

DEC 28, 1957

To  
MAY 19, 1959

# RECORD

Average furnace fuel consumption from installation of  
oil furnace in June 1950 to the end of  
December 1957 was 1,036 gals per 12 month period.

Feb. 6/56 to Feb 11/58 used 2300 gals = 1,150 gals. per year.

Jan. 9/57 to Jan. 8/59 (2 years) used 2363 gals = 1181 gals per year

Furnace

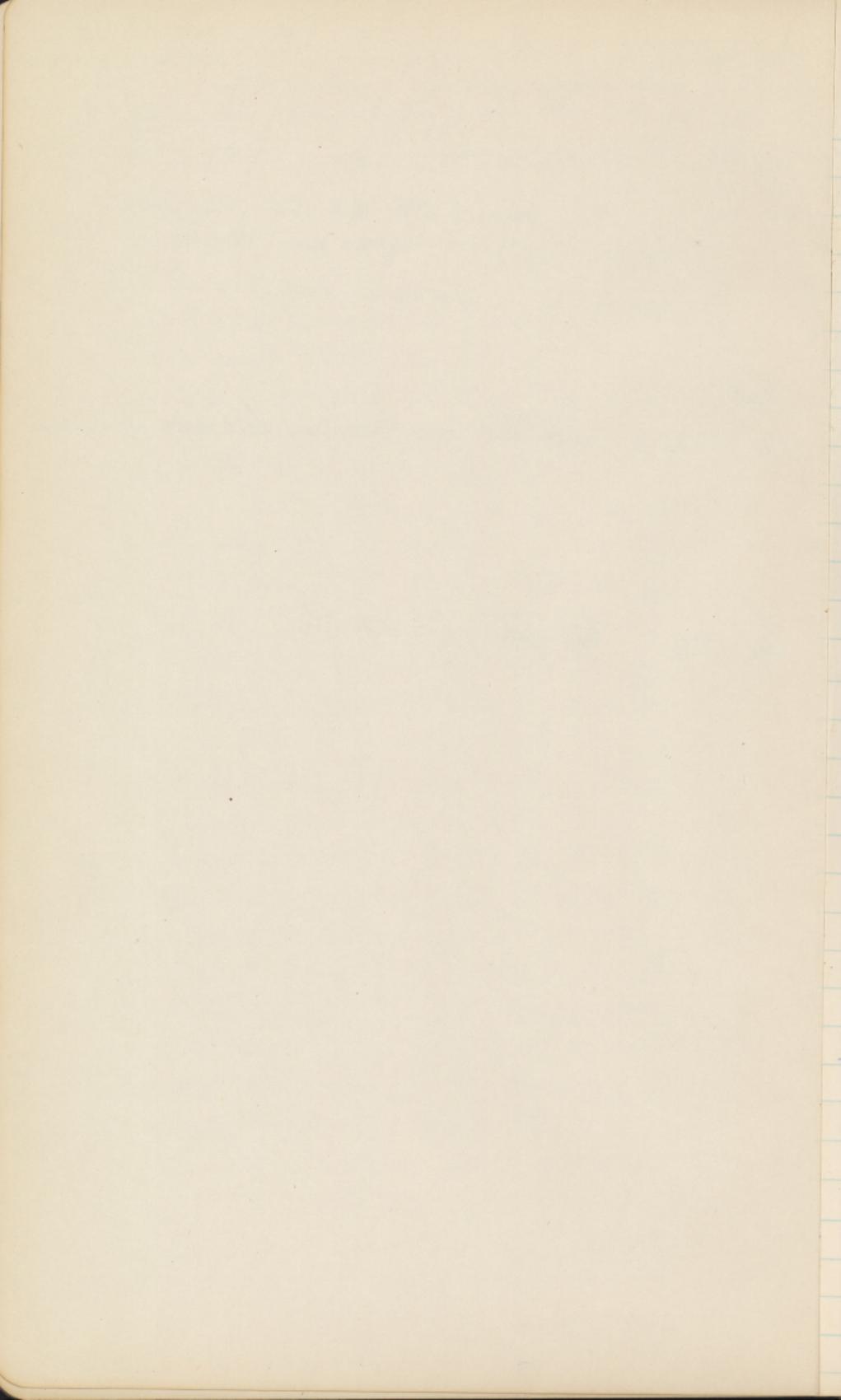
- Nov. 1956 Sherman McCaul replace timer & overhauled furnace.  
Nov. 1957 " " repaired fan belt-pulley & checked over furnace.  
Oct. 1957 I oiled furnace motors.  
March 1958 "  
Nov. 1958 McCaul replaced de filters, checked de timer & size of flame.

Gas

Och. 1958. Installed new (exhaust) tail pipe at Bain's.

Apr. 1959

New ignition points, at Bain's.



SATURDAY, DEC. 28, 1957 (continued) for punch and hors d'oeuvres, finally to Jack & Edith McCleans, where at last I was able (about 9:30 p.m.) to get a couple of big chicken sandwiches, a chunk of cake & several cups of coffee.

While the cars of Rawlings' guests (including mine) were parked opposite his house, a policeman came along & stuck tickets under every windshield wiper. Ordinarily one does not have to put money in the parking meters at night and it must be years since I parked my car on Main Street on a Saturday night. We all forgot that Saturday night is an exception to the rule.

SUNDAY, DEC. 29/57 C. went to Hfx today in Leanne Freeman's car to see Frances & the baby and Marie Freeman. Marie is still in the V.G. She refused to go to the Dartmouth mental hospital & made such a fuss that her doctor got permission for her to remain in the V.G. Tom Jr. & I went to morning service at Zion church. In the afternoon I played golf under a dull sky, in a temperature of 40°. At the end of nine holes rain began to slant down on a S.E. wind but I went on with the other half. Got home drenched but a hot bath & a change into dry clothes warded off any ill result.

MONDAY, DEC. 30/57 Golf again - magnificent weather, temp. 40°, sunny, calm. At 7 pm. C. & I attended the wedding reception, at the Mersey Hotel, for Gordon Macdonald & a daughter of Lawrence Stafford. He is a son of our old friends & Park Street neighbors George & Margaret Macdonald, & will graduate from Dalhousie with a law degree this spring. The Macdonalds are Protestant, the Staffords are Catholic; he has not "turned", so they were married at the R.C. rectory by Father Delaney, &

of course any children of the marriage will be brought up as Catholics. There has been a spate of these mixed marriages in Liverpool during the past six or seven years. There were very few Catholics here until 1929, when the Mersey Paper brought in many experienced paper mill hands from Quebec & northern Ontario; many were young men; & their children, ~~now~~<sup>Catholic</sup> now grown up, are producing the mixed marriages. I know of no case where a Catholic girl or boy has been married by a Protestant minister here. C. stayed until the end of the reception, but I was hungry, so I slipped out after the toast to the bride & got a hearty meal in a restaurant.

TUESDAY, DEC. 31/57 Another lovely day, calm & sunny, & several people were enjoying the golf course when I went out this afternoon. We & the Parkers dropped in to have a drink with the Seldons about 10:30 p.m., then went on to join a larger & merry party at Capt. Charles Williams' home, Fort Point. The Mersey Co. gave Charlie a shore job last summer, after the greater part of a lifetime at sea and 27 years in their service, & this is the first full Christmas season at home that he can remember. We returned home about 1 a.m. Tom Jr. & friends had held a party there before going on to a dance.

NEW YEAR'S DAY, 1958 A quiet one, en famille, with roast beef for dinner. Weather mild & raining.

THURSDAY, JAN. 2/58 A wet gale blowing. Room temp. about 45° Duck hunters along the shore report no birds; the continued mild weather has left all the lakes open & the ducks are feeding back in the bush.

FRIDAY, JAN. 3, 1958

Today I formed my only resolution for 1958 — to take my long debated trip to Europe, with C., in April & May. Wrote to Turners Withy, Hfx, to secure passage in one of their ships.

A cold ( $32^{\circ}$  at noon) but calm & sunny day, and I had my usual, 18 holes at White Point, wearing my heavy red turtle-neck sweater under the old nylon golf jacket, but with a light summer cap and bare hands. As always I wear the same thin (sleeveless & almost legless) nylon underwear that I use in summer; exception hunting trips I have not worn long or even woolen underwear for nearly thirty years. My 1954 "Monarch" car begins to show signs of wear at 30,000 miles. Today I drove to the garage at Sandy Cove to have the front wheels balanced & aligned. During this process the mechanic noticed that my oil pan was leaking & that there was an ominous irregularity in the movement of the steering wheel. I drove to my usual service station (Ilesley's) to have the oil drained & a new gasket installed in the vent plug. When Ilesley's hearty men went to close down the hood it stuck; the hinge mechanism had not been oiled in a long time, the hinges had "spized up" just at this moment, & their efforts bent the slender hinge brackets badly. So I drove on to Bain's (the Monarch dealers') garage & got Marvin, their boss mechanic, to restore the hood hinges. I mentioned the slight but apparently ominous "check" in the movement of the steering wheel. He drove the car a mile or so & came back shaking his head. A gear tooth or some such thing in the steering column has chipped or broken, a highly dangerous condition because the broken part

may "seize up" at some moment when I'm turning a bend in the road at high speed. I must have a new "part" & the nearest supply for this particular part (apparently the ailment is rare) is in Saint John, N.B. It will take at least a week to get the "part" from St. John. By the meantime he advised me not to drive the car more than 30 or 35 m.p.h.

Tom Miller sent me a recent copy of the "A.C. & R. News", a house organ printed for the combined All America, Commercial and Mackay Radio (cable & telegraph) companies. It contains an article on John Petch, who is now Marine Superintendent of the Commercial Cable Company, with headquarters at New York. I knew him 37 years ago & we were shipmates in the old cableship "Mackay-Bennett" for a year or so. I had been loaned to the ship as wireless operator (by the Marconi Company) until one of their own staff could qualify as a Second Class (watch-keeping) radio operator. Petch, a raw graduate of Dulwich College, London, England, with an engineering (mechanical & electrical) degree, had come to the ship as a junior cable electrician. I taught him the radio code & the rudiments of radio operation, so that he was able to pass the second-class exam. at the end of a year, and then I left the ship. He was born in Shanghai, the son of an Engineer-Commander in the Royal Navy, and he had such an oriental slant of eyes that shipboard rumor (probably wrong) said his mother was a Eurasian. The photograph in "A.C. & R. News" shows a plump, pasty-faced man with a distinctly oriental cast of features, in whom I recognize easily the youngster (my own age) who came to the "Mackay-Bennett" in 1920.

(Jan. 3/58 continued) Sir Edmund Hillary & four others today reached the South Pole overland by Scott's old route, but using modern tractors to pull their sledges. A British expedition under Dr. Vivian Fuchs is enroute to the Pole from the other side of the continent, with the ultimate object of crossing the continent. For this purpose Hillary had been sent to establish supply depots, but (he is the man who first climbed Mount Everest & got much kudos including a title) apparently he couldn't resist going beyond his terms of reference by making a "dash for the Pole" — all duly reported day by day via radio. At the Pole itself are seventeen Americans who were flown in last year with all the materials & supplies for a snug camp. Various other expeditions, including a Russian one, are in the Antarctic for scientific exploration — all this in connection with the Geophysical Year.

JAN. 4/58 Sunny, cold ( $18^{\circ}$  at noon) calm. Golf as usual this afternoon, & with bare hands, although I was glad to shove my hands in my jacket pockets as I strode between strokes along the fairway.

SUNDAY, JAN. 5/58 Again sunny & cold, with a bit of wind. Church this morning & took communion with Tom Jr. & C. Played 18 holes at White Point in the afternoon. No other golfers out. Kids were skating on the little pond in the elbow of N° 2 fairway. A few gulls & crows foraging for sea urchins at the edge of the sea; the water blue & sparkling.

TUESDAY, JAN. 7/58 No exercise today — the first day in a week that I haven't enjoyed a tour of the golf course. Tom Jr. returned to his Palaeo studies on Sunday night, driving up to Hfx with Hugh Byrne. I gave him a cheque for \$600 to cover his board & pocket money until May 31. Shortly after five this afternoon C. found

our pet budgerigar lying dead in the bottom of the cage. We had had it for <sup>eight</sup> years, although it was never a healthy bird, & when we first got it I named it Mopy Dick. Hence Francis's name ("Dickie") for it, though we usually called it "Budge". A few years ago the bird developed a cruel form of arthritis or some similar ailment, which left the claws badly twisted and deformed. It managed to cling to its perch with one or two good claws, & could get about the cage bars with agility by much use of its beak. For the past year it has been increasingly mopy, & last spring I bought chloroform, intending to end its unhappy life; but I hadn't the heart to do it.

A wild rumor went about the world today that the Russians had shot a rocket 165 miles into space with a man aboard, & that the man had parachuted safely back to earth. It all came from a bit of local entertainment on the Moscow radio, a science-fiction play in which such a stunt was carried out. In just this way Orson Welles scared hell out of thousands of Americans back in the jittery '1930's, with his famous broadcast about an invasion of "men from Mars".

WEDNESDAY, JAN. 8/58

I tried to dig a little grave for "Budge" in the garden, but there is deep frost in the ground & I had to give it up for cremation in my waste-paper incinerator behind the garage.

THURSDAY, JAN. 9/58

A violent SE gale most of yesterday & through the night with heavy rain. The rain ceased this morning & shortly after noon I managed to play a few holes at White Point, where there was a huge sea & a magnificent surf. Sleet & then rain, driving on a NW wind, forced me to quit. Today I made a new

attempt to get going on the novel, after many fits & starts that got nowhere.

FRIDAY, JAN. 10/58 Snow in the night, a thin coat turning to slush in the streets. Received a long letter from John Rich's attorney in Beverly Hills, a lawyer named Gilbert D. Seton. Rich proposes to produce a motion picture of "The Nymph & The Lamp" through a special corporation in which he would own stock. My agreement with him calls for a fifty-fifty split of any dividend he may receive. Seton points out that this, a private arrangement between Rich & me, would not permit the corporation to deduct my money from its taxable income. As the U.S. federal tax is 52% on corporate net income over \$25,000, this would sharply reduce Rich's dividend and therefore mine. Seton proposes that I change my claim to an obligation of the corporation itself, the amount to be 37% of Rich's dividends before taxes. This, he figures, would give me a larger profit in the final analysis, and at the same time it would benefit Rich also. He suggests that I consult my attorney about this and asks for a prompt reply.

Sent Dalhousie U. a cheque for \$210 covering some fees this half-term.

SUNDAY, JAN. 12/58 Cold, with just enough snow to whiten the ground. E went to Hfx today with brother Jerry for their fortnightly visit to Marie at the V.G. hospital. They found her quite bright & cheerful - hopes to be back at work with Mersey Paper Co. in three months. Frances & her baby are well.

TUESDAY, JAN. 14/58 Refreshing walk to Milton this afternoon, & a chat with Jerry Nickerson. A night or two ago Mowbray & Phyl Jones dropped in at our house; and

M. showed me a draft of a speech he is to make next Thursday at a dinner for veteran Mersey employees. Various guests will be there, including news men from Halifax. B. J. Waters will use the occasion to announce his retirement from the president's job in July; and Jones will speak on his own forthcoming responsibilities, announce the retirement of Rolfe Leabone (also effective in July) and the promotion of Austin Parker to Vice-President. He will also put in a good word for the new owners, the Bowater group, and their autocratic head man, Sir Eric.

The draft was stiff, rambling & full of clichés, & he asked me as a favor to re-write the whole thing for him. I spent all this morning & evening working on it.

Forgot to mention on MONDAY JAN. 13 the first 1958 meeting of the Queens County Historical Society, held in Town Hall at 8 p.m. Officers were elected for the year, as selected by my nomination committee. John Bradford, chairman of the program committee unfortunately is ill, so at R. Day's request I gave gave the meeting a talk on John & Frances Wentworth. About 25 men & women present.

THURSDAY, JAN. 16/58 Easterly winds & pouring rain yesterday & today. The garden a lake. Cellar flooded - the drain plugged with dirt. Had to lift the grating & dig out black muck with my hands. Still working, over & over, the first chapter of my Wentworth novel; think I have found the right note now, but God knows. This afternoon called on John Bradford, and Dr. C. B. Lumsden of Acadia U., at the local hospital; both recovering from heart attacks. Lumsden hopes to leave for Wolfville at the end of this month. He lost an arm (the left)

in War One

while serving, as a private in the 25th (N.S.) Battalion  
on the Somme. Told me the whole story, & his impressions  
of British generalship in War One; after study and  
reflection for forty years he calls it wretched, and  
so do I. Letter from John Rich. He is  
sending me a copy of the movie script of The Nymph  
& The Lamp, talks confidently of forming a company  
to produce the picture this year. It is now almost  
exactly two years since he first approached me  
for the movie rights.

A Liberal convention at Ottawa came to its  
climax tonight after a lot of ballyhoo, selecting Lester  
B. Pearson as the national leader in place of  
retiring Louis St. Laurent. His only real opponent  
was Paul Martin, former Minister of Health, an  
Ontarian of French Catholic ancestry. Martin got  
the French Canadian votes but Pearson's votes ran  
about three to his one, apparently on the theory  
that as St. Laurent was a French Catholic it was  
good business to have an English-speaking Protestant  
as the next leader.

FRIDAY, JAN. 17/58 Still raining. This afternoon  
Dr. Jim Wickwire gave C. and me a smallpox  
vaccination, ready for our trip in April. We were  
both vaccinated as children but <sup>Canadian</sup> immigration reg-  
ulations demand a vaccination certificate dated  
within three years of "entry". The heavy rains  
of the past 48 hours have raised rivers to flood  
height all along the Atlantic face of N.S., made  
worse in some towns on tidal estuaries by high tides  
& a sea raised by the easterly gales. Much flood  
damage, <sup>about R.R.</sup> at Bridgewater, & Mahone, etc. Roads (& in  
places) railway tracks washed out. The Bridgewater-

Middleton road is closed. No train service on the South Shore today & the railway people say they cannot restore it until next week. ~~Had a walk~~

Saturday, Jan. 18/58 Enjoyed a walk to Milton this afternoon, the first exercise since Tuesday. Still working on Chapter One of the novel, writing and re-writing, can't get satisfied with it.

SUNDAY, JAN. 19/58 Church with E. this morning, a calm dull day, temp. 40° at noon. Played 18 holes at White Point. Three other players out.

Learned that Fred Morton, Sid Morton's stupid son & heir, gave away some time ago the old 4-pounder cannon which stood for years on the Morton terrace at Milton. One of their ancestors, Sylvanus, was a privateersman, & the gun was almost certainly from the famous "Rover". (All her guns were 4-pounders, & after the Napoleonic wars they were sold to local merchants for souvenirs. Most of them vanished afterwards, being used as ballast in ships sailing out of Liverpool. This one had survived.) Fred gave it to some oaf on the back road, who sold it with other junk to a scrap-iron dealer. It went to Yarmouth & according to the oaf (MacLeod) it has been cut or broken up for scrap.

MONDAY, JAN. 20/58 Windy & cold. Ice on the pools but still no snow on the ground. Drove to Milton with E. & called on Aunt Marie Bell. Today I received from John Rich a copy of the movie play he has written from "The Nymph & The Lamp", a disappointing thing. Apart from cutting & telescoping much of the plot in order to get it within the playing time limit, his play follows my story faithfully.

enough. But he has used very little of the book's dialogue, substituting words of his own to express the same meaning. Why God knows. My characters talked naturally & intelligently. Rich makes them talk like kids in a high school play. Also, for what he calls "star appeal" (i.e. to attract the services of important movie stars) he makes Matthew much younger and beardless, and Isabel a creature of dazzling beauty. I can't object to any of this, because I signed away any right to interfere in the writing or production when I signed the contract with Rich. Yet apart from the disgust of any author who finds a changeling in place of his brain child, I have practical considerations; for I consider the play a poor one, doomed to mediocrity or utter failure, while the book on its own feet was a success, financially and otherwise.

TUESDAY, JAN. 21/58 Sunny & cold. E. went to Halifax today with Ralph Johnson, saw Frances & baby, also Marie (who seems much improved), & returned in the evening. I walked to Milton & back this afternoon, & called on Jerry Pickerson, who is unwell again. A letter from Wallace Advertising Ltd., of Hfx, asking me what fee I'd charge to write an 80,000 word history of the old Hfx firm of William Stairs, Son and Morrow. The firm proposes to issue this in an elaborate illustrated brochure to celebrate its 150th anniversary in 1960. My sister Hilda has taken a post in the provincial government service as secretary to the Minister of Public Health, M.V. Leonard, who sits for Digby County.

SUNDAY, JAN. 26/58 No snow yet on the South Shore, the mildest winter (so far!) that anyone can remember, and the

strangest; mostly drizzling rains & fog. According to Hornstein, the chief weather man at Hfx, this has been caused by warm moist air from the Gulf of Mexico, pushing up along the Atlantic strip in a series of pulsating movements; while intensely cold air has been pushing down from Hudson Bay & following the central plains all the way to West Florida and Texas. The Florida citrus crops have been destroyed by frost, a huge loss. These anomalies reached their height three or four days ago, when the warm Atlantic air mass reached right up to Baffin Strait; a post on Baffin Island reported a temperature of  $38^{\circ}$  above zero; at the same time Houston, Texas, reported a temp. of  $40^{\circ}$  above zero.

A train came through from Halifax yesterday, the first since Jan. 17th. One of the worst washouts on the South Line was at Table River, where for some odd reason the smaller Tom Tigney stream went on the rampage & destroyed the railway embankments. About 130 railroad gondolas of rock and gravel were required to refill the gap.

G.'s passport came a day or two ago, a few days after application to Ottawa. Her vaccination has merely raised a small pimple. Mine has produced a very red lump like a boil, surrounded by inflamed skin, somewhat painful & very itchy. Doctor Jim says that I'd evidently lost all immunity from my childhood vaccination, & it's a good thing that I had it done again.

G. drove to Hfx today with Lenore, called on Marie and on Francis & Bill & the baby — the Dennis's senior were there — and returned at evening.

~~MONDAY~~, JAN. 27, 1958.

A wild easterly gale & rain all night. I worked at my desk all day yesterday, had nothing alcoholic to drink, & ate only 1300 calories. Took a sedonal sleeping pill & went to bed at midnight, but no sleep. Got up again at 3 a.m., pulled on trousers & jersey over my pajamas, & went back to my desk. Worked all day till 4 p.m., when I drove down to get my mail & call on Jerry Pickerson.

Frances & her baby boy arrived from Halifax about 5 p.m., having driven down with Mrs. Jack McClearn, & will stay with us a week.

TUESDAY, JAN. 28, 1958

Rain all day. I slept five hours last night. The slow decline of business in the U.S., which began last year & was quickly reflected in Canada, has now spread to all the nations of the world except the Communist countries, whose robot economy is subject to nothing but the will of their dictators. The unemployed are increasing steadily in North America especially, although the "recession" (as our press prefers to call it) is nothing like the ruinous depression of the early 1930's.

I will soon (April) be twenty years since I quit my job at Mersey Paper Co. and launched forth as a full time writer, sink or swim, in 1938. In the next 3 years I nearly sank, but from then on I slowly increased my income. Until 1945 most of my income came from short stories & articles sold to magazines; after that it came mostly from books. My first book of short stories "The Pied Piper of Dipper Creek" was published in Edinburgh in 1939. My first novel "His Majesty's Yankees" was published in New York & Toronto in 1942; neither of them was

a financial success. My first successful novel was "Roger Sudden", published by Doubleday in 1945. To date (not counting the two small "Sagas" privately printed by Messy Paper Co.) I have written ~~12~~<sup>13</sup> books; they include 6 novels, 4 collections of short stories, 4 historical works. One of the historical volumes, "West Novas", I published at my own expense as an act of grace, knowing that a regimental history cannot make money, and I was lucky to lose no more than \$1,000 on it.

The rest were in the hands of publishing companies. One of the history books, "The Rover Privateer", will be published by MacMillan's this spring in Canada. All the rest have been marketed. At the end of 1957 the <sup>world</sup> sales of these 13 books had reached 865,573 copies in hard covers and 782,707 copies in paper covers, a total of 1,648,280. (This does not include a condensed version of "The Nymph & the Lamp", which was published (with condensed novels by 3 other authors) in a hard-cover volume by the Reader's Digest Book Club in three languages. Its total sales ran to 431,379 copies in the U.S. and Canada, 80,000 in France, 30,000 in Germany.)

If all my books had been sold over book shop counters, thus yielding royalties of 10% to 15%, I would be rich. Unfortunately the vast majority were marketed through ~~the~~ big American book clubs. The yield to me on a hard-cover book from these clubs ranged from 7½ cents a copy (Literary Guild) down to 2½ cents per copy (Doubleday Dollars Book Club.) The paper-covered editions yield only 1½ to 2 cents per copy. Altogether my books have earned <sup>me</sup> to date \$107,155.

Since Maclean's Magazine paid me \$60 for my first short story ("Three Wise Men") exactly thirty years ago I have earned roughly \$140,000 with my pen.

My work has been published at various times in French, Dutch, German, Czechoslovakian, Italian, Danish & Swedish, not to mention English and some English editions in Braille. Short stories of mine have been published in about a dozen anthologies in Canada & the U.S. Two are still being used in school books in some Canadian provinces, and one was included last year in a book for high schools in the U.S.

I set this down with no sense of satisfaction, for other men have accomplished much more in far less time. I shall never be rich and I shall never be acclaimed as a literary genius, even in Canada. But when I reflect that I had no education beyond Grade 10 in the old Halifax Academy; that rather than be a burden on my mother I went off to sea at fifteen and have earned my own living ever since; that I have never asked help of anyone but on the contrary have been able to help my mother and sisters and others; — I feel that I have done reasonably well with what brains and energy I had.

WEDNESDAY, JAN. 29/58 Overcast but mild, with spots of sunshine after all the wind & rain. Temp at noon 48°. Walked to Milton & back this afternoon, everybody out enjoying this springlike weather. Forgot to record that on Sunday morning, Jan. 26, the Liverpool steam laundry burned to the ground — the fourth in twelve years. A man named Arnold Norman has been arrested & charged with arson. This laundry had modern equipment but it was housed in a ramshackle red wooden building.

on Union Street, part of Clifford Millard's old ski factory, which went out of business after the 1929 crash. The laundry was operated by Frank Trainor & his brother.

Friday, Jan 31/58 The month of January closes without a speck of snow on the South Shore from Hfx to Yarmouth, and with the brooks & rivers still dangerously high from the almost incessant rains. So far this winter we have only had enough snow to whiten the ground two or three times, & that promptly melted away. One or two cold snaps put ice enough for skating on the river & ponds for a few days but that was all. I walked to Milton this afternoon as I usually do - between rains - & dropped in to chat with Jerry Nickerson <sup>on his way home</sup>. He is up & about but still has to spend most of his time in the house.

The burned-out shell of Nickerson Brothers' cold storage plant has been torn down during the winter, & the railway people have repaired the wharf over which their track passed to the wharf of Steel & Engine Co. The brick shell of Stelco's burned foundry still looms over the waterfront.

Roswell Nickerson, youngest of the brothers, still runs a small fish buying business from a shack on their waterfront property but it is merely for something to do; he makes no money at it, & cannot without a cold storage here.

Today Newbray Jones sent me, by his ~~house~~ house-man Nick, two quarts of Johnnie Walker (black label) Scotch whisky, with his thanks for my writing his recent speech for him. (Jan. 14)

Tonight the U.S. Army, from its rocket-experimental base at Cape Canaveral, Florida, succeeded at last in

getting a "satellite" into outer space. It is only the size of a football but it has radio & is now being tracked in its orbit about the earth. The Russians' "Sputnik" Number One, vanished in January, having gradually descended into the atmosphere & then disintegrated. The much larger Sputnik Two, with its dead dog passenger "Laika", (and with its radio also dead) is still whizzing over our heads at erratic intervals, sometimes by day & sometimes by night.

Saturday, Feb. 1/58 Windy & overcast. Frances & her baby left for Hfx. at mid-morning with Terence Freeman & C. went along for the ride. Jerry brought Marie Freeman back with him. Her psychiatrist, as an experiment, wants her to stay two or three days "in your old environment" & then return to the V.G. for observation. She seems much improved & will spend the time with her old friends Miss Drew & Mrs. Holden.

At 5 p.m. I attended a rehearsal of a male quartet organized by Dr. John Wickwire (Rev. Bob Mills, Walter Grallic, "Push" Loshay & himself). On Feb. 7 they are to sing sea chanties for a <sup>Salisbury alumni dinner</sup> ~~memorial~~ <sup>anniversary</sup> ~~convention~~ at Hfx., & Wickwire has persuaded me to say a bit about nautical music & announce each song, as I did for a similar group (who called themselves "The Privateers") about eight years ago.

Home at 6, Edith was back, we picked up the Parkers in our car & went on to dinner at the Rolf Seabourns', Fort Point, where we were joined by John & Dorothy Wickwire. The Parkers & Wickwires are driving to Florida for a holiday late in February, & as we shall be leaving for England in April, Rolf had prepared a special

(champagne with a dash of cognac) cocktail for a toast to "Les Voyageurs".

SUNDAY, FEB. 2/58 The first real snowstorm of the season blew all day. It was mixed with rain here & there, & amounted to less than 2 inches, but it covered the ground with a hard white crust for the first time since the spring of '57. We stayed indoors all day. I worked at my novel until 4 p.m. & then switched on the T.V. The long chain of tall radio-relay towers connecting the Maritimes (but not Newfoundland) with central Canada, a job that has taken 2½ years, is now complete, & today for the first time we saw the CBC national shows "live" instead of "canned" and a week late. This "micro-wave" connection now extends from Halifax to Calgary. This year it will be extended over the Rockies to Vancouver.

On the international scene the U.S. and the U.S.S.R. go on with their strange & frightening policy of talking peace & shaking fists.

Egypt & Syria have announced that they are now one nation. A weak pair and a shaky combination on both flanks of Israel; but they make a firm foothold on the Mediterranean for their friends in Moscow.

At Ottawa Mr. Diefenbaker yesterday announced the dissolution of Parliament & a new election to be held March 31st. It will be difficult for the politicians to travel over their constituencies with snowdrifts everywhere, but that will be a blessing to the public. Diefenbaker says the present grave problems of unemployment, trade, etc., must be tackled quickly & boldly by the

government of Canada, & he cannot do that with a minority of the House.

MONDAY, FEB. 3/58 Snow turning to slush in the streets. Since Jan. 27 my weight stripped has dropped from 190 lbs. to 185. Average daily fare: Breakfast 2 slices buttered toast, 1 boiled egg, 2 cups coffee with sugar; Lunch, one meat & lettuce sandwich, using two full slices of bread, 1 cup hot bouillon; Dinner, about 1/4 lb. broiled steak, asparagus, mushrooms, pickled beets, 1 cup tea with sugar. Occasionally I weaken on the alcoholic ban, & have a couple of drinks in the evening; mostly I hold to the ban except for 2 ounces of sherry before dinner. This regime gives results but at the cost of sleepless nights and gripping pains (not hunger pains) in the stomach. I may have to ease up a bit. My aim is to get down to 170 pounds by April 9th.

Marie Freeman came to dinner & spent the evening. She is making a determined effort to pull herself together, in place of her former apathy, but seems to me a long way from normal still.

MacMillan's of Toronto have sent the first batch of page proofs of "The Rover Privateer".

~~Ward~~ Mould's drawings for the book's illustrations are first rate.

FRIDAY, FEB. 7/58 A fine sunny day, like spring. About an inch of snow, all the lakes & rivers open, the roads bare. This afternoon Dr. John Nickuric picked me up in his car & drove to the Nova Scotian hotel at Halifax. He & Madeline Keay had persuaded me to give a commentary on a program of sea chanties, sung by a Liverpool quartette (John, Walter Tralic, Armand Toshay, ~~the~~ Rev. Robert Mills) for a dinner being

given by the Dalhousie alumni. The group changed into their costumes (pseudo-18th century nautical) & we went down to the dining room at 7 p.m. A table had been reserved for us near the stage. The chief speaker of the evening was Dr. N. A. M. Mackenzie, the famous head of U. of B.C., himself a Nova Scotian and a Dalhousian. The occasion was a new drive for funds for Dalhousie, a matter dealt with at some length by Brigadier Laing, of the Board of Governors. Our little show was the only entertainment. Mackenzie spoke chiefly on the menace presented to the world by the tremendous scientific advancement of the Russians, and the need for the Western nations to spend vastly more than they do on education of all kinds, and to sacrifice some of their useless luxury in other directions. My friend "Ben" Bennet thanked the speaker on behalf of Dalhousie. (Dr. Kerr is away. Ben was recently made Vice President of Dal.)

I had a chance for a few words with Helene Bennet, Dr. Harvey John Martin, and with Dr. Mackenzie himself — he had mentioned my books in his address, said I was one of the best contemporary Canadian authors — he came up to me in the hotel foyer, shook my hand & said "I meant every word I said. I have all of your books and enjoy them. Keep on writing!" The dinner closed at about 11 p.m. Wickwire's sister-in-law Mrs. Jean Macdonald insisted that we come along to her house for coffee, so we didn't get away till midnight. A snowstorm had been forecast but we were lucky — the first few wet "spits" of snow were just beginning as we reached Liverpool at 2:15 a.m.

SUNDAY, FEB. 9, 1958

Saturday

A sea gale all day & night, first with snow & then with heavy rain, causing floods in various parts of the province — an old story in this rainy winter.

My cellar floor has not been completely dry for more than five days since the end of November. Today was

mild with some sunshine & squalls of snow. Attended church with C. this morning & called on Aunt Marie Bell in the afternoon. Last night, at Klamath Falls, Oregon, the former Jean Banks of Caledonia died with her husband "by asphyxiation". She was one of the five pretty daughters of the late George Banks, proprietor of the Caledonia Gold Hunter, and I knew her well during my early days in these parts.

She was attracted by the apparently rich American "Lou Keyes", who came here in February 1924 & bought the hunting lodge "Pinehurst" at South Brookfield. Actually he was the famous Chicago swindler Leo Koretz, much sought by U.S. police, & when finally Koretz was arrested in a Halifax hotel, poor Jean was discovered in his bedroom. She fled from the scandal & took a secretarial job in Oregon, where she met & married a Jewish doctor named Oldenburg. She re-visited N.S. with him several times in the 1930's & '40's. One of her sisters is the wife of Henry Hicks, former premier of N.S. (Note: later press news said the death was due to a fire which destroyed Oldenburg's home.)

This evening John Hirtle, manager of Bridgewater radio station C.K.B.W., came to see me. Wants me to do three or four (15-minute) broadcasts on N.S. people & their history, which he hopes to sell to some advertiser or other — he would like to hook Mersey Paper Co. I gave him no encouragement — I haven't the time and I dislike the notion.

MONDAY, FEB. 10, 1958

A light snow last night gives the ground a thin white cover again after the rain. A Mr. Keddy, a retired & well-to-do contractor now living at Mader's Cove, came to see me this afternoon. An old Acadia man, he has taken up the work of organizing the South Shore towns in the matter of Acadia U.'s new drive for funds, & he asked me to be head of the Queens County group. He was under the impression that Acadia had given me an honorary degree, and I corrected him quickly, pointing out that my lone honor of that kind had come from Dalhousie — which is also making a new drive for funds & has a first claim on my services. Apart from that, I shall be out of the country altogether between Apr. 9 & June 9, and the Acadia drive is to take place between now and June. I pointed out that Lester Clements (lawyer & still Crown Prosecutor for Queens Co. in spite of the change of government) is an authentic Acadia graduate & much better qualified. He said he had approached Clements, as well as Hirtle, an Acadia grad. on the staff of Steel & Engine Products Co. here, and both had said they were too busy. Also Keddy said, it was hoped that my close acquaintance with the heads of Mersy Paper Co. would enable me to secure a large contribution from them as individuals & as a company. I pointed out that Mersy is now part of the Bowaters group, now urgently cutting all expenditures to meet the falling paper market, and all controlled from London. Also the college grads. on Mersy's staff are all Dalhousie men or graduates of McGill, Toronto, or British universities. Keddy gave a rueful smile, said he would try Clements again, & left.

The Historical Society met tonight in the Navy Room, Town Hall. We now have 115 paid up members, but as

usual (& in spite of a busy telephone committee, which had reminded them all of the meeting tonight) only 25 or 30 were present. Dr. Bruce Fergusson, Provincial Archivist, had driven down from Halifax to give us an address on the establishment of representative govt. in N.S. in 1758. He had violent competition from the talking-picture machine in the adjoining theatre, whose booth protrudes into the hallway outside the Navy Room, and at times he had to shout to make himself heard above the bullfight & fiesta sounds of the show (Hemingway's "The Sun Also Rises"). I had invited Fergusson to spend the night with us, but he has a history lecture to deliver at Dalhousie in the morning & as the road is bare & good he returned to Hfx. after the meeting.

WEDNESDAY, FEB. 12/58

Bright cold weather yesterday & today & I enjoyed brisk walks to Milton. Ice on the coves but the river is still open. Tonight on T.V. we saw a haggard skin-&-bones President Eisenhower, like a talking skull, addressing the people of the U.S. on the business "downturn" (there are now 4,000,000 people unemployed in the U.S.) and assuring them that March would mark "the beginning of the end of it".

In Canada, the federal election campaign has begun. For the Liberals Mr. Pearson promises a tax reduction of four hundred millions while spending huge new sums on public works, free college education to all qualified high school students, and so on. He will have to face the inevitable public question, "Why didn't the Liberal party do all this last spring, when they were in full power, & when their own economists had warned them of the approaching business slide?"

For the Conservatives, Mr. Diefenbaker also makes promises of large expenditures but more modest cuts

in the taxes. So far he has carried out most of the promises he made in the election campaign of last summer, which gives his party a good talking point.

~~FRIDAY~~, FEB. 14/58

A blizzard all day yesterday & night gave us the first real snowfall of the winter — ten inches — and a high wind today blew it into drifts. Temp. 22° above zero.

~~SATURDAY~~, FEB. 15/58

Windy, sunny, cold. Tonight we had for dinner & the evening the Rolfe Seabornes, Austin Parkers and John Wickwires. The Parkers & Wickwires leave by car for a Florida holiday next week; & the Mowbray Jones's are flying to Hawaii.

I note from Time magazine that two more of the older generation of English writers died this week, H. M. Tomlinson (aged 84) and Charles Morgan (aged 64). Morgan was too much of a mystic but I have never forgotten <sup>the pleasure</sup> with which I read "The Fountain" for the first time, at ~~twenty~~ thirty or so, when the beauty of his prose was like music. I liked everything that Tomlinson wrote; he was one of the few who could write about land affairs or sea affairs with equal felicity. If I had to throw away all my books but six, I would keep Tomlinson's "The Sea & The Jungle" and Morgan's "Fountain" amongst the six.

~~MONDAY~~, FEB. 17/58

More snow yesterday, & flurries today. Dinner party at the Seldons' tonight for Mowbray & Phyl Jones, who leave tomorrow for a three weeks' holiday in Hawaii, traveling by air. Phyl, who likes to accentuate her Spanish type of beauty, is now imitating one or other of the popular new Italian film stars — i.e. she has dyed her brown hair a midnight black, with a haircut of the gamine sort. Austin Parker tells me he has been summoned to a Bowater conference

Note:- Dr. Clara Dennis died in Halifax Feb 16. Author of "Down in Nova Scotia" & other province-travel books.

in England about May 21, that he is taking Vera, & that we <sup>should</sup> get together in London.

TUESDAY, FEB. 18/58 cold, sunny, windy. Old A. D. ("Sel")

Freeman came to see me today. He makes the best crooked-knives in Nova Scotia & is much interested in a correspondence in the magazine "Forest & Outdoors" about those things. It started last year when a chap named Deane Russell, who operates a hunting-knife shop in Ottawa, asked if there was a truly Canadian knife. On my advice Roy Cook, local newsman, replied that the Micmac crooked knife was aboriginal & Canadian. The curator of the Hudson Bay Co. museum in Winnipeg reported that H.B.C. had been selling "crooked-knives" to the Indians & Eskimos of northern Canada for centuries. This astonished me, because Francis Supper, Sam Glode & other men from these parts, who ~~were~~ had travelled through the Canadian west & northwest, had told me that no knife like the Micmac crooked knife was to be found west of Montreal. However, Sel's correspondence with the Ottawa man shows that the H.B.C. "crooked knife" was an awkward thing with a blade six or seven inches long, & the tip of the blade bent in a sharp curve. The Micmac "crooked knife" sometimes had such a tip, for basketwork; but commonly it was a straight blade, flat on the lower side and convex on the top, with a blade no longer than  $3\frac{1}{2}$ ".

Knives of stone, even shorter than this, and hafted in a piece of antler, have been found in prehistoric Indian camp sites ~~in~~ New Brunswick; and the "modern" crooked knife in N.S. is still hafted with the strong thumb-rest, & used in the same ways. Sel showed me correspondence with Deane & others, also a sample of the H.B.C. "crooked knife" blade, utterly different from ours. I still have a crooked-knife made for me

by Mike Mokoneé, an old MicMac who lived at Broad River many years ago. "Del" makes a much more fancy knife, with curly maple handle, etc, ~~too~~ and ~~one~~ a blade with a scimitar tip, very different from old Mike's.

WEDNESDAY, FEB. 19/58 Fine & cold. Tonight the shanty-singers & I put on our little show again, this time as part of a concert by the Queens County choral group who won provincial honors at Hfx. a couple of weeks ago. The auditorium of the Junior High School was packed to the doors, with some people sitting in the passage outside. Proceeds, about \$200, went to aid the vestry fund of the United Church of Canada, at Port Mouton. The Rev Robert Mills & his wife Karen (of that church) are both fine singers and with the Dr. John Wickwires are the heart & soul of the Queens Chorale. After the show the performers went to "Push" Poshey's house for chat & food. They are a lively bunch, & we got home about 1 a.m.

THURSDAY, FEB. 20/58 Fine & cold. Good brisk walks to Milton these afternoons, with the paved highway ploughed & bare of snow. A dinner party tonight, given by Dr. Jim & Grace Wickwire for the Austin Parkers & Wickwires senior, who sail tomorrow by s/s Markland for New York. They are taking Dr. John W.'s car, in which they will drive on to Florida for a stay of 2 or 3 weeks.

FRIDAY, FEB. 21/58 Pertz, the plumber, & his men today removed my old water-closet (installed when the house was built in 1929) & replaced it with the latest thing in "silent" W.C.'s, in which the tank & bowl are a single unit. When flushed, the old one sounded like Niagara, especially after I installed a hot-air duct from the furnace to the bathroom seven years

ago — it conveyed the noise all over the house. The new type of W.C. costs about \$1.50 compared with \$50 for the ordinary type, & Penty remarked that there are only four or five in the town.

THURSDAY, FEB. 27/58 Shoveled out my driveway today — my car has sat idle since the snowstorm of the 14th. — and drove over to Jerry Nickerson's to fetch our new "budgie" bird, which Mrs. Jerry had obtained for me. It is a young one, green in color, & looks exactly like our old one.

My book is growing slowly, about 20,000 words. And I am shrinking slowly under rigid diet — I weigh 183 stripped.

SATURDAY, MARCH 1/58 Raining again. Today word was flashed from Antarctica that the British expedition, under Dr. Vivian Fuchs, had succeeded in crossing the continent, in spite of assertions by the Americans at the South Pole, and by Sir Edmund Hillary (whose job was to lay supply depots) that it could not be done so late in the Antarctic summer.

SUNDAY, MARCH 2/58 Still wet, & the snow much shrunken. My cellar has streams of water, its <sup>normal</sup> ~~regular~~ condition in this mildest, & wettest of winters. Church by car this morning with E., & a visit to Aunt Marie Bell in the afternoon. Dealing with my mail. Request from Hugh Shaw for a story about Louisburg 1758. Answer No. (He is editor of Week-end Magazine. I haven't the time now.) Request from N.S. Drama League that I act as a judge of their playwriting contest. Answer No. I shall be in England when the contest takes place. Various other letters, including one from W. George Hardy, who is writing the next volume in Doubleday's Canadian History Series, congratulating me on the job of writing "Path of Destiny."

MONDAY, MAR. 3/58 Still drizzling. Walked as far as the railway bridge this afternoon, & then along the track to Bristol, where I

made my usual call to see Jerry Nickerson. Found that he had suffered another heart attack & was in bed. I was allowed to see him & chat for a few minutes. He was cheerful but looked bad. Macleod, of the Dept. of Agriculture, N.S., phoned in connection with the 200th anniversary of representative govt. in N.S., which will be celebrated this year. Wants me to write the entire script for a pageant to be staged by Leslie Piggott. No can do.

TUESDAY, MAR. 4/58 Lillian "Nin" Grant, Jerry Nickerson's daughter, phoned at half-past seven this morning. Her father passed away at six this morning, after a bad night. Sorry news. I liked this man, one of the few completely honest and completely charitable men I knew - I think he never had an ungenerous or mean thought in his life.

His brothers Hubert & Roswell called here this afternoon & gave me details of his life & relations, so that I can write obituaries for the Advance & for the Halifax papers. I note also, from the newspaper today, the death of Ira Higgins, aged 77. His & my family were neighbors on Chebucto Road in Halifax 1913-1919; ~~and~~ in 1921, when my mother returned from her post-war visit to England, I arranged to buy from him the house N° 71 Duncan Street where she subsequently lived until 1940. His son Gordon, about my own age, was my bosom companion in Halifax long ago.

WEDNESDAY, MAR. 5/58 Overcast & windy. Had my car washed & new license plates installed. Called on Jerry's widow & family in the afternoon, & went over to Wright & Chandler's "funeral home" on Union St. for a last look at my old friend. In the evening I attended a lecture entitled "Between the Tides" by the American nature photographer

Robert C. Hermes (pronounced HERMZ), illustrated by marvellous movies in colour. He is sponsored by the N.S. Museum of Science, but hardly anybody in town knew about the lecture and only 30 or 40 people turned up in the big auditorium of the Regional High School. The pictures were of marine bird, fish, reptile & crustacean life, taken mostly on the coasts of Florida & Venezuela. Amazing close-ups of birds in flight, by telescope-camera, and of small land-crabs etc. by micro-photography. Afterwards I invited Hermes, his movie-operator (a Mr. Longard of the N.S. MofS.) & Douglas Lozer, to come to my house for refreshments & chat. Hermes, a lively & interesting talker, has been everywhere in America from Hudson Strait to Brazil; & it was 1.30 a.m. before we knew it.

THURSDAY, MAR. 6/58 Jerry's funeral this afternoon. The <sup>Baptist</sup> church packed. Masses of flowers. United Church minister John Macdonald took part in the service, with young Mr. Bartol the local Baptist minister & the funeral sermon came from Jerry's nephew, (Rev.) Lawrence Atkinson, a home-missionary of the Baptist Church now serving in New Brunswick. The honorary pallbearers were Owen Shankel, Irving Bain, Harry Seldon, Marshall Burgess & myself. The Liverpool ("Zetland") and Milton (Prince of Wales) Masonic lodges attended & conducted the last rites at the grave, in the United Church cemetery on College Hill, where oddly enough Jerry (a stout Baptist) had purchased a lot. The weather was open & shut; sunshine & cloud; quite mild in the sun, but bleak in the shady spells when a searching little wind blew up the hill & over the patches of old snow.

SUNDAY, MAR. 9/58 Fine & mild, though with a wind. E. drove to Hfx. this morning for her fortnightly visit to

sister Marie, with brother Jerry & cousin Verna Ryan.

I went to church in the morning. In the afternoon went out to the golf course & played 18 holes with "Johnnie" Jackson the pro., Paul King & Len Pottie. A few shrunken remains of snow drifts lay in some hollows but the course was surprisingly dry, all considered, and the greens were smooth & firm.

Monday, MAR. 10/58

Again a mild day. Golf this afternoon with E. A copy of the "Bovater Papers", an elaborate brochure printed in England, came today. It contains an article on the Maritime Provinces that I wrote for them last year.

Meeting of members of the Liverpool Golf & Country Club tonight to discuss finances & plans for 1958 season.

Decided to raise annual fee of a male shareholding member from \$35 to \$45.

Bert Waters had plans & blueprints of a proposed extension to the clubhouse, which were approved. This will provide storage for golf carts & bags in a new large room under the clubhouse; a small bar at which beer will be served under provincial license; a new glassed-in verandah; a workshop for the pro. Cost of all this is estimated at \$4,000, which will be borrowed. Waters thinks that beer sales, and "social" membership fees at \$5 per season, will help largely in paying off this debt. "Social" members may use the clubhouse & buy beer, but cannot play golf without payment of the usual golf fees.

SUNDAY, MAR. 16/58

Dreary weather all the past week - rain, snow flurries, drizzle. Church this morning with E., & called on Aunt Marie Bell this afternoon. Tonight Charles Kelsey & wife dropped in for a visit. He is one of the two crippled (paraplegic) war veterans, who have been living at

Port Joli since 1952. Ever since his discharge from hospital Kelsey has devoted himself to working for the welfare and encouragement of paraplegics, first in the province of Quebec and then here in N.S. He wears steel braces on his legs, gets about quite nimbly with a pair of aluminium crutches. Intelligent, well read, a discerning art critic, first rate company.

TUESDAY, MAR 18/58      Coldest & some sunshine, the first in a week or more. Walked to Milton & back this afternoon. Marie Freeman came to tea & spent the evening with us. She returns to the V.G. Hospital today. When she is engaged in conversation, & knows that you are looking at her, she seems her old self; but at other times she has the strange strained look and the <sup>some</sup> dead stare of eyes.

Hubert Macdonald is in town briefly, from New York per s/s Markland, & sent over to my house a bushel of Chesapeake oysters. Only yesterday I had mailed to his N.Y. address an inscribed copy of "The Rover". I received six copies of the MacMillan edition a few days ago. Vernon Mould's illustrations are excellent, & the book's format, print & paper are excellent considering the retail price, which is only \$2.00.

After some progress I have again got into the doldrums with my Hentworth novel — can't seem to fasten my mind on it. Meanwhile the federal election campaign is in full cry. Liberals, Conservatives & C.C.F. all promising to cut taxes and increase spending, with long lists of projects for the spending. Liberals & P.C.'s busy blaming the current depression on each other (over half a million Canadians out of work) despite the fact that the depression in the U.S. started the slide last year, & is now worse than ours. In Lunenburg-Queens the sitting (P.C.) member is Lloyd Grouse. The Liberal candidate is James Macleod, who

has been on the staff of the Bridgewater radio station since the late war. Both are handsome, intelligent fellows, with good war records, both are popular.

A day or so ago the U.S. army rocket people at Cape Canaveral, Florida, shot another small metal ball into orbit outside the earth's atmosphere. Now they assert jubilantly that they can "hit the moon any time".

During the past week-end, sixteen ships of the British Home Fleet anchored in Halifax, together with fifteen ships of the R.C.N. Largest was the British aircraft carrier "Bulwark". They are practising manœuvres together. This is the largest British naval force to visit Hfx. since the early years of World War Two. Not a single battleship today, though. Questioned in Hfx., the British admiral declared the battleship is "as dead as the dodo", predicted that main ships of the future would be guided-missile craft, probably submersible.

Much excitement locally over the murder of young Wilfred Crouse, of Crousetown, Lun. Co., a refrigerator salesman. He was last seen alive in a Shelburne cafe last Friday. His body, with a savagely beaten skull, was found hidden under some brush on a by-road outside Shelburne the next day. On Sunday the R.C.M.P. at Chester arrested two teen-aged youths of Shelburne, driving Crouse's car. They have been charged with his murder.

FRIDAY, MARCH 21/58 Snow & rain & wind - the first day of spring! I have now secured tickets for our transportation abroad, except for casual journeys in England which I am leaving open, deliberately. We sail from Hfx. by Tarmess-Witby liner "Nova Scotia" on April 9, arrive in England April 18. The next nine days we spend partly at

Hythe, partly at Launceston, & I shall make a quick cross-channel trip to see my father's grave at Amiens. On April 29 we set out on a motor coach tour of the continent, especially the Alps of Switzerland & the Tyrol, and ranging all the way from Venice to the Swedish shore of the Kattegat. We shall not see Paris or Rome, but they are so familiar from movies and tourist slides that they could offer nothing new to the passing eye, and (to take them in) meant abandoning the trip through Holland, West Germany and Denmark, which I would rather see. We return to London ~~April~~<sup>MAY</sup> 23rd, where we hope to meet the Parkers & spend two or three days with them. On May 26 we go to Liverpool, & on the 28th we sail for home, arriving at Hfx about June 6th.

The Hfx morning paper today contains a biographical bit about Ralph Letts, one of the first Marconi telegraphers in Canada, who has just retired from an executive job with the Marconi Co. of Canada, at 64. I knew him well in my own days as a W/Op. nearly 40 years ago.

SUNDAY, MAR 23/58 Church with E. this morning. Called on Aunt Marie Bell in the afternoon. The old lady has money enough to live comfortably in the Valee rest home (where she lived for some time) or with Mrs. Andrews, as she did before. But she insists on living alone in the old Bell house, quarrelling with a succession of woman-servants who come in by-the-day, and with children who walk across her lawn; and peering from her windows half the night to watch the doings of her neighbors. Whenever a servant gets fed-up and quits the job, the old lady blandly telephones various nieces and nephew Terence, informing them that she is alone and helpless and she has decided to lie down and die. Then they come and do the chores and persuade some woman of the village to take on the now notorious job of "looking after Miss Bell".

Tonight Rolf & Muriel Seabone dropped in at 44

Note:- Dr. A. C. Jost died at Sackville, March 24, aged 84. Author of "Sketches and Essays of Sackville County". He was one of my informants on Lunenburg Legion.

Park Street, & we had drinks & chatted until midnight.

MONDAY, MAR. 24/58 A sunny spring day. Most of the snow is gone. Walked to Milton & back. The Historical Society met in Town Hall this evening. Only fifteen people there. Randolph Day, an ardent philatelist, gave a talk on Nova Scotia stamps in the first half of the 19th century, illustrated with sheets from his own excellent collection.

FRIDAY, MAR. 28/58 Sunny & cold. Drove to Hfx this morning with E., Mrs. Harry Seldon, & Marie Freeman. Left the ladies at Simpson's to start their shopping, & drove over to see my mother in Jollimore. Hilda came home to lunch, & we had a pleasant hour together. I shopped at Simpson's for a Harris tweed jacket, belt, socks & portable shaving mirror. Went on to the Archives, chatted with Ferguson, Miss McFarbridge & Miss Blailey. Ferguson fetched the micro-film of Lady Wentworth's letters to Lady Dorothy Fitz-William, & I ran it through the stereoscope. Long letters in a good hand, mostly complaints about her lot in life, & sycophantic drivel. Meanwhile Marie Freeman had gone to the T.G. for a session with her psychiatrist, who seemed satisfied that she could stay on in L'pool, coming in for a check-up every fortnight.

At 4.30 I drove to Francis' flat, saw her & the baby, both looking well; & ~~drove~~ to the ladies had gathered there, & we drove off a few minutes before five. Went by way of Lunenburg & dined at the Blue Nose Hotel. Home at 8.30 p.m.

SATURDAY, MAR. 29/58 Cold but sunny. Played golf at White Point, magnificent sea breaking on the point & beach, and breaking also on outlying reefs where ordinarily you see no white water ~~waves~~. The result of a storm that raised hell in the eastern states & then swung out to sea; the storm centre now

is about Sable Island. LeRoy ("Shippy") Shipman was buried today from the Anglican church. He was a little, wiry, vivacious man who came from Ontario to the Mersey Mill about 1934, & worked in their Sales Dept. He retired two or three years ago after a slight stroke, & drooped into complete melancholia. Last Wednesday he dropped dead outside the Royal Bank here.

The federal election campaign ends today — and none too soon! Our newspapers have been filled, our T.V. screens over-run, our post boxes filled with increasingly wild and often mendacious propaganda by Liberals and Conservatives, both making extravagant promises to cut taxes & increase expenditures which they cannot possibly fulfil, whichever party wins. For many years my vote has been Liberal; but I came to see the personal greed that had come upon so many Liberal politicians, who (unlike my old friend Angus L. Macdonald) were interested only in their pockets. I shall vote Conservative on Monday.

SUNDAY, MAR. 30/58 Sunny, cold. Church this morning, golf this afternoon. C. & I had dinner with old Miss Drew and Mrs. Jean Holden, with whom Marie Freeman is staying.

MONDAY, MAR. 31/58

According to the Halifax meteorological office, we have just had the first sunny week-end since last October; and the March just passing has been one of the gloomiest on record — an average of half an hour of sunshine per day. Today is election day, & I voted this morning for Grouse, the P.C. candidate, & so (I think) did C. Played golf in the afternoon. An early (5 p.m.) supper as usual, & at 6 p.m. we switched on the T.V. set to watch & hear the election results. Very early it was clear that the Conservatives were going to make a sweep of N.S. and P.E.I.; Newfoundland remained unchanged with 2 Conservatives & 5 Liberals; New Brunswick elected 7 Conservatives & 3 Liberals. But

D. A. B. just died at Bayburgh March 28, age 54, under care of Shatto and  
County of Bayburgh County. He was one of my informants in Sutton's paper.

the first & biggest surprise was the province of Quebec, where the Conservatives won a majority of the seats for the first time in this century. Ontario, as expected, went almost solidly Conservative. Then came the Western surprise; the Conservative tide swept right on to the Pacific, & down went all of the Social Credit Party candidates & most of the C.C.F., including both party leaders. The new standing at midnight:-

Conservative	-	210
Liberal	-	46
CCF	-	8
(doubtful)	-	1
		265

At 10:30 p.m. E. & I went up the street to welcome home the Parkers. The John Wickwires (who had accompanied them on their Florida vacation) & the Rolf Seabornes were there helping them to celebrate the Tory victory.

WED APR 2/58 A wild gale (gusto to 60 m.p.h.) blew all night & all today, with alternate rain & snow & sleet. Very heavy sea, made worse by full moon tides. Wires down, trees & branches down. Back yards & gardens on the harbor side of Fort Point flooded. Seabornes lawn a mass of pulpwood, stones & debris from the Brooklyn side of the harbor. A fishing boat went adrift at the peak of this morning's tide; it was almost level with the bridge roadway, & it smashed the bridge railing. My lawn is littered with torn-off shingles, mostly red, from Joe Pushie's roof, next door. My roof seems to be intact.

EASTER SUNDAY APR 6/58 A lovely sunny day. Tom Jr. and Bill & Frances & baby, arrived on Thursday to spend Easter with us. Church this morning. (Grandma stayed home to mind the baby.) The church jammed

with people — even the gallery — & ushers had to fetch chairs up from the Sunday School & place them at the back, filling up the passage to the doors. The ~~the~~ supply of communion glasses proved inadequate and the big silver wine-cup was used in addition, in the old-fashioned way. At 2.30 p.m. we left for Hfx in my car, Tom driving. Deposited our passengers (the baby was a very good traveller) about 5 p.m., & I returned to Liverpool with E. Stopped for a meal in a wayside cafe at Chester. Home about 8.30. Tom & Bill are devoted to their chosen professions & talk shop all the time.

Monday, Apr. 7/58 Rain, fog, & the first thunderstorm of the season. Called on Aunt Marie Bell in the afternoon. Sybil Macdonald phoned from Toronto to wish us Godspeed on our journeys. This evening we were invited to a party at Mobe Jones' house, & found the place full of our friends. In the course of a lively evening they presented us each with a beautiful leather toilet-case for our traveling & wished us a happy voyage. Austin & Mobe are arranging to have a Mersey car & chauffeur take us to Hfx on Wednesday morning; this will save me the bother of hiring someone to drive us up there in my own car & then to bring it back & lock it up in the garage. How very kind they all are.

(Full account of our trip to Europe in separate typed script.)

Wednesday, Apr. 9/58 Drove to Hfx, shopped, chatted with Mum, lunched at Francis's flat, said goodbye to her, Bill & Tom Jr.

Boarded ss Nova Scotia at Pier 2 at 5 p.m. Sailed 11 p.m.

Friday, Apr. 11/58 Arrived St. John's, Nfld. at 11 a.m.

Shopping on Water St. in afternoon.

Saturday, Apr. 12/58 Walked up Signal Hill with E.

Sunday, Apr. 13/58 Sailed for England at 6 a.m.

Note:- Mrs. Archibald MacNutan died in Halifax, April 25 - "Archie's" beloved "Mabel" - she had outlived him 25 years.

FRIDAY, APR. 18, 1958

Arrived at Liverpool, England, 11 p.m.

SATURDAY, APR. 19/1958

Left Liverpool by train, 10 a.m., arrived

London 2.30 p.m.

Got room with bath at Cumberland Hotel.

SUNDAY, APR. 20/58

Visited Aunt Jess & Flo, Cousin

Phyl & her husband

Ralph Elliott at Chorleywood.

MONDAY, APR. 21/58

Explored London by sightseeing bus with guide.

TUESDAY, APR. 22/58

Left London by 11.15 a.m. train, arrived

Sandling Junction 12.30, taxied to White Hart Inn, Hythe. In afternoon explored Hythe & rode the narrow gauge train to Dymchurch & back.

WEDNESDAY, APR. 23/58

Leaving E. in Hythe, I caught the

12.30 steamer from Dover to Calais. Arrived Amiens 5.45 p.m.

THURSDAY, APR. 24/58

This morning by hired car I followed the route of 8th Battalion on Aug 8 & 9, 1918. Visited Dad's grave, & brought away some earth & a cutting of "London Pride" from it.

Caught the Paris-Nord express from Amiens at 1.15, arrived Calais 3.30, Dover 5.30, Hythe 6.45 p.m.

FRIDAY, APR. 25/58 This morning explored Hythe. In afternoon E. & I motored with the Huttons to Canterbury, lunched there, explored the Cathedral etc, returning to Hythe via Ash (where we got out & looked at the church where Mum & Dad were married), Sandwich, Walmer, Deal & Dover.

SATURDAY, APR. 26/58 Rain this morning. This afternoon by bus to Ashford, visited Aunt Alice, her daughter Lily, & found Aunt "Li" calling there also. Had tea there, & my cousin Ada Watson drove back to Deal with "Li", dropping E. & me off in Hythe.

SUNDAY, APR. 27/58 Attended morning service at St. Leonard's church. In afternoon by bus with E. to call on Aunt Li in Deal. Found there also Uncle Bob Gifford & my cousins Nellie, Joyce & Lily. Ada then motored us to call on Uncle Steve, just outside Deal; on Aunt Lily & Aunt Ada at Staple; and returned to Deal for high tea. At 7 p.m. Ada motored us to call on Aunt Meg at Eastroy, & thence back to Hythe.

MONDAY, APR. 28/58

Showers this morning. In afternoon hired

a taxi & drove out to Positano to see the house where Joseph Conrad was living & writing when I was a boy at Hythe. In afternoon by bus to Folkestone, train to London, arriving Eccleston Hotel at 6.30.

TUESDAY, APR. 29/58 Joined a coach tour for the continent, leaving London 8 a.m. Stopped for refreshments at Wrotham-in-the-Fields at 10 a.m. Dover at 11 a.m. Crossed Channel to Ostend by Belgian ship "Koning Albert". Lunch on board. From Ostend drove via Poelcappelle, St. Julian, Ypres (where we stopped to inspect the Cloth Hall & the Menin Gate), Armentieres, Lens, Vimy Ridge, & spent the night in Arras.

WEDNESDAY, APR. 30/58 Left Arras 8 a.m., crossed old Somme battlefields via Bapaume, Peronne, St. Quentin, then on thru Laon, arrived at Rheims 11 a.m. Inspected cathedral. Then on through the Champagne, Chalons (where we crossed the Marne), Vitry-le-Francois (where we stopped for lunch), St. Dizier, Chaumont. Stopped for afternoon refreshments at Langres at 4 p.m. On through Vesoul, & stopped for the night at Luxeuille-les-Bains, in the Hotel du Parc.

THURSDAY, ~~APR~~ MAY 1/58 Left Luxeuille at 9 a.m., climbed through the Vosges hills & forest. On thru Belfort, Ronchamps, Altkirch. Crossed into Switzerland, stopped for morning refreshments in Basle. Lunch at Rheinfelden (the Schlüssel Restaurant). On to Zurich, where we changed to a motor launch & went some miles down the Zurich See; refreshments in a cafe by the lake. Then onto the coach again, climbing steadily, & the first glimpse of the Alps at 4:30 p.m. Soon we were driving thru snowy forest, following the Thur river. At 6 p.m. stopped at Hotel Santis, Unterwasser, for the night.

FRIDAY, MAY 2/58 Visited the Thur falls before breakfast. Left Unterwasser 8:30 a.m. At 10 a.m. crossed the border into Lichtenstein. Stopped for refreshments in the capital, Vaduz. On, following the River Ill; climbed <sup>up</sup> the Alberg Pass, passing thru Langen at 4500 feet; deep snow; crest of pass at 6,000 feet near

Note - Mrs. Goldthorpe's mother died in Halifax, April 25 - "Gold" place "Maid" -  
she had married her 35 years

ruin of St. Christophe hospice. Then to the River Inn.  
Followed this up & entered the Resia Pass. Stopped at  
12:30, for lunch at St. Anton. Then down the Italian side  
of the pass, crossing the border at 3:45 p.m. Stopped at Albergo  
al Lago for refreshments, looking out on the Lago Resia, still  
covered with ice. On down the pass. Stopped at Merano  
for the night.

SATURDAY, MAY 3/58 Left Merano 8:30 a.m. Passed  
thru Bolzano, stopped for mid-morning refreshments at  
Brennero. Then began the long climb over the Dolomites. Lago  
di Langre & the "Glass Mountain". Reached 5,000 feet at  
Lago Misurina, all in snow, & crossed over the famous  
Tre Croci pass at 5,600 feet. Lunch at Cortina  
d'Ampezzo. Down the Ampezzo valley to the Piave.  
Afternoon refreshments at Lago di Crode. On thru Vittorio  
Veneto in the widening plain. Crossed the Piave at 4:45.  
At 6 pm crossed over the long causeway leading to Venice.  
To our hotel by gondola. (The Hotel Saturnia, on the San  
Marco Via ~~XXII Marzo~~ Marzo.)

SUNDAY, MAY 4/58 Exploring Venice.

MONDAY, MAY 5/58 Left Venice 8 a.m. At 9 a.m. boarded  
our coach again, driving up the fine autostrada out of Mestre.  
Stopped in Padua to inspect the church of St. Anthony.  
Lunched at Brescia. On again towards the mountains. Stopped  
at Lago di Como for afternoon refreshments. Spent the  
night in Tremezzo.

TUESDAY, MAY 6/58 Left Tremezzo 8:30 a.m. climbing steeply  
into the hills by way of Lago Piano & Lago Lugano.  
Crossed into Switzerland again. Mid-morning refreshments at  
Lugano. Climbed thru the Monte Genero pass, then  
down into the Ticino Valley. Then the long climb up  
the famous St. Gotthard Pass. Found that the road over the

peak is still blocked with snow, so lunched at Sösschenen & went thru the peak tunnel by railway - 9 $\frac{1}{2}$  miles long. Then down the other side by coach, following the Reusse gorge. Stopped at Altdorf to see the William Tell monument. Came to Lake Lucerne at 3.30 & followed the shore to Lucerne, which we reached at 5, staying at the Hotel St. Gotthard.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 7/58 Exploring Lucerne in morning. Went up Mt. Pilatus by cable-car in afternoon.

THURSDAY, MAY 8/58 Left Lucerne 9 a.m., climbing steeply thru Aarburg to Olten, thence down the Aar river to Basle at 11.30. Lunched there. Off again at 2.30, crossed border into Alsace. Passed thru Mulhouse; then climbed thru the Vosges Mountains by the Col de Bussang pass. Descended the upper gorge of the Moselle River to the plain. Passed thru Epinal, spent the night in Nancy.

FRIDAY, MAY 9/58 On again along the Moselle valley. Passed thru the Maginot Line. Reached Luxembourg border at 10 a.m., & stopped for refreshments in Luxembourg, the capital. On into Belgium & entered the Ardennes, stopping to inspect Bastogne and Banne. Lunched in the countryside near Marche, at the curiously named Auberge du Pou de Ciel. Crossed the Meuse at Namur. Reached Brussels at 5.

SATURDAY, MAY 10/58 Spent the whole day at the World Fair.

SUNDAY, MAY 11/58 Set off with another coach tour at 8 a.m. Stopped in Louvain to see the university. On thru Liège, crossing the Meuse there. Entered Germany, passed thru Aachen, lunched at a spa called Neues Kurhaus. On to Bonn, then Cologne, where we spent an hour. At 3.15 we left the coach at Königswinter, boarded a big motor launch & went down the Rhine for 1 $\frac{1}{2}$  hours, passing ~~the~~ Drachenfels, the ruins of the great Remagen Bridge. Stopped for the night at the Hotel Weinstock, near Linz.

MONDAY, MAY 12/58 Off at 8 a.m. by coach again. Autobahn

passing the fringe of the industrial Ruhr at Wuppertal and Dortmund. Mid-morning refreshments at Schwelm. Lunched in Unna. Mid-afternoon halt at a small cafe by the Blaue See. On thru the Teutoberg forest. Arrived Hannover 6 p.m. & stayed at the Hotel Regina.

TUESDAY, MAY 13/58 Left Hannover 8 a.m. On thru Celle, crossed the Lüneburg heath, stopping in the midst of it for refreshments at a roadside inn, the Hof Barol. Crossed the Elbe River. Lunched in a Hamburg restaurant. Inspected the Museum of Art. Then off with a local guide, our coach made a tour of Hamburg & the St. Pauli docks. At 6 p.m. left Hamburg, & at 7 after a fast run on the autobahn reached Lübeck, where we spent the night.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 14/58 Off at 6 a.m. to catch the steamer at Grossenbrode, seeing out first glimpse of the Baltic at Neustadt. Sailed on SS Deutschland "Deutschland" at 8:45, 3 hours later landed in Denmark at Gedset, after a passage of 40 miles. Lunched at Nykobing. Thence across the rest of the island of Falster, & passed over the Stormstron channel (by a bridge 3.2 km. long) to the island of Zealand. Passed thru outskirts of Copenhagen to Elsinore, where we stayed at the Hotel Marienlyst.

THURSDAY, MAY 15/58 Drove into Copenhagen for a two hour tour of the city. Lunched there, & spent the afternoon in the Sivoli gardens, returning to Elsinore at 5 p.m.

FRIDAY, MAY 16/58 Went by coach to tour a Danish goth farm, then Frederiksberg palace, Fredericksborg palace & finally Kronborg castle, Hamlet's big scene. Lunched at the Marienlyst. Then crossed over to Sweden by ferry & spent an hour or two in Helsingbord. Back at 5 p.m., too late for another look at the Kronborg.

SATURDAY, MAY 17/58 Left Elsinore 8 a.m. Refreshments

to Roskilde. Crossed the island of Zealand. At Korsor took the ferry across the Great Belt channel to the island of Funen. Disembarked at Nyborg & drove to the village of Odense. Lunched there & spent the afternoon in the museum of Hans Christian Andersen relics, & the cathedral of St. Knud. Saw Andersen's home cottage, & the school he attended. At 4 pm. drove on across Funen, passed over the Little Belt channel by a long bridge to the mainland of Jutland, & stopped in Vejle for the night.

SUNDAY, MAY 18/58 Left Vejle 8 a.m. Passed down the Baltic side of the peninsula via Aabenraa. German border at 9:45. On thru Flensburg & Schleswig. Crossed the Kiel Canal at noon & lunched in Kiel itself. Then on to Hamburg, where we inspected the Hagenbeck zoo, & away across the Lüneberg Heath by the Bremen autobahn. Spent the night in Bremen.

MONDAY, MAY 19/58 Left Bremen 8 a.m. Crossed the north German plain via Lingen. Crossed the Dortmund-Ems canal, & stopped in Nordhorn to shop for leather goods. Crossed the Dutch border at Denekamp. Lunched at Hengelo. Crossed the IJssel River near Zutphen, & stopped in Arnhem for afternoon refreshments; then on to the British cemetery outside the town, where we spent an hour. At 5:30 crossed the Amster-Rhine canal, at 6 the Amster River, & arrived in Amsterdam soon after. Stayed at the Hotel Schiller.

TUESDAY, MAY 20/58 Exploring Amsterdam this morning. Left at 2 p.m. Passed thru beautiful tulip fields near Haarlem and at Bennebroek. Stopped in the Hague for afternoon refreshments. Left there 5 p.m. & reached Rotterdam soon after. Passed under the Maas River by tunnel, & stopped at the small town of Silburg for the night.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 21/58 Off at 7:30 a.m. & soon crossed

Note:- My old friend Jotham Logan died in Camp Hill Hospital, May 22. I first knew him when he was a teacher at Halifax Academy, calling at our house on Babbacombe Road in the summer of 1913, to discuss cadet corps training with my father. His nickname was "Lucky" & everyone called him that. My books delighted him & he wrote me heart-warming little notes in the early days when writing was a very chilly business.

the border into Belgium. Passed through Antwerp, & under the Scheldt River by tunnel. On thru Ghent Canadian cemetery at Adegem. ~~Stopped for refreshments~~ Lunched in Bruges, & bought a chinaware coffee set for 590 francs Belgian = \$11.80. Reached Ostend 1 p.m. & boarded the "Reine Astrid", sailing at 2.45. Reached Dover 6 p.m. Dined in a sketchy fashion at the roadside restaurant on the London road at Wrotham. Arrived in London at the Victoria bus terminus, 10.30 p.m. Taxed to the Eccleston Hotel at 11.

THURSDAY, MAY 22/58 E. & I. lunched with Charlie Copelin at the Berkley. He had some mail for us, & a letter to E. from Vera Parker mentioned that I had won the Governor-General's Award for my history, "Path of Destiny". Dined in a small station restaurant near Victoria. Saw a good movie show — impossible to get theatre tickets except at scalpers' prices.

FRIDAY, MAY 23/58 Morning shopping. Afternoon at the Zoo.

SATURDAY, MAY 24/58 Our friends the Austin Parkers arrived in London towards noon, stopping at the Bowater apartments (for visiting executives) at 10 Berkley Street. At 2.30 E. & I joined them there, had sherry & a chat, & at 3.30 set off together by tube for Baker St. station & Madame Tussaud's. Austin & I had seen the waxworks long ago in our service days but our wives were agog. Dined at 6.30 in an Italian restaurant nearby. Went by tube to Piccadilly, sauntered about in the crowds, finally entered the famous Windmill Theatre ("The Never Closed" — i.e. during the London blitz). Afterwards went back to our separate dwelling places.

SUNDAY, MAY 25/58 E. & I walked to Buckingham Palace & watched the changing of the guard, then back to the

Note: Judge W. Lorimer Hall died in Halifax, May 26, aged 82. He started his law career in Liverpool and was an M.P.P. for this (Reno) county in the 1920's and 1930's.

hotel for lunch. Joined the Parkers at 10 Berkley St at 2 p.m., & went with them by tube to Kew Gardens, where we lingered until 6. Back to Berkley St for drinks & a wash. At 7.30 we strolled down Piccadilly into Soho, & ate a tremendous smorgasbord dinner in a Danish restaurant called the Three Vikings. Back to the hotel at 10.

MONDAY, MAY 26/58 Joined the Parkers at Lower Hill (tube) station & we went & see the Tower of London. Heavy rain. Lunched near Russell Square. In the afternoon we joined a coach tour to Windsor Castle, stopping en route at Stoke Poges, & on the return journey at Hampton Court. The sky cleared & the sun was hot all afternoon. Back to Berkley Square. Then on to Soho again, & a big dinner in an Austrian restaurant (the Tyrol).

TUESDAY, MAY 27/58 E & Dora shopped all morning. Austin was at a business conference all day. I lunched with the ladies at the Berkley, & at 1.15 we set off by tube & surface train to Horsley, Surrey. Ann Copelin met us at Horsley station, took us to Guildford, & then for a drive in the Surrey countryside. Austin & Charlie & young Greg Copelin came out by car & we dined together at ~~The HAUTEBOY~~  
~~HARMSO~~ <sup>House</sup>. We caught the 10.20 back to London, & said goodbye to the Parkers in Charing Cross tube station.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 28/58 Left London by the 10.30 a.m. train for Liverpool. Reached there 2.15. Boarded the "Nova Scotia" about 4. Sailed at 7.

TUESDAY, JUNE 3/58 Arrived St. John's Nfld. 7 a.m. At 2 p.m. we set off in a coach for a tour of the city & environs, with a further peep at Conception Bay & Bell Island.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 4/58 This morning Mr. Turner Hickey, manager here, Hickey, took E & me for a drive in his car, showing us the new suburbs, which we hadn't seen yesterday. In the afternoon we visited the Portuguese hospital ship "Gil Eannes". At 7 p.m.

our ship pulled out for Halifax.

THURSDAY, JUNE 5/58

The ship's farewell dinner held tonight.

FRIDAY, JUNE 6/58      Arrived Halifax 7 a.m. Soon after 8 Bill Dennis, Francie & baby arrived on the dock with my car. Drove around to Jollimore for a chat with Mum. Gave her the plant & earth from Dad's grave. Then on to C'pool, stopping to lunch in Bridgewater. Home looked good to me. A great stack of mail.

Many congratulations, news cuttings etc, regarding my third G.B. Award. Time Magazine had tried desperately to get hold of me, calling & phoning all the way from here to London & Venice, badgering all my friends here, & Francie, & Marie Freeman, for details of my life, habits, income, etc. Apparently they were planning to do a rags-to-riches feature story - the poor boy who ran away to sea and worked his way to wealth & fame as an author. I'd have told them to go to hell, so it's just as well that they didn't reach me & decided to drop the whole thing.

SUNDAY, JUNE 8/58

Church this am. with my family - except Tom Jr. who joined stf Vinland at the close of college & is now on the sea bound for Florida. Bill leaves in a day or two to spend the summer as usual in army service at Aldershot. Francie & baby will stay here until September. They have sub-let their apartment in Hfx until then.

I'm writing notes & letters by the dozen in answer to my mail. In an interlude I figured up roughly what my European trip had cost.

About \$3,000. Worth every cent of it, too.

MONDAY, JUNE 9/58

My 31st wedding anniversary. I presented C. with roses & sweet peas from the Milton nursery. Bill & I took the storm windows off.

~~Wednesday~~ WEANESDAY, JUNE 11, 1958

Just when I'm getting caught up on my mail, Mowbray Jones called with a bland request that I write five speeches for him — he outlined the subjects — including a "very important" address he has to make when Governor Coyne & the directors of the Bank of Canada visit Halifax next week. (He <sup>is</sup> the Nova Scotia representative on the bank's board.) This is the sort of thing I had to do for his father years ago. I couldn't say No to old Colonel Jones, because I was a Mersey Paper Co. employee & I couldn't afford to lose my job. And I can't say No to son Mowbray, because I have accepted favors from him (notably our trips with the Jones's to Quebec) in the past. Still, it's a frightful bit of gall, considering how pushed I am with my own work, especially after this long holiday in Europe.

C & I attended a dinner at Mersey Lodge, up the river, tonight, to Bert Waters & Rolf Leabone, who retire from Mersey Paper Co. next week. Each was presented with a silver candelabra. The guests were about 40 personal friends, each of whom chipped in \$5 towards the cost of the gift. Mowbray made the presentation. I had ~~just~~ prepared his speech the first of the fire — and he tried to speak extempore, glancing furtively at my notes, and made a mess of it.

Ralph Johnson was there, with a charming Southern widow whom he met in Florida last winter. Her name is — God help him — Hallie-Belle Warrens. She is grey but personable, with a good figure, and a wonderful Southern drawl. She also has two teen-age ~~daughters~~ <sup>children</sup>. Our neighborhood is all agog. Bertie Seldon doesn't blame her a bit — "I'm a woman, and if you want a man you've got to go after him."

THURSDAY, JUNE 12/58

One of my problems at the moment is fighting off demands, by mail & phone, that I address all sorts of gatherings, from an engineers' convention at Digby to a librarians' convention at Brantford, Ontario. What set off all this was (a) the G. G. Award, with resultant newspaper accounts, including an editorial page eulogy by William March in the Hfx Chronicle-Herald, accompanied by a God-awful sketch of me by staff artist Bob Chambers; and (b) the June 7 publication of Maclean's Magazine, which contains my long-delayed article on Barrington Street, plus a magnificent plug on the editorial page, with photograph, stating amongst other things that I am "a towering figure" in Canadian literature.

SATURDAY, JUNE 14/58

Graham, of CBC, director of the TV "Gazette" program, phoned today. Said he'd been trying to get hold of me all spring, just learned I was back from Europe. Wants me to (a) make a "live" appearance on "Gazette" at once or very soon; (b) do the ~~"Gazette"~~ "Gazette" program for 9 Thursdays in July & August — I presume while Ferguson ("Rawhide") is away on summer holidays. All I would have to do, he said wincingly, is to spin yarns about Nova Scotia history or anything I like for 13 minutes each time. I would have to prepare scripts for each, of course. I replied that I wasn't a bit hot about appearing on "Gazette" (he seemed to think I'd jump at it); ~~but~~ he then said the whole business could be filmed in my own home, without the least trouble; he would send down a camera crew. In any case, would I come to Hfx & talk it over? My time being just as precious as his, I said he'd better come down here. I had a lot of work to do. He said he was tied up for some days, but he'd let me know, & rang off.

SUNDAY, JUNE 15/58

Father's Day. Francie presented me

with an Ivy League sport shirt, together with a Father's Day card ~~and~~  
bearing a smug male figure with a halo, and in print this:-

SAD, YOU'RE A SAINT, AND THAT'S ALL THERE IS TO IT!

(and on the inside fold)

CAUSE NO ONE BUT A SAINT COULD HAVE EVER LIVED THROUGH IT!

No church today, Parson John is away at a conference. I have a most unwelcome visit from my old foe, lumbago. In spite of it I played 18 holes at White Point in a high gale, limping doggedly about the course. Tonight the Leabornes' had us, the Parkers & Wickwires in to chat about journeys in Europe — the Leabornes & Wickwires are going there together next spring, & are already making plans & reservations.

FRIDAY, JUNE 20/58 Fine weather all this week. Working each morning & evening, golf each afternoon — painful but better than lying in the house. I wrote two more speeches for M. Jones — one of which he was to deliver, yesterday, at a meeting of Bowaters' directors in Cornerbrook, Nfld. Meanwhile I've been slogging away at my typewriter, recording in readable form the notes I wrote hastily, each night, on my journeys in Europe. Visited the Perkins House, now open for the summer, & found all in good order. Inspected the old Temperance Hall, at the corner of Gorham & Church streets, which is being torn down at last. Amongst other new matters, Doubleday (New York) suggest that I work over "Wings of Night", cutting it to a shorter length for Pan Books, London, a paper-back outfit who offer the enormous sum of £150 (about \$400), of which, ultimately, I shall get about \$100. Also a wire from somebody named Paul Small, of Beverly Hills, California, asking about a movie option on "Wings of Night". I wired back, telling him to contact George Shirey, of Doubleday, New York.

Bill Dennis arrived this afternoon from Aldershot, on

a short leave. A letter from Tom Jr., written off Father Point & posted in Strel, P.Q. He expects to be in Liverpool for a couple of days, about the beginning of next week. Then the "Finland" sails to the Arctic (Baffin Island or anywhere Frobisher Bay) & I wish I could be in his shoes.

SATURDAY, JUNE 21/58

Overcast, cold wind from sea, rain at dusk.

Tried golf this afternoon but the course was crowded, many visitors, all moving at a funeral rate. I gave up at the 12th hole.

Received a new lawn-mower from Simpsons-Sears, \$13.98. It's not only quicker, but cheaper, to buy a new one than to obtain new bearings & pay a mechanic to instal them in the old machine!

Spent evening at the Seldons'. Had a long & interesting chat with a Mr. Thompson, who is staying with (Senator) Don Smith for a few days. (Don Smith Jr. is married to Thompson's daughter.) Thompson went to Chebucto School, Hfx, when I did; & although he was two or three grades younger he knew many of my classmates & acquaintances.

MONDAY, JUNE 23/58

I worked all yesterday afternoon & evening, writing a speech for Morley Jones, & in fact preparing a whole program of remarks to be made at today's luncheon in Hfx. As N.S. director of the Bank of Canada he will preside over the luncheon, calling upon Premier Stanfield & Mayor Vaughan of Hfx for remarks, & making a brief ("but it must be witty!") speech to introduce Mr. Beatty, Deputy Governor of the Bank.

I note from an editorial eulogy in Maclean's Magazine that Lionel Shapiro died of cancer in Montreal General Hospital a week or two ago! A clever but neurotic and self-centred chap, he had spent most of his

life wandering about Europe as a free-lance journalist, returning to visit his mother in Montreal from time to time. He wrote several highly successful books — all novels pitched in Europe — & sold them to the movies for large sums.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 25/58

Sunny weather, but with chilly sea wind. Golf every afternoon from 12:30 to 3. Tom Jr. arrived tonight. Says the "Finland" will make one more voyage south (to Port Tampa, Florida) in the phosphate trade, discharging at Sorel, before taking general supplies to Truro. Rev. John Davies, rector of Trinity Church, here since 1951, has been appointed rector of St. Peter's Cathedral in Charlottetown, & moves there in September. Mersey Paper mill will shut down 4 days next week "for repairs and new installations". Dominion Steel & Coal Co. proposes to shut down the Cape Breton mines for several weeks, owing to lack of sales. The old Hamilton Biscuit Co. of Pictou, which was purchased by Garfield Weston's big corporation a few years ago, is to be shut down for ever; its customers will be supplied from other plants of the firm in Moncton & Montreal. The N.S. government is working hard to save the miners & bakers, chiefly by representations to Ottawa. But there are signs of the growing slump in business generally. All over North America the newspapers are playing it down, talking brightly of a "resumption of the upward swing" this summer, but they're not convincing anybody.

FRIDAY, JUNE 27/58

Nothing further from Graham (C.B.C. — see June 14) so I assume that's off — & no regrets on my part. I'm working away at my desk each day, putting into type, for family record, the pencil notes I made along the way during our European trip. At midnight tonight I drove Tom Jr. down to the Mersey wharf. The "Finland" sails for Florida at 10:30 a.m., & he must be on duty at 6.

SATURDAY, JUNE 28, 1958

A cool overcast day, except at evening.

when the sea wind dropped & the sun came out. Bill Dennis arrived last evening, to spend the Dominion (or "Canada") Day week-end with Frances. Apparently his duties at Alderstoh Camp are very light & elastic. This afternoon at 2:30, while golfing at White Point, I saw the "Vinland", high in the water (she is empty) steaming past Little Hope on the way to Tampa. She must have had some last-minute engine trouble.

SUNDAY, JUNE 29/58

Another cool overcast day.

I worked all morning at my desk. Bill & Frances, with Joan Wickwire & her boy friend, went off to Port Joli to picnic for the day, leaving the baby in charge of Grandma. I played golf at White Point this afternoon, watched T.V. all evening & Sunday night has the best program of the week. I still have constant & severe pain in the small of my back, at the right side. I thought it was lumbago, brought on by some unusual physical twist while taking off the storm windows on June 9. However it does not prevent me playing golf, as lumbago usually does. Movement is painful but possible always, & I can stand upright.

In addition to the pain, I find an unusual weariness in my digestive region, a complete lack of appetite, although I make myself eat; and a queer dull ache in the belly, corresponding to the one in my back. Brent Smith's case comes back to me with morbid clarity, for this is exactly what he first noticed. Perhaps, if I'm patient, it will go away, like the few ills I have suffered in the past. If not, so be it. I'm a fatalist "Sis Hora, Hora" - and no damned medical inspections and operations.

TUESDAY, JULY 1/58

Hot weather. Last evening E. & I drove to Greenfield & had (planked salmon) dinner with Lou Parrot.

and Ann Kelly. The salmon in the Medway are more numerous than for several years past; no doubt there is a cycle in salmon life; but the consistent high water in the river all this spring, due to continuous rains, must have something to do with it.

This afternoon I played golf with Charlie Williams, Maurice Russell & Lockward, & had low score, 89.

This evening E. & I took a picnic meal with us to Port Joli, & had supper with the Austin Parkers at their cabin. Edwin P. & wife Nora & little boy Peter were there — Ed. is slowly completing his own cabin nearby, on the site of a small log cabin built here many years ago by a Plymouth sportsman, Ben Annis. Frances & Bill, & their friends Joan Wickwire & John Cox, have been enjoying the holiday thoroughly, picnicing every day & taking in the holiday dances. Tonight the Canadian Legion staged their usual Dominion Day firework show, from their pier on the river front.

Today, amongst other national marks of Dominion Day, (a) St. Lawrence Seaway constructors blew out a copper dam and began to fill the new storage dam near Cornwall, Ontario. It will flood several ancient villages & landmarks, including much of the battlefield at Chrysler's Farm; (b) the new micro-wave radio & telephone system, which has now climbed over the Rockies to ~~the~~ Newfoundland was used for the first time for a coast-to-coast T.V. broadcast program. Only Newfoundland remains to be linked with the system, & that job is underway.

FRIDAY, JULY 4/58 Fine & hot. Golf as usual this afternoon, & at 6 E. & I attended the supper given by the ladies of the club. The clubhouse has been enlarged this spring, with a cellar also for storage of golf-carts etc.; & there is a small bar where beer is sold under license from the N.S. govt. A great crowd, including Rita Beebe, Joe

Dexter & other summer visitors. As a fourth-of-July salute to our American friends, Jackson had a huge stars-&-stripes flying from the gaff of the mast before the clubhouse.

SATURDAY, July 5/58 still fine. Golf this afternoon, & then mowed the lawns around my house, hot work.

Dinner party at 7 given by the Jack MacBains, Seabornes & John Wickwire as a send-off to Doug & Phyl Sozer, who are leaving on a trip to California.

Government pressure, federal & provincial, (see June 25) has saved the bakers of Pictou & the coal miners of Cape Breton, according to announcements today.

SUNDAY, July 6/58 Lovely day. Church this morning, golf this afternoon. At the noon hour Mobe & Phyl Jones invited about a dozen people to drop in for sherry, & to meet her father, a man named Hodges. This involves a romantic story. ~~Hodges~~ Hodges, his wife & three small daughters went from England to California about the time of the great U.S. financial panic in 1930-31. Hodges, a dark, goodlooking man of much charm, but not much ability to earn money, was soon in financial difficulties. About 1932 Mrs. Hodges left him, taking the three girls with her, & without leaving any sort of address. Later she secured a divorce (on what grounds I don't know) & married a wealthy Halifax man, the late Stewart Curry. Thus Phyllis, a child of 12 at the time of her mother's flight, grew up in the Stewart Curry house in Hfx, & eventually married Mowbray Jones. Last year she became curious about her father, & Mobe employed an American detective agency to trace him. They found him in North Carolina, where he has been living for years, & married to a Southern woman. Phyl opened a correspondence, & last spring went to visit Hodges & his wife. Now they are up here on a return visit. The present Mrs. Hodges is (probably dyed) blonde, pale,

very pleasant, very Southern. Hodges is now a thickset but well preserved 70. His father was in the British Army, & he himself was born at Farnborough (Aldershot). He knows Hythe well.

Phyl's mother, Mrs "Pegi" Curry, still lives at Hythe. When Curry died a year or two ago he left a considerable fortune, in trust. Mrs. Curry draws the income until she dies. The money then goes entirely to Phyl's younger sister - none to her.

MONDAY, JULY 7/58 Warm & overcast. Finished typing the account of our European adventures. It runs to 70,000 or 80,000 words - enough for a book. Workmen have finished tearing down the old Temperance Hall, where Joseph Howe once addressed a throng for several hours on the hot question of Confederation. They have now begun to tear down the old Congregational church on Gorham Street. Both had become eyesores in the heart of the town.

THURSDAY, JULY 10/58 To Halifax this morning. A long chat with Mum, & showed her pictures of our trip. Called on "Jeff" (H.B.) Jefferson in his little office in Province House, where he is busy preparing the Hansard record of the past session. His articles on early N.S. railways are still appearing in the H.B. newspapers from time to time under a nom de plume, & he's still gathering old photographs & other material. At three in the afternoon I went to the conference room of the CBC building on Bell Road. This at the request of Carl MacCaull, their program director, who had also called in Kay Hill, Barbara Grantmyre, Clyde Douglas, Graham Allen & one or two other men whose names escaped me.

Object: to discuss a series of half-hour plays for CBHT and possibly national network, all from pens of N.S. authors.

One of CBHT's play producers showed us blue prints of their studio with settings as actually designed & used for

three different plays. Much talk of camera angles, perspectives, etc. Motive behind all this lies in a rumour last year over the fact that C.B.C. (T.V.) plays were almost entirely written by a small group in Toronto. C.B.C.'s defence was that play-writing for T.V. requires an exact knowledge of T.V. apparatus & technique, & that only the group of Toronto professionals had this knowledge. Of course this wasn't mentioned at the conference here. Evidently the Hfx staff had been told to seek for plays by local talent, & they were conscientiously going through the motions. Kay Hill has had a lot of experience, & had written a number of successful T.V. plays for CBC. She is their best bet. Barbara Grantmyre put forth a synopsis of a comedy which seemed to me very good. Mrs. Wallace wants to do some plays based on Benge Atlee's old medical-detective ("Kent Power") stories, which appeared in Maclean's in the 1920's. The stories were good, but it seems to me the chemical-analysis business would be hard to put over on T.V. For myself, I'd merely come to listen, & I did. The conference ended neatly at 5 p.m. & I drove on home, stopping to dine at the Royal Hotel, Mahone. A very hot day.

FRIDAY, JULY 11/58 Fine & warm. Graham of CBC. Halifax had his secretary phone me this morning, saying he was sorry he'd missed me there yesterday, & wanting to know when I'd be in the city again; he wishes to talk over the matter he put to me on June 14. I said I thought he'd dropped the whole thing, as I hadn't heard from him in the meantime & it's now almost mid-July. She said he'd been very busy, but the matter was still very much in his mind. I said no more, & she rang off. Golf this afternoon.

TUESDAY, JULY 15, 1958

After long & anxious consideration I find I must scrap a great deal of what I'd written of "Governor Johnnie", and re-write the whole! When I came to a halt last April I knew the thing was deadly dull but I couldn't see why. Now I can. I'd let my detailed research into the Wentworths obsess my mind, as if I were writing a biography, clogging the story's flow with all sorts of family minutiae. I began to ~~re~~ re-write today — a whole Fall & winter's work down the drain.

Today U.S. marines landed in force in Lebanon to restore order there, thus reversing the stand taken by President Eisenhower in 1956 when the Franco-British-Israeli forces attacked Nasser in Egypt. Since then Nasser has been riding high, linking Syria with Egypt in a single Arab state, & conducting intrigues in Iraq, Jordan & Lebanon. In the past few weeks he has started a hot revolt in Lebanon against the pro-Western government there; & only a day or two ago he set fire to another in Iraq. Anthony Eden prophesied that history would prove him right in the Suez affair. It has taken less than two years.

THURSDAY, JULY 17/58

Wonderful weather. Ken Jones, MPP, with Jack Bigelow & wife, & Mrs. "Maggie" Inness, went over the Perkins House with me yesterday afternoon.

"Maggie" has \$300, proceeds of sale of a building lot beside the Cobb Memorial, which she wants to use in buying furniture for Perkins House. Trouble is, she wants to buy some stuff from local antique dealer Marjorie Ayer. We went over & looked at it & turned thumbs down. All of the period

1824-1860. I voiced my concern lest the whole upper story of the house remain empty (as now) next year, which is Liverpool's 200th anniversary, with a summer-long

celebration being planned. I asked that the govt. get the necessary (and authentic) furniture & bric-a-brac this summer if possible. Ken & Jack were mum — I gather that the govt. doesn't want to spend a cent this year. However Jack promised that the whole house would be furnished by the summer of '59, by borrowing authentic stuff from Mount Uniacke, Clifton, etc. These things will be returned however when the celebration is over.

This afternoon Howland White installed a cemented bird-bath on our back lawn. The modest grounds of my house are handsome just now. I never saw such a mass of blossom on the shrubs — golden elder, deutzia, bush honeysuckle, weigelia. Unfortunately my ash trees are showing signs of a new blight, which has already killed all the ashes in Bristol Avenue area. Ralph Johnson, chief Mersey forester, thinks it is something to do with the railway marsh grass, acting as a "host," & there is no known antidote.

THURSDAY, JULY 17/58      The men of the golf club gave a crowded supper this evening in the clubhouse. As chairman of the House Committee I was appointed treasurer for the occasion. There were 91 guests, at \$1.25 each; the gross receipts \$113.75. This is to be applied as a down payment on a piano, for the younger group who want to hold evening parties in the clubhouse.

News: In Iraq the revolt has been well planned & executed. (Nasser of Egypt, who had inspired the whole thing, was careful to absent himself, at the exact time, on a visit to dictator Tito of Jugo-Slavia.) King Feisal, Prime Minister Nuri, & others of the pro-British regime, were all set upon & murdered by plotters within the Iraq army. Thus Nasser's Arab nationalist movement receives a tremendous boost, much applauded by

Moscow, which denounces American marine landings in Lebanon, & British paratroop landings in Jordan. Obviously British & U.S. intelligence services must have foreseen these developments, for their reaction was prompt.

FRIDAY, JULY 18/58 Bill Dennis turned up today, in a borrowed car. The army people at Aldershot are holding a big dinner & dance tomorrow night, & he & Francie leave for the event at 6 a.m. tomorrow.

SUNDAY, JULY 20/58 Rain last evening, the first in many days; a good thing for the fire-fighters at Italy Cross & Port Medway, where bush fires have been burning for the past two days. Today was windy & overcast, threatening rain, & I stayed at my desk all day, watching T.V. in the evening. Bill & Francie turned up this morning, reporting a happy time. Bill stays the night with us & returns to Aldershot in the morning.

This afternoon E. & I called on Aunt Marie Bell, for the first time in some weeks. She had become so weary, quarrelling with all her friends & neighbors, that I couldn't stand her society even for half an hour. However, today she was quite cheerful. I urged her to convert her \$4,500 Victory Bonds (3%) to the new issue offered at 4½%.

TUESDAY, JULY 22/58 Fine & warm. Today's Hfx papers record the death "recently" of Frederick William Wallace in Montreal, after a long illness. Age 71. In the 1920's, when I first began to write, he was regarded as the top Canadian writer, & two of his books, "Blue Water" and "Captain Salvation" were filmed. They were third-rate things really, forgotten now. His best work was a historical record of Canadian sailing ships, published in two books, "Wooden Ships & Iron Men", and "In the Wake of the Wind Ships". He was a Scot by birth,

spent some time in a Gloucester (Mass) fishing schooner, & one or two other sailing vessels before 1914. For the past 30 years or so he had lived in Montreal, directing publication of "Canadian Fisherman", a trade magazine that he founded & eventually sold to National Business Publications.

## Veteran Skipper Named To Post

OTTAWA (CP)—Captain Francis B. Latchmore, 60, a member of the fast-dwindling school of seafarers with master's certificates in sail, Monday was named director of the subsidies branch of the Canadian Maritime Commission.

Captain Latchmore, an inspector with the branch for 11 years, sailed around the world as mate aboard the four-masted barque Medway. He later was senior officer aboard other square-rig sailing ships.

He succeeds Captain J. A. Heenan who retired recently. Captain Heenan also holds a master's certificate in sail.

During the Second World War Captain Latchmore served as naval officer in charge at Quebec City with the rank of commander.

← This was also in today's paper. Frank Latchmore was third mate of my old ship "War Karma" when I made my first voyage as a wireless operator in 1919. He afterwards spent some years in the old Canadian Government Merchant Marine, in the 1920's.

SATURDAY, JULY 26/58

Working on some articles on N.S. cities & towns, for the World Book Encyclopedia, a Marshall Field (Chicago) publication. Bill Dennis arrived from Aldershot on Thursday on a 4 or 5 days' holiday. Marie Freeman came in tonight<sup>ab usual</sup> for a talk with E. She is still as mad as a hatter, although she pulls herself together for work in the Mercury Paper office — they have provided her with a minor secretarial job. Over her basic melancholia she puts on a bright mad smile, thrusting into conversations with a loud empty laugh & telling long pointless stories in a voice like the scope of a shoe. Her hair is now snow white, her face has long been wizened, with large dark sacs under the eyes. The family now renting

(the old Freeman home)

her house in Milton would like to buy it. I urged Marie to sell it at any price & get rid of the long drain of repairs, of tenants who don't pay the rent, etc. At most it is worth \$4,000. Marie, in her "Miss Flite" manner, informed me that the house is large & well built, beautifully sited, with extensive grounds & other advantages, & that she won't sell it for less than \$7,000, & she has so informed the present tenants.

Verna (Dunlap) ~~Ryan~~ phoned C. today, thinks Marie should return to the care of her psychiatrist in Halifax. C. phoned Hfx. but the doctor is away on holidays. In any case there is nothing further he can do, as he confessed last year when he wished Marie to move from the T. G. Hospital to the asylum in Dartmouth.

SUNDAY, JULY 27/58 A cool grey day. Up at 5:30 a.m. & worked on W. B. Encyclopedia stuff till noon. Golf this afternoon with Dr. John Wickwire & Johnnie Cox — Bill Dennis came along as "caddy". My score 82 (41 + 41). Dined & evening at Marilla McDill's house in Mill Village. Her daughter Jean & son-in-law Bruce there; also a Mrs. Burnaby (whose father-in-law was Col. F. A. Burnsby, author of the famous "A Ride to Khiva"), Rita Beebe & her niece Miss Milliken, Fred & Mrs. Emerson. Emerson is Newfoundland representative on the Canada Council, appointed by the federal govt. to allot funds to arts & scholarships. Very pleased with that & with himself, as usual dropping big names all over the place & often getting them wrong (e.g. Leonard Brockington, whom he called "Lionel" repeatedly; and David Walker the novelist, whom he called "Ernest").

TUESDAY, JULY 29/58 Miss Margaret Drew suffered a heart attack a day or two ago, & is confined to bed in the care of her niece, Jean Holden. Marie Freeman has been

(and went back)

a boarder there for years. Jean phoned E. this morning, said Marie must be removed at once. E. went over there & found Marie babbling all sorts of nonsense. Dr. Jim Wickwire came & gave Marie a sedative, arranged for an ambulance to take her back to the T. G. hospital in Halifax. This, I suppose, as a preliminary to the mental hospital in Dartmouth, where the poor creature should have gone long ago. Verna (Dunlop) <sup>RYAN</sup> agreed to go with her. It was necessary for one of Marie's family to go, too, to sign the papers. I didn't want C. to go, as she has had to put up with Marie every evening for weeks, & is getting in a bad state herself. Francie phoned Milton, asking Betty Freeman if Verence could go instead. But as soon as Betty told him what was afoot he left the house & disappeared. So E. & Verna set off with Marie in Wright & Chandler's ambulance at 1.30 p.m. There was no difficulty — Marie still in her "high <sup>and</sup> <sub>and</sub>" babbling of selling her house for a fortune, etc. E. got home at 9.30. Pouring rain all afternoon & night.

THURSDAY, JULY 31/58 Overcast & sultry. Golf this afternoon, but quit before 18 holes — the course crowded with White Point visitors, some of the females very awkward & slow. Dinner in Milton tonight at the Bob Kirkpatricks'. Fifty people. Fortunately a balmy evening, so the crowd could spill outdoors on the lawn looking down to the river.

I'm getting no work done. Francie's baby is a darling, but naturally there is noise from him, & from Francie & her friends. Worse, here is a small girl next door at the Clevelands', who screams in tantrums day & night. And for the past three weeks we have had the lunatic Marie flitting in & out of the house, cackling & shouting in her hoarse voice,

driving to pick up & dandle the baby (which scared the hell out of me!) & sometimes following me into my den to go on & on with her frantic stories. If only I had my Moose Harbor cabin, or some other retreat where I could go & find the necessary peace, for hours on end, which one must have for the effort of creation!

Ted More (Marine Sup't, Muray Shipping Co.) phoned saying that ss Vinland was delayed in Montreal, & it was now doubtful that she would return from Baffin Island in time for young Tom to get back to college Sept 2nd. (The ship is loading special stores for the big Canadian air base now building on Frobisher Bay.) I wired Tom tonight, saying this, & pointing out (he is keen to make the trip) that he could fly out from Frobisher by Nordair at his own cost to Montreal — the fare \$150.

SATURDAY, Aug 2/58 Very hot. Played 27 holes at White Point this afternoon with Dr. Jim Wickwire, dentist Bill Murphy, & town engineer Armand Wigglesworth. Bill Dennis arrived for the weekend. Tom Jr. phoned from Hfx. He had signed off the ship in Montreal, & he is driving down from Hfx tomorrow with his latest girl, Pamela White.

SUNDAY, Aug 3/58 Fine & warm. Tom & Pamela drove down from Hfx this morning in her brother's Vauxhall car. She is a tall handsome blonde, most intelligent, a secretary with the C.B.C. staff in Hfx. Tom had decided not to risk further delays at Frobisher. After weeks on the Sorel-Tampa run he looks very brown & fit, very different from the pale drawn student who emerged from the last exams. Bill, Frances, Tom, Pam, Johnnie Cox

✓ Joan Wickwire went off to Port Joli this afternoon for swimming & a picnic tea. I played golf. The young people returned in the evening, & Pamela drove back to Hfx at 9:45 p.m.

MONDAY, AUG. 4/58

Rain tonight - a wet patch in the almost continuous fine weather. Bruce Chandler entered old Owen ("Shank") Shankel's house this evening, to play the usual game of cribbage, & found him sitting dead in a chair. He was Western Union & then Canadian National telegraph operator here for a large part of his life, retired in 1941. Age 78. A small man, skeleton-thin, with a solemn face & manner, a sepulchral voice. When he called you on the phone, with his invariable "I have a telegram", you at once envisioned a death in your family. His only hobby was cards, which he played morning, noon & night if anyone would sit with him, & he was the pet character of the group of poker-playing business men who were (& still are) known as "the Stumble Inn bunch."

WEDNESDAY, AUG. 6/58 Fine & hot. Terence Freeman's house in Milton was broken into, during the last weekend. Terence discovered it today, on his return from a holiday at the beach. Curiously, nothing was stolen. Frank Willis (CBC) wrote from Toronto asking me to write a series of Maritime historical pieces for radio. Replied today - No, can't take the time now. Joseph Schull has an article in Weekend Magazine entitled "The Black Jack", purporting to be a historical account of the privateer Liverpool Packet in the War of 1812. According to an editorial note Schull says he did the research in Liverpool - a falsehood. The whole thing is stolen from C.H.J. Snider's "Under The Red Jack".

published by Musson's, Toronto, 1928. Snider did a lot of research here & elsewhere, but he included a good deal of fiction, including imaginary conversations etc., to make a good story of it. Schull has re-written Snider's stuff in his own words, but betrays his source by repeating the fictions, item by item.

Pam White drove down from Hfx. this afternoon, went to Summerside with Tom, Frances & Jean for a picnic, stayed the night with us.

August 9/58. Saturday My father died in battle at Amiens forty years ago today. Met Harvey Crowell & Ken Sedgwick on the golf course today. Crowell just back from the 85th Highlanders' (War One) reunion at Amherst, held annually in various N.S. towns in memory of men who fell at Amiens, including their colonel, Ivan Ralston. Sedgwick, an annual visitor at White Point, is General Manager of the Royal Bank of Canada. Bill Dennis arrived here last night for the weekend.

Washington has revealed that the U.S.N. atomic submarine <sup>"NAUTILUS"</sup> recently crossed the Polar Sea under the ice, entering by way of Bering Strait and making its way to ~~the east coast of the U.S.~~ <sup>PORTLAND, ENGLAND,</sup> around the north & east sides of Greenland. It popped up once or twice to take photographs in open places. Semi-official naval comment in London as well as Washington (and undoubtedly in Moscow): - "The North Polar Sea is now a field for future naval warfare."

The pot in the Near East still boils merrily. I think the best course is to pull out U.S. troops from Lebanon & British troops from Jordan, and let

the Arabs stew in their own juice with Nasses. The presence of Western troops gives them a rallying cry. Without that there is only the racial prejudice against the Jews of Israel, who are well able to look after themselves. The Syrians & Egyptians are a poor lot as fighting men, and the fighting Arabs of the desert areas are too pre-occupied in inter-tribal jealousies ever to stick together. In another generation, maybe much less, Israel by force of arms will dominate in Arabia, & control of the Suez Canal & of the oil fields will be in their hands.

MONDAY, AUG. 11/58 Fine & hot. Princess Margaret's big day in Halifax, at the conclusion of her tour of Canada, which began in British Columbia with the centennial celebrations there a month or more ago. Since then, in the usual fashion of royal tours in Canada, she has made her conducted way across the continent, reviewing an interminable succession of stiffly drilled guards of honor, shaking hands with local officials & their wives, inspecting a farm here, a factory there, and attending official luncheons & dinners. As usual the stuffed shirts & gowns along the way demanded and gripped most of her attention, & she saw the Canadian people as a passing blur from a car or a train. What a bore for her. The television cameras followed her all the way, & try as she might she could not keep the boredom from her face at times.

Halifax put on a great show, including a mile-long procession of bands & decorated floats, which she viewed from a special covered stand erected outside the C.B.C. building on Bell Road. She reviewed the Princess Louise Fusiliers (one of her

"own" regiments — she is Honorary Colonel — in the Armories. At the formal dinner in the ballroom of the Nova Scotian hotel she read a nice little speech, in English and in fluent French, which was broadcast from TV stations across Canada & to some extent in the U.S. She is 28, a petite blond woman with the rather thin face and full lip of the family; and is said to be still pining for the ex-R.A.F. officer Townsend, whom she still meets from time to time.

At 11 p.m. the T.V. showed her departure by a big B.O.A.C. "Britannia" aircraft from Shearwater naval air station. It was raining there (a fine night here) and except for the naval guard of honor & a few officials & their wives nobody was admitted to the departure scene. She made her farewells to various officers & ladies (including of course Premier & Mrs. Stanfield, Lt. Governor & Mrs. Plew) in the shelter of the plane's port wing, & went up the gangway. She fluttered a hand at a porthole & then the plane was off for Britain.

TUESDAY, AUG. 12/58. Fine again. Tom Jr. has got a job as seaman aboard Mersey Paper Co.'s "Liverpool Rover" (the old "Markland") for the rest of the month, & I took him to the dock in my car at 8:30 a.m. The ship carries pulpwood from Cape Breton to the mill, a trip every four days. He expects to have \$500 saved from his summer's wages when he goes back to college — enough to provide him with board & lodging & pocket money until the end of the year.

This morning I came to a decision about "Governor Johnnie". I find I cannot write good fiction about Johnnie & his lady when all my

instinct wants to stick to facts - in short, a biography. What Doubleday will say to this I don't know, and after all these months of mental struggle I'm beyond caring.

TUESDAY, AUG. 13/58

Ottawa announces the sale of its Canadian National Steamships to a Cuban syndicate, who propose to operate them, as formerly, in the Canada-West Indies trade. The ships have been tied up, mostly in Halifax harbor, for more than a year by a strike of the Canadian branch of the Seamen's International Union. The union's demand for more wages was senseless at a time when ships were being laid up all over the world; and as the S.I.U. leader in Canada, Hal Banks, is suspected of communistic affiliations, there was no public sympathy. Thus vanishes almost the last of the Canadian merchant fleet, which was so large at the end of the late war.

THURSDAY, AUG. 14/58

Foggy this morning after a much-needed rain yesterday; but the afternoon was clear & hot. I played golf this morning with Harvey Crowell, & lunched with him at White Point, where he is staying with his daughter Marian. Last year a big firm of Montreal chartered accountants offered to buy out Crowell, Balcom & Company, in order to get their Maritime accounts. The price was good, & they offered Crowell & his partners good salaries to remain in charge of the Halifax branch. I think Balcom was inclined to accept; his health is poor & he still suffers the effects of his wounds in War One. Crowell gave a sturdy No, and that was that. His feeling was that too many Nova Scotia firms had sold out to Montreal or Toronto interests in the past.

John Chaplin died

tonight in the local hospital, of a combination of ills, including cancer. I went to see him there about a week ago, & found him looking very gaunt but talking confidently of "getting out of here in a few more days." He had fallen ill while he & his wife were spending their usual summer holiday in their cottage at Carter's Beach. He was head of the Veeders-Roof Company, of Hartford, Conn., the largest manufacturer of computing machines in the world, with branches in Canada and Britain. I met him & his wife Shirley soon after they bought the former flat summer cottage at Carter's Beach, where we had taken our own kids for a picnic about 1938.

We have not seen much of them in recent years; in fact the last time we called at Carter's Beach we found them both drinking vodka and quarrelling, and we left quickly.

MONDAY, Aug. 18/58 Raining all day yesterday & today. Ralph Johnson arrived home today with his new wife Hella-Belle, whom he met in Florida last winter. They were married a day or two ago at Yarmouth, N.S., where Ralph met the Boston boat. She is twice-widowed.

The U.S. space-missile people at Cape Canaveral launched a rocket at the moon last week, after the usual ballyhoo. As usual, it fizzled a short way up.

TUESDAY Aug. 19/58 Lovely day, everything fresh after the rain. Golf this afternoon. Magnificent surf at White Point, aftermath of a storm that passed to the east of us — we just got the rainy fringe. Randolph Day, cleaning out some boxes of old correspondence etc. in Newbray Jones' office at the paper mill, discovered the complete dies, plates, proofs etc. of "Saga of the Rover" and "Saga of Markland". Also Tom Hayhurst's original pen-&-wash drawings for both. The late

Colonel C. H. L. Jones had got them back from the printers in the early 1930's, intending a further edition in better times, and they had been forgotten since. With Morbray's permission Candy gave the whole thing to me, sending the stuff over in a Mersey truck this afternoon. I'll never print another edition myself ~ too costly in these times - but the material is a good souvenir of my very first books. I put it in a pasteboard box in my attic.

FRIDAY, AUG. 22/58 A letter from Tom Costain, urging me to make my book about the Wentworths a biographical novel rather than a straight biography.

A letter from John Rich, enclosing the new agreement, drawn up by his lawyer, in which I accept 37% of the net profits (if any) instead of the fifty-fifty split with Rich as originally agreed. According to the lawyer, a Los Angeles attorney named Seton, the new deal will actually yield more money to both of us, as it will enable Rich to dodge a certain amount of U.S. Income Tax. But I'm fed up with signing agreements in which all the good faith and all the concessions have to come from me. It is now more than two years since the original document was signed, with no payment except the lawyers' fictitious "one dollar", and stating that Rich or his assigns were to have the motion picture rights to "The Nymph & The Lamp" "in perpetuity". Still Rich has nothing to report except a copy of his proposed photo-play, which I found a poor thing. On the face of things as they stand, Rich could hold the rights whether he produces the play (or sells the play) or not.

So I wrote Rich today, expressing my displeasure with the long & empty delay, & refusing to sign anything more unless I get a guarantee. Under this guarantee the rights would revert to me if Rich fails to produce or sell his play within "one year from the date of this letter."

This afternoon Doug & Phyl Soyer gave a <sup>cocktail</sup> party to celebrate her son Michael's engagement to pretty Heidi Lee of Halifax. A great crowd. I had invited (Rev.) Jack & Frances Davies to dine with us at White Point, so we went on there. Phyl & Mobe Jones insisted that we all sit at their table, & we chatted for a time afterwards in the Jones cottage on the beach. The Jones daughters Sandra and Taffy have been touring Europe all summer, & are now on the way home.

News: the U.S.N. submarine "Skate," following on the heels of the "Nautilus" (see Aug. 9) has made a wide cruise of the North Polar Basin, popping up through open spaces in the ice here & there, including some near the Arctic coast of Russia. Some U.S. newspapers are jubilant, saying that U.S. submarines could now bombard the Russians with atomic bombs, jet propelled, from any part of that coast. They seem to forget that Russian submarines can also bombard the United States with similar projectiles from the Arctic coast of Canada.

TUESDAY, AUG. 26/58 Rain, warm, everything very sticky, yesterday & today. Between showers this afternoon I played 9 holes at White Point with George Rowlings, Boston lawyer, whom I met here some years ago.

Towards evening I had a brief visit from Mason Wade, whose book "The French Canadians 1760-1945" I found very useful in my research for "The Path of Destiny". He is a professor at the University of Rochester, N.Y., has made a special study of Canadian history, is now making research for a general review of Canadian-U.S. relations. He said D.C. Harvey had told him to see me, but he seemed a bit vague about what he wanted to know, and I had an impression that he had dropped in chiefly to see what sort of creature I was. He looks more like a college athlete than a professor — very tall (at least 6'3") well built frame, balding, with a crew cut, tanned & keen. A careful researcher. On his present trip he had covered the Maritimes, talking to people like Harvey, Professor H.J. Belliveau of St. Ann's College, inquiring about documents not available in the Archives. He confessed a poor opinion of the present N.S. Archivist, Bruce Ferguson — "He writes in a ponderous way — like a Mack truck — full of involved statements; and he's interested chiefly in Halifax & the vicinity; he lacks Harvey's general view."

At my request Wade autographed my copy of his book, & after a few minutes he drove off to Halifax.

Edith drove with Terence to Dartmouth today, & visited sister Marie in the mental hospital. They found her in what the nurses call the "shock ward", where the maniacal & noisy types are kept. The doctors said they'd had some difficulty with her — she was not "cooperative" at first, but she was becoming more amenable, & possibly soon she might be moved to another ward. In conversation she seemed quite rational. The doctors pointed out what we have known for some time — that she has an almost theatrical

ability to put on a sane face and manner when she wishes. It is part of her type of insanity.

THURSDAY, AUG. 28/58

Rain & fog yesterday, overcast today. Tom Jr. arrived from another pulpwood voyage to Bras D'Or Lake in the "Liverpool Rover", and asked & got his discharge. He will have this week-end at home, & goes off to college next week. Francie & baby Gregory leave for Halifax tomorrow after spending the summer with us, as Bill resumes his medical studies at Dalhousie next week also. I received a copy of "Cavalcade of the North", an anthology of Canadian stories selected by George Nelson & published by Doubleday. It contains my short story "Resurrection", published originally in "A Muster of Arms".

A storm warning tonight. A hurricane (called Daisy by the meteorologists) is now off Cape Hatteras & heading for Nova Scotia. Unless it changes course the gale will begin at Cape Sable tomorrow morning, & the storm centre will be at Liverpool by 7 p.m. with winds 65 m.p.h.

FRIDAY, AUG. 29/58 Raining at morning. Francie, with baby, & a whole car-load of goods & chattels, set off for Halifax after lunch, in my car, Tommy driving. At Lynn Seldon's flat in Hfa. they were met by Bill, who had driven into the city in his father's car to write a "sup." exam. at Dalhousie. He then took Francie, baby & the whole caboodle off to his parents' place at Brookfield for the week-end. Tommy meanwhile picked up Pam White & brought her down here for the week-end. The hurricane "Daisy" came, not with a bang but a whimper. An uneasy little wind stirring the sodden hydrangea blossoms, a continuous drizzle, & no

more. Cecil Day, of the "Advance", called me in a dither. The Canadian Weekly Newspapers Association, of which he has been President for the past twelve months, holds its big annual dinner in Toronto early next week. As the retiring president he will be asked to give a short address, to be broadcast over the coast-to-coast radio network of the C.B.C. Would I write the address for him? I said I would, & wrote it tonight.

News: the Arab stew seems to be simmering down a bit — the Russians, for all their bluster, don't want a major war any more than we do. There is talk of pulling the U.S. troops out of Lebanon & the British out of Jordan, & replacing them with United Nations troops from the Egypt-Israel border patrol.

SATURDAY, AUG 30/58      Sunny & warm. Hurricane "Daisy" passed us well to seaward, walloping Table Island as it went. Mowed my lawns this afternoon. Forgot to mention that last week I gave my old piano to the Golf Club, & told them to use their "music fund" (see July 17) for the purchase of a record player or anything else they liked. I bought the piano second-hand in 1935 for \$165. Edith tried to teach our kids to play it but they wouldn't have anything to do with it, except to scratch the woodwork. For years it has been an eyesore in the sun porch. The Club (wassail & song department) are delighted.

Tonight C. & I drove with the John Wickwires to a party given by Jack & Gertrude Millar at their Broad River cottage. A lively crowd & lots of fun. A full moon shining on the river.

I note from a local newspaper advertisement that my swashbuckling acquaintance Captain Lou Kennedy, owner-skipper of various sailing vessels, including the "City of New York", the last tern schooner to operate

out of Nova Scotia) is offering his property on the Lahave River for sale. It is an old colonial house at Conquerall Bank, well preserved, with extensive grounds, & well furnished. He is offering the whole thing for \$15,000 cash, a bargain. He & his wife removed to Barbados, her old home, a couple of years ago.

SUNDAY, AUG. 31/58 Overcast, mild, with drizzling mist towards evening. Golf this afternoon. Tom Jr. overhauled his trunk, which has been standing in a damp part of the cellar ever since he came home from college in May. He pulled out, amongst other things, covered with a grey fur of mould, a human pelvic bone & the complete skeleton of a human foot, stinking & grisly. He had "borrowed" them from the dissecting lab. of Dalhousie medical school, intending to study them during the summer if he got a chance.

MONDAY, LABOR DAY.

Golf this afternoon with John Wickwire & Jack McClearn. The course has been crowded all this month, mostly by visitors, & most of them Canadians. The usual American majority seems to have gone to Europe instead of coming to White Point this summer. The high premium on Canadian funds apparently has a lot to do with this. There are still many American tourists, but they are of another type, making quick tours by car (many of them bring tents, & camp near the roads overnight) & actually spending little money.

TUESDAY, SEP. 2/58 Up at 5:30 a.m. & drove to Hfx at 6:30 with Tom & Pamela — the back seat & trunk full of Tom's clothes & gear. Pam lives just across Edward Street from Tom's lodging, so one stop did the job.

Pouring rain. I drove downtown, bought a new Canadian Legion crest at Colwell's, had a chat with Will Bird in his office in the old Chronicle

building. Dropped into the Book Room for a chat with Bendelier, who said his gross sales so far this year are up 25% from the same period last year. Can it be that the public is returning to real books again after the long spree with T.V. and the more sensational paper-backs? Noticed flowers growing in large bowls suspended high on telephone poles along Spring Garden Road - something new. Installed for Princess Margaret's visit perhaps, but a nice idea anyhow. The city of Victoria, B.C., has done this for years.

WEDNESDAY, SEP. 3/58 Fine & warm. Golf all afternoon with Hubert Macdonald, Charles Williams, & a man from Florida named ~~George~~ <sup>John</sup>. ~~George~~ is a newspaper man, a minor customer of Bowaters, now being entertained at Mersey Lodge. News:- Some months ago Canada tried to get her territorial waters extended from the ancient 3-mile limit, to 12 miles. This in order to establish control of her coastal fisheries, now being exploited by European fishing craft in increasing numbers, as well as American craft, which have always exploited them. In the United Nations this naturally got a cold reception from the Europeans & Americans, which was expected. The surprise was Britain's downright opposition to the Canadian proposition. Now we know why. Iceland recently extended her coastal limit to 12 miles & forbade foreign fishermen to operate within it. Britain refused to recognize this, & this week sent her usual fishing fleet to Iceland under naval escort. Within the past two days there have been several incidents - Icelandic patrol craft sending boarding parties to seize British trawlers - British naval parties promptly boarding the ships & releasing them. Some "force" was used, the

nature not stated, but no bloodshed. A mob in Reykjavik has stoned the British consulate.

THURSDAY, SEP. 4/58 Cold night, sunny day. Spent this afternoon with Dr. John Wickwire. The summer crowd has thinned away & we could set out to own pace. Sent Tom Jr. a cheque for \$612 to cover dental equipment & supplies which he must use this year. Weighed myself today - 179 lbs, stripped.

FRIDAY, SEP. 5/58 Overcast. Mowed my lawns this afternoon. A dinner party this evening at the Parkers' house - the Austin Parkers. Charlie Copelin was there greeting old friends. He leaves for England again on Monday. When Bowaters took him from Mersey, to organize their own big Marine department in London, Charlie rented his house & talked of "coming back in two or three years." He doesn't talk quite the same way now. England (where he was born & grew up) has cash to spell, & of course there is the big job & the big authority. I heard a rumor that Mowbray Jones is being promoted sharply in the Bowaters hierarchy, that he will have charge of all Bowaters activities in Canada, including the Cornerbrook (Nfld) and Mersey (N.S.) mills. If true this means he jumps over the head of "Monty" Lewin.

SATURDAY, SEP. 6/58 Hfx. papers announce the appointment of J. H. M. Jones as president of Bowaters Newfoundland Paper Mills Ltd, Cornerbrook. He retains presidency of Mersey. H. M. ~~W.~~ Lewin becomes president of Bowaters Power Company, Deer Lake, Nfld. It's hard to sort out the maze of interlocking companies whose ultimate head is Sir Eric Van Settaart Bowaters in London. Mersey, Cornerbrook, & the big newsprint mill in Tennessee are nominally under control of Bowaters

Corporation of North America, which has offices in New York. But friend Nowbray has certainly made a long step up the ladder. He has great ability & ambition. He is also a wealthy man, & evidently holds a large chunk of Bowater's stock. His new responsibilities will require more traveling than ever. The operation of Mersey itself seems to fall largely upon Austin Parker, who is treasurer & vice-president.

A small dinner party tonight at Rita Beebe's summer home on the island, Mill Village, The Waters, Seabornes & ourselves from Liverpool, three Americans including Marilla McDill. Marilla is closing her Mill Village house for the season & leaves tomorrow for Boston. Rita will do the same next week.

A flood of letters in the Hfx newspapers protesting against the reprieve of the young Shelburne murderers. They were convicted (with no recommendation for mercy) by a Shelburne County jury, & Chief Justice Illsley (who presided over the case himself) sentenced them to death. The Canadian cabinet, on an appeal through persons whose names have not been revealed, lately changed the sentence to "life" imprisonment, & the two youths have gone to Dorchester penitentiary. This means that after ten years' good behaviour they can be released.

SUNDAY SEP 7/58 Overcast & humid. Drove with E. to Port Joli this afternoon; called on Charles Kelsey & his wife at their charming self-built cottage "Goose Haven", & returned the British travel books they lent us last winter. Their friend Whalley (who, like Kelsey, is a paraplegic cripple from war wounds) & Mrs. Whalley, who lived with the Kelsleys for years, have recently

built a cottage of their own, not far away.

THURSDAY, SEP. 11/58

The old Congregational church on Gorham Street is now torn down & the wood is being trucked away. Workmen are filling in the field-stone foundations of the old Temperance Hall. Eric Millard, town engineer, tells me they found nothing of historic interest in the walls of Temperance Hall. The niche in the cornerstone, where I thought there would be coins & papers, contained nothing but dirt. There was no trace of a seal over it. Apparently it had been rifled many years ago, probably during repairs to the foundation beams, which sat right over the niche.

Sent Dalhousie University a cheque for \$478, covering Tom's class fees for this, his second dental year. The burden gets heavier all the time - and there are three more years to go!

FRIDAY, SEP. 12/58 Sunny days & chilly nights. Cameron Graham, CBC Halifax, phoned asking me to appear on the TV "Gazette" program, Oct 2, (the day the Legislature opens) and give a talk on Nova Scotia's first parliament in 1758. This is part of the 200th anniversary celebration, which has been going on all summer. I said I would. He wants a 17 or 18 minute script.

Robert W. Service, who made a comfortable little fortune out of his brief experience in the Klondike gold rush ("The Cremation of Sam McGee", etc.) died today at his <sup>summer</sup> cottage in the ~~near~~ <sup>near</sup> ~~Brittany~~ <sup>Brittany</sup>.

SATURDAY, SEP. 13/58 Fine & cool. Golf this afternoon. A great & slow crowd on the course & I quit at the ninth hole. I play the game for exercise, & by preference play alone, so I can get along at a good rate.

Evening at the Hubert Macdonalds', with the

the John Wickwires & Austin Parkers. Unfortunately Vera P. suggested that Mac show some of his colored photo slides on the projector & screen — the fad & the bane of North American society in this camera-mad age! All the usual things: — the cooling fan in the machine that only worked by fits & starts, with long pauses & technical discussions about the cause; the "change-slide" trigger that refused to work; the pictures that came out sideways or upside down; the long dull succession of infant grand-children in every sort of pose; the pictures of a fine sunset photographed at minute intervals from afternoon to dark; the endless pictures of garden flowers, of a wedding, of Mac's favorite golf course in New Jersey. A desperate bore. Escape didn't come till a few minutes before 1 a.m.

SUNDAY SEP 14/58 Terence Freeman drove with E. to Hfx. this morning, visited Marie at the Dartmouth mental hospital. She is now in a more cheerful ward, with a comfortable lounge; and they were permitted to take her for a drive. On the way home E. dropped in to see Francie & the baby. Clifford Millard, 81, died in Liverpool today; one-time proprietor of a wood-working & ski factory here; he was one of the original "Stumble Inn" poker club, which still continues.

Tonight E. & I dropped in for a drink with Hector & Marion Dunlap, who were giving an informal reception to mark <sup>SON</sup> Jack's wedding tomorrow. Jack is marrying his school-days' sweetheart Anna Thompson, in an almost private ceremony in the Anglican church at Western Head, the home of his bride's mother. From there they go to Fredericton, where Jack takes up his final-year studies in

the forestry school at U.N.B. Anna, a trained nurse, has secured a job in the Fredericton hospital.

The international tuna-anglers' tournament promoted annually (at considerable expense) by the N.S. government, ended in a complete flop yesterday. Not a single tuna appeared at Wedgeport, & the various teams have gone back to their homes in Canada, Britain, the U.S., Mexico, etc. disappointed.

Years ago the tournament was started at Liverpool, where Zane Grey & others had caught big tuna.

Then, in the 1930's, came a year when the fat-fetched teams caught nothing but baby tuna here, none weighing over 50 lbs. The American sports writers who had come here for the event wrote some sarcastic copy, and after that the tournament was held at Wedgeport in the famous "Soldier's Rip."

FRIDAY, THURSDAY, Sept. 18/58 Rainy weather. My novel grows slowly, but it grows. The great Sir Eric Vansittart Bowater arrived here yesterday & is staying at Mersey Lodge, together with Monty Lewis and Mr. Desmas, whom I met at Charlie Copelin's in Surrey last spring.

Tonight E. & I were invited to meet the great man at a cocktail party at Mersey Lodge, nearly all of our fellow guests being Mersey Paper officials & their wives. Many of them, especially the ladies, acted as if they were in the presence of God, although the second or third cocktail loosened them a bit. I had a five-minute chat with him. He is 65-ish, about 6' 1", with a deep resonant voice. Clean-shaven, small aquiline nose, perfect teeth (false, I suspect, but with just the right unevenness to look natural) face & scalp reddened by sun-lamp (it has rained all summer in England) or by a comparatively recent

and thorough exposure to the sun, or possibly his natural hue. His hair is thick, slightly waved, and of an odd cream color; it makes a handsome contrast with the red complexion. His eyes are large, of a strange brown-green mixture like pond water, bold, watchful, a little arrogant; the eyes of an old, wise & completely ruthless tiger.

He carries himself as straight as a ramrod. According to M. Jones, Bowater was wounded in the back in War One, spent two years in hospital partly paralysed below the waist, was cured by a delicate operation in Switzerland, carries himself like this because he has to.

Sir Eric himself had a different explanation in chat with Bert Waters & me: — "I was slouching along the beach at Biarritz years ago, & a French girl I knew said to me, 'Eric, you're getting a tummy, do stand up straight' — and I've stood up straight ever since."

He said he envied Waters in his retirement. "I'd like to have time to do all the things I've always wanted to do." I said, "What would you most like to do?" This seemed to disconcert him a little. He hesitated & said vaguely, "Oh, I'd like to travel about the world, taking my time, no schedule, no meetings, no speeches to make." This sounded too trite to be sincere. Obviously he is doing what he most likes to do right now — building up this tremendous paper empire in Europe & America, travelling like a prince with his retinue in expensively chartered planes, being received like a prince by respectful underlings in all his various companies, posing like this with his distinguished looks & commanding figure. He addressed me as Doctor, mentioned an article (on the Maritime Provinces) I had written for the Bowaters' annual magazine — "I read it twice. It

was splendid." And, still the unsmiling tiger, "We always get the best people to do the writing, the illustrations & everything else about it. A thing like that must be done well or not at all." And with this condescension he sipped his pink gin & went on to talk about something else. I fear I'm allergic to tigers.

FRIDAY, SEP 19/58 Rain all day. C. spent the day in Hfx. with Mrs. Hallabelle Johnson. I worked all day on a script for my TV broadcast on Oct. 2. Chris Lunn of the Canadian Film Board phoned from Hfx., wants to come down this weekend to take some still photos of me, for some sort of C.F.B. monthly pamphlet. I had planned to go to Eagle Lake with Parker and Dunlap, our only chance to get together in our old haunts this year; but I said Yes. (Otherwise Doubleday's George Nelson would have a fit.)

This evening the local Civil Defence organization staged an elaborate practice in case of Russian attack. About 200 volunteers took part, including the fire brigade, the Artillery companies, & various other people, male & female. The attack was presumed to take the form of airplane bombs or self-propelled missiles launched at sea, with a dressing-station for wounded, an emergency food & relief centre, etc. Under the energetic leadership of Armand Wiggleworth, town engineer, the Liverpool organization (set up in the past year) is the best in the province outside of Hfx.

A group of Hfx. & provincial observers came down to watch the exercise, which began at 6:45 p.m. with warning blasts of steam whistles from Stenpro & the paper mill, the town fire siren, & all the church bells ringing.

All the provincial Civil Defence activities are directed by an organizer at Hfx., paid by the Canadian

govt. In the event of war Hfx would certainly be the target of an atomic bomb or bombs, owing to its importance as a naval & convoy base. Smaller towns in the province aren't worth such an attack, & their chief role in war would be to house & feed refugees from Hfx. For that reason a billeting schedule has been drawn up here. Few towns have taken this civil defence business seriously, however. The constant alarms of Russian war in the past ten years have dulled apprehension. The Canadian govt. apparently takes it seriously. For the past two years the training of the militia has been chiefly in the role of civil defence - i.e. rescue of injured from shattered houses, etc., although our Liverpool artillery battery still sends a group to summer camp for gun practice.

SATURDAY, SEP. 20/58 Lovely sunny day after the rain. Lund came just after lunch, with a car full of camera paraphernalia. Chatted for some time. He had some sort of dossier on me. He spent ~~most~~ of the afternoon getting carefully arranged photos of my model Norse long-ship, plus two of Sgm Hayhurst's shapes originally drawn for "The Markland Sagas". Also of my Spanish log-book plus my hands holding a flintlock pistol of privateer days. Had dinner with us & departed at 9 p.m., with a full day's plans for tomorrow. (He took photo of me with Will & Neil <sup>moose Harbor</sup>.)

SUNDAY, SEP. 21/58 Lund (he is staying at Dean Manor, Bristol Avenue) came at 10 a.m. Lovely warm day after a cold night. He spent the rest of the morning on White Point golf course, getting pictures of me & C. playing. Lunched with us. ~~After~~ This afternoon we drove up the river. Lund took photos of me fishing for trout in one of my favorite haunts of older times;

the stretch of the Mersey just below Trout Rock & the bridge to No. 2 dam. Also pictures of C. & me hunting for Indian arrowheads etc. on the shore at Indian Gardens. Then back to L pool. where he took pictures of C. & me in my study, discussing the typing of my manuscript. He dined with us & departed happily at 8:30. Just what all this accomplishes I can't see, except that he has promised me a set of the photos, & says my publishers (or anybody else) can use them gratis if they wish.

MONDAY, SEP. 22/58 Rain. Aunt Marie Bell suffered a coronary attack last night. Doc. Wickwire thinks she may not live more than a few days. George Foster dropped in for a chat tonight. He was ace salesman for McClelland & Stewart when they were publishing my early books, & he staged my first "autograph party" & so on. He and Bob Nelson quit M. & S. about 10 years ago & formed a small book-wholesale house of their own in Toronto. Seem to be doing very well. We swapped tales of the petty stinginess of M. & S.

TUESDAY, SEP. 23/58 Clear & very warm. Edith, Verna Ryan & Mrs. Harry Hartlen are taking turns at attending Aunt Marie Bell, with Mrs. Hartlen (who lives next door) taking the all-night shift. The old lady can talk and even get out of bed; won't hear of going to hospital. All efforts to obtain a professional nurse for her have failed.

For the first time in many years a British yacht is trying to win the famous "America's Cup". In races off Long Island yesterday & today the British "Sceptre" was beaten easily by the American "Columbia".

THURSDAY, SEP. 25/58 Fine & warm. Drove to Hfx this morning with C. Lunch in a snack bar at Limerlea. On to Jollimore & a chat with Mum & Hilda. At 1:30 I dropped C. at Simpsons' & went on to the CBC

building on Bell Road. Cameron Graham pleased with my script for the "Gazette" program Oct. 2. He is busy rounding up antique furniture etc. for an 18th. parlor setting, including a portrait of Governor Lawrence. He had shown my script to H. R. Hathaway, who wants me to record it for radio broadcasting as well. Graham, more than ever now, wants me to do a series of T.V. historical sketches or talks. I said I couldn't consider it until my novel is finished next spring, & he seemed content with that. I was conducted to one of the T.V. studios to see an actual rehearsal for one of the regular shows, so I could see also what I must face myself. I am to be at CBHT. at 4 p.m. on Oct. 2nd, when I will rehearse with the full crew, then record my talk for Hathaway, & finally at 6:45 put on the show itself.

Graham has another idea — a T.V. camera & recording thing of me in my home, talking about the writer's trade, etc. This for some unspecified use later on — perhaps for the CBC news "morgue". I agreed, & I was introduced to a Mrs. McNeil, a producer, who will be at my house at 9:30 a.m. Oct. 1 with a camera crew of four or five men. All in all I seem to have got myself involved in a lot more than I expected when I agreed to do a TV talk for Graham on the phone Sep. 12.

After leaving CBHT I drove to the Archives for some Wentworth research, but found the whole Dalhousie campus jammed with cars & traffic cops — a special convocation, with

four honorary degrees, in connection with the official opening of the new dental school building. (Which actually has been open & in use since last January.) No place for my car within half a mile, so I drove on to Francis's flat, where I found C. with her & the baby. All well & happy. Left with C. at 4 p.m., dined at the Royal Hotel, Mahone — always a good meal — & drove on home via Lunenburg.

SATURDAY, SEP. 27/58 Cool with showers, after two very hot days that broke all records for September. I got in 9 holes at White Point before the rain. I have not played much golf lately, usually just a few holes like this, getting out soon after noon between the morning & afternoon crowds. I like to play quickly & work up a sweat. I can't endure a slow plod around the course, especially when it's crowded with people taking infinite pains with every stroke & putt. Hence I play alone if I can, & at a time when I can whisk around at a vigorous pace. I usually do 18 holes in exactly 2 hours.

Many new members of the club this year, attracted possibly by the club's new license from the N.S. Liquor Commission (beer & ales) and the enlarged lounge. New members include a group from Shelburne & Lockeport, & there are many visitors including U.S. naval radar personnel from the Shelburne station & U.S. air force personnel from the "Loran" station at Barrington.

Marie Freeman is in our midst again. Under the open-door policy of the Dartmouth hospital for "cooperative" patients she has wrangled a week-end pass, and demanded that Jerry drive up & get her. Miss Drew, with whom she lodged for years, was afraid of this, & a week or two ago she requested C. to come &

take Marie's things away. Therefore Marie will stay the week-end with Jerry & Betty in Milton.

Old Aunt Marie Bell is recovering from her heart attack, still under the daily care of Mrs. Harten (& her <sup>own</sup> nieces Verna & E.) refusing to have a nurse. The poor old selfish creature is 81 and has the vitality of a cat. As Verna observed to E. - "a mother with five small children dependent on her would have gone out like a light".

News:- The U.S., still blindly backing Chiang Kai Chek on Formosa, is now shaking fists at China & Russia over the small islands of Quemoy, just off the Chinese mainland. Chiang uses these islands to harass the Chinese coastal trade and as a constant threat of invasion; and a week or so ago the Red Chinese forces began a heavy artillery bombardment of Chiang's garrison. U.S. army, naval & air forces have been rushed to Formosa. Russia says she will back Red China if it comes to a fight. Meanwhile the Middle East pot is just simmering, with U.S. marines still in Lebanon & British paratroops in Jordan, & Nasser busy plotting his next move.

The U.S. itself is slowly boiling with the negro-segregation issue. Most of the southern states are defying the order of the Supreme Court to "integrate" their schools. In Arkansas & Virginia several big schools have been closed by the state authorities rather than admit negroes. All of which makes wonderful propaganda for Russia amongst the Africans & Asians.

MONDAY, SEP. 29/58

A hurricane named "Helene" passed the South Shore, well off, as far as Sable Island.

then swung in & walloped eastern N.S. & Cape Breton. Much damage there, & later in Newfoundland. We had heavy rains but no more than a fitful gale. Jerry drove Marie back to hospital late yesterday afternoon, & E. went along. They got back about 11 p.m. in the rainpour. Marie seems very subdued & rational; but she looks terrible, a small wizened hog with dark sacs under her eyes, & a mane of white hair, like one of those ghoulish caricatures in the "New Yorker".

Mrs. McNeil, Keith Barry, & four camera-men & electricians arrived at my house at 10 a.m., in a car and a CBHT. blue van. Object, to telecast (by sound film) two fifteen minute talks with me by Barry. (Cameron Graham had arranged this.) They had two big cameras besides a battery of lights on standards, the recording gear, & what seemed miles of electric cable. It took till lunch time merely to get all this set up in my study. I provided drinks & E. provided lunch for the whole crew.

Old Lou Parrot barged in after lunch, & delayed things while he told some of his long yarns. Then we did the first talk. Then the whole set-up had to be re-arranged, so that the second talk could be recorded with a different wall background. All in all they didn't finish until 5 p.m.

At 5:45 E. & I went up to the Austin Parkers to meet their guest Mr. Rye, a quiet grey Englishman who is in effect the treasurer and No 2 man in the Bowater hierarchy in London. Mowbray & Phyl Jones looked in & had cocktails - they left for Pinehurst, North Carolina, soon afterwards. At 7:45 the rest of us drove to Mersey Lodge, where Rye is staying a day or two, & had dinner with him. Home towards 11. Lovely clear night with a waning but still fat moon. Ken Jones phoned from Hfx to remind me of my promise to address the Canadian Parliamentary Association (now touring the province).

at a luncheon in Liverpool tomorrow.

TUESDAY, SEP. 30/58 Today at luncheon in the Mersey Hotel I addressed the touring members of the Canadian Parliamentary Association. Subject: Nova Scotia's first parliament. The party numbered about 35, including a few wives, all under the wing of Dick Donahoe, of the N.S. Cabinet. They were cabinet members & several speakers from various provincial legislatures, & had with them the High Commissioner of Ceylon in Canada, a dark smiling man who seemed to be enjoying the tour. At 3 p.m. they left for Yarmouth, & will return to Hfx tomorrow by way of the Annapolis Valley.

Letter from C. J. Ritchie, of Upperville N.B.

He is a consulting geologist of 44, with an office in Montreal, but has an itch to write. He asked advice from me some years ago, which he acknowledged in a foreword to his first book, a historical novel about early Nova Scotia called "The Filling Maid", published in New York in 1957 by a firm called Abelard-Schuman. He has just finished another; but now he wants permission to write a two-volume biography of me; the first to cover my life & "the ups & downs you must have had before the first great success." The second volume to be written after my death "in the accepted biographical style, a critical appreciation of a great guy". A fantastic proposal, and a dilemma. The chap means well. Still I feel I'd be a fool to say Yes, and a stuffed shirt to say No. The time for a biography (if ever) is when I'm dead, & I hope the writer will be someone of cool judgement and sound writing ability.

WEDNESDAY, OCT. 1/58

After days kept indoors by weather or various engagements, with no progress on my novel, I worked off some of my frustration and steam this morning on the golf course - 18 holes almost at a run. Gale blowing, grey sky, flecks

of rain, — the whole course to myself. Received from Simon & Schuster, New York, a set of their 3-volume "Great Stories from the World of Sport." The tales cover all varieties of sports, & my old short story "The Man From Cap d'Amour" (originally written for Blackwood's, & later included in the "Tambour" volume) represents Canadian hockey. It appears in Volume 3.

THURSDAY, Oct. 2/58      Sunny, after a cold night. Left for Hfx with E. at noon. Arrived at Dallimore about 12:30 to wish Mum a happy birthday (her 81st, yesterday really) & presented her with a bottle of brandy, of which she likes a nip now & then. Dropped E. at Francis's street & went on to CBHT on Bell Road. Found Mrs. MacNeil, & in a small projection-room ~~where~~ saw the two Kinescopes of me they made in Liverpool.

Then Cameron Graham took me off to the T.V. stage, where a fine "study" set had been created — panelled walls, fireplace with a realistic fire (some asbestos logs & propane-gas flames really), book-cases filled with books, a tall wing-chair, occasional chair, writing desk & table — all borrowed from an antique dealer, also two silver candelabra, vases, an hour-glass, a large olafashioned globe, a "portrait" of Governor Lawrence (copied by a staff artist from the real one in Province House). One anachronism, which I told them to throw out — a steel engraving of a naval officer descending some water-steps to a boat. (It was Nelson leaving Portsmouth for the Mediterranean, ~~after~~ almost fifty years after our period!)

Here, with the whole crew, with cameras, lights & "mikes" set up, we rehearsed my talk twice, with much discussion between producer & others about my movements, the use of the two cameras, etc. This took much time.

Then I was whisked off by car to the CBC radio studios on Sackville Street, where I made a quick recording of my script for broadcast by radio tomorrow. It had to be cut from 18 minutes to 13 minutes for radio use, & I had to do this as I spoke, skipping unimportant details here & there. Phew! Then back to CBH 1, where I found the "Gazette" production staff in a fine dilemma. The all-important World Series baseball games (N.Y. Yankees versus Milwaukee Braves) are being telecast. Yesterday's game ran to 10 innings & the Gazette show was cancelled to make way for it.

They had to make quick arrangements to "Kinescope" my show in case a "live" one was impossible, using the "Kinny" at a later date. Fortunately the game packed up about 6:40 — the Braves won 13-2. Meanwhile Don Tremain (announcer), Rube Hornstein (weather broadcaster) & I were down in the make-up room, where a deft blonde made our faces presentable for the camera, a pinkish sort of stuff, with a touch of pink powder to take the shine from my bald head.

Don's announcement of the whole evening's program, usual at this time, was cut short; so was Rube's weather-chart business; to make way for the full 18 minutes of my stuff — I was flattered. At 7 p.m. exactly I was standing before the fire, examining the tomahawk & crooked-knife I had brought from home as "props" for the show, & the show was on. They had a "teleprompter" near the cameras, so I could take a quick glance now & then to watch my cues. I fumbled a bit once or twice, relying on my memory, & bothered for a moment by the necessity of turning to face one camera, then the other — & of course by the strangeness of the whole business. However it went well, &

everyone congratulated me at the end. Former mayor Leonard Kite phoned the studio to add some kind words of his own. Graham very keen for me to do a series of these things. When the make-up girl removed the stuff from my face, she asked me for my autograph. Horndean waited over to chat with me & walked out with me to the street. A very pleasant little man. Said he'd read my books & enjoyed them. Picked up E. at Francis's flat about 8:20 & headed towards home. Very hungry - I'd eaten a light omelette at noon & nothing since - so we stopped at a gaudily-lit dine-&-dance place at Western Shore & had a large & delicious cold lobster plate dinner. Home shortly before 11 p.m.

FRIDAY, OCT. 3/58 Received (by mail) a very neat Banks-made copper & enamel medallion, commemorating the Bicentenary; the N.S. coat of arms on one side; on the other a relief of the Memorial Tower & in the words "In appreciation of services rendered" and my name. With it a letter from Ken Jones thanking me for my address to the Canadian Parliamentary Association.

Letter from John Rich, explaining why he still has no production or sale of his photoplay of The Nymph & The Lamp. Claims the female stars he wants (1st choice Deborah Kent, 2nd choice Audrey Hepburn) are both tied up with long contracts. Claims that Cary Grant & Ingrid Bergman (who have lately formed a company of their own in London) offered to buy "us" out; but Rich refused because "we" can make more money by hiring stars & producing the play "ourselves". Claims, too, that Columbia Pictures offered to buy "us" out for \$50,000 which, after our "promotion expenses," would only net "us" \$11,000 each. (From which I perceive that Rich has already run up a big - real or imaginary - bill of promotional expenses.) All

of this is typical Hollywood gabble. I still think he's made a poor play from a good story & is determined to produce the damned thing, whereas other people are willing to buy the story but want to write their own play. Rich won't hear of my 12-months further period in which he must either produce the play or give up the rights. He wants five more years. Warns me that if he can't sell it in Hollywood nobody can — meaning that he has shown his play to everyone there, & they associate the title with his play, not my book — in other words he's given the dog a bad name.

Cicero J. (for "Ted") Ritchie called in person this evening. Well dressed & looking ten years younger than his professed 44. Very eager to write the biography. I warned him that he'd never find a publisher for such a thing & it would be time & effort wasted. He asked a lot of questions about my life & made notes. So staved off a lot of correspondence. I referred him to the Acadia U. library where he will find the detailed (& dull) account of my life & works, written by Miss Edith Rogers a few years ago, as a thesis for her M.A. (See entry Sep 30/58)

SUNDAY, OCT. 5/58

Sunny & windy. C. & I attended communion service at Zion church this morning — our first church appearance in 13 weeks. A large congregation. I played golf this afternoon & later watched one of the World Series baseball games on T.V. Took C. to Milton after supper for another vigil with Aunt Marie Bell. The old lady is up & about again, but Verna Ryan feels that she should have someone with her every moment, for a few more days at least.

WEDNESDAY, OCT. 8, 1958

Funny days, cold nights. Got my storm windows down from the overhead racks in my garage, washed them with my new hose-brush, wiped them with chamois. Washed the house windows (lower floor) also. Old Captain Angus Walters, (retired master of the famous schooner "Bluenose") phoned me from Lunenburg. We are both on the advisory board of the Maritime Museum of Canada, which operates in part of the Citadel Halifax, under R.C.N. auspices. It appears that one Mr. Frank Carr, of Britain's own Maritime Museum at Greenwich, is beginning a tour of Canada; & the R.C.N. has arranged visits to N.S. ports large & small. He & a naval officer will spend tomorrow in Lunenburg, & then come on to see me at Liverpool, arriving here at 6 p.m. I told Walters that we will expect them for dinner. Also I chatted with him about his notion of a Canadian yacht to challenge the Yanks for the America Cup. In view of the dismal failure of Britain's "Sceptre" (see Sep. 3rd) this fall, the old boy thinks we could design & build a yacht in N.S. that would at least do better. The fly in this ointment is, of course, finance. The Yanks spent between \$100,000 and \$200,000 on their winning "Columbia". In eastern Canada it would be difficult to raise money like that.

THURSDAY, OCT. 9/58

A wet drizzle all day. Watched the seventh (& final) game of the baseball World Series, by T.V. The N.Y. Yankees finally defeated Milwaukee Braves 6-2.

At 7 p.m. Commandant Coulter R.C.N. & wife arrived with Mr. Frank Carr, having stopped on the way through town to secure night accommodation at Sene Manor. We had drinks & a buffet supper, the main dish chicken casserole, a specialty of E.s., & chatted until close on midnight. The Coulters are a striking couple, both

stand six feet, 35-ish, she a handsome & vivacious blonde with a slight cast in one eye. Carr is 60-ish, a typical lean pipe-smoking Englishman, cultured, humorous, very keen on his métier, British naval history. I showed him one or two relics of the N.S. privateers, & borrowed from Howland White his framed Nelson document. The latter Carr examined carefully for traces of faking, but he could find none. He explained that over the years there has developed in Britain a skilled faking of Nelsonian documents & relics, & his Museum has to be constantly on guard. He gave some highly interesting instances, & mentioned, amongst other things, that "there are enough locks of Nelson's hair to thatch a good-sized barn."

He was much intrigued with the birchbark moose-call on the wall of my study, & insisted on a demonstration. On leaving he urged me to write his Museum any time I wanted information from their vast store of naval relics & documents.

SATURDAY, Oct. 11/58 Bill, Francie, baby Gregory, Lond.  
& Pamela ~~White~~ arrived to spend the Thanksgiving holiday week-end with us; and the Rev. John Macdonald will baptise the baby at morning service tomorrow.

Tom & I put the storm windows on.

SUNDAY, Oct. 12/58 A cold windy day with patches of sunshine in a rapidly moving canopy of grey cloud. This morning baby Gregory was baptised in Zion church. The rostrum was decorated with fruit, vegetables & flowers for the Thanksgiving service & there was a crowd. The Rev. John made a minor error - calling the child "~~Dennis~~" William Gregor Dennis. Afterward we invited the Austin Parkers & son Douglas to drop in & have a drink with us.

Bill is unwell with an infection of the

throat glands, which are swollen & painful. He looked very pale — I think he studies too hard in any case.

I learn that Bill's father is niggardly with money — has only given Bill \$700 or \$800 since he & Franee were married in May 1957. For the rest, to pay his college expenses & support a wife & child, Bill has had to depend on his summer pay with the Army, the money given them as wedding presents, & money borrowed from John Cox & others. However, his grandfather Sutherland has now agreed to lend him \$5,000 to tide him over the rest of his college course.

I played golf alone this afternoon at White Point, in alternate sunshine, showers of cold rain, & one long squall of stinging hail.

MONDAY, Oct. 13/58 Thanksgiving Day. Cool & overcast after a freezing ( $30^{\circ}$ ) night. We all drove to N.Y. this afternoon, depositing our guests at their various homes, & I drove back with L., arriving home at 7 p.m. The autumn colors are lovely — the best in several years.

Much ado in the Roman Catholic Church over the funeral of Pope Pius XII, who died last week, & the forthcoming election of a new Pope.

FRIDAY, Oct. 17/58 Lovely warm day. Golf this afternoon. I engaged Jimmy Whynot to haul clay with his truck & bank it along the up-hill side of my cellar. The lawn there has sunk two or three inches next to the cellar wall, so that the rain gathers there. A sloping bank of tightly packed clay should make the drainage run the other way. My cellar has been leaking badly on that side in every rain. It may be caused by an underground stream, diverted towards Park

Street by the deep "fill" for the regional high school, built a few years ago. The "fill" obliterated Drew's Pond, into which the drainage used to go. However if I can drain the surface water away from my house it should help.

The nightly temperatures over north-eastern America during the past week are in many cases the lowest ever recorded for this time of year. Does this mean an early and long winter?

SATURDAY, Oct. 18/58

cool, windy, overcast. At 10 a.m. Austin Parker & I set off in his car, with his plywood boat & outboard motor on a trailer, to Big Falls. At the end of the wing-dam (near Knowles' Rock) we put the boat in N° 3 pond & had an easy voyage to the mouth of Eagle Brook. Left the boat there & tramped to Eagle Lake camp, took the shutters off & settled in for the week-end. Later in the afternoon I walked down the west side of the lake, got two shots at wild duck in N.W. Cove (no luck) & went on across the old burn, to the Long-Eagle brook. Spent some time watching the lower meadows for deer, just for the fun of it & I haven't hunted deer for several years, & on this trip I brought only young Tom's single-barrel 12-gauge & some bird shot. No game appeared. Rejoined Parker at N.W. Cove, where he had brought the camp boat, & rowed back to camp in the teeth of a blustering north wind. Hector Dunlap had walked in from Big Falls during the afternoon, & I spent the evening reading & listening to radio music while Hector & Austin had one of their long bouts of cribbage. All of the red maple leaves have dropped from the trees, & the birches, rock maples, & others (except oak) are shedding fast in today's gale. A good crop of nuts on the witch-hazels. Cold night, temp. about 30°.

SUNDAY, OCT. 19, 1958      Another cool windy day. This morning I took the shotgun & walked down the east side of Eagle Lake & through the big hemlocks some distance beyond. Saw no game but a pair of rabbits, & I let them go. However there were fresh buck-pawings all along the trail through the hemlocks, & one patch made early this morning at S.E. Cove on Eagle Lake, & I heard one deer moving in the thickets. The old camp above S.E. Cove, built by Lew Coombs for the logging firm of Minard & Brown about 40 years ago, was roofless & tumbling when I first saw it in the early 1930's. The logs slowly rotted into a brown mush through the years, & now there is not a trace, & a growth of maple & spruce has sprung up where it stood. I felt old, looking at this, & at the blazes Brent Smith & I made when we ~~marked~~<sup>marked</sup> a hunting trail down this side of the lake about 25 years ago. The blazes have been completely over-grown, with nothing to show their presence but the thick "knotid" scars on the bark over the old spot. Difficult to follow any of our old hunting trails now, owing to new growth, & the wind-falls. Deer were very numerous then, & their constant travel kept the trails open. Now they're far fewer. Parker & Dunlap this morning took their rifles, paddled a canoe up Eagle Lake, & up the brook to Long Lake, & hunted in the hemlock woods there. They saw no deer at all, & only a few tracks. Yet few or no hunters ever get into this Eagle-Long Lake country. The deer have moved out or are dying off, as the moose did in these parts after about 1935.

A big dinner at camp at 2:30 p.m. Dunlap walked out to his car at Big Falls; Parker & I returned by boat, & brought the boat on the trailer back to Liverpool.

Home at 7 p.m.

MONDAY, OCT. 20, 1958.

A cold but sunny day. Played 18 holes at White Point this afternoon in jacket & heavy turtle-neck sweater. Admiral Pullen (Rear-Admiral Hugh F.) phoned saying he was making an official call at Shelburne & would like to call on me on the return, towards Hfx "late in the afternoon". C. made preparations for dinner for four, assuming that we could persuade him & his flag-lieutenant to sup with us. However when he & his "flags" arrived, in a car with a Navy "companion" it was after 8 p.m. They had dined at the U.S.-Canadian naval radar establishment at Shelburne where, following his official inspection, the admiral had a happy time visiting the Shelburne shipyard and hunting for old half-models of vessels built in that port in the sailing days. He is still very keen about the Maritime Museum, which ~~was~~ started in a building at the Dockyard some years ago, & which is now much enlarged & housed in the Citadel. He reproached me gently for my poor attendance at meetings of the Museum board. I pleaded pressure of work & the difficulty of making a 180 mile round trip to Hfx under winter conditions. He is a man who does not like excuses, & said with a grin, "We must get you down there once or twice, even if I have to send a helicopter for you."

He mentioned in chat that the Navy dept. at Ottawa is now convinced that Admiralty House at Hfx should be restored to its original purpose, as a residence for the flag officer commanding the station, & that he hopes to be in there before too long. "Meanwhile I'm still living in that beautiful piece of Charlie Adams architecture on Lorne Terrace - do bring your

wife down & have a meal with us." This will probably be his final post, as he will reach retiring age in a few more years. "I'm an Upper Canadian by birth but my wife & I want to retire by the sea. Those inland places like Ottawa - too much of the atmosphere of money and mink and motorcars."

I avoided "shop" in the conversation, but I was naturally curious about the known presence of Russian submarines off our coast from time to time. He seemed to read my mind, just as he was leaving, for he smiled & said, "This is an interesting job nowadays in all ways, & especially in one. I feel that if we hunt about long enough, & carefully enough, for certain things, eventually somebody's going to come up with something."

I said, "Not just a school of mackerel?"

He grinned. "Something much more interesting."

TUESDAY, Oct. 21/58      Lovely sunny day after a 30° night. Should have mentioned that last Saturday Tommy Whynot had laid & cubic yards of pure clay and spread it along the south side of my cellar's wall, tamping it well, with a slope to carry the roof drainage away from the house.

This morning Armand Wigglesworth brought Paul Strelin & two other visitors, who are here studying the Liverpool set-up for civil defence. I talked of the emergency organization we set up here during the late war, including the hospital in the junior high school, rescue of torpedoed crews, etc. Then, as now, the Liverpool set-up was the best in the province; many people came to study it. "Wiggy" had brought along a photographer & wanted a picture of me chatting with the group in my study.

I agreed & it was taken. They left at noon.

This afternoon E & I played golf (in our separate ways) at White Point. I made a "hole in one" at No 3 - the only hole-in-one I've ever scored in about 13 years of play. The rest of the round was mediocre. Final score for 18 holes = 85.

The current toy-fad amongst children & teenagers is the "hula-hoop", a hollow plastic hoop about a yard in diameter. They give the hoop a quick spin about their waists by a hand movement, and thenceforth keep it spinning about the waist or the knees by rotary movements of the hips or legs. It is popular, too, amongst young women concerned with exercises for the improvement of their figures. Songs have been written about the hula-hoop & we hear them on radio, on T.V., & on records. A similar hoop-exercise has been known to physical-culture faddists for years, but apparently the craze for it originated in Australia, two or three years ago, & spread suddenly to North America last spring.

A day or two ago the province of N.S. signed an agreement with the federal govt. regarding a free public hospital treatment plan, which will go into effect Jan 1, 1959. It is to be financed partly by federal subsidy, partly by a provincial 3% tax on all retail sales, <sup>not</sup> including food. Some hospitals have begun building new accommodation, but most of the existing hospitals are going to be swamped. Experience in British & other socialized-medicine countries has shown that people develop all sorts of ills when the state begins to pay the cost. In Halifax, Camp Hill Hospital (for war veterans) has had a long

experience with malingers, including what are known as "the snow geese". These are men who pour into Camp Hill in the autumn, when they seek a snug bed and the best of food and attendance through the coming winter. A lot come from Cape Breton's mining & industrial areas. In many cases they bear the scars of genuine wounds sustained in battle, many years before, or they have some genuine ailment which with long experience they can make symptomatically chronic. Many are abetted by local doctors who want to get them off their hands. With the coming of spring they suddenly feel better & depart cheerfully into the sunshine.

THURSDAY, Oct. 23/58      Lovely weather. Golf every afternoon. This evening, at 7 the C.B.C.'s T.V. station at Hfx broadcast one-fky, interviews that Keith Barry had with me here on Sep. 29th. It appeared on their "Gazette" program. The second is to appear next week.

Attended a buffet dinner party given by our friends & neighbors Ralph & Hallabelle Johnson. About 20 people. A good dinner & good chat. Home at 10:30 & learned by radio of a new mine disaster at Springhill, where many men died in a similar "bump" in 1956.

The Civil Defence group, who have been studying the Liverpool area, departed today. Amongst other things they made a house-to-house survey in Liverpool, Brooklyn & Milton. I understand that, in the event of war and the explosion of an atomic bomb on Halifax, all the towns outside the "blast and fall-out" area will be expected to take in & care for the city's refugees; and that the Liverpool district will be asked to take in 7,000.

FRIDAY, Oct. 24/58      Frances & baby came down by car tonight & will stay with us a week. A few bodies have been recovered from the Springhill mine. No hope is held for the men trapped below, all believed to

be crushed by the rock-falls etc. Altogether there will be 95 dead.

SUNDAY, OCT. 26/57

Drove to Greenfield with E. and lunched with Lou Parrot & Ann Kelly. The road to Greenfield from the Liverpool - Annapolis highway has been prepared for paving during the past two years. About the first of this month the paving crews & equipment went to work, & now there is a good tarmac surface to within about  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile of Greenfield bridge. I'm told they intend to pave through the village & about 2 miles beyond towards L'Abelle.

Mrs. Kelly served a delicious luncheon - roast venison the main dish - with a bottle of sparkling Burgundy that I had given Lou several years ago. He is now 82, a tall lean craggy man, still active in stalking about his private park. Mrs. Kelly got a divorce from her ne'er-do-well husband in a Maine court last winter. And Lou intimated that his own divorce case (and the final division of his property with Mrs. Frances Parrot) will come up in a Boston court next spring. He then plans to marry Mrs. Kelly - she will be his fourth.

TUESDAY, OCT. 28/58

Rain & a sea gale. After much disagreement & several ballots (and one or two false alarms when the wrong kind of smoke came out of the famous stovepipe), the cardinals shut in with each other in the Vatican have elected a new Pope. He is a fat roly poly Italian aged 76, Cardinal Roncalli, who will take the name of John - or "Papa Giovanni" as he will be known in the Vatican.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 29, 1958

Mild, still drizzling rain. Bishop (Anglican) Waterman, who is visiting in town on his way to Yarmouth, phoned me after breakfast & suggested a game of golf. He picked me up in his robin-egg-blue Pontiac at 9:30 & we played a full 18 holes, in spite of the weather. I found my new rubberized-nylon parka just the thing for golf in a rain. Heavy surf on White Point Beach. He stands well over 6 feet & plays a good strong game. The scores were nothing to write home about, & I think we tied on holes; but the exercise & fresh air was the thing. No other players out. His best anecdote: "I sometimes play golf with Archbishop (Roman Catholic) Berry on the Brightwood course. On one tee there, your best mark for the drive is the steeple of a Presbyterian church. The first time we played off that tee I said to him, 'Now here, whether we belong to the communion of Canterbury or of Rome, we must accept the guidance of the Presbyterians.'"

This afternoon word came that 12 miners had been located alive, in part of the Springhill pit, & there may be others as the rescue gangs work deeper. Two dozen bodies have been brought out.

THURSDAY, Oct. 30/58

I hope all of Francie's school acquaintances don't decide on swank weddings. Anna Hearty, who marries a chap from Montreal here this Saturday, decided on a big show, with a troop of attendants in identical costumes designed in the latest fashion. She asked Francie to be one of them. This procedure then followed:-

- (1) Anna, after much search in Halifax shops, located the dress material she desired.
- (2) She informed Francie of the fact.
- (3) Since Francie has no money she

sent word to Edith by Anna, asking her to bring the price of the material. (4) fond Mama rushes off to Halifax to pay for the material. (5) As the wedding is to be Saturday, Mama tells Francie to come down here with baby a week beforehand, in order to have fittings by the best local dressmaker, a woman in Port Mouton. (6) our quiet household arrangements from meals to laundry — including my work — are helter-skelter the whole week, with little Greg providing sound effects, Grandma playing nursemaid, and Francie playing her feckless self — she seldom turns off a light or a hot water tap, seldom shuts a door, seldom gets up before 10 a.m., seldom tidies her room (or any other room), seldom fails to keep the T.V. set burning until midnight! (7) Grandma informs me that I pay for the dress material, for the dressmaking, and for a substantial wedding gift. (8) I am also expected to spend Saturday afternoon escorting Grandma to the wedding & the reception.

I have never seen the Heartz girl more than a dozen times in her life!

FRIDAY, OCT. 31/58 Cold but sunny, after several wet days. A note from my sister Hilda says that Mum's health is failing steadily. She now has an ominous heart condition, as well as phlebitis in her legs, which have been so long semi-crippled with arthritis. The doctor wants her to enter hospital for treatment, but she won't hear of it, insists she will get along all right at home & just like old Aunt Marie Bell. Meanwhile I've promised to go to Jordan Lake with ~~Justin Parker~~ and two friends of his from the Income Tax Dept,

leaving Sunday, returning Wednesday. I have no desire to hunt; but he begged me very hard to make the fourth in his party & I couldn't refuse, as his guests are no woodsmen.

SATURDAY, Nov. 1/58

A wild windy day with sun, rain, sleet & hail at intervals. Bill Dennis came down with John Cox to act as ushers at the Gordon-Hearty wedding. E. & I went to the church (Trinity) with the Larry Seldons. A great show of feminine hats & furs & dresses. The new C. of C. clergyman here is a dark young man named Parsons, said to be Low Church - if so the first Low Churchman here since the departure of Canon Spurr about 20 years ago.

Reception in the Mersey Hotel afterwards. Former mayor Edgar Wright gave the toast to the bride & we drank it in what I think was raspberry flavored carbonated water. Fortunately Larry Seldon had fortified us with a drink of rum at his house on the way.

Workers in the Springhill mine have found several more living men among the bodies & debris. Prince Philip, Duke of Edinburgh, who is in Canada for a speech to the English-speaking League at Ottawa, paid a flying visit to Springhill last evening & talked with several survivors and their families.

A very kind letter from D. C. Harvey, retired provincial archivist, with high praise for "Path of Destiny" - "you have written the most difficult and best of the series," etc.

SUNDAY, Nov. 2/58 Austin Parker talked me into making a fourth in a hunting party at Jordan Lake - "just a day or two". His companions are important to him in a business way - "Ed." Connolly, head of the Income Tax authority at Halifax, and "Bud" Coffill, a subordinate who has charge of corporation accounts in N.S. Coffill, a hunting enthusiast & a Bluenose, has been entertained at

the Mersey Paper Co.'s. sporting camp at Jordan Lake every Fall for ten years. Connolly, a Westerner, had never hunted deer before. We left Liverpool at 2:30 p.m. & arrived at the Jordan Lake camp about 5. Young Atwood ("Put") Dexter has taken old "Ike" Smart's place as boss in the Mersey's sporting-entertainment crew. The cook is Fred Connolly, chef at Mersey Lodge. The guides are Clarence Dickle, "Jim" Hunt. The camp still consists of the same two board-&-tarpaper shacks (one for the kitchen & dining room, the other with beds for 4 guests; the guides sleep in a tent) on the N.E. shore of Jordan Lake, and not far from the foot of Silver Lake. When I first explored these parts many years ago, traveling by canoe from Indian Gardens with Roy Gordon, all these lakes were surrounded by tall stands of old hemlock woods. Silver Lake is still lovely, with big woods remaining; but elsewhere the Mersey Co. has logged the old stands, leaving a desolate bristle of stumps, boulders, "rampikes" & rotting brush. However I was pleased to see that nature's own reforestation is now well in process, with a good growth of spruce, pine & hemlock springing up in the old clearings. When these old thick hemlock stands are first logged, nothing appears but a sudden growth of the weed called Everlasting - greyish green stems & leaves, round white flowers - and in the damp places the tall reeds with brown blossoms which "Ike" Smart called "Tussock grass". And ferns & wild raspberry.

MONDAY, Nov. 3/58 Rain all day, mostly drizzle, with occasional heavy showers. We set off after breakfast in our hunting pairs in various directions. Dickle

was anxious to go with me — I made my first canoe trip up the Mersey River with him, 34 years ago — so we borrowed "Jim" Hunt's little Vauxhall car, drove over the hauling road to Sixth Lake, & hunted the woods on the west side of Sixth Lake Brook. Plenty of fresh deer tracks but not a sight of the animal itself. Back to the camp for lunch & off again until dark. "Jim" Hunt & Connolly saw 3 deer in the hemlocks east of Silver Lake but didn't get a shot. Nobody else saw one. We were all as wet as rats but a hot stove & a drink soon cured that, & we had a tremendous supper. In the evening I read, while the others amused themselves at poker (penny ante) with the guides & cook.

TUESDAY, Nov. 4/58 Heavy rain all night, a cold sunny dawn & a lovely warm day. Oickle & I drove in the Vauxhall this morning to the head of Sixth Lake, thence over to Conway Brook. The old log-truck roads are still passable for a car, with careful driving, but only just. The abandoned logging camps are like ghosts in the clearings. We saw no deer.

In the afternoon we ~~walk~~ drove east to the edge of Dunraven Bog & hunted the hemlock woods towards the head of Thousand Acre Brook. No luck. Towards dusk we drove back ~~—~~ past Eighth Lake & Baduska Lake. Left the car & hunted down a birch slope into a fringe of spindly softwood with many windfall. Here I saw a doe stepping behind a windfall. Oickle, 25 yards away, could see a buck's head through a tangle of branches. I had a glimpse of the buck, but there was a tangle of branches & twigs in the way of a bullet & I refused to fire. Oickle, seeing this, & having no scruple about "a clean shot or nothing," fired through the tangle. Off went the buck, leaving a great splatter of blood near

the spot where he had stood. We followed a thin trail of blood specks on the fallen leaves, often losing it, & finding another speck or two farther on, after much searching. Finally the trail petered out. I was angry but I said nothing. It was what I've always tried to avoid — wounding an animal painfully but not enough to knock him down or stop his flight. We hunted on the slope till pitch dark & had to give it up. Returned to camp. Coffill had got a big buck in an old chopping near the abandoned camp at Eighth Lake — an easy shot at 35 yards. A fine old rutter with the brown discharge from the scent-glands in his fore legs running down to his feet, & the hoofs worn and battered & torn from tearing up the ground in his pawing-places.

Wednesday, Nov. 5/58 Another warm sunny day. I drove with Dickle, this time in the cook's station-wagon Meteor, back to the scene of last evening's encounter, & spent the whole morning searching along the slopes. Probably the wounded buck had crawled into a thicket, & we looked carefully, but no luck. I could only hope that the wound was not bad enough to kill the deer by inches, although with winter coming on he has a poor chance of survival. Dickle is a good shot but good shooting means nothing with a tangle of branches in the way! The least twig can divert the bullet's flight.

We were supposed to return to town this afternoon, but Austin was reluctant. Coffill & Connolly set off for Halifax. Austin went off to hunt alone towards Pitman's Point in Jordan Lake. Now that Morbray Jones has such wide activities with Bowater's mills, Austin as Vice-President has the whole weight of Mersey on his shoulders, &

its a heavy burden. Even away back here he can't get ~~any~~  
relief for long. Last night a Mersey employee drove up from  
Liverpool with some urgent letters, & Austin spent most of the  
evening in a corner studying them. Today he was moody &  
wanted to be alone in the bush; so in the afternoon I went with  
Pickle & hunted through the woods west of Sixth Lake Brook,  
& then drove across past Gaduska for a last hope  
attempt to catch sight of the wounded buck. Back to  
camp at dark. Austin was back. He has not seen  
a single deer, <sup>since</sup> he came up here. He lingered over drinks  
before supper, then over supper itself, & we did not set  
off for home until about 8 p.m. A heavy mist  
in patches all along the road. ~~He~~ Austin was  
driving his Oldsmobile. I sat with him in the front  
seat, Pickle in the back. Somewhere in the mixed  
woods & farms of West Caledonia I noticed that he  
sometimes drove perilously close to the right hand ditch.  
& either he was absorbed in his worries, or perhaps fell  
asleep at the wheel — suddenly the car was over the  
road edge, with two wheels in the ditch, at about  
55 m.p.h. I thought we were about to roll right  
over. However he came out of his trance, swung the wheel  
hard, & after some wild scrambling along the ditch  
the car clawed its way back onto the road. Fortunately  
the ditch on this particular part of the road was clear  
of rocks, etc. No damage, & we went on. Home about  
11 p.m., a hot bath, drinks & bed. Very tired. At  
55 I find that I love to tramp the woods as much  
as ever; but lugging a rifle & pack-sack, day after day,  
from morn to dark, isn't the same easy affair that  
it was when I was young.

SATURDAY, Nov. 8/58. Drove with Lenore to Dartmouth  
for a visit with Marie, found her quite rational. She

writes every week demanding that they come up there, & they find it a harrowing experience: E. called later on Francie in Hfx, & phoned my mother — who is mending well under the doctor's treatment, or so she says — she has a horror of going to hospital.

The last dead have been recovered from the Springhill mine — a total of 74.

SUNDAY, Nov. 9/58 Overcast after a sharp night, & rain in the afternoon. Drove to Greenfield with E., Dorothy Hickwin & her charming little grandchild Susan, Jim's daughter, & lunched with Lou Parrot & Ann Kelly. Saw Norman Hacking on a T.V. show from Vancouver — a re-enactment of the trial of Captain Kidley, with verdict by a present-day jury, including Norman. The verdict — Not Guilty.

Letter yesterday from George Shively of Doubleday. Suggests I come to New York for a conference about my book. I suppose they're getting worried after my long silence; & no doubt Tom Costain has told them of my letters to him last summer, in which I expressed my own uncertainties about the style & content of the book. My course is chosen now, & I'm damned if I want those Madison Avenue hawks picking at the thing half-born.

THURSDAY, Nov. 13/58 I'm 55 today. Presents from Mum & E. cards from Hilda & Tom Jr. The National Film Board have sent copies of Chris Lund's photographs taken Sep. 20th. Excellent.

Letter from Jack McClelland, of McClelland & Stewart. (a.) Oxford University Press wants permission to include my "Blind MacNair" in a volume of Canadian short stories to be published in their World's Classics series. (b.) M. & S. want permission to issue a

paper-back volume of my ~~own~~ selection of my own short stories. (c) M. & S. would like to publish a cloth-bound volume of new short stories if I have enough, & if Doubleday isn't interested. This last "for old times' sake" or any one of a number of good reasons."

That part makes me smile. Jack was sore when I left M. & S. for Doubleday, & in a fit of pique he dumped their stock of my past books on the Canadian market at a beggarly price. The booksellers were more surprised than pleased.

A cold (42°) windy sunny day, after continuous rains since Sunday. I played 18 holes at White Point, heavenly after all that time breathing house air & cigarette smoke. Nobody else out.

SATURDAY, Nov. 15/68 Overcast, very mild. My sister Winifred phoned from Hfx. at 10 a.m. — my mother had died an hour ago. I left for Hfx. with E., arrived at Collinmore about 1 p.m., found Hilda & Win in the bungalow on Forward Avenue. Bruikshanks, the undertaker, had removed Mum's body to the funeral parlor in the city. The poor old lady had got up this morning, collapsed in the bathroom. Hilda phoned Dr. Peter Gordon, who came at once, but she died on the bathroom floor in Hilda's arms, after about half an hour of agony & struggle for breath — some form of heart disease.

Mum was born Oct. 1, 1877, Ellen Gifford, of farming parents near Ash, Kent. She met my father when he was a young corporal in the Royal Marines, stationed at Deal. For the past twenty years she had been a martyr of arthritis, but she remained cheerful & indomitable to the last. As Peter Gordon remarked, "she was truly a lady."

My sister Nellie is ill with influenza in Alabama, may not be able to fly to the funeral, which will be at 2 p.m. next Tuesday. The service will be at her old church, St. Matthias, & burial in Fairview cemetery. Mr. Seering, rector of St. Matthias, called this afternoon, chatted for a time, then read aloud Psalm 23 & one or two brief prayers. At his suggestion we shall have a brief service at the funeral parlor, just for ourselves & immediate relatives, before the public service at St. Matthias. I left at 4 p.m., drove to a florist's on Quinpool Road, & paid for flowers from the girls & me, & from Mum's brothers & sisters in England. Then home, stopping for dinner at the Royal Hotel, Mahone.

MONDAY, ~~Novo~~ 17/58

Old Aunt Marie Bell died early this morning. She had been unconscious for 24 hours, was barely able to recognize E when she called to see her last Friday. Mrs. Hartlen had been taking care of her, but she refused to have a proper nurse. She (like my mother) was 81.

Bruce Chandler went up with the hearse this afternoon & brought the body down to the funeral parlors on Union Street. E. went with Verna D. Ryan to Milton to get clothes for the old lady's burial, & then to Wright & Chandler's place, where they chose a coffin & arranged for the funeral. John Wickwire called, to remind me once more that I've promised to address the Canadian Public Health Association (Atlanta Branch) at a dinner in Kemptville, Wednesday. This means I shall have to take off for the Valley right after Miss Bell's funeral, which is set for 2 p.m. Wednesday.

TUESDAY, Nov. 18, 1958

A sabin chill ( $42^{\circ}$ ) day, with a grey sky & a few flicks of rain. Drove with E. to Hfx., & lunched on coffee & sandwiches at Francie's flat. Bill had lectures this afternoon, so Pam ~~thitt~~ came to mind the baby while Francie & Tom Jr. went with us to the funeral. I stopped on the way to have my car washed in the quick-wash place, on Robie St. At 1.30 we gathered in Cruikshanks' funeral home on Robie St. near Willow Park — the residence of Doctor "Fergie" Little, years ago.

My sister Nellie had flown up from Alabama, still suffering from 'flu. Winifred was there with son Louis & his wife Mary. Ethel Allen, Mrs. Keith Allen, Miss Margaret Publicover & a few others of Mum's old & close friends. Rev. Mr. Seering held a brief service for our small group. Lonely flowers. Poor Mum's face grey & somewhat contorted from her last agonies, despite the cosmetics of the undertaker. The heavy frowning face of a stranger.

We went on to St. Matthias church at 2 p.m. A large number of people there, many of whom I did not know — Hilda's friends, & some of Nellie's. Cecil Dennis & wife, & old Mr. & Mrs. Sutherland, had come in from Steinbach. Mr. Seering conducted the service, assisted by the former rector, now retired, Mr. Morris. The hymn was "God be with you till we meet again" — in the old (1914) hymnal the number was 494; Dad used to put the number at the end of all his letters to Mum from France, & after his death she had the opening line engraved on the tombstone in Manitoba Cemetery.

As we came out of the church Harvey Crowell & the Rev. J. W. A. Nicholson came over & shook

my hand. Old Dr. Woodbury was there also with his family. As we drove out Windsor Street behind the hearse I thought of the last (x indeed the only time) I had attended a funeral at Fairview Cemetery. It was that of Sir Charles Tupper in 1915, & about this time of year. The streets were lined with troops of the newly formed Highland Brigade; the city school cadet corps lined the outer end of Windsor Street, & my school unit (Chebucto) had the cold & windy slope at Fairview.

About 15 people accompanied us to the grave, where Mr. Seering performed the last rites. My father & mother were fond of walks, & we often walked out to the Basin shore at Fairview, so I know she would have liked to be buried here.

Egerton ("Edgi") Allen, a boyhood chum & neighbor of mine, chatted with us afterwards for a few minutes.

On the way back I dropped Tom & Francie at her flat, & joined my sisters at Jallimore.

Hilda said Mum had left a brief will, stating that her money & other possessions were to be divided equally between us four. But Nell, Win & I insisted that Hilda take all — she has had the care of Mum for many years and deserves whatever there is. So that was that.

Nell is staying with Hilda a day or two before flying back. Hilda has no set plan for the future, but thinks she will sell her house & go away next year. Nell urges her to come to Alabama. She could easily get a good secretarial job there.

At 4.15 C. & I left for home, stopping for dinner at the Royal Hotel, Mahone. Home about 8 p.m. A sad day.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 19, 1958

An overcast but mild day. Aunt Marie Bell's funeral at 2 pm., held at her house. E & Verna Ryan had gone to Milton earlier & had both stoves going full blast! The old lady had a morbid fear of chimney <sup>FIRE</sup>s never had much more than a dim glow. It was the first time those downstairs rooms had been really warm in 20 years. A gathering of about 20 people, mostly women. A young Baptist minister conducted the service. Poor old "Admiral Nell" Willard there weeping bitterly — the last survivor of the group of vivacious Milton girls in which Marie Bell had been the prettiest, wildest & most daring. Only a few men accompanied the hearse to the cemetery. The minister read a few lines, & omitted the "earth to earth, ashes to ~~the~~ ashes, dust to dust" ritual — the first time Hector Dunlap & I had ever seen that.

If Miss Bell had died 20 years ago the whole village would have mourned an intelligent & charming woman, charitable in all her ways. She went on to become an embittered recluse, quarreling with her neighbors & with the children who dared to tread her patch of lawn. And she came to look like a witch out of Grimm's fairy tales, more than a little mad.

Immediately after the funeral E. & I returned to town, & I changed into my faithful blue suit for tonight dinner & speech in Kentville. Dorothy Wickwire picked us up in her car, together with Mrs. Karen Hills (wife of Rev. Carl Hills of Port Mouton) & her accompanist Madeline Keay. Raining by this time, heavy mist on North Mountain as we crossed over from Bridgewater to Middleton, & a downpour all the rest of the way to Kentville. Reached the Cornwalls

Hotel about 6 p.m. John W. who is president of the Public Health Association, had a bed-sittingroom suite, & our ladies retired to the bedroom to array themselves in evening dress. We were all famished, but we had to go through the usual long-drawn-out cocktail-&-sherry business before the dinner began at 7:30. About 150 people — doctors & wives, public health nurses, a lively crowd.

Karen Mills sang, before & after my address, with a well balanced program ranging from Madame Butterfly to My Fair Lady. She is an attractive woman in the late twenties, brunette, shapely, with a warm & strong contralto. My talk was on early medicine in Nova Scotia, with a particular description of the smallpox epidemic in Liverpool N.S. in the winter of 1800-1801, & the methods of inoculation including "live pox".

We didn't get away until 11:15 & Dorothy drove in her usual maddening manner, at speeds varying from 50 m.p.h. to 20, although the weather was now clear, with a moon. About 1 a.m., on a lonely stretch of the New Germany - Bridgewater road, we came upon a farm truck in the woods. It had gone over a steep embankment but had come to rest undamaged, leaning over sharply — in fact held up by some springy birch saplings — with the headlights still shining. I got out & opened the cab door. Nobody inside. Then I found a man lying face down on the embankment, dressed in woodmen's clothes, quite unhurt but very drunk. He refused to say what had happened & refused to move. We went on the few miles to Bridgewater, & Mrs. (Dr.) Bent, got off at her home there & phoned the R.C.M.P. about the truck & the drunk. Home at about 3 a.m.

Item: before my address at the dinner I was

introduced by a Dr. Barrett. He had the Who's Who account of me, & his idea of wit was to claim that he had got it from the famous (or infamous) new Blue Book, reading it off slowly from beginning to end, including the titles & dates of all my books. It was long & not funny, to me or to the audience. A clear case of bad manners.

Item: Wickwire had asked my fee, some time ago, & I'd said "Nothing - I'm doing this because you asked me." However I was presented with a handsome leather brief case.

SUNDAY, Nov. 23/58 Bob Cadman & technician Slater of the C.B.C. turned up at 1 p.m. with voice-recording apparatus. Cadman had phoned me some days ago, saying that C.B.C. (radio) was putting on a 45-minute broadcast in commemoration of the Halifax explosion of 1917. They want to record some reminiscences of people who survived the blast, & want mine amongst others.

I recommended that they record also the tale of old (Rev.) Mr. Sweetnam here. So this afternoon I recorded my bit, & also gave an account of the whole affair, which they plan to use as a running commentary, linking the various tales. Mr. Sweetnam, who is 81, came to my house to do his bit. He is a small brisk grey man with twinkling eyes, & in ordinary conversation he stutters, & (in spite of all his years in Nova Scotia) speaks in a pronounced Lancashire accent, dropping "h's" all over the place. To my surprise he told his story without a stutter & with only a few missing h's, a really moving account of his personal tragedy on Dec. 6, 1917. He was at that time pastor of a Methodist church on Young Avenue, near Fort Needham. The parsonage was smashed, caught fire & burned to ashes. He managed to drag out his little girl. His wife & small boy perished.

Soldiers digging in the ~~ashes~~ days afterwards found in the cellar a short section of his wife's spine & the collar-bone of

the boy. These were buried "in a small box about ten inches long" at a formal service in Fairview Cemetery. Sweetnam was present with his father-in-law, but another Methodist parson conducted the burial service. When the parson recited the usual, "In as much as it has pleased Almighty God to call" - etc. - Sweetnam exclaimed "Rot! Rot!" It must have been quite a scene. The old man told all this in a moving voice, & Cadman was well pleased.

MONDAY, Nov. 24/58 Rain, & I have twinges of my old foe lumbago, which has not visited me for some time. I had hoped to run up to Hfx. & see Nellie & Hilda yesterday, but the C.B.C. business intruded. Tonight I phoned Hilda & found that Nell had flown back to Alabama yesterday. Too bad - we've seen each other so rarely in the past twenty-five years, & I fear it will be long before we meet again.

Today the new T.V. relay station on Great Hill, near Sandy Cove, began official operation on channel 12. We can still get Halifax (CBHT) direct on channel 3, but the relay gives us a clear & reliable picture for the first time. Similar relays are operating today at Shelburne & Yarmouth, which couldn't get Halifax at all before.

SUNDAY, Nov. 30/58 Cold ( $20^{\circ}$ ) and our first snowstorm, about an inch on the south shore, just enough to make the tarmac roads treacherous. Our old wartime friend Jack Millat, formerly an engineer-commander (RCNR) on the shore establishment here, (& now proprietor of a prosperous firm at New York, his own creation, installing & servicing lifts & elevators) bobs up here from time to time with the most extraordinary people. Yesterday he arrived in Hfx for the St. Andrew's Day dinner of the North British Society, bringing with him, as the principle speaker, the Rt. Hon. Lord

Malcolm Douglas-Hamilton, D.F.C., O.B.E., Lord Hamilton lives in New York & is employed by the Philco Corporation, makers of T.V. & radio apparatus. Our Liverpool "hostess-with-the-mostest," Mrs. Maggie Inness, (a pushing & prosperous real estate dealer, & an old friend of Jack's) invited Jack by phone to stop over a night here on the way to catch the Monday boat from Yarmouth to Bar Harbor. She then arranged a reception for 100, involving everybody who was anybody in the town, including C. & me. Jack wanted an autographed book of mine for the noble lord, so I took one along.

Maggie's house on Main Street, opposite the Perkins House, was jammed, with Henry Henzy in a back room dispensing drinks. The visiting party was quite a sight. Jack in full naval uniform; the noble lord in pale-blue tartan kilt, grey tweed jacket & waistcoat; a Halifax Scot named MacDermott <sup>aid</sup> wearing an exactly similar Highland get-up, & so full of whiskey that he could barely stand up; and MacDermott <sup>aid's</sup> son, a beefy young man in the twenties, in the same attire. Hamilton himself a pleasant easy-mannered man, 40-ish, of medium height, a veteran of the R.A.F. in the late war. Maggie had a photographer there, of course, & insisted on various guests (including me) being photographed with Hamilton. She appeared in half the photos herself & was in the seventh heaven. I wonder what Hamilton thought of it.

The reception was from 4:30 to 5:30. The Parkers drove us there & back, & later dined with us. Parker had just got back from Eagle Lake with Hector Dunlap, who shot a deer there yesterday. They dragged it down to the river on this morning's snow, & boated it through a stormy "sea" on No<sup>o</sup> 1 Pond to the motor road.

WEDNESDAY, DEC. 3, 1958.

Cold & windy weather, temp. in the 20's at night & about 30 by day. An inch or two of snow & the roads a glaze of ice. Verna (Sunlap) Ryan is executrix of Miss Bell's estate, & Roy Gordon & I are the appraisers. Roy & Verna came to my house this morning & we filled out & signed the documents. Roughly as follows:-

1/3 share in the old Bell house, value	\$ 2400	-	\$ 800
furniture & fixtures		-	300
cash on hand		-	60
cash in Bank of N.S.		-	600
Canada bonds, 1958 issue, market value (@95)		-	3,400
(See also Dec. 21/58)		\$	<u>5,160</u>

SUNDAY, DEC. 7/58 Church with E. this morning, the first time in weeks. Sunny but windy & cold, a mere break in a succession of bitter gales, some with snow, one ending in a flood of rain that took all the snow away. I labor at my novel every day. It grows better now that winter has set in & I'm free from interruptions at last. George Shirely (see Nov. 9) has written in answer to my letter. He agrees that there's no need of my coming to New York, that any points about my book can be discussed just as well by letter.

MONDAY, DEC. 8/58 This morning the C.B.C. (radio) broadcast, in a 45-minute program, the Halifax Explosion stuff (see Nov. 23). Cadman used my general account of the affair, breaking it here & there to insert the voice of one of the Explosion survivors. Old Mr. Swetnam's far the best; but very interesting was the oral account of one Mackay (pronounced Macky), now living in Springfield at the age of 86. He was harbor pilot on board

the "Mont Blanc" on the fatal morning. In the subsequent investigation he claimed that the "Imo" appeared, coming out of Bedford Basin, on the wrong (i.e. the Dartmouth side) of the Narrows. There was an exchange of whistle signals, & then the Imo suddenly swung and drove her bow into Mont Blanc's side. (MacKay was cleared by the court; but as the "Imo's" pilot & deck officers were all killed by the explosion, their side of the story was never heard.) Most significant in the old man's account today was that it was he who told the French captain that it was no use fighting the fire on board, & that they must take to the boats and get away quickly. Previously I had always understood that this decision was the French captain's alone.

Christmas cards begin to arrive. A courteous note from Lord Douglas-Hamilton thanking me for my book, & saying he hopes to see me again when he re-visits Nova Scotia next summer.

The last British troops have left Jordan, & apparently the U.S. marines & troops have left Lebanon — all done in small withdrawals over a period of weeks, without much notice in the North American press.

FRIDAY, DEC. 12/58 Snowstorm all day, 8" by evening — our first snow of any depth, although the ground has been white, off & on, since Nov. 30. Since then, too, we have had rough & very cold weather. Temp. 10° above zero at night, rising to 20° by noon, for several days. All over the continent the cold has been severe for the time of year, beginning early in the season (see Oct. 17). About two dozen ships are caught in the Lachine Canal at Montreal, & may have to spend the winter there. Frost in Florida & heavy snow in Georgia & Carolina.

H. B. Jefferson phoned tonight with some N.S. statistics I had requested for the (Chicago) World Book Encyclopaedia,

which pays me little sums for keeping the article on N.S. up to date. Amongst other things I find that about 15,000 men of the Canadian armed services (navy, army, air force) are posted in Nova Scotia. Counting these, & the various civil service & other federal & provincial employees, Nova Scotia has more people on government payrolls than any other province. Counting these, the total working force of Nova Scotia is about 240,000. Of these only 10% depend on farming for a living, only 5% depend on mining for a living, & only 8½% depend on fishing for a living. (There are many small farmers whose chief cash income comes from lumbering, fishing or some form of manufacturing, & the government reckons them in those categories.)

MONDAY, DEC. 15/58. Another snowstorm. The old iron bridge on the South Shore highway at Middle River (near Chester) collapsed Friday when a truck-trailer combination skidded. Traffic moved at a crawl by a narrow 9-mile detour upstream on Saturday, & RCMP advised motorists to detour all the way via the Chester-Kentville-Halifax route. This is one more of the old horse-&-buggy bridges to collapse before the highway. Dept. got around to replacing it. Many (including the bridge across the Mersey in Liverpool town) are still in use.

Christmas cards arriving. One from Ralph & Cousin Phyllis Elliott enclosed a necktie with the "Men of Kent" badge in small replica dotted over it. Ralph is one of the society, & having been born east of the Medway I'm a Man of Kent myself.

WEDNESDAY, DEC. 17/58. The town is like a Christmas card; heavy snow on every roof & branch & fence, long icicles on all the eaves. Snow about knee-deep

In August 1959 Dutch  
financial interests bought 85%  
of the common stock of the Halifax  
Insurance Company.

on the level, waist deep in drifts.

Ralph P. Bell phoned today. Amongst his many business interests he's head of the Halifax Insurance Co., founded 1809. Next year will be its 150th. anniversary. He wants me to write a brochure, which the company will publish, & which will also furnish material for a series of advertisements in the Financial Post, etc. I suggested that he get Fergusson, of the Archives, to do a historical sketch, & said this sort of thing was out of my line. He insisted that he wanted me to do it, & would pay me, whatever fee I wished. However he seemed to think I could dash something off in a few hours. He is sending me a letter & a copy of an old brochure, asked me to look them over & make my decision then.

FRIDAY, DEC. 19/58 Our winter weather holds hard. Walked to Milton & back this afternoon. Tom Jr. arrived from Hfx., by car with Hugh Byrne, for the holidays; says he has done well in the Christmas exams. Cocktail party at the Waters' house, tonight, followed by a buffet supper at the Seabornes'.

SUNDAY, DEC. 21/58 Sunny, very cold. (10° above zero each night.) Church this morning with C. & Tom Jr. At noon we attended a cocktail party given at the Mersey Hotel by Mowbray & Phyllis Jones. Great crowd mostly Mersey paper people. Then next door, at Dr. Macleods, where the Macleods & the Lester Clements's offered more drinks & a buffet luncheon, which went on until 4 p.m. Meanwhile Tom Jr. had taken my car, picked up Jack Dunlap (who is home for the holidays) & drove out beyond Greenfield to get a Christmas tree. Difficult to

find a suitable tree anywhere near a roadside, what with professional & amateur Xmas-tree cutting going on for years; & this year we had decided to have a red ("Norway") pine instead of our usual spruce or fir. They got a nice "Norway" & some extra boughs & brought them home.

Verna Ryan, who is administratrix of Aunt Marie Bell's estate, has an intricate problem. The old lady's will (the last one - she changed her will every six months for years) left her entire estate to the Freeman (3) and Dunlap (3) nephews & nieces, with the exception of cash disbursements to our Tom (#25) & one or two others.

The old Bell house belonged jointly to Miss Bell & her sisters Fannie (Edith's mother) and Rose (the Dunlap's mother); neither of the married sisters left a will, & both died before Miss Bell. Thus  $\frac{1}{3}$  of the house belongs to Miss Bell's estate;  $\frac{1}{3}$  belongs to the 3 heirs of Fannie Freeman (Edith, Marie & Terence);  $\frac{1}{3}$  belongs to the 3 heirs of Rose Dunlap (Verna, Hector & Jean).

Yesterday Verna made an interim payment of \$400 each to Edith, Marie & Terence Freeman, and to herself, Jean & Hector Dunlap. This is money from the sale of Miss Bell's government bonds. (See Dec. 3/58)

WEDNESDAY, DEC. 24/58 Fine cold weather continues, with plenty of snow & ice. I walked to Milton & back, stopping in the forge to chat with blacksmith Archie, & old leeward Combs and other cronies who gather there for yarns by the big ram-down store. The river is covered with thick ice from Salmon Island to the railway bridge, where there is a gap due to the swift rush of water in the narrows; then thick ice again, to the little island above the highway bridge. Skating

hasn't been so good for years; kids on the ice everywhere. Bill Dennis, Francie & baby arrived today by car, bringing with them Marie Freeman, who will spend the holidays with brother Terence.

Old friends came in for a toast to Christmas tonight. Hector & Marion Dunlap, Charles & Florence Williams, Ralph & Hallabelle Johnson, Austin & Vera Parker. How very staid & grey we all now are, comparing these gatherings with the helter-skelter Yuletides of 20 years or so ago!

THURSDAY, DEC. 25/58. In weather & scene the most perfect Christmas day in many years. A white landscape, sunny but very cold (10° above zero), and soon after sundown a full moon arose like a huge orange.

C. & I. & the baby were up early, the rest of the household slept late. Opening of family presents took place about 11 a.m. My gift to C. was (at her request) intensely practical of all things an automatic electric frying pan that does all sorts of culinary miracles. She gave me the official (2 vol.) history of the Canadian Navy. There was a welter of gifts for everyone, & the baby Gregory trotted about happily all day.

At noon we were joined as usual by Terence & Betty Freeman, their two children, & Marie Freeman. (Marie haggard & wizened & unsmiling, but holding herself together very well.) We sat down eleven at table, not counting the baby, & had a grand dinner of roast turkey & plum pudding. At 3 pm. the Freemans returned to Milton. In the evening Bill & Francie went to the movies, but Tom, C. & I. were content to watch the excellent Christmas program of the C.B.C. on television, culminating in an English movie production of the Pickwick Club.

FRIDAY, DEC. 26, 1958

Sunny, cold,  $20^{\circ}$  above zero at noon.

Walked to Milton & back this afternoon. At 5 p.m. I drove with my car, E., & the Austin Parkers, to the annual post-Christmas dinner given by Joe & Helen Holloway at Middlefield. The road icy in stretches, & 45 m.p.h. was plenty. The old farmhouse all warmth & light, & crammed with 120 guests. Drinks, dispensed by the omnipresent & invaluable Henry Henfrey, without whom no housewife in Liverpool could throw a party "at all. Then food — vegetable salads, lobster salad, spaghetti, great roasts of venison, blueberry muffins, biscuits, individual apple & mince pies, and coffee. Phew! The invitations always read —

"5 to 7.30 p.m.", & at 7.30 we departed, magnificently fed. The moon was up, one day past the full, in a calm clear sky, temp.  $15^{\circ}$  above zero. Lovely on the twelve-mile drive home through the woods.

Pam White came down from Hfx by bus to Bridgewater, & Tom Jr. met her there in the Dennis's car at 6 p.m. She will stay some days with us. Tonight the young people had a party here — Pam & I, Jack Dunlap & wife, Joan Wickwire & John Cox.

SATURDAY, DEC. 27/58 Temp. got up above freezing point for the first time in many days. Weather Bureau at Hfx. says this is the coldest December in 44 years.

Lorimer Rice, Liverpool fire chief, died of a heart attack last night while acting as master-of-ceremonies at a dance in the Fire Hall. A heavily-built man of 42, he was employed at the Morley mill, made our volunteer town fire brigade his great interest, and built it up to a well-equipped & very efficient force after the late war.

SUNDAY, DEC. 28, 1958

Snowing in slow large flakes all day. Church this morning with Bill, Tom Jr. & Pamela. Buffet dinner tonight, given by Hector & Marion Dunlop, Annie Ritchie & Enid Doggett at the Dunlops' house, Port Point. Drinks, a fine meal, & good fun. Learned that Jordan Smith died in Hfx. of heart failure today at 52.

A son of the late Dr. J. W. Smith of Liverpool, & younger brother of Senator Donald Smith. A tall handsome vivacious fellow, I knew him well here years ago when we took part in amateur theatricals. He was then local agent for the Maritime Life Assurance Company, a comparatively new Halifax enterprise. He rose with the company & was Superintendent of Agencies in the head office at Hfx. when he died.

MONDAY, DEC. 29/58 Overcast, mild & calm, slush on the roads. Bill, Tracie & the baby left for Hfx. at 1 p.m. Lorimer Rice was buried at Bridgewater this afternoon, after funeral service at Trinity Church here. A great crowd, including all the fire brigade in uniform, & the coffin borne to the church on a fire engine. A "progressive" dinner tonight: drinks at the Douglas Hemmings' house, Main Street; roast beef dinner at the Mersey Hotel, our hosts the proprietor "Len" Pottie & wife; dessert across the street at the Merrill Rawdings'. About 80 people, a lively company.

TUESDAY, DEC. 30/58 Calm, overcast, temp. 40° at noon, but the snow & ice melt very little. This afternoon I got about \$100 worth of rum, whiskey & gin for a New Years Eve party to be given at the Austin Parkers' house, the hosts Austin & Edward Parker, Dr. John Wickwire & myself. I asked Tom Jr. if he intended to marry Pamela on his graduation, & he said Yes.

I guessed that he wanted to give her a ring but hesitated to ask me for the money, so I told him to go ahead. He said that, for the sake of sentiment, he'd prefer to buy it with the money he earned this ~~coming~~ summer as a seaman.

WEDNESDAY, DEC. 31/58 Windy. Temp. 20° at noon. Tom left with Pamela in my car at 1 p.m. They will attend a frat house party in Hfx tonight, & Tom returns with the car tomorrow. I spent the past three days working on the brochure for Ralph Bell (see Dec. 17) who has agreed to my fee, \$150.

At 10:30 we gathered at the Austin Parkers' to greet something like 60 of our friends who came to see the New Year in. A happy affair, plenty to eat & drink but nobody drunk, & the last guests left at 2:30 a.m.

THURSDAY, JAN. 1, 1959 Tom arrived back from Hfx. with the car at 1 p.m., reporting a wonderful party at the Phi Kappa frat house. Bill & Francie were there. I walked to Potanor & back this afternoon in bright sunshine, temp. about 32°. Kids skating & playing hockey on the river. Met & chatted with Roy Gordon, Harris Dexter, Seward Coombs. The new provincial hospitalization scheme goes into effect today, also the 3% tax on retail sales of everything but food and clothing. This afternoon Tom went duck shooting at Ragged Harbor with "Casey" Shandler & did not get back till long after dark, so C. & I ate our New Years dinner alone.

Today Batista, dictator of Cuba for many years, fled with his family & many of his henchmen by air to San Domingo. He had been fighting in a half-hearted fashion with the rebel De Castro for a year or more.

SATURDAY, JAN. 3, 1959

An inch or two of snow (or top of all the rest!) fell in the night, then just enough rain to wet it, & then a hard freeze. I was up early & shoveled out my walks, front & back, before the whole thing turned to ice; in doing so I gave my back muscles a twist, & tonight had a painful case of lumbago - my first in ~~months~~.

SUNDAY, JAN. 4/59

Housed all day with lumbago. Tom & E. went to church this morning. At 8:30 p.m. Hugh Bryne called for Tom in his car, & they set off for Hfx - the end of the holidays. The main roads have been ploughed clear but are icy in places.

MONDAY, JAN. 5/59

A strong gale all day, with temp. dropping to zero late tonight. Most of the province got a lot of snow but on our part of the south shore there was very little. A deer wandered into town today & for a time peered in a window of the Junior High School, much to the delight of the kids. Finally some men herded the deer back the way it had come - the scrub woods on College Hill.

Three Englishmen & a woman, who left the Canary Islands in a free balloon 24 days ago, intending to fly to Barbados on the trade wind, have been found alive & well some distance off Barbados, floating on the sea in their gondola, which they had cut away from the balloon when it "ditched". The distance covered was roughly 3,000 miles.

Ottawa reveals that 124,000 immigrants came to Canada in 1958. The largest single ethnic group were 27,500 Italians, British next with 26,800. The British have been at the top of the list ever since immigration was resumed at end of World War Two.

THURSDAY, JAN. 8, 1958

Frigid weather with no let-up. The sidewalks & streets a mass of ice, snow everywhere else. I walked to Milton yesterday in a stiff wind @ 15° above zero, with my parka hood drawn close about my face, but even so my jaws ached when I got home. I work morning & evening on "The Governor's Lady", & Edith has just started to type the printers' copy, a little at a time.

The Russians are elated over their latest "space missile" or "sputnik", a <sup>100,000,000</sup><sub>100,000,000</sub> <sup>kg payload</sup> thing which they shot past the moon a few days ago and is now in a wide orbit around the sun. The Americans are still trying to hit the moon. Just what all this vast expense accomplishes I can't see. They have already proved that they can hit each other here on earth with intercontinental missiles.

The U.S. seems to be emerging from the business depression of last year, although there is still much unemployment or reduced employment in some industries. Now all the government people in the U.S. and Canada are warning us against inflation again.

Last week-end two old Milton characters died; Sam Cunningham (aged 90) whose only occupation in his active life was taking cattle up-river & turning them loose in the wild meadows, & finding them & returning them to their owners in the fall; and Sam Manthorne (aged 64) an amiable drunk who used to work in the old Milton pulp mill, served in the army in War One, & fathered ten children. I knew both well.

FRIDAY, JAN 9, 1959

Still cold.. Terence & Edith, acting by power of attorney signed by Marie Freeman last Fall, have sold the old Freeman house in Milton to Mrs. Harry Hartlen. The price \$4000, to be paid off on mortgage at a minimum rate of \$25 per month. Mrs. Hartlen has already installed an oil furnace in the cellar, & her brothers are repairing & painting & papering the house. She purposed running it as a small nursing home for elderly people requiring light care, & charging each \$100 per month. The sale agreement, drawn up by lawyer Ken Jones, contains a clause that Mrs. Hartlen will take care of Marie Freeman at her regular rate. Mrs. Hartlen is a strong cheerful capable woman (Herbert Larr's daughter) whose husband is a drunken loafer, a Milton man. Presumably she intends to let him shift for himself.

SATURDAY, JAN. 10/59

Two Port ~~Antigonish~~<sup>Antigonish</sup> men are missing, believed drowned a couple of days ago. They were duck-hunting in a small boat & were last seen near Grant's Island, A. The oars & some of their stuff has been found in the harbor.

Terence took E. to Hfx & Dartmouth today for their regular call on Marie. She remains insane but quite tractable, & the hospital authorities seem anxious to get her off their hands. E. called on Frances & found her in a sad state. She is just recovering from a bad attack of 'flu, she is pregnant again, & today she & Bill had to take little Greg off to the hospital. The baby apparently has some sort of intestinal 'flu & is quite sick. Terry & E. returned at 9 p.m., reporting the road icy & bad.

TUESDAY, JAN. 13, 1959

Temp. got up to 40° at noon, for the second day - the first easing of the long cold spell - but it dropped to 20° at night. The body of Eugene Leslie, 36, one of the missing duck hunters from Port Joli, has been found on the bottom of Port L'Hebert near Grand Island. A crowd of fishermen have been dragging the harbor, assisted by Navy "frog-men" & R.C.M.P., all hampered by the ice.

Edgar Wright, 71, died at the T.G. Hospital, N.B., this morning after a long illness. He was senior partner in the Liverpool mortuary firm of Wright & Chandler. Mayor of Liverpool 1944 to 1954. A good looking, dark complexioned, healthy-colored man, always immaculately dressed & groomed, & very jovial. His son, Wing-Commander Gerald Wright, is now stationed at Dartmouth.

THURSDAY, JAN. 15/59

Fog tonight. Government icebreakers are still trying to clear a passage out of the St. Lawrence for a dozen ocean ships, which were caught at Montreal in December by the early onset of zero weather. Even here on the South Shore the fishery has been stopped or badly impeded by ice. Lunenburg & Lockeport harbors completely frozen over, Shelburne nearly so; Yarmouth choked with heavy cake ice from the tidal flats.

Our river keeps Liverpool open, although it is frozen nearly the whole way above, from the town bridge to Milton. Four small R.C.N. mine-sweepers are here for a week-end visit: - Resolute, Thunder, Chignecto & Chaleur, all tied up at the St. John's wharf. An odd time of year for a social call. We see little of the Navy now - a

days except de-commissioned corvettes etc. coming to the  
Stenpro plant for refitting.

FRIDAY, JAN. 16/59

Attended ~~Edgar~~ Wright's funeral

service in the Baptist church, which was full. The new Baptist parson, a recent graduate of Acadia, who hardly knew the deceased, recited off a long funeral sermon, including several poems by Whittier & others, which he read verse by verse from books at his hand.

As we emerged from the church, the fog gave way to a heavy downpour of rain, with everyone running & slithering on the icy sidewalk.

This is the first thaw of the winter

WEDNESDAY, JAN. 21/59

Comparatively mild weather continues, thermometer hovering between 25° and 40°, with fog. Little or no snow has fallen for two weeks, but there is plenty of the old stuff, now almost the consistency of ice. The A. T. Roe Company, which owns the steel & most of the coal industry in N.S., has announced the lay-off of 4,000 miners, to begin shortly and to last two months. With the St. Lawrence closed there is no market. The wood-pulp & lumber mills at Sheet Harbor also have closed down for lack of market. The 13 ships which were trapped in the St. Lawrence by the early December freeze have now got out to sea at last, & some have called at Hfx. in the past few days. They got help in all its ice-breaking ships, and they had a steady battle all the way from Montreal to the open parts of the Gulf. The cost of getting these 13 ships to sea is estimated at \$500,000.

Letter from Frances. The baby is back from hospital - it was gastro-enteritis - and is quite well.

JAN 21/59 (continued) Ottawa announces that the combined R.C.N. - U.S.N. naval station at Shelburne will soon be operated entirely by Canadian personnel. According to Pearkes, Defence Minister, the station is known as H.M.C.V. Shelburne, & was established (some years ago) "for development & research in the electronic field, for studies of water currents & temperatures & various other factors in oceanographic work undertaken by the two navies." This is the first time that any official information has been given about the joint station at Shelburne. At present the R.C.N. is about to spend nearly \$450,000 for new buildings there.

In Cuba the triumphant rebels under De Castro are busy with trials & executions of the former dictator Batista's officials. Some hundreds have been shot. I have seen a T.V. film of one "trial"; the judge, prosecutor & jury were all bearded young thugs in the early twenties, typical of Castro's guerillas. The prisoner had no defending lawyer, & was shouted down by the vociferous "witnesses". The verdict was death.

THURSDAY, JAN 22/59

Pouring rain & high wind last night & all day. Much of the snow is gone. Temp. 50° at noon. Rivers in flood. A surge of heavy ice in Jordan River carried away the highway bridge today, stopping all except rail traffic between here & Yarmouth. This stub bridge was actually carried half a mile on the ice itself. This thaw extends all over the eastern & central U.S., with much damage from gales & floods.

Randolph Day, president of the Queen County Historical Society, has called a meeting for next ~~morning~~ Monday, the first in almost a year. He

is resigning & wants to hand over to someone else. He asked me by phone to confer with vice-president Cyril Mulhall & Mrs. David Inness at the Inness house tonight, to draw up a new slate of officers. When I got to Mrs. Inness's house I found only her and Miss Grace McMaster, the secretary. Mulhall had phoned to say he was unwell. We conferred for two hours, phoning various people to ask if they would serve on this or that committee or as president, & so on — & drew a complete blank. All pleaded that they were too busy. I refused any suggestion that I serve as president again. I served in that office for six years 1946-1952, & during that whole time I was left to run a one-man show. The programme committee made a few half-hearted attempts to secure speakers. Sometimes a committee member phoned, half an hour before the meeting, to confess that nothing had been arranged. Usually I went to the meeting with no warning at all; & invariably I had to pitch in & give an address on some aspect of town or provincial history.

Randolph Day found himself in the same box when he took over from me on Jan. 15, 1952 (which see). His own efforts have been spasmodic, & usually confined to showing scenic moving pictures borrowed from the provincial government, which had little or no relation to history. (See entries Jan 15/52 and Jan 30/53.)

So tonight, after a fruitless attempt to get new officers, I said there was only one thing to do. We shall have to appear before the members who attend Monday's meeting, confess our failure, & put it to them bluntly that they must decide whether the Society shall continue to exist or not.

SATURDAY, JAN. 24, 1959

Two days of sunny weather after the rains. Had fine walks to Milton. Tonight the temp. dropped to  $15^{\circ}$  above zero. The B.C. Telephone Co., which must raise huge sums in the next few years to keep up with the booming demand for service there, has begun by extending its basic common shareholdings. Each common-share holder is offered 1 share of new stock, at \*34, for every 4 shares held. I now hold 520 shares (valued at \*41 in the open market) so can buy 130 new shares. This requires \*4420, so I have decided to cash my old paid-up Sun Life policy, now worth about \*4800.

I have been gradually changing my few investments into common stock of B.C. Telephone, beginning eight years ago when I realized that inflation would be the order of things for a long time to come. The "safe" investments, like government & corporation bonds, with a fixed valuation at maturity, actually shrink in value with the dollar as the years go by. Of all the provinces B.C. seems to have the best future in terms of expansion & wealth, & the telephone utility will expand with it. The stock has paid a regular dividend of \*2 per share per annum for many years. This gives me an investment income equal to any bond on the market, with a good chance of market-value increase in the time to come.

The Sun Life policy was a 20-pay-life affair for \$8,000 which I took out in 1924. The Sun Life Co. was badly shaken by the stock market crash of 1929, & was a long time recovering, with a resultant reduction of dividend credits to policy holders, etc. When the policy was paid up in 1944 the actual cash value

was only \$3700, although I had paid in \$4780 in cash & dividend credits. At that time a Sun Life man came from their Hfx office & persuaded me to leave this sum with the company. In the 15 years since, it has increased only to \$4800 in cash value — and this in the depreciated dollars of the present time. Had I ~~wisely~~ taken the \$3700 in 1944 and invested it in good sound common stocks, as my wiser friends were doing, the principal would have been worth at least double that today.

Dinner party tonight at Bert & Catherine Waters' house, about a dozen people. Good food & chat, & we watched the Perry Como show & a hockey game on T.V. afterwards. Phyl Jones showed us her Christmas present from Newbray, a diamond ring, the stone a huge oblong "emerald-cut" thing. Lovely night, very clear & cold, & as we emerged from the Waters house towards midnight there was a round moon shining on the harbor.

SUNDAY, JAN. 25/59      Cold. Indoors all day working at the book, which is still coming along very slowly despite long effort every day. Every page has to be re-written and re-written.

MONDAY, JAN. 26/59      A good walk to Milton this afternoon. Temp 18° above zero at noon. Historical Society meeting tonight in the Harry Room, Town Hall. Fifteen people came. These however came aware that the Society was about to go out of existence unless some pitched in to work, and when I put the nomination problem before them we soon had a slate. President, Mrs. David ("Nina") Inness; Treasurer, Mrs. Lawrence (Lois) Wickwire; Secretary, Miss Grace McMaster; Chairman of Program Committee, Eric Millard; Chairman of

Museum Committee, Mrs. Margaret ("Maggie") Innes.

The past year's work was reviewed. Best thing done was ~~the~~ re-decoration & new shelving & showcase equipment for our little museum in the ell. of the Perkins house; the government did the painting of the room; the Society spent \$200 on shelves etc.

After the business, & a vote of thanks to retiring president Randolph Day, he entertained us with an hour's talk on Barbados, illustrated by screened slides from his own colored photographs. Day's wife Beryl, born in an Anglican rectory there, still has a brother living on the island, & she & Randy spent two weeks last December there.

It is being Liverpool's bicentennial year there is much talk of an organized celebration lasting all summer. Hints have been made from various quarters that the Historical Society should undertake the job. Tonight we affirmed our view; we are too few and our support in the community is too meagre for such a business, which properly belongs to the merchant group and the town's mayor & council.

WEDNESDAY, JAN. 28/59 Sunny, calm temp. 40° after a cold night. lovely walk to Milton this afternoon. Received a cheque from Sun Life Assurance Co. for \$4895.04 in full settlement of my paid-up policy N<sup>o</sup> 651659.

THURSDAY, JAN. 29/59 Another day like spring. Tarmacadam roads are bone dry, very little snow to be seen between here & Milton except the shrunken remains of old drifts in the shade. Ice still covers the river but it is rotten.

Dinner party tonight at the Douglas Tozers, Fort Point. 15 people, good talk, excellent

food including Doug's specialty pêche flambeau, with flaming brandy. Jack McClearn, of Mersey Paper staff, who acts as treasurer of the local hospital, is doubtful about financial benefit to our hospital from the new government-paid plan which went into effect Jan. 1. Under the old set-up, it is true, the independent hospital had a large amount of bad debts each year, although part of these could be collected from the municipal authorities; but the hospital charged the paying patients a rate high enough to allow for some of the bad debts, & also collected fairly stiff fees for X-ray & other services, to out-patients as well as in-patients. (Our hospital, as Jack puts it, made an actual profit on the X-ray department averaging \$6,000 a year.)

Under the government set-up, the hospital is paid \$10.50 per day for each ward patient, which is the minimum cost of their support. (No allowance for depreciation of hospital building & equipment etc.) Also the government sets a much lower rate for X-ray services etc., and demands one half of all money collected by the hospital itself for extra services such as private rooms. However, like all new financial plans, nothing will be known until a year or two of actual operation.

FRIDAY, JAN. 30/59 Pouring rain all day. Lou Parrot arrived at the house this morning & stayed for lunch. Apparently Mrs. Kelly wanted to see her Milton daughter, who recently had a baby, so old Lou (over 80) drove here with her in his car, crossing by ferry from Bar Harbor to Yarmouth. They make their winter headquarters in Ellsworth, Maine, where he

rents a house. He showed me some legal papers, part of the long wrangle with his wife Frances over their separation. She will not give him a divorce; and although she retains their home in Boston & has a certified income of \$11,000 a year (from stocks & bonds he transferred to her name years ago when they were living amicably together) she now claims even part of his army pension (for injuries in War One) on the grounds of desertion and non-support. This is spite, of course. One can't help being amused. Lou is remarkably spry for his age, a tall lean man with thin grey hair and the gaunt lined face of a shaved Abraham Lincoln. Frances, his third wife, now 65-ish, married him for his money forty years ago when she was the penniless widow of a Harvard professor who died soon after the marriage. She was then trying to support herself by teaching music.

SATURDAY JAN. 31 /59 A sunny but cold & windy day. I stayed indoors hard at work. C. drove with Terence to Dartmouth this morning, found Marie quite normal & hoping to get away to Milton in another month or so. She saw Frances & the baby for a few minutes, the baby quite thin after his illness but happy & active. Don Smith sent me a Lancer copy of his speech in the Senate Jan. 29th, in which he spoke to some extent of the history of N.S. during the American Revolution, & its significance to Canada as a whole. He mentioned my writings on the subject. A penned note from him attached to the Lancer pamphlet read: "Tom - no charge for the plug if you do not challenge my facts."

SUNDAY, FEB 1, 1959 A bright day but cold ( $10^{\circ}$  above zero at noon) & a bitter gale. Indoors all day. Austin & Vera Parker had lunch with us. They have just returned from a week in Montreal, where Austin had some Bowater's business as well as a convention of the Canadian Pulp & Paper Association.

MONDAY, FEB 2/59 Bitter cold.  $2^{\circ}$  below zero this morning — at Potanos it was  $8^{\circ}$  below — and again a gale blowing.

Letter from a Mrs. A. H. Beckwith, 80 years old, a Nova Scotian now living in Victoria, B.C. Her grandfather, Philip S. Dodd, was in charge of the lifesaving establishment on Fable Island for 17 years, & I gather that her mother was born there. She enclosed a small brooch, an odd bit of jewelry: the central "stone" is simply an oblong piece of cut glass  $\frac{1}{4}'' \times \frac{1}{2}''$  set over what appears to be a piece of petit-point needlework in light brown silk, & around this glass are 16 green glass "emeralds", making a frame for it. Her grandfather found it in part of a trunk that washed ashore on the island, the only thing ever found from an unknown schooner that struck the outer bar in a bad storm. I am to keep it. The old lady has all my books and, remembering her mother's tales of the island, especially enjoys reading "The Nymph & The Lamp."

A White Point fisherman, Albert Payzant, 43, is missing, with his mistress or housekeeper Viola Morrison, 35. They had come up to town in his motorboat "Prince Albert" on Saturday, & left for Hants Point (20 miles by sea) in the afternoon. He was a short dark wiry man, a good fisherman but given to drunken bouts. It's thought he was drunk when he left here Saturday, that he had engine trouble somewhere off Gull Islands & capsized in the heavy sea.

TUESDAY, FEB. 3, 1959

Another sub-zero night & calm air actually put a skim of ice on the harbor right down to Fort Point, & froze the rest hard above the ~~new~~ highway bridge. Something rarely seen. The first bit of wind & sun cleared the skim from the harbor proper.

THURSDAY, FEB. 5/59 Mild weather & heavy rain since the cold snap. No snow to be seen, except the remains of old drifts in shady places. Ice hangs on in the rivet.

I walked to Milton & back this afternoon in broad sunshine & calm air at 40°. It felt like spring.

I received a certificate today for my new 130 shares of common stock in B.C. Telephone Co. Cash, \$4420.

A busy tapping of typewriters fills the house. Etch works away at clean copy for the printers (2 carbons) ~~&~~ using the big L.C. Smith machine in my den, while I struggle on with the last third of "The Governor's Lady", using my old Corona portable. I despair of getting it finished before March 28. Doubleday want it in their hands by April 1st.

Old Charlie Forbes died yesterday at 98. I don't think he'd ever been out of Queens County in his life. When I came to Milton in 1923 he was the village tax collector, going from door to door on his bicycle, popping the money into a big old-fashioned leather pock with a drawstring at the neck. A little wisp of a man with bright grey eyes, he could remember his parents talking about Confederation when he was six.

Letter from Tom Jr. He has just been made a "brother of Phi Kappa Pi", & this is the big fraternity week-end, which includes cocktail parties, a dinner at the Nova Scotian, a ball at the Lord Nelson, etc. "Then back to the grind".

SUNDAY, FEB. 8, 1959

Very cold & a gale blowing yesterday & today. A few inches of snow last night whitened the ground again. I was indoors all day, working on the novel, got about 2,000 words written - and re-written as usual. Temp. tonight fell to 6° below zero.

MONDAY, FEB. 9/59      Balm, sunny, 20° above zero at noon. A brisk walk this afternoon after three days without exercise.

WEDNESDAY, FEB. 11/59      The thermometer continues its merry dance, up to 40° with fog or light rain one day, & down below zero with a screaming gale the next. We have had only a few light snowfalls since December, but there is ice everywhere, & today the streets & sidewalks were a devil's ballroom of frozen slush. These sudden high gales & bitter temperatures have caused heavy loss in the fishing fleet, especially amongst the deep-sea trawlers off Newfoundland, where in the past few days several have foundered due to heavy ice forming on decks & superstructures.

I am suffering an acute attack of bursitis in my left shoulder socket. I have had it for weeks as a pain that did not prevent full use of the arm; for the past 48 hours the pain has been excruciating & the arm is almost useless. No use calling the doctor, who would merely order me down to his offices for electric-heat treatment several hours a day. I can't afford the time. And with my left arm crippled I can't use a typewriter very well; am doing all my writing by pencil, while E. types away at the finished part of the novel. This puts me right back to my first writing days,

when I wrote everything in long hand & then typed copy for the editors (and if I was lucky) the printers. Met Hector Dunlap in the post office. He has been laid up a month with virus pneumonia.

THURSDAY, FEB. 12/59 Very cold. Shoulder pains ruined my sleep at 4:15 a.m. in spite of a sleeping pill. So I got up, prepared my usual breakfast (boiled eggs, toast, coffee) & sat down at my desk at 5:30. Had a thousand words written by 7:30, when the newsboy delivered the morning paper. I note from it that Mersey Paper Co. is now officially entitled "Bowaters Mersey Paper Co. Ltd." Bickering still goes on between the company & the Municipality of Queens over the tax assessment of the property "within the mill fence at Brooklyn". When J. W. Killam proposed to build the mill in 1929, he got an agreement for a very low assessment for a period of 25 years, which lasted out the rest of his lifetime very nicely, & he left his widow a Mersey Paper Co. block of shares worth many millions more than he put into the mill. After the agreement expired in 1954 it took the Municipality a considerable time to find an expert and make a re-assessment. They eventually came up with a figure of \$9,000,000. This was eventually approved by a county court. The company appealed, & now the Supreme Court allows the appeal, stating, "The actual cash value of the Mersey Paper Co. Ltd property should be determined by a court which has the facilities for determining it."

FRIDAY, FEB. 14/59 Rain again, & walking & driving dangerous on icy streets & roads. Pain in shoulder eased a little. Buffet dinner party tonight given by Hugh & Jane Joyce; didn't enjoy it; feel run-down physically & especially mentally, by this long hard drag at my book.

The Danish steamer "Helga Dan" reached Quebec

this afternoon from Europe. She is 5,000 tons, made the voyage from Denmark, 3,200 miles, in 15 days. This is the first ocean ship ever to make the passage to Quebec in mid-winter. She was helped by an ice-breaker.

SUNDAY, FEB. 15/59      Snowstorm all day, about a foot on the level. Stayed indoors & worked on the novel from early morning to 6 p.m. Have about 120,000 words written.

My left shoulder much better; and I find that I can actually work better by writing the first draft in long-hand, pondering every sentence, as I do now. All evening watching TV, the one evening in the week that I take "off" — the TV program on Sunday night is the best & most varied of the week. Other days I watch the news & weather, & sometimes the "Gazette" program from Hfx. The big show on Sunday night is the Ed. Sullivan Show from New York, which lasts an hour & has a variety program of top performers, from jugglers to opera stars, comedians, to a whole Russian Ballet. Sullivan himself is a vulgar but shrewd little New York Irishman who looks like a well-shaved chimpanzee, & his diction & grammar are those of Brooklyn boy who never got past Fourth Grade in public school. He conducts the show himself, & apparently hires the performers himself, flying back & forth over the States & the Atlantic. His taste in female singers & in "comic" male monologuists can be very feeble, but on the whole he does extremely well.

TUESDAY, FEB. 17/59      Our Sunday snowstorm, which treated us quite mildly, traveled on to Newfoundland yesterday, developed winds with gusts over 100 m.p.h. & dumped 2 feet of snow, with 20-foot drifts, in places. City of St. John's is paralyzed, all electric & phone wires down, streets blocked with drifts, & people killed & several injured by an avalanche at Signal Hill. Today was mild here, 40° at noon, &

I had a pleasant walk to Milton after dinner.

I note in a list of unemployed, that Liverpool (i.e. Queen Co.) has 836 registered with National Employment Service office. This does not mean 836 people looking for work, but that number drawing unemployment insurance payments. For example the shore fishermen have never or very seldom fished in the cold rough season between Jan. 1 & Apr. 1; a year or two ago they were taken under the wing of the Unemployment Insurance act, & now every man ~~can~~ registers himself as "unemployed" in that period, & draws the money.

Ottawa announces that population of Canada Jan. 1 1959 was 17,284,000. Nova Scotia, 715,000. National population has increased 7.5 per cent (1,203,000) since the 1956 census. B.C. & Alberta are growing fastest, the Maritimes least.

FRIDAY, FEB 21/59      Bitter winds & temp. near zero all day. Seamen say the ice-fields in Cabot Strait & about Cape Breton are the largest & heaviest anyone can remember.

Today at Ottawa Prime Minister Diefenbaker announced the Canada would cease spending money on the much-debated CF 105 Arrow plane, which has cost \$400,000,000 in the past few years & still is not in production except for a few examples. Owners of the manufacturing plant near Toronto, A. T. Roe Canada Ltd., promptly gave notice of dismissal to about 15,000 employees. With this move Canada abandons its costly attempt to "keep up with the Jones's" in defence against air warfare. The Russians really killed the "Arrow" (& similar planes developed in the U.S. & Britain) when they switched their main effort to guided missiles. Diefenbaker says that arrangements have been made with the U.S. to install in Canada the "Bomarc" anti-aircraft missile

system. The Yanks, glad enough to get a protective roof over their own heads, will pay two-thirds of the cost.

A letter from George Shirely asking for a brief summary of my book for their catalogue 1959, now in preparation. Sent it off tonight.

MONDAY, FEB. 23/59

In the past four days I have not been outdoors except for a five minute walk to the post office & back. Bitter cold with strong winds. Glad enough to stay indoors & work at the novel. Each day I am up between 5 & 7 a.m., get my breakfast, work till noon. Lunch is a bowl of soup, or an omelette, or a toasted cheese-&-bacon sandwich; in the afternoon I deal with the mail, proof-read Edith's copy for the printers, & work on the novel till 5. E. serves a good stout dinner then, to give me a long evening for work. Usually steak & vegetables, pie & coffee, & preceded by a good dram of sherry — our one real meal of the day. At 6 p.m. we turn on the T.V. & watch the sports reports, news, weather, etc. till 7. Then I go back to my desk & work till 11 or 12. This makes a long day, in which I smoke 50 to 60 cigarettes.

Today the wind dropped & sun came out (25° above zero at noon) & I had a brisk walk to Milton & back, exactly 1½ hours. Fifty years ago today (Feb. 23, 1909) Canada's first powered aircraft, the Silver Dart, with J. A. D. McCurdy as pilot, rose 60 feet off the ice of Bras D'Or lake & flew ½ mile. Actually the plane was designed by Dr. Graham Bell, two young men of Baddeck (F. "Casey" Baldwin and J. A. D. McCurdy), & two Americans, Glen Curtiss and Lieut. Thomas Selfridge of the U.S. Army. They formed the "Aerial Experiment Association" at Bell's summer home at Baddeck in 1907. Curtiss had a small

factory making motor-cycle engines at Hammondsport N.Y., and the "Silver Dart" & other planes of the Association were built there & test-flown, taken apart, & shipped to Baddeck. "Casey" Baldwin first flew at Hammondsport in 1908 (March 12), & McCurdy also flew there a few months later.

Today a replica of the "Silver Dart", built by R.C.A.V. mechanics at Trenton, Ont., was flown off the ice at the same spot at Baddeck, by an R.C.A.V. pilot. Unfortunately in turning in the air at 50 or 60 feet, a down-draft brought the lower wing-tips in contact with the ice, & the plane was somewhat damaged before it came to a stop. The pilot was unhurt. Newspapers are remarking the fact that "exactly half a century after Canada entered the air age, the aircraft industry in Canada has been cut to a fraction" — referring of course to the end of Avro production at Toronto on Feb. 21.

THURSDAY, FEB. 26/59 Sunny walks to Milton every afternoon this week so far, with noon temperatures up to 40° at times. Today it was like spring, in spite of the ice & snow.

I noticed in the paper yesterday that the market price of British Columbia Telephone shares had jumped to 45 & a fraction. This morning, through the Royal Bank facilities here, I sold at this price (45 mostly) the 650 shares I hold, which now constitute the greater part of my life's savings. I began to pick up odd lots of this stock in 1951, gradually switching my other investments to this one company, including (Jan. 24/59) a paid-up Sun Life policy. I paid prices ranging from \$29 to  $\$48\frac{1}{2}$ , & the average cash per share was  $\$39.20$ . I figure that within a year or so the market price will settle back to about 41, at which

price the annual dividend yield is slightly less than 5%. If so I'll re-invest in it. Meanwhile I have taken a profit while there was a chance.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 4/59

Wild gales & snow & rain since the month began. Still slogging away at the novel ten hours a day. Letter today from Richard Wilson, Santa Monica, California, informing me that John Rich died suddenly some time ago, & he has made a formal agreement with Rich's widow regarding the screen play of "The Nymph & The Lamp". He encloses a new script "by John Rich and Richard Wilson", which he says has taken account of some of my criticisms of Rich's original script. Rich had mentioned Wilson to me as a capable producer and his silent partner. Wilson says he has great faith in both my book & the play, asks me to cooperate with him & have patience. An exact echo of Rich, who (he says) died of a heart attack at the age of 47.

I ~~last~~ heard from Rich August 22/58 (which see) <sup>as</sup> Oct 3/58. I wrote Wilson tonight, giving him some information he wanted about Fable Island, & repeating what I had told Rich last August about our mutual agreement. I have no faith in these people and regret that I signed the damned thing in the first place.

THURSDAY, MARCH 5/59 The water-heating coil in my furnace gave way from corrosion shortly after breakfast. The water gushed forth, put the flame out, filled the fire-pit, & then poured a flood of water & unburnt oil over the cellar floor. Edith discovered it, & when I smelt the oil I thought the fuel line had broken. I turned off the main fuel valve & dashed over to get Mc Gaul's men. They were working in the cellar the rest of the day, putting

in a new coil, getting the electric motor etc. dried out, & cleaning up the mess. Walked to Milton this afternoon in a boisterous March gale & bright sun. The heavy gusts yesterday broke the river ice at the open spot below Salmon Island & then tore the whole sheet right down to town, leaving nothing but a litter of ice cakes stranded along the shores, two feet thick.

FRIDAY, MARCH 6/59 Another gale, with rain, took away much of the snow. Letter from George Shively, of Doubleday (see Feb. 21) very pleased with my summary of "The Governor's Lady", wants to make a formal contract for it right away on the same terms as that for "The Wings of Night". However the contract for "Wings" only gave me an advance of \$3500. I wrote today saying I want an advance of \$5,000, as I've been two years working on this book, financing myself the whole time.

SATURDAY, MARCH 7/59 Sunny & windy. Walked to Milton this afternoon. Letter from Lieut-Commander Johnnie Jordan inviting C. & me to be his guests at a mess dinner at R.M.C.Y. Shearwater (the naval air base) on the 20th; the occasion being a farewell to officers of the Black Watch, long stationed at Aldershot N.S., who are being transferred to Camp Gagetown N.B. However we can't go ~ too much to do

The Russians & Americans are now in a great flurry of fist-shaking over the status of Berlin. Krouschew says all the Allied (& Russian) troops must be withdrawn by a date in May, when the East German (communist) republic will take charge of the whole city, instead of the poor east portion which they have held since 1945. Eisenhauer says No. Both sides, as usual, threaten war. Last week Prime Minister Mac Millan of Britain went to Moscow

to seek a peaceful solution, but met with the usual Soviet combination of smiles, truculence & bad manners. He came away plainly snubbed.

Things are so touchy that last week a blundering Russian trawler on the Grand Banks created an international fuss. She chose to drag the bottom exactly where several of main trans-Atlantic cables pass over the Banks. Hooking them one after another in her trawling gear, she cut ~~them~~ away no less than five in as many days, including the new & expensive trans-Atlantic telephone cable laid only a year or so ago. She had been warned to move off, by U.S. naval aircraft operating from Newfoundland; finally she was boarded by a U.S. destroyer & searched. The boarding party could find no special gear for cutting the cables, warned the skipper to move south out of the area, & left. The "Lord Kelvin" (from Halifax) & other cable repair ships sent to the spot, declare that the breaks appear to be deliberate cuts.

Monday, March 9/59 "Mike" Campbell, jeweler, dropped dead today in his little shop next to Vinot's shoe store - where one Putnam kept a jewelry store when I first came here 36 years ago. He was 54, a P.E. Islander who served in the R.C.A.F. during the Second World War & came here in 1950. Leaves a young wife & two children.

Heard that Dr. (dentist) Max Freeman died recently in Madras, India, where he had spent most of his life. He was in his 70's. A native of Milton (son of Ingram W. Freeman) he went to Madras just after graduating in dentistry <sup>about 1912,</sup> having got the offer of a lucrative practice from a Dr. Eaton of Wolfeville, who had been in India for years & was retiring to N. S. Max came to Milton in the 1920's for a holiday, a self-important little man, talking in a very la-de-da English accent, & telling endless stories of

hunting tigers etc. We called him, amongst ourselves, "The Rajah". He had then been in India since about 1912 & seemed well-to-do. Soon afterwards he sent his wife, an Anglo-Indian (not Eurasian) woman, & two children, to stay in Milton. The idea apparently was to have the children educated in Nova Scotia, but Elsie was a sporting type & found it dull. She went to England after a year in Milton & at Wolfville; & the children were brought up there. I think some kind of matrimonial rift was at the bottom of it. Max remained in India until the end of War Two, when he came & spent a winter with his mother in Milton. I used to see him walking about the village in a long overcoat & a deer-stalker hat, looking like Sherlock Holmes. He never came back again.

SUNDAY, MARCH 15/59. Howling gales, sometimes with snow, sometimes with rain, all the past week. Edith went to Hfa. yesterday to see Marie at the Dartmouth hospital, stayed overnight with Francie, returned this evening. Tom Jr. has been laid up several days with 'flu'. Francie says her father-in-law Cecil Dennis thinks of selling his farm & stock at Brookfield. He wants \$100,000 for the whole thing, including timberland.

I have reached the concluding chapter of "The Governor's Lady", which will take some extra care. I find myself very tired. Indoors all day working away again.

MONDAY, MARCH 16/59. Sunny, windy. Up at 5 a.m. & worked all morning. At 1 p.m. "Jack" Jackson, the golf club pro, phoned & suggested a round, saying there were still patches of snow & ice on the course at White

Point but the last rain had left most of it bare. Out we went & played 13 holes. Wonderful! Walking is all very well but there's no real exercise like golf. I felt like a new man.

FRIDAY, MAR. 20/59 Sidney Smith, Minister of External Affairs in the Diefenbaker cabinet, was buried at Windsor N.S. today. He died suddenly in Ottawa on Tuesday, aged 62, one of the best brains & personalities turned out by Nova Scotia in this century. He was head of Toronto University for 13 years. I met him there when I was on a speaking tour in 1946.

Today was warm ( $60^{\circ}$ ) and lovely, our first spring day, & the ice & snow are melting fast. I have played golf at White Point every afternoon this week. Wrote the last word of "Governor's Lady" this morning. I shall probably re-write the last chapter to some extent before sending the M/S to Doubleday next week.

MONDAY, MARCH 23/59 Working indoors all day yesterday & today. Bitter cold weather, with a howling N.W. gale that today reached hurricane force at times, with snow squalls. E. tried to type clean copy of my last chapter, but for some reasons found herself jittery, unable to type at all, & gave it up. So this afternoon & evening I typed the last chapter myself. Letter from George Shirely agreeing to advance me \$5,000. on the M/S as soon as the contract is signed.

Noted from the Hfx Chronicle-Herald this morning that my old Indian friend Louis Glode died & was buried with Legion honors one day last week. He was a son of old Sam. They both served in the army in France during War One, Louis in the 85th Highland Battalion, & Louis was wounded.

TUESDAY, MARCH 24, 1959

Again, a cold gale whipping the streets. Mailed copies of the novel to Doubleday, New York, & Doubleday, Toronto, with covering letters to Shirely and Nelson. Letter from Tom Costain, suggesting a get-together to discuss future writing plans. He & I sail for England April 15, returning in May. I replied saying I couldn't take a holiday before April 15, & suggested meeting him in New York some time in May. The fact is, I haven't the remotest idea of what I want to do next, except that I feel it should be another novel, rather than a history of the Cunard Line, which McCormick & Lee Barker were so keen about when I talked to them in New York last.

Talked to Austin Parker about investments for my savings. Since selling out my B.C. Telephone stock on Feb. 26 I have about \$30,000 idle in the bank here. It represents the greater part of my life's savings (a lot of it is profit on good investments in the past ten years), & he was horrified to learn that I'd had it all invested in one company.

President Kishconnell of Acadia University, who likes to see his name in the newspapers, got some dubious publicity about a month ago. One student on the staff of the college paper, the "Athenaeum", wrote a silly little sketch in the avant-garde (the so-called "dead-beat") style which many young would-be writers affect nowadays. It made a reference to the Virgin Mary, though not by name, & the whole thing was so fuddled & insane that nobody should have taken it seriously. Kishconnell called it "foul blasphemy", & not only expelled the student but ordered him to leave the town of Wolfville in 24 hours. At once there was a furor, & in letters to the Halifax papers

various people asked what right a college official had to order anyone out of town. Kirkconnell had to back-track hastily.

Now he has got into another controversy, again trying to interfere with town responsibilities. Wolfville recently decided to adopt the policy of fluoridizing its water supply, for the benefit of the teeth of the young, as so many cities & towns in North America have done in recent years.

A few days ago Kirkconnell wrote to the Wolfville weekly, the "Acadian", declaring that fluorides damage brain tissue & that the real purpose behind water fluoridation is "to lower the resistance of the masses to domination and loss of liberty." He quoted an American, Charles Eliot Perkins, chemist, as his authority. At once the town doctors, the N.S. Dental Association & others leaped to the fray. Perkins, (if Kirkconnell had taken the trouble to investigate) has been exposed in the U.S. as a cancer quack and a fraud.

Of course Kirkconnell was riding his twin hobby-horses — the notion that communists lie under almost every bed in the country, & the notion that the President of Acadia University is ex officio the supreme arbiter in Wolfville affairs.

Some years ago in London, Ontario, I met Fulton Anderson, a Mariner at the head of the Department of Philosophy, Toronto University. His opinion of Kirkconnell was — "oh, his clever mind you — but a pipsqueak, a pipsqueak!" At that time K. was a comparatively new president at Acadia & a lot of people in N.S. were much impressed with him. My own notion chimed with Anderson's.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 25/59

A letter from Tom Jr. informs me that he & Pamela White were married two weeks ago by my old friend, the Rev. J.W.A. Nicholson, in private, with

Bill & Frances (Dennis) for witnesses. I gather Pam's parents are very upset, & so of course are we; but Tom is in his 25th year, so is Pam, so they are not irresponsible children. They are driving down to spend Easter with us.

THURSDAY, MARCH 26/59 Sunny weather with a stiff breeze yesterday & today. Slowly the old ice & snow are disappearing. The golf course is now almost entirely bare. I played 18 holes there yesterday & today.

Tom & Pam arrived by car at 9 p.m. We chatted for a time about things in general & then this morning I served glasses of champagne & we drank to their happiness. They will remain in their present separate quarters until the end of May, when Mrs. White wishes to announce the wedding. Her son is getting married next month, & for some reason that escapes me she doesn't want to reveal Pam's marriage until some time well after that. Tom will get a job in the Mersey mill or in one of the Mersey ships for the summer, & Pam will spend the summer here, as will Bill & Frances Dennis & family — Bill has been engaged as intern at the Liverpool hospital for the summer.

FRIDAY (Good Friday) MAR. 27/59 Golf this afternoon in a raw east wind & under a steel-blue clouded sky — 18 holes in a hurry. It felt like snow, & sure enough tonight the snow began.

SATURDAY MAR. 28/59 A gale all day, & a thin snow blowing. Cameron Graham of CBC phoned, wants me to do a TV broadcast on Hfx Dockyard sometime this spring in connection with the Dockyards 200th anniversary. I agreed, & will confer with CBC staff re script, etc. etc. at 2 pm. April 8th. Tom & Pam, Hugh Byrne & girl friend, spend the evening playing bridge here.

EASTER SUNDAY, MARCH 29, 1959

A white Easter, although a clear sky & bright sun took the new snow off the paved roads very quickly. Tom & Pamela & E. & I attended Zion Church together this morning, & took communion. A full church, but not overcrowded as is usual at Easter, due to the present epidemic of influenza. Those who have recovered or are recovering suffer from a lingering cough, & at times this morning the parson's voice was almost lost in the barking of the congregation.

A turkey dinner, & in the afternoon E. & I drove to Bridgewater & back. The severe winter has heaved the old paved highway badly in many places, making nasty bumps. Tom & Pamela left for Halifax at 6.30, in her mother's Pontiac, which Pam had borrowed for the week-end. They are very happy, and God bless them. Pam is a tall good-looking brunette, very quick & intelligent. As I told her, we could not have wished a nicer daughter-in-law; & as I told Tom, he is a very lucky young man. I told him to look about for a decent apartment & engage it for next Fall — several in Francis's vicinity will be vacant when Dalhousie term ends at the last of May. Edith had an agitated note from Mrs. White, saying that we must be as heartick as she, & vaguely expressing some doubt about Tom's ability to support a wife during the rest of his college time. I told E. to reply politely, saying that the happiness of the two young people is all that matters to us, that we are delighted with our new daughter-in-law, & that Tom will be financed to support her comfortably until he has graduated & is set up in a practice.

TUESDAY, MAR. 31/59

A lovely warm spring day, & the first song sparrows are singing in the fields. Golf yesterday & again today! A note from Louis

Jagues, of "Weekend" Magazine, enclosed this clipping from the New York Times Screen page Sunday March 29<sup>th</sup>. More Hollywood hot air, I think.

**LOVE AND RADIO:** Richard Wilson, who directed "Al Capone," the dramatized biography of the gang chief now at the Victoria, is setting his sights on a less violent but, he hopes, thoroughly dramatic screen subject. This, he divulged last week, is "The Nymph and the Lamp," a romantic drama he plans to produce and direct independently. "This is a wonderful novel by Thomas Raddell, published in 1952, which has sold more than 800,000 copies but very few people seem to have heard about it," he declared. "Although it is basically a romantic triangle, its background and characters take it out of the ordinary, I'm convinced."

"The Nymph and the Lamp," he elaborated, "is set on a spit of sand off Nova Scotia and the drama takes place largely in the government wireless station on this outpost. The year is 1919 and the story represents the transition from telegraph to radio as well as the romance involving two men and a girl. I've collaborated on the script with John Rich, and Eva Marie Saint, who has read it, has expressed great interest in it."

APRIL 1, 1959 The 'flu struck me today - it has been epidemic in the province for the past month. None of the usual sneezing & nose-blown. A dry painful bronchial cough, aching in the bones, & a horrible wet-rag feeling.

April 2/59 Indoors all day, but not in bed; feeling wretched but able to eat & drink.

FRIDAY, APR. 3/59 Indoors for the third day with flu. Austin Parker underwent an operation for hernia at the local hospital today. Doctors say he will be laid up for a month.

SUNDAY, APR. 5/59 All day yesterday, last night, & all today I lived in Hell. Streaming eyes & nose; nose filled with hot pepper - a sneeze was an actual relief, but most of the time it just felt as if I were going to sneeze, & then quit at the last moment; very bad for the nerves. Back & throat very painful & chest sore. Strange that the disease should have gripped me for 3 whole days & nights before the usual nose symptoms.

TUESDAY, APR. 7/59 Sunny, cold wind. Ventured outdoors for the first time since March 31. Still have a very sore throat & heavy chest cough. Played 9 holes at White Point & that was enough - felt weak & shaky at the knees. Received, signed & returned

the contract for "The Governor's Lady" with Doubleday, New York. They sent a cheque for \$2500. There is to be the usual separate contract with Doubleday, Toronto, who are to advance me another \$2500. The novel is eligible for entry in the Doubleday Canadian Prize Novel Award contest, first announced in 1956 but so far as I know not yet awarded to anyone — the reason being that no worthwhile entries had been submitted to the judges. This Award carries a \$10,000 prize — \$2,500 as an outright prize & \$7,500 as an advance against royalties.

THURSDAY, APR. 9/59 Mild & showery. All snow & ice has vanished along the coast, but there is still chick ice on lakes inland like Rossignol & Kegumkujik. Played 18 holes at White Point this afternoon, the course very soggy. I purchased, through the Royal Bank, 750 common shares Bell Telephone of Canada at 40. It pays the same dividend (\$2 per share) as B.C. Telephone whose market price still holds at 44.

SATURDAY, APR. 11/59 Austin Parker came home from hospital today. The new Ottawa budget announces increases in income tax, both personal & corporation, and extra taxes on tobacco, spirits, etc. In view of the huge deficit last year caused by the depression of industry, & the resultant shrinkage of revenue & increase of public welfare expenditure, the increase of taxation is quite logical. Nevertheless it is exactly the opposite of what Mr. Diefenbaker's Conservatives promised in their late campaign, & the Liberals are furnished with some very useful ammunition.

MONDAY, APR. 13/59 Golf Today in a chilly wind, the course still very wet. Snow flakes fell in Yarmouth today. Austin P. was returned to hospital by ambulance today. He had developed a slight

lung clot with resultant pleurisy. Picture postcard from my sister Hilda Gamester, who is enjoying a visit with Nell & Max Cassidy in sunny Alabama.

WEDNESDAY, APR. 15/59 A raw cold day, like November, with black clouds, spots of sunshine, & a bleak wind. Drove to Hfx this morning, called on Francis & her little boy. Lunched with Mr. & Mrs. William White, long new in-laws. Tom & Pam joined us, & Pam's brother Bill, who is a lawyer in the employ of the Attorney-General's department. White himself is an executive of G. H. C. Leslie & Co., a financial house in the city. They are pleasant, cultured people & we liked them. I had a business appointment with Cameron Graham of C. B.C. at 2 p.m., so I left Edith at the Whites', & drove to Bell Road, dropping Tom at the Dental Clinic on the way. Spent an hour at the C.B.C. Graham wants me to do a chat about the Dockyard, similar to the talk I did for the "Gazette" program last November. This to be filmed at Admiralty House. Keith Barry wants me to write a script for a half hour commentary on the modern Dockyard. I am to come up to Hfx on Apr. 30<sup>th</sup> for a personal visit to the Dockyard with Barry, & he will make the necessary naval arrangements. The filming will be done in May. I picked up C. at Francis's flat & left for home at 4 p.m.

SATURDAY, APR. 18/59 Mowbray & Phyl Jones gave a cocktail party this evening for the Roll Seasons and John Wickrines, who leave shortly for a three months' tour of Europe. The Jones themselves fly to Florida tomorrow for a holiday. Mowbray has requested me ("on

a professional basis") to write a speech for him to deliver at the May convocation of the N.S. Technical College. He is to receive an honorary degree.

WEDNESDAY, APR. 22/59 Golf in warm sunshine this afternoon & C. picked a big bunch of mayflowers in the White Point woods. Fred Cunningham, 51, of Beerman's Hill ("the Old Back Road," Milton) was arrested last night after a vicious attack on two old women there. A typical example of the weakness of the Department of Justice. Some years ago he murdered Charles Moody, of Milton, confessed it to the police, even posing for police photographs showing how he held the stone & brought it down on Moody's skull. The court ruled the photos inadmissible, & even the confession merely got him a five-year sentence at Dorchester. ~~Two or~~ He was soon transferred from Dorchester to the hospital for the insane at Cole Harbor. Two or three years ago he was released, & has since manifested his peculiarities by exhibiting himself indecently to passing women & little girls. Nothing was done about it. Now this. It was recently revealed that out of something like 24 murderers sentenced to death <sup>in Canada</sup> in the past two years, only 4 were hanged. In all the other cases the federal Dept. of Justice commuted the death sentence to "life" imprisonment — which means they will be released after some years on "good behaviour".

THURSDAY, APR. 23/59 Drove to Hfx this morning. C. shopped & spent the afternoon with Frances. I lunched at The Sea Gull with H.B. "Jeff" Jefferson. Mr. Leonard, M.P.P. for Digby, & Minister of Education in the provincial cabinet, came over from an adjoining table & introduced himself as

an admiring of my books. My sister Hilda, is his secretary. "Jeff" is still in charge of the provincial Flapsard, still working away at his history of the Nova Scotia railways. I dropped into the Archives for a chat with Bruce Ferguson & discussed some old prints & maps of the Dockyard with him & Roland Harris. At 3 p.m. I went to the Citadel Museum & attended a meeting of the Board of the Maritime Museum. Admiral Pullen was there, Commodore D. L. Raymond was chairman, & Commandant P. G. Chance was secretary. A full Board, about 20 men including Don MacKay, Don Brownlie, Kolie Harris, Angus Walters. Brownlie revealed that my sister Winifred is now a secretary on the staff of the Museum of Science. She was working for a law firm in Halifax until about a month ago. Home news from abroad!)

Under Pullen's drive the Maritime Museum has flourished since <sup>Dr. C. H. Power</sup> founded it in a building at the Dockyard in <sup>1950 SEE ENTRY</sup> ~~1944~~ <sup>JUNY 15 1952</sup>. Now the narrow quarters in the Citadel are getting crowded, & Pullen's staff have drawn up a "Study of the Maritime Museum of Canada", which plans for a special building on a new site, to be completed in 1963. As where the funds are to come from nobody seems to know, but all seem confident that it can be done.

The meeting adjourned at 5:15. I picked up C. at Francis's flat & headed for home. Dinner at 7 p.m. at the Royal Hotel, Mahone. Home at 9.

SATURDAY, APR. 25/59 A good warm day. Played 27 holes at White Point this afternoon. Finished a speech

for Montbray Jones to deliver at the "Seafar" convention, & sent it to his assistant Hugh Joyce. The St. Lawrence Seaway is to be opened officially in June by Queen Elizabeth President Eisenhower; but today the first string of ships, headed by the government ice-breaker D'Iberville, left Montreal for the Great Lakes by the ~~new~~ canals & locks.

Tonight about 10 p.m. Jack Gray & an American boy named Bill arrived at our house in a green low-slung wire-wheeled Aston-Martin car, with an exhaust like an airplane. We sat talking till late & they stayed the night with us. Jack was full of his experience in Spain with Warner Brothers, making a movie based on the life of John Paul Jones. He was commissioned to paint several scenes, for advance publicity purposes. The moviemakers had built (in Italy) two full-sized 18th century warships to represent the "Bon Homme Richard" and "Serapis" in their historic fight. To handle them Warner's had commissioned famous sea-writer Alan Villiers. Jack said he was disappointed in Villiers & so were some of the producing crew; Villiers was by turns swaggering & taciturn in his manner, & his handling of the ships was often clumsy.

Jack & Shirley have settled in Winterton, on the Penobscot estuary in Maine, & have bought a carefully restored (by the previous owner) colonial home with large grounds, facing on the river. He is now getting \$750 to \$1,000 for a painting, seems to have all the commissions he can handle, ~~now~~ talks much of the value of publicity agents, sales agents, etc. He likes money — the more the better — for spending purposes, but I don't think he saves a cent.

SUNDAY, APRIL 26, 1959

We set our watches on Daylight Saving Time today. Jack Gray & Bill departed (with a roar of exhaust) about 10:30 a.m., heading for Yarmouth. C. & I headed for the golf course, where C. played 18 & I played 27 holes. I am re-reading the movie script for "The Nymph & The Lamp," as revised by Richard Wilson. He has improved the play as prepared by John Rich; but it is still a poor play in my opinion.

Wilson was the director of the movie "Al Capone" (based on the life of the famous Chicago gangster) which is a great success in the U.S. at the present time. He writes with great enthusiasm about "The Nymph & the Lamp" wants my opinion of the movie-script, asks about Table Island.

MONDAY, APR. 27/59 Rain. Old Major James B. Uniacke died in Camp Hill hospital yesterday — the last of the famous old Nova Scotia family to bear the name. Most of his active life <sup>was</sup> spent ~~was~~ in India, where he served in the British army, & in France during the First Great War. He retired to Nova Scotia, living at the Lord Nelson hotel, & opening up the ancestral mansion at Mount Uniacke for a month or two each summer. I met him there with Andrew Merkel in '46 or '47, an amiable but dull old gentleman, very proud of the old house but unwilling to spend much money on repairs & maintenance. Some years later he sold the whole property to the N.S. government for a fat sum. This completed a cycle.

The founder of the family in N.S., Richard Uniacke, built the mansion in 1813, having made a fortune out of his N.S. government posts. (See news cutting at head of next page.)

Tonight, at the mayor's request, I attended a meeting of the town council to line up plans for the bicentennial

Vaulted At \$225,000 — The will of James B. Unicke, retired Halifax army officer who died April 26, has been entered for probate with a value of \$225,000 placed on the estate. Executor is the Royal Trust Company and entire estate was bequeathed to relatives.

celebration this summer. Representatives of various town clubs, societies & labor unions had also been summoned. For some time past I have been approached by various people wanting me to take charge or at any rate take a large part in the celebration program. I refused. Tonight the hink was thrown out again, but I said I would probably be away most of the summer. I agreed to act as a judge of Ken Jones' prize essay contest for the schools; and to be one of the judges for the Bowater's Mosby prize of \$1,000, to be paid to the clubs or organizations which do most in the celebration program. I also agreed to help Ken write an official proclamation for the mayor. After much time, mostly spent in the gentle game of "passing the buck," the mayor & councillors themselves assumed the chief responsibilities & drew up committees. The celebrations will take the form of parades with floats; dances, ball games, a Navy Week with several Canadian warships in port, firework displays, a historical pageant, etc., all to be spread over a period of three months.

THURSDAY, APR. 30/59 Cold, windy & rainy. Set off for Hfx alone at 8 a.m. to attend a conference at C.B.C. there at 10.30. Chatted with Cameron Graham, for a few minutes. Then set off for the Dockyard with Keith Barry, C.R.L. ("Sed") MacGillivray, & a still-camera man. At the gate we were met (& thenceforth guided) by Bill Powers, who is a brother of the late Colonel Tommy Powers of the West N.S. Regiment. Bill is a civilian; official title Executive Assistant to the Commodore Superintendent of H.M.C. Dockyard. He took us to Lieut.-Commander Bill Patton, Staff Officer Information, who accompanied us on much of our tour. Until 1 p.m. we were in & out of various large stores & machine shops, boat shops, etc. Then we were taken to the Ward Room, at Horne Terrace, for

drinks & lunch. Here amongst others I was introduced to Lieut.-Commander Sellick, who is in charge of the port & ship library services. He also conducts a weekly seminar for officers & men interested in books & writing; wanted me to address them; but I had to say No. Learned that Raiffe Barnett is still Queen's Harbor Master here, but he & Pauline leave shortly for Moscow, where he will be Canadian naval attaché at the British Embassy. (Barnett has been taking a long course here in the Russian language. A number of others, including civilian Bill Powers, are also well forward in their studies of that language.)

After lunch another busy afternoon, diving in & out of buildings, including some at a distance from the main dockyard, including a big storage depot on Gladstone Street, & the victualling depot & laundry at what was formerly the army's King's Wharf. Odd note: in the well locked & guarded room where the Navy's rum is stored I noticed that it was Jamaican rum of a single brand — Captain Morgan — with a picture of the old pirate on the label. I was told that the Captain Morgan firm had held an exclusive contract with the R.C.N. for several years.

At evening I got a room at the Lord Nelson, found that MacGillivray is staying there. We dined together & adjourned to my room, where Mac went on for hours, expounding the mysterious business of T.V. technique & the meaning of its jargon. He is a slim fellow of about 35, grey eyes, thinning brown curly hair, a loose-lipped mouth, muddy complexion. A clever, glib type, fond of dialectics, wearing half-Wellingtton boots, tight blue corduroy trousers, a shabby dark blue serge jacket, no necktie. He was formerly with the CBC at Toronto, is now in business for himself as a T.V. (advertising etc) consultant in that city. He said he is down here for 3 weeks on a special

assignment for CBC, to conduct a seminar for would-be Halifax T.V. script writers; & I gather that he had been told to accompany me on the Dockyard business & to supply me with technical advice in the preparation of a script. He was still talking about everything from modern jazz to Shakespeare's playing when I called it a night at

2.15 a.m. & he went off to his room.

FRIDAY, May 1/59 This morning I had to attend a meeting of the N.S. Historic Sites & Monuments Board in the Provincial Building on Hollis Street. Will Bird, who is chairman, calls the meeting at irregular intervals & I think this is the first in more than a year. The usual long list of requests & demands from all over the province; small groups or individuals wanting an old house restored & maintained by the govt., wanting a museum built or financed in their town by the govt., wanting plaques & cairns to mark this & that. Some, we approved, driftily plaques. Clem Crowell's group in Yarmouth have started a marine museum — something I have urged on people there for many years. They now want a govt. grant of \$500 a year. Unfortunately that would set an expensive precedent, of which other groups would seek to take advantage. We recommended \$500 for this year only.

Adjourned at noon, & Kelsall, Belliveau & I taxied to the Lord Nelson & lunched together. Met & had a few words with Helen Brighten, whose N.S. ghost stories are now being broadcast as a series by CBC radio. At 2 p.m. I went to the TV building on Bell Road, & thence to the Dockyard, this time accompanied by Com. Graham. We looked over Admiralty House, which will be the site of my Gazette show. The place is a semi-ruin inside; some of the floors quite shaky. We found one room containing one of the original white

marble fireplaces, the mantel panel carved with scallop shell & a pair of ~~Nautilus~~-anchors. In another we found some of the elaborate plasterwork along the cornice & ceiling, again with the anchor motif. Otherwise nothing remains recognizable of the original interior. We were told that the building may be repaired & refitted for a base library. Graham left us, & Mac Gullivray & I went on with Bill Powers to inspect the electronic repair shops, then across the big bridge to inspect the naval magazine near Bedford - a huge expanse now, with miles of paved roads. Explosives & ammo stored in widely separated small red-brick buildings, each surrounded by an earth rampart ("traverse") as high or higher than the roof. This to throw the blast upward in the event of an explosion. Also tall reinforced concrete screens or "traverses" at intervals to take some of the shock of a ground-blast, presumably from hostile bomb attack. The whole area heavily fenced & guarded.

At 4:30 we returned to the T.V. studios on Bell Road, where I had a few words with Cam. Graham on the script for the Gazette show. He wants it not later than May 30, would prefer it a week or two before that. The filming will be done in June, & it will probably appear on T.V. in September. Returned to the Lord Nelson, dined with Mac Gullivray, checked out & headed for home at 7:30. Fog & drizzle, very bad driving in some stretches, the headlights almost useless; but all clear past Bridgewater.

TUESDAY, MAY 5/59 Cold, overcast weather. Golf in the afternoons when not raining. Rolled the house lawns yesterday & today. Working on the Gazette script. Hugh Shaw, of Weekend Magazine, wrote asking for a special article on O.P.X. re the coming

visit of Queen ~~Elizabeth~~ & Prince Philip; but his deadline is June 1, & I've got all I can handle this month. The provincial govt. has allotted \$1,000 to improve the grounds about the Perkins house, paint the roof. I saw Jack Bigelow when I was in Ptx & reminded him that the upstairs rooms of the Perkins house ought to be furnished in time for Liverpool's bicentennial celebration this summer. He said it would be done.

Tom Jr. & Pamela are rather cast down. They planned to spend the summer together here, & he had applied for a job in the Mersey mill yard. A few days ago Charlie Williams phoned to say that no yard jobs are available, & Tom will have to take a job on one of the ships "and I'm afraid it won't be one of the good ones." Probably meaning the "Finland," which will be abroad all summer. I phoned Charlie yesterday, asked him to get Tom a job at the mill. He said he would see about it. I'm always doing favors for Mowbray Jones & Hugh Joyce, & seldom ask one of them; but I don't like to go over Charlie's head.

THURSDAY, MAY 7/59 Sunny for a change, but still cold. I spread 60 lbs. of a chemical fertilizer called 9-9-7 over the lawn today. It is supposed to be good for mossy lawns, & mine is half moss now, in spite of all the crushed limestone & various chemical fertilizers I have spread on it in past years.

Hugh Shaw phoned from Montreal, asking me very urgently to do the article for Weekend, & extending the deadline to June 8. I agreed to do it for a fee of \$500.

SATURDAY, MAY 9/59 Sunny but cool. I have the Gazette (T.V.) script done, to be filmed in Ad. House; it may need some further polishing in the light of camera technicalities. And

I have started on the Dockyard commentary script for Keith Barry; a much more complicated task, as he expects a regular "shooting script" with all the requisite camera shots & manipulations set forth.

News: The new Saint Lawrence waterway is jammed with ships heading for the Lake cities from the sea. The captains, unfamiliar with the new locks and freshwater navigation, are inclined to be cautious, hence there are delays, especially in the Welland Canal. But the Seaway authorities are confident that all this will smooth out with experience. George Kyle tells me that Bowater ships are now taking paper from Corner Brook Nfld. direct to Cleveland, Detroit & other lake ports; complains that some lake ports are slow in dredging their own harbors to the depth of the Seaway — some of them still have only 18 or 19 feet.

At the Dalhousie University convocation the ~~two~~ recipients of honorary degrees include my old (Royal Society of Canada) acquaintance Fulton Anderson, a Dalhousie graduate who has been head of the department of Philosophy at University of Toronto for years. Another is the widow of Isaac Walton Killam, who now resides chiefly in the Bahamas & the U.S.; "for her philanthropic interest in education". Presumably this means she has decided to donate some money to Dal. So far her only interest has been in American professional baseball. She never missed a World Series game, often urged Killam to buy the New York Yankees; and after his death, when the Brooklyn Dodgers were about to remove to Los Angeles, she actually offered two or three million dollars for the Dodgers. (It wasn't enough, & the Dodgers went to California.)

SUNDAY, MAY 10/59 A lovely warm day — the first "shirt-sleeve" day this year. Church this a.m.,

golf this afternoon. Austin Parker was at church this morning, is able to get about quite well, but is still forbidden to return to work.

Monday, May 14/59      Ted MacGillivray phoned from CBC, Halifax, at noon. Wanted to know if I could come up to the city this week. Told him I'd come Thursday.

Tonight Mrs. David Inness, president, Queens County Historical Society, called a meeting at her house to discuss the Society's part in the forthcoming bicentennial celebrations. I was present. They decided to put a float in the big parade, July 1; to have a tea on the lawns of the Perkins House in the first or second week of August, with all waitresses in 18th century costume, & with 18th century food.

I went on from there to the Doug. Sozey's, where Cyril ("Swiftly") Robinson is staying overnight. Robinson is on a routine story-gathering trip for Weekend, a tour of western N.S. Some time ago he developed a cancerous growth at the back of the nose, & last winter the doctors destroyed the cancer by use of a Cobalt "bomb". Unfortunately they had to point the "bomb" at the cancer through his left eye, having previously warned him that he would probably lose the sight of the eye. Now he wears a black patch over the eye; the sight is gone; but he vows cheerfully that he can see as well with one eye as with two, & that he never felt better in his life.

Tuesday, May 14/59      Pouring rain. Drove to Hfx this morning, & arrived at CBC about 11 a.m. just in time to sit-in on the last of MacGillivray's morning session. Johnnie Jordan (Lieut-Cpt., RCN) was there, & he carried off MacG & me to lunch in the Wardroom Officers' Mess at Lorne

Terrace. He is now secretary to the commanding officer at H.M.C.V. Shearwater, but lives on the Halifax side of the harbor. The afternoon session of MacG's "seminar" consisted of two documentary films, both about Acadia University, made within the past two years. The first was called College Town, made by CBC, & was very good. The second, made for Baptist propaganda & featuring the Acadia Theological school, was very bad. The two together made a very good study & the afternoon was interesting. At 5:30 Johnnie insisted that MacG. & I come to his house for a drink & to meet his wife. Madeleine Jordan is a small bright woman, blonde, about 40 but looks younger. Until a few years ago Johnnie was the gay bachelor, romping about the field. Madeleine was a widow or a divorcee with a son, an American woman. The son is now serving with the U.S. army garrison in Korea. Johnnie & she seem very well suited to each other & very happy. The Jordans insisted that we stay to dinner, & we did, & had a good meal & a pleasant evening. I had engaged a room at the Lord Nelson, where MacG. is staying, & we returned there at 10 p.m. to discuss the brief draft of the Dockyard script which I had prepared — the chief object of my trip to the city. MacG. read it over, & at once condemned practically all of it, with the usual torrent of jargon, including some that would make even a CBC expert shudder. (He kept saying, "You must think filmically" — meaning, I presume, "You must think in terms of pictures.") He went on in this way for an hour. When he paused for another drink of my rum I said, "If all this is no good, what suggestions have you to make?" He then went into long flights of fancy, as if we were doing a Hollywood drama, not a documentary picture. I kept

reminding him that the film had exactly 28 minutes to run, not 2 hours. (Example:- he suggested an opening shot of the Admiral, "standing by that watch-tower on the roof of his house, telescope to his eye, taking a sweeping look over the dockyard. He'd be photographed from below, so that he would appear as a gigantic figure." I said, "Unfortunately the Admiral can't see the yard from his cupola. All he can see is the trolley-coaches passing along Barrington Street, as all the Navy knows. In any case the pose would be ridiculous & the Admiral wouldn't consent to it.")

Whenever I tried to get Mc G. down to earth in this manner he put forth a cloud of jargon, like a nervous cuttlefish, and darted off to something else. Finally I said, "We're utterly at cross-purposes. I'll see Barry in the morning & tell him so, & that I'll be quite happy to drop any connection with this job. If you're right & I'm wrong, the sooner I drop it the better."

On that we parted, quite amicably, about midnight. I went to bed, hoping for a night's sleep. Also the Dalhousie University students were holding their graduation ball in the hotel, & several parties of them, male & female, had engaged rooms on my floor & quite near mine. They drank and sang and shouted and banged on doors until nearly 4 o'clock in the morning, when at last the rest of the guests were permitted to get some sleep.

FRIDAY, May 15/59      Keith Barry was away from his office when I phoned this morning, so I walked downtown & bought myself a pipe & tobacco. I haven't smoked a pipe for more than twenty years, but I feel I should take it up again, instead of smoking 50 or 60 cigarettes a day as I do. Dropped into the N.S. Museum of Science for a chat with Don Crowdis & my sister Winifred, who is his secretary. Back to the hotel about noon. Howard Bendelier

phoned for a brief chat. Then Keith Barry phoned, & I told him of my session with Mc G. Barry asked if he could come to talk it over at the hotel this afternoon & I agreed. I phoned my sister Hilda & she lunched with me at the hotel. She has sold her car, still wonders whether to sell her house in Jollimore & take an apartment in the city. She returned to her job in the Provincial Building about 2.30, & Barry came to my room soon after. He would not hear of me dropping the job, said that Mc G. had considerable experience in making documentary films for private firms (factories etc.) but very little experience in T.V. He smiled when I related some of Mc G.'s notions. We went over my ~~script~~<sup>draft</sup> & discussed various parts of it. Finally he suggested that I re-write the draft, incorporating changes that had occurred to me; he would then submit it to C.B.C.'s editorial people & ask for their comments & suggestions. After that we chatted about N.S. coastal life & history, the old game of rum-running etc., & he left at 6.30 for home. I dined in the hotel's coffee shop & set off for home at 8 p.m. Got there 10.30.

TUESDAY, MAY 19/59 Sent off to Keith Barry my revised draft of the Dockyard Script, after much thought & work over the ("Victoria Day") holiday week-end. In a covering letter I said, "If your editorial staff agree with Mac Gillivray's wholesale condemnation, send back the script & count me out."

#### MARRIAGES

RADDALL - WHITE — Mr. and Mrs. W. T. White announce the marriage of their daughter Pamela Jane to Mr. Thomas Head Raddall, son of Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Raddall, Liverpool, Nova Scotia.

Pamela's parents inserted this small notice in this morning's Halifax Chronicle-Herald. Tom has secured the lease of an apartment in the same building where Francie & Bill Dennis live, & has succeeded in sub-letting it for the summer, when he & Pam will be in Liverpool.

