FEB. 27, 1973

to

AUG. 9, 1975

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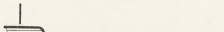

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Diary of Thomas H. Raddall II

TUESDAY, FEB. 27, 1973 (continued)

jobs for a couple of months or more, on government pay through one of the various federal grants for student employment.

The suggestion had probably come from teacher John Leefe, who is a member of the Historical Society (its youngest), and therefore knew about the Heritage Trust project of listing all the buildings of historic architecture in Nova Scotia, with a description & history of each one.

After about 20 minutes of silence (except for the female giggles & rustling of papers) I asked who was chairman. About that time young lawyer Ford Clements came in, & said there was no appointed chairman, but he would try to fill in. Ford wears his hair long (down to his shoulders), & is a sort of post-graduate of the "hippie" generation himself, so he could "relate" with these youths & girls.

Modern youth is so touchy about any sort of "domination" by old "squares" like Kirkpatrick & me, that we kept more or less silent while the young men talked vaguely in circles. The black-whiskered one, with the "Dutch cut" could not conceal his contempt for the preservation of anything older than yesterday afternoon, but he agreed that they should apply for employment, on a government grant, on this excuse.

Kirkpatrick said the Historical Society would be glad to endorse their application. The young men then went on to talk slowly & vaguely about other projects, & I excused myself & left.

WEDNESDAY, FEB. 28/73 Sunny, cold, calm. Really delightful weather, & I enjoyed a walk on Summerville beach.

Letter from Roger de C. Nantel, Registrar of Honours, Government House, Ottawa, saying that the new badge of Officer in the Order of Canada is now available, & asking me to return the Medal of Service which it replaces. (see diary June 2, 1972).

SATURDAY, MARCH 3/73 Today's Summerville walk was a grim exercise, in hazy sunshine and an icy east wind.

Victor Scobey was buried today, aged 68. A retired grader, he collapsed with a brain hemorrhage while playing in the curling rink ~~yesterday~~ on Thursday, & died unconscious in the hospital a few hours later. What a wonderful way to

go! He was an expert angler & canoe-man, & knew every tributary lake & stream on the Mersey watershed.

Dinner & cards this evening at Austin Parker's house with the John Wickwires & Ralph Johnsons.

SUNDAY, MARCH 4, 1973 A thaw began today at temp. 40° with rain all afternoon & evening. In the afternoon I drove with C. to Hunts Point & found the junior Raddalls pottering about their new house. The heating system is now installed & operating, but much of the interior carpentry, electrical wiring & lighting, plumbing etc. are unfinished.

MONDAY, MAR. 5/73 The thaw continued with a wonderful day, calm & sunny. Even at 4 p.m. the temp. was 56° in the sun. Inside my study, with a window open & the electric radiators shut off, the temp. was 75°. I walked the beach at Summerville, & sat in the sunny spot by the railway bridge for 20 minutes, perfectly warm, although a high tide had left ice-cakes only ten feet away.

The regional high school here is commemorating Canada Book Week with a 3-day display in the library, beginning on Wednesday. My books are their specialty, & this evening a be-whiskered young teacher, David Rundle-Woolcock, came & borrowed Harve Stein's drawings for the magazine serial of "Roger Sudden", Tom Hayhurst's drawings for "Saga of the Rover" and "The Markland Sagas", my framed map of Sable Island showing the wrecks. Also copies of 3 of my books which they have not got.

WEDNESDAY, MAR. 7/73 The school principal, Mr. Burke, asked me to say a few words at the opening of the library exhibition. Today I received the new badge of Officer of the Order of Canada, replacing the former Medal of Service, which was a simple thing of (apparently) stainless steel, to be worn on the breast. The new one is a six-pointed star of gold, with a white enamel face bearing a maple leaf surrounded by a red band bearing the words DESIDERANTES MELIOREM PATRIAM, & surmounted by a golden crown. Attached is a long circular ribbon (to be worn around the neck) in the red-white-red Canadian colours.

THURSDAY, MARCH 8, 1973 Still mild — 50° tonight & raining.

FRIDAY, MAR. 9/73 Rayy, calm, temp. up to 55°. Walked the beach at Summerville & sat half an hour by the river. Much of the snow has gone, but the discoloured heaps of piled or ploughed snow remain at the roadsides. No birds at my tray for the past week or ten days.

TUESDAY, MAR. 13/73 Our false spring continues. Temp. 55° in the sun today, with a violent NW gale. I walked Summerville beach, but the blast of sand off the dunes made it an ordeal. Made an attempt at compiling my income tax papers for 1972, but gave it up. The new forms are so complicated that, as Mr. Diefenbaker said at Ottawa, "they might as well have been written in Sanskrit".

For one example of the oddities:- dividends received from Canadian corporations must be entered on the forms at one-third more than they actually were, e.g.:- if I actually received $900, I must state that I got $1,200.

WEDNESDAY, MAR. 14/73 Another sunny & windy day. Hardly any snow left in fields or gardens. E. came with me & walked part way along Summerville beach. The railway section gang were setting fire to the dead marram grass on the dunes.

I got Austin Parker to compile my income tax forms this morning. Since his retirement from Mersey Paper Co. he has been Liverpool agent for Montreal Trust Company, & a tax consultant, so it did not take him long to figure out mine.

SATURDAY, MAR. 17/73 Spring weather continues, overcast & mild. Heavy rain tonight. Temp. 50°.

SUNDAY, MAR. 18/73 Overcast & mild. All of the snow has gone, except in the woods. We called on the junior Raddalls at ~~Summerville~~ Hunts Point & found them working away. They now hope to move in by the end of April.

MONDAY, MAR. 19/73 Overcast, with some small flurries of snow, which soon melted. News:- The N.S. Dept. of Education has announced that history will cease to be a required subject in the high schools after the present term. Today's Chronicle-Herald has a sharp editorial attack on this change of policy, & I think it is a downward step myself; but it reflects the attitude of modern youth as I noted it on Feb. 27.

TUESDAY, MAR. 20/73 Spring began officially about 2:30 this afternoon, but it was a bleak day with a few snowflakes

HFX. CHRONICLE-HERALD, MARCH 10, 1973

Raddall books displayed at Liverpool

By IVAN SHORTLIFFE

LIVERPOOL — Noted author Dr. Thomas H. Raddall told a group of students here Wednesday that whatever literary value his books may have had, he did prove one thing, that it was possible for a Canadian, living in Canada, writing about Canadians and the Canadian scene, to make a living.

"That is my main satisfaction," Dr. Raddall said at ceremonies opening a display of his books at the Liverpool Regional School Library, a highlight of the school's education week program.

"I never became rich, but I did make a living and was able to educate my children and able to enjoy life in a small town," he said.

School Principal C. J. Burke, Sheri Shankel, president of the student council and librarian D. H. Rundle-Woolcock welcomed and paid tribute to the author who had attained international recognition.

Dr. Raddall recalled that in 1938 when he was about to leave his accounting job at the Mersey Paper Company to embark on a fulltime writing career, his boss drew him aside to offer a word of advice.

"No Canadian, living in Canada and writing entirely about Canadians and the Canadian scene, has ever been able to make a living," the company official warned.

Admitting that he was uncertain himself, the then budding author said that "Somebody has to do it sometime."

He proved that it was possible for a Canadian, even in a little town in Canada, to stay where he was, writing about his own people and his own country and write well enough that people in other countries, as well as in Canada, "would buy his books and read what he has to say."

Apart from two small books privately published in the early 1930's, he has published 17 books, including eight novels, four volumes of history and five volumes of short stories.

Dr. Raddall has been honored with degrees from several universities, is an elected Fellow of the Royal Society of Canada and has received the gold medal from that society for distinguished service to Canadian literature.

Three times he has won the Governor-General's Award for the best Canadian books of the year.

In 1971 he was invested as an officer of the Order of Canada, the country's highest honor.

but it reflects on Feb. 27.

wandering down from a gun-metal sky. My bird-seed tray remains deserted. I have never seen so few birds in winter since I first set up the tray years ago.

As one of the 3 judges, I am wading through a pile of poems, essays & short stories by Dalhousie students for the W. Gr. Dennis memorial prizes. These are divided into two lots. The "Joseph Howe" competition, first prize $200, second prize $100, entirely for poetry. The "James De Mille" prizes are $150 for the best essay, and $100 for the best short story.

There are less than a dozen submissions for the "De Mille" prizes, & none of which is worth a damn. The student mind prefers "poetry" in the far-out modern style — no rhyming or scanning, and much of it just gibberish. Some words they love:— Darkness, Night, Moon, Shadows, Wind, Trees, Winter, Death; & there are some attempts at vague eroticism written, I suspect, by females. (All have to be signed by pseudonyms.)

Three or four had worth. My fellow judges are Professor Mc Isaac of Mount St. Vincent University, and Professor Snyder of St. Mary's.

WEDNESDAY, MAR. 21/73 Same bleak weather. On my way back from the post office I heard one trill from a song sparrow or possibly a fox sparrow, but with my bad eyesight I was unable to see the bird. The Historical Society met tonight at Mel. Gardner's house in Brooklyn. Speaker was Harry Paterson, on "Post & Postage" from early times, with an interesting & valuable display of early stamps & letters, including some of Queens County in the 1820's & 1830's.

FRIDAY, MAR. 23/73 Yesterday & today a bitter northerly gale with just enough snow flurries to whiten the ground.

By appointment today I was visited by John Robert Sorfleet, an editor of the "Journal of Canadian Fiction", a quarterly published in Fredericton since the winter of 1971. He is a pleasant & intelligent man, 35-ish, with reddish brown hair & beard, & is working towards a Ph. D. at U.N.B. A Canadian of English birth like myself, he was accompanied by his Chinese wife & their son, a bright child of 5½.

He had a tape-recorder, & the interview lasted from 10 a.m. to 4 p.m., with time out for lunch, which E. provided. Torfleet was familiar with all my work, especially the novels, & he had a series of well-prepared, card notes for the questions.

The "Journal of Canadian Fiction" runs to more than 100 pages in each issue, well printed on good paper, & is supported I presume by a subsidy, as it publishes chiefly the work of young Canadian writers of the "far-out" school. (I call it the fuck-shit-piss school because these words, in about that order of importance, are their favourite expletives.)

The reviews & criticisms are almost entirely those of young professors of English, male & female, in various universities, not long out of the student class themselves. I shall be interested to see what comes of the Torfleet-Raddall session.

SATURDAY, MAR. 24/73 A real spring day at last, wind light, blue sky, temp. 60°. This afternoon I walked the beach at Summerville, sat half an hour in the sun by the river, then walked around the golf course. My years of observation at Liverpool show March 24 as the median date for the arrival of the first robin, but I saw nothing but a few gulls & crows. The bitter northerly gales of the past two days would stop any bird bound for Nova Scotia.

SUNDAY, MAR. 25/73 Another lovely day. I walked the beach at Summerville, while E. sat in the car. Dozens of people, mostly young folk, were gambolling about the beach & dunes. A constant pour of motor traffic, east & west, as on a summer day. Victor & Vera Jeans were at their summer cottage, & called us in for a drink & chat.

A wayside snack shop at Hunts Point was doing a roaring business, & E. bought $2 worth of fried clams & took them home for our dinner.

Note:- The tall brick smokestack of the old Rapid Falls pulp mill, the last surviving vestige of the Mackeod Pulp & Paper Company, my employer from 1923 to 1928, was felled by dynamite a few days ago. It had been a landmark, visible from College Hill at Liverpool, all these years. The felling was done by a "Local Initiative Project" (government euphemism for a make-work job for unemployed labour — the Americans call it

boon-doggling) at Milton. It "employs" (most of them just loaf) about 40 men, cutting & burning bushes along the river above Potanoc. Their foreman thought it would be fun to fell the huge brick stack, which has been standing solidly for more than 60 years, & so decided it was "dangerous". The stack has been a nesting place for hundreds of swallows ever since the Rapid Falls mill closed forever in 1930.

TUESDAY, MAR. 27, 1973. Yesterday a drizzle of rain worked up to a wild gale through the night. Towards dawn the temp. dropped to 30° & the rain became snow. This morning the streets & sidewalks had an icy skin, with 2 or 3 inches of snow on top, & a roaring N. gale still blowing.

I have a sore throat, with occasional sharp pains in my ~~left~~ right ear canal, & in my ~~left~~ right cheek, & a general feeling of malaise.

WEDNESDAY, MAR. 28/73 Temp. 20° last night. Sunny but cold today. I dragged myself down to the post office but did not venture out again. E. has the same germ as myself — nausea, a cruel headache, very sore throat.

This afternoon my phone rang. It was Father MacDonnell, president of St. Francis Xavier University, Antigonish, inviting me to attend the May convocation & to receive an honorary degree. After last May's experience on the way to King's University, I did not like the prospect of the much longer drive to Antigonish, but of course I could not say No. I thanked him & said I would be there. Fr. MacDonnell is a golfer, & I met him briefly at White Point some time ago.

THURSDAY, MAR. 29/73 Sunny. The asphalt streets are bare & dry, but a crust of icy snow clings to the lawn. I did not venture outdoors, feeling wretched, like E. No let-up in the sore throat, the head pain, the nausea, & the prostration.

FRIDAY, MAR. 30/73 Another beautiful sunny day, which I can only view from indoors, a prisoner. E. feels considerably better. I do not. My throat remains very sore & swollen, so that I can't swallow anything much but soup. And I still have the hot head & chilly hands & feet, the shooting pains in my right cheek & temple, & in the right ear canal — my one good ear.

My scalp on the right side is even painful to touch with my fingers. And always the vicious headache, & a small dry cough. No sneezing or nose-running, so it's no ordinary bug.

This afternoon, the first fox sparrow made a lone & brief visit to my back lawn — true harbinger of spring.

Francie phoned from Moncton this evening & chatted with us. She told me that my guide & canoe-man on the Miramichi last June, Trovanion ("Vin") Lyons, died of a heart attack on the river a few days ago. He was 67.

Erik Andersen dropped in this evening to leave his keys in my charge. He & Lou, & the Edwin Parkers, leave for Hfx. airport tomorrow morning for a week or ten days in Antigua and Montserrat. Travel by air is so fast nowadays, and the fees so reasonable, that many people from Nova Scotia & elsewhere in Canada are visiting Bermuda & the West Indies.

SUNDAY, APL. 1/73 We have been confined to the house now for seven days, suffering this painful & debilitating illness, while the bright spring weather reigned outside. E. is now practically back to par, though still weak & unable to go outdoors. My throat is less sore & swollen, & the raging headache has subsided & so has the nausea, but the frequent cruel stabs of neuralgia still ravage my right cheek & temple, & especially the right ear canal.

I have occupied myself in various ways. For one thing I have completed the memoirs with my visit to Ottawa in the Fall of 1971, when I received the Order of Canada. It seemed a good place to stop. Consisting almost entirely of quotations from my diary, the memoirs run to 552 typewritten pages, single-spaced, with narrow margins. 400,000 words at least. They are to accompany my papers & diaries for disposal at my death. I made a will in 1960 in which I specified that my papers & diaries were to go to the Public Archives of Nova Scotia. Since then I had 3 requests from the P.A. of Canada; the National Library of Canada, which has been very urgent & persistent; from Dalhousie University; from Boston University, which also has been very urgent & persistent. I want my papers to remain in Canada, but I'm not sure that the P.A. of N.S.

the best place for them, having in mind availability to students of Canadian literature.

Jack McClelland of McClelland & Stewart, & Hugh Kane of MacMillan Canada, have said they would like to publish my memoirs. They would have to be condensed very much, & I doubt if the Canadian public has much interest in a writer's memoirs anyhow.

This morning the sky clouded grey, & now we are in for the dismal April rains — another imprisonment. I have yet to see a robin, although they have been seen inland at Caledonia for a week past. However, this morning some grackles made their first appearance at my seed tray. (Taylo gives March 31 as the average date of appearance in the Annapolis Valley.) Also a lone male red-winged blackbird.

MONDAY, APL. 2, 1973 I walked to the post office, & returned feeling like a wet rag & dripping perspiration, despite an icy S.E. wind & specks of snow. The excruciating pains of "tic douloureux" continue in the right side of my face. This evening a furious gale slashed at the house, with snow & then rain, & continued all night.

TUESDAY, APL. 3/73 The wind & rain continued all day, & so did my wretched & painful condition. Got the car out & got the mail, got money from the bank, & shopped.

WEDNESDAY, APL. 4/73 The storm subsided to a cold drizzle. I still have some soreness & swelling of the throat, some nausea (I have to force myself to eat) & continuing painful spasms of tic douloureux.

A phone call this morning from David Walmark, boss of the McClelland & Stewart office at Halifax. He says Jack McClelland is coming to Hfx. about April 21, & intends to stay a week, motoring over the Nova Scotia field with Walmark, & looking up various authors. They would like to come here, lunch with me, & chat for two or three hours, particularly with reference to my memoirs. Walmark will phone again when he has an exact date.

Took my car to the garage for a grease job, a change to summer oil, & to replace the snow tires with summer tires. This will probably bring on a blizzard & three feet of snow.

THURSDAY, APL. 5, 1973 The same accursed weather, the same nausea, the same excruciating stabs of pain. No use calling a doctor. They never make a house call now unless it's a case of life or death. The alternative, even with an "appointment", is to sit half an hour or an hour in a small waiting room crowded with people making the most of free medical attention. The obvious recommendation by overworked medicos is "take aspirins". Unfortunately I'm allergic to aspirin, which raises lumps as big as gooseberries on my scalp.

FRIDAY, APL. 6/73 The wind hauled NW today & blew a cold gale, which pushed the wet cloud-ceiling out to sea & let some sunshine through. I removed the bird-feeding tray from my birdbath for the season. It was little used last winter - I have never seen so few birds.

Letter from Jack McClelland. "There are many things I want to discuss, including the reprinting of some of your titles, and of course your new writing."

Phone call from Gaston Lapointe, of Information Canada, Ottawa. Wants me to write sixty lines of text to accompany some photos of Louisbourg. The line was bad, & he will write an explanatory letter.

The pains in the right side of my head were less frequent today, & the nausea dwindled, so that this evening I was able to eat a good portion of steak & vegetables, my first solid meal in ten days. I am very weak, & get out of breath at the least exertion.

SATURDAY, APL. 7/73 Sunny, but a cold NW gale, which again kept me indoors. The neuralgia pains are now about one every five minutes, but just as painful, & this evening I tried holding an electric heating pad against the right side of my head, which gave some relief. Our friends the Parkers, Williams & Wickwires got home today after two weeks at Freeport in the Bahamas, & report a very pleasant time. The place was crowded with Canadians, especially Nova Scotians, as the direct-jet-plane flight from Hfx. takes 200 passengers at a time.

SUNDAY, APL. 8/73 Overcast, temp. 40°. Drove with E. to Hunts Point, & found Tom & Pamela busy with odd jobs about the new house. The carpenters still have much to do, & the plumbing is far from complete, but they expect to have all ready for

occupancy in three weeks' time.

MONDAY, APL. 9/73 Sunny with a cold NW wind. I spent about half an hour raking up twigs & leaves, but had to give it up then, feeling exhausted. I found that some childish vandal had taken a rock & cracked the thin plastic base of the bird bath, so that it will not hold water. Wrote Laporte agreeing to do the Louisbourg bit.

WEDNESDAY, APL. 11/73 Heavy rain last night, & a violent NW gale all day, with snow flurries enough to whiten the ground. I am still confined to the house, except for the morning walk to the post office. A horrible feeling of lassitude & nausea, plus the continuing neuralgia.

Father MacDonnell of St. F.X. phoned again today, this time asking me to make the convocation address. I protested that on previous similar occasions I had said all I had to say, & I would rather not speak any more. He said his people had not heard me before, & asked me to "be a good sport". So I agreed, with much reluctance. I reminded him that I am a writer, not an orator, and I am no academic. He answered that "here at St. F.X. we are non-academic and non-clerical, & we shall be happy to meet & hear you."

E. & I walked to Mrs. Charles Holden's house tonight to attend the regular meeting of the Historical Society. John Leefe read a very good paper on Captain Sylvanus Cobb, the pioneer of Liverpool, & his previous career as an amphibious soldier on the Nova Scotia coast.

THURSDAY, APL. 12/73 Again a hard NW gale, with thick flurries of snow, & patches of sunshine melting the snow on the ground. The pains in my throat & head have subsided to an occasional sharp pang in my right ear, but the nausea continues & I have to force myself to eat.

FRIDAY, APL. 13/73 Sunny & cold. This afternoon I took E. for a drive to Greenfield. At the Ten Mile we got out & walked down to the lake, with an eye for mayflowers, but saw none.

SATURDAY, APL. 14/73 Same weather. I drove with E. to White Point, where she hunted for mayflowers & got a small bunch, the first of the season. I walked around the golf course, my

first good walk in about 3 weeks. I rested a few minutes at No 5 green, but even so I was tired when I got back to the car.

Our neighbours the Andersons got home tonight after a pleasant two weeks in Antigua & ~~Dominica~~ Montserrat. They left there by jet plane at 6.45 this morning, & landed at the Halifax airport about 8 p.m.

SUNDAY, APL. 15, 1973 Sunny & warm (60°) with a light W. breeze. Many young people walking & playing on Summerville Beach, where I sat half an hour in my favourite nook, sunning the right side of my head, which has been tortured so long with neuralgia. Called on the junior Raddalls at Hunts Point, & found Tom & Pam working away. Then on to White Point, where I walked around the lower 7 holes. Am still afflicted with nausea. Tonight on TV (the CTV network) we watched the first instalment of a 4-part show — "Canada: The Atlantic" — sponsored by General Motors. (The other 3 parts will deal with central, prairie, & west coast.) Except for 3 fleeting shots of Liverpool's town hall, courthouse, & a colonial-style residence, & a "voice-over" quotation from Perkins' diary — done by someone with a deliberately mincing & affected diction — there was nothing of the film so laboriously taken here & at Milton on Jan. 18th.

There were brief shots of miners going down a coal mine, & of the Sydney steel works — these with a long "voice-over" dissertation on the smoke pollution & the squalid lives of the workers & their families. There were brief historical summaries of Louisbourg & Halifax. The largest part of the hour-long "Canada: The Atlantic" was devoted to the fishery & mostly taken in Newfoundland — long sequences of trawlers in heavy seas, of rugged little harbours & simple wooden houses, of people cutting up fish, or singing in their homes in cracked voices over an accordion. Nothing whatever about the paper, pulp, & lumber industries of the Maritimes, which employ far more people (& pay them far better) than all of the fishery. The general tone of the show was the one cherished in Ontario, a simple backward people living precariously on fish. Donald Cameron had a screen credit as the writer of the script, but I had an apologetic letter from him some days ago, saying he was ashamed of

it, & ~~the~~ intimating that the CTV people had taken a large hand in it, to his disgust.

MONDAY, APL. 16, 1973 A lovely day, temp. 70°, & calm. I walked at Summerville Beach & on the golf course. I have done so little walking in the past two months, & so much in the past 3 days, that a large & painful blister appeared today on my left big toe. Phone call from Cameron ("Cammy") Graham of CBC, with whom I did several TV shows until he was transferred from Hfx. to Ottawa years ago. He is now preparing a series to be called "Days Before Yesterday" dealing with social changes in Canada in the period roughly 1897-1957. Wants me to appear on Citadel Hill & on McNab's Island, talking about the final departure of the British garrison, etc. I agreed. Gaston Laporinte phoned while I was out, left a message with E. — asking me to write the Louisbourg piece at once. The photos are to follow in a few days.

TUESDAY, APL. 17/73 Again fine & warm. I worked all afternoon on my back lawn, removing the cover of old leaves & brushwood from the rose bushes, loosening the earth about them, & mixing in a trowel-full of "Vigoro". Hauled the old brush away to the town dump in my car. By then I was exhausted. The weakness, the nausea, & a persistent hoarseness cling to me.

WEDNESDAY, APL. 18/73 Again fine & warm. Temp. 75° at noon. Using my little handcart spreader, I put fertilizer on my lawns — front, side & back — about 40 lbs. altogether.

I repaired my bird-bath with caulking gun, & replaced it. The thin plastic bowl had been broken by hammering it with a stone some days ago. I felt sure the vandal would come back to finish his job by smashing the hollow plastic pedestal, & I caught him in the act. A 9 or 10-year-old mulatto boy, mentally deranged, who has been committing acts of vandalism in this neighbourhood for several months. When I yelled at him, he walked off.

THURSDAY, APL. 19/73 The 5th successive day of summer weather — too good to last. Owing to my blistered toe I couldn't walk far, & I pottered about my lawns, picking up twigs,

aligning the ~~bird~~ bird bath to its proper level. Also worked on the Louisbourg article for Information Canada.

The buds on my bush honeysuckle & lilac are breaking into leaf. Some of my rose bushes are putting forth new shoots. Some show no sign of life.

FRIDAY, APL. 20, 1973 Sunny but cold & windy. Dr. & Mrs. D. P. Varma called this afternoon. Varma very full of his enthusiasm for the Gothic novel. He began years ago with the Gothic novels published in England during the 18th. century. He is the acknowledged authority on these novels in British academic circles, & has published several books on the subject. Now he is pursuing the Gothic novels of continental Europe. He visited Rumania last summer & explored the ruins of Dracula's castle. This summer he will explore in Germany.

He made no mention of his former project at Dalhousie, a two-volume biography & study of my written work, which I did not encourage, as he knows nothing of Nova Scotia, its history & people.

SATURDAY, APL. 21/73 Sunny & warm in town; but I found an icy breeze off the sea at White Point, where I took my golf cart & clubs for the first round since last December 4th. I am still weak from my illness, & my hands & legs are stiff with arthritis & lack of exercise, so I'd had enough at the end of 9 holes. Many players out, mostly young men.

I finished the Louisbourg text for Information Canada, & wrote captions for eleven illustrations.

MONDAY, APL. 23/73 Rain & drizzle. This morning John Leefe & I made an inspection of the Historical Society's museum in the Perkins house, & found everything correct. It needs another bookcase, & we must make provision for that.

At 1 p.m. Jack McClelland arrived with David Walmark. They lunched with us, & stayed the afternoon, talking about books in general & mine in particular. Jack wants to include all of my novels in his paperback New Canadian Library, which so far has only "The Nymph & the Lamp" & "Roger Sudden". The title to "Tidefall" & "The Wings of Night", which have been long out of print, is in my hands. The difficulty is with "His Majesty's Yankees", "Hangman's Beach", "The Governor's Lady", all of which are

St. FX to honor 2 Nova Scotians

Halifax Chronicle - Herald, April 16, 1973

ANTIGONISH — Saint Francis Xavier University will confer honorary degrees on two distinguished Nova Scotians at Spring convocation ceremonies May 13.

Receiving honorary doctor of law degrees will be Augustus Hector (Gus) MacDonald, a pioneer in the field of social justice and Thomas H. Raddall, a well-known author and historian.

Mr. MacDonald, a native of Glace Bay, was a close associate of the late Moses M. Coady, Dr. Timmy Tompkins, and other leaders of the Antigonish movement in the 1930s. He was one of the first volunteer extension workers in Glace Bay when St. FX began its extension department program in Cape Breton 40 years ago.

Today Mr. MacDonald is recognized as a dedicated international worker for cooperatives and fishery management. He is currently project manager for the Central Fisheries Research Institute in Zambia. However, his career has provided great assistance to development within Canada.

He is a former secretary-treasurer of United Maritime Fishermen and has done much for fisheries and northern development in the province of Saskatchewan.

He was for nine years a director of fisheries in Saskatchewan and for six years was director of northern affairs for that province.

In 1964, he was honored by the government for his work with the Indians and Metis people by naming of two geographical features after him.

On the international scene, Gus MacDonald has advised and directed co-operative and fishery projects in Ceylon, Australia, Kenya, Italy, Ghana, and Zambia.

In 1970 he was a member of the United Nations Mission to East Africa, Madagascar and Mauritius.

Thomas Head Raddall is a man whose prose and Maritime history have delighted readers for over 30 years. A three-time winner of the governor-general's award for best Canadian books, his writing career has been both prolific and varied since it began as an after-work activity in Liverpool, Nova Scotia in the 1930s.

He has authored 17 books including five historical novels and four volumes of history. Mr. Raddall has also written numerous articles for magazines as well as scripts for radio and television.

His novels have been published in Canada, the United States, and Britain in every west-European language.

At home and abroad about 2.4 million copies of his books have been sold. He is an elected fellow of the Royal Society of Canada and has received the gold medal of that society "for distinguished service to Canadian literature."

In 1971 he was invested as an officer in the Order of Canada.

Mr. Raddall continues to be absorbed about his first love, the society and history of the Maritime provinces, particularly Nova Scotia.

His best known works include Halifax-Warden of the North; Hangman's Beach (set on MacNab Island in Halifax Harbor); His Majesty's Yankees; and the Governor's Lady.

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in paperback editions by the (U.S.) Popular Library, under an agreement arranged by Doubleday in 1969. They sell in Canada, & until these books go out of print I can't give Mc Clelland & Stewart permission. Jack's main object was my autobiography, which I wrote for the information of future students of Canadian literature, & not for present publication. After long discussion I agreed to let him read it, & he took the bulky typescript away with him when he & Walmark left for Bridgetown at 4:30.

I had not seen Jack for years, although we have had correspondence & phone talks. He is lean-faced, with a long fall of blond hair over his collar at the back, aged about 55. Shrewd, energetic, fluent. He was bitter when I left M. & S. to go to Doubleday, years ago, but I always liked him, & like him still.

TUESDAY, APL. 24/73 Drizzle & fog. Douglas How came this morning & again this afternoon, asking information about the early days of Mersey Paper, etc. The Killam Trust has engaged him to write a short biography of Mersey's founder Isaak Walton Killam.

WEDNESDAY, APL. 25/73 A sunny morning, but when I went to play golf at White Point the course was wrapped in an icy fog. One hour was enough. A little exertion still leaves me panting & in a cold sweat.

The two professors & I, who were appointed judges of the Dennis prize contests for prose & poetry, have come to an agreement. No awards for prose — the stuff was wretched. Two awards for poetry — really the two best of a mediocre lot of blank verse. These college students don't attempt to work at it — to think clearly & then to express the thought clearly. They seem to write down the first notion that comes into their heads, & in the first words that come to the pen, & then ramble on to something else.

THURSDAY, APL. 26/73 Same weather. This afternoon I managed to do 16 holes at White Point, with a few minutes' rest on each tee. A large flock of robins on one of the fairways — the first large group I have seen this year. Yesterday I saw none except the feathers of a lone robin killed & eaten by a hawk.

SATURDAY, APL. 28, 1973 Rain & fog. Tom & Pamela moved their furniture & bric-a-brac to the new house today, & E. fed and entertained the three youngsters at our house. I worked at typing my address to St. F.X. University, mostly drawn from a lecture I gave years ago about the literary art, setting forth my credo, to which I still adhere.

My lawns begin to show green, & a pair of robins forage there & splash in the bird-bath.

Tonight a violent gale with periodical floods of rain, a wild beginning for Tom's family in the new house so close to the sea, & with the brook in flood.

SUNDAY, APL. 29/73 Hazy sunshine, & mild. Walked Summerville beach in the afternoon, & with E. paid a call on the junior Raddalls. Found them thoroughly installed, every carpet, every drape, every piece of furniture in place. Some of their friends came out from Liverpool at ten this morning, with champagne & silver goblets, to "christen" the place. After the storm, the surf was making a magnificent show, as if laid on for the occasion.

MONDAY, APL. 30/73 Overcast, bleak sea breeze, temp. 40°. Golf in the afternoon, a full 18 holes, with a rest on each tee.

Cameron Graham's secretary phoned from Ottawa, saying he had left on a brief tour of the Maritimes, & asking me to phone him at the Lord Nelson hotel at 10 a.m. Thursday.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 2/73 I drove to Hfx. this afternoon, stopped at the Armdale Motel & spent the evening going over material on the departure of the British garrison in 1905, & counterflow of European immigrants then pouring through Hfx. towards the west.

THURSDAY, MAY 3/73 "Taxied" to the Lord Nelson this morning to begin the day's work with "Cammy" Graham. He is now 40-ish, stands 6'4", weighs about 200, handsome, thinning curly hair. He left Hfx. about 13 years ago to take a better post in the C.B.C. at Ottawa, specialises in Canadian documentary tele-films, & has won public & critical acclaim. After lunch we were joined by his chief camera man & sound man, & went to George's Island & McNab's Island to look things over & see the possibilities for television shots. A small diesel-engined motorboat took us out, in a bleak easterly breeze. The old fortifications are much more dilapidated than when I saw them last, due to vicious

& persistent vandalism. One doesn't think of vandals as being hard-working or planning creatures, yet here young & strong men had obviously brought sledge-hammers, axes, wrecking-bars, crowbars etc., & worked furiously for hours, many times breaking through brick walls & tearing the interiors to splintered wood, twisted pipe, & rubble. Even the little graveyard of the McNab family, at Fort McNab, had been desecrated, & several tombstones, including that of old Peter McNab, had been shattered. The Dept of ~~Mines~~ NORTHERN Affairs (Parks Branch) replaced the broken stones, with exact copies of the inscriptions, & surrounded the little plot with a tall & stout steel post-&-net fence, topped with 3 rows of barbed wire. The ground-level buildings on George's Island were also vandalized. "Cammy" decided not to attempt photography in these places, but to shoot quite a bit of film, with some narration by me, in the Citadel tomorrow.

By this time it was about 6 p.m., & I was glad to taxi back to the Armdale for a badly-needed drink, & a quick dinner. I changed from my casual jacket, T-shirt & slacks to my dark reddish-brown business suit, with shirt, collar & tie. "Cammie" picked me up by taxi at 7.30, & we drove to "Boscabel", an old & charming house set in trees by the west shore of Northwest Arm. It is owned by an American professor of English at Dalhousie U., Thomas Raymond & his cheerful & wealthy Bermudian wife. I had met them a few years ago, & they had volunteered the use of their handsome living room, with its shelves of fine old leatherbound books, for a TV interview with me. The camera & sound crew were there with two big CBC motorvans, & before long I was sitting before the bookshelves, under a blinding battery of lights, replying to "Cammy's" carefully prepared questions. What was my impression of Halifax & its people when I came here as a boy? Please describe the Halifax disaster of 1917 as you saw & experienced it. My experiences as a wireless operator, especially on Table Island. My opinion of the Canadian prime ministers from Laurier to Bennett. The facts about Britain's withdrawal of her garrison & warships from Halifax in 1905. (I told about Vice-Admiral "Jackie" Fisher & his hatred of Halifax & all things Canadian; ~~and~~ & pointed out that when he became First Sea

Lord & a member of the 3-man Committee of Imperial Defence, he argued vehemently & successfully that Britain should withdraw her entire military presence from North America, including the West Indies, to avoid any future provocation to the United States.) What are the present feelings of yourself, & the Nova Scotians you know, towards the United States — friendly, hostile, or indifferent?" And so on. About 10:30 it was finished, & we had drinks & chat with our hospitable hosts. About 11:30 I tumbled into my bed at the motel utterly exhausted.

FRIDAY, MAY 4, 1973 A thick sea fog mosh of the day. We spent the morning in the Citadel, where I did some narration with the camera aimed at me & past me along the portico of the barracks & across the parade square. The usual interruptions by people suddenly walking into the scene, or somebody starting a car with a roar, or a workman doing the same with an air compresser — even a flight of pigeons, with a great whooshing of wings close overhead. "Cammy" is a perfectionist of course, & we did the piece over & over again — twelve times at least.

We lunched in the cellar of the Henry House, an old mansion on Barrington which is now a small but excellent restaurant. Then down to the waterfront, where the crew set up their lighting, sound, & camera gear — always a long process — in the empty immigration shed at Pier 21. It had cavernous echoes that delighted "Cammy" and the sound-recording expert. Again many "takes" of my piece. Finished at 3 p.m.

"Cammy" & I shook hands & expressed mutual pleasure in working together again, & we departed, he to the airport, I to the motel. I left about 3:30, driving through thick mist & occasional showers mosh of the way, & reached home in less than two hours.

Note:- The present superintendent of repairs to the Citadel & other old fortifications is a retired Air Force officer named Braham, an excellent man, & very obliging. He said the Department of Northern Affairs (Parks Branch) plan to start work on the restoration of Fort Mc Nab in 1977, but he hopes to persuade them to start on George's Island first.

SUNDAY, MAY 6/73 Overcast, with fog at the shore. Last night 42 male & female friends of Tom & Pamela (including several of their new neighbours) swooped down on them for a surprise party bearing food & drinks & a joint gift. The party

went on till 3:30 a.m. I drove there with C. about 2:30 p.m. & found them up for the first meal of the day, with three other couples, their closest friends, together with sundry kids. So the new house has been well & truly warmed.

At home I wrote ~~out~~ reviews of 3 Canadian paperback publications of T.C. Chandler's work, which I had promised Robert Forfleet for the "Journal of Canadian Fiction", which is published in Fredericton under subsidy from the Canada Council.

TUESDAY, MAY 8, 1973 Golf yesterday & today in a cold northerly wind. My strength is coming back very slowly, & I couldn't play a full 18 holes.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 9/73 Sunny but cool. I notice a lot of weed, notably buttercup, flourishing in the back lawn, so this afternoon I went over the front, side, & back lawns spraying a stiff mixture of "Killex" & water. David Walmark dropped in for a chat. He had come down to see John Leefe about writing a brief history of Nova Scotia for Grade Twelve students.

FRIDAY, MAY 11/73 Drizzle & thick fog for my journey to Antigonish. I set off about 1 p.m. What with visibility almost nil at times, & my own impaired eyesight, I found driving a great strain, especially in the fast traffic between Halifax & Truro, & I was glad to turn off the main highway at Truro about 4:15. Spent a quiet night at Keddy's motel.

SATURDAY, MAY 12/73 Heavy rain in the night & when I left Truro about 9:30 a.m. the rain & drizzle continued for about an hour. Then I emerged into bright sunshine, & with a clear view it was an easy run along the highway to Antigonish, which I reached about 11:30 a.m.

St. F.X. University had reserved a room for me at "The Antigonisher", a very good little motel in the heart of the town. Soon after lunch one of the Dept. of English staff, Dr. Raymond MacLean, came to the motel & introduced himself. The University had appointed him to be my mentor during the weekend. He began by taking me for a drive in his car along the shore to Cape George & around the cape to Arisaig, all very beautiful in the sunshine. On the way back we stopped at his new house, on a knoll with a wide view of an arm of Antigonish harbour, well outside the town. MacLean is a quiet soft-spoken man, whose

ancestor came from the Highlands & settled hereabouts in 1791. His wife is a pretty Englishwoman from Lancashire. She came to Alberta as a school teacher on an "exchange" basis, & met MacLean when he was teaching there. Through field-glasses MacLean showed me some of the wild-life on the unbroken shore below his house — several mergansers, a heron, & an eagle. The other day he saw a fox carrying off a duck. In spring & fall they see a lot of wild geese on their shore. I envied them & told them so.

MacLean dined with me in the restaurant of the motel, & at 9:30 p.m. took me to the university, where I was gowned & capped for the academic procession, following behind the graduating students, to the chapel for the Baccalaureate Mass. Like everybody else I was provided with a lighted wax taper, & like everybody else I had to shield it with my hand against the breeze. Even so the candles went out again & again, & had to be relighted. MacLean said the candles were an innovation, really, an idea of the present graduating class.

The music for the service came in turn from a string ensemble, a brass band, & the organ, plus the voices of the choir, all excellent. For the first time I beheld the new order of the Roman Catholic church ritual. The priests no longer stand much of the time with their backs to the congregation, reciting rapidly in Latin. Now the bishop & priests faced the people all the time, & (except for a brief salutation in French by a student of that language) the entire service was in English. Moreover the choir & people sang several hymns, Protestant-style, & one was the old Lutheran "A mighty fortress is our God" I was amazed — & pleased, to see how far our Catholic friends have come in extending the hand of fellowship to other Christians. Indeed it seemed to me now that the old positions have been reversed. The Protestants are now the ones who are dragging their feet in the ecumenical march. The divisions among people professing the Christian faith have always seemed to me descriptive & ridiculous.

I did not go up to take the wafer & wine — not from prejudice but simply because I didn't feel qualified — but nobody took any notice. There were a good many non-Catholics in the congregation. MacLean delivered me back

to the motel about 11 p.m. It was a beautiful night, with an almost full moon.

SUNDAY, MAY 13, 1973 A fine warm day for the convocation exercises. MacLean picked me up at noon, with his wife, & drove to Morrison Hall, where the Chancellor of St. F.X., Bishop William Power, gave a luncheon for the visiting dignitaries & honorary graduates. It was in a small dining room, formerly the priests' refectory. I was seated on the Bishop's left. On his right sat the handsome greying wife of the other honorary graduate, an actual graduate of St. F.X., Augustus Macdonald, for many years a builder of community organizations in Nova Scotia, the Canadian west, Ceylon, Australia, & in various parts of Africa. At present he is in Zambia, specialising in the organized fishery of Lake Tanganyika, a prolific source of food for the northern Zambians. His duties prevented him from attending this convocation, & his wife had flown about 15,000 miles to accept the honorary degree in his behalf.

The food was generous & excellent, but as usual on such occasions I couldn't eat much. As I told the bishop, "I have one thing in common with opera performers — I can't eat much before I sing."

At 2:30 we went over to Oland Centre, a large new auditorium-gymnasium, & took our places at the rear of the graduates' procession. (A long one. There were 654 graduates.) Inside the hall, on the main floor & on the banked tiers of seats on three sides, there were seated about 3,000 people. The Chancellor, a tall handsome jovial man, shook hands & congratulated every graduate as they filed across the stage. One girl with a bright & pretty face paused, & I was astonished to see her slip off her right shoe & hold forth a silk-stockinged foot, which the Bishop clasped & shook. There was tremendous applause. Her gown concealed the fact that she had no arms, & in an aside remark to me the Bishop explained that she made all her pencil notes etc. with her toes. This reminded me that one of the guests on the platform, seated in his wheel chair, was Earl Bailey, the remarkable paraplegic artist from Lunenburg, who does all his painting with brushes held between his teeth.

When my turn came, the university president Father MacDonell, read the citation, & the Chancellor slipped the hood over my head. (Ref St. F.X. the LL.D hood is light blue & white.) Then I made my address, which I had timed to take no more than 15 minutes. The immense audience enjoyed it, I think — they laughed in all the right places, anyhow — & gave me generous applause.

By the close of these affairs it was nearly 5 p.m., when the platform people withdrew to attend President MacDonell's reception at Morrison. I felt tired, as my friend MacLean realized, & at his suggestion I attended the reception just long enough to enjoy a much-needed whiskey-&-soda, & to chat with Earl Bailey & various others.

Back to the motel, where at 6.30 the MacLeans joined me for dinner. They said goodbye about 9.30, & I thanked them for their kindness & attentions during my stay in Antigonish.

MONDAY, MAY 14/73. Another fine warm day. I left the motel about 9.30 a.m. & in the clear weather drove all the way to Liverpool (about 250 miles) without fatigue. Home about 3 p.m. I had paused at Chester Basin to see if my sister Hilda & husband Ted Bayer were in their shop, but it was closed.

TUESDAY, MAY 15/73 Fine again. I spent most of the afternoon mowing my lawns for the first time this season. I should have done it a week ago, for the grass was now long & thick, choking & stopping the knife-reel many times. It was hot & heavy work, & I had to sit down & rest two or three times. Phew!

Wrote my thanks to Dr. & Mrs. MacLean, & sent them an autographed copy of my book on Halifax.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 16/73 Had my car washed, & oil & tires checked. Still a bit tired from yesterday's exertions, I confined my physical effort to a walk to the post office. Spent the afternoon checking the publishing history of my various books, and (on Jack McClelland's advice) preparing to write Doubleday, & Little Brown, asking for formal letters covering the reversion of all rights in books published by them & now out of print.

The Historical Society met this evening in Trinity parish

THE CHRONICLE-HERALD

Monday, May 14, 1973 "If it is good for the Maritimes, The Chronicle-Herald is for it" 51

WRITERS THOMAS RADDALL and A. Hector MacDonald received honorary doctorate degrees from St. Francis Xavier University Sunday during ceremonies held at the university. Shown attending the presentations are, from left, Bishop William Power, chancellor of Saint Francis Xavier; Mr. Raddall; Mrs. Hector MacDonald, who accepted the degree on behalf of her husband; and Dr. Malcolm MacDonell, president of the university. (Charles Eastman)

Canadian writers must look abroad for income and fame says Raddall

By RAE FOSHAY
Staff Reporter

ANTIGONISH — Canadian writers, as a matter of necessity, must look abroad for most of their income and fame, a noted Nova Scotia author and historian told 654 graduates at St. Francis Xavier University Sunday.

Thomas Head Raddall of Liverpool, author of 17 books with an estimated total readership of two and a half million, said at the spring convocation of the university: "What matters first and last is within himself, a passionate care for his craft.

"If he lacks that, he has nothing. If he has that, nothing else matters, whether he sells his work at home or abroad, for coppers or a fortune."

Mr. Raddall was one of two Nova Scotians honored by St. FX with an honorary doctor of laws degree.

Mary MacDonald accepted the honorary degree bestowed upon her husband A. H. (Gus) MacDonald. Mr. MacDonald joined St. FX extension department in the early 1930s and has since worked in various areas of Canada, Ceylon, Australia, Kenya, Tanzania, Ghana and Zambia. Much of his work has been in the special field of fisheries development and organization.

University chancellor Most Rev. W. E. Power, DD, conferred the degree on Mr. Raddall for his literature which "has enlivened our history and our heritage."

Mr. Raddall has three times been the recipient of the Governor General's award for literature, elected officer of the Order of Canada and a fellow of the Royal Society of Canada.

Quoting Somerset Maugham: "I think it is an abuse to use the novel as a pulpit or a platform. Fiction is an art, and the purpose of art is not to instruct but to please." Mr. Raddall said to please does not mean to pander to whatever public fad may be current.

It does mean to set forth what is in the writer's mind so that it has the form, the color and the substance of the truth he saw, in the way he saw it, and because it pleased him that way.

"His obligation is always to the truth. In whatever degree he falls short of that he fails in his art or his craft or whatever you wish to call it."

A self-conscious endeavor towards art defeats its own purpose always, he told the 3,000 persons attending graduation exercises in Oland Centre.

"The irony of it all is that the decisive word about art belongs to the future in any case, in literature as in everything else. Posterity alone will decide which books of our time shall continue to be read and which shall not, and whenever that final judgment is reached the authors will be dead."

Whether an author's work be found good or bad, now or hereafter, Mr. Raddall said, the first judgment and only real satisfaction are to be found in one's own heart.

"I do not mean a crass and blind self-satisfaction. That is a delusion. I mean the satisfying of that instinct for craftsmanship which surely must be present to some degree in writers all, since it made us choose this difficult medium in the first place."

Among guests at the graduation were Dr. Earl Bailey, noted quadraplegic artist, recipient of an honorary degree last May; Mr. Justice and Mrs. V. J. Pottier; Mr. Justice and Mrs. Donald Gillis; Senator Margaret Norrie; Dr. and Mrs. William Gillis; Judge Hugh MacPherson; and Mother Mary James Dinn, PBVM.

The graduating students and faculty formed a processional line outside Oland Centre, under sunny skies — a long cry from last year when the area was hit with the worst storm of the winter.

Allan Hugh MacDonald of Antigonish was presented with a prize for highest aggregate in the senior year, and the Governor-General's Medal for highest average in the combined subjects of the sophomore, junior and senior years.

Prize for highest combined average in the sophomore, junior and senior years of the home economics program, and the Economics Laboratory Canada Limited Award in dietetics were presented Mary Agnes Bergin, Moncton.

Sister Mary Corbett of the Congregation of Notre Dame, Antigonish, received the John and Mary Fraser prize in senior theology.

~~Then~~ hall, where the Anglican ladies served a good buffet dinner for $2.50 per person. Bruce Fergusson, chief archivist at Halifax, drove down to dine with us and to give us a half-hour address on the latest methods of preserving books & documents, illustrated by coloured slides.

THURSDAY, MAY 17, 1973 Overcast & chilly. Wrote Little Brown, & Doubleday, listing my books originally published by them, & the publishing dates, & requesting formal letters covering the reversion of all rights.

It is 6 years since I had a new suit of clothes, ~~&~~ and the local haberdashers aren't much good, so this afternoon I drove to Bridgewater & was measured for a suit at Rohfie's. I chose a grass-green flannel, for a change from my old heather-brown, the price $145.00, delivery about mid-June. Also I bought a thin summer jacket to wear with slacks in hot weather, price $85.00.

FRIDAY, MAY 18/73 Fine & Temps. 60°. Played 9 holes at White Point in company with George Kyle & Paul King. Debbie Raddall stayed the night with us. She finds the evenings lonely at Hunts Point, where there are no neighbouring girls of her own age, so she has her parents' permission to join her favourite Friday-night group of boys & girls.

At 10.30 p.m. Jack McClelland phoned from Bermuda, where he is staying two or three weeks on his doctor's orders. He had a nervous breakdown on his return to Toronto from the visit here in April. Has been driving himself too hard for too long. He took my memoirs to Bermuda & has had leisure to read them carefully.

"God, Tom, this is a wonderful human document, & so informative about the times & places & people you've encountered. It will have to be shortened, of course, for publication, & as you've named many people in various connections it must be edited for possible libel suits etc. — but you MUST let us publish it." He went on for half an hour about it. Finally he said he would rest in Bermuda for another week or two, & would write me a long letter on his return to Toronto. As he promised me on April 23, the memoirs remain confidential & he

has not shown any part of them to anyone. I am concerned about the memoirs traveling back & forth in Jack's baggage. I made no carbon copy, as they were not intended for publication, & they represent many months of research in old correspondence, diaries, scrapbooks, snapshot albums etc.

SATURDAY, MAY 19/73 Played a full 18 holes at White Point this afternoon with Paul King. Sunny, but a strong icy wind from the sea, which penetrated my thin trousers & cotton underwear shorts, & made my leg joints stiff & painful. I was thoroughly tired when we finished. Home for a hot bath & change, & then drove with C. to Hunts Point, where the junior Raddalls had invited us to dinner. Home at dusk.

SUNDAY, MAY 20/73 Same weather. This is the official opening day at the golf course, with a tournament & supper, so I stayed away. In the afternoon drove with C. to call on the Terence Freemans at Summerville, stopping en route to call on the Tom Jorrys at Hunts Point.

The wild-pear trees are in white bloom. So are white violets, bluettes, etc. My forsythia shrubs are still in yellow bloom.

MONDAY, MAY 21/73 A wet sea-gale. Today is a bank & post office holiday — formerly Victoria Day (the old queen's birthday was May 24) & later Empire Day. Nobody seems to know what to call it now. Department stores remained open in most towns & cities.

News:- The so-called "Watergate Affair", first revealed by the Washington Post last January, is now a furore in the U.S. During the U.S. presidential election campaign last summer, the Democratic Party headquarters was in the Watergate Hotel, on the Potomac shore just outside Washington. A Republican strategy board ("The Committee for Re-election of the President") secretly "bugged" the Watergate rooms with electronic listening devices. At the close of the campaign they sent experts to remove the "bugs" — & the experts were caught. Now it is revealed by a congressional investigation that President Nixon's top officials were involved. Nixon has "fired" them, & pleaded in a nation-wide TV address that he did not know what was going on. However, evidence of several witnesses shows that Nixon knew all about it. There is even a possibility that "Tricky Dicky" may be impeached or forced to resign.

TUESDAY, MAY 22, 1973 Rain & fog. At 1:30 p.m. I had a visit from Charles Armour, archivist in the employ of Dalhousie University Library, a tall pleasant man, 30-ish. He talked most of the afternoon about Liverpool shipping & mercantile records of the 19th. century. Finally he came to quite a different point. Dr. Malcolm Ross, head of Dal.'s English department, & Professor Raymond of that department, had urged him to see if I would give or sell my books, manuscripts, diaries & papers to the Dal. library. I said I had been approached by the Public Archives of Canada (who mentioned that they had a fund for the purchase of such collections), also the National Library of Canada, the Public Archives of Nova Scotia, & an American university. I had not made up my mind where they should go, but certainly they would remain in Canada. Armour then asked if I would consider an offer from Dalhousie to purchase them. I said Yes, & we left it at that.

Noticed a female yellow warbler on May 18, the first of the season, investigating the shrubs outside our sun porch, where a pair nested a couple of years ago. Today a pair of them were flitting about these shrubs.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 23, 1973. Drizzle & fog. Lester Erizan (pronounced KRE-ZAN) came this afternoon, with a pretty blonde assistant in denims named Corinne. With a recording machine he taped an hour of my reminiscences of Sable Island more than 50 years ago. Parts of this will be used as "voice-over" stuff, along with other interviews, in connection with a movie film of present-day Sable Island, chiefly about the oil development. The film is a joint product of the N.S. gov't bureau of information & the Dalhousie University audio-visual study people. Erizan promised to send me a copy of the film so I can run it on a local machine & see what it's all about.

Mac Millan (Toronto) have sent me a copy of Donald Cameron's book "Conversations with Canadian Novelists", just published. The conversation with me was taped at my house in the summer of 1968, & Cameron's excerpts from it in this book were first published in "Quill & Quire" in 1971. Some of it appeared before this in an article called "Letter from Halifax" which Cameron sent to "Canadian Literature" in November 1968,

& he sent me a Xerox copy of his typescript & invited my comments. In a letter dated Nov. 14, 1968 I pointed out some errors & wrong inferences, reminding him ~~concluding~~ as follows:- "My novels of contemporary life, my own life anyway, have been read by far more people, in many more countries, than my historical tales." Like other critics & commentators he ignored this, preferring to discuss me solely as a writer of historical tales, as if I had never written anything else.

THURSDAY, MAY 24, 1973 The drizzle stopped long enough today for me to mow my lawns — again a long & hard job because the grass had grown so long.

SUNDAY, MAY 27/73 The sun came out this morning after seven straight days of dark wet weather, & I hastened forth to apply a band of evil-smelling "Cygon" to the birch boles, where it will be absorbed & carried in the sap to the branches & buds. This is the only known method of killing or discouraging the birch leaf-mining grubs, which cannot be reached by exterior sprays. I have used it with varying success for the past 3 or 4 years. My roses are putting forth leaves very slowly, owing to the wet & cold weather. This has been a wretched month. This afternoon I played golf alone, in the usual cold breeze from the sea. Afterwards E. & I called on the junior Raddalls at Hunt's Point. Tom & Pam were busy at scraping & painting tasks. The kids find life out there a bore, isolated as they are, compared with life in town, consorting with their own familiar groups.

MONDAY, MAY 28/73 Temp. 40° last night. A sunny morning, in which I helped Austin Parker & Ralph Johnson to spray the birch trees on our own properties, & Andersen's & White's, using the gasoline engine-pump which we own mutually, & a solution of "MALATHION" & water. Added to the banding of the birch trunks with "CYGON", this should take care of the leaf-miners. Golf this afternoon with Paul King. The cold sea breeze made it impossible to rest for more than a couple of minutes, & a scud of cloud cut off the sun.

Rain tonight — neatly washing the trees which we sprayed this morning. One can't win the battle with bugs in a Nova Scotia May.

TUESDAY, MAY 29/73 Rain & drizzle. Letter from Charles Armour, archivist in charge of special collections, Dalhousie

University Library. "As I told you, the University Library is very anxious that your papers remain in Nova Scotia and is extremely interested in acquiring these for the University Archives. In view of this, would you be willing either to quote us a price and give us a General description of the nature and extent of the collection; or to give us permission to examine the material so we can make an offer."

He is going on holiday until the latter part of June, & will contact me on his return.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 30, 1973 Today at last the cold east winds gave way to a light W. breeze & a sudden heat that sent the thermometer up to 82°. For the first time this year I was able to play golf without jacket or cap, & for the first time the blackflies were feasting.

Bird note:- the pair of yellow warblers which have been investigating our premises for more than a week are now building a nest in a deutzia shrub in the west nook of the sun porch, where a pair nested a few years ago. We can see the proceedings through the window pane.

THURSDAY, MAY 31/73 Yesterday's illusion of summer faded away today in the too familiar cold sea breeze with drizzle, fog, & showers. I played golf with John Wickwire & Paul King, but quitted at the end of 9 holes, by which time my light clothes were sodden. At the seaward end of the course we could actually see our breath, like puffs of steam.

FRIDAY, JUNE 1/73 Fine & warm. Golf this afternoon with Paul King & Monsignor Thomas Delaney. Today's Chronicle-Herald had a 4-page coloured supplement, with text, illustrating chief events in the life of Joseph Howe, who died 100 years ago today. An energetic committee in Halifax has organized commemoration ceremonies, tied in with the annual celebration of Arbour Day throughout the province. In this connection I have been asked to say a few words, & plant a peach tree, in the grounds of the Simeon Perkins house on Sunday afternoon. There will be a march of schoolboys & girls, led by a band, to the Perkins grounds.

SATURDAY, JUNE 2/73 Fine & warm. Mowed my lawns for the third time this season. They look lush & green but still contain a lot of chickweed & buttercup. The weed-killer ("KILLEX")

I sprayed on May 9 was largely washed out by rain.

News:— The chief oil-producing countries of the world, outside of Russia & North America, have decided, at a meeting in Geneva, to raise the price again — & stiffly, taking shrewd advantage of the huge demand. How strange it is that the chief oil-consuming nations (except Japan) are all in the countries inhabited by the Caucasian race, while the oil producers are almost entirely Arabic or African, in countries that are largely desert. As a CBC news commentator pointed out a few days ago, this fortuitous circumstance places the Arabic nations in a position of power that they have not held since their ancestors over-ran half of Europe. Already they are enormously rich, receiving huge sums of U.S. dollars & other "western" currencies, & voraciously demanding more. Of the two industrial giants, Russia is self-sufficient. The U.S.A. has depleted its own resources so far that it is now partly dependent on imported oil. The irony is that the U.S.A. has discovered huge oil deposits on the Arctic coast of Alaska, & Canada has done much the same in her Arctic islands, but the cost of getting it south, to the consumers will be enormous. The British, the Dutch, & the Norwegians are busy with the oil & gas discoveries under the North Sea, but these deposits do not seem to be large enough to satisfy much of the European demand.

SUNDAY, JUNE 3, 1973 Cloud & sunshine, with a cool breeze. In the morning I mixed up a gallon of "Killex" solution and sprayed it on the lawn weeds. Towards 2 p.m. I walked to the Perkins House. It seemed an occasion when I should wear my insignia as an Officer of the Order of Canada, to lend a little dignity to the affair & to let people see that Canada had its own decoration; so I put it in my pocket & hung it about my neck when I got to the house. Promptly at 2 p.m. a procession of "Cubs" came along Main Street behind the Mersey band — thirty musicians, including my young friend John Keefe, all in smart blue uniforms. A considerable number of citizens had gathered, male & female, old & young. To begin the ceremony the Cubs slowly hoisted the Nova Scotia ensign on the flagstaff in front of the house, while the band played "O Canada" & "God Save The Queen", & I stood at military attention on

the platform before the front door. Then we all moved to the back lawn, where I spoke for a few minutes on Joe Howe, & the meaning of Arbour Day, pointing out that in my own lifetime all the big old willows, beeches & yellow birches in Nova Scotia had perished of disease, & within a few years we shall lose all of our fine old elms. We must plant trees every year to replace them. Simeon Perkins had a peach tree or trees in the orchard he planted about his home, in addition to the cherry & apple trees. So today I planted a small peach sapling, about 3' high, in a sunny spot on the back lawn, where the house itself will shield it from the northerly winds. Applause, & then dispersal, with a number of old friends coming up to chat & examine the O.C. insignia. The first time I have ever worn it, & probably the last.

MONDAY, JUNE 4, 1973 Sunny, with a fresh W. breeze. Golf in the afternoon with King & Delaney.

A long letter from Jack McClelland in Bermuda, dictated over the phone to the Toronto office of McClelland & Stewart, & mailed from there. He sets forth many reasons why the memoirs A should be published (in two volumes), & asks my permission to show it to his editors for their opinion. Says he will come to Nova Scotia in late June & would like to spend a day or two with me discussing the whole matter.

I write Montreal Trust Co. office at Hfx., asking them to return the will I made in 1960, in which I bequeathed my diaries to the Public Archives of N.S. Said I want to revoke this clause, as I now expect to bequeath all my papers to Dalhousie University.

TUESDAY, JUNE 5/73 Sunny & cool. Spent the morning in the Perkins house with James Reside, who took some photos of the interior. In 1947 he was an engineer in the employ of the N.S. Dept. of Public Works, & he supervised the work of repair & restoration of the Perkins house in collaboration with me. Subsequently he was town engineer of Yarmouth N.S., & is now retired at Hebron. He is preparing a paper on the restoration of the Perkins house, to be read before the Yarmouth Historical Society. He lunched with us, & we spent some time going over our own notes, mainly from

Perkins' diary, which we made at the time.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 6, 1973 Sunny & cool. Golf with Wickwire, John Pitblado & Max Harding. Wrote Jack McClelland, granting permission to show the memoirs to his editors, but nothing more.

THURSDAY, JUNE 7/73 Drizzle & fog. About a week ago Tom Jr. bought an English setter bitch, a restless highly-strung animal, for a hunting dog & a family pet. Today in some manner it got loose, ran up on the highway, & was immediately struck and killed by a passing car. They feel very badly about it, having become very much attached to the dog, even in so short a time.

FRIDAY, JUNE 8/73 Very hot (82° in the shade) in town, but pleasant at golf at White Point with a cool sea breeze. Debby Raddall spent the evening with her friends in Liverpool, & slept at our house. A very hot & humid night.

SATURDAY, JUNE 9/73 Very hot. I spent most of the morning mowing my lawns. Late in the afternoon I went to White Point & played 9 holes in the cool sea breeze.

My lilac, spirea, bush honeysuckle, & hawthorn all in bloom.

Long affectionate letter from my daughter Frances, recalling happy childhood days, picnics etc. A surprise, for she never writes to me except to include a greeting in her spasmodic letters to her mother. She thinks she will be unable to visit us this summer, as her husband & boys & girls have a very busy season planned in New Brunswick.

Our friends & neighbours the Andersens are back from another long visit in Ottawa, & this evening they invited us in for drinks & chat. This is our 46th wedding anniversary, & they presented us with a bottle of very good sherry to commemorate the event.

SUNDAY, JUNE 10/73 Sunny, with a strong NW wind. E. came to White Point with me, & chatted in the clubhouse while I played golf. From there we went on to Hunt's Point, & had ale & a chat with the junior Raddalls.

Despite thunder, showers last night the woods are very dry & in today's half-gale a forest fire threatened to destroy the village of Cherry Hill, east of Port Medway. Every fire engine from Liverpool to Bridgewater was called in to save the church & houses, all built of wood. One house was badly burned.

Wednesday, June 13, 1973 Warm weather continues. A violent & continuous thunderstorm for about an hour last night. This morning I drove to Bridgewater & got my new green suit from Rafike (pronounced RO-fee), the long-established Jewish tailor & clothier. Price $139.10. Golf in the afternoon. My bald head is as brown as a nut.

A pair of robins are nesting in the hawthorn tree by the garage. Tonight, about midnight, as I was mixing a drink in the kitchen, I was astonished to hear the male bird sing cheerfully, not once but several times. I never heard a robin sing at night before. Possibly the strong light from the kitchen window made him think it was daylight. Outside the sun porch the female yellow warbler is hatching her eggs. A pair of barn swallows have started to build a nest of mud & small sticks & dead grass right over the lintel of our front door, where their droppings couldn't miss anybody coming in or out. I got the hose out & washed away the muddy mess, but they are trying again.

Thursday, June 14/73 Fine & warm. Golf with Charlie Williams, Paul King, & Mgr. Thomas Delaney. Thunder & heavy cloud by evening, & rain in the night.

Friday, June 15/73 Overcast, with thunder & showers. The white blossoms on the hawthorn tree are falling like snow. This evening I gave a brief address at the graduation ceremony of the top grade in the Liverpool regional high school. They were all nice intelligent-looking youngsters, the boys in neat jackets & trousers, the girls in short white frocks & white stockings. Many of the boys had hair long enough to reach their shoulders, but well combed & brushed. Only one had the wild & shaggy hair that was so popular with male students for a few years. (He had a huge mass of ginger hair hanging down to his chest in front & his shoulder-blades behind; he looked like a red-haired Old English sheepdog.) What with students & parents the auditorium was filled. Among the prizes were several bursaries & scholarships for various universities with values from $500 to $3500.

SATURDAY, JUNE 16, 1973 A sudden shift back to cold weather. Golf with Paul King under a threatening grey sky, temp. 52°. Rain began soon after I got home. At 6 p.m. E & I attended a cocktail party at the Mersey Paper Co. house near Fort Point, now occupied by Robert & Heather Geary. He came to Mersey about 10 years ago, straight from university. I sometimes played golf with him. Within a few years he was promoted to a bigger job at the (Bowaters) Corner Brook mill in Newfoundland. This year he returned to Mersey as second-in-command to Wallace Clark, the Mersey boss. Pouring rain all evening, developing into a furious sea-gale which thrashed the trees & rattled about the house all night.

SUNDAY, JUNE 17/73 The gale hauled around to NNW this morning, & blew just as hard (40 MPH, with gusts up to 60 MPH, according to the weather bureau) all day. The temp. last night was 41° above zero, & snow fell on the Halifax airport. Our streets & gardens are littered with broken branches, twigs & leaves, & several trees went down. Similar damage all over the province. In the Hfx-Dartmouth area many trees down, playing havoc with electric & phone lines; many store windows blown in; small craft driven ashore.

This storm was utterly unforeseen by the Hfx. weather bureau. In the afternoon I drove with E to Hunt's Point & called on the junior Raddalls. They had a great surf early this morning, but the gale now blowing offshore soon flattened it. Young Tommy, playing outside with a beach ball, lost it in a blast of wind, & in a space of minutes it had drifted across the bay, past the easterly tip of Port Mouton Island, & when last seen through Tom's powerful field glasses it was still going into the North Atlantic. All last night & all today our furnaces were running full blast, as if it were November.

MONDAY, JUNE 18/73 Sunny & warm. This morning I raked up many bushels of fallen leaves, twigs, & small branches, from my lawns. Spent most of the afternoon mowing them.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 20/73 Sunny with a pleasant sea breeze. Golf in the afternoon with Mgr. Delaney. Increasing stiffness in my right hand, from arthritis, affects my game, and my handwriting. At 10:30 p.m. Maurice Zinger phoned from

California about movie picture rights in The Nymph & The Lamp. The same old tiresome spiel. (See Dec. 22/71, Jan. 20/72, Oct. 30/72, Jan. 23/73). I said my price was $35,000, & I would give an option for 12 months on payment of $2,000 — precisely what I told him on Oct. 30/72. He wanted to pay $1,000 for an 18 months' option, renewable for a further 18 months for a further $1,000. I said, "Forget it!" & hung up. A few minutes later he called back & started the spiel again — the famous actors, actresses, writers & directors who were interested, the budget of well over a million dollars, etc. I said I'd heard it all before, from him & various other people in Hollywood, & I was fed up with it. I closed with, "For God's sake stop calling me with these stupid propositions!" & hung up again. This time he didn't call back.

What makes me angry is the insult to my intelligence, the assumption that I'm a nitwit up in the Canadian backwoods who has managed to write a good story but has no other capacity.

THURSDAY, JUNE 21, 1973 Overcast & warm. My grandson Blair presented me with a somewhat belated "Father's Day" card, which says in print "When it comes to grandfathers they don't come any grander than you!" Also one of his prized possessions, a butterfly carefully pressed, mounted on a card, & covered with cellophane. I looked it up in the Britannica, & found it was a female Tiger Swallowtail (papilio glaucus).

About 4 p.m., just as I was relaxing over a drink after an afternoon of golf, Maurice Singer phoned again. None of the old spiel this time. Just a crisp offer to accept my terms — a certified cheque for $2,000, as fee for an option for 12 months only, at a price of $35,000. He wanted a renewal clause for a further 12 months but I said No. So he agreed. He will forward the option agreement as soon as his lawyers can make it out, together with the cheque. I will believe it when I see it.

FRIDAY, JUNE 22/73 Golf in thick fog & drizzle. Had another phone call from Los Angeles. A man who said his name is Robert Lowenheim, an associate of Michael Campus, who phoned me last year. Again the question

was "Is The Nymph & The Lamp available?". I told him about my conversation yesterday with Singer. He then said he knew Singer, & would not bid against him if the Singer offer was serious. I said I doubted everything Singer said. Lowenheim said he would phone me again in about a week's time to see if Singer's promised cheque & option contract had come through.

SATURDAY, JUNE 23, 1973 A wet day, which I spent mostly indoors poring over an old letterbook found recently in the attic of Dr. Wickwire's house on Main Street opposite the Money hotel. The house was built by Dr. Henry D. Farish, a physician who first visited Liverpool as a youth in the 1840's (from Yarmouth) and practiced here in the period roughly 1850 – 1910. The letter-book belonged to F. W. Collins, a well-to-do merchant whose ~~big~~ house still stands in part of the original grounds near the westerly corner of Water and Elm streets. The few letters I managed to decipher are dated 1880-1883, & have to do mainly with shareholders of the bankrupt bank of Liverpool, & their efforts to fight off suits by the bank's assignees to collect money under the double-liability clause in the bank's charter. The last letter (1882) is addressed to Thomas Fyshe, head of the Bank of Nova Scotia, chief creditor of the Bank of Liverpool, whose unrelenting efforts to collect had finally won.

The weather cleared briefly towards evening, & I took E. for a drive around the shore through Brooklyn, Beach Meadows, Port Medway, Long Cove, & then home.

SUNDAY, JUNE 24/73 Another wet day. Mrs. Verta Tupper died in the Liverpool hospital today, aged 83. A relative of E.'s, & widow of Freeman Tupper of Milton, who was timber cruiser for the old Macleod wood-pulp mills when I came to work there 50 years ago.

MONDAY, JUNE 25/73. Another wet day. Jack McClelland phoned from Toronto. He is catching a plane flight which should land him at Halifax about 8 p.m. & he will engage a car at the airport & drive down here. As he may be very late, I engaged a room for him at the Transcotia Motel at Brooklyn. (Queen Elizabeth & Prince Philip arrived at the Toronto airport this afternoon amid much pomp & circumstance — and security

guards — for a state visit, & I suspect that the regular plane flights in & out of Toronto may be delayed.)

Maurice Singer phoned again. Says his lawyers will have the option contract ready by Wednesday. They will send one copy to me. The other, with cheque for $2,000 attached, will go to the Royal Bank of Canada branch here, for my signature. He asked some questions about the Lodale (mainly Sable Island & the Annapolis valley) for filming purposes. I still hold the same opinion of him & his mysterious associates, & I'll believe all this when I see the money.

I learned today that my friend & neighbour Captain Victor Jeans, marine sup't of Mersey Paper Co., went to hospital recently for a gallstone operation, & was found to have a terminal case of cancer of the liver. He is a burly & hearty seaman in his early 50's. What a tragedy.

MONDAY, JUNE 26, 1973 Another wet & humid day. Jack McClelland, much delayed, got as far as Bridgewater & stopped there for the night.

TUESDAY, JUNE 27/73 Jack arrived this morning. With time out for lunch with us, he spent the day going over the autobiography, which he brought back with him, & persuading me to let him publish it. I remained non-committal, repeating that I had not intended it for publication, in my lifetime anyway. Publication now would require a lot of expurgation, much of it the very stuff that Jack would like to publish. We all dined with Tom & Pamela at Hunt's Point, & Jack talked about his various new activities, including his TV show in which he chats with authors & would-be authors, & related some of his hilarious adventures with Farley Mowat off the Newfoundland coast in "The Boat Who Wouldn't Float". He left for Halifax at 9 p.m.

FRIDAY, JUNE 29/73 Still the humid fog, occasional drizzle, & now & then a tantalying glint of sunshine. I played golf this afternoon in thick fog & a temp. of 86°. Came home drenched. Robert Lowenheim phoned again (see June 22) & I told him of my conversation with Singer on June 25. He said he would keep in touch, in case Singer failed to

come through with the option payment, or if Singer failed to complete the purchase at the end of 12 months.

Tonight E. & I attended a funeral service, at Chandler's undertaking rooms on Union Street, for Mrs. Dobson, mother of our neighbour Mrs. Pushie. Burial will take place at Lunenburg.

SATURDAY, JUNE 30, 1973 Same wretched weather. The brood of yellow warblers, beside our sun porch window, finally struggled out of the nest a day or two ago & vanished.

SUNDAY, JULY 1/73 Hot, humid, with a little sunshine. E. & I dined at White Point Lodge. Saw Harvey Crowell, his sister, & daughter Marian in the diningroom & had some pleasant chat.

"Mit" Green phoned from Cornerbrook Nfld. to confirm a previous casual invitation to come there & enjoy a salmon-fishing trip. It is definitely laid on for July 10 & some days after. There will be two other male guests, including Gordon Archibald, head of the (Nova Scotia) Maritime Telephone Co. Henry Hicks, president of Dalhousie U., had planned to make the third in the guest party, but finds he cannot get away. Bert Miles, of Mersey Paper Co. here, will arrange air flight etc.

MONDAY, JULY 2/73 Our great national holiday, formerly called Dominion Day, more recently Canada Day, & now nobody knows what to call it. Here in western N.S. our overcast sky & steamy weather continues. This afternoon I mowed my lawns in a temp. of 86° & God-knows-what humidity.

On TV during the past few days we have watched the progress of Queen Elizabeth & Prince Philip in Ontario & P.E.I., all in bright sunshine. Now they go to Alberta, & thence home. They were received by crowds of friendly people & enthusiastic kids. The omission of Quebec in these Canadian visits of recent years is well understood. No Quebec government would dare to invite the royal pair in view of Quebecois public sentiment against "les maudits anglais", & for their part the royalty have no wish to undergo the stubbied indifference & insult of their last visit there in 1967.

THURSDAY, JULY 5/73 We continue to live in the atmosphere of a steam bath, with a perpetual fog on the shore, & occasional showers. Many visitors at White Point Lodge have cancelled

their bookings & left for drier & more sunny places. I had a visit today from a Mr. Clahane (CLAHANE) & his pretty Norwegian wife Tove. He is an official of Oland's brewery in Halifax. The old firm was sold to Labatt, the Ontario brewers, a year or two ago. The Labatt firm, in turn, is now part of a varied industrial complex with a large board of directors, who decided this year to hold their annual meeting in Halifax. Clahane had 30 copies of my book on Halifax & asked me to autograph them, as he wished to present them to these tycoons.

All this damp weather is bad for my rheumatic right hip & knee joints — the knee especially, so that I limp more than ever, & my golf is terrible.

The 3-day festival of handicrafts opened today in Liverpool, with an estimated flock of 1500 visitors. As part of the show E. got herself into her grandmother's blue silk gown & poured tea at the Perkins house.

My sister Hilda & husband Ted Bayer came to see the handicrafts & visited us in the evening. The new motor highway from Halifax now runs as far as Mahone, by-passing the coastal villages, & as a result their handicraft-cum-novelty shop at Chester Basin has lost a lot of business. My older sister Nellie Cassidy is now in her summer residence near the Bayers' home at Oakland, after spending the winter & spring at her old home in Alabama.

FRIDAY, JULY 6, 1973 A hurricane, which tousled Bermuda a day or two ago, passed well to seaward of Nova Scotia today. We got a fringe benefit, a good westerly wind which blew away the fog & cloud which has beset our coast for weeks. So today there was broad sunshine & a clear view to the sea horizon, with a big surf on the shore. I played golf in the afternoon in a temp. of 92° in the sun.

SUNDAY, JULY 8/73 Sunny & very hot, even on the shore at Hunts Point, where Tom J. & Pamela entertained us & a group of our old friends at noon with cocktails & a very tasty snack luncheon. E. & I dined at White Point Lodge, & afterwards sat by the swimming pool chatting with

Harvey Crowell, his daughter Marion, & his widowed sister. On leaving White Point I drove across the Five Rivers streams on the new wooden bridge, & followed the serpentine windings of the gravel road made by Mowbray Jones & his associates to give access to their 280/250 building lots. About 20 years ago a forest fire destroyed all the trees in this area, which is now covered with alders, wild peas, withe-rod, & similar scrub stuff ten to fifteen feet high.

MONDAY, JULY 9, 1973 After a sultry night, a hell-hot day — 98° in the sun, in spite of which I played golf at White Point with Paul King & Harvey Crowell, both of whom are well on in their 80's, both of them short, lean, & vigorous.

Bert Wile, of Bowaters' Mersey Paper Co., phoned to "fill me in" on Milton Green's invitation to a salmon fishing trip in Newfoundland. A company car will pick me up tomorrow between 4 & 4:30 p.m. At the Halifax airport I & the other 3 or 4 guests will board the Bowaters' jet plane about 7:30, arriving at Stevenville field, Nfld., where a limousine will take us to the luxurious guest-house, "Strawberry Hill", near Cornerbrook, for dinner with the Greens. In the morning we go on to a river for 4 days of salmon fishing. Back to Strawberry Hill for another dinner on Sunday. Thence home to Liverpool on Monday.

About 8:15 p.m. Maurice Singer phoned from Los Angeles. His lawyers (after checking my copyright at Washington) have drawn up the 12-month option on movie rights in "The Nymph & The Lamp", which is now on its way to the local branch of The Royal Bank of Canada with the option fee, a certified cheque for $2,000. When I sign the papers, I get the money. I intend to read the papers very carefully before signing anything, after my long & painful experiences with Hollywood movie sharks.

TUESDAY, JULY 10/73 The Bowaters-Mersey limousine picked me up at 3:30 p.m. & reached ~~the airport~~ BELMONT, ST. HALIFAX in 2 hours. There I met my fellow-guests Gordon & Mrs. Archibald & David & Mrs. Archibald. Gordon is head of Maritime Tel. & Tel. Co. David is a psychologist, based in Ontario, who has much to do with the World Health Organisation, which takes him frequently to Europe & elsewhere. His specialty is harmful drugs & their effects. Both are tall burly men in the 50's, originally from a farm near

Truro. All got in the limousine with assorted baggage & fishing rods & drove to Halifax airport. At 7 p.m. the Bowater private jet plane arrived, bringing Milton Green from a business conference at Greenwich, Connecticut. The plane is a small twin jet Hawker-Siddely 125, measuring 45 feet from nose to tail, with a similar (45') wing span. Painted in the Bowater colours, white & blue. Carries a pilot & co-pilot, & seats 6 passengers. Cruising speed 525 miles an hour.

Left Hfx. airport at 7.10 p.m. "Mit" Green & the co-pilot served drinks & sandwiches. In exactly 1 hour we touched down at the small Deer Lake airport, a few miles from Cornerbrook. "Mit's" tall blonde wife Eleanor was there with the Greens' car & a company limousine, & we drove to Strawberry Hill, the luxurious guest-house built by Sir Eric Bowater about 10 miles out of Cornerbrook, on a magnificent site overlooking the Humber River. All in one story, it contains a well-appointed kitchen, a dining room, lounge, library, & at least 8 large bedrooms, each with private bathroom. Excellent furnishings, carpetry, paintings of landscapes by good Canadian artists. A well trained staff & chef, all managed by a trim, efficient young woman, a college graduate. The Greens dined with us at Strawberry Hill, & after some chat departed for their own large & garden-surrounded residence in Cornerbrook — another company affair. (Note:- air distance from Halifax to Deer Lake is roughly 300 miles.)

WEDNESDAY, JULY 11, 1973 A day of wind & rain. Fortunately in the small club-bag I had brought along for my fishing rig was a suit of heavy waterproof trousers & coat — the coat with a waterproof hood. The other people — the Greens & Archibalds — used company-provided "ponchos", which did not protect the legs & feet. In two company cars we drove 28 miles from Strawberry Hill via Cornerbrook to the head of ~~the~~ Serpentine Lake. About 15 miles of this was on a private gravel road through Bowater woodlands. At the lake we transferred to a big & roomy motor (diesel) craft with a weatherproof cabin, & traveled 7 miles to the lake foot, where the river begins its truly serpentine rush to the sea. On either hand are ranges of bold irregular hills, 1000 to 1500 feet high, & in some high shadowed crevices, immune from the sun, we could see patches of snow. Most of these hills are covered

with spruce & fir about 2/3 of the way up, & then ~~scrub~~ scrub juniper etc or just bare rock to the peak.

At the lake foot we transferred to 3 canoes, each 18' long, with a 4' beam amidships. The sterns were squared enough to hold a 75 h.p. Mercury outboard motor. In addition to passengers, each carried several heavy cartons of food, drink, laundered linen & towells, etc. Despite the wind & rain, the passage of 8 miles down the rushing serpentine was as thrilling as a ride on a roller-coaster. The guides knew just where they had to ease the craft over shallow bars, with the engine tipped up to save the propeller from harm, & just where they could turn the motor to full power & scoot along with the powerful current. Lush woods & shrubbery on both banks, growing in obvious ancient glacial kames.

About 4 p.m. we reached "Serpentine Lodge", a well built affair of peeled logs on a high bank overlooking a ledge of rocks across the stream, where the river plunges 12 feet, with a reverberating roar. The lodge contains a large lounge, with a dining table ~~for~~ seating, & 2 bedrooms & 1 bathroom at each end. It is lighted by a diesel-electric plant, which also pumps water from the river to an elevated storage tank, giving a strong gravity flow to the taps of the lodge. There is a wooden platform built on the bank below the lodge, overlooking "Number One Pool" immediately below the falls, where you can stand & see dozens of salmon, grilse, & sea trout, moving sluggishly about. I think these are fish tired by an effort to get up the falls, & resting for another "go". They seldom rose to a fly, & none of us got a fish there except a few sea-trout — mostly mine.

We fished this & other pools, in wind & rain, from 5 p.m. to dark at 8 p.m. Nobody caught a fish. Changed, had drinks, & dined sumptuously from 9 p.m. to 10.30. Bed towards midnight.

THURSDAY, JULY 12, 1973 A lovely sunny morning. With guide Bruce Nichols, a huge man (6'3" weighing 250 lb.) I walked through the steep woods on the left bank this morning to a long run of the river over a bed of stones, called Grant's Pool. Like Nova Scotia, Newfoundland had a wet May & June, & the mud in the little wood path was ankle-deep in many places. Bruce said it was a mile, but with my clumsy right leg, & the weight of rubber hip-boots, it seemed more like three. At Grants

pool the river was about 100 yards wide, & 2½ feet deep on the average. One had to wade out to the middle, & cast from there, bracing oneself against the strong current. After an hour my right hip & knee were painful & half paralyzed. The water was so cold that I could feel it through socks, trousers, & rubber boot. I had to go ashore to rest, & Bruce took the rod, with no more luck than mine, using various flies, wet & dry.

David Archibald, fishing in Number ~~Five~~ Four Pool with no better luck. Gordon Archibald, in No 2 Pool (~~next~~ below the falls) got a 4-lb. grilse & a sea trout.

Soon after noon another wild gale of wind & rain began, & went on all night. "Mik" & I did not fish in the evening, in these conditions. The Archibalds fished & got nothing. Indeed Gordon Archibald had his flybox blown out of his hands, & had to plunge into the river to save his precious flies.

Today is the Greens' 21st wedding anniversary, & tonight we had a fine dinner — soup, great thick slices of tender roast beef, vegetables, & an iced & inscribed cake prepared by the cook, a quiet & devoted young man named Mercer Lacosta. And there was champagne galore. We yarned by the fireside until 12.

FRIDAY, JULY 13/73 A fine sunny morning. "Mik" left camp at 6 a.m. with guide Bruce Nichols, to attend a brief conference at Cornerbrook with 4 men (including Douglas, son of my old friend Austin Parker) who were flying up from Bowaters' North American head office at Greenwich, Connecticut. (They, too, left at 6 a.m. Traveling by jet plane & touching down for fuel at Halifax. So it was a contrast in transportation. "Mik" got to his Cornerbrook office at about the same time they did.)

My guide today was "Ken", youngest & least experienced of the guides. Evidently he had been told about my lame leg & my age, for he would not attempt to use a canoe on the main pools below the falls. Instead we went to a pool about a mile above the main falls, known as "The Landing Pool", which ended in a 4-foot waterfall. Standing up in the canoe I could fish for about an hour at a time, then letting the guide fish while I rested my painful right leg. Nobody got a fish this morning, however.

The custom here, as on the Miramichi, is to "rest the pools" during the afternoon; i.e. you don't fish between 1 p.m.

& 4:30 p.m or 5 p.m. At 5 p.m. "Ken" & I returned to our canoe at The Landing. At about 6:45 the sky became rapidly overcast, & the gale sprang up again with such violent gusts that our canoe anchor (a large stone) would not hold, & we nearly drifted over the 4-foot fall. We returned to camp, & I fished briefly in the N° 1 Pool. The Archibalds, fishing the lower pools, got an 8 lb. salmon & 2 grilse of 4 or 5 pounds. "Mit" got back from Cornerbrook in the evening.

On N° 3 pool today Gordon Archibald saw a big bear wading across the river, possibly looking for a chance to scoop out a grilse, but probably heading for the garbage dump a hundred yards behind the camp, where bears are seen every day.

The meal routine is breakfast for the men between 6 & 8 a.m., depending on when you get up. The ladies like to sleep late, & eat at 9. Lunch is from 1 p.m. to 2:30. Dinner from 9:00 to 10:30 p.m. All fine meals, well cooked & served. After that we chat till 11:30 or midnight. "Mit" informs me that Newfoundland has no white-tailed deer, no snakes, frogs, porcupines, wildcats, raccoons or squirrels. Plenty of moose & caribou. Chief native trees are spruce, fir, birch, poplar, & maple. No native oaks.

Newfoundlanders have a great sense of humour, & among other tales we enjoyed "Mit's" true story of Governor-General Massey's stately tour of Nfld. years ago. He was to make a brief stop at Deer Lake, & the local worthies had got someone in St. John's to prepare an elaborate scroll bearing an address to His Honour. When the great moment came, the mayor of Deer Lake stepped forward bravely, & announced, "Governor, I forgot me teeth, so I can't recite this, but here 'tis, and ye can read it for yourself."

SATURDAY, JULY 14, 1973 A sunny morning. With big Bruce Nichols for my guide I fished briefly in N° 1 pool. Then we walked through the woods to The Landing, took one of the motor-canoes, & went up-river several miles to a place called Jeffrey's Pool, where the river runs over a comparatively shallow stony bed. Old glacial kame on one side, eroded by floods. Waded out to thigh depth, & fished for 1½ hours, taking turns at the rod, & trying various flies with no luck.

JULY 14, 1973 (continued) During this morning "Mit" caught 2 grilse at Grant's Pool, & Gordon Archibald got a grilse & a big sea trout on No 3 Pool. The weather repeated itself, clouding rapidly at noon, & blowing an increasingly violent gale from the north all afternoon, evening, & night.

We "rested the pools" in the afternoon. Watching from the verrandah we saw a female merganser, followed by her brood of 6 ducklings, swimming downriver towards the falls, where the roaring flood shoots over a 12-foot ledge. Without hesitation she swam to the brink & went down on the flood, sitting calmly on her backside, like a kid on a park slide. The ducklings obviously thought Ma had gone mad, & swam frantically round & round in an eddy above the falls by the west bank. When they saw her swimming unruffled below the falls, & plunged over themselves. They disappeared in the white rush of water, but bobbed up safely below. Ma then headed on downstream, with the youngsters swimming two-&-two behind her, as before. A wonderful shot for a movie camera.

In the evening we fishermen again tried our luck in the pools below the falls — Bruce & I at No 1. Casting was very difficult in the gusty wind. At one point I got a tangle of line & was clearing it when Bruce yelled, "You got him!" A small salmon of about 8 lbs. had risen to the fly, but I was in no condition to strike, & the fish sort of spat the fly out of its mouth & disappeared. I managed to catch several sea trout, one quite large. (They run up to 10 lbs., according to Bruce, but those above 3 lbs rarely come to a fly.) The gale increased to gusty which we all agreed must have been 40 to 50 m.p.h. Several times I was nearly blown bodily into the turbulent water just below the falls, & so was big Bruce. Finally we all had to give it up, not only because it was too dangerous, but because it was utterly impossible to make a decent cast. The wind blew fiercely all night, with torrents of rain, & shook the whole camp. (We learned later that, among other damage, about 200 trees had blown down in the edges of Corner Brook golf course.)

SUNDAY, JULY 15/73 A calm, & later sunny day. I was up at 5 a.m. after an almost sleepless night, & after breakfast

I fished No 1 Pool, taking turns with Bruce at the rod. I got a few more sea trout. Bruce got nothing.

We packed up at 9 a.m. Each of us anglers paid $25 into a common fund which "Mik" handed over to Bruce, to be distributed among the guides as tips. Left camp at 10 a.m. & embarked in the 3 motor-canoes. In several steep runs, with the motors at full power, the canoes just crept upstream. Otherwise it was a surprisingly quick passage. Reached the lake at 11.15, & transferred to the big motorboat "Tee Me Go" for the 7 mile passage to the upper end, which we reached about 12.15.

After a short wait two company limousines came along, bearing a new group of visitors, two drawling Texas newspaper men & their wives, with Bowaters sales representative "Bud" Jones & his American wife, whom he married one or two years ago — a pleasant greying-blonde widow. (His first wife was Newbray Jones' daughter Jennifer, but they were soon divorced.)

Arrived at Strawberry Hill about 2 p.m., & paused to inspect the adjoining dairy farm, also founded by Sir Eric Bowaters. A fine herd of Ayrshires, also some exotic curiosities, a small group of llamas, and some emus, swans, Canada geese, various ducks, & in separate cages a family of peacocks & various other gaudy birds. A belated lunch of beer & sandwiches.

Although there were 2 bathrooms at the fishing lodge they were necessarily shared, & a bath had to be short and quick. Now I was glad to peel off my woods rig for a long wallow in the huge tub of my private bathroom, & then to snooze for an hour or so. Then dressed for a dinner party here, to which the Greens had invited about 16 ladies & gentlemen from Corner Brook, including the mayor, who is a gynecologist with an English wife. Drinks, & a most elaborate & delicious buffet supper, which included salmon, various meats hot & cold, various desserts.

Eleanor asked me to take in the mayor's wife (Mrs. Murphy?) when we paired off to the dining room, & we had an interesting chat. A native of Kent like myself, with several grown-up children, she has several of my books & regretted that she forgot to bring them for my autographs. After dinner we all moved about, chatting, & watching a full moon rising

over the steep hills & shining on the Humber. The guests departed about 11 p.m. We chatted with the Greens, & thanked them for their kindness & hospitality. With my awkward right leg I hadn't been able to venture far in the woods for many years, & this has been a very happy experience. To bed at midnight.

MONDAY, JULY 16, 1973 Up at 6 a.m. & found the fickle weather raining hard. After breakfast Gordon & David Archibald insisted on splitting our whole catch three ways, so that I got a grilse (which I had not caught) & three good-sized sea trout. These had been kept in a refrigerator at the fishing lodge, & were now packed in waterproof handbags with lots of ice.

Left Strawberry Hill by limousine at 8:45 (Nfld. time, which is a half-hour ahead of N.S. time). At the Deer Lake airfield there was some delay in fueling the little Beechcraft jet plane, & we took off at 9:15 Nova Scotia time. Climbed at a steep angle through the rain clouds, & traveled in sunshine at 28,000 feet. Through a hole in the clouds we had a good look at Pictou Island, & then the town of Pictou. Soon after that the plane began to ease down in speed & height. Finally we emerged through the clouds & landed at Halifax airport, & taxied to the little C.P.A. waiting room at 10:35 a.m. Said goodbye to the Archibalds & their wives, all very pleasant & interesting people. The Mersey Paper Company limousine arrived within 15 minutes, & I reached home about 1 p.m.

Found E. well, & glad to see me back. In the mail I found a package from Maurice Singer enclosing the option agreement on movie rights in "The Nymph & The Lamp", ponderous & elaborate documents of many pages, in quadruplicate, with separate quit-claims to be signed by my son & daughter, & by Little Brown & Co, & McClelland & Stewart. I spent the whole afternoon studying all this.

There was also a letter from Robert Lovenheim, under the letterhead of "River City Productions", Hollywood. I had told him on the phone, on June 29, about the Singer option, & he wants to keep in touch in case Singer fails to purchase the rights when the option expires.

The option agreements are with Maurice ~~Singer~~, & they are accompanied by a letter, under his personal letterhead, which gives no address. However the package bore the printed label of Columbia Pictures, Burbank, California.

I learn that my friend & neighbor ~~the~~ Capt. Victor Jeans (see June 25) died at the Lahey Clinic, Boston, three or three days ago. He was only 53. By agreement with himself & wife, the body goes to Harvard medical school.

TUESDAY, JULY 17, 1973 Overcast. Spent the morning writing this journal from my small notebook carried on the trip, & in further study of the option with Singer. It is all very complicated, covering every future aspect of movie, TV, & other performing rights — but definitely excepting live stage rights, & provided further payments to me in the event of TV serials. The option expires on July 24, 1974, with no renewal clause.

Charles Armour, archivist of Dalhousie University library, phoned this morning. He wants to come down here on Friday afternoon, with Miss ~~Frank~~ TRATT, who is one of ~~Dalhousie's~~ Dalhousie's ~~staff~~ librarians, to examine my papers, manuscripts, diaries, books, etc. so that Dalhousie can make a cash offer for their purchase.

All afternoon studying the Singer documents, & writing letters to Singer (acknowledging receipt of them); to McClelland & Stewart and Little Brown, enclosing quit-claim statements for their signature, with explanation of the movie option; to daughter Frances, enclosing quit claim for her signature; & last but not least, a letter of thanks to "Mik" & Eleanor Green.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 18/73 Rain all day & night, following the pattern of a dismally wet spring & summer. I studied the movie option documents again this morning. In the afternoon I made a careful list of my papers & documents, etc., in my study & on shelves in the attic, for guidance in my talks with the Dalhousie people.

THURSDAY, JULY 19/73 A hot sun at last. My lawns are like a hayfield for lack of mowing, & in this lush state I notice a great spread of chickweed & buttercups, & an ominous appearance of the quick-spreading "heal-all", which infests my neighbour Pushie's lawn. So, while all this broad-leaved stuff was tall & vulnerable, I worked this afternoon to spray every inch with 5 gallons of water & "Killex".

FRIDAY, JULY 20, 1973 Another fine hot day. This morning I went with E. to the office of lawyer Lester Clements, who looked over the Singer documents carefully, & witnessed our signatures, adding his embossed seal as a notary public.

There is one small clause which must be struck out of the documents, & I shall discuss this with Singer before sending him the papers.

At 1.30 p.m. Charles Armour & Miss ~~Lind~~ TRATT arrived, & stayed until 4 p.m. inspecting my various papers, diaries, photos, drawings, manuscripts, literary award medals, etc. Much of the correspondence prior to 1950 (when I got the metal filing cabinet in my study), & the original typescript working-copies of my books, were in the attic, which was hell-hot; but they were eager to see everything & they did. Armour asked what price I had on the whole collection, & I replied that I was awaiting cash offers from the various institutions which have manifested an interest. I gave them a list of everything, & with that they departed.

About 5.20 p.m. Maurice Singer phoned from California. I said I'd had my lawyer examine the option documents, & we saw nothing objectionable except the clause — "The owner warrants & represents that no version or adaptation of the work has at any time been broadcast on television or radio."

I pointed out that in December 1952 the Columbia Broadcasting System had ~~made~~ broadcast a TV play from my book, starring Robert Preston & Margaret Sullavan. Also in 1952 the book was read in 15 instalments over the radio network of the British Broadcasting Company. And in 1964 it was broadcast as a play over the radio network of the Canadian Broadcasting Corp.

Singer asked me to attach a statement to that effect, & have my notary witness my & my wife's signatures.

SATURDAY, JULY 21/73 Rain all night & today. Spent the morning going over the mass of Singer's option documents, changing wrong dates (with my initials) & interpolating the clause about past use of the book on TV and radio. In the afternoon a Miss or Mrs. (she mentioned a small daughter) Ann Greer came, with recording apparatus, to tape an interview with me for a CBC radio show. She said she was a Nova Scotian, now living in Toronto.

SUNDAY, JULY 22, 1973 The sun came out this afternoon, & E. was able to sit in the garden while I studied & away at the Singer documents, & re-read "The Nymph & The Lamp" to refresh my mind on certain important scenes & dialogue. (At 6 p.m. we drove to White Point Lodge (which was still wrapped in fog) & dined there & had chat with old friends, Mr. & Mrs. John Langdon, Dr. & Mrs. ~~Comelia~~ SENERCHIA, & little old Mlle. Provencher of Montreal, who had a glass of wine with us. Dusk was falling & the fog thickening when we left the lodge, intending a call on the Jeunior Kaddalls at Hunt's Point. However we had an accident. Blooming up a steep little rise in the road through White Point woods we met a dark four-door sedan coming fast the other way. It topped the rise right in the middle of the ~~road~~ road, & I had to swing hard right to avoid a head-on collision. Fortunately I was going only 20 or 25 m.p.h., & when my right wheels went off the road I got the car stopped, at a precarious angle, before we hit any rocks or stumps. The other car went right on, without even slowing down. E. & I crawled out on ~~the~~ high side, & walked back to the lodge, where I got the aid of the lodge truck & several young men. We had no great trouble to get the car back on the road, & there was no visible damage, although there had been a loud scraping underneath as the car went over the shoulder of the road. Drove home all right.

MONDAY, JULY 23/73 Fine & hot. Typed 4 copies of amendment re previous use of The Nymph & The Lamp & had Clements witness E.'s signature & mine. Packed up the option documents, with a covering letter to Singer, & sent them off at 11 a.m. by registered air mail.

This afternoon I borrowed Erik Andersens motor-mower & razed my lawns, which were like a hayfield, too much for my hand-push mower. Owing to wet weather, & my absence in Newfoundland etc. they had not been mowed since June 18.

Drinks on the lawn with E. & the Anderssens afterwards.

This evening we joined a cocktail party on Capt. Charles Williams' lawn, facing on the river. Mostly old friends. Tom & Pamela were there among the younger. Tom expressed some concern about the prospective Dalhousie purchase of my papers, medals, portraits etc., saying that he & his children should have some tangible things to remember me by. I said

he & Francie could have anything they wanted. Francie will be coming down here in August & we can make a list. In any case I don't think Dalhousie will offer me a sufficient price for all my stuff.

TUESDAY, JULY 24, 1973 Fine & very hot. Today I bought from Simpsons-Sears Ltd. a new electric laundry-dryer, & they sent up two workmen to instal it alongside the washing-machine in the basement. The machine cost $213.98, & installation, including wiring, outdoor vent, etc., will bring the cost up to $250 or $260.

This long wet season since last April decided me to instal a dryer. For many years E. has not hung laundry outdoors during the cold months from October to May, instead using an aluminum-&-cord arrangement in the basement, where the heat of the furnace slowly did the drying.

This afternoon I played golf with Paul King, my first game since July 9th. The temp. was 93°. Rain tonight.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 25/73 A really good summer day. Hot, (83°) with a refreshing sea breeze. Mrs. Stanley Spicer & two other Fredericton ladies called to talk about history, especially the history of Maritime sailing ships. I should have noted before that youths & young ladies of Liverpool call me by phone or in person almost every day, in connection with the catalogue of old houses in South Queens & their history. These young people are earning money through an OFY = "Opportunities for Youth" grant ("OPPORTUNITIES FOR YOUTH" ~~Local initiative program~~) financed by the federal government.

THURSDAY, JULY 26/73 Overcast & warm. Golf with Paul King & Msgnr. Thomas Delaney. Had a late afternoon call from John Langdon & wife, chiefly to tell me (in view of the proposed purchase of my papers by Dalhousie) that Bernard Amtmann is at White Point Lodge — "the leading dealer in Canadian books & papers." He is familiar with my books & would like to see & tentatively evaluate the papers, medals, etc.

FRIDAY, JULY 27/73 Heavy rain all night & morning. McClelland & Stewart sent me a copy of MacMillan's latest anthology, "Stories from Atlantic Canada," which includes my short story "At The Tide's Turn". This evening John Langdon came to my house & introduced Amtmann, a slight, dark man with curly iron-grey hair, 75-ish, who spoke with a strong German accent. I showed him the list of my papers etc. which I had

prepared for the Dalhousie people, then the letter-files etc. in my study, & finally the stuff in the attic. He did not examine anything closely, & soon departed, leaving me a circular about this business, which has to do mainly with rare books of Canadiana. His firm's title is Bernard Amtmann, Inc., address 1552 Sherbrooke St. West, Montreal, & he controls a firm called Montreal Book Auctions Ltd. He said it was impossible to evaluate my papers etc. without knowing, for a start, what Dalhousie & one or two other institutions are prepared to bid for them. This sounded poorly to me, & I think I shall have nothing to do with him. The only interesting thing he said was that ~~McGill University~~ UNIVERSITY OF ALBERTA had bought Hugh MacLennan's papers etc. for $10,500. I should have thought that McGill would have paid much more for them, considering Hugh's long association as a professor there, & Hugh's confessed inability to support himself as a writer. The papers etc. were listed as "The Archives of Hugh MacLennan" in a catalogue of Montreal Book Auctions Ltd. — "which will be sold at auction at the Westbury Hotel, Toronto on 12 July 1973, at 8 p.m."

SATURDAY, JULY 28, 1973 Our soggy "summer" continued last night with a thunderstorm & a torrent of rain. This morning at 11 E. & I attended a memorial service for Capt. Victor Jeans in Trinity Church, which was full of people. This afternoon I played golf with Paul King in fog so dense that we could barely see more than 50 yards, a dangerous game because there were many players, mostly hard-hitting young men.

~~SATURDAY~~ SUNDAY, JULY 29/73 Dark & wet, with intervals of thunder & heavy showers. In the afternoon I drove with E. to call on the young Raddalls at Hunts Point. Found Pam's parents Bill & Marian White there for a day's visit & had a pleasant chat.

MONDAY, JULY 30/73 Heavy rain all night. Today was dank & humid, with fog in the harbour & on the shore. Depressing. In the afternoon I took E. for a drive to Western Head, & then around Milton. It is now a week since I sent off the movie-option documents to Singer, air mail. Not a word from him, & the option cheque for $2,000 remains in escrow in the Royal Bank of Canada here.

Later:— Singer phoned briefly, to say the documents arrived, &

his lawyers had approved them. Therefore he would notify the Royal Bank of Canada to release the $2000 cheque to me. He requested copies of the letters from Little, Brown & Co. to me in 1956, (a) saying that they were willing to give up the performing rights (b) their covering letter later saying they were enclosing quit-claim, & (c) their formal letter of notice that they were remaindering their stock & melting the plates.

TUESDAY, JULY 31, 1973 Another dreary day of fog & showers, nothing to do indoors or outdoors, nothing new to read, & the dullest of programs on TV. Harry Paterson came in & gave me four typed copies of his notes on the Queens County Emergency Authority, which was set up in January 1941 as a precaution ~~against~~ for attacks by German air or sea forces. J.H.M. Mowbray Jones, Paterson & I drew up the plans, & were its chief officers until the spring of '42, when I resigned to join the reserve battalion of the West Nova Scotia Regiment. Paterson remained in charge of the Q.C.E.A. from autumn '42 to the end of the war in '45. I shall send 1 copy to the Provincial Archives, & 1 to the Q.C. Historical Society.

News:- The world-wide inflation of living-cost, especially in foodstuffs, is now running wild, & no government seems to know what to do about it. Organized labour does. Every day there are new demands, threats & strikes for higher wages, which always succeed after a token resistance by the employer. So the dog goes on chasing its tail.

WEDNESDAY, AUG. 1/73 The same wretched weather — & the "summer" half gone. The White Point golf course is now a swamp, & the club has closed it until (if ever!) the ground dries.

Today the "Advance", our local weekly, came out in "Offset" print. The old linotype machines have been scrapped. "Offset" is a largely photographic process, the "dummy" being put together here, & then printed by a Yarmouth firm which now does a lot of newspaper business. At the same time the "Advance" has begun to use a lot of syndicated "filler", imported from the United States.

THURSDAY, AUG. 2/73 Overcast & humid. I mowed my lawns with the push-mower, in a temp. of 78° & God knows what humidity. Rain began, again just before I finished but I went on with it, being drenched with sweat anyhow. Patches of brown showing in the grass, the result of mould from excessive

moisture, but looking as if we'd had a drought. Idm mowing the front lawn I flushed a leopard frog sitting comfortably in the damp grass — the first frog I have seen on my lawns for years. Another proof of an extremely wet summer.

News:- The Queen & Prince Philip are again in Canada, this time for a conference of Commonwealth officials in Ottawa. These repeated royal visits obviously must be made on invitation from Premier Trudeau, playing up to the royalist sentiment in many English-speaking Canadians, & apparently ignoring the anti-royalist, indeed anti-British sentiment of most Quebecois.

FRIDAY, AUG. 3, 1973 Another dark & dismal day, with pouring rain. Fortunately Bill White sent down a bundle of good reading matter — Manchester Guardian, New Statesman, Atlantic Monthly, etc.

E. finds the new electric laundry dryer a godsend.

SATURDAY, AUG. 4/73 Awoke to the usual platter of rain, & to the gleam of wet asphalt & the dank dripping trees & shrubbery around my back lawn. This is the 10th. successive wet day since July 25. Received by registered air mail a carbon copy of a letter dated July 30, from Maurice Singer to J. F. Forbes, manager of the Royal Bank branch here, authorizing him to release to me the cheque for $2,000. It was mailed from Burbank, California, in a printed envelope of Columbia Pictures, Colgems Square, Burbank, Cal. 91505, but the letterhead was that of Singer, which gives no address.

This evening, at the Anderssens' house, E. & I had a long chat with Munroe & Marian (Tupper) Gardner of Yarmouth, who are moving to live in the old MEMORIA JONES house at Milton. With them was Yvonne (Freeman) — (didn't catch her married name), a slim & attractive woman of 57, whom I had last seen as a little girl of ~~8 or 10~~ about 12, playing on my ~~father's~~ tennis court at Milton in 1928. Her husband is an orthopedic doctor in Aberdeen, Scotland, & she is over here on a visit, looking up old friends & relatives. Her father was Max, son of Ingram Freeman, my old neighbour in Milton, who was mill superintendent of the Macleod Pulp Company. Max graduated from an American dental school about the year 1912, & took up a lucrative practice in Madras, India. He married Elsie —, daughter of English parents, born & brought up in India. In 1928

he sent his wife & children to live with his parents in Nova Scotia, & they stayed in Milton, & later in Wolfville for a few years. Eventually Elsie took the children to England, & there was a divorce. During the war 1939-45 Yvonne herself married & divorced, trained as an army nurse, & went to India, where her father was still practising at Madras. While there she met & married her present husband. Max Freeman returned to Nova Scotia in 1947 & spent a winter with his widowed mother. He called on me once or twice, wearing an Inverness cloak & deerstalker hat, like Sherlock Holmes. He'd long cherished a notion of retiring here, but the long winter & spring in a dull little Nova Scotia village abolished that. He returned to Madras & never came back.

SUNDAY, AUG. 5, 1973 Overcast. Drizzle at times. Called on the junior Raddalls at Hunt's Point. Terence & Betty Freeman called on us, with cabbage, beet greens, etc. from their garden, which is flourishing, like all the farms & gardens in this weather.

MONDAY, AUG. 6/73 Overcast, warm & steamy, but for the first time since July 26 no rain of any sort. Played golf with Paul King & John Wickwire. Many pools & boggy places on the course. (Rain fell in the night!)

TUESDAY, AUG. 7/73 Went in the Royal Bank this morning. The regular manager, Forbes is away on vacation, & the temporary manager, an indifferent young man, told me he was still holding Maurice Singer's cheque pending a written release from Singer. I showed him the carbon copy of Singer's release which I received four days ago, but he could not accept anything but an original letter addressed to the manager.

Sunny in town in the afternoon, but still dense & humid fog on the shore. Golf with King & Fred Hearty. On the second round I noticed my grandson Tommy sitting outside the pro. shop hopefully awaiting a caddy job, so I engaged him to pull my cart & clubs. The fee for 9 holes is $1.50, so I paid him $2. He is a bright kid & has learned all the duties of a caddy very well.

~~WEDNESDAY~~ THURSDAY, AUG. 9/73 Hazy. Temp 88° at noon. Golf alone this afternoon, picking up Tommy as caddy on the second nine holes. With my poor eyesight my play is bad; I have

long ceased to count the score; but I do enjoy the exercise & in the open air. Although the air remains humid my arthritic right hip & knee don't trouble me much. This evening about 8 p.m. Bill & Francie Dennis arrived with their 4 offspring & the dog "Jingles", in their station wagon towing a huge "trailer" house-on-wheels. They left Moncton at 3:30 p.m. E. had been busy cooking food for their first day, & about 9:30 they went on to Tom's place at Hunt's Point, where they will sleep in the trailer & eat in the house.

Tonight I had a phone call from Jim Reside, Yarmouth. Apparently on one of his manic-alcoholic bouts. Long muddled talk about his strange adventure near the Galapagos Islands 50 years ago — "apparently the 180 d. meridian was out of place" — & so on. Finally he said he would write me, & rang off.

As I always remember on this date, my father died in battle 55 years ago.

FRIDAY, AUG. 10, 1973 Another hazy & very hot day, with dense fog on the shore. Golf alone this afternoon. Dined with the Raddalls & Dennis families at Hunt's Point. Bill Dennis had brought a 12-lb. salmon he caught on the S.W. Miramichi, & he & Tom broiled it in aluminum foil on a portable charcoal fire. Delicious. Blueberry pie for dessert — the berries picked by Pamela on their property. (Blueberries are selling for 90 cents a quart in Queens County — when you can get any at all. We hear that in Halifax supermarkets they fetch 90 cents a pint.)

SATURDAY, AUG. 11/73 Same weather. Golf with summer visitor Allan Moreton & son Jim. Rain in the night.

SUNDAY, AUG. 12/73 Very hot but clear at last, with the first west wind for weeks, blowing the fog over the horizon. Golf this afternoon with Bob Neary & John Pitblado. Then on to Hunt's Point, where E. & I sipped beer with the junior Raddalls & Dennis's. Bill Dennis & oldest son Gregory drive back to Moncton tonight, leaving Francie with her other 3 youngsters in the trailer at Tom's place. They are all getting along happily together, & I hope the weather stays clear. E. & I dined at White Point Lodge & sat for an hour by the pool. Saw a fish-hawk (osprey) hovering over the beach — the first I have seen this year. Apparently one pair continues to nest in the White Point woods.

MONDAY, AUG. 13, 1973 Hot, but a W. breeze with lots of oxygen in it. Golf alone by choice. Finished just before a thunder burst & heavy rain for a time. Letter from Jack McClelland acknowledging mine of July 17. It had taken 3 weeks to reach Toronto — typical of our wretched & erratic mail service nowadays. His firm has signed the quit-claim on movie rights in "The Nymph" & sent it on to Maurice Singer. He says he is anxiously awaiting my decision re publication of my memoirs.

TUESDAY, AUG. 14/73 Cloudy & cool. Mowed my lawns this afternoon & spread chemical fertilizer on them afterwards. In the early evening drove with E. to Hunt's Point with a supply of beer & another of E's casseroles. Tom had driven to Broad River with the kids, to bathe in the "Bear Hole", a daily rite. (The sea is still cold.) The Royal Bank is still holding Singer's cheque for the option fee of $2,000, pending receipt of a direct written release from him. The regular manager (Forbes) is still away on vacation & I have a hunch that Singer's release is there but mislaid.

WEDNESDAY, AUG. 15/73 Overcast & cool. Golf alone, which speeds the play & gets me home by 3.30. Received a circular letter (the second) from a newly organized group calling themselves "The Canadian Writers Union". As distinct from the Canadian Authors Association (a venerable collection of dilettantes & hopeful amateurs for the most part) the CWU claims to be composed entirely of professionals, & their chairwoman is the peripatetic Margaret Laurence, who is back in Canada again. As a union they hope to compel Canadian publishers to give them a better deal on royalties etc. This movement comes too late to be of any benefit to me, as I am now retired from the market, after fighting the penny-pinching publishers most of my life; but I wish them well. Rain this evening & all night.

On TV tonight we watched & heard President Richard Nixon making another unimpressive address to the U.S. people, vowing that he knew nothing of the Watergate affair; that the "bugging" & subsequent "cover-up" were done by "over-zealous" subordinates; & that he will not reveal the "taped" telephone conversations between himself & these subordinates because that would establish a dangerous precedent affecting all future presidents and their concerns affecting the safety of the nation.

THURSDAY, AUG. 16, 1973 Rain. Letter from Mrs. Dorothy L. Cooke, chief librarian, Dalhousie University, regarding purchase of my papers, etc. "It is difficult to establish a monetary value for this type of collection, but we are prepared to offer $25,000. We are obviously very interested in obtaining the collection but realize that you will want time to consider our offer. We look forward to hearing from you."

SATURDAY, AUG. 18/73 Fine & warm. Golf with Paul King. We dined on barbecued beef etc. at Hunts Point with the Raddall & Dennis families, all looking very tanned & happy.

SUNDAY, AUG. 19/73 Overcast. The Dennis family called this morning on their way home with car & trailer. Golf this afternoon with Maurice Russell, Allan Moreton, & "Mit" Green, who is here for a few days on holiday with wife, Eleanor.

My weight naked is 175 lbs., & I feel very well, with only slight arthritic pains in this warm weather. E. is about the same physically, amiably loony mentally though, but no crazy hallucinations for several months.

TUESDAY, AUG. 21/73 Sunny, with a fresh breeze, yesterday & today. Bank manager Forbes got back from his vacation yesterday, & promptly released the Singer cheque. This morning I went to the Mersey Paper Co. office & got Chris Clarke to arrange copies of the following letters on their Xerox machine:-

(a) My letter to Little Brown & Co. asking them to sign a quit-claim to moving picture rights in The Nymph & The Lamp. Letter dated June 18, 1956.

(b) Reply from Little, Brown & Co. dated June 27, 1956, saying that they have signed & returned the quit-claim to me.

Wrote Singer air mail today, enclosing the Xerox copies.

This evening Lou, Erik, & Karen Andersen came in & chatted over drinks.

WEDNESDAY, AUG. 22/73 Fine & cool. Spent the afternoon mowing lawns, clipping shrubs, etc. Bought a Sheaffer fountain pen to replace my old one, together with a supply of ink cartridges. Heavy rain in the night.

THURSDAY, AUG. 23/73 A delightful summer day with sun & wooly clouds & a fresh W. breeze. Went alone to the golf course &

fell in with Parker, Williams & Russell, who were playing their second nine holes; then I went on with King, Delaney & Heartz. Parker's eyesight very bad — much worse than mine — & he lost many balls. I lost three.

News:- The Canadian railwaymen, after a series of "rotating strikes" in various parts of the country, have today shut down all operations, leaving thousands of travelers stranded, & of course throttling all long-distance movement of food & other necessities. In Halifax, hundreds of hospital nurses will "resign" their jobs on Sep. 10. They are not permitted to "strike" but that means nothing. In the Halifax-Dartmouth area, too, all building construction has been halted by a strike of electricians for many weeks.

FRIDAY, AUG. 24, 1973 Another good summer day. Golf with Russell, Wickwire & Rawding.

SUNDAY, AUG. 26/73 Our belated summer continues, but the boggy parts of the golf course show no sign of drying up, as they do in June of a normal year. My hydrangeas are in full bloom, a sure sign of summer's end. Some of my roses are blooming for the second time. I'm told that the water storage dam at Indian Gardens on the Mersey River is full, an extraordinary thing at this time of year.

Golf this afternoon. Dinner with E. at White Point Lodge. A distant glimpse of Mowbray & Phyllis Jones sauntering along the boardwalk. In the dining room one of their daughters, Stephanie ("Taffy") came over & chatted for a few minutes. She married a young American diplomat, & they spent years in Warsaw & elsewhere in Europe. Now they are back in Washington. After dinner we drove to Kent's Point. Tom & family were out somewhere. Called on Terence & Betty Freeman at Summerville. Heavy traffic on the roads. Many U.S. cars bound westward for the Yarmouth ferries.

MONDAY, AUG. 27/73 Hazy & hot. Tonight in a brief TV broadcast Prime Minister Trudeau announced that he is calling a meeting of parliament to settle the railway strike, which now has the whole economy of Canada tied up in a knot.

TUESDAY, AUG. 28/73 Dense fog this morning, & above that a dense gathering of thunder clouds, so that the effect was like

a total eclipse of the sun. A slam-bang-flash storm went on for about an hour, shaking the earth at times. I wrote a letter to Mrs. Dorothy Cooke, head of Dalhousie library, in which I accepted the offer of $25,000 for my papers etc. According to her letter a representative of the library will come here "to discuss practical details involved, such as the method of payment, [redacted], the time & method of transfer, & any other technicalities."

David Walmark, Halifax agent for McClelland & Stewart, phoned to say that Dudley J. Whitney would call on me "about 3 p.m.". Whitney is a photographer whose book on old barns in the north-eastern States & Canada was published by M. & S. a year or two ago. It was one of the so-called "coffee-table" books, selling at $20 or so. Whitney turned up in a red motor-van towards 5 p.m. with two long-haired companions whom he mentioned as "my son & his girl friend". He is a slim man with comparatively neat hair & beard, 45-ish, speaking with a faint but unmistakable English accent. His present project is a book on North American lighthouses, & he had spent the past month in Newfoundland. He went on talking about Newfoundland, without saying what any of this had to do with me, & after a time I realized that he was expecting an invitation to dine with us. Years of experience with such visitors, (who invariably turn up shortly before lunch or dinner) should have made me aware before I guessed the game. Then I said my wife & I had a dinner engagement at 7 p.m., & asked him to state his business with me. He then said he would like me to write a foreword for his book, which would take "3 or 4 years" to prepare. I said I would do it after I'd had a talk with Jack McClelland, & after some more small talk he drifted away. His book on old barns was a good one, which obviously took years of searching & photography. He is an obvious & unblushing wangler of ways & means, but even so it is a mystery how he & his little troupe finance themselves on these long projects.

WEDNESDAY, AUG. 29/73 Clear & hot. (92° in the sun.) Golf with Charlie Williams & Jim Cowie. E. & I attended a dinner party

this evening up the river at Mersey Lodge, at invitation of Wallace Clarke, the newly promoted President & General Manager of the paper mill. About a dozen couples. Good food & drink & conversation. A clear starlit night.

THURSDAY, AUG. 30, 1973 A thunder-shower this morning, then sunny & very hot. I mowed my lawns this afternoon in a temperature of 98° in the sun. Fortunately my main (back) lawn is shaded by trees, but even so I was drenched & exhausted when I finished. Our present hot weather is part of a heat wave now cooking all of eastern North America.

FRIDAY, AUG. 31/73 Clear & very hot. Golf in the afternoon. Afterwards invited the Andersens over for chat & cold ale in the shade of our lawn. I have not had to water my lawn or the flowers during this whole summer. On the golf course the swamp-holes on N° 4 fairway are just beginning to dry at the edges. Noticed a solitary sandpiper feeding around one of the swamp-holes. Truly solitary in their migration in late summer, these birds nest in the Canadian north, then separate & wend their way to central & south America for the winter.

SATURDAY, SEP. 1/73 Overcast & somewhat "cooler" (80°) This afternoon a Mrs. Hatti Prentiss & her husband called soon after 1 p.m. The lady had written for an appointment, saying she had read some of my books & wanted to meet the author. She had been married twice before, during which time she supported herself & children by drawing illustrations for scientific publications. With her present husband she had removed from the U.S. in 1967, revolted by the Vietnam war & by U.S. politics & business. They now live just outside Dartmouth at Lawrencetown, & I gathered that the husband is some sort of electronic expert in the employ of the (Canadian) National Research Council. After some polite conversation they suddenly launched into what was evidently their obsession — extra-sensory-perception, & their personal experiences with poltergeists & other manifestations, which became more & more fantastic as the afternoon wore on. Finally the man went into an eager monologue about the sensitivity of household plants to human emotions, which could actually be measured by electronic devices. He told how Hatti's kindness to one weakly plant (stroking the leaves, etc.) had resulted in 34 blossoms on it

the next day. Towards 5 p.m. we had to get rid of them by the usual device of an engagement elsewhere. "Hardi" was a plain woman with glasses, about 50. He was about 40 or 45, with a bald head & reddish-brown beard. Both were educated people & well spoken, & when we offered them drinks they chose a glass of ale & nothing more. They did not appear to be under the influence of drugs. Just nuts.

SUNDAY, SEP. 2, 1973 Overcast & humid. Played 9 holes at White Point & that was enough. The course was crowded by the usual Labour Day weekend swarm, mostly Nova Scotians who flock to White Point Lodge when the "foreign" visitors leave.

News:- The specially-called session of parliament at Ottawa ordered the railway workers to get back to their jobs at midnight tonight, promising that practically all of their wage (& other) demands will be granted. Most of them have complied, including the crews of ferries between Nfld., P.E.I., & the mainland; but there are militants still refusing to work, notably in Toronto & some western cities, especially in B.C.

MONDAY, SEP. 3/73 Hazy & very hot. After golf on the afternoon I drove with E. to call on the junior Raddalls, whom we have not seen for a couple of weeks. They are healthy, tanned, & well pleased with their abode. The two young Mormon missionaries called on me again this evening for a 'chat'. No mention of religion. I presume they have given me up as hopeless on that score.

WEDNESDAY, SEP. 5/73 A bright warm day. E. left with the Anderssens this morning by car. They will drop her off at the Dennis home in Riverview, & go on for a week's visit with their son Michael at Camp Gagetown, N.B., picking E. up on the way back.

THURSDAY, SEP. 6/73 Cool S.E. wind. Dined at the Chinese cafe. This afternoon, with a portable electric light on a long cord, I examined the stuff piled under attic eaves, behind the bookshelves, in a vain search for the original working typescripts of "Pride's Fancy", "The Nymph & The Lamp", "Tidefall" and "The Wings of Night". I think they must have been taken to the town dump, along with a mass of old magazines & junk, when my workmen cleared it out & completed the attic floor in 1964. (But see diary June 1/65.)

I did find some old Raddall & Head photographs & a

silhouette, trust & profile of my great-great-grandmother Lucy White (1794-1876), sent to me by my aunt Jessie Kaddall when London was being bombed by German aircraft in 1940. Also I found a small packet of letters to me from my father, in England, France & Belgium. The first was written from Salisbury Plain in October 1914. The last was dated July 22, 1918, just 18 days before his death in battle at Amiens. All of them are concerned with my education & ideals. The last one says in part - "Opportunities in Canada are great, but only to the man with a well equipped cultured brain. I am hoping at some future date you will eventually graduate at a Varsity. So look to the ideal as the goal, to strive & make a name for yourself. Some things are harder than others to master, but they are never so difficult that they cannot be overcome."

FRIDAY, SEP. 7, 1973 Fine & cool. Mowed my lawns.

News:- Ottawa during the past few days has announced various measures to alleviate the skyrocketing cost of living. Automatic raises in all government pensions, family allowances, etc. Subsidies to farmers to stop further increases in the cost of bread & milk. Orders to the oil companies to stop further increases in price of gasoline & household fuel oil until Jan. 1, 1974. Although most railway workers have resumed their services there are large groups defying the government order, notably in the old labour trouble spots, Winnipeg & Vancouver.

SATURDAY, SEP. 8/73 Fine & cool. A convention of insurance men at White Point Lodge brings a great crowd to our golf course this weekend, so this afternoon I amused myself by driving about in my car. Had a look at my shore property at Moose Harbour. The little private road is now barred to intruders by a double chain fastened to two stout gateposts of ~~asphalt~~ creosoted timber. Called on old Roy Gordon at Milton & found him characteristically splitting chunks of firewood with an ax. He gave me a photograph of myself, taken by a professional photographer named Moss, at Halifax, which I had given him "soon after you came here" — probably in 1924 or at latest 1925. I have no copy of it, & had forgotten all about it.

News:- Lieut. Governor Victor Oland's 5-year term of office ends

this month, & today Ottawa announced his successor, a distinguished Halifax surgeon Clarence L. Gosse, aged 60. He was ann unsuccessful Liberal candidate in one of the Halifax city constituencies in the provincial election of 1967.

SUNDAY, SEP. 9/1973 The furnace was running when I got up this a.m. Outdoor temp 50°, getting up to 65°, a typical Fall day. I spent most of the afternoon again rummaging in the attic, & checking contents of various filing envelopes, but found none of the missing typescripts.

The junior Kaddalls invited me to dine with them, & I found Eleanor Green & [redacted] (dentist) Charles McIntosh & wife with them, chatting on the sun deck. A very good dinner of charcoal-broiled steak, & vegetables fresh from Carl Conrad's little farm.

During the afternoon enjoyed a brief visit by my sister Hilda Bayer. She & husband Ted had found the business of their souvenir shop at Chester Basin seriously affected by the new motor road by-passing that place. As they had a large stock, they rented another store in Lunenburg, but their sales are down 15%. It is really a hobby with them, & they would sell out if they could.

MONDAY, SEP. 10/73 Another fine Fall day. Golf alone in afternoon.

TUESDAY, SEP. 11/73 Same weather. Had a long visit this afternoon from a small, bearded, Englishman named Jack Owen, a free-lance journalist who is preparing a book on marine artist Jack Gray. He made a tape recording of my reminiscences of Gray. Has done research at Halifax & Stonehurst, etc. Apparently makes his base in the U.S. & writes for magazines like "Boating". Met Grey in Florida. Hopes to get McClelland & Stewart to publish the book.

News:- Ever since the paper mill was built here in 1929 the company has used the Mersey River to store part of its wood, held in a boom just above the railway bridge. From there it was towed in log-booms ("poke booms") to the mill at Brooklyn.

The company now announces a radical change in its bark-removing machinery, & in the handling of wood. No more wood will be dumped into the river for storage. All the wood will go direct to the mill by railway & motor-trucks. Already the river booms have been removed, & the old boom-piers of rock and cribwork are being demolished. Thus the tidal part of the river from Milton to Liverpool will resume its natural

appearance, & will be entirely open to pleasure boats & canoes for the first time in 44 years.

WEDNESDAY, SEP. 12, 1973 Bright & cool. E. got home today with the Anderssens, after a pleasant visit with Francie & her family. Bill Dennis recommended a change from the tranquillizing pills prescribed for her by Dr. Bell, & furnished her with a supply of a different kind. He also forbade drinking gin or any other spirits, but said she could have ale or wine in moderate quantity.

I put an advertisement in today's weekly issue of the "Advance" offering my colour TV set for sale at a price of $100 cash. (I bought it 5 years ago for $525.) It has given good service on the whole, but it has the out-dated 19 inch circular screen, & of course the picture-tube will have to be replaced before many more months or years. The ad. brought a prompt response from two people, & tonight a fisherman named Robert Roy came with $100 in his hand. I showed him the TV in operation & told him its exact age, etc.

I said I intended to keep the set until a new one came within a week or two, & he could keep his money until then. He insisted on paying $20 "to bind the bargain" & I gave him a receipt. With our failing eyesight E. & I need the full rectangular 26 inch screen & other improvements contained in the latest TV sets.

THURSDAY, SEPT. 13/73 Bright & cool. Golf alone in the afternoon. Among migrating birds on the course I noticed several of the lesser yellowlegs, & semipalmated ("ringneck") plovers. At home, on the lawn & at the bird bath there are casual visits from robins, song sparrows, purple finches, grackles, starlings, a catbird, & (rarely seen in town) a yellow-hammer.

FRIDAY, SEP. 14/73 Overcast & cool. Mowed my lawns. The recent sunshine after our dark & soggy "summer" has perked up the roses, several of which are blooming or about to bloom for the second time.

SATURDAY, SEP. 15/73 Rain. Gordon Archibald called late this afternoon with his wife & son, & presented copies of some colour snapshots taken on our fishing trip in Newfoundland last July. He has many of my books, & brought them for my autograph.

TUESDAY, SEP. 18, 1973 Temp. 40° last night — the coldest yet this Fall. Cool & sunny when I played golf this afternoon. In the morning I attended the funeral service for Alvin Hutchins at the Anglican church. I knew him first about 50 years ago, when he was a junior clerk in the Royal Bank of Canada here. He returned as branch manager after the second world war & retired here 8 years ago. Received a parcel of books from the firm of Marboro in New York, which deals mostly in publishers' remainders at cut rates. Among others I got a 4-volume paperback edition of Winston Churchill's biography of John, Duke of Marlborough for $2.98. This paperback issue was published at $10.60 by Scribners in 1968.

THURSDAY, SEP. 20/73 Damp weather. Two pleasant visitors this morning, Mr & Mrs. Lawrence Woods of Pittsburg, Pa., who visit Nova Scotia frequently & are ardent & knowledgeable readers of my books. Golf in the afternoon.

This evening I saw on TV a re-run [redacted] of a half-hour play of "The Wedding Gift", a surprise, as the CBC had not negotiated this right with me. In December 1970 McClelland & Stewart notified me that they had made a contract with CBC for this story for a fee of $500, of which they would deduct 25% for themselves. I protested [redacted] on Jan. 15/71, pointing out that in the contract for the New Canadian Library paperback edition of "At The Sedé's Turn & other stories" (which included "The Wedding Gift") I had reserved the TV, movie, & other performing rights. After some further letter & phone calls, McClelland & Stewart admitted their mistake, & the CBC made a direct contract with me. The CBC made the play in 1971 & ran it on their national TV network in September. It was a poor production & a bad script. [redacted] is [redacted]. I presume McClelland & Stewart have fallen into their old error & sold the re-make rights to C.B.C.

Had a phone call from Lester Crigan (pronounced cree-ZAN) who visited me last May 23 & taped my reminiscences of Sable Island to be used as "voice-over" stuff on a TV film (or small movie film) about the island as it is today. He expects to be down this way next month, & will bring a copy of the film with him.

FRIDAY, SEP. 21, 1973 Sunny but chilly, with a sharp N. wind. At golf this afternoon I wore an undershirt & a jacket for the first time this Fall. Tom Jr. & Pamela left by car for the Halifax airport this afternoon, to spend a weekend with the Milton Greens & Cornerbrook. Their children are staying with us — delighted to have a couple of evenings with their old chums in town.

MONDAY, SEP. 24/73 Bright & cool, after a wet weekend. Tom & Pamela got home late last night, & picked up the kids at our house this morning. They had a pleasant & interesting weekend in Newfoundland. Tom & Green & four others spent an adventurous day in a float-equipped Piper Cub, flying over the hills & landing on various small lakes. Tom had a shotgun & hoped to get some ptarmigan, but the birds were scarce & wary. However they saw many caribou & moose, & as one of the party had a rifle they got two moose, which the hunters gutted & divided into quarters, & carried off in the plane.

This afternoon, by appointment, Dr. Charles Armour, archivist of Dalhousie University Library, & Miss Grace Pratt, of the library staff, came to complete arrangements for the purchase of my personal archives. Instead of a lump sum, I said I preferred payment of $5,000 a year for 5 years, beginning next January. This in case the Income Tax authorities rule that this money is professional income & subject to tax on the year's income in the ordinary way.

I stipulated that my diaries, & the unexpurgated typescript of my memoirs, are not to be made available to the public until 25 years after my death. Meanwhile I wish to retain them for consultation, as I have decided to occupy myself during the coming winter & spring in preparing an edited & much shorter version for publication.

The inscribed silver trays, the literary award medals, & other artifacts (I don't know what else to call them) now on the walls & furniture of my study, are to remain there until my death. Also the correspondence, dating back to about 1947, now contained in the metal filing cabinet in my study, as I shall need this in dealing with publishers, radio, TV & movie people.

The correspondence prior to 1947, now stored in expanding

file-envelopes in my attic — indeed everything up there, including original typescripts & notes, research notes, scrapbooks, snapshot albums, photographs, etc, should go to the Library now, for fireproof custody. So we spent a couple of busy hours, listing & removing all this to Armour's car. To our mutual pleasure, Armour found the original typescripts & notes of "The Nymph & The Lamp", "Tidefall" & "The Wings of Night", which had been mislaid in a pile of other stuff. They took also Harve Stein's original drawings for "Roger Sudden" when it appeared in Adventure Magazine as a serial before book publication, & Tom Haythurst's original drawings for "The Saga of the Rover" & "The Markland Sagas". Also the dies & plates used in printing these two little books, & the dies & plates used in printing my history of the West N.S. Regiment. Also my two certificates for competency in radio-telegraphy, issued by the Dept. of the Naval Service in 1919 & 1922, & my seaman's discharge book covering service in the "War Karma", "Prince George", "Watuka" & "Mackay-Bennett". Also a lot of small notebooks containing various jottings in my early writing days; a logbook of the barque "Linda Abbott" built & owned by my wife's ancestors (Samuel Freeman & Sons) in 1866, & destroyed by a hurricane in Liverpool harbour in 1878; a bundle of Halifax newspapers, "The Nova Scotian", "Morning Chronicle", & "Morning Courier", dated in the 1840's, etc.

Dalhousie Library will prepare a formal document covering all these matters, & send it to me for approval & signature. As we carried the original typescripts, the notes made over so many years, the four snapshot albums, etc. to the car, Miss Troth said, "It must be like seeing part of yourself going out of the door", & I said "It is".

However I am thankful that all this is now safe from destruction, as it never was in my wooden house.

WEDNESDAY, SEP. 26/73 Fine & warm. Tonight we attended a reception at the home of my old friend Maynard Colp & wife, to mark their 50th. wedding anniversary. A huge crowd — the whole town seemed to be there. The son of a Port Mouton boat-builder & lobster canner, Colp joined the Royal Flying Corps. at Toronto in 1917 (Canada had no flying corps of her own then) & subsequently served in the Canadian Air Force from 1920 to 1944.

I took down & typed his memoirs, & they are part of the papers now in possession of Dalhousie University Library.

THURSDAY, SEP. 27, 1973 Bright & cool. E. came to White Point this afternoon & walked with me while I played the first nine holes — her first long walk in months. She did not seemed fatigued, & sat chatting with people in the clubhouse while I played the second nine.

FRIDAY, SEP. 28/73 Bright & cool. Mowed my lawns this afternoon. Simpson-Sears Ltd. sent up the new TV set, & I paid them by cheque. Price $589.87 plus tax 41.29 = $631.26

Robert Roy came, paid me the balance of $80 on my old set, & took it away. (The old one cost me $525 in 1968.) With our fading eyesight we need the wider & brighter picture.

SATURDAY, SEP. 29/73 Bright & cool, with a strong SW breeze. Golf in the afternoon. E. walked around seven holes with me, & then sat in a chair outdoors for a considerable time, before going into the clubhouse. The chair was a mistake — she got chilled, & by evening she realized she had caught a bad cold. For myself, I found my left eye (the blind one) very bloodshot, & aching painfully by midnight. Possibly due to the wind. Possibly a broken blood-vessel in the eyeball, which I have experienced before.

SUNDAY, SEP. 30/73 Bright & cool. Indoors all day. E. with a wretched cold, sneezing & nose-blowing. I nursing my painful eye. Wrote to the Montreal Trust Co. branch in Halifax, returning my original will dated June 29, 1960 (see diary June 4/73), & asking them to change Clause Three, by which I bequeathed my diaries to the Public Archives of Nova Scotia. I want this to read:- "I give & bequeath all of my diaries, & the original typescript of my memoirs, to Dalhousie University Library, upon the express condition that these documents be kept sealed & remain unopened for a period of 25 years from the date of my death."

MONDAY, OCT. 1/73 Bright & cool. Pamela called, with a bunch of English newspapers & magazines, from her father. Tom is away in New Brunswick, with several companions & dogs, on their annual woodcock hunt. My left eye still badly bloodshot, but the pain has abated, & today I played

golf in my erratic one-eyed fashion. Simpsons-Sears sent up a man to adjust the tuning of my new T.V. set, which is more complicated than the old one. Unfortunately S. was at White Pt., & C. could only give me a garbled version of his instructions.

I note in one of the copies of Britain's "Country Life", sent me by Bill White, a letter about the old School of Musketry (later called the Small Arms School) at Hythe, Kent. I was born in the married quarters of this school. The British army removed this training to a modern establishment in the west of England some years after World War Two, & the South-Eastern Electricity Board now proposes to demolish the buildings to make way for workshops, warehouses, etc. The letter writer pleads for the preservation of "the Regency barracks & the Officers' Mess". I remember these well from my childhood, & visited them when I was in Europe in 1958.

WEDNESDAY, OCT. 3, 1973 Rain drove me off the golf course after 9 holes. The first break in the fine weather of the past ten days.

THURSDAY, OCT. 4/73 Drizzle & showers. This evening we invited Pamela & her youngsters to dine with us on Chinese food at Wong's restaurant, & they enjoyed it.

I am occupied these days in re-writing some portions of my biography for greater clarity, & in searching the attic for odds & ends that should go to Dalhousie.

SATURDAY, OCT. 6/73 The sun appeared fitfully today, after wet weather for 3 days. In the afternoon I drove with C. to Greenfield, then down the Medway bank, to enjoy the fall colours of the maples, always the first to "turn". The show was quite good, although a strong NW wind was blowing many of the maple leaves off the trees. The temp. was 58° & we did not get out of the car.

SUNDAY, OCT. 7/73 A north-west gale all day & evening, roaring in the chimneys & tearing twigs & many green leaves off the trees. I assembled & typed my random notes on the two short-lived local banks, the Bank of Liverpool 1871-1874, & the Bank of Acadia 1872-1873. Their failures ruined most of the leading merchants of Liverpool & Milton (including my wife's ancestors Samuel Freeman & Sons) & left Queens County in a state of depression from which it did not fully recover for more than fifty years.

MONDAY, Oct. 8, 1973 Thanksgiving Day, so no mail or newspapers. I gave my thanks to the gods for a calm & sunny afternoon on the golf course, after 5 days without physical exercise in fresh air, which has always been necessary for my wellbeing. E. walked around the first 9 holes with me. Afterwards we called on the junior Raddalls. Tom & his companions (4 guns) got 92 woodcock & 6 partridge in their New Brunswick hunt. A week's shooting.

News:- The Arabs & Israelis at open war again, with the usual business of blaming each other, & the usual claims of victory. This time the Israelis appear to have held their frontier lines lightly, enabling Egyptian armour & infantry to cross the Suez canal on pontoon bridges, & Syrian forces to penetrate into the important Golan Heights. I think the Israelis have just sucked them in for a clobbering.

TUESDAY, Oct. 9/73 Overcast, with a chilly SE wind. E. is still coughing, slowly recovering from her cold. I think I have caught the bug at last, as I awoke this morning with a sore feeling in my throat & the back of my nose. Foolishly I went out to the golf course & spent 2½ hours in the cold wind. By midnight I was barking, with a definite bronchial cold.

WEDNESDAY, OCT. 10/73 Temp. 35° last night. My roses are still blooming valiantly. I was indoors all day, feeling wretched. The starlings have eaten all the elderberries, & only an occasional robin forages on the back lawn. Today an unusual visitor, a male Baltimore oriole, flashed his colours about the ash tree behind my garage, apparently eating the hanging bunches of seeds.

News:- Spiro Agnew, Vice President of the United States, resigned today, shortly after a court convicted him of false income statements & fined him $10,000, with a suspended sentence of 3 years' imprisonment. Had he not admitted guilt on the income tax charge, the court was prepared to charge him with receiving large sums from engineering firms in payment for government contracts. This bribery began when he was Governor of Maryland, & continued when he became Vice-President.

What with the revelations of the "Watergate" affair, which are still going on, it looks as if President Nixon's government will be remembered in history as the most corrupt since Warren Harding's.

FRIDAY, Oct. 12, 1973 Still indoors with the wretched cold, barking & sneezing. Bronchitis & laryngitis. The TV mechanic came again today, made some adjustments to the new set, & showed me how to tune it properly.

Tonight on TV President Nixon announced his choice of a new Vice-President, a man named Ford, for many years leader of the Republican minority in the Congress. It is expected that the House of Representatives & the Senate will ratify the appointment without difficulty.

There was a dance at the school tonight. Tommy & Debby attended, dressed up handsomely, & slept at our house.

SATURDAY, Oct. 13/73 A warm sunny day, temp. 74°, but I remained confined to the house, sneezing, blowing & coughing, for the fifth day. Marion, wife of my old friend Hector Dunlap (& Edith's cousin) died of heart failure in the local hospital this afternoon. She was 72 & had been ill for some time.

SUNDAY, Oct. 14/73 Sunny & cool. E. & I creep about the house, barking & wheezing, like a pair of old asthmatic dogs. Re my Sep. 30 entry, I received yesterday from Montreal Trust Co. a new will, with Clause Three changed as I wished.

MONDAY, Oct. 15/73 On arising this morning I found that we had been visited by hoodlums last night, probably practising for Halloween. They had stolen a pumpkin from somebody's garden & left it smashed in several chunks on the edge of my front lawn. Then they went around to the back, uprooted my bird bath on its pedestal, & threw it on the ground.

I walked, well muffled, to the bank & post office — my first venture outdoors for nearly a week — & had a routine test of my eyes by Wile the optometrist. The left eye is blind with cataract of course. I can see daylight & that's all. The right eye remains good, & there is no need to change the lens in my glasses. Physically I feel weak & wretched. The cough has diminished but my throat is increasingly sore, & swallowing is painful.

Letter from a Professor Gluck, Toronto University, who is director of the programme committee of the Canadian Historical Association 1973-74. Wants me to be one of a panel composed of writers & historians at the C.H.A. meeting in Toronto next June. The subject, "Canadian history & Canadian literature: Relations & Reflections". He says, "Ideally, this panel would consist of

people such as you, Donald G. Creighton, Wallace Stegner, Desmond Pacey." He adds, "When I first began considering this panel your name came immediately to mind, for your work combines the best of both the literary & historical worlds."

This is flattering, but my few experiences on discussion panels gave me a low opinion of their value. And now at 70, half blind, increasingly hard of hearing, & stooped & awkward with rheumatics, I am in no shape to appear on a public platform.

WEDNESDAY, OCT. 17, 1973 Rainy but cool weather. I am still feeling wretched, sneezing, blowing, coughing, & barely able to speak owing to laryngitis. My only venture outdoors today was by car to the post office & liquor store. My young friend John Leefe dropped in for a chat, & to borrow some books. We went up to the attic, & I gave him my spare copy of "Saga of the Rover", also the framed painting made for the jacket illustration of "Pride's Fancy", which shows Nathan Cain, Lia Dolainde, & the others in the ship's boat, with the brigantine on fire & exploding in the background. It's just a piece of commercial art which the publisher framed & sent me, & I stuck it away in the attic. Leefe expressed a liking for it & took it away joyfully.

SATURDAY, OCT. 20/73 My cold is petering out slowly in a dry cough & a thinning trickle from my nose. A daily walk to the post office leaves me tired & out of breath.

Robert Norfleet has sent me a typed transcript of selections from the interview he taped here on March 23rd. He asks me to make corrections or revisions where necessary, & I'm wading through it eliminating the f repetitions & most of the inevitable "well," "so," etc.

News:- The Arabs & Israelis are still slugging away & both claiming victory without any visible proof, so far as we can see on the carefully slanted "news" films on TV. The Russians are still pouring war material into Syria & Egypt by sea and air, & President Nixon has revealed that the United States is doing the same for Israel. The Arab nations have cut back their oil supplies & again increased the price. This will hurt most of the manufacturing nations from Europe to Japan, & our people in eastern Canada who get 25% of their oil from the Middle East. It won't hurt the U.S., which gets only 10%

from the Arab countries, & probably not the Ismaelis, who must have assembled a good supply as part of their preparation for this war. However, it means that the consumerss of Arab oil will be paying huge sums into the Arab war-chest, willy-nilly, for the purchase of Russian ~~arms~~ arms.

SUNDAY, OCT. 21, 1973 Overcast & cool. In the afternoon I drove with E. to Port L'Hebert, where we chatted over a glass of wine with Robert Comber, his wife & daughter. He is an Ontario man, who fought as an infantry private in World War Two, & afterwards went in for bush flying in the North. He is the author of a book called "Northern Flying & Survival", of which he gave me a copy. They have a substantial cottage on the sandy shore near the fishermens' wharf at Port L'Hebert, where they spend every summer & autumn.

Afterwards we had supper with the Junior Raddalls at Hunts Point, the main dish being clams dug at Port Mouton creek. I still feel sickly & couldn't enjoy them. Tom has been asked again to run as Conservative candidate in Queens, for the Provincial Assembly seat left vacant by Lloyd Macdonald. And again he has refused. He is very popular in the County & could easily be elected; but the Conservatives under their lack-lustre leader Buchanan have no chance of upsetting the dynamic Regan & his Liberal government; & to become a mere member in opposition would mean being half-dentist, half-politician, for no good purpose.

I forgot to record on Oct 19 that I had a long phone call from a Mrs. Muriel Sherrin, who is employed by the N.S. government's newly created Department of Recreation, of which the Minister is the ebullient & aggressive Mr. James Brown. She asked me to "get involved" (her phrase) in the cultural side of public recreation, & said it would involve attending meetings in Halifax from time to time. I said that I am 70 & half blind, so I cannot drive to Hfx., & in any case I do not know what I could contribute. She asked me to consider, & sent me a circular letter, signed by Brown, inviting all-&-sundry to "involve themselves in programs which can enrich their lives physically & culturally."

MONDAY, OCT. 22/73 Sunny, but with a chill (50°) breeze. I long for some physical exercise, after nearly two weeks, but I still have the bronchial cough & nasal drip. This afternoon I drove with E.

to call on Hector Dunlap, our first chance since the 'flu hit us. He seemed quite well & cheerful. Marion had been a semi-invalid for so long that he is used to getting his own meals etc., & a charwoman comes in twice a week to tidy the house. His son Jack & family recently moved into the old Joseph Wentzell house nearby, & they can keep an eye on him.

News:- The United Nations' council, prompted strongly by the United States & Russia, have demanded an immediate cease-fire in the Middle East, & the Egyptians, Jordanese, & Israelis have agreed to do so. The Syrians are still shooting, with little effect. They have been defeated & there is a strong Israeli force well advanced on the road to Damascus. Both Israel & Egypt obviously expected the U.S.-Russian demand, & both grabbed positions for bargaining purposes when the peace talks began.

Internally, the U.S. is in a political turmoil. President Nixon now has "fired" his three top legal officials, & there is strong talk of impeachment by the Democrat majority in Congress.

TUESDAY, OCT. 23, 1973 A sunny day with S.W. breeze, temp. 60°. I ventured to the golf course for the first time in two weeks, well muffled in sweaters, & played 9 holes. I remain weak & shaky, but enjoyed the exercise in fresh air. At 3 p.m. two intelligent young women students from Hfx. came with a tape recorder, & interviewed me for an hour about my life & works.

During the past 3 or 4 years I have noticed more & more prominent American moving-picture actors grabbing some extra easy money by advertising, on T.V., every kind of product from soda-pop to mouth-wash. It has become part of the "anything for a buck" philosophy of the United States, so well demonstrated in their politics recently by Nixon & Agnew.

I thought the British were above all that. But every evening on our T.V. this week we have seen & heard the dean of British drama, Sir Laurence Olivier, demonstrating an American camera with the smooth & expert manner & patter of a professional pitch-man. What next?

WEDNESDAY, OCT. 24, 1973 My venture to the golf course yesterday had a bad reaction. I felt wretched today, & weak, with the dry cough & painful throat which hangs on so long.

Tonight the CBC broadcast on the national TV network a 30 minute play made from my short story "McIvor's Valuation". The casting was bad, the script was worse, & there appeared to be no direction at all — a thorough mess of the kind characteristic of the Toronto studios of CBC, where a cosy little circle of playwrights, actors & directors interpret everything according to their own views. To make an unintelligible travesty of my story complete, the play was interrupted at least ten times by advertisements of various kinds.

THURSDAY, OCT. 25/73 Overcast & mild. I didn't venture outdoors except for a walk to the post office. In the afternoon, by a phone appointment, a man named Bill Howell came with a tape recorder for an interview. A slim man, 30-ish, with brown hair & a sandy moustache, he said he had a Canada Council grant to do a study of Archibald MacMechan & his written works. Howell confessed himself a socialist, a graduate of Acadia U., & a "free-lance" writer. His wife works in a federal government office in Halifax & is, I presume, the chief breadwinner. He talked a lot of sociological gibberish, & I gathered that he intended a hatchet attack on MacMechan the Victorian. I gave him no encouragement. MacMechan was very dignified, & a bit pompous, no doubt (as a youth in Halifax I saw him now & then, & knew who he was, but I never had a word with him) but his collection of true Nova Scotia stories was a good job. Before long Howell turned the interview to some of my own work, & then to my opinion of the present mess in Washington. He hung about till after 6 p.m., obviously expecting an invitation to dine, & finally took off in his somewhat worn Volkswagen.

FRIDAY, OCT. 26/73 Dark & wet. The roses in the centre of my lawn, having escaped frost, bloomed for the second time this year; but now at last they begin to shatter.

News:- As I guessed on Oct. 8, the Egyptians' apparently successful thrust across the Suez Canal in Sinai, which they proclaimed a great victory, was simply a march into the Israeli trap, while for their part the Israelis faked a

a major attack on the Syrian front towards Damascus. When their time was ripe the Israelis crossed the southern end of the Suez Canal in great force & headed straight for Cairo, while their aircraft broke up the Egyptians' pontoon bridges north of the Great Bitter Lake & thus cut off the invaders of Sinai. As in the other wars of the past ten years, both sides knew that Russia would threaten to intervene if the Arabs were defeated, and the U.S. would then confront Russia on the side of Israel.

On TV tonight we saw & heard President Nixon describing this confrontation to a noisy press conference. He said he had alerted all U.S. land, air, & sea forces around the world, which convinced Mr. Brezhnev (the Soviet prime minister) that a Russian military intervention in Egypt could lead straight to "nuclear war". Hence the joint Russia-U.S. appeal to the United Nations, & the order to the Arabs & Israelis to cease fire. It was agreed that none of the great powers should send troops to enforce this — not even Canada, it seems. Instead, about 7,000 armed soldiers from various smaller & neutral countries are being flown to the battle fronts. It's a farce, of course. Whenever the Egyptians feel strong enough to have another go at Israel, they will hustle the "peace-keeping" soldiers of the United Nations out of the way, as they did before.

Apparently Nixon expected to over-awe the U.S. press & TV reporters with his grave duties in this matter, but as soon as they got a chance the reporters hammered him with questions about "Watergate", his dismissal of top legal officials, & the growing clamour for his impeachment. He answered them sharply & stubbornly, putting on a forced grin now & then like a satyr's mask, & then slipping it off again. It was not a convincing performance.

SUNDAY, Oct. 28, 1973 Sunny & cool. In the afternoon I donned "long-johns" winter underwear, sweater, winter coat etc. & drove to White Point. E. sat in the car while I walked around the golf course. Several players out. I am still weak, & perspired copiously, even walking at a slow pace. I removed my golf cart & clubs from the pro's storage room, which will be closed

for season on Oct. 31, & put them in my cat. Drove on to Hunt's Point & had a chat with Pamela. Tom & the kids were away somewhere.

News:— Taking advantage of the oil shortage in the northern hemisphere, Venezuela has jumped its price nearly 60%. As a lot of our oil in ~~eastern~~ maritime Canada comes from the Venezuelan wells it is going to cost us heavily to keep warm this winter. As I don't drive my car much, the jump in the price of gasoline won't affect me much.

MONDAY, OCT. 29, 1973 Temp 30° last night. A cool grey day.

Dudley ~~Whitney~~ WITNEY called on my house briefly this morning. (see Aug. 28) He has been busy photographing old lighthouses around Nova Scotia & New Brunswick, & is going to Seal Island shortly. At the same time he is engaged on another project — photographing old tombstones, which seems an odd combination.

The provincial election in Quebec today resulted in a landslide for Premier Bourassa & his Liberal government, who profess faith in the confederation of Canada. The separationists (Parti Québecois, or in the slang phrase "les péquistes") under their fanatical leader René Levesque got nearly 30% of the vote, but only 7 or 8 seats out of 100. Levesque was defeated personally also, in his own constituency. "Les Péquistes" consist mainly of the young & emotional who want a French socialist republic, regardless of its financial viability or anything else. In this election campaign Levesque tried to tone it down, knowing the cautious reaction it would create, but he failed. The "English" (speaking) minority in Quebec, who are about 20% of the whole, voted solidly for Bourassa because for them there was no other choice. Bourassa has shown a determination to "Frenchify" all business, & eventually all schools, & so on, while continuing to milk the federal cow hand over fist. I still think (as I told Levak Dickson years ago) the Quebeckers will stick to Canada as long as they are getting more money out of it than they are putting in. They are mainly separatists at heart, but hard cash comes before sentiment.

I wrote May 17 to Little Brown & Co., & to Doubleday, asking for formal letters of reversion of all rights in my books originally published by them & now long out of print. Neither

would I want for it? I said I'd have to think it over, & Mrs. Wainwright agreed to call me again later on. She said that if the Ottawa woman decided not to buy my property, they (the Wainwrights) would like to have it.

FRIDAY, NOV. 2, 1973 A wild gale of wind & rain all last night. We got up this morning to find no water in the taps. The condition seems general, & the school children were sent home. Despite a wet spring & summer, & two or three heavy rains in Sept. & Oct., the "Town Lake" is mysteriously running dry. The town workmen have been busy repairing numerous breaks in the street piping, but it is now obvious that a major break is leaking away underground to the harbour, very difficult to find. Some of the main water pipes date back to the original installation in 1897. In the downtown area these were replaced in 1930.

By evening water was flowing in our first-floor taps, but at such low pressure that it was a slow trickle in the bathroom.

SATURDAY, NOV. 3/73 A roaring NW gale with alternate showers & sunshine. This afternoon the Wainwrights brought Mrs. Elspeth Thomson to my house. She is a tall, breezy person, very eager to buy the properties of Macleod & myself at Moose Harbour. She called at Macleod's house, agreed to pay $7,000 for his land & shore, & made a down payment in cash. She also agreed to pay $2,500 for mine, & made a down payment of $1,500 (fifteen $100 banknotes) which she produced from a sock fastened inside her dress with a safety pin. She showed us snapshots of her children, two teenaged girls & a boy of four. The final arrangements for purchase (payments & deeds) will be made through a Liverpool law firm.

I am still unwell from the cold or 'flu which smote me on Oct. 9. A dry bronchial cough, & a general feeling of lassitude & semi-prostration, especially in the mornings.

SUNDAY, NOV. 4/73 The N.W. gale still blowing. It has stripped the leaves from the ash, birch, maple, & all other hardwood trees except the oaks, & littered the ground & streets with fallen twigs.

Our water supply & pressure is back to normal, but the water is so dirty that it is undrinkable, & useless for washing clothes.

Tonight on TV (CBC) I watched the opening episode of Cameron Graham's documentary "Days Before Yesterday". It is to be run in 6 parts, each an hour long, each covering 10 years of Canada's social & political history from 1897 to 1957.

As I might have expected from past experience, nearly all of the film involving the departure of the British fleet & garrison from Halifax in 1905, narrated in the Citadel & elsewhere on May 3 & 4 this year, ended on the cutting room floor. There was one shot of me, uttering a single sentence in about ten seconds. About 60% of the film was devoted to Sir Wilfred Laurier, from childhood to death, with long footage of his funeral. Very little of Sir Robert Borden, who defeated Laurier in 1911 & bore the burden of the First Great War.

TUESDAY, NOV. 6, 1973 The NW gale still blowing, with temp. 40° by day, & 30° by night. My bronchial cough has subsided at last, but in my weakened state I can't tackle outdoor chores in this weather. Today I got a tan sheepskin coat, 33 inches long, hand-made in Bulgaria, which I ordered from Eaton's. Price $171.00. Received a letter from Mrs. Cooke, head of Dalhousie University Library, enclosing formal agreement for purchase of my collection. She says, "The inventory of your papers is now underway. We are hoping to arrange a major display for the 1974 Convocation."

Liverpool lawyer Carl Milford has been engaged by Mrs. Thomson to arrange the final deeds & purchase of the Macleod & Raddall properties at Moose Harbour. This morning I lent him the 1951 deed from Macleod to me, which contains the surveyor's description & map of my lot.

WEDNESDAY, NOV. 7/73 Same weather. (There was snow on the South Mountain yesterday, & a momentary squall of it here.) This morning I drove with E. to a small coffee party at Tom & Helena Jory's house, Hunt's Point. Others were Miss Isabel MacNeil, a Mrs. [redacted] J. D. McMeekan (who bought the Jorys' former property at Mill Village, the Jack McLearns, & the W. F. Wainwrights.

This afternoon I installed the wooden storm door on our side entrance, & the wooden storm window on the kitchen. I am so weak that this took an hour or more, with my hands shaking as if with palsy, & left me drenched with sweat.

After I'd had a bath & change, Pamela called with the station wagon & took E. & me to their house at Hunts Point, where we chatted, & dined sumptuously on roast pheasant shot by Tom in the Annapolis Valley last week.

SATURDAY, NOV. 10, 1973 Same weather. Attended a large cocktail party given by my Park St. neighbours Ralph & Hallabelle Johnson. Supper afterwards at Austin & Vera Parker's house. Austin, who is 78, & his younger brother Edwin (60-ish) were deer-hunting at Eagle Lake last weekend, & Austin shot an 8-point buck in the hemlock woods at the S.E. end of the lake, near Haunted Bog.

SUNDAY, NOV. 11/73 Armistice, or Remembrance Day. Cold, with a few specks of snow. Called on the junior Raddalls. Tom was just back from an inspection of the White Point housing development under the guidance of Howard Elliott, one of the principals. He decided to buy a share, at a cost of $11,000. So far only 3 houses are under construction, including one for Elliott & another for Mowbray Jones, his chief partner in the enterprise. But they have spent about $250,000 in making roads, bridges etc., digging artesian wells & laying sewerage pipes, & offers to purchase shares are pouring in. It will be a colony of well-to-do people. The land rises from the shore gradually to a height of well over 100 feet, & the regulations require houses of one storey, so that everyone has a view of the sea. Most of the purchasers are buying two lots, to give themselves plenty of room.

This evening E. & I attended the Remembrance Day banquet of the Canadian Legion in their hall, where I introduced the guest speaker, Lloyd Crouse, M.P. for the Queens-Lunenburg constituency since 1957. About 300 men & women, including the guests — Mayor Murphy, Wallace Clark (head of Mersey Paper Co.), the clergy, etc.

MONDAY, NOV. 12/73 Sunny & cold. This morning I drove with E. to Oakland; we had lunch with my sisters Hilda & Nellie in Nellie's charming little cottage overlooking Mahone Bay. She leaves soon for Alabama, where she will spend the winter. The winter sun was in my eyes all the way home, with patches of reflected light blazing up from the

asphalt road, so that it was an ordeal, very dangerous at times.
TUESDAY, Nov. 13, 1973 My 70th. birthday. E. presented me with a green pull-over sweater. Tom Jr. came in with greetings & a bottle of Liebfraumilch. His youngsters gave me comic birthday cards, & young Tommy added a packet of razor blades, bought with 79 cents of his pocket money. (The blades don't fit my razor, but I enjoyed the spirit of the gift.) The Canadian Legion sent up an iced birthday cake. As I reach three-score-and-ten I am still weak from the 'flu which stole me more than a month ago, still coughing & nose-blowing to some extent, still unable to venture far outdoors.

Local news:- The government-owned Nova Scotia Power Corporation has purchased the town of Liverpool's electrical system for $400,000 plus the value of inventories etc. Liverpool formed its electrical utility in 1899, two years after the town's incorporation, & built a small hydro-electric plant at Potanoc, using piped water from the Beaver Dam stream. This soon proved to be inadequate, & Liverpool then built a much larger plant, using the Mersey River a mile or two above Potanoc at a fall or rapid which loggers called The Guzzle.

The Guzzle plant served the town well until 1928, when the N.S. Power Commission began to build additional hydro-electric plants on the Mersey to supply the new Mersey Paper Company's mill at Brooklyn. To furnish electricity for the construction machinery, & for the rapidly expanding residential demand in Liverpool, Brooklyn, & Milton, the N.S.P.C. took over the Guzzle plant & enlarged it. This left the town owning simply its own distribution system.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 14/73 Overcast & damp. Princess Anne & Capt. Mark Phillips were married in London this morning with traditional British pageantry, & we saw the whole show in brilliant colour on our TV this evening — the parade of coaches & Horse Guards from Buckingham Palace to Westminster Cathedral, through streets lined with soldiers in full dress uniforms, & cheering crowds — the march of the Yeomen of the Guard — the marriage ceremony, etc.

THURSDAY, Nov. 15/73 Overcast & mild. This morning by appointment I received two visitors, John Morrison & Bernard Le Bland, for a talk about a proposed public

park on Mc Nab's Island, Halifax. (I had advocated this in the latest edition of "Halifax, Warden of the North.") Morrison has lately moved to Dartmouth, & apparently is employed by the federal Dept of Northern Affairs, Parks Branch. Le Bland has to do with the N.S. government, under a man named Arthur Mc Dermott. The proposed park is to be a joint federal-provincial affair, with expenditures spread over a period of years. They showed me a tentative plan, which showed a bridge or causeway across Eastern Passage by way of Lawlor's Island. Among other things there is to be a golf course, camping areas, miles of walks through the woods, an aquarium, etc. All very ambitious, & possibly too much, for federal & provincial budgets in our present inflationary times.

As E. will not provide meals for visitors, we had a glass of wine at my house & lunched in the Chinese restaurant.

Today the Rossignol Sales Co. mechanics gave my car the annual check-up — lights, brakes, ignition, etc. — and put my snow-tires on the rear wheels.

SATURDAY, Nov. 17, 1973 Sunny but cold & windy. This afternoon I made another attempt at finishing my outdoor chores — cutting back the roses, & sawing through the trunks (2" to 3" diameter) of an overgrown golden elder by my back lawn. By the time I had cleaned up the mess (about an hour) my heart was pounding violently & I was drenched with sweat, so I had to quit.

SUNDAY, Nov. 18/73 Open-&-shut sky, strong NW wind, temp. 38°, so I didn't go out except to drive with E. to Hunts Point for the usual weekly call on the junior Raddalls.

I spent most of the day & evening reading Lovat Dickson's latest book, a biography of "Grey Owl," published this year, which I got yesterday from a Halifax bookshop. The title is "Wilderness Man". At the end of the book he admits that his first biography of the man ("Half Breed", 1939) was "a lopsided book, a passionate defence of Grey Owl's integrity against the charges of 'fraud' and 'impostor'." The present book admits that he was "a bad hat" in many ways, including his liaisons with various women, red, white & half-breed, & his heartless desertions, leaving them & their offspring to the

charity of their families or friends. But it shows him as a hero just the same.

When I sent him a copy of my book "Footsteps on Old Floors", which revealed that side of "Grey Owl", & the facts about his soldiering & wounds in World War One, Dickson wrote to me, acknowledging that he had not known all of this, & adding "I think you have written the final word about this very strange bird." Evidently he changed his mind later. The new book leans heavily on my account in some places, but he makes only three footnote acknowledgements, & he skims over Belaney's military dodging & malingering entirely.

He says (page 267) "Donald Smith, a Ph. D. candidate in Canadian history at the University of Toronto, has been my mainstay in writing this book". He does not add that Smith was also his mainstay in writing the script of the CBC film "Grey Owl", first shown on CBC television on Dec. 11/72 (see my diary entry) & recently repeated. The film was a careful "snow job", lightly mentioning "Grey Owl's" darker side, & playing him up as a sincere and great conservationist & defender of the Indians.

Donald Smith came here in his research, & I let him copy all the information I had collected, & lent him a microfilm of all Belaney's army & civil service documents, which had been furnished to me by the Public Archives of Canada. Smith confessed himself a Socialist, an ardent supporter of the National Democratic Party, & an avowed foe of "The Establishment". His research was very thorough, but he had determined to play up "Grey Owl" as a dedicated rebel against "The Establishment" & therefore an absolute hero. This he did, obviously, in the film & in Dickson's new book. (In the film they even had old John Diefenbaker, who knew nothing of "Grey Owl's" military record, & very little of his civilian record), shaking his wattles & declaring that history would record "Grey Owl" as a sincere & dedicated Canadian.

Well, I say a half-truth is a lie like any other.

MONDAY, Nov. 19/73 Cold, fairly calm. This afternoon I put on my woods clothes & boots, & drove up the river road to the vicinity of the Deep Brook hydro-electric station. There I cut a lot of brush, returned to town, raked a mass of fallen leaves over each of my rose bushes, & anchored them with the brushwood. All this took about two hours, my longest venture outdoors for many weeks.

TUESDAY, Nov. 20, 1973 Sunny & cold. This afternoon I worked at cutting back shrubs & raking leaves etc., going slowly. Even so, after 1½ hours I had to quit, drenched & exhausted. The dry cough still clings to me, especially in the mornings.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 21/73 Sunny & cold. John Leefe came in for a chat, & borrowed my copy of "Nova Francia" by Marc Lescarbot (Biggar's translation). In the evening I attended the meeting of the Historical Society at Seth Bartling's house, 35 or 40 people. Mr. Norman F. Reed (retired Lt. Col., U.S. Air Force) who lives on the Long Cove Road at Port Medway, gave a talk on old coins, illustrated by lantern slides.

THURSDAY, Nov. 22/73 A small flock of migrating robins foraging about my lawn & roosting in the ash tree behind the garage. Also a flock of evening grosbeaks have appeared briefly a couple of times. Today Earl Rhynot, my oil merchant, sent his maintenance man to make the annual check on my furnace, & to remove the accumulation of soot in the bottom of the flue, which had reached the level of the furnace smoke-pipe.

Tonight Prime Minister Trudeau addressed the nation on TV. His subject "The Energy Crisis". On the whole, Canada produces enough oil for our own use, with a certain surplus for export to the U.S. The oil is mostly in Alberta, with pipelines to Vancouver & to Toronto. Until the present deliberate squeeze by foreign oil producers, Quebec & the Maritime Provinces have had a plentiful supply of much cheaper oil from the Arab countries & Venezuela. Until recent years, it was possible for a barrel of Arabian oil to be delivered in Edmonton cheaper than a barrel of oil from Canadian wells only 40 miles away. Therefore, to protect the Canadian oil industry & provide it with a home market, Ottawa had encouraged the building of a pipeline to Toronto, & ruled that every person & every industry west of the Ottawa River must buy Canadian oil. This was done several years ago.

The situation now is that Canada is self-sufficient from the Pacific coast to the Quebec boundary, but Quebec & the Atlantic provinces are facing an oil shortage & a greatly increased cost. Therefore Ottawa is arranging for

tank-ships to carry oil from B.C. through the Panama Canal to Portland, Maine (which has a pipeline direct to Montreal) & to the ice-free ports & refineries of the Atlantic provinces. He urged the Canadian people to reduce voluntarily their consumption of all forms of electrical as well as oil & gasoline energy, & said there would be no need of rationing.

FRIDAY, Nov. 23, 1973 Rain. Regarding diary entry of Nov. 15, I dug out of the attic my maps of McNab's island, & typed a duplicate memo to Arthur McDermott & John Morrison, describing in detail nine points of historic interest which should be marked in the development of the proposed park. Finished it & mailed both copies this morning.

SATURDAY, Nov. 24/73 Overcast. Temp. 40°. This afternoon I finished my job of raking & removing bushels of fallen leaves from my grounds. On TV watched the annual Grey Cup parade, in the streets of Toronto. Bands, elaborate floats, platoons of shapely girls strutting in tights & boots, clowns, etc. As good a spectacle as any such shows in the States, & (except for the Highland bagpipe bands) a direct imitation of them.

SUNDAY, Nov. 25/73 Rain. I began to type a corrected & more detailed account of the Confederate cruiser "Tallahassee", & her escape from Halifax harbour in 1864, compiled from my late brother-in-law Maxwell Cassidy's pencil notes. At my suggestion, seven or eight years ago, he made a set of photo-slides on the whole career of the "Tallahassee". After his death my sister Nellie gave them to me.

MONDAY, Nov. 26/73 Sunny, Temp. 38°. Finished the "Tallahassee" paper. In the afternoon I drove to White Point & walked around the golf course, about an hour. My strength is slowly coming back. My weight naked remains 175 lbs.

News:- President Nixon in the U.S., & Mr. Trudeau in Canada, have made optional addresses on T.V., appealing to their peoples to conserve oil fuel by cutting down the temperature in their homes, driving cars & trucks at no more than 50 M.P.H., & only on necessary journeys. They hope by these voluntary measures to cut oil consumption by 15% or more. I have reduced our house thermostat to 71° (instead of 73°) in the daytime, & to 63° when I go to bed. However, looking back on World War Two, I know that only

the most conscientious citizens will cut their fuel or gasoline (voluntarily) consumption, or for that matter their consumption of anything. It was not until the various governments introduced & enforced a rigid ration-ticket system that gas, oil, sugar, butter, etc. showed a real reduction.

TUESDAY, NOV. 27, 1973 Sunny & calm. Temp. 40° Again enjoyed an hour's walk on the golf course, where I noticed many migrating robins, & two flocks of snow buntings. Offshore, the lobstermen were busy at their traps. They are getting $1.25 per lb.

WEDNESDAY, NOV. 28/73 Rain. My sisters Hilda Boyer & Nellie Cassidy drove over here for lunch with us, & spent the afternoon in chat. Nellie leaves Mahone soon to spend the winter partly with her daughter Carol & family at Norfolk, Virginia, & the rest in Alabama.

SUNDAY, ~~Nov.~~ DEC. 2/73 Open-&-shut sky, bleak wind, a few specks of snow. This afternoon, by appointment, two young women students from Ste. Anne College (Church Point, N.S.) came to interview me about my life in general & "The Nymph & The Lamp" in particular. They had a tape-recorder & a hand-held movie camera, neither of which seemed to work very well, but they were bright girls who had made a study of the book.

MONDAY, DEC. 3/73 Sunny & calm. I played 9 holes at White Point, carrying my driver, No 5 iron, & putter, & thoroughly enjoyed it, although the temp. was 30° (20° last night) & the ground frozen. No other players out. The robins have gone, but I saw three snow buntings.

THURSDAY, DEC. 6/73 Damp weather since Monday. A gale with rain today. Finished writing my Christmas cards; air-mailed the English ones yesterday. Today sent off by surface mail the U.S. cards, & the cards to Canadian addresses beyond New Brunswick — all Canadian mail goes by air as a matter of course.

News:— The oil crisis dominates all the news media. In Canada the federal & provincial government spokesmen are contradictory & confused. Federal minister in charge of energy fuels, Donald Macdonald, keeps on saying that Quebec & the Atlantic provinces face a shortage of as much as 20% in oil supply this winter. Premier Regan of Nova Scotia keeps on saying that N.S. will have sufficient oil supply. John Shaheen (SHAHEEN), wealthy

American head of an international consortium which is just completing a new oil refinery at Come-By-Chance, Nfld., says it will go into production shortly before Christmas, & it can supply Quebec & the Atlantic provinces with 100,000 barrels of oil per day. Mr. Macdonald says Shaheen's plant cannot supply anything like that amount until the end of March, with the worst of the winter past. Also he has strong doubts about Shaheen's oil supply, all or most of which is supposed to come from Arabia.

For several years Premier Regan has been insisting that Sable Island belongs to Nova Scotia, & that the federal government owns no share in the oil & gas discoveries there. Now he demands that the federal government build a pipeline ~~that~~, at a cost of many billions. To add to this sorry farce, the people who have been drilling on & around Sable Island (an American group called MOBIL OIL) say they have found only small pockets of gas, & very little oil, so they have removed their drilling crews & apparatus.

In Europe & North America the stock markets continue their steep decline. In the U.S. the big motor companies are laying off tens of thousands of workers. So are other companies which depend on oil by-products, such as plastics. Some financial Cassandras are predicting "the worst depression in history."

FRIDAY, DEC. 7/73 Mostly sunny, temp 40°, with a light breeze. In the afternoon I drove to the golf course & played 11 holes, with bare hands. Not daring to risk another relapse to the cold which laid me low in October, I went muffled as if for a journey to the Pole, & came home drenched with sweat; but it was a great pleasure to be doing anything outdoors for 1½ hours. This has been a very bad year for my health. A severe attack of 'flu, with painful side effects, dragged on for nearly two months of last spring. Then the wet summer, which prevented much golf or any outdoor exercise. September I enjoyed thoroughly — the one really good month for me this year. Then on October 9 I got another 'flu attack, which dragged on for nearly 2 months. I begin to feel right again, but in very poor condition from so much confinement to the house.

Letter from McClelland & Stewart enclosing photocopy of one from Clive Parsons, with the letterhead of "Film & General Investments Ltd.," London, England. Parsons enquires about motion picture rights

in "The Nymph & The Lamp", & says film director Anthony Harvey is interested. He wants a quotation for a two year option, & mentions Harvey's recent successful films "The Lion in Winter", & "The Glass Menagerie". I replied to M. & D., saying the novel is under option to a Hollywood producer, the option expiring July 1974 with no renewal clause.

SATURDAY, DEC. 8, 1973 Temp. last night, 20°. Today at noon, 32°. In the afternoon I took my golf cart & full set of clubs to White Point, & played 18 holes for the first time since Oct. 9, when the 'flu hit me. The pro., Jim Dumeah, joined me on the second round. No other players out, although the air was calm, the sky lightly overcast, & we were able to play comfortably with bare hands.

WEDNESDAY, DEC. 12/73 Dark, wet weather. Last Monday the Liverpool courthouse was the scene of an annoying farce — the trial of several vandals, aged from about 15 to 23, for the orgy of window smashing last Halloween. Liverpool lawyer Gerald Freeman undertook defence of a 20-ish hooligan from Milton, a Cunningham, for breaking windows in Town Hall. He managed to delay the trial for hours by making town officials prove, by deeds & other documents, that Liverpool owned Town Hall; a sure proof that he had a weak case. Cunningham was convicted on testimony of Liverpool's fire chief, & sentenced to 21 days in jail. Freeman lodged an appeal. Parents of the town youths involved in vandalism brought in a young lawyer from Bridgewater, who immediately opened a feud with Judge Carver by refusing to wear a gown in court. The judge, a stickler for traditional rules, adjourned the trial until after Christmas while the Bridgewater man filed a complaint with the Attorney-General.

Thus, for two days, the defendants & their witnesses, & the Crown lawyer (Clements) & his witnesses, had to sit listening to a lot of quibbling which (excepting the case of Cunningham) got absolutely nowhere. My daughter-in-law Pamela Kaddall is a witness against one of the youths, & naturally she is much upset by all this fiddling. A surprising number of other adult witnesses of the vandalism have refused to testify, on the cowardly ground that they "don't want to get involved". (Some of the young hoodlums are sons of "good families".) At a cocktail party

this evening at Dr. Frank Bell's house, Austin Parker & I got the mayor, Charles Murphy, in a corner, & urged him to get rid of the hopelessly inefficient town policemen & make a contract with the RCMP, as Windsor & several other towns have done in recent years. (Our local police chief, Dixon, resigned his job after the Hallowe'en affair.) The cost of a RCMP contract would not be much more than our present police cost, & we would then have trained, intelligent & resolute men.

Murphy was agreeable, but inclined to doubt the support of the town council, one or two of whom have sons at the rambunctious age. (Others have friends with rambunctious sons.) These are inclined to argue that "we shouldn't have a police force that we can't control".

THURSDAY, DEC. 13, 1973 Sunny, calm, temp. 40° at noon. I was glad to get out of doors for more than the wet morning walk to the post office. Played 18 holes at White Point. Saw a flock of about a dozen belated robins foraging on the course.

SUNDAY, DEC. 16/73 A dark day, mild & damp. In the afternoon E. & I attended a lively cocktail party (about 70 or 80 people) at Tom & Pamela's house, Hunts Point.

MONDAY, DEC. 17/73 Overcast, damp, mild (55°). My neighbour Erik Andersen & I took advantage of the soft weather to take ladder & broom to clear our house gutters of fallen leaves & twigs, & to flush out the eaves-spouts with a hose.

TUESDAY, DEC. 18/73 A wet sea gale all last night & today. Pamela phoned at 9 a.m. to say that her ~~family~~ father, William J. White, of Halifax, died last night in hospital. Cancer of the lung. He was 74. He had been an invalid for years, following a massive operation to remove a cancer of the stomach.

This afternoon I drove to Hunts Point & bought a Christmas tree for $3.

WEDNESDAY, DEC. 19/73 Awoke this morning to find the thermometer outdoors at 15° above zero, & just enough snow to whiten the ground, for the first time this winter. Bright sunshine, but a sharp breeze, & although I longed for a good walk outside the town I dared not do anything more outdoors than my morning walk to the post office.

Pamela went to Hfx. yesterday, & the Raddall youngsters lunched with us.

Halifax Chronicle – Herald. Dec. 19, 1973

THE

William White dead at 74

William T. White, 74, 1662 Edward Street, Halifax, died Tuesday in Halifax Infirmary.

Born at Campbellton, N.B. he was a son of the late Mr. and Mrs. John White. He served during the First World War and during the Second World War was appointed Nova Scotia vice-chairman of the National War Finance Committee for which he was awarded the Order of the British Empire.

He was director and president of Nova Scotia College of Art and in 1970 he received the honorary degree of Doctor of Fine Arts.

He started in the investment business with Johnson and Ward, Moncton and later became partner of G. E. Leslie and Company and Bongard, Leslie and Company before retiring in 1968. He was a director of Stanfields Limited, Truro, and a member of Dalhousie Gallery Art Committee.

Surviving besides his wife, Marion, are one son, William, Moncton; one daughter, Pamela (Mrs. T. H. Raddall, Jr.), Hunt's Point; four sisters, Mrs. A. W. Noseworthy and Penelope, both of Toronto; Mrs. Guy Wyers and Mrs. Cyril J. MacDonald, both of Campbellton; two brothers, Robin, Ganges, B.C.; Wendall, Toronto.

The body is at Snow's Funeral Home, Windsor Street, where funeral service will be held 2 p.m. Thursday. Burial will be in Fairview cemetery.

No flowers by request.

THURSDAY, DEC. 20, 1973 A cold sunny day, clouding over about noon. Tom Jr. parked little Blair with friends; & accompanied by Deborah & Tommy picked up E & me with his big station-wagon at 11 a.m. The new motor highway from Hfx. is now completed to a point a mile or two east of Bridgewater, near the railway crossing, & Tom went along at 65 or 70 m.p.h. until we reached the outskirts of the city. Reached the White home on Edward Street about 12.45, & had tea & sandwiches with Mrs. White, her son Bill & wife Clarice, PAMELA, & two of Bill White's sisters who had come down by train from Campbellton, N.B.

We all motored at 1.45 to the new mortuary establishment of the Snow firm on Windsor Street. (The oldest firm of funeral undertakers in Hfx., established originally on Argyle St., just above the Parade, a century or so ago.) The chapel is fairly large, & there were many of the Whites' friends, whom I did not know. Tom Jr. told me they included two or three judges of the N.S. supreme court, various heads of financial firms in Hfx., & some Stanfield people from Truro.

Bill White was an agnostic, but his wife Marion regularly attended St. Andrew's, the largest & most prosperous congregation of the United Church of Canada in Halifax, & consequently the funeral rites were conducted by the Rev. Dr. Davidson of that church. No music, so of course no hymns. Just a brief homily & some prayers. I accompanied my son Tom & Bill White Jr. to the grave in Fairview Cemetery. One of the Campbellton ladies came also, & she laid a single rose on the coffin just before it disappeared in the earth. After some chat at the White house, our Liverpool group (excepting Pamela who is staying another day or two) left for home, where we arrived at about 5.45 p.m.

SATURDAY, DEC. 22/73 Another wet sea gale, & good luck for our people on the south shore — no snow to plough or shovel. Everybody inland has snow, & two successive blizzards have tied up road & air traffic in Montreal, Toronto, & all through the middle west of the U.S.

Whynot Services Ltd. refilled my furnace oil tanks today at the price of 36½ cents per gallon. In October the price was 27 cents. In December 1971 it was 24 cents. We are told the price will go much higher before the winter's end.

Economists declare that the nations of the northern hemisphere (excepting the the Russians, who are self-sufficient in oil supply) are in for the worst slump in business & industry since the depression of 1930-1938.

Already in Britain, taking advantage of the oil crisis, the unions controlling coal production, electric light & power, & the railways, are all demanding more wages for less work, & are using the "slowdown" tactics familiar in British labour history, & known in Europe as "the English disease".

Yet in spite of all this, the stores in Europe & North America report tremendous Christmas sales, everybody seems to have plenty of money & no apparent worry whatever. All the cities are booming with new construction in the ugly "high rise" style of metal & glass — offices, apartment buildings, hotels, all like egg-crates stood on end. All are designed to be heated by oil, or by electricity which is largely produced by oil & coal.

In the Halifax-Dartmouth area, people are talking about the need for a third bridge across the harbour. Nothing is being done about the badly needed bridge across the Northwest Arm. The late Harry McKeen's property there, "Maplewood", an old-fashioned mansion with several acres of grounds, had been considered as the site of the Halifax end of an Arm bridge, but Harry managed to quash that idea before he died. The property was sold last summer for $275,000 to real estate developers, who now plan to build 15 houses or apartments there. So goes the old face of Halifax & Dartmouth.

SUNDAY, DEC. 23/1973 Sunny, cold & calm. I had planned a good walk this afternoon, after many days without exercise, but about 2 p.m. we had visitors, my sister Winifred & husband Larry Merlin, who are dining & staying overnight with Hilda & Ted Bayers at Mahone. The Merlins are selling their big house at Northport, & have bought a small modern bungalow in Pugwash, 12 miles away. After a chat here, we took them to Hunts Point for a chat with the junior Raddalls.

MONDAY, Dec. 24/73 Sunny, temp. 20°, with a bitter NW wind. Any attempt at a long walk would have meant facial neuralgia, as I know from painful experience. So I had to content myself with the post office bit. Pamela's mother, Mrs. White, drove her own car down from Hfx today, to spend Christmas with Tom & Pam & the youngsters. A little snow fell in the night, just

enough to make it a white Christmas, although it soon vanished from asphalt roads. Following our custom, we entertained the Hunts, Point Raddalls (& Mrs. White) with drinks and lobster chowder at 7 p.m., & the kids were allowed to open one (each) of their Christmas presents. They left about 9:30. My neighbour Erik Andersen dropped in with a gift at 10, & stopped for a drink & chat. All very pleasant. By the time E. & I had washed, dried, & put away the various dishes & glasses we were ready to call it a day.

A long letter from Jack McClelland. He asks about my memoirs. Also he has a new idea about Dudley Whitney's book on lighthouses of North America, for which Whitney wanted me to write a foreword. (See diary Aug. 28/73) Jack is obviously keen about the book. Suggests that in addition to a foreword, I gather a dozen or so stories or articles (by myself or others) having to do with lighthouses, — "really outstanding".

TUESDAY, DEC. 25, 1973 Christmas Day, sunny & cold. Drove with E. to Hunts Point at noon, & dined with the junior Raddalls & Mrs. White — a fine feast of turkey, plum pudding, & wine. The outdoor temperature was 30°, yet the sun through the big windows in the living room was so warm that Tom & I had to take off our jackets, even with the furnace heat turned low. Home about 4 p.m. My gift to E. was a wrist watch, & she gave me a pair of fleece-lined leather gloves.

When our daughter Francie was here last summer, E. mentioned that she was still using a set of heavy aluminum cooking utensils, bought about 40 years ago when that was the popular style. Pamela was there & overheard. The result was amusing today. A complete set of fine new saucepans, frying pan, etc. from Bill & Francie, and another from Tom & Pamela.

WEDNESDAY, DEC. 26/73 Awoke this morning to find outdoor temperature up to 52°, & another wet sea gale blowing.

SATURDAY, DEC. 29/73 The first really fine day since Dec. 13, when I played golf. A somewhat hazy sunshine, temp. 50°, a mere breath of wind from SW. The golf course was too soggy for play after days of rain, but I walked about the grounds for 1½ hours, & picked up half a dozen golf balls in the edge of the rough, visible now that all the bushes are bare.

Dec. 29, 1973 (continued). Local news:— Another of our Liverpool policemen has quitted his job, leaving only two on the job. At the town's request, the RCMP have sent 3 men to "assist" them. I hope this is a first step towards a permanent arrangement with the RCMP.

Our Liverpool water supply is now at full pressure everywhere, but the water remains slightly soiled & gives off a terrible taste and stink of chlorine. For coffee & other drinking purposes we are getting water from Tom's well at Hunts Point, using a gallon jar made of plastic with a screw cap ~~with~~ which Pamela's mother brought down from Halifax. So many cities & towns have bad water nowadays that many (including Halifax) citizens are paying 80¢ or 90¢ per gallon in such jars, supplied by an enterprising firm in Truro called "Sparkling Spring Water Ltd." The jars of water are on sale in most Halifax food markets & even in some drug stores.

Dec. 31/73 Rain yesterday. A hard frost last night. Today was calm, temp. 35° with a black & threatening sky. In the afternoon I walked around the golf course, & had a chat with the pro. who was looking at some of the drains. Snow began to fall in thick flakes before I got back to the car. It stopped after about an inch had fallen, so we had a white New Year's Eve. C. & I spent the evening comfortably watching the TV programs, including the festivities in Toronto & New York. Summing up the year 1973, a group of CBC news correspondents from London, Hong Kong, Jerusalem & Washington agreed that it was on the whole a bad one — the unresolved Israel-Egypt war; the Vietnam war still going on, despite American withdrawal; famine in large parts of Africa & India; the political scandals in the United States; the continuing murders in northern Ireland; & worst of all, the oil crisis now affecting every nation in the northern hemisphere, except Russia. They also agreed that Canada had come through the year with better fortune than most, & with better prospects for 1974.

Jan. 1, 1974 Some rain & fog. As usual it was pleasant to sit indoors most of the afternoon, watching the colourful "Tournament of Roses" parade at Pasadena, California. Nova Scotia had a float representing two or three mermaids with a treasure chest at the bottom of the sea. I don't know the significance of this, unless it was the dubious oil "discovery" under the sea bottom near Sable Island. This evening we had

had a visit from neighbours Jerry & Jean Nickerson, & afterwards called on the Austin Parkers, all of whom were away at Christmas.

JAN. 3, 1974 Temp. 18° last night, & when I drove to Milton this morning to get my hair cut, there was a skim of ice on the river from the railway bridge to Salmon Island. The ground remains bare of snow. This afternoon under a hazy sun & in sharp NW breeze, I walked the length of Summerville Beach & back, & then walked around the golf course.

SATURDAY, JAN. 5/74 Bright & cold weather. Yesterday & today I repeated the beach & golf course walks of Jan. 3 — three good bouts of outdoor exercise in a row. What with illness & bad weather I haven't enjoyed three consecutive stretches of my legs since last September.

Wrote Jack McClelland that I would now begin to prepare an edited version of my memoirs for publication. The original memoirs ran to more than 400,000 words. This will be reduced to "150,000 words at most", to be published in a single volume. With regard to the foreword for Witney's book on lighthouses (see Dec. 24) I repeated what I had told Jack before — that my knowledge of lighthouses is confined to passing glimpses on the coasts of Canada & Britain & Ireland during a few years of my youth. I have been inside of only three — Sable Island, McNab's Island, & Seal Island. Moreover, on the subject of lighthouses my reading has been limited. I can recall only one good story or account — the book called "We Keep A Light" by Nova Scotia's Evelyn Richardson. I concluded my letter with:— "In short, I feel inadequate, & I don't like to undertake anything that I can't do well."

Wrote a letter to Clive Parsons (see Dec. 7/73) giving the name & address of Maurice Singer, who holds the present option (expiring July 27/74) on moving picture rights in "The Nymph & The Lamp". He (Parsons) had written again to McClelland & Stewart, requesting this.

TUESDAY, JAN. 8/74 Temps. 20° with a bitter NW wind. A relief to my son Tom. I had warned him, when he announced that he would build his house on a low spot very close to the sea, that at least twice in the past 50 years I had seen heavy easterly gales & seas coinciding with extraordinarily high tides. The

combination caused floods & expensive damage all along the coast.

For some days past, the Hfx. newspapers have given warning that the full moon on Jan. 8 & 9 will come at a time when sun, moon, & earth are a position to create unusually high tides. If there should be a strong on-shore storm at the same time, people close to the shore in low areas would be in trouble. However, this strong off-shore gale all today & tonight makes a flood unlikely.

The same juxtaposition of moon, earth, & sun, will occur again on Feb. 7 & 8.

Local news:- The Bowaters Mersey paper mill here announces that henceforth most of its product will go to the New York, Washington, Philadelphia area (largely to Washington via Alexandria) by means of a huge barge, towed by a tug, instead of by ships. The barge is really a floating warehouse, into which the newsprint rolls will go direct from the paper machines. This eliminates the stevedoring from the old wharf warehouse to the holds of a ship. The idea was developed a few years ago by the big British Columbia firm of MacMillan Bloedel Ltd., who now own a large share (in fact control) of the Rothesay paper mill at St. John N.B. The barge is 373 feet long & 82 feet wide, carrying 7,250 tons of paper. It will make about 15 voyages to Alexandria this year.

WEDNESDAY, JAN. 9/74 Temp. 5° above zero last night. A sunny but very cold day with NW wind. I made a beginning on my memoirs for publication, mostly using an article I wrote for the Dalhousie Review 22 years ago entitled "Sword and Pen in Kent, 1903-1913", which dealt with my childhood & its environment.

Financial news:- The president of the Royal Bank of Canada, in a public statement, says the cost of living in Canada rose more than 9% in 1973, & with oil fuel prices added to the general inflation in 1974 he predicts another rise of at least 10% this year. Checking over my own financial state, I find that my invested savings, which had a market value of $91,525 at the end of 1971, are now worth only $77,591 - a drop of more than 15%. Yet all of the companies are doing well, & several actually increased their dividends during the past 2 years.

My income (before taxes) in 1973 was $13,768, well up from $8,006 in 1972, & $6,612 in 1971. This was due to several

things, including $2,000 for the film option on "The Nymph & The Lamp", a sharp increase in fees paid for the use of my short stories in various anthologies & textbooks, TV fees, & of course the increase of old age pension, & of investment dividends.

It is the old story of inflation — income galloping on the treadmill just to stay in the same place.

Weather:- So far this winter I have not had to use my snow shovel at all — barely half an inch on the ground, & all asphalt roadways bare — something of a record, even for our South Shore, where I like to brag of "the mildest winters in all of Canada east of the Rockies".

FRIDAY, JAN. 11, 1974 Snow began to fall in large flakes, with no wind, this morning & continued all day, making about 3 or 4 inches, & for the first time this winter the town snow ploughs ran about the streets. Young Debby & Tommy came to dine with us about 5 p.m. & they got out my snow shovels & soon cleared the front walk & driveway.

The C.B.C. television play from my story "The Wedding Gift" is to be shown by the New Zealand Broadcasting Corp. The play was shown on the Canadian network in 1971 & again in 1973. Also in West Germany, Britain, & Eire.

News:- Evelyn Tufts, in her day the most brilliant journalist in Canada, died yesterday at 83 in Ontario. A Nova Scotian school teacher, she married ornithologist Robie Tufts of Wolfville, but soon left him to make her own career. The Toronto magazine "Saturday Night" once described her as "a ball of fire, a kaleidoscope of words, blonde, green eyed, & terrific." In the 1920's she was one of the bohemian group of writers, male & female, who used to rendezvous at the home of Andrew Merkel & his wife, at N° 50 South Park street in Halifax. In summer their leading spirit was Robert Norwood, the poet, who had a fashionable Episcopalian church in New York & a wealthy & tolerant American wife. He came to his native province every summer, & led the group on madcap expeditions by motorcar, sometimes as far as Cape Breton, & at least once in an old schooner from Halifax to East Dover. They called themselves "The Song Fishermen". Charles G.D. Roberts and Bliss Carman joined in their capers whenever they happened to be in Halifax. Eve Tufts was as "Saturday Night" described her then, & Roberts made passes at her, as he did to every pretty

woman he met, but she appeared to be in love with Norwood then.

The Merkels told me all this at 50 South Park Street whenever I was in Halifax in the 1940's. "The Song Fishermen" had broken up & scattered by that time. I met Eve Sylvester in Ottawa in 1946, (see my diary entry, Nov. 28/46) when I guessed her age at 60. She was 56, beautifully dressed, with dyed hair & heavy make-up, still trying to look the femme fatale that she had been in the 1920's & 1930's.

SUNDAY, JAN. 13, 1974 Temp. 5° above zero last night, 10° above zero today, with sun bright on the snow & a stiff NW wind. In the afternoon, for exercise, I spent half an hour shoveling the packed & frozen snow from my driveway. About an inch, which fell yesterday, but hard work to get it off the asphalt. This sudden use of back muscles that had not been exercised for months brought on sharp lumbar pains, & I had to be wary about making quick turns of my torso or getting up from a chair. Owing to the vandalism of youngsters, especially the demented mulatto boy from Waterloo Street, I had to remove my bird-bath & lock it up in my garage. So there is no safe base for my winter birdseed tray, & I have had to abandon it & the winter birds, like most of my neighbours.

MONDAY, JAN. 14/74 Temp exactly zero this morning, no wind, sun bright on the snow, snow creaking underfoot, a perfect winter day. My painful back limited my movements to the short post office walk. In the evening the Anderssens invited us in for chat & drinks.

WEDNESDAY, JAN. 16/74 Very cold, with snow flurries. Temp. 5° above zero tonight when I walked up to Manthorne's house on Cobb's Ridge to attend a meeting of the historical Society. About 20 people. I had told John Leefe that I would give up my post as Honorary President, which I have held for so many years, & I would recommend Melbourne Gardner for the honour. So that was done. President Bob Kirkpatrick then made a little speech & presented me with two photographs in a frame. One shows the Rapid Falls pulp mill, to which I came to work in 1923, & the other shows a winter view from the office door, with the tailrace running away through the woods towards invisible Cowries' Falls.

On the back of the frame is a written quotation from Lewis Carroll:- "In autumn when the leaves are brown, take pen & ink and write it down." And then this:-

Halifax Chronicle-Herald

Saturday, January 12, 1974

1974
83
born 1891

Evelyn Tufts, journalist dies in Ontario at age 83

By BILL McCALL

An honorary life member of the Parliamentary Press Gallery in Ottawa, Mrs. Evelyn S. Tufts, a former Nova Scotia school teacher who won international attention in the field of journalism during a 17-year career as the Ottawa correspondent of The Halifax Herald Ltd., died Thursday evening in St. Catharines, Ontario.

Mrs. Tufts had been in failing health for three years. She was 83.

The remains were cremated.

Once described in the magazine Saturday Night as . . . 'a ball of fire, a kaleidoscope of words; blonde, green-eyed and terrific', Mrs. Tufts became famous across the country for her ultra femininity and colorful high-style clothes as well as her ability as a newspaperwoman.

Mrs. Evelyn S. Tufts

She could report the news of Parliament, it was said, better than all the Ottawa reporters put together. She had a fabulous memory and could retain details on may dated Government issues.

Mrs. Tufts had a roving within a thousand miles of the story.

During another trial she covered, however, the tiny blonde from Wolfville, Nova Scotia, rubbed shoulders with writers like Walter Winchell, Edna Ferber and Walter Lippmann. That was the famous Lindbergh case when Bruno Hauptmann was being tried for his life for the kidnapping of the Lindbergh child. She was the only Canadian reporter covering the trial, The Herald having wired her to end a holiday in New York City and go to Flemington, New Jersey for the Hauptmann trial. She was one of the few newsmen who got a pass into the courtroom and for 31 days she worked side by side with the biggest names in the journalistic field.

Evelyn Smith Tufts is well remembered in Western Kings County of Nova Scotia as a school teacher at Auburn and Kingston Village. But she is better remembered for a blistering attack she once made upon the leaders of the nation when she accused them of "plotting to keep women out of Government."

"The only fault I find with Canadian men" she was quoted as saying "is that they have a plot to keep women

JAN. 16, 1974 (continued)

"Presented to Thomas H. Raddall by the Queens County Historical Society for 50 years' service to the people of Queens."

They had obtained the photos from my old boss, Roy Gordon. Very kind of them, & I had a little difficulty in voicing my thanks. The Society has about 60 members, & is in good financial condition as well as in working order.

Leefe read his well researched paper on "The Expulsion of the Acadians", which is also very well balanced and valid.

THURSDAY, JAN. 17, 1974 Crisp, windy & cold. Temp. 4° below zero when I got up this morning, & my walk to the post office was practically a trot. Letter from Elisabeth Sutherland, chairman of the lecture committee, Dept. of English, Dalhousie U., asking me to give an evening lecture some time in January or early February. The University would arrange accommodation, motor me there & back, & pay "the usual fee". She speaks of the lecture I gave there in 1966 — "still remembered with admiration by those who heard it." However, I can't do it. I have nothing new to say, & apart from that I am now a physical caricature, going to pieces all at once after long service, like the wonderful one-horse shay — half blind, half deaf, & stooped & lame with arthritis. I can hobble a mile on the beach or the golf course, but I couldn't stand up to a ~~lectern~~ lectern for an hour.

FRIDAY, JAN. 18/74 Cold & sunny. This afternoon I walked through town to the railway bridge & back, about 2 miles in all. The footing was bad, the sidewalks a treacherous hubble of frozen footprints, & I got back tired & sweating in my sheepskin coat. I wrote Professor Sutherland with my regrets, "After long & faithful service my old carcass seems to be going to pieces, like the wonderful one-horse shay. I do not exaggerate when I tell you that I am now half blind, half deaf, stooped & lame with arthritis, a caricature of the man who lectured at Dalhousie in 1966."

SATURDAY, JAN. 19/74 About 4 inches of snow fell this morning. Then the temp. rose to 40° (from 4° below zero) & a slow rain went on for a couple of hours, too cold to do anything but turn the snow to a heavy slush. Then a wild gale from NW & the temp. dropping fast. Like everybody else I had to turn

out quickly with my shovel, to clear the slush off my front walk & driveway, also the street drain. By night the temp. was 10° above zero, & the streets & sidewalks covered with ice.

Letter from Maurice Singer, after a long silence. Probably he had heard from Clive Parsons (see Dec. 7/73 & Jan. 5/74). Hitherto Singer has written on his personal paper. This one is written under the official letter-head of Columbia Pictures, Burbank, California, with a printed "Office of Maurice A. Singer". He wishes me a happy New Year, & gives the usual vague & optimistic tosh about the prospects. I received a parcel of English ("Penguin" & "Pelican") paperbacks which I had ordered from The Book Room, Halifax. Some of the books I had read before, but did not possess. Best is Jocelyn Baines' critical biography of Joseph Conrad. Others include "The General" by C. S. Forester, also his "Hornblower & the Hotspur"; "Dubliners" by James Joyce, "The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie" by Muriel Sparke, "Goodbye to All That" by Robert Graves.

I am making slow but steady progress on the memoirs for publication, & have got to the spring of 1918, including a considerable piece on the Halifax explosion in December '17. I have drawn the opening chapter largely from an auto-biographickl piece I wrote for the Dalhousie Review many years ago, entitled "Sword & Pen in Kent, 1903–1913".

SUNDAY, JAN. 20/74 Indoors all day. Everything outdoors a glare of ice.

TUESDAY, JAN. 22/74 The time-honoured Nova Scotian "January thaw" set in last night with a wild SE gale & heavy rain. This morning the temp. was up to 48°, & most of the ice had vanished from the streets, although the sidewalks are still treacherous. Air letter from Clive Parsons asking for my telephone number. He is flying to the U.S. on Feb. 2 (presumably to talk to Singer) & wants to put a proposal to me by phone.

FRIDAY, JAN. 25/74 Fine weather since Tuesday. Yesterday & today I walked around the golf course, which is bare except for some thin crusts of ice & snow in the hollows. Both times I was able to sit comfortably in the shelter by No 5 green, enjoying the sunshine in temp. 40°, with light NW breeze.

News:- A ponderous conference at Ottawa on the

"energy crisis" began last Monday & closed today. It was called by Prime Minister Trudeau & the premiers of all the provinces. A typical confrontation of "haves & have nots". Those with no native oil supply demand that Canadian oil (& gas) be distributed throughout the country at a price below the present inflated price created by Arab & other foreign oil owners, nearly all of whom are in poor but warm countries between the Equator and latitude North 45°.

The so-called "blue eyed Arabs of Saskatchewan & Alberta" demand the world price, no matter how high it goes. All that came out of the Ottawa conference was a pledge by Trudeau that the federal gov't. will subsidise the Atlantic provinces to ease any further (italics mine) rise in the cost of sea-borne foreign oil, on which at present we are utterly dependent.

SUNDAY, JAN. 27, 1974 A furious southerly gale with rain, all last night & most of today, with temp. up to 52° — a record for Nova Scotia, southern New Brunswick & P.E.I. All of the snow is gone. In the afternoon I drove with E. to call on the Riddalls at Hunts Point, & to refill our plastic water jar from their well. Pamela is in New Glasgow with her ladies' curling team, having driven there on Saturday.

Yesterday I received copies of McClelland & Stewart's ("New Canadian Library") paperback edition of "Pride's Fancy". It has the usual introduction by a college professor of English, this time a man named Cogswell of U.N.B. He asks a rhetorical question — "Why, however does Raddall locate his novels so persistently in the past — only one, "The Nymph & The Lamp" deals with this century at all — when he knows that fiction of a historical nature is apt, in terms of a writer's permanent reputation, to be undervalued & overlooked?"

He then goes on to answer this false premise with a long discursion, imaginative & sometimes flattering. He says he has "long admired the novelist & his work". Obviously he had never read or even heard of "Tidefall" and "The Wings of Night", both placed in this century, which have had a large & wide distribution in the United States & Canada. "Wings of Night" in addition had been filmed as a TV serial & shown on the coast-to-coast CBC network ten

years ago. Ah well, even Joseph Conrad's friendliest critics insisted on calling him "a novelist of the sea", much to his disgust, for he wrote equally well about the land.

MONDAY, JAN. 28, 1974 A miracle of a day, sunny, temp. 52° in the shade, light NW breeze. Walked around the golf course, in my light golf windbreaker, & sat half an hour in the sun at N°5. The wooden panels of the shelter were warm to the touch where the sun fell, & I noticed at least three kinds of winged insects flying about.

My neighbour Ralph Johnson & wife came in this evening & we had a pleasant chat over drinks. Johnson was chief timber cruiser for Mersey Paper Co. until he retired. Today, at 72, he still takes occasional cruising & estimating jobs. The value of timberland has increased enormously in the past 15 years.

TUESDAY, JAN. 29/74 Heavy rain in the night. After long delay (ever since last Nov. 6) lawyer Earl Milford has completed my deed of the Moose Harbour property & received the balance of the purchase price from Mrs. Elspeth Thomson. (see Nov. 3/73) This morning I went with E. to his office & we signed the deed. Milford then handed me a cheque of his law firm for $1,000 to close the transaction.

At the Royal Bank of Canada I transfered $10,000 from my ordinary savings account, where the interest is 3%, to a "Fixed Term Deposit" for 5 years at 8¼%. I can withdraw the money at any time. The maturity date is Jan. 29, 1979.

FRIDAY, FEB. 1/74 The past 2 days were overcast & calm, with temp. 40°, & I enjoyed walks on the golf course. Today winter came back with a roaring NW gale & temp. 20.

By mail I received two copies of the Journal of Canadian Fiction, Vol. 2, N° 4 containing John Forfleet's long interview with me on March 23/73.

SATURDAY, FEB. 2/74 Temp. 10° above zero last night, with the same violent gusts of wind (up to 55 m.p.h.). Temp. up to 20° today, the wind easing, one small flurry of snow. The ground remains bare. The energetic & peripatetic junior Raddalls are in full career. Last week Pamela drove to New Glasgow & took along several members of her ladies' curling team for a conspiel. They won two or three days but then were eliminated. She'd hardly got back when Tom took off with his

curling team for a bonspiel in Halifax. Various friends of theirs are going to Hfx. to join in the partying & fun, including "Mit" & Eleanor Green, who are flying down from Newfoundland.

This morning Pamela drove to Hfx. in her own car to join the party, dropping off Debby to stay with the Jack Dunlaps & Tommy & Blair to stay with us. Tommy plays defence on a junior hockey team, & shortly after supper he & his team were whisked away to Greenwood, the big Air Force base in the Valley, for a game there. He got back here about 10 p.m. Phew!!

MONDAY, FEB. 4/74 Sunny & cold (20° at noon) with light breeze from the sea. Walked around the golf course. Thick ice on the small pools & White Point Lake, but still not a speck of snow.

I forgot to note towards the end of December that I weighed myself naked & found 185 lbs., a ten pound increase since I last weighed myself on Nov. 26, due to the Christmastide feasts & a daily intake of French fried potatoes etc. which were on my former taboo list. Immediately I cut back practically all my intake of starchy food, all sweets, & half portions of meat etc. Today I weigh 179 lbs. & I shall keep on with this regime until I get below 175, preferably about 170.

TUESDAY, FEB. 5/74 I sat reading & watching TV until 1 A.M. as I usually do, & the last weather report said "Sunny & cold" for this day. A storm of wind & snow must have begun soon after I went to bed, for when I arose at 8 A.M. the snow was nearly a foot deep & the storm was still going strong all day. The schools were closed, & so were most of the shops.

We had 3 or 4 inches of snow (which soon rained away) on Jan. 4 & Jan. 19, but this is the first real blizzard of our hitherto "open" winter.

WEDNESDAY, FEB. 6/74 The storm moved off eastward during last night, & left about 10" of ~~storm~~ snow on the level, but piled into deep drifts by wind gusts up to 60 M.P.H. In Liverpool the streets have been plowed, throwing the usual banks of hard-packed snow across house fronts & driveways.

I spent ~~an~~ hour shoveling it off my front walk, & digging a path to my garage. In the afternoon I tackled the driveway, clearing the big drift in front of the garage, & then the stretch

toward the street. My back muscles got very painful as I reached the hardest job of all, the ridge thrown up by the street plough, & that will have wait till tomorrow.

Road & air traffic in the whole province has been paralysed by this unexpected blizzard, many cars have been abandoned on the highways — even on the streets of Halifax & Dartmouth, where everything is in chaos, & the schools & many shops & offices are closed until Friday.

Had a brief air-mail note from Anthony Harvey in London, "to say how thrilled I am that we may at last be able to film The Nymph & The Lamp. I have admired it deeply & for a long time, & it has been my dream to make a film of it. My friend Clive Parsons hopefully will be visiting you, & I look forward in the near future to flying to Canada too. I should like to meet you very much." (See Dec. 7/73 & Jan. 5/74)

Singer's option on The Nymph expires on July 27, 1974. I doubt very much if Harvey & Parsons have any more chance than Singer of raising the money to buy the movie rights for my price of $35,000.

THURSDAY, FEB. 7/74 Our hitherto open winter is making up for lost time. Snow began again this morning & fell thickly all day, but with very little wind. Todays "Advance" announces that from Feb. 1st, at the town's request, the RCMP will be responsible for law & order in Liverpool, as they have been for the County for many years. Only one of the former town police has been retained, & he will look after parking metres, dog licenses & the like, leaving the RCMP to devote their entire attention to patrols & investigation of crime.

The snow stopped falling about 9 p.m. — something like six inches, & I worked hard for an hour to clear it off my driveway. My neighbour, Joe Pushie, has no car, & for years I have been able (with his consent) to shovel my snow on to his unused driveway. Tonight the process was reversed abruptly. The Pushies are expecting company with a car or cars, & about 10 p.m. a jeep equipped with a snow plough shoved a lot of their snow onto my driveway.

FRIDAY, FEB. 8/74 Overcast with temp. up to 30°. I spent a couple of hours with my shovel this morning. Having no place to put the snow except on my front or back lawns, I had

to carry every shovel-full several yards before I could get rid of it. Had a bath & change, got the car out, & took E. and Loy Anderssen to Milton for lunch & afternoon bridge with the Munro Gardners & the old Freeman Tupper home. On the way back I picked up the mail & a supply of rum, wine & beer. Bill Dennis forbade E. to drink spirits, but said she could have wine & ale. She drinks all of the ale, a stout portion of the wine, & a slug of rum at bedtime, but I see no ill effects. She has had no wild hallucinations since the sudden spell of Feb. 14/73.

This afternoon Clyde Parsons telephoned me from California, where presumably he had gone to consult Singer. He is flying to New York next Thursday or Friday, & is very anxious to fly up here & see me that weekend. I warned him of the difference in climate between California & Nova Scotia, said we'd just had a couple of snowstorms that disrupted all air & road traffic, & I lived about 100 miles from the Halifax airport. There is a daily bus service from Halifax through Liverpool when weather permits, but no railway passenger service. He said he would check with me by phone from New York on Thursday or Friday.

SATURDAY, FEB. 9, 1974 Sunny & cold. Thawed the car engine with my portable electric heater, drove to the town parking lot, & E. shopped for groceries etc. I got some exercise this afternoon by digging out the street drain & widening the clear spaces of my front walk & driveway. Erik Anderssen dropped in about 4 p.m. & we had drinks & chat.

News:- Prime Minister Edward Heath has announced a general election towards the end of this month. Taking advantage of the fuel shortage, which already has reduced all British industry to a three-day work week, the coal miners' union have struck for large wage increases. Apart from other needs, most of the British electric-power stations operate on coal, so a prolonged strike will mean chaos. A majority of the miners' leaders are openly Communist, & their avowed purpose is to bring down the Conservative government. Heath declares that a large increase of pay to the miners would be followed by immediate pay demands by the powerful Trades Unions Congress, & his slogan is, "Who runs this country, the trades unions or the

elected parliament of the people?" This is an old argument in Britain of course. I was in Britain aboard the "Waiuka" during the general strike of 1919, & I remember the general strike of 1926. Both times, on the face of it, Parliament won. But as it worked out afterwards the unions remained in control. The people out-vote (for example) the miners, but being civilized they cannot force them to dig coal.

TUESDAY, FEB. 12, 1974 Another Snowstorm began last night & continued until about 5 p.m., depositing another 8 inches, making 2 feet altogether within seven days. The young Raddalls come daily to our house after school, & play or watch TV until Tom picks them up on his way home. Today the two boys busied themselves in shoveling the new snow from my front walk & driveway. I worked at it myself for an hour. There is now so much snow heaped beside the street & driveway that I don't know where I shall put the next lot. Terence & Betty Freeman dropped in this evening for a chat.

WEDNESDAY, FEB. 13/74 Overcast & mild (temp. up to 40°), so I dug out the street drain in case of rain. Walking is very slippery & bad.

THURSDAY, FEB. 14/74 Same temp., with a mild drizzle this morning. At noon Clive Parsons phoned me from New York. I warned him again of the uncertain travel at this time of year, but he is determined to come, & has engaged air tickets to Halifax air port which will land him there early on Saturday evening. He said "we" will hire a car there & drive the 180 miles to Liverpool, staying overnight at a motel. (I presume "we" means that Anthony Harvey is with him.) They will come to my house at 10:30 a.m. on Sunday for a conference, & that evening they have a flight out of Halifax for London.

FRIDAY, FEB. 15/74 Temp. 2° below zero when I arose this morning — the coldest night of the winter so far. The day was cold & bright. Too cold (& the footing too icy) for a walk, except to the post office. I worked on my memoirs. This evening at 5:30 the sun set in the notch between the school & my garage roof — always a welcome sign of the season — the sun has got that far north.

SUNDAY, FEB. 17/74 A snowstorm began about 10 A.M. & continued all day. In spite of this, Clive Parsons & a female companion, Sapina ~~Bowles~~ ABELLING, arrived at my house promptly at 10:30 a.m. They had arrived in Liverpool about 9 p.m. last night, & stayed at the Mersey Hotel. They had lunch with us, & we talked

about "The Nymph & The Lamp." Miss (or Mrs) BELLING is a partner of Parsons apparently in the small firm of Film & General Investments Ltd. in London. Both talked with animation & knowledge of the book, & of the film business generally. Both are 35-ish. Parsons a man of medium build, blond hair, horn-rimmed glasses. BELLING a tall slim woman with Dutch-cut auburn hair & blue eyes, attractive & well-spoken. As I had told Parsons by letter, Maurice Singer has an option expiring on July 24/74. Parsons wants an option for 1 year, with a proviso for extension for another year, assuming that Singer will fail to purchase the rights on or before July 24. He says he had no contact with Singer when he was in California. I told Parsons my price, $35,000, & mentioned that Singer had purchased his 12 months' option for $2,000. He & BELLING described the difficulty of completing a project like this in less than 2 years, & I said I would think it over.

They left here at 1:30, planning to drive to Halifax airport before the storm got any worse. I warned them that the going would be bad, & suggested that they stop at Bridgewater or Mahone Bay if they found they couldn't make it. BELLING got me to autograph a copy of The Nymph for Anthony Harvey, who is very keen to direct the picture if it can be promoted. Harvey has had great success in recent years with pictures like "The Lion in Winter" and a new TV production of Tennessee Williams' "The Glass Menagerie."

MONDAY, FEB. 18, 1974 The blizzard blew itself out about noon today, leaving 15 inches of new snow on top of what we had. I shoveled out my front walk (promptly filled again, as usual, by the street plough) & dug a path to my garage through a waist-deep drift. About that time Clyde Corbett came along with a "jeep" fitted with a snow plough, & for $3.00 (in 20 minutes) he cleared my driveway, pushing the snow into a heap on my back lawn. A number of men have these rigs, ploughing out citizens' driveways for fees ranging from $3.00 to $5.00.

I wonder how Clive Parsons & his lady friend fared on their way to Halifax yesterday.

WEDNESDAY, FEB. 20/74 A sudden thaw began this morning, with a SW gale, & rain sometimes very heavy. During the day the temp. got up to 50°, shrinking the snowbanks & melting

much of the ice on the streets, although a lot remains. Reports of flood in Halifax & elsewhere. No damage here, so far as I know. In the evening I attended a meeting of the Historical Society at Mrs. Hester Giffin's house on Bristol Avenue, & gave a talk on Indians Gardens & the legend of the "Indian devil."

FRIDAY, FEB. 22, 1974 After a frosty night, the temp. got up to 40°, with an overcast sky. For the first time in many weeks I drove to Summerville & walked the beach. Another wet gale blew all night.

SATURDAY, FEB. 23/74 Still drizzling this morning, & again the heaps of snow have shrunken. Received today from a Halifax bookshop two copies of The Nymph & The Lamp, together with a card from Davina Belling dated at Halifax on the 18th. They got there all right but were snowed in, as far as the airport was concerned. They expected to be able to fly to London next day. She asks me to autograph one copy for her & the other for Parsons.

SUNDAY, FEB. 24/74 Sunny. Temp. 30°. Got the car out & drove with E. to Hunts Point for a chat with Tom & Pamela.

MONDAY, FEB. 25/74 Snow began falling this morning & continued all day & night in large flakes. No wind. E. went to Wile, the optometrist, this morning, for an examination, her first in two years, although for many months she has noticed a dimming of her sight. He found indications of cataract beginning to form in both eyes, & recommended that she go to Dr. Happ, my own specialist in Halifax, when I have my own check-up there in the spring.

News:- Premier Regan has announced a general election in Nova Scotia on April 2, & already the political yammer clutters the newspapers, radio & TV.

TUESDAY, FEB. 26/74 Sunny & mild. The new snow amounts to about 4 inches except where the street plough has pushed up its usual barriet. I spent two hours this afternoon shoveling it off my driveway.

WEDNESDAY, FEB. 27/74 Sunny & mild. Walked on Summerville Beach.

THURSDAY, FEB. 28/74 Overcast & mild. Received from Dalhousie University a cheque for $5,000, the first of five annual payments on the purchase of my papers, etc. I deposited it in the Royal Bank of Canada as a "Fixed Term Deposit" for 5 years at 8¼%, like the one on Jan. 29. I can withdraw the whole (but not part) of these deposits any time after 60 days.

SATURDAY, MARCH 2, 1974 Sunny & calm, temp. 40°. E. came with me to Summerville, & sat in the car while I walked the beach. We called on Terence & Betty Freeman on the way back.

News:- The general election in Great Britain a day or two ago shows the British Nation split right down the middle, with a small group of Liberals holding the balance of power between the Conservative & Labour parties. Exactly what happened in the last Canadian election, which split the Canadian people between Conservatives & Liberals, with the small National Democratic Party holding the balance of power. Like our own Prime Minister Trudeau, Britain's Edward Heath has determined to stay in power with a slight minority, making concessions to the jubilant balance-of-power party. It seems to me that in the long run the Conservatives in Britain would be wiser to step down now, leaving the Labour party to struggle with the hopeless mess that the Labour unions have made of the British economy.

SUNDAY, MARCH 3/74 Light & fluffy snow last night, & in squalls all today, amounting to about 3 inches. I did not venture out except to shovel the house paths.

MONDAY, MAR. 4/74 Strong SW wind, hazy sun, & temp. up to 55°, melting yesterday's snow & some more of the old stuff. I walked on Summerville Beach & sat for a while by the railway bridge. I have got my condensed memoirs to my first year (1923) in Milton.

News:- Finding that the Liberal minority wanted too much for their support, Prime Minister Heath has resigned, & the Labour party under Harold Wilson returns to power. Here in Nova Scotia, Premier Regan is busily promising money for all kinds of things to all kinds of people, the old, old game, & the Conservative leader Mr. Buchanan is making the old futile protest against "bribing the taxpayers with their own money". Even the words haven't changed since Joe Howe's time.

WEDNESDAY, MAR. 6/74 A lovely spring-like day with a clear sun & NW breeze, temp. 52° in the shade on the north side of my house. I walked the beach at Summerville & sat half an hour in the sunny nook by the railway bridge.

FRIDAY, MARCH 8, 1974 Several days of sunshine, with roaring N.W. winds, have erased the snow from lawns & streets except a few lumps in the shade of the houses. The usual illusion of spring. The weather bureau predicts a snowstorm tomorrow.

MONDAY, MAR. 11/74 Saturday's snow amounted to about 3 inches, fluffy stuff, easily shoveled. Since then we have had strong & cold N.W winds, & I am glad to stay indoors & work at my biography & answer a few letters. Re. the provincial election, the local Tories have been trying hard to persuade my son Tom to run in Queens, & he has refused. Tonight on the telephone, lawyer Gerald Freeman told me that my old friend Dr. John Wickwire had consented to run, & asked me to attend a big ~~rally~~ meeting & make the nomination. It was the old sly game of "getting 'em involved", & I said curtly that I had taken no part in politics for many years & I would not do so now, even for John Wickwire.

~~WEDNESDAY, MAR. 13/74~~ THURSDAY, MAR. 14/74 Sharp cold (10° above zero last night) with a piercing N.W. wind & some light snow flurries, since Monday. Today the wind dropped to a breeze & the temp. got up to 40°, so in the afternoon I was able to make my beach walk. Got a parcel of books from Marboro stores, New York. Worked on my memoirs.

FRIDAY, MAR. 15/74 Sunny, calm, temp. 50° in the sun. Enjoyed my beach walk. The election campaign goes on. Much use of TV, cutting in on popular shows with bits about Premier Regan & Conservative leader John Buchanan walking the streets & being greeted effusively by children as well as adults — all carefully prepared & staged by professional publicity experts. Buchanan's usually have a vocal background of females chanting a campaign song with a repeated refrain of "Honest, it's John" that sounds damned silly.

SATURDAY, MAR. 16/74 E. came with me to Summerville this afternoon & sat in the car while I walked the beach. The sky was hazy, & the breeze was SE & chilly, forerunner of a wet sea gale which began this evening & roared all night.

Vera, widow of my old friend & neighbour Victor Jeans, who died suddenly last July, was married in Halifax today to the captain of one of the Bowater paper-carrying ships. Jeans was marine superintendent & harbour pilot for the Mersey paper mill, & he & his wife always entertained visiting captains & officers at their home here on Park Street. Presumably she

had met her new husband in that way. All of the Mersey paper, or rather most of it, now goes to New York, Alexandria (for Washington Post) & Philadelphia in big barges towed by a tug. This is said to cut shipping costs by two-thirds.

The big Bowater mill at Cornerbrook Nfld. cannot use this method owing to ice in the winter season & of course the much longer sea haul, hence the Bowater ships still carry it.

SUNDAY, MARCH 17, 1974 Last nights rain washed away most of the snow, & the gale had subsided by this afternoon, when we called on the junior Raddalls. A magnificent surf on the shore. Tom had made the nomination of John Wickwire at a big Conservative rally last evening in the auditorium of the junior high school. John is sure to be elected. He is 74 with a good mind, & much beloved in the County.

Bird note:- Tom said great flocks of wild geese, obviously from their winter feeding grounds at Port Joli & Port L'Hebert, flew over Port Mouton Bay all morning, taking advantage of the S.E. wind to get northward.

WEDNESDAY, MAR. 20/74 Sunny, NW wind, Temp. 40° in the shade. Had a pleasant walk around the golf course. Letter from Robert Lowenheim (see June 22, June 29 & July 16, 1973) this time on the letterhead of Playboy Productions, Los Angeles, a company owned by wealthy magazine publisher Hugh Hefner. Lowenheim wrote to remind me of his interest in the motion rights of "The Nymph & The Lamp". He says that Maurice Zinger has made no progress in his effort to produce a film.

News:- A homicidal maniac attempted to kill or kidnap Princess Anne & her husband Captain Mark Philips only 200 yards from Buckingham Palace. About a dozen bullets struck their limousine, wounding their driver & a plain-clothed policeman sitting beside him. A civilian & another policeman at the side of the Mall were also wounded before the gunman was disarmed & taken into custody. In his pocket was a typed demand on the Queen for a ransom of £2,000,000.

FRIDAY, MAR. 22/74 A storm of wind & rain last night. Today sunny & cool. E. walked around the golf course with me.

SUNDAY, MAR. 24/74 Foggy. Called on the Raddalls at Hunts Point & renewed our jugged supply of drinking water.

TUESDAY, MARCH 26, 1974 Sunny with patches of cloud & a few snowflakes. Cold NW wind, so no walk. Shopped for groceries & wine. I have got the M/S for the shortened version of my memoirs to the end of 1941.

I watch eagerly for the first migrating robin. In my long record the median date for their spring appearance is March 21.

Last night the CBC ran a 20-minute TV picture of Sable Island, filmed by Les Krizsan last year. He came here & recorded a few remarks of mine to use as "voice-over" sound behind pictures of the ponies.

WEDNESDAY, MAR. 27/74 Bright sun but cold, with a violent NW gale. Everett Rafuse, carpenter, came in & repaired the edge trim on the kitchen table etc. This evening Mrs. Vera Allson (nee Jeans) invited us & about a dozen old friends to drop in for drinks & to meet her new husband. Allson is 53, a stocky pleasant man without a grey hair on his brown head. Not handsome, but deft & polite. Vera is a well built blonde in her forties, with a son in the RCAF at Greenwood N.S. & a daughter teaching in Halifax. She intends to sell her house & her cottage at Summerville Beach, & remove with her captain to England. It all seems precipitate, cutting herself away from everyone & everything she knows. As we left I shook Allson's hand & said, "Take good care of her. She's a very nice person." I hope he does.

FRIDAY, MAR. 29/74 Yesterday, like every day since the 20th, was too cold & windy for anything but a quick walk to the post office. Today was sunny with a light W. wind, temp. 40°, & I enjoyed a walk around the golf course. The ground almost entirely bare of snow, & the sun warm where there was shelter from the wind. The sickening yammer of the politicians has now reached its crest, in the Hfx. "news" papers & on radio & TV. Thank God this is the last of it.

SUNDAY, MAR. 31/74 Rain & fog. We dined with the junior Raddalls at Hunts Point, where there was a huge surf. Tom has been active in the conservative interest, says Wickwire is sure to be elected in Queens, but the Liberal government will probably be returned in the province generally. Premier Regan's trump card, carefully held back until the latter half of the campaign, was the announcement of a subsidy immediately which will cut 25% off property taxes in every city, town & municipality

in Nova Scotia. According to Lloyd Crouse, the Conservative member for Queens-Lunenburg in the federal house, the "capital gains tax", imposed two years ago by Ottawa, has been hauling in vastly more money than was expected, & the Trudeau government is handing back huge sums to the provinces in various ways, notably in the so-called "Equalization" payments to the poorer ones.

Driving home in the dusk, in thick fog, one of my headlights went out, & with my difficult eyesight I had a hair-raising trip home.

TUESDAY, APL. 2, 1974 A warm & sunny morning for election day, & it brought the first robins of Spring. When I walked around the golf course yesterday there were none to be seen. This afternoon I found at least thirty hopping about the west end of it, evidently just arrived. C. & I voted for our old friend & physician John Wickwire. His Liberal opponent was Keith Wyse, the ill-educated but sharp manager of a Liverpool shoe store. On a comparison of personality Wickwire would have won by a large majority, but among the voters generally there was a wave of support for the Liberals, & John won by a scant majority of 256. This wave was soon apparent all over the province. The Liberals elected 31 members, Conservatives 12, New Democratic Party (Socialist) 3. Both Liberals & Conservatives had expected a Liberal win with a small majority, & both were obviously surprised by the Liberal sweep.

WEDNESDAY, APL. 3/74 Rain & snow in the night; the snow soon melted. This morning at John Leefe's request I spoke to a regional high school class on the art of writing, & had a question-&-answer session for an hour afterwards. Most of them seemed very interested.

My little Corvair car is now 9 years old, & a deep rust penetration in one spot has set up pressure on the lower left-hand corner of the windshield & caused it to crack. The crack is slowly spreading. I showed it to the Rossignol (General Motors) agency today. They say a new windshield will cost $125.85, & the body work to replace rusted metal will cost at least $50. I have written the car off my books over the years, & wonder if I should repair the old thing or buy a new one.

FRIDAY, APL. 5, 1974 Mild & raining. A little flock of white-throat sparrows foraging about my lawn, but so far I have not seen a robin or a fox sparrow there. Too many cats, I suspect. Our neighbourhood seems to have produced a lot in the past year.

News:— The egregious President Nixon seems to have neglected nothing in getting himself on the road to impeachment. Now the Inland Revenue Service has announced that he miscalculated his income taxes during the past four years, & owes the U.S.A. more than $400,000. He has promised to pay up promptly.

SUNDAY, APL. 7/74 Sunny with cool W. wind. In the afternoon I walked the beach at Summerville, & then E. & I visited the Terence Tremans. The junior Raddalls spent the weekend in the Valley, where one of the Liverpool boys' hockey teams played off with Cornwallis for the Nova Scotia championship in the "Peewee C" class. Tommy Raddall, now in his 13th. year is a defence player on his team. They won, & came home in triumph.

At home I had a visit from Sherman Hines, a Liverpool man who studied photography under experts in California & for years has had a highly prosperous studio in Halifax, specialising in swank portrait photography. He showed me ninety beautiful photographs of Nova Scotia scenes, flowers, & a few people, nothing hackneyed. He proposes to bring these out in a large volume, & wants me to write a foreword & some text. For the text he suggested a mixture of privateers, rum runners, backwoods jokes, quotations from my novels & so on — which struck me as an utterly incongruous intrusion on the photographs. As with others in joint-name proposals I think he mainly wants my name as a selling point, but he would be better off without the kind of text he proposes. The photographs can speak well & truly for themselves. I said I would think it over.

MONDAY, APL. 8/74 Overcast & mild. Saw the first robin hopping about my lawn this morning. Walked about the golf course. This evening the Canadian Legion gave their annual dinner for the older members of the branch, on or about the anniversary of Vimy Day. E. & I attended. Owing to my night-driving difficulty, Russell Macleod drove us there & back.

I have got the shortened version of my memoirs to 1945.

FRIDAY, APR. 12, 1974 Miserable weather in the past three days — sleet, freezing rain, just plain rain, with spots of sunshine here & there. This morning was sunny & warm, & I removed the bedding of old leaves & brushwood which covered my rose bushes all winter, & raked up the litter of fallen twigs & branches from the back lawn.

Letter from Dr. Malcolm Ross, head of the English Dpt. at Dalhousie, & chief editor of the paperback New Canadian Library published by McClelland & Stewart. He wants to publish NCL editions of "His Majesty's Yankees", "The Governor's Lady" & "Hangman's Death". I knew this, of course. In 1969 Doubleday in New York arranged for paperback editions of this book by Popular Library, which sells in Canada as well as the U.S. I have tried in vain to get a reversion of these rights from Doubleday. So today I wrote again to Ken McCormick, pointing out that I have received no royalties on "H.M.Y." since April 1971, & the 1973 royalties on the other two amounted to $25 and $3.08 respectively, proving that all of them must be out of print now.

SUNDAY, APR. 14/74 Snow covered the ground last night, but the asphalt is bare. This is the 50th wedding anniversary of our oldest & closest friends, Austin & Vera Parker, & all of their children, with assorted wives, husbands, & grandchildren, came home for the celebration. A great crowd of friends came to the reception this afternoon, & I said a few words & gave a toast. Tom & Pamela were there, & carried us off to dine with them at Hunts Point. Pam's mother had driven down to spend Easter with them, so we made a party.

TUESDAY, APR. 16/74 Rain took the snow away last night, & today was one of dull sky & bleak east wind. Letter from David McGill, vice-president of McClelland & Stewart, says "Halifax, Warden of The North" is about out of print, & owing to cost & comparatively small sales they cannot reprint in case-bound. They propose a paperback edition to sell at $5.95. I can only agree. The case-bound edition of 1971 was an attractive one with excellent print, paper, binding, & jacket, & I hate to see it disappear.

THURSDAY, APRIL 18, 1974 Sunny, temp. 62°, cool W. breeze. Worked on my memoirs all morning. This afternoon I applied "Vigoro" fertilizer to the rose bushes, & spread 1½ sacks of "Lawn Green." Also I set up the bird bath. Drinks & chat with the Anderssens this evening.

News:- Nothing new, really. The Canadian air services, the postal service, & the ship pilot service in the St. Lawrence, among others, are all tied up by "wildcat" strikes, long before the expiry of their contracts. The St. Lawrence pilots have been getting $36,000 a year for an 8-month year. They demand $49,000 "because of the increased cost of living." One's heart bleeds for them.

FRIDAY, APL. 19/74 Overcast & raw at 40°. Had my snow tires removed from the rear wheels & replaced with a pair of new ordinary tires. The old ordinary tires were worn thin, having gone 20,000 miles.

News:- Yesterday Dr. Maurice DeLory, Minister of Lands & Forests in the Provincial Govt., announced the expropriation of 5,462 acres of shore land between S.W. Port Mouton and Port Joli, including nearly 2 miles of sand beaches at Cadden Bay. Years ago I urged Senator Donald Smith to have the federal government do this, to create a seashore adjunct to Kejimkujik Park.

The land was acquired in the 1890's by a native of Yarmouth N.S. named Kinney, who was in a prosperous business in Hawaii. Shortly before 1914 he began to build a luxurious lodge on Cadden Bay, & retired there with his wife & son. The house was completed in 1918. The son enlisted in the Canadian army in War One, & never came back. Mrs. Kinney got tired of the isolated life & left — & never came back. Kinney was soon in financial difficulties, & about 1920 he left with a Macdonald girl from Port Joli — & never came back.

About 1922 the Municipality of Queens seized the property for back taxes, removed all the furniture & sold it at auction in Liverpool. About 1930 the house was in bad condition, & a man named Burgess in S.W. Port Mouton bought the whole property from the County for $300.

In 1944 a wealthy American named Wood & his wife Dorothy came to White Point Lodge for a summer

holiday, & one day they hired a fisherman to take them for a cruise along the shore in his motorboat. He pointed out the min of Kinney's house & mentioned that the whole property, including the beaches, was for sale cheap.

In 1940 I had written a short story for the Saturday Evening Post, called "Barker's Folly," based on this place, & it was reprinted in my book "Sambour & other stories" in 1945. The Woods had read it, & asked Dr. Wickwire of Liverpool to introduce them to me.

In 1946 Mr. Wood bought the whole of the old Kinney property, & within the next year or two had a road made from S.W. Port Mouton through the woods & barrens, bridging 4 or 5 brooks & creeks. He rebuilt the old house on a simpler scale, but furnished it well, & brought in phone & electrical lines. My wife & I visited them there once or twice. They simply came for the summers with their two boys, returning to Ohio in the late Fall.

Then Wood committed suicide & the widow married an Ohio lawyer named Henry P. Kosling. Eventually they separated & she resumed the name of Wood, but apparently the parting was amicable, & Kosling remained her lawyer & advisor. She seldom or never came again to Cadden Bay, but her two sons came each Fall for the duck & wild goose shooting. About 1969 one of the sons, Windsor Wood, became a permanent resident of the 14-room lodge, usually with a male companion who varied from year to year.

Windsor kept a flock of sheep (like Kinney long before him) & worked hard cutting pulpwood for sale to the mill, etc., establishing himself as a Canadian resident dependent on the patches of shore pasture to feed his sheep & support himself. He seemed to enjoy it, but he took long vacations in the States, & I feel sure that the main idea was that of Kosling, foreseeing that Mrs. Wood's sole possession of eleven miles of ocean front was going to be challenged sooner or later.

In 1970 the assessor for Shelburne-Queens made a sharp increase in all the coastal assessments, & the Wood property value was raised to $133,950. Mrs. Wood engaged one of the best & most influential lawyers in Nova Scotia.

Frank Covert, to appeal, & he got it reduced to $100,000. Kosling & Mrs. Wood were not satisfied, insisting that the property was worth about $60,000. They took it to court, where various witnesses placed the value anywhere from $181,000 to $250,000. The judge ruled the value to be $130,000, & remarked that in his personal opinion it would fetch much more than that in the open market.

SATURDAY, APL. 20, 1974 Sunny, with a cold S.E. breeze. The golf course opened today & there were many players when I walked around the course this afternoon. During the winter our pro., Jim Dumeah, works in the Mersey paper mill. He took my golf cart to one of the machinists & had a patent seat fastened on it. The seat is hinged, & folds against the bag when not in use. When swung to the "ready" position, it becomes a three-legged stool.

SUNDAY, APL. 21/74 Sunny & mild. We called on the junior Raddalls, & found Tom away for the first clam-dig of the season in the creek at Port Mouton. They returned with about a bushel. The lobstermen have their traps out, but the catch so far has been small, & the price is very high. Tom bought some yesterday from a fisherman at Hunts Point wharf at $2.50 per pound.

MONDAY, APL. 22/74 Fine & warm. In town it was 76° in the sun. This afternoon I played nine holes at White Point — all I could manage after so long without practice or exercise. My last golf game was the unfortunate venture of Oct. 23/74, after a long bout of influenza.

THURSDAY, APL. 25/74 Bleak damp weather since Monday, with the thermometer stuck at 40°. This afternoon a young man named Kyte, editor of the paper mill's house organ, "The Mersey Quarterly" came with a tape recorder & took down what I knew about the ancient Indian village at Indian Gardens.

SATURDAY, APL. 27/74 Fine & warm in town, but a chill sea breeze on the golf course, where I played 9 holes this afternoon.

Last night was frosty, & my oil furnace stopped running. I sent for Whynot's service man this morning — a stupid lunk who did something to the electric "eye" "relay" which starts & stops the motor. He went away saying "She's alright now!" She was too right, for she kept running continuously until the house temp. was 80° & I had to open the doors. I sent for the service man again. This time he installed a

new "relay", & as the day & evening were warm we didn't need the furnace anyway.

Bird note: Two pairs of tree swallows arrived at Andersson's twin bird-houses today, a little earlier than last year.

Most of my roses are showing new shoots, but three seem to be dead.

MONDAY, APL. 29, 1974 A lovely warm spring day. In the afternoon, by appointment, we had a visit from Miss Grace Fratt of Dalhousie University Library & two other ladies of the library staff, all of whom have been cataloguing my papers & planning the display of them at convocation time next month. They borrowed my literary award medals, the charcoal portrait of me by Karl Goduin, & as many mint copies of my books as we could find, in various editions, English & foreign, case-bound & paperback. E. served afternoon tea, & they left for Halifax at 4 p.m.

TUESDAY, APL. 30/74 Another beautiful day. The post office strike is over, & mail begins to come through, although a great mass of it remains to be sorted in key places like Toronto, Montreal & Halifax. In a budget speech at Ottawa, Finance Minister John Turner declared bluntly that inflation cannot be controlled by any government, & we must expect higher prices for everything in 1974.

This afternoon I played 16 holes of golf alone - there were few players on the course. For the first time this season I played without a cap, & in spite of that had to mop my dome constantly.

I had a phone call from Maurice Singer, whose option on the motion picture rights in "The Nymph & The Lamp" expires on July 27, 1974. He reported that he was "making progress", the chief "progress" being that English film director Anthony Harvey is now associated with him in the matter of "The Nymph & The Lamp". Somebody is lying, as usual. Harvey first approached me through Clive Parsons & Davina Belling, of London, who call themselves "Film & General Investments Ltd." I replied to Parsons that my book was under option to Maurice Singer & gave Singer's address. He & Belling

were in Hollywood last January, & on their way back to London called to see me last Feb. 17. I assumed that they had conferred with Singer, but Parsons denied flatly that they had seen or talked with him.

SUNDAY, MAY 5, 1974 Alternate wet & fine days, but the sunny days have strong & cold N.W. winds. Today was sunny with a sharp breeze & temp. 40° in the shade. In the afternoon we drove to visit the junior Raddalls at Hunts Point. They have a new dog, an English setter bitch named Sally, just a puppy, with a fancy pedigree.

MONDAY, MAY 6/74 Sunny & cold. Mowed my front lawn for the first time this season. It had grown quite long. The rest of the lawns don't need mowing yet. I spread the remaining half-sack (about 5½ lb.) of Lawn Green fertilizer on the mossy parts of the back lawn.

TUESDAY, MAY 7/74 Dull, damp & cold. Letters today from Maurice Singer, & from Robert Lorenheim, both having to do with "The Nymph & The Lamp". Singer's was brief, enclosing a typed 50-page "treatment", which outlines the story, mostly quotations from the book, with short bridges. Anyone who had read the book with some care could have done it in an hour. Singer says "Anthony Harvey will be the director, & the next step is to have a screenplay written. Time is getting short & my concern is that we have adequate time to prepare a proper screenplay."

Lorenheim's letter is a long one. He knows all about Elsie Parsons, Anthony Harvey, & Singer. He says Singer, far from being a producer, is "Vice President in charge of Business Affairs" at Columbia Pictures. He doubts the ability of these people or indeed any people, to raise the funds for a feature motion picture in the present state of the motion picture industry. "The Nymph & The Lamp" has been under various options for years. It has been considered, reviewed & reconsidered at every major Hollywood studio. Their story department files are filled with memos marking its rejection." His own proposal is to see what can be done about "a special dramatic presentation of the highest quality for television".

A letter from Ken McCormick of Doubleday,

New York, replying to mine of April 12, insists that Popular Library still has "His Majesty's Yankees", "The Governor's Lady" & "Hangman's Black" in print.

WEDNESDAY, May 8, 1974 Dull & cold. Nothing but political news. On Monday at Ottawa, Finance Minister Turner revealed a budget that proposed to raise an extra one hundred million dollars from corporations, but as this will obviously be passed on to the public in higher prices it will simply add to inflation. Turner more or less confessed that inflation, being world-wide, is impossible to curb with internal Canadian measures. He rejected Conservative leader Stanfield's proposal to restrict wages & prices, pointing out that Britain & the U.S. had tried this & failed.

The result of all this was a foregone conclusion. Tonight the Conservatives & New Democratic Party combined to defeat the minority government of the Liberals, & we shall have a general election in July. The public will have to suffer two whole months of political yammer on radio & TV & in the newspapers.

THURSDAY, May 9/74 Sunny & cool. Golf this afternoon with Paul King. We quitted after 16 holes, feeling tired. The score was something wild, & we didn't bother to count. Phone call from Miss Grace Fratt, inviting me & E. to come to Hfx. next Tuesday, before Dalhousie convocation, to see the display of my manuscripts etc. in the library. She or Charles Armour will take us there by car, & take us back.

FRIDAY, May 10/74 Sunny & cool. At 9 a.m. Pamela picked us up in the station wagon & took us to Hfx. for ~~our~~ my appointed session with eye specialist Dr. George Lapp. He found the beginnings of cataract in both of E.'s eyes. In mine he found that my right eye has the beginning of cataract, but the vision remains the same as it was in 1972. The left eye is completely "ripe" for a cataract operation, but he thought it could be delayed for another year. We are to present ourselves for another check-up next May.

Lunch with Pam's mother, Marion White, at the old house on Edward Street. In winding up the estate, Marion has sold most of her late husband's collection of Canadian paintings to a Toronto art dealer. She has also sold his

collection of glass paper-weights, his antique Nova Scotia silverware & glassware, jade statuettes, etc., to various people, retaining a few paintings & objets d'art for the decor of her own house.

Home at 4:30, in considerably less than 2 hours from Hfx. Pamela is an excellent driver, very skillful & sure, & she likes to drive at 75 miles an hour wherever she can.

SATURDAY, MAY 11, 1974 Overcast & chilly. At 5 p.m. the Erik Anderssens picked us up in their car, & we joined a large party at the Dr. John Wickwire's house at Port Joli. Drinks & chat with many old friends, & a delicious buffet supper.

Ken Jones was there. Apparently he still comes home for weekends, but he lives and conducts his trade as a professional lobbyist in Halifax. Apparently he is now lobbying for some of the people who want to take over McNab's Island for manufacturing or other commercial purposes. He asked what I thought of it & I said the island should be made into a public park. He said brusquely that "bird-watchers" could go twenty miles outside the city, but Halifax needed new industries & McNab's Island had the only deepwater frontage remaining on Halifax harbour. I retorted that industry could go elsewhere for deep water harborage (the ~~Strait~~ strait of Canso is only a few hours' steam away) & people who wanted industry could go there too. The people of Halifax need the open space & fresh air of McNab's Island far more than they need new industry.

Today's Chronicle-Herald has on its Saturday book review page a few paragraphs headlined "Raddall papers to be displayed", & the item starts with, "Dalhousie University has staged a literary coup with the acquisition of the papers of Dr. Thomas H. Raddall".

A letter from Miss Grace Fratt enclosed copy of a poster regarding the display in Dalhousie Library, which will be shown every day and evening from May 13 to June 30.

TUESDAY, MAY 14/74 A fine warm day at last. Miss Fratt motored down this morning, lunched with us, & then took us to Halifax, to see the display of my papers, documents and photographs in the Killam Library, a roomy & magnificent place built 3 or 4 years ago. In the lobby were four

Raddall papers to be displayed

Dalhousie University has staged a literary coup with the acquisition of the papers of Dr. Thomas H. Raddall. Obtained last September, the collection has been inventoried and is ready for its first public appearance at the Killam Library.

Dr. Raddall sold his first story, to Maclean's Magazine, in 1928 and his books alone, in the four decades during which he has been writing, have sold over 3,000,000 copies in nine languages.

The papers include original typescripts of Raddall's histories, fiction and articles, and large files of research notes, autobiographical material and correspondence.

The historical notes contain a vast amount of information on Nova Scotian history. Some of the material has appeared in such works as **Halifax: Warden of the North** or as background detail in other historical works.

The collection includes information which Raddall has collected about the MicMac Indians, much of it through conversations with elderly Indians. And there are many anecdotes dealing with local characters and legends.

Of interest, as well, are Raddall's correspondence and notes on the publishing history of his works, providing, as they do, an insight into the problems of a Canadian author in those years when recognition for a Canadian writer was hard to achieve and success a rarity.

Raddall's first book was **The Pied Piper of Dipper Creek**, published by Blackwood's Magazine in Edinburgh in 1939. The first full-length novel, was **His Majesty's Yankees**, published in 1942, and this has been followed by 16 books.

HALIFAX CHRONICLE-HERALD
MAY 11, 1974

ter from Miss Grace Tratt enclosed copy of a
ding the display in Dalhousie Library, which

well placed & lighted cases, & the rest of the display was in the roomy Special Collections department on the 5th. floor. The items were very well arranged & chosen by Mrs. Susan Bell, who has been working on my papers for several months. Mrs. Cook, the chief librarian, told me the display has drawn a lot of people ever since it opened yesterday morning. After we had seen the display, we were taken to a reception room elsewhere, where we were greeted by Dalhousie's President, Dr. Hicks, and about a dozen professors of the English Department, among whom I knew Malcolm Ross, Bevan & Raymond. All were very enthusiastic about Dalhousie's acquisition of my papers, & their liking for my work. One said, "Moreover, we admire you for your life-style as a man." We were served wine & light edibles, & chatted till 5 p.m., when Miss Pratt motored us over to the bachelor flat of Charles Armour, Dalhousie Library's archivist, who served us a light & tasty meal of salad, biscuits & coffee. He then took us back to Liverpool, where we arrived about 9 p.m. All these people were very kind, & we enjoyed our day.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 15, 1974 A lovely hot day. I spent the whole afternoon on the golf course, playing a full 18 holes for the first time this year. Capt. Charlie Williams joined me for a few holes. This evening E. & I attended the annual dinner of the Queens County Historical Society, closing the October-May season. A good buffet meal, served by the Anglican ladies of Trinity Church in Parish Hall. The Rev. W.D. Titus of Zion United Church gave an after-dinner address on religious backgrounds in Nova Scotia, especially in the 18th. century, mingling humor with his facts, all very interesting.

SATURDAY, MAY 18/74 After two days of dull cold weather, a day of sunshine with a strong NW wind. This morning a pair of yellow warblers appeared, flitting about their old nesting site in the western nook of the sun porch. (During the past five years, they have turned up between May 16 and 26 — for two successive years on May 22.)

Played 18 holes at White Point this afternoon. Blue & white

violets, wild strawberry blossom, & of course dandelions, are in bloom. My forsythia shrubs in full bloom. Forgot to note on Thursday that I mowed my lawns — the back lawn for the first time this season. All the shrubs are breaking buds into leaf.

SUNDAY, MAY 19, 1974 Sun & cloud & a cool wind. A club tournament on the golf course, so I stayed at home & worked on my memoirs, getting through my one-& -only public appearance tour in 1946. We dined with the young Raddalls at Hunts Point, the main dish being trout which Tom caught in a brook west of Jordan Lake.

MONDAY, MAY 20/74 Overcast with a chill NE wind. I played 9 holes at White Point & that was enough — my one good eye watering too much to see the ball properly.

A phone call from Clive Parsons in London. I told him Maurice Singer now claims that Anthony Harvey has agreed to work with him in putting a film together if I agree to extend Singer's option. I told him about Robert Lorenheim's interest, & said I had not made up my mind about the option after July 27. Parsons said this firm would be satisfied if Singer & Harvey worked together, & asked me to let him know when I decided about the option.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 22/74 Rainy & cold. The two excellent odd-job men who call themselves "The Speedy Cleaners" came today, removed the furniture from the living & dining rooms, turned the carpets around to even the wear, & then cleaned them thoroughly. They also took up & cleaned the stairs carpet. The final touch was to go over them with a powerful vacuum machine which sucks the "nap" upright & makes the carpet look like new. This lasts about a week, but the press of heavy feet then flattens it again. Their charge was $38.

FRIDAY, MAY 24/74 The cold damp weather seems endless, & so is the stiffness & pain in my arthritic joints. A wild gale of wind & rain last night, & this afternoon I drove with E. around Western Head to look at the surf. Jack Kaye brought a camera-man to photograph some of my stone arrowheads, the ancient iron hatchet or tomahawk I found at Indians, (gardens) & my old copy of Vanbault's map showing the

site of Indian Gardens, First & Second Lakes etc, as they were before flooding by No 1 hydro-electric dam in 1929. All this in connection with the article in Mersey Quarterly. (See entry April 25.) My young friend John Leefe is much interested in the same subject, & persuaded me to write a 2500 article on it for some sort of N.S. teachers' publication. I entitled it "Groundwork & Guesswork".

SUNDAY, MAY 26, 1974 Weather still dark, cold & damp, with the thermometer stuck at 40° & the furnace running steadily.

Made our usual call on the junior Raddalls this p.m. & renewed our fresh water supply from their well.

MONDAY, MAY 27/74 Same weather. C. spent the afternoon at a bridge party in Milton. I mowed my lawns, which had grown long in the almost continuous cold & damp weather. A hard job, which left me tired & drenched with sweat, despite the low temperature.

TUESDAY, MAY 28/74 The weather bureau predicted a gale & rain, & in the night I heard it roaring & slashing at the house. It was still roaring when I arose this morning, but I was astonished to see the ground covered with snow, & temp. down to 34°. I have known occasional snowstorms in May on the South Shore, but never so late as this. It reminds me of a bit from Thomas Hood:-

"We will not woo foul weather all too soon,
Or nurse November on the lap of June".

The storm roared & thrashed the trees all day, & I did not go outdoors except to put out the garbage cans. The snow gradually melted towards evening when the thermometer crept up to its familiar mark of spring, 40°. According to the weather bureau the snowfall was 2 inches on the South Shore, & 4 inches in the Valley & elsewhere. No measurable snowfall has occurred as late as this since the bureau started keeping records more than a century ago. The farmers have been set back badly by this cold & wet May. There will be no blossoms for the Valley's "Apple Blossom Festival" which begins on June 1.

THURSDAY, MAY 30/74 The sun came out this afternoon for the first time in eleven days. Erik Anderssen lent me his motor-mower, & I went over the back lawn with it. About 6 p.m. Maurice Finger phoned from California, saying he

is still optimistic about a feature film production of The Nymph & The Lamp, & offered to pay $2,000 for a 12-month renewal of his option, which expires on July 27. After some hesitation I decided to give him one more chance, & agreed. I wrote Robert Lavenheim to advise him of this, as I had promised.

FRIDAY, MAY 31, 1974 A fine clear day to end a miserable month, & I enjoyed golf with Paul King this afternoon.

SATURDAY, JUNE 1/74 Heavy rain, & cold.

SUNDAY, JUNE 2/74 Sunny & warm. Golf at White Point. The course was crowded & the pace funereal, so I quitted after nine holes. Drove on with C. to Hunts Point, where we found Pam's mother, Mrs. Marion White, & Marion's sister Mrs. Gretchen Creaghan, both widows, who had driven down from Halifax for the day. C. & I returned to town & dined at the Chinese restaurant.

MONDAY, JUNE 3/74 Sunny, with a chilly sea breeze. I removed the kitchen storm window & replaced it with the wire screen. Also I climbed about my birches, painting a broad band of "Cygon" on the trunks. It should have been done when the leaf-buds were just breaking, but there was too much wet weather.

This afternoon I played 16 holes at White Point. By then I was very tired, & glad to get home for a drink & a bath.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 5/74 Fine & hot. Mowed my lawns & sat with C. in garden chairs — the first time this season that we have been able to do so with comfort.

FRIDAY, JUNE 7/74 Fine & hot. Played golf yesterday & this afternoon. My face & bald skull are as brown as a chestnut.

Jack McClelland phoned. He is much concerned about Doubleday's refusal to revert the rights in "His Majesty's Yankees," "The Governor's Lady" and "Hangman's Beach" on the excuse that (although Doubleday had let its own editions go out of print) Doubleday had made an agreement with Popular Library, a paperback firm, for publication of these books in paperback, and according to Doubleday these paperbacks are still in print. I have received no royalties from Popular Library's edition of "His Majesty's Yankees" since the spring of 1971; & the royalties on the others for 1973 were almost negligible. Jack says I should write a formal letter to Doubleday informing them of my "intention to terminate"

the original contracts with them. He asked me to send him these original contracts, so that his people can examine them & draft a letter for me to sign. I agreed.

Tom & Pamela left this morning for Kentville, & will return tomorrow. The three children are staying with us.

Received six copies of new agreement with Maurice Singer, extending his option on performing rights in "The Nymph & The Lamp" for one year after July 27, 1974, on payment of $2,000. Singer phoned this evening, to see if I had got them.

SATURDAY, JUNE 8, 1974 Fine & hot. Sent off the Singer documents by air mail. Drove up to the Milton florist & got a dozen red roses to present to E. Tomorrow is our 47th. wedding anniversary. Golf in the afternoon with Paul King.

SUNDAY, JUNE 9/74 Very hot (90°) We called on the junior Raddalls, & it was hot there, with a light offshore breeze pushing any air off the cold sea. Dined in the air-conditioned inner room of the Chinese cafe in town. At home, with every possible door & window open, & the big electric fan going, it was uncomfortably hot until about 9 p.m. when thunder-showers brought a dramatic drop in temp. from 90° to 55°.

MONDAY, JUNE 10/74 Cold east wind. Temp. 40° tonight, & the furnace running steadily.

TUESDAY, JUNE 11/74 Overcast & cold. I mowed my lawns with great difficulty, using my five-year-old hand mower. Apparently the wheel bearings have worn out. Got my old Doubleday contracts & the various renewals & amendments from my safe-deposit box in the Bank of Nova Scotia, & sent them to Jack McClelland by air mail and "special delivery".

FRIDAY, JUNE 14/74 Fine & very hot. Burke Douglas & wife picked us up in their car this afternoon, & drove to Mahone Bay to attend the funeral of Mrs. K.L. Jeudrey, mother of my neighbour Mrs. Erik Andersson. Many Liverpool & Milton friends were there. Service was in the Anglican church, burial in the Anglican cemetery on high land in the woods outside the town, where there was a pleasant breeze under the maple trees.

Refreshments afterwards in the Audrey house. Most of the people left by 4 p.m. but Burke D. & wife are dilatory people, & when finally we got away we were just in time for the notorious 5 o'clock traffic jam at Bridgewater, where the entire traffic, converging from various directions, must pass the LaHave River over a narrow bridge. Since the opening of the big Michelin tyre factory last year, employing something like a thousand people, Bridgewater has changed from a quiet residential town to a bustling industrial town, growing like mad, with proliferating motels & shopping "malls".

It took half an hour to crawl a quarter-mile through the heart of the town. We got home about 6 p.m., very tired by the long afternoon, all dressed up, in the heat.

MONDAY, JUNE 17, 1974 Saturday & Sunday were fine days, but the golf course was occupied by a provincial tournament. Now that I have the first chance to play since June 8th., the wet weather is back again.

TUESDAY, JUNE 18/74 Rain. In February '73 the CBC paid me $300 for the right to use my short story "Naval Honours" as a play on their radio network. The agreement expired in 12 months, & they forgot to do the play. This morning Keith Gill, of CBC Toronto, phoned offering me $200 for a twelve-month's renewal. I agreed. Typical of the muddled CBC minds.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 19/74 Overcast & humid. I received my electric lawn mower, ordered from Simpsons-Sears. Cost, with grass-catcher & 100 feet of electric cord, $94.19. My good neighbour Erik Andersen installed a new electric plug outlet just inside my garage door, & helped me to put the machine together. Letter from the Canadian Institute for the Blind, asking permission to make a "talking book" from "The Governor's Lady", to be recorded on cassette & made available only to handicapped people. I wrote my consent.

THURSDAY, JUNE 20/74 Same weather. I attempted to ~~my~~ mow my lawns with the new machine but soon had to give it up. The grass is long, & still sodden by Tuesday's rain, & it choked the revolving knife & matted on the wheels.

FRIDAY, JUNE 21, 1974. Fine & hot. Golf with Paul King. After supper I found that my grass was at last dry enough to cut, & I mowed my front lawn. Then by a stupid accident I ran the mower over the electric cord & cut it deeply enough to shut off the current. My knowledgable neighbour Erik Andersen could have repaired it in five minutes with his tools, but he is away until Tuesday.

A thunderstorm & rain this evening, wetting the grass again.

SATURDAY, JUNE 22/74. The new White Point Estates Ltd. invited us to a luncheon at the Lodge today. E. & I did not feel up to it, but I went with the Parkers. About 100 people, mostly from Halifax & elsewhere. Howard Elliot, manager of the Lodge, acted as master of ceremonies, giving a brief sketch of the aims of "Estates Ltd.", & calling on the mayor of Liverpool, the warden of Queens County, & one or two others for a few words. Afterwards we all crossed over the river in cars, & inspected the winding roads which have been made on the hillside facing toward the sea. About six houses have been completed. The rest is scrub bush. Electric, water, & sewer services are complete. It will all look very much better when the landscaping has been done, lawns planted, etc. The Parkers & I called on Mowbray & Phyllis Jones in their new house, near the shore, & looking over the outlet of Five Rivers to the sea. I have rarely seen them in the past ten years. Both have aged a lot in that time. Mowbray cannot stand up for more than a few minutes at a time — much worse than my state which is simply due to arthritis. Phyllis, who made a fetish of caring for her personal beauty during most of her adult life, is now very haggard, with large sacs under her eyes.

Parker told me that the County has lately assessed him for his Eagle Lake property, which consists of 1 acre of woodland and a small & simple log cabin built about 40 years ago. The assessment is $2,400, a preposterous figure, which he has appealed against. The cabin was built of logs fished up from the bottom, the sunken relics of long bygone log-driving operations, which had lain there at least 35 years, & some of them probably much longer. Hitherto the County has never taxed the owners of such small hunting or fishing cabins, which have no approach

by road or water from a motor highway.

SUNDAY, JUNE 23, 1974 Overcast & warm. Played 11 holes at White Point, & then went on with E. to call on the junior Raddalls & to refill our 5-gallon plastic water container, a gift from Tom on "Father's Day". E & I dined in the Chinese restaurant. Afterwards drove around Milton. Noticed with surprise & regret that the old Freeman house is being torn down. It stood on the east side, facing directly towards the bridge. This was the home of Edith's great-grandfather Samuel Freeman (1795-1878), founder of the lumber & shipbuilding firm of Samuel Freeman & Sons, which flourished until the financial disasters of 1873-76. At the bankruptcy sale in 1876, the list of their properties took up a whole sheet of the Liverpool Times.

The house was probably built about 1825. It was the birthplace of Canadian authoress Marshall Saunders, whose mother was one of Samuel's daughters. A bronze plate on the Masonic Hall, nearby across the street, commemorates the fact.

TUESDAY, JUNE 25/74 Yesterday & today were wet & chilly, with the house furnace running frequently. Letter from my peripatetic sister Winifred Merlin. Merlin (her second husband) & she sold their small house in Halifax a few years ago, & retired to a big old-fashioned one at Northport on the shore of Northumberland Straits. The climate there was pleasant in summer but severe in the long winters & dreary in the long "springs". Last year they paid a $500 deposit on a house in Hants County & offered the Northport house for sale. Now they have sold the Northport house, forfeited the $500 deposit on the Hants County house, & bought a small bungalow in Fauxburg, near Blockhouse, Lunenburg County, only a few miles from our other sisters at Oakland, Nellie & Hilda.

THURSDAY, JUNE 27/74 Overcast, but warm & dry, for the first time since last Sunday. Played 18 holes at White Point, nine of them with my grandson Tom, who is a beginner this year.

FRIDAY, JUNE 28/74 Fine & hot. My lawns are like a hayfield & my new electric mower is still out of commission for lack of a new plug, so I borrowed Andersen's gasoline-motor mower & went over them.

MONDAY, JULY 1/74 Fine & hot for Canada Day, or Dominion Day as some still call it. Golf yesterday & today. Tom Jr.

family are spending the holiday weekend with Halifax lawyer George Caines & family at their summer home in Great Village. Mrs. Caines is the former Sandra ("Sandy") Jones, of Liverpool.

THURSDAY, JULY 4/74 Hot weather. Golf every afternoon. (see Feb. 12/73)

When E. visited Bill & Francie Dennis last Fall, Bill made a careful study of E., & changed the kind of tranquillizing pills, taken several times daily, which our own Dr. Frank Bell prescribed some time ago. He has been sending her these pills from Moncton. Since then E. seems brighter, & there have been none of the hallucinatory spells & wild ranting which I noted on May 1 & May 21, 1970, & on Aug. 11, 14, Sep. 27, 28 & Dec. 1, 1972.

Today at noon Francie phoned E. & made a long talk, which E. answered with a single "Yes" from time to time. There was no family chat at all. When E. came away from the phone she merely said that Bill could not supply the tranquillizers any more, & she must ask Dr. Bell for them.

FRIDAY, JULY 5/74 Fine & warm. I went over my lawns with the electric mower, & this time succeeded in doing the job without cutting the electric cord. Erik Andersen had taken my old hand-mower apart, found it out of adjustment but otherwise sound. He repainted it & repaired neatly the worn rubber hand-grips, & brought it back looking brand new. He & I can use it for trimming the edge of terraces & other places where the motor-mowers cannot do a neat job.

Tonight E. & I joined a large party for a "house warming" at the the home of Munroe & Marion (Tupper) Gardner. This was the house built in the 1930's for Mrs Medora Jones, on Tupper land overlooking the river below the lower Milton bridge. It was here that poor old Mrs. Jones suffered a brutal assault by a young naval sailor in 1944, which I turned into a short story called "Morale" in my book "A Muster of Arms". The Gardners have spent about $20,000 remodelling the house & it is a fine job.

Marion's brother Roger Tupper is here (at the old Tupper house) with his French-Canadian wife Camille. He is recovering from a serious operation but looks well.

MONDAY, JULY 8, 1974 Fine, with a cool sea air. Golf with my old friend Harvey Crowell, whom I first met when he was a chartered accountant, based at Halifax, & auditing my cashbook, ledger etc. at the Maclaod pulp mills 51 years ago.

I have not mentioned the yammer of the politicians during the past several weeks, in the newspapers, on radio & TV. It seemed to me that Trudeau had the best chance of holding Canada together, while Stanfield had none whatever. That apparently was what many other Canadians felt, excepting the prairie provinces. Today was election day, & by midnight it was obvious. The standing was:- Liberals elected 140, Conservatives 95, New Democratic (i.e. Socialist) Party 16, Social Credit 12, Independent 1, still doubtful 4. The "South West Nova" (mainly Yarmouth & Digby counties) seat was won for the Liberals by a lady lawyer, Miss Coline Campbell. Her mother was an Acadian girl from Digby County, & her father was my old friend Sam Campbell, who took over my job when I left the Mersey Paper Co. in 1938.

Today's result will probably end Stanfield's career as leader of the federal Conservative party.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 10/74 Wet & cold yesterday & today. This afternoon I had a visit from two Californian women, both of whom are professors at Dalhousie University in the Dept. of Sociology & Anthropology. One of them (Mrs. Virginia Miller), anthropologist, is making a survey of the Maritime Provinces, looking for unpublished papers relating to the Maritime Indians, & for private collections of artifacts. I showed her my small collection, & lent her a paper I wrote recently about the ancient village site at Indian Gardens, entitled "Groundwork and Guesswork".

FRIDAY, JULY 12/74 Fine & hot. At golf this afternoon I was joined by my grandson Tom. He started to play this season & does well, considering that he has had only one lesson from the pro. E. gave him her clubs, which are just the right length for him.

Jack McClelland has returned the Doubleday contracts I sent him on June 7. In a long letter he says they are drawn with everything in favour of Doubleday & no escape for the author. So long as the American paper-

back

firm called Popular Library maintains that it has in print "His Majesty's Yankees," "The Governor's Lady" and "Hangman's Beach," under their arrangement with Doubleday in 1968. I cannot permit McClelland & Stewart to publish these titles in their paperback New Canadian Library. Jack says "These contracts are truly iniquitous" and that "Doubleday, technically & contractually at least, appear to be thieves." He says my only chance of release is by personal appeal to Doubleday head man Ken McCormick; but I have done this three times & got nothing but a polite refusal.

SUNDAY, JULY 14/74 Fine, with a cool sea breeze. Instead of golf, I mowed my lawns today. I had reserved a table for two, for dinner at White Point Lodge, but when C. & I got there we met Dr. & Mrs. ~~Finnegan~~ SEVERCHIA, old friends who spend every summer there, & they insisted that we dine with them. A pleasant chat with them, & later with Mr. & Mrs. John Langdon of Toronto, who are regular summer visitors.

THURSDAY, JULY 18/74 Still delightful weather. Golf with Paul King & Monsignor Delaney, three old crocks obliged to quit at the 16th. hole after 3 hours of exertion.

This evening Maurice Singer phoned from California regarding his option on "The Nymph & The Lamp" which expires on July 26. The usual blather. He has engaged a prominent film writer to prepare a screen play, but nobody in the summer vacation time can be brought to a decision about finances. He wanted a free extension of the option to Sep. 26th. I said No. I did agree to give a 14-month extension of the option on payment of the $2,000 fee on July 26. This is his last chance. I won't renew after Sep. 26, 1975.

FRIDAY, JULY 19/74 Dark & damp, with frequent thunder-showers. For dinner we had fresh salmon, new peas, & for dessert fresh strawberries & cream, just like old summer days in Milton, except for the prices. Today's salmon cost $1.79 per pound. A cupfull of peas in the pod cost 57 cents. Strawberries cost 89 cents per quart.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 24/74 I drove with C. this morning to Mahone, via the shore road & the Lahave ferry. My sister Nellie Cassidy had invited us to luncheon, also my

sisters Winifred Merlin & Hilda Bayer, & two old acquaintances of my boyhood in Halifax, two sisters then named Gladys & Daisy Allaum. The Allaums lived on nearby Duncan Street when the Raddalls lived on Chebucto Road, & their father was an Englishman on the Halifax garrison establishment. Both are now well-to-do widows, Gladys living in Vancouver & Daisy in Calgary, & they do a lot of travelling together.

I enjoyed the visit but found the drive an ordeal, due to my poor sight & inability to judge distances on my blind (left) side.

Before leaving Liverpool this morning I air-mailed six copies of a document, signed by E. & myself, giving Maurice Winger an extension of 14 months on his movie option, for a further payment of $2,000 when the old option expires on July 26/74.

SUNDAY, JULY 28/74 Fog & drizzle, the first wet day in a long time, although dense fog hangs just offshore every day. Spent the day lazily, re-reading an old favourite, Dana's "Two Years Before The Mast". At 5:30 we picked up our neighbour Mrs. Evelyn White Ltt, & took her to White Point Lodge, where we dined with John & Stella Langdon. In the dining room had a brief chat with another old friend of the summers, Mrs. Merilla McDill, her daughter Kitty-Rose Barrow, & son-in-law Tom Barrow.

TUESDAY, JULY 30/74 Still soggy & foggy, but I played golf anyhow. John & Stella Langdon dropped in to say good-bye. Following their regular summer schedule they will stay some days in Vermont, to attend a music festival, & then return to Toronto.

News:- Turks & Greeks fighting in Cyprus, ignoring the "peace-keeping" United Nations troops (including a battalion of Canadian troops), just as Nasser ignored them on the Palestine border when he decided to attack Israel, & just as they were ignored later in Vietnam. The "peace-keeping" forces drawn from neutral nations was a woolly idea of the late Lester Pearson, which got him a Nobel prize but proved utterly impractical in operation. When two adjoining nations went to fight, a thin screen of lightly armed & restricted "peace-keeping" foreigners between them does not mean a thing.

TUESDAY, JULY 30, 1974 (continued). I received by air mail Maurice Hinge's cheque, drawn on a bank in Burbank, California, for $2,000, & deposited it in my Savings Account at the Royal Bank of Canada here. The U.S. dollar being worth less than the Canadian dollar, I received credit for $1,942.60, a discount of 2.8% or thereabouts. The bank gave me a "special rate" off that.

Shopkeepers, motel & hotel proprietors etc., are probably charging a discount of 5% or more on the U.S. money tendered by American tourists. This is one of the reasons why the "tourist trade" has fallen off — some say as much as 25% from last year.

THURSDAY, AUG. 1, 1974 The wind hauled west & blew to sea the fog which has oppressed us here in town for days, & the visitors at White Point Lodge for weeks. So we had a fine hot day.

Cyril Leslie & his crew of five painters arrived at 10 a.m. & went to work at once, removing the wooden storm windows, which are green, & scraping the flaked & blistered white paint on window-frames & other outdoor woodwork.

In the afternoon E. came with me to White Point & walked around part of the course while I played golf with my grandson Tom.

FRIDAY, AUG. 2/74 Leslie's crew finished painting the first coat this afternoon. They will return about a week from now to finish the job.

MONDAY, AUG. 5/74 The weekend was hot & damp with drizzle & fog. I played a few holes at White Point this afternoon, but the course was infested with tourists who pay their fees but know little of the game & nothing of its rules or etiquette, & like several other players from Liverpool I quitted in disgust. Mowed my lawns this evening.

THURSDAY, AUG. 8/74 Fine hot weather since Monday, & golf each afternoon. Tonight on TV I saw & heard President Richard Nixon reading a speech in which he resigned his office. He mentioned the Watergate affairs, admitting that he had made some errors of judgement, & then stressed at length the good things he had done — ending the Viet Nam war, the resumption of peaceful relations with Russia & China, & with the Arab nations, etc. Vice-President Gerald Ford will

be sworn in as President tomorrow.

FRIDAY, AUG. 9, 1974 Fifty six years ago my father was killed in the victorious battle east of Amiens. It was a day like today, fine & hot, with the Picardy wheat thigh-deep as the soldiers rushed through it. This afternoon I played golf with my grandson Tom, aged 13. He started to play this summer, with one or two lessons from the pro. Already he can drive farther than I can, but he is naturally wild on some of his shots. He will soon be an expert.

SUNDAY, AUG. 11/74 Hot days, cool nights — perfect weather day after day, & golf every afternoon. The ground is getting very dry, & there are large brown patches on the golf course. Lakes & streams are very low. We dined at White Point Lodge.

TUESDAY, AUG. 13/74 A break in the fine weather — grey sky, east wind & a drizzle of fine rain at times.

WEDNESDAY, AUG. 14/74 Damp & dark. Two of Leslie's men spent the morning in my garage, painting the storm windows which had been stowed there. This is the first I have seen of Leslie's painters since Aug. 2, when he said they would be back "about a week from now." He has painting jobs all over the place & tries to juggle as many as possible at one time.

THURSDAY, AUG. 15/74 Fine & hot. Leslie & his painters finished the job today. I'm told that the water level in Town Lake is holding up remarkably well in this dry weather. It is fed by good springs. Low water in the past two summers was caused by massive leaks in old main pipes on Water Street, where the water drained away into the harbour without detection. These leaks were found & repaired last year.

SATURDAY, AUG. 17/74 Another glorious day, with golf in the afternoon. Jack McClelland's Secretary phoned from Toronto, saying that he is coming this way next week. He has a speaking engagement in Sackville (presumably at Mt. Allison university) & will then hire a car & drive to Bridgetown for an interview with Ernest Buckler. On the morning of Friday Aug. 23 he will drive on to Liverpool for a talk with me, & then to Halifax airport to catch a plane for Toronto on Friday evening.

Nature note:- Last year my trees had an infestation of

of tent caterpillars, & I expected a devouring horde this year. Actually there are none. This summer, too, for the first time that I can remember, our birch trees everywhere are not infested with the leaf-mining worms, which ordinarily produce a fall of dead leaves by the end of July. I painted my own birch trunks belatedly on June 3 with "CYGON", the evil-smelling solution which is supposed to kill leaf-miners. Eric Anderssen did not paint his, & he too has few or no leaf-miners this year.

My "Helen Traubel" roses have been blooming magnificently as usual, but most of the others have not done well. Mrs. Melbourne Gardner, an expert, says that roses must have at least 6 hours of sunshine every day, & on my shady lawn they don't get anything like that.

WEDNESDAY, AUG. 21, 1974 Fine & very hot weather every day. Today on the golf course in three places I saw semi-palmated ("Ringneck"), plover in migration from the north, a sure sign of the waning summer.

THURSDAY, AUG. 22/74 Fine & hot. Our daughter Frances & her two girls & son Terry arrived shortly before 11 a.m, having left Moncton at 6 a.m. in the family station-wagon. Her husband Bill Dennis & the older son Greg had other engagements & could not come. Our visitors lunched with us & went on to Hunts Point, where Francie had rented a cottage for three days. They return to Moncton on Sunday.

Cyril Leslie, painting contractor, came with his bill & I gave him a cheque. The amount was $394.50, the labour costing $333.75 and the paint $60.75. As I had my house & garage covered with white asbestos shingles in 1965, the present job meant scraping the wood finish about doors & windows & the front porch & steps, painting the scraped wood with "undercoat", & then applying one coat of new paint. It also meant taking off & painting the wooden storm-windows & the ornamental window shutters which are fastened "open". Looking back in my old account book of house expenses I find that in the year 1940, when the surface of my house was entirely wooden, I got it painted with two coats for $100.

FRIDAY, AUG. 23, 1974 The hottest day of the summer. Phew! Jack McClelland arrived by car about 11:30 this morning. He had spoken at some sort of summer conference at Mount Allison University, hired a car there & driven to Bridgetown yesterday. In his frank & cheerful way he told us that he spent half of last night drinking & talking with Ernest Buckler, author of "The Mountain & The Valley" & other books. Buckler recently had a spell in hospital after a serious stomach operation, but he continues to drink heavily. McClelland & Stewart are bringing out a book of his short stories, written for magazines years ago. He wants Jack to publish also a book of his early fugitive pieces, skits & sketches written for American magazine "Esquire", which he considers some of his best work, & which Jack says are "terrible". Buckler also thinks his last novel "The Longest Month" (or some such title) is his best. Actually it is far inferior to "The Mountain & The Valley", his first & best book.

Jack lunched with us, & showed me some of Dudley Witney's photographs of lighthouses in Canada & the U.S. (see diary entry Aug. 28, 1973) They are excellent. Jack will publish these & many others in a "coffee-table" book (about 10" x 20") next year, & wants me to write a foreword of 1,000 to 2,500 words. He will send me a complete dummy of the book, with the photos & Witney's own captions, so I can study it before deciding whether to write the foreword or not. No mention of a fee for the foreword.

Jack asked how I was getting along with my memoirs for publication, & I said I had them written to about age 50, & would finish them this winter.

Then he brought up the old subject of publication rights in "His Majesty's Yankees", "The Governor's Lady" & "Hangman's Beach", originally published in case-bound editions by Doubleday, New York. Doubleday eventually let them go out of print; but in 1968, with my consent, Doubleday made contracts for paperback reproductions with Popular Library, an American firm. These paperbacks now appear to be out of print (I have received no royalties on "His Majesty's Yankees" since 1971, & ridiculously small royalties on the others, obviously remnant sales.) I wrote

Ken McCormick, head of Doubleday, last spring, asking for a formal reversion of the rights, but he ~~refusing~~ refused, insisting that Popular Library still claimed to have them in print. Jack wants publishing rights in these books for his own Canadian paperback branch ("New Canadian Library"). He now asked my permission for his agent in New York to apply some other pressure on Doubleday, & I agreed. He left for Halifax airport at 2 p.m. He is flying to the Magdalen Islands for a talk with Farley Mowat before returning to Toronto.

After he had gone, I drove to Hunts Point. The Junior Raddalls & Denis's, & Francie's childhood friend Lynn Seldon (who lives in Florida), had all gone to bathe at Summerville Beach, so E. & I sat for an hour or so on the deck outside Tom's house, enjoying the small sea breeze. A clap of thunder & a heavy shower this evening freshened the air a bit, but the temperature indoors remained at 80° & I kept my big fan going until late.

SATURDAY, AUG. 24, 1974 Heavy showers in the night soaked the parched ground & raised the brooks which had been dry. When the sun broke through, the air was humid. I played 9 holes of golf, & that was enough. I drove with E. to Hunts Point where we joined the Raddalls & Dennis's for dinner — Tom cooked steaks on a charcoal broiler on the sun deck, & Pamela dished up fresh vegetables — peas, beans, roast potatoes, cauliflower — all delicious, & raisin pie for dessert. The fog was coming in as we drove home about dusk, & we did not need the electric fan to be comfortable in our living-room.

SUNDAY, AUG. 25/74 Sunny with a fresh northerly breeze. Golf in the afternoon. E. & I dined at White Point Lodge, & went on to chat with the Raddalls & Dennis's at Hunts Point. They are all having wonderful fun in this fine weather. Francie & her kids are coming in to Liverpool tomorrow & will stay the day & night with us.

Nature note:- I saw a fish-hawk hovering over the shallows at White Point Beach, & another at Tom's place at ~~Hunts~~ Hunts Point. Tom says they see fish-hawks regularly

at Summerville Beach also. As the absence of the ospreys a few years ago was temporary, & not due to the chemical effects of D.D.T. as various scientific alarmists had predicted.

MONDAY, AUG. 26, 1974 Golf this afternoon with grandsons Terry Dennis (15) & Tom Kaddall (13) Terry scored 86 for 18 holes, I had 96, & young Tom was something over 100.

Frances decided to start for home this evening, stopping overnight with friends at Mahone Bay. I gave her a large oil painting by American artist, Courtney Allen, which has been in the attic for years, & which she always liked. It was painted in 1940 as an illustration for my short story "Parker's Folly". It shows "Parky" striding over the dunes at Cadden Bay, with a flock of sea gulls flying about him, & was given to me by the old Saturday Evening Post.

TUESDAY, AUG. 27/74 C. & I dined this evening at the United Church manse, guests of Rev. William Titus & wife. Fellow guests were two English brothers named Carver, & their wives, all 60-ish. The senior brother, an architect, has been living in Canada for years, & now has a summer home at Port Joli. It was he who designed the new interior of Zion Church in Liverpool, now nearing completion. All lively & witty people, & we enjoyed their company & a delicious dinner.

THURSDAY, AUG. 29/74 Rain. Tonight, on this program called "To See Ourselves", CBC made a re-run of their half hour TV play "Mc Ivor's Salvation" from my short story of that name. I signed the original agreement for a fee of $500 in November 1972, & it contained a clause saying they would pay 75% for the first re-run, 60% for the second, & so on. I was not notified of the re-run, & consequently C. & I were watching a play on another channel. Vera Parker told us about it. I suppose I shall have to write demanding payment of $375, as I did, for the re-run of "The Wedding Gift" in 1973. Otherwise I would have got nothing. The CBC has a convenient amnesia about these matters. (See Oct. 24/73 for the first run of "Mc Ivor's Salvation").

TUESDAY, SEP. 3/74 What I call "nuisance weather" since Aug. 28 — a daily drizzle & some showers, enough to prevent

outdoor work or play, but not enough to fill streams & lakes & ~~streams~~ wells.

THURSDAY, SEP. 5, 1974 Sunny & warm; after nearly a week of rain or drizzle, following the August drought. The golf course looks as fresh & green as in spring. Noticed large flocks of semi-palmated sandpipers ("peeps") on the fairways, foraging with semi-palmated plover ("ring-necks").

FRIDAY, SEP. 6/74 Overcast. This afternoon I mowed my lawns for the first time since August 5. During the drought the grass hardly grew at all, but the recent wet weather made it quite long.

TUESDAY, SEP. 10/74 The two handy-men who live near the golf course & operate under the bill-head of "Speedy Cleaning & Maintenance" came today & cleaned all the windows, including the storm-windows which Leslie's men had painted & stacked up the garage. Then they installed the storm windows. They also removed the old radio aerial & insulators, which are now useless. Their bill for all this was $43.50.

WEDNESDAY, SEP. 11/74 This evening we dined with neighbours Jerry & Jean Nickerson, who leave soon for a tour of South America.

THURSDAY, SEP. 12/74 Warm, hazy, & very humid weather, the usual aftermath of hurricanes in the Caribbean Sea & the Gulf of Mexico. Golf this afternoon, & I was drenched & exhausted when I got home.

FRIDAY, SEP. 13/74 Clive Parsons (see May 20/74) phoned from New York enquiring about the present state of movie rights in "The Nymph & The Lamp." I told him I had given Maurice Singer an extension of option to September 1975, but I had heard nothing further from him. Parsons said he would call on Singer in California later this year & find out what had been or what Singer's prospects were.

This afternoon I spent two hours going over my lawns with the electric mower & trimming the edges & corners with the hand mower. The temp. was 80° in the shade, with heavy humidity like the Gulf of Mexico, & I was drenched.

TUESDAY, SEP. 17/74 The days go by, very much alike. In the mornings I polish the first draft of my condensed memoirs, so far as I have written them. (To 1951.) In the

afternoon I play golf, if the weather is fine. We have had a lot of damp weather this month.

This evening we attended a cocktail-&-dinner party at the Mersey Paper Co's lodge up-river, given by general manager Wallace Clark & wife. About 24 people, a mingling of town people & mill staff. Pleasant chat & good food. Eric Hazeldine & wife took us there & back in their car.

Friday, Sep. 20/74 My son Tom checked my teeth this morning & replaced two fillings.

TUESDAY, SEP. 24/74 Overcast & chilly. I went to the golf course but felt a malaise & came home after a few holes. Last October I caught a cold that left me weak & sickly for weeks.

WEDNESDAY, SEP. 25/74 Wakened this morning with a very sore throat, & towards evening the nasal stream began. Stayed indoors all day.

THURSDAY, SEP. 26/74 Indoors all day, sneezing, nose-blowing, & mopping my eyes. This is my first cold since the long misery of October & November last year.

SUNDAY, SEP. 29/74 Mild & overcast. I ventured outdoors for the first time since Tuesday, driving with E. to Hunts Point for our usual weekly call on the Junior Raddalls. Working slowly on my memoirs, version for publication, now up to the Fall of 1953.

TUESDAY, OCT. 1/74 Still feel shaky. Remembering my long relapse after a cold last October, I stayed indoors except for a walk to the post office & bank. The Canadian government is offering a bond issue, redeemable at face value at any time by the purchaser, with interest at 9 3/4%. I had a notion of buying $15,000 with the money now on a fixed term deposit in the Royal Bank at 8 1/8%. However the bank accountant suggested conversion to short term deposit, automatically renewed every 88 days, which yields 10 1/2%, so I did this.

THURSDAY, OCT. 3/74 Rain. (August was the only dry month this year) I still feel weak & wretched, unable to do anything outdoors. At 1 p.m. I drove E. to the bus stop on Main Street. Bill Dennis is meeting her at Halifax & taking her to Moncton for her annual holiday with Francie & family.

SATURDAY, OCT. 5, 1974 Mild & partly sunny. I mustered energy enough to cut my lawns with the electric mower, & to stow the garden chairs overhead in the garage.

SUNDAY, OCT. 6/74 After so much damp & chilly weather a miracle of a day, sunny & calm, with temp. getting up to 80° in the sun. Finished my lawn job, using the hand-mower to trim the terrace, edges & awkward spots. At Pamela's invitation I dined with her & the youngsters at Hunt's Point. Tom & companions & dogs are off to New Brunswick for their annual woodcock shoot.

MONDAY, OCT. 7/74 Another fine warm day. Did another Fall chore — removing the wire screen from the big kitchen window, & replacing it with the heavy wooden storm window. This I caulked carefully — a job that can be done best when the woodwork is dry.

TUESDAY, OCT. 8/74 Sunny but cooler, 55° in the sun. I played 16 holes at White Point, my first venture there since 'flu attacked me on Sep. 24. It was wonderful to be exercising again in the sun & fresh air, & in that always lovely scene.

WEDNESDAY, OCT. 9/74 This morning's Chronicle-Herald has obituaries of two old acquaintances. Rolf Seaborne died in hospital at Halifax, after a long illness, aged 85. Born in Ontario, he was a forester for Quebec paper companies until 1929, when he came here as Woods Manager for the newly built Mersey paper mill. He retired in 1959.

Kenneth Leslie died at Halifax in a private home for elderly people, aged about 78. He was born in Pictou, flourished as a Nova Scotian poet in the period 1925-1958 when he got a Governor-General's Award. He was one of the self-styled "Song Fishermen", a group of merry male & female poets who included Charles G. D. Roberts & Bliss Carman, who used to rendezvous in summertime at Andrew Merkel's house in Halifax in the 1920's. In 1937, having read some of my stories in Blackwood's Magazine, he called on me here & presented me with three of his books of poetry. He was a lazy pleasure-loving man who never did a real day's work in his life, preferring to marry a succession of well-to-do women, the first of whom was a daughter of the (chocolate-manufacturing) Moir family of Halifax. The divorced

him after a few years, so did the others, all of whom were American & usually widows or divorcees. For some years he was an active Communist in New York, & published a small newspaper devoted to scurrilous attacks on the Roman Catholic church. Eventually he returned to Nova Scotia with his latest American wife, & became a school teacher and (of all things) a lay preacher in country villages like Enfield.

THURSDAY, Oct. 10, 1974 Open-&-shut sky, temp. 34° last night. It got up to 50° in the afternoon, & I played golf.

SATURDAY, Oct. 12/74 Bill & Francie Dennis brought Edith home today, after a pleasant holiday with them in Moncton. After an hour's chat they left for Bridgetown, for a visit with friends there, & to buy fruit. This evening we had two visitors, a young man named Gary Baudoux and a Miss Kay McIntosh. Both brought almost complete collections of my books & asked me to autograph them. They live in New Glasgow & collect Nova Scotiana. They had called on Ernest Buckler at Bridgetown in mid-morning & found him drunk & disappointing.

SUNDAY, Oct. 13/74 Sunny. Temp. 50° at noon. We called on the Raddalls at Hunts Point, & I presented my air rifle & a box of lead pellets to young Tommy, who has long admired it on my gun-rack. Tom himself got back from his annual woodcock hunt in New Brunswick yesterday. With four guns they got about 120 birds. Tom's setter bitch "Sally" had her first experience in the field. She has a lot to learn but promises well. At White Point I enjoyed playing 9 holes. Then home to watch on TV a world-series baseball game between the Oakland and Los Angeles teams. Nearly 57,000 people were seated in the huge Los Angeles stadium.

MONDAY, Oct. 14/74 Thanksgiving Day in Canada. Last night the temp. dropped to 30°, the first freeze of the season here on the South Shore, although the thermometer has been down to 34° on several nights. When we got up this morning the house was like an icebox. The furnace had stopped some time in the night. I phoned the oil service people, & their man came promptly. One of the intricate parts of the electric relay had got stuck, & he soon had the furnace running again.

MONDAY, OCT. 14, 1974 (continued) I played golf at White Point, well covered against a cold breeze. While I was there, the furnace stopped again, E. phoned the service station, & this time Whynot came himself. The fact was that the relay, installed to replace an old one last February, was defective. These things should last for years, so Whynot installed a new one.

FRIDAY, OCT. 18/74 Rain & drizzle since Monday, hence no exercise but considerable work on my memoirs, polishing what I have written so far. Dave Walmark, tall, bearded & be-spectacled, called this morning. He left the employ of McClelland & Stewart, as salesman for Nova Scotia, last May. He had bought a small shore farm near Kingsburg, Lunenburg County, last year. Now his wife commutes to Halifax & runs a small furniture store in one of the smart old-renovated streets between Scotia Square and Water Street, while he looks after a flock of hens, & a house-full of pets, on the farm. Also he arranges Halifax publicity for authors from Anansi & four other (mostly paperback) Canadian publishers. He says the only way to sell books in quantity in Canada nowadays is to follow the blatant example of Pierre Berton & "plug" the authors on radio, TV, in newspapers, & especially with personal appearances & autographing parties. He said that M. & S. have closed their Halifax office (which he operated formerly) & now leave all Maritime provinces' sales to a man travelling from Toronto — as they did in my hey-day.

He hinted that McClelland & Stewart were in difficulties again under Jack McClelland's management, but he did not elaborate & I did not push for information. As I have known for a long time, Jack is an enterprising and hard-driving publisher with an alcoholic problem.

SATURDAY, OCT 19/74 Sunny but cold (40° at noon). I had hoped to play some golf, but felt ill in some queer way. No headache, normal temperature, no symptoms of a relapse from the 'flu attack, just a general feeling of malaise & dizzyness. I have had spells of dizzyness for the past 3 or 4 days, & no appetite for food.

SUNDAY, OCT. 20, 1974 Went to bed at my usual hour, about half-past midnight, after listening to the late news & weather forecast. The Halifax weather bureau predicted simply a cloudy Sunday & a sunny Monday. Soon after I went to bed a terrific snowstorm began, first with sleet & then with snow. I wakened at 4 a.m. & heard it slashing at the windows. Came downstairs at 5 a.m. & started to make coffee. Within a few minutes all the lights went out & of course our furnace, refrigerator & electric blankets & clocks ceased to function. I crawled back to bed & lay there sleepless until 8 a.m, when I got up, fetched wood from the cellar & lit a fire in the living-room hearth. I felt ill, with nausea & dizzyness. C. joined me, with a fur coat over her nightdress, & by closing the living-room doors we spent most of the day in a temp. of about 64°. By full daylight our trees, especially the tall slender birches, were a fantastic sight. Loaded with ice & snow, some were bowed to the ground. One of the birches, which I transplanted more than 40 years ago when its stem was about one inch, had grown to about 8 inches; it was now bent right over onto the Andersens' back lawn, with a 3-foot split in the trunk, completely ruined. The stout old hydrangea by our front walk was lying on the driveway. The hawthorn tree by the garage was bent over & hanging on the electric wires from house to garage. We heated water over the fire & got hot coffee & sandwiches for lunch. About noon the electric power came on briefly & then went off again. We could hear gasoline saws from various directions, clearing fallen trees & branches. About 4:30 the electricity came on & stayed on. The storm ceased about 6 p.m., & I dragged myself out to shovel off the front steps & path, dig out the street drain, & make a path to the oil fuel intake pipe at the back of the house. About 8 inches, of which the lowermost 2 inches were slush. We heard news reports that the Annapolis Valley had got 12 inches, & Cape Breton had about 2 feet, with winds gusting up to 100 miles an hour. The city of Sydney is in a state of emergency, still without electricity in many sections, & people sheltering & being fed in schools that do have it.

This early descent of winter matches the lateness of last spring, when we had violent snowstorm on May 28.

MONDAY, OCT. 21, 1974 An open-&-shut sky, temp. 30°. Still dizzy, nauseated & weak. Summoned energy enough this a.m. to shovel a path to the garage, where I keep the garbage cans.

Had a visit this afternoon from a Professor Henry Best & his wife & two youngsters. He teaches history, has read all my books, & makes much classroom use of "Halifax, Warden of the North". An Ontario man, now on a sabbatical leave, he is touring Nova Scotia, the home of his Best ancestor, & plans to spend this winter in an old house at Spencer's Island. A tall man with pepper-&-salt hair & beard — the beard exactly like that of Robertson Davies, like a bushy badger-pelt glued to his lower lip. From here he is going to Tancook Island for a look-see.

TUESDAY, OCT. 22/74 I sawed through the trunk of the old hydrangea & dragged it out of the way. Also shovelled out part my driveway. This afternoon had a long visit from a young actor named Jonathan Welsh, one of a small troupe touring the province putting on a musical play called "Godspell" lightly based on the Gospels according to Saint ~~Mark~~ MATTHEW, or so they say. They have the approval of many church people, & last night they played here in Zion Church, which with its changed interior arrangement, including a central dais and moveable chairs all around, is well adapted to a theatre-in-the round. The underlying theme of "Godspell" apparently is that Christianity is a cheerful thing, with ~~lots~~ hand-clapping & singing to the accompaniment of guitars, etc., well calculated to appeal to the young. The troupe is part of the Neptune Theatre set-up in Halifax, which is subsidized by the Canada Council. Welsh is a native of Ontario, has played across the country, & appeared in bit parts on CBC television. He had read some of my short stories & was eager to talk about the possibility of adapting some as TV plays.

WEDNESDAY, OCT. 23/74 After wintry temperatures since Saturday, the temp. got up to 55° under a cloudy sky, & our snow-banks began to shrink. I spent the afternoon with Erik Andersen, using gasoline saw and axe, to remove & cut up for firewood the tangled mass of fallen trees & branches on our properties. Also I shoveled away the snowbank heaped across my driveway by the street plough on Monday afternoon.

THURSDAY, OCT. 24, 1974 Sunny but temp. only 40°. Worked again with Erik, felling & cutting up two more of his leaning birches, the finish of the job. Temp. dropped to 22° this evening.

TUESDAY, OCT. 29/74 After nine days of sudden winter, today the sun was warm, temp. 60°. All of the snow is gone from open places, except the usual lumps left by ploughs & shovels at the street sides. This afternoon I played golf at White Point for the first time since Oct. 14.

WEDNESDAY, OCT. 30/74 Mild again. Golf this afternoon with Capt. Charlie Williams & Maurice Russell.

SATURDAY, NOV. 2/74 Worked part of the afternoon raking up fallen leaves and twigs, & dumping them behind the garden wall. All that stooping & lifting was painful to my creaky back, & I couldn't finish the job.

Nature note:- The severe snowstorm on Oct. 20, & the cold week that followed, had a noticeable effect on the southward migration of birds. Usually I see flocks of robins on my back lawn & at the bird bath during October & November. This fall I have noticed only two or three. I am told that the similar freak snowstorm last May 28 killed a vast number of swallows.

Local news:- I should have noted that Hallowe'en passed much more quietly than last year's orgy of window smashing by large gangs of young hoodlums. The Mounted Police had men in uniform & others in civilian clothes, mingling in the crowd & equipped with small radio "walky-talkies". A few windows were smashed here & there, including one big shop plate glass shattered by a rock from a speeding car full of youths from Mill Village. All of the vandals soon found themselves in the town jail, & the police intend to charge every case in court.

THURSDAY, NOV. 7/74 Dark skies & wet weather for the past four days. This afternoon, in a break in the rains, I worked 1½ hours raking up wet leaves & dumping. That was all my painful back would stand. The job is still unfinished.

FRIDAY, NOV. 8/74 Another wet sea-gale. Pamela phoned with shocking news — our friend Milton ("Mik") Green died today at Corner Brook Nfld. after a sudden massive coronary attack. He was ~~64~~ only 48. A native of Newfoundland, like his

wife Elinor, he was general manager of the (Bowaters) Mersey paper mill here for several years, very capable & well liked, before being promoted to command of the much bigger mill at Corner Brook.

SATURDAY, Nov. 9, 1974 Another dark windy day, but the rain stopped, & this afternoon I was able to complete my Fall chore of leaf-raking & dumping. Other leaves, especially on the garden shrubs, will be falling during the next week or two, but that should be light work.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 13/74 Dark & wet weather; it has been almost continuous so far this month. I am 71 today. E. presented me with a book, Tom with a bottle of rum, & young Tommy & Blair brought me birthday cards. The Canadian Legion sent up an iced birthday cake in their custom for old-timers.

THURSDAY, Nov. 14/74 The sun shone this morning for the first time in two weeks, & the temp. got up to 55°. The clouds were back again in the afternoon, when I drove to Summerville & walked the beach.

SATURDAY, Nov. 16/74 Thursday was a little oasis in a desert. The dark, wet & dreary weather settled back again next day, & this afternoon I completed my leaf-raking & shrub-pruning chores in a mixture of rain, snow, sleet, & momentary glints of pallid sunshine. Indoors I proceed slowly with my condensed memoirs, & do a lot of reading.

TUESDAY, Nov. 19/74 A sunny day — all day — the first this month, with temp. up to 55°. I drove to White Point & walked around the golf course, returned to town, went over my lawns with the electric mower for the last time this year, & stowed the machine in my cellar.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 20/74 An open-&-shut sky, but mild air. In the afternoon I took my putter & two clubs to White Point & played nine holes.

This week's "Advance" contains an advertisement by W. A. Kennedy Jones, announcing that he will open a practice of law in Liverpool shortly "at 57 Main Street". This is his own residence. A great come-down. After finishing his law course in 1946 or thereabouts he opened a practice & built it up successfully until he had two

partners, operating under the title of Jones, Milford & Freeman. Then he went into Conservative politics, won the provincial assembly seat for Queens County, & eventually had a seat in Premier Stanfield's long successful cabinet. The law firm became Milford & Freeman. After Stanfield moved on to federal politics two or three members of the provincial cabinet came under separate clouds & two resigned their posts & their seats. One was Ken Jones, who then tried to set up business in Halifax as a professional lobbyist for industrial firms. For years he had lived mostly in Halifax, coming home for occasional weekends, & there were nasty rumours about his private life. Now apparently he has come home to roost where he started 28 years ago.

MONDAY, Nov. 25, 1974 Last night had a phone call from Charles Armour, archivist of Dalhousie Library, saying he would drive to Liverpool this afternoon, returning the pen drawing of me by Karl Godwin in 1951, which I had lent the library for their display of my papers last spring. The weather forecast was for rain, as usual, so I said I'd be home all afternoon. The day turned out to be fine with temp. up to 60°, & after four straight days of confinement by rain & drizzle I longed for a walk. Armour did not turn up till 3.30, & we sat talking long. E. invited him to dine with us, & he left for Halifax at 9.30. He is a pleasant & interesting man & his particular hobby & pursuit is the history of shipbuilding in the Maritime provinces, about which he has just completed a book for publication by McGraw-Hill-Ryerson in Toronto.

THURSDAY, Nov. 28/74 Fine & cold, with a dusting of snow on the ground after yesterday's gale. I walked around the golf course, my first good outdoor exercise since Nov. 20. Saw deer tracks freshly made on Nº 6 & 7 fairways, & Jim Dumesh told me someone shot a buck by the pump-house, a few yards from Nº 7 fairway, a couple of weeks ago.

Noticed buttercups in bloom still. Lobster boats busy making the round of the traps.

Weather note:- Some scientists declare that our earth is entering a new ice age, based on the early onset & late

departure of winter in the northern hemisphere in the past 2 or 3 years. What nonsense!

SUNDAY, DEC. 1, 1974 A strong easterly gale with heavy rain began this evening & raged all night. I learned on TV that Dr. Alexander ("Wee Alec") Kerr had died in a Halifax hospital at the age of 76. He was a native of Louisburg who became a Presbyterian minister, served as president of Pine Hill College during the Second World War, & then became president of Dalhousie during the great period of expansion after the war. He retired some years ago & Henry Hicks took his place & went on busily with the expansion.

SUNDAY, DEC. 8/74 This is the third successive day that I have enjoyed a walk around the golf course — a miracle in this dark and wet Fall. Today was best, sunny with light southerly breeze, & temp. up to 55°.

Sherman Hines came tonight with a "dummy" of his book of photographs of Nova Scotia, again asking me to write a foreword & some extra pages of text to be placed at intervals through the book. He intends to publish it himself & already has advance orders in Halifax amounting to 1,000 copies, to sell at $19.95. He visited me first on April 7/74.

He had no idea (& I had none) of the fee he should pay me. I told him to send me copies of the photographs, & detail of where they were taken, etc., and I would work out a foreword & decide then if it was something I should do or not. I don't want to put my name on anything I can't do well.

FRIDAY, DEC. 13, 1974 Overcast & damp. A young man named Kenneth Langille called this afternoon, by appointment. He represents (according to his card) a firm called Lanhouse whose business is advertising and publishing, with a Halifax address. He talked confidently & expansively about the publishing side of the business, & showed me a "dummy" of a new Nova Scotia magazine, temporarily called "Sojourn", which his firm intends to launch this coming spring. It will contain articles & short stories, drawings & photographs, all having to do with Nova Scotia in the past & in the present day. Wants me to write stories or articles of a length

between 2,000 and 3,000 words, "and you can name your price — we'll pay it." All this sounded like a very substantial financial backing, despite the rapidly descending depression of all business which has been obvious in North America & Europe for the past twelve months. I said I'd think it over & write him after the turn of the year, & he drove away in a smart red sports car looking quite satisfied. I never heard of the "Lanhouse" firm, but of course I know little of Halifax business nowadays.

SATURDAY, DEC. 14, 1974 Wallace Clark & wife (he is manager of Bowaters Mersey paper mill) entertained 30 or 40 people including ourselves at a buffet luncheon today. Mostly retired folk, & all old friends & acquaintances.

In the afternoon G. Malyk of the Canadian Legion called, on behalf of the local branch, & presented me with a set of sterling silver cufflinks & tie clip, each bearing the Legion badge.

The Hunts Point Raddalls are much disturbed. Tom took the dog Sally for a walk in the woods at Broad River, & she ran off chasing a rabbit or some such thing & failed to return. Tom searched & called for a long time without result. Towards dark he took a dish of food & one of his sweaters, & placed them at the spot where she left him. By that time a snowstorm had begun.

SUNDAY, DEC. 15/74 Tom was on the hunt for Sally at daylight, & found her body in a roadside ditch beyond the Broad River. Apparently she had found her way to the motor road, & was killed by a motor vehicle. Being mostly white she must have been invisible in the snow.

FRIDAY, DEC. 20/74 Snowing. I feel wretched, having had no exercise since Dec. 8th. A month or two ago I began getting dizzy spells. One occured while I was driving my car past the post office, with foot & car traffic coming from three directions. Nothing happened but I was alarmed. For twenty years or so I have been taking 150 m.g. of Seconal each night on a prescription given me by Dr. Wickwire for insomnia. I drove myself hard in former days & could not sleep without the stuff. I looked up "Barbituric Acid" in the Britannica & found

the clue:- "The continued daily use of full therapeutic doses of barbituric acid compounds may be followed by symptoms of chronic poisoning such as headaches, vertigo" etc.

I reduced my daily intake to 50 m.g. for a week, and for the past week I have taken none at all, & find I can sleep well enough, now that I'm not driving myself on taut nerves 9 to 20 hours a day.

The poisoning will probably take some time to work out. I still feel a bit giddy at times, & slight nausea in the mornings, but have had no severe vertigo since I cut out the Seconal.

News:- The galloping inflation of prices continues. Food prices in Canada rose 16% in 1974, & a government spokesman predicts another 16% in 1975. The government has been advising labour unions & other organized groups & professions to curb their demands for higher pay. Now it is in hot water, having introduced a bill to double the pay & expense allowances of M.P.'s & senators. Under the new bill a M.P. would get $39,000 year. There is a great outcry all over the country.

SATURDAY, DEC. 21, 1974 About 2" of snow on the ground but asphalt roads are bare. I set up the Christmas tree in the sun porch & connected the coloured lights, & C. enjoyed herself putting on the ornaments.

MONDAY, DEC. 23/74 At last a sunny day with little wind & temp. 33°. Enjoyed an hour's tramp on the golf course. Noticed along the edge of woods a few squirrel tracks, & several tracks of voles ("meadow mice"). In two or three places the voles had been caught in the open by crows, which left the tell-tale print of foot-tracks & wing-tips in the snow.

I received from McClelland & Stewart a belated cheque for a little over $500, covering royalties on their paperback (New Canadian Library) editions of The Nymph & The Lamp, Roger Sudden, Pride's Fancy, At Pride's Turn, for the six months ending June 30/74. The "Pride's Fancy" edition came out last spring.

I should have received this cheque on Nov. 1 st, & wrote some weeks ago asking for the royalty statement to June 30. An apologetic letter from the M. & S. comptroller says "Inopportune

timing of staff resignations this fall upset things completely." Last Oct. 18 David Walmark, former M. & S. salesman, hinted to me that M. & S. were "in difficulties".

TUESDAY, DEC. 24, 1974 Wind & rain last night. Most of the snow gone. Towards noon I went down to the Canadian Legion building by the river & joined some old cronies & many utter strangers over a bowl of fish chowder. The Legion started this custom several years ago on Dec. 24. The meal is open to anybody, whether they ever served in the forces or not, & they can eat as much chowder as they like, so there are quite a lot of needy men from Liverpool & Milton.

At noon the Hunts Point Raddalls came to our house for our traditional meal of lobster chowder on Dec. 24. Tom said that some time during Monday night some bold thieves broke the glass completely out of the entrance door to his offices on Gorham's 5th Street & then forced their way into the rear of Henson's drug store & robbed the cash register. This was just across a brightly lit street from Town Hall & the police office!

WEDNESDAY, CHRISTMAS DAY E. & I got up about 9 a.m., had coffee & opened our gifts. We presented each other with warm dressing gowns; hers is crimson, mine is green. Bill & Frances Dennis sent us five $10 tickets to the Canadian Olympic (games) Lottery, the first prize of which is one million dollars. Francie also sent me a little plaster bust of an old fisherman in a sou'wester, which she had moulded & painted herself. Tom & Pamela gave us a basket of dainties — everything from smoked oysters to a French concoction of jugged hare.

Towards 1 p.m. we drove to Hunts Point & had a big turkey-&-plum pudding dinner with the junior Raddalls. Snow had been falling steadily. About 2:30, lolling comfortably & chatting, we heard on the radio a police broadcast warning that all the south shore roads were slippery & dangerous, & advising people to stay at home. I found my car coated in a thin layer of ice. Tom & I scraped it off the windshield & windows, & I took off with E. There was quite a lot of traffic on the road, all driving cautiously. We made it all right.

SUNDAY, DEC. 29, 1974 Temp. 40°. Most of the snow has melted in the open. Called on the Terence Freemans at Summerville. In the evening our neighbours Ralph & Hallabelle Johnson came in, & we had drinks & chatted till eleven.

MONDAY, DEC. 30/74 Sunny with a light NW breeze. I walked around the golf course.

TUESDAY, DEC. 31/74 Tom & Pamela had a number of New Year's Eve parties to attend, so they parked Debby with the Jack Dunlaps for the night, & the two boys with us. E. & I spent the evening quietly at home, watching the New Year shows on T.V.

WEDNESDAY, JAN. 1, 1975 Indoors all day, with big flakes of snow falling thickly outside the panes. Tom & Pam picked the kids up at noon, & E. & I spent most of the afternoon watching the annual Rose Bowl Parade in Pasadena, California. As always, it was marvellous to see all those flowered floats, bands, & marching troupes in airy costumes, with a snowfall going on outside.

SATURDAY, JAN. 4/75 So far our snowfalls have been no more than 2 to 4 inches, & shoveling has been easy, but eastern N.S. & northern N.B. have had several blizzards. Today the sun shone through the overcast fitfully, & at temp. 44° the snow shrank & water trickled. I walked around the golf course, where most of the ground was bare. My son Tom & Jack Dunlap spent the day duck-hunting near Fogler's Cove, & got just one bird. Owing to mild weather all the sea inlets are open, & the wild duck can feed anywhere. Tom noted among other hunters at Fogler's Cove a party of lobster fishermen from Cape Sable travelling in a mini-bus. After a successful December catch at high prices (Dewey Nickerson's son Orval got $10,000 in 3 weeks) they have installed themselves comfortably on the government Unemployment Fund & can well afford to travel 100 miles or so for a bit of fun.

News:- The U.S. now has between 6 and 7 million people out of work, & the tale of business depression there and all over the western world gets worse every day. Still the labour unions are threatening more strikes in 1975, with demands up to 50% more wages.

SUNDAY, JAN. 5/75 Walked around the golf course this a.m. to take advantage of bright sunshine, which soon gave way

to clouds. E & I made our customary Sunday call on the Hunts Point Raddalls in the afternoon. They see a deer almost every day near their house, eating fruit from a wild apple tree.

MONDAY, JAN. 6, 1975 A lovely day, bright sun, temp. 30° at noon, light sea air from S.E. Walked the golf course & saw 2 robins foraging in the grass on №7 & №8 fairways, but can't imagine what they were looking for at this time of year. They seemed vigorous & plump.

Had a phone call from Elizabeth Cox, CBC, asking permission to use "McIvor's Salvation" as a play on the national radio network. I agreed for a price of $600.

I mentioned that I did not like the CBC's television play made from this story in 1973 and re-run in 1974.

She made no comment.

WEDNESDAY, JAN. 8/75 A gale & rain yesterday took away most of the snow. John Leefe called this afternoon & gave me a letter he had received from Janet Carney of the Dept. of Education at Halifax. The Dept. has been trying to get paperback copies of "His Majesty's Yankees", "The Governor's Lady" and "Hangman's Beach", published in paperback (in 1969) by Popular Library, New York, and distributed in Nova Scotia by H. H. Marshall Ltd.

Marshall's say Popular Library was purchased recently by Avon Books & they do not know if Avon intends to reprint my three books.

The Dept. therefore ordered 2,000 copies of "Roger Sudden" from New Canadian Library last Fall. All they got was a small box of 20, & phone calls & letters to McClelland & Stewart in Toronto got no satisfaction.

So my publishing affairs seem to be in a complete mess, both in New York and Toronto. I have tried for the past year to get a release of the Popular Library titles through Doubleday, New York, who made the arrangements for paperback editions with Popular Library in 1969. Doubleday insisit that Popular Library still has them "in print". Now Jack McLelland's firm seems to have let the paperback "Roger Sudden" go out of print. (LATER:- The Dept. notified John Leefe that they had now received the full order of ROGER SUDDEN

THURSDAY, JAN. 9, 1975 Overcast with a few snow flurries. E. has a very bad cold, coughing & sneezing, the first since last winter. So far I have only the usual old-bones ailments of cold weather, a sharp increase in arthritic pains in my right hip, lower back, shoulder joints, left forearm, & varying stiffness in my hands.

Today I bought a new electric-heated blanket for my bed. The old one, with a single repair, had lasted since 1967.

Here on the South Shore the weather has let us off lightly, with little snow & much rain; but the Valley, northern Nova Scotia, & New Brunswick, have had two heavy snowfalls in six days — for example Amherst & Sydney got 20 inches, drifting in violent winds with electric & telephone service cut off for hours & all traffic stopped.

SATURDAY, JAN. 11/75 Overcast & damp. The ground in the open remains bare, with no frost in it. E. is in the throes of a bad case of 'flu, spending most of the time in bed. She refuses to let me call the doctor. I shopped for groceries today, enough to last the next few days.

In my annual summary of my financial position I find that the stock market value of my investments in stocks & bonds is $68,618.00. On Jan. 6, 1972 they were worth $91,525.00. The current depression is getting worse all the time, & all the experts predict that 1975 will be the worst year for business since the great depression of the 1930's.

SUNDAY, JAN. 12/75 A mid-winter miracle — bright sun, light S. air, temp. up to 60° in the sun. I walked around the golf course, had to take my coat off in the wooden shelter at No. 5 green. I sat for half an hour in shirt-sleeves enjoying the warmth of the sun. Flies & other small flying insects flitting about in the shelter. All this within ten feet of a decayed snowdrift in the bushes.

E. feels much better & got up, bathed, & dressed. She still has a congested chest & a cough.

MONDAY, JAN. 13/75 Heavy rain all day & night. Again we were lucky on the South Shore. The rest of N.S., N.B., & P.E.I. got it in the form of snow.

TUESDAY, JAN. 14/75 A dark day, temp. 35°, a few specks of snow. I walked around the golf course. The ground was sopping wet. E.'s cough continues but otherwise she is well.

WEDNESDAY, JAN. 15, 1975 A crisp day, temp. 25°. This evening I walked up Cobb's Ridge to Eric Manthorne's house, where the Historical Society was holding its (winter) monthly meeting. (As I cannot drive my car at night I can only attend meetings in short walking distance.) The Society is in good shape with 61 members, & about $600 in the bank. John Leefe read extracts from the logbook of the privateer "Charles Mary Wentworth" & passed around photostat copies of her muster roll.

THURSDAY, JAN. 16/75 A light snow fell early this morning, just enough to whiten the ground. By appointment a young man named Cy. True came from Hfx. to see me. Formerly employed by the CBC in making TV documentary films, he has set up his own small firm in Hfx. called "CRT Productions Ltd." Has an idea of making a six-part series on the history of Halifax, based on my book "Halifax, Warden of the North", & selling it to the CBC. I said the CBC had made a TV film on Hfx. in 1967 called "A City's Story" in which I did script & narration under the direction of Bill Harper. True had seen it & said that would not interfere with his series. I said I would consider the idea, & True said he would write me when his plans were "firmer". This afternoon I walked the golf course under a black sky. Snow began to fall again soon after I got home.

SATURDAY, JAN. 18/75 A bright day after the coldest night yet, 8° above zero. Jonathan Welsh, the young actor in the Neptune Theatre troupe at Hfx (see diary Sch 22) came for a chat this afternoon, accompanied by one of his colleagues, Paul Shaw. They are full of the idea of playing a series of sketches drawn from my "Halifax, Warden of the North", with a cash of not more than five actors, and making a tour of the Nova Scotia schools "to make history come alive". They hope to get a grant of $5,000 from the N.S. Dept. of Education or the Canada Council. I said I was too busy with my memoirs to undertake writing a series of playlets, but I gave them permission to use material from my book so long as it is for school purposes only. I added, "This verbal permission

in no way alienates my possession of the full dramatic rights in "Halifax, Warden of the North." They went away joyfully, although I fear in these hard times they cannot raise the money.

E. is still coughing almost continuously, but the sneezing & nose-blowing stage is past, & she gets about well indoors, & calling on the neighbours. The germ has got into my system now. I developed a dry chest pain & cough yesterday, & tonight I have a painfully sore & congested throat.

SUNDAY, JAN. 19, 1975 Heavy rain last night took away the last vestige of snow. Temp. 44° all day. I awoke feeling awful, with the same prostration that I have known before when 'flu was bringing on pneumonia. However I got up, shaved & dressed, & spent the day & evening reading or watching television. Towards evening my temperature went down a bit & I felt somewhat better, with less pain in my chest, as if my ailment had passed some sort of crisis.

WEDNESDAY, JAN. 22/75 After a couple of cold nights (2° above zero) & a couple of inches of snow, the weather turned mild (44°) & overcast today. The Anderssens have been very kind in doing errands, & Austin Parker left a book to read.

E. still coughs a lot but otherwise is well. My cough has almost gone. I still have the severe rheumatic pain in my left forearm & between my shoulder-blades. This morning I walked down to Main Street for a bit of shopping & the mail, my first venture outdoors since last Thursday.

THURSDAY, JAN. 23/75 Bright & cold. Had a visit this evening from Sam Grana and David (HASTY?) somebody, of the Canadian Film Board, who are looking into possibilities for a short film on the Liverpool privateers, or the history of Liverpool in general. I agreed to do some of the narration & voice-over stuff if the CFB decides to make it. No fee mentioned.

I received a Christmas card posted in England on Nov. 19/74 by surface mail. With no more passenger-and-mail liners on the North Atlantic routes I suppose it must have lain many weeks in a English port. This is far slower than in the days when sailing ships carried the mails.

SATURDAY, JAN. 25, 1975 Young Tommy Raddall stayed the night with us, spent most of the day at "The Bog" behind Fort Point, alternately scraping snow off the ice & then skating, & this evening with his junior school team played against a team from Lunenburg. (Liverpool won 7-6.) The vitality of these youngsters! I walked to the post office & back, & that was enough. Excruciating pain continues in my left forearm & shoulder-blade, so that I could not concentrate my mind for any writing. Snow fell slowly all day, & at evening changed to a gale with cold rain.

SUNDAY, JAN. 26/75 Hazy sunshine & very mild (nearly 50°). Most of the snow is gone again. Called on the Hunt's Point Raddalls this afternoon, & on the Erik Anderssens in the evening. I am still tortured with pain in my left arm & shoulderblade.

MONDAY, JAN. 27/75 Sunny with temp. 30° & a cold north wind. Sam Grana phoned, asking me to write a 2 or 3 page précis on a film about the N.S. privateers, which he can submit to the National Film Board — "the impact of your name would be tremendous!" I agreed to write the précis, but warned him that my name is not all that important to the N.F.B. Apparently I will get no pay for anything unless the N.F.B. decides to make the film.

Soon after this, young Kenneth Langille (see Sec. 13/74) arrived at my house. He had found an article called "Pioners & Privateers" which I wrote for the short-lived (one issue) Nova Scotia Magazine, published by the N.S. government's tourish bureau in 1971. They paid me $400 for it & they had now told Langille he could reprint it in his new magazine "Sojourn", if it was all right with me. I said "Sojourn" should pay me $200 for the reprint right & he agreed, although I think he had hoped to get it for nothing.

Today I tried swallowing "Anacin" tablets to ease the pains in my shoulder-blades & left forearm. No good.

TUESDAY, JAN. 28/75 Sunny, temp. 30°, sharp N. wind. Had a very bad & painful night, so went to Dr. Frank Bell. He tested blood pressure & found it OK. After testing my left arm & my neck in various positions he said the trouble was entirely rheumatic & probably due to unaccustomed muscular use (such as shoveling snow). I first noted rheumatic pains in my left forearm on Jan. 9. No remedy but what I

have done already — application of heat, massage with Liniment, Anacin or "222" pills. In short I must go on suffering until the pain decides to go away. Already it has been three weeks.

WEDNESDAY, JAN. 29, 1975

Awoke early this morning with my left arm in agony from wrist to shoulder-blade. I get a few hours' sleep each night with the aid of Seconal, which I have been taking in reduced quantity since the alarm of barbiturate poisoning last December. (see entry Dec. 20/74) That disappeared, & I have had no more dizzy spells.

Walked to the post office. Got a parcel of books I ordered from Marboro. Snow began falling in the afternoon, & I suspect that our hitherto "open" winter is about to turn into the old-fashioned snowbound kind.

This afternoon on TV I watched & heard myself narrating (in Admiralty House, Halifax) the story of "Ad House" in November 1959, sixteen years ago. The director was Cameron Graham & the original broadcast was on the national network in 1960.

THURSDAY, JAN. 30/75 Again I was wakened early by severe pains in left arm. Took another Seconal capsule but it did no good & finally I had to get up & make coffee & toast for some physical diversion from the awful pain.

Yesterday's snow changed to a gale of rain in the night at just above freezing temperature, so it did not melt but turned to a thick slush. Temp. then dropped to 22°, so this morning the streets & sidewalks are a mass of ice.

Phone call from Jeff Legallay (?) who says he is McClelland & Stewart's new man at Hfx. Wanted to know if I can come to Hfx. on Feb. 14, when Jack McClelland will be there to give an address to "plug" M. & S. paperbacks including my "Halifax, Warden of the North". I said I was sorry but I am physically unable to travel to Halifax in winter. Legallay said he would be touring his sales district in April or May, & would call on me here.

FRIDAY, JAN. 31/75 Bright & cold, 10° above zero. Warmed the car engine with my portable electric heater, & drove with E. to get the mail & a week's meat & groceries. This evening I baked my left-

forearm for 2 hours with electric heating pad, & got some relief.

SUNDAY, FEB. 2, 1975 Cold bright weather. Indoors all day. The excruciating pain in my left arm begins to ease a little but I am still unable to work. I look outdoors & long to be walking briskly in this good winter air & sunshine, but I don't dare.

MONDAY, FEB. 3/75 Same weather. Walked to the post office, & to the barbers' shop, this morning. Streets & sidewalks very icy & treacherous. My arm & shoulder-blade still give sharp pains at times but they are no longer continuous, & this afternoon I was able to work at the typewriter for a couple of hours.

For years I have insured myself against possible lawsuits in case I damaged somebody's car or person in driving my own car. Yesterday the insurance agency (Bain's) notified me that I must pass a physician's examination before any further insurance. They enclosed a form for the physician to sign. It includes tests for eyesight, hearing, heart, blood pressure, & general condition. I doubt if I can pass on eyesight, hearing, and (with my rheumatic left arm & right hip) general ~~condition~~ condition, but I can & do drive my car safely around town & out to White Point & Hunts Point by daylight. I never drive at night.

TUESDAY, FEB. 4/75 Temp. 4° above zero this morning. Another cold bright day. Mailed to Sam Frana (see Jan. 27) a four-page précis on Canadian privateers. John Leefe dropped in for a chat this afternoon. I agreed to read a paper before the Historical Society at their March meeting, & decided on "The Bernstorff Affair" which caused a lot of fuss & fury here in 1794.

WEDNESDAY, FEB. 5/75 Received C.B.C. cheque for $600. for the use of my short story "McIvor's Salvation" as a RADIO play. (see Jan. 6/75) Spent most of the day typing copy of Simeon Perkins' diary entries re the ship "Bernstorff" and her cargo, & looking up clues about the people involved. My left arm continues to give painful twinges from forearm to shoulder blade, but I can use it in typing etc. Weather:- Following last season's pattern almost exactly, our "open" winter ceased with a

blizzard which began this evening & continued all night.

THURSDAY, FEB. 6, 1975 The storm ceased about noon, having about 6 inches of snow on the level, with much deeper drifts. In the afternoon I phoned Corbett, who came with his efficient little jeep-plow & cleared off my driveway, pushing the snow onto my back lawn. He charged $3.00. I worked with a shovel for half an hour, clearing my front steps & walk, & the bank in front of my garage door, which Corbett could not plough. I used my right arm as much as possible, but as my left is painful anyhow I don't think this use of it will make much difference.

Worked on the "Bernstorff affair".

FRIDAY, FEB. 7/75 Overcast & cold. This morning I drove downtown with E. to shop for groceries & beer. The streets, where ploughed, are covered with hubbles of ice, with cars slipping & wheels spinning. I had no trouble but was thankful to get home. Finished the "Bernstorff" paper.

News:- The U.S. now has over 7½ million people unemployed, the greatest number since the great depression of the 1930's. Economists predict that the slump will continue until the middle of '76, when business should begin to improve.

SUNDAY, FEB. 9/75 Overcast & cold. Called on the junior Raddalls at Hunts Point this afternoon. This evening another snowstorm began, & continued all night.

MONDAY, FEB. 10/75 Sunny & cold (10° above zero) all day. I shoveled foot-paths to the street from the front & side doors. The town's street plough threw the usual wall across both, & I dug them out again. At 5:30 Clyde Corbett came with his jeep-plow & cleared the driveway. I made the final touches, shoveling away the banked snow right in front of my garage, & opening a footway to my fuel-oil intake pipe, etc. My left arm still painful, & my hands are stiff & clumsy with rheumatism, but they seem no worse for the shoveling.

Today I mailed Sherman Hines' photographs back to him (See APL. 7/74 See Dec. 8/74) & wrote a separate letter, saying I could not write text & foreword for his book of N.S. pictures. I simply could not find anything new or fresh to write about them (there is a flood of such books all over North America) and I will not put my name on

anything I can't do well. I am beset by people who want to use my name in various projects, & I want to finish my memoirs first of all.

TUESDAY, FEB. 11, 1975 ~~Another snowstorm last night dumped about 4", with a drift knee-deep at the west end of my driveway. I waited for the street plough to push its usual bank along my front, & then shoveled off my steps & front walk, & a foot-path to the side door. At 5 p.m. Corbett came with his jeep & ploughed my driveway clear. Tem. 15° above zero at noon, 4° above zero tonight. Snow began to fall in thick slow flakes at evening.~~

Snow in thick slow flakes at intervals all day. Meynot's tank-truck refilled my oil tanks. The price now is ~~32¢~~ 38.6 cents per gallon, compared with 35.5 cents last October, and 20 cents per gallon in February 1970.

WEDNESDAY, FEB. 12/75 Another inch or two on the ground this morning. I merely shoveled foot-paths, & walked to the post office. My sister Hilda Bayer phoned from Mahone tonight to ask how we were getting along. Cheerfully she said that she & her husband Ted were making wills to dispose of their property & effects, feeling that they may not live much longer, & are leaving their bodies to Dalhousie Medical School. Her husband Ted has severe attacks of emphysema, & he is going into a Halifax hospital for treatment & observation.

THURSDAY, FEB. 13/75 Temp. 10°, calm, thick snow flakes falling at intervals, patches of sunshine. I have got my shortened memoirs to my last visit to New York in 1960, when I "left with a feeling of escape". This evening Jack McClelland phoned from Halifax. (See Jan. 30) He is driving down here on Saturday & wants to talk about my memoirs and the book of lighthouse photographs.

SATURDAY, FEB. 15/75 Bright & cold. Jack arrived about 12:30 & we lunched in the Chinese restaurant. Afterwards at his suggestion we drove slowly about the town, Milton & Potanoc, so I could point out houses & places of historic interest, including the Milton house where I did my first writing, the site of "Scabby Lou's" encounter at the sawmill, etc.

Back at my house I showed him the first draft of my shortened memoirs so far as I had written them (1960) & said I hoped to finish them by May. He said he would

continue to plan for publication in the Fall. He also brought some of ~~Hitley's~~ WITNEY beautiful photographs of lighthouses on the Atlantic coast from Belle Isle, Nfld. to Florida. Jack had got a "ghost writer" to prepare a history of lighthouses all the way back to the Pharos of ancient Egypt, & he left a copy with me, obviously the work of a trained librarian or researcher. Again he urged me to write a foreword of 1500 or 2000 words, for which he would pay $1,000. I said he didn't need a foreword because the prepared text said everything. He grinned & said, "Well, we want your name." To I said All Right. In his leisurely way he left at 4:25 to catch a plane at Halifax airport for Montreal at 6:20. I knew he couldn't make it, even by driving like mad, but Jack's travels are notoriously erratic. He is on a speaking tour across Canada, plugging his firm's books & especially his New Canadian Library of paperback reprints of Canadian classics.

TUESDAY, FEB. 18, 1975 Yesterday was sunny & calm, so I drove to Summerville & walked the beach, for the first time this winter; my first good walk since I tramped around the golf course on Jan. 14. My left arm is back to normal, although it gives a painful twinge now & then.

Without the feeding tray in the garden this winter I have noticed very few birds. An occasional English sparrow, a chickadee, & once or twice a couple of evening grosbeaks. Today a flock of 40 or 50 grosbeaks flitted about the trees at the back of my garage, eating seeds from the ash tree, & nibbling at a few dried & shriveled berries still clinging to the hawthorns.

THURSDAY, FEB. 20/75 A slight thaw at temp. 40° yesterday & today made our icy sidewalks wet & dangerous. This afternoon (see Feb. 3) I was examined by Dr. Frank Bell for my motor-vehicle liability insurance. He tested my sight, hearing, chest, heart, & blood pressure, & to my great relief marked the certificate "Yes" under the query "Is applicant fit to drive?"

I have got my foreword for Dudley ~~Hitley's~~ WITNEY'S book of lighthouse photographs finished in first draft, after much pondering. It will need much ~~pondering~~ polishing.

FRIDAY, FEB. 21, 1975 Temp. 40° with sunshine & cloud & a few flurries of snow. A robin came & perched for a time on my back fence, & I had a good look at it with my binoculars. It must be one of the so-called Newfoundland robins, which sometimes winter here.

SATURDAY, FEB. 22/75 A marvellous day of clear sunshine, a light west breeze, & temp. up to 48°. I walked the beach at Summerville & sat in my old nook by the railway bridge enjoying the warmth of the sun. The snowbanks are shrinking but we shall get a lot more soon. This day was a typical Nova Scotia weather-breeder.

WEDNESDAY, FEB. 26/75 A day like March, alternate cloud & sunshine, temp. 45°, & a strong N.W. gale. John Douglas of CBC radio at Hfx., came this morning to confer with me about the one-hour dramatisation of my short story "Mc Ivor's Salvation". I set him straight about the wireless operator's life as I knew it, & described the various sounds which were his language, & so on.

THURSDAY, FEB. 27/75 Same weather. This morning I walked Summerville Beach in 40° with a strong W. gale. This afternoon Sam Grana came with Whitman Trecartin of the National Film Board. Trecartin brought a projector and the film entitled "Duty Free" which he made about 3 years ago on the Nova Scotia rum-runners in the period 1920-1933, including the interview with me on Oct. 2, 1972. The whole film a documentary well put together. John Leefe joined us & we discussed the proposed film on Liverpool privateers. It seemed best to concentrate on the story of one privateer (probably the "Rover") but their ideas are still nebulous on the treatment. I recommended an interview with Charles Armour at Dalhousie Library for suggestions about visual material available there & in the Provincial Archives.

FRIDAY, FEB. 28/75 Sunny, light SE breeze, temp. up to 48° in the sun. Had a pleasant walk at Summerville & sat half an hour enjoying the sun by the railway bridge. The carefully planned strike of certain key employees in the Toronto & Montreal post offices as usual has choked the movement of all continental mail (including mail to or from the United States) while the rest of the postal workers' union continue to be at

"work" and draw their salaries right across the country. The chosen strikers are compensated from union funds to which the whole lot contribute. The same system is being used by ground-service employees of Air Canada right across the country, & by key groups of railwaymen. In effect the helpless majority of Canadians are paying them while they choke our communications, & in this easy way they can continue to choke us as long as they like.

SUNDAY, MAR. 2, 1975 March came in like the proverbial lion, beginning with a deceptively light fall of snow in huge flakes last evening, amounting to 2 or 3 inches. This morning I shoveled this off my footpaths & most of my driveway. This evening a real blizzard began & continued all night.

MONDAY, MAR. 3/75 Dug out my footpaths but didn't attempt the driveway. Snow flurries & patches of sunshine all day.

TUESDAY, MAR. 4/75 Corbett came with his jeep & ploughed out my driveway.

THURSDAY, MAR. 6/75 Cold bright weather but very icy footing. E. & I called on Ralph & Hallabelle Johnson this evening. He is taking her to a Halifax hospital tomorrow for a check-up for Parkinson's Disease, & possibly an operation.

I wrote the chief librarian at Dalhousie to remind her that the second $5,000 payment on the purchase of my papers was due in January, but I have not received it.

Long letter from Jack McClelland to put in writing what we discussed here. He is having a contract prepared for my memoirs, & hopes to publish them next Fall if I can get the typescript into his hands soon enough. He mentions that some Halifax bookstores are taking copies of M. & S. paperback edition of "Halifax, Warden of the North" (which retails at $5.95), binding them in imitation leather covers, & selling them at $12.00. As I get royalty only on the paperback price they are in effect swindling me, but Canada's copyright laws are in such a mess that I can do nothing about it.

WEDNESDAY, MAR. 12/75 Nothing to record these days except that I work on the memoirs. This morning Cy True (see Jan. 16) came & stayed to lunch with us. He has

just returned from a consultation with CBC and NFB in Toronto. They are cautiously interested in his proposition, and if the thing goes through he will pay me $6,000 for the film rights and $1,000 each episode for my personal services as narrator on location & in "voice-over" shots. If Toronto comes to a firm decision he plans to do the filming in about 40 days beginning in mid-August, and my presence will be required for about 30 days. I agreed to all this. In my long experience with film people however I am skeptical about airy plans.

This afternoon I had a good walk on the beach at Summerville, the first since Feb. 28.

THURSDAY, MAR. 13/75 Some rain last night & fog all day, with temp. nearly 50° & the snowbanks withering.

Davina Belfing phoned from New York. She & Clive Parsons are there on business & just wanted to say Hello & ask if there had been any progress in the movie prospects of The Nymph & The Lamp. She said they had met Maurice Singer in California last year & liked him very much, although they could not see how he could raise the production funds in the present difficult financial times. I said Singer's option expires next September, & if he hasn't accomplished anything by that time I am inclined to tell him to drop it.

SATURDAY, MAR. 15/75 A snowstorm began in the night, then changed to freezing rain, which continued at intervals all day, changing back to snow about dusk. I didn't venture out. Started to make up my income tax statements. E. has an uncomfortable ailment, apparently intestinal influenza.

SUNDAY, MAR. 16/75 Sunny, with temp. up to 45°. I chopped & shoveled away the storm's deposit on my front walk & driveway, about 3 or 4 inches in alternate layers of ice & snow. Hard work.

MONDAY, MAR. 17/75 Another fine day, in which the snowbanks shrank. About 9:30 a.m. I saw 8 or 10 robins in the shrubbery behind my property. They were plump & perky, with clear colours of black, grey, & rufous breasts, markedly different from the scrawny & faded robins I have seen at

intervals all winter. In my records over many years the median date for the first spring robins is March 21.

I drove to Summerville, walked the beach, & sat nearly half an hour in the nook by the railway bridge, out of the wind & enjoying the sun.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 19, 1975 Still sunny & mild. Walked the beach again yesterday & today. This evening I addressed the historical society, meeting at the home of Mrs. Charles Holden. My subject was the strange & somewhat comical affair of the ship "Bernstoff" at Liverpool in 1794.

THURSDAY, MAR. 20/75 Our fine weather broke with a rainstorm today. The snowbanks are withering. E. is still unwell, & spent most of the day in bed.

About 1:30 p.m. Maurice Singer phoned from California. Said he is confident of securing production of The Nymp & the Lamp, having interested Hal Wallis, producer of the films "Anne of A Thousand Days" and "Mary, Queen of Scots". He (Singer) will fly up here next summer for a look-see at Sable Island. Asked about weather conditions in autumn, etc. Then, as I expected, he asked for an extension of the option for about nine months beyond the present expiry date in September. I said Yes, if you pay for it. He said he would send an extension agreement for me to sign.

A letter from the chief librarian at Dalhousie enclosed cheque for $5,000, the second payment on purchase of my papers for $25,000. She says that future payments will be made each January 2nd or shortly thereafter.

FRIDAY, MAR. 21/75 The first day of spring, drizzling rain at temp. 42°, after heavy rain in the night.

At the Royal Bank today I made a "Fixed Term Deposit" (88 days) of $8,000, using the Dalhousie cheque and $3,000 from my ordinary savings account. I now have $23,000 in these deposits. When I made the first, on Oct 1/74, the interest rate was 10½%. By Dec. 27/74 it had dropped to 9¾%. Today the rate is down to 6¼%.

SUNDAY, MAR. 23/75 Fog & drizzle, temp. up to 50°. Saw a little flock of pine grosbeaks, all apparently female, nibbling at seeds still clinging to the ash tree behind

my garage. These are very rare visitors. Two or three times in the winter just past I noticed a flock of evening grosbeaks foraging in the same tree.

Debby Raddall spent the night with us, & we took her home this afternoon — our first visit to Hunts Point in some time.

MONDAY, MARCH 24, 1975 Bright sun, but the wind too cold & boisterous for a walk — even going to the post office my eyes watered & blinded me, & tears ran down my nose.

Maurice Singer has been very prompt. I received today an air-mailed letter enclosing seven copies of an agreement, to be signed by myself & wife, extending his present option (which expires Sep. 26/75) to Sep. 26, 1976. This is to be in effect when he pays $2,000 for the extension.

TUESDAY, MAR. 25/75 Cold drizzling rain. My front & side lawns are almost entirely bare of snow, & the back lawn is about half bare. Air-mailed six copies of the agreement with Singer, & kept one for myself.

Phone call from Kay Cowie, of the Readers' Digest staff in Montreal. She said the Digest plans to run a series of articles, tentatively entitled "Great Canadian Adventures", & wants to do one on the privateer Rover. She had a copy of my book "The Rover" at hand, & asked what pictorial material was available, such as a portrait of Capt. Alexander Godfrey, or a painting of his ship. I said none existed. She said Hugh Dumford would be in touch with me soon.

WEDNESDAY, MAR. 26/75 Overcast, temp. 50°. Jeff Le Gallais phoned from Hfx, saying he had "a panic call" from McClelland & Stewart offices in Toronto, asking about my foreword for Dudley Witney's "Lighthouses". The book is to be printed & bound in New York. I had the foreword written & polished, & I spent the early part of this afternoon typing clean copy for the printers. Jeff will call for it tomorrow morning & send it right off to New York. With this chore done I drove to Summerville & walked the beach for the first time in a week. Met son Tom jogging there & had a chat.

THURSDAY, MARCH 27, 1975

Awoke this morning to find the ground white everywhere with a thin cover of snow, the temp. down to 20°, & bitter NW gale blowing. Jeff Le Gallais came for the "Lighthouse" foreword, and some mounted copies of Witney's photographs which Jack McClelland had left here, & returned at once to Halifax.

One of my Fixed Term Deposits in the Royal Bank, for $15,000, was due for renewal yesterday, but I told the bank to transfer it with accrued interest to my ordinary savings account. On my son Tom's advice I shall invest this in bonds of various companies yielding about 11%. This re-investment is being handled by Tom's own financial advisor, Mike Boudreau of the Burns Bros. & Denton Company branch in Halifax.

SATURDAY, MAR. 29/75 Today at last the NW gale ceased, & we had a sunny day, almost calm, with temp. 45°, which melted Thursday's snow & some of the old crusted stuff remaining from the winter. This afternoon I walked Summerville Beach & sat 40 minutes in my nook by the railway bridge, enjoying the sun. E. is still feeling unwell, although the symptoms of ~~flu~~ intestinal flu have gone. She complains of insomnia, although she takes the prescribed tranquillizing pills during the day & evening. At the beach I saw a red-tailed hawk flying over the dunes.

SUNDAY, MAR. 30/75 Wretched weather for Easter — rain & fog at 40°. The junior Raddalls invited us to dine on lobster chowder — the lobsters had been in their freezer since last November.

TUESDAY, APL. 1/75 Sunny & cold, with a strong NW gale, yesterday & today. This afternoon I walked around the golf course & found it bare & quite dry.

WEDNESDAY, APL. 2/75 Overcast & cold. Walked the golf course. News:- In Canada, strikes & more strikes. Second only to Communist-ridden Italy, Canada now has the worst reputation in the world for unruly labour. Foreign news:- The U.S. lost 50,000 men & billions of dollars in material during their long struggle to keep South Vietnam free from the communist North. The South regime was utterly corrupt, &

its large American-equipped forces did not compare in spirit or endurance with the spartan soldiers of the North. When the Americans withdrew, the result was bound to come. After long preparation the Northern forces have attacked, & the Southern armies are running away, with their officers in the lead.

THURSDAY, APL. 3, 1975 A tremendous blizzard has swept across the mid-western States, & tonight was dumping up to two feet of snow on Ontario, Quebec, New England & the Maritimes, with the single exception of our bit of western N.S., where the winds blew hard but the stuff came down as rain. Halifax was hit hard, with a lot of snow & winds over 60 M.P.H. blowing down trees & electric & telephone poles.

FRIDAY, APL. 4/75 A lull in the storm today, with temp. up to 50° Fahrenheit, & I drove with E. around Western Head to watch big waves smashing on the shore. Tonight the storm resumed, first with rain & then with snow.

Incidentally, since April 1st. all Canadian weather offices have been making temperature forecasts on the Celcius (centigrade) scale, which is unknown to most Canadians. We shall have to get used to it, along with the rest of the metric system which will soon be in effect.

TUESDAY, APL. 8/75 A sad day. E., my wife & companion for nearly 48 years, died in her sleep last night. For the past 3 or 4 years, owing to cars sometimes roaring up Park Street in the small hours & awakening her, she had been sleeping in what used to be Francie's little room at the back of the house. If she awakened in the night she would prop her head & shoulders on two pillows & lie reading a book or magazine until she could sleep again, & then would sleep until 9 or 9:30 a.m.

This morning I got up at my usual hour, about 7:30, & made coffee enough for us both, & a slice or two of toast. Then I read the morning paper, went upstairs, shaved, & dressed. It was then 9:30, & there no sound of stirring in E's room. I was not alarmed, but I opened her door gently & peeped in. She was lying against the propped pillows, apparently sleeping peacefully, with a magazine lying open beside her. I was about to re-close the door when I had a feeling of

of something wrong & I went to the bed & put my hand on her brow, & it was stone cold. Dr. Frank Bell came, & said she must have had a coronary attack, probably between 1 & 2 A.M. Apparently she had been reading, & then turned out the bedside light, when the attack occurred.

I phoned Tom Jr., & he & Pamela came at once, & took charge of the arrangements. In the afternoon Tom & I went for a walk on Summerville Beach. At ten p.m. I assured them I was all right, & told them to go home. I took a second capsule about 1 A.M. and slept.

Wednesday, APL. 9, 1975 Tom & Pamela came, & were busy all day. Kind friends & neighbours sent or brought casseroles of prepared food, pie, cake etc.

Tom took me to White Point in the morning, & we walked around the golf course. Our oldest friends, Austin & Vera Parker, are on a holiday in Tennessee with son Jim. Vera phoned, & said they could not reach here in time for the funeral, but would arrive Monday.

My sisters Hilda & Winifred came over from Mahone with their husbands & spent an hour or two, & several of our neighbours came in to express sympathy. This evening Tom attended the funeral parlour, where people came to leave cards.

THURSDAY, APL. 10/75 The weather has been bleak for the past three days, quite calm, but darkly overcast, with temp. about 40°, & it was so today for poor E's. funeral. At 2 p.m. we went to Zion Church, & found a large gathering of people. Tom & I had chosen a plain coffin of polished mahogany, & at Pamela's suggestion there were no flowers on it but a single dark red rose. Rev. William Titus conducted the service, which was not long. There were two of the old Congregational hymns. Tom & I, & a number of the men attended the brief burial ceremony in the United Church cemetery on College Hill, & afterwards a number of friends & relatives came to the house, where Pamela & other ladies had prepared food & etc. for afternoon tea. Old Mr. Sutherland, Bill Dennis's grandfather, had come all the way from

Colchester County in a car driven by one of his grand-daughters. My old friend Clement Crowell, who is 80, came from Yarmouth in a car driven by a somewhat younger friend, Jim Reside. In the evening Father Bishop dropped in. He is the priest in charge of St. Gregory's (R.C.) parish here, a pleasant & much travelled man, a member of our Historical Society here.

About 10 p.m. a man named Gus Walsh phoned, a son of Mike Walsh, who was O.I.C. of Sable Island radio station when I was there 53 years ago. Gus's mother, who lives in North Sydney, had asked him to convey her sympathy.

Indeed all of our friends & acquaintances have been most kind.

Bill & Francie Dennis, who came yesterday, are staying here with me, with their two teen-age girls. Their two sons are staying at Hunt's Point with the Raddalls.

FRIDAY, APL. 11, 1975 Bill, Francie, Pamela, & the two boys, worked all morning clearing out E.'s clothing of all sorts from her own & two other bedroom closets, & from a long clothes-line in the attic. She had never thrown anything away. There were ~~dresses~~ coats, jackets, dresses, shoes etc., some of them of the period of the 1930's. There were about a dozen purses & handbags, all in good condition, one still in its cellophane wrapping as it came from the shop.

Pamela & Francie decided that none of it would be of use to the Salvation Army because the so-called poor folk nowadays won't wear out-dated clothes. So Bill got a lot of empty cardboard packing cases from the clothing stores, & took everything out to the municipality's incinerator on the road to Western Head, ~~where~~ where it was burnt.

Early in the afternoon I walked around the golf course. Soon after I returned, Bill & Francie & their family set off for home at Moncton. It was good to have them with me at this time.

SATURDAY, APL. 12/75 The same weather, overcast, & temp. 40° to 50° Fahrenheit. Pamela came today, brisk & efficient, and cleared out all sorts of odds-&-ends of food which E. had put in the refrigerator's freezing compartment. Also she cleared out the kitchen cupboards' top shelves, where E. had put old coffee-pots, odd cups, plates, etc. Several large garbage

Mrs. Thomas H. Raddall, Sr.

LIVERPOOL — Mrs. Thomas H. Raddall Sr., 71, of Park Street, died Tuesday at her home.

Born at Milton, she was the former Edith Margaret Freeman, a daughter of the late Frederick and Frances (Bell) Freeman. She was a graduate of Acadia Ladies Seminary in 1923 and taught music until her marriage in 1927.

Surviving besides her husband, are a son, Thomas Jr., Hunts Point; a daughter, Frances (Mrs. William Dennis), Moncton; a brother, Terence, Summerville; seven grandchildren.

The body is at Chandler's Funeral Home. Funeral service will be held 2 p.m. Thursday in Zion United Church, Rev. William Titus officiating. Burial will be in Zion United Church Cemetery, College Street.

In lieu of flowers, donations may be to the Zion United Church building fund.

bags full, to go to the dump. I walked around the golf course. Supped on bacon & eggs, & toast. In the evening the sound apparatus in my TV set ceased to function, so I won't have that for several days. I have been busy writing "In Appreciation" cards & addressing them. About seventy people so far have sent sympathy cards & letters, & many have made memorial donations to Zion Church or to the Heart Fund.

SUNDAY, APL. 13/75 Same dull weather. Pamela invited me to dinner, so this afternoon I walked around the golf course, & went on to Hunts Point, where we had drinks & talk, & then a delicious meal of roast beef & vegetables, with table claret. I returned home before dusk, to avoid driving in the face of blinding headlights. My neighbour Erik Andersson came in, & we chatted & sipped rum till midnight.

MONDAY, APL. 14/75 A lovely warm day, 70° in the sun this afternoon when I raked up & dumped the winter's litter of blown leaves, twigs & branches on my back lawn. Sympathy cards & letters still coming in, & I am busy with acknowledgements.

My car & my TV set quit operating at the same time, but I got them repaired today. The car motor was not firing properly due to a worn-out rocker-arm (whatever that is) and the TV set had a malfunctioning transistor which created a noise like an outboard gasoline motor.

TUESDAY, APL. 15/75 Overcast & cold. Letter from the Canada Council, together with the typescript of a historical novel written by a woman in Ontario, who wants a grant of money. The Council asks my opinion. I have no time or thought for it just now. Pamela went with me to the grocery store & helped me shop for food, chiefly the frozen (so-called "TV dinners") which have beef or turkey or fried chicken meals with vegetables & gravy, & need no further preparation than heating in my electric oven.

WEDNESDAY, APL. 16/75 Overcast, windy & cold. Pruned my roses, loosened the earth about them, & worked in "Vigoro" fertilizer. Maynard Cobb, retired airman, called to condole with me this morning, & late in the afternoon Wm. Situs, minister of Zion Church, came in for a chat. He & his wife are enthusiastic outdoor people who have done canoe trips on the Restigouche

& in Nova Scotia the Clyde & Mersey rivers.

I engaged another safety-deposit box in the Bank of N.S as my old one is jammed full with publishing contracts & my investment securities. In the new one I placed the new bonds worth $15,000 which I purchased through Burns Brothers & Denton at the end of March, also the $6,000 of Canada Government bonds I have had for years, and a little bundle of E's investments, mainly 104 common shares of Maritime Telephone Co. I received & acknowledged more cards & letters of sympathy, including one from a wireless operator on an ice-breaker operating on the N.W. coast of Newfoundland.

Letter from Jack McClelland, enthusiastic about my foreword for Dudley Witney's book of lighthouse photographs, & asking about progress on my autobiography.

THURSDAY, APL. 17, 1975 A wild N.E. gale all night. As the wind diminished today, there was alternate snow, sleet, & rain. I wrote Jack McClelland saying publication of my memoirs must be postponed until 1976.

This afternoon Sam Grana and Whitman Trecartin of the National Film Board came to confer with John Feife, Hector Macleod & me at Macleod's house. They feel more certain about financing the privateer film now, & we decided to do it in a tavern setting, with captain & sundry sailors & the parson chatting over a recent cruise in the Caribbean.

Pamela brought me a pot of delicious clam chowder for my supper.

SATURDAY, APL. 19/75 A miracle of a day, sunny & calm, with temp. up to 70° Fahrenheit. I walked around the golf course in my shirt sleeves. At 4:30 Ted & Hilda Bayer arrived, with fresh halibut & other materials for dinner, & we had drinks & chat, & then Hilda cooked & served the dinner. They left for Oakland about 8 p.m.

SUNDAY, APL. 20/75 Sunny with a roaring NW gale. Walked around the golf course. Tom Jr. & daughter Debbie picked some mayflowers in the bud down by the White Point boathouse, where E. used to gather them at this time of year, & they drove to the cemetery & placed them on E.'s grave.

I dined with the Raddalls at Hunts Point.

TUESDAY, APL. 22, 1975 Sunny, windy & cold weather continues, with some frost at night. Two weeks since E.'s death. A few sympathy notes from distant places still coming in. I walk on the golf course every afternoon. Austin Parker has received E's will from Montreal Trust Co., Hfx. The house (which I transferred to her name years ago) is to have my occupancy as long as I live, & then will be sold for her estate. Today I got her few investment certificates out of my safety deposit box in the Bank of N.S., & turned them over to the bank manager to be delivered to Montreal Trust Co.

WEDNESDAY, APL. 23/75 Open-&-shut sky, temp. 60° This afternoon I spread 22 lbs. of "Lawn Green" fertilizer over my lawns, front & back. It now costs $9.95 for a 22 lb. sack, plus 50¢ for delivery.

FRIDAY, APL. 25/75 Showers yesterday washed in my lawn fertilizer. Today the sky was open-&-shut, the air warm & humid, & I walked around the golf-course bareheaded.

I began to draw the tavern setting for the NFB privateer piece, & drew up a cast of characters. Tom & his boys call every afternoon at five & we have a little chat. This evening I dined on a so-called "frozen TV dinner," which simply required 30 minutes in a hot oven. Fried chicken, mashed potato, green ~~beans~~ peas & diced carrot, all good.

SATURDAY, APL. 26/75 A dark day with cold rain. This morning I watered all of the potted plants, & I put the week's wash through the automatic washer & then the electric dryer. I don't know how to use the electric steam-iron, but practically nothing that I wear or use needs ironing. I even sewed some buttons on my underwear, as I used to do in my sea days & at Table Island.

SUNDAY, APL. 27/75 Cold & wet. Dined with the Raddalls at Hunt's Point. In the evening, old friends Dr. John & Dorothy Wickwire, just back from Florida, came in to offer condolences.

MONDAY, APL. 28/75 Alternate drizzle, snow, & patches of sunshine. Shopped for groceries this morning. This afternoon Watson Peck, a fine old woodsman of Beat River, dropped in for a chat, mostly about Jim Charles, the subject of my true short story

"The Lost Gold at Kejimkujik", which was included in my book "Footsteps on Old Floors".

At 2 p.m., wearing my Canadian Legion jacket, tie, and grey trousers, & sitting with the Legion group in Zion church, I attended the funeral service for my old friend Clarence Dickie, aged 75. Fifty-one years ago he & I paddled a canoe up the river from Milton to Big Falls, & tented there for a couple of days on a trout-fishing trip. He was a born woodsman, became an expert hunting guide & taxidermist, & for many years was chief of the Liverpool boy scouts.

TUESDAY, APL. 29, 1975 Snow flurries in the night. Temp. got up to 50° Fahr't. with sunshine, when I walked the golf course after lunch. Sam Grans & Whitman Trecartin came about 3:30 with a contract from National Film Board for me to sign. I agreed to write a "treatment" and then full script for a film tentatively called "The Privateers". The deadline (Aug. 30) and fee ($4,000) are subject to re-negotiation by a special clause. Sam & Whitman say I can count on $5,000 for the fee.

WEDNESDAY, APL. 30/75 Overcast, with a stiff NE breeze. Walked the golf course. In the late afternoon Pamela came in, & in her usual brisk efficiency vacuum-cleaned my rugs (I hadn't seen any dirt & I don't think there was much), watered the plants, dusted the furniture, & took measurements for new window-drapes in the sun porch.

I cleared off the cellar shelves a lot of old glass jars (peanut-butter jars, etc.) which E. had been saving "for preserves", & found behind them fifteen such jars filled with grape jelly, strawberry jam, etc. (none were labelled). They were sealed with hot wax, & are in good condition I presume. E. had not made any sorts of preserves for several years, & as these were hidden by her store of empties she had forgotten them.

News:- The forces of North Vietnam & their brothers the Viet Cong in South Vietnam occupied Saigon yesterday, & brought their long war for independence to an end in complete victory. Beginning during the Second World War they fought successively against

the occupation forces of Japanese, French, & Americans, as well as the army of the corrupt South Vietnam regime.

THURSDAY, MAY 1, 1975 Sunny, temp. up to 70° Fahrt. in the sun. Busy with laundry & other household chores this morning. Had a pleasant walk on the golf course in the afternoon, & sat half an hour in the sun. My sister Hilda & husband Jed Bayer arrived from Wahone about 4:30, bringing the components of a delicious dinner, which Hilda cooked & served at 6. Salmon, potato, deviled eggs, etc.

FRIDAY, MAY 2/75 Hazy, with a chill E. breeze. The golf course opened today. I took out three clubs & played nine holes with Fred Hearty. Received bill from Chandlers Funeral Service Ltd. for E's funeral & burial, including the coffin & everything else. The amount is $997.00, which I paid by a cheque on my bank savings account.

SATURDAY, MAY 3/75 Letter from one David Lunney, who says he is connected with the American Film Institute (whatever that is) in Beverly Hills, California. He is interested in "The Nymph & The Lamp", & knows about Maurice Singer's option. Wants me to inform him at once if there is any change in the status of the motion picture rights.

This afternoon I played 9 holes at White Point with Arthur Fey. My game is terrible, but the daily exercise of the past few days has improved my physical stamina & loosened my stiff muscles & joints.

For dinner at 5:30 I cooked steak, mushrooms & potatoes. In the evening I bathed, tossed my soiled socks, underwear, pyjamas, shirts, handkerchiefs etc. into the automatic washer, & then into the dryer, & finally put them away in my bedroom. Washed & dried my dishes, pots & cutlery, & stowed them away. In short I am getting into the household routine.

SUNDAY, MAY 4/75 A lovely sunny day. Played 9 holes at White Point, & dined with the Kaddalls at Hunts Point.

MONDAY, MAY 5, 1975 A cold wet sea-gale. Peter Chandler came this afternoon with a catalogue of gravestones put out by the Dauphinee firm in Shelburne. I said I didn't want anything ostentatious, just the usual size & type of stones now in the cemetery. I was astonished to find that the cost of these runs from $500 to well over $1,000. Most of the families who bury someone are in ordinary financial circumstances to say the best of it. How do they manage these high funeral & gravestone costs?

The Dauphinee firm is an old one, & for many years it used the grey granite which is abundant in Shelburne County. In my own researches in old graveyards I noticed long ago that the old colonial tombstones of polished slate remained impervious to weather & to lichen growth, whereas the sandstones of the 1800's wore badly, & the grey granite was much obscured by lichen growth, making the names, dates, & epitaphs difficult or impossible to read. Chandler told me that people nowadays prefer a black ~~stone~~ granite which takes a good polish & is very durable. It is imported from South Africa, yet the Dauphinee firm charges just as much for the common grey granite right at home. I chose a stone of the black granite, with a place for E.'s name & another for mine when the time comes. The cost of the stone, with the names cut, & installation in the cemetery, will be about $640.00. Chandler says the Dauphinee firm is very busy, & he cannot guarantee delivery much before mid-June.

TUESDAY, MAY 6/75 Windy & wet. The Montreal Trust Co. sent me a photostat copy of E.'s will & their reckoning of her estate. The major part of it is the house, which I deeded to her many years ago, & which is reckoned at its assessed value in Liverpool, $16,775.00. Under her will I am to have the use of it as long as I live. The rest of her estate consists of some debentures etc. valued at $3,272 and a savings deposit in the Royal Bank, $1,945.

The gross is $22,655, on which the Trust Company's 5% fee comes to $1,133. There will be a further fee for

a Liverpool lawyer to act as Proctor in the Probate Court & presumably a fee for the Court itself. E. left the whole to Tom and Frances equally.

THURSDAY, MAY 8, 1975 One month since E. died. I phoned her brother Terence & suggested that he come & get the old Freeman coffee service etc., which belong to him. When they cleared out the Freeman house ~~after~~ before its sale in 1959 Terence had a small bungalow nearby in Milton, with little storage room, so he lent these things to E., who kept most of it on the buffet in our dining room. It is all electro-plated ~~gilt~~ gilt ware, made in the States & dated 1871, which was the year of Snow Parker Freeman's marriage. He was grandfather of Edith & Terence.

In the event of my death the executors (Montreal Trust Company) will undoubtedly sell my house & contents, so to avoid difficulty I thought it best for Terence to take these things into his possession now.

The weather is still gloomy & cold, so I had no desire for golf. Had a little exercise puttering about the lawns & the cellar. John Leefe came in, & we spent a couple of hours on basic matters re the N.F.B. film. Terence & Betty Freeman came this evening & took away their things.

FRIDAY, MAY 9/75 Still dark skies, threatening rain, with a bleak sea breeze at SSE, in spite of which I played 9 holes at White Point this afternoon. Received a parcel of stationery, typewriter ribbons, etc. from the O'Neill firm in Halifax, with whom I have dealt for well over 40 years. The parcel included 2 "Record" volumes for my diary, which now cost $10 apiece.

~~SUNDAY~~ SATURDAY, MAY 10/75 At last a sunny & warm day. Golf this afternoon with Vey & Heartz. For dinner I had steak with mushrooms, corn & peas — I am getting to be quite a cook. This evening I had a visit from a young Halifax man named Allan Hallett, who asked me to give him a verbal resume of Liverpool history. He said his father is a film editor employed by the CBC at Hfx.

SUNDAY, MAY 11, 1975 Sunny & warm. Played 9 holes at White Point, & dined with Tom & Pam at Hunts Point. Pam's mother Marion White had come down from Hfx. for the weekend, so we had a pleasant little reunion. In the evening Bill & Francie phoned from Moncton for a chat, & to see how I was getting along.

MONDAY, MAY 12, 75 Sunny, but a strong & cold sea wind, ~~windy~~ especially at White Point, where I played 9 holes with George Kyle, lately back from Florida.

Letter from Davina Belling enquiring about the movie rights in "The Nymph & The Lamp." She & Clive Parsons remain deeply interested.

I took my car to the Rossignol garage & had the oil changed, a lubrication job, & a change from winter tires to summer ones. This will bring on a blizzard.

A note from Dr. Tapp, eye specialist at Halifax, gives me an appointment for 2:30 pm. June 13th.

TUESDAY, MAY 13/75 Sunny & warm. I changed to summer underwear — cotton combinations with brief legs & no sleeves — & played 16 holes at White Point, bareheaded & getting a sunburn. Eric Andersen came to my house with a dish of beef stew for my supper, & we had drinks & a chat. While I was away at golf, Pamela came in & dusted, & ran a mop about the floors. In the evening I worked on the background material for the NFB film.

THURSDAY, MAY 15/75 Rain yesterday, foggy & chilly today. I went to White Point & played 9 holes, & that was enough. Letter from Canadian folklorist Edith Fowke, asking where I got the knowledge of Nova Scotian sea songs & chanties which I used in "Blind MacNair".

FRIDAY, MAY 16/75 Cold & dank, occasional drizzle. Worked on the "treatment" for the NFB film.

Tom came to pick up the boys as usual at 5 p.m. & gave me a couple of trout from a brook north of Jordan Lake, where he & Jack Dunlop spent a couple of days. Pamela has found a charlady who ~~came~~ can spend Friday morning each week at my house, cleaning & dusting. She is a Mrs. Payzant, who does some work for a family farther down the street.

SUNDAY, MAY 18, 1975

Sunny & warm, with fresh W. wind. I got my electric mower out of storage in the cellar, oiled it, & mowed my lawns, front, side & back. It was bumpy going. My old lawn roller, faithful for 38 years, & used by everyone in the neighbourhood, finally rusted out last year.

All the shrubs are leafing out & the forsythia are in yellow bloom. A pair of robins forage every morning & evening on the back lawn, & a song sparrow sings behind the back wall.

Dined at Hunts Point with the junior Raddalls. Lobsters boiled in sea water — always delicious. The lobstermen have been getting slim catches, but as the price is something like $2.90 per pound they are doing well.

TUESDAY, MAY 19/75 A holiday. (Commonwealth Day, formerly Empire Day). Very hot weather, yesterday & today. I removed the wooden storm door from my side entrance, & the heavy wooden storm window from the kitchen. Washed & installed the fly screen over the kitchen window. Played golf this afternoon with George Kyle.

~~THURSDAY~~ WEANESDAY, MAY 21/75 Sunny, but at White Point there was the usual cold sea breeze. Talked with John Leefe yesterday & today about the N.F.B. film. Austin Parker informed me that Montreal Trust can probate Edith's will, provided that her heirs (Tom & Francie) give them letters of agreement. This will save a lawyer's bill of about $500.

Tonight the Historical Society wound up the season with the customary dinner in the Anglican parish hall. The Anglican ladies catered, & provided a delicious & plentiful meal at a price of $3.50 per plate. About 60 members present, including several new ones who have settled in south Queens recently. After dinner Harley Walker of Milton, using a projector & screen, showed old photographs of Milton & its people, including one of the Indian Louis Labrador, known as "Scabby Lou", who was the chief character in my short story "Tit for Tat". Another showed Betsy Seaman, wife of the ox-teamster "Len"

Seaman, smoking her corncob pipe. Several pictures of the Macleod Pulp Mills, where Austin Parker & I worked more than fifty years ago. Others showed the building of the Liverpool & Milton railway line in the 1890's. Walker's talk about the pictures was witty as well as informative, & the younger members enjoyed the show as much as we old-timers.

THURSDAY, MAY 22, 1975 Worked with Lefe this afternoon on the N.F.B. film.

SATURDAY, MAY 24/75 ~~Golf yesterday~~ Mowed my lawns again yesterday with the electric mower. Golf this afternoon with Vey, under an open-&-shut sky with a cold & boisterous NE wind. My score was 112 for 18 holes. With my one good eye watering in the wind there were times when I could hardly see the ball at all.

Last evening Tommy Raddall attended a school dance & stayed the night at my house. He is a handsome lad, tall, athletic & intelligent.

SUNDAY, MAY 25/75 Sunny & warm. This morning I took the hand-pushed mower, which makes a much neater cut than the electric machine, & went over my front lawn & trimmed the edges of the side lawns. After lunch I sprayed all the lawns with weed-killer (T4D) mixed with water, 3 or 4 gallons in all. Also I got the white plastic bird-bath & pedestal out of the garage, & set them up in the usual place in the middle of the back lawn. Soon there were customers — robins & song sparrows.

Dined this evening with the Raddalls at Hunts Point.

MONDAY, MAY 26/75 I played 9 holes at White Point in a cold wind off the sea. By evening, rain was falling. Spent most of the day working on the "treatment" for submission to N.F.B. News:- owing to prolonged strikes in the Montreal post office, through which all east-west mail must pass, almost nothing is coming through. To make sure of delay, certain members of the postal union in Halifax & elsewhere are staying off the job claiming to be "sick". In this way they don't lose a day's pay.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 28, 1975 I have got the film "treatment" on paper & will discuss it tomorrow with Leefe.

The weather cleared this afternoon, & it was very hot & humid at White Point, where I played 18 holes.

THURSDAY, MAY 29/75 Fine & hot. Mowed my lawns using both electric & hand machines. Leefe & I went over the film treatment carefully & decided it was what we wanted. I shall type clean copies & await a call from Grana.

FRIDAY, MAY 30/75 Worked on the film treatment. Played golf in a cold sea breeze.

SATURDAY, MAY 31/75 Rain. Finished typing clean copy of the film treatment. The mail brought a cheque for $750.00 from the NFB, the first payment on the film script according to their contract with me.

Eric & Lou Anderssen came in this afternoon and installed in my diningroom window a pull-cord apparatus to open & close the curtains — hitherto E. & I had done this by hand. They will instal a similar apparatus in the livingroom & sunporch later on.

A pair of yellow warblers are building a nest in a deutzia shrub in the north-westerly nook of the sun porch. Yellow warblers have nested there, off & on, for years.

SUNDAY, JUNE 1/75 Drizzle & fog. Dined with Raddalls at Hunts Point. "Lefty" Morrison, head of the Dep't. of Lands & Forests staff in Queens County, dropped in to show me an account of Prince Charles' visit to the Medway River last week. The Prince is an officer in H.M.S. Hermes, which has been in Halifax on a visit for some time. In the interim he has flown to Arctic, done some scuba diving under the ice of the Arctic Sea, & visited several remote Eskimo settlements. Among other sports at which he is proficient, he is a skilled angler, & the Dep't. of Lands & Forests invited him to spend a day or two fishing for salmon on the Medway River, staying at their camp about 2 miles below the village of Rangs' Falls.

For some mysterious reason (the Prince is moderate in drinking spirits & wine) the Dep't. told Morrison that no booze was to be supplied. When the Prince returned

to the camp after his first session fishing from a canoe & from the riverbank, he asked for a whisky-&-soda. Morrison had to tell him that he was under an order to supply no wines or spirits. Charles chuckled & asked "Now which fool would give an order like that?" However, he enjoyed himself, & so did his two or three friends from H.M.S. Hermes. The camp cook's piece-de-resistance was a huge sea-food chowder which included lobster, clams, oysters etc., all Nova Scotia products. On the Arctic, Charles had grown a beard, which was clipped in the classic Navy style. He was obviously proud of it. The men at the camp, & the Greenfield fishing guide, found him friendly & highly intelligent. As he & his companions left in cars for Halifax, he thanked "Lefty" & the others, & complimented them on the arrangements — "even though you do run a dry ship!" For security (& to avoid a regiment of police all over the place) the visit was made in tight secrecy, & the news of it was not revealed until he was back in Halifax. There he had to shave off that noble & becoming beard because he to had to make a flying visit to England to attend a solemn ceremony of the Order of the Bath.

Incidentally, although he was an expert angler with both wet-fly & dry-fly, he didn't catch a fish. The salmon run in the Medway has been poor this year.

MONDAY, JUNE 2, 1975 Hot (90° in the sun) but with a refreshing W. breeze. Spent most of the afternoon on the golf course. Dined with my old friends Austin & Vera Parker, the main dish being trout which Austin caught by trolling in Jordan Lake on the weekend.

When Pamela & my daughter were tidying up the house after E.'s death, they both condemned the mattress on my bed, which is eleven years old, saying it was both "sagging & lumpy" — the worst thing for anybody with a bad back, & Pamela picked out a new one in Eaton's catalogue, an expensive Simmons thing, much stiffer in design than the old one. It came today.

TUESDAY, JUNE 3/75 Another warm day. This morning, after a final check-over, I mailed a copy of the

film treatment for "Canadian Privateers" to Sam Grana at the NFB's Halifax office. Golf this afternoon.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 4, 1975 Overcast & cool. Sorry to see that the yellow warblers have abandoned their nearly built nest. Apparently the sight of Eric working in the window only two feet away frightened them off. Noted a pair of catbirds at my bird-bath. Last year I got the first sight of them on June 8. Spent two hours this afternoon mowing my lawns. The CBC's radio station (CBH) at Halifax began broadcasting on the FM (frequency modulation) band on June 1st. The programs are delightful, mostly music — none of the yowling "country music" which occupies the ordinary (A.M.) band so much of the time, & none of the persistent advertisers of everything from cars to women's sanitary napkins.

I wrote a note of appreciation to CBH.

THURSDAY, JUNE 5/75 Sunny, with fresh breeze. Golf this afternoon. News:- Today Egypt's prime minister Sadat, wearing an admiral's uniform, formally re-opened the Suez canal with much hoopla. It has been closed since the Arab-Israeli war in 1967, when the Egyptians blocked it with sunken ships. In the meantime sea traffic has learned to do without it, notably with giant oil tankers operating to and from the Persian Gulf, which are much too big for the canal. Nevertheless Sadat expects to take in a huge sum every year for canal tolls.

FRIDAY, JUNE 6/75 The wind hauled E. today, bleak & damp, & by evening it brought a wild gale with torrents of rain, culminating in a slam-bang thunderstorm soon after midnight which knocked out the electrical system for several hours. Douglas & Phyllis Tozer invited eight people, including me, to dine this evening at their summer home on Ponhook Lake, Greenfield. As I cannot drive my car at night, Capt. Charles & Florence Williams picked me up in their car, & with the others we enjoyed an excellent dinner (barbecued salmon the pièce de résistance) and light conversation. On the way home Capt. Charlie had to slow down to 15 or 20 miles an hour because his windshield wipers could not clear

the rain fast enough to give a safe view of the road.

News:- After a long public debate, up & down the country, the people of Great Britain in a referendum today voted roughly 2 to 1 in favour of remaining in the European economic community.

SATURDAY, JUNE 7, 1975. Overcast, with a chilly sea wind at White Point, where I played 18 holes with my grandson Tom. A great surf beating on the shore after last night's storm, & every brook was a torrent.

SUNDAY, JUNE 8/75 A cold rain all day. Clive Parsons phoned from New York, to say that Maurice Singer was there in conference with Davina Belling & himself. They have agreed to join their resources toward a good film production of The Nymph & The Lamp, & will engage at once a skilled writer to compile a complete screen play, without which no production can even be started. I have heard all this before ad nauseam, of course. Parsons assured me that the renewal option fee will be paid promptly on or before the old option expires in September this year.

Dined at Hunts Point with the junior Raddalls.

MONDAY, JUNE 9/75 The 48th anniversary of my marriage to Edith Freeman in Milton on a warm summer day.

In cold contrast, when I arose this morning the rain was still falling in a temperature of 42° Fahr't, & I'm told that snow mingled with rain at Halifax airport.

As usual on Mondays the Raddall boys came in to eat their lunches, which Pamela delivered here. She also brought me a chicken casserole & some fresh-baked rolls. While awaiting word from Sam Grana about the N.F.B. film, I am writing the last pages of my memoirs.

I was wrong on June 4 when I noted that the warblers had deserted their nest outside the sun porch. They soon got over their fright, & the hen (so deep in the nest that I can see nothing but the top of her head) appears to be hatching her eggs.

Received some new bedsheets & pillowcases from Eaton's, which I ordered on Pamela's recommendation.

TUESDAY, JUNE 10/75 At last a sunny & delightful day. Shopped for groceries this morning, & played 18 holes at

White Point in the afternoon. This year the United Church of Canada celebrates the 50th. anniversary of its union of Presbyterian, Methodist & Congregational bodies in 1925. This evening Zion Church here had an anniversary dinner in the church. I bought a ticket & enjoyed a tasty meal & pleasant talk with old friends.

FRIDAY, JUNE 13, 1975 An ominous date for my appointment with eye specialist George Tapp, in Halifax. Pamela had some errands there, & she picked me up in the station-wagon shortly after noon, & we got there in plenty of time for my appointment at 2:30. I had feared that Tapp would order an operation to remove the cataract from my left eye, which is now quite blind. The operation is simple, but the subsequent time confined to a hospital bed would drive me up the wall. He found a cataract now developing very slowly in my right eye. It does not interfere so far with the sight of that eye, which remains good. There was no trace of glaucoma. His verdict was, "Come back & see me a year from now".

I walked from the clinic on Spring Garden Road to Pam's home at 1662 Edward Street, not far away. Dined there with Pam & her mother Marion White, & chatted until 8 p.m. when we left for Liverpool. Home about 10.

SATURDAY, JUNE 14/75 Today was overcast, threatening rain, & I spent it on chores at home — laundry, repairing my typewriter chair, mowing & clipping the lawns, etc.

SUNDAY, JUNE 15/75 Overcast & cool. A provincial tournament at the golf course, so I stayed home, working at my memoirs. Dined with the Raddalls at Hunt's Point. Tom expects to get his new tennis court paved with asphalt next week. Then he will begin excavation for a swimming pool.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 18/75 Fine & warm. Played 9 holes at White Point early in the afternoon. Then home for an interview by William ~~Farmer~~ FRENCH, literary review editor of the Toronto Globe & Mail — Bill Deacon's old job. He said Bill was still living, in a nursing home in Ontario, at age 82.

My hawthorn tree has a heavy white blossom this year.

& the lilac & spirea shrubs are in full blossom. The combined scent drifts into my study in the afternoon & evening, & is very pleasant.

THURSDAY, JUNE 19, 1975 Golf this afternoon in a temperature of 90° in the sun. Phew! This evening I had a visitor named Jim Haggart, a tall handsome fellow wearing expensive cowboy boots with high heels & long pointed toes, brown corduroy trousers, tan shirt, a band of soft leather ornamented with beads about his throat, and a wide-brimmed round hat which also had a beaded band. This pseudo-"western" costume is de rigueur with singers of "country music". Haggart is a native of Picton County who came here some years ago as manager of a new department store called the Peoples' Store. His hobby was writing verse for "country songs," & he had a brother Don who had a fine voice for that kind of songs. They threw up their jobs, went to Toronto, & after some lean times got into the prosperous circuit of "balladeers", traveling all over Canada & the U.S.A. Some of their records have become lucrative "hits", with a steady return of royalties.

Not content with this, Jim has written what he calls a novel, & he showed me a dozen fat exercise books, of the sort used by students, covered with pencil scrawlings, & asked me to read it & "give an honest opinion of it." I said nobody could give an opinion of it, or even read it, until he'd got a clean typescript. I said I was tied up with finishing my autobiography, & with script work for the National Film Board. The fellow was so open & ingenuous about himself that I couldn't help liking him. He is now 37, has a wife & four children, & says that the turning point of his life came when he went to pray alone "on a mountain" somewhere near Kentville. He is a voluble talker with a good vocabulary, & he went on about his life & interests until midnight.

He said he would get his novel typed & would call on me again early in 1976, when I expected to finish my present work.

FRIDAY, JUNE 20/75 Fine & hot again at golf. Pamela came & installed the new window-drapes in the sun porch. Young Tommy attended a high school dance, & stayed the night at

WILLIAM FRENCH

Without help—without regrets

LIVERPOOL, N.S.

When Thomas Raddall gave up a good office job here in 1938 to become a fulltime novelist, he was regarded as more than a bit daft. His boss offered him a year's leave of absence, so he could return when he realized what a mistake he'd made, but Raddall refused.

"You can't swim with one hand on the side of the boat," he said. The stolid citizens of Liverpool regarded him warily; he was one of them, and joined enthusiastically in their hunting and fishing expeditions, but he was also a man apart. The fact that he preferred to make up stories on his typewriter rather than work at a real job was baffling.

Now, 37 years later, they understand, and Raddall has long since become a matter of local pride. Three of his 19 books have won Governor-General's Awards, and one of his novels, The Nymph and The Lamp, has sold an impressive 760,000 copies in several languages. His historical novels, best known of which is His Majesty's Yankees, have given us a new understanding of the forces that shaped our destiny, and his non-fiction histories, such as Halifax: Warden Of The North, disprove the theory that Canadian history is dull.

Raddall is one of those rare figures in Canadian literature, a man who made a tolerable living out of his writing career when all the odds and omens were against it. He's done it entirely on his own, without benefit of Canada Council handouts or university sinecures. Even his Governor-General's Awards brought him nothing but medals; the $2,500 cash that accompanies the award now is a fairly recent development.

Once a year

But there were other rewards. The woman in Florida, for instance, who wrote to tell him that once a year she re-reads The Nymph And The Lamp, which he wrote out of his experience as a wireless operator on Sable Island. Her involvement with the novel became so intense that she insisted on visiting the desolate sand dune 120 miles off the Nova Scotia coast. She chartered a plane in Halifax and stayed on the island for a few days with a scientist and his wife. The plane took her back to Halifax and she went happily home to Florida—by bus.

I dropped in on Raddall the other day in this small town 100 miles down the coast from Halifax. He was waiting, a tall, relaxed man of 71, with an open, honest face tanned from almost daily rounds of golf. ("I have a unique swing," he says. "I got it from watching the effortless way a lumberjack swings at a tree with his axe. But it works.") He apologized for not offering the hospitality of a meal, but explained that his wife died this spring, and now he lives alone. The adjustment will obviously take time.

The house is a modest middle class clapboard, in a quiet residential neighborhood. He shows

THOMAS RADDALL

me the room in which he works, its walls adorned with memorabilia and his collection of rifles. "This one," he points, "is the same kind that Ernest Hemingway used for his big game hunting. I didn't know that when I bought it."

He built the room himself, and made the walls extra thick to keep out the noise of two frolicking children, long since grown and gone. The window beside his desk has the same kind of opaque glass used in bathrooms, to let in light but prevent distraction from the world outside. On the desk are manuscript pages of his memoirs, to be published next year.

And, as he has been recently doing at his typewriter, he recalls details of his life—his mother covered with blood after the Halifax explosion in 1917, what was left of his school turned into a morgue, the death of his father at the front in 1918, the endless boredom of the year on Sable Island when he was 18. He recites a bit of doggerel that he composed while on duty one night to help the hours pass, the point of it being that hell will hold no terror for anyone who has lived on Sable.

Posting to Sable

Raddall has always considered himself a Bluenoser, even though he was born in England. He was 10 when his family moved to Halifax in 1913. He left school with a Grade 9 education, after his father was killed, and went to sea as a wireless operator. Then came the posting to Sable that was to have such a profound influence on his career.

Raddall soon realized he needed more education, and took an accounting course in Halifax. He took a job with a paper mill in Liverpool, and got to know the loggers and Indians who would later teem through his short stories. He also began to absorb that sense of history that is such a strong undercurrent in this part of Nova Scotia.

He took up writing to augment his income of $100 a month. He wrote a short story set on Sable Island and sold it to Maclean's magazine, which paid one cent a word. Then he wrote one about an Indian and his retribution on a mill owner, but Napier Moore, editor of Maclean's, said it was terrible and sent it back. About the same time, a neighbor was clearing out his attic and gave Raddall some old Blackwood's magazines. Raddall read them, and realized there were stories from every part of the Empire except Canada. So he sent off the story about the Indian, which the magazine bought. That began a long association with Blackwood's and led to contacts with other magazines. Raddall felt vindicated when an agent in London sold Canadian rights to the Indian story to Maclean's; Napier Moore claimed he didn't remember it.

Time to quit

By 1938, Raddall knew that the books he had in mind would require all his time, and he had gained enough confidence to quit his job. There were lean years for a while, he admits, but his family's needs were small. First came a collection of his short stories, The Pied Piper of Dipper Creek, which won a Governor-General's Award (appropriately, since Lord Tweedsmuir had written the introduction to the book).

Then, out of his interest in the effects of the American War of Independence on the Liverpoool area, came His Majesty's Yankees. The area had been settled by New Englanders who were kicked around by both sides during the war. The novel, incidentally, was almost called something else. Thomas Costain, the Doubleday editor, didn't like the title and asked Raddall to suggest another. He tried to think of something ridiculous, and came up with Red Flows The Fundy Tide. Costain decided to keep the original.

After two more historical novels—Roger Sudden and Pride's Fancy—Raddall wanted to do a contemporary novel, set on Sable Island. His Doubleday editors had him pegged as a historical novelist, and didn't want him to change. They wouldn't give him a contract for The Nymph And The Lamp, so he wrote it on his own, with no advance. After some hesitation, Little, Brown took it, probably underestimating the wide appeal that the exotic setting would have. It was published in 1950.

Raddall's historical novels are marked by a strong sense of place and by meticulous research. They are all based on actual incidents, and his insistence on this fidelity to history give them a value beyond their worth as fiction. His status as historian is recognized by the fact that his two other Governor-General's Awards were for nonfiction—his history of Halifax and The Path Of Destiny, the third volume in the history of Canada series edited by Thomas Costain.

Well, if Raddall had decided the other way about his career in 1938, he might have been a retired foreman by now, living on a pension from the paper mill. He has no regrets.

my house. During the evening I had a telephone call from my sister Hilda Bayer to explain why she & Ted have not been over to see me since May 1st. She has been suffering from a nervous breakdown, & confessed that she has been depressed for the past 18 months, for no particular reason, & had become an alcoholic addict. She consulted a physician (Dr. Keddy of Mahone, a classmate & friend of my daughter's husband, Bill Dennis) who prescribed tranquillizing pills while she cuts down on the alcohol. I talked to her as best I could. My sister Nellie came back from England with one of her grandsons a few weeks ago, & is here for the summer in her little house close by Hilda's home at Oakland. Our other sister Winifred is only a few miles away. Hilda said they would all come over & have a picnic supper with me some fine day next week.

SUNDAY, JUNE 22, 1975 Hot (94° Fahrh. in the sun) but with a fresh breeze on the golf course, where I played 18 holes. At 5 p.m. the Ralph Johnsons picked me up with their car & drove to Port Joli, where the Austin Parkers & John Wickwires were giving a buffet dinner jointly to celebrate the Wickwires' 46th wedding anniversary. About 25 people, mostly old friends. Good chat & delicious food.

TUESDAY, JUNE 24/75 Heat wave continues. This afternoon my thermometer reached 100° Fahrh. in the sun. The temp. in my study, with the venetian blinds drawn to shut out the sun, & my big electric fan going full blast, was 92°.

I play golf every afternoon, despite the heat. The temp. at White Point is a few degrees lower in the light sea breeze. Pamela phoned the golf club & invited me to dinner, for which I was thankful. Always busy with something, Tom is now making rectangular concrete slabs for a patio, inscribing the wet cement with the names of the family & of various islands & places around Port Mouton. On one of them he got me to make an impression of my right hand, my initials & the date '75.

My sister Nellie phoned from Oakland for a chat. She enjoyed her stay in England with her daughter Carol Paisley & family, & she now has with her for the

summer. Carol's oldest son, who is 16 & six feet tall. She is much concerned over Hilda's condition but hopes that Dr. Keddy's medication & rules may pull her out of it.

Six high-school students, male & female, came to see me. They have obtained one of the numerous federal government grants which provide employment on local projects. Each of them will get $200 per month during July & August. Their project is to examine ancient Indian camp sites on the west side of Port Joli & make a collection of artifacts. They wanted me to tell them where to look, & what to look for. I told them where Parker, Smith & I had found camp-sites at Port Joli nearly 40 years ago, & showed them samples of pottery-fragments, arrowheads & stone tools & objects.

All of these paid student projects that I have seen in the past several summers were an utter waste of money. Only one or two students in each group really try to do something. The rest just pass the time easily & draw the money.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 25, 1975 Whitman Trecartin phoned from Hfx. He & Sam Grana have been busy with other matters & will continue to be busy during the summer months. Regarding the privateer film, his people like my treatment. I asked about the time-length. Then Sam Grana came on the line & said he & Trecartin will come to Liverpool tomorrow morning for a conference. I notified John Leefe, who will attend.

Very hot again but there was pleasant cool air off the sea when I played golf. So far this season I have sprayed my lawns with weed-killer twice, using several gallons of water mixed with some chemical left over from last year. Wasted effort. Today I got a new tin of "Killex" & this evening sprayed the lawns again.

THURSDAY, JUNE 26/75 Sunny & cooler, a delightful day. Sam Grana & Whitman Trecartin arrived at 9:30 A.M. & conferred with me & Leefe until noon. Prior to this Leefe asked me how I proposed to divide the writing fees, of which I have now received $1,500. I said I wanted 60%. (I have done most of the work & contributed nearly all

of the knowledge. Also the film men have made clear that my name is vital in getting the show approved at the NFB headquarters in Montreal.) Leefe agreed, & asked me to pay him his portion of the $1,500 now, as he wanted to make a payment on his new car. I gave him my personal cheque for $600. I would have preferred to wait until we know exactly how much money we are to get, as the whole proposition may yet be vetoed by the CFB head office in Montreal. In that case I have only Grana's verbal assurance that we will be paid for the work we have done on the script up to that point.

SATURDAY, JUNE 28, 1975 Another delightful day. Golf in the afternoon. At 5 p.m. my sister Nellie & grandson Bill (16 years old & 6 feet tall), sister Hilda & husband Ted Bayer, & sister Winifred & husband Larry Merlin, arrived in two cars, bringing with them a hearty meal of fried chicken, tomato jelly, salad, & devilled eggs. We had a delicious meal & a lot of pleasant chat before they returned to Mahone.

SUNDAY, JUNE 29/75 Same fine weather. My son Tom and family are spending the long holiday weekend (including July 1, Canada Day) at the summer home of their friends, Hfx. lawyer John Baines & wife (née Sandra Jones of Liverpool) at Great Village on Cobequid Basin. I played golf. The course crowded with holiday strangers, all very slow. I fried steak for dinner, with mushrooms, etc.

MONDAY, JUNE 30/75 Same weather but much cooler. Golf in the afternoon. My ~~Diervilla~~ WEIGELIA shrubs bursting forth in scarlet blossom, & my few roses are beginning to bloom. Letter of condolence on C's death from George Foster, who had just read about it "while reading Bill French's fine article on you" (i.e. in the Globe & Mail.)

WEDNESDAY, JULY 2/75 Same weather. There has been no rain since June 9. Farmers & others complain of drought, and several forest fires are burning in N.S., N.B., & Nfld. Instead of golf this afternoon I mowed & trimmed my lawns. My neighbour Erik Anderssen is scraping & painting his motorboat, for something to do. It has been parked in his back yard for years, & he does this every year or two. After

my lawn labours. I invited him to have some cold ale with me in garden chairs on my lawn.

News:- Yesterday was celebrated across our country as Canada Day except as usual in the province of Quebec, where the French celebrated with fervor their highly nationalistic St. Jean Baptiste Day. Here in Queens County there was a formal opening of the newly-paved air field near Greenfield. Built entirely with government funds, mostly federal, it began with a small cleared strip in the woods several years ago, & now it has a 3,000-foot runway paved with asphalt, & one or two small buildings.

FRIDAY, JULY 4, 1975 Some showers last night, not enough to do any good. This morning Chandler's funeral establishment informed me that the tombstone is now in place on E's grave - nearly 3 months after her death. I drove up to the cemetery & checked the spelling & dates. The blank space left for the date of my death was black and ominous.

Golf this afternoon. At 5 p.m. I walked up the street to the Parker house where Austin & Vera were giving a cocktail party to many old friends in honour of their son Jim & wife Cathy, who have been staying at the Parkers' cottage at Port Joli, together with Jim's two sons by his first marriage, tall blond youths of 19 or 20 with handsome looks & very Southern accents.

Afterwards the Parkers invited me to join them in a family dinner party at White Point Lodge. Good food & good company. I was surprised to see few people in the dining room. Apparently the pinch of hard times in the United States has cut the number of summer visitors willing to pay the Lodge rates. The roads are crowded with American tourists driving or towing their camper-vans & buying a few groceries here & there.

SATURDAY, JULY 5/75 Fog amounting to a thin drizzle most of the day. After weeks of hot weather the house felt dank & chilly, & I turned on the furnace for a time.

The mail brought a letter from Farley Mowat at Grande Entree, Magdalen Islands, where he has been living for several years. He writes:- "A few years ago my wife & I were in Liverpool and we tried to find you but, alas,

you were off in the wilds somewhere. At that time we were looking for a roost in Nova Scotia, and had we met you, perhaps we would not have drifted so far afield as the Maggies. We are about to try again. We'd like to rent a small furnished place, close to or even in a Nova Scotian town, for the winter. The idea would be to mosey about looking for a piece of land on which we could build a permanent home. We expect to spend a few weeks driving about NS in September. If perchance you might know of a place we could rent, perhaps you'd be good enough to let me know." (Note, November 15/75. I answered Mowat promptly but he did not reply and did not turn up here, presumably he wrote the letter in an alcoholic phase.)

Mowat served in the Canadian army in War Two, & then spent a few years as a Can. gov't. zoologist around Hudson Bay, where he got the idea & material for his first & best book "People of the Deer". In this period he was married & divorced. He & his second wife have been wandering since. They spent several years in a small outport in Newfoundland, where the now famous author was much cosseted by Premier Joe Smallwood. Eventually Mowat quarreled with Joey & the people of the outport, & moved away. That was when Mowat sought a "roost" in N.S. & eventually went to the Magdalens.

SUNDAY, JULY 6, 1975 Fog cleared off by noon, & then the day was hot. Erik Andersen came in & installed the open-&-draw rods and cords for the living-room & sun porch drapes, a great improvement. In the afternoon Davie, Jim Parker's younger son, came in for a talk about writing. He has literary ambitions. I dined in the evening with the Raddalls at Hunts Point. Their tennis court & the upper part of their driveway have been paved with asphalt at last, & I found John & Pam busy painting white lines on the court.

MONDAY, JULY 7/75 Humid, with dense fog on the shore. Erik, a perfectionist, came in again this morning & worked till 1:30 on rods for the short side-curtains. All are now firmly installed.

TUESDAY, JULY 8/75 Same weather. Played 18 holes at White Point in steamy heat & came home drenched.

Received bill from Dauphinee Memorial Art Ltd, Shelburne, for the Raddall tombstone. The price was $625.00, plus

"Health Service tax 7%", adding $43.75. Taxing a tombstone for the provincial health service is a macabre touch, to put it mildly.

FRIDAY, JULY 11, 1975 Same weather, Golf every afternoon in dense fog, although the air is clear in town with temp. up to 80° Fahr. in the evening. Today, by arrangement, a bus-load of people from the N.S. Teachers' College at Truro were to call on me for an interview at 3 p.m, so I cut short my golf game to be on hand. They arrived at 4:30, thirty-one altogether, nearly all middle-aged women teachers who have been touring the Annapolis Valley & the South Shore on what is called "a Workshop on the geography, history & literature of Nova Scotia".

SUNDAY, JULY 13/75 Hot & clear. Dined with the Raddalls at Hunts Point. Pam's mother, Marian White had driven down from Hfx for the weekend.

Yesterday afternoon I noticed that my refrigerator was not working. Impossible to get a technician on a weekend.

MONDAY, JULY 14/75. Hot & clear. (103° Fahr. in the sun at 4 p.m.) Got a technician to replace a worn-out fan motor in the fridge — too late to save some steak & sausages. Fortunately I depend mostly on prepared foods kept in the "freezer", & they stayed frozen.

Golf this afternoon with my grandson Tom & his chum Brian Clarke. At home, stripped, & before beer & the evening meal, I weighed 168 lbs.

THURSDAY, JULY 17/75 Continuous hot weather. I play golf every afternoon, (work at my desk in the cool morning) & read or watch TV in the evenings. Erik Anderssen came in last evening, & sat with me chatting over drinks until bedtime. My weekly charlady, Mrs. Rayzant, is going on a motor-trip with her son & family, but will return next week. My faithful Bulova wrist-watch, which has served me at least 25 years, still functions well; it is "waterproof" but develops an indused moisture inside the glass whenever I wear it while lawn-mowing or other hot activities. This moisture has caused the enamel on the face of the watch to blister now. A local watch-maker tells me that re-enamelling would involve sending it

to the factory in the States, at a cost little less than that of a new watch. So I have got from the mail order firm of T. Eaton Ltd., a new SEIKO (Japanese) wrist-watch for about $75. It shows the date of the month (for which I don't care a damn) in addition to the time. All wrist-watches for men today have this utterly unnecessary gadget.

SATURDAY, JULY 19, 1975 Same weather. Played 18 holes in great heat at White Point. Slow going behind leisurely visitors, altogether 3½ hours. Met Dr. Fred Fenerchia, who comes from New Jersey every summer. Also Harvey Crowell, who joined me on the last two holes. He is now 86, & getting quite deaf in spite of a hearing-aid.

MONDAY, JULY 21/75 A dark day, temp. 70 Fahr., with a few showers of rain. Except a light drizzle on July 5 we have had hot dry weather since June 9th. Met Shirley Chaplin in town today & paused for a few words. Haven't seen her for years.

I spent the afternoon working on a new script for the proposed NFB film "Canadian Privateers".

TUESDAY, JULY 22/75 Fine weather again. John Leefe dropped in this morning, back from a holiday in Cape Breton, asking about work on the CFB film, on which he has done little or nothing so far. At our last meeting on June 26, when the NFB men came here for a conference, Leefe revealed himself as a pushy & greedy type, demanding that he be given a film credit as a writer on the script. He made this demand to Sam Grana, who promptly told him, "You'll have to wrangle that out with Jim". I told Leefe curtly that I had planned to mention his name jointly with my own. Then Leefe made his demand for an immediate payment of $600 out of the preliminary $1500 paid me by the NFB, which he had done nothing to earn. I gave it to him, but I was angry, & today I was short with him. He came with a note-pad & asked me for a list of specific things for him to work on. I told him if he wanted to earn 40% of the NFB fees henceforth he must work out his own ideas of the script & compare notes with me once a week.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 23/75 Another hot day, delightful at White Point, where I played golf with Arthur Vey. In the Hfx. paper

I note the death of two old friends. Fred Hill, aged 77, was a wireless officer in the Canadian navy during War One, & his wife Nola was a girl from Great Village. In the postwar slump they went to the States, & when I met him many years ago he was chief curator of the big marine museum at Newport News, Virginia. His wife inherited a fine old mansion at Great Village, & eventually they retired there. I called on them when I was researching the history of the Mary Celeste (née Amazon) at Spencer's Island.

James Reside, age 67, died in the Yarmouth hospital. I met him when he was an engineer in the employ of the Public Works Dept. of N.S., & together we planned & supervised the restoration of the Simeon Perkins house here in Liverpool. He was subject to periodical spells of alcoholism, when he became an absolute maniac. I last saw him in April, when he came to E's funeral, & told me he had quit drinking altogether.

SATURDAY, JULY 26, 1975 Occasional showers yesterday & last night, a few of them heavy, giving some relief to our parched earth. Erik Andersson sharpened the blades of my electric mower, & this afternoon I mowed the lawns for the first time since July 2. Only a scrawny growth of grass in the drought, & many dead brown patches.

SUNDAY, JULY 27/75 Sunny & clear. Golf in the afternoon. Capt. Charles & Florence Williams invited the two old widowers, Hector Dunlap & me, to dine with them this evening. Drinks & chat about old times, & a delicious meal of fresh salmon & blueberry pie.

The weather bureau has issued urgent storm warnings — a hurricane named "Blanche" had formed at sea off Florida & would hit the Maritime provinces tomorrow. The centre will pass right up the Bay of Fundy, & there will be winds up to 60 m.p.h. & heavy rain.

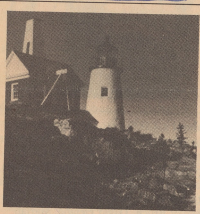
MONDAY, JULY 28/75 High SE wind & heavy rain early this morning & continuing till noon, when the barometer rose quickly & the wind hauled to NW & the sun came out. Obviously we just got the fringe of the storm. There was considerable damage in the Halifax area — trees blown down, electric & telephone wires broken, etc. I dined this evening with

from autumn catalogue, 1975
McClelland & Stewart

THE LIGHTHOUSE

Dudley Witney

Signposts of civilization throughout the ages, beacons of hope to seafarers everywhere, lighthouses exert a powerful hold on the imaginations of maritimers and inlanders alike. Although the lighthouse of old is gradually fading in the face of recent technology, the visual splendour of traditional and modern structures in all their varied texture and design can still be seen on North America's headlands, harbours and beaches, or jutting up from the coastal waters. Summoning images of shipwrecks and storms, adventures, homecomings, legends and lore, it is these buildings and the ocean aura of romance surrounding them that *The Lighthouse* captures in almost three hundred photographs, more than a third of them in colour. Thomas H. Raddall, the much honoured, world-renowned Canadian author, sets the



mood for the book in an introductory essay. Dudley Whitney, whose photographs helped make *The Barn* an international bestseller, has written the text that accompanies his pictures of the outstanding ancient and modern lighthouses along the Atlantic coast. Harbour-lights, beacons, massive constructions and little red computer-linked boxes. . . they display an infinite variety of materials and designs, a striking integration of structure and landscape from Newfoundland to Key West. An informative and enjoyable text outlining the history and architectural significance of the lighthouses, a pictorial history of lighthouses in general, early architectural plans, old photographs, and drawings add to the book's beauty and fascination.

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the Raddalls at Hunts Point. They'd had a spectacular surf while the storm blew from SE., but nothing dangerous, & of course when the wind hauled NW it flattened the sea in an hour or two.

THURSDAY, JULY 29, 1975 Overcast, temp. 75° with a very humid air, an aftermath of the storm, ~~which~~ brought it up from the West Indies. I spent much of the afternoon raking up fallen leaves, branches & twigs from my lawns — another aftermath. In this humidity I was soaked with sweat as if I'd jumped in a warm lake. Letter from Mitchell Brower, partner of Robert Lovenheim in Burbank, California, enquiring about The Nymph & The Lamp — "Bob & I still feel passionately about the book in terms of an important television drama". I replied that Singer holds an option until Sep. 26, 1976.

Letter from Bernard Knockwood on the letter-paper of the Nova Scotia Human Rights Commission, Halifax. He & several other young Micmacs are compiling a small book about the Micmac people, & want to quote several anecdotes from my papers in the Dalhousie Library. I wrote my permission.

This evening Lovat Dickson phoned from White Point Lodge, where he & his wife are staying a week, just to say Hello & ask what I'm doing in the way of writing. I said I had quitted writing books several years ago & was busy with my memoirs. He said he was unable to quit because his pension from MacMillan (of London, England) was paid in British currency, & since he retired to Toronto the pound sterling has depreciated 40% in dollar value. He has another new book coming out this Fall. He carefully made no reference to his second biography of "Grey Owl" (entitled "Wilderness Man") in which he quoted my truthful account of that impostor in several places but ignored the facts about his part in War One — a malingerer who got himself out of the war with an obviously self-inflicted wound.

THURSDAY, JULY 31/75 Continued fine weather. This afternoon I played 18 holes at White Point in a temp. of 95°. Dined this evening at White Point Lodge at the invitation of Dr. & Mrs. Semerchia. Mr. & Mrs. John Langdon & Mrs. Frank Covert were also in the party. They drank a toast to my biography.

SATURDAY, AUG. 2, 1975 Still fine weather. My daughter Frances & husband Bill Dennis & their teenage two daughters arrived here today with their car towing their "camper-trailer". The two boys remain in Moncton, where they have summer jobs.

They brought with them a small salmon which Bill had caught, plus new potatoes & green peas from their own garden, & served me (& themselves) a delicious dinner. In the evening they went on to Tom's place at Hunts Point, where Tom & Pam have arranged a get-together of their old friends here.

SUNDAY, AUG. 3/75 A busy day. A long visit this morning from eight young men & women, students at Acadia University, who have formed an amateur theatrical troupe, calling it "The Mud Creek Players" after the old colonial name for Wolfville. They asked & got my permission to do a series of colonial vignettes from my short stories of Colonel Carradee & his family in "Oldport".

Lunched at White Point Lodge with John & Stella Langdon. Left there about 3:30 & went on to Hunts Point, where I found the Raddalls & Dennis's lazing after a late party last night, to which they had invited a dozen or more old Liverpool friends who are still living or now holidaying here. Dined with them at 7, & drove home just before dusk at 8:30. Bill & Francie left their two girls at Hunts Point, & joined me at home about 10 p.m. We had drinks & sat up late talking. They slept in the big bedroom, which has not been used since E. began sleeping in the small back bedroom several years ago.

MONDAY, AUG. 4/75 A little rain in the night, & heavy fog on the shore with temp. between 60° & 65° Fahrh, so I wasn't tempted to play golf. Got up at 8, after a somewhat restless night, & made coffee & toast. Bill joined me at breakfast, but Francie slept till 10 a.m.

My Andersen neighbours' daughter Karen, came in to say Hello & Goodbye. She has been home for ten days. In her early thirties, divorced for years from a worthless husband, she is a pretty & intelligent blonde who looks ten years younger, & apparently has no intention of marrying again. After many years as a school teacher in Ottawa she

prefers life there to anywhere else & has lost all contact with school friends here. Bill & Francie spent the afternoon at Hunts Point, dined with me, & left with their girls in the evening for Makone Bay, where they will spend a couple of days with Dr. Keddy.

TUESDAY, AUG. 5, 1975 Tried golf this afternoon but found the course choked with players, mostly strangers moving at a lethargic pace. After 6 holes I gave up.

This evening Wallace Clarke (manager of Bowaters Mersey paper mill) & wife Elinor gave a party for friends & neighbours at Mersey Lodge on the river. As I can't drive at night they arranged for neighbours Herbert Crosby & wife to take me in their car. Drinks & good food, & much pleasant chat with old friends.

WEDNESDAY, AUG. 6/75 Overcast & very hot. Spent the day working on my memoirs, which are now complete. Typing clean copy will give me something to do next Fall & winter.

THURSDAY, AUG. 7/75 A slow rain all day & night – badly needed but still not enough. Worked all day on the Rover film script. Leefe has brought a few pencilled ideas & now is off to Montreal for another holiday. In writing dialogue (or rather monologue) for the film's narrator his style is stilted & schoolmasterly, & consequently of no use for the film. Erik Andersen came in this evening & we chatted over drinks till bedtime.

SATURDAY, AUG. 9/75 My father died in battle 57 years ago. The sun came out today, after two days of rain & drizzle. I went to the golf course, & again found it jammed with visitors, many of them slow & awkward players. I gave up after 9 holes in 2½ hours, much of the time waiting on foot or on the benches. In recent years, due to the insistence of some ladies who wanted a place to entertain their guests at a light lunch or tea on hot afternoons, a lot of money has been spent on enlarging & furnishing the clubhouse. Consequently the club is heavily in debt, & the directors eagerly accept greens-fees from anybody at all, even people who obviously know nothing about the game.