apart from the Imperial Fleet.

Though the dominion was slow to acquire a naval force of its own its eastern provinces have looked to the sea for its livelihood for centuries. It is all the more disturbing that Nova Scotians know so little of this heritage, so little of the great ships that were built in our shipyards — at Yarmouth, Shelburne, Liverpool and Lunenburg — and of the men who went down to the sea in war and peace.

There is not a fishing village or a deep sea port in the province that hasn't felt the pain of a futile wait for a familiar mast to break the horizon, or felt the compassion for the crews and passengers of other vessels thrown up on these shores by the angry sea. The ships, their crews and their passengers are for the most part forgotten — the *La Tribune* that foundered off Halifax in 1797 with the loss of 300 souls; the steamship *Hungarian* that struck off Cape Sable in 1860 with a loss of 205 just a year after being launched; the 3,607-ton liner *Atlantic* that succumbed to the sea off Halifax, April 1, 1873, with 560 lives lost; the 1898 collision off Sable Island of the French liner *Bourgogne* and the British vessel *Cromartyshire*: 571 lives lost. And, of course, the 1917 collision in Halifax Harbour of the *Mont Blanc* and *Imo*. Only naval records know how many Nova Scotian crewmen were on the Canadian liner *Royal Edward* when she was sunk in 1915 by a German submarine, losing 1,386 lives; the 1942 sinking of the Canadian liner *Lady Hawkins* by torpedo, 250 lost; and unnumbered Canadian and British merchantmen lost at sea in both these wars.



The Yarmouth waterfront in the last days of full-rigged sailing ships

Ships have been the substance of our industry and our legends. The *Royal William*, the *Titanic*, the incomparable *Bluenose*, the mysterious *Marie Celeste*, and the Nantucket whalers that operated out of Dartmouth in days long gone and all but forgotten.

A complaint Canadians often have of their own national personality is that they are nondescript and dull.

". . . Joshua Slocum, a legendary voyager who was born in Annapolis County and the first person to sail around the world alone (in 1898) disappeared after setting out in his 37-foot Spray to explore the Orinoco River in South America . . ."

That may be true — but they needn't be. Apart from all the fascinating characters that appear in our political, industrial and cultural lineage there is an entrancing roster of colorful seafarers who have touched our shores. They range from Champlain through the pirates William Kidd, Henry Morgan and Captain Cook, who was stationed in Halifax in 1759, and Admiral Boscawe, British naval commander at Louisbourg, to shipbuilders Samuel Cunard of Halifax, Donald McKay of Shelburne, and Ezra Churcholl of Hantsport, to Joshua Slocum, a legendary voyager who was born in Annapolis County and the first person to sail around the world alone (in 1898). He disappeared after setting out in his 37-foot *Spray* to explore the Orinoco River in South America.

Many of our place names in Nova Scotia are after sailors of various ranks, their exploits no longer remembered. Cole Harbour takes its name from a captain whose sloop *William* was captured by a Spanish privateer near Canso in 1719. Admiral Sir William Inglis Cochran gave his rank, at least, to Admiral Rock, Halifax County, A First Lord of the Admiralty, the Duke of Bedford, left his name to the town of Bedford. Admiral Robert Digby gave his name to a Bay of Fundy port and Port Howe perpetuates the name of Admiral Lord Richard Howe.

Perhaps the most illustrious of all our native born Nova Scotian naval heroes were two Dartmouth brothers, Philip and George Westphal, and a Halifax man with the impressive name of Provo William Parry Wallis. They preceded the advent of the Royal Canadian Navy and served their time in the Royal Navy. A community near

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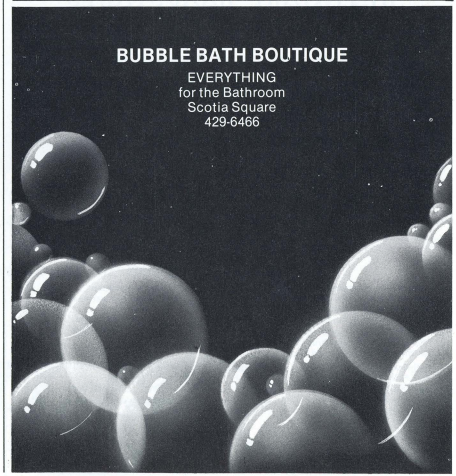

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". . . George Westphal served with Nelson and was aboard the victory at Trafalgar where he was wounded. Nelson's coat was put under his head for a pillow . . ."

Dartmouth bears the name of Westphal. Admiral Philip Westphal, born 1782, was the eldest of the brothers. He entered the navy at the age of 12 and served on the *Albatross* and the *Shannon*, and was with Horatio Nelson at Copenhagen and Toulon. He died in England in 1880. George Westphal also served with Nelson and was aboard the *Victory* at Trafalgar where he was wounded. Nelson's coat was put under his head for a pillow. He later served in the *Indefatigable* under Sir George Cockburn and was master of the *Anaconda* at the Battle of New Orleans in the War of 1812, a battle fought after the peace had been signed. Westphal was knighted in 1824 and became an admiral in 1863. He died in a house in Brighton where he had lived for 40 years.

Sir Provo W.P. Wallis, born at Halifax in 1791, became Admiral of the British Fleet and, as no one had done before or since, he remained on the navy list for more than 90 years. His father was chief clerk to the naval commissioner in Halifax and his grandfather was a naval carpenter. He was 12 years old when he sailed on *H.M.S. Cleopatra* in the West Indies. From 1824 to 1826 Wallis commanded the *Nieman* at Halifax, and with the rank of rear-admiral in 1857 he became commander-in-chief of the southeast South American station. By 1877 he was Admiral of the Fleet, and by a provision that names of old officers who had commanded a ship during the French war would be retained on the active list, he remained "active" until he died in England, just short of his 101st birthday.

It was appropriate fate that Sir Provo should have served on *H.M.S. Shannon* when she escorted the United States frigate *Chesapeake* in-

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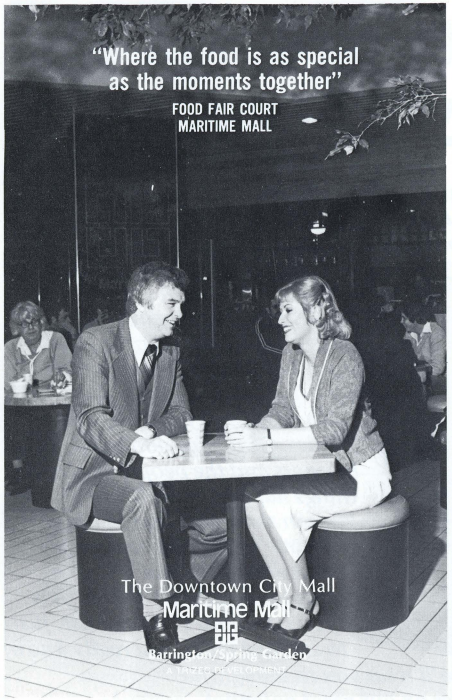

"... The battle of the Chesepeake *and the* Shannon *was one of the most spectacular of the War of 1812..."*

to his home port of Halifax in June of 1813. He was, in fact, by a tragic set of circumstances, in command of the *Shannon*, as Captain Philip Broke and the first lieutenant were both wounded. It was left to Second-Lieutenant Wallis to bring the prize home. He was 22. The famous battle, that took place just outside Boston harbor on June 1, lasted only 15 minues. The *Shannon* lost 33 men, the *Chesapeake* 61, including the captain, James Lawrence. The battle of the *Chesapeake* and the *Shannon* was one of the most spectacular of the War of 1812, and it was a great triumph for Canada because, ostensibly at least, the war was one between England and the United States to see which one would get to keep Canada. It must have been heart warming for young Wallis to stand on the bridge of the victorious ship on that Sunday morning, watching his townsmen streaming triumphantly down to the jetty, draining St. Paul's Church of its congregation, led, it is said, by the rector himself. The *Chesapeake* was subsequently sailed to England where soon afterwards she was broken up and her timbers used to build a grain mill in Wickham, near Portsmouth. It is still in use. The *Chesapeake* and the *Shannon* encounter is a much romanticized story, but it is only vaguely understood in the folklore of Nova Scotia.

In the end, it was the Americans, with their inimitable sense of history, who won. They turned a naval disaster into a patriotic victory. Captain Lawrence was buried in the naval cemetary in Halifax but later removed to New York. But his dying words: "Don't give up the ship!" became the battle cry of the U.S. Navy and it is to this day.

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Ian Thompson

Politics

Beyond the Long Arm of the Law

SEPT. 8, 1978 — Halifax lawyer pleads guilty to charges of making false statements on his income tax returns for two successive years. He is fined close to the maximum permitted by law. The fine is subsequently upheld on appeal.

THE NOVA SCOTIA BARRISTERS SOCIETY REGULATIONS REGULATION 38 — the (discipline) committee shall seek to inhibit professional misconduct and conduct unbecoming a barrister on the part of members of the society by investigating, on its own initiative or on the complaints of others, alleged instances of such conduct or misconduct and, when appropriate, disciplining the member or members involved.

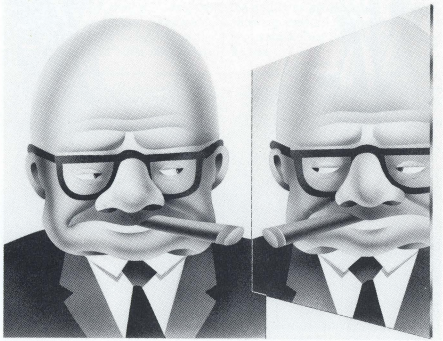
What's so unbecoming about making false statements on your income tax return? What's so unbecoming about being charged under two sections of the Income Tax Act, one for making false statements and the other for income tax evasion? What's unbecoming about making false statements on income tax returns, the effect of which is to avoid paying tax in an amount of about $30,000? And besides, the court dealt severely with the individual.

The Nova Scotia Barristers Society takes pride in its ability to police its memberships. Bruce Nickerson, president of the society, says in cases of misconduct or even suspected lawyer misconduct involving client, the society acts promptly to protect the client and the profession. Every complaint is investigated with dispatch, says Nickerson, and when necessary, there can be compensation paid a client from a fund to which each lawyer in the province contributes $10 a year.

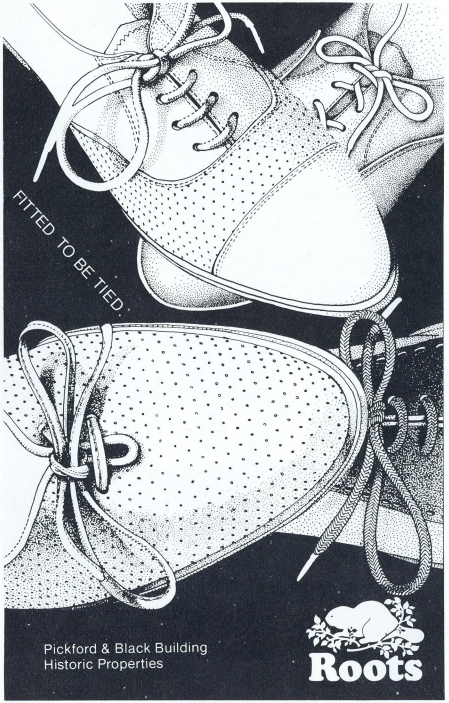
As for the case of the Halifax lawyer who pleaded guilty on Sept. 8, 1978, Nickerson says simply the case was not a matter for disciplinary action by the profession. (The lawyer was subsequently suspended for alleged mishandling of a clients funds.) While Nickerson notes he is not a member of the discipline committee and therefore not a party to committee deliberations, he points out that no member of the public was hurt and the lawyer was harshly dealt with by the court. And, besides, how do you define unbecoming? What's unbecoming?

Nickerson is, of course, right. To allege "conduct unbecoming a barrister" is to make a subjective judgement. Breaking the speed limit is conduct unbecoming any responsible member of society. So is driving while impaired. But the public would not suggest disbarment, or suspension of the right of a lawyer to practice, for conviction on either offense. Similarly, making a false statement on one's income tax return, the effect of which is to avoid paying taxes of about $30,000, is unbecoming, but does it warrant a penalty by the bar society that claims to be self-disciplining? A taxi driver can lose his right to work in Halifax for more minor offenses because the profession is regulated externally. But the legal profession regulates itself and, apparently, making false income tax returns is not sufficiently unbecoming to warrant action.

The Nickerson view has many critics. At a recent annual meeting of the Nova Scotia Progressive Conservative Association, a resolution was proposed calling for substantial changes in the manner in which the society handles its discipline problems and in the manner in which aggrieved clients are reimbursed. The resolution was withdrawn without being debated after a cabinet member agreed to take the matter directly to his colleagues. And the critics offer documentation to support the view that lawyers do not appropriately deal with instances of alleged misconduct.



Take the case of a Halifax lawyer, subsequently disbarred for mishandling of trust funds. Several months passed between the time the mishandling became apparent to the time an audit was ordered and an investigation launched. It was not until one year after the matter first came to light, after criminal charges were laid, and after independent parties



". . . It was not until one year after the matter first came to light, after criminal charges were laid, and after independent parties were harmed, that the society disbarred its member . . ."

were harmed, that the society disbarred its member.

Or take the case of a Truro lawyer. In May of 1975 he took the case of a woman attempting to recover damages following an automobile accident which took the life of her husband. The lawyer requested, and received $3,000 from the client. Ten months later the money was spent but no positive action had been taken. The lawyer then entered into what later proved to be an invalid contingency fee agreement with the woman and, sometime later, he hired another lawyer to take the case. The second lawyer won a settlement of $70,000, the complete details of which were not made known to the client by the original Truro lawyer.

In December of 1977, after the client received $38,000, less than was rightfully owing to her, a complaint was lodged against the lawyer with the society. In August of 1978, nine months later, the society said it would lay formal charges but did not do so for a further five months. It took a further four months to hold a hearing, with the lawyer twice failing to appear, and eventually the lawyer was reprimanded. After the client was advised the lawyer had been suspended for his handling of an unrelated case, she sought reimbursement in June of 1979 from the society's reimbursement fund. The society did not act on the request until November of 1979 and two months later the Bar Council, which refused to hear presentations from either the client or her new lawyer, offered reimbursement recommended by the reimbursement committee. The client considered the reimbursement inadequate but she had no right of appeal. In the meantime the client had to sell property to meet financial obligations. The bar society took from

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". . . It is not uncommon for a lawyer, over a career, to have one or even a couple of complaints filed for negligence. More than a dozen over a short period of time is unheard of . . ."

December, 1977, to January, 1980, 25 months, to act on the complaint and disbar the lawyer.

A third case involves a Halifax lawyer who failed, as required, to file a chartered accountant's reconciliation of the lawyer's trust account. The Bar Society, in violation of its own regulations, permitted the lawyer to continue to practice. A complaint was later filed against the lawyer and, with a $4,200 judgement lodged against him, the lawyer left the province. The bar society was later required to pay $10,000, with no admission of liability, to clients who argue they had lost money in dealings with the lawyer. A solicitor acting on behalf of the clients successfully argued the society had improperly allowed the lawyer to continue to practice. Eight months passsed between the time the lawyer failed to provide the trust account reconciliation and the time he was suspended.

A further case, on which the society has taken no action, involves a Halifax lawyer against whom, allegedly, there have been more than a dozen negligency complaints filed in approximately four years. It is not uncommon for a lawyer, over a career, to have one, or even a couple, of complaints filed. More than a dozen over a short period of time is unheard of.

One lawyer calls the society's handling of disciplinary matters a "bloody scandal". Another says: "It usually takes something cataclysmic for the Bar Society to act. Both the public at large and other lawyers are prejudiced for too long while the society does not act." But even these lawyers say members of the profession generally are concerned that proper standards and ethics be maintained. They say the society and its committees are properly motivated. The system, however, is wrong. The lawyers point out that membership on committees changes every year; there is no consistency. They further note that those responsible for discipline are volunteers. The time taken to investigate complaints is time and money lost to the committee members.

The solution, seemingly, lies in an independent authority or, at least, in a permanent, paid board. The system is not acting to the satisfaction of some members of the public and many members of the profession itself.

The system should be improved. Either that or abandon altogether the noting of professional standards, allowing lawyers to operate with no constraints other than those provided by law.

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Sport

In the Spring of Things

With spring at hand it's time to get in shape. What's the outlook?

The curse of spring is in trying to appear healthy for it. Invariably, after taking off winter's overcoats, layers of thermal cotton and bulky knit, there is an expanse of uncharted midriff that chronicles the passage of time like rings around a tree stump. You look into a mirror and the body of George Chuvalo looks back. Visions of string drawn tight around pork sausage flash through your mind as you try on last year's bathing suit.

Different people, of course, will react differently. Some will resign themselves to peaceful co-existence, respecting the autonomy of the invasive fat globule, and maintaining harmonious relations with their occupied territory. Others will resent the unwarranted build-up and take countervailing measures designed to defuse what could be a potentially explosive tissue.

Recognizing the need for action is only the first step in deciding exactly what action should be taken. There are all kinds of ways of getting back in shape, some better than others, and we will confine our attention to those most likely to provide maximum benefit with minimum cost, and hence, optimum practicality.

Athletic endeavor is traditionally the best way to achieve significant weight loss and the end of the winter season always presents unique and interesting exercise opportunities. The following is a list of some of these activities with accompanying figures, representing the expected average caloric expenditure.

1. Ice Skating: 70 cal./hr. Briskly, on frozen pond: 95 cal./hr. Briskly, on partially frozen pond: 1500 cal./hr. Note: Falling through the ice is a quick and easy way to develop hypothermia... in which case add another 50 cal./hr.

2. Skiing — Cross Country: 2500 cal./hr. Skiing — Downhill: 1750 cal./hr. Skiing — Uphill: 5000 cal./hr. Note: The presence of snow will decrease these figures dramatically.

3. Hiking: 150 cal./hr. Backpacking: 175 cal./hr. Orienteering: 200 cal./hr. Getting hopelessly lost: 225 cal./hr. (Doubled between sunset and sunrise. With panic add 25 per cent).

4. Hill climbing: 250 cal./hr. Rock climbing: 300 cal./hr. Mountain climbing: 350 cal./hr. Falling off mountain: 2 cal./vertical ft. Screaming: negligible.

5. Fencing: rapier: 150 cal./hr. Fencing: foil: 150 cal./hr. Fencing: stolen merchandise: 3-5 yr.

6. Skipping rope: 900 cal./hr. Skipping lunch: 215 cal./beer. Skipping town: (see below)

7. Running, moderately: 400 cal./hr. Running, briskly: 600 cal./hr. Running, from authorities: 3500 cal./hr.

Of course, if you have the time, money and inclination toward membership in a private club, the racquet sports are conceded to be the favorite routes toward significant loss. Naturally, how much you lose will depend on how much you have available to lose, and that will depend entirely on the Time/Court ratio. The more you play, the more you will lose and the truly devoted player... the five, six and seven times per week player has the potential to lose just about everything.

Listed below are marginally accurate figures, variously representing the expected loss during court activity.

8. Tennis court: 210 cal./hr. Racquetball court: 340 cal./hr. Squash court: 500 cal./hr. Divorce court: 00 x 50%.

It goes without saying that athletic activity, to the extreme or otherwise, is not absolutely necessary to burn off those unwanted calories. There are any number of tasks about the house and auto that can provide meaningful exercise and improvements of a practical nature at the same time. For example, you could install a backyard swimming pool for the coming season. Of course, the sooner you start the more beneficial the project will be to your reducing program, especially when you build it or dig it yourself.

9. Above ground pool: 380 cal./ft. depth. In ground pool: 24,000 cal./ft. depth. In ground pool, ground still frozen: 3.6×10^8 cal./ft.

Pools aren't for everyone, and the swimming season is rather brief in proportion to expenditure, so you may prefer instead, to get the yard in shape for summer, and yourself with it. The total package can entail a considerable amount of exertion but the measures you take now could pay dividends in work savings later in the season.

10. Raking lawn: 90 cal./hr. Aerating lawn: 100 cal./hr. Rolling lawn: 130 cal./hr. Paving lawn: 900 cal./sq. yd.

Even executing the change-over from winter to spring on the family car can result in a few extra calories lost, and a few extra strands gained on the old latissimus dorsi.

11. Changing tire: 2500 cal. Replacing winter tires with summer: 3500 cal./wheel. Rotating tires: 69,000 cal./set. (If using wrenches, deduct 95 per cent)

However, even the most rigorous program of physical activity will have only a marginal effect unless it is combined with the proper diet. Lots of fruit and vegetables, foods high in protein and low in fat and carbohydrates can contribute greatly to preventing, or at least delaying the day when you'll have to be guy-wired in a corner and fed by conveyor belt.

It's also a good idea in this part of the country ... in fact, you owe it to yourself, to replace red meat with fish in your diet, especially now that it's in reasonably good supply. You can feel confident in following the nutritionally sound advice of the militant trawlermen who tied up their boats saying: "Let 'em eat hake..."

Of course, there will come a time when all of these measures will be extraneous. Exercise and dieting will not be necessary to keep you slim and trim. Over-eating will no longer be a problem. People who have reached this stage in life have no difficulty thinning down and staying that way. It's an effortless procedure they say, that usually starts the day they become eligible to collect old age pension...

"...even the most rigorous program of physical activity will have only a marginal effect unless it is combined with the proper diet..."

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What's On!

SCREENINGS

Listings of movies coming to the commercial theatres are not available at press time.

Dalhousie Film Theatre — Rebecca Cohn Auditorium, Dalhousie Arts Ctr. A Sunday evening film series: The Sailor Who Fell From Grace With the Sea with Kris Kristofferson and Sarah Miles, 9; If, directed by Lindsay Anderson and starring Malcolm McDowell, 23; Orchestra Rehearsal and Toby Dammit by Fellini, 30; Claude Chabrol's Violette Nozier, April 6. Screenings at 8 p.m.

Films On Art — MacAloney Room 406, Dalhousie Arts Ctr. A noon-hour series presented by the Dalhousie Art Gallery. Films on Architecture. I.M. Pei: Five Essays, 6; Louie Kahn: Architect, 23. Additional Wednesday evening screenings at 7:30 include All That Money Can Buy, 5; A Full Life and an Honest Place, 12.

Lunch Hour Films — Art Gallery of Mount Saint Vincent, Bedford Hwy. Screenings Wednesday at noon and 1 p.m. Sat. and Sun. at 2 p.m. Schedule could not be confirmed at press time.

Wormwood — National Film Board Theatre, 1672 Barrington St. A Friday and Saturday evening series of films not usually presented in commercial theatres. Schedule includes L'hiver Bleu, a new independent film from Quebec, 29. Information available from the Atlantic Film-makers' Co-op, 423-8833.

THE THEATRES

Casino — 2120 Gottingen St. 429-5000
Cove — 2101 Gottingen St. 429-4214
Downsview — Downsview Mall, Sackville, 865-1661
Hyland — 7211 Quinpool Road, 454-0974
Oxford — 1577 Barrington St. 423-6054
Penhorn — Penhorn Mall, Dartmouth 463-2597
Scotia Square — Scotia Square 429-3432
Spryfield Twins — 16 Dentith Road 477-3344

AFTER DARK

Board Room — Scotia Square. Popular after business hours piano bar.
Black Knight — Halifax Shopping Ctr. Light folk and traditional Irish music with Barley Bree.
The Cellar — 5175 South St. A quiet spot for a relaxing drink and good conversation below the Gondola restaurant.
Clancy's — Wyse Road, Dartmouth. A training ground for young up and coming rock and roll bands. Some big names too!
Barnacle — Historic Properties. Folk music in a harborfront setting.
Bonnie Piper — Maritime Center. A beverage room with an emphasis on lively

The Royal Winnipeg Ballet are at the Rebecca Cohn, 6, 7 and 8.

Irish music.
Ladies Beverage Room (LBR) — Lord Nelson Arcade. Another Irish folk stronghold catering to a boisterous college crowd. Regulars include McGinty.
Dick Turpin's — Chateau Halifax. Scotia Square. A lively young crowd, jugs of draught beer and Irish folk music makes for a noisy evening.
Dina's — Quinpool Rd. at Robie. The original salt cod cowboy, Kevin Head rocks Wed.-Sat.
El Strato — 2192 Gottingen. One of the city's oldest country music watering holes.
Eager Beaver — Hotel Nova Scotian. Jazz and blues with Mason-Chapman, 10-22; Keith Jollimore Quartet from 24.
Fingers — Dresden Row. A new lounge featuring jazz and r and b with Mason-Chapman and Pressure Cooker plus a stand-up comedian.
Gingers — Hollis St. Tuesday is 'open mike' so bring along a guitar. Saturday afternoon it's traditional bluegrass. Special entertainment, including theatre and comedy is also featured.
Griffin — Hotel Nova Scotian. A quiet spot tailor-made for relaxed conversation with middle of the road entertainment.
Harbor Lights — 42 Alderney Drive, Dartmouth. A country music showcase with a fine view of the harbour.
Jury Room — Carleton Hotel, Argyle St. the most popular bar in Halifax. No live entertainment but then hanging out is half the fun. Lineups when the pubs close. Get there early.
Red Lion — Portland St., Dartmouth. Accent on blues and rock with regulars including Southside and others.
Lobster Trap — Trade Mart, Brunswick St. A new location and a new style. Watch for some big names in the new cabaret showcase.
Matador — Wyse Road, Dartmouth. Upstairs hot and heavy rock is the mainstay. Downstairs in the country lounge regulars include Riverboat and Cheyenne.
Misty Moon — Gottingen at Cunard. The area's top rock showcase. Sam Moon Band, 3-9; Minglewood Band, 10-16; Molly Oliver, 17-23; Wonderful Grand Band, 24-30.
Palace — Brunswick St. (Across from the Citadel) A sleek and sophisticated new night spot across from the Town Clock with danceable rock and pop.
Parlour — Brunswick St. Classy but cosy folk nest below the Palace.
Privateer's Warehouse — Historic Properties. Jazz and light blues in a unique setting on the Middle Deck. Swing Saxophonist Jim Gallaway, 3-15; percussionist Carl "Sleepy" Thomas, 17-29.
Seahorse — Argyle St. There's always a good conversation brewing at one of the city's oldest taverns.
737 Lounge — Atlantic Inn, Windmill Rd., Dartmouth. Relaxed atmosphere with folk singers Dwight Keeping, 4-8; Judie Murphy, 11-15; Peggy Thayer, 18-22; Dwight Keeping, 25-29.
Stages — Holiday Inn, 1980 Robie St. Back to Berlin, a show about the great German cabaret tradition with singer-actress Helen Goodwin and musical director Sandy Moore, from 13. Shows Mon.-Thurs. at 9 p.m. Fri. and Sat. at 8 and 11 p.m.
Zapata's — 1591 South Park St. Regulars include Frank McKay and Company. Watch for laughs from Terry Pulliam and Comedy or What.

DISCOS

Downtown Connection — Barrington St.

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5680 — 5680 Spring Garden Rd. Pepe's is sporting a flashy disco downstairs where Cabbagetown used to be.

The Office — Argyle St. A new location for one of the city's most exclusive nightspots, catering to young people who take their disco seriously.
Studio 16 — Quinpool Road. A kids' disco with all the trimmings except alcohol. Open Thursday to Sunday.
Winston's — Clayton Park. A new high life disco for the Clayton Park set but of course downtowners are always welcome. New Clayton Park Shopping Centre.

LECTURES

Issues In Science — Halifax City Regional Library, 5381 Spring Garden Road. A series focusing on local scientific research and study. Telecommunications — Past, Present and Future by Dr. Max Wong, 7; Radio Activity — Is It All Bad? by Dr. Jeff Wright, 14; Research Response to Ecological Emergencies by Dr. John Vandermeulin, 21; The Mussel Watch — Monitoring the Health of Our Oceans by Dr. Jack Uthe, 28. Lectures at noon.

THEATRE

The Master Builder — Neptune Theatre, 5216 Sackville St. Ibsen's classic drama directed by Tony Randall and starring John Neville and Kathy McKenna, to 16. Performances Tues. - Sat. at 8 p.m. Sundays at 2 p.m.
The Unexpected Guest — Rebecca Cohn Auditorium, Dalhousie Arts Ctr. One of Agatha Christie's most baffling mysteries, 28 at 8:30 p.m.; 29 at 7 and 9:30 p.m.
Butterflies Are Free — Neptune Theatre, 5216 Sackville St. Leonard Gershe's well-known play of a young man's struggle to adapt in society, from 28. Performances Tues. - Sat. at 8 p.m. Sundays at 2 p.m.

GALLERIES

Anna Leonowens Gallery — Nova Scotia College of Art and Design. Gallery I: Michael Fernandez, installation, 3-7; a group show, drawings, 10-14; printmaking by NSCAD students, 17-21; Dara Birnbaum, video installation, 24-28; Wima Needham, graduating MFA student, 31 to April 4. Gallery II: David Lapalombara, sculpture, 3-7; Larry Fink, photographs, 10-14; Elizabeth Guildford, photographs (tentative), 17-21; Dara Birnbaum, video installation, 24-28.
Art Gallery of Mount Saint Vincent — Mount Saint Vincent University, Bedford Hwy. Downstairs Gallery: a retrospective of Prints by Edward Porter, to 9; Brahma and Bhudda Sculpture courtesy of the National Gallery, from 20; Upstairs Gallery: Seaform Variations: sculpture by Ken Guild, to 9; paintings by Toronto artist Doug Kirton, from 20.
Art Gallery of Nova Scotia — 6152 Coburg Road. Main Gallery: Aspects of the Permanent Collection, to 15; A Tony Urquhart Retrospective with paintings, drawings and

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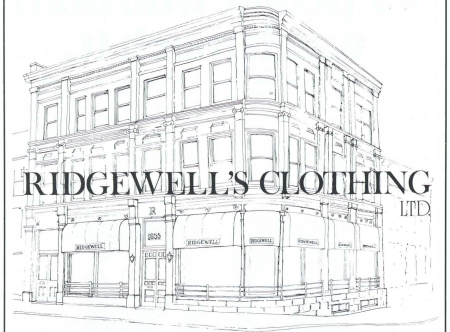

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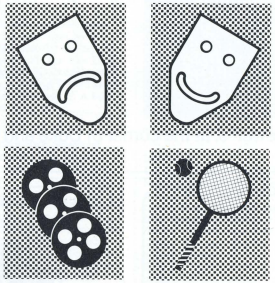

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sculptural constructions organized by the Kitchener-Waterloo Art Gallery, from 15. Second Floor Gallery: The Graphic Connection: color and line works from Japanese woodblocks to contemporary Commonwealth prints and drawings; The Inner Ocean: illustrations by Ron Bolt for the book of the same name, from 14; Mezzanine Gallery: Nova Scotia Collects: the first in a series of exhibitions from private collections, to 15; Urquhart Retrospective, from 15.

Atlantic Art Gallery — Lord Nelson Arcade, 5675 Spring Garden Road. Art and artists of the Atlantic Provinces. An exhibition of new paintings by Newfoundland artist Lloyd Pretty opens 27.

Centre For Art Tapes — 1671 Argyle St. Video works by Ian Murray, 5-15; Douglas Waterman, 19-29. Screenings on request.

Dalhousie University Art Gallery — Dalhousie Arts Ctr. Bolivian Weaving: From the Looms of the Andes and the Dalhousie Theatre Department and Costume Design show, to 30. The fifth Dalhousie Drawing Exhibition opens April 3.

Dartmouth Heritage Museum — Wyse Road, Dartmouth. Mabel Seeley, oils, 3-24; Leon Simon Keil, abstract oils, from 24.

Downeast Gallery — Scotia Square. A varied selection of works by Nova Scotian artists.

Dresden Galleries — 1539 Birmingham St. Victor Vasarely, the discoverer of a new aesthetic unity in which form is as important as color is represented by a three-dimensional piece, tapestries, collages and seraggraphs, to 15. An exhibition of graphics by Roy Lichtenstein opens 27.

Eye Level Gallery — 1672 Barrington St. Gary Kibbons, photographs and writings, 14-29; The Golden Years of Jazz: portrait photographs of jazz greats by Bob Parent opens April 1.

Gallery 1667 — Historic Properties. Recent paintings by Mike Hayes, to 15; Two Arctic Summers: new work by Toronto artist Geoffrey Armstrong opens 20.

Letitia's Gallery — 1535 Birmingham St. Work by many local artists as well as a selection of Nova Scotian crafts.

Mamuge Galleries — 1674 Hollis St. Hangings by weaver Patricia McClelland, from 20.

Parlor Art — 2428 Robie St. Paintings, drawings, prints, sculpture and folk art by Nova Scotian artists. Open Fri. and Sat.

Rye Cove Gallery — Highway 333, Tantallon. Featured artists include James Lorimer Kierstead, Ruth Wainwright, Winnifred Fox, Trudy Doyle and Jean Edmonds Hancock.

Sea Chest Gallery — 1593 Dresden Row. A blend of Inuit and native Nova Scotian art.

School of Architecture Gallery — Nova Scotia Technical College, 5410 Spring Garden Road. Regional, national and international work in architecture and design.

St. Mary's University Art Gallery — St. Mary's University, Robie St. Artifacts of Papua, New Guinea. An exhibition from a private collection including wicker and mud masks, statues, totems and pottery figures.

Zwicker's Gallery — 5415 Doyle St. Print Gallery: works by contemporary Canadian and international artists. Also featured are artists of the Inuit community of Cape Dorset. Main Upstairs Gallery: land and seascapes of Nova Scotia by Maritime artists; drawings and paintings by Jack Humphrey opens 6. Downstairs Gallery: oil and watercolor paintings and drawings by major 19th and early 20th century masters including Fitzgerald, Hamel, Brittain and others. 19th Century Gallery: watercolors and engravings pertaining to Halifax and Nova Scotia in the 18th and 19th centuries.

CONCERTS

Rebecca Cohn Auditorium — Dalhousie Arts Ctr. A busy spring series at the Cohn with classical guitarist Eduardo Fernandez, 4; Amati Trio, 5; Spring Thaw, 10-12; New Orleans Ragtime Orchestra, 17; Carmina Burana: The Songs of Beuron with the Dalhousie Chorale, 21, 22; Vienna Boys Choir, 26; Dalart Trio, April 2; Bach's St. John Passion, April 4. Performances at 8:30 p.m.

Atlantic Symphony — Rebecca Cohn Auditorium, Dalhousie Arts Ctr. An all Tchaikovsky program with guest conductor Simon Streatfield, 16 at 8 p.m.; works by Grieg, Elgar and Neilsen in a program conducted by Victor Yampolsky and featuring guest soloist Gisela Depkat, cello, 31 and April 1 at 8:30 p.m.

Renaissance Recital — Sir James Dunn Theatre, Dalhousie Arts Ctr. David Lyndsay, lute and Douglas Reach, guitar, April 3 at 8:30 p.m.

Sharon, Lois and Bram — Rebecca Cohn Auditorium, Dalhousie Arts Ctr. The country's most popular attraction with the preteen set in a series of benefit performances in aid of the Nova Scotia Cystic Fibrosis Foundation, 13 at 2 and 7 p.m., 14 at 10 a.m. and 2 p.m.

DANCE

Royal Winnipeg Ballet — Rebecca Cohn Auditorium, Dalhousie Arts Ctr. One of the world's finest ensembles, 6-8 at 8:30 p.m.

SPECIAL EVENTS

Halcon 3 — St. Mary's University, Inglis St. The third Halifax Science Fiction Convention features films, readings and music as well as talks by internationally-known authors Alfred Bestor and Spider and Jeanne Robinson. Other events include an informal full-course banquet, a dealer's area and the presentation of the first nation-wide Canadian SF award to guest of honor, A.E. Vogt, 7-9.

SPORT

Voyageurs — Metro Centre, Brunswick St. The high-flying Vees battle Binghampton, 2; Adirondack, 7; New Brunswick, 9; Maine, 14 and 16; New Brunswick, 23; Springfield, April 2.

MUSEUMS

Army Museum — Halifax Citadel. A room by room tour of military history appropriately set in the city's enduring fortress. 9 a.m. -5 p.m.

Dartmouth Heritage Museum — Wyse Road, Dartmouth. The story of the city of lakes is told by a series of historical exhibits including a recreation of the study of Joseph Howe, father of freedom of the press. Weekdays 9 a.m. - 9 p.m. Sat. and Sun. 9 a.m. - 5 p.m.

Nova Scotia Museum — Summer St. The oldest institution of its kind in Canada, the museum traces the development of Nova Scotia with an emphasis on its natural and social history. 9 a.m. - 5 p.m. Wednesday to 9 p.m.

Public Archives of Nova Scotia — Dalhousie University. A museum, archive and gallery open year round daily. Mon.-Fri. 8:30 a.m.-10 p.m.

RESTAURANTS

Below, mini-reviews of restaurants recommended by our critics who chose the restaurant independently and dine there anonymously. We will not comment on the quality unless the critic has dined in the restaurant in the two months prior to publication.

Wonderful Settings

Fat Frank's — Leave your guilt feelings at home, but take your mistress or lover. Frank's has one of the best wine cellars in town. Victorian decor and an extensive menu. Most cards accepted. 5411 Spring Garden Rd. (423-6618)

Henry House — Formerly the home of William Henry, a father of Confederation. The Little Stone Jug downstairs is casual and friendly. It's more elegant and formal

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upstairs but the food is good all round. Most cards accepted. 1222 Barrington St. (423-1309)

Cameo Performances

Cameo — We like the blue room in the back. The food is well prepared and the service efficient. The menu ranges over steaks and seafood. MC Visa AmEx, 5511 Spring Garden Rd. (423-8887)
Chinatown — Overlooks the Bedford Basin. First class Cantonese food. MC Visa AmEx, 3375 Bedford Hwy. (443-2444)
Clipper Cay — One of the prettier restaurants in the city, it's situated over the water at the edge of Historic Properties. Generous servings of a variety of seafood are the mainstay. The service is excellent. Most cards accepted. Historic Properties (423-6816)
DA's — This unassuming little restaurant offers pleasant meals at a reasonable price. Most cards accepted. 5530 Artillery Pl. (422-1625)
Dutch Lantern — Cozy, intimate dining. European and Indonesian dishes that are well prepared. MC Visa AmEx, 65 King St., Dartmouth (463-7061)
L'Evangeline — Hotel Nova Scotian, Hollis St. French cuisine and a service at a leisurely pace.
Gondola — A rampage of Italian food, great service and a Fellinesque decor. La Dolce Vita. MC Visa AmEx, 5175 South St. (423-8719)
Heidelberg — The only restaurant specialising in authentic German dishes in Halifax, plenty of Oom-pa-pa! Most cards accepted. 1475 Dresden Row (423-6328)
Hermitage — Now open during the day, the Hermitage specializes in Swiss and French cuisine, MC Visa AmEx, 1030 South Park St. (423-7638)
Horatio's — Horatio's takes a different tack on course to the kitchen. They offer new treatments to old favorites. MC Visa AmEx, Lord Nelson Hotel, South Park St. (423-6331)
LaScala — Dresden Row. Recently reopened, LaScala offers exquisite Italian fare in elegant surroundings. Most cards.
Newsroom — Steaks and seafoods served in a year-round hanging garden in the middle of Halifax. A new angle on ambience. Lunches are now served in the dining room. MC Visa AmEx, Carleton Hotel, Argyle St.
Noon Watch, Night Watch — Dining and dancing under the stars atop the Chateau with a crow's nest view of the harbor. All major cards. Chateau Halifax, Scotia Square (425-6700)
Old Man Morias — Good Greek food in one of the friendliest restaurants in the city. Best selections of Greek dishes and wines. MC Visa AmEx, 1150 Barrington St. (422-7960)
Pepe's — The surroundings are superb and the food's not far behind. Pepe's is bright, cheerful and delicious. Most cards. 5680 Spring Garden Rd. (429-7321)
Privateers' Warehouse — One of the best values in town. Michael Lindthaler and his staff offer a well-selected menu, cheerfully served in the oldest building on the Halifax waterfront. Most cards. Historic Properties (422-1289)
Sir Loin Steakhouse — A room on the Cameo that caters exclusively to beefeaters. A cut above the herd. MC Visa AmEx. 5511 Spring Garden Rd. (423-8887)
Suisha Gardens — A welcome addition on the dining scene, Suisha Gardens offers exotic Japanese dishes. Pass the chopsticks please. Maritime Center (422-1576)
The Wharf — A new menu specializes in medium-priced steaks and seafood and features an extensive salad bar. Most cards. Scotia Square (423-9365)
Willow Tree — Overlooks the Commons at the centre of Halifax. A dining holiday. Most cards. Holiday Inn, Willow Tree.
Winston's — Clayton Park Plaza. A casual setting offering an extensive menu with emphasis on seafood and English dishes. Most cards. (443-4870)
Zapatas — Greek and Mexican food that's well prepared and nicely served. Inexpensive. Most major cards. 1591 South Park St. (422-1454)

Nice and Inexpensive

Cafe Quelque Chose — Hollis St. at Salter. An intimate eatery that specializes in light meals. Chef and owner Peter Mushkat has a reputation for whipping up deliciously rich desserts, homemade soups and unusual quiche.
Dino's — Their chicken and ribs are the house specialty. MC Visa AmEx, 6009 Quinpool Rd. (423-3148)
Guru — Don't take a fat friend, there's only room for a few. But once inside you'll be delighted by the simple East Indian food. MC Visa, 1665 Argyle St. (422-6347)
Hogies — Seafood and steaks at reasonable prices. Filet up. Most cards. 6278 Quinpool Rd. (422-4414)
Garden View — In woking distance of all the major hotels, this Chinese restaurant is open until 3 a.m. and offers the widest range in Chinese food. . . and clientele. Most cards. 5525 Spring Garden Rd. (423-7982)
Gin Kee Hing — Another good little Chinese restaurant, the Gin Kee Hing is frequented by the college crowd. MC Visa, 5175 Spring Garden Rd. (423-9331)
Miss Piggy's Pork Place — A place to pig out primarily on pork. 5415 Victoria Rd.
Palm Lunch — One of the city's best small restaurants. Mrs. Lan and her family provide a friendly setting for tasty Cantonese dishes. No cards. 5245 Prince St. (423-7648)
Papa Gino's — A new restaurant on the premises of the old Picadilly offering homestyle Italian cooking. Grafton St. at Sackville. (423-8852)
Peacemeal — This is a bran new healthfood restaurant. They also have a bakery. Grafton St. (422-3540)
Sanford's Second Story — Prime spot for people watching. Sanford's offers natural foods, crepes and quiche. MC Via, Hollis and Duke Sts. (423-4560)
Westminster — English setting. A trifle out of the way in the Burnside Industrial park but worth the journey. Steak and ribs are the mainstay. MC Visa AmEx, 10 Akerley Blvd. (466-7455)
Zia Maria — Viva Zia Maria! It reminds us of hot lusty nights spent in little Roman ristorantes. Mama Mia! Visa, Agricola St. at North. (422-3669)

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Visitor's Guide

Halifax is a modern city with a strong link with its historical past. Founded 230 years ago by Col. Edward Cornwallis, the city site was chosen for its strategic location and access to the French strongholds at Louisbourg and Quebec. For more than two centuries Halifax has continued to play a major role in Canada's military affairs. During the Second World War the city was this country's largest and most important naval base. Besides being a bustling seaport, Halifax is also a major education and medical center with six universities, a school of medicine and many hospitals.

POINTS OF INTEREST

First time visitors to Halifax will notice the fine balance of old and new. The Citadel stands guard as the Old Town Clock keeps time for a growing city. The following is a brief guide to selected points of interest.
Admiralty House — CFB Stadacona, Gottingen at Almon St. Now home of the Maritime Command Museum, Admiralty House was opened in 1814 as a residence for the British Admiral in command of British

Our Fish Story

Secretly, over the past few months, a metamorphosis has been taking place in the kitchens at Privateer's. One by one, tried and tested seafood sensations have been added to our menu (without changing any of your favourites). Our new and expanded menu is as big as ... well, you'll have to judge our fish story yourself. You'll find our atmosphere as warm and friendly as always.

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Citadel Hill — The Citadel is a must see for any visitor. Not only does it afford the finest view of one of the world's great natural harbors, the Citadel's museums offer the visitor a chance to wade through the naval and military history of the port. 10 a.m. - 5 p.m.
Province House — Hollis St. The first elected assembly in British North America met in Halifax in 1758. Called a "gem of Georgian architecture" by Charles Dickens, Province House is the seat of the Provincial government and the oldest legislative building in Canada.
St. Paul's Anglican Church — Grand Parade, St. Paul's is the city's oldest building. Erected one year after the founding it was the first Anglican Church in Canada.
Little Dutch Church — Brunswick St. Built in 1758 to meet the religious needs of the German Evangelical Lutherans, the church was originally both a school and a place of worship. The spire was erected in 1760 and a weather vane, added later, brought another nickname — the chicken coop church.
Round Church — Brunswick St. Inspired by the Duke of Kent, the cornerstone for this Church of England was laid in 1800.

OLD HALIFAX

Halifax has many buildings of historic and architectural interest. Here are a few one might encounter during a leisurely stroll through downtown streets.
Keith's Hall, at 1471 Hollis St. was the mansion of brewer Alexander Keith who, apart from his ale, is remembered for helping captured southern raiders escape during the American Civil War. The **Novascotian Building**, at 5140 Prince St. was the home of The Morning **Chronicle** and the paper that bears its name, made famous by Joseph Howe. Not far away on Prince St. the **Steam-Press Building**, dating back to 1857, was home to both the *Citizen* and *Mayflower*. A bastion of Victorian respectability, the **Halifax Club**, Hollis St. was acclaimed for its Italian Renaissance design. A true gentleman's haunt, the club has hosted dinners for George V and Edward VIII.

NIGHTLIFE AND ENTERTAINMENT

The twin-cities offer an abundance of night spots. Beverage rooms serve beer and wine and many offer entertainment, mostly in the folk vein. Lounges and cabarets also serve liquor and are open later with closing hours varying from 1 a.m. to 3 a.m. For this month's line-up see What's On.

SHOPPING

Going shopping? City shops offer a wide variety of goods and services, from chic fashions and fine jewellery to antiques, art and souvenirs.

Downtown

Historic Properties — Located on the waterfront this cluster of lovingly restored buildings dates back to the days of the privateers. It's a unique environment for shopping with more than 40 retail stores, pubs for resting those weary feet and some fine restaurants.

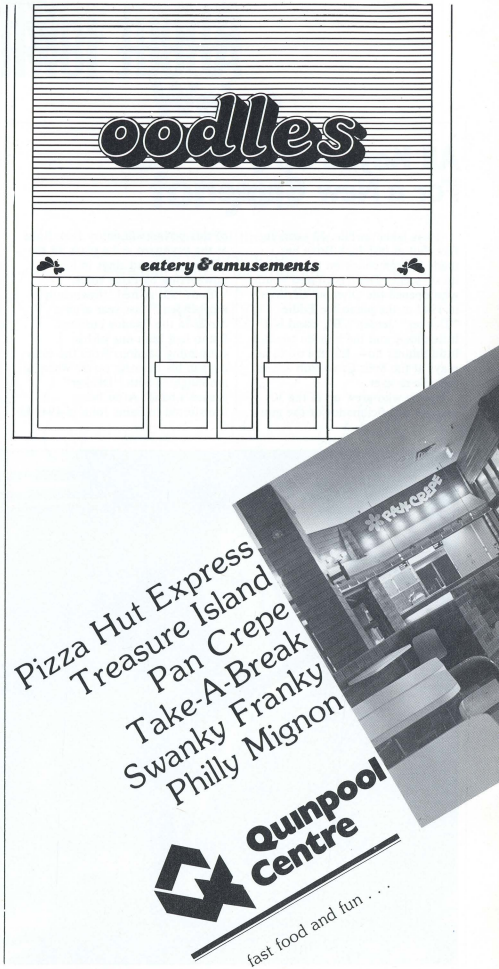
Barrington St. — Local shoppers are rediscovering Barrington St., once the city's commercial center and the heart of downtown Halifax. This area offers a host of domestic and imported goods and an abundance of book stores. The street's south end, only a few blocks away from the downtown core, is home to some of the city's best restaurants.
Gottingen St. — A mid-town shopping area with retail units and cinemas.
Spring Garden Road — Running from Brunswick St. westward to the Public Gardens, this is a leisurely retail area with a personal touch.

The Malls

Shopping malls are often the most convenient retail areas for the browsing buyer since they house under one roof a variety of shops and boutiques, parking is never a problem and they are easily reached by public transit.
Scotia Square — Duke at Barrington St. A major retail complex with restaurants, cinema and night spots.
Maritime Mall — Barrington St. at the foot of Spring Garden Rd. A retail complex with an emphasis on fashion.
Quinpool Center — Quinpool Road. A new shopping center in the city's west end.
Halifax Shopping Centre — Bayers Road. The city's first shopping mall boasts two department stores, a bowling alley and lots of clothing stores.
Simpson's Mall — Mumford Rd. Just across the road from the Halifax Shopping Centre, this new mall is home to the Simpson's and Sears Department stores and an abundance of small and not so small shops.
Bayer's Road Shopping Centre — Bayer's Road. Houses a large Zeller's outlet, a bowling alley and other varied retail shops.

TRAVELLER'S TIPS

Buses — Acadian Lines provides service to all parts of the province leaving from their terminal, Almon St. at Robie, 454-9321.
Trains — Via Rail links Nova Scotia with the rest of Canada. Trains arrive and depart from the CN Station, Hollis St. in the city's south end, 422-7321.
Airlines — Air Canada provides service for Canada, United States and Europe, 429-7111. Eastern Provincial Airlines offers flights to the Maritimes and Montreal, 861-3860. Both airlines have ticket offices in Scotia Square.
Transit Information — For Halifax call 426-8736.
Drivers — The wearing of seat belts is not mandatory in Nova Scotia but is advised. With a few exceptions right turns can be made on a red light after coming to a complete stop. Maritime Automobile Association, 425-5220. For emergency road service, 429-3119.
Emergency Services — Call Police Emergency, 4105 or dial 0 and give the operator details of the emergency. In the case of poisoning call the Poison Control Center, 424-6161. For information and counselling call the Help Line, 422-7444.
Tourist Information — The Visitor's Information and Convention Bureau will be happy to assist you. There's a bureau in Historic Properties or you can call 455-6093.



All Keyed Up For a New Career

It has taken awhile, 32 years in fact, but at last Jack Bone has made his comeback on the Halifax music scene. The fresh faced youth who opened the Olympic Gardens in 1947 at the piano for Eddie "Dekker" Jensen's Big Band is a little older, and the hair on top is a little thinner now, but the notes he plays at the Split Crow Pub are as melodic as ever.

People who grew up in the 30s and 40s or aficionados of the music of this period will enjoy Jack Bone at the keyboard as he plays all the old favorites and sings in his unwavering baritone voice.

Bone, 53, retired "financially independent" last year after a career in the finance business. Piano had been one of his consuming passions from the early days in his business career when he moonlighted with "Dekker" Jensen's band. After being transferred to Saint John in 1949 he picked up where he had left off, forming a group that appeared on a weekly radio program for the C.B.C. called "Talk of the Town". Eventually the conflict between music and business became too great and the piano had to be demoted to hobby status where it has remained until recently.

Bone would probably have been content to continue playing strictly at home and for friends but for the efforts of his daughter Wendy. After hearing the Split Crow, a new establishment was opening, based on an English style pub, she asked the management what type of entertainment they had in mind. When owners Louis Maroun and David Walker said they were looking for someone to play songs from the 20s, 30s and 40s on a piano, she assured them she had someone to fit the bill perfectly. Within a matter of days Bone found himself back in the spotlight.

Some friends expressed reservations about a retired executive playing "honky tonk" piano in a pub but after a visit their views modified when they realized it wasn't such a den of iniquity. In effect all Bone is doing is continuing his hobby in another location. "I get a good deal of enjoyment out of playing the piano period," he says, "and even more so when others get a kick out of it."

" . . . Some friends expressed reservations about a retired executive playing "honky tonk" piano in a pub. But after a visit their views modified when they realized it wasn't such a den of iniquity . . ."

The arrangement is an amicable one for all parties concerned. The pub is doing a good business and a significant factor has been the central attraction of Jack Bone leading singsongs and frequently dofting his hat to the customers' applause. It is difficult to determine who enjoys it more, the owners, enthusiastic customers or the straw-hatted man at the piano.

John DeMont

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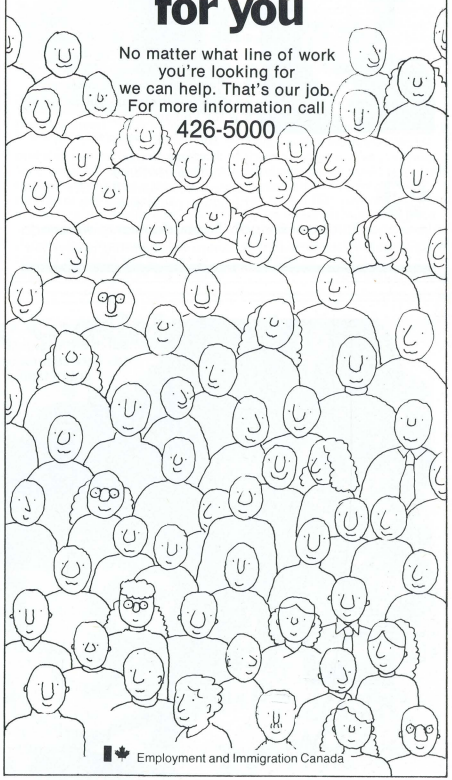

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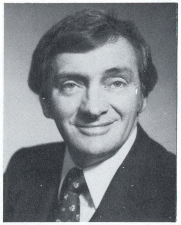

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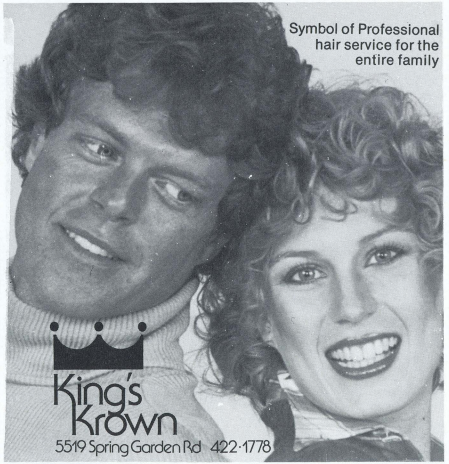


The Picture Show Man

"I suppose you could say we have a hard-core audience," says Wormwood Cinema co-ordinator Gordon Parsons. Over the past three years the "film society", with 16 millimeter screenings in the National Film Board Theatre on Barrington St. has become the place for film buffs on Friday and Saturday nights. For the cinema connoisseur it is a chance to view important new European and independent films the commercial theatres have passed by — films like Iphigenia by Michael Cocoyannis and a cult favorite, Eraserhead. Parsons estimates one-third to one-half of Wormwood's films have had no previous local showings.

As for the bill of fare, Parson's tastes "pretty well determine the selection, depending on what's available. I lean towards newer European films with a certain interest in the classics. I also like to show certain experimental films that generally don't have an audience."

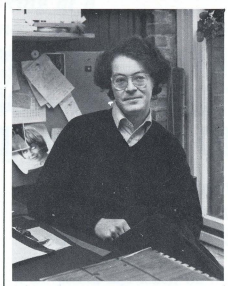
A film-maker himself, Parsons became involved in the business of showing films as an assistant manager for the Famous Players theatre chain. Until recently he served as co-ordinator of the Atlantic Film-Makers' Co-operative under whose auspices Wormwood came into being to counteract what he calls the "lack of alternative screenings" locally.

Wormwood is a shoestring operation run primarily on a volunteer basis. It is a "film society" in name only. Memberships are included in the dollar and a half admission charge at the door. Under the society classification Wormwood is exempt from paying the ten per cent entertainment tax and free of having to submit films to the Amusement Regulations Board, a costly process. Parsons says the Board is "conscious of our situation" and has "turned a blind eye."

Through word of mouth Wormwood's reputation has grown to the point where most of the theatre's 100 seats are filled for most screenings. "We're at the point now where, aside from Toronto, we're premiering films. Sometimes it is a disadvantage. Occasionally we'll get a film before the word is out."

". . . Ultimately Parsons sees the possibility of moving into the society's own theatre . . ."

Getting first run films can prove difficult though. Distributors balk at transferring movies from 35 to 16 millimeter while there are still profits to be reaped on the commercial circuit. "Distributors aren't going to cut their own throats," says Parsons as he runs down a list of recent films local theatres have let slide by: "Quadrophenia, Moliere, Best Boy, Casual Fall, I can't get any of those." Rock singer Neil Young's Rust Never Sleeps would probably sell out for two weeks, he says, but in all likelihood will never be shown here because the distributor will not make it available in the smaller size.



Gordon Parsons: *"We're at the point now where we're premiering films."*

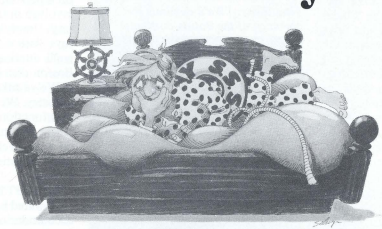
Problems with distributors aside, Parsons feels Wormwood has reached a plateau and is ready to expand. To this end he has resigned his position with the Film-makers' Co-op to devote more time to the society and his own film-making. "We're looking at maybe four nights a week and possibly a Sunday matinee. At first we didn't think the Film Board would be amenable but it's working out."

Expansion would afford a varying of the format with an opportunity to run a series of films according to genres: newspaper movies, detective films and others. Parsons would particularly like to get involved with films for senior citizens and ethnic groups. Ultimately he sees the possibility of moving into the society's own theatre.

"We've been looking for a while for a possible location. It would involve finding a space, probably a warehouse which would lend itself to renovation." Eventually he envisions a film environment with a coffee house perhaps and a book store devoted to films. "I know it sounds idealistic but it is being done elsewhere so why not here."

Robert Lawrence

The seasick myth.



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By John Cunningham

WHILE company vice-president John Risley was scouting New Brunswick shores and wharves bartering for a cargo of live lobsters, Colin MacDonald faced his own problems. What to do with the highly-perishable shell fish once Risley had driven them through to Halifax?

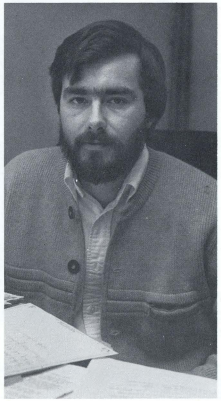
It was August 10, 1976, Day One for Clearwater Lobsters Ltd. of Halifax and nothing seemed to be ready. There wasn't even a lobster cooker on the premises and, even worse, the plumbing to feed the life-preserving cold water to the lobster tanks hadn't been hooked up. Says MacDonald: "Every cent was in the lobsters" and "we were running out of time" as Risley's truck bore down on Halifax with 6,000 pounds of flapping, crawling crustacean.

Once the truck arrived, MacDonald hustled Risley and the load of lobsters off to a brother's house and the two men went to work with a kitchen pot boiling up two lobsters at a time. "We stayed up all night cooking lobsters," MacDonald recalls. By morning, the men had hardly taken the pinch out of the truck load. But the plumbing serving the lobster tanks was ready to roll. Although they lost a few, the bulk of the cargo was salvaged and Clearwater Lobsters Ltd. had juggled its way into business.

As it turns out long, irregular hours are inherent for senior management in the live lobster exporting business. It's a business where it's impossible to set 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. guidelines, says Risley. "If you're going to succeed, you have to be on top of movements of products. That happens seven days a week." Having management staff in to pack lobsters on Christmas Day, when demand is high, is more of a rule than an exception.

IN 1979, just three years after its shakey inception, Clearwater handled four million pounds of the shell fish and had acquired the distinction of becoming Canada's largest exporter of live lobsters. A handsome new building of brick and wood is on the drawing boards for a 1980 construction start at a cost of $3.5 million. Sixty-two full-time and about 20 part-time employees are on the payroll and a network of 30 odd buyers stretches out to the fish wharves throughout the four Atlantic Provinces.

John Risley: *"We'll duplicate the operation of the Boston distributor."*



Photos by Photo 67

Clearwater has taken the lobster by the claw so to speak and sought out its own markets in what had been previously considered uncharted waters. Instead of taking their product to the Boston markets and letting Americans do the shipping, Clearwater does it all themselves. "It's been an aggressive approach to markets," says vice-president of marketing, Greg Butler.

Butler, 32, a former Nova Scotia cargo sales and service manager for Air Canada, has been to Europe frequently drumming up business. As each person in senior management is involved in the company in an equity way, "everybody's been" to Europe, says Risley. "What we're saying is we'll duplicate the operation of the Boston distributor.

We've taken a specific role in the industry. We've developed a distribution function for live lobsters in areas where the industry had cared not to do any development work or hadn't paid attention to markets it warranted.

TELETYPES hum in the renovated house that serves as office accomodations for Clearwater. The machines punch out up-to-the-minute data on market conditions throughout the world and Butler's phone receiver seldom cools as he keeps in touch with customers almost on a global basis. "It's a balancing act," says Butler, "checking market conditions and keeping tabs on supply. Live lobsters are a volitile commodity. You get some tremendous swings in the market in just a few days."

Lobsters are not baby buggies and when you accept an order you have

THE FIRM is looking at a wider seafood line, which previously had been closed to them by virtue of the limited facilities. Canned lobster bearing the Clearwater label will become a reality.

to be able to deliver. To keep an adequate supply there are 45 tanks capable of keeping 70,000 to 75,000 pounds healthy at Clearwater's main Halifax facility, a 75,000 pound lobster storage pound at Cape Sable, Nova Scotia and, what Clearwater people like to call "a very expensive lobster playpen" near Seal Cove, Grand Manan, New Brunswick, capable of storing a massive 800,000 pounds.

The European market accounts for about 50 per cent of Clearwater's business and over the Christmas and New Year's holiday period Butler was busy vying for cargo space on overseas jets to ensure his lobsters were able to keep their continental dinner dates. Butler had plenty of headaches those days especially when a DC-8, specially laid on for a Trans-atlantic excursion for 25,000 pounds of live lobsters, "went off a taxi-way just before New Year's." The flight was delayed 17 hours but everything came out alright. "With a 24 to 30 hour delay, we'd have lost those lobsters," said Butler. The cargo was valued at about $125,000.

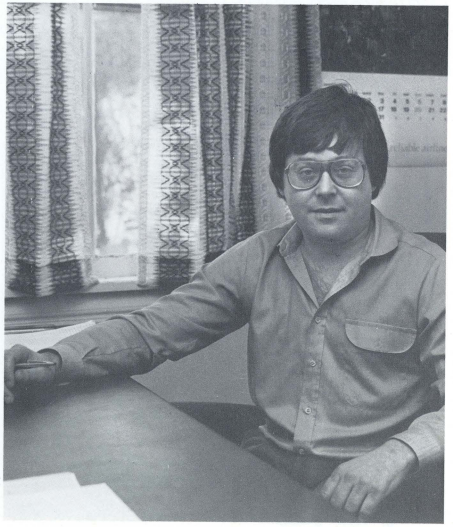
"When you get a call at midnight, you're almost afraid to answer it. Sometimes you get a call from Belgium. The customer is awake. He doesn't realize the time difference. He doesn't hesitate to call. Sometimes I'm not sure what I'm saying. It's seven days a week, twelve hours a day."

THE boss at Clearwater is Malcolm (Mac) Swim and his team of bright, aggressive, young executives have affectionately dubbed their company president as, simply: "the coach". The coach likes to keep a low profile, says Risley. On the coach's team is former Toronto Argonaut Ted Wilson who, at six-foot-five and 270 pounds, is ideal for representing the company on the docks and dickering with burley fishermen. A Torontonian who played with the Argos in 1970, he knew only that lobsters were red and came on a plate" when he joined Clearwater in 1977. "Now the fishermen ask me about lobsters."

As manager of coastal operations, Wilson is responsible for purchasing lobsters and liaison with fishermen and buyers. As the lobster season opens in the various regions, he's busy following the lobsters around the shore setting up dealers among the men who are on the wharf daily. "We have our own dealers and buyers representing about 75 per cent of the lobsters we buy. The other 25 per cent is on spot buying."

Feeling like a fish out of water, Wilson packed his bags last summer and headed for Newfoundland to strengthen his company's presence in the island province. "We were buying from scratch," he says of the time before he took up a three-month residency on Port au Port peninsula. The result was "a larger volume from Newfoundland" and a lot more representatives keeping their eye out for Clearwater interests on the island

Greg Butler: *"We've taken a specific role in the industry."*



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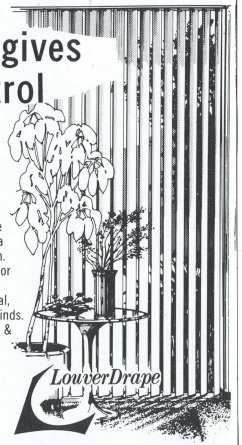

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CLEARWATER is succeeding by developing a reputation for high-quality lobster.

wharves. Of his stay in Newfoundland, he says, "I enjoyed it the first six weeks or so. I was almost like a tourist." But, he admits, the rest of the time moved slowly.

Clearwater is succeeding by developing a reputation for high-quality lobster. As a tip for sea food aficionados, Wilson recommends "a southwestern Nova Scotia lobster caught in December."

FRIGID Bedford Basin water, pumped into the Clearwater tanks at the plant on the Bedford Highway near the Halifax city limits, keeps the lobster shells firm and the meat at its tastiest, says Greg Butler. But even with a high level of technology, the lobster business hangs in a delicate balance. Stopping to scoop up a badly mutilated lobster carcus from one of the tanks, Butler explains how the stronger lobsters will prey on the weak, eating their claws and legs. Losses of this type are common, especially in the larger lobster pounds where "you lose about 10 per cent of everything in there." If, for example, they cost $3 a pound, it soon adds up to big dollars.

Air transportation costs have risen 50 per cent above last year and this is one of the company's biggest problems. Another fast developing problem is the use of wooden pegs the fishermen insert to imobilize the lobster's grasping claws. Complaining that the pegs darken and taint the meat, Switzerland will not accept the pegged lobsters and other European countries are moving in that direction. Clearwater has initiated a program to educate fishermen in rendering the lobster harmless by placing a substantial elastic band over the claws but the wooden pegs are a long established tradition and total conversion to the new method is going to take time.

In Clearwater's favor is the fact that European lobster stocks are now hard pressed. "They've got a depleting resource. We're replacing ours," says Risley. Although kind words for Canadian fisheries officials are sometimes few and far between, Risley is one of their strongest boosters. "They ensure the resource is not allowed to be over fished. The industry as a whole can be proud the fisheries people have done a very good job ensuring an annual yield."

ADDING his voice in support of the federal department of fisheries is Butler. "The lobster fishery is a well-managed industry. The supply has been good. The outlook is for it to continue or improve."

Clearwater was in operation for six months before it got its first bank loan. The dream started with loans of $5,000 each from three of Risley's friends. Now sales figures for Clearwater Lobsters Ltd. are in excess of $1-million a month. There are eight major equity holders in the firm: Swim, Butler, MacDonald, Wilson, Risley, Hugh Snow, responsible for corporate development, Peter Smith, whose duties include responsibility for future products, and Naguib Said, chief accountant.

Colin MacDonald:

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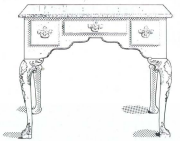

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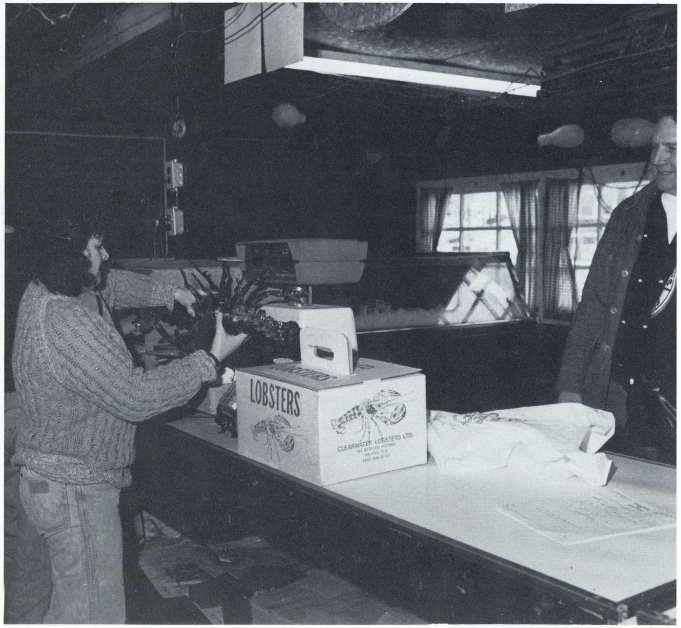
IT NORMALLY takes seven years for a lobster to reach full one-pound size

With construction of the new Clearwater building, the old renovated restaurant and two houses that serve as Halifax headquarters will go by the boards. The new plant will have holding and retail outlets and allow the company to branch out into processing and freezing. The firm is looking at a wider seafood line, which previously had been closed to them by virtue of the limited facilities. Canned lobster bearing the Clearwater label will become a reality.

Already, Clearwater has done "some experimentation" with lobster culture, says Risley, but at this point it has been basically "toying" with the idea. The objective is to seek means to speed up the rate at which lobsters mature in captivity. It normally takes seven years for a lobster to reach full one-pound size. Clearwater, at some time in the future, hopes to step in at the three-year size and accelerate the maturing so the lobster reaches the seven-year development stage in one further year. Says Risley, "this could be years down stream" but it's something that will be looked at seriously when the new Clearwater facilities are completed.

Risley admits the phenomenal growth of the company hasn't come without growing pains. But while a one-man family fish business is limited "by what they can cope with themselves," Clearwater has a pool of eager, innovative executives. The company has the jump on some of the industry giants because the firm was prepared to be a distributor, says Risley.

Working at a lobster plant does, however, tend to curb one's appetite for lobster. Comments Butler: "It's like working in a candy factory. I still eat them but I don't like them nearly as much as I used to."



THREE CRAFTSMEN

Craftsmanship and pride are commodities that can't be measured in dollars and cents. Here are three craftsmen who aren't afraid to call a trade a trade.

by John DeMont

Hugh Cameron

MASTER carver, repairer of rare antiques and cabinet maker extraordinaire, Hugh Cameron, jack-of-all-trades and master of them all has brought a consistently high level of workmanship to the Halifax area for nearly 35 years. A product of the old school of tradesman, Cameron learned his skill more than a century ago and today at 67 still retains a level of excellence and pride in his work reminiscent of this earlier age.

Cameron was born in St. Peters, Cape Breton and there he received his early training. A self-professed roamer, he was a diver in the navy and worked in various aspects of the construction field before opening a small shop on Maynard Street in 1960.

Previously Cameron had established something of a reputation as a cabinet maker. But since opening his shop he has been unable to do more than dabble in it, making the odd bookcase and small corner cabinet.

Since 1960 antique repairs have occupied most of his time. He has a current backlog of work far into 1980 from museums as well as private citizens from all over the province who are in need of his special touch and he is one of only a few people in Halifax who do this specialized work. "Antiques are not like any other furniture," he explains. "If there has been over 20 per cent repair to the piece it is no longer classified as a true antique."

REPAIRING antiques requires a rare skill and even more importantly a particular type of knowledge that only the most seasoned craftsmen could possess. Precision is the rule. The wood has to be a perfect match, in age as well as in its grain. If the piece of furnitre is 200 years old the wood has to be an identical age. A meticulous planner, Cameron throws nothing away, keeping even the smallest piece of wood for some future use.

He sets rigid standards refusing to compromise the quality of his work by camouflaging or using any of the other tricks to produce a seemingly flawless surface quality. His record speaks for itself. "In all the years I've been here I've never had one complaint or one piece of furniture returned," he says.

Having learned the trade in the old school Cameron is adamant in his belief that tradesmen, as they once existed, are a vanishing breed. Like the modern furniture that he dismisses as "just no good", today's tradesmen pale in comparison to their oldtime counterparts. "The new tradesmen are just not interested in their trades," he says. "The younger generation is filled with people who are working just for the money. The important thing is to like your work. Money is nothing if you don't enjoy your work."

MONEY takes a very low spot on Cameron's list of priorities. Profits vary as sometimes he is able to make a few dollars and sometimes he goes in the hole. He says he could make more on welfare than he does at his shop. Like all good craftsmen the real payment comes from the satisfaction from his work. He doesn't speak in pretentious, splashy terms but says that like anyone, he enjoys accomplishing something and happens to like his work enough to do it every day.

Photos by Photo 67

Pessimistic about the future, Cameron rues his upcoming retirement. He fears when he and the older craftsmen like him retire, the skills they had practiced will be lost forever. "I'm the only one in the area who knows how to do this kind of work," he says, "and when I go so will my methods."

A throwback to another age, Hugh Cameron, like the antiques he repairs, is a rare commodity who will be very difficult to replace.

Wilfred Boutilier

AT a time when retail sales methods seem to find their way into almost every facet of industry and where the personal touch in business has all but disappeared, Wilfred Boutilier remains an anomaly. Working out of the basement of his Bedford home Boutilier continues to combine a close client rapport with his own unique talents to produce some of the best quality furniture ever seen in the area.

Something of a traditionalist, Boutilier prefers to categorize himself under the rather outmoded label of cabinet maker. Now understand in its literal sense, the term cabinet maker once referred to any craftsman who made wooden furniture by hand. Although quite common in the last century, since 1900 cabinet makers have pretty well disappeared in Nova Scotia.

Today Boutilier is one of the last remaining custom furniture makers in the province. Rather than provide a large stock to be sold in a store he prefers to work strictly on demand, making a higher quality of furniture to the exact specifications of his client. Boutilier is also active in the designing end, transforming what may only have been a vague idea in the customers mind into a more concrete form.

HE suggests that his customers should be prepared to pay for the end product. "If you want quality furniture," he says, "you need the money". A customer with insufficient funds for the particular quality of furniture the demand involves a compromise of quality for cost.

Boutilier had an early start in the business. The son of a Halifax businessman, he still remembers, at the age of ten, watching a carpenter work on the family's veranda. "Instantly I was hooked," he says. "I thought it was the most fascinating thing going."

He continued to indulge this interest throughout his teens and as a young adult, but only as a side line or hobby. When he did go to work it was as an accountant. However finding this work unsatisfying he decided to turn his leisure activity into a fulltime job.

He remembered the high quality furniture of his childhood when wooden furniture-making was both popular and prosperous. "The furniture I was exposed to was of a very high quality, much better than what is around today and I set out to emulate this superior quality."

THROUGHOUT the 30 odd years he has been practicing his craft fulltime, Boutilier has made just about every conceivable piece of furniture for clients: elaborate display tables, elegantly carved cabinets and cases, four poster beds and seventeenth century joiner's chairs. Evidence of his skills can also be found outside the homes of private clients. He has done a lot of work for churches such as St. Pauls, St. Andrews and All Saints Cathedral in Halifax as well as smaller churches in Mahone Bay and Chezzetcook. But probably no better showcase of his skills exists than Boutilier's own Bedford home which he has superbly furnished almost entirely by himself over a period of 25 years.

Boutilier carries on all his work in his basement workshop which is equipped with all of the most up-to-date tools and machinery. He zealously attempts to work every day and usually succeeds but his hours tend to be somewhat erratic, varying greatly from week to week. "The term chief-cook-and-bottlewasher aptly describes me," he says. "In this business you have to be able to do it all: designing, transporting, cleaning, even managing the books. And as a result you're not able to spend as much time as you'd like in the shop."

A staunch individualist, Boutilier has refused to yield to the pressures of progress by expanding or opening a retail store. He carries on his work in almost the same fashion as when he began. "I have always been an independent. No one else has ever worked in the shop except for a short period when I was ill and needed an extra hand around." It is this independence, the ability to be his own man, that originally attracted him to the work and that, even after 30 years, affords him enough enjoyment and personal satisfaction that he continues to work daily, long after most people have grown weary of their occupations.

Garnet Taylor

AN interest in antiques has always existed in the Halifax area, however not always in its present proportions. Once strictly the play things of the well-to-do or highly cultured, since 1965 public fascination with antiques has skyrocketed. "Previous to that," says Garnet Taylor, "most Canadians didn't seem to believe that they had a heritage. But now people are anxious for any and every bit of information about the posessions of their ancestors."

When the conversation turns to antiques Garnet Taylor is certainly a good man to have around. Called a "connoisseur of antiques" by one local craftsman, Taylor is one of the most knowledgeable and also one of the most fascinating people to talk to on the subject. He is indebted to this resurgence in the popularity of antiques that allows what had only been a hobby to be a full-time job. "I had been interested in antiques almost all my life and over the years have been able to learn a little about them. When the demand for antiques increased and people began to come to me for help, I felt that I could have a fair amount of work and decided to take it up full-time." In the meantime Taylor wrote and passed the exams for the Appraisers Institute of America which made him a fully qualified appraiser.

SINCE 1965 he combined a flair for business with his interest in antiques at A.I.D. Ltd. (Atlantic Interior Decorators) where appraisals are a major part of the work. A fire in late January destroyed A.I.D.'s Maynard Street building but Taylor is operating out of temporary quarters until he is resettled. Clients bring in what they think are antiques for a thorough examination and evaluation by Taylor. He also does appraisals for insurance purposes on all types of household goods including silver which could be termed his specialty.

An appraisal by Taylor could continue along several lines, yet no matter the method, form remains the most important factor. The form of a piece of furniture is as distinctive as a person's style of dress or speech and is often as helpful in getting a handle on an objects origins. After the form has been substantiated, the material is checked for age for a more complete picture. Appraising can require some detective work as there has been a fair amount of antique copying and reproduction since the turn of the century. However Taylor says that knowledgeable fraud rarely occurs between buyer and seller. More likely what exists is the misrepresentation of an item caused by a lack of knowledge.

THE actual definition of an antique is somewhat arbitrary. The dictionary defines an antique as any handicraft made before human memory which is thought to be 100 years. Taylor suggests a definition would vary depending upon the particular specifications. "From the purist point of view," he says, "an antique is a piece of silver, furniture or handicraft made before 1830, which marked the beginning of the industrial revolution." Taylor also adds: "For many years antiques which were being brought into the country had to qualify as 100 years old to be duty free. In the past years this has been reduced to 50 years which I guess could constitute another definition."

As far as price is concerned, the value of an antique depends upon two variables: condition and the particular market in which it is sold. A piece of furniture may be an authentic antique but if it is in poor condition, or has had extensive repairs containing only 50 per cent of its original wood market value would be very low no matter where it is sold. Their value as investments has increased immeasurably in recent years, to the point that an antique today is probably several times more valuable than it was only a short while ago. "I'm sure if you ask the investment people," says Taylor, "antiques as an investment over the last fifteen years have been better bets than many of the high quality debentures or bonds."

THE future for antiques is a bright one as Taylor foresees no abatement in either their popularity or availability. Since the age of requirement for classification as an antique has been reduced, items made today will qualify around the year 2030. However neither popularity nor availability can ensure a consistent level of quality. The grade of the furniture which will soon become antiques is rapidly diminishing as producers have resorted to plywoods and pressboards and poor qualities of lumber. Taylor predicts with chagrin the not unlikely possibility of throw away furniture in the future which will only be used for two or three years before being discarded.

EVERYBODY GOTTA HAVE A HOME

In the market for a place to live? Housing needs are changing in the 80s and adaptibility is the name of the game. Shelter Shopper **Jill Cooper-Robinson** *suggests where and what to buy.*

As we anticipate the 80s through the ever narrowing noose of tight money, the particular realities of food, clothing, and shelter gain increasing respect and attention. In all areas the resourceful among us will always fare better than the lazy or inept, but especially so when times are tough.

How do you get the best for your housing dollar in the 80s? All the experts advise you to buy. Why buy? A number of reasons. In spite of high interest rates (though bouncing up and down, they will generally reflect the cautious prospects for the western economy these next few years), and there are ways around them, one of your best investments in these uncertain times is still your own house. The age of renting and the era of the megalopolis landlord is probably over. It is too much work now to be a good landlord and fortunately you're not allowed to be a bad one. From the landlord's point of view high interest rates and spiralling heating costs make it more profitable to put his money into other areas, hence so many rental buildings being unloaded at the moment.

Another incentive for buying is the exciting scope of choices acceptable to lending institutions for the first time. Formerly, prospective buyers were limited to expensive houses in a good neighborhood or affordable houses in crummy neighborhoods. Now the housing shopper can choose from old/new, condo/co-op, twenty rooms or two in any neighborhood, the suburbs or downtown. The list is endless.

That said, what, where, and how to buy? In line with the inclination of most of us to save money and time on transportation and services, planners, architects, and money lenders acknowledge the first choice seems to be to buy downtown, and more specifically, older homes downtown. It's not just the gas costs involved in getting out to the suburbs. The fact the matter is, an older house is probably better built than a newer one. Says Donna Baker, mortgage officer with Central and Eastern Trust, the largest mortgage company in Eastern Canada and the 6th and 7th largest in the country: "You don't get much for an $80,000 new home these days; no more than spending $20,000 on the one you've got or putting $50,000 into renovating a much older house." She predicts the trend for living in older homes downtown will continue. According to Jerry Slaunwhite, vice-president of Administration with the same company, Central and Eastern has confidently faced the prospect for some years now having had "sizable amounts of money out on projects of this sort" for a long time. Slaunwhite claims the company "wrote the book" on renovation/restoration.

This latter claim might be disputed by Keith Harrison, manager of Morguard Trust, who boasts Morguard "is very innovative" and cites Historic Properties and St. John's A.H. Murray Properties to prove it. He does not, however, argue the trend to buying old and refurbishing is here to stay for a while. "Everybody's on a nostalgia binge and (regarding business' foray into the field) you don't make any enemies when you re-do something old. Besides, it's often cheaper."

So as not to miss out on a good thing, the federal government has decided to jump on the bandwagon. This past fall the National Research Council sponsored the 2nd Canadian Building Congress in Ottawa. The theme was rehabilitation and Halifax architect Mitchell Brooks of Canadian British Engineering reports delegates were told to, "expect a change in the tax act." Heritage Canada is lobbying for the cessation of demolition as a tax write-off. Instead rehabilitation costs will become the tax write-off. Initially it will probably only apply to 'worthwhile buildings', eventually it will apply to any building...like MURB is now, applied against other income." Why is the government getting in on the act? "There are so many people in Canada who will be out of work if building starts to go down. Rehabilitation is 66 per cent more labor intensive. Also, the throwaway society is gone and it makes for good tourism. The Europeans are already more organized about this than we are." On a complimentary note for Haligonians he adds: "across the country Halifax is getting a really good reputation for this." Since the conference apparently many architectural firms have cooled out their search for new housing starts and are concentrating on gaining expertise in rehab/renovation in the downtown core. A healthy tangent to this pattern is the number of new businesses specializing in old fashioned services — ornamental plaster work, ornamental woodwork, the provision of old bathtubs, radiators etc.

But where to buy? Since the vanguard have already snapped up most of the architecturally and historically significant buildings downtown and most of the "gracious" old homes in the South End, is there anything left? Anne Haggart formerly Senior City Planner with the City of Halifax who teaches the graduate urban and rural planning program at Nova Scotia Technical College advises: "There is a lot left. The north end, multi-use buildings, condominiums and co-ops." The North End is still virgin territory, lots of choice at reasonable

Illustration by Rand Gaynor

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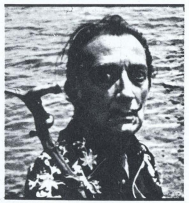

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prices. It is possible to purchase a three-bedroom house in good condition within three blocks of the Commons for a price in the low twenties. Bauer and Maynard streets have already been "infiltrated" by young professionals. Ms. Haggart elaborates regarding multi-use. "Consider multi-use areas and multi-use buildings. We're getting away from single use areas and as for single use buildings, we've got to make use of those empty third floor spaces in some of the Hollis, Granville, Barrington street buildings. These spaces could be recycled into residential areas though it would mean changing existing fire regulations and building codes or probably issuing a parallel set of codes." Ms. Haggart advances the notion the time isn't too distant when Halifax could see mixed-income housing and cites the Massachussetts Housing Agency as successful in this area. "We can also expect greater-than-ever density downtown and not necessarily the disappearance of high rise buildings. However, there will certainly be an accompanying concern for upgraded building standards and more satisfying city services (day care, recreation facilities etc.)." In the matter of high rise buildings she projects the exciting possibility of "exterior shells, the interiors to be designed by the tenants themselves."

Such could easily be the case for condominium high rise buildings. Not as new a concept as mixed-income housing, condominiums and co-ownership housing are fast gaining converts as attractive (i.e. options to someone trying to get off the rent-go-round but not ready or inclined to take on the responsibility of an entire house. Condos and co-ops are different and within each category there are differences and not in every case is there a purchase price or is it lower than for a house. But the bottom line is that in multi-unit, co-owned housing space there is a system of shared maintenance and taxes that adds up to a considerable saving each year. Usually all condominiums and most co-ownership spaces are purchased like an ordinary house: down payment and mortgage and on moving the "owner" can resell at a profit. Halifax already boasts thousands of such housing spaces and says Central and Eastern's Donna Baker, "we have fewer problems with condos than all

other type of housing, possibly this is the result of the cheaper mortgages available (to them)...they're 98% clean. She is, of course, referring to arrears. This means, all other things being equal, your credit rating and character, etc., you'll probably have an easier time getting a condo with less money down than a full house for the same down payment and probably an easier time meeting the payments afterwards. Again, ever sensitive to changes in housing patterns, the federal government not only acknowledges such co-ownership but encourages it. Bill Jordan,

> THE NORTH END is still virgin territory, lots of choice at reasonable prices.

Halifax "condo/co-op lawyer" laments that provincial and federal legislation regarding such housing is often confusing and often overlaps and "while it doesn't help us buy (such space) with other people, it does control rents and assist in getting mortgages."

Further on the business of "controlling rents", an interesting application of the cooperative theory of purchasing is "pure" cooperative housing in which a good sized unit can be yours without a down payment and for a very minimum monthly payment. You don't "own" it in the sense of being able to sell it and re-coup your money but consider the value — a three bedroom flat (usually an entire duplex) in good repair and condition, with a backyard, for $220 a month and no rent rise! This without a down payment and with your three teen-age kids, or two dogs, and with or without a spouse. The comparable real rent could be in the $400 to $500 range for the city centre

There are several co-operative housing organizations in Halifax, usually each specializing in a certain area and all coordinated through Inter-Faith Housing. Brian Gifford, co-op member and former director of OVO CO-OP, describes co-ops as "halfway between owning and renting. You have the security of tenure and rent and control over your own unit." OVO has 16 units (eight buildings) in the Central Halifax area. The co-op jointly purchases these buildings, fully rehabilitates them and turns them over to members to live in. It expects members to sustain a reasonable amount of maintenance themselves and contribute to the management of the co-op. "One of the reasons we came into existence," explains Gifford, "was to try to prevent the sort of speculation in the housing market which leads to soaring housing costs. We're also trying to prevent the redevelopment of neighborhoods where the land value becomes more important than the house." The co-op system "has worked very well." It works so well in fact, the groups can't buy buildings fast enough to satisfy the demand. However urgency counts.

Through this sort of housing

More About Mortgages

All mortgages over 75 per cent must be insured, usually by the Mortgage Insurance Company of Canada. Increasingly mortgages go up to 95 per cent of the purchase price so MICC is playing a larger role in Canadian housing. Appropriately for the advent of both a new year and a new decade they have made some predictions and guidelines governing their businesss. Of interest to the buyer of housing space in the 80s, the outlook from Jerry Morgan of MICC in Halifax:

- Average '79 MLS asking price was $62,000. Average for '89 — $105,000
  Average '79 mortgage was $48,000. Average for '89 — $85,000
  Average '79 household income is $22,000. Average for '89 — $45,000.
- In '78 there were $14 billion out in residential mortgages in Canada. In 1990 this figure will be $25 billion.
- Under new mortgage plans, by 1990 between 10 and 20 per cent of all mortgage financing will be under one or another form of "graduated payment" mortgages. (Whereby in the first year you pay less, and more each year. The advantage is, payments will go up with salaries and people will be able to get into their own housing sooner than at present. Eg. current FLIP and CPM plans.)
- Condominiums and co-ops will be a well-acknowledged part of the housing scheme.
- In the 80s life will be more stable than in the 70s thus the collection experience for mortgage companies will be better than in the 70s. (Presumably mortgage companies will be more willing to gamble than at present.)
- There were dramatic changes in mortgage terms and conditions in the 70s. Changes will not be so dramatic in the 80s. (Eg. the rapid jump to 95 per cent mortgages will probably be the end of it. Many lenders already feel this is too high in view of the fact that real estate commission is 5 to 6 per cent. There's your equity gone on re-sale).
- The criteria now used by lenders and MICC in determining a person's ability to service debt will become more sophisticated. (Credit will not necessarily get easier.)
- The government will continue to withdraw from its involvement in housing. "Housing is just not the political issue it once was." Large government-financed housing programs will grind to a halt.
- Mortgage rates will range from a high of 15 per cent to a low of 10 per cent.
- The use of mortgage insurance will grow in the 80s, to 75 per cent by 1989. (Mortgage insurance means that with less down payment you can buy housing sooner, of course you pay for this by premiums added on to your mortgage.)

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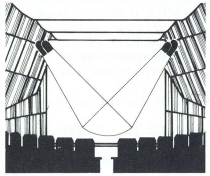

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Spring Thaw
Monday, Tuesday and
Wednesday
March 10, 11 and 12,
8:30 p.m.
Tickets: Reg. $6.50/$5.50
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New Orleans Ragtime Orchestra
Monday, March 17,
8:30 p.m.
Tickets: Reg. $7/$6
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Carmina Burana
The Dalhousie Chorale
Friday and Saturday
March 21 and 22, 8:30 p.m.
Tickets: Reg. $7/$6
Stu. & Sr. Cit. $6/$5

Vienna Boys Choir
Wednesday, March 26,
8:30 p.m.
Tickets: Reg. $8.50/$7.50
Stu. & Sr. Cit. $7.50/$6.50

The Unexpected Guest
Friday, March 28, 8:30 p.m.
Saturday, March 29, 7 p.m.
and 9:30 p.m.
Tickets: Reg. $8.50/$7.50
Stu. & Sr. Cit. $7.50/$6.50

YOU DON'T get much for an $80,000 new home these days; no more than spending $20,000 on the one you've got or putting $50,000 into renovating a much older house.

scheme, financing is not an issue. For all other kinds except renting it's usually the main issue. Gleaned from a variety of sources the following are a few suggestions for a more canny approach to buying your own housing space.

First, try for a private purchase. If the owner can avoid the realtor's commission you can probably have the property for several thousand dollars less. Second, look for an existing mortgage. Many houses purchased a few years ago at around 10% are now being re-sold. Assume this existing mortgage and take a short-term loan for the balance. An even luckier deal is the older home with a "life" mortgage, one purchased through a life insurance company and usually beyond negotiation. Some of these are very low. Ask about such a possiblity, grab it if it's there and make up the difference with both a short-term loan and a second mortgage if necessary. All together they'll probably still be less than a new mortgage at 15 to 16 per cent for who knows how many years. Third, if you are buying an older home in a Neighborhood Improvement Plan (NIP) area check into getting NIP money. Some of it is going for as low as 6 per cent. (Work fast here, NIP is terminating soon). Four, although CMHC (and various other government housing assistance schemes) are soon to be kaput (some to be substituted with more streamlined plans), don't forget to appeal here for a mortgage if all else fails. They are particularly helpful for "hard-to-mortgage" people (not necessarily for hard to mortgage properties).

How do mortgage companies think? While they like to think of themselves as, if not trendy, at least responsive to current needs, mortgage companies simply have not got the reputations of being big gamblers. Thus while you many have a property scheme that is "way ahead of its time," don't count on such foresight to be attractive to the money lenders. They also are not sympathetic to hard luck situations and romantic notions. That is, they seem very little moved by pleas of "If I don't save this building no one else will," and "Since I don't have a job, I'm sure I could get ahead of the game by having my own house and taking in boarders." Any approach to them must be couched in terms of the least possible risk to their livelihood — making money off your money. There are several avenues open to gaining their approval. Find out in advance who likes what. Some mortgage officers are impressed by evidence of your dedication to hard work, some by a goldmine neighborhood, most by your proven ability and excellent credit experience. Keith Harrison of Morguard rates his top consideration, "re-sell ability". If the loan sours can we re-sell and re-coup? Only after that does it become a question of the person and the area. Oh we'll give a mortgage on just about any area — but how much? Fifty per cent and tying up your other assets? Ownership at any cost? In a risky area mortgage officer Donna Baker of Central and Eastern places her priorities "on the person, then the property." No mortgage company likes loaning money for boarding houses and as for properties in which you live or rent, new policies are such that in spite of projected rentals, the owner's salary must be adequate to handle both mortgage payments and running costs. A mortgage company, like nature, does not like a vacuum (vacancy).

The Fine Art of Surfacing

They say art mirrors life and that it is an artist's role to reflect the world around him. But not every artist is afforded the opportunity to put his world on view. It is often a matter of years before an artist surfaces in the spotlight. Here are six whose lives are inseparable from their work.

By Marcia Ross

Art in Orbit

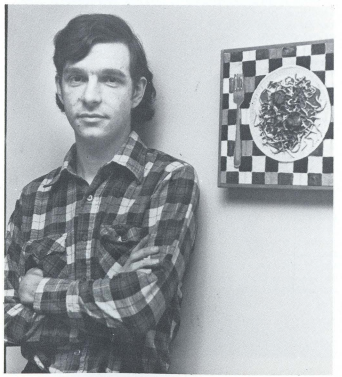
She draws landscapes of other planets, takes photographs of musicians and their instruments, men and their motorcycles and is trying to put a piece of art into orbit.

"I got interested in outer space in 1976," says 29 year-old Kate Sasanoff, who came to Halifax from New Jersey five years ago. "But I became interested in art before I can ever remember." She comes from a family of artists and until recently has not liked to admit that her father created Bugs Bunny, Sylvester and Tweetie Pie. "It took me a long time to be sure enough of myself, to make my own way. But there was never any question that the way would be art."

Kate has been steeped in research and communications with scientific technological institutions and organizations like NASA and M.I.T. since she first conceived the "Space Shuttle Project" that would put a plaque she's designed into orbit on a NASA shuttle flight. The plaque, made of exterior spaceship material, would be inscribed: Science and Art United for the Humanization of Space.

Sasanoff believes society requires a marriage of science and art. She sees artists as visual philosophers with a responsibility to respond to society's needs. That's not always easy to do when conditions for experimental artists are as poor as they are in Halifax.

"The art world here is very small," she says. "I may have to go to Vancouver to get the kind of support that I need from other artists. Here I have to scrounge for a living, which I can accept, but I also need feedback." Kate finds the rapport among different factions of art in the city to be counter-productive and far from stimulating. "I have to float," she says. "It's a survival method."



Coloring His World

Ryan Arnott's art celebrates contemporary culture. He sees sensuality and suggestion implicit in magazine ads, for example, and transforms them into artistic statements.

It's all in the food," he says quietly. "If you look closely at this culture, you will see the bond between sexuality, food and beauty — even love. In the metaphors that I create these things become inseparable: paint equals sex equals food equals love equals paint."

Ryan's work ranges from the burlesque imagery and workmanship of his paintings to a refined, seductive approach he takes with hand-painted photographs. He has remarkable control over his work and his approach is intensely personal but tinged with humor.

On his way to Europe in 1975 Ryan visited Halifax and was impressed by the people. He moved here in 1976 and has supported his art by doing everything from landscaping to teaching art to children. He works full time for National Art Works handcoloring famous MacAskill photographs. "I'm mentally burnt out when I come home from work," he says, "and I've got 50 new ideas and not enough time to do them."

Like Sasanoff, Ryan has shown at the Eye Level Gallery but hasn't approached commercial galleries in town because he knows they cater to more conventional tastes. "But I accept the struggle," he says. "I think every serious artist is struggling, not just financially, but with themselves, with society, with their ideas. My hardships force me to use my own ingenuity and I like that challenge. In the end, my art is about me, my own quirky vision, if you will. I'm happy with it."

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Caught in the Void

Fred Trask is a 33-year-old painter with a unique set of problems. With no art training and a rudimentary formal education, he began painting at the age of 25 in Digby where he worked as a mason. At that time he was both shy and fiercely protective of his art. Often he would come home from a job, lock the door and paint for days on end. When he moved to Halifax he worked as a prison guard and began to sketch at work. "I drew pictures out of my imagination, he says. "I was trying to leave the prison."

A friend encouraged him to hang his work on the Public Gardens fence one summer and that's when life became complicated. His work was "discovered" by a local art sophisticate and shuffled into the Nova Scotia Folk Art Exhibiton. Paintings that had sold for peanuts before were suddenly being purchased in Toronto for big bucks. Fred saw the possibility of "making it". Dealers in Toronto wanted to carry his work but he'd have to make some changes.

Now that his work is significantly altered from its original primitive state to a more contrived style the dealers are not so interested. "They like my old stuff better. It was from my heart, like quick expressions." Uncertain how to get back to his own true style and fogged with information from the art world, Fred is caught in the void between true primitivism and conscious aesthetic choice.

Heavily in debt and living a substandard existence, he is trying to exist solely on the sales of his work and find himself in his painting again. Something has been stolen from him because of a fad for folk art but his attitude suggests he's capable of recapitulating.

Fred began to alter his style slightly to suit the dealers' wishes and to use images or motifs from more recognized primitive painters. "In a way, I became a kind of prostitute for my own art," he speculates. "I wanted to stick to my own vision, but there was a war going on inside me. It's still going on."

Country Life

Work and art are so closely woven into the lives of David Cameron and Nancy Sherwood it is impossible to find where one ends and another begins. The half-mile walk through the woods to their hand-built home at Vogler's Cove gently prepares the visitor for the strong and natural approach to life and work this talented and catalystic couple share.

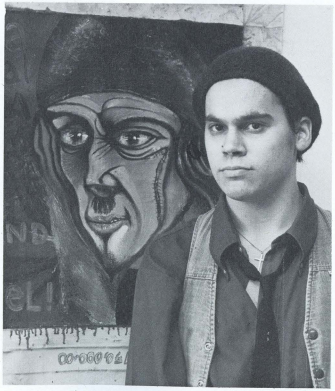
Several years ago the two artists met in Halifax where they were both teaching. Before long they had fallen into love. They moved to the country because they thought it would provide them with a private, calm and economical setting. The decision to work jointly on their art was a gradual one. "It started through our mutual support," says David. "As the support grew, the involvement grew. It's added a whole new and complex dimension to our work. We'd each still be artists if the other quit, but we wouldn't want it that way."

Their sculpture is made from tree limbs, rocks, feathers and found objects. The pieces combine something of the strength and grace of David Smith's sculpture with a kind of potent, shamanistic quality.

Their work is sobre, mystical, and closely related with a concept called "animistic magic" that involves an ability to invest material objects with psychological power.

"I couldn't conceive of what we're doing now in the city," says David. "The cost, the surroundings, the materials — my God, the trees! We make work out of trees and they're free out there, and I have a choice out there." But Nancy and David are not trying to isolate themselves in the country nor a back-to-the-land approach to life. "Art is at the centre," says Nancy, "and our relationship is vital to our work. Our work is an attempt to discover the fabric and history and context of our lives. We try to find significant symbols in our environment, because it all shows there, and hold these pieces up to reveal them to ourselves and others."

After repeated futile attempts to show their work in Halifax, Nancy and David put together their own show last summer in Vogler's Cove. The turnout was impressive and now it looks as if the Art Gallery of Nova Scotia has their eye on the couple for a 1981 exhibition.



Self Savvy

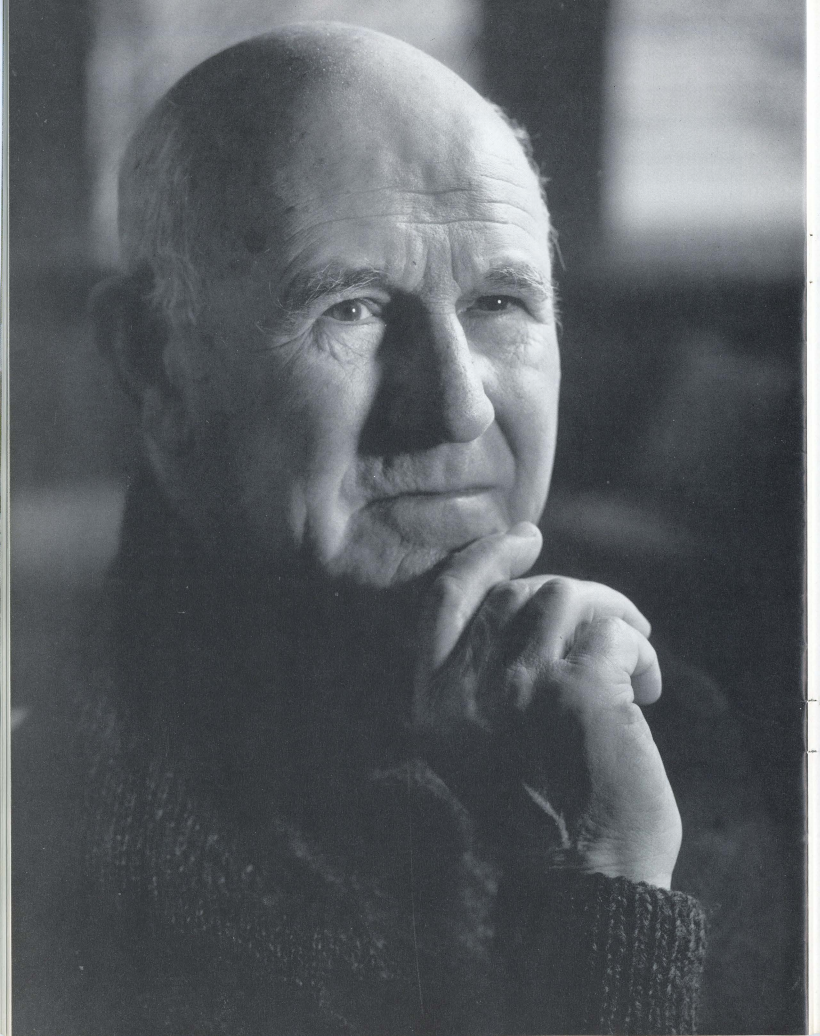
Michael Gaudet was kicked out of the N.S.C.A.D., has bumped around the country, nearly died of kidney disease, and has bounced back to Halifax, his home. At 21, the young artist has a combination of qualities that are likely to win him a quick reputation.

His most obvious abilities appear to be hustling, charming the pants off people and dreaming such comicstrip-happy dreams that even the dourest skeptic couldn't deny that his idealism operates in his favor. Not that Gaudet doesn't have talent. He does. But it is his visions, his blunt and shockingly egotistical statements ("Canada is a great void waiting to be filled by an artist like myself."), coupled with an astute business sense that sets him apart from others on the art scene.

Gaudet sees himself as an artist who applies art directly to a situation. While he still does traditional figure painting, he's begun to do projects, public commissions, that can respond to an institution's specific needs. A mural for a recovery unit in an Ontario hospital was designed to soothe and encourage patients. In Halifax he painted a psychedelic Joseph Howe banner for the 1979 festival. "Joseph Howe in a party mood!" he suggests.

"My long term plan is to bring together five or six artists to give Halifax a face lift," he says, nonchalantly. In the meantime I'm going to finish the 12 figure paintings I'm working on and go on a national tour. Actually, I'd like to do a world tour."

Gaudet knows he's hustling. It's a choice he made when he became disillusioned with art school, where "everyone was hiding out in little bubbles." His choice was to go extrovert and commercial. He may have to have a few of his own bubbles burst before he strikes home, but he has a fair grasp of reality. As he says: "I need criticism to bring me down off my comet."



A NOVEL LIFE

Thomas Raddall, from brass pounder to one of Canada's best-known storytellers, leafs through the pages of his life.

By John Cunningham

As practically any school boy can tell you, Sable Island is known as the graveyard of the Atlantic. Desolate, lonely and foreboding, it's a barren flatland of wind-swept sand dunes and dangerous shoals that reach out from its shore like the tentacles of a greedy octopus. Because of its location near major ocean shipping routes, this crescent-shaped island has brought about the splintering wreckage of countless ships and claimed the lives of thousands of mariners.

It was like a sentence to Siberia thought Nova Scotia author Thomas H. Raddall when, as a 17-year-old telegraph operator, he was posted to Sable Island. The only contact with the rest of the world was the supply ship that made its calls a few times a year and through the Marconi wireless system on which Raddall often transmitted urgent messages during long vigils at the telegraph key.

"A blank page in my life," thought operator Raddall when he was snatched from a sea-going position to serve as a "brass pounder" at the island base. Brass pounder, is the nickname given to telegraph operators. They were also often referred to as "sparks", a reference to the spitting electrical sparks that flew from the transmitting equipment as it was used.

It was 1921 when Raddall packed his sea trunk for Sable Island, about 128 kilometers from Canso, the nearest point of land, and about 280 kilometers from Halifax where he set sail aboard a supply vessel. "At that age you don't appreciate being stuck on a desert island for 12 months."

Unheated living quarters and a sparse diet that was often unvaried for days at a time were concessions made by the Sable Island community. Raddall still recalls with disdain "some weird tinned mutton from New Zealand which we ate for weeks." And in this atmosphere of men without women, "we had squabbles. You'd stir up a quarrel to break the monotony."

Far removed in time and in a setting sharply contrasting with the harsh environment of Sable Island, Raddall, 77, was recounting some of the highlights of his life and times. Dressed in a fresh beige sweater and sharply creased slacks, Raddall, who is sometimes spoken of as one of Canada's greatest storytellers, was interviewed in the living room of his immaculate Dutch colonial home on Park Street in Liverpool. Although cataracts have taken a toll on his vision, his mind is keen, his manner is cordial and his opinions are firm and contemporary.

In spite of the hardships of isolation and bone-chilling cold, that year of banishment to Sable Island paid off. It provided him with the backdrop for *The Nymph and the Lamp*, his most successful novel "both with the critics and the public." Although 30 years have passed since publication of the book in Canada, Raddall is still reaping the benefits and there may be a lot more to come. A film company has an option to make a movie of the novel and "they hope to start filming next summer," he said. "They paid a substantial sum for the option so they must mean business." Already a producer and director have been out to the island scouting out the locale and the leading actress has been flown over the island to catch a glimpse of it. Mr. Raddall declined to name the film company "until something concrete is done. I imagine they'll make their own announcement."

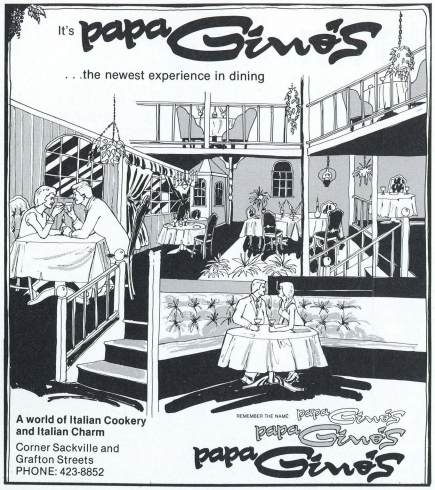
Mementos of that year on Sable Island still decorate the walls of the study in which Raddall has done much of his writing. They include a small, carved lifebuoy made from wood scraps from the wrecked fishing schooner *Esperanto*, an American vessel that had beaten a Nova Scotia champion in international fishing races off Halifax in 1920. There's also a purple-tinted map of the island showing the location of over 200 shipwrecks. Nobody knows the number of wrecks, Raddall says. "There are 300 ships whose names are known and records of the life-saving station only started in 1801 and Europeans had been travelling these dangerous waters for three centuries before that if you go back to the Norsemen."

Sable Island had a mystery about it and ghost stories abounded among the community of telegraph operators and members of the life-saving station that has since been phased out. Nature provided the props for a spooky setting. In 1906, for example, a Norwegian steamer came ashore in a huge tidal wave. Buffeted this way and that by heavy seas, the entire super structure of the vessel was gone by the time operator Raddall had come to Sable Island.

"There was nothing left but an old Scottish boiler. But when the wind got into a certain corner, a bit south of east, it used to set up a moaning in those old boiler tubes that raised your hair, especially if you heard it as I did in the middle of a grave-yard watch." The island took on a further apparition-inspiring nature when the skull or limbs of a drowned sailor would be uncovered from the sands by the high winds.

But, recalls Raddall, there were some good times and some humorous times on Sable Island too. There was great excitement the day "we got our Christmas mail," sometime in February. Christmas festivities had been put off until the supply ship could get through so when it arrived the few dozen island inhabitants waded into frigid waters to unload their stores after dark. With obvious joy Raddall looked back on that night he carried a large wooden box, sent from his family in Halifax, on his back for the mile-long walk to the

Photo by Sherman Hines



Maruca

MARUCA SCULPTURES, QUEENSLAND

'I never intended to be typed as a historical novelist or a forest novelist or a sea novelist or any other kind of stereotype.'

wireless station. His pant legs were a sheet of ice. "I can still hear those frozen trouser legs clashing at every step I took."

Then there were the barrels of magazines that public-spirited mainlanders collected and forwarded to men in remote areas. "I read whatever I could get my hands on. We got a barrel of magazines and I read everything in them." These magazines were taken like gospel on Sable Island and the men talked often about what they had read. From reading an article the chief operator, who "was an Irish chap who smoked a crooked-stem pipe," began to fear he had lip cancer. Although he had a deep addiction to his pipe tobacco, he "popped his pipe into the stove and so did the other operator."

Dropping your pipe in a stove on Sable Island was a decisive step since several months would pass before the supply boat could bring in a new one from the mainland but the operator had been sufficiently frightened by the article to take this action. As soon as the pipe disappeared so did the sore the chief operator had been developing on his lip. Then the pangs of tobacco withdrawl hit.

The two men who had so resolutely given up smoking became desperate, Recalling a pipe that had been thrown away six months before on the beach, they shovelled several tons of sand until they found the old pipe. They cleaned it out and smoked it like an Indian ritual, passing it back and forth between them. Through it all Raddall was free to laugh. He'd given up smoking on his arrival at Sable Island and by that time "I had got over the craving."

From Sable Island Raddall went on to one more posting with the telegraphic service at Camperdown, at the mouth of Halifax Harbor and soon after he left the Marconi service. Another ship-board assignment might have changed the mind of the young idealist but "once they got you on shore duty and experienced as a shore operator you were pretty well stuck with it. Nearly all the Marconi stations were on remote islands and capes and I didn't fancy spending the rest of my life there."

Raddall trained as a bookkeeper and accountant and worked largely in the woods industry until he retired in 1938 to write full time. From then on it was a long chain of successful books, 18 in all including *Halifax, Warden Of The North*, *The Wings of Night*, *His Majesty's Yankees*, *Pride's Fancy*, *The Path of Destiny And Halifax*, and *Roger Sudden*.

Raddall doesn't like to be classed as any particular type of writer. "I never intended to be typed as a historical novelist or a forest novelist or a sea novelist or any other kind of a stereotype." He had "just established some kind of a reputation as a costume novelist" when he began "jumping into another field altogether" with *The Nymph And The Lamp*. The switch in direction left the publishers doubtful enough that he couldn't get a contract for the novel and had "to finance myself while I was writing it."

The gamble paid off and Raddall's prediction that *The Nymph and the Lamp* "will be my best or worst thing I've written" proved true in the positive sense.

Raddall was the winner of numerous awards and medals including the Lorne Pierce Medal of the Royal Society of Canada and three Governor-General's medals. He exhibited a strong will and somewhat of a rebellious nature by refusing to wear a white tie and tails to receive his first governor-general's award.

Acting on Raddall's "inverse snobbery" over the tie and tails issue his publishers sent someone else to collect the coveted award. Raddall continued his protest and despite the furor wore a plain blue jacket and white flannel trousers when he was awarded the prize a second time. The third time he was travelling in Europe and it didn't become an issue. "It was ridiculous to expect a poor and struggling author to turn out in white tie and tails just to get a complimentary medal," he said. "There were few actual working writers at that time in the Canadian Author's Association and I was the only one sup-

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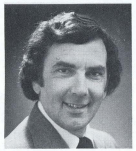

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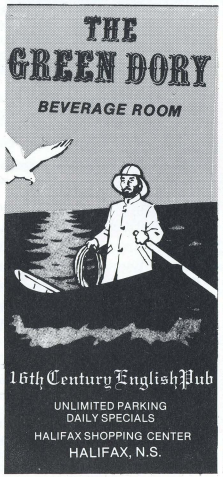

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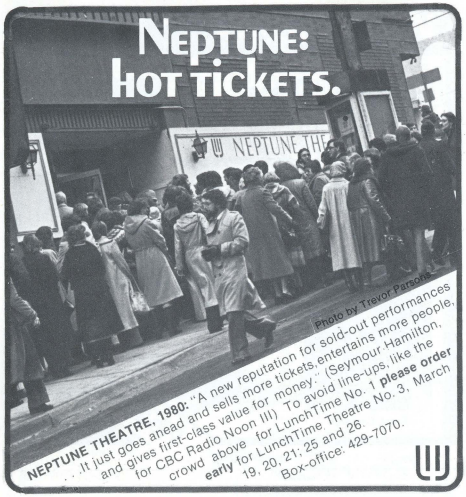


porting myself writing novels."

Raddall retired after publication of his memoirs in the mid-1970s. "When I was in my thirties I saw writers who had been good in their day drop from good to mediocre and then to trash. I made up my mind that I'd never make that mistake because I heard young people discussing this trash and wondering what their fathers and mothers ever saw in such a hack. So I made up my mind then in my thirties that when I'd written everything that interested and excited me so I could interest and excite other people about it, I would simply draw the line and say that's it."

Raddall devotes much of his attention these days to historic research and adding to papers at Dalhousie University. He's recently put the finishing touches on *The Mersey Story*, a history of the Bowater Mersey Paper Co. Ltd., for private issue. Recently, he underwent two cataract operations to restore his vision after "65 days when I was unable to read and write."

Raddall had written at the end of his sea days that he regretted there had been "no Bermuda, no Tahiti, no Hawaii" since he'd been assigned mainly to stark North Atlantic routes. But now, he says, when he's free to travel where he wants, he no longer has the desire. "One of the ironies of life is when you have the time and money to do these things, in my case, I wouldn't want to take a trip around a world I couldn't see properly."

Raddall says he hopes perhaps, he will return to Sable Island during filming of *The Nymph And The Lamp*. He narrowly missed a jaunt there in October 1979 when he was to accompany Governor-General Edward Schreyer and Nova Scotia Premier John Buchanan on a visit. He was all set to go but was notified the trip had been cancelled due to bad weather. The fog cleared up but not in time to allow Raddall to make the hour and a half trip to the Halifax airport in time to join the rest of the party.

As for Morse Code, Raddall can still comprehend and send messages by dot and dash. "It's like a language you never forget." However, he admits he couldn't send at thirty words a minute like he could in his Sable Island heyday. But he feels he'd be competent at 20 words a minute. "That was enough to get a first-class ticket in those days."

A Woman's Place: About the House

Forrest House stands next to the YWCA on lower Barrington Street amidst the hustle and bustle of downtown traffic. It's been there for 127 years but only in the last three has it donned the curious wooden sign that hangs conspicuously over the street emblazoned with the words A Woman's Place.

The simple title reflects thousands of stories, dozens of books and an entire political movement concerned with the plight of women in society. So what goes on in there? The centre is a place created by women for women where they can meet on their own terms. It houses information and education programs and a drop-in service for women with the aim of increasing awareness so they can gain equal participation in society. You don't have to be a radical feminist to go. The second floor of 1227 Barrington St. offers a warm, pleasant atmostphere where you'll be greeted by one of two staff members or one of the many volunteers.

Gayle Cromwell, program co-ordinator of the centre says the primary function is to operate as an information, counselling and referral service that ranges from legal advice to what they should do if they are the victims of violence.

Often women turn to A Woman's Place in a crisis. However many others visit without any specific problem. It's what feminist Betty Freidan calls "The problem without a name." Generally they're dissatisfied with their lives, not knowing why and they need someone to talk to, someone who will listen. A Woman's Place provides a supportive environment.

"Stereotyping a woman as a wife, mother or career person makes it very difficult for a woman in today's society," says Cromwell. "Women have to be able to see themselves as autonomous to males to make any changes in their lives and by saying that you clarify a lot of points for women."

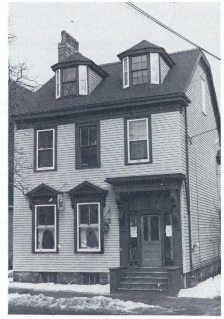
Discussion flows easily over a cup of coffee. Feminist concerns are actively pursued by the centre's various educational programs set up to help women deal with the realities of life. Health programs focus on preventative medicine, the effective use of women's clinics and the problems of stress, depression, fat and alcoholism. Also offered are courses on women and the law, workshops on career counselling and the budgeting of personal finances.

"The programs provide information and broaden viewpoints in a support group environment," she adds. "A woman comes in here knowing no one and leaves knowing six

". . . Generally the women who visit A Woman's Place are dissatisfied with their lives, not knowing why and they need someone to talk to, someone who will listen . . ."

women and that's important in terms of support and feeding into the community."

Despite the fact the centre advertizes these programs to reach all groups of women, most who visit are in the 25 to 35 age bracket, middle income, well educated and either open



to issues or knowledgeable about them. "Many of the government funded programs for women are dealing with middle class women versus all other groups of women. The women's movement hasn't been productive for the black woman or the single-parent woman. . . it's not even relevant to these groups of women. And unless it is. . . this movement is going to die because it's addressing itself to a very small group.

"You can clearly see a swing towards conservatism in response to the economic circumstances around the world. I think you fall back into tradition when you don't know how the hell to go forward and that's the situation we're in. I'm now hearing women say that men are oppressed too. . . poor men. Sure they are oppressed but damn it, we've been oppressed a lot longer."

Long term social action is a major concern. During the 1979 election the

'The women's movement hasn't been productive for the black woman or the single parent woman'

centre co-sponsored a public forum with the Nova Scotia Women's Committee and a variety of other women's groups. Over 300 people came to direct questions at the candidates on the issues of daycare, abortion, rape and unemployment.

The centre is heavily involved with other, similar groups such as Bryony House for battered women, the Canadian Research Institute for the Advancement of Women and the Metro Council on Education. In fact, the centre evolved out of a YWCA women's action committee in 1977 that saved the house from demolition. The former rooming house, known as Forrest House, was in dire need of restoration. Today the beautiful floorboards, moldings and fireplaces are a tribute to what women can achieve with some daring, determination and plain hard work. Initial financing for the project came from a variety of public and private sources including the YWCA, that owns the building, Canada Manpower in cooperation with the City of Halifax's Department of Social Planning, the Secretary of State and individual contributions.

A number of groups share the space at Forrest House with the centre. On the first floor are the rummaging delights of the Bargain Box run by the Junior League; on the second the comradeship of A Woman's Place and on the third floor three services: Paralegal, Feminist Services Training Programs and Service of Support, an organization concerned with preventive child abuse.

Heather MacLeod

YOU

Speak Up

In the January issue of *Halifax*, 'YOU' made note of the growing number of women joining that international confidence-booster, the Toastmaster organization. We have since come across another club of the same type in metro that one of its organizers says may be somewhat more tailored to the special needs and interests of women. Ceilidh Toastmistress Club is a member of its own international organization. Chartered in 1964 with a home base in California, Toastmistresses have swept across Canada with growing popularity. While not officially associated with the Toastmasters, they operate in a similar manner and the two groups do occasionally join together for co-operative ventures. "One of our goals," according to long-time member Gail Minor, "is the development of confidence as a total person and the overcoming of shyness." The club pursues this goal with meetings similar to those of the Toastmasters but designed with less emphasis on speeches and more on workshops, skits and panel discussions. "Men tend to be breadwinners all their lives, so the speeches may be more what they require," Minor comments. Some of the Toastmistresses, however, may need more confidence for activities such as PTA meetings or a return to the workforce. The membership includes women from all ages and various walks of life, university professors notwithstanding. There are no male members but no ruling against men if any should choose to join. For further information you can contact Gail Minor at 865-9538 or Thelma Mollon at 429-9448.

From Mother Hubbard's Cupboard

More and more of today's women are stretching their beauty dollars by turning to a plain, old-fashioned idea: grooming aids from the kitchen shelf. Homemade cosmetics are not as glamourous as their storebought counterparts but they often perform the same functions at a fraction the price. The following tips were submitted by two of our readers: For smooth skin on elbows, knees, feet and hands, use Kraft Miracle Whip. Rub it on and watch the rough skin disappear. - Kathy Cole, Halifax. To erase bags from under tired eyes and make your eyes feel better at the same time try this tip from Lynn Holmes of Dartmouth. It doesn't sound like much fun, but she assures us it really works. Moisten two used teabags in warm water, place one over each eye and lie back and relax for 15 to 20 minutes.

Mirrors of the Soul

Eyes, often called mirrors of the soul, play an important part in every woman's looks. Keep yours looking their best and guard their very important health by:

- Always being careful about their care and taking every caution when using eye make-up. Don't let it get into your eyes and don't swap eye cosmetics with anyone.
- If you wear contact lenses always look after them exactly as your doctor instructs.
- Always remove eye make-up before going to sleep. It's sometimes a chore, but it helps prevent eyelash fallout. Just remember that each lash takes nine long months to grow.
- If you've never tried one now's the time; Invest in an eyelash curler to keep your lashes in line.
- Don't be afraid to experiment with new make-up looks. For a special evening, try colored mascara. Blue eyes look good with gray mascara and shadow, brown eyes with tones of green, and green eyes sparkle when donned in mauve or lilac shades.

Take It All Off

Locating a needle in a haystack would be akin to finding a woman in Halifax who has never hosted, attended or been invited to some sort of sales party. The most common commodity sold at house parties is plastic kitchenware, but also popular are jewellery, cosmetic and toy parties. A relative newcomer to the party plan scene is Ma Cherie lingerie, a five-year-old Ontario-based firm that arrived in Nova Scotia only a year ago. Ma Cherie, featuring a high quality line of versatile sleep and loungewear, holds appeal for many people who normally detest sales parties. For one thing, party games are not included in the proceedings, the fun beginning instead when guests volunteer to model the lingerie. Prices range from about $15 to $50 and the entire line is designed for times when you want to be especially attractive and feminine. So, whether you normally delight in sales parties or despise them, informed sources suggest a Ma Cherie party may be worth a try. To locate your nearest representative call the company head office in Burlington (416) 335-2142, or write to P.O. Box 505, Burlington, Ontario.

Dollars and Scents

You may not be attending any Easter Parades this Spring, but chances are you will be buying a few new outfits, and some new cosmetic shades to welcome in the season. A few tips to minimize the confusion when shopping for cosmetics:

- Always take advantage of testers. Judging by the appearance of the packaged product can play havoc with your beauty budget.
- When buying a product for the first time stick to a small size.
- If you plan to wear colors together in use blend them for testing also. For example, test eye shadows and liners together, and lipsticks and pencils.
- Note ease of application when testing eye pencils.
- Take advantage of testers by experimenting with cosmetic forms you haven't used before. Try a gel blush if you've always used powders — check out lipsticks if you normally choose gloss.
- If cleansers are available for testing, use them to remove the make-up you've been experimenting with.
- When testing perfumes, don't buy on the spot. First, take a few minutes to let the scent absorb. Do some of your other shopping — recheck the scent — and then make your purchase.

Pop

Message to Transmit

After toiling in obscurity for five years Paralandra is ready to come out of hiding and face the music

Paralandra: *left to right: Glenn Wright, Bob Atkinson, Kurt Haughn, Mike Connors, Terry David Despres, Steve Bagnell*

The labrynthine Burnside Industrial Park on a cold and wet winter night is a weird place to be making music. Yet the unheated warehouse space cluttered with the trappings of high-tech modern pop music seems a sympathetic environment to rehearse in for a group of unheralded musicians known as Paralandra. Paralandra is what is known in the trade as a progressive group, practitioners of a peculiarly faceless, melodramatic brand of pomp rock with a classical bent. In Paralandra's case melody embraces technology on common ground — the industrial site.

Armed with enough equipment to spark a minor power outage, the group has spent five years in rehearsal and has performed publicly but a handful of times. Theirs is not what one would call a high profile existence. Eventually the Paralandra game plan for global domination calls for a few selective live dates but for a time the band continues its mole-like life with an eye for the recording studio.

"We gave up a long time ago thinking in terms of months," says saxophonist and founder member Steve Bagnell of the group's lengthy term in the artistic incubator. The task of finding the right musicians, assembling an arsenal of hardware and honing the material has slowed development. The ambitious material with its many tempo changes, fragmented melodies and dramatic cadences requires skillful, air-tight execution. "We've spent the last five years getting the balance," says Bagnell. "It's been a process of learning to live with each other."

Slowly the pieces of the musical jigsaw puzzle are falling into place. Bagnell and co-founder Kurt Haughn recruited guitarist Bob Atkinson, percussionist Glenn Wright, bass

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". . . By going into the studio and not concentrating on building an audience through live performances, the group is taking an alternate route . . ."

man Mike Connors and most recently Terry David Despres, a vocalist with a David Bowieesque delivery whose background in theatre gives the group a tense, dramatic presense.

Group members speak in glowing terms of heroes like Genesis, Yes and Gentle Giant. Each year they make pilgrimmages to Boston and Montreal to catch the genre's leading lights. It is an esoteric style often flawed in the wrong hands by self-indulgence passed off as experimentation. The significant drawback, critics concur, is its calculating, impersonal nature and inaccessibility, a problem Paralandra is struggling to overcome.

Bagnell recalls the group's initial live performances went over the heads of an uninitiated, unconverted audience. "We would finish a number to complete silence. No reaction at all." The problem, he concludes, was the band sacrificed the music in favor of technique.

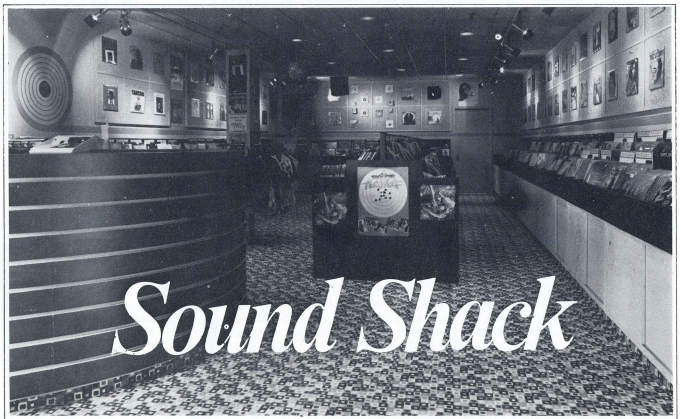
"It's something we're always contending with," chips in guitarist and media specialist Atkinson. "Two years ago we would have been considered insulting. We've gone through that phase now, I think. You know, the period of being *serious, young musicians*. We're out of that clinical phase now. But in a sense you do have to be deliberately calculating, creating hooks that grab an audience."

The group says they are gradually evolving a coherent identity. The job of taking six musicians and forming a concrete, functioning unit is a difficult one. Kurt Haughn, whose church-like organ and spacey synthesiser gives the group its lush, colorful texture likens the experience to going to college. "We all have visions of what the group could be like. We all have songs to contribute. It's hard to sublimate yourself but the songs are beginning to take on the personality of the band and we're starting to sound like us rather than somebody else."

Paralandra's major problem is to overcome the stigma of a part-time band and be taken seriously. By going into the studio and not concentrating on building an audience through live performances, the group is taking an alternate route. Their music is not tailored to the beery, bopping club scene. The group feels it is best suited to the technology of the recording studio anyway, though they will experiment with selective concerts this spring to "gauge audience reaction, get some feedback and a little ego gratification."

"It would have been tempting to take the easy way out and play other people's material in bars," says Bob Atkinson. "But if we had gone that way we wouldn't be anywhere now. People don't realize that in this business things don't happen overnight. We have found our direction. The music is laid out but there's a lot of room for spontaneity. I thing the group definitely has a message to transmit."

Robert Lawrence



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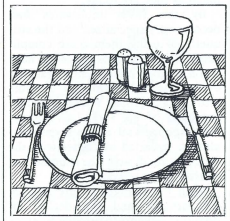
Food

Grab This

". . . In the fourteenth century in France, diners were warned not to butter bread with the fingers or to blow the nose into the same hand that took meat from the platters and not to spit on the floor! . . ."

While the mechanics of table manners and what is considered to be the correct use of table implements have gone through enormous changes over the centuries, it is interesting that the underlying principles of good table behavior have changed little, if at all. For instance, in 1290 a gentleman by the name of Banvicina wrote "Blame not the dishes when thou art at entertainment but say that they all are good. I have detected many ere while in this vile habit, saying 'this is ill cooked' or 'this is ill salted'."

Emily Post stated pretty much the same thing in this century. Good table behavior, it seems, whether we are speaking of now or centuries ago, is based on a single premise: what



ever is likely to be offensive to the host or the dinner guest is to be avoided.

In the fourteenth century in France for instance, diners were warned not to butter bread with the fingers or to blow the nose into the same hand that took meat from the platters, (the other hand was apparently permissible), and not to spit on the floor! Other than these admonishments, dining behavior was fairly simple since there were as yet very few table implements to worry about. Each diner helped himself from a central bowl or dish and meat was often served directly from the fire onto thick slices of bread. Individual plates were not used until the time of Henry VIII and the use of individual china plates was still more than 200 years into the future. Knives and spoons were the responsibility of the guests. Although spoons had been around for some time, they were used mainly in the Churches until the thirteenth century when they began to make their appearance in the home. They caught on during the next hundred years and were often given as a Christmas gift. A silver spoon was often the only ornamental valuable a man would own.

Forks appeared on the scene much later although there are records of their existance from Medieval days, they first came into general use in Italy during the sixteenth century. It is said the fork came into vogue because the Italians found eating slippery pasta with the fingers both messy and difficult. As the fashion of eating with a fork spread to other countries, controversy surrounded this new practice. Some felt its use overly dainty and affected, others thought it was ungraceful to use a fork to "throw food in the mouth as you would toss hay into a barn with a pitchfork." In any case the custom caught on among the upper classes of Europe. It was three hundred years, however, before the lower classes found out about and adopted the new fashion so they continued to eat with their fingers. The United States was probably the last country to consider putting knives into the mouth improper.

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". . . It is said the fork came into vogue because the Italians found eating slippery pasta with the fingers both messy and difficult . . ."

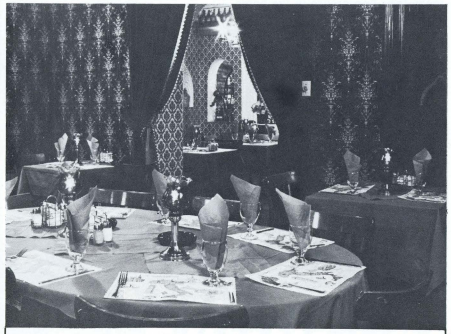
In the nineteenth century Miss Farrar, an authority on good manners at that time, defended the practice stating "...Americans have as good a right to their own fashions as the inhabitants of other countries...and provided you do it neatly and do not put in large mouthfuls, or close your lips tightly over the blade you ought not to be considered to be eating ungenteely."

The custom of providing guests with knife, fork and spoon at the table did not come into fashion until the seventeenth century and matching sets were laid out very much as they are today.

By the 1890s tablewares had become very specialized and the etiquette of using them quite complicated. The Victorians seemed to have had a separate piece of silverware for every conceivable function. A table setting for a proper Victorian dinner consisted of six forks, six knives, three spoons and up to seven wine glasses. It varied of course with the type of food and the number of courses being served.

With the changes of life style in this century and the decline of domestic servants to provide complex service we have adopted less formal styles of entertaining that we can do ourselves. Many of Emily Post's dictates are out of date because the reasons for them are gone or have long been forgotten. Whatever rules of behavior we adopt for the future will likely be based on the principle that has guided etiquette for a thousand years...consideration for others.

Betsey Harwood



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Halifax Past

Do you know?

1. Who was Bishop Black?
2. What and where was Zoar Chapel?
3. What were "The Shears"?
4. Who was the Victoria Cross winner who is remembered in a plaque in All Saints Cathedral?
5. Who did Joseph Howe regard as the wittiest man he had ever met?"
6. Who was the Halifax schoolmaster who was killed while trying to rescue his daughter from the quarters of British army officers?
7. Who was "Lord John" Forrest?
8. What was the "magazine explosion" and when did it occur?
9. When was the Halifax police department organized?
10. Where was "Knock Him Down Street" in Halifax?

Turn the page

Crossword Solution

R	E	S	T	O	R	E	S		H	O	S	M	E	R
I	N	T	E	R	E	S	T		O	L	E	A	T	E
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D	E	N	I	A	L		S	E	R	E	N	E	S	T

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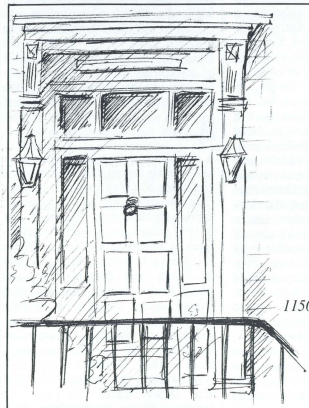

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old man morias

Halifax Past

1

In 1774 a Yorkshire family named Black settled on a farm in Amherst, Nova Scotia. A member of that family, William Black, Jr., turned to God when he was 19 and began his long career as a Methodist missionary. He was to become one of the most influential religious leaders in eastern North America. Black arrived in Halifax on Tuesday, June 11, 1782 and began his labors in an unpromising vineyard. However, when he returned in the autumn of that year, Black was able to form a "society" or congregation and thus the first Methodist church in Halifax had its beginning.

2

Rev. William Black received little financial support from English or American Methodists although a missionary, Freeborn Garrettson, was sent from the United States to Halifax. He was welcomed by Philip Marchinton, a Philadelphia Loyalist, who had prospered in Halifax. In order to provide accommodation for the missionary, Marchinton built a chapel in Argyle Street near the head of Marchinton's Lane (Bell's Lane). Rev. William Black preached the first sermon in it on Easter Sunday morning in 1787. In 1791 the Methodists found it necessary to expel Marchinton for unacceptable conduct. He, in turn, ordered them out of his chapel. In May, 1792, the congregation purchased land for a new 'preaching house' of their own on the west side of Argyle Street opposite Bell's Lane. The new chapel was formally opened on Sunday morning, November 25, 1792, when Mr. Jessup, the preacher, chose as his text: "The sun was risen on the earth when Lot entered unto Zoar" (Gen 19:23). From that time the new building was to be known as Zoar Chapel. It was thus the Methodist ancestor of the present Saint Andrews United Church.

3

Early in its history Halifax had a royal dock "with all conveniences for the largest first-rate ship to heave down and careen." In 1758 it was determined Halifax should have a "navy yard on a scale hithero unseen in America," according to historian Dr. Thomas Raddall. This great naval dockyard began to take shape in 1759 and soon one of its most conspicuous features was a huge set of sheer legs so tall they could be seen from most parts of the town. On public holidays, such as the King's and Queen's birthdays, the Royal Standard was flown from a flag staff at the top of the "Sheers" that ordinarily were used for lifting heavy objects such as ship's masts. In 1819, in the period of peace and depression that followed the conclusion of the Napoleonic Wars and the War of 1812, the British Government was forced to introduce economies in its overseas outposts. In Halifax, the Dockyard was reduced to a shadow of its former glory, an event symbolized by the dismantling of the gigantic mast sheers, "The Sheers."

4

A commentary in a local newspaper has recently served to recall the name and deeds of a Halifax-born army officer who won both the Distinguished Service Order and the Victoria Cross in 1917 while serving with the British army in France and Belgium. Philip Eric Bent was born in Halifax in 1891 to Frank and Sophie Bent and educated in Halifax schools. Bent enlisted in the Royal Scots in 1914 and in the course of the next two years rose to the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel of the Leicestershire Regiment in 1916. In 1917 Lt. Col. Bent was awarded the distinguished Service Order. Later that year, at Polygon Wood in Belgium, Bent rallied men of his regiment with the cry of "Come on the Tigers!" and led them in a successful counter-attack after enemy action had forced troops on his right flank to fall back. He was killed while leading the charge but the counter-attack was successful and the enemy checked. For his gallantry, Lt. Col. Bent was posthumously awarded the Victoria Cross, Britain's highest award for bravery. A tablet to the memory of this almost forgotten local hero, together with his regimental sword, can be seen in the north transept of All Saints Cathedral, Tower Road.

5

One of the most convivial and perhaps the wittiest of Haligonians in the first half of the nineteenth century was the Hon. Lawrence O'Connor Doyle (1804-1864). Born in Halifax in the same year as his longtime friend, Joseph Howe, Doyle was the son of Lawrence, a Halifax merchant who had emigrated from Wexford, Ireland and his wife Bridget (O'Connor) Doyle. Doyle was educated in England and later studied law with Richard J. Uniacke in Halifax. In 1829 Lawrence O'Connor Doyle was admitted to the bar of Nova Scotia, the first Roman Catholic to be so distinguished. Doyle married a Sarah Driscoll in 1833 and had one child, a daughter, who died early. Doyle's wife died nine years after their marriage. Doyle became involved in the Reform movement of the Nova Scotia politics as a member of the Nova Scotia Legislative Assembly and later from 1848 to 1850 as a member of the Executive Council. He played an important part, along with Howe and James Boyle Uniacke, in obtaining responsible government for Nova Scotia.

6

The presence of "camp followers" and "regimental wives" within and around the barracks and quarters of men and officers of the British Army is a largely unrecorded aspect of military life up to and including the time of the Crimean War. The numbers of such women, some of whom were legitimately married to serving soldiers and carried on regimental strength, were subject to certain limitations. Undoubtedly such deficiencies during periods of garrison service were made up by the enticement of local women and seduction. This was evidently the case in 1824 when an old schoolmaster named Shea entered the officers' quarters on Cogswell Street just after Christmas in search of his daughter. According to Thomas Raddall, Shea's search resulted in an encounter between the old schoolmaster and Ensign Richard Cross of the 96th Regiment in the course of which Cross ran Shea through with his sword. Cross was tried for murder but his fellow officers swore he was innocent and he was aquitted despite strong evidence of guilt.

The Bedford Magazine Explosion

7

Much may yet be written about the confrontation between the City of Halifax and Dalhousie College over Dalhousie's tenancy of the Grand Parade and the college's subsequent removal to its new College Street campus in 1887 on the building of Halifax City Hall. When that story is reviewed, Rev. Dr. John Forrest (1842-1920), who was appointed president of Dalhousie in 1885, will be seen to be one of the principal figures, along with Sir William Young, in the resolution of that struggle. Forrest was born in New Glasgow, the son of a Scottish doctor who emigrated to Nova Scotia in 1832. Forrest was educated in Truro, Halifax and at Queen's University before being ordained in 1866 as a Presbyterian minister. In Halifax he was minister of St. John's Church for 15 years and then taught history at Dalhousie from 1881 to 1885 when he was appointed president. Known affectionately by Dalhousie students as "Lord Jim", Dr. Forrest led the university to its new quarters in the red brick building just south of College St. Both the building and the campus still bear his name. After leading his university into the twentieth century, Dr. Forrest retired from the presidency in 1910 and died in Halifax ten years later.

8

It is sometimes forgotten that Halifax experienced two major explosions within a period of less than 30 years. While the disasterous Halifax Explosion of December 6, 1917 has achieved international recognition, the second Halifax explosion, the Bedford Basin Magazine Explosion of July 18, 1914 has largely been forgotten. On that hot, fateful afternoon an ammunition barge suddenly blew up and set off a train of fires and explosions that might well have blown Halifax off the map had the naval volunteers and magazine staff not worked heroically to contain the fires. At the height of the explosions all citizens livng north of Quinpool Road were ordered to leave their homes and seek safety in open areas of the south end or off the Halifax peninsula. While one man died in the first blast, there were no other casualties nor was there damage comparable to that caused by the great Explosion of 1917. Many houses were destroyed, however, and owners received compensation from the Government of Canada for damages.

9

By the early 1860s the Halifax Town Watch could no longer cope with the many difficulties it faced, especially with servicemen loose in the town. A riot in 1863 involving soldiers of the 16th Regiment served to confirm this. Largely as a result, the police force in Halifax was completely reorganized on October 1, 1864 with Garret Cotter as Marshall or High Constable. The old day and night watches were organized under a single command, given uniforms on which they wore a round copper badge engraved with the words Halifax Police. The force consisted of 33 men; five sergeants and 28 men. Such a force could look after the needs of the citizens of Halifax but was not adequate to deal with problems associated with riotous servicemen, a situation that continued to haunt the Halifax Police Department in this century.

10

The upper street of Halifax that ran north and south immediately below the Citadel has enjoyed a number of names over the years both official and popular. It was early called Barrack Street because of the Army barracks located at each end of the street roughly where South Barracks and Pavillion Barracks were later located. Early in the nineteenth century the name Brunswick Street, which has been associated with the north suburbs, was given to the whole street. The presence of taverns and bawdy houses on Barrack Street to serve the needs of the soldiers billeted in the nearby barracks made the area a dangerous and depraved community where no man's life was safe. So many fights erupted there and so many citizens were knocked down that the street gained the popular nickname "Knock Him Down Street".

Lou Collins

Photo courtesy Dalhousie Archives

NEW & NOTED

By Sue MacLeod

Second Time Around

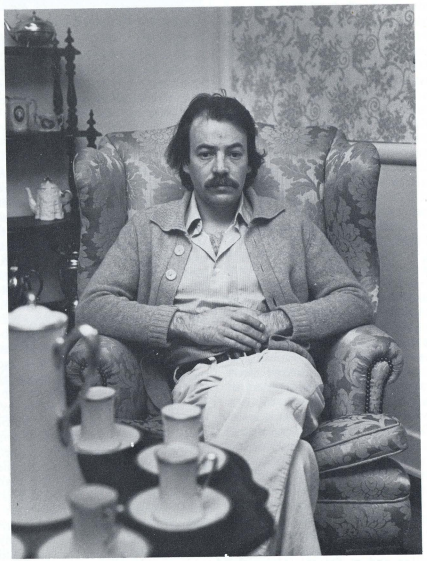
With inflation and conservation so much in the forefront, what's new these days often isn't new at all. Our city's most recent addition to the secondhand boom is Shirley's Nearly New Shoppe in Fairview. A former legal secretary, Shirley Sullivan opened her store in December of '79 intent on carrying attractive clothing to appeal to the discriminating shopper. "With today's prices," she says, "there is definitely a market for quality used clothing." She sells ladies and children's wear on consignment and prices range from 25 cents to as high as $75 for something really special.

Shirley's Nearly New Shoppe, corner of Main and Titus

The Pig Place

Miss Piggy, 1979's favorite pin-up girl, has gone into the restaurant business at Victoria Road's Southpoint Apartments. Any resemblance to the Muppet characters actually begins and ends with the name — Miss Piggy's being Nova Scotia's first pork specialty house. A division of Nova Catering from Bridgewater, the new restaurant features a salad bar, a variety of appetizers and vegetables, with all but one main course comprised of pork. So drop in for some chops tropicana or tenderloin oriental, and — if you really want to pig out — finish off with a slice of cherry cheesecake!

Miss Piggy's Pork Place, 5415 Victoria Road, Halifax



Delectable Collectables

There's no hedge against inflation like a fine antique and Tom Gibson, known around town for his ability at restoring fine furniture, is offering some of his favorite pieces in his new retail outlet, Tull's, on Dresden Row across from the Post Office. Gibson has enlisted fellow Englishman Paul Kendrick to man the shop from 10 a.m. to 4 p.m., Monday through Saturday, and give the elegant surroundings an extra touch of class.

Tull's, Dresden Row

Gardens

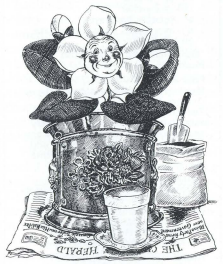
Down the Drain

Plants that become too big for their containers should be re-potted. Follow these easy steps

March is a good month for giving indoor plants a little special attention while few, if any, chores can be done outside. At this time of year, when winter is dragging its feet, green leaves and colorful blossoms are particularly cheering so it's well worth spending some extra time to encourage them.

Plants that have grown too big for their containers become pot-bound. The most obvious sign of this is root-growth protruding from the drainage holes underneath the pot. I find it simplest to decide which of my plants I intend to repot and to make preparations for doing them all in one session.

A new container should be only one size larger than that from which



the plant is to be removed. I prefer simple plastic pots without attached saucers as they are inexpensive, easy to wash and can be thoroughly drained after plants have been watered. I wash all pots by hand before use in exactly the same way as dishes, taking great care to rinse them thoroughly to remove traces of dishwashing liquid.

Although some plants have come my way without drainage material beneath the soil in their pots, I always add a layer of this when repotting. Sometimes chips of broken clay pots or suitable gravel are available in stores or garden centres. I have found, however, that fragments of rock or pebbles are quite satisfactory if thoroughly cleaned. A member of the African Violet Society recommends dried, crushed eggshells for use with violets.

Unless you have an enormous number of plants it is simpler to buy a reliable, prepared potting medium than to mix your own as prices for small quantities are modest. Some retailers offer considerable choice so it's a good idea to get advice for your own particular needs when you purchase. Dennis Baxter of Sackville Garden Centre recommends a loam-free medium such as Nova-Mix which is made up of peat moss, vermiculite and fertilizers. For my violets I buy a specially prepared loam-free mixture from the sale table at the annual Violet Show in May.

Having assembled pots, soil and drainage material, clear a space on a table or bench, preferably near a sink, giving youself plenty of room to work. I usually cover my table with several layers of newspaper to facilitate clearing up afterwards. Place the potting soil in a wide-mouthed container, such as an old two quart ice-cream tub, and moisten it slightly with warm water, stirring it to get an even consistency. *Do not make it too wet.* I find various sizes of old spoons ideal for persuading soil into small pots.

Put a layer of drainage material in each pot. About half an inch is adequate for small ones, more for larger

Illustration by Gillian McCulloch

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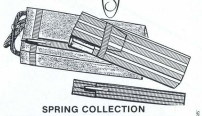

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". . . Accurate watering is essential though often difficult to establish as plants have individual requirements. . ."

ones. Cover this with a layer of potting medium. My friend from the African Violet Society gave me an interesting tip for this stage. She completely lines her new pot loosely with soil then presses into it the pot from which the plant is to be taken, thus getting the exact size and shape of the root-ball of the plant being moved.

The easiest way to remove a plant from its old container is to place a hand over the surface of the earth so that the stem of the plant fits loosely between two fingers. Then turn the pot upside down and knock it gently. Some plants slide out at once with roots and earth neatly together but, if you are doubtful, loosen the soil at the rim with a clean blade first. Try not to damage any part of the plant during the operation.

Arrange the root-ball immediately in the newly prepared container and carefully fill any gaps around it with potting medium. You will probably find you need to add some at the top also but avoid filling the pot right up to the rim. Water from the top with warm water until some drips through the drainage holes. I find it beneficial, after any watering, to allow plants to drain on thick newspaper before putting them back in their usual places.

For healthy plants which do not need repotting one of the kindest touches of ongoing care is to keep them attractive by pinching off dead leaves and blossoms. This is easily accomplished and will prolong the blooming period of flowering plants. Accurate watering is also essential though quite often difficult to establish as plants have individual requirements. There is, however, one basic rule I've heard repeated more times than I care to remember: 'Most plants die by drowning so don't overwater.' With this in mind try to get reliable advice on a new plant's needs when you first buy it. Watch it carefully for the first few months and adjust the watering according to what it seems to need in the conditions you have given it.

Dorothy Perkyns

Harold Beament
Peter Bell*
Bruno Bobak
Molly Lamb Bobak
Miller Brittain*
Bertram Brooker, R.C.A.*
Leonard Brooks, A.R.C.A.*
Roger Cavalli*
Paul Caron, A.R.C.A.*
Al Chaddock*
Jack Chambers*
F.S. Coburn, D.C.L., R.C.A.*
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M.A. Suzor-Coté, R.C.A.
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*more than one work by this artist is in stock.

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ZWICKER'S GALLERY

Al Chaddock's Wildlife

". . . Best known as a watercolor artist, Al Chaddock has only recently turned to oils as a medium and last December staged his first major oil painting show at Manuge Galleries . . ."

Al Chaddock is a young, dedicated Halifax artist who claims to have had his first show when he was eight years old! While never having had any formal training or instruction, he rejects the notion he is "self-taught" because he says he has learned from everything he has ever looked at, whether it be the works of other artists or the lessons afforded by nature itself. He admits to having been influenced by Andrew Wyeth, the French impressionists and by Jack Gray whom he considers the most talented painter of the sea since the 19th century American artist Winslow Homer.

There appears to be little of the Andrew Wyeth "magic realism" in Chaddock's paintings; rather his works are representational with, sometimes, impressionistic overtones. While extremely versatile in his choice of subject matter, Chaddock likes to paint people and firmly believes it is incumbent upon him to create an empathy between people and conceivably this can be achieved through the medium of his paintings.

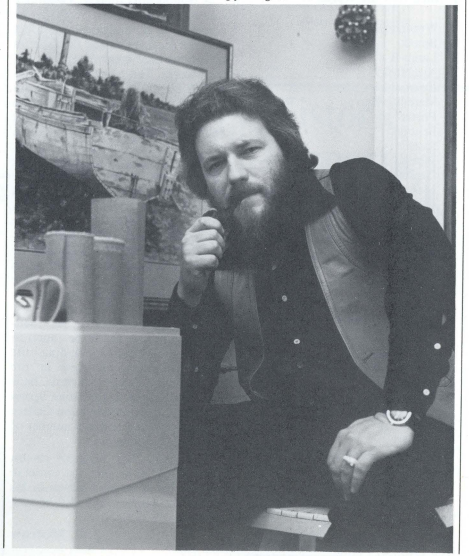
While imbued with a deep sense of social consciousness much like another local artist, Gordon Roache, Chaddock is a fervent ecologist and environmentalist whose strong convictions manifest themselves in many of his canvasses depicting the most basic elements of our environment.

Best known as a watercolor artist, Chaddock has only recently turned to oils as a medium and last December staged his first major oil painting show at Manuge Galleries. He paints large canvasses, unsuitable to the average living-room, with a view to capturing a share of the commercial or corporate market.

The artist says he tended to avoid oils for many years as he felt he had more control over the watercolor medium but he hopes and believes now that oils will lead him into an impressionist interpretation of his life among his fellow men. Thus, he sees oils as a compelling challenge, opening new vistas through which he hopes he will be able to address himself to the more universal subjects of art, primarily people.

Intensely interested in wildlife, Chaddock loves to paint horses, seals, seabirds, as well as domestic pets, dogs and cats. When asked to comment on well-known wildlife artists such as Glen Loates and Sharkey Thomas, he states candidly that while he admires Loates he considers Sharkey Thomas' portrayals to be overly romantic, sentimental and "mushy". He admires more the

Al Chaddock: *"Sometimes truth is an ugly thing. . ."*



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". . . Chaddock likes to think of himself as the 'working man's painter' and he tries to reach out to the uninitiated rather than the sophisticated art buyer . . ."

primitive art of the North American Indian and the Eskimo and believes that in their highly symbolic representations of animals and birds they capture the spirit and the meaning of these forms of life to a more meaningful extent. Figuring prominently in Al Chaddock's future plans is the presentation of a major show of wild animal portraiture in a year or so.

A complicated thinker, Chaddock expresses deep concern over what he perceives as a fundamental conflict between most artists and the galleries on whom they must depend to sell their works. This constitutes a dilemma which admits of no satisfactory solution and inevitably results in the artist having to compromise his beliefs and his principles if he hopes to sell his works to the public. This is, of course, a universal problem that has its roots in the fact the gallery owner also has to survive and therefore must adorn his walls with works that will sell.

Chaddock deplores the fact an artist has to be concerned with whether his art will be palatable enough to sell. "Sometimes truth is an ugly thing, but people have to be told," he says.

While the majority of Al Chaddock's paintings are to be found in private collections including the Keefe collection on view in the Seahorse and Ginger's taverns, he is also represented in the Nova Scotia Art Bank, the Confederation Gallery in Charlottetown and in a number of corporate boardrooms.

The artist has recently chosen Gallery 1667 as his principal outlet in Halifax but a varied selection of his earlier watercolors may also be seen at Zwicker's Gallery.

J.C. Morrow

ATLANTIC ART

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Featured Artist

CAPTAIN JOHN COLEMAN

Oliver John Coleman was born on November 18, 1894 in Ealing Middlesex, England. He was commissioned from the ranks in World War I and promoted to Captain after being recalled in World War II. While stationed in Tibya with the 8th army during W.W.II, Capt. Coleman began painting in water colours to give to his fellow officers.

In 1961 he moved to Hubbards, N.S. and worked for the Halifax Herald until his retirement in 1972.

Since his retirement Capt Coleman has been energetically painting his adopted surroundings, much to the delight of his many admirers. His water colours are also exhibited in Western Canada and just recently one of his latest works was purchased by the Art Bank of N.S.

Capt. Coleman's nostaligic interest in the railroads has led him to paint a series of old N.S. railroad stations which are now on display in the Gallery.

The Hubbards station pictured below was demolished a few years ago but is remembered through the portrayal of Captain John Coleman's remarkable and unique talent.

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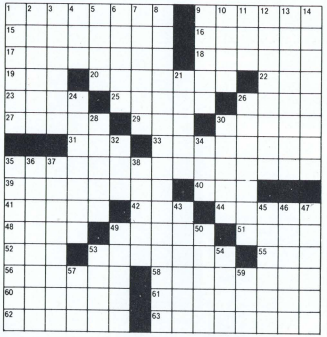

ACROSS

1 Makes as good as new
9 Noted U.S. historian: 1834-1927
15 Bond bonus
16 Pharmaceutical ointment
17 Loser, to Loos
18 Central vein of a leaf
19 Back talk
20 Plotted on a curve
22 Louis or Frazier
23 Business-school subj.
25 Different
26 Inst. like Swarthmore
27 Plaza de ——
29 Poetic word
30 Atoll builder
31 Take tea with delicacy
33 Propose for office
35 Post-Presidential role for Washington
39 Intimidated
40 Louis XIV, e.g.
41 Cranial nerve
42 Site: Abbr.
44 Eve of Passover
48 Susiana
49 Casting matrix for Henry Moore
51 Eliminate
52 Road hazard
53 Coagulate
55 Set afire
56 Caught red-handed
58 Freedom of choice
60 Mira or Lyra, to Pierre
61 Baseball statistics
62 Synonym for 37 Down
63 Most tranquil

DOWN

1 Breast-of-lamb cut
2 Caruso
3 Narcose condition
4 Coffee-break hour
5 Salem's state, for short
6 Kind of rocket
7 Mansion's milieu
8 Lincoln's pre-Presidential opponent
9 Painter Winslow
10 Stenchy
11 Conjunction for Cicero
12 Cooking herb
13 Enfeeble or bleach
14 One up in arms
21 Shore bird
24 Panacea
26 Actor Hans
28 Marner
30 Greetings in Genoa, to Americans
32 Communicant's bench
34 Product maker: Abbr.
35 Controlled
36 Assess
37 Rebuttal
38 Profit windfall
43 Split or adhere
45 Cloudburst
46 Abridges verbally
47 Second checkup
49 Prototype
50 Office machine
53 He wrote "The Hive"
54 Cambio coins
57 Twice XXVI
59 Whip

Solution page 55

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Flight of Fancy

He flew in for a song.

Alexis Weissenburg, one of the world's foremost concert pianists was booked for a show at Carnegie Hall in New York. But the Russian-born Weissenburg said Nyet to the concert unless he could play on a German Steinway grand.

Oddly enough, one of the few German-made Steinways in North America is at the Dalhousie Arts

Weissenburg on the wing: *He flew in for a song.*

Centre. The university bought the piano, valued at $30,000, for $12,000 in 1971 with help from patron, Mrs. F.R. MacAloney.

Early in February Weissenburg flew in to try out the piano and flew right out again leaving the arts centre wondering if their piano would make it to the big time. If it does the Arts Centre is hoping Weissenburg will be willing to play it again — this time at Dalhousie in the fall.

Where's The Fire?

Halifax is getting a full-fledged spaghetti house. Local businessman Nicholas Simmonds is opening his restaurant in the old firehall at the corner of Prince and Bedford Row early this month.

To be called The Spaghetti Fire Station, Simmonds says meals will cost three to five dollars and liquor will be served. Nine spaghetti dishes will be served and three other Italian-style meals.

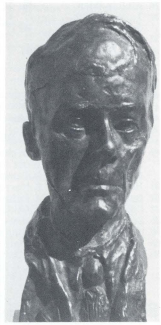
Simmonds says the highlight of the restaurant will be an antique fire engine that has been restored by the fire fighters museum in Yarmouth.

Carolina Edwards: *On the air*

When It Reigns

Carolina Edwards, the songbird with the lilting voice divides her time between a New Hampshire farm and a log cabin in Cape Breton. Best known for the hit single N /a Scotia, a paean to her adopted home, Carolina seems set to duplicate its success with a follow-up album, Rainbow Reign that features new tunes from the songstress and her folk-singer husband Jonathan.

Following a year-long hiatus devoted to raising her two children, Carolina is ready to return to the floodlights. A concert at the Rebecca Cohn is pencilled-in for April or May with a strong possibility of other dates to follow. Meanwhile Nova Scotia is receiving radio time in New England, a free plug for tourism if ever there was one.



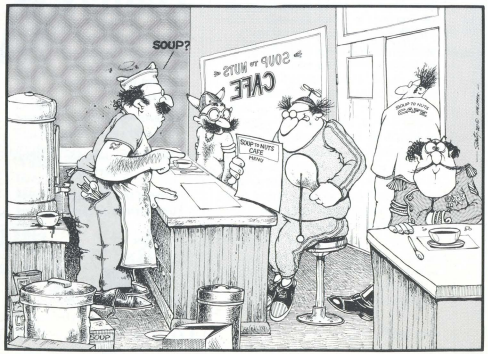
Bronzed: *Fraser's bust of poet Tate is Smithsonian bound*

What A Bust!

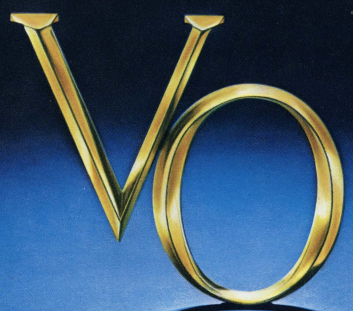
Halifax artist Carol Fraser has sold four of her works to the National Portrait Gallery of the Smithsonian Institute. Fraser did a bronze bust, a pencil drawing, a wood-cut and an etching of American poet and critic Allen Tate while she and Tate were at the University of Minnesota.

Fraser, at work on a coming exhibition, says "As a subject for a portrait I was attracted to Allen Tate as his visual appearance depicted so well his vast intellect."

SARTY



A reputation built by word of mouth.



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(A1)RADDALL(A2), Thomas Head,(A3) O.C. (1970), LL.D., Litt.D., F.R.S.C.; author; b. Hythe, Kent, Eng., 13 Nov. 1903; s. Lt.-Col. Thomas Head, Sr., D.S.O. (Winnipeg Rifles, killed in action 1918) and Ellen (Gifford) R.; e. St. Leonard's Sch., Hythe, Eng.; Chebucto Sch., Halifax, N.S.; Halifax Acad.; Dalhousie Univ., LL.D. 1949; m. Edith Margaret, d. Frederick Freeman, Milton, N.S., 9 June 1927; children: Thomas, Frances; served as Bookkeeper for a N.S. pulp mill, 1923-27; Clerk, constr. co., 1928; Acct., newsprint paper mill, 1929-38; served as Wireless Offr. on various R.N. transport vessels and later Candn. Merchant Marine and E. Coast wireless stns., 1918-22; Lieut., Reserve Army, 1942-43; winner of Gov.-Gen's. Award for Candn. Lit., 1944, 48 and 57; awarded Lorne Pierce Medal by Roy. Soc. Can. for outstanding contrib. to Candn. Lit., 1956; Fellowship, Haliburton Soc., King's Coll., N.S., 1945; author of ""Pied Piper of Dipper Creek'', 1939; ""His Majesty's Yankees', 1942; ""Roger Sudden'', 1944; ""Tambour'', 1945; ""Pride's Fancy'', 1946; ""The Wedding Gift and Other Stories'', 1947; ""History of West Nova Scotia Regiment'', 1948; ""Halifax, Warden of the North'', 1948; ""The Nymph and The Lamp'', 1950; ""Tidefall'', 1953; ""A Muster of Arms'', 1954; ""The Wings of Night'', 1956; ""The Path of Destiny'', 1957; ""The Rover'', 1958; ""The Governor's Lady'', 1959; ""Hangman's Beach'', 1966; ""Footsteps On Old Floors'', 1968; ""In My Time'' (autobiog.), 1976; mem., Queens Co. Hist. Soc.; N.S. Hist. Soc.; Candn. Hist. Assn.; Royal Candn. Legion (Past Pres. Queen's Br.); United Church; recreations: hunting, fishing, golf; Home: (A6)44 Park St., Liverpool, N.S. B0T 1K0(A7)(J9)

THE OXFORD COMPANION TO CANADIAN LITERATURE

EDITOR: WILLIAM TOYE

PUBLISHED in 1983

(It contains the following extracts referring to to work of Thomas H. Raddall.)

(page 692)

RADDALL, THOMAS (b.1903)

Thomas Head Raddall was born in the married quarters of the British Army School of Musketry at Hythe, Eng., where his father was an instructor. The latter's posting to Halifax in 1913 made his son a Nova Scotian and resulted in Raddall's steadfast, intimate and rewarding bond with that province. His engrossing and candid autobiography In My Time (1976) tells how Raddall, too poor to attend university, served as a wireless operator on coastal stations, at sea, and on Sable Island, from 1919 to 1922; he then qualified as a bookkeeper, took a job with a lumber company on the Mersey River, and soon began to write, having developed an interest in the history of his province -- in Micmacs, pre-Loyalist settlers, Loyalists, privateering, and the economic diseases that befell Canada's Atlantic littoral following the age of sail. These years, which introduced him also to hunting and fishing, logging, rum-running, business machinations, and backwoods politics, were the fullest of Raddall's life.

Having published short stories in Blackwood's Magazine and elsewhere, Raddall chose in 1938 to become a professional writer. During the Second World War he was an officer in the West Nova Scotia Regiment, worked as a journalist and as a script writer for radio, and published two collections of short stories and two novels.

Raddall's The pied Piper of Dipper Creek and other stories (1939) with an introduction by John Buchan, won a Governor General's Award. This was followed by Tambour and other stories (1945); The Wedding Gift and other stories (1947); A Muster of Arms and other stories (1954); and At The Tide's Turn and other stories (1959), a selection from the earlier publications. All these collections demonstrate Raddall's knowledge of the texture of Nova Scotia life, past and

present, and his facility for straightforward, entertaining story-telling.

Raddall's first historical novel, His Majesty's Yankees (1942) which deals with the conflicting political, economic, and emotional ties of Nova Scotians during the American Revolution, shows in its sound use of Brebner's The Neutral Yankees of Nova Scotia and Simeon Perkins' diaries, his enterprising, meticulous research. Its robust style also animates Roger Sudden (1944), a story of the Seven Years' War and the capture of Louisbourg, and Pride's Fancy (1946) a rousing tale of a privateer in West Indies waters during the fight for Haitian independence. The Governor's Lady (1960) offers a masterful re-creation of the personality and character of Fannie Wentworth, wife of the lieutenant-governor (1792-1808) of Nova Scotia. In Hangman's Beach (1966) the focus is two-fold: Raddall evokes the 1803-12 period of the Napoleonic Wars in Halifax, with particular emphasis on French prisoners held on Melville Island; and through his portrayal of the Peter McNab family deliniates the boom in Nova Scotia commerce during those years.

Though best known for his historical fiction Raddall also wrote three novels set in the twentieth century, one of which, The Nymph and The Lamp (1950) is his masterpiece . With its superbly conveyed settings (Halifax, Sable Island, and the Annapolis Valley), its astutely interwoven themes, sexual tension, and powerful characterization of the protagonist, Isabel Jardine, it is a work of enduring merit that cannot be dismissed as a romance. Tidefall (1953) and The Wings of Night (1956) are mediocre by comparison; the former has to do with a seafaring villain who makes and loses a fortune, the latter with forest life and economic troubles in Nova Scotia.

That Raddall should also have published three books of history is not surprising, given his strong association with the past, his evergreen curiosity, and his investigative talents. The authoritative chronicle Halifax, Warden of the North (1948: rev.1965) and the discerning and spirited popular history The Path of Destiny — ; Canada from the British Conquest to Home Rule, 1763-1850 (1957) both won Governor General's Awards. Footsteps On Old Floors (1968) a lighter work, contains essays on obscure but compelling mysteries of Nova Scotia history, most notably that of the derelict vessel Mary Celeste and her missing crew. Raddall also wrote the text for A pictorial guide to historic Nova Scotia: featuring Louisbourg, Peggy's Cove and Sable Island (rev.1972)

As a professional writer Raddall never asked for, nor received money from government sources. One of the few Canadian writers in this century to achieve independence through his writing, he wrote fistion with the purpose of selling it, and succeeded in doing so without sacrificing his artistic integrity. In addition to receiving three Governor General's Awards, he was elected to the Royal Society of Canada in 1949, and was presented with the Lorne Pierce Medal for literature in 1956. He became a Companion of the Order of Canada in 1971.

The following titles are in the New Canadian Library: His Majesty's Yankees, The Nymph and The Lamp, Pride's Fancy, Roger Sudden , and At The Tide's Turn

(The above account was written by Robert Cockburn, of the University of New Brunswick.)

(pages 354-355)

HISTORICAL WRITING IN ENGLISH

Many Canadian literary figures have turned their hand to historical writing as part of their literary activity, and a few authors have actually specialized in historical writing. Among the occasional figures the most significant work has been done by Thomas Raddall and Farley Mowat.

Thomas Raddall had always been fascinated by the past of the Maritimes region, and his first three novels were all given historical settings based on substantial research. After the Second World War, Raddall became far more consciously involved in historical writing, beginning with an account of the activities of the West Nova Scotia Regiment from 1939 to 1945 (West Novas,1948), and a study of Halifax (Halifax,Warden of the North, 1948) He subsequently produced The Path of Destiny (1957) in a series edited by Thomas Costain, intended to survey Canadian history for the North American audience. While West Novas did not sell well and has been virtually forgotten, it offered Raddall an opportunity to apprentice in the field, and undoubtedly helped contribute to the success of the Halifax book.

Raddall's strength has always been in forceful narrative and accurate setting, rather than in characterization, and in the history of Halifax he had a focus that he brilliantly exploited. The Path of Destiny is usually regarded as less successful, the author himself acknowledging that the task of dealing with the broad sweep of Canadian events from the Conquest to 1850 was an impossible one, particularly given his inclination to emphasize military history. Nevertheless, fascination with the warfare of the American Revol-

-ution and the War of 1812 -- " I could not write my way around the wars, dismissing them in a few pages as a wretched waste of blood and treasure " he wrote in his autobiography -- does suggest one of the major differences between the scholar and the writer, for the essential ingredients of military history are colourful events that can be understood only in a narrative framework. It is no accident that a disproportionate number of the most familiar and readable histories, from those of Francis Parkman to those of Pierre Berton, have exploited military themes.

(The above account was written by J.M.Bumstead, of the University of Manitoba.)

WRITING IN MARITIMES

(page 513)

Thomas Raddall began with historical adventures and he turned to the historical romance, but he made the form a vehicle for literary insight as well as sentiment. The Pied Piper of Dipper Creek, a short story collection that was first published in London in 1939, earned him a Governor General's Award when McClelland and Stewart re-published it in 1941. Raddall became immensely popular with His Majesty's Yankees (1942) and Roger Sudden (1944); and his non-fiction study Halifax, Warden of the North (1948) won him a second Governor General's Award. In The Nymph and The Lamp (1950) his most considerable literary achievement, he conducted a penetrating inquiry into society and nature.

(the above account was written by Frank Davey, of York University.)

NOVELS IN ENGLISH 1940 to 1960

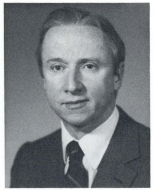
(page 574)

Since the Maritimes have a long history of fortified settlements and national rivalries for command of the Atlantic seaboard, it is not surprising that the region should produce a number of historical novelists. The most important of these is undoubtedly Thomas H. Raddall. His stories are more properly classified as romances, since they involve strong plots, heroes and villains, action and excitement; but his historical research is impeccable, and in novels like His Majesty's Yankees (1942), Roger Sudden (1944) and Pride's Fancy (1946) he tapped a rich vein of novelistic ore that he skilfully blended with authentic local history. His short stories are equally impressive, and although his modern novels have been less successful, The Nymph and The Lamp (1950) is a deeply moving study in loneliness and personal relationships.

(The above account was written by W.J.Keith, of the University of Toronto.)

NOVELS IN ENGLISH, !($) TO !(

Mersey Quarterly
Summer
1983



From the President's Desk:

On July 1 Bowater Mersey's No. 1 paper machine dryer section and calender stack, in service since the mill began operation in 1929, will be shut down for the last time. This equipment has served us well, on occasion running at world record speeds in excess of 2,300 feet per minute — speeds never imagined by those early paper mill crews who considered 1,000 feet per minute a solid industry standard.

The installation of the new Beloit dryer section and calender stack will open many new doors for Mersey, an important step toward continued success for our Company. But like all worthwhile changes, the installation will not be done without great effort and some sacrifice by all. Although employee layoffs have been kept to a minimum, the long shutdown will not be an easy time for many. With construction contractors and their employees on site, we must all be vigilant in helping them work safely at all times.

As predicted, newsprint markets remain soft, but Mersey has continued to do better than most in avoiding downtime.

Mersey's Quality Awareness Committee has received strong co-operation from all employees, encouraging everyone to help make the Mersey sheet one of the best in the industry. The new "Quality Begins With You" slide presentation and the quality suggestion boxes have been helpful.

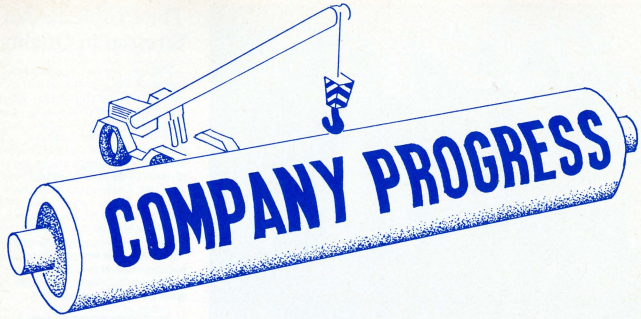
With the predicted economic upturn so slow in coming, our spending restraint efforts continue to be of utmost importance in maintaining an operation that is both cost effective and efficient.

Throughout the Company one can see signs of this retraint program. As one example, this issue of the *Mersey Quarterly* has been reduced in size by 40% — the normal 40 page magazine pared to 24 pages. The Winter '83 edition will also reflect the current austerity measures.

In many ways Mersey has been buffered from the harsh realities of the current industry situation, but we must be mindful of the realities of this recession, the second worst in modern times. It is only by making sacrifices in the short term that we can weather this recession so that we can look with optimism to a continuing healthy economic future for Mersey.

Like you I regret seeing an old friend like the *Mersey Quarterly* fall victim to hard times. Let's all look ahead with great enthusiasm to better times, when our new Dryers give Mersey a new lease on life and the *Quarterly* reflects more prosperous operations.

R. F. Weary
President & General Manager



Maintenance Consolidation Nears Completion

The final group of tradesmen, the masons, moved into their shops in the newly expanded Mechanical Shops on June 7 as the three-year plan to consolidate Mersey's maintenance forces nears completion. Carpenters and welders had taken up new headquarters in March.

The project began in 1979 when consultants from the firm of Stevenson and Kellogg were hired to undertake a detailed review of existing maintenance facilities and to outline future needs. The changes they recommended were carried out in three parts: consolidation of the Electrical and Instrumentation areas and expansion of the electrical shops; establishment of the planning group to coordinate maintenance work; and, finally, expansion and reorganization of the Mechanical Shops. The total cost of the project is $1.5 million.

Site work on the two-storey extension to the existing Mechanical Department began in October, and by the end of March two of the three trades groups previously housed outside the department were able to move their equipment into the new facility.

In addition to having modern, spacious shops for the tradesmen, the extension also boasts a 100-seat lunchroom and an office for each foreman. The main office block for Mechanical supervision was replaced with new headquarters at the opposite end of the Machine Shop, directly below the planning offices. The Superintendent and Assistant Superintendents have been in their new offices since March 30. The old office area will be used for felt roll storage.

The reorganization of the Mechanical Shops has resulted in much improved work environments for all trades groups and better co-ordination of maintenance tasks. With all trades functions under one roof, in one area of the mill, it will be easier in the future to handle equipment failures and to plan projects involving different tradesmen more quickly and efficiently.

Everyone is a winner with Safety and the Interdepartmental Safety Contest at the newsprint mill also had its share of winners in 1982. Three areas, Groundwood, Mechanical, and Instrumentation tied for first place. Employees in each winning department were given a choice of three prizes; a first aid kit, a smoke detector, and a screwdriver set, as recognition for their achievement.

Pictured following the presentation of prizes are (l to r) Harold Harnish, Groundwood; George Robinson, Mill Manager; Lorimer Hupman, Mechanical; Doug Winters, Safety Co-ordinator; and Atwood Dexter, Instrumentation.

Honorable George Henley, Minister of Lands and Forests, plants a grafted red spruce during the official opening of the Forest Seed Orchard at Melvern Square, Annapolis County. The grafted trees were prepared by the Lands and Forests Tree Breeding Centre at Debert using scions from "plus trees" found on Bowater Mersey lands throughout Western Nova Scotia.

Bowater Mersey announced the winners of $26,000 worth of Company sponsored scholarships at the Queens County Honor Students' Banquet held in Liverpool on May 31.

Pictured are (l to r) Dr. John F. Godfrey, President and Vice-Chancellor, University of King's College and guest speaker at the Banquet; Janet Silver, Bowater Mersey Scholarship winner, New Germany Rural High School; David Ruggles, Bowater Mersey Scholarship winner, Liverpool Regional High School; Patrick Hawkes, Liverpool, Milton G. Green Memorial Scholarship winner; Brian Freeman, Bowater Mersey Scholarship winner, North Queens Rural High School; and Robert F. Weary, President and General Manager, Bowater Mersey Paper Company Limited.

The three Bowater Mersey Scholarships are valued at $6,000 each, awarded in annual installments of $1,500.

The Milton G. Green Scholarship is offered on a rotational basis among Bowater Mersey, Bowater Newfoundland Limited and the Bowater Power Company; the three areas where Mr. Green served as President during his career with Bowater. It is valued at $8,000. Some 106 outstanding students from schools throughout Western Nova Scotia applied for the Scholarship. This is the first time a Queens County student has won the M. G. Green Scholarship. Previous winners have been from Canning and Yarmouth.

The men of the Medway Woodlands District were honored in February when the Nova Scotia Forest Products Association (NSFPA) presented them with the Kevin Corkum Memorial Award for their outstanding contribution of Woods Safety. The Award was presented during the Forest Products Association's Annual Meeting in Truro. Shown following the Award announcement are (l to r) Lorne Etter, Executive Director, NSFPA; Hugh Perley, Chairman, Safety and Training Committee, NSFPA; Scottie Wamboldt, District Superintendent — Medway Woodlands District, who accepted the Award on behalf of the 35 employees in the District; and John Lynk, Chairman, Workers' Compensation Board.

The Award was accompanied by a cheque for $160.00 which the Medway crew donated to the Izaak Walton Killam Hospital for Children in Halifax.

The People Factor Stressed in Quality

'People make the difference' is the theme of the "Quality Begins With You" slide show produced by the Quality Awareness Committee and now being shown throughout company operations. The 12-minute two-projector slide show examines the role that the people in each area of the Company play in the final production of top quality newsprint. Working with an audio-visual consultant, Steve Zwerling, from Halifax, the Committee drew on Mersey employees to help narrate the show.

Since it was completed in February, the "Quality Begins With You" show has been seen by mill and woods employees, private pulpwood suppliers and visitors from other Bowater operations.

The Employees Fitness Program concluded its second season in April with final fitness testing to monitor the improved fitness levels of the 30 participants. Because of the enthusiastic response to the program last year, the 1982-83 program was expanded to include two, one-hour sessions each week. The program was designed to David Currie, Nova Scotia Sport Medicine, who also conducted the fitness testing sessions before and after the program. Instructors were Marsha Harding and Jeff Miller.

In recognition for their "keep fit" efforts and support of Mersey's Lifestyles program, participants each received a T-shirt. Members (l to r) Warren Kelly, Della Jordon, William Speed, Glenda Schofield, and David Dickle pose with instructor, Marsha Harding, and Director of Medical Services, Louisa Patterson after receiving their shirts.

The people factor is also being accented by way of the Quality Awareness suggestion program throughout the mill. Suggestion boxes are situated in the Woodroom, Lunchroom, Main Hall, near the Main Locker Room, in the Paper/Finishing Area and in the Marine Lunchroom. Employees are encouraged to submit any quality-related suggestions for consideration by the Quality Awareness Committee comprising David Chandler, David Foley, Arthur Moore, Roger Ross, Bob Wilkinson and Robin Williams. All suggestions are passed along to the appropriate General Superintendent or manager for evaluation and, if possible, implementation.

To June 1, ten excellent suggestions have been investigated. The following employees are to be commended for their active interest in Mersey's Quality efforts: Paul Clarkin, Marine; Aubrey Chandler, Woodroom; Kevin Cole, Marine; Wayne Scott, Mechanical; Paris Colp, Paper; Arthur Corkum, Paper; Doug Lohnes, Sales; Earle Richard, Paper.

Borol Has Rocky Start

The Borol bleach system has had more than its share of start-up problems since it was first commissioned in November, 1982. The $500,000 system was installed because of the economic advantage of producing bleach at Mersey rather than purchasing it. Liquid bleach is added to TMP and groundwood stock to produce a better sheet of newsprint.

This group of Boy Scouts from Saugus, Massachusetts, was one of the first groups to tour Mersey this year. To date some 300 students have toured the newsprint mill as part of the school tour program, and over 150 more have visited the Tree Nursery at Happy Landing.

Tours of the newsprint mill are conducted by summer students. Regular daily tours will also be extended for tourists and residents throughout July and August.

The leader of the Scout group from Massachusetts was the son of Jack Richards, retired papermaker. On the right is Doug Thompson, Engineer, a local Scout leader and a guide for the tour.

The Borol system generates bleach by a chemical reaction between "Borol", a solution of sodium borohydride, and raw acid produced in the Sulphite Department's Acid Plant. Hydrogen, a by-product of the reaction, is vented out of the system.

The first suspicion of problems came in January when an inspection of the metal of No. 2 paper machine couch box revealed a radical change in the metal's appearance. Corrosion was suspected. Tests showed a high level of the chemical "thiosulphate", a strong corrosive agent, in the bleach and stock system. As thiosulphate production is faster at higher reaction temperatures, a heat exchanger was installed to lower the temperature. Since thiosulphate is also produced when Borol bleach is stored, modifications were made to allow only fresh bleach into the stock system.

A second problem that has plagued the Borol system throughout the Spring is the generation of foam in the reaction. The foam moves up inside the hydrogen exhaust pipe and spills out into the roof. It also builds up pressure within the system causing automatic pressure sensors to shut off the equipment. This problem is proving to be a difficult one to overcome and a group of Mersey's operations and engineering people, working closely with personnel from Ventron, the equipment manufacturer and Borol supplier, continue to seek a solution. To date, the Borol system has operated only intermittently and the purchase of some powdered bleach is necessary to overcome the shortfall in Borol production.

*The Bowater Mersey Best Newspaper Awards given annually in three circulation categories were presented at the 1983 Spring meeting of the Atlantic Community Newspaper Association (ACNA) held in Newcastle, New Brunswick on June 3. Posing in front of a bust of the great newspaper magnate, Lord Beaverbrook, are (l to r) Jim McNeil, Editor and Publisher, **The Eastern Graphic**, (winner circulation 3,501 to 6,500); Debbie Horne, Senior Reporter, **West Prince Graphic** (winner, circulation 3,500 and under); Robert F. Weary, President and General Manager, Bowater Mersey Paper Company Limited, and David Cadogen, Publisher, **Miramichi Leader** (winner, circulation 6,500 and over).*

*The Best Newspaper Awards are presented for general excellence in a community newspaper. Elements of layout and composition, news and feature content, sports reporting, and the quality of writing and photographs are all assessed. Points are awarded in eight categories with the newspaper obtaining the most points declared the winner. The highest mark given in 1983 was 440, out of a possible 500 points, to **The Eastern Graphic**. Among the 15 judges for the Awards were Linden MacIntre, Journalist — Producer, CBC "The Journal"; Marion Bruce, Managing Editor, **Atlantic Insight**; and Jock Inglis, Editor and Publisher, **The Advance**, Liverpool.*

Ken Chandler, Groundwood (second l) and Basil Anthony, Paper, (third r) are being congratulated on the eve of their retirements from Mersey by (l to r) Fred Giffin, Groundwood Superintendent; (Ken); Robert F. Weary, President and General Manager Bowater Mersey; (Basil); Mac Bowers, Paper Mill Superintendent, and George Robinson, Mill Manager.

Production Picks Up After Dismal First Quarter

The dryer section was the biggest culprit as below-budget production figures were recorded for the first quarter of 1983. At one point, production lagged behind budget by over 1,100 tons. Since May 1, however, the news has been good and the shortfall has been slashed for six consecutive weeks.

Unscheduled dryer maintenance continues to cause concern and, to date in 1983, over 500 tons of production have been lost due to a number of dryer gear failures, water in dryers and felt roll problems. In April alone, almost nine hours of production time were lost.

Corrosion and erosion problems with the vacuum systems were discovered in January and corrected. The two most serious single incidents of lost production time were 10.5 hours lost on March 28 to change the bearing and gears on No. 1 couch roll and 9.3 hours lost to change No. 1 calender stack rolls after two rolls were damaged when a wad of paper went through the stack.

A dramatic change in operations heralded the start of May and, to the time of writing (June 10), not a single week of below budget production has been recorded. Six new records have been set including Best Day, No. 1 paper machine, (February 8, 1983) 290.7 tons total production; Best Average Per Paper Machine Day, (May 29-June 4) 549.9 tons total production and 546.2 tons publishers' sizes; and Best Period (May 8 to June 4) 546.7 tons total production and 541.6 tons publishers' sizes.

Richard MacKinnon, Compassman (r) proudly displays the jacket presented to him by Harold Dobson, Assistant General Manager, in recognition for the Land Management Group having achieved 250,000 safe employee-hours.

The White Elephant is safely housed in his cage by (l to r) George Robinson, Mill Manager; Robert F. Weary, President and General Manager; George Paterson, General Superintendent-Operations; and Doug Winters, Safety Co-ordinator, during the 100 accident-free days celebration at the newsprint mill on May 12. A "Chicken Feast" was held for all employees in "Warehouse B" housing the equipment of the Dryer One Project.

Machine speeds are still averaging below the budget levels of 2,275, but this deficiency is being offset by excellent machine efficiencies.

While production figures are down, the quality of Mersey's newsprint is earning favorable comments from both new and old customers. Runnability at the *Washington Post*, continues to be good and the *Post* has complimented Mersey on the brightness of recent shipments. Problems with winding on 45" diameter rolls were overcome after the introduction of tapered tension winding programs on both No. 1 and No. 2 winders. Trials of 45" diameter rolls at the *Post* have been successful and Mersey hopes to be able to resume regular shipment of these larger rolls.

1983 has produced qualty-related challenges to all areas of Mersey's operation. The demand for a sheet with higher brightness puts pressure on the woodlands group to make available the best, freshest wood and the manufacture and shipment of so many different grades and colors of newsprint affects virtually every operational and maintenance area. The Mersey team can be very proud of the job it is doing in seeing our mill through these soft market conditions.

Dry Kiln Added to Oakhill

The Oakhill Sawmill has added kiln-dried lumber to its list of products following completion of a kiln early in 1983. Construction of the building began in the fall and the first charge was placed in the kiln in February. The kiln can hold as much as 50,000 fbm per charge. Plans are to dry mostly pine because of its market value and demand. However, spruce can also be dried.

The time required to dry pine in the kiln varies with the season. Generally the longest period is three weeks, needed in winter. Pine is used as shop lumber in furniture making and the Sawmill also has equipment to produce specially patterned lumber for a variety of building uses. Only minor problems have been encountered with the new equipment and Sawmill personnel are experimenting with controlling and moisture, heat, circulation and loading methods to produce a top quality product.

Forest Seed Orchard Officially Opened

Honorable George Henley, Minister of Lands and Forests for the Province of Nova Scotia, and Robert F. Weary, President and General Manager, Bowater Mersey, officially opened Mersey's Forest Seed Orchard at Melvern Square, Annapolis County on May 20, 1983. Some 40 invited guests toured the orchard site and viewed displays of a variety of silviculture techniques, including tree grafting.

The Seed Orchard, purchased in 1982 will be used to grow genetically improved softwood seeds. These seeds, when germinated at the Forest Tree Nursery at Happy Landing and planted on Company land in Western Nova Scotia, will grow into "Super Trees" — with better physical appearance than naturally regenerated trees and containing at least 15% more wood fibre in a given time.

The first step in the process is the collection of 8-inch branch tips, called "scions", from the crowns of the best quality red spruce trees on Company land. The scions from these "plus trees" are grafted onto 18" high nursery stock where they continue to develop as though they were on mature trees. When planted in the Seed Orchard they will produce seeds in three years. The first 402 grafted red spruces were planted in May. A further 1,500 trees will be planted in the Spring of 1984.

By close analysis of growth characteristics and cone production, the best growing grafts will be identified and used in controlled pollination work.

Mersey began work on the seed orchard concept several years ago when the Company joined the Nova Scotia Tree Breeding Co-operative. The opening of the Seed Orchard is an important phase in the Company's long term forest management plan and the Orchard will help ensure a healthy supply of raw material for Mersey's newsprint and lumber operations far into the future.

The Forest Seed Orchard will be managed by Stanley Kempton, Acting Foreman, Seed Orchard.

Liverpool's Junior Achievement program concluded its third successful year of operation in May with both E.T.D. Company and Picture Perfect Company returning the maximum allowable dividend to their shareholders. In competitions with Halifax-Dartmouth Companies, Liverpool placed three finalists in "Officer of the Year" contests and four achievers won Junior Executive Awards. Valerie Greek, V.P. Administration, Picture Perfect Co. will represent Liverpool at the Canadian Junior Achievement Conference to be held in Ottawa, in August.

The success of both companies was the result of aggressive sales campaigns. Company members sold products door-to-door, a Trade Fair was held at the Bridgewater Mall and both companies visited Mersey to sell their wooden duck puppets and pine picture frames to Mersey employees. Here Picture Perfect Company member Tammy Smith explains the features of her product to John MacIsaac, Paper, and Ross Whynot, Electrical.

Mersey introduced an attractive new edition of Forest Fire Prevention signs this spring aimed at co-ordinating fire hazard information available to the public with material already being used by the Nova Scotia Department of Lands and Forests. Pictured inspecting the first of the new signs, located near the newsprint mill entrance are (l to r) Gordon Minard, Supervisor, Forest Resources, Department of Lands and Forests; Leif Holt, Woodlands Manager, Bowater Mersey Paper Company Limited; Lyndon Gray, Manager, Forest Resources, Department of Lands and Forests; and Frank Humar, District Forester, South Shore — Rossignol. Similar signs are now situated in the St. Margaret's Bay and Sissiboo-Tusket Woodlands Districts.

Although most Nova Scotians complained bitterly about the Spring weather, the abundant rainfall has made this one of the best fire seasons on record.

Safety Scene Bright Thus Far In '83

The first five months of 1983 have been exceptional from a safety viewpoint. Both the mill and woodlands groups had one of their best periods on record, each going into June with two lost-time accidents for the year.

At the newsprint mill, the number of minor injuries is also down — from 23 in the same period last year to 13 in 1983. The mill reached 100 days without a lost-time injury on May 11, 1983 and 500,000 employee hours worked without a lost time injury on June 23, 1983.

In the Woods, all six areas, including the four woodlands districts, the Oakhill Sawmill and the Land Management Group have recorded over 50 days without a lost-time injury. Medway is still in the lead with over 310,120 accident-free employee-hours worked.

The Woodlands people have challenged the mill forces to a safety contest this year with the winner being the group with the least number of lost-time accidents for the year. To June 1 the contest was stalemated at two lost-time accidents each. Everyone is hoping it will remain that way until year end.

The following mill departments and woodlands groups have achieved significant safety goals to the end of May, 1983:

Department	Hours Worked Since Last Lost-Time Injury
Paper	275,000
Finishing	270,000
Steam	265,000
Sulphite	180,000
Electrical	175,000
Medway	310,120
Land Management	267,199
St. Margaret's Bay	110,780
South Shore — Rossignol	28,774

Congratulations to the employees in these areas. Safety goals are realized when each member of the team makes safety his first priority — every day.

Mersey's Pocket Wilderness Ambassadors

"A really beautiful spot, a nature lover's paradise."

"A beautiful spot, well kept, no litter."

"Hoot of a fine place — first fish I've caught in 13 years!"

"Tres beau, conservez la beauté de notre forêt. J'ai beaucoup apprécié les marche."

"Very good place, clean and enjoyable."

"Made friends with a squirrel."

Each year thousands of people enter comments like this in the guest books at the Port L'Hebert, Wentworth Lake, and Mickey Hill Pocket Wildernesses. They come from down the road, all over North America and even from Europe; they leave feeling a little better for having taken a few

John Swain doesn't often take a minute to sit down when he is at the Port L'Hebert Pocket Wilderness. There is always so much to do. During the busy summer season, he often checks the trail several times a day.

minutes to walk in the forest and relax in its solitude.

Bowater Mersey constructed the Port L'Hebert Pocket Wilderness in 1979, four years after the first area in the program, The Old Annapolis Road Hiking Trail was established. The walking trail was expanded in 1980 to complete a three kilometre loop from Highway 103 to the rich salt marshes of Port L'Hebert Harbour. In 1981, the Wentworth Lake Pocket Wilderness was constructed in the Sissiboo-Tusket Woodlands District on Highway 340 near Corberrie, Digby County. It is of special interest to children — "a magic forest" with a variety of play structures allowing children to pretend they are different animals living in their forest homes. The newest member of the program is the Mickey Hill Pocket Wilderness on Route 8, near Annapolis Royal. It is on the banks of the historic Allain River with a trail that winds through a variety of forest terrains. In the winter, a cross country ski trail on the site attracts many outdoor enthusiasts.

While the design of the trails, the information on the nature interpretive signs, and the careful construction are obviously important to the success of a Pocket Wilderness, there is an additional ingredient in the formula that spells the difference between having a successful project or a failure. That extra something special is the person responsible for maintaining the area for the enjoyment of all who visit. He or she is Mersey's special ambassador at each pocket wilderness.

The Senior Ambassador in this elite little diplomatic corp is John Swain, the trail keeper at the Port L'Hebert Pocket Wilderness. John is a retired Mersey employee and lives about seven miles from Port L'Hebert at Port Mouton. When approached in 1979 to act as caretaker for the new area, he felt that a few trips to the trail each week to empty garbage cans and keep an eye on things was a job he could handle. He was not long finding out about the other things the job could offer.

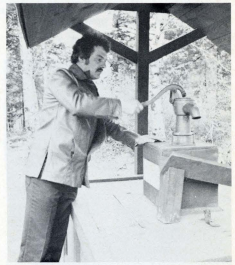
John has made the trail his own. Instead of visiting two or three times a week he is out at the Pocket Wilderness at least once a day and walks the trail about five times a week. He is meticulous in his inspection, never missing an apple core or a gum wrapper. In four years he has collected hundreds of bags of garbage and cleaned up after family reunions and weekend parties. He has seen moose, chased a bear cub no bigger than a raccoon, and shared a cup of wine with more than one group of travellers. From these and other experiences he has a mixed bag of stories to tell.

The story that brings the biggest chuckle is one involving a young couple he happened to find early one morning. They were bathing each other at the well.

"There was an old fellow visiting the trail too and he didn't take kindly to the young man telling us to go away and mind our own business. The old guy got really mad and I didn't know quite what was going to happen. He was a big fellow and he started after the young guy, but the two of them grabbed their clothes and ran into the woods. I don't know where they went, but we never did see them come out!"

On another early morning walk, the quiet was interrupted by the sound of people talking in panicked tones. He hurried toward the sounds not knowing what to expect and came upon a young couple with a rabbit hound. They had heard a sound in the woods near the trail and had let the dog off its lease to find the "rabbit". What he came upon — nose first — was a porcupine. "Vet" Swain found a loose piece of board along a boardwalk, clamped it between the dog's jaws so the animal wouldn't bite him, and patiently pulled out every quill. When he got back to his car, there was a $5.00 bill placed under a rock on the roof.

A story from Port L'Hebert made the local news in August of 1980 when Mrs. Robert Thompson from Shelburne lost her dog while visiting the trail. From July 31 until August 5, she posted notices in the guest book.



"Pumps are great when they work," says Emile Blinn as he checks out one at the Wentworth Lake Pocket Wilderness. Knowing how to fix a pump is just one of the skills that come in handy to Pocket Wilderness trail keepers.

"$100 Reward. Lost at Pocket Wilderness Park, July 31, 1980, miniature shepherd and fox terrier dog. Answers to the name Lady. Black and silver in color. $100 reward for the return of this little dog. Please call collect."

Five days later her pet was returned. A family from Yarmouth had found the dog at Port L'Hebert while on their way to Kejimkujik Park for a holiday. They took Lady with them and returned her to her surprised owner on the way home!

John's counterpart at the Wentworth Lake Pocket Wilderness, Emile Blinn, has no lost dog stories to tell, but he will give you a quiet nod and a grin if you ask about the funny things that have happened at his trail. Emile, a Silviculture Worker with La Forêt Acadienne, lives in Corberrie, about four miles from Wentworth Lake. He makes his rounds of the trail with two eager and able assistants — his two preschool age children.

While Port L'Hebert is frequented by travellers journeying along Highway 103, Wentworth Lake attracts the same families time after time. Because it is a special place for children, it is also a special place for family picnics and Sunday afternoon walks. Emile says that a lot of local people he knows from Weymouth, Church Point, and Saulnierville come out to the trail year around. The fact that it is intended for children has not kept adults from finding their own ways to appreciate the beautiful scenery along the lake. One young reporter from Yarmouth, covering the Pocket Wilderness official opening in 1981 was very enthusiastic after he had walked the trail.

"What a great place to bring a girl to propose!" he exclaimed excitedly.

Wentworth Lake has had its share of bears too, as this remark in the guest book attests:

"2:30 p.m. September 23, 1981 — The trail was very interesting and exciting especially when we came face to face with a *big black bear*. He was walking on the trail close to the tree house. Is that bear a regular?"

Emile, who is also a part time school bus driver, got a chuckle out of one particular school trip.

"One of the local schools brought a group of kids out to Wentworth Lake and they had a great time", he recalls. "Not too long after that trip I was up at the school and saw that they had a new piece of equipment in the playground. It was a slide just like the one we have at the trail!"

It was early in May when we visited the trail, but Emile says that even that early in the season there will be ten or more cars in the parking lot on a Sunday afternoon and in the summer you just cross your fingers and hope to get a picnic table on the weekend.

The Mickey Hill Pocket Wilderness, just seven kilometres from Annapolis Royal, has also attracted large numbers of local visitors. Its care is in the hands of Marilyn Brown, who has a vested interest in the site. She was one of the people who worked through the blackflies, wasps and hot days of summer in 1982 to construct the trail.

Marilyn lives on the Virginia Road and is as handy a woods worker as she is a skillful and painstakingly fine quilter. She is very proud of the trail and enjoys talking to the people she meets on her rounds, and reading the comments in the guest book. Some visitors from Oregon were amazed that a paper company should go to the trouble to make such areas available to the public. Their local paper industry certainly hadn't done that.

People visit a Pocket Wilderness for more than just nature walks. Many are simply happy to find a place to get off the road and relax for a bit. Such was the case of a couple from Florida in a big camper. To them a Pocket Wilderness was a place to stop and sort out the mess the Customs officials had made searching their vehicle before allowing them on the ferry to Nova Scotia.

There seems to be among people who are familiar with Mickey Hill a kind of nostalgia that strikes when they visit the Pocket Wilderness. One comment in the guest book read, "Changed a lot since I used to travel with horse and buggy. One doesn't have to stop going up Mickey Hill". Another man simply wrote, "You sure dressed up my fishing hole."

Marilyn, with less than a year on the job, has not yet accumulated a great collection

Marilyn Brown manages a brave smile on a cold day as she poses beside one of the attractive nature intrepretive signs at the Mickey Hill Pocket Wilderness. Her plans to do some maintenance work that day (May 17, 1983) were foiled by the late season snow and hail.

of stories, but she does have a continuing drama. Since the trail opened in August, 1982 or — to be more accurate — since the first delivery of toilet paper arrived at the outhouses, Mickey Hill has been plagued with a toilet paper thief. "They come about once a month and then for a whole week I can't keep the place supplied," says Marilyn in disgust. "And they must know when I visit because I can come back an hour later and everything is cleaned out again!" Although sorely tempted, Marilyn has kept her patience so far and has not laced any of the stealable merchandise with itching powder!

John, Emile, and Marilyn are very conscientious ambassadors. They want visitors to "their" Pocket Wilderness to find it clean and pleasant, an unspoiled place to get away from it all. Unfortunately, some of their visitors are not interested in such things. To this group a Pocket Wilderness provides a place to break bottles, carve obscenities into benches, over turn tables, and to deface washrooms. John Swain calls them "the hard crowd" and Port L'Hebert has been the worst hit of the three pocket wildernesses, but none has escaped having picnic tables and benches stolen, even though these items are secured by heavy chains sunk into blocks of concrete.

None of the caretakers want to talk about these incidents. It is too depressing. John probably expresses their feelings best when he says:

"I am always afraid someone will come when there is a big mess here and think that the place isn't being looked after. It's a hard crowd that comes here sometimes. I don't know what you could ever do about them."

Fortunately, there are also many good people to meet and funny stories to tell.

When visitors write in the guest book, "A beautiful little spot. Thanks Bowater Mersey for letting us enjoy it," the vote of appreciation is shared equally by the trail keepers of the Pocket Wildernesses. They are important members of the Bowater Mersey team, our ambassadors to thousands of people each year.

The Pocket Wildernesses are an important part of Mersey's public relations efforts and the trail keepers, with help from the Woodlands District Superintendent in their area, are helping make them such a success.

If you are travelling this summer, drop in and visit one of the Pocket Wildernesses. Have a picnic, take a walk and relax. John, Emile and Marilyn have made their areas ready for the busy summer season. Enjoy yourself, visit often and — oh yes — don't forget to sign the guest book!

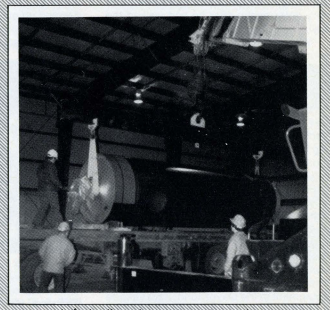
Dryer One
- Update -

Out with the old, in with the new! Riggers carefully remove a fifty-year old vacuum pump in the paper machine room basement as part of the demolition work carried out in early 1985 to make room for new equipment.

The skeleton of Warehouse B, being built during the winter of 1984/85. Insulation of the roof is in progress.

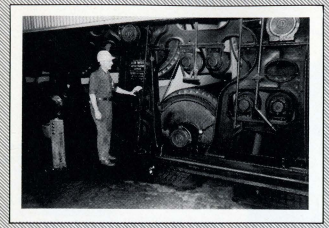
Broad smiles of satisfaction. The warehouse is completed on time, and one week later the first shipment of equipment arrives! The first dryer drum was delivered on March 16 and was greeted by (L to R) Bob Sanford, Project Warehouseman; Allan Warrington, Project Purchasing Agent; Vic Sonier, Construction Supervisor, SNC Sandwell Inc., Project Consultant; Ron Sigston, Project Engineer; Mary Caldwell, Secretary for the Dryers Project team; and David Cress, Project Accountant.

Completed Warehouse B. This 200 x 100 foot building was sized to store a complete dryer section and auxiliary equipment.

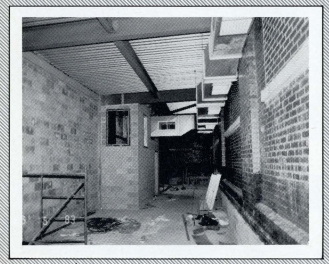


One of forty-three large steam dryer drums being unloaded by the 55 ton crane in the warehouse. Checking the operation are Vic Sonier, Bob Sanford and Harvey MacLean.

Even with the new warehouse in operation, some of the large sections of frame work have to be stored out-of-doors. A large section of front dryer frame is carefully lowered on to timber blocking.

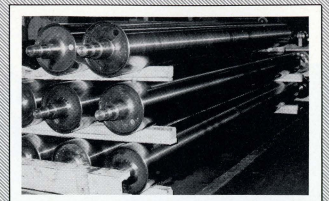


Deep in thought, millwright "Buzz" Neilson stands beside the existing dryer section of No. 1 Paper machine. The old equipment has been a headache for maintenance forces and requires constant monitoring.



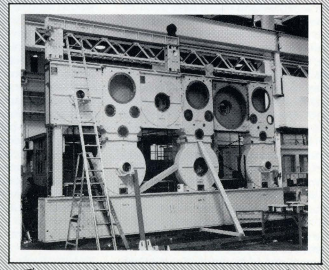
Preparatory work during the spring of 1985 included building a new electrical room for paper machine drive equipment, here shown near completion.

With the paper machine in operation, certain new concrete piers were erected. Shown is one of ten excavations within four feet of the machine. These holes were taken down to ledgerock, in some cases as much as thirteen feet below the basement floor.



Felt rolls awaiting shipment from the Beloit factory to the site. There are 72 similar rolls in the new dryer section.

The removal of the old dryer and the installation of the new has required significant changes to the mill buildings. Here we see the large access opening which has been cut into the South End of the Paper Machine Building.



This is a section of the rear side of the new dryer, assembled in the Beloit shop. It not only supports the dryer components but also includes the gears which drive the machine. Unique for this project is the extent of preassembly of the equipment in the builders' shop. This method reduces field work to a minimum.

Faith In A Good Story

When young Tom Raddall announced to his friends in 1938 that he was going to leave the security of his cashier's job at Mersey Paper Company to become a professional writer, he was told that he was crazy. It was, after all, the Great Depression and it was anyone's guess when Hitler would thrust the world into yet another global war. Leave a $175 a month job and hope to support a wife and two children by selling short stories written about Nova Scotia? Ridiculous! Colonel Jones, Mersey's President, was in Quebec when he heard the news, and quickly sent a telegram to T. M. Ratchford, Raddall's boss, telling him to offer the aspiring writer a year's leave of absence to try his luck before severing ties altogether.

Forty-five years and nineteen books later, Dr. Thomas H. Raddall sits in his favorite green armchair, hands folded, frowning slightly recalling this turning point in his own history.

"I thanked him for the offer, but," he shakes his head a bit, "I guess it was something I learned when I was a wireless operator on Sable Island. You can't learn to swim with one hand on the boat."

The break was as Tom wanted it — clean and permanent. He had, after all, done his homework. With savings from the bank to keep the young family going for three frugal years and confidence in his stories, he was ready for the challenge . . .

Reading has always been an important part of Tom Raddall's life. And so it was that things he read inspired his early start as a writer. In 1928, he happened on an editorial in *Maclean's* magazine, written by editor-in-chief, Napier Moore, lamenting the poor quality transcripts being submitted by Canadian writers. Why couldn't someone send him a story written with a little humor and whimsy. Raddall read in this a challenge, and, drawing from his experience as a wireless operator, told a tale of three bureaucrats stranded at the Sable Island Station while on a routine inspection. "The Three Wise Men", his first attempt at writing a short story, was published in the national magazine.

Buoyed by this impressive first success, Raddall decided to experiment with a story a little closer to his own interests and liking. He had heard a story about an Indian called Scabby Lou stealing slabs from the pulp mill at Milton. "Tit for Tat" is a story about the owner's revenge and Scabby Lou's unpredicted reaction.

Tom Raddall stands in his study among the many souvenirs collected throughout his writing career. In a place of prominence is the painting of Scabby Lou visiting the Milton pulp mill.

This time Napier Moore did not like the story and, worse yet, detailed his objections in a two-page letter to the part time and suddenly downcast writer. "Tit for Tat" was quietly tucked away, and the cashier went back to his numbers, exercising his pen only a little for short stories in *The Markland Sagas* and for *Sea Stories* magazine, an "awful" little publication based in New York.

Three years later in 1931, Raddall sought out another obscure challenge. A retiring Bank of Nova Scotia manager, knowing of Tom's love for reading, offered him a number of back issues of the prestigious British magazine "*Blackwoods*". The story could end here, but Raddall had a knack for making his own luck. He read in "*Blackwoods*" stories by writers throughout the world; from all areas of the old British empire — except Canada. He thought about that, then he pulled "Tit for Tat" from the drawer and sent it off to England. It was published.

A London literary agent clipped the story from the magazine and sent it to *Maclean's* in Canada hoping he could sell the Canadian rights and earn the 10 percent agent's fee. *Maclean's* accepted the story, and in time, Raddall received a letter of explanation with a cheque for 90 percent of the proceeds from the sale. Raddall was furious, both with the agent and with Napier Moore's change of heart. In 1946, while on his only national speaking tour, Raddall was in Toronto and met the editor.

"I wouldn't have raised the topic," says Dr. Raddall, "but he gave me such an opening. He asked me why I hadn't sent "Tit for Tat" to *Maclean's* in the first place instead of selling it to *Blackwoods*. I told him about the two-page letter I had received from him, which he did not remember. All the young editors thought that was quite funny!"

Moore then took Raddall into his office and offered him a big oil painting hanging on the wall. It showed Scabby Lou and his little mongrel dog at the pulp mill.

"All the young fellows at *Maclean's* thought this was a great joke on Napier Moore and didn't want me to take the picture."

But the painting did not remain in the editor's office as a testimony to one of his biggest errors. Moore had it sent to Liverpool — expeditiously!

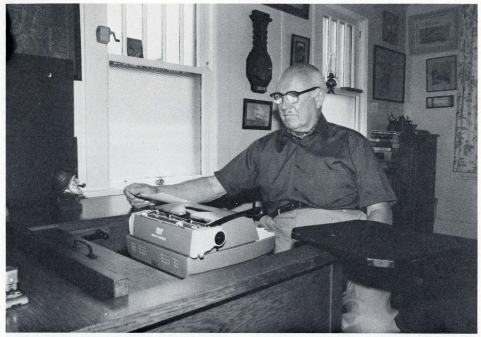
After 1931, Raddall had a steady market for short stories. In one year, eight of the twelve issues of *Blackwood's* carried Raddall's stories. He began corresponding with John Buchan, who later became Lord Tweedsmuir and Governor General of Canada. By 1938 when Tom Raddall submitted his resignation from Mersey, he was earning $1,100 a year selling short stories and had a comfortable little nest egg in the bank. It was time to swim on his own.

1983 marks Thomas H. Raddall's 80th birthday and the 45th anniversary of his decision to leave Mersey. It was a decision he does not regret. Although the first three years were difficult, he soon penetrated the American literary scene with stories in the *Saturday Evening Post*. The mails brought fan letters from Theodore Roosevelt Jr., son of the American President and Chairman of the Board of Doubleday Publishing Company.

Roosevelt was fascinated by Raddall's story "At The Tide's Turn" telling of Nova Scotia's part in the American Revolution. He had never read of this in American accounts of the conflict and urged Tom to write a novel on the subject. Raddall's old friend, John Buchan, was also suggesting that the short story writer try his hand at longer works, as was Kenneth Roberts, an American historic novelist. In 1942, *His Majesty's Yankees* was published. At his request, the first copy was sent to Roosevelt, serving with the American army in North Africa.

Thomas Raddall has always been a true Nova Scotian writer. Even when living on a tenuous income, he chose to disassociate himself from the *Saturday Evening Post* rather than write short stories as though they happened in Vermont or Maine, not in faraway Nova Scotia. The stimuli for his writings were provided by Nova Scotians, and he would remain true to his source.

Raddall's intense fascination with history was well satisfied in Liverpool. He studied the Perkins diaries laboriously and, as a charter member of the Queens County Historical Society, became familiar with the old ships' logs and historical documents available in the County. He visited the Archives in Halifax, combing documents for background material and compiling an extensive file of information. He delighted in taking long walks and was a good listener. When he walked around Milton, he would stop at the forge to listen to the old men gathered in the afternoon to recount stories of the old log drives and sailing trips. During the rum running days, the former wireless operator would chat with his modern day counterparts on the "Runners" at the Liverpool Docks.



At this desk Thomas H. Raddall took the ideas formed in his mind over many long walks around Milton or Mersey Point and gave them life on the typed page. "There is no greater torture in life than sitting down and staring at a blank page, wondering what the heck you are going to put on it," he says. "But when the story is coming well, you have to stick with it, even if it means writing all night."

Nova Scotians as much as Nova Scotian history inspired Raddall's writing.

"I have always been interested in people and I have come to realize that people react to human stress much in the same way now as they did two centuries ago. My stories are really about human nature, and although the times, the clothes and the customs are very much different, people tend to remain the same."

Raddall retired from writing in 1968 and has written only his biography, *In My Time*, a few literary articles for university quarterlies, and *The Mersey Story* since that time.

"When I was in my 30s I decided that I would stop writing when I had written everything that interested me. I have seen too many writers keep going long after they should have stopped."

For this man so keenly interested in life and learning, retirement has not been a time for reflecting on past successes. There is still much living to do.

"I study a lot," he says, "It is so important to remain open to new ideas to keep the mind fresh and keen." Since an accident in 1981 when he fell and broke his ankle, Dr. Raddall has had to limit his walking — a frustration for a man who had always walked to think, to relax, and to free his mind to work out problems on a subconscious level. He now spends much of his time seated comfortably in his airy living-room reading works of history by Trevelyan and novels by his favorite authors. He occasionally hosts groups of high school students that imaginative teachers think to bring to his doorstep. They quiz him on his life and ask the informed opinion of this elder statesman of Canadian literature.

When Tom Raddall left Mersey in 1938 he carried with him the "Highest Esteem and Utmost Goodwill of his Associates". Throughout his writing career he has commanded that same kind of respect from his literary colleagues. Lord Tweedsmuir compared him with Robert Louis Stevenson, Rudyard Kipling and Joseph Conrad, three of Raddall's favorite authors. His books and short stories are on the reading lists of Canadian Literature programs in Universities throughout the country. Dalhousie University is the much pleased beneficiary of the Raddall papers.

Nova Scotia has given T. H. Raddall the inspiration to write and he has given Nova Scotia a magnificent collection of stories. Throughout the years there have been no greater fans than the people at Mersey. We have followed Tom's progress with particular interest and pride and take special pleasure in 1983 in saluting this outstanding man on the 45th Anniversary of launching his literary career.

Bowater Makes Presentation to Royal Commission on Forestry

The Royal Commission on Forestry for the province of Nova Scotia was appointed by the provincial government in early 1982 to make recommendations to government on all aspects of forestry in the province. The Royal Commissioners are; Dr. John Connor, Chairman, Professor of Economics at Acadia University; Father Gregory A. MacKinnon, President, St. Francis Xavier University; and Judge D. Louis Matheson, Q.C., a Provincial Court Judge from Sydney.

In August, 1982 the Commission began public hearings and to the end of April, 1983 had received 131 verbal and 21 written submissions at 29 hearings across the province. The Commissioners have taken part in several field trips within Nova Scotia including a three day visit last July to Bowater Mersey's operations in Western Nova Scotia. In February, 1983 they toured woodlands operations in the Southern United States. As part of this visit, they spent two days on Bowater lands in Tennessee and Georgia.

In May the Commissioners made an extensive field trip to Germany, Finland, Sweden, and Scotland. As with previous trips they viewed forest management activities and manufacturing operations as they relate to the Nova Scotia situation.

The Commissioners have developed a good understanding of the challenges facing the forest industry. They are interested, particularly, in the issues surrounding the use of phenoxy herbicides to promote the growth of young conifers and the application of chemical insecticides to protect the forests to Nova Scotia from insects such as the spruce budworm.

The Commission expects to have one additional public hearing either in late summer or early fall but have not announced when their report to government will be completed.

On April 8 representatives from Bowater Mersey made a presentation to the Commission in Liverpool. The presentation, which included recommendations on forest management, forest protection, fibre supply, public communications and government assistance, was made by R. F. Weary, President and General Manager; J. H. Dunlop, Assistant Woodlands Manager; L. Holt, Woodlands Manager; C. L. A. Clarke, Industrial and Public Relations Manager; E. F. Bulley, General Superintendent — Forestry; and M. B. Barkhouse, Silviculture Forester. The following excerpt from the Company brief contains the key recommendations and comments made to the Commission:

The eastern Canadian spruce-fir forest offers some of the best softwood fibre in the world for the manufacture of pulp and paper products. Well-trained forest managers in industry and government have the tools and knowledge, as never before, to grow a healthy new forest while properly utilizing the existing forest resource. With proper care, we think the production of wood products cannot only be stabilized but expanded over time.

Yet, the present capability of the forest of this Province is strained severely by the demands of sawmills, pulp and paper mills, other wood-using industries, and society in general.

The damage done by insects, particularly in eastern Nova Scotia, has placed increasing pressure on the Province's forests, and has resulted in cutting beyond annual allowable levels in some areas, threatening all forest products users with future wood shortages.

No firm, comprehensive policy exists to ensure the protection and continued existence of the living forest, a renewable resource that enriches the lives of all Nova Scotians.

As a forest owner in our 54th year of operation in a very capital intensive industry, employing more than 1,000 Nova Scotians directly and about 3,000 indirectly, one cannot make important investment decisions without the guarantee of an adequate supply of fibre for the long term.

Following are the principal Recommentations in our Brief.

1. Forest Management

Nova Scotia must adopt a sound, comprehensive, forest management policy to ensure a wood supply long into the future. It would be senseless to invest large amounts of capital in the pulp and paper industry, that would provide employment for generations to come, unless the supply of suitable wood fibre is ensured by firm, farsighted, government policy. Therefore, all available forest management techniques must be brought to bear on the problem that faces us.

2. Forest Protection

Existing forests need protection from insects, fires and disease. Young re-planted and newly regenerating forests need protection from competing weed species through the use of government approved herbicides. Chemicals are not cure-alls, but when they are needed and no other equally effective method is available, there should be freedom to use federally registered and approved insecticides and herbicides in the safe manners prescribed by government.

3. Fibre Supply

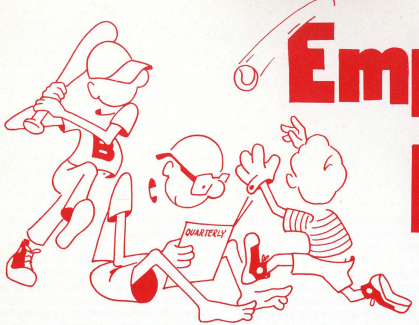
It is essential that our ever-shrinking and relatively small forest resource be managed much more intensively to provide the greatest economic benefit to Nova Scotians. The existing fibre exchange system, between the pulp and paper mills and private sawmills should be allowed to continue as at present, to ensure that sawmillers have sawlogs and pulp and paper mills have pulpwood, chips and sawmill wastes. More wood should also be made available from private lands, (including vast acreages of crown lands, both federal and provincial), by encouraging the private woodlot owner to manage his lands more actively.

4. Public Communications

Few Nova Scotians really understand forestry practices. As a result, the man on the street is, in many cases, unable to offer sound advice and support to government. It would benefit Nova Scotians as a whole to understand forests and forestry better. To this end, a programme of public education and information should be initiated by both government and industry to promote better understanding of forestry practices.

5. Government Assistance

Dollar investment in a more productive forest takes many years to return a dividend, but in the long run, the benefits are felt by all. It is, therefore, recommended that governments, both federal and provincial, continue to encourage the development of more productive woodlands through grants (such as the Forest Resources Development Agreement — FRDA), progressive legislation (the Forest Improvement Act must be repealed and the Lands and Forests Act revised and updated) and tax incentives (the present, two-tiered forest land tax system discriminates against the large land owner, and needs to be revised). Such encouragement by governnent would be enhanced if the forest industry were represented to the government of Canada by its very own Ministry of Forestry, as opposed to the second class status it enjoys as a sub-branch of the Department of the Environment.



Employee News

Accounting Department

Carol Hutton

Christmas was quite a merry occasion in the department, Santa Claus (a.k.a. *Frank Slauenwhite*) arrived. Frank did such a credible job that at least one member of the department was completely fooled!

Fitness and sports continue to be high on the list of department activities. *Jean* is still worrying over her weight and faithfully attends exercise classes three nights a week. *Kevin* has taken up soccer and can be seen silently hobbling around the office. A not so silent Frank was also hobbling around after his regular "old timers" hockey games. Meanwhile, *David* has taken up cycling, while *Darlene* swims regularly. The star performer in the office is *Elva*, who won the Best Defensive Player Award at Broomball and was selected to go to the Provincial Playoffs.

Spring is traditionally car fever time and *Colin* is looking to replace his old car, before it finally dies on him. Rumour has it that David is "itching" for a new truck. There's greater excitement in Colin's family at the moment as a new addition will be arriving in October. Colin has already bought toys for "him".

Elmer has just returned from three weeks vacation at Treasure Island in Florida. Judging from the tan we have to believe his statement that it only rained one day in the whole period. He claims this was the best vacation in seven years, he and Joyce spent the days relaxing on the beach and walking. Florida is claiming another visitor from the department this year, Darlene is getting excited at the prospect of her two weeks booked at St. Pete's. When she returns there will have to be a competition for the best tan!

Shirley has had a busy spring. She has been working hard towards the RCU Annual Meeting and simultaneously trying to redecorate her home. Currently Shirley and *Carol* can be heard commiserating with each other on the trials and tribulations of interior decorating. Neither person can understand how anybody can actually enjoy this chore!

Neil has been taking things very easy just lately but you can imagine the envious looks he received when he announced that he had tickets to the Beach Boys. The envy compounded as he proceeded to tell everyone what a great show it was. Summer has definitely arrived for Neil, he has his Datsun out of storage and can be seen driving around with the top off. We all hope Neil is right and summer really has arrived.

Florence N. Gardner is presented with a gift from the Company by Mersey's President and General Manager, Robert F. Weary at a retirement party held in her honour. Florence retired from Mersey in January after 40 years with the company, 21 years of which she served as secretary in the President's office.

Amanda Lynn, age 4 years, has a big smile for Dad, Larry McCoombs, Millwright, and Grandfather Eugene McCoombs, Machine Room Millwright.

Betty Lou (Data Processing) and Paul Wamboldt (Woodroom) have a busy time when these three fellows get together. The boys are (l to r) Derek, son of Betty Lou and Paul, his cousin Adam Wamboldt, and Wade Wagner, son of Francis Wagner, Finishing.

Control Department

Brian Godfrey

I hope everyone is enjoying the summer, despite the shutdown. Many of us have welcomed the warm weather with anticipation and relief, leaving the cold winter behind us. And speaking of things behind us, we have a few items of news from Control Department employees.

Earl Lawrence is now a proud owner of a house in the Middlewood area. He moved in during the month of February with the generous help of fellow workers, *Gary Mouzar* and *Robert (Chubby) Veinot*.

David Oickle and *Lawrence Verge* were seen golfing in the White Point area in the month of March. I guess they love "golf".

Dennis Conrad has now decided to travel the fresh water lakes fishing with his new boat and motor, recently purchased from a Groundwood Employee.

Keith Collins keeps himself busy during the spring travelling to the Annapolis Valley buying, selling and trading parts for cars. Good luck, Keith.

Congratulations goes out to *Gerald Gaetz* and the citizens of Beach Meadows and area, in for keeping their school (District No. 7).

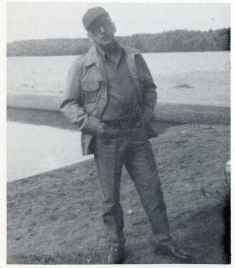
Ashley Legge and *David Rushton* kept themselves amused this winter and spring playing Intellevision baseball, etc., getting primed up for the summer months when they take to the fields for real.

Congratulations go out to *Ernie McKinnon* and his wife on the arrival of a son this past winter.

Also, congratulations to Veronica Ross, wife of *Roger Ross*, on the excellent fiction she wrote in our regional magazine, *Atlantic Insight*. Maybe I could get a few pointers.

That wraps up the news from the Control Department. I hope you enjoy the rest of your summer, and I hope you also play safe and work safe.

See Ya!



Ronald Lavender, Groundwood, knows how to enjoy summer. He just takes things easy!

Don Wagstaff, Chief Surveyor, decided that 45 years was enough and retired from Mersey in May. He is shown accepting a gift from Robert F. Weary, President and General Manager, at a party held in Don's honour.

Engineering

Donald Robar

A very enjoyable Retirement Party was held at Lanes Privateer Motor Inn for *Dot Mouzar* who leaves us after more than twenty years of service. The party was attended by approximately fifty people and she was presented with a water colour by Hugh Crosby and a bouquet of roses. A good time was had by all.

Jim Irwin is back in the Drafting Office after a nine month stretch in the White House working on the Dryer Project. *Gary Feindel* and *Paul Thomsen* are now assigned to the Dryer Project.

I would also like to send my congratulations to Gary and his wife, Wendy, on the birth of their son, Ryan.

Jim Longley will soon hear the pitter-patter of little feet around his place as his wife is expecting their second child. This is the reason Jim gave us for trading vehicles.

I'll be busy myself over the next couple of months adding two additional rooms to my mobile home.

That is about all that has been happening around the Engineering Department so I hope everyone has a good summer and I'll see you next issue.

Electrical Department

John Manley

As you have probably noticed by now this edition of our *Quarterly* is somewhat reduced in size. Let us hope that, like the economy, this is only a temporary condition and things will be back to normal in the near future.

In the past I have refrained from commenting on the passing away of our fellow workers. I feel an exception must be made at this time. We wish to offer our sincere condolences to Mrs. Johnnie Kaye, who lost both a son and husband in the short space of six months. When I first came to work for Mersey, Jack Jr. and I worked together for about a year and became good friends. Jack's dad, Johnnie, was close to retirement at that time. We had many "talk sessions" and shared many humorous stories. To Mrs. Kaye, please take comfort in knowing they will be fondly remembered by all of us here and elsewhere.

The retirement party of *"Boston" Bill Nickerson* was held in February and was a huge success. Bill received a Lazy Boy rocker and, by the pleased look on his face, looks like Bill will be spending lots of time on same. He related a story of his entry into the U.S. Navy during World War II. To say the least it was colourful, much too colourful to pass on here! I am sure Bill, that with your sense of humor many years of happy retirement are ahead for you.

Gary (Muscles) Rawding has taken up weight lifting to keep in shape. I was tempted to challenge him in some arm wrestling but chickened out; my ego couldn't stand the trip if he had won. Perhaps some of the younger bucks in the department will take a chance.

Ross Whynot has been performing his disappearing act for some months now. I'm not sure how much weight he has lost but, please Ross, don't overdo it.

The Liverpool Legion won the Provincial Legion Bowling championship this spring. I am happy to report *Richard Butt* was on the winning team. Congratulations Richard. That trophy shelf of yours will have to be enlarged. I suppose you will be out on the greens soon honing your skills and perhaps adding more trophies.

This was one of the quietest winters for news that I can remember. Now that the fishing season is upon us things should pick up a bit. *Gerry Hatt* has already had some success and *Phillip Thorbourne* is planning a trip this weekend; I'll keep my eye on that one.

Ledo Tonnello, Richard Butt and *Vic (big trout) Kempton* are heading into Mersey country with Richard's new boat; and I'm heading for Kedgie with my old canoe to catch some of the really big ones.

Doug Decker has no time for anything right now, he is too busy with his new home.

Come on fellow electricians, let me know of your trips, etc. We don't want the other departments to think we are the dullest crew in here.

For this time, "so long".

"Boston" Bill Nickerson plans to spend his retirement enjoying the platform rocker presented to him by his fellow workers in the Electrical Department. Bill retired in 1982 after 29 years with Mersey.

Mechanical

Larry McCoombs

Vacationing has taken a lot of us away from home this year.

George Fralic, his wife Pat, along with Put Dexter and his wife, Delphine went to Jamaica this spring.

Bobby Hatt, Machine Room Oiler, went to Alaska to catch some salmon but ended up coming home and having a feed of kiacks. Too bad Bobby.

Bud Leaman, Millwright Foreman, and his wife Fern, along with Gerry Leaman and his wife Phyllis, went to the Bahamas to get a tan.

Randy Fralic decided to stay at home and babysit. Randy's wife, Wendy, had a baby girl, Magen Elizabeth, who weighed 6 pounds 15 ounces. Congratulations Randy and Wendy.

Ernie Croft, Welder, is having no problem getting to the high country where the big trout are. He says "Those three wheelers will go anywhere."

Leo Westhaver has been seen touring around Milton with his horse all saddled up on the back of his truck. Could this be a sign of a gas shortage, Leo?

Troy and Nicole, children of Aleta and *Pat Rafuse* had a busy winter and spring. They participated in the Kiwanis Music Festival, Halifax, with the Trinity Choristers at the Rebecca Cohn. They also participated in the Queens Music Festival with class singing, solo singing, piano solo and duet, and with the Trinity Choristers in the choir group.

That is all the news for now so have a good summer.

Congratulations are extended to Beverley, Paper, and Betty-Jean Colp who celebrated their 25th wedding anniversary on April 11, 1983. They were treated to dinner at Wong's by their family.

Charlie Whynot, Woodroom, has been adding more than cows to the family lately. He and Stella are proud parents of little Ren'ee who was just 3 months old when this photograph was taken. Holding his newest sister is big brother, Andy.

"What's going on?" says Benjamin, son of Wendy Borden, Purchasing. Dad, Lloyd, keeps things in hand.

Medway News

Rodney Crouse

During the past year, the silviculture crew and contractors spaced and cleaned 850 acres in the Medway District, along with planting 80,000 red spruce seedlings. Herbicide was applied by ground spraying to some 500 acres.

The road crew were busy the past year with new road construction and maintenance of existing roads. Despite this, they found time to help the South Shore District out of a few muddy situations during the year.

Due to the good working conditions during the winter months, the wood supply remained at a stable level. On March 11, the Company's logging operations were shut down for the spring thaw. During this shutdown, logging equipment was checked, and the necessary repairs made at the Oakhill Control Garage.

In the first week of February, *Scotty Wamboldt* motored to Truro to accept the Kevin Corkum Memorial Award on behalf of the Medway District. This award is presented in recognition of safety attitudes, promotion of safe practices, as well as showing consideration for the safety of fellow workers. Along with this award goes a cheque for $160 which was donated by the employees to the Izaak Walton Killam Hospital in Halifax.

With spring upon us, three of our "Eager Beaver" employees are starting to build new homes. Good luck to *John Rogers, Walter Carver,* and *Vaughn Rawding* with their projects.

Milton Snyder, a retired foreman with the company, made his regular spring trip to Medway, bringing with him his usual good luck at the card table. I heard through the grapevine that this is the way he keeps himself in tobacco and "orange juice" for the coming year.

During the spring shutdown, the employees are getting a well deserved rest. Most of them find different things to keep them amused during these idle days. Here are a few highlights:

The Ford boys are busy supplying Western Nova Scotia with freshly caught specked trout.

Max, John, and *Howard* are wheeling and dealing in the cattle business. Howard does the bargaining, and Max and John do the buying. A pretty good set-up I'd say, wouldn't you?

Mervin spends his time looking for specks of dirt on his truck to wash off.

Robert is busy repairing his buildings so when he retires next summer, he will be ready to start rabbit farming.

Last, but not least, is *Dougie.* He spends his time hanging doors in his various houses, getting them ready to rent. Who knows, maybe he'll be the next Howard Hughes of Simpson's Corner.

For those who I didn't touch on, don't feel bad about it. I'll catch you the next time around.

The Taillon family got together at Christmas for a three generation photograph. Shown are Ken, Electrical, and Doris with daughter, Eunice Sprung, and her son, Patrick.

Groundwood Department

Joey White

Things have been pretty slow in the Groundwood Department since the publishing of the "Quarterly's" winter edition. At the time of this writing *Albert Smart* and his wife Lyna Lee are still waiting for their second child to be born. *Oscar Anthony* is starting to patrol the Medway River again. *Enos Wentzell* is buying a new car (it seems his old one had a bullet hole in its hood).

The most important bit of news of any of the Groundwood employees is that of *Charlie Wentzell.* Charlie has been promoted to the position of head of Safety for the new Dryer One and Two Projects. Congratulations Charlie!

Finally, the men of the Groundwood Department would like to wish *Isaiah Huskins* a speedy and healthy recovery and hope that he gets back to work real soon!

Everyone have a good summer!

St. Margaret's Bay District

Nelson Melling

Hi there. Since last reporting, things haven't changed much here at the Bay. We're still working to meet all the demands of the sawmill and pulpmill. It seems to be an ongoing battle, what with financial cutback, mud, snow and inclement weather, but we are managing to do our best.

We have managed to attain 100,000 safe man hours, in spite of the unfavourable working conditions. A tip of the hat to everyone who has made this possible.

We do not have much news to report. We have acquired a new two man Hahn Harvester and in spite of some doubts, with our piece-work crews and the regular Hahn crews, the Hahn production has increased dramatically. Well done!

Anyone who has visited the Bay in the past and used our washroom will be pleasantly surprised if they use it again, it has been completely renovated — quite an improvement, and we are looking forward to doing a bit more work to the rest of the office building.

Roddy Acker now boasts having the best battery recharge room in the company, something to be proud of.

From our personnel department are the following: *Owen Dauphinee*, cook and *Sid Jolley*, chopper, have been off for several months. *David Daniels*, woods clerk, and *Paul Eisnor*, mechanic, are both visiting their doctors. We are wishing them a speedy recovery and looking forward to having them return to work soon.

We would like to thank *Laurie Demone* for looking after us with his usual culinary expertise, in Owen's absence and *James "Jimmie" Fleet*, filling in for David in the office.

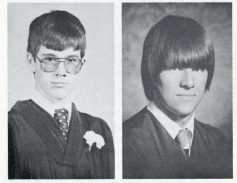
Last but not least we would like to welcome our new District Forester, *Robert "Bobbie" Oxenham*, I hear he is looking forward to working weekends with *J. M. Porter*, on fire stand-by duty.

That's all for now from the Bay, have a good summer.

It would be hard to find any bigger, bluer eyes than these young fellows have! Edward Allen, 28 months, (1) and Matthew Weston, 17 months, are the sons of Allan Foster, Instrumentation, and grandsons of Ted Foster, Purchasing Manager.

Three Mersey employees with combined service of 64 years retired in May, 1983. The retirees, seated (l to r) Mike O'Leary, Construction Foreman — Building Trades; Walter Strachon, Marine and Murray Whynot, Janitors, are being offered congratulations by (standing l to r) Bish Connolly, Assistant Mechanical Superintendent; George Paterson, General Superintendent — Operations; Wilf Young, Marine Superintendent; Lyman Huskins, Supervisor — Property Services; and Robert F. Weary, President and General Manager.

Rosanne Conrad, daughter of Erlin, Woodroom Foreman, and sister of Dennis, Lab, graduated from Mount Saint Vincent University in May with a Bachelor of Child Study Degree, majoring in elementary education.



Anthony Rafuse, Mechanical, can be very proud of these two sons. Anthony, Jr. (l) graduated from the Nova Scotia Land Survey Institute in Lawrencetown as Survey Assistant in December, 1982. Timothy (r) graduated from Lunenburg Vocational School in June, 1982 with training as a welder.

Norbert Waltherr, Boss Machine Tender officially retired on January 1, 1983 after a 42 year career with Mersey. Offering congratulations are (l to r) George Robinson, Mill Manager; Mac Bowers, Paper Mill Superintendent; (Norbert), and Robert F. Weary, President and General Manager.

Oakhill Sawmill

David Boston

We have escaped the wraths of a severe winter and have emerged into the long awaited summer season. We were able to boost a "banana belt" climate this winter, which *Arnold Meisner* often referred to when speaking to a lumber customer that was digging out of the white stuff in another part of the country. Let's hope we can repeat these milder temperatures for the coming year with perhaps just a little more snow to keep the snowmobilers and skiers happy.

One person that is happy to see the summer here is *Vicki Silver*. She and Grant Jefferson plan to be married August 27, 1983 and are presently working on a home in West Northfield in hopes that it will be ready for the big day.

Barry Jodrey has also made wedding plans. He and Shelley McKay have set the day for June 25, 1983.

We understand that *Wayne Lewis* may be doing a little moonlighting in the chauffeur business. Wayne has purchased a 1953 Lincoln and is restoring it for "touring".

Our condolences go to the Murray Croft family as Murray, who worked on the lumber ramp prior to his illness, passed away in early February, 1983.

Carl Thibodeau has decided to retire this June. It is hard to imagine how Carl will slow down long enough to retire, but all kidding aside, Carl will be greatly missed at the Oakhill sawmill. Carl plans to return to his family home in Digby, Nova Scotia, where he already has a long list of projects to get underway. We all wish you the best in your retirement, Carl!

Harry McLain has been off this spring with an operation and is now back to work. Harry is feeling a lot better and is glad it is over.

Shipments to the U.K. have been developing as we have again several large boats loading Bowater lumber for overseas. The "Melton Challenger" loaded 270 standards in February and Cantimber Lines will be loading 750 standards (1.5 million board feet) approximately June 15 for Ellesmere Port, England.

We have had a number of distinguished visitors to our sawmill over the past number of months.

- Judge Matheson and Allan Steel toured the mill on January 5.
- George Lake and a class of silviculture students from the Lunenburg Vocational School were shown the operation.
- Bruce Urquhart of Price Morgan (London) Ltd., England paid us a visit in late February.
- Junior Achievement group were hosted at the sawmill with a mill tour and a chicken lunch on March 14.

Arnold Meisner and his wife, Peggy, spent nearly three weeks on a trip to Europe organized by the Maritime Lumber Bureau.

A new equipment addition arrived at the Oakhill sawmill in February 1983. This piece of equipment had been ordered to improve the cross cut operation in the planer mill area which had been performed with a radial arm cross cut saw. Large bed batten orders of thousands of pieces can now be made up to four cuts at a time in a much shorter schedule.

The dust collection system has been in operation since February. The air in the sawmill is noticeably more dust free. A better realization of lower levels of dust should be evident as the sawing of drier spruce logs this summer progresses.

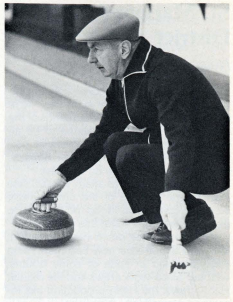
Oakhill Sawmill Fire Brigade

Our Oakhill fire department is headed by fire chief, *Stephen Joudrey*, with assistance from *Douglas Crouse*, as deputy chief. Stephen and Doug received Level III training from the Waverley Fire School in Waverley, Nova Scotia. This fire brigade, comprised of Oakhill sawmill employees, have also received some training at the Waverly School and now attend regular practices set out by Stephen at the mill. Acquisition of fire fighting equipment is nearly complete with our 1800 gallon pump truck built by *Harold Beck* and his men, portable wajax pumps, air packs, as well as full protective clothing for the fire fighters.

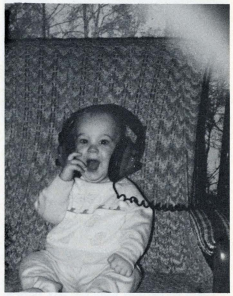
The Oakhill sawmill brigade is a member of the South Shore Mutual Aid Association with a membership of 52 which enables any member to request help in an emergency situation it cannot handle on its own.

The fire brigade is something we can all be proud of — keep up the good work fellows!

This attractive family portrait shows Roger Martin, Mechanical, with wife Kay and handsome son Benjamin Jana, 18 months.



Mac Bowers, Paper Mill Superintendent, didn't miss many shots this winter as he led his team to victory in Mersey Curling League play. Other members of the rink were Bea Delong, Derek Neilson, Bill Dauphinee, and Lew Cosby. Some 75 employees and spouses participated in the 14 team league.



Seven month old Gregory Richard Wolfe really likes his music! He is the son of Richard Wolfe, Woodlands dozer operator, and wife Lynn.

Marvin Williams, Mechanical, brought in this fine picture showing his parents, Don and Muriel Williams with grandchildren (l to r) Jeffrey and Joanne Wentzell and Marvin's daughter, Kyla.

Paper Department

Earle Richard

Basil Anthony will be taking early retirement on May 20th. Basil came to the mill in 1946 after serving overseas with the Canadian Army. Basil is an outdoor's man and will be enjoying hunting and fishing on his retirement. A retirement "smoker" will be held in June for Basil and Norbet Waltherr who retired last December.

Congratulations to *Mac Bowers*, whose rink became the winner in the Mersey curling playoffs. Perhaps Mac should carry a curling broom in his golf bag as an extra club.

Richard Turpin has his hands full landscaping around his new home. There isn't any scarcity of rocks!

Charles Ferguson has been involved in the "Lose a Ton" weight program. Charlie is doing very well in the weight loss department and it should help his golf swing.

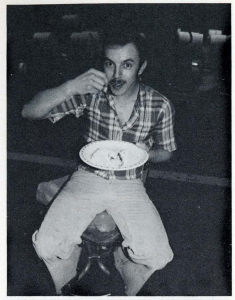
David Foley has been busy all winter finishing his recreation room.

Jack Hatt completed the furniture arrangements with a near lear.

We hope all the employees will enjoy a safe and happy summer.

Although they don't look it, Millard Kempton, Millwright Foreman, and wife Shirley are grandparents several times over. Shown are grandchildren (l to r) April, daughter of Becky and Scott Tanner, Lunenburg; Nicholas, son of Barb and Brian Fraelic, Port Mouton; and Morgan, son of John (Mechanical) and Valerie Kempton, Beach Meadows.

Stephen Joudrey, Fire Chief at the Oakhill Sawmill wears a big smile, and why not, he's driving the Sawmill's brand new, homemade fire truck. The impressive fire truck and new fire equipment building are important new additions to Oakhill's fire protection system.



If there's food around, you'll find this guy, too. He's Gerry Croft, Paper, and he's not going to let a camera stop him from having a good bite to eat.

Papermakers sure know how to pack a lunch! This special spread at Christmas is enjoyed by (l to r) Allan Soper, Dave Zwicker, Basil Anthony, Vernon Wolfe and Gerry Croft.

Purchasing and Stores

Donna Denison

Well, spring is now upon us and with it comes the start of vacations. At the time of writing, *Ted Foster* is on vacation so the trout had better beware. *Ivan Stewart* and *Philip Smith* have each had a week off, too. Philip spent his week in his canoe, or in the water next to his canoe. Ivan isn't telling secrets about his vacation.

If you get a few minues free in your busy day, you can watch T.V. in *Bud Wefer's* office. However, his screen only features one channel. It shows *John Inness* starring in "Down Home Tonight". Occasionally *Mike Nickerson* fills the spot light in John's absence. Ted Foster and *Donna Denison* have made guest appearances as well. You can contact anyone in Stores for an audition.

We have a few gardeners in our midst as well as T.V. stars. *Derek Neilson* and *Wendy Borden* are occupying themselves with the art of landscaping. Derek is in the initial stages while Wendy has reached the point of planting rose bushs. *Ticky Smith* has been involved in the lawn mower repair business. If you have any problems you know who to call.

Al Harrington has been fairly quiet, and that is about as quiet as he can get. He has retreated to the "White House" while awaiting the "Lob Ball" season. In his free time he cycles to get in shape. *John Simms* can be seen driving his 4-wheeler to get himself in shape. Word has it that *David Wagner* will be tying the knot this summer. I'm sure Verna will "whip" him in shape.

We don't see much of *Bob Sanford* now that he has taken up residence at "Warehouse B". However, he won't get lonely as he has *Harvey MacLean* there to keep him company.

Bob Swain and *Borden Croft* are keeping a low profile nowadays. We should have some good fish stories from them for the next issue. At present, they are helping *Aubrey Coombs* keep everyone happy at the Stores Wicket.

That's all for now. Have a happy and safe vacation!

This smiling crew, from the Sissiboo Tucket Woodlands District, is getting ready for the spring tree planting program. Pictured are (l to r) Hubert Dugas, Nelson Doucet, Paul Comeau, Alphonse LeBlanc, Eugene Gallagher, and Alphonse Doucet.

Mersey Employee Statistics

Employees Retired	
John M. Amero	Mill Stores
Dorothy K. Mouzar	Engineering
Florence N. Gardner	President's Office
Walter G. Strachan	Marine
Murray D. Whynot	Janitor
Kenneth L. Chandler	Groundwood
Myril A. Sprague	Security
Michael O. O'Leary	Mechanical
Basil K. Anthony	Paper
Donald E. Wagstaff	Woodlands
Roger R. Wentzell	Sulphite
Carl. J. Thibodeau	Woodlands
Owen C. Dauphinee	Woodlands
New Employees	
Dougald T. Bolivar	Mechanical
David F. Boston	Woodlands
Donna M. Coleman	President's Office
Janice L. Isnor	President's Office
Kevin Muise	Marine
Clarence Julian	Marine

South Shore-Rossignol

Frank Humar

Company and contractor operations in the District have been operating at reduced levels. The District silvicultural program for last year has reached its goals, and planting of some 150,000 seedlings, from the Tree Nursery at Happy Landing, is scheduled to begin in the first part of June.

The silviculture crew have been busy getting the fire fighting equipment ready for the 1983 fire season. *Tony Stewart*, our Silviculture Foreman, has been busy with the rest of the Silviculture crew in keeping our spacing and cleaning operations on target. *Frank Lowe* is again fishing, when the opportunity arises, and is having some exceptional luck. *George Daniels* is still showing his prowess to the girls, at the dart board. *Arthur Anthony* is still cooking; however, this time it's ideas dealing with Forestry. *Claire Thistle* has a story and a game of pool ready for any of the boys in the District.

All District employees attended the District Safety Meeting in mid-February at the Rossignol Base Camp. Special guests were Gary Ramey, N.S. Department of Labour; Kerry Morash, Woodlands Safety; and David Veinot, Chairman of the Woodlands Safety Committee. The agenda included a review of the new Industrial Safety Act regulations, as it regards woods safety, which have recently come into effect.

Frank Humar, District Forester, acted as Chairman of the Maritime Branch, Canadian Pulp and Paper Association Meeting held in Moncton, New Brunswick where he also delivered a paper on harvesting small woodlots.

The plus tree selection and subsequent scion collections were completed by District personnel.

The District silvicultural crew has moved their workshop to a new location at the former Best Yeast Building and can now meet your needs from there.

We wish all our readers a good, enjoyable summer, and remind them to be careful while travelling in our woods, and PREVENT FOREST FIRES!

Ken, Paper, and Ada Smith have a lovable new grand-daughter in Jessica Dawn, daughter of Brian and Shirley Smith. No doubt this little one is the apple of grand-dad's eye.

Jim Irwin, Draftsman, presents Dot Mouzar with a painting on behalf of the Engineering Department at a party held to honor Dot on her retirement as Clerk in the Department.

Security News

Lanny DeLong

Winter has gone by without much difficulty and we are now into one our typical Springs. That means it's cloudy, damp and cool. This is fishing season and that's just what uses up most of the spare time in our department. *David White* has already reported one excellent catch of trout and is hoping for many more successful trips this season. Also in King David's plans is a moose hunting trip to Newfoundland in the Fall. To afford a trip like that he will have to eat trout or clams all Summer! I'm sure he will have a good trip and hopefully he will have pictures for our winter edition.

Myril Sprague is planning to retire this Summer so he will have loads of time to hunt and fish. We wish him a healthy and happy retirement.

A small amount of news has leaked out about *Sheldon Cohoon*. I have learned that Sheldon has bought a pleasure craft to cruise the waterways of the world. I doubt very much if we shall ever learn where he goes with this craft or who goes with him. He is like the sunshine in Nova Scotia, seldom seen.

Bennie Vienneau was off sick for a couple of months since my last report but is now back with us and is his usual inquisitive self. That's the way to learn, Bennie, as long as you get the right answers to your questions.

Murray Warrington made a trip to Toronto this Spring but hasn't said too much about it other than he had a good trip and did not run into any snow or bad roads.

Peter Craft whisked his wife off to Jamaica this winter to enjoy the sun. This was his first trip back there since his navy days and I'd be willing to bet he saw more this time. Some people I know could not see too well when they were in the navy, especially when in port.

Jack Payzant has been moonlighting all winter tending bar at the Fire Department Club room in Liverpool. I think I should check this out for myself — it could be worth the trip. I notice, too, that Jack is sporting a new vehicle, that's all part of the single man's life, so lap it up Jack before you get hooked.

Lenny Grant is missing nearly a complete set of silverware since he moved into his new home. I wonder if it's a ghost, pet crow, pack rat, or garburator. Keep us informed, Lenny, and until they are returned, enjoy the plastic.

Lanny Delong and his wife Bea went to Sackville, New Brunswick, on a curling trip early in the Spring. He reports an excellent trip and lots of fun, says he is glad he is 40. Then again, he had always had a hankering for 40's.

Last on my list this time and most important because he is my boss is Chief *John Kral*. To start with, I said I'd report here if he got a deer in the Fall. Well yes he did and maybe he didn't, they got four deer and no one knows who shot them. The main thing is they had a good trip, once they helped V. Anthony put his tent up and bandaged up his head. John has fishing on his mind now and by the time you read this he will have a freezer full of trout. (Some, you can be sure, he will have to cut up to get in the freezer!) The one he gave me last year was nearly that big. He has been busy the last week or so knitting nets and fixing his trawl, why he even sent Put Dexter to Jamaica to get him tanned up so he could tell everyone he has an Indian guide.

Have a good Summer everyone and remember the date for viewing the sun in Nova Scotia this year is July 1st.

That funny looking moustache John Kral, Police and Fire Chief, has been sporting makes a great toy for granddaughter, Sarah Rideout on her first birthday!

Sales & Data

Jeanne Chambers

The age of the computer is really taking hold of the mill. New terminals will soon be found in Purchasing, Engineering, W.O. Office, as more efficient methods are utilized to process the work load. *Peter Lawrence* Supervisor, and assistant *Ken Young*, Programmer/Operator, are busy adapting programs to suit the needs of the various departments. However, at this moment, Peter and family are taking a break from work and have headed West for a holiday.

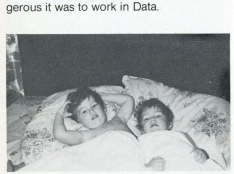
This winter curling and renovating seem to have been the twin bills playing Sales and Data Processing. Peter and *Betty Lou Wamboldt*, Key Punch Operator/I.O. Clerk, upheld the curling honours for Data Processing while *Doug Lohnes*, Assistant to Traffic Manager, almost made it to the finals, losing out in extra ends to *Mac Bowers'* team, the overall winner.

As far as renovations go, *Bert Wiles*, Sales & Traffic Manager, has spruced up his house with new siding; the Hubley kitchen blossomed out in a new look that has *Maureen*, Key Punch Operator, pleased — almost makes doing the dishes a pleasure; *Linda Clark*, Spare Key Punch Operator, redesigned her kitchen to accommodate a larger family; and *Dawn MacLeod*, Sales Secretary, and family have moved into their new livingroom addition on which husband Stan worked long and hard.

Ken is breaking ground again. He's adding a new section to his trailer that should rival any modern new house going up in the area, when he gets it finished that is — a few months down the line. *Dianne*, Sales Clerk, and Ian will supervise.

Betty Lou and Doug Wamboldt are enjoying their new home — gradually putting the finishing touches to it. Betty Lou was complaining that the frog cacophony outside her balcony window was keeping her awake. Jeepers, peepers.

The farm out on Old River Road has acquired some new spring arrivals — 6 lambs, also a new cow, but the cackling hens and geese and ducks are gone. *Mike Turney*, Superintendent and Barb are anticipating another new arrival in the near future. And no one believed me when I said how dangerous it was to work in Data.



Ralph Ritchie, Oakhill Sawmill, is quite taken with these sleepy little boys. They are twin grandsons Adam (1) and David Hawkesworth, age 2½ years of Barss Corner. Looks like Grand-dad will have his hands full in the years ahead!

Phyllis Tutty, Senior Sales Clerk, and York had a glorious vacation down South — they were so enthused, they have booked for next year. Earlier in the year, Phyllis and York, with the children, went to Quebec for a skiing holiday.

Phyllis and *Rose Whynot*, Sales Clerk/Steno, joined the fitness class this winter and reaped the benefits, if not in weight loss, certainly in inches. Sharp, sharp.

Some of the staff in Sales and Data have joined the "Target One Ton" Weight Loss program — and it's a tough row to hoe. Everyone starts off with an initial weight loss, then it slows down to a trickle, and even slides back on behind your back when you're not looking. However, we're all persevering and counting calories.

Rose Lundrigan, Sales & Traffic Supervisor, has traded in her car for a larger one. Rose entertained all the Mersey Girls, past and present, on the occasion of Florence Gardner's retirement. What a wonderful evening that was, and held in such a beautiful setting as Rose's new home. Everyone had a marvelous time.

David Chandler, Assistant Sales & Traffic Manager, can hardly wait for the P.C. Convention and has his candidate picked out, but he's not giving away any secrets — not even a peek — confesses to leading a blameless life and nothing exciting to report. He and wife Joan saw daughter Debbie in Toronto when they were there on a business trip.

Betty Lou took a week's vacation around Easter and came back with a new car. I'd like to meet her Easter bunny. *Jeanne Chambers*, Operator, finally got a new, old car. After losing so many car parts along the highway and being stuck in the worst weather, she invested in a nearly new, bright yellow Pinto. If anything goes wrong with it, you won't miss seeing it along the highway.

Jeff McKinnon, Student, has joined the Sales staff for the summer. Hope he survives being in with all those women; and *Heather Goulden* has joined Data for the duration.

Doug Lohnes says he has given up golf for this season — to give someone else a chance to win a few trophies — and will devote his time to cabin building out in Greenfield. The fact that Bert Wiles is one of the Directors at the Golf Club has nothing to do with his decision. (Just kidding, you two.)

You nötice I didn't mention the annual Spring growing program in Data. I knew you wouldn't believe that Peter had tomato plants three feet high, so I didn't say anything.

Happy vacations everyone.

Roger Wentzell's garden should be better than ever this year, now that he has begun his retirement and will have more time to spend tending it. Roger ended his 37 year career with Mersey in May and accepts a gift from George Robinson, Mill Manager. We hear that the guys in Sulphite gave Roger a bottle of 100 proof liquor on his retirement — Sulphite cooking liquor that is!

Dot Mouzar, Engineering Clerk, retired in April after 21 years with Mersey. Congratulating her are Robert F. Weary, President and General Manager (l) and Bob Wentzell, Chief Engineer.

Sulphite Department

Raymond Wentzell

Roger Wentzell, Sulphite Superintendent, has elected to take early retirement. He will officially retire as of October 1. Everyone in the department wishes him a happy and enjoyable retirement. His knowledge of the operation of the Sulphite Department will really be missed.
Sulphite Department will really be missed.

One of the department's most ardent hunters and fishermen, *Gerald Knox* has been off sick since early December. We all hope Gerald gets back soon as we miss his hunting and fishing stories.

Myril Greenough and *Gary Conrad* are anxiously waiting for the golf course to open so they can bag some birds. Myril is going to teach Gary how to get birdies; he is a better than average shot with his 12 gauge shotgun.

Percy Fralic spent a little time this winter cutting wood. Now he is waiting for the rains to stop so he can get the ground ready for planting.

Barry Davis and family took advantage of the school's March break to go to Halifax and spend some time in a motel with a swimming pool.

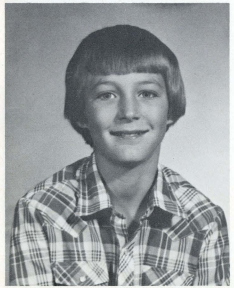
Eric Huskins spent the winter getting a truck geared up so he will be ready for the spring wood cutting season.

Ernie Macumber is still buying Atlantic Loto tickets, hoping to land a windfall.

George Mansfield has been busy cleaning up brush around his cabin. He is also making plans to take a trip to the west coast to catch the really big salmon.

We can't find too much to write about *Edwin "Dude" Young* as he has given up his different positions with the Legion.

Jackie Macumber makes every effort he can to go to the fights when held in Halifax. One wonders if he attends them because he enjoys them or to pick up a few pointers. Look out "Dude"!



This handsome young fellow is Jeffrey Eisnor, age 11, son of Raye, Janitor. You can bet that Dad is proud of him!

Amber Leah Crouse couldn't be prettier or happier in this picture. Amber Leah is the daughter of Doug and Edith Crouse, Oakhill Sawmill.

Benjamin, son of Roger Martin, Mechanical, had a chance to meet Hank Snow when he appeared at the Exhibition Grounds in Bridgewater. While in the area Mr. Snow also officially opened the Hank Snow Playground for Little Children in Brooklyn.

Lisa Burns, daughter of Clair, Marine, and Addie, Mill Nurse, will be leaving home in September to attend University. Lisa graduated from Liverpool Regional High School in June and hopes to enroll in a Public Relations program at Mount Saint Vincent University.

Rodney Crouse, Camp Foreman, Medway (centre) is being congratulated following his graduation from Forest Ranger School by Jack Dunlop, Assistant Woodlands Manager, (l) and Scottie Wamboldt, District Superintendent — Medway.

In the Summer '82 Quarterly, we showed this picture of an old Wright Saw that had been purchased by Tony Stewart, Fourman, South Shore Silviculture Crew. The interest in the old saw led us to write to "Timber Harvesting" magazine. The retired editor, Charles E. Cline, of Montgomery, Alabama, gave us a little background. The Wright Power Saw and Tool Corporation, Stratford, Conn. manufactured the reciprocating saw in 1954 and offered it to the Southern Market as a "pulpwood" saw. It didn't sell but gained some popularity among tree trimmers and construction workers. When the Wright Saw was introduced there were 42 chainsaw manufacturers trying to break into the market. Only two names remain with us today — McCulloch and Homelite.

Medway Trivia Quiz. "I'm the handsome boy in the picture, know who I am?" (Hint: The picture was taken in 1963.)

Steam Department

Donn Turpin

Things have been very quiet in the Steam Department this past quarter. Spring is here and fishing season as well. *Donn Turpin* caught his largest trout ever, 4 lbs., 3 oz., 23¼ inches long.

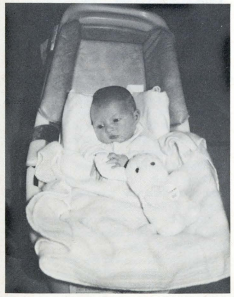
Glen Burgess and wife Amy are looking forward to a new addition to the family in September. *Ernie Croxen* and wife Dianne have a new baby, Nathan, who is 3½ months old. *Larry Thorbourne* is busy getting his garden ready. *Bruce White* is the only one in the department to trade cars.

We have a new employee in Steam. His name is *Brad Joudrey*. *Wayne Nickerson*, our assistant superintendent is still busy working on his house, but still finds time for sailing. Vacation time is here once again. D. Turpin and *Jim Fiander* are heading for Florida.

This is all the information I could gather. I would like to remind you that Steam has not had one accident since April 6, 1976.

Have a safe summer.

The Easter Bunny made a stop in Brooklyn this year, much to the delight of 1½ month old Hailey Fraelic, daughter of Brian, Spare Finishing Clerk, and Sue Ellen, and grand-daughter of Archie MacKay, Finishing.



Christmas came a little early for Jeanne Chambers, Data Processing, in 1982. A new grand-daughter, Sarah Jane Delany arrived on December 24.

Frank M. Covert, Director of Bowater Mersey and long time legal advisor to the company was honored on October 20, 1982 by being made an Officer of The Order of Canada. Dr. Covert and his wife, Mollie, pose at Rideau Hall, Ottawa, after he received the medal from Governor General Edward Schreyer.

Sissiboo-Tusket

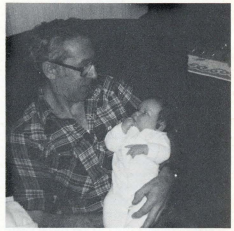
Victor LeBlanc

Road building has been well under way since this spring in the Sissiboo-Tusket district. The Company dozer and excavator were brought down from the Rossignol area, and an excellent job is being done by operators *Richard Wolf* and *Wade Joudrey*.

Alphonse Doucet, member of the Sissiboo-Tusket silviculture crew, had a bit of bad luck while cooking supper one night. Instead of frying the french fries, he fried the Frenchman. To protect his 16-month old daughter, he made a grab for a falling pot of hot oil and received second degree burns to his right hand, arm, and chest. He is slowly feeling better, but will be off work for at least two weeks.

Sissiboo-Tusket is sorry to hear that we are losing half a forester this summer. *Sandy Manley*, who was shared with Medway District, is leaving us to continue his studies. Good luck Sandy!

With spring here, tree planting begins, and this year we have started on our 150,000 seedlings which will be planted by our five-man silviculture crew during the spring-summer season. Happy planting lads!



Peter Gallant, Paper, is finding out what it feels like to be a grandfather as he holds one month old Chyloe Melanie, daughter of Peter's son, Tommie.

"Say cheese!" John Babin, Tinsmith, took this picture of Ernie Croft, Welder, and Bill Whynot, Millwright.

John Amero, Stores, ended his 32 years at Mersey on December 31, 1982 and joined the retired set. Wishing him happiness in his retirement is Robert F. Weary, Mersey's President and General Manager. Looking on are Ticky Smith, Assistant Purchasing Agent (l) and Allan Harrington, Assistant to the Purchasing and Stores Manager (r).

Woodlands

Frank Humar

Logging conditions over the winter months were normal with the spring weight restrictions on transportation coinciding with last year's date. This spring season was generally wet with more than ample rainfalls. Time was profitably spent by the Woodlands staff in planning the summer logging and forest management operations.

The Fourth Annual Woodlands Staff Meeting was held in mid-April at the Training and Conference Centre. The agenda focused on safety, quality, and cost efficiency, which are timely topics, and it is hoped will result in beneficial activities as a result.

The Company Brief to the Royal Commission on Forestry was presented on April 8 at Liverpool, Nova Scotia. This presentation was well organized with participation by many of the staff in its various stages of production.

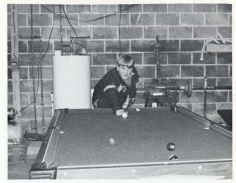
Safety statistics for Woodlands in 1982 show a good record in lost-time accident prevention.

The Forest Fire Prevention Program is being pursued with vigour through television, radio, and newspaper advertising. It is felt that alert and prepared personnel, coupled with an effective public information system are the key factors in fire prevention and protection.

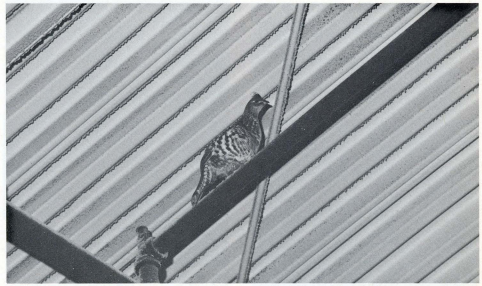
Forestry Week in the first part of May saw much activity by Woodlands staff in the organization of effective presentations to schools in Western Nova Scotia, Boy scout, and Girl Guide groups.

These two fine teams of oxen belong to Harry Winters, Oakhill Sawmill (top) and Roland Oickle, Oakhill Sawmill (bottom). It seems that Byron Winters is trying his best to organize a pulling match between the two teams, but Roland won't bite. You'll have to raise the stakes, Byron!

In the personal notes of interest are some activities of the Woodlands Staff: *Bob and Connie Mouzar* spent two weeks in Florida visiting many attractions, including Disney World. *Stu Jenkins* is back to the construction of his new house with the staff prepared to give him a hand on the weekend, as long as he provides the amenities. *Art and Elizabeth Schnare* are starting construction of their new home in Charleston, on a scenic location overlooking the valley. *Don E. Wagstaff*, Chief Surveyor, has retired after a 46-year career with Mersey. All the staff wish Don and Elaine all the best. *Chris P. Masland* has been promoted to the position following Don's retirement. All wish Chris well in his new position.



David Huskins, son of Ira Huskins, Groundwood, looks ready to challenge the professionals as he lines up his shot on the family pool table.



A partridge in a pear tree, maybe — but in the Finishing Department? This luckless bird caused quite a stir in the mill for several days until a gang of ingenious nature lovers (or seasoned partridge hunters!) lured him into a net and delivered him safely to the woods.

Matthew, 3 years, and Nathan, 3½ months, are happy youngsters on Easter morning. The boys are sons of Diane and Ernie Croxen. Their dad works in the Steam Department.

Woodroom, Wood Yard and Chip Site

A. J. (Cala) d'Entremont

At the time of writing, this reporter has been off on sick leave since the first week of December, therefore, I am not up on the news in the Woodroom and area so this report will be short. However, after using up all my holidays for the past year, I will be back to work by mid May.

Roger Corkum, who was off with a sore foot since late last summer, returned to work in January 1983.

Elizabeth and *Allan AuCoin* are the proud parents of a baby girl, Nicole Marie born March 9, 1983.

Jim Hutchison spent the last two weeks of April vacationing in Portugal and I am told he plans to go see the bullfights. Perhaps we will have stories and pictures from him for the next report.

Drive and work safely and have a good summer.

"Trees for Canada": A Decade of Caring

Editor's Note:

The following is an editorial produced by Mersey in support of the Boy Scouts Canada's "Trees for Canada" project. The editorial appeared in the *Halifax Herald* and weekly newspapers throughout Western Nova Scotia. Bowater Mersey actively supports this worthwhile silviculture effort and encourages others to do the same.

(Editorial)

This year, Boy Scouts of Canada celebrates the Tenth Anniversary of one of its most successful conservation and fund raising projects, "Trees for Canada." Since its inception in 1973, Scouting has seen over 800,000 young boys and their group leaders from across Canada plant over 25 million seedlings in our Country's forests.

The project does much more than allow the Boy Scouts to raise money. It gives young people an opportunity to gain appreciation for our forests and an understanding of the need to use this valuable renewable resource wisely.

Last year, in Nova Scotia alone, Scouts, Cubs and Venturers from 27 districts planted 92,000 trees and raised over $82,000. Since 1973 over 1.2 million trees have been planted on both public and private woodlands. Boys have learned the importance of tree planting to combat erosion, enhance wildlife, and promote reforestation.

Trees for the project are provided mainly by the Nova Scotia Department of Lands and Forests. The Department, assisted by trained personnel from the pulp and paper companies in the province, show the Boy Scouts and their leaders the proper method of planting the seedlings. The rate of seedling survival has been remarkably good — in the 70 per cent range, which is very successful by Canadian silviculture standards.

Of the money raised by "Trees for Canada" through public sponsorship, 70 per cent stays with the Scouting organization in the local communities and 15 per cent is used on the provincial level. The remaining 15 per cent helps promote Canadian-sponsored Scouting activities in Central and South America, the Caribbean, Africa, Indonesia, India and other Third World Countries. For this valuable work, Scouting's "Trees for Canada" funds are matched dollar for dollar by CIDA, the Canadian International Development Agency.

The week of May 1st to 7th is "National Forest Week" in Canada and May 7th has been set aside as "Trees for Canada" day in Nova Scotia. Starting on the seventh, and later, in the eastern part of the province, thousands of boys will spend a day in our province's woodlands planting seedlings that will grow to maturity over the span of their lifetimes.

In this, the 75th Anniversary year of the Boy Scout Movement, congratulations are due to the Boy Scouts of Canada for bringing together two of our country's greatest natural resources, our young people and our forests. By instilling in these young people an appreciation for the value of a healthy forest, we will go a long way to ensuring the future prosperity of our province and our nation.

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Our Covers

Front Cover: When Thomas H. Raddall resigned from Mersey in 1938 he was presented with this tray, signed by his Mersey colleagues. The inscription reads:

"Presented to Thomas Head Raddall in appreciation for his Co-operation and Good Fellowship and to signify that in Severing his Business Connection to Embark upon a Literary Career he Carries with him the Highest Esteem and Utmost Good Will of his Associates in Mersey Paper Company Limited. February 1929-April 1938."

In 1983 Thomas H. Raddall celebrates his 45th year as a professional writer. (see story page 10-11)

Back Cover: Five year old Andrew Dorey of the 1st Five Island Lake Beaver Colony is being especially careful planting his red spruce seedling as part of the Boy Scouts "Trees for Canada" project. Some 150 boys in Eastern Halifax County Boy Scout groups planted 1,500 seedlings on Company land in the St. Margaret's Bay Woodlands District in May.

BEAVERS
CANADA

FINAL PROOF: 1987 Edition, CANADIAN WHO'S WHO

RADDALL, Thomas Head, O.C. (1970), LL.D., Litt.D., F.R.S.C.; author; b. Hythe, Kent, Eng. 13 Nov. 1903; s. Lt.-Col. Thomas Head, Sr., D.S.O. (Winnipeg Rifles, killed in action 1918) and Ellen (Gifford) R.; e. St. Leonard's Sch., Hythe, Eng.; Chebucto Sch., Halifax, N.S.; Halifax Acad.; Dalhousie Univ., LL.D. 1949; m. Edith Margaret, d. Frederick Freeman, Milton, N.S., 9 June 1927; children: Thomas, Frances; served as Bookkeeper for a N.S. pulp mill, 1923-27; Clerk, constr. co., 1928; Acct., newsprint paper mill, 1929-38; served as Wireless Offr. on various R.N. transport vessels and later Candn. Merchant Marine and E. Coast wireless stns., 1918-22; Lieut., Reserve Army, 1942-43; winner of Gov.-Gen's. Award for Candn. Lit., 1944, 48 and 57; awarded Lorne Pierce Medal by Roy. Soc. Can. for outstanding contrib. to Candn. Lit., 1956; Fellowship, Haliburton Soc., King's Coll., N.S., 1945; author "Pied Piper of Dipper Creek" 1939; "His Majesty's Yankees' 1942; "Roger Sudden" 1944; "Tambour" 1945; "Pride's Fancy" 1946; "The Wedding Gift and Other Stories" 1947; "History of West Nova Scotia Regiment" 1948; "Halifax, Warden of the North" 1948; "The Nymph and The Lamp" 1950; "Tidefall" 1953; "A Muster of Arms" 1954; "The Wings of Night" 1956; "The Path of Destiny" 1957; "The Rover" 1958; "The Governor's Lady" 1959; "Hangman's Beach"

1966; "Footsteps On Old Floors" 1968; "In My Time" (autobiog.) 1976; "The Mersey Story" 1979; "The Dreamers" 1986; mem., Queens Co. Hist. Soc.; N.S. Hist. Soc.; Candn. Hist. Assn.; Royal Candn. Legion (Past Pres. Queen's Br.); Officer, Order of Canada 1970; Canadian Literature Medal, Univ. of Alberta 1977; United Church; Home: 44 Park St., Liverpool, N.S. B0T 1K0.

Approved by (signature) ..... Date .....

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Thomas Head RADDALL
44 Park St.
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Dear Biographee

We are attaching a copy of your biographical sketch as it will appear in the 1987 edition of the CANADIAN WHO'S WHO, scheduled for publication July 1987. If you provided us with corrections and/or additions when we mailed your biography to you several months ago, they will be included in this final version. We would appreciate it if you would make only essential changes on this final copy.

As has always been our custom, we are making copies of the 1987 edition available to biographees at a special prepublication price. The special price is $75.00, a saving of $20.00 on the published price of $95.00. Orders must be received on the special order form enclosed, accompanied by payment, purchase order or charge account number. This offer expires four months prior to the July 1987 publication date.

Please note that each edition of CANADIAN WHO'S WHO goes completely out of print. No previous editions are available. We hope you will take advantage of this generous offer.

Yours sincerely

Kieran Simpson (Mr)
Editor, CANADIAN WHO'S WHO

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Thomas Raddall's literary journey

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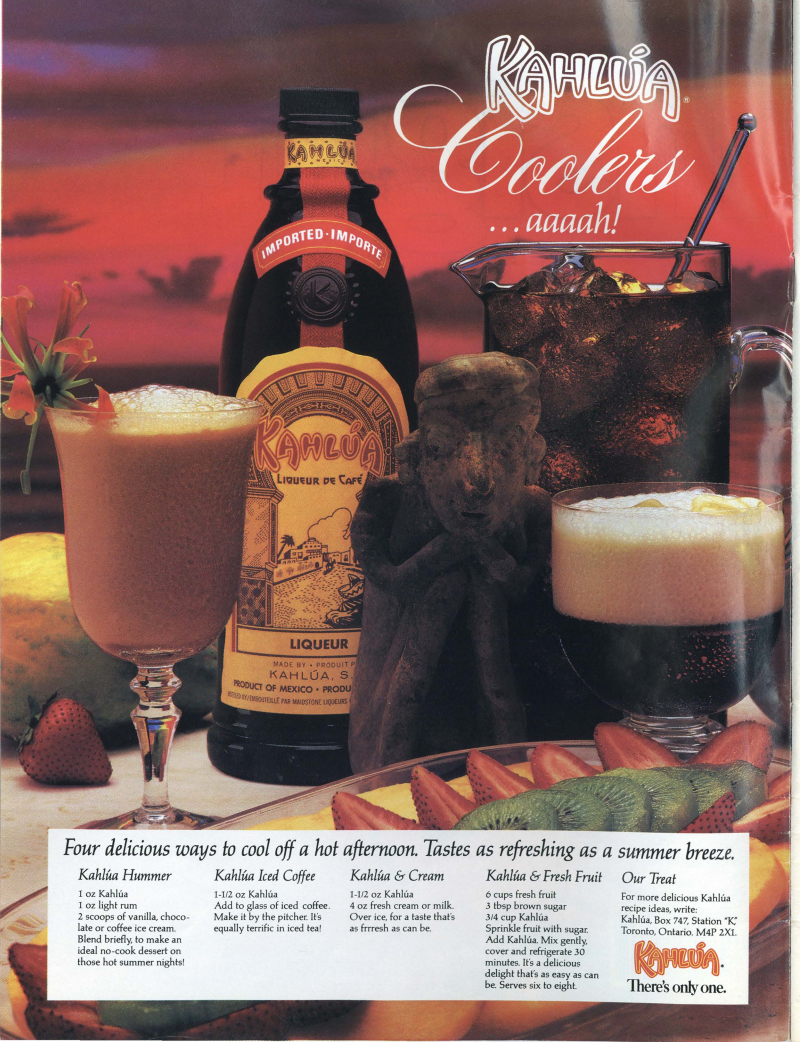

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JUNE 1989 VOL. 11 No.6

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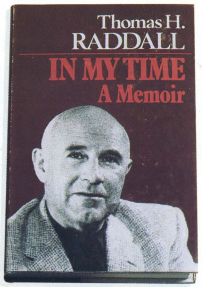
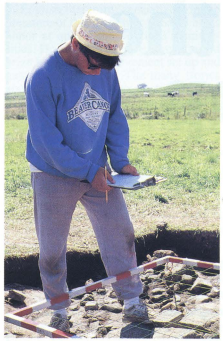


COVER STORY

Although Thomas Raddall stopped writing almost 15 years ago, the rich literary legacy he has given Nova Scotia has attracted a new generation of readers. **PAGE 14**

COVER PHOTO BY ERIC HAYES

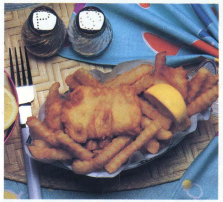


HERITAGE

Explore the region's prehistory, discover the wizards, witches and fairies that are all around us and learn about the last of the covered bridges and the delicate art of making ships in bottles. **PAGE 19**

THE ARTS

Fredericton's Beaverbrook Gallery is celebrating its 30th birthday by organizing a travelling exhibition of its acclaimed Victorian art collection. **PAGE 32**



FOOD

Golden fish and chips done to a crispy perfection are a Nova Scotia favorite. Establishments that stake their reputation on the "perfect recipe" offer tips for cooks at home. **PAGE 36**

DEPARTMENTS

Publisher's Letter 3
Feedback 4
Prince Edward Island 7
Nova Scotia 10
Newfoundland 11
New Brunswick 12
Business 34
Harry Bruce 35
Folks 38
Ralph Surette 41
Ray Guy 42

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PUBLISHER'S LETTER

Celebrating books and authors

Thomas Raddall claims Nova Scotia as his birthplace, as his home, as his source of inspiration. But has Nova Scotia claimed him? Our cover story this month features a writer whose name and books have been known for decades across the country and internationally. Through his works, people have discovered the dramatic story of the history of Nova Scotia and its complex place in the world. They have shared the experience of Nova Scotians through his characters and stories. With fellow novelists Charles Bruce and Ernest Buckler, Thomas Raddall was loyal to his roots while he wrote for the world.

Recognition often does not come easily for writers, no matter where they work. But in the last two decades Canadians have discovered that Canadian writers can and do rank with the best in the world. Of course the literary luminaries of New York and London have acclaimed the work of Margaret Laurence, Margaret Atwood, Robertson Davies and Alice Munro, but this was after they were well established and recognized by Canadians.

The Maritimes has a long tradition of successful writers who have written from their Maritime experience, and gained critical and popular success here and elsewhere. But we do not have a long tradition of claiming and recognizing these people.

Among the trio of Buckler, Bruce and Raddall, Ernest Buckler has been the most fortunate. The sensibility of his stories and the attitude towards traditional society they expressed was one which urban Canadians of the '60s, '70s and '80s found appealing. Buckler was taken up by the country's literary establishment, and he has enjoyed much of the success he deserves in the literary anthologies and curriculums of literature courses across Canada.

Bruce and Raddall are another story. Charles Bruce is not well known and Thomas Raddall is considered to belong to an era which has passed. That is the judgment of the country's literary critics and their reasoning is understandable even if flawed.

I'd be surprised, though, if it was the judgment of Maritimers. These three writers speak about a world in which we live today, one where contemporary and traditional elements rub shoulders. Charles Bruce's fine novel *The Channel Shore* may seem anachronistic in a classroom in Vancouver or Scarborough, but it describes a society which is very real for anyone living in the Maritimes. Thomas Raddall's books are still very much read and appreciated here — consider the success of publisher Lesley Choyce's recent collection of Raddall's short stories, published only a year or two ago.

It is Nova Scotia that needs to acknowledge and recognize Raddall's achievements. No doubt it was that kind of thinking that lay behind the idea that he should serve as the province's lieutenant governor , a parallel to New Brunswick's appointment of historian George Stanley as their lieutenant governor to recognize his achievements in his field. But somehow to honor and celebrate a writer by offering him a post that hardly fits with his approach to life and his experiences — no matter how worthy that post is — doesn't fit the bill.

Thomas Raddall should have a chair of English literature, specializing in the literature of the Maritimes, created in his honor at one of the province's universities. He deserves to have a well-funded prize for literary achievement set up and named in his honor. The many stories about Halifax and Nova Scotia which he has written should be the focus of a heritage attraction in that city where visitors can learn about his stories and about the man himself.

Recognizing and celebrating achievement is done not only to honor the individual, but to reinforce the sense on the part of a community that its people do important things that deserve this attention.

Business people do it. Hence the recognition for Frank Sobey, for Izaak Walton Killam, for Max Aitken who became Lord Beaverbrook and for K. C. Irving.

But not for artists and writers, not yet.

It's up to us to recognize and celebrate the Raddalls, the Bucklers and the Bruces. Looking back, we can see what they have achieved. And, as we recognize it, we also need to find ways of giving concrete expression to our understanding. Thomas Raddall deserves monuments; the question is, will Nova Scotia build them?

— James Lorimer

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FEEDBACK

Saving children for the future

May I, on behalf of the Nova Scotia UNICEF Committee, thank Ralph Surette for the excellent column *Saving children for our future* (March'89).

He dealt with those aspects of the UNICEF State of the World's Children Report which emphasize that progress in the developing world and hope for its children rests squarely in the hands of the industrialized nations. We are no longer merely handing out charity to the billions of starving children; our own economic well-being depends on governments, the business community and ordinary people understanding this.

I have to say that although the report was passed to many representatives of the media, to our knowledge he is the only journalist in our area who deemed it important enough to bring it to the public's attention. For this we thank him.

Ainsley Jones
Communications chair
UNICEF Nova Scotia

A loyal Maritimer speaks out

I am writing to you from Portland, Maine, where I have taken a temporary position with the Nova Scotia Department of Tourism and Culture. After reading Lorraine Begley's article *Down-home absentee landlords ushering in dangerous new era* (Feb.'89), I feel like a traitor. In my position, I answer calls every day from Americans wanting to buy land somewhere in the Maritimes. Sometimes I just want to scream — "It's not for sale! You have to live there in order to own part of it!" but I'm not allowed.

There are some fine Americans and I don't mind in the slightest inviting them up for a visit. However, I do wish they would learn to change their money into Canadian dollars and to respect the fact that Nova Scotia is a province in another country. I also mind anyone owning farmland which they do not farm. If they further insult such land by covering it with tennis courts and houses, my feelings go beyond mere objection to sheer rage.

It is time all [Atlantic] Canadians stood up and took notice of what is happening around them and to them. Do we want our beautiful homeland to become another "plastic" American resort (resembling Crete, the Bahamas, Florida)? Do we want subservient, low-paying jobs which do absolutely nothing to cultivate intelligence or to encourage the best of our young to remain here instead of "going down the road?" God, I hope not.

Susan M. Tracey
Portland, Maine

Call it Cape Breton

In the *Folks* section of April'89, you stated that Dave Gilholm was from Sydney, "Nova Scotia." I would like to set the record straight: Sydney is in "Cape Breton."

It annoys me to see and hear [through the media] when something detrimental happens in one of the towns in Cape Breton, the media gives the name of the town and refers to that town as being in Cape Breton. On the contrary, when something good takes place, they refer to the town as being in Nova Scotia.

As a subscriber to your magazine I would like to see this form of discrimination stopped.

R. Clarke
Oromocto, N.B.

A trip down memory lane

I enjoy Harry Bruce's writing and his column, *Storm stayed and reminiscing* (March '89) was no exception. Bruce's description of a winter's drive, in a storm, down the Trans-Canada Highway through Quebec to the Maritimes was so descriptive I could practically see and hear the slush from passing trucks hitting the windshield.

As a Maritimer who lived in "Upper Canada" for 30 years I made that trip many times, summer and winter. The New Moon Motel and gasbar he describes so vividly was always a gas stop. It was a lot easier to read about it than to make the actual trip.

George M. Stones
Dingwall, N.S.

Taking exception to Harry

In *The ins and outs of being old*, (Dec.'88 issue) Harry Bruce deals with the prospect of an increasing population in Canada of people older than 65, who will no longer be working, alongside a decreasing population of people of working age. This prospect is widely recognized, and the cause of well-founded concern in many quarters. However, Harry Bruce makes a unique contribution to the debate when he refers to the retired population as "millions of unproductive old folks that productive young folks are obliged to support" (with)..."fat pensions." Does he so easily wipe out the years the "unproductive old folk" have toiled in the factories and hospitals and offices for a living, and to bring up the new generation of "productive young folk?"

Further, quoting Harry Bruce: "Working people may revolt against taxes that squeeze them dry to give a juicy living to elderly parasites." Tell that to the elderly living it up on old age security plus the supplement to bring them to a "juicy living" above the poverty line. The "fat pension" seems to have worn fairly thin by the time it has paid the rent and been to the grocery store. And the struggle to make ends meet feels anything but parasitical.

One flaw in Harry Bruce's article lies in his confusion of a number of points. He refers to one out of three adults being "over 50, 75 per cent of whom are mortgage free and have 50 per cent of their income for discretionary spending." He complains about their juicy pensions "leeching the hardworking young people." But one out of three (all over 50) are not receiving the pension, only those over 65. And according to Revenue Canada Statistics, considerably less than one-third of those receiving old age security have incomes over $20,000...

Reta Duenisch and Kathleen Repka
Older Women's Network
Toronto, Ont.

In favor of flowers

Received my first copy of *Atlantic Insight*. We're enjoying it very much, especially the garden section. As my husband and I are retired, we love flowers and enjoy gardening...Thank you.

Mary French
Harbour Grace, Nfld.

Solving disposal confusion

With reference to *Taking care of trash* (April'89), while I agree with the writer, Shirley Horne, that Prince Edward Island has been a leader in solving waste disposal problems and alternate energy development there are a number of statements in her article which are misleading and need to be clarified.

The Energy from Waste Plant was an initiative of the P.E.I. Energy Corporation and not the City of Charlottetown. The plant was located in Parkdale, instead of the preferred site adjacent to Maritime Electric Company, because of the negative reaction by a Charlottetown Eastend Citizens Committee and a number of city councillors. A bouquet should be given to the then Parkdale Mayor Frank McAullay and his council for their positive reaction and support in locating the plant in Parkdale.

While the technology was developed in the United States, the three units were manufactured locally, under licence, by Georgetown Shipyards and provided the company with over $1 million of much needed work. Tricil, a Canadian company, operated the plant under contract for the P.E.I. Energy Corporation.

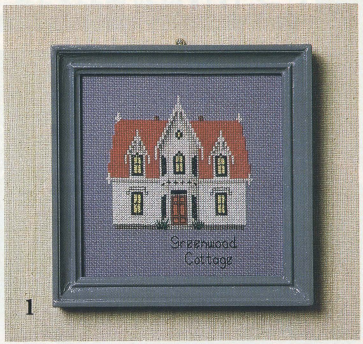
The Charlottetown Area Pollution Control Commission was created under the Water Authority Act in 1970, and the wastewater treatment plant was officially opened in October 1975. The Water Authority has long been replaced, initially by the Environmental Control Commission and now the recently created Department of the Environment. The Energy from Waste Plant was officially opened in June 1983. Combining the two projects in a single article tends to confuse matters.

A.J. Hiscock
Charlottetown, P.E.I.

Applecross Counted Cross Stitch Kits... A Mother-daughter team offers original designs

Counted cross stitch is the simplest form of needlework and currently one of the most popular in North America. The beautiful patterns shown in this advertisement are the original designs of Anne and Peg Fraser, a mother-daughter team who owns and manages Applecross Designs in Halifax, Nova Scotia. The Frasers started the company two years ago after they were unable to find Canadian counted cross stitch patterns. Since that time, Peg has been designing and charting various quilt patterns, Maritime scenes, Canadian flowers and yule-tide designs for use in her counted cross stitch kits. Peg also looks to her mother Anne, who has 40 years experience with the craft, for ideas and expert advice.

Counted cross stitch kits are popular with both needlework experts and beginners. They also make unique, quality gifts for people of all ages.



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The kits contain all the necessary materials including aida cloth, floss, needle, design chart and easy-to-follow instructions (frame not included).

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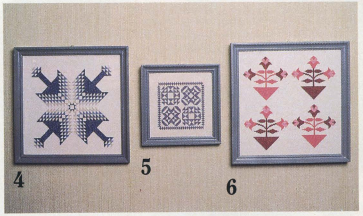
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Bright spot in troubled East Coast fishing industry

Prince Edward Island lobster fishermen are basking in the profits of incredible catches that just seem to keep on growing

by Mac Campbell

All around the Maritimes, the fishery appears to be in trouble but, amid this turmoil, Prince Edward Island fishermen have recently launched what's expected to be another record season in the lobster fishery. The crustacean puts $56 million a year in the pockets of 1,300 Island lobster fishermen. On average, that means $43,000 each for just two months on the water.

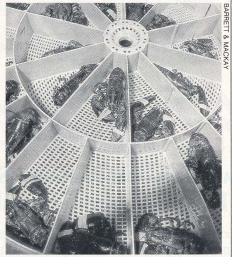
It's a remarkable success story in an east coast industry with so few bright spots, where to the west, in New Brunswick, crab fishermen are faced with half the catch of just three years ago. To the east, in Newfoundland, the northern cod stocks have already been cut and could be slashed again next year. To the south and along the Nova Scotia coast, there is so little haddock that fishermen now consider it "an endangered species."

Smack dab in the middle of these "hot spots" are fishermen who have been setting catch records for the past three years and have no reason to believe their good luck won't continue.

Lobster is to the Island fishery what groundfish (cod, haddock, pollock) is to the Nova Scotia fishery — it's the bread and butter. Records have been kept on P.E.I. lobster landings since the '20s. Every decade until the '80s, landings averaged between 6.5 million pounds to 8.5 million pounds. Then came 1980, and landings shot up to 12 million pounds. Three years later, it increased again to 15 million pounds. In 1986, fishermen were amazed to find another three million pounds in their traps. So it's not difficult to understand why, in 1988, they were astonished to learn the landings had increased another four million pounds, a doubling of the catch in just nine years.

But the peculiar reality about this phenomenal increase is that few people seem to know why the Island lobster fishery has been so good for so long, especially in an industry with a deserved reputation for being on a "roller coaster" of boom or bust.

Edwin McKie, a fisherman from Fortune, got into the fishery in 1972. He has seen his catch triple and his income grow almost 10-fold since then and it's not strictly because he is a better fisherman. "I think I know less about the lobster today than I did 25 years ago. I don't know why it's so good, but what I do know is if you're going to be a Maritime lobster fisherman, the place to be is in the Gulf of St. Lawrence."



The catch has doubled in just nine years

If most P.E.I. fishermen are as unassuming as McKie, then maybe they should be thankful for their natural environment — 250,000 square miles of fishing territory on the Gulf of St. Lawrence. Along its horseshoe rim are hundreds of fishing communities in the five eastern provinces. But despite its immense size, the Gulf is divided into just two major underwater regions, the Laurentian Channel and the Magdalen Shallows. The channel lies well to the north in the Gulf. The Island lies near the Magdalen Shallows, an underwater shelf only 50 to 75 metres below the ocean surface. This shallow depth helps make the whole region especially conducive to plankton growth, the first link in the food chain. This shallow water, slow moving currents and minimum tidal range translate into "a lobster nursery" in the warm summer months.

Lobsters prefer a sheltered habitat, particularly rocky bottoms. On sand or in mud lobsters hide under rocks of about their own size. In order to survive, small lobsters lead a very secretive existence. Throughout their lives they prey upon

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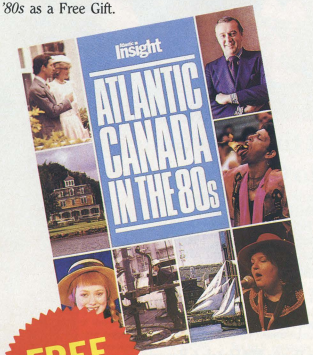

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PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND

other seafood like crabs, mussels, clams, sea urchins and starfish. Lobsters also become more active when the water warms up, beginning around April 29 when the Gulf lobster season officially opens.

Last year when the season began in April, the opening price was in the $2 a pound range for the smaller canner-size lobster. The larger market-size was fetching $2.75 a pound and up at the wharf. This year fishermen are expecting even more and $2.50 a pound for a canner doesn't seem unrealistic.

With record landings year after year and prices soaring, the P.E.I. government reacted recently by sending out a warning to buyers trucking live lobster off P.E.I. for processing. As a condition of licence, Fisheries Minister Ross Johnny Young warned buyers with processing plants on the mainland to process at least 50 per cent of their purchases on the Island. It was a measure to protect processing jobs in the canneries and the minister feels the buyers have heeded. He hasn't had to revoke a buyer's licence to back up his tough talk. Three major New Brunswick lobster buyers responded to the regulations by buying into processing plants on P.E.I.

Another sign that things are going well for Island lobster fishermen is the surprising fact that since 1975, there hasn't been a single boat repossessed by the P.E.I. landing authority. The provincial authority has over 400 fisheries-related loans on the books worth over $6 million and not one repossession. It's an amazing sign of prosperity, especially when in neighboring New Brunswick, the fisheries department provided for a $6-million loss during fiscal year 1988-89 alone.

In 1973, Parzival Copes, a university professor from British Columbia, wrote a report on the fishery for the P.E.I. government. He talked about the need for improved performance in the fishery and recommended a reduction in fishermen. He suggested licence buybacks, financial incentives for fishermen to choose other employment and pensions to older fishermen who would surrender their licences, anything to reduce the number of fishermen from 3,000 to 1,000. He also noted that two-thirds of licensed lobster fishermen would advise their sons and daughters not to enter the fishery because the income was just too low.

Today, 16 years later, the number of fishermen remains the same. The only difference is that, now, during the prosperous years, a fisherman with a family is faced with a tough decision. Upon retirement, he can only pass his licence on to one family member. That means others in the family may have to accept the fact that they might never again get an opportunity to become one of the next generation of P.E.I. lobster fishermen.

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One of our readers has told us that the photograph was taken at Main Beach, Spaniard's Bay on Conception Bay, Nfld. Our readers were able to identify Soloman Gosse and Alice Butt, both of Spaniard's Bay. Do you know the others?

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Political pork-barrelling along the Road to Nowhere

The residents of cabinet minister Elmer MacKay's home riding are getting a new highway but not everyone is happy about it

by Richard Starr

Melinda Hillier doesn't care what the auditor general of Canada thinks. "That road is going to change the economy of Sheet Harbour," declares Hillier, whose mission as director of the Bluewater Development Association is to breathe life into the chronically stagnant economy of Sheet Harbour and surrounding communities like Mushaboom and Moser River.

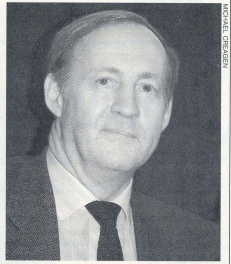
"That road" she talks about is a partially-completed, $20-million, 90-kilometre highway upgrading project connecting the quiet coastal village of Sheet Harbour with Stellarton in the Pictou County industrial area. En route, the highway passes through acres of wilderness and a few hamlets, including the village of Lorne. That's the hometown of Public Works Minister Elmer MacKay, a powerful member of the Mulroney cabinet whose Central Nova riding takes in Pictou County and part of Nova Scotia's Eastern Shore.

The road has attracted controversy since its conception and has become a symbol for unrestrained political pork-barrelling. When MacKay announced construction back in 1986, a provincial journalist noted Sheet Harbour's tiny population of 819 and dubbed the route "The Road to Nowhere." Although still impassable for much of the year, the road gained national notoriety when Auditor General Kenneth Dye criticized it and a new $9.2-million industrial park and wharf in Sheet Harbour in his report to Parliament for 1988.

The proposed road and marine industrial park are financed by a $200-million Offshore Development Fund, which is supposed to pay for projects connected with the development of oil and gas fields near Sable Island. In his annual report, Dye declared that it would take "a leap of imagination" to visualize how projects like the Stellarton-Sheet Harbour road would enhance offshore development. Dye also pointed out that the costly new road cuts just 25 kilometres off the trip between Sheet Harbour and Stellarton, and he questioned the need for a new marine industrial park when there are under-used facilities in Halifax and along the Strait of Canso.

Dye's criticisms don't cut much ice in Sheet Harbour, where the local economy is showing signs of growth for the first time since 1971, when a hurricane wrecked the mill that was the area's main employer. The new industrial park has its first major tenant — NSC Diesel Corp.'s diesel engine assembly plant. The deep water dock has also landed a large customer. Scott Maritimes Ltd. is using it to ship products to Pennsylvania (trucked to Sheet Harbour from its Pictou pulp mill along the 115 kilometres of road deemed adequate by the auditor general).

Hillier says the biggest change is in attitudes. "The cynicism is gone," she says. "People are actively looking for upgrading and training to prepare for job opportunities."



MICHAEL O'BRIEN

Things are looking up in MacKay's riding

A similar upbeat note is being heard in Pictou County, at the other end of MacKay's Central Nova riding. There the economy is getting a boost from a new mine and an economic development fund, combined with expansion of established industries like Michelin. "The attitude here is better than it has been for 20 years," says Bill MacCulloch, executive director of the Pictou County Research and Development Commission (PICORD). MacCulloch is not bothered by the fact that questions are also being raised about the way economic development dollars are being deployed in Pictou County. Critics say that MacKay — who since the 1988 federal election has also been the minister responsible for the Atlantic Canada Opportunities Agency (ACOA) — is using his political clout to boost the economy in his riding at the expense of other have-not areas, especially Liberal-dominated Cape Breton where for years governments have been spending millions to try and create an economic base.

Miners employed by the Cape Breton Development Corporation (Devco) are afraid that some of them will lose their jobs because the government is backing a coal mine planned for Pictou County by the Toronto-based Westray Coal Inc. The mine is supposed to come into production in 1991 with the help of more than $100 million in federal and provincial government grants, loan guarantees and interest rate subsidies.

The mine will sell most of its production to the Nova Scotia Power Corporation to fuel its thermal generating plants in Pictou County. The problem is that one of those power plants is now supplied with coal from Devco mines. Last year Devco leaked an internal report which claimed that the loss of sales to the power corporation's Pictou County plants could cost 275 coal mining jobs in Cape Breton.

Opposition MPs are also annoyed about a grant to Gainers Inc. to enable it to set up a meat packing plant in Westville. With the announcement came word that the Peter Pocklington-owned company would shut down existing plants in Sydney and Dartmouth, leaving more than 65 employees to choose between unemployment and re-location.

The new Gainers plant was partly financed by $1.2 million from the Pictou County Development Fund, a special $10-million fund established in 1987 to help Pictou County compete for new industry against the grants, loans and tax credits available in Cape Breton. Russell MacLellan, the Liberal MP for Cape Breton/The Sydneys, says the grant to Gainers broke "the number one rule" of regional development by financing a new plant while an existing plant is closed elsewhere. PICORD's MacCulloch says that isn't what happened. "Gainers was going to close those plants anyway and relocate to Montreal," he says. "The feeling was it was better to keep them in Nova Scotia than not have them at all."

But at the same time MacCulloch sees nothing wrong with using government money to compete with Cape Breton for investment and jobs. "Over the years, the feeling has been expressed that things are every bit as bad here as they are in Cape Breton."

In saying this, MacCulloch is echoing the sentiments of Hillier, who considers the auditor general's fretting over roads, docks and industrial parks to be mere nit-picking. "The need is for the area to grow and flourish," she declares. "The money has to come from somewhere."

Fanatical religious rag takes aim at Newfoundland

A new religious publication, The Verdict, *is raising questions in Newfoundland about what can be considered "hate literature"*

by Brent Furdyk

A controversial new religious magazine, called *The Verdict*, is drawing accusations in Newfoundland of being thinly-veiled hate literature and fueling the mounting animosity between different religious sects in some of the province's rural communities.

According to the magazine's founder and editorial director, Montreal evangelist Claude Gagnon, *The Verdict* is a "God-inspired weapon." The first issue, with a Canada-wide circulation of 150,000 copies, features cover art depicting a giant fist crashing down from heaven onto a church being consumed by the flames of hell. The rest of the magazine is no less subtle. Roman Catholics, according to Gagnon, belong to "Mother Harlot's church." A headline reading "Church of the Bastards" appears over a photo of tickets to an amateur theatrical production held in a Baptist Church. Clergymen from different denominations are referred to as "dogs," "whoremongers" and "perverts."

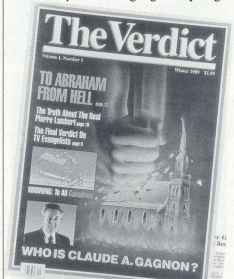
"Open your eyes and you will see denominations divided amongst each other and blind leaders are taking every one of you and your children to hell," Gagnon states in one article. "Whoremongers and homosexuals are taking over the churches."

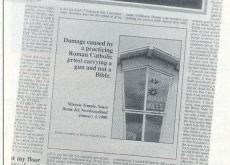
Critics of *The Verdict* have attacked Gagnon for his inflammatory language and many feel that the publication should be investigated as possible hate literature.

Contacted in Montreal, Gagnon dismissed charges that *The Verdict* is hate literature. "If they take my paper to court, they will find that when you put it in balance with the Bible, it will be equal," he says. "When you read the Bible, you'll see my words are from the Bible. Everything in *The Verdict* is perfectly scriptural."

Miracle Temple, run by Gagnon's son Lincoln C. Gagnon, is located on the Trans-Canada Highway in the heart of central Newfoundland's Bible belt. The church has also been the subject of controversy, stemming from an incident which occurred early last year. On January 4, 1988, Father Alexander Locke, a Roman Catholic priest armed with a .22 calibre rifle, drove up to the Lewisporte Junction church and fired two shots into its window. When apprehended, Locke confessed that he had been drinking and was trying to shoot out the bright neon sign inside the church which reads "WHY GO TO HELL?"

Convicted of the careless use of a firearm, Locke was ordered to undergo psychiatric treatment rather than serve a jail term. After the incident, the bullet holes in the church were prominently circled in paint and highlighted by large





STEVE JOHN

Discrediting other religions main focus

letters, easily visible from the highway, bearing the words "RC PRIEST BULLET HOLES."

Former NDP Leader Peter Fenwick, after driving by the church several times, was prompted to write Gagnon a letter. Pointing out that Locke was emotionally disturbed at the time (a term that Gagnon says "isn't in the Bible"), the letter also states: "you have no such excuse for the blatant religious hatred you are engendering with the use of that sign on your temple…I would hope that many of your adherents would tell you in no uncertain terms to take the sign down as soon as possible."

"It was the reaction of Brother Gagnon and his Miracle Temple that I found remarkable," says Fenwick. "To encourage people to hold the Roman Catholic Church in disrepute seemed to me to be excessive."

Gagnon claims he only painted the sign in order to take a picture to use in *The Verdict* and intended to wash it off immediately afterwards. However, Gagnon claims that he "didn't get around to [washing it off] that day, and the next day it rained. Lo and behold, people drove by, stopped their cars and took pictures. So I left it up for awhile. I thought it was amusing to find out how people reacted to it."

Citing delays in the shipping of the new window, he admits the sign was left up for "four to five months."

The Verdict contains a "Special report on Newfoundland," in which Gagnon accuses Fenwick of being "slanderous and defamatory" and twice states that Fenwick has a "slanderous mind." He goes on to say that both Fenwick and the NDP can be "held liable by this letter."

Fenwick dismisses Gagnon's threats to sue as "empty rhetoric," and says, "I don't believe what I said was libelous."

Gagnon doesn't see it quite that way: "It could be done if I wanted to go ahead with it but my lawyers have investigated and they found the NDP is penniless." Gagnon doesn't rule out legal action, however, and says he'll "see in the next couple of months" whether he wants to take Fenwick to court.

Until the next issue comes out sometime in mid-June, Newfoundlanders aren't likely to find *The Verdict* on the shelves of local newsstands. Most retail outlets carrying the magazine are keeping it under the counter, next to the borderline pornographic material.

Keeping the magazine off the shelves has had little effect, and the controversy surrounding *The Verdict* is resulting in brisk sales. "Many stores tell us they're sold out and have re-ordered," says Lincoln Gagnon. "It's definitely selling well."

Fenwick feels the controversy has only served to give *The Verdict* more publicity than it deserves and that high sales are due to the public's curiosity.

While response to the magazine has ranged from ignoring it to calling for legal action to determine if its content is hate literature, Claude Gagnon feels *The Verdict* is misunderstood. "People like to jump on that word 'hate.' There's no hate in me."

Fenwick, however, feels the magazine speaks for itself. "I do know that the magazine's main thrust, after reading through it cover-to-cover, seems to be the denigration of other religions," he says.

Community finding remedy for racial intolerance

Moncton's experience with teacher Malcolm Ross has taught it that racial tolerance and education go hand-in-hand

by J.A. Burnett

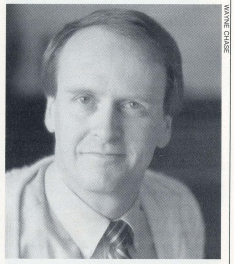
Since 1987, Moncton, N.B., has been the venue for an important round in the ongoing conflict between intolerance and understanding. Finding constructive ways to cope with that conflict over the past two years has engrossed a citizens' group called CURE, a growing number of teachers, and the New Brunswick Department of Education. Now, it appears that some good may be about to come from the contentious Malcolm Ross affair.

Malcolm Ross is a Moncton school teacher who earned a certain notoriety for his denial of the Holocaust in a series of privately published books. (He is not to be confused with Canadian literature authority, Malcolm Ross, who teaches at Dalhousie.) Despite testimony of survivors and eyewitnesses, the judgement of qualified historians, and the indisputable fact that several million European Jews disappeared between 1936 and 1945, Ross argues that the mass extermination of human beings in Nazi death camps never happened. He joins with Toronto's Ernst Zundel and Alberta's Jim Keegstra in implying that the account of the Holocaust is a Zionist fabrication, part of a sinister conspiracy aimed at undermining Christian values.

Such views are judged by qualified historians to be incorrect. Their anti-Semitic overtones offend a great many people of all faiths. Canada's courts and legislatures have ruled that racism and bigotry are unacceptable in a modern, pluralistic society. Various laws and policies forbid the promotion of hatred of any group on grounds of religion, language, culture, or ethnic origin. Yet, in a perverse way, the person who offends against these standards may perform a useful service by sensitizing people to the need to renew their commitment to tolerance and respect for human dignity. That is what appears to be happening in the wake of the Malcolm Ross debate, not only among individuals, but in the broader community as well.

When Moncton parents learned of Ross's published views, many were troubled at the thought that his students might be deliberately or inadvertently influenced to adopt his opinions. Indeed, voices from Premier Frank McKenna on down, publicly opposed Ross's claims and questioned whether anyone who espouses such misconstructions, even outside the classroom, should be entrusted with the education of children.

However, representations to this effect by concerned parents brought little response from the District 15 school board. With the exception of one trustee, Audrey Lampert, board members appeared reluctant to acknowledge the possibility of a problem. The parents countered by forming a broadly based, non-partisan, volunteer organization called CURE (Citizens United for Racial Equality).



WAYNE CHASE

Webb: community action cure for racism

Since its creation, CURE has emerged as an effective forum for expressing public insistence that prejudice and racism must not be tolerated by public institutions. Its membership represents a broad cross section of the community, dedicated, in the words of its chairman, Tom Webb, to "an educational system which will help us, as parents, to open the eyes of our children to see all people as they are: full of beauty and dignity and as worthy of love and forgiveness as ourselves."

CURE has worked quietly and steadily to achieve three goals: promotion of human rights education; adoption and enforcement of a policy on race and ethnic relations in schools and other public institutions; tightening of the loopholes that have appeared in laws prohibiting the promotion of hatred.

Constructive responses have not been limited to CURE members. Although the New Brunswick Teachers' Association has taken a cautious position with regard to the controversy, individual teachers have chosen to respond by increasing their own knowledge of Second World War atrocities. Jim Petri, who works with the Global Studies project in Fredericton, was one member of a group who took part in an intensive Holocaust study tour of Germany, Poland, and Israel. He returned to write of "the evidence of horror which one confronted in each of the camps," and of his belief that education offers the best hope that such events will not happen again.

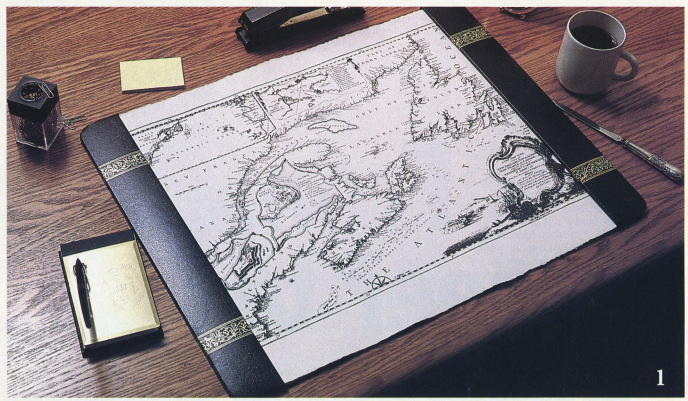
Closer to home, numerous other New Brunswick teachers have chosen to attend summer institutes, seminars, and in-service workshops exploring similar subject matter. They have been encouraged in this by the provincial Department of Education which has responded to the Ross affair by initiating or accelerating programs in Holocaust Studies and Human Rights Education at elementary and secondary school levels.

The Department of Education's newly activated interest in human rights education represents an important step towards realizing the first of CURE's aims. Attainment of the second may also be within sight. Problems of latent or overt racism have surfaced periodically in other parts of Canada. CURE member Margie Gann took on the task of researching the anti-discrimination policies devised by other provinces and school boards. On the basis of this work, CURE has prepared a draft policy for the province.

Responding to CURE concerns outlined in a letter last January, Premier Frank McKenna expressed his sympathies and careful encouragement to the group, but cautioned: "While legal remedies may have some salutary effect it must be recognized that racial tolerance cannot be legislated. Racial intolerance is a learned behavior."

In a speech in Montreal on April 13, however, the premier adopted a much more aggressive public stance with respect to human rights. Although he was speaking in the context of official bilingualism and constitutional reform, his call for "the promotion of minority rights across the country" left little room for splitting hairs over which minorities might qualify.

Racial prejudice is by no means a problem restricted to Moncton. It may well be, however, that the refusal of a group of committed Monctonians to allow it to operate unchallenged will do much to combat it. If so, then the narrow vision of Malcolm Ross may turn out, ironically, to be a catalyst that broadens the tolerance and freedom of all Canadians.



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AI

From pioneer to patriarch

Few writers in the region, or even in Canada, have provided the literary legacy that Thomas Raddall has given to Nova Scotia

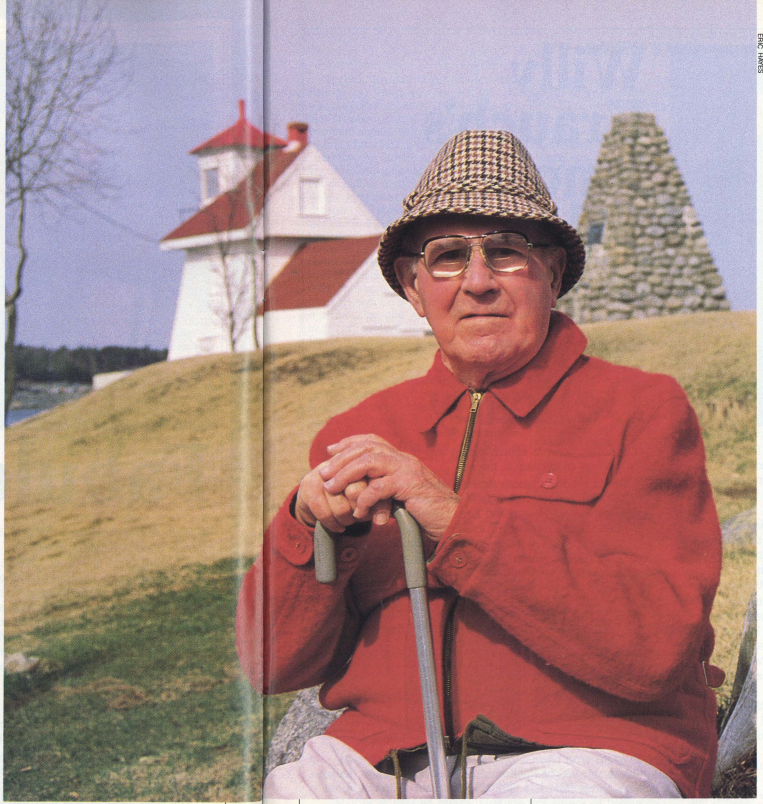
by Colin Henderson

Thomas Raddall spent much of his married life in a sound-proof room laboring to perfect his craft. It was a painful but necessary deprivation. "I had to shut myself off," he explains, "literally shut myself off. I built a study on this house after I bought it, and I would shut myself in there and live the lives of the people in my books. Often I didn't know whether it was Christmas or Easter as far as the actual world was concerned. The result was I was in many ways a stranger to my children, although I tried to give them time."

In his long journey from pioneer to patriarch of Canadian literature, Raddall was compelled to accept isolation and estrangement as the price of success. In some ways, it was a willing sacrifice. Raddall has always been a loner. His love of solitude was nurtured by long hours as a telegraph operator on the desolate shores of Sable Island. When he wasn't held prisoner by his work, he escaped into the woods to hunt and fish.

But all that was long ago. The sound-proof study where he endlessly reworked his prose is now a vacated shrine, decorated with photographs, awards and private memorabilia. At the age of 85, Raddall is crippled by arthritis and a degenerative spinal condition. He can still take a few measured steps with the help of a cane, but for most of the day he's confined to an armchair in the living room of his house in Liverpool, N.S. His wife, Edith, died in 1975. "That's the story of life," he says, "You struggle and do without things for years and then, when you really become financially well-fixed, you're no longer able to enjoy the money." There's no bitterness or self-pity in this remark. Raddall has seen his share of disappointments and endured them all with quiet dignity. His gaze is steady and observant behind the thick glasses, like that of a storm-battered and slightly jaundiced owl. Although enfeebled by old age and ill-health, Raddall is still very much the same man who emerges from his autobiography — calmly self-assured and almost stubbornly unpretentious.

One of the more agreeable surprises in Raddall's lengthy career is the renewed interest in his work. Since the completion of his last book more than 15 years ago, Raddall has been discovered by a new generation of readers. When Pottersfield Press published *The Dreamers*, a new collection of his short stories, the first printing sold out in six months.



ERIC HARDIS

Publisher Lesley Choyce says that interest in Raddall's work goes in cycles and it's currently on the increase.

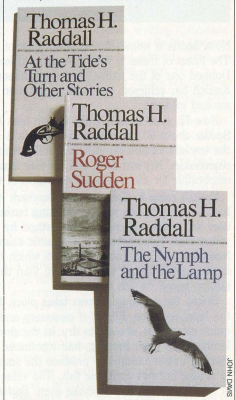
Just how much of an increase may depend on film-maker Dan Petrie. Petrie, director of *The Bay Boy* and a Cape Bretoner by birth, is working on a script based on Raddall's most popular novel, *The Nymph and the Lamp*. Set in the bleak and storm-beaten landscape of Sable Island, Raddall's tale of love lost and regained has already sold more than 750,000 copies and been translated into half a dozen languages. A major film of *The Nymph and the Lamp* by a director of Petrie's stature might well do for Raddall's sales what *Out of Africa* did for Isak Dinesen's.

This is welcome news to anyone who's familiar with Raddall's work. His gifts as a story-teller, his well-crafted prose and his passion for history have earned him a respected place in Canadian literature. Since his first story appeared in *Maclean's* in 1927, he has published 11 novels, seven histories and five collections of short stories. His efforts have won him just about every significant literary honor this country has to offer, including Officer of the Order of Canada, election to the Royal Society of Canada and four honorary degrees. *The Pied Piper of Dipper Creek*, *Halifax, Warden of the North* and *The Path of Destiny* each won Governor General's Literary Awards.

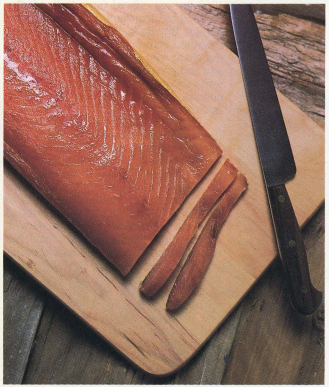
Among his many admirers, Raddall can count Theodore Roosevelt who read *His Majesty's Yankees* "with the keenest enjoyment" and Lord Tweedsmuir (John Buchan) who compared him to Kipling and Conrad and praised his "rare gift of swift, spare, clean-limbed narrative." In 1968 he was offered (and declined) the position of Lieutenant Governor of Nova Scotia. But Raddall says that his most treasured compliment came from a fish merchant who told him, "I am proud of you and proud to know you because you write about our own people and our own country, and you live here and you're one of us."

Thomas Raddall was born in Hythe, England, on November 13, 1903. The family emigrated in 1910 when Thomas senior, an officer in the British Army, was posted in Halifax. Raddall was sitting in his Grade 9 classroom in the Chebucto School when the Halifax Explosion of 1917 blew out the windows and levelled the north end of the city. He escaped with nothing more serious than a cut hand, but the nightmarish scene of wrecked buildings and frozen corpses is still vivid in his memory.

The horror of the explosion and the news, only months later, that his father had been killed in action brought Raddall's childhood to an abrupt end. Although he's been raised a devout Anglican, the terrible lessons of war left him deeply skeptical about religion. "I felt that all we had been taught was nonsense," he says. "As I put it in my memoirs, 'Going down on your knees praying with your eyes shut was like shouting down a drain pipe in the dark. It was better to stay on your feet with your eyes wide open and look out for any trouble or any good luck that might be coming your way.' I still feel that. I feel it more than ever. From time to time I went to church hoping to regain that placid view of life my parents got from their religion, but I never did."



JOHN DAVIS



Willy Krauch's Smoked Salmon

A Nova Scotia Delicacy

Nova Scotia is known for its abundance of fish delicacies. The finest of these is Willy Krauch's smoked salmon. Dubbed one of the nation's premiere salmon smokers, Krauch has achieved worldwide recognition for his incredible smoked salmon.

Now 75 years of age, Willy Krauch lives in Tangier, Nova Scotia, about 50 miles from Halifax. He is semi-retired from the smoked salmon business but still remains the major shareholder. His son John and his four assistants are responsible for the day-to-day operation of the business.

Krauch came to Canada from Denmark in 1956 and has been involved in the salmon smoking business ever since. He uses the traditional cold smoke method he learned as a young man. Krauch buys only Atlantic salmon caught in the Newfoundland and Labrador waters which he says offer a more piquant flavour when smoked than the domestic salmon raised on fish farms.

Before the smoking process takes place, the fish is cleaned, the head removed, filleted if necessary and salted. After a quick rinse, it is allowed to dry. In the smoker, maple kindling has been burning, half smothered under a thick layer of maple sawdust to produce the smoke. The idea is to smoke but not cook the fish. The sides of salmon spend at least two days in the smoke oven, fleshy side upward on wooden racks while the smoke passes gently over them. The amount of time the salmon must remain in the smoke oven depends entirely on the size of the salmon and the amount of moisture in the air.

Krauch receives requests for his salmon from all over the world. Distinguished recipients of the salmon include U.S. president Ronald Reagan and former president Lyndon Johnson, Queen Elizabeth II and Prince Charles.

For a side of smoked salmon (1kg. approx. 2 1/4 lbs.) it costs just $59.95 plus shipping and handling.

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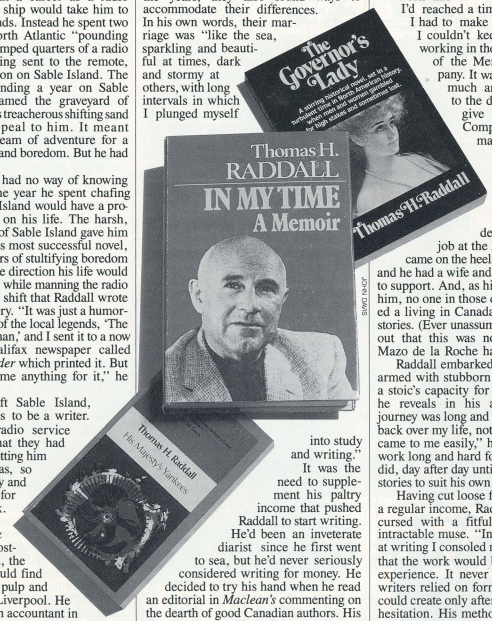
In 1918, Raddall began studies at the School of Telegraphy in Halifax. He was only 15 and had to lie about his age. He dreamed that a career as a radio operator aboard ship would take him to distant exotic lands. Instead he spent two years on the North Atlantic "pounding brass" in the cramped quarters of a radio cabin before being sent to the remote, wind-swept station on Sable Island. The prospect of spending a year on Sable Island, aptly named the graveyard of the Atlantic for its treacherous shifting sand bars, didn't appeal to him. It meant deferring his dream of adventure for a year of isolation and boredom. But he had little choice.

Although he had no way of knowing it at the time, the year he spent chafing to get off Sable Island would have a profound influence on his life. The harsh, desolate beauty of Sable Island gave him the setting for his most successful novel, and the long hours of stultifying boredom pushed him in the direction his life would take. It was there while manning the radio on the graveyard shift that Raddall wrote his first short story. "It was just a humorous twist to one of the local legends, 'The Singing Frenchman,' and I sent it to a now long-defunct Halifax newspaper called *The Sunday Leader* which printed it. But they didn't pay me anything for it," he adds wryly.

When he left Sable Island, he had no plans to be a writer. The Marconi radio service made it clear that they had no intention of letting him sail the seven seas, so he quit telegraphy and studied business for a year in Halifax. In the straitened economic conditions of post-war Nova Scotia, the only work he could find was at a small pulp and paper mill near Liverpool. He began work as an accountant in 1923. Four years later, at the age of 23, he married Edith Freeman, "a petite and amusing chatterbox who played a good game of tennis and loved parties."

In his autobiography, Raddall frankly admits that it was not a happy marriage. Apart from the painful discovery that they were temperamentally ill-suited, their first year together was marred by tragedy. Their first child, conceived during the brief happiness of their honeymoon, was stillborn after an agonizing and near fatal delivery. Seeing his first child buried without ceremony of any kind (stillborn babies were regarded as never having lived), Raddall writes that "it marked the apparent end of a phase in my life. My wife shrank from going through all that again and, for her sake, so did I."

Happily, Edith eventually did give birth to two healthy children, Thomas the III in 1934 and Frances in 1936. Over the years, they also found ways to accommodate their differences. In his own words, their marriage was "like the sea, sparkling and beautiful at times, dark and stormy at others, with long intervals in which I plunged myself into study and writing."



It was the need to supplement his paltry income that pushed Raddall to start writing. He'd been an inveterate diarist since he first went to sea, but he'd never seriously considered writing for money. He decided to try his hand when he read an editorial in *Maclean's* commenting on the dearth of good Canadian authors. His first short story, *Three Wise Men* earned him $60. Encouraged by his first success, he kept at it, pecking away at an old typewriter every evening after work. His stories were first collected and published in 1940 as *The Pied Piper of Dipper Creek*. Between 1940 and 1944 (the year it won the Governor General's Award) the book earned him the whopping sum of $191.71 in royalties. The $5,000 cheque that accompanies the Governor General's Award these days would have made things a good deal easier; back then, the honor itself was thought to be sufficient reward. Raddall had to fork out membership fees to the Canadian Authors' Association before he was qualified to accept.

In 1938, Raddall left his job as a bookkeeper to write full time. He'd earned a modest reputation writing short stories for magazines such as *Blackwood's* and *The Saturday Evening Post*. Editors liked his work and wanted more. "I knew I'd reached a time in my life when I had to make a decision. I knew I couldn't keep on writing and working in the treasurer's office of the Mersey Paper Company. It was getting to be too much and, when it came to the decision, I couldn't give up the writing." Compared to many jobs, magazines paid well — in some cases more than $800 a story. Just the same, it was a courageous move. Raddall's decision to ditch his job at the Mersey paper mill, came on the heels of the Depression, and he had a wife and two small children to support. And, as his employer warned him, no one in those days had ever earned a living in Canada writing Canadian stories. (Ever unassuming, Raddall points out that this was not entirely true — Mazo de la Roche had done it).

Raddall embarked on his new career armed with stubborn determination and a stoic's capacity for self-denial. But as he reveals in his autobiography, his journey was long and arduous. "Looking back over my life, nothing desirable ever came to me easily," he writes, "I had to work long and hard for it." And work he did, day after day until he'd fashioned his stories to suit his own rigorous standards.

Having cut loose from the security of a regular income, Raddall found himself cursed with a fitful and occasionally intractable muse. "In my early struggles at writing I consoled myself with a notion that the work would become facile with experience. It never did." While other writers relied on formula plots, Raddall could create only after much groping and hesitation. His method, inasmuch as he had one, was a matter of "feeling intuitively for the story to begin and then working it out by intuition as I went along. I believed, with Somerset Maugham, that every story has a certain natural curve from start to finish and the writer's task is to find that curve and follow it."

The result of all this protracted agonizing is wonderfully solid, well-crafted prose. Raddall's style has the same dependable and reassuring qualities as the best handmade furniture: it's deceptively simple and superbly fitted to its purpose. Like all master craftspeople, Raddall served a long apprenticeship and pushed himself to meet his own escalating standards. "The more I wrote," he explains, "the more I became critical of my own work. I was never satisfied with any-

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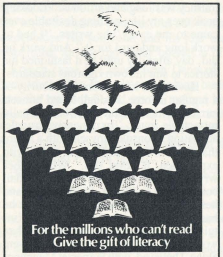

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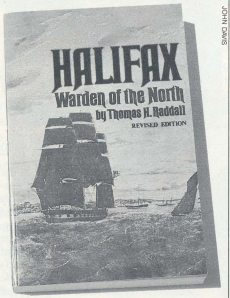
thing. I go over books I wrote years ago now and see what I could've done better or what I think I could have done better."

In spite of the restrained tone of Raddall's memoirs, it's clear that throughout his life he was prone to recurring periods of mental anguish. In a diary entry dated March 6, 1951, after he'd completed *The Nymph and the Lamp*, he wrote gloomily, "My mind keeps turning over material for another novel without coming to any sort of conclusion. I should have been at work on a new book all this winter, and the failure haunts me and takes all the zest out of life. Food seems tasteless, liquor just gives me a headache, cigarettes taste bad. All this effort to get my mind working is like running a bucket up and down an empty well from morn to night."

On one occasion the effort of finishing a novel, *Roger Sudden*, in the middle of house renovations nearly drove him to suicide. For an hour of "agonized mental wrestling," he held a loaded revolver in his hands before he put it away, having "considered the mess."



JOHN DAVIS

In spite of his many awards and honors, Raddall has been largely overlooked by the academic community. The tendency has been to dismiss his fiction as historical romance — entertaining perhaps, but unworthy of serious study. Malcolm Ross, a Dalhousie professor and recognized authority on Canadian literature, believes that Raddall has never received the credit he deserves. "I don't think many people have read him carefully enough," says Ross. "They think, 'Oh, he writes popular historical romances.' But it's more than popular historical romance. He has an imaginative insight into the meaning of our history."

Raddall's stories of the romantic past are characterized by meticulous research and a scholar's concern for accuracy. "He knows what he's talking about," says Ross. "All that he's dug out of the archives he's illuminated with his own imagination and given it shape and form and dimension. He has soaked himself in the region, its past and its present. You get, in *His Majesty's Yankees*, a wonderful sense of the tension that developed which was at the very beginnings of the whole of Canada between Americans who had come up, who had stayed here, who were tempted to go back and follow the American Revolution." The whole of Nova Scotia is in his books, he says. "You can't walk around here without remembering what he's done."

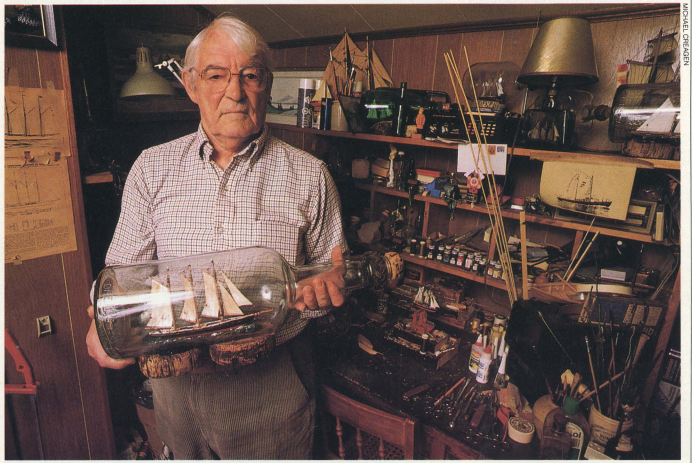
Ross puts the *Nymph and the Lamp* in the same company as Ernest Buckler's *The Mountain and the Valley* and Charles Bruce's *The Channel Shore*. "These are the three great regional novels of the area and I think they hold their own with anything that has been done in Canada."

For his part, Raddall considers *The Nymph and the Lamp* the best thing he's ever written. Its success is especially sweet since it was salvaged from the year he'd "wasted" on Sable Island. "I regarded that year," he says, "as a blank page in my life. I wanted to get back to sea, knocking around the world, especially in warm latitudes and I was delighted when I got off the Island. I had no idea that I'd ever become a writer and certainly not that my best book in all ways, critical and financial, would be written about Sable Island. But while I was there I was young and observant, and I was taking in everything that happened on the Island, to the people and to the animals and so on."

Ironically, Raddall's reputation as a writer of historical romances stood in the way of writing his most profitable book. "The publishers were horrified when I proposed to write a modern novel. They wouldn't give me a contract for it. I had to write it and finance it myself while I was writing it." Although he's not a man to crow, Raddall leaves little doubt that he relishes the prospect of a successful screen adaptation of *The Nymph and the Lamp* for all those publishers to see.

According to Nova Scotia writer Silver Donald Cameron, "the most unusual feature of his career has been his relationship with his native province. In Nova Scotia, the most astonishing spectrum of people reads Raddall, from cabbies to the Cabinet." Raddall's popularity among Nova Scotians is, in part, an expression of gratitude. Unlike many of his contemporaries, Raddall resolved to write for and about his people at a time when it wasn't fashionable. "In my day," he explains, "you couldn't make a living writing fiction unless you got sales in the United States. I was selling in the United States and earning my living at it, but I was making damn sure they knew that this was Nova Scotia and not some other place."

HERITAGE



MICHELE DREDGEN

Robinson works with homemade bits of wood and scraps of paper in a tiny workshop that's as dangerous as a crowded shipping lane

The romance of wind and water trapped in time in a bottle

By whittling and painting and sewing and gluing, a handful of builders are preserving our schooners and saltbankers

by Margot Brunelle

Doug Robinson has never read *Alice in Wonderland* and he's never been to sea, but his artwork somehow combines the fantasy of shrinking potions with the romance of wind and water. Robinson builds ships in bottles.

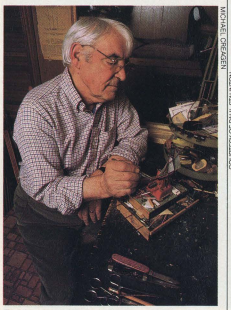
"So simple, it's not even funny," he says as he reaches for a pair of tiny prongs. It doesn't look all that simple. His workshop in Hubbards, N.S. is a hodgepodge of boxes and bottles, blocks of wood and dozens of homemade tools. Out of this chaos, he creates sleek schooners on choppy seas, creaking saltbankers in the shimmering sun — teensy-weensy artifacts trapped in time by a cork.

"You can't teach anyone how to do it," says Robinson who, in his late 60s, has the look of an old salt. "I always said I was gifted, you know. It was given to me. My grandfather was a sea captain who sailed out of here and my other grandfather on the other coast (Bay of Fundy) …went to sea and sailed all over the place. So it's in me."

The very idea of putting a ship in a bottle is so perplexing that many people think there's some trick to it. Robinson gets a laugh from the tourists who come into his shop and peer suspiciously at his bottles. "There's always one fellow who knows it all and he'll tell the rest of them that I just blow the glass around the bot-

tle," he says. In fact, there are a few people who do that and others who cut a seam in a bottle to insert the vessel — but they are considered traitors to the trade. The true craftsperson spends endless hours whittling and painting and sewing and gluing so that each and every ship in a bottle is unique and distinctive — and tells its own story.

The story of this craft goes back a long time; no one seems to know exactly how long. Two or three hundred years ago sailors who spent half their lives at sea — and most of their meager wages on liquor — would look for ways to pass the time and break the monotony on board. With an empty bottle, a jack-knife, a bit of wood, paper and twine, they could



MICHAEL CREAGEN

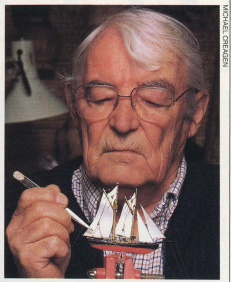
Robinson: it takes patience and confidence

create tiny replicas of their own ships. When finally they got to shore, they'd trade their boats in bottles for more liquor. Today those mariners could fetch $200 or $300 for their cutting and carving, sometimes a lot more.

Paul Staunton of Port Dufferin, N.S. says he always wanted one "but I was too stingy, too arrogant, to pay the price." About eight years ago, he decided to try his own hand at the craft. "It began as a hobby but people would see them and I started selling them…Then I found I couldn't keep up with the demand." Staunton is now considered to be one of the best in Canada.

"The only real requirement is that you're foolish enough to keep at it," he suggests. "I built five or six before I could get the ship in the bottle." Like most ship-in-bottle makers, Staunton does the intricate work outside the bottle and assembles the ship inside. He works as precisely as he can. Each of his bottles is a scale model and he only does one of a kind.

"First you have to get the bottle, then you decide what kind of ship will suit it," he explains. "You sketch in the maximum size to fit the bottle, then figure out the scale — an eighth of an inch to a foot."



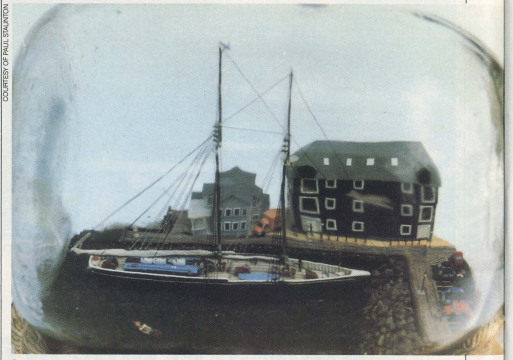
MICHAEL CREAGEN

Robinson fancies the lines of a schooner

Robinson is more haphazard in his approach and is quick to point out that his boats are not scale models but impressions. He starts with a chunk of pine from which he carves the hull. He whittles away and sands the wood until it slips through the neck of a bottle easily. Then he's ready to make the masts out of almost any tiny twig, "sew" the sails (a scrap of paper will do) and paint and glue the basic parts together. Some craftspeople use plasticine for water but Robinson prefers putty — with paint worked into it — molded into the base of the bottle. Either way, it's easy to get into a mess.

When the ship is ready to be inserted and assembled, the masts fold back on tiny hinges, the sails curl and the ship's lines (threads) extend some distance so they can be manipulated through the neck of the bottle. Everything is tested on dry land, so to speak, but still the moment for launching has to be just right. Robinson, who's been building boats in bottles for 14 years, relies on patience and concentration — and a good deal of confidence — to ease the vessel into place slowly and carefully.

If the launching goes well, the next step is to set her a'sail by pulling the threads that extend through the neck of the bottle. The sails may snarl and the lines get tangled but if the masts lift off the deck and nothing snaps, it's just a matter of some poking and prying before things fall into place. A dab of glue and a snip at the mainstay and she's off into the wind.



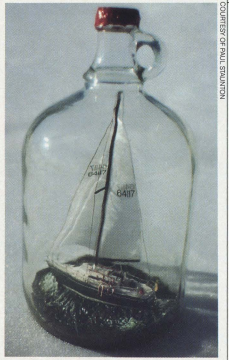
COURTESY OF PAUL STAUNTON

Staunton gets a kick out of designing a scene to suit the size and shape of the bottle

Robinson anchors his work to a slab of cork and adds a piece of braided twine to the mouth of the bottle as a finishing touch. He's been on a boat-building binge this past winter and his workshop is now as dangerous as a crowded shipping lane but he is impatient when asked how long it takes to complete a project. "I can't just say to you I'm going to build a boat today — I have to be in the mood."

Ship-in-bottle builders may have been a dime a dozen in days of yore but most of their labors have been lost…or shattered…in time. Graham McBride, assistant curator at Halifax's Maritime Museum of the Atlantic, fondly remembers a store called The Needle to an Anchor that sat on the Halifax waterfront until just after the Second World War. Owner Bert Batson kept shelves and shelves of boats in bottles. "Beautiful things," McBride says wistfully, "but people started collecting seriously in the '20s, so that's when they started getting scarce."

There are all sorts of interesting tales about this craft and the people who indulge in it but most are difficult to verify. German prisoners of war here apparently used to pass their idle hours building boats in bottles. But because they had no access to bottles, they used lightbulbs. Tom Boucher, of Halifax, has carried on this innovation, although he admits he started that way because he thought it would be easier. "When I cut the stem off the lightbulb (he uses metal arc-type bulbs, about the size of a football) it leaves me with a bigger neck than a bottle. But the knack of cutting the stem and getting the filaments out, without breaking the glass, is another problem."



COURTESY OF PAUL STAUNTON

Each of Staunton's boats is a scale model

Not that long ago, Paul Staunton says, there were few people left in the world who were doing ships in bottles. Today, there's an international organization that boasts 400 members. In Atlantic Canada, there is a handful of boat-in-bottle builders still at it; they're carving and cutting away in their own little workshops and most don't even know that the others exist.

Old-time sailing ships provide an endless source of inspiration to these craftspeople. "To me, a schooner is beautiful," confesses Robinson, who remembers them sailing into the harbor at Hubbards when he was a boy. Staunton used to fancy square riggers but has since moved on to yachts and power boats…and work boats. "I used to do just square riggers," he explains, "but with my obsession for detail I'd add every rope and line…and then find people weren't willing to pay the price." These days he gets a kick out of designing a scene to suit the size and shape of the bottle. "Just as a frame complements a picture," he remarks, "a bottle complements a boat."

Robinson's work has made him friends in far-flung corners of the world. "I have a general who comes in from California — he used to be with President Nixon — and he's bought three or four," he boasts.

It was just before the Montreal Olympic Games that Robinson got his first real recognition. "I started selling these for $5 and then someone came out here. They were looking for crafts for the Olympics and they wanted me to go," he recalls. "Here I was twisting them out and I didn't know the value of them." Robinson didn't go, but he was inspired to hang out his shingle and to set up a workshop, which doubles as a craft shop, in his backyard.

From the cool wet days of May until the cool clear days of fall, Robinson sits in his little workshop, whittling and talking to people about boats in bottles. He's never owned a boat, never dreamt of sailing and he doesn't even read books about the sea but he's come by his weathered skin honestly.

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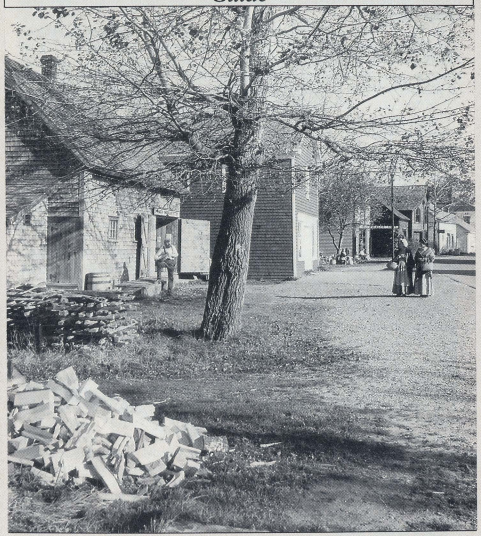
The Atlantic Insight 1989

HERITAGE

Guide



Your guide to museums, art galleries, craft shops, festivals, historic inns and settlements in Atlantic Canada.

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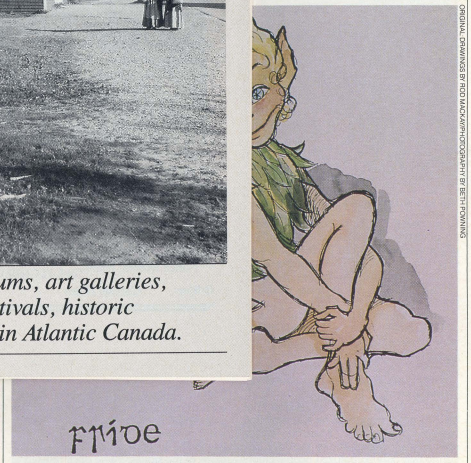


ORIGINAL DRAWINGS BY ROD MACKAY/PHOTOGRAPHY BY BETH POWNING

The Indian fairy or "Mikumwess" (left) and the Scandinavian elf both have pointed ears

of the earth, boiled water from a flame at the tip of his finger and forecast evil events had such a significant name as Lord of the Mound is perhaps pure coincidence. But to Rod Mackay of Sussex, N.B., such coincidences only underline the strong connection between ancient, pre-Christian beliefs and the legends and folklore of this region.

For the past three years, Mackay, who is best known as an artist, has been researching Maritime folk tales. He is discovering a wealth of connections between seemingly irrational local customs and the beliefs of our ancient ancestors. He says, for example, that many people in the Maritimes won't sweep their houses after dark because "it's the job of the Bodach. This is a little guy who lives in your house at your sufferance. In ancient days, these would have been pagan god spirits. My ancestors on Grand Manan always put out a dish of milk for the Bodach."

Mackay is the author of two books on the subject. One deals with witches, both male and female. The second book, on fairies — in its third draft and still growing — has reached page 500. "At first," says Mackay, "I thought I had it wrapped up at 100 pages. Now I think there's no way I'll know it all."

INTRODUCTION

Welcome to the second annual *Atlantic Insight Heritage Guide*. In this publication you'll find listings of many of the fine heritage resources and sites in the four Atlantic Provinces, including museums, galleries, parks, craft stores, country inns and festivals.

We have a wealth of heritage resources in this region, encompassing the cultures of our native people, the early Viking settlers who came ashore in this part of North America, and the immigrant peoples who chose this land as their new home. Our history is rich and diverse, and our roots here run deep. The time and resources which are devoted to collecting, preserving and making known our heritage is one expression of the pride of Maritimers and Newfoundlanders in this special part of Canada.

This guide is a unique result of co-operation between many of the groups, institutions and organizations involved in our heritage and *Atlantic Insight* magazine. They have chosen to use our pages as a vehicle to tell you and an estimated 250,000 other people about themselves. This year's guide is substantially larger than last year's and we hope that this annual publication will continue to grow.

In case you don't already know us, *Atlantic Insight* is the premiere magazine of Atlantic Canada. Each month's issue offers a wide variety of articles on the people, places and events of this region. Our July issue is of special interest each year with the winners of our annual *Atlantic Insight Recipe Contest*.

A new feature this year is a special section devoted to books on heritage subjects. You'll find these books in the best bookstores in the region, and in many of the craft and gift stores which feature the best products of Atlantic craft producers.

Listings in this guide are organized by province, and then alphabetically by community. The map shows you where to find each listing included in the guide.

I hope that you enjoy reading the many listings, and that you take the opportunity to visit some of the unique and exciting attractions you discover in this guide.

James Lorimer
Publisher

Table of Contents

New Brunswick	1
Newfoundland	12
Nova Scotia	16
Map	22-23
Prince Edward Island	37

Editor Colleen Hines

CARAQUET

The Village Historique Acadien is known as one of the most authentic French historic sites in North America. Representing mostly the post-expulsion period of the Acadians, the village illustrates the culture and life of people who faced many difficulties to survive. Authentically restored buildings and people in period costumes revive the Acadian traditions and trade of the period between 1780 and 1880 in New Brunswick. The Village is open daily in June, July and August from 10 a.m.-6 p.m., September from 10 a.m.-5 p.m. and charges $6 for admission. The Village is located 11 km. west of Caraquet on Highway 11 in New Brunswick.

Box 820, Caraquet, N.B., E0B 1K0, (506) 727-3467

Irish Festival

can-irish harmony

Canada's Irish Festival on the Miramichi

Blair Clancy of Chatham was president of the first Irish Festival. This festival brought home a little bit of Ireland to the many Irish descendants in the area and was a great success. This year's festival promises to continue the tradition of good food, good music and good Irish fun.

There will be Irish groups performing throughout the festival and several evening pubs are planned. Visitors are welcome to march behind their family crest in a St. Patricks Day parade on July 15. There is also a variety of Irish wares and crafts sold at booths during the festival for mementos and workshops and lectures offer insight into the Irish culture.

As always, there will be lots of music. Mary McGonigle, international Irish recording star, will sing and of course the Irish pipes and dancers will perform.

The festival will take place on July 14, 15 and 16. People are urged to book accommodations early.

P.O. Box 415, Chatham, N.B., E1N 3A8, (506) 778-8810

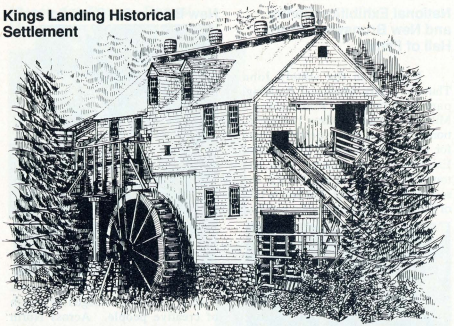
Dorchester Heritage Properties

The Dorchester Heritage Properties Committee was set up in 1977 to manage the historic properties in Dorchester. The six buildings managed by the committee are all centred around one village square which makes for an enjoyable stroll.

The Carriage House contains a large part of the Penetenury Museum collection and a 20 seat lecture and slide show room. The Bell Inn is the oldest stone building in New Brunswick and the Coffee Shop in the Bell Inn is listed in the "Where to Eat in Canada" guide. An excellent craft shop is located across the courtyard from the Coffee Shop. The Keillor House is furnished as it might have been in the mid 1800's and a short drive away is Austin and Marion Stile's shop where antiques are sold. St. James Church, built in 1884, now contains exhibits on textiles and weaving and the Beachkirk Collection. There are two national historic sites in the village: the site of the law office of Sir Albert Smith, and the other, Rocklyn, a stone Georgian mansion, built by the Honourable E.B. Chandler, a father of confederation. Now Rocklyn is a bed and breakfast.

P.O. Box 166, Dorchester, N.B., E0A 1M0, (506) 379-2205

Kings Landing Historical Settlement



Kings Landing Historical Settlement is a complete 19th-century community including sawmill, grist mill, print shop, school, church, forge and 11 homes. The homes are staffed by more than 100 interpreters dressed in period costume. As you walk through the settlement, you will see costumed staff involved in activities which bring to mind the daily labours of a bygone era.

Throughout the year, Kings Landing holds a number of activities and festivals welcoming friends and neighbours including: Red Coats and Black Powder Weekends in June; Dominion Day festivities and Children's Days in July; and the Agricultural Fair in August. In September the settlement hosts Lumberman's Days and a Scottish festival.

On location at the settlement is the Emporium Gift Shop for crafts, books, and souvenirs. For a 19th-century meal you can go to the Kings Head Inn where you will be served by costumed staff. You can stop for a break at the Axe and Plough cafeteria, Alcove Dining Room or the snack bar.

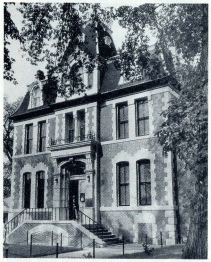
The settlement is open daily from June 3 until Thanksgiving from 10 a.m. - 5 p.m. In July and August it is open until 6 p.m. Free amateur theatre during July and August. Admission fees are $6 for adults. Special group rates and group tours are available upon request. Kings Landing Historical Settlement is located on the Trans Canada Highway, Exit 259, 35 km. west of Fredericton.

Box 522, Fredericton, New Brunswick, E3B 5A6 (506) 363-5805

FREDERICTON

National Exhibition Centre and New Brunswick Sports Hall of Fame

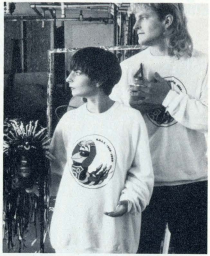
Located in the stately John Thurston Clark Memorial Building, part of downtown Fredericton's Military Compound, these two attractions provide informative entertainment for the entire family. In the National Exhibition Centre gallery, local and travelling exhibits of art, history, and science are on display. The Sports Hall of Fame features photographs, personal



memorabilia and original portraits of New Brunswick's eminent sports figures. Both facilities are open year round. Summer hours are: Monday to Sunday 10 a.m.-5 p.m., (Friday until 9 p.m.). Admission is free.

P.O. Box 6000, 503 Queen Street, Fredericton, N.B., E3B 5H1, (506) 453-3747

New Brunswick Craft School



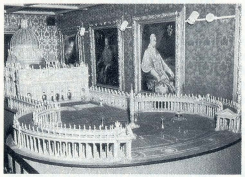
For 50 years the New Brunswick Craft School has encouraged the growth of creative people. Across North America, its graduates pursue many careers ranging from master craftsman, to museum director, advertising photographer, or fashion designer. Believing that craftsmanship is far more than learned skills, the school takes a holistic approach to its education, endeavouring to allow individual creativity to grow through love and respect for the materials used.

During the summer months, the Craft School provides guided tours for visitors wishing to find out more about the school or to see work completed by the student craftspeople. The school is open Monday - Friday from 9 a.m. - 4 p.m. from June to August.

Old Military Compound, Box 6000, Fredericton, New Brunswick, E3B 5H1, (506) 453- 2305

GRANDE-ANSE

Musée des Papes - Popes' Museum



The Popes' Museum, in the heart of Acadia, allows you to travel through time, discovering personalities and their contribution to the history of the Roman Catholic religion. The Popes' Museum broadens your knowledge of the spiritual roots of Catholicism.

Enter into church history with 264 reproductions of all the popes from St. Peter to John Paul II. The orders of the missionaries and nuns who played a vital role in the history of Acadia are also portrayed in the museum. One of the main attractions is a superb model illustrating the Basilica and St. Peter's Square in Rome. Close by the museum, a fountain can be found which symbolizes world peace among the nations.

The Popes' Museum is open from June to September, from 10 a.m. to 6 p.m. The museum is located on Highway 11, 40 km. northeast of Bathurst.

184 Acadie Street, Grande-Anse, New Brunswick, E0B 1R0, (506) 732-3003

Falls and Gorge

The Falls is the second largest waterfall east of Niagara Falls with a drop of approximately 24 metres (75 feet). Water from the falls has carved out a gorge which runs almost two kilometres in length and encirc1es half the town of Grand Falls. There are a number of scenic look-offs along the gorge and at one point, you can see the narrowest part of the Saint John River where the gorge walls rise to over 70 metres.

At the falls, overlooking the gorge is the Malabeam Reception Centre which makes a pleasant stopping point. Inside visitors can find exhibits of the Falls and Gorge and the surrounding area. In La Rochelle Centre which also overlooks the gorge, they will find refreshments and a popular Gift Shop which sells a variety of souvenir arts and crafts.

The Grand Falls Historical Society operates a museum in the area which is open daily during the summer season and by appointment in the winter.

Falls and Gorge Commission, P.O.Box 680, Grand Falls, New Brunswick, E0J 1M0, (506) 473-6013

Lutz Mountain Meeting House and The Thomas Williams House

The Lutz Mountain Meeting House was built in 1883. Originally the Second Baptist Church, it received worshippers until 1974. Since then, it has been housing a museum, collecting pioneer artifacts and recording the tombstones in 92 area cemeteries. The house also has extensive genealogical records on pioneer families dating back to 1766.

The meeting house is open in July and August from 10 a.m.-6 p.m. and by appointment the rest of the year, by phoning (506) 384-4967. It is located on Route 126, 3143 Mountain Road, Moncton, N.B.

The Thomas Williams House, also located in Moncton, has been occupied during the past century by various descendants of Thomas Williams, the Intercolonial Railroad treasurer. The house is of Victorian Gothic style and features 12 rooms, many of which have the original woodwork. It is owned by the City and maintained by the Community Services Dept., and is operated by and furnished under the auspices of the "Heritage Moncton Inc." The house is open from June to September, Tuesday - Saturday from 10 a.m.-6 p.m. and on Sunday from 1 p.m.-6 p.m.

Lutz Mountain Meeting House: Route 126, 3143 Mountain Road, Moncton, N.B., (506) 384-7719; Thomas Williams House:103 Park Street, Moncton, N.B., E1C 2B2, (506) 857-0590

Moncton Museum

To introduce visitors to Moncton's past, the Moncton Museum features displays on shipbuilding and railroads along with the main street exhibit which allows visitors to see three stores as they existed around 1908. The museum also has an intercolonial railway station which is open to people who want to inquire about train schedules or work a telegraph key.

This summer, the museum's exhibits will include "Swedish Handicrafts" from May 25 to July 9, "Our Feathered Friends", from May 5 to July 9, and "Portrait Miniatures" from July 13 to August 20. The museum is open daily in the summer months from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. Admission is free, and group tours are welcome.

20 Mountain Road, Moncton, New Brunswick, E1C 2J8, (506) 853-3003

Musée Acadien

From March to November, the Acadian museum of the University of Moncton will feature its fourth exhibit in celebration of its centennial, entitled Tools and Textiles. The artifacts, mostly from 18th and 19th-century Acadian homes, include numerous looms, reels, spinning wheels, flax brakes and combs, warping frames and quilts.

The museum is open in June, July and August, Monday to Friday 10 p.m. to 5 p.m. and weekends from 1 p.m. to 5 p.m. There is no admission fee and guided tours are provided upon request.

Université de Moncton, Moncton, Nouveau-Brunswick, E1A 3E9, (506) 858-4088.

Miramichi Folksong Festival

The 32nd annual Miramichi Folksong Festival will be held in Newcastle, N.B. July 30th to August 5th, 1989 where authentic folk music brings history to life on the mystical magical Miramichi. The Folksong Festival is one of North America's longest standing festivals. An opening breakfast with live entertainment will kick off this year's festival. Other activities include noon luncheons in the town hall cafeteria, a children's workshop, fiddling contest, open air concerts and more. Some of the special guests attending this year's festival include:

MIRAMICHI FOLKSONG FESTIVAL INC.

Billy MacInnis, a P.E.I. fiddler, Ned Landry and Aubre Hanson, fiddler and folk singer, Tip Splinter, a group of six authentic Irish musicians from Toronto, Peter Pacey and Diane London, storytellers known as The Calithumpians, Ivan and Vivan Hicks, fiddlers from Sussex, N.B., and the Chieftains. Programs subject to change.

Town of Newcastle, 100 Castle Street, Newcastle, N.B., E1V 3M4, (506) 622-2195

Canadian Forces Base Gagetown Military Museum

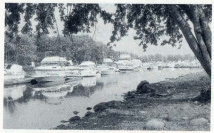
Located in Building A-5, CFB Gagetown, Oromocto, N.B., the museum presents the history and heritage of units, formations and other organizations which have served in the area. Displays change yearly as the result of an annual special presentation in the main gallery, necessitating revitalization and updating of many other exhibits. This year the Royal Regiment of Canadian Artillery is our feature exhibit. Artifacts on display range from a Centurion Tank, the largest, to a pair of 1796 pistols, the oldest. The museum is ablaze with the colourful uniforms worn by our military forefathers in wartime for parades and for dining in splendour. Eight to ten galleries are open to the public. The museum is open July and August every day, Monday - Friday 9 a.m.-5 p.m. and weekends and statutory holidays noon - 5 p.m. From September to June, the museum is open Monday - Friday 8:30 a.m.-noon and 1 p.m.-4 p.m. Admission is free.

CFB Gagetown, Oromocto, N.B., E0G 2P0, (506) 422-2630

Oromocto Boat Club And Marina

The Oromocto Boat Club offers one of the finest marina facilities on the Saint John River. Nestled alongside Sir Douglas Hazen Park at the confluence of the Oromocto and Saint John River it offers easily accessible sheltered facilities. This area was once an important shipbuilding and riverboat port on the Saint John River system.

From the meager beginnings of seven pleasure craft and about 200 feet of dock space, the Boat Club has grown to become the modern marina of today. It offers approximately 3500 feet of



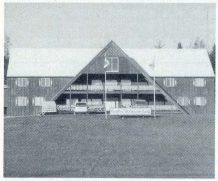
rentable floating dock space and has slightly more than 100 members. There are approximately 90 pleasure boats alongside its docks from early May until late October.

The Oromocto Boat Club lists among its facilities and services: visitors space (three days free); dockside electrical and water service; on dock public telephone service; gasoline service; and all the facilities of the town within walking distance.

Commodore Oromocto Boat Club, P.O. Box 409, Oromocto, N.B., E2V 2J2

Northern Wilderness Lodge

The Northern Wilderness Lodge is a secluded hideaway located in the Tobique River area of New Brunswick. For the hunter, fisherman or outdoors enthusiast, the lodge is equipped with ideal facilities and surroundings. It offers a magnificent view of the mountains and is just a short walk away from the Tobique River. In this northern part of the province, you can hunt white-tailed deer, fish for Atlantic salmon or



take a leisurely walk or hike through the trails leading to the Tobique River. The lodge has just been newly renovated and contains 14 rooms, each with private facilities and bathroom. The lodge also boasts a beautiful dining room offering home-cooked meals served family style, a lounge and recreation room. The Northern Wilderness Lodge caters not only to the hunters and fishermen but to the summer travellers and tourists.

Route 390 at intersection 380. Tobique River Country, P.O. Box 571, Plaster Rock, N.B., E0J 1W0, (506) 356-8327

Cottage Craft Ltd.

est. 1915

Cottage Craft Ltd. was founded by Grace Helen Mowat in 1915. Her ambition was to establish a native art — an art that would express her own farm life. Miss Mowat worked with local women to produce remarkable designs.

Cottage Craft is now owned by Elizabeth Ross and has been directed by the Ross family since 1945. Today, it still produces quality hand-woven woollens and beautiful hand knits in the same 18 shades which Miss Mowat derived from landscapes and seascapes around the Charlotte County area. It features woollens from over 200 New Brunswick handcrafters, specializing in handwoven tweeds with matching knitting yarns. Products include numerous styles of sweaters, handwoven blankets, mens' and ladies' jackets – – all hand-crafted of pure virgin wool.

The shop is located in St. Andrews By-the-Sea on the Passamaquoddy Bay, one hour from Saint John on Route 127. Open year round. Summer hours, Monday to Friday 9 a.m. to 9 p.m., Saturday 9 a.m. to 5 p.m., Sunday 1 p.m.to 5 p.m.

209 Water Street, St. Andrews By-the-Sea, New Brunswick, E0G 2X0 (506) 529-3190

Grenfell Handicrafts (1984) Ltd.

Grenfell Handicrafts (1984) Ltd., located in St. Anthony, Newfoundland, is the continuation of a company started by Sir Wilfred Grenfell in 1906. Dr. Grenfell collected handmade items from patients and later sold them to generate income for the mission.

Today, Grenfell Handicrafts produces hand embroidered Grenfell cloth, duffle, parkas, metromist, cossocks, hooked mats, carvings and knitted items. More than 100 women embroider and sew the products in their own homes while six in-house workers cut and stencil the products and maintain quality control.

The high quality craftsmanship of the Grenfell parkas has led to international acclaim and recognition. Their parkas have been presented to Queen Elizabeth II, the Prince and Princess of Wales, His Holiness Pope John Paul II and other dignitaries.

The store is open Monday to Friday 9 a.m. to 9 p.m., Saturday 9 a.m. to 6 p.m. and Sunday 1 p.m. to 5 p.m.

P.O. Box 280, St. Anthony, Nfld, A0K 4S0, (709) 454-3576

Grenfell House Museum

Grenfell House Museum introduces visitors to the unique work of Sir Wilfred Grenfell, medical missionary, charismatic leader and visionary. Sir Wilfred came to Newfoundland in 1892. He practised medicine, built nursing stations and hospitals, promoted industries, established schools and orphanages. His energy was boundless and his commitment complete.

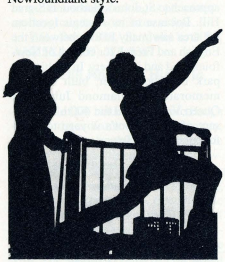
Today this unique medical service continues to serve the people of Northern Newfoundland and Labrador. The museum is the original home of the Grenfells, which is operated by the Grenfell Historic Society, whose objective is to maintain the home and grounds, to collect, preserve and display the artifacts and history of the Grenfell era.

The museum is located in St. Anthony, on the tip of the Northern Peninsula at the end of the Viking Trail, Route 430. It is open from June 1st to Labour Day from 10 a.m.-8:30 p.m. There is no admission fee.

P.O. Box 93, St. Anthony, Newfoundland, A0K 4S0, (709) 454-3333 ext. 263 or 123.

Stephenville Festival

The Stephenville Festival presents summer theatre from July 2 - 30, 1989. Festival productions have delighted audiences since 1979 with professional theatre ranging from main stage Broadway musicals to intimate cabaret entertainment; from penetrating drama to light comedy; from classics to theatre Newfoundland style.



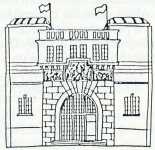
In addition to dynamic summer theatre, Stephenville, located in picturesque Bay St. George on the west coast of Newfoundland, offers an array of experiences from whale watching to folk festivals..

Stephenville is 1 hour, 45 minutes from Port aux Basques ferry; 1 hour from Corner Brook. By air, daily service operates via Canadian/Air Atlantic and Air Canada.

P.O. Box 282, Stephenville, Nfld., A2N 2Z4, (709) 643-4982.

The Newfoundland Museum

The main branch of the Newfoundland Museum allows visitors to explore the 9,000 year history of Newfoundland and Labrador. Three floors of exhibit space highlight the history and traditions of the six native groups who lived there prior to the arrival of European settlers and the unique way of life in the towns and outports of 19th century Newfoundland. The museum also has a changing program of temporary and travelling exhibitions from around the



world. The museum is open Monday to Friday 9 a.m.-4:45 p.m., Thursday evenings until 8:45 p.m. and weekends and holidays from 10 a.m.-5:45 p.m. Admission is free.

Another branch of the Newfoundland Museum is located at the Murray Premises in Beck's Cove off Water Street in St. John's. This museum houses the military history gallery, "For King and Country" and the maritime history gallery, "Business by Great Waters." It is open from 9 a.m.-4:45 p.m. weekdays, 10 a.m.-5:45 p.m.on weekends.

283 Duckworth Street, St. John's, Nfld, A1C 1G9, (709) 576-2460

Environment Canada — Canadian Parks Service
Environnement Canada — Service canadien des parcs

Historic Parks and Sites: Cape Spear National Historic Park

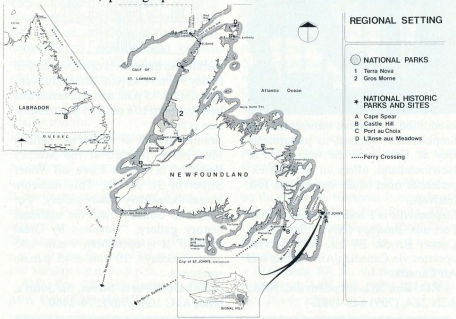
Cape Spear National Historic Park displays Newfoundland's oldest surviving lighthouse (1835). For more than a century it has served as an important approach light to St. John's, 11 kilometres to the north. During World War II a coastal defence battery at Cape Spear protected St. John's from enemy attack. Along with the restored lighthouse, the park contains World War II gun emplacements and a Visitor Centre showing a variety of exhibits on lighthouses. The park's spectacular scenery attracts hikers, photographers and whale watchers. The park grounds are open daily, all year round. The lighthouse and Visitor Centre are open daily from 10 a.m.-6 p.m., mid-June to Labour Day. Admission is free.

P.O. Box 5879, St. John's, Nfld, A1C 5X4, (709) 772-5367

Signal Hill National Historic Park

Rising 160 metres above the narrow approach to St. John's Harbour is Signal Hill. Because of its strategic location, the area saw many battles between the English and French for control of Newfoundland and its fishery. In the historic park is Cabot Tower, built to commemorate the Diamond Jubilee of Queen Victoria and the 400th anniversary of John Cabot's voyage to Newfoundland. The Tower contains an exhibit on the history of communications and signalling. The Tower and Visitor Centre which house an exhibit on the history of Newfoundland are open daily 9 a.m.-8 p.m., mid-June to Labour Day. The Signal Hill Tattoo performs Wednesday, Thursday, Saturday and Sunday at 3 and 7 p.m., weather permitting, mid-July to late August. The park offers spectacular scenery and interesting walking trails to explore and picnicking is permitted on the grounds. Admission is free.

P.O. Box 5879, St. John's, Nfld, A1C 5X4, (709) 772-5367



Castle Hill National Historic Park

Castle Hill National Historic Park's history dates from the 17th century, when the French selected the Plaisance fishing village as the base for their Newfoundland fishing fleet. Fort Royal was built atop a prominent hill overlooking the port and countryside. Ceded to the British in 1713 under the Treaty of Utrecht, the town was renamed Placentia, and the hill became known as Castle Hill. The stabilized ruins of Fort Royal include the remains of the barracks, guard rooms and a blockhouse. A visitor centre interprets colonial life at this remote outpost. The park is open daily 8:30 a.m.-8 p.m., mid-June to Labour Day. The park is located at Placentia off Highway 1. Admission is free.

P.O. Box 10, Jerseyside, Placentia Bay, Nfld, A0B 2G0, (709) 227-2401

L'Anse Aux Meadows National Historic Park

The first authenticated Norse site in North America, L'Anse aux Meadows National Historic Park is at the tip of Newfoundland's Great Northern Peninsula. It has been designated a world heritage site by UNESCO. Archaeologists have uncovered artifacts indicating a Norse settlement was here about 1000 A.D.

Visitor Centre houses an exhibit on the Norse culture and their settlement in L'Anse Aux Meadows. Replicas of the Scandinavian-type sod houses have been constructed. The park grounds are open daily 9 a.m.-8 p.m, mid-June to Labour Day. It is located about 25 kilometres off Highway 430 on Highway 436. Admission is free.

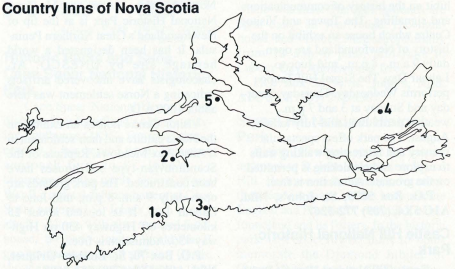
P.O. Box 70, St. Lunaire-Griquet, Nfld, A0K 2X0, (709) 623-2608.

Port au Choix National Historic Park

Port au Choix National Historic Park is located 15 kilometres from the Port Saunder/Port au Choix turnoff from Highway 430. In 1967, residents excavating for the construction of a new building discovered human bones, tools and weapons. Scientific testing of the bones and artifacts disclosed four burial grounds here which were used for 1,000 years beginning well before 2,000 B.C. A Visitor Centre has displays and artifacts from the site's resident Maritime Archaic Indian culture. The Point Riche Lighthouse nearby is a popular spot for picnicking and photography. A coastal hiking trail originates in Port Riche. It is open daily 9 a.m.-6 p.m., mid-June to Labour Day. Admission is free.

P.O. Box 70, St.Lunaire-Griquet, Nfld, A0K 2X0, (709) 623-2608

Country Inns of Nova Scotia



Country Inns are well known for comfortable accommodations, their character and charm, a sense of history and locale, scenic beauty and excellent cuisine. Country Inns represent the best in the long tradition of Nova Scotian hospitality. Here you will find the character and graciousness of the past combined with modern day conveniences and amenities.

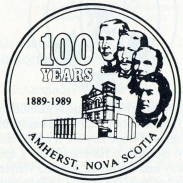
These five inns are all known for their interesting locations, charming ambience and commitment to fine cuisine. Their dining rooms are open to the public. From them, you can explore the beauty, history, food and the people that make Nova Scotia unique.

1. **Boscawen Inn**
   150 Cumberland Street,
   P.O. Box 1343, Lunenburg
   Nova Scotia, B0J 2C0
   (902) 634-3325
   See page 29
2. **Blomidon Inn**
   127 Main Street, Box 839
   Wolfville, Nova Scotia, B0P 1X0
   (902) 542-2291
   See page 35
3. **Halliburton House Inn**
   5184 Morris Street
   Halifax, Nova Scotia, B3J 1B3
   (902) 420-0658
   See page 25
4. **Normaway Inn**
   Margaree Valley
   Cape Breton Island
   Nova Scotia, B0E 2C0
   1-800-565-9463
   See page 30
5. **Amherst Shore Country Inn**
   Highway 366 at Lorneville
   R.R.2, Amherst
   Nova Scotia, B4H 3X9
   (902) 667-4800
   See page 17

Amherst Centennial

Visit Amherst and enjoy a summer full of special events celebrating Amherst's 100th birthday.

June 2 and 3 is the Centennial Revue with over 500 citizens of all ages appearing in Vignettes telling the story of the town with music, dancing, and acting. Since Amherst is the home of four Fathers of Confederation, the town is having fun with a Four Fathers Look Alike Contest on July 15. Contestants also have to give a rendition of the political views of the day.



The week-long birthday celebrations begin July 22 with lots of activities for everyone. There will be international buskers, a parade, and even an authentic Victorian wedding ceremony provided for a local couple to which everyone is invited. There will also be picnics, barbeques, Victorian teas and fashion shows, fire works and more. Join Amherst in this once-in-a-lifetime celebration, their 100th birthday.

P.O. Box 331, Amherst, Nova Scotia, B4H 3Z5, (902) 667-1989

The Amherst Shore Country Inn

This five room seaside inn, with two seasonal cottages, is renowned for its gourmet dining. Located on highway 366 at Lorneville, this delightful country inn is conveniently located 20 minutes from Pugwash or Amherst.

Large picture windows in the quaint country dining room look out onto the beautiful rolling landscape and the ocean beyond. This inn is at the beginning of the Sunrise Trail, which skirts the edge of the Northumberland Strait,

and is known for its warm water and beautiful beaches.

This inn features a four course dinner served at 7:30 each evening, by reservation only. The menu changes nightly and may include sole stuffed with crab or chicken Kiev.

A warm and charming seaside inn with gourmet dining at its best.

Highway 366 at Lorneville, N.S., R.R. 2, Amherst, N.S., B4H 3X9 (902) 667-4800. Donna Laceby, Innkeeper

Lyghtesome Gallery

Serving the arts community of Antigonish and the Northern Shore region since 1975, Lyghtesome Gallery has been a forerunner in promoting well-known Antigonish artists as well as other selected Nova Scotian artists through its monthly exhibition schedule. Specializing in original fine-art works on paper, the gallery features a comprehensive collection of works by

Nova Scotia printmakers and watercolourists, as well as old engravings of the Atlantic region, art-related books and cards and one-of-a kind items.

The Gallery is open Monday to Friday 10 a.m.- 5 p.m., Friday evenings 7 p.m. - 9 p.m. and Saturdays 10 a.m. - 1 p.m. Antigonish is situated midway between Halifax and Sydney. Take any of four exits off the Trans Canada Highway 104.

166 Main Street, Antigonish, Nova Scotia, B2G 2B7, (902) 863-5804, 863-6401

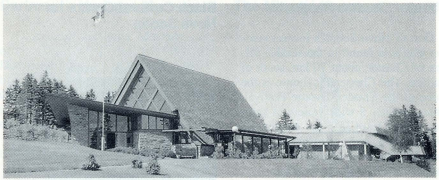
Gaelic College of Celtic Arts and Crafts

The Gaelic College at St. Ann's, near Baddeck, Cape Breton is the only Gaelic College in North America. Attractions include: a great hall of clans, craft centre, Scottish tea room, and a duty piper on the grounds. Special performances on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday.

The setting for this unique institution is the scenic Cabot Trail in the beautiful highlands of Cape Breton. It overlooks placid St. Ann's Harbour, with Cape Smokey and the broad Atlantic visible on the horizon. The Gaelic College was founded in 1938 as a living memorial to the early Highland Scottish settlers who endured the rigors and hardships of pioneer life in Canada.

The Gaelic College is open to visitors during July and August, 8 a.m. to 8 p.m. May and June, September and October 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. The College is located on the Cabot Trail, 1 km. north from Exit 11 on the Trans Canada Highway.

P.O. Box 9, Baddeck, Nova Scotia, B0E 1B0, (902) 295-3411



Environment Canada / Environnement Canada

Canadian Parks Service / Service canadien des parcs

Alexander Graham Bell National Historic Park

The Alexander Graham Bell National Historic Park is dedicated to presenting the story of Dr. Bell. The Park's museum houses a unique collection of artifacts and personal memorabilia which are combined with photographic displays, audio-visual presentations and text to chronicle the work of Alexander Graham Bell and his associates.

Three major exhibit areas lead visitors through the story of the inventor's early life and success with the telephone (Bell the Man) to his work in other areas of communication, medicine and aviation (Experimenter's Hall). The third exhibit area, Hydrofoil Hall, reveals the work of Baldwin and Bell in the early developments of hydrofoil transportation.

Special evening programs allow visitors an insight into the personalities of Alexander Graham Bell and his wife Mabel. There is an opportunity to learn about life on Beinn Bhreagh, the Bell estate. Ever popular is the film "Dr. Bell at Baddeck" which contains personal reminiscences of Bell by his daughters, grandchildren and associates.

For younger visitors kite workshops provide the opportunity to build and fly kites. For all there are days when you may fly your own kite or try one provided by the Park. Another program demonstrates the basic scientific principles key to the work of Dr. Bell through a series of simple experiments. The Museum's roof gardens afford a beautiful view of Bras d'Or Lakes and Beinn Bhreagh Estate which is closed to the public.

The Park is open seven days a week from 9 a.m.-5 p.m., October 1 to June 30 and from 9 a.m.-9 p.m., July 1 to September 30. There is no admission fee. The Park is just off the Trans-Canada on the Cabot Trail, Route 205 at Baddeck.

P.O. Box 159, Baddeck, Nova Scotia, B0E 1B0, (902) 295-2069

Chester Theatre Festival

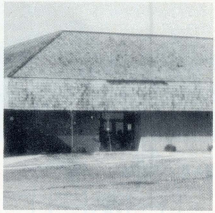
One of Nova Scotia's busiest summer stages is found in the seaside village of Chester, about 70 km. south of Halifax. The Chester Playhouse is the home of the Chester Theatre Festival, which features a wide variety of summer theatre from July 4 - August 20, 1989 at 8 p.m. every night except Mondays. The shows are quality productions and feature exciting summer fare.

Dinner/theatre packages are available at local restaurants, most of which feature beautiful ocean views and delicious seafood. There are also theatre workshops designed especially for children.

The Chester Theatre Festival is located in the centre of the village of Chester; take route 103 from Halifax. Tickets are available at the Chester box office or Jennifer's of Nova Scotia, 5635 Spring Garden Road, Halifax.

P.O. Box 293, Chester, Nova Scotia, B0J 1J0, (902) 275-3933

Black Cultural Centre for Nova Scotia



The Black Cultural Centre is a cultural and educational complex. It contains a museum which features permanent exhibitions, an art gallery with temporary exhibits portraying local and African traditions, crafts and graphic illustrations. The reference library contains a growing selection of books and magazines dealing with black history, society, religion and politics. The Centre has published numerous publications written by and about black Nova Scotians.

The Black Cultural Centre welcomes requests from the public for the use of its facilities and its services.

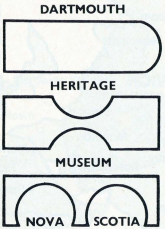
The centre is located on the No. 7 Highway at Cherry Brook Road in Westphal and is open from Monday to Friday, 9 a.m. - 5 p.m. and Saturday, 10 a.m. to 4 p.m.

P.O. Box 2128, East Dartmouth, Nova Scotia, B2W 3Y2, (902) 434-6223

Dartmouth Heritage Museum

Dartmouth Heritage Museum not only illustrates the history of Dartmouth, but also reflects the artistic life of the community with regularly changing art exhibitions. Attractive displays trace the development of one of the fastest growing cities in Canada.

During June, July and August, the museum is open Monday to Friday, 9 a.m. to 9 p.m., Saturday from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. and Sunday 2 to 5 p.m. From September until May, the hours are Monday to Saturday 1 p.m. to 5 p.m., Wednesday 6 to 9 p.m. and Sunday and most public holidays 2 to 5 p.m.



The museum is located on the corner of Wyse Road and Alderney Drive. One block south of the Angus L.Macdonald bridge on Wyse Road. Three blocks north on Alderney Drive from the Ferry Terminal.

100 Wyse Road, Dartmouth, Nova Scotia, B3A 1M2, (902) 464-2199

The Miners' Museum

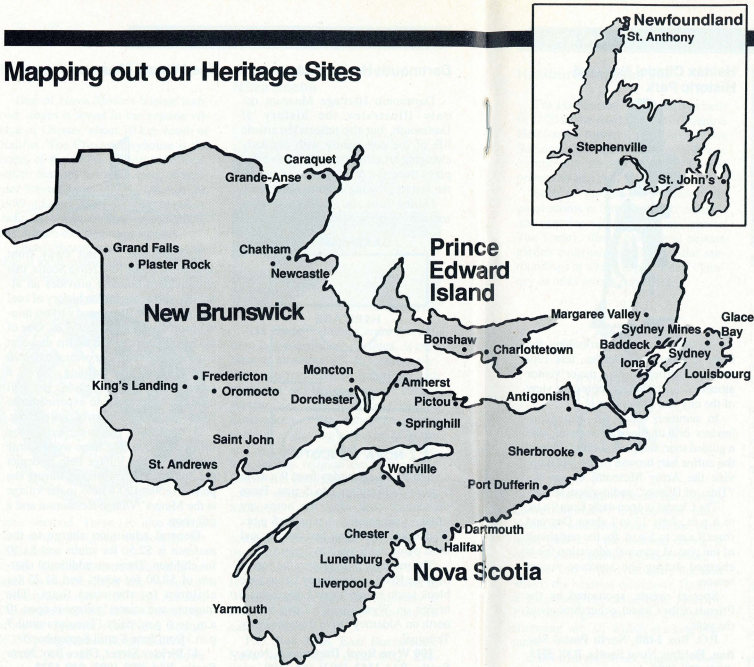
Located just minutes away from downtown Glace Bay, Nova Scotia, this ultra-modern building provides an attractive showcase for the history of coal mining in Cape Breton and various mining techniques used since 1720. One of the highlights of a visit to the museum is the underground tour of an actual coal mine beneath the building. With a retired miner as your guide, you will have the opportunity to experience the Room and Pillar System of coal mining.

Adjacent to the museum is the Miners' Village. The three wood-frame buildings in the Village help to depict the domestic life of miners during the period 1850 - 1900. Also in the village is the Miners' Village Restaurant and a gift shop.

General admission charge to the museum is $2.50 for adults and $1.50 for children. There are additional charges of $2.00 for adults and $1.25 for children for the mine tours. The museum and miners' village is open 10 a.m. to 6 p.m. daily (Tuesdays until 7 p.m.) from June 8 until September 3.

42 Birkley Street, Glace Bay, Nova Scotia, B1A 5T8, (902) 849-4522

Mapping out our Heritage Sites



New Brunswick

Caraquet	p.1
Chatham	p.2
Dorchester	p.2
Fredericton	pp.3-4
Grande-Anse	p.5
Grand Falls	p.6
Moncton	pp.6-7
Newcastle	p.7
Oromocto	p.8
Plaster Rock	p.9
St. Andrews	p.9
Saint John	pp.10-11

Newfoundland

St. Anthony	p.12
Stephenville	p.13
St. John's	pp.13-15

Nova Scotia

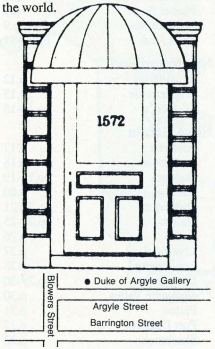
Amherst	p.17
Antigonish	p.18
Baddeck	pp.18-19
Chester	p.20
Dartmouth	pp.20-21
Halifax	pp.24-25
Iona	p.26
Liverpool	p.27
Louisbourg	p.28
Lunenburg	pp.29-30
Margaree Valley	p.30
Pictou	p.31
Port Dufferin	p.32
Sherbrooke	p.32
Springhill	p.33
Sydney	p.34
Sydney Mines	p.34
Wolfville	p.35
Yarmouth	p.36

Prince Edward Island

Bonshaw	p.37
Charlottetown	pp.37-39

Duke of Argyle Gallery

The Duke of Argyle is a large commercial gallery in Halifax. It has an outstanding collection of Atlantic Canadian art with an emphasis on Atlantic seascapes, landscapes and wildlife. The art is available in all price ranges and can be shipped anywhere in the world.



The gallery also caters to commercial clients and lease purchase is available.

The gallery is conveniently located in the downtown area within walking distance of the waterfront, Citadel Hill, restaurants and shopping malls.

1572 Argyle Street, Halifax, Nova Scotia, B3J 2B3, (902) 422-6669

Halifax Citadel National Historic Park

Situated on a hill overlooking the heart of downtown Halifax, this 19th century fortification is a major visitor attraction and offers an impressive view of the city and its harbour.

In summer, watch the 78th Highlanders drill on the parade square; take a guided tour; sample a soldier's fare in the coffee bar; browse in the gift shop; visit the Army Museum; or see the "Tides of History" audio-visual show.

The Citadel is open daily from 9 a.m. to 6 p.m., June 15 to Labour Day and from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. for the remainder of the year. A nominal admission fee is charged during the summer visitor season.

Special events, sponsored by the Friends of the Citadel, occur throughout the year.

P.O. Box 1480, North Postal Station, Halifax, Nova Scotia, B3K 5H7, (902) 426-5080.

Halliburton House Inn

The Halliburton House Inn was built in 1820 as the residence of Sir Brenton Halliburton, former Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Nova Scotia. It was completely renovated in 1986 and opened as an inn in 1987.

Each of the inn's 35 comfortable guest rooms is furnished with antiques and contains a private bath and phone. The library, dining room and private garden courtyard provide cordial surroundings in which to plan a day's journey or relax over a cup of tea.

The Halliburton House Inn offers a complimentary "continental plus" breakfast and afternoon tea for overnight guests. Fine evening dining is offered to the public, by reservation.

The Inn is conveniently located within the heart of downtown Halifax. Sightseeing opportunities, Historic Properties, gardens, fine dining and shopping are all within walking distance.

5184 Morris Street, Halifax, Nova Scotia, B3J 1B3, (902) 420-0658

Maritime Command Museum

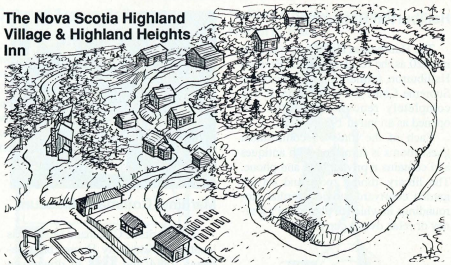
The Maritime Command Museum is located in Admiralty House, built between 1814 and 1818 in downtown Halifax, Nova Scotia. Admiralty House, owned by the Navy since 1814, was declared a National Historic site in 1982.

The main objective of the museum is to collect, preserve and display the artifacts and history of the Canadian Maritime Military Forces. It also maintains a library and archives relevant to naval history and the Dockyard since 1759. The exhibits deal mainly with the history of the Royal Canadian Navy since its inception in 1910 and the Royal Navy and its influence on Halifax since 1759.

The museum is open weekdays all year round from 9:30 a.m.-3:30 p.m. In July and August, it is open Monday to Friday from 9:30 a.m.-8:30 p.m. and on Saturday and Sunday from 1 p.m.-5 p.m.

Admiralty House, CFB Halifax, Halifax, N.S., B3K 2X0, (902) 427-8250

The Nova Scotia Highland Village & Highland Heights Inn



The Nova Scotia Highland Village, located in Iona, Cape Breton, is a museum and heritage centre dedicated to the Scottish pioneers of Nova Scotia.

The site features historic buildings depicting the lives of the Scottish settlers from the late 1700s to the 1920s. The village boasts the only known replica of a "Taigh Dubh" (Gaelic for "Black House") in North America. Village staff members are costumed in 19th century garb and trained in conversational Gaelic and local history. Wagon rides are also available.

As well, the Village includes an outdoor stage and amphitheatre, gift counter and picnic area.

Located next to the Village is the Highland Heights Inn, a 26-room facility featuring all the comforts of today. Each room has two double beds, a private bath and a spectacular view of the Bras d'Or Lakes. The licensed dining room features seafood and local dishes, and the staff truly understands the meaning of Highland hospitality.

The Highland Village is open from June 15 to September 15. The Highland Heights Inn is open June 1st to late October (all three meals served daily).

The Nova Scotia Highland Village and the Highland Heights Inn are centrally located on Route 223, just 15 miles off the Trans Canada Highway (105) via Exit 6 and Little Narrows ferry (operating every 10 minutes, 24 hours a day).

The Manager, Nova Scotia Highland Village, Box 58, Iona, N.S., B0A 1L0, (902) 622-2272 Sheila and Bruce MacNeil, Highland Heights Inn, Box 19, Iona, N.S., B0A 1L0, (902) 622-2360

Lane's Privateer Inn

The stately home that evolved into Lane's Privateer Inn can be traced to Captain Joseph Barss who built the structure in 1798. His eldest son, Joseph Barss Jr. became Liverpool's most famous privateer.

Lane's has been a family business since 1947; and like those who originally built this piece of Liverpool heritage,

the Lane family know the importance of traditional values such as good service and value for money. Besides providing excellent lodgings, Lane's Privateer Inn has also established a reputation for fine seafood dining.

This summer, come share the tradition that is Lane's.

P.O. Box 509, Liverpool, Nova Scotia, B0T 1K0, (902) 354-3456

Atlantic Insight

The *Atlantic Insight* Heritage Guide 1990

The *Atlantic Insight* Heritage Guide is a specialized publication listing a wide array of heritage resources in the Atlantic region. You can have a listing of a half page or more in our 1990 heritage guide devoted to your museum, art gallery, craft store or festival - at a very reasonable cost!

Your listing in the guide will include an editorial description of your organization and a black and white illustration. Each organization featured in the guide will receive free copies of the guide. As well, copies of this publication will be distributed throughout the region in tourist information centres, and heritage institutions – free of charge.

Our 180,000 monthly readers will be able to pull out and keep the guide for their summer vacations . The total estimated readership for our heritage guide is more than 300,000!

Plan now to list your heritage organization in the 1990 *Atlantic Insight* Heritage Guide! Space in the guide is limited – so reserve your spot early.

For more information contact: Insight Publishing, 5502 Atlantic Street, Halifax, Nova Scotia, B3H 1G4, (902) 421-1214

Environment Canada / Canadian Parks Service — Environnement Canada / Service canadien des parcs

Fortress of Louisbourg

The Fortress of Louisbourg is the largest National Historic Park in Canada covering an area of some 50 square kilometres. The reconstructed fortress, a 10-hectare site, consists of 53 period buildings including homes, warehouses, 18th-century restaurants, a bakery, official residences and numerous military structures, are all surrounded by massive masonry fortifications. Town inhabitants in period costume along with exhibits and audio-visual displays, combine to tell the story of 18th-century Louisbourg: fortress, seaport and colonial community.

The remainder of the park includes historic areas (site of the oldest lighthouse in Canada) and natural areas such as beaches, hiking trails, and picnic and fishing areas.

On August 25 the fortress community will celebrate the Feast of St. Louis (Fête de St. Louis), an important 18th-century holiday commemorating St. Louis, Patron Saint of France. Musket salutes, cannon firings, a bonfire, the promenade of townspeople, street dancing, fireworks and fine food and drink highlight this exciting day.

The Fortress of Louisbourg is located 35 kilometres south of Sydney, Nova Scotia via Route 22. It is open daily 9:30 a.m.-5 p.m in June and September and 9 a.m.-6 p.m. in July and August. During May and October walking tours with limited access to a few period buildings are provided free of charge. From November to April, tours are available with advance notice. Admission fees from June 1 to September 30 are $6 for adults, $3 for children and $15 for families.

P.O. Box 160, Louisbourg, N.S., B0A 1M0, (902) 733-3100

The Boscawen Inn

Relax amid the elegance of a bygone era in this elegantly restored Victorian manor. Eighteen charming guest rooms, three spacious living rooms and a lovely dining room overlook the famous Lunenburg harbour, renowned for its shipbuilding. From the balcony of the inn, one can glimpse schooners slipping by under sail.

The bright and airy dining room serves hearty breakfasts from 8 - 9 a.m., delicious lunches from 11:30 a.m. to 2 p.m. and sumptuous candlelit dinners every evening from 5:30 p.m. to 9 p.m.

The Boscawan Inn is a wonderful place to spend the night or enjoy a fine meal during your exploration of the scenic South Shore. The seacoast around Lunenburg is well known for its beautiful beaches, golf courses and charming fishing villages.

150 Cumberland Street, P.O. Box 1343, Lunenburg, Nova Scotia, B0J 2C0, (902) 634- 3325. Innkeepers Ann and Michael O'Dowd.

Houston North Gallery

The Houston North Gallery is a tastefully converted 19th-century building in Lunenburg, Nova Scotia. The 3,000 square feet of show space is dedicated to works of Inuit (Canadian Eskimo) art and Nova Scotia folk art.

Alma Houston and her son John have made Houston North Gallery famous

for its Canadian Inuit sculptures and original prints. They are also sole agents for Nova Scotia's major folk artists, who are becoming nationally recognized for their paintings and wood carvings.

Houston North Gallery is open seven days a week (closed in January) from 10 a.m. to 6 p.m. weekdays and 1 p.m. to 6 p.m. Sundays. Lunenburg is located near Highway 103, 100 km. west of Halifax.

110 Montague Street, Lunenburg, Nova Scotia, B0J 2C0, (902) 634-8869

Lunenburg Folk Harbour Festival

Picturesque Lunenburg becomes the backdrop for the fourth annual Lunenburg Folk Harbour Festival, August 10 - 13th, 1989. This is the festival not to miss! The music is traditional maritime folk, influenced by land and sea.

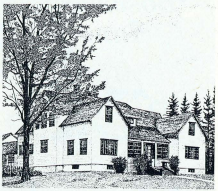
You can hear music from any of the three stages around the town. You can hear it at the waterfront docks while you watch schooners sail by, at the bandstand while meandering through the middle of town, or you can step into a musical dream at our Blockhouse Hill Tent with performers such as the Chieftains, Lennie Gallant, Jon Goodman, Swallows Tale, Clary Croft, Marilyn Inch, Louis and Jarvis Benoit, Laura Smith, Rufus Guichard, Tom Lewis, Boarding Party, the Cape Breton Symphony, the Rankin family, the Lunenburg County Fiddlers and more...

Come and join us in four days of musical magic!

Lunenburg is located near Highway 103, 100 km. west of Halifax.

Lunenburg Folk Harbour Society Nova Scotia, Box 16, Lunenburg, Nova Scotia, B0J 2C0, (902) 634-3180

Normaway Inn



The Normaway Inn's 250 acre property is nestled in the hills of the beautiful Margaree River Valley, noted as having one of the most beautiful salmon streams in North America.

One can tour along the legendary Cabot Trail, the vast Bras D'or Lakes, the Cape Breton Highlands National Park, the Margaree Valley, and the western shores of Inverness County whose treasures are some of the best kept secrets of Nova Scotia.

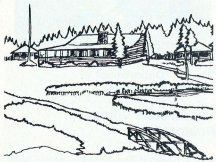
The public dining room, with its full view of gardens, fields and surrounding hills continues to build on its tradition of fine cuisine and caring, considerate service. After dinner, Innkeeper David MacDonald invites guests to share Cape Breton's rich culture through films, traditional music, or storytelling.

The 1920's Inn, open from June 15 to October 15, has 9 guest rooms with private baths, and 17 one and two bedroom cabins, most with fireplaces.

Box 106, Egypt Road, Margaree Valley, Nova Scotia, B0E 2C0, (902) 248-2987, 1-800-565-9463

Pictou Lodge

Rustic accommodation and fine dining by the sea.



Pictou Lodge is located in a park-like setting outside of the town of Pictou, four miles from the Caribou ferry crossing to P.E.I. The Lodge property is comprised of a number of log buildings overlooking the ocean and has its own fresh water lagoon where canoes and paddle boats are available for guest use. Recommended in "Where to Eat in Canada" since 1986, the menu offers a fine selection of fresh Nova Scotia seafood, specialty dishes and homemade pastries.

Centrally located, sightseeing opportunities for day trips include: Prince Edward Island, Halifax, historic Sherbrooke Village, the Fortress of Louisbourg and the beautiful Cabot Trail.

Pictou Lodge is intended to be a peaceful destination resort facility. For visitors who are tired of the rush and roar of crowded cities, Pictou Lodge is ideal.

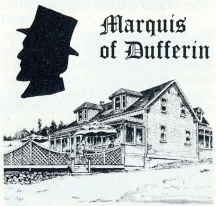
Box 1539, Pictou, Nova Scotia, B0K 1H0, (902) 485-4322

The Water Street Studio

The Water Street Studio occupies the ground floor in an old Scottish-style stone house which was built in 1825 for the railway pioneer Lord Strathcona. In the past 100 years it has been a sheriff's office and bank.

It is now a craft shop featuring natural fibre clothing designed and made by the co-op members, and a wide selection of jewellery, pottery, weaving , glasswork and other local and imported craftwork. The store is next to Grohman Knives, opposite the DeCoste Centre.

78 Water Street, Pictou, N.S., B0K 1H0, (902) 485-8398



Marquis of Dufferin Inn

Only two hours from Halifax on the scenic Marine Drive to Cape Breton, the Marquis of Dufferin Inn offers an outstanding ocean view unique on the Eastern shore. A recipient of the 1988 Tourist Industry Association of Nova Scotia Innkeeper of the Year Award, the inn offers relaxed dining, friendly informal service and the peaceful atmosphere of the historic residence built in 1859. The licensed dining room features fresh seafood from the region, house patés and scrumptious desserts.

The inn features eight comfortable motel rooms available at reasonable rates, all with a superb view of the bay and fishing village. The location of the inn lends itself perfectly to outdoor activities: nature walks, rowing, sailing, fishing and more.

The inn is located on Highway 7, Marine Drive, approximately 136 kilometres east of Halifax.

Port Dufferin, Halifax County, N.S., B0J 2R0, (902) 654-2696

Nova Scotia
Department of Education
Nova Scotia Museum Complex

Sherbrooke Village Restoration

The village of Sherbrooke was a bustling place in the mid to late 1800s. Sherbrooke is being restored to bring to life some of the rich history and heritage of the community.

Sherbrooke Village is distinctive because it is a living museum; people still reside within the historic compound. Regular sittings are held in the courthouse and services are conducted in St. James Presbyterian Church. Skilled craftsmen and artisans continue to ply their trade, servicing local demand with their products and offering items for sale. You can visit these working shops, or drop into the Post Office and leave your postcards to be mailed. You can also visit the Cumminger Brothers' store and dress up in 19th century costumes and have your photo taken.

Modern accommodations and services are located nearby. The village is open May 15 to October 31 from 9:30 a.m. to 5:30 p.m. and charges $2 admission for adults and 50 cents for children.

P.O. Box 285, Sherbrooke, Nova Scotia, B0J 3C0 (902) 522-2400

Springhill Miners' Museum

A visit to the Springhill Miners' Museum located in Cumberland County, Nova Scotia offers visitors a chance to explore the depths of the Syndicate mine, dig underground at the coalface, meet miners in their lamp cabin and see exhibits that include more than 200 artifacts, pictures and newspapers.

Coal mining was a way of life for the Town of Springhill for 140 years. The Miners' Museum rekindles the memories of Springhill's past, including the tragic events and heroic men. All the guides working at the Springhill Miners' Museum are experienced coal miners who enjoy meeting new visitors and recalling tales of the mining days. Cumberland County craft souvenirs, produced locally and relating to the mining industry, are available at the museum.

The Museum has a picnic park on the grounds and is open from June until October. Hours are 8 a.m.-8 p.m. during July and August and 10 a.m.-4 p.m. in other months. The admission is $2 for adults and $1.50 for children. The Town of Springhill Miners' Museum is located 32 km. from the New Brunswick border on Black River Road, just off the #2 Highway.

Box 150, Springhill, N.S., (902) 597-2873

Island Crafts

Island Crafts is your base on Cape Breton Island for handmade craft items. This quaint craft shop in downtown Sydney represents over 300 Cape Breton craftspeople.

The abilities of Cape Breton knitters is only one area of talent evident in the products at Island Crafts. Hand-appliqued quilts are available as well as woven lap robes, scarves and placemats. Grandmother's handknitting is very evident in the baby section of the shop. Tartan items in Cape Breton and Nova Scotia are also available as well as a wide selection of souvenirs.

Store hours are 9 a.m. - 5 p.m., Monday to Saturday, Friday from 9 a.m.- 9 p.m.

329 Charlotte Street, Sydney, Nova Scotia, B1P 1E1, (902) 564-5527

GOWRIE HOUSE

BED & BREAKFAST INN

Gowrie House

Gowrie House was built around 1830 and remained the property of the Archibald family, who were prominent in 19th century Nova Scotia business and politics, for a century and a half.

Each room has been furnished with antiques and local artwork and decorated to enhance the feeling of comfortable elegance.

Gowrie House is open to overnight guests from April through January. A full country breakfast is included in the room rate. June through September, dinner is served every night except Monday. Reservations are required. Come and enjoy superb food in relaxing and elegant surroundings at Gowrie House Inn.

139 Shore Road, Sydney Mines, Nova Scotia, B1V 1A6, (902) 544-1050.

Acadia University Art Gallery

Acadia University Art Gallery offers a year-round programme of art exhibitions of contemporary and historical significance in a variety of media. Begun in 1978, the gallery serves as a teaching facility within the University's Department of Art and is the custodian of the University's growing collection of art.

May 7 to September 10 the gallery will feature "Colville:The Dow Gift", on loan from the Art Gallery of Ontario. Paintings and drawings from public and private collections have been added to complement this group of predominantly early works by Alex Colville who resides in Wolfville.

The gallery is open to the public from Tuesday to Sunday inclusive from noon to 4 p.m. Closed Monday. It is located in the Beveridge Arts Centre, corner of Main Street and Highland Avenue in the University campus.

Beveridge Arts Centre, Acadia University, Wolfville, Nova Scotia, B0P 1X0, (902) 542-2201

Blomidon Inn

The Blomidon Inn has a reputation for elegant accommodation and gracious cuisine which extends far beyond the province of Nova Scotia.

Here, the discerning traveller will find the welcome comforts of a 19th-century sea captain's mansion. The Inn has been tastefully restored since 1980, and 25 of the 27 rooms have private bath.

Each evening, the Inn serves a three course table d'hôte dinner. The daily menu may include poached salmon or fresh halibut. Desserts include baked apple dumpling or raspberry syllabub. Lunch is served to the public daily from 11:30 a.m. - 2 p.m., and dinner from 5:30 - 9:30 p.m.

The Blomidon Inn is located near the eastern end of the beautiful Annapolis Valley at Wolfville. The Bay of Fundy, with the world's highest tides, is nearby.

127 Main Street, Box 839, Wolfville, Nova Scotia, B0P 1X0, (902) 542-2291, Innkeeper, Jim Laceby

Firefighters' Museum of Nova Scotia

Nova Scotia
Department of Education
Nova Scotia Museum Complex

With an 1819 Hopwood and Tilley hand-drawn hand pumper, a horse drawn 1863 Amoskeag steamer and a motor driven 1933 Chev Pumper, this is Canada's only provincial firefighters' museum.

Along with the numerous fire engines, the museum also houses many smaller items, including photos of famous fire scenes, rubber and leather water buckets and even antique toy fire engines. There is also a library of fire-related material and a gift shop on the premises. A National Exhibition Centre at the museum features national and provincial travelling exhibits and collections relating to art, history and science.

The museum is located in Yarmouth, Nova Scotia and is open from 9 a.m.-9 p.m. Monday to Saturday and on Sunday from 10 a.m.-5 p.m. in July and August. In June and September, the museum is open from 9 a.m.-5 p.m., Monday to Saturday.

451 Main Street, Yarmouth, N.S., B5A 1G9, (902) 742-5525

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Atlantic Insight

Stay in touch with the issues and events that affect the people of Atlantic Canada with a subscription to *Atlantic Insight* magazine. Each month, we bring you a stimulating and informative summary of what's happening in our corner of Canada.

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Strathgartney Country Inn

This fine homestead was home to five generations of Stewarts. Although the initial residence was not grand, a major addition was completed which included a huge dining room, a charming parlor and a beautiful master bedroom with large windows overlooking the gardens.

Today the Strathgartney Country Inn has eight bedrooms and a fine licensed dining room. It is also the setting for a

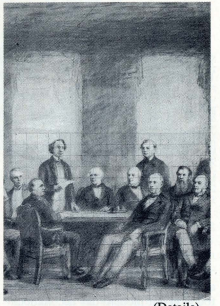
series of workshops which invite both the amateur and the more experienced to explore the arts and nature.

This summer, dinner theatre packages with either Victoria Playhouse or the Charlottetown Festival will be available. Also, special events are planned, such as dinner followed by a ceilidh, or a murder mystery. A Fathers of Confederation Founder's feast will be offered weekly.

Located 18 km. west of Charlottetown on the Trans-Canada Highway.

Bonshaw RR#3, P.E.I., C0A 1C0, (902) 675-4711

Confederation Centre of the Arts



(Details)

The Confederation Centre Art Gallery and Museum celebrates its 25th anniversary in 1989 with a series of special exhibitions and events throughout the year. From June to September enjoy a display of historical, modern and contemporary art from the Gallery's collection, including selections from the Robert Harris Collection and the Poole Porcelain Collection. During the Summer Festival season the Art Gallery is open daily from 10 a.m.-8 p.m. Admission fee is $1 for adults, 50 cents for seniors and children under 16, $2 for families and $5 for groups or organized tours of 10 people or more.

P.O. Box 848, Charlottetown, P.E.I., C1A 7L9, (902) 566-2464

The Dundee Arms Inn

The Inn offers the intimacy, charm and personalized service so rarely found in our modern day accommodation industry. The guest rooms and general decor of the Inn appropriately feature "turn of the century" furnishings completing a unique holiday or business travel experience.

The Inn's Griffon Dining Room is, as quoted by Toronto's Globe and Mail, "acknowledged as one of Canada's finest restaurants". The adjacent Heart and Cricket Pub offers a quiet, cozy and relaxing atmosphere.

The adjacent motel features all modern conveniences and the Richmond Hall facility offers full kitchen facilities and bachelor accommodation ideally suited for the family or long staying guest.

200 Pownal Street, Charlottetown, P.E.I., C1A 3W8, (902) 892-2496

School of Visual Arts Gallery

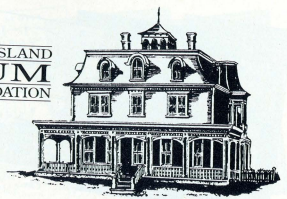
The Art Gallery of the Holland College School of Visual Arts features year round exhibitions. The Gallery, open 7 days a week, exhibits visual art work of local, national and international artists and craftspeople. Throughout the months of July and August the work of more than 100 Island artists is displayed.

Through P.E.I. Art Summer '89, the school and gallery are offering a number of weekly programs in July and August, as well as weekend workshops in June and September. Courses are offered in drawing and painting, watercolour, clay sculpture, weaving, raku pottery, papermaking and felting. A number of nationally known professional artists and craftspeople will be featured.

The Art Gallery is located in the School of Visual Arts building, one and a half kilometres west of Charlottetown. The Gallery building contains an art and craft library open to the general public and a retail outlet which sells craft materials.

50 Burns Avenue, West Royalty, Prince Edward Island, C1E 1H7 (902) 566-9310

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND
MUSEUM
& HERITAGE FOUNDATION



Prince Edward Island Museum & Heritage Foundation

Today's museums are more than beautiful buildings: they are complex organizations with multiple functions. They stage exhibits and develop imaginative programs to carry the message of museums to the community; they help individuals and organizations to preserve their heritage; they research and catalogue and conserve; they educate and entertain... The Prince Edward Island Museum & Heritage Foundation, the Island's provincial museum system, tackles these tasks within its broad mandate "to study, collect, preserve, interpret and protect the human and natural heritage" of Canada's smallest province.

They invite you to "see the sites" on Prince Edward Island this year and explore the province's colourful past at:

• Basin Head Fisheries Museum near Souris, which chronicles the Island's early inshore fishery and boasts some of its best beaches.

• The nearby Elmira Railway Museum, evoking bygone days of narrow-gauge rail travel in the province.

• Orwell Corner Historic Village which represents a late 19th-century crossroads community around which farming, commercial and social activities revolved.

• The modern Eptek National Exhibition Centre in Summerside, featuring top national exhibits and interpretive displays unique to Prince Edward Island.

• The Green Park Shipbuilding Museum and restored James Yeo, Jr. house in Port Hill, which re-creates the Island's shipbuilding heyday of the last century.

• And, Beaconsfield in Charlottetown, which serves as the headquarters of the system. Although not a museum itself, it provides expert genealogical consultation.

Set your sights on Prince Edward Island this summer!

2 Kent Street, Charlottetown, P.E.I., C1A 1M6, (902) 892-9127

NEWFOUNDLAND

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Don Sawyer

When Don Sawyer and Jan Sawyer set out for their first teaching job in an isolated Newfoundland outport, they knew nothing about Newfoundland, Newfoundlanders, or what would be expected of them as teachers.
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Pat McLeod

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Readers who enjoy their bond with nature will take delight in Saunders' stories of his relationship with the world. City dwellers will find pleasure in their armchair wanderings with him and those who live in the country will be reminded why they do so.
208 pages ISBN 0-920911-48-X $19.95
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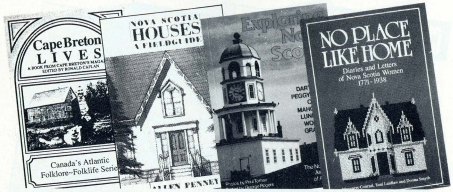
NOVA SCOTIA



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Ronald Caplan, Editor

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Houses of Nova Scotia: An illustrated guide to architectural style recognition
Allen Penney

Nova Scotia Houses is a guide to the architecture of Nova Scotia. This book draws from a data base of over 5000 standing houses throughout the province providing a visual guide and information on the various styles of architecture. Sketches are used to present visual images of the style and illustrate key elements.
6x9, 176 pages ISBN 0-88780-072-6
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Exploring Nova Scotia
The Nova Scotia Association of Architects

This unique guide provides background to the history, architecture and traditions of Halifax, Dartmouth, Peggy's Cove, Chester, Mahone Bay, Lunenburg, Wolfville and Grand Pré.
5x7, 224 pages ISBN 0-88780-054-8 $8.95
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No Place Like Home: Diaries and Letters of Nova Scotia Women 1771-1938
Margaret Conrad, Toni Laidlaw and Donna Smyth

These colourful diaries and autobiographical letters provide fascinating reading along with insight into the lives of our ancestors.
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Andrew Wainwright

Charles Bruce is one of the most distinguished Canadian writers of all time. His most noted work *The Channel Shore* is one of the best Canadian novels of the 20th century.

Like his son Harry, Charles Bruce was a leading journalist of his day, as well as a fine creative writer. Wainwright's biography follows the literary career of Charles Bruce rethreading Bruce's daily life with novels, short stories, poetry and diaries that were Bruce's after hours work.

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The Company Store

John Mellor

The dramatic life of a remarkable and fiery idealist, J.B. McLachlan, and the battle of the Cape Breton coal miners. This book is the story of a remarkable Canadian and of a little-known part of our industrial past.

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The Channel Shore tells the story of the people of 'the shore', a small fictional rural community along the coast of Nova Scotia closely resembling Bruce's childhood home on Chedabucto Bay. In this novel Bruce weaves a realistic and moving account of rural life; the pace, the opportunities, the conflicts, the ties and the people.

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The Wheel of Things: L.M. Montgomery

Mollie Gillen

The remarkable and tragic life story of the woman who created Canada's best-loved heroine, Anne of Green Gables. Using diaries and letters Maud never intended to be made public, Mollie Gillen tells the compelling and moving story of this woman's life.

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Goodread Biographies

The Atlantic Cookbook

The contributors and readers of *Atlantic Insight*

The recipes in this book are drawn from the eclectic culinary heritage from all parts of Atlantic Canada, featuring traditional and innovative ideas for lobsters, scallops, fiddleheads, chanterelle mushrooms, cranberries and much more.

Adding to the book's appeal are the stories behind the recipes told by contributors.

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Nova Scotia Inns and Restaurants Cookbook

Elaine Elliot and Virginia Lee

A regional bestseller! The recipes are drawn from 35 of the finest inns and restaurants in the province. Also included is information on the location, history and culinary traditions of each of the featured dining rooms.

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The contributors and readers of *Atlantic Insight*

Food is synonomous with good times, family events and traditions. Share in our Atlantic heritage with this **new** collection of favorite recipes from cooks from every corner of the region.

The recipes are all based on authentic family recipes that have been passed down through generations and modified to suit contemporary tastes.

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Bernard Meyer has combined his French heritage with fresh regional produce to create new and exciting recipes.

In this book he presents more than 100 recipes with clear and easy-to-follow instructions. Among his specialties are fresh seafood – Grapefruit Salmon and Mussels with Cream Sauce.

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The Maritimes: Tradition, Challenge and Change

Edited by George Peabody, Carolyn McGregor and Richard Thorne

The Maritimes offers a rich and vivid portrait of the region since 1945 - its natural resources and economy, its changing social and political life and unique cultural expressions.

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Harold Horwood and Ed Butts

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Bruce Armstrong

Known for centuries as "the Graveyard of the Atlantic", Sable Island is the world's most mysterious sandbar. Bruce Armstrong, actor, author and magician, takes the reader on a personal journey to Sable beginning with the first explorers to the New World.

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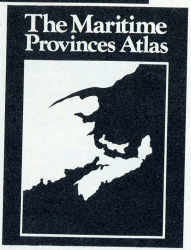

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Maritime Provinces Education Foundation

This handsome, full-colour wall map of the Maritimes is the largest and most recent map of the Maritime provinces. It shows major roads, rail lines, population centers and major ocean features and currents. It is available in 3 versions: laminated, unlaminated and french laminated.

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Historical Sites and Settlements

Dorchester Heritage Properties, Dorchester, NB • Falls and Gorge, Grand Falls, NB • Fortress of Louisbourg, Louisbourg, NS • Halifax Citadel National Historic Park, Halifax, NS • Kings Landing Historical Settlement, Fredericton, NB • Lutz Mountain Meeting House and The Thomas Williams House, Moncton, NB • Newfoundland Historic Parks and Sites • Nova Scotia Highland Village, Iona, NS • Sherbrooke Village Restoration, Sherbrooke, NS • Village Historique Acadien, Caraquet, NB

Museums, Centres and Clubs

Alexander Graham Bell National Historic Park, Baddeck, NS • Black Cultural Centre for Nova Scotia, Dartmouth, NS • CFB Gagetown Military Museum, Oromocto, NB • Confederation Centre of the Arts, Charlottetown, PEI • Dartmouth Heritage Museum, Dartmouth, NS • Firefighter's Museum of Nova Scotia, Yarmouth, NS • Glace Bay Miners' Museum, Glace Bay, NS • Grenfell House Museum, St. Anthony, NF • Maritime Command Museum, Halifax, NS • Moncton Museum, Moncton, NB • Musée Acadien, Moncton, NB • National Exhibition Centre & New Brunswick Sports Hall of Fame, Fredericton, NB • New Brunswick Museum, Saint John, NB • Newfoundland Museum, St. John's, NF • Prince Edward Island Museum and Heritage Foundation, Charlottetown, PEI • Popes' Museum, Grande-Anse, NB • Springhill Miners' Museum, Springhill, NS • Oromocto Boat Club and Marina, Oromocto, NB

Festivals

Amherst Centennial, Amherst, NS • Chester Theatre Festival, Chester, NS • Irish Festival, Chatham, NB • Loyalist Days Inc., Saint John, NB • Lunenburg Folk Harbour Festival, Lunenburg, NS • Miramichi Folksong Festival, Chatham, NB • Stephenville Festival, Stephenville, NF

Art Galleries

Acadian Art Gallery, Wolfville, NS • Duke of Argyle Gallery, Halifax, NS • Holland College, School of Visual Arts Gallery, Charlottetown, PEI • Houston North Gallery, Lunenburg, NS • Lyghtesome Gallery, Antigonish, NS

Crafts

Cottage Craft Ltd., St. Andrews, NB • Gaelic College of Celtic Arts & Crafts, Baddeck, NS • Grenfell Handicrafts, St. Anthony, NF • Island Crafts, Sydney, NS • New Brunswick Craft School, Fredericton, NB • The Water Street Studio, Pictou, NS

Inns/Lodges and Restaurants

Amherst Shore Country Inn, Amherst, NS• Blomidon Inn, Wolfville, NS • Boscawen Inn, Lunenburg, NS • Dundee Arms Inn, Charlottetown, PEI • Gowrie House, Sydney Mines, NS • Halliburton House Inn, Halifax, NS • Lane's Privateer Inn, Liverpool, NS • Marquis of Dufferin Inn, Port Dufferin, NS • Normaway Inn, Margaree Valley, NS • Northern Wilderness Lodge, Plaster Rock, NB • Nova Scotia Highland Village & Highland Heights Inn, Iona, NS • Pictou Lodge, Pictou, NS • Strathgartney Country Inn, Bonshaw, PEI

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The wizards, witches and fairy hills of the Maritimes

A New Brunswick painter and author believes European settlers may have brought a host of magical creatures to the Maritimes

by Beth Powning

As the story is told, it was a hot summer day in New Brunswick in the 1880s and thunderclouds were piling over Bill Lawlor's farm. Lawlor and his brother were bringing in the hay, racing the storm. Suddenly, a piece of harness broke and the horses came to a standstill. Lawlor glanced at the sky. Then he leapt off the wagon, cut the traces and jumped back onto the driver's seat. He pulled out a small black book and raised one arm. As his voice rang out commandingly, the wagon rolled ahead without the horses. The mown timothy rose from the field onto the wagon. Just as the first drops of rain began to fall, Lawlor brought the wagon to a halt at the open barn door and commanded the hay to fly into the mow. It did.

Lawlor was known throughout central New Brunswick as the Wizard of the Miramichi. In Gaelic "law" is a mound or a hill with a flat top where councils are held and "lor" means lord. That this local wizard, who commanded the spirits of the earth, boiled water from a flame at the tip of his finger and forecast evil events had such a significant name as Lord of the Mound is perhaps pure coincidence. But to Rod Mackay of Sussex, N.B., such coincidences only underline the strong connection between ancient, pre-Christian beliefs and the legends and folklore of this region.

For the past three years, Mackay, who is best known as an artist, has been researching Maritime folk tales. He is discovering a wealth of connections between seemingly irrational local customs and the beliefs of our ancient ancestors. He says, for example, that many people in the Maritimes won't sweep their houses after dark because "it's the job of the Bodach. This is a little guy who lives in your house at your sufferance. In ancient days, these would have been pagan god spirits. My ancestors on Grand Manan always put out a dish of milk for the Bodach."

ORIGINAL DRAWINGS BY ROD MACKAY/PHOTOGRAPHY BY BETH POWNING

The Indian fairy or "Mikumwess" (left) and the Scandinavian elf both have pointed ears

Mackay is the author of two books on the subject. One deals with witches, both male and female. The second book, on fairies — in its third draft and still growing — has reached page 500. "At first," says Mackay, "I thought I had it wrapped up at 100 pages. Now I think there's no way I'll know it all."

Mackay's interest in the subject began with a letter he found that was written to his grandmother, referring to "little people" and corpse candles which had been sighted in the family home near St. George, N.B. "It got me thinking about all the weird stories I'd heard in my childhood. I thought 'there's something here that I'm missing. What is it?' "

He began searching for other written records of Maritime fairy sightings using local histories, letters, newspaper clippings and written folklore. At the same time, he started a study of European folklore and discovered that, in the late 1700s and early 1800s, record after record refers to the departure of the fairies. "They always go to the west," Mackay says. "After the 1850s, there are few sightings in Europe."

The korrids from Wales guard tombstones

Couple this with the Scottish and Irish settlers arriving in the Maritimes and it's not surprising that the fairies came too, says Mackay. "The Celts are the most resistant and resilient pagans in all of Europe…the last to give up their old beliefs."

Learning about the mythical characters of the old country cast "new light on why we do some of the things we do," says Mackay. It is to the ancient Celtic god Aog, for example, that Maritimers probably owe some peculiar traditions at wakes. Aog stole the spirits of the dead. He could change shapes but he could not pass through white and he was repelled by salt. At one time, Maritime wakes often had a guard posted by the door, ensuring that only recognized people entered the chamber where the corpse lay. White sheets shrouded the windows and salt was sprinkled on the chest of the corpse.

Mackay has tapped a rich vein in the Maritimes which involves fairies, witches, sea monsters, malevolent creatures and fairy hills as well as placenames, sayings and peculiar rituals. It's a subject that fascinates Maritimers but Mackay feels that few people realize the extent to which our heritage is imbued with fairylore.

One well-known Maritime fairy is the two-and-a-half foot Rowing Man, who

Lake Utopia monster: subject of research

lives on Grand Manan. He's been repeatedly sighted since the 1850s, sometimes sunbathing in the nude, and is a trickster with powers of invisibility. On Deer Island, N.B., there are korrids or "guardians of the stones," who once refused to tolerate the gravestone of a suicide victim and smashed it to bits. Tommyknockers inhabit Maritime mines.

Mackay claims that there are at least 11 fairy hills in the Atlantic provinces, most of them associated with fairy sightings. Near the fairy mound in Dagger Wood, N.S., a two-and-a-half foot man and his six female followers were seen "pulling a bull through the dusk." At the fairy hill in Dartmouth, N.S., fairies have been seen dancing. The original name of Inverness, N.S. was Sidhean, which means "home or place of the Sidh [fairies]." The town supposedly sat directly on a fairy hill.

Maritime placenames reveal all sorts of interesting bits of folklore, he says. Magical kelpies — sea horses which came ashore as humans — are said to have sung their siren song near Kelpy Cove, N.S. A witch was supposedly burned to death in the late 1700s on Flame Point, near Charlottetown, P.E.I. Bantalor, a New Brunswick town, translates from Gaelic as "servant of the dark lord."

Although many of the creatures, beliefs and names can be traced back to European folklore, there are, of course, Maritime legends (such as Glooscap, or the Lake Utopia monster) that have Mic Mac and Maliseet origins. "The woods-whooper exists only in the northeastern part of North America," says Mackay. The Indians called him Wendigon. He travels in circles on the winter wind "always, like all fairies, against the motion of the sun." He has the head of a bird, makes an eerie cry of extreme intensity and carries off woodsmen.

The woods-whooper has been sighted in New Brunswick at least once a decade since 1856

Maritimers are still originating new legends. In 1962, a geographer named Wigginton designated a mountain in northern New Brunswick as the home of Santa Claus. North Pole Mountain now officially exists, surrounded by the lesser mountains of Donner, Blitzen, Cupid and the rest.

Mackay admits he has his hands full trying to cram all these legends and bits of folklore into two books. "I'm really writing these books to see why our people are the way they are," he says and then grins. "What I'm finding out is that we're damned peculiar people."

Uncovering the story of the Maritime Archaics

These seafaring people thrived in the region in 5000 BC but they left archaeologists few clues about their lifestyle

by Tom Mason

A thousand years before the great civilizations of Mesopotamia and Egypt, a thriving society existed in what is now Atlantic Canada. Modern scientists have named them the Maritime Archaics — we'll never know what they called themselves. These seafaring people, whose society stretched from northern Newfoundland to the coast of Maine, lived off the resources of the sea, made long journeys across open water and buried their dead with reverence and ceremony. They left some evidence of their lifestyle — scattered tools and spear points, piles of ancient garbage, the odd grave or village — but, for the most part, they disappeared without a trace.

Scientists know that small groups of these people began wandering into the Atlantic provinces at least 11,000 years ago. For thousands of years they eked out an existence by following herds of caribou across the barrens. Eventually, around 5000 BC, they learned to live off the sea and settled in villages. They built boats, probably dugout canoes, which they used to chase walrus and other sea mammals and to trade with their neighbors along the Atlantic coast. As their sea prowess grew, they journeyed beyond the sight of land to settle on islands off the coast that no longer exist. They lived and died and the slowly rising sea buried their remains.

Dr. Stephen Davis, an archaeologist with Saint Mary's University in Halifax, has spent nearly 20 years piecing together the story of the Maritime Archaics. But it was only recently that he received media attention with the discovery of an Archaic village at Chegoggin, N.S. and with the announcement that artifacts had been found in the Bay of Fundy in scallop drags. "The artifacts in the Bay suggest a group of islands, now submerged, that were inhabited by humans," says Davis. "Since they had to get there somehow, it's reasonable to assume they were seagoing."

Davis' work has been complicated by the dramatic changes in climate this region has experienced in the last few millennia. The planet warmed, the great ice sheet melted and the level of the ocean rose. As a result, much of the ancient coastline is now under water and the Maritime Archaics' village sites are submerged. The image of Atlantis is a hard one to shake, but Davis laughs at the idea.

He and his colleagues have looked inland for information as well as along the coast. "We suspected that the Maritime Archaics also lived inland to some extent, especially along the major rivers in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick. When we looked there, we encountered the same problems we found on the coast. All the major river valleys in the Atlantic provinces are flooded by hydro dams."

While many of their labors were fruitless, there have also been a few triumphs. In 1967, during construction excavation, a Maritime Archaic graveyard was uncovered in Port au Choix, Newfoundland. A total of 53 skeletons were found along with tools, hunting equipment and jewelry. The bodies had been covered with red ochre, a common practice among the Maritime Archaics and one that has led to the nickname "The Red Paint People." The Port au Choix site

PHOTOS COURTESY OF STEPHEN DAVIS

Workers excavating last summer at the Bain site on the now famous Chegoggin River

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HERITAGE

was excavated by scientists from Memorial University, under the direction of Dr. James Tuck, who found the remains remarkably well preserved due to the presence of crushed shell in the soil. After the excavation was completed, the site was declared a World Heritage Site by the United Nations.

Davis is now concentrating on piecing together the random discoveries that come to his attention every year. The study of artifacts sent to him by amateurs makes up the bulk of his work. Private arrowhead collections are carefully laid out in his laboratory, photographed, analyzed and then catalogued on a computer database. The amateur collector is asked to provide as much detail as possible on the location of each discovery and these are plotted on a map. When the information is compiled as completely as possible, the artifacts are returned to the finder. "Our work depends on the contributions of these amateur collectors," says Davis. "It's important for anyone who finds artifacts to contact me or one of my colleagues."

By plotting on a map the areas where artifacts are found, Davis is able to create an accurate picture of what settlement patterns were like in the Atlantic provinces in any specific time period. "We've identified 500 to 600 sites where prehistoric artifacts have been found in Nova Scotia. There are probably about 10,000 in this province alone that we haven't discovered yet."

One type of site that is particularly informative is the "midden" site. Middens are what's left over from ancient clambakes — piles of discarded shells mixed with other food remains. The calcium in the shells acts as a preservative and these old garbage dumps have survived relatively intact. "If we know what a group of people were eating, we can get a good picture of their lifestyle," says Davis, "since the way they lived was centered around their methods of obtaining food. Organic material doesn't preserve well in Atlantic Canada because of the acidity of our soil, so most of the information we have comes from midden sites."

It was Davis' relationship with one amateur collector, Nathan Bain of Yarmouth County, that led to the discovery of the Chegoggin site. Bain had amassed an impressive collection of artifacts from a site on the Chegoggin River and had kept a detailed diary of his findings. Davis headed to the area in 1988 with Dr. David Sanger, a colleague from the University

Workers included Saint Mary's University students like research assistant Stephen Powell

of Maine. There, they unearthed a village that had been inhabited for about 4,000 years, from the late Archaic period into the Mic Mac period.

"Unfortunately, Chegoggin was the site of a goldmining operation in the 1860s," says Davis. "A rock crusher destroyed most of the Archaic element of the excavation. We could excavate it but all the artifacts would be out of context. You just don't excavate sites that are like that."

But one part of the Chegoggin site that is still intact could answer one of the most nagging questions about the Maritime Archaics: did they have an elaborate trading system? Several large glacial boulders found at Chegoggin were used as the raw materials for tools. For hundreds of years the people living here chipped away pieces of the boulders. By fingerprinting these rock fragments through a process known as trace element analysis, Davis and Sanger hope to locate actual pieces at other sites around the Atlantic coast, particularly in Maine.

As the details of the Maritime Archaics' lives will never be fully understood, Davis prefers to concentrate on the big picture. "We're looking at the entire prehistory of the Maritime provinces and attempting to reconstruct their life history. To do this we have to study more than just artifacts and remains. We have to look at things like climate and environment. We know that when the Paleo-Indians arrived 11,000 years ago, the Maritimes were tundra. If we understand the kind of conditions these people lived under, along with the technology they had, we can understand what their daily lives must have been like."

There's one question that may never be answered: where did the Maritime Archaics go? Did they evolve into the Mic Macs or were they replaced by the Mic Macs? Davis isn't sure. "We know that they are of the same gene pool as the Mic Mac, but that's all we can say. There were several abrupt changes in technology during the Maritime Archaic period that suggest movement. We don't know whether we're talking about movements of the people themselves or just the technology."

Student uses grid to record discoveries

It will be a few years before discoveries like the one at Chegoggin begin to answer these questions. "The public shouldn't expect anything from Chegoggin for at least five to 10 years," says Davis. "So many different branches of science are involved in analyzing the data that it will take at least that long to see any concrete results."

In the meantime, new technologies are coming on stream every year and one of them will someday give scientists the capability to excavate the ocean floor. Until then Davis will go on searching through one haystack at a time.

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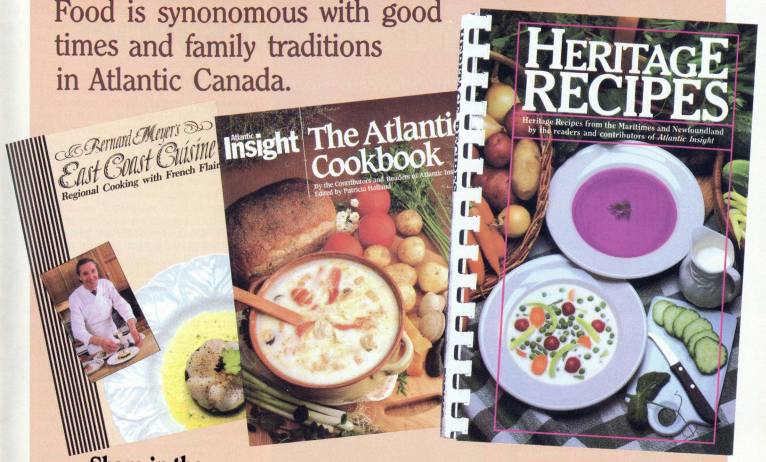

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Province's covered bridges almost an endangered species

Each time one of the bridges is saved, a little folklore and a little piece of rural New Brunswick is saved with it

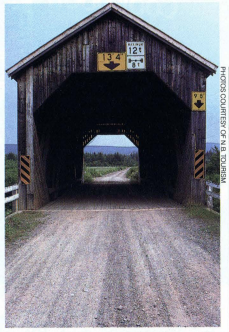
by John Wishart

When Bob Alston of Newtown, N.B. heard the province was going to tear down an 80-year-old wooden covered bridge near his home, "it felt like a little piece of me was going to be destroyed." Five generations of Alstons had passed through the bridge and its wooden predecessors on their way into town. He wasn't about to stand by and watch a community landmark fall into the river.

With the help of some other concerned residents in the Sussex area, Alston formed the Salmon River Covered Bridge Park Association in 1985. Four years later, the association has convinced the province to maintain the Salmon River Bridge and has built and maintains an immaculate little park around the 1907 structure. The traffic on Route 890 now crosses the river on a new, reinforced concrete bridge 60 feet to one side of the heritage site.

Unfortunately, not all New Brunswickers share Alston's commitment. There were 320 covered bridges in the province in 1944 but only 133 by 1975. With the destruction of two more this past winter, the number has dwindled to just 70. New Brunswick's rustic covered bridges are fast joining the endangered species list. Some have been destroyed at the hands of arsonists and vandals; others perished in wind and floods. Most have died slow deaths as the old wooden planks aged, traffic volumes and truck loads increased, and steel and reinforced concrete came into vogue.

The League for Rural Renewal, a group of rural life advocates founded in the early 1970s, succeeded in restoring a handful of covered bridges. But only retired people could be members of the league and their cause outlived the members themselves. Today, it is often concerned citizens like Alston or local historical societies that petition the government to save a specific bridge. Unlike Quebec and the New England states, where well-organized covered bridge societies act as watchdogs, there is no organized public effort to preserve New Brunswick's remaining bridges.



The crossings were dubbed kissing bridges

PHOTOS COURTESY OF N.B. TOURISM

Their numbers have dwindled to just 70

Government hasn't completely turned its back on these unique pieces of history, however. Ron Joyce, an engineer in the Department of Transportation whose job it is to inspect the bridges, says the official government policy is "to save them unless it is cost prohibitive." Joyce, who knows the bridges well, says each has a story to tell, from the 1899 bridge at Nelson Hollow on the Miramichi (the oldest) to the 1951 bridge in Madawaska County (the youngest).

Austin Renton of Nixon Settlement, N.B. repaired covered bridges in the southeastern section of the province for 25 years. Now 79, Renton was coaxed out of retirement in 1982 by the City of Moncton to oversee the meticulous reconstruction of a 1915 bridge at the entrance to Magnetic Hill. Renton insisted that his crew build wooden hinges for the windows to improve authenticity. "We could almost build her with our eyes closed," he says proudly.

Bridge stories are passed down through generations in rural areas, Renton says. The crossings were affectionately called "kissing bridges" because more than one young man was known to have stopped his horse-drawn carriage in the dark solitude of the bridges as part of the courting ritual. "You'd rest your horse and see what happened," Renton says with a knowing wink.

One bridge is even named for its romantic prowess, Renton points out. The Hartley Steeves Bridge in Salem was dubbed the Dan Cupid Bridge after a young bridge laborer named Forbes met and courted his future wife as he boarded at her parents' home while the bridge was being built in 1923.

The thought of what might happen under the protective covering of the bridges proved too much, however, for one Hartland clergyman in 1920. New Brunswick author Stephen Gillis tells how the clergyman wrote the legislature to say if the 1,282-foot long bridge (the world's longest) was covered, "it would turn into a potential ram's pasture and the morals of the youth of Hartland would be seriously jeopardized." A government member wrote back to say, "if the morals of the young people are so badly bent that it only requires a covered bridge to break them, there is little we, as the government, can do about the matter."

Gillis' book *No Faster than a Walk — The Covered Bridges of New Brunswick* was published last October. He suspects covered bridges came to New Brunswick — and not the other Atlantic provinces — with the United Empire Loyalists. The Loyalists brought the Howe and Burr Truss systems of building from England. Local wood, sometimes hewn on site, was used in the early years. By 1940, however, the province was bringing in sturdy Douglas fir from British Columbia to serve as the main cords that supported the bridges, he says. These cords were sometimes 30 to 40 feet long, seven inches wide and 14 inches deep and were doubled or tripled for extra strength.

The bridges were covered, Gillis says, to protect the timber from the sun and rain. A covered bridge would last 50 to 75 years, an uncovered one only 10 to 15. In an ironic twist, someone who lived near each bridge was hired by the government in the winter to spread snow along the bridge floor so horse-drawn sleighs could move through easily.

Neil Scully, another long-time bridge superintendent, says the bridges weren't built to withstand the heavy loads of pulp and gravel trucks. Most bridges were one lane and designed to withstand only 15 to 20 tons, the Rexton resident says. Engineers 50 or 75 years ago had no way to foresee the stress that modern-day transportation would place on the old timbers.

It pains old-timers who worked and lived near the bridges and preservationists like Alston and Gillis to see the numbers dwindle. Proponents say each time a bridge is saved, a piece of rural New Brunswick and folklore is saved with it.

The senseless torching of the old bridges burns Wilmot Drost of Bath, a superintendent with 34 years' experience. "These young fellows running around with nothing to do," Drost laments. "The old wood is so dry, it makes a spectacular fire and the thing goes up in minutes and falls into the river. What a mess." More than one bridge has fallen victim to Hallowe'en pranksters. He says it's because the younger generation just doesn't seem to cherish the bridges the way older folks do.

If New Brunswick is to make a concerted effort to save the remaining bridges, it might do well to follow some advice Bob Alston's father gave him. "My father said, 'you don't appreciate what you have until you don't have it any more.' We hope that people start to realize that, once covered bridges are gone, they're gone forever."

PHOTOS COURTESY OF THE BEAVERBROOK ART GALLERY

The 'Terror' Iced in off Cape Comfort, 1838 — (oil on canvas) George Chambers

Restoring a national treasure

The future of the Beaverbrook Art Gallery in Fredericton looks bright with a new exhibition and fund-raising drive underway

by Carol McLeod

The trick to surviving a 30th birthday is to meet it head on. That's exactly what Fredericton's Beaverbrook Art Gallery is doing. After taking stock of the wrinkles time has etched, the gallery is putting its best face forward by organizing a nationally circulating exhibition of Victorian painting. In addition, the Beaverbrook has launched a five-year, $7-million fund-raising drive to provide money for badly needed cosmetic surgery.

The exhibition, entitled "Victorian Painting in the Beaverbrook Art Gallery," is the brainchild of the Beaverbrook's former assistant curator Paul Hachey, who reassessed the gallery's 19th-century British collection following the recent revival of interest in Victorian painting. In the Maritimes, the display of the 45 works began on May 26 at the Beaverbrook and will continue until Sept. 7. From there it moves to the Art Gallery of Nova Scotia in Halifax from Nov. 1 to Dec. 15. From Halifax the exhibition will travel to Montreal, Hamilton, Edmonton and Victoria.

"Many of the paintings going on tour have never been shown by the Beaverbrook before," says gallery director Ian Lumsden. "That is partly owing to the fact that until recently some of them were in poor condition. Those that were have been cleaned and conserved especially for this exhibition. But the other reason we haven't shown some is that until recently the importance of the Victorian collection was eclipsed by our 18th and 20th-century British collections."

He says that for years after the turn of the 20th century, Victorian paintings were rejected as socio-historic documents recording the life of the time. As they fell into disfavor, their market value dropped and many were consigned to attics where dampness caused them to crack and warp. "Because they didn't lead, as contemporaneous impressionist and post-impressionist works did, to non-objective art," Lumsden says, "they were overlooked until the 1980s when Victorian painting was re-evaluated partly as a result of the opening of the Musée d'Orsay in Paris." The Musée d'Orsay is the world's showcase of 19th-century art.

The truest measure of the revival of interest in Victorian painting has been found in the international art market where paintings that lay languishing in museum vaults for half a century are now selling for more than $1 million.

Among the highlights of the Victorian exhibition is J.J.J. Tissot's "A Passing Storm," donated to the gallery by the Sir James Dunn Foundation in 1961. It complements an important group of Victorian works that Lord Beaverbrook began acquiring in the 1940s, when he developed the idea of donating an art gallery to the province of New Brunswick.

In assessing the gallery's 19th century British collection, art historian Kim Sloan says it is "so representative of this period of British art that it provides an excellent opportunity to explore, with specific examples, its major thematic concerns. Genre was the most prevalent theme of academic art during this period, most frequently representing domestic scenes, but it also included large public scenes as well as animal, historical and military genre subjects. Rural, marine and foreign landscapes were also extremely popular subjects exhibited at the Academies and there are excellent representative examples in the Beaverbrook Art Gallery."

Prominently featured in the exhibition are seven nude studies by William Etty as well as paintings of domestic life by James Archer, Thomas Faed, James Tissot and William Powell Frith. The animal genre is represented by the works of artists such as John Frederick Herring, Jr. and Edwin Henry Landseer, while the outstanding marine painting is "The 'Terror' Iced in off Cape Comfort," by George Chambers.

Included in the dozen landscapes are three Sam Boughs, two George Vicat Coles and an Atkinson Grimshaw. Capping off the exhibition are several examples of the literary genre, most notably Sigismund Goetze's representations of "Aeneid" and "King Lear."

"The appeal of a lot of the Victorian work is the literary aspect of so much of it — a story within a rectangle," says Lynne Clifford-Ward, the gallery's education and communications officer. "Many collectors of the time were industrialists responsible in some ways for blighting the countryside. By buying these paintings which reflected nature and domestic or literary scenes, they could salve their consciences a bit."

Despite their rediscovered importance, the 45 Victorian paintings composing the exhibition are not the jewels of the Beaverbrook's 2,000-piece permanent collection. That distinction goes to the gallery's 18th-century British collection, one of the top three in Canada. It includes portraits by Hogarth, Gainsborough, Lawrence, Ramsay, Romney, Hoppner and Reynolds in addition to landscapes by Turner and Constable.

"We are also very proud of our Canadian collection, which has works by the Group of Seven, by Canadian impressionists such as James Wilson Morrice and by Maritime artists like Miller Brittain, Jack Humphrey, Alex Colville and Bruno and Molly Bobak," says Clifford-Ward.

Located on the banks of the St. John River in downtown Fredericton, the gallery has an international reputation. It was the gift of New Brunswick-born financier, statesman and philanthropist Max Aitken, better known as Lord Beaverbrook, who spent most of his life in Britain. He donated the building, its original collection of 300 paintings and an endowment fund of $1 million to New Brunswick in 1959.

A Passing Storm, 1876 — J.J.J. Tissot

"Beaverbrook was deeply involved in the acquisition of the original collection, which reflects his ties to both Canada and England," says Lumsden. His friendship with such 20th-century British artists as Graham Sutherland, Sir William Orpen and Walter Richard Sickert has resulted in the Beaverbrook Art Gallery holding the most significant North American collection of works by these artists.

Until his death in 1964, Lord Beaverbrook encouraged many of his friends and business associates to donate to the gallery. As a result, New Brunswick industrialist James Boylen presented 26 paintings by Cornelius Krieghoff. These, combined with eight other works by the artist — including his masterpiece "Merrymaking" — constitute the largest public collection of paintings by Krieghoff in the world.

Sir James Dunn, a lifelong friend of Lord Beaverbrook, donated three paintings by the Spanish surrealist, Salvador Dali, including the 14-foot high "Santiago El Grande" which Dali considered to be one of his best works.

"Thirty years ago, Lord Beaverbrook couldn't have foreseen the extraordinary growth of this and other Canadian galleries and museums which began as part of the heightened sense of cultural awareness that resulted from the Centennial in 1967," says Clifford-Ward. "He felt the museum would exist to show his collection of pictures. It never occurred to him that we would have itinerant exhibits or that the collection would grow as it has. Then, too, it never occurred to him that we would face the inflationary spiral we have."

That spiral has made it necessary for the gallery to seek additional private funding in order to operate and to expand. "We are unique in Canada in that we are the only public art gallery built, endowed and maintained almost exclusively by private donations," says Clifford-Ward.

Even with generous contributions from many sources, there has rarely been enough money to meet the gallery's growing needs. Structural damage to the walls, caused by the 50 per cent relative humidity required to protect the paintings, has gone unchecked. As well, light fixtures and flooring have grown shabby, while exhibition space below the east wing remains unfinished.

To correct these and other problems, the Beaverbrook launched its first-ever, public subscription fund-raiser last fall. Nine months into the five-year, $7-million drive, almost $5 million has been received in pledges — $1 million from the New Brunswick government. Corporate campaign leader Harrison McCain, who chairs the board of McCain Foods Ltd., has gathered overwhelming support from national corporations, while the provincial campaign team has done equally well with the New Brunswick business community.

"The campaign has been an education for a lot of people because so many of them assumed the gallery was solely funded by the provincial government," says Clifford-Ward. "They are overwhelmed when they discover that the gallery was a gift from Lord Beaverbrook and that it is run almost entirely on private funds."

Much of the money raised over the next four years will be used for repairs and renovations. However, 14 per cent will be earmarked for future acquisitions. "With works by 18th-century British artists eclipsing the $1-million mark, the only way we can hope to expand that particular collection is through donations made by private collectors during their lifetime or through bequests in their wills," says Lumsden.

He foresees that the gallery will concentrate on building up its contemporary Canadian collection. "Prices for such paintings are more affordable, although there are Canadian artists whose work has broken the $100,000 mark. One of Alex Colville's works recently sold for $160,000. In general, though, you can get paintings by most of Canada's junior artists for under $30,000."

For the present, however, the gallery is concentrating on fulfilling its objective of raising $7 million. "We think our Victorian exhibition is a great way to celebrate our 30th anniversary," says Lumsden. "It's also a great way to promote both the gallery and the campaign drive on a national basis."

Route Canada employees still waiting for money

High hopes expressed when CN's trucking division was privatized have dissolved into a grim tale just three years later

by Ron Shaw

It leaves me pretty bad. I'm getting to the end of the barrel right now and I don't know where I'm gonna go from here." That's what former Route Canada employee Doug Meyers said last fall. He began working for the trucking company as a young man 17 years ago, when it was CN Route, the trucking subsidiary of Canadian National. Last September, like 3,500 other employees across Canada (more than 200 employees in the Maritimes), he was laid off. Like the others, he soon discovered his pension and unemployment insurance benefits were somehow tied up in a paper maze.

Ten months later, Doug Meyers and thousands of others are still waiting for their money and some answers.

The story of Transport Route Canada Inc. (commonly referred to as Route Canada) began with CN Rail's decision to sell its money-losing trucking division. CN management, wrestling with a huge debt, was beginning to dismantle the company in order to save it. It was a process that would include shutting down the Moncton main repair shops and ending rail service completely in Newfoundland and Prince Edward Island.

So CN Route was "privatized" and renamed Transport Route Canada Inc. in December, 1986. It was done with a lot of fanfare. CN and the new owners of Route Canada expressed confidence in the trucking company's operation. The railway and the union, the Canadian Brotherhood of Railway, Transport and General Workers (CBRT&GW) worked out a parachute package for employees affected during the transition period.

A year-and-a-half later, Route Canada was placed in receivership.

At first, CN washed its hands of Route Canada's 2,300 employees because a special agreement drawn up to protect them during the transfer had expired. But the union's Atlantic members wouldn't give up. They became the driving force behind an effort to get a better deal. Members took full advantage of last fall's federal election campaign and began occupying the campaign office of then Moncton Tory MP Dennis Cochrane, demanding action. Then the protest spread to the re-election headquarters of then Public Works Minister Stewart McInnes in Halifax.

CN management was asked by the federal government to meet with the union to work out a new separation agreement. CN agreed to a meeting but by the time the meeting was held, the election was over. The railway refused once again to extend the parachute package.

What happened in between the sale of CN Route and the bankruptcy of Transport Route Canada Inc. has been feeding a sense of outrage in former employees.

Transport Route Canada Inc. was owned by three people. Two brothers, Dave and Paul Fingold of Toronto, held 75 per cent. Another Toronto man, Manfred Ruhland, held 20 per cent of company stock. The $29 million used for the purchase was mostly borrowed, much of it supplied by the Royal Bank. From the beginning, Ruhland was the man who made the decisions.

Former Route Canada employees are up against a dead-end paper maze

The company that lost $40 million a year when it was run by the railway was quickly streamlined. Restructuring cut annual losses to less than $1 million by the end of December, 1987. But a report from the receivers, Deloitte Haskins and Sells Ltd., says the restructuring swallowed up most of the available cash. No working capital was left to support day-to-day operations.

The union claims the owners had no intention of operating Route Canada as a viable company in the long term. Union spokespeople say the company's lucrative real estate holdings were either sold or used as collateral to buy a highly profitable, non-union New England trucking firm.

After re-organization, Transport Route Canada Inc. became one of seven subsidiaries of something called Route Canada Resources Inc. In February, 1988, when Route Canada was still $1 million in the red, a notice went up on bulletin boards in every Route Canada office in the country.

"The board of directors is pleased to announce that Route Canada has assumed management of Holmes Transportation. With $61 million U.S. revenue, Holmes operates throughout the New England states. The combination of Holmes and Route Canada will enhance both companies' portion in the market place and provide improved traffic and service opportunities for international business."

There were two names at the bottom of the notice, president John B. Griffith and chairman Manfred Ruhland.

Holmes Transportation's head office in Westborough, Mass. still lists Manfred Ruhland as its new owner. At least two other subsidiaries of Route Canada Resources are still believed to be in operation. According to a report prepared by receiver Deloitte Haskins and Sells Ltd., Route Canada Real Estate Inc. holds all the real estate that once belonged to CN Route, and Route Canada Equipment and Maintenance Inc. owns all the new rolling stock.

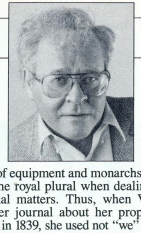
In March of 1989, Transport Route Canada Inc. was fined $70,000 on seven counts under the Canada Labour Code in an Ontario court. Workers in federally-regulated industries, like trucking companies, are supposed to get 16 weeks' notice of an impending layoff. Route Canada Employees received 48 hours. Collecting the fines from a company that declared bankruptcy and had its assets dispersed last fall may be difficult.

RCMP investigations continue into other aspects of the operation of Route Canada Resources Inc. and its subsidiaries. Ruhland made some startling admissions under oath during the bankruptcy hearings last fall. He said pension contributions, income tax and other deductions were siphoned off to keep the company afloat.

Employees in Ontario have finally started to receive pension cheques. In Atlantic Canada, they're still waiting. Inspectors have discovered more than a quarter of a million dollars is missing from the pension fund.

CBRT&GW representative Tom Barron says confused financial records are playing havoc with income tax returns. Some employees didn't get T-4 slips this year. "We're also finding employees that are getting T-4 slips, some of them in some instances are getting two and three T-4 slips and in other instances employees are getting T-4 slips that are completely inaccurate," he says.

In the meantime the union continues to do what it has from the beginning. It demands a full public inquiry to get to the bottom of what happened to Transport Route Canada Inc.



Thatcher trips on royal 'we'

Margaret Thatcher deserves a gaffe-of-the-year award for a Freudian slip that suggests she wants to sit, not in the prime minister's chair, but on the Queen's throne. Her regal style and apparent contempt for the real queen, had long fueled rumors she'd like nothing better than to be Queen Margaret I. Then, an immortal embarrassment popped from beneath her stiff upper lip. On hearing that her son's wife had given birth in Texas, she used the royal plural. "We have become a grandmother," she declared. Neither *Royal Canadian Air Farce* nor *Spitting Image* could possibly have topped that.

The royal "we" reminds us of the editorial "we." Both infect routine utterances with spurious majesty. The editorial "we" is meant to make prose sound lofty and impersonal. Oxford says it's used in "editorial and unsigned articles in newspapers and periodicals, where the writer is understood to be supported in his opinions and statements by the editorial staff collectively."

"We" is supposed to make the words of one puny writer sound like the editorial thunder of a great institution, and occasionally it works. In 1807, a certain Bishop Edward Copleston ruled in his priestly way, "there is a mysterious authority in the plural 'we,' which no single name, whatever may be its reputation, can acquire." To sound like God, you wielded "we."

This tip appeared in Copleston's *Advice to the young reviewer*, but I prefer the advice to a young reporter from Edward Whipple Bancroft Morrison. Morrison was a turn-of-the-century editor at *The Ottawa Citizen* and to a greenhorn who littered stories with "we," he snarled, "there are only two people in this business entitled to use 'we' — an editorial writer and a man with a tapeworm."

Thatcher's royal "we" didn't give much credit to her husband. He was not heard to boast, while passing cigars, "'We' have become a granddad." In treating him as a cipher, however, Thatcher was simply following royal tradition. For centuries British monarchs regarded their spouses as their inferiors. (The current queen would be right to regard her husband as her inferior, but that's another column.)

Shortly after Queen Victoria married Prince Albert of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, they quarrelled. Albert locked himself in his quarters. "Who's there?" he asked, as Victoria hammered on his door. "The Queen of England," the 21-year-old monarch bellowed, "and she demands to be admitted." Albert refused to let her in. She finally quit shouting, stopped pounding and just tapped at the door. "Who's there?" he asked again. The queen said, "Your wife, Albert." The young prince opened the door, and in the following 17 years, she bore him nine children.

In this touching story, Victoria used not the royal "we" but the pompous "she." Perhaps that annoyed Albert. People who talk about themselves in the third person certainly annoy me. "Brian Mulroney," says Brian Mulroney, "is one fellow who cares about Canada. He's got one whole heap o' Irish love for the land o' his birth." "Pete Rose loves baseball," says Pete Rose. "He loves it like a starvin' mutt loves a juicy ham hock." "I'll tell you this about Liberal MP Sheila Copps," says Liberal MP Sheila Copps. "When the chips are down, she's one hell of a fighter."

Queen Victoria is credited with the famous "We are not amused"

Yes, yes, I invented those quotes. I did it to dramatize my theory that language habits reveal personality more surely than astrology. Referring to yourself in the third person suggests you have a fat, pushy ego, just as Thatcher's royal "we" suggest she has queenly yearnings.

The royal "we" pops up in *Beowolf* in 958 A.D. More than six centuries later, in *All Is True (Henry VIII)* by William Shakespeare and John Fletcher, Queen Katherine says, "Sir, I am about to weep, but thinking that we are a queen…my drops of tears I'll turn to sparks of fire." In 1642 a real monarch, Charles I, complained, "In plain English, it is to take away the freedom of our vote; which were we but a subject were high injustice; but being your king we leave all the world to judge what it is." Seven years later, some subjects took away not just "the freedom of our vote," but his head.

Had he thought of it as "our" head? Probably not. A head is a rather personal piece of equipment and monarchs tend to drop the royal plural when dealing with personal matters. Thus, when Victoria told her journal about her proposal to Albert in 1839, she used not "we" but "I" and therefore sounded almost human.

"At about 1/2 p. 12, I sent for Albert; he came to the Closet where I was alone, and after a few minutes I said to him, that I thought he must be aware why I wished him to come here — and that it would make me too happy if he would consent to what I wished (to marry me). We embraced each other, and he was so kind, so affectionate."

She asked him to marry "me" not "us." Before telling her counsellors about her marriage plans, someone noticed her trembling and wondered if she felt nervous. "Yes, but I have done a far more nervous thing," she replied. "I proposed to Prince Albert." Only one of her made the proposal, but she was still just a kid, and had not yet reached her we-are-not amused stage.

Nobody knows precisely what unseemly event inspired Queen Victoria to speak the four words for which she is best remembered; but no other utterance, by any monarch before or since, is a more famous example of the royal "we" in action than, "We are not amused." A book entitled *Notebooks of a Spinster Lady* attributed the statement to Victoria in 1900, but fails to satisfy historians as to why she said it.

One story says she chanced upon her groom-in-waiting while he was imitating her to entertain a crowd. The audience was amused but she wasn't. Another account says she heard her grandsons laughing, found them and insisted one boy tell her the joke they found so hilarious. When he stalled, she issued a royal command; when he obeyed, she issued the royal rebuke. As the widow Victoria grew elderly, she may have been not-amused on countless occasions, and *The Little, Brown Book of Anecdotes* speculates, "'We are not amused' may well have been her stock expression to cut off any train of conversation that she considered inappropriate."

But neither Victoria, nor any other real queen, has ever said, "For the umpteenth time, we have become a grandmother," or "What? You mean to tell us we've become a grandmother, again?" It was left to a politician, the Iron Lady yet, to link the royal "we" to grandmotherhood, and we are amused, highly amused.

Our famous fish & chips

by Bob LeDrew

There's an old joke that tells of the monastery that began selling fish and chips outside its gate. One waggish customer asked the waiter, "Are you the fish friar?" The quick-witted cleric replied, "No, I'm the chip monk."

There may not be any monasteries doubling as chip wagons in Nova Scotia but, no matter where you go in the province, you're sure to come upon a restaurant or chip wagon that sells fish and chips. It's the first thing tourists and ex-Maritimers ask for when they hit Nova Scotia soil. If they come by ferry to Yarmouth, they're likely to make a pit stop at Harris' Quick and Tasty. Drivers may not be able to resist a detour off the Trans-Canada to Pictou's Stonehouse, while those flying in to the Halifax International Airport may be tempted to bypass the city for a favourite takeout along the South Shore.

For most fish and chip connoisseurs, however, it's not the restaurant as much as the taste that counts. It doesn't really matter whether this simple but substantial fare is served on china or in brown paper — it's ingredients and method that make the meal. And, of course, fresh fish is essential.

Susan McCarthy of Halifax's Wharfside Seafood Takeout describes the technique which won it the title "Best Fish & Chips in Metro" in 1987. "We use haddock fillets — or halibut when we can get it — cut to size and dipped in our batter. Then we deep fry them for about three minutes. It's really important not to overcook the fish. Overcooked fish is dry and tough. And you have to make sure that you flip the fish over so that both sides cook evenly. Otherwise, you get half of the fish cooked well, and half of it raw with moist, uncooked batter."

At the other end of the province, Ebby Gardiner personally inspects the 700 pounds of fresh haddock fillets his restaurant consumes weekly. As owner and manager of the Seabreeze Fast Food Restaurant in Sydney Mines, Gardiner's personal involvement has made his fish and chips famous on the Northside. He uses liquid shortening in the deep fryers, as opposed to vegetable or peanut oils, and fries the fish and chips at a slightly lower temperature (about 350°F) than other restaurants.

While Gardiner prefers to stick with his "tried and true" recipe, Jack Campbell, owner and manager of the Sou'wester Restaurant in Peggy's Cove, is always trying something new. "We tried our fish and chips with cusk this winter," says Campbell, who had his waitresses check the customers' impressions of the new fish. He says response was good.

Campbell has noticed an interesting division between the locals and tourists who patronize the Sou'wester. "The tourists are more experimental," he says. "They'll try tongues and cheeks, or cusk, or just about anything we put on the menu. But the locals want their haddock or they want cod."

Unlike a lot of restaurants which buy frozen batter mix in bulk, the Sou'wester and the Seabreeze make their batter from scratch. Campbell says his batter was developed by trial and error and that consistency is very important. "You have to get the batter thin. If the batter's thick, people will think they aren't getting enough fish, and it's harder to cook it properly, too."

To ensure crispness, the Sou'wester pre-cooks its fish, refrigerates it and when a customer places an order, the chef dips it in the batter and gives it the final fry.

Choices of condiments are almost as varied as the places that sell fish and chips. People use tartar sauce, lemon juice, salt and pepper, vinegar and ketchup in various combinations. McCarthy says her customers often want coleslaw on the side. She's also noticed a new trend with chips — mayonnaise. In Cape Breton, it's customary to top off a plateful of fish and chips with gravy. Gardiner says his restaurant serves as much as 50 gallons of gravy with fish and chips in a week.

Making fish and chips at home is not as easy as the experts make it sound. If you're tired of turning out soggy fish and chips that are burnt, Sou'wester chef and cooking instructor Howard Selig has tips and recipes. He says well-cooked fish and chips should be golden brown in color. The fish batter should be shiny and crisp with no break to the fish inside.

Use fresh haddock, cod, cusk or halibut to ensure an excellent fried product. All of these fish are white, moist and flaky when at their freshest and give off almost no smell. As halibut is more expensive, save it for a special occasion.

Fat should be at 365°F before you begin to fry. To test the fat, place a one-inch cube of bread in the hot fat. It should cook to a light brown in one minute. Also leave plenty of room between the top of the fat and the top of the pot. Dry fish before placing it in the batter. For perfect chips, cut your own potatoes (at the last minute) and dry them before placing them in the hot fat.

Beer batter

¾ cup flour
2 eggs, separated
1 tsp. salt
1 tsp. pepper
2 tbsp. vegetable oil
¾ cup beer at room temperature

Place the flour in a bowl and make a well. Add the egg yolks, salt, pepper, oil and beer. Stir together with a whisk until smooth. Cover and allow to rest for at least 1 hour. Beat the egg whites until stiff but not dry. Stir the batter and then fold in the egg whites. Use immediately.

Milk batter

1 cup flour
1 cup milk
1 egg
1 tsp. baking powder
1 tsp. each salt and pepper

In a bowl, mix the ingredients together with a whisk until smooth. The egg may be separated with the white whipped and folded in after the initial mixing. To enhance the flavor, add seasonings such as lemon pepper, tarragon or a dash of brandy.

Corn flour shake

¼ cup corn flour
¼ tsp. of cayenne pepper
2 tsp. seafood stock mix

Sift together the corn flour, cayenne pepper and seafood stock mix. Place in a paper bag with the pieces of fish and shake the bag to coat the fish. Remove excess flour before frying.

PHOTO BY ERIC HAYES. FOOD STYLIST KATHERINE CHUTE

FOLKS

DAVID LOCKE

Holmes has been officially certified the world's youngest great-great-great grandmother

It's one thing to live to be 90 years of age but it's quite another to be the *Guinness Book of World Records*' youngest great-great-great grandmother.

Harriet Holmes, 90, of Seldom Come Bye on Fogo Island, Nfld. holds this honor, which was bestowed upon her when she turned 88. Her granddaughter, Nellie Burke of St. John's, says she began wondering about the record 18 years ago when the fifth generation child was born.

"Others outside the family said 'that ought to be a record,' " explains Burke. Then when the sixth generation child was born, her curiosity got the best of her.

Burke wrote Guinness in the summer of 1988 and they wrote back asking for Holmes' birth certificate and a picture of the six generations. Then in August, the official Guinness certificate arrived proclaiming Harriet Holmes the world's youngest great-great-great-grandmother and the notation appeared in the "Stop Press" section of the October, 1988 world records book.

Aunt Harriet, as everyone knows her, is very laid back about the whole thing. "She's never even been in St. John's," says Burke. "Her world is small and doesn't have the same kind of grasp as we would about the world record. But she is happy that she might be famous yet."

Her daughter Eva Blake of Gander, Nfld., attended a birthday party for Holmes in January at which the whole town turned out to help her celebrate. Blake said her mother used no microphone as she thanked everyone for being so good to her.

Although Holmes may wonder how she came to live so long, her daughter says she has looked after herself well and has never had an operation. Her sight is not what it used to be and she would like to "retire" one day. But Aunt Harriet is still active as she cooks, cleans, makes bread and writes letters.

In total, Holmes has 11 grandchildren, 36 great-grandchildren, 20 great-great grandchildren and three great-great-great-grandchildren. Burke says her grandmother plans to live a few more years yet and if the women of the family continue to have children early in life, she might be around to bounce the seventh generation on her knee.

— Lana Hickey

Valerie Evans and **Lois Hooper** are two energetic Saint John, N.B. women who are combining a huge stock of costumes and two houses full of antiques with dramatic skits, pageants and fashion shows to illustrate the past 200 years of life in that city. Their audiences, ranging from school children to professional associations, all receive a presentation tailored to their particular interest.

"We try to find a significant fact about each audience, then work our storyline around that," says Valerie, who delves into diaries, old journals and yellowed newspapers to locate the anecdotes and curiosities that are favored for the show. "For example," she says, "when we did a show for local educators, we led off with the story of the first female who entered provincial normal school to earn her teacher's licence. She was properly costumed, of course, and we added relevant period artifacts to give depth and interest to the show. "Soon the stories were coming from the audience, not just from us. We consider ourselves kitchen table historians. We tell the kinds of stories families shared at a Saturday night party."

DAVID GOSS

Hooper (left) and Evans in period dress

Lois creates all the clothing for the characters that appear in the shows. "The costumes complement the storyline," says Lois, who believes people understand history better if it's visual. She often talks members of the audience into cameo roles in the show, which she says is an effective way to draw people into the period being covered. "It's not hard to see how restrictive the coats and dresses were in times past, especially when you've been asked to model for us. The kids love to try on the hats, and a crinoline or a pair of pants without a fly. Beltloops can fascinate a classroom for an hour."

As much as Lois enjoys seeing her clothing creations in use, she says her greatest joy is when the combination of costumes, artifacts and storytelling works its magic on the audiences. "Sometimes you can just tell by the look on their faces that a point you've been trying to make has come across and history is something more than a dull story in a dusty book," she says.

— David Goss

When **Nathaniel Fournier** of Sydney, N.S. saw an ad for the National Construx Championships in a magazine last fall, little did he know what was in store for him. But now, as the national champion, the eight-year-old can talk about the experience with equal shares of pride and exuberance. "My submarine was the smallest model in the championship round…the other kids had built stuff like a space port or a hotel, but I thought I had a pretty good chance at winning." And win he did; Nathaniel came home with the $2,500 grand prize and the title of best five-to-ten-year-old Construx builder in the country.

The contest was sponsored by Fisher-Price, the toy giant, and was held in Toronto. Nathaniel had discarded the airplane model that got him into the contest in favor of a submarine entry for the finals. One hitch came three days before the tournament, when officials told Nathaniel that he could only use the basic Construx set to build the sub, named the "Guppy." "So Nathaniel had to start from scratch, and figure out how he was going to build it," his mother Jocelyne says. "But once he got there, he was so cool, it was like he already knew he won."

Nathaniel plans on spending his hard-earned cash a little at a time. "I'm going to buy some gifts and put a lot in the bank." He's not sure if he can try again if Fisher-Price holds another contest but, even if he can't, the Fourniers have two secret weapons — a younger brother and sister. "They've already started with the blocks."

— Bob LeDrew

DAVID LOCKE

Eight-year-old Fournier won $2,500 and a national title with his Construx creations

DAVID LOCKE

Archibald and two of her prize Shelties

When **Kathy Archibald** of North River, P.E.I. got her first dog at age 10, it was the beginning of a lifelong love affair with dogs. This first pet, a poodle, had to be put to sleep because it had epilepsy. When this happened Kathy says, "I knew I couldn't live without a dog."

At the age of 16 she began working at a kennel in Montreal (her family was living in Lachine at that time) and, on a volunteer basis, she learned the art of grooming and breeding. Upon finishing her apprenticeship and receiving her papers, Kathy set up her own kennel in Dorval at the age of 19.

Now, at the age of 38, Kathy owns eight Shetland Sheepdogs and seven of them are champions. The Island woman, who has a severe hearing handicap, says she has taken many dogs to championship status for clients of her Kildrummy Kennel in North River.

Kathy's mother, who taught her to talk, says Kathy's other senses are much more alert. These sharpened senses have proven to be the key to her success in training and breeding dogs. Kathy's apartment above the kennels is adorned with trophies and ribbons — evidence of her successes with the Shelties.

Living alone with her handicap makes it necessary for Kathy to have a hearing-ear dog. She explains that hearing-ear dogs respond to commands. She tells about Tommy, her first hearing-ear dog who finally had to be put to sleep at the age of 15. "He was a remarkable dog — he knew everything I said."

When giving obedience classes to her clients, Kathy shows, through hand-signs and commands, what the dogs can do if their owners are willing to work with them. Some dogs, she says, don't respond in group situations so she works with them privately. "No matter what the problem, I can handle it," she says.

— Kathy Jorgensen

Growing hardy fruit trees for a temperamental climate

Through the work of New Brunswick researchers, Atlantic gardeners can now grow cherry, plum and pear trees that will bear fruit

by Carol McLeod

East Coast gardeners who believe that the only way to see cherry trees in blossom is to visit Japan can put their travel brochures away. Research by New Brunswick horticulturists has made it easier to grow not only cherries but also plums and pears in most parts of Atlantic Canada. Even temperamental peaches can be coaxed into production in a few southern locations while apples, which have traditionally done well in much of the region, can now be grown in more northerly areas.

"Growing fruit trees successfully is largely a matter of planting the right variety in the right place," says Robert Osborne, owner of Corn Hill Nursery Ltd., a 25-acre sapling fruit farm west of Moncton, N.B.

At both Corn Hill and the New Brunswick Department of Agriculture's research station in Fredericton, shoots of popular fruit varieties are being grafted onto hardy root-stock to produce trees capable of surviving even the harshest winters. As a result, gardeners in much of the region can now raise North Star, Meteor and Montmorency cherries in addition to Grenville, Patterson's Pride, Blue Free, Mount Royal, Stanley and Early Golden plums.

Pears such as Menie, Minie, Flemish Beauty and Patten do well in southern and central parts of the region while Siberian pear hybrids, which were developed in Manitoba and South Dakota where winters are severe, can be grown in many northern areas. "The fruit of these Siberian hybrids is not dessert quality," says Osborne. "But at least it offers people who can't grow other pears something that will produce." As for the number one ranked Bartlett pear, Osborne has found that its range extends only as far north as southern New Brunswick.

Much work has also been done on apples, which Osborne considers the easiest fruit to raise in the region. "Whenever someone has an apple tree that doesn't bear fruit or that suffers winter kill back, the problem is usually that the root-stock isn't one of the hardy types," he says. "We're grafting varieties such as McIntosh and Yellow Transparent onto Ottawa 3 — a root-stock developed by Agriculture Canada — and coming up with trees that can withstand temperatures as low as -40°Celsius."

PHOTOS BY ROGER TREMBLAY

Abundant fruit the rule not the exception

Most of the apple, plum and cherry varieties previously mentioned grow just about anywhere on Prince Edward Island. In New Brunswick they do well in the Saint John River Valley while in Nova Scotia they should produce everywhere except the central highlands and interior of Cape Breton. As for Newfoundland, Osborne urges people to select short-seasoned varieties.

Locations in which peaches thrive are more limited. Even Reliant, one of the most resilient species, rarely does well anywhere but in Nova Scotia's Annapolis Valley and along the province's south-western shore.

Because peaches are difficult to raise in the region as a whole, Corn Hill Nursery has abandoned work on the fruit altogether. The New Brunswick Department of Agriculture has limited its trials to Grand Manan Island, where moderating breezes from the Bay of Fundy help the trees survive the winter.

Regardless of what species of fruit tree gardeners decide to grow, stock will only do well if it is planted in the best possible location and cared for regularly. "If you plant where cold air settles at night and where you get late frost in spring and early frost in fall, it will be very difficult

to raise a crop," says Osborne. "You may be able to grow the tree, but if the temperature hits the freezing point while the blossoms are still on, there will be no fruit."

Osborne advises gardeners to choose a spot high on a hill or near a large body of water — places where cold air can drain away. "On a cold spring morning you can see frost lying in the bottom of a valley and you can pick out the line where the frost ends coming up the hill. Above that line is the ideal site."

Once a suitable location has been found, the tree must be planted properly. Roger Tremblay, a fruit crop specialist with the New Brunswick Department of Agriculture, recommends that saplings be planted in two-and-a-half to three feet of loose, rich soil and that they be fertilized immediately. "For the first month or so," he adds, "they should be watered weekly."

The best time to plant bare root-stock — trees sold with no soil left around the roots — is spring. However, saplings that are placed in root containers can be planted right up until the ground freezes in the fall.

One thing backyard gardeners often forget, says Tremblay, is that after trees have taken root it is important to prune and shape them. "That should be done between February and April while the tree is still dormant. Broken branches, those with cankers or some other disease and limbs that are crossing each other should be cut off with a saw or shears. If there are any branches lower than your knee, they should be removed as well."

Depending on the variety grafted and the root-stock used, most fruit trees will bear their first crop within two to six years. Cherries will usually produce within one to three years, peaches and plums within two to three, and apples within two to six.

To ensure that the trees they recommend are equal to the rigors of East Coast winters, both Corn Hill Nursery and the agricultural research station grow each variety in their own orchards. "If people choose what they plant carefully and take care of their stock, they should be able to grow fruit trees in this region without any trouble," says Osborne. "The more they put into them, the more they'll get out of them." ■

Overcoming bigotry and racism

This is a story I've been wanting to tell for some time. I think of it whenever English-French friction rears its head, as it did this past winter over the Bill 101 affair, because it's in part a remarkable story of the overcoming of racial and religious hatreds at a time when these ignoble passions were at their peak.

It's the story of a French Catholic priest, a man of peace, who by the time he died in 1762 had all of official Halifax as well as its recent bitter enemy, the Mic Mac nation, in mourning. And who was, besides, buried according to the rites of the Anglican Church in an Anglican cemetery, since Catholicism was being harshly repressed by those same mourning authorities.

What's more it's a story that still lives in one of its several dimensions. For a week every July — that is, every July since 1738 — Mic Macs from all over the Maritimes and beyond (as many as 7,000 in recent years) come to Chapel Island on Bras d'Or Lake in Cape Breton for a cultural and religious festival at the place, considered a shrine, where the first mass was celebrated at a native church 251 years ago by the man known in Mic Mac as Mosi Meial.

Mosi Meial is the Mic Mac pronunciation for "Monsieur Maillard" — Abbé Pierre Maillard. In the Mic Mac tradition, he is surrounded by legends. His grasp and mastery of the Mic Mac tongue, at the age of about 25, was so quick and complete that the story arose that he learned it miraculously after a period of meditation.

What was notably different about Maillard from many other missionaries was that he carried no European imperial baggage, no instinct to suppress native ways. His work lasted because he wove it into Mic Mac traditions. His choice of Chapel Island for the first church was itself an act of religious-cultural integration since the island, 10 km. east of St. Peters off Route 4, was already a meeting place for the Mic Mac Confederacy.

In his first years he lived and travelled with the Mic Macs, sharing their lives and hardships and carrying on his evangelical work. Simultaneously he wrote the first grammar of the Mic Mac language as well as several catechisms and prayer books — some of which are still in use — and made a determined effort to teach the Mic Macs to read and write their own language using a hieroglyphic method begun by an earlier missionary. And he fought the practice of French traders who paid the Indians liquor for furs.

Maillard carried out his work amid relative political calm. But soon Nova Scotia entered the most turbulent period of its history from the founding of Halifax in 1749 to the expulsion of the Acadians in 1755, the outbreak of war between England and France in 1756, the final fall of Louisbourg in 1758 and the fall of Quebec in 1759.

During this time Maillard turned to making peace between the Mic Macs and the English, negotiating between them whenever possible to prevent bloodshed. Calming foul passions between the English and French was obviously beyond the powers of even a saint at this point in history. (It should be noted that Maillard had one lapse. After the first fall of Louisbourg in 1745 he participated in the laying of plans to re-take the fortress, although the plans came to nothing. France regained the fortress by treaty three years later).

Calming foul passions between the Mic Macs and the English

Maillard's work for peace is set into dramatic relief by the fact that he had a warlike alter ego — Abbé Jean-Louis LeLoutre, also a missionary among the Mic Macs, and who continually opened the wounds that Maillard sought to heal.

Maillard had known LeLoutre in Cape Breton and had taught him the Mic Mac language. LeLoutre had been military chaplain at Louisbourg and had learned a few things about military tactics and strategy. During the 1740s and '50s he led French and Indian raids on English outposts, convinced that souls could only be saved on French soil. His activities kept the British in a state of alarm and added to the factors that ultimately led to the deportation of the Acadians. He was ultimately banished from Canada by the Bishop of Quebec for activities unbecoming a priest.

What Maillard thought of LeLoutre is not recorded, but it's a sad reflection that it's LeLoutre who is primarily remembered by history while Maillard is hardly remembered by anybody outside the Mic Mac community.

The crunch for Maillard, the Mic Macs and whatever other Catholics remained in the province came in 1759. One of the first laws passed by the new legislature of Nova Scotia, and a indication of the prevailing mood, was the "Act of Establishment of the Church of England and for the suppression of Popery" which stripped Catholics of all property and rights. It also banished priests from the province. All left except Maillard who hid in the forest.

Getting rid of the French was one thing, but dealing with the now strongly Catholic Mic Macs was another. They wanted their missionaries back and kept pressing the British authorities to relent. Still worried about trouble from the Mic Macs, the colonial government did relent enough in 1760 to allow Maillard to surface in Halifax where he got to work at improving relations between the two.

By October he had government permission to celebrate the first Catholic Mass in Halifax, which he did in a barn at what is now the corner of Barrington and Tobin Streets. By the next year, 1761, he had arranged a peace treaty between the government and the Mic Macs. There's an anecdote regarding the peace ceremony from an eyewitness, recorded by another missionary later on, and which I have gleaned from J. Brian Hannington's *Every Popish Person*, a history of Catholicism in Nova Scotia, which illustrates his influence. The peace dance was starting to go badly. It was dragging on. The Indians were muttering among themselves and the chief was resisting burying the hatchet, his trust in the British wavering. At a word from Maillard — the word being that the treaty would be off if the British went back on their word — the chief flung his hatchet into the hole.

The next year Maillard died. He was 52. His funeral might well be the most remarkable Halifax has ever seen. It is recorded that it was a huge affair attended by delegates from throughout the Mic Mac nation, by government, military and church officials and a host of other Haligonians.

He's buried in front of what is now St. Mary's Basilica, apparently right under Spring Garden Road. A Mic Mac legend says that as he was lowered into the ground bushes around his grave burst into flowers of many colours. ■

RAY GUY'S COLUMN

Ba-DAY-das of a day gone by

Granny, Hitler and the Church of England made me decide, at the age of five, to become a farmer. When the twig is bent by such a powerful trio as that, you don't turn your back with impunity on your destiny. If you do, you end up a little warped. This is probably why I often catch myself plucking a dry leaf from a windowsill geranium and sighing dismally, "Hasn't it all been a waster?"

That spring they gave me my very own potato patch, a five-foot square cut out of the sod, next to the main plantation. It was a strange spring. At spud-setting time the whole cove turned out as usual just like in a medieval painting, for all these things — wood-cutting, hay-making, berry-picking, sheep-slaughtering — were still seasonal and communal.

This was 1945, however, and as the ponies dragged the plows across the slopes above the harbor, a cavalcade of jeeps, troop transport trucks and artillery pieces passed along the dirt road for the Americans had come and set up a fortress just behind the community.

For Newfoundland, the war was closer than for some. There were Germans all around. Iron ore ships were sunk at their moorings at Bell Island, torpedoes had exploded against the face of Signal Hill above St. John's harbor, the Nazis had destroyed and sunk the Port aux Basques-North Sydney ferry, the Caribou, and all the people.

They even gave me "a lovely bit of sheep's manure" for my very own potato patch. Later on in June I got a share of rotting capelin for my special spuds. The childish idea that it is really the stink that drives a plant out of the soil at a great rate of knots has never left me; I have nothing but scorn for shopping mall manure …bagged, dehydrated and deodorized.

The summer went slowly as summers did then, even in time of war, and the gulls and the terns fluttered above the blue harbor. Occasionally, something happened that was so different from the world of the Cove that it did not seem real at all. There'd be a sharp roar and a great orange streak of tracer bullets low over the water from the Americans on sub-watch, practising.

"A good year for ba-DAY-das, I expect," remarked those who were older and wiser as they examined my patch. That was what we called them then. A few said "ba-DAY-dees" but this was regarded to be a less refined pronunciation.

I hauled out weeds and I dug up worms elsewhere and threw among them.

Once a week I peed on them. Some old geezer, whether he was being folkloric or just a leg-puller, had told me this was "a sure and certain physic" for good badaydas.

By and by came the flowers, dangles of white stars with a dab of mustard in the centre of each one. Toward the end of October, came the first smack of frost. Nothing left of all the green but a tangle of brown stalks… "what you calls the haul-ems," said my old geezer, "because now's the time of year to haul 'em."

I hauled 'em when everyone else did and learned how to fumble them out of the ground with the digger so as not to chop them and leave them fit only for the hens and the pigs. A sackful came out of my patch where only a handful of pieces had gone in. Not the lesser part of the miracle was that I could produce a sure and certain physic.

The clergyman came around on his circuit, then, and the church was opened up. There was a special thanksgiving service. Anyone who could might bring along what food they thought they could spare from the winter months and heap it before the altar.

I have nothing but scorn for deodorized, dehydrated shopping mall manure

It was to be shipped off "to those less fortunate" and, we were given to believe, it would be of considerable help to the war effort. It was dried fish, mostly, by the quintal and the half-quintal and potatoes in sacks and barrels and the family that chipped in with a tierce of turnips was whispered to be somehow putting on airs.

There were flags in the church and one or two persons in uniform home on leave and some Americans and the parson lit into Adolph Hitler, tooth and nail, boot and all. He was inspired. He no longer had to wrestle with the devil in the roaring gale — he could get a firm purchase on him now for he had him in the flesh and the bastard had a Charlie Chaplin moustache.

It was lovely, it was grand. I commenced to snivel at the grandeur of it all and got a parental elbow in the ribs for trying to wipe my nose in the collar of my sailor suit. "Fear not, brethren, joyfully stand, on the borders of your land" was one of the hymns from Ancient and Modern and the congregation, fired to white heat, rattled the panes of our wooden two-by-four tabernacle.

My old geezer, in the pew behind, though I was grieving the loss of my spuds and growled under his breath not to worry, he dared say my badaydas would be sent off "straight over there to Mar'ret Rose and she'll have 'em with a relish for her suppertime."

I don't know if Her Highness, although obviously one of the less fortunate, ever did. But a dozen or so of my very own spuds had been declared surplus to the war effort. They were dished up with considerable ceremony that night.

There's nothing like a Granny to puff a child up and make him feel worthwhile and useful. This one of mine took an interest in me that way. Get your laces right and you were a raving genius in the bud. "Wait. Don't tell me. Nobody speak," said Granny at her end of the table. "This is not…this never can be…Ray's very own badayas?"

All eyes, then, on the rising horticultural star of the coming age. Granny takes her fork and secures from the plate a specimen of the wondrous vegetable and holds it aloft for minute study. "Not a blemish…not one single solitary blemish!"

Then comes the taste test, the long dramatic pause, then the lip-smacking gusto. "Balls of flour! There's nothing I can put these badaydas to but what it is real…balls…of flour!" It's the ultimate Erse accolade to a spud as I find much later.

It was settled there and then for once and for all. A farmer I would be. But a few years passed and peace came and growing badaydas, by the acre, by the manure-load, lost something in the translation. After all, what do you do for an encore once you have hurled your first Erin Victorys against the very Heart of Darkness…and still had a few left over for Granny to praise?

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Thomas Raddall: From a Distance, in My Time

Louis W. Collins

(Acadia University Raddall Symposium, 21-23 September 1990, Banquet Saturday, 22 September, 1990)

When Dr. Alan Young wrote to me many months ago and asked if I would be a banquet speaker at this Symposium, I was both honoured and puzzled. I little knew then what I was letting myself in for.

After making a preliminary assessment of the proposed content of the Raddall Symposium, I began to wonder if it was hoped that my banquet performance might provide a light note after the many papers and panels to which you have now been exposed.

I have chosen the title of my topic with some care in order to confirm that I am not an intimate acquaintance of Thomas Raddall. There have been, however, a number of occasions on which our paths have crossed. Furthermore, reflections of Thomas Raddall and his family have been part of the fabric of my family's memories, as well as my own, for many years.

In order to canvass my proposed topic in all of the relatively slight detail I can muster, I shall, probably, be guilty of a degree of domestic exposure bordering on public intimacy for which, I trust, I may be forgiven, especially by my relatives.

I am reminded, nevertheless, at this moment, about the attractive young lady who planned to take her summer vacation in an area new to her and in a hotel she had never before visited. On arrival at her hotel on a sunny day and being a solar freak,

like so many of our young, she soon asked how she could get to the hotel roof.

On reaching the roof she was pleased to find that she was alone. Tempted by her good fortune, Aphrodite removed not only her beach robe but her bikini as well and stretched out gratefully on a nearby sloping surface facing the sun. She had only been basking and baking for a few minutes when she was rudely interrupted by the manager of the hotel rushing on to the roof and ordering her to cease and desist immediately from her indecent exposure.

Alarmed, Aphrodite protested that she did not think that she would offend anyone since she was alone on the roof. Whereupon the hotel manager roared wrathfully: "Young lady, you have been sunbathing on the skylight of our main dining room!".

In all fairness, I must now warn you that I cannot offer you any comparable entertainment tonight.

My family's association with Thomas Raddall and his family began soon after the Raddalls reached Halifax in the Spring of 1913 when Tom was not quite 10 years old. Tom's father rented a house at 53 Chebucto Road, north side, just a few yards west of Chebucto School.

One of my mother's brothers lived with his family at 46 Chebucto Road, south side, almost directly opposite the Raddall's. My uncle's eldest son, who was three years younger than Tom, came to know him about 1915 and both boys attended Chebucto School. My cousin has recently informed me that he continued to spend some time in Tom Raddall's company until Tom went to sea at 15 as a

wireless operator. While going to sea, whenever he was ashore in Halifax, Tom stayed with my uncle's family after his mother and sisters had returned to England.

When I asked my cousin to recall his boyhood impressions of Tom he wrote:

> "Tom was two or three years older than the rest of us and, due to the absence of his father and being the brother of three girls, probably felt (and acted) a little older than that. Consequently he did not often join in any of our games. Whenever he showed up we would get him to give us his condensed version of some book he had read. He was a good story teller even then."

On one occasion, Tom and my cousin went on an expedition out Windsor Street to hunt for Indian artifacts in an old quarry but did not find any. Windsor Street was then bordered by scrub woods and remained quite isolated for many years. Some distance beyond the old railroad roundhouse, something whizzed past them and they took cover behind a large tree. A half-dozen more objects or bullets whizzed by before Tom said that the danger was over and they could proceed in safety. How much Tom's cool and disciplined conduct was a reflection of the visits he had paid to rifle ranges and musketry practice with his father in England and, later, in the Halifax area, it is now interesting to speculate.

Two of my cousins have confirmed, independently, my own earliest memory of the way in which our family always pronounced Tom's family name. My mother always referred to Tom's mother, whom

she knew and thought highly of, as Mrs. Raddall (Raddle). Thomas Raddall was always plain Tom Raddall to members of my family even as the laurels multiplied around his head as he made a name for himself in the story of Canada. In following that long established practice, we may be acting as ignorantly as the boorish soldier who came looking for Tom after the Halifax Explosion. He had been told that the "Raddle" boy knew how to lead an advance party of soldiers into the basement of Chebucto School which was to be used as an emergency morgue for victims of the Halifax Explosion.

I may say, in passing, that that basement still had some aspects of a morgue when I first lined up with the other boys, some fifteen years later, inside its whitewashed walls. Tom was by then well established in Liverpool, Nova Scotia, and had recently published the Saga of the Rover, if my chronology is correct.

As I recall some of these relationships, I realize how fragile and fleeting many of these reflections must seem, devoid of their context. John Buchan in his autobiography, Memory Hold-the-Door noted "this world of recollection demands gentle handling. It is brittle, like all spiritual things".

Recent correspondence has brought to light some almost forgotten co-incidences.

Between February, 1920, and April, 1921, at age 17, Tom Raddall served as a wireless operator on board the Commercial Cable Company's cable ship Mackay-Bennett. Over a dozen years earlier, my father had served aboard the Mackay-Bennett as an Able Seaman for a comparable period of time before giving up the sea to enter

construction work ashore.

In the course of his early career as a private contractor, my father built two houses on Duncan Street in Halifax, which he sold to my mother's brother who was soon to become his brother-in-law. After he decided to leave the sea, Tom Raddall completed the purchase of one of those houses, Number 71 Duncan Street, for his mother and sisters who had returned to Halifax from England. McAlpine"s Halifax City Directory for 1921, on page 490, includes the following reference:

"Raddall, Thomas wireless operator b. 71 Duncan"

This period probably marked the end of my cousin's direct contact with Tom Raddall, although there were intermittent telephone calls and letters in later years, some as late as 1988.

When I asked him to sum up some of his early impressions of Tom, my cousin noted that Tom was somewhat reserved and very knowledgeable due to his extensive reading since he was largely self-taught. As a youth, Tom evidently left my cousin, then a Presbyterian, with the impression that God is an Englishman. My cousin also had no doubt, in those early years, that Tom believed man to be the superior sex.

My cousin remained loyal in spirit to his boyhood acquaintance and read most of Tom's work as it appeared in book form. He does not think, however, that Tom "ever topped his first novel - His Majesty's Yankees."

I was still an infant in arms on May 15, 1923 when Tom Raddall caught an early train for Liverpool, Nova Scotia and then proceeded

upstream to the mill site of the MacLeod Pulp and Paper Company where he was to serve as bookkeeper and paymaster.

Because of illness, I was just completing my first traumatic year of schooling in the New Bungalow of Chebucto School as Tom was adjusting, under some pressure, to his new position as a bookkeeper in the office of the new Mersey Paper Company at Brooklyn, Nova Scotia, across the harbour from Liverpool. It was not until the following year that I moved with my class to a new grade in the main Chebucto School building and began to line up with the other boys in its former basement morgue. I am sure that none of us then knew anything about the frightened teen-aged lad who, some fifteen years earlier, had stood in the cold and dark in that basement while a gruff army sergeant struck matches and declared, "Hold a thousand, easy."

As he has noted in his autobiography, Tom Raddall apparently achieved no creative work in 1931, 1932 and 1933. Fellow townsmen might have realized that he had writing talent when his Saga of the Rover was printed in 1931 and the Markland Sagas in 1934 but they were, in a real sense, company sponsored literature with a limited press run and distribution, as collectors and bibliophiles of today know all too well.

Raddall's stories published in Blackwood's Magazine were known to few Nova Scotians, it would appear. It was not until November, 1939, over a year after he had resigned from the Mersey Paper Company, that the unauthorized, but pivotal, publication of one of his stories in MacLean's Magazine probably brought Tom Raddall to

popular notice in Nova Scotia.

I cannot recall any family reflections from this period even though some of my relatives also worked in the administrative offices of the Mersey Paper Company. They were good Baptists and may have been exercising an early Christian charity. I now suspect that this charity may later have been placed under considerable strain as the sometimes lusty contents of some of Tom's novels became better known.

I can recall some reactions in my own home, especially on the part of my mother, whose memories of Tom's mother were still green when Tom's short stories and his first novel, His Majesty's Yankees, began to receive local recognition.

Most of Tom's short stories were acceptable and enjoyed because they contained recognizable characters and situations. They had about them qualities of plot and dialogue in which most Nova Scotians could find themselves at home.

I do not think that this situation changed very much, in terms of popular appreciation, with the publication of Tom's first novel. And there are still, I believe, in the gracious worlds of academe and literary criticism those who, after appropriate periphrases, would be prepared to voice, publicly, sober critical judgements akin to my cousin's terse approval of His Majesty's Yankees.

I would like to think that my Nova Scotian background was not uncommon a half century ago. When I was born, some two decades after the death of Queen Victoria, I was only a generation away from the farm and the fishery.

My mother had completed her common school education and had qualified, by examination, to attend Halifax County Academy when necessity forced her to enter domestic service. My father had gone to sea when he was 10 years old with his father. For good or ill that tradition died with me since I am the first eldest son in over one hundred years of my father's family who has not gone to sea.

My mother was an avid reader all her life. In my early boyhood she was reading Lucy Maude Montgomery's novels as they appeared. To her reading in later years, when I had some pennies in pocket, I added most of Joseph Lincoln's Cape Cod novels, which she much enjoyed. All of these literary effusions fell well within what I am tempted to call the moderate Presbyterian literary ethic that was to be my mother's guide and stay throughout her long life. Certainly little or none of her reading prepared my mother for the torrid incidents in some of Tom Raddall's later novels.

Among my mother's mannerisms was a tendency to splutter and cluck and flap her apron when she disapproved strongly of something. This was particularly true of literary misconduct, especially the inclusion of sexual innuendoes and explicit descriptions of sexual activity.

I do not remember if Mother read His Majesty's Yankees but I do remember that Roger Sudden did not survive the apron test. On reflection, I believe that my Mother's heart must have gone out to Tom's mother at that critical junction in her son's career.

Roger Sudden and Halifax, Warden of the North form a vivid and complementary introduction to the histories of Halifax and

Louisbourg in the eighteenth century. For over a dozen years now, I have been including Halifax, Warden of the North as recommended reading in adult education classes on Halifax history in which there have been students with a wide range of academic preparation and social backgrounds.

In the late 1960s, when some of us in Halifax were endeavouring to preserve the last group of early commercial buildings left intact in the Halifax waterfront, I wrote to a number of members of the Federal Government including Prime Minister Pearson. Those gentlemen answered promptly, supportively and in useful detail. On the local scene I chose to write to Tom Raddall and, again, I received a prompt, interesting and encouraging reply in response to my request for support. This was, I believe, my first direct contact with the subject of this Symposium and I was duly impressed.

Some time later, the Heritage Trust of Nova Scotia arranged a tour to Liverpool and vicinity. In Liverpool, for much of our tour on foot, Thomas Raddall acted as our guide and brought Liverpool's early history alive for us as we walked.

There was, I think, a slightly earlier occasion when, on the 10th of April, 1964, I believe I heard Thomas Raddall deliver his paper, Adventures of HMS BLONDE in Nova Scotia, before a meeting of the Nova Scotia Historical Society. The Society then met on the first Friday night of each month.

In my day, pedagogues of frailer character were inclined to relax as soon as the chalk dust had settled on Friday afternoons.

Occasionally a fellow labourer in the vineyard and I undertook post graduate research in the legendary and fondly remembered Ocean Tavern on Bedford Row, just a stone's throw from Province House. I believe, as a conscientious member of the, now, Royal Nova Scotia Historical Society and later its President, that I and my friend did attend that April meeting. I remember a sturdy figure of medium height crowned by a noble Roman head describing the adventure of HMS BLONDE as I tried to keep my friend awake. I do not believe that I had any contact with Dr. Raddall that evening.

My most memorable and enjoyable meeting with Tom Raddall did take place, over a decade later, in another tavern located in a building that his letter had, in a small but significant way, helped to save as part of a National Historic Site.

Tom had been brought to Halifax by young Dr. Tom and family and, for reasons now not clear to me, I was invited to meet the man I had long admired, in the Lower Deck of the Privateer's Warehouse. With the disappearance of the Ocean Tavern, I had undertaken further occasional research at the Lower Deck. On this occasion, post graduate research at the doctoral level proved so enticing and rewarding, at least to me, that young Dr. Tom had to reclaim his father in order to get him back to Liverpool before nightfall.

I have not sat down or taken grog with Thomas Raddall since that afternoon. I have written him concerning his early mentor, the late Harry Piers, longtime curator of the Nova Scotia Museum, and received a succinct and informative reply at a time when typing that letter must have cost considerable effort.

I shall undoubtably wish that I had known Thomas Raddall better but I shall prize the occasions when our paths did cross. One must be duly grateful for even the crumbs from the laps of the Gods.

As one who attempts, as a journalist, to popularize the past, I have long admired Tom's singular dedication and skill in bringing the past into focus in fact and fiction. His success, to my mind, reflects the dictum of Lord Tweedsmuir, who as plain John Buchan, was one of Tom's early admirers. In his autobiography, John Buchan noted: "Devotion to the past should be like a salad with vinegar; it should have just enough melancholy in it to keep it from cloying."

Because I have viewed Tom Raddall from a distance, in my time, I am hesitant to sum up the man in my own words. I shall, therefore, conclude with words applied by Dr. Archibald MacMechan, a distinguished adoptive Nova Scotian, to one of his respected colleagues. Archibald MacMechan, who helped, in a sense, to prepare the scene for Tom Raddall's literary labours, once said of his friend that he was "fine in intellect, fine in courage, fine in courtesy, proud, reserved, sincere."

At this time, in this place, I think that I need say no more.

(Thank You)

14/11/90