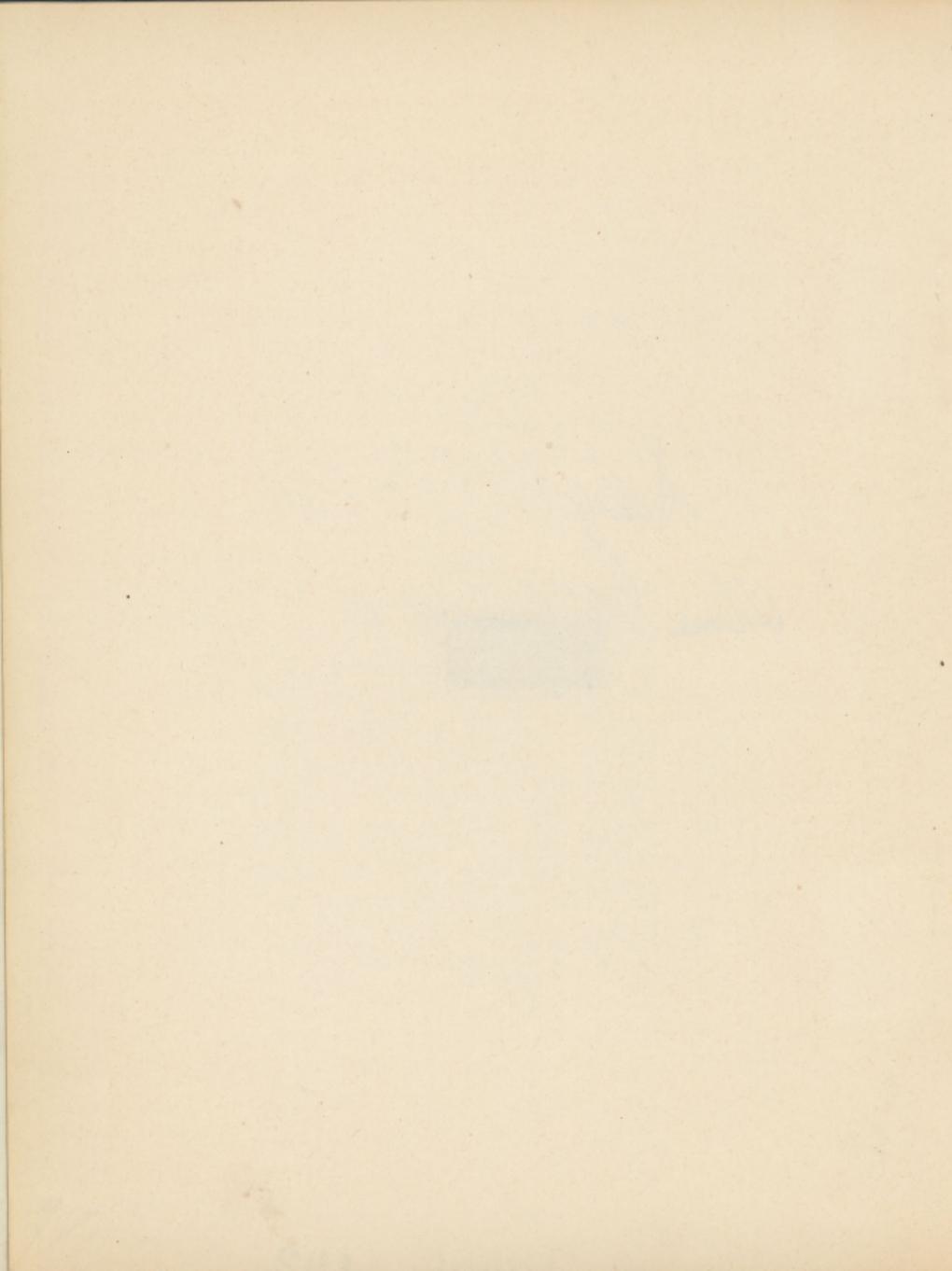


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May 11, 1940

A fine warm day. Dunlap, Gordon & I went to Eagle Lake. The power people have got over their "sabotage" fears and now keep only one guard. He is stationed at a gate barring the river road at Deep Brook, with orders to admit anyone known to be a local resident. At 4 P.M. he goes home leaving the gate padlocked. If you want to come down the road after high hours you must borrow a key — which we did. The guard is unarmed, and wears no uniform — not even that quaint yellow hat-band of the September scare days. Taking up the trail from Big Falls (burdened with haversacks, fishing gear and sleeping bags) we caught a whiff of carion & later found the carcass of a deer — a big doe, lying in the brush just off the path. The wild-cats had been busy at it but there appeared to be a bullet hole in the side. Probably shot from the trail by one of the Indians last winter & for some reason not cut up and carried off. As is now my habit I slept out under the stars, a lovely night, with a sickle moon.

I and Venus riding low in the north-west and casting twin trails of silver on the still water. Much bird life astir — owls hooting, a pair of big herring <sup>gulls</sup> talking in their querulous half-human way on the "diving rock", many ducks going up and down from lake to river with much quacking, and swift flapping of wings; and several loons walking the echoes with their mournful three-note call, a sound I love.

Sunday May 12/40.

A hearty breakfast & then down Eagle Brook with rod and line. Fishing was poor — at the best pool on the brook not even a bite. The reason not far to seek — a birch pole flung down beside the pool, and a few yards around the bend a number of Indians, only one of whom, Peter Gode, I knew. I fished till noon & got three, a poor morning's work. But it was lovely there; an old clearing, possibly a camp site, partly

grown up in small maples and beech; the brook roaring through in a torrent, sweeping in a sharp curve to the fishing hole, whence it thunders over a steep staircase of ledges towards the river. Beavers have made an ineffectual effort to dam the brook between the hole and these ledges, felling several poplars and birches which however lodged and formed merely an arch over the stream. Sap was pouring out of the gnarled stumps of these trees and on the young yellow-brown stumps a pink scum had formed and dripped down like paint.

Tramped out to Big Falls this afternoon under a dull sky, cutting alders and brush out of the trail with hatchets and knives, and arrived at the gap just as the rain began. Temperature at tea-time  $38^{\circ}$  Fahrenheit. This fishing trip seemed to all of us rather like fiddling while Rome burned, for the news from Europe is blacker every hour; but it was a relief to get away from radio and newspapers and just enjoy God's good outdoors.

Tuesday, May 14/40. Writing yesterday of fiddling while Rome burned reminds me today that our continent is full of fiddlers. Yesterday opened the showing in Liverpool (at \$1 per seat) of the much-touted film "Gone With The Wind" and people flocked into town from the whole countryside to see it. Today the same. Like the film "Birth of a Nation" which created a similar furor in this continent during the First German War, it deals with the American civil war and its aftermath, the sweeping away of a way of life in the South. It seemed strange to me these people jamming a theatre and sitting four solid hours before a squawking screen, when across a sea very narrow in these times the whole fate of our empire and democracy generally in the world is being decided in tremendous battles, when our own civilization may be gone with a wind of barbarism in a few weeks.

The Germans, with their characteristic ingenuity, daring, and organisation, have had no difficulty in sweeping through

Holland and the formidable defences of the Belgians. They have landed thousands of men by parachute behind the Dutch and Belgian lines, all trained in the work they were to do — cutting telephone & telegraph lines, blowing up railway track, seizing points of vantage; these were followed by large troop-carrying planes which actually landed to discharge their passengers. In this way key points even in Rotterdam & Amsterdam were seized. Then, when the disorganisation of the defence lines of communication was complete German planes swept over the back areas in thousands, bombing everything that moved, even cattle in the fields, and an army on wheels, an army of tanks in thousands, rolled forward like a juggernaut. The result has been a complete success for the Germans, and at small cost of German life compared with the battles of the last war. Holland is over-run, its queen and government have fled to England; the Germans are at the gates of Brussels, having surrounded and swept past Liège; and they have swept through the Ardennes and are in Sedan — ominous same.

In England the pressure of events has made Winston Churchill premet the ambition of his life. But it's a sorry gift now, with Britain still only half-armed after nearly nine months of war, and facing the most formidable foe in her history. Hitler seems determined to force a decision this summer before the British have time in their traditional way to arm under the guns of the enemy. It seems to me that history will say harsh things of that amug man Stanley Baldwin and his Tory following in Britain, including his successor Chamberlain, who talked and talked and talked and did nothing while Germany armed and schemed.

Saturday May 18/40 Early this morning J A Parker, Maurice Russell, Irving Bain & I drove from Liverpool to Hoyes Landing for a week-end's fishing on Sheldene River. We left the car at the landing & took the Mersey company's motor-boat in charge of a big blond sly unshaven chap named Ray Ernst.

Later we found the Mersy people have gravelled the old tote road for miles and it is possible to drive <sup>now</sup> to Hobatic by crossing Kegumkuyk River on the tote-road bridge. The motor boat sets us down at the wharf at Mersy Camp No 1, about  $\frac{3}{4}$  hour from Lowe's Landing. The camp lies just above flowage line on the site of what once was Trout Brook about 2 miles east of Shespoone River. It is an unlovely spot acres of dead trees hide the camp; you see the half-rotten wharfs & the rusty trolley-rails leading off through the dead trees to the camp; one or two motor boats, a big wedge bowed scow equipped with a stubby mast and derrick boom, a Russel-tug ("alligator", the woodsmen call it) a dory, a canoe — are moored there, a quiet flotilla. You follow the "railway" in a sweeping right-hand curve & within two hundred yards come upon the camp — ten or fifteen one-storey buildings, some of logs, most sheathed in old canvas from the paper mill, a ghostly-looking place by moonlight. This was the first of the Mersy camps in this area now eight years old and looking very weather-worn and decrepit. (These operations extending now as far west as Boot Lake on Jordan water, and Roseway Lake at the head of the Roseway River.) Like all base camps it is the permanent abode of the lazy intelligentsia of the logging industry, big fat good-natured men, between the ages of 25 and 60, who have contrived to get permanent jobs at "One", repairing boats, hauling supplies, repairing sleds, etc — anything rather than leaving an ax or a saw. After a time these men acquire a slow musing gait; all their movements are dreamy and deliberate, their large eyes (most are "Dutchmen" from Lunenburg County) have a sort of drugged look, produced by the empty monotonous round. Even the meals have no change. We ate in the camp every time I have come here. The food is plentiful and well-cooked but the sameness of it is deadly. Baked beans, fish hash, roast "plate" beef, two kinds of cookies, cake, boiled prunes, bread, molasses, and — a luxury enjoyed at One — cheese. This fare — all of it — is served up three times a day, seven days a week. You simply take your choice. We had dinner in the camp dining hall. The cook had

invested in a portable radio & as we ate, the room filled with the familiar accents of the news announcers and the black, black news.

(The Germans out-flank the famed Maginot Line; as in St. Quentin, are at the gates of Laon; the British Army, after making a stand at Louvain has fallen back behind Brussels; the Belgians abandon Antwerp. Italy prepares to attack France when the moment is ripe.) The beefy brown men silent ~~and~~ about the little magic box, with the dreamy look on their faces. Many boys from these camps went overseas with the Weston Nova Scotia Regt. These lethargic men handsome in their full-fed broad brained way, crouch on the benches as if hearing idly talk from another world.

After dinner Russell & I hiked to Pollard Falls & found the long rapid below the tote road bridge full of small gamy trout. Russell used bait but I prefer fly-fishing and with Silver Doctor, Laramachee Belly and the ever "Mickey Finn" buck-tail fly that all the sporting magazines rave about I had an afternoon's fun. The little trout struck without hesitation but it was hard to hook them and harder to land them. After a lindy afternoon I had only 4 trout in my bag, but the satisfaction of having had good fishing for the first time in years. A cold day with heavy rain all morning.

Sunday May 19/40. Russell & I determined to spend this day at the mouth of Shelburne River, where very big trout can be taken at certain times. Parker & Bain fished there yesterday without luck & decided go up river today.

We had a fruitless day, of it. Got a trip in the motor boat to the mouth of the river & thus saved two miles of hard paddling in the wash of a bleak N.W. wind that frequently blew in gusts of gale force. There are some beautiful fishing pools from the flowing to the foot of the first meadow, where the loggers have built a flimsy plank & brushwood dam, but in a long day's fishing Russell had only 2 trout and myself none. If we had been able to get minnows before leaving Liverpool

it might have been a different story, as the trout in this river are known to bite hard on minnow bait. I caught a rotten cold in the rainy coatless morning of yesterday, and today's wind and exposure did not improve it. We ate a couple of sandwiches at noon, & waited patiently for the sunset, hoping the wind would die then; but at 7 P.M. with the sun down and a three-quarter moon shining high in the sky, the wind was still blowing & we still had no fish. We paddled the canoe back in the dusk, with hundred of tree-swallows skimming over the surface of Lake Rosseau hunting black-flies & alighting often on stubs of the flouage within reach of our hands. I never saw swallows so fearless.

Over a late supper table we found that Parker & Bain had a day's run, with 33 trout mostly taken out of the pool below the "tow-bridge" at the foot of Sand lake.

The cook (a pale "Dutch" chap with ox eyes and a faint smile) and the Canadian men gathered on the step of the cookhouse to admire the night. Before us loomed stacks of sled parts, piled carefully for next winter; "poles" in one great stack, piled four-square for ventilation; "bunks" in another; sled runners in another. In a long iron trough, about 20 feet by 3 feet by two feet, with a wood fire under the length of it, the camp blankets were being boiled free of lice, a dozen blankets at a time. The smoke & steam rose straight in the moonlight. Down by the "track" lay a great <sup>black</sup> mound of boom-chains, all of which had been dipped in a drum of crude oil to preserve them from rust. In another part of the camp yard a park of pole wagons was being over-hauled and painted with bright red paint. "Pretty as a little red wagon". Well they were pretty in the moonlight. Here lay the labours of the dull pleasant men of Camp One.

We started talking about the moon, of course, a subject of profound interest to the "Dutchmen", and after Russell and I had carefully introduced expressions of amazement at the

fact that pickle in a sauer kraut barrel ~~rises~~ rises and falls with the phases of the moon (always a good way to start) a big blond somnambulist gave us quite a lecture on the subject.

There was no doubt in his mind (a) that timber cut in a full moon outlasted any other, (b) that timber land "cleared" in the dark of the moon would not send up sprouts, (c) that the east side of the moon is always the side that "takes away", while it "builds up" on the west, (d) that on nights of the moon, fish feed by night rather than by day, hence our poor luck with the trout. All this and much more. He enlarged on proposition (b) thusly: "There is two days in every month when the scions is in the heart of the wood - that is to say, what will later be buds; you cut a tree or a branch when the scions is in the heart and it won't grow again ever."

The boat goes to Lowes Landing at 8 in the morning, so Russell & I plan to arise early & fish the pool at Sand Lake.

Monday, May 20/40. Bothered with my cold, a sleepless night. The first streaks of daylight came at 4 A.M.

I called Russell & we pulled on clothes & boots in a temperature close to freezing. & soon were hustling along the Sand Lake tote road, the sunrise red about right flank rear.

Came in sight of the lake, turned left to hit the river and after a lot of floundering in swamp & brush, got to the "tow bridge". It was a bleak grey morning with a breeze coming up-stream in icy little breaths. Fishing proved slow. Before we had been there 15 minutes we saw a boat-load of loggers coming down from Sand Lake in a heavily over-loaded boat. Another party of men arrived at the bridge <sup>on foot</sup>, at about the same time, & told us the camp crew was moving down to Kemptown Falls to drive pine logs. As the boat approached the "tow bridge" (a pair of logs thrown across the stream, with rickety railings of nailed saplings) one of the walkers decided to have a ride in the boat. He was not dressed like a logger; a cook, a

perhaps. Certainly he knew little about river driving, for he jumped into the boat from the up-stream side of the bridge and was promptly knocked flat on top of the swearing boatmen as the craft swept underneath. Then, square in the midst of the pool the boat ran hard on a rock and nearly upset. Two men shored and strained with pile-poles. They made a fine subject for a snapshot, the brown, bearded, athletic men in red shirts and macramé wind-breakers and battered old felt hats, some wearing blue oilskin slickers against the threat of rain in the morning wind; at least a dozen in the one small creak-scared boat, too. Finally they got clear & sailed away on the stream round the bend and out of sight, bawling apologies for disturbing our fishing. Well they might! They had certainly frightened all the trout back of the pool for a time.

We quit after an hour, Russell with two, myself with one trout. Parker told us he caught his 25 using a strip cut from the back of a trout in imitation of a minnow, & we tried this, but had little success. Back at camp by 8 A.M. with a hearty breakfast of beans before us, then the farewells, the motor boat, and Lowes Landing, where we found the camp's big diesel-boat, with the scow in tow, taking on a crowd of loggers, new men coming in mostly from Lunenburg County. There were 20 or 30 of them, each with his own saw, some with their own axes, and all carrying their belongings in large knapsacks. I got a snapshot of the scene. Home about 11 A.M., black-thrashed and badly in need of a bath.

Friday, May 24/40 Am just recovering from a severe cold acquired on my fishing trip. For a solid week we have had cold NE and E winds with rain, temperatures moving in a short range from freezing point to a maximum of 40°. Heavy rain all day, with the furnace, and my office stove, going full blast.

Even blacker than the weather is the war news. The Germans were able to force the Meuse somewhere between Namur & Dinant several days ago, through almost incredible ineptitude of the French forces there. (Several bridges were intact, & enemy motor columns poured across) Strong German armoured forces, well supported by aircraft promptly plunged straight west down the Somme valley (which is still wide open) to Abbeville, which they reduced to ruins and captured. Then they turned northward. Today they have captured Boulogne, chief British army base, with huge quantities of stores, and the British army along the Schelde is in a very grave position.

All this without any serious counter-attack by the allied forces. Gamelin, French generalissimo has been superseded by the little old World War One man Weygand.

In England, the parliament which has talked itself (and the country) almost into the enemy's hands, now (out of its great fear) makes Churchill virtual dictator for the duration of the war. George Bernard Shaw said yesterday, "Now that the British are thoroughly frightened, we shall be all right". One is inclined to wonder. It looks to me as if the Germans, securely planted about Boulogne, are in a position to bomb England's chief ports to rubble, to sink any convoy which may approach the coasts, thus accomplishing what the submarines have failed to do.

The meagre news we are getting indicates that the R.A.F. is doing superb work though tremendously outnumbered. Man for man, plane for plane, ours have beaten the Germans in fight after fight; but the Germans seem to regard their planes as missiles rather than machines, and keep pouring them into the battle. Italy keeps threatening war, and our Turkish ally is silent, with a keen eye on developments in France.

Tuesday, May 28, 1940, Yesterday was fine, the first break in the cold wet weather we have had since May 18th. It was a glorious 24 hours, hot sunshine through the day (which we spent picnicking at Broad River) and a warm night.

Today the wind is back in the east again, with torrents of rain, and temperature down to 40°.

The war news is steadily worse. Yesterday King Leopold announced that the Belgians would fight no more. They have been holding the left flank of the British army, which is now in a terrible position, grouped about Lille and Douai, with Boulogne in German hands and Calais besieged, and its sole sea bases Ostend and Dunkirk exposed to swift German attack from the empty flank. Little news of the actual situation is being given out by our own people — a bad sign. The Germans claim to have the northern British army hemmed in, which is probably correct. Their army statements have been very reserved and correct throughout this war, possibly because the news was all favourable and no need of lying. A hard thrust northward by the French from Amiens would cut off the German corridor to the Channel and unite the allied front. The British almost surrounded, seem to be in no position to help themselves, though we have reports of heavy British attacks south and east from Douai.

It is strange how closely the German strategy has followed that of 1914. (The invasion of Holland was merely a diversion, to tempt the British deep into Belgium.) The break-through was accomplished precisely where it was in '14 — in the Namur—Charleroi area. But this time there was no chance for a "retreat from Mons". The swift German motor columns were through to the Channel in two days. It seems our army's fate always to be placed in jeopardy by the failure of its ally.

Sir Edmund Ironside has been replaced as commander-in-chief by General Dill. He should have been replaced some months ago, when he told the press that the Germans had no hope of success because "they haven't a single general officer who served

above the rank of captain in the last war." I thought then (and now more than ever) that what our army needs is a few more generals who served below the rank of captain in the last war.

Thursday, May 30/40 Another fine day, too precious to waste. Took Edith & the kids & drove to Bridgewater by the shore road via East Port Medway, Vogler's Cove, Pettie L'vire. The hardwoods are just breaking into leaf, and wild pear into full blossom — all very late. Coming up the west side of the Lahave we saw activity in the little ship yard at Dayspring across the river, so we crossed at Bridgewater & went down to have a look. Found two scows nearing completion, a big 3-masted schooner, "Jean Anderson" of Lahave, having some new plank put in her topsides; but the chief interest was the hull of the "Maid of France" undergoing repairs. This was a big tern schooner which had been laid up at Lunenburg for many years and finally sank at her moorings. Recently it was necessary to remove her and an enterprising Lahave skipper floated her & towed her up to Dayspring, where she lies high and aground. A little old wrinkled man, serious and dark-eyed and spectacled and active as a cat, named Robart, is in charge of the job. He told me he had built many ships, but "I like these jobs better because they're more interesting". He and his dozen workmen had torn the old vessel down to the water line & were now engaged in re-topping her, with stout spruce ribs of various width 6 inches thick, and planking of 5 inch spruce. I talked a few minutes with one serious young workman of 19 or 20, engaged in driving small maple wedges ("trenail wedges") into the ends of the trenails to set them up tight. All the trenails were hackmatack. He simply drove a chisel about  $\frac{1}{2}$  inch into the exposed end of the trenail, then drove the slim maple wedge home to the butt with blows of a small sledge-hammer. The "shipyard" comprised a little tumbledown wharf, a small and busy steam sawmill, & the space between highway and river (100 feet perhaps) piled with plank and a large number of stout spruce and hackmatack knees. A long wooden box in the open, exuding steam, contained planks being softened

for bending into place on the vessel's side. The new ribs had all been cut to slope on the hand-saw in the little mill. A wholesome job and a wholesome place to work - all outdoors on the river bank, and a lovely view to the green slopes on the other side. With ocean freight climbing fast the Lahave skipper will probably realise a handsome profit on his venture.

We had high tea in a little place on Bridgewater's main street. Tonight I read a paper before the historical society on the settlement of Tantallon Legion at Port Mouton.

Monday. June 3/40 Found a trim little <sup>wooden</sup> motor craft at Thompson's wharf today - the "Zoarcs", belonging to the government's Fisheries Experimental Station at St. Andrews, N.B. About 70 feet long, double-ended (how a typical knockabout schooner type) painted black with buff funnel. Built by John Mackay at Shelburne a few years ago, a stout little craft nicely finished. Captain A. E. Calder, about 50 or 55, a thick-set man with a neat head of close-trimmed silver hair, ruddy broad face, nose like the back fin of a tuna, thick black eye-brows, dark eyes; a jovial talkative man (wears a Kwanis badge in his mufli lapel & has a Kwanis sticker on his cabin window where wharf-strollers are sure to see it) likes to consider himself a scientist and indeed seems to be very well versed in fish lore. Has been with the experimental station 30 years. He came up to the house this evening & over a bottle of rye whisky we talked of fish. His little boat with its crew of 4 (himself, engineer, cook & hand) courses up and down the east Canadian coast from Newfoundland to the Maine border, summer and winter, seining fish, buying fish from fishing boats, tagging & releasing fish, taking water temperatures and salinity at various depths & so on. An interesting job. He said the navy wanted to take over the boat when war broke out but the government ruled that all scientific work was to go on, war or no war.

One curious item, confirmed by the U.S. ice patrol vessel "Belan" just returned from the Banks: there are no icebergs in the North Atlantic this year. No one knows why. An American expedition is going up to north-west Greenland to find out.

Tuesday June 4/40 Lovely weather now. Churchill announces the final evacuation from Dunkirk, with casualties of 35,000 out of 330,000 — a remarkable feat, accomplished in the face of attacks by a triumphant German army supported by the most powerful air force in Europe. But he warned the nation in its joy over the army's escape not to forget that we have suffered a serious reverse; the army lost 1000 guns and all its tanks and mechanical transport "Wars are not won by evacuations and withdrawals." He added that we must now expect another tremendous German blow, probably against the French but "possibly against our island."

Monday June 10/40. Yesterday was wet so Edith & I took our wedding anniversary "day off" today, driving to Kentville via Chester Basin, along the Valley to Annapolis & then home. A sunny cloudless day & no dust. Everywhere things looked smiling and peaceful, but when we stopped at the American House in Middleton for lunch the staff and guests were all listening, hard-faced, to the black news that keeps pouring through British forces evacuate Narvik the last foot hold in Norway, and lose an aircraft carrier and 2 destroyers besides the transport Orana; the French without much British support, are still yielding slowly before the terrific German assault on Paris; and finally the news of Mussolini's decision to enter the war against France & Britain. Most of the apple blossoms were beaten off the trees by yesterday's rain. We stopped at Carl Freeman's in Bridgetown for an hour or two, then drove down to Lower Granville & inspected the government's reconstruction of Champlain's "habitation" there. No expense has been spared to get wood-work and iron-work of the authentic pattern & workmanship, & the bricks were baked on the spot from local clay — just as the early French did. A first-rate job. Tea at the Queen Hotel in Annapolis, where we found the elderly proprietress & her staff & guests all grouped about the radio for the evening news. Mussolini's name was greeted with bitter exclamations. It was confirmed that Norman Rogers, Canada's

Minister of Defence, had been killed in a plane crash in Ontario.

Friday June 14/40. Blighter and blacker comes the news. Paris is lost, the French are still retreating westward while hanging grimly on to the Maginot Line and the new line through Reims and Montmedy and the stage is all set for a grand German coup which will sweep the French back towards Switzerland and the massing Italians. British troops are in action between Rouen and Paris but apparently in small numbers, considering the weight of the German forces thrusting there. Premier Reynaud of France has made a dramatic appeal for American assistance and President Roosevelt has promised "all material aid short of war".

I have achieved nothing in the way of writing for a month. Though I sit in my chair cracking my brains for tales, eight or ten solid hours a day, nothing comes. By sheer concentration I can force myself to write, but the product is wooden and worthless. When I turn my fancy loose it always works back to the war and I can see nothing but the shattered memorial on Vimy Ridge, and the German columns marching past my father's grave in the wheat fields by Armentières.

I put in an application for war service as soon as hostilities began last September, and I have been twice to make inquiries in Halifax, but so far I have heard nothing.

Sunday June 16/40. Another long bleak rainy day yesterday (temperature under 50°) so when this morning rose fine I craved action and a change of scene. Edith put up a picnic lunch & we left town at 9 A.M. & drove out on the Annapolis road. Turned off to the west near Lake Munro & took a narrow winding (but well gravelled) road through Victoria to Bear River Village. A

lovely place tucked in a steep cleft of South Mountain, half hidden in trees, with the shining stream at the bottom. Coming from Victory you literally find yourself looking down Bear River's chimpays. Crossed the river there and, drove down the west side, the road, hanging to the shoulder of the mountain with flitting glimpses through the green trees upon the red, clean mud of the river, the spreading clay flats covered with stiff sword grass, the farms clinging to the flat slope. Turned west along Annapolis Basin on the main highway — "tarvia" — paved, with a glimpse of Digby along at the right, and the loveliness of blue water and red mud and the long green mountain with its seaward gap.

Had our picnic lunch beside a wood road near North Yarmouth at 12 o'clock. On again along the French Shore (Yarmouth was a charming place). This shore has only one attraction — the blue bay of St. Mary and the long, gradually tapering green finger of the North Mountain. The foreground is ugly, a low ridge denuded of every last tree, string with unimaginative wooden houses, large and square, and badly in need of paint, with an expensive looking church every 4 miles. One small section, St. Bernards, had a regular cathedral of grey stone. The people, male and female, are small and without beauty or humour so far as one may judge by the passing show. They were sitting on their front doorsteps, gazing dolefully at the cars, with a cold — even a chill — breeze whistling around the houses over the bare fields from the sea. At Port Maitland you are amongst the English again, where the churches are smaller and the homes better, and the people plant trees and shrubs and flowers and seem to take some joy in this life. The boys are tall and handsome and the girls smile and have fine legs.

We stopped in the edge of Yarmouth, beside wizid Lake Molo, so the kids could watch a dinghy race. Yarmouth is lovely and has a look of invested prosperity. On the road out towards home we passed the windy fields of the new airport now under process of grading and paving, nothing on it yet but a small sentry box where two young

Highlanders stood with slung rifles & fixed bayonets the stiff breezy  
whipping their glengarry ribbons. Tuckit, Eel Brook, all those  
places were lovely, deep coves of sea and bright mud and sword-  
grass set in the green of fields and woods; but loveliest were  
the Argyles, where the road runs past snug farms along a  
cultivated ridge with lakes and woods ~~and~~ on the left hand  
and on the other the sea and the low wooded islands.

At Shag Harbour we came upon the stony scenery of  
our own south shore, fishing apparatus, a strong smell of  
salt sea, girls in Sunday finery looking longingly at passing  
cars, stone walled fields, scrub spruce and backmatack woods.  
The kids were thirsty so we stopped in Shelburne for ice cream.  
Home at 5:45 - just in time to turn on the radio for the  
news broadcast from London. The Germans have got through  
Chaumont towards Dijon and it looks as if the French army  
in Alsace Lorraine is cut off. The French cabinet is deliberating  
at Bordeaux on the possibility of continuing the war.  
It was a grim end to our happy day.

Monday June 17/40. France has sued for peace. Churchill says  
Britain will fight on alone, and the Dominions will support her.  
A hot day with a refreshing westerly wind. I drove to Caledonia  
this afternoon in search of a story without finding any. In the course of  
my search I came to Richard Paterson's farm on a hill top off the  
Westfield road. Two German machine guns (a Spandau Maxim, and  
a quick firing rifle, possibly a Parabellum, on a short tripod, both vintage 1917)  
menaced the approach to the house from the front porch, an astonishing  
sight in such a place. Richard, aged 80, six feet tall and lean as a pole,  
explained that he was for a number of years charged with the upkeep of  
the War Memorial in Caledonia. The people objected to the machine guns on  
the memorial grass-plot, demanding "a big gun or nothing." They couldn't  
get the "big gun" so they told Richard to "throw the others on the junk pile."  
Instead, Richard took them back in the woods to his farm. His four sons  
served with the Canadians overseas in that war; one was killed, another

lost an arm at Passchendaele. His wife died last year & he lived alone till a daughter & her husband came to live with him on the old home farm. The farm like many in this district, is a downland of good soil, cleared and tilled, with woods on all sides. From it there is a fine view to other hill-top farms swimming in a sea of trees, and far vistas of Springfield 20 miles away by the Lahare) and the big hill above North East Bay on Rossignol. Trees and bushes in full leaf now, the first fresh green that is so lovely and so soon to fade in the summer heats.

Tuesday, June 18/40 Winston Churchill made a stirring address over the radio this afternoon. The British, he said would fight on to the end alone if necessary. He reviewed the progress of the war & said after consulting the heads of army, navy and air force he had come to the conclusion that there are good and valid reasons for believing we can still win this war "for Christian civilisation". Chief of these was the navy and its long distance blockade, more effective now than ever because the "big leaf" (Italy) had been stopped. He ended on a heroic note urging the British people to face their ordeal with such spirit that "though the Empire lasts another thousand years, people will look back and say '~~This~~ was their ~~finest~~ hour'."

Events have happened so fast and censorship has been so strict, that no details of the "Battle of France" are yet known. But from Churchill's summary, and similar authentic sources, it seems clear now that France's downfall came through what Churchill called "the great strategic defeat in Flanders". The Germans broke through an inadequate French defence at Sedan and poured through to the Channel coast, cutting off the British army and Belgian army from the French. The Army of the North should have been withdrawn at once, but Generalissimo Gamelin clung to a belief that he could organise a great French attack from the south, cut off the adventurous German columns in Picardy, and turn defeat into victory. This

was a wild error of judgement. Nevertheless on Gamelin's orders the Army of the North stood its ground - even made attacks southward from Lille and Douai. This enabled the Germans to get on three sides of the British, to crush the spirit out of the Belgian King & compel his abject surrender, to force the British & French of the Northern Army to scramble out via Dunkirk leaving everything but their rifles in German hands. So the British army was rendered impotent for a period of weeks if not months, and while it was being re-equipped the Germans were able to throw all their weight on the bewildered French. Italy's entry detained one French army along the Italian frontier. The Germans, in command of the air, possessing vast preponderance of men and guns and particularly the armoured columns whose effectiveness the Allies had so under-rated, simply smashed the French army to pieces in one gigantic battle from Verdun to the sea.

All of this means that the continent of Europe is now given over to Nazi domination and indeed we shall be lucky if Turkey does not join the war against us. On the face of it she has everything to gain by an alliance with Hitler.

None of this suits Russia, whose cunning Stalin had counted on a long exhausting campaign in France & Belgium to whittle down the German strength & leave him master of the situation.

Canada & the other dominions are resolved to see the war through at Britain's side and we can confidently count on air-power equal to Germany's if Hitler does not succeed in conquering the tight little island within the next 12 months. It will take that long at least before the big air-training and equipping scheme becomes effective. The conquest of the air will decide the war.

Friday June 21/40      The French delegates to the German peace conference have received the German-Italian demands, contents not yet revealed. With the typical German humour, the conference was

staged in the Forest of Compiegne at the exact spot where Foch dictated the Allied terms to the Germans in November 1918. The railway car in which the 1918 meeting took place was brought from a Paris war museum, and Hitler sat in the chair once occupied by Foch.

With the stage thus brutally set, one can guess at the quality of the terms.

An Argas contingent and another Canadian contingent have just arrived in England. The Canadian 1st Division was sent to France in the closing days of the French debacle, but its advance guard found the whole French rear in confusion, and German motor units roaming about at will, and the command wisely decided to withdraw to the ships.

Today's news is that French troops are still fighting, particularly in the Vosges region, where the garrison from the Maginot Line, not yet seriously involved in the fighting, is putting up a stout battle now. But its position is hopelessly cut off by German mobile columns pressing from Lyons towards the Italian border, and the end is certain. The big question in all our minds is — what becomes of the French fleet? Since our strategy now is to fight the war by sea and air.

There have been minor raids by British aircraft on Italian positions in Libya and East Africa & one or two armoured car skirmishes in the desert west of Egypt's borders, no indication yet that our forces intend any serious operations there.

Here at home our people, stunned at first by the swift series of calamities to our cause, are demanding a more vigorous national effort. Today the new governor-general, the Earl of Athlone, just arrived from England, was duly installed at Ottawa and as his first official act signed the government's new conscription-of-men-and-wealth bill. Four days ago a recruiting officer arrived at Liverpool for a few hours. He had prepared his coming by simple notices stuck up in the Post Office and on one of the town hall's entrance pillars, announcing "Recruits wanted. Apply at town hall, 2 P.M. Monday June 17th". A large number of the County's young men have already joined the forces, chiefly in the Western

Nova Scotia Regiment now overseas, and the Air Force. This is the first attempt to raise men in the County on the spot. No less than 200 were waiting when the recruiting officer (Major Pickles of Yarmouth) arrived — 50 or more of them from the Baddeck district. He signed on Six — wanted no more.

Sunday, June 23/40. Walked in to Eagle Lake camp last night from Big Falls, with Parker and Smith. Nights are still cold and I'd left my sleeping bag home, so shivered under two blankets. Up at 7 A.M., got breakfast & paddled the red canoe down Eagle lake & up the brook into Long lake. There we found a westerly gale blowing & had to inch our way across the north bay & then creep down the west shore in the lee. Left the canoe in the S.W. corner of Long lake & hiked SW and then S through thick softwood country much cluttered with windfalls. It was hot; few blackflies, but mosquitoes hung like smoke about us. The swamps were pleasant places, for in the open we got the feel of the cool wind and the mosquitoes left us. Once, crossing a strip of black spruce swamp after a hard hot hour in the bush, we found ourselves wading waist-deep through a sea of blue iris all in bloom. It was lovely. After life's fitful struggle the fields of asphodel must seem like that. We seldom go into the woods after the fishing falls off about the end of May, & consequently miss the bloom of the woods flowers. There were lady-slippers blooming in unexpected places, and the pigeon-berry flowers lifting white star-faces everywhere, and on the swamps the pitcher-plant blossom stood brown and gloaming on its tall stalk and the bright vermilion orchids put out their yellow-tipped tongues like fever patients. We came at last to a brook flowing through soggy wild meadows, a narrow black ditch widening here & there into pools. This is shown on the map as Branch Brook and flows into Broad River about 2 miles below the first lake. There are trout in it & we picked up 3 or 4. We followed it down to a crude footbridge built apparently by surveyors a year ago, just where the old trail from Milton crosses it on the way to the foot of First Broad River Lake. The real fishing starts from here, but it was

3 P.M. and we had to turn back. Paddling up Long lake we stopped to examine one of the gull rocks & found a few big dirty-green, brown-mottled eggs in the coarse grass nests. One contained a newly-hatched bird, all hooked beak, busy pecking his way out; and we found one fledgling, all dirty-white, black-spckled down, huddled in a crevice. Fifteen gulls hovered high overhead, saying ha-ha-ha but making no attempt to defend their nests. In two low dead trees on the rock we found nests of twigs laid carefully in a basket-pattern, of a single thickness, one of which contained two pale blue eggs, double-ended, about 2 1/2 inches long. These must be blue heron eggs though we have never seen herons at Long Lake. The rock stank of guano and decayed fish. In one place was a mass of fish apparently chewed up and then spat forth, like a pound of finnan haddie put through a meat-grinder. Presumably this was for feeding to young birds.

Coming down the brook to Eagle Lake I got out & walked, to lighten the canoe for the shallow passage. Parker & Smith had a spill in a deep hole on the way down. Fortunately the canoe, though filled, stayed right side up, & we lost no gear. P. & S. were soaked, of course, and as it was now sundown & the chill night wind blowing, their teeth were rattling before we reached camp. A fire in the store dried their clothes a bit, and we ate two cans of hot "Canadian Boiled Dinner" & departed in the lash of the light. The last mile or two to Big Falls was pitch dark, an awkward jehony. Home at 10:15.

Monday, June 24/40      A letter from Blackwood today encloses an account of royalties on the "Red Piper" volume of my short stories, for the period ending Dec. 31/39. Only 333 copies were sold in that time, royalties £9-4-3. A distinct disappointment. I hadn't expected the book to get the world agog, but I'd expected bigger sales than that in the first 4 months of its appearance.

Blackwood's letter was 26 days on the passage, evidence of the disruption of convoy services due to the intensive naval concentration in the Channel & Mediterranean during the past terrific weeks. The Franco-German peace terms include the surrender intact of

the powerful French fleet. The Germans undertake not to use the ships against Britain but of course that word is worthless.

Thursday, July 4/40

For the past fortnight there has been no major action in the war. Air raids are increasing, and U-boats have been very active; yesterday one sank the liner "Arandora Star" carrying 2000 German and Italian prisoners to Canada for safe keeping. Incidentally the first lot of German prisoners arrived at Quebec the other day, described by the escort as "swaggering insolent louts," confident that Britain will be conquered within six weeks.

All this time the great question in all our minds was — What's become of the French fleet?

An artilleryman told friends in Liverpool to leave the other day, we were compelled to return to the the Bordeaux government terms with Germany, has to France and suspend have been waiting for:

British ports and off Alexandria have ... seized almost without resistance.

A powerful French squadron at Oran Algeria, refused to surrender or to accept the alternative and sail for the West Indies or the United States for internment.

It was attacked by a British squadron yesterday and sunk or damaged beyond German use, though one battle-cruiser slipped out and got away. A tragedy for the brave French seamen, but an action Britain could not avoid, having in mind her own great danger. Mr. Churchill announced these affairs in the House with tears in his eyes this afternoon & was greeted with a storm of cheers from all sides, and we heard a radio talk on the negotiations which led up to this action, given by A. V. Alexander, first Lord of the Admiralty himself. It was a resolute action,

### The Last War

Halifax Herald, July 15, 1915  
Captain T. H. Raddall, Halifax, has returned home on a brief furlough, suffering from wounds in the head and arm. He was guest speaker at a luncheon held by the Commercial Club, and loudly acclaimed by those attending. He was introduced by C. L. Torey, and praised the gallantry of the Canadians at Ypres and Lengemarck.

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resolutely carried out — a sure sign that at last the muddle has gone from British policies and that a strong hand is at the helm. Historians will be quick to compare the action at Oran with Nelson's Copenhagen. God grant it be an omen for the war with the new Napoleon.

Sunday July 7/40 My mother came from Halifax yesterday to spend a couple of weeks with us. She says the port is tremendously busy with warships & convoys. American airmen are flying newly-built planes direct to Halifax, where they have their wings unshipped & are towed down through the streets, half a dozen sometimes in tow of a single truck, to the loading point. They are taken on board aircraft carriers (the "Furious" is in now, taking a load) and rushed overseas by fast warship convoy.

Yesterday was the first real hot day of our long-delayed summer. Today was another. With the Pickers, Alexanders, Williams, Johnsons, Dunlaps, we spent the afternoon at the little forest-secluded sand beach at Port Joli, where the kids had a fine time.

Thursday July 18 - Saturday July 27/40 Edith & I took a motor trip together — our first since we got the car.

To Windsor, L'uro, Picton, Mulgrave, Port Hawkesbury, Port Hood, Mabou, Margaree, the Cape Trail, stayed several days at Dingwall exploring about Aspy Bay and Cape North, took in the Gaelic Mod at St. Anne, stayed a day or so in Baddeck then home.

I kept a log-book in which is a full account. Perfect weather all the time. Hunted up the site of the old wireless station at Picton, where I was stationed many years ago, and looked once more at the Stevens farm outside Steinack, where I worked as a "Soldier of the Soil" (schoolboy labour stint of the last war) for a couple of months in the summer of 1917. Had a wonderful time, lovely scenery, interesting people.

the powerful French fleet. The Germans undertake not to use the ships against Britain but of course that word is worthless.

Thursday, July 4/40 For the past fortnight there has been no major action in the war. Air raids are increasing and U-boats have been very active; yesterday one sank the liner "Arandora Star" carrying 2000 German and Italian prisoners to Canada for safe keeping. Incidentally the first lot of German prisoners arrived at Quebec the other day, described by the escort as "swaggering insolent louts, confident that Britain will be conquered within six weeks." All this time the great question in all our minds was — What's become of the French fleet?

An artilleryman on leave from the Halifax fortress told friends in Liverpool that two French warships attempted to leave the other day, were fired upon by the forts and compelled to return to the harbour. It seems clear that the Bordeaux government, which signed the shameful peace terms with Germany, has ordered the French fleet to return to France and surrender. Today comes the news we have been waiting for: large portions of the French fleet in British ports and off Alexandria have been seized almost without resistance. A powerful French squadron at Oran Algeria refused to surrender or to accept the alternative and sail for the West Indies or the United States for internment. It was attacked by a British squadron yesterday and sunk or damaged beyond German use, though one battle-cruiser slipped out and got away. A tragedy for the brave French seamen, but an action Britain could not avoid having in mind her own great danger. Mr. Churchill announced these affairs in the House with tears in his eyes this afternoon & was greeted with a storm of cheers from all sides, and we heard a radio talk on the negotiations which led up to this action, given by A. V. Alexander, first Lord of the Admiralty himself. It was a resolute action,

Wednesday July 31/40      The government has asked the Legion to organise a coastal watch, to report promptly submarines or any suspicious surface craft, also to report any aeroplanes other than those of the Canadian Air Force. They are providing cards showing typical silhouettes of known German types. Our coastal watch is to supplement the naval patrol, & will also work with the Mounted Police, who have maintained for years a rather sketchy intelligence system in connection with their operations against rum-runners. Our branch of the Legion is responsible for the Queens County coast. We have appointed key men in each of the outlying fishing villages from Port Medway to Port Elbert. These are men on whose judgement we can rely. They will gather information from the fishermen & others of their district, and inform us promptly if they consider the information of value. Our coast is pretty well covered by the inshore fishermen who operate, winter and summer, on what they call The ledge - the edge of sounding for their craft - about 10 to 20 miles off the shore. There is one bad gap - the peninsula between Port Mouton and Port Joli, where nobody lives except the lighthouse-keeper on Little Hope Rock, 2 or 3 miles off Port Joli Head. The lighthouse-keeper can only get off the rock in certain weather, and he is without means of quickly communicating news. The light is an important one, much used by ships running in to get a bearing. We are urging the authorities to equip Little Hope with a telephone, without delay. It means extending the present phone line from South West Port Mouton to Black Point, about 3½ miles, and then a cable to Little Hope - another 3½ miles.

The air station at Yarmouth is now in operation. The air force unit moved down there in two or three special trains a week or so ago. Liverpool seems to mark the limit of their beat; a plane comes east every morning, circles over our town and goes back to Yarmouth. So far the naval patrol west of Halifax is only a sketchy affair; the fishermen tell us they rarely if ever see naval craft.

Ralph Freeman has enlisted in the artillery. He served in the last war & is now 42. He gave up a good paying job at the paper

mill to go. There is no need of older men going like this. The authorities have made no decent effort to recruit men here, and there are plenty of young fellows willing to go if approached properly. So far the powers that be have contented themselves with appointing a "recruiting officer" here. He is Robe Nickerson Doctor Hackwires' man-of-all-work. (his wife is the Hackwires' cook) a man far from bright, if not actually mentally deficient, and a standing joke in the town. To be approached by such a man & solicited to fight for one's King and Country is an insult to the prospective recruit and to the King. The whole town is indignant.

One hears of the queerest appointments. Sam Creed, (who operated an unsuccessful fitch raising ranch at Mill Village a few years ago, and has been in succession since the First German War (a) a sheep farmer in Australia (b) a fruit farmer in British Columbia (c) an actor (d) a radio broadcaster (e) a promoter of some sort of patent food for silver fox) joined the Air Force at Halifax and at once became an Assistant Provost Marshal, wearing wings and what not (though he never been off the ground in his life) and drawing pay and allowances totalling about \$300 a month.

I neglected to record in July that A. M. "Allie" Wright painted my house on contract for \$100. Two coats first quality paint, colour ivory, on the clapboards; two coats, colour Brazil Green, on the door frames, window frames, and all trim; one coat, black, on window sashes. The garage was done in the same way; and all storm windows received two coats of Brazil Green. It was last painted in June 1934, just before we moved into the house; it was then a staring white, all over; most of which has since peeled off.

Monday Aug. 19/40 The British today embarked from Berbera, leaving Somaliland to the invading Italians. A brief delaying action had been fought by the British Corps and Rhodesian and South African units, greatly out-numbered. Defence of the country was left hanging in air by the French collapse, which left Djibouti under

Italian control. The War Office says it had 2 alternatives: (1) to reinforce heavily the British light force in Somaliland and (2) to fight as long as possible & then withdraw the existing garrison. The latter was done, thus saving reserves for the defence of Egypt.

But Mussolini has won another cheap victory and the desert expanse of Somaliland looks quite important on the map, so the Italians are jubilant.

For the past week the "Blitz-Krieg" against Britain has been in full swing from the air, thousands of German planes over England bombing and machine-gunning. They seem to have confined themselves to military objectives except in isolated cases, which may have been caused by planes, attacked by British fighters, dumping their loads to escape. There have been some vivid broadcasts from England — from microphones stationed along the south coast with observers reporting the battle overhead, and the "bump" of bombs and rattle of machine guns sometimes drowning the voices. London insists no serious damage has been done, but it is admitted that large formations of German bombers got through, and those must have been havoc in places. London claims over 500 German planes shot down in 7 days, with absurdly small R.A.F. losses. The Germans put the figures the other way round. But neutral observers agree that British men and machines are far superior to the German, and there seems little doubt that Fritz has suffered heavily to the now favourite tune of "We March Against England". And every night the big British bombers raid important rail, oil, and manufacturing centres in Germany, with side trips to the Fiat and Caproni works in Italy.

Today was registration day. We registered in the court-house, where half a dozen volunteer workers were busy with cards and papers. Everybody over 16, male or female. It seems senseless not to have an age limit at the other extreme; at present all the infirm old must totter down to register; what on earth could they do in war? Registration cards must be carried on the person & produced for inspection on the demand of any competent authority. Shops are selling small leather containers with a celluloid label.

Sunday, Aug. 25, 1940.

All through this month we have had fine hot weather, with one or two showers too brief to do the farmers much good. My lawn is brown & parched, despite an occasional soaking from the garden hose; but the drought seemed to favour my rambler roses; they have been a mass of blossom for weeks. Yesterday was a day of rain. Today we decided to have a final mass picnic at Port Joli - the Parkers, Johnsons, Williams, Dunlaps & ourselves. We went down in the morning. There was a cold westerly gale blowing down the harbour, & though the sunshine was warm some of the ladies shivered all day. The sea was warm but only one or two of the kids had courage enough to go in. We amused ourselves in throwing stones at tin cans, and spinning yarns and old Hugh Dunlap and Charlie Williams engaged in a knot-tying contest which occupied most of the afternoon and was really interesting. Hugh is a relic of the windjammer days, though strangely enough he never went to sea; he has all the windjammer sailor's lore and with a twist of his short strong fingers can make any knot you want, including fancy ones like the Turk's Head and Monkey Paw. When the sun went down the air was really bleak and we removed to a part of the old highway by the shore of Robertson Lake, nicely sheltered, where we made coffee and had supper.

Captain Williams told me that J. H. Mac Donald and C. W. Copelin, former members of the Nersey Cape marine staff, who recently joined the Canadian navy with the rank of lieutenant, are going to Britain shortly, each to take command of one of the new anti-submarine corvettes.

Sunday Sept. 1/40.

Still the air attack on Britain continues. The Germans are now going in heavily for night bombing and there has been much destruction in London & other cities. They still make large-scale daylight attacks also but these are usually broken up quickly by our fighters, and the object seems to be to give our airmen no rest, day or night. Hitler is said to be

at German headquarters in France personally supervising the attack. Military operations in all other theatres of war seem to be with held pending the outcome of the battle over Britain; but Japan is hinting that she must have French Indo-China as part of her "New Order in Asia"; and Russia, Hungary & Bulgaria have demanded and received large slices of Rumania by threatening to take it anyway. Some sea raiders appear to have slipped through the British blockade under cover of terrific air attacks; one is known to be operating in the South Atlantic (when she had a brush with our armed steamer "Alcantara" a few weeks ago), another in New Zealand waters, and one in the Indian Ocean.

Here at home, Canada & the U.S. have entered upon joint military conversations looking to the defence of this hemisphere, & the British govt has offered the U.S.A. 99-year leases of air bases at strategic points like Bermuda.

The air patrol of the coast between Hfx. and Yarmouth is now divided into two "beats"; once a day a big twin engined bomber from Halifax & another from Yarmouth, circle over Liverpool and go back.

We are now required to register all firearms, of whatever age or condition. The weapons must be brought to the Mounted Police office in Liverpool; North Queens residents can bring their guns to Maguire's Garage in Caledonia where the Mounties will be on certain days. I'm told that all kinds of old flint-locks etc, are being brought in, and a week ago the police had registered over 6000 weapons, with the end nowhere in sight. (We have always been required to register revolvers & pistols, of course, and these are not included in the above astonishing figure for our small County.)

Tonight there was a meeting at Hunts Point after church, to raise funds for the Red Cross. I was asked to give a talk on Red Cross work and needs. The church is the usual rectangular box covered inside with tinted tin siding, embossed in flower designs, with a red-carpeted rostrum where

the choir sits on either side of the pulpit desk. There are no tie-beams, king posts or struts; the building is held together by iron rods running from side to side six feet over the people's heads; these rods are in two pieces, set up by large ~~screws~~<sup>turnbuckles</sup>, all in plain sight. A stove stands just below the rostrum, and the long black stove pipe, supported by wires from the iron tie-rods runs the whole length of the building to the chimney at the back - about a hundred feet. The congregation must suffer in winter, the stove is so small for the space to heat. The church is at least four times too big for the few families who worship in it.

The United Church minister from Port Mouton came over to preside at the meeting, a little jolly white-haired man of 60 or 65, soon to retire on pension. He has not seen his native England since 1908, but he drops his aitches like a sower dropping seed. The men's choir of Liverpool United Church sang several hymns, and young Bill Vainot (just returned from a course in aeroplane engineering in California) sang a solo in his splendid bass voice.

The collection totalled \$23, a fine effort from this tiny congregation.

Tuesday, Sept 3/40. Saturday Evening Post has bought my short story "Sarker's Folly" for \$600. The agent gets 10% of this, the U. S. govt another 5%; but I get 10% exchange on the American funds. I don't know why they considered this tale worth more than "Blind MacNair", which is the best thing I have done. I consider "Sarker's Folly" inferior to most of my work.

The tuna-angling season at Liverpool was a total failure this year. Hardly a tuna was seen in the bay, and Americans have been afraid to come to Nova Scotia owing to the war and the imaginary dangers of the voyage from Boston or across the Bay of Fundy. To put the lid on it, a world's record tuna, something over 900 lbs, has

been taken on rod and line off the Massachusetts coast.

Thursday Sep. 12, 1940. A number of Liverpool recruits for the 2nd battalion, West Nova Scotia Regt., are drilling in the evenings on the Liverpool school grounds and in the curling rink. Ralph Freeman is one of them. Drill is conducted by an officer from Bridgewater. They wear the summer uniform of light khaki when on parole, but in the daytime one sees them about the streets in civilian clothes except for the khaki glengarry. They are permitted to work at their normal jobs until such time as the camp at Aldershot can receive them once more. (They were sent home to make camp room for the men called up under the compulsory training scheme.)

Britten is still the centre of the war. The Germans have been making massed bombing attacks on London during the past 5 nights, with severe damage and casualties to the civilian population. One time bomb fell near a corner of Buckingham Palace and after 2 days exploded, damaging the wing. Dover is being shelled steadily by German batteries on Cap Gris Nez. Yesterday we heard Mr. Churchill broadcasting a warning to the Empire that large convoys of ships and self-propelled barges are moving along the French coast from Holland and Germany, under protection of shore batteries, and an invasion may be attempted during the next fortnight.

Today I spent in Shelburne, looking at places of historic interest with Mr. J. H. White. Most interesting (because untouched) was the spot called The Barracks, on the west side of the harbour opposite the town, where we found the barracks sites marked by sunken & moss-grown foundation walls, & moving down the hill on the old military road (still good, with a deep rock foundation) we explored the site of the commandants

house, peeped in his well (a fine spring) and picked some sour apples in his garden. The whole area is now thickly overgrown with tall spruce trees except for a clearing which may have been the parade ground. We visited the Church of England, a lovely place & spent some time deciphering epitaphs on the old tombstones; saw the old fire engine, which White says was not presented by George III as Shelburne liked to believe.

Went out to see the County Almshouse, which occupies the site of "Bow Wood", the fine farm estate of Governor Parr.

Sunday Sep 15/40. A fine warm day after a week of dull weather & occasional rain. Edith & I dumped the kids in the lap of Grandma Freeman & drove via Caledonia to the Valley. I like to see the Valley in fruit. This year's apple crop, estimated at 70% of normal, will be taken off the growers' hands by the federal govt, due to the shutting off of the British market. The trees seemed well laden, and picking has just commenced - empty barrels lying everywhere under the trees. The growers all say they are ruined by the war - but we have heard, that from the growers for many years, in war and peace; the strange fact is that a fine cat stands in every farm-yard, all the homes are well painted and in fine repair, and new houses of a cost not less than \$ 5000 are springing up everywhere.

Stopped at the American House, Middleton, for a good chicken dinner at 75 cents. Then on towards Kentville. Young men in khaki "battle-dress" were everywhere strolling along the roads, each with a girl, and as we drew near Kentville, and Aldershot Camp, the khaki increased, and there weren't enough girls to go round. The Kentville flappers were having a fine time in a khaki sea. The 42nd Battalion (Black Watch) of Montreal, is at Aldershot, and the bonnets & small red feathers afforded a bit of relief to the unending parade of khaki glengarries. Kentville wears the aspect

of a boom town, Aldershot is only 2 miles or so from the town, and there are 3000 to 5000 troops in camp. Houses and flats are at a premium, for many of the officers have brought wives and families with them. New houses and apartments are going up on every side, and an old hotel has been made into apartments thoroughly up-to-date, with the architecture of a large Carolina plantation home; it's called "Java" after the home of Scarlet, the heroine of the still popular book and film "Gone With The Wind."

We picked up Alice (Lamont) Smith & drove out to have a look at the camp. No one allowed inside without a pass, but there is no fence along most of the road, & one could go in and out as one wished - if one wished. The camp ground is broken up by ridges of pine woods, so one cannot appreciate its extent. From the road we could see a large number of bell tents, some white in the old fashion, some tan-coloured in the new; a smaller number of marquees; all in irregular groups. Here and there a board-and-tar paper shack is under construction, but not many - a surprise to me, for winter is just around the corner.

We drove along to Wolfville and Grand Pre. Soldiers all along the way eating apples plucked in the roadside orchards, or chucking the unripe ones at each other; most of them were kids of 18 or 20. We purchased fruit from a stall at the roadside outside a farmhouse; ripe red plums, a strawberry-box full for 10¢; apples 10¢ a dozen - grannsteens and "bough sweets". Other stalls announced "cider for sale" but we didn't pause to sample. There has been some drunken-ness amongst the Aldershot troops, most of it due to hard cider sold by the nearby farmers. The police, military and civil, have been active in the matter, and several farmers have been fined.

Back along the Valley to Middleton, then SE

through Victoria to Bridgewater. This road has been paved from Bridgewater to New Germany this summer.

Tea in a Chinese cafe, in Bridgewater, which looks deserted somehow ever since the ~~West~~ N.V. Batt'n went overseas. (Colonel Bullock, who raised the batt'n, & took it overseas, was relieved of his command in England, & is now a chaplain, with the rank of captain, in a Canadian reserve camp overseas.)

Bridgewater must have plenty of money, for - war or no war, during the past year they have constructed a horse-race track in the fields opposite the exhibition grounds (chiefly Mayor Sweeney's idea.)

Monday Sept 16, 1940. The "line gale" began as a mild rain storm early this morning, increasing to hurricane force, with sheets of rain, in the afternoon. At 6 P.M. it was blowing very hard and a number of trees went down, including a group of fine big old locusts and elms on the grounds of "Hillcrest" Col. Jones' house, and the adjoining properties. This put out the lights all over town & the black-out lasted all night. Tonight is the night of the full (harvest) moon, with a big tide in consequence, and the NE gale piling sea into the estuary on top of the tide did a lot of damage. The dredge operating by Brooklyn breakwater dragged her anchors and came sailing in over the bar in the tumult of breaking seas, and fetched up on the mud flats at Gamagis Beach. Behind her, also adrift, came a huge iron mud-scow, which sailed in over the bar at an incredible speed, narrowly missed the stranded dredge, & went aground near the outlet of the railway marsh. I walked down to Fort Point about 10 P.M., an hour too late to see the effect at high tide but the sea was still flinging spray over the grass of the park & making a terrific roar on each backwash. The seawall of the park had been torn to pieces & coping-stones weighing 100 lbs or more were flung 20 or 30 feet up into the grass. The whole park was littered with cobblestones from the beach. A strip several feet wide has been torn off the park on the sea side, & near the provation

monument the sea took 20 feet at a bite. Seeing this makes me wonder what the point really looked like when the first settlers came; 180 years of erosion must have made a big change.

About 10 P.M. the wind fell & there was a breathless hush, the air damp and oppressive. The full moon came out, and some stars. Then, about midnight came the shift of wind, & it blew from SW with terrific force for 4 hours, & was still blowing & raining from SW when we woke up next morning.

Tuesday Sep. 17/40. The westerly gale blew all day, with fine rain, diminishing towards night. There are reports of heavy damage all along the mainland's coast, & half the fruit crop in Annapolis Valley is reported on the ground.

Wednesday Sep. 18/40 Warm sunshine, & mild west breeze. The town is busy cleaning up after the storm - branches, twigs & leaves everywhere. A gang of men working yesterday and today has cleared the rocks and seaweed out off Fort Park. I walked along the beach, looking up at the new bank, at the fort, and at the little "Burial Knoll" in Ballast Cove, hoping to see some relic of the ancient time exposed, but saw nothing. Walked around to Gamages Beach & took a snapshot of the stranded dredge. Her position seems hopeless, perched on a number of big rocks, well above the reach of ordinary tides. She belongs to J. P. Porter & Sons, a St. John firm which has been singularly successful in obtaining federal govt. dredging contracts during the past ten years. The big government dredge "P.W.N. 166" which has been tied up at Arness Wharf all these years, still rides there safe and sound. Her caretaker, who lives on board, is an accepted citizen of the town. A disgrace to our political system. The Western Head road is cut off at Scotts Beach; the road crossing the "barachois" there is completely buried under thousands of tons of cobbles; the storm

moved the beach bodily in over the road.

In England they are still on the alert for a German invasion. The "Luftwaffe" continues to harass the island day and night, though the R.A.F. takes a sharp price every 24 hours. London is being cruelly bombed. The Italians have invaded Egypt in force from Libya.

Friday Sept. 20/40 Reports show that the gale of Monday did great damage all over the Maritimes. In the Valley only a third of the apple crop remains on the trees, and at Aldershot the tents were blown down and the troops spent an uncomfortable night in the rain.

The breakwater at Hants Point, which has stood many years was broken, sheds washed away, large quantities of dried & pickled fish swept away, boats damaged. The light-keeper on Little Hope had the worst time. The sea rose over the small rock, smashed one wall of the wooden lighthouse and flooded the kitchen where Langille & his wife were sitting; they were driven aloft, wondering when the lighthouse would go completely, with themselves & their children.

Today I had Doctor Murray examine my carcass very thoroughly. He told me I was "disgustingly healthy" but pointed out the heart murmur, a weak valve, which I have had from a bout of scarlet fever in childhood. Said that so long as I didn't go in for exercise involving sudden and violent strains there is no reason why I shouldn't live a full span. He complimented me on my muscular condition, said it was unusual in a sedentary worker of my age.

Monday Sep 23/40. A minstrel show in the high school auditorium tonight in aid of the Red Cross. The Liverpool Men's Community Chor. A very amateur show. The work of organising a sale of tickets, getting tickets printed, handbills printed (and distributing the hand-bills) advertising in the local papers, arranging for the auditorium for rehearsals & the show, getting ushers etc. etc. all fell to me. I know not why. For the past week my own work time has been shattered by phone calls etc. in connection with the main Red Cross drive. Our show netted about \$100.

Tuesday Sep 27/40 The big Red Cross drive took place today. A house-to-house canvass had been organised all over the county. From 4 P.M. to 11:30 P.M. I stood in a cage in the Royal Bank taking in money, as the various collectors brought it in. Each collector's receipt book had to be checked against the amount turned in, and as some of the collectors were hasty, and the counters rather poor, that alone was a job.

Friday Sep 27/40 Money is still coming in from the Red Cross drive. We have \$4700, with one or two small places still to hear from. Our objective was \$5000. Last year we raised \$3000 or so in the fall drive. \$5000 is a lot for a small county like Queens, but the canvass was thoroughly organised and people have been generous.

The war news continues gloomy. Germany, Italy & Japan today announced, with great pomp, a military alliance. Spain is rumoured to be about to join, and French army aircraft from Morocco, under the puppet yoke of Marshal Petain's orders, have bombed Gibraltar. An attempt of the "Free French" under General De Gaulle, to seize the French West African port of Dakar, has failed. The Dakar garrison had been strongly reinforced under German direction, and British warships covering De Gaulle's landing were severely battered. Another case of too late, and insufficient force, to add to our long list of blunders and disasters. Dakar will make a good base for German submarines, and our ships in the South American trade will have to be convoyed, another strain on our sorely taxed navy.

Saturday Sep 28/40 Molly Hunt asked me to say a word for the Red Cross at a concert in Greenfield tonight, & invited me to supper. It was quite a family gathering - Link & wife, the youngest boy lying on a sofa recovering from 'flu, Colin and Allan home on leave from Halifax (where they have joined a forestry regiment for overseas service).

Also a girl named Mike - Colin's sweetheart; and at the supper table people wandered in and out, some setting down to eat, some refusing, in the manner of a barbershop hall. Link is running two sawmills now, and Molly is his right-hand "man". They are a keen-witted, well-spoken family, and to please me they devoted much time to a discussion of my short stories, which they had not only read, but quoted from.

The concert was in the village hall, a small wooden box of two stories, held together with iron turnbuckles across the lower ceiling. It was unfinished, the bare studding showing all round the walls; and a narrow stage had been erected at one end behind which were crowded an organ, about 15 adults, and 20 school kids. Most of the cast, I was told, were from Bangs' Falls — "the Bangs Fallers". They were all very stiff and awkward; a flag drill by the kids, one or two folk dances by the oldest pupils, several readings & songs by matrons reading their lines from papers held forth rigidly, a massed chorus of "There'll Always Be An England" (which has now become the theme song of this war.) On the introduction of a tall dark young man, Mr. Winchester, the local parson, I got up, spoke up and shut up.

There was an intermission in which were sold cones of home-made ice cream. At the close of the concert the minister departed discreetly so that the young people could dance — dancing being, in Greenfield, one of the sins to be acknowledged but not approved — and the plank-and-trestle ~~the seats~~ were removed & the orchestra struck up. It consisted of a family trio from Bangs' Falls, three banjo-guitars, and a mouth organ held before the mouth of one of the guitar players by a metal bracket. Dancing consisted of a sort of endless set Roger de Lourly, with the dancers now joining hands and circling, breaking, seizing a girl & racing to the end of the floor in quick side-long hops, twirling all joining hands again but this time "gents in the middle" — and so on. It looked like hot work, but everybody including the spectators seemed to be having a fine time. Several boys were in uniform.

Friday Oct 4/40. A real Fall day, sunny, with cirrus clouds drifting rapidly on a cool NW wind. The maple leaves are

now in full colour with the young oaks & birches just turning;  
quite the best Fall display we've had in years. This p.m.  
I took Edith, sister Marie, & Mother Freeman for a drive  
to Caledonia, New Germany, Bridgewater, Lahave, in what has  
become an annual "Fall leaf drive." Stopped at South  
Brookfield, where old Mr. Primrose ("Prim") Smith  
showed me the site of Wop Burke's home, the first in  
North Queens. There is the green dimple of a tumbled-in  
cellar, a pile of stones; about 100' feet east of the highway,  
a mile or two before you reach the present village of South  
Brookfield. It lies between the home of "Prim" Smith and  
the home of Oliver Smith. I also climbed the steep slope  
of the South Brookfield cemetery to look at the ornate brown  
granite pillar erected ~~in~~ <sup>(SOUTH BROOKFIELD)</sup> Burke's memory by the village of  
South Brookfield in 1900. The original tombstone, being  
considered unworthy by the local patriots, lies face down, on the  
grave itself. Burke settled at this place <sup>x</sup> about the year 1800,  
& died in 1835. ~~at North Brookfield~~

Every lake and wild meadow was bordered with the  
deep red flame of swamp maples. Pleasant River was lovely.  
I noticed the lonely church which stands at the fork of the  
road to New Elm has extensive stables at the rear, to shelter  
the congregation's horses in inclement weather. Ninivah and  
Simpson's Corner, the heart of the witchcraft country, were  
pleasant sunny places today, green fields set in the frame of  
bright hardwood ridges. The drive down the Lahave was  
marvellous as always. We stopped to examine the  
Bridgewater Exhibition. The race-course, just built, was  
in full swing, its mysteries guarded by a tall board fence.

In the main building were displays of fruit, vegetables, grain,  
etc., also home cookery and home-made preserves all good, though  
the entries were meagre. These were surrounded & out-door by  
15 or 20 booths advertising Bridgewater merchants and their wares.  
Best were the exhibitions of school work and handicraft, jammed

into narrow board compartments, a low and a loft, at one end of the big shed. The hooked rugs were splendid.

The "midway", with its Ferris wheel and other schemes for enticing money out of rustic pockets, looked bleak and unprosperous in the chill wind that swept along the ridge. We watched the horse-pulling contest for a frozen ten minutes, and strolled through a long corrugated-iron shed where cows and calves, tethered in stalls to right and left of the public aisle, exposed unlovely stumps to the public gaze - in semi-darkness fortunately. This did not encourage us to visit the swine and poultry in their separate tin catacombs.

We pushed on down the Rahare, seeing across the river the east bank, lovely in the sunset light. The shore road through Dublin had been washed out in several places by the storm of Sep. 16th & roughly repaired. Reached Petit Rivière at 6.15, in the dusk, & stopped at Azenburg's, where the kitchen help ran to the parlour windows, silhouetted in the lamp light, counting our number as we stepped from the car, and vanished hastily kitchen-ward. The parlour stove felt grateful after the chill air, & we had a fine meal - soup, roast duck & fruit. Then home, with the car heater keeping us comfortable in the frosty darkness. Came upon the debris of a car collision on the long hill going down to Brooklyn; one car, with left front mudguard crushed, parked on the right side of the road, full of solemn people being questioned by a flat-capped constable of Mounted Police. The other car lay on its right side athwart the road, 30 feet farther down. Long rows of cars parked up & down, & the road full of morbid motorists. We managed to squeeze by, & reached home about 8.30.

Tuesday Oct 8/40

The war drags on, with no news but the incendant air raids on London, the counter-raids of the R.A.F. on Germany and the Channel ports. Hitler is rumoured to have given up his plans for the invasion of England; he & Mussolini have had one of their dramatic meetings in the Brenner Pass, and it looks as though the

German drive will be through the Balkans, to influence Turkey and so help Marshal Graziani's Italians, who have invaded Egypt from Libya but seem to be getting nowhere.

This afternoon I went crow-shooting on Goffin Island with Merrill Rawding, Bill Rawding, Jim Monk, Rawsie Nickerson, Ike Smart, Jim and Paul Donley. In Merrill's big motor boat. The dense spruce woods on the island are the gathering place of crows from all directions, in the hour between sunset & dark. We stationed ourselves with shot-guns in the edge of the woods just beyond the island harbour, & some of the boys kept blowing crow-calls (bought in the States somewhere) to coax the approaching black squadrons over the guns. It was my first attempt at this sort of shooting, and my first real acquaintance with an old double-barreled gun, picked up for \$5 in Milton this summer. I did a lot of shooting & it was impossible to see what happened after the crows passed overhead, but I don't think I hit more than two. Ike tells me a stuffed owl, tied in a tree top, is the ideal decoy for crows; they will attack an owl in daylight wherever seen, calling up all reinforcements in the neighborhood.

Sunday Oct 13, 1940 A sunny, smoky-blue fall day. We drove to Table River & turned off there as far as Little Port H'lebert crossed the river on the lower (wooden) bridge & returned by the west side. A charming place, the river tidal and wide, with many water meadows, & the colours of the hardwoods and huckleberry bushes are marvellous.

Monday Oct 14/40 - Thanksgiving Day. Fine & warm, with a brisk NW wind. Gordon & I went to Lempster Lake hunting. I had my old double-barreled N° 12, loaded with ball. Gordon had a shot, and I had two, at a lively young doe, without touching her.

Wednesday Oct 16, 1940

Took my family to Halifax for a day with Grandma Riddell, who has been ill. A lovely sunny fall day with a keen NW wind whirling leaves off the trees. The hardwoods are gorgeous still, but in Halifax all the leaves seemed to be off & the city had a wintry look. We took Grandma to Lohnes Cafe for a turkey dinner & then drove down to Black Point near the Yacht Squadron property to watch a convoy going out. They had been going out all day, at five-minute intervals, and from Point Pleasant I could see them marshallling outside the boom defence & a mass of smoke rising over the seaward horizon. I'm told they all go in huge convoys like this. It was fascinating to watch them slipping past the long breakwater, exactly 5 minutes apart, each flying his convoy number in signal flags. Most were plain tramps, some with deck cargoes of lumber or pit props; one or two tankers. The majority appeared to be British, but we were to windward & it was hard to make out the national flag aft. When we began, all neutrals painted the national flag very large on their sides; but, for good reasons, the Norwegians, Danes, Hollanders, Belgians have painted these emblems out, though the covering paint has worn thin on some and the old badge of neutrality shows faintly.

A Greek ship had her name & nationality blazoned on her side THE MACHUS - GREECE, and no less than three large Greek flags painted forward amidships and aft; but her presence in a British convoy shows how much faith the owners place in Nazi observance of Greek neutrality. They were a queer collection — one very old looking steamer with a high funnel like a sawmill chimney and averaged 5000 tons I should say. Nearly all had a gun pointing over the stern. The harbour boom & net stretches across from Maugers Beach lighthouse to York Redoubt; the "gate" is marked by two small steamers; the one on the right hand as you go out is painted a bright red, the one on the left a staring green. Just outside the boom, and nearest of the assorted ships anchored in the mouth of the harbour while the convoy formed, was an aircraft carrier. None of the ships wore the fantastic camouflage

I saw in the last war; a few were painted grey; most were black, with buff upper works or white upper works, in what appeared to be peacetime garb. There were well over a hundred, I should say.

In the harbour inside Georges Island lay several four funnelled destroyers, smart in new grey paint, part of the fleet of 50 being turned over to Britain by the U.S.A.

But the intriguing sight was a U.S. naval depot ship at the pier nearest the breakwater. Apparently a depot ship for destroyers, for a slick new single funnelled destroyer lay alongside her & a swarm of American sailors was busy about the destroyer's deck. He could see an anti-aircraft gun being tested (without ammunition) — pointing up and down, swinging from side to side very rapidly, etc. Depot ship & destroyer flew the U.S. flag from the stern staffs and what appeared to be a blue-and-white striped flag from the bow staffs — very like the Greek flag in appearance. The 50 officially turned over by the U.S. are supposed to be obsolete World War One types, all with four funnels. This slick craft at the pier was no obsolete craft, a single funnelled stream-lined thing. Is Uncle Sam quietly turning over some new destroyers with the old? The road to the pier is shut off with barbed wire. American naval sentries were patrolling the pier & prominent signs along the public part of the road said "Military Zone. Photography forbidden".

Overhead, and far out over the convoy, seaplanes and big twin-engined bombers patrolled and roared; a little flotilla of fast motor patrols came skittering in from the sea. Old Point Pleasant Battery, used in the last war, is abandoned now, with a padlock on the pointed-iron-stake gate. But nearby, on a little knoll where we used to picnic when I was a kid, stands a small green hut housing a searchlight. I could see soldiers within, and a philosophical home guard sentry, wearing medal ribbons of the last war, paced, or rather sauntered, up and down with a Ross rifle, bayonet fixed,

slung over his shoulder by the strap. Fort Ogilvie appears to be garrisoned - I saw two beefy home-guard officers driving down from that castle in a civilian motor-car. The rule against automobiles in the Park does not apply to army cars in war-time, & a sign reminded army drivers that "speed for military vehicles must not exceed 15 M.P.H."

Halifax streets were full of soldiers in battle-dress and black glengarries, but the only sailors were men of the Canadian navy - the convoy had removed the blue very largely from the streets. The air force are all quartered in new barracks in the woods above Eastern Passage & one sees few of them in Halifax compared with the grey flood of the past year, when they were all boarding about the city.

Sunday Oct 27/40. Just back from a week's hunting at Eagle Lake. I shot a fine buck, and Hector Dunlap, Roy Gordon & Austin Parker each got a doe. (This year the law permits a hunter to take two deer, of either sex.) There were plenty of partridge but they were wild & I only got four. I had an old double-barrelled N° 12 recently purchased in Milton, & roamed the bush with bird-shot in the left barrel & ball in the right ready for anything. I got my buck last Monday morning shortly after daylight while creeping down the brook trail, an easy shot at 20 yards. The weather was cold & overcast. As the buck dropped, snow began to fall & there was a minor blizzard while I skinned and gutted him. Then it rained very hard, and thunder rumbled for half an hour. The rain turned to sleet, then to snow, and snow continued all night in irregular squalls. The weather turned very cold, & the snow lay for two days, permitting tracking up the lakes to good use. We got his doe at the brush between Eagle Lake & Long Lake near an old survey line; Gordon shot his on the mixed hardwood ridge less than half a mile further north, a few hundred yards from Eagle Lake; Dunlap got his there also, a small doe that I drove out to him

In general the weather was cold with overcast skies & little wind. Occasional short rains kept the fallen leaves wet & silent under foot. A happy trip.

Monday Oct 28/40. Alice (Raymond) Smith is here from Kentville, staying a few days with us. I drove to Bridgewater in the morning to meet her. The radio told us that Italy had invaded Greece today from conquered ~~Romania~~ Albania. Also the <sup>Cambrian</sup> destroyer newly taken over from Britain, & named Margaret, had been sunk in collision somewhere in the North Atlantic with the loss of 140 men.

Thursday Oct 31/40 Canadian minesweeper "Bras D'Or" is missing in the Gulf of St Lawrence believed lost in stormy weather. At any rate she sailed from Clark City, P.Q. for Sydney and vanished, just as the govt steamer "Simcoe" was lost in the Gulf in the early part of the first German war; (a lifeboat marked "C.F.S. SIMCOE" was found on the shore of Sable Island in 1919; nothing else was ever seen of her.)

Hallowe'en, & my kids are out with pumpkin lanterns and quaint disguise, begging from door to door with pillowcases opened for loot, & having a fine time.

I seemed an appropriate time for Mowbray Jones to call a meeting with regard to Air Raid Precautions in Liverpool. The meeting was very select - Mowbray, Harry Paterson & myself; we met at Paterson's house, where Paterson's kids & a little Yorkshire refugee were "douking" apples, Scotch style, with a fork dropped from the teeth upon a tub swimming with apples. Mowbray Jones is now his father's deputy at the Thressy paper mill, though nominally only second in command to B.J. Waters, and he carries the burden of his responsibilities very seriously. He was responsible for the absurd flurry of "anti-sabotage" guards & precautions at the outbreak of war, over which the county is still laughing. For some time he has been preparing a paper on local A.R.P. work & urging upon the town council the necessity for action. The council appointed me as town representative on the committee of

three. Monbray wants first-aid posts organised (with emergency ambulances) black-outs at least once a month, warning whistles, arrangements for evacuation & Heaven knows what not. I threw cold water, suggesting bluntly that the whole town would laugh & it would then be impossible to get the people to take seriously the necessary & immediate need, which is a corps of volunteer wardens with a definite program of action in case of enemy attack. Monbray talked about surface raiders & aircraft carriers. I said this was ridiculous while the British navy exists; a surface raider wasn't going to commit suicide by attacking a small fishing port with the Halifax naval base only 2 hours steam away. Unless the war takes a violent change, our only risk is the odd submarine popping up off the coast & letting fly a few shells out of pure mischief.

We agreed to confine our efforts for the present to enlisting & training a corps of wardens.

Tuesday, Nov. 5/40      The great election campaign in the U.S. came to an end today, & the late returns show that President Roosevelt is elected for a third term in defiance of all precedent. Once again the whole power of the U.S. press was wielded against him without success, clear proof of the ascendancy of radio & the consequent decline of newspaper importance. Nowadays ~~most~~ the newspaper is stale when it gets to us; our chief reliance is the radio; this is one of the chief phenomena of the war, inconceivable two years ago.

The Italians seem to be marking time on their invasion of Greece & it looks like the Norwegian invasion — an attempt to divert British troops from more vital areas & then involve them in a general rout of the Greek troops. So far our forces have only occupied Crete. A German warship of the Graf Spee type has attacked a British convoy in mid-Atlantic. German submarines, working in combination with aircraft based in France, have been playing havoc with British shipping lately.

Thursday Nov 7 - Monday Nov 11, 1940. I spent this time in Halifax, much of it poring over historical material in the Archives building on Dalhousie campus. Professor Harvey & his secretary, Miss Winnie McFadridge, were very helpful.

A young air force corporal, a wireless operator, told me a good deal about the air work at Halifax & seemed to know a lot about what was going on elsewhere. For instance, he said that the convoy attacked by a German battle-cruiser on Nov. 5th <sup>was</sup> ~~was~~ the one we saw going out Oct 16th, but a later one loaded with trucks and planes. He said the raider chose his time & place well — in mid-Atlantic, where there is no air escort at all, and only a couple of armed merchantmen for sea escort; he sank 3 ships including the escort ship <sup>"Survivor Bay"</sup> ~~Kings~~, and badly damaged 17 others. (The German radio claims the battle-cruiser sank "all" of the convoy.)

Other interesting items: The "gilt" destroyers from the U.S. have serious stability defects now being corrected by pouring concrete into the bilges. The R.C.A.F. maintains an air patrol 500 miles out from the coast of N. S. and Newfoundland; this is done mainly with twin-engined Bolingbroke bombers, each capable of carrying 6 bombs of 250 lbs. The Eastern Passage air station proper is now used for its original purpose — a seaplane base. The big air field for the coastal bomber patrol has been constructed some distance back in the woods by filling a swamp, & there also are the main barracks of the R.C.A.F. ~~at Halifax~~. The British fleet air arm is shortly establishing a base at Eastern Passage, also the "neutrality patrol" of the U.S. Navy. The latter is already patrolling the Nova Scotia coast from bases in the U.S., using big yellow-bodied Consolidated Aircraft machines.

I wonder if all the young airmen talk as much!

On the way home on Monday morning I stopped at Mahone Bay, where I had been invited to make an address in connection with the Armistice service. The war veterans paraded in blue berets and medals behind a smart red-coated band, & there were squads of boy scouts and girl guides. After the ceremony I had a bottle of beer with the

veterans in their quarters behind the town hall, & there was some good talk about the old war and the new. The secretary of the local Legion branch is Kemp, manager of the Bank of Montreal. The president is Dr. Skinner, a veteran of the Mesopotamia campaign.

Thursday, Nov. 21/40

The firm of Thompson Bros. here have secured a contract which will keep their machine shop busy all winter. It concerns 16 small steel whaling steamers which are to be overhauled, engines taken out, masts changed, guns installed, etc. There is an interesting story behind all this. The vessels are part of a Norwegian whaling enterprise, which included a large factory-ship; the small steamers did the actual whaling & the mother-ship did the rest. The whole outfit was in <sup>SOUTH AFRICAN</sup> Norwegian waters when Norway was invaded by the Germans & the ships were brought to Halifax to await developments. The Norwegian government-in-exile, which seems to have considerable funds, took the ships over. The men all volunteered to fight the Germans. They have been quartered at Lunenburg for some months, receiving naval training under Norwegian officers in a temporary barrack ashore.

The first of the ships arrived at Liverpool two days ago for re-fitting. The officers & men wear uniforms very like those of the Royal Navy, but the gilt letters on the men's cap-bands read -

KSS. NORDSKE MARINE. She flies the Norwegian flag at the stern. These ships are only 5 or 6 years old & are said to be fast; they have a single funnel, a cruiser-type, & a high bridge; their chief peculiarity to the eye is a sharp sheer at the bow, which gives the whole forward deck a steep angle.

The Italian invasion of Greece has come a cropper; apparently expecting a walk-over, the Italians had concentrated only a few troops along the Albanian frontier & the Greeks under General Papagos attacked them with great dash & sent the whole lot flying. The British aviators have been active in support of the Greeks, bombing the Italian bases and supply columns, & the fleet air arm torpedoed three Italian battleships in Taranto harbour.

Saturday Nov 23/40 Ralph Freeman left home at 7.30 this morning apparently to go to work at the paper mill. A few minutes later his car was found on the highway bridge a few yards from his house. Nobody thought anything of it until nightfall, when his sister Marie discovered his lunch-tin still in the car. Up till then everyone thought Ralph had engine trouble & simply caught a ride with some passing car in order to be at work on time. Marie phoned me & I went up to Milton, drove his car back to the house (it was in good working order) and made enquiries of the two blacksmiths (Will Turner and Archie McKnight) and a number of others who cross the bridge about that hour. Nobody had seen Ralph. McKnight walked across the bridge about 7.35<sup>A.M.</sup> and saw the car there then. Ralph has been despondent lately and his family feared suicide, though there was no note in the car & in fact nothing to indicate what had become of him. One thing was certain, he had not gone to the mill.

Sunday Nov 24/40 A sunny day with a cold wind down the river! I went up to Milton this morning & got hold of Roy Gordon, Archie McKnight & George Turner. The tide was out and we were able to search the river bank thoroughly, walking on the gravel below high water mark, both sides of the river from the Liverpool railway bridge to Milton highway bridge. We also got a boat and canoe and searched along the banks and piers in the river. We saw nothing. In the meantime Ralph had not turned up anywhere & reluctantly I came to the conclusion that he was in the river. I notified the Mounted Police & took Lance-Corporal Morrison up to Milton in my car to make his own investigation. I got hold of McKnight and arranged to have a number of boats, and men to operate them, at the Milton bridge tomorrow morning. The water has been shut off in the river today to permit certain repairs to the electric plant at Cowies' Falls, & this, with low tide about 8 o'clock tomorrow morning, will make the river for some distance

below Milton bridge almost dry. I returned to town & got hold of Hugh and Hector Dunlap. We went to Hugh's store on the wharf and got a lot of bathtub-fishing gear — lines, hooks, and some 4-ounce weights. We sat in Hugh's kitchen till midnight making up work.

### Jury Brings In Verdict of Accidental Death; Was War Veteran

LIVERPOOL, Nov. 25. — Ralph Hutchinson Freeman, 42 year-old war veteran, of Milton, Queens county, whose body was discovered in the Mersey River this morning "came to his death by accidental drowning in the Mersey River, at Milton, between November 23 and 25, 1940, without blame to any person or persons whatsoever."

This was the verdict of the coroner's jury empanelled for an inquest held here this afternoon and presided over by Coroner A. C. McLeod, M. D., of Caledonia. The first witness was Thomas H. Raddall, brother-in-law of the deceased, who after being informed of his absence from home by Miss Marie Freeman. He had left for his work at the Mersey paper mill at seven thirty o'clock Saturday morning but did not go to work nor return home that day. Mr. Raddall told of notifying the R. C. M. P. at Liverpool on Sunday afternoon and of the grapping operations which were carried on this morning before the body was located by Eel Rock, fifty yards south of Salmon Island, five hundred yards south of the bridge.

### ALSO TESTIFY

Evidence was also given by Archie McKnight, of Milton, and by Wm. Turner and William Mills, both of Milton, who discovered the body.

The personnel of the jury was, Carl Foley (foreman), Charles Zinck, W. J. Sheppard, Clarence Backman, Arthur Ritchie, T. E. D. Watson, Arthur Freeman, Frank Freeman, Joseph Kempton, Lester Croft, Harold Oickle and L. E. Vaughan.

Ralph Freeman was a very popular resident of Milton and is survived by his mother, Mrs. Fanny Freeman, two sisters, Mrs. Thomas H. Raddall, of Liverpool, and Miss Marie Freeman of Milton, and one brother, Terence Freeman with His Majesty's forces somewhere in England.

while we waited for the undertaker, & I took off my coat and covered his face and arms. I was glad when the hearse came.

Edith is with her mother, who is prostrate, & Becky Dednick came over from Bridgewater to be with the family in their trouble.

At 2 P.M. I attended an inquest in the undertaker's

Went up to Milton at 8 A.M. with the served it out. Six boats. "Bucto" Berrian and them. The river was a mere trickle & we had out punt downstream for the first 150 yards. abreast & threw out our grapple, first on one her dropping slowly downstream. "Bucto" and I ring and grappling. Opposite the foot of Salmon rapids die out in the deep water, "Bucto" sang out in the next boat, "Try by the Eel Rock". Which stands a few yards east of the lower tip end. Will made one or two casts there and low voice "I've got him." I rowed over caught in the slack of poor Ralph's overalls in back. "Bucto" got hold of Ralph's shoulders while he grapple & I rowed then to the west bank lay out. He was in his working clothes. There was bruise on his face and his expression was one of We had known by yesterday afternoon that he must God knows I have seen much of death in my al fact of seeing him there in the water struck me & we all felt the same — Will Turner and "Bucto" ce he was a child — for we stood about his body on at each other, wordless. The curious began to arrive,

below Millin bridge almost dry. I returned to town & got hold of Hugh and Hector Dunlap. We went to Hugh's store on the wharf and got a lot of halibut-fishing gear — lines, hooks, and some 4-ounce seine sinkers. We sat in Hugh's kitchen till midnight making grapples for tomorrow's work.

Monday Nov. 25/40 Went up to Millin at 8 A.M. with the grappling gear & served it out. Six boats. "Bucto" Beerman and I manned one of them. The river was a mere trickle & we had a hard job to get our punt downstream for the first 150 yards. We formed in line abreast & threw out our grapples, first on one side then on the other, dropping slowly downstream. "Bucto" and I took turns at rowing and grappling. Opposite the foot of Salmon Island where the rapids die out in the deep water, "Bucto" sang out to Will Turnet in the next boat, "Joy by the Egl Rock" — a big boulder which stands a few yards east of the lower tip of Salmon Island. Will made one or two casts there and called out in a low voice "I've got him." I rowed over. Will's hook was caught in the slack of poor Ralph's overalls in the small of the back. "Bucto" got hold of Ralph's shoulders while Will disengaged the grapple & I rowed them to the west bank & we lifted the body out. He was in his working clothes. There was not a single cut or bruise on his face and his expression was one of profound calm. We had known by yesterday afternoon that he must be in the river; and God knows I have seen much of death in my time; but the physical fact of seeing him there in the water struck me like a blow. I think we all felt the same — Will Turnet and "Bucto" had known him since he was a child — for we stood about his body on the shore and stared at each other, wordless. The curious began to arrive, while we waited for the undertaker, & I took off my coat and covered his face and arms. I was glad when the hearse came.

Edith is with her mother, who is prostrate, & Becky Dedrick came over from Bridgewater to be with the family in their trouble.

At 2 P.M. I attended an inquest in the undertaker's

rooms in Liverpool as chief witness. Half the jury were Milton men and the rest from Liverpool. The coroner, kindly old Doctor Smith, was out of the county somewhere & the police had called in the coroner from Caledonia <sup>marked</sup>, a thin dry stick of a man who tried his best to get me to say that it was suicide & later tried to get the jury to bring in a verdict to that effect. I said Ralph was one of the most popular men in the county, had no money troubles, no other troubles to my knowledge, no reason to take his own life. The jury's unanimous verdict was "Accidental death by drowning", a great relief to me and his family and friends, including the Freemasons, who wish to hold a Masonic funeral and cannot do so in the case of a verdict of suicide.

In the evening I took down to the undertaking rooms a complete outfit of Ralph's clothes & then had the melancholy task of searching his <sup>old</sup> clothes for papers etc, and found amongst other things the money he had received on pay day, three days before his death. I arranged about the funeral, & dropped a note to young Terence, not liking the bold means of a cablegram, & fearing that perhaps he might hear something before his mother & sisters could recover sufficiently to write.

Wednesday, Nov. 27/40 Ralph's funeral today. Bitter cold all yesterday and today, and about daybreak snow began falling, with a wind out of the N.E. that developed into a blizzard by noon. A brief private service at the house, with the coffin at the north end of the long living room banked with flowers, and a quartette of women singing "Hear My God To Thee" and "Abide With Me".

Outside in the snow six war veterans in Masonic regalia waited to act as pall-bearers. There was a large gathering in the church. Mrs Freeman & the girls were too distressed to go; Hugh and Hector Dunlap, Will Turner & I sat in a pew near the front. On the rostrum sat the Baptist minister, a dull little man named Barber, flanked by two others in Masonic aprons - Rev. Mr. Johnson of the Christian (Campbellite) church, and Rev. Mr. Archibald of the United Church of Brooklyn. Barber gave a long rambling senseless oration that set all our teeth on edge. There were hymns,

and a scripture reading before the Masons took over. I had been opposed to the public viewing the body, but it seems an ancient custom of the village, so there was an interval while people filed down the north aisle crossed past the coffin and returned to their places by the south aisle; all very solemnly conducted, but an obscene rite it seemed to me, a survival of pagan times. Then up to the graveyard on the lower slope of Moose Hill, where the Masons went through their full ritual with the snowstorm whistling about their top hats. Ned Hunt blew "Last Post" at the finish.

Saturday Dec 7/40. Mrs. Freeman & Marie are staying with us for a time.

In Albania the Italians are still retreating towards Valona; their rearguards are putting up a stiffer fight than heretofore. Mussolini has made some drastic changes in his high command, including the removal of Badoglio, his chief of staff, the conqueror of Ethiopia.

A number of fast heavily-armed German commerce-raiders are operating in Atlantic and Pacific, and the U-boats, operating in groups of 3 or more, have been taking a heavy toll of our North Atlantic convoys.

Also air bombing of convoys approaching hands and becomes increasingly severe.

The German bombers, defeated whenever they attempted mass raids by daylight are now making mass raids by night. London was cruelly battered for weeks, to divert British anti-aircraft equipment to its defence; then one night they made a shambles of Coventry & commenced a systemic round of the big industrial towns and ports, taking one each night. This is still going on.

Today I went rabbit-hunting above Big Falls with Austin & Eddie Parker, Roy Gordon & Brent Smith. We got 5 rabbits, a poor afternoon's work. My score was nil.

Yesterday an odd accident destroyed

the main highway bridge at Golo River, shutting off motor traffic along the South Shore. A large motor van laden with groceries from Halifax, skidded on the hill & smashed into the bridge end at an oblique angle, knocking the whole bridge off the east abutment. Bridge and truck dropped into the river. Just behind came a funeral, heading for Bridgewater, and they just managed to stop the hearse in time. The coffin had to be slung across the stream with ropes and taken to its final destination in a truck.

For the past week we have had wintry weather, with several snowfalls and temperature between zero and freezing point. Two days ago a rain took off most of the snow, but the temperature quickly dropped again.

Sunday Dec 8/40 Hector Dunlap tells me the Norwegian patrol vessels now being equipped by his firm are to go to Britain as soon as ready. Their armament will consist of a 4-inch gun forward, a pair of machine-guns in the wings of the bridge, and an anti-aircraft gun aft.

They are odd-looking craft, with a high sheer forward, giving the forecastle deck a steep slant, and not more than four feet of freeboard aft. One larger than the others bears the plate of a shipbuilder in Fredrikstad; the rest seem to have been built in Stockton-on-Tees. Superintending the work here is Commander Knutson, & like the other officers he belongs to the Royal Norwegian Navy.

As their present portacks are at Lunenburg, the Norwegians aboard the ships in Liverpool do a lot of travelling back and forth. Today ~~two~~<sup>three</sup> of them set out for Lunenburg in a little old motor-boat they had bought. There was a heavy S.E. sea, & Thompson's men tried to persuade them to wait for better weather; but they laughed & set out. The boat was swamped off East Berlin & ~~both~~<sup>two</sup> were drowned, this

*Another sailor.*  
afternoon. A local man, taken along to run the engine, managed to get ashore after three hours in the water.

Our Tommy is just getting over the chicken-pox; today little Frances blossomed forth with the little red pimpls.

Tuesday Dec 10/40. At last a British victory on land! The army defending Egypt (Winston Churchill styles it "the British and Imperial army of the Nile") has made a sudden leap in force, against the Italians under Graziani who invaded Egypt from Libya in September. Italian troops to the number of 20,000 have been cut off in Sidi Barani and are being made prisoners, while the main Italian force is now in full retreat to Libya pursued by British motor columns, harassed by the R.A.F., and vigorously stalled by the navy - for the only good road lies along the coast.

Tuesday Dec 18/40. The battle continues in the Western Desert of Egypt, in fact British forces are now attacking Bardia, an Italian base on the Libyan side. Prisoners now total 30,000. In Albania the Greeks are advancing slowly towards Valona, hampered by winter weather and a stiffer Italian resistance.

President Roosevelt proposes to take over all outstanding British contracts in the U.S. The U.S. will then continue the supply to Britain as loaned material, to be replaced by Britain at the war's end.

Today with Link Hunt I met ~~Graweck~~<sup>Curewicz</sup>, the Pole who is in charge of the lumber and pit-prop operations at Broad River. Link says ~~Graweck~~<sup>Curewicz</sup> is being backed by a big British timber firm in a number of operations. Says ~~Graweck~~<sup>Curewicz</sup> paid George McClellan \$6000 for the timber on Broad River, worth \$1500 at most. ~~Graweck~~<sup>Curewicz</sup> is a wealthy Polish timber merchant who got away before the Germans & Russians over-ran the country; a man about 60, short & fleshy, with neatly brushed silver hair, florid cheeks, short Roman nose, very black eyebrows and twinkling blue eyes. Speaks in

a high voice and says "possessed"; "passed"; "looked"; "realter" "var" "vages"; says "goin" for green and "mjt" for met, and "ze" for the. Begins every statement with "I shall tell you". Seems a keen & decent sort of man.

His news was that the British govt is making no more pit prop contracts for 1941 in Canada; his guess was that a big deal has been made with Russia, by which Russia will deliver all kinds of lumber in Russian ships, thus taking a heavy strain off British shipping. I asked if Germany would permit this. ~~Grovings~~ answered, with a smile, that Germany wouldn't dare touch a Russian ship while England remains unconquered.

Sunday Dec 22 1940 Sharp frost today after a week of mild weather. I have been rabbit hunting lately at Post Norton, Big Talls and on the barrens near County Line; rabbits are not plentiful yet, though they have increased lately; there is a good afternoon's bag.

Lord Halifax is to succeed Lord Lothian as Britain's ambassador to the U.S. Lothian's sudden death was a shock. He had a forthright manner that made him popular in the U.S. & dispelled most of the ingrained American suspicion of British diplomacy. On the other hand, Lord Halifax represents all that Americans suspect most; the memory of his "appeasement" approach to Hitler before Munich is still strong. It seems to me the appointment of this cold religious-fanatic aristocrat to Washington is a mistake. But Anthony Eden steps back into the Foreign Office which he handled so vigorously before Chamberlain & the appeasers forced him out.

Monday Dec 23 1940. Cold with snow falling steadily all day. At 4 PM we heard Prime Minister Churchill broadcasting in English, a message to the Italian people. He blamed the entry of Italy into the war on Mussolini alone, and called upon them to consider now the position into

which he had led them, with disaster falling on Italian arms everywhere. It was a timely message for we hear that the Duke is having trouble amongst his hitherto docile people and the general belief is that the Germans will march in before long.

Tuesday Dec 24/40 Tonight was lovely; clear, cold, with just enough snow to whiten the ground. I walked to Milton & back - up one side the river & down the other - about 9 P.M., & then strolled through the Liverpool streets. The custom of arranging evergreens and coloured lights about the front door, and placing small electric candles in windows, is getting more popular every year, and some folk have elaborate arrangements all over the facade of their houses, Christmas trees on the lawn, etc. Even the houses at Fort Point were ablaze - a vast difference from the nervous black out ~~they imposed~~<sup>owners</sup> on themselves last year. Many young men are home on leave from various military camps; in Liverpool one sees mostly petty officers of the Canadian Navy, no sailors and only an occasional officer. Is the R.C.N. composed of petty officers? one wonders. The dockyard staff is said to be vast at Halifax - which the news censors insist on calling "An Eastern Canadian Port." Familiar about our streets now are the uniforms of the Norwegian Navy; the officers dress like our own & indeed so do the sailors. But the sailors wear short brass-buttoned pea jackets, white scarves, and flat topped caps bound taut with an un-British black cord, for shoregoing.

Wednesday Christmas Day. Sunny but cool, snow melting a little, everything looking like a Christmas card. The kids were up at daylight of course, descending on the parcels left by Santa Claus under our bravely-lit tree. Tommy has his first real watch, his first real knife (a gorgeous affair with a can opener, awl, screw driver & bottle opener besides a murderous blade) but his chief concern is a toy fire engine, very red, with

a convincing siren and a hose-ladder that winds up and down. Frances finds her chief joy in a toy iron, with real insides - it can be fitted in an electric circuit and really heats.

The calls it her "yarn" and she has been yarnning all day. Edith's mother & sister Marie are still with us, & I brought her Aunt Marie (very nervous about driving on slippery roads) from Milton yesterday, to have dinner with us today.

Dinner was at noon, with a fruit juice cocktail, then roast chicken with cranberry preserve & pickles of three kinds, mashed potatoes, green peas, turnip, followed by "bishop" pudding with candy sauce. After such a meal I felt the need of exercise, & called for Brent Smith. We tramped to Sandy Cove, then up over Great Hill by the road to Nickerson's Pond. We found the Mersey Paper Co's water-supply dam and building surrounded by a tall barbed-wire fence, but ~~it~~ gate was unlocked & we entered the screen-house, where we found the guard, an old veteran of the first German war, sleeping profoundly on a bench beside a gleaming stove. We walked about, looking at the screen-pit, the magazine pictures on the wall, talking loudly, without disturbing him in the least. We could have blown up the whole place, & we were amused to think of Mersey's sabotage scare of a year ago, when men armed with shotguns were posted here under vague orders to shoot anything that took their fancy. Coming back over Great Hill the view was marvellous; a red sunset with a red carpet of cloud high over the west, and the harbour stained a cold yellow, & the town's lights already twinkling in the shadow of the west ridge.

Today there was an unofficial truce in the air. Not a single bomb fell on England, France or Germany.

Sunday Dec 29/40 Tonight we heard over the radio, clear and strong, President Roosevelt's message to the American people, warning them that the United States

is directly and powerfully menaced by the Germany-Italy-Japan alliance, and that America must lend every assistance & short of actual war to the British Empire "whose gallant fight will go down in the history of the world". He called for a mobilisation of the whole of U.S. industry declaring that America must become the "arsenal of democracy," and poured scorn on the U.S. minority who wish America to "crawl into bed and pull the bed clothes over our heads". He described the Nazi rule of Europe in scathing terms and declared strongly "Germany and her partners cannot win this war".

Sunday Jan. 5, 1941 A snowstorm all day yesterday the first blizzard of the winter, has left everything white and charming outdoors today. About a foot of snow.

I have resigned my post as treasurer of the Red Cross in Liverpool, as I feel that my time can be more usefully employed elsewhere, especially now that the provincial Red Cross headquarters has decided to handle all finances. To date we have raised well over \$8000 in the County for the Red Cross war fund (about \$800) and as treasurer of the main Queens County Branch I have handled all these funds.

Today comes news from the Libyan desert that we have awaited since Dec. 18th - the fall of Bardia with its Italian garrison of 25000 or more. After a heavy bombardment from land, sea and air, the Australians stormed in and in 36 hours the strongly fortified port & all its wide defences had fallen. This is really the closing chapter of a battle which began at Sidi Barrani on Dec 10th and in all we have taken 63,000 prisoners together with huge quantities of stores & equipment.

The fighting in Albania is more or less stalled in snow but the Greeks are still on the attack. Italy has sent at last for German help. Some of it has come direct, in the shape of German air units; the biggest help is the presence of a

powerful German army estimated at not less than half a million men, in Rumania. Bulgaria's King and Premier Pheloff have gone to Germany to yield a right-of-way across their country for this German army, and it seems certain that a German drive on Salonika and perhaps Constantinople will take place soon.

~~Wednesday~~ Monday Jan 6, 1941. This afternoon at 3 P.M. President Roosevelt's address to the 77th Congress was broadcast to the world. In grave measured tones we heard him say "Let us say to the democracies, 'We Americans are vitally concerned in your defence of freedom. We are putting forth our energies, our resources and our organised powers to give you strength to regain and maintain a free world. We shall send you in ever increasing numbers, ships, planes, tanks, guns. This is our purpose and our pledge'."

He spoke with scorn of the isolationists in U.S.A. & received a tremendous applause when he spoke of "those who would clip the American eagle's wings so that they might feather their own nests". Most significant was his last word. It was "victory"

Wednesday Jan 8/41. There has been no wind for three days, and Sunday snow still hangs heavily on trees & bushes. Temperature gets down to about  $5^{\circ}$  (above zero) in the night & rises to freezing point at noon. Glorious sunny days and clear moonlit nights. Fine skating on all the lakes & ponds and on the river between the railway and highway bridges. Thompson's have a swarm of men at work on the three Norwegian war craft at their wharf. The clamour of chipping hammers deafens the waterfront & painters are slapping on red lead as soon as the chippers have passed. Today I watched a 4-inch gun being installed on the gun-platform which has been erected on the fore deck of

the first craft. It was covered with red lead, obviously a used gun; wharf loafers said it came from the U.S.

The Mersey Paper plant has two of the new anti-submarine "corvettes" at its Brooklyn wharf. They were built at Sorel for the Canadian govt., and were nearing completion when the St. Lawrence froze. By chance there was a thaw, & the govt. rushed the corvettes out to sea, with a hundred busy Sorel workmen aboard, assisted in their passage by ice-breakers. Halifax docks and machine-shop facilities were jammed with ships & work. The Mersey Co. came to the rescue. The corvettes are lying at the paper wharf, with the Sorel men living & working on board, and with the company's fine machine shop & other facilities at their disposal. Material & labour supplied by Mersey are to be paid for by the building contractors. As a result of this first bit of staff work, the navy will get these badly-needed vessels four or five months sooner than they had dared hope.

Friday Jan 10/41. The Canadian Broadcasting Corporation have asked me to give a talk over the national network tonight, subject, "A Nova Scotia Private". I chose the story of the Rovers of Liverpool, & this afternoon presented myself at the C.B.C. studio for a voice test etc. The studio is on the seventh floor of the Nova Scotian Hotel in Halifax & comprises several small offices, a large music room, a small cabin for talks like mine, and an instrument room. My voice & diction were pronounced OK. The talk had been scheduled for 7:45 P.M. by the Toronto office. This evening I decided not to take my car downtown, due to the icy streets, & took a street car instead, forgetting how slow the Halifax street car can be. Result: I arrived at the hotel with only three minutes to spare & found the director & the announcer waiting anxiously outside the elevator door. I took my seat in the aforementioned

cabin, with a microphone 8 or 10 inches from my left cheek. The director, control engineer & a girl sat in the instrument room watching me through a glass panel. On the second a small light sprang to life on a little panel at my right, showing that we were on the air. The announcer (a pleasant & efficient chap named Barry MacDonald from P.C.I.) leaned over my left shoulder and recited a little introduction, declaring unblushingly that I was an author "whose stories of drama & adventure are well known to Canadians", and gave me a little tap on the shoulder. I found myself a little breathless at first but got into the swing of it. Once Barry shoved a card into my vision asking "speed up a little" and later another "hold this speed". Towards the end he produced, like a conjurer, a series of black stops which said "Three minutes to go" "2 mins 30 sec" etc. and near the finish made an elastic-stretching gesture with his hands, meaning "Spin it out a bit".

As a result of all this we finished beautifully, with time for Barry to give a little closing announcement. The small light went out. The next broadcast was from the adjoining music room, where Marjorie Payne's orchestra sat with their backs to our glass panels, facing the fat fuzzy-blond energetic Marjorie, and Marjorie in turn keeping a forward eye on the glass panelled instrument room where the director sat making occasional gestures.

It was all very interesting.

From the hotel I walked up to 187 South Park Street, where Commander Gow, R.C.N. & his wife have a flat. They had known the Tweedsmuir's in Ottawa and according to Gow Tweedsmuir was forever praising my tales saying "That man is going to be Canada's Kipling! Watch him!" Mrs Gow is a tall good-looking woman, a clever artist & author of an amusing travel book "Quebec Patchwork" published by MacMillan's this year.

We talked shop a good deal. One or two people came in; a Mrs. MacCuan, fortyish, goodlooking, matter-of-fact, who is the genius who organised the Ajax Club in Halifax for naval men, and begged no less than \$50,000 to get equipment for it. Also a Mrs. Denton, petite red-haired, snub-nosed, who told me she had been with a travelling canteen during the French debâcle last summer, & managed to escape via Le Havre at the last moment. When they had gone, the course of conversation brought out the fact that I had been a wireless operator.

"Careful!" cautioned Mrs. Gow, "or Ga-Ga will grab you. He's always grabbing men who can do things."

This was a Heaven-sent cue. Promptly I said, "Let him grab. I'd like nothing better."

Gow said "Do you mean it?" I meant it. So he told me to write the Naval Secretary at Ottawa mentioning an interview with Commander Gow. I left as soon as I conveniently could, & Gow walked up the street with me a bit. His parting words, "I hope you have good luck. I'd like you on my staff."

Thursday Jan 23/41 Tobruk has fallen to our "British and Imperial army of the Nile," stormed from all sides after a terrific bombardment from land, sea & air. This time the bag is between 15,000 and 20,000 prisoners (2,000 of them wounded) including four Italian generals and an admiral, and over 200 guns. Our casualties less than 500. At the other end of Egypt the Italians who seized Tassala some months ago now in hurried retreat into Eritrea, King Haile Selassie is back in his own country rousing and arming the Ethiopians with the aid of a British military mission, and the Kenya border has been cleared. Thus the big Italian force in Ethiopia has accomplished nothing but the empty march into British Somaliland; it has been "contained" by light British forces all these months, while Wavell prepared his attack in the

Western Desert. So far in the campaign against the Italians in Africa, we have taken over 100,000 prisoners, most of them whilst Germany has come to Mussolini's aid by sending large numbers of dive-bombers to Sicily, to curb the activity of the British fleet. They made a terrific attack on one convoy, in which our aircraft carrier "Illustrious" was hard hit, the destroyer "Gallant" also, and the light cruiser "Southampton" sunk. In Albania the Greek advance has come to a halt beyond Lissura, with the Italians making a strong counter offensive. Rumania is in the throes of a minor civil war, with the German army of occupation looking on.

Today I sent in my application for naval service on the form supplied by the Naval Secretary at Ottawa. The form contains a warning to applicants that there is a long waiting list; which is not encouraging.

Tuesday Jan 28, 1941. Heavy snowfall yesterday, and today the thermometer at daybreak (7:30) registered 12° below zero, our coldest weather so far. It was 19° below in Milton. The African campaign has sprung into life on the Eritrea - Ethiopia - Somaliland front with the British attacking everywhere, and Emperor Haile Selassie back in his own country leading a revolt against the Italians.

Thursday Jan 30/41. Derna, in Libya, fell to Wavell's army today. The Italian garrison did not wait to be enveloped but abandoned the town soon after the first British attack. Heavy Italian forces, well supported by tanks and planes, are reported massing for a stand east of the important town of Bengasi.

Sunday Feb 2/41. One Trosby, a Norwegian engaged in work on the small whaling steamers which are being converted to war vessels here, came to my house tonight & told me a good deal

about whaling. His home is at Sandefjord, a whaling centre, and he & his two sons were all engaged in the industry. A modern whaling fleet consists of a big mother-ship called the KAKERI (pronounced COOKERY) which is simply a floating factory; and six to ten small fast steamers (like those now in Liverpool) which are called FANGSTBÅT (pronounced FUNKST-BOAT) = "chasers".

They fish in Antarctic waters, including the Ross Sea, during the Antarctic summer, leaving Norway in September or October and returning in April; the "fangstbåten" are left at a whaling base at Walfisch Bay, S.W. Africa, with skeleton crews. The rest of the "fangstbåt" crews come home to Norway in the "kakeri".

This year they were on their way home, lying at Walfisch Bay, when news came that Norway had been invaded by Germany. The population of Walfisch Bay and nearby Swakopmund are Germans and strongly pro-Nazi, and the atmosphere was a little strained. (The mother-ship and chasers have crews totalling about 400 men, all rough and tough whalers, and they were at the end of a six-months' cruise and itching for excitement.) They sailed north as far as Dakar in the "Kakeri" & lay there 12 weeks awaiting orders.

By that time the Norwegian government in exile had formed the huge "Norwegian Shipping Company" which has charge of all Norwegian merchant ships. The "Kakeri" was too valuable to risk in European waters; her whale oil was pumped ashore at Walfisch Bay, & she was put in the ordinary oil-tank trade between Curassao and Newark N.J.

The "fangstbåten" sailed for Canada there to be converted to armed patrol vessels of the Norwegian Navy; most of the officers are Norwegian Navy regulars who managed to escape when the Germans conquered their country; the crews are mostly the pick of the whalers — fine handsome young men, few less than six feet tall. Their discipline is not very good as yet, and as they are fond of young women and song we have some lively nights in our hitherto quiet town.

The young sailors are very popular with the girls of Whynot Town, for besides their good looks they seem to have plenty of money, and they are lavish with gifts to the lady of their fancy.

These "fankstbåten" when new could do about 16 or 17 knots; now (Frosby says) their speed is about 12 or 13. This high flare forward is to keep the harpoon gun clear in pursuing whales in the big Antarctic seas. They can turn sharply, operate on fuel oil, and carry a crew of 13 normally. They should be ideal for hunting Hitler's steel whales.

Frosby and the other whaler men too old for naval service are helping to change-over the ships. They are all handy with tools (most of them are machinists). Frosby himself was a flesner on the mother-ship, but in the six-month summer lay-off in Norway he worked as a rivetter in a shipyard at Sandefjord. One of his sons is aboard the "Rakker", the other is training for the Norwegian navy at a base in Scotland. He had a letter lately from his wife dated Dec 7/40, which came via U.S.A. She said the town had received no damage in the invasion, that she had plenty of supplies, and that he must not worry.

I have received a letter from J.O. Corsette, Naval Secretary at Ottawa, stating that my name is now on the Naval Volunteers' List, but adding "as expansion" (of the Canadian Navy) "is slow, you may not be called on for a considerable period".

Friday Feb 7/41 British forces have taken Benghazi, and thus all Cyrenaica is in our hands. In the general assault on Italian East Africa our forces are making steady progress; the Italians made only one real attempt to stand their ground, this was at Agordat in Eritrea, where they

were defeated, retreating towards Massawa.

Sunday Feb 9/41 This afternoon at 4 P.M. we heard Winston Churchill broadcast to the English-speaking world one of his periodical summaries of the war & a promise for the future. He has no "radio presence" at all; he halts, to cough, to clear his throat; sometimes for no apparent reason; he talks jerkily in a rasping voice; yet he holds you spell-bound. Truly this is the voice of Britain at bay, hoarse from the battle smoke, a little breathless sometimes, but always confident and defiant. He poured scorn on Mussolini and in one delicious thrust, without mentioning the "Decline & Fall of the Roman Empire", observed jerkily that "the Gibbon of the future will not find his task so long as the original".

He told how the shipment of men and materials for the campaign in Libya had been made from Britain and elsewhere during the autumn days when Hitler was making his unsuccessful attempt to conquer the R.A.F., when an invasion of Britain seemed imminent. The result had justified the risk. He told how, after the victory at Sidi Barrani had laid the Italian garrisons in Libya open to a succession of envelopements, he cabled Sir Archibald Wavell quoting Matthew 7:7. He revealed that the British fleet (which German & Italian reports boasted had been driven out of the central Mediterranean by dive bombers) had at dawn this morning bombarded the docks and shipyards of Genoa without molestation by air or from "the elusive Italian fleet".

He told how President Roosevelt, in a letter delivered by Mr. Wendell Willkie, had quoted Longfellow's "Building of the Ship": "Thou too, sail on, O Ship of State Sailor, O Union, strong and great! Humanity with all its fears, with all the hopes of future years Is hanging breathless on thy fate!"

And his answer to Roosevelt in the name of the British people — "Put your confidence in us. Give us your faith and your blessing and under Providence all will be well. We shall not fail or falter; we shall not weaken or tire. Neither the sudden shock of battle nor the long drawn trials of vigilance and exertion will wear us down. Give us the tools and we will finish the job."

Earlier in the day came an affair of equal significance to Canadians. This day has been set aside in the province of Quebec as a day of prayer for victory. We heard a broadcast of Cardinal Mercier's sermon, urging all to unite and sacrifice for victory, and later there was a big military parade past the cathedral of Notre Dame. This reveals a profound change in French-Canadian sentiment since the 1914-18 war, when the Church exerted its powerful influence on the anti-war side.

Tuesday, Feb 14/41. The sun is getting warm now in the bright cloudless days & although there is much snow in the woods and on the dirt ~~less~~ roads, the asphalt highways are bare and even dry. This afternoon I walked to Five Rivers Bridge and back one of my favourite winter walks, about 12 miles in all; lovely weather, a S.W. breeze; I wore no coat & in fact took off my jacket for a trot now and again. Tonight a full moon, lovely on the snow.

The govt is putting on a strenuous campaign this week to persuade people to buy war-savings stamps, on a regular monthly basis. As part of the local effort, the Liverpool schools paraded Main St yesterday behind the town band, each youngster wearing a home-made placard on his or her back. Our Tommy's placard had a caricature of Hitler with characteristic open mouth, and the words "Plug this Mug with War Savings Stamps". He was awarded a prize - a war savings stamp.

Wednesday, Feb 12/44.

Last night's full moon was setting in the W.N.W. this morning at seven o'clock.

At 11 A.M. the crown prince and princess of Norway arrived in town to inspect the Norwegian naval craft here. (They came to Lunenburg by private railway car yesterday)

The Liverpool schools and the band and a great number of citizens assembled outside the Mersey Hotel, whose balcony was draped in bunting for the occasion. Mayor John More made a long rambling speech of welcome & was so overcome with the moment that he talked with his hands in his pockets all the way through and failed to see the prince's hand out-stretched for a shake. A little girl presented the princess with a bouquet of roses. The band, few of its members in uniform, the rest wearing a variety of clothing from mackinaws to leather jackets, toolled bravely a Norwegian national anthem.

Prince Olaf, in the uniform of the Norwegian navy, with a blue trench coat spoke to the crowd for a few minutes in fluent English, thanking them for their good wishes & particularly for the hospitality given Norwegian sailors here. The crowd gave three cheers, the band toolled God Save The King; the Royal party went into the hotel, there to face another reception, this time from the inevitable "upper crust" of the town, with wives, all anxious to rub shoulders with the visitors. Prince Olaf is a handsome man of 35 or 40, every inch a sailor with an easy presence. The princess is good looking though her nose is rather long. She looked pale, cold, & rather bored — for which one couldn't blame her much. They were accompanied by a staff of naval officers and one tall grey-haired officer in the grey uniform and tall peaked shade of the Norwegian army.

After lunch Mowbray Jones presented Olaf with a copy of my book "The Markland Sagas", the prince having made some reference to the ancient Norse visits to these shores. The mayor sent a car up to the house for me, wishing me to meet the royal pair, but I couldn't make it in time. Their special train left at 1:45.

Thursday Feb 13/41 Our snow has been fading under each day's sun; the snow fort and igloo I built for the kids in the garden are now a soiled & shapeless ruin. It seems early for the winter to break up. Tonight at 8 P.M. there was a lunar rainbow, very beautiful, the moon just two days past the full, and the spectrum appearing as successive collars of colour, brightest first, and fading off into the blue of the night. A faint scud hung in the east and southeast where the moon was just rising; elsewhere the stars very clear & bright. A lunar rainbow hereabouts is a sign of easterly weather.

Saturday, Feb. 15/41 Light breeze, heavy mist, rolling in from the sea this past two days. Fog-horn blowing at the harbour mouth, everything dripping bare ground sloping. Howland White informed the Advance editor that he had counted 21 robins in his apple tree — "a sign of spring". These were pine grosbeaks, a sign of winter, rather. There has been quite a flock of them hereabouts since New Year, in company with a few robins who stayed the winter.

Since the first of the year my agent in New York, Jacques Chambrun, has sold the Saturday Evening Post three of my short stories at \$700 (U.S.) each. Of this sum of \$2100, Chambrun gets 10% commission, and the U.S. government takes 5%, leaving me \$1785; but there is 10% exchange on the American dollar, so that my receipts will actually be \$1963.50.

One of my Post tales last year, "Tarker's Folly" was illustrated by Courtney Allen, of New Rochelle, N.Y. His painting of "Tarker" so delighted me that I asked Chambrun to buy & send me the original. He passed the request to the Post, who made me a gift of it, all ready to hang, framed etc., with their and the artist's compliments. It measures 41" x 22" inside

the frame, rather large for my workshop, nevertheless it hangs there now, above my desk. I had some trouble getting it through the local customs, as the Post had placed a value of \$100 on it in their declaration form, and the importation of paintings into Canada is forbidden by a war time regulation as a "luxury". I wrote Ottawa pointing out that it was a gift & finally they let me have it, but I had to pay duty on ~~the frame~~ \*4.53

Wednesday Feb 19, 1941. A rather breathless pause hangs over the war front. British troops are still advancing into Italian East Africa, but the Army of the Nile seems to have halted at or just beyond Bengasi, and the Italians & Greeks seem to have reached stalemate in Albania. Last weeks chief events were the ~~shelling~~ continued bombing of Italian ports by the R.A.F. and the landing of a small number of British parachute troops in southern Italy. The Italians claim these were all captured before they did any damage, but reports sifted out of Italy say that the British blew up aqueducts, railway bridges etc, and dislocated freight traffic on the south-eastern Italian lines for days. The British port seems to have a notion that Japan, now thoroughly established in French Indo-China & "peaceful-penetrating" Thailand, will attempt an invasion of the British and Dutch East Indies timed to coincide with the great German invasion of Britain. Some Australian naval units have been withdrawn from the Mediterranean, and a large force of Australians, of all arms, has just arrived at Singapore, together with infantry and artillery from India, and a "powerful" section of the R.A.F. "equipped with modern fighters and bombers".

Saturday Feb 22 - Sunday Feb 23, 1941. Went up to Eagle Lake. Highways bare and even a little muddy, but two to three feet of snow in the woods and a foot or more of ice on the lakes. Good snowshoeing. On Sunday Brent & Austin went to the foot of Long Lake on skates, then transferred to snowshoes & tramped to Duck Pond — just west of Bon Maturé Lake; they had a notion they would find plenty of rabbits there. Gordon & I worked all day getting a supply of firewood for next Fall's hunting; cutting swamp maple on the shore of a bay near the camp, dragging it in tree lengths over the ice to the camp, cutting it up with a bucksaw, splitting it and piling it. This is the kind of exercise I enjoy most. Brent & Austin arrived back at camp at 4:30 P.M., having eaten nothing since breakfast. They had one rabbit. The day was overcast. We heard aeroplanes flying above the clouds; we used to wonder why we hear & see so many planes at Eagle Lake. The answer is that it lies on the direct route between the Dartmouth and Yarmouth military air ports and there is a constant traffic back and forth across country.

Saturday Mar 1 - Sunday Mar 2/41. To Eagle Lake with Parker, Smith & Gordon. Snowshoeing good. Sun hot, and we sweated and puffed on the trail and at work. Finished our firewood cutting & saving. Parker carried his portable radio in to camp, and we heard how German troops were marching into Bulgaria with the admission of Bulgaria into the "New Order" of Herr Hitler.

Monday Mar 3/41. Bert Kenney, postmaster at Liverpool since 1913, is being retired. He is a little bright-eyed grey gnome of a man, who has never cared a hoot about the public, and the public are therefore glad to see him go. He operated the post office under some sort of contract,

by which he was paid a flat sum per year based on the annual receipts of the local P.O.; out of this he had to hire and pay his own help. I gather that for many years he made no more than \$1000 per year; but in 1929 the building of the paper mill suddenly swelled the population to a point where the annual receipts of the P.O. were at least 4 times as great. Kenney's ~~income~~ was revised per contract; he now received between \$4000 and \$5000 a year. The extra business created chaos in the P.O. however; Kenney did little or no work himself, and ~~so~~ he was reluctant to add to his self-paid staff; public outcry compelled him to take on another man — Bill Joudrey, a veteran of the First German War.

He paid Bill \$940 a year; and his two addle headed girl clerks \$780 a year each; a total outlay for wages of \$2500. So for the past ten years Kenney has been able to loaf in his garden (in Bishop's Drug Store in winter) drawing a cool profit of \$1500 or \$2000 a year on his contract. The govt (and public) got tired of this and have retired Kenney much against his will. The govt. decided that two good men with a girl assistant could handle the local P.O. easily. So three jobs were announced: a postmaster at \$2200 a year; assistant postmaster at \$1800; and a girl at \$500; the first two being the juiciest plums that had come this way for many years. It is like a pension for life, war or peace, prosperity or depression; many thirsted after it. Under the civil service ruling, war veterans (all other things being equal) have preference in govt jobs. Nevertheless, civilians Hector Dunlap, Richard Mulhall & another, sat today for the exams, together with war veterans Bill Joudrey, George Braine, Fred Ryan, Jack McGonigle. The examiners came all the way from Ottawa. My guess is that the jobs will go to Braine and Joudrey.  
(see Aug 23/41)

Sunday March 9, 1941 A long succession of sunny days had eaten most of the ice from our streets, in spite of temperatures ranging from zero to 20° above; but last night we had a blizzard, our first heavy snowfall in five or six weeks. It blew very hard, & when the wind went down this morning the snow changed to rain, which froze wherever it touched, making a beautiful "silver thaw".

I am told that the Mersey Co. this winter began logging the big hemlock stand around Coad's and Sixth Lake, which they acquired with the big Miller purchase. The N.Y. gov't tried to persuade Mersey to spare it, offering an equivalent amount of wood in Crown Land; the hemlock at Sixth Lake is one of the few virgin stands left in the province. But Mersey's woods manager, a Quebec man named R. L. Seaborn, refused on the grounds that the big timber was cheaper to log. This is sheer tree-murder, and a reminder of the way in which Mersey Paper is stripping the timberland without regard to the future.

Wednesday March 12/41 Another blizzard blowing great guns from NE and snow flying like salt. Cleared tonight, with a full moon shining on all the new snow, and thermometer dropping swiftly to zero.

Thursday March 6/41 Eddie's uncle, Ralph Parker Freeman, died in Toronto today. He was unmarried. He left Milton as a young man & went to the West, spent many years in the dry goods trade. In 1907 a man named Taber persuaded him to put his life savings into a business in Toronto, which failed completely. Together they ran a fruit farm for a time outside Toronto, later returning to the city. The Tabers felt a responsibility towards Mr. Freeman & he made his home with them to the

end of his days. For the past 7 years he has been bed-ridden.

Sunday March 16/41 A mild foggy day. Snow gradually disappearing. Drove to Lockeport this afternoon and had supper with Mr. & Mrs. Clement Crowell. He is supervisor of schools for Shelburne-Queens, a mild but energetic man, with close-clipped greying black hair & a healthy oval face with clipped moustache that matches his hair. In his left cheek is a deep scar, the mark of a wound received in the 1st. Great War. He is keen on his job and encourages unorthodox methods in the schools. He is fond of books, like me, and I enjoy his company.

Monday, March 17/41 A rather pathetic letter from Mrs. Farver (see entry for 6th) says they are in poor circumstances, and that Ralph Freeman on his deathbed made her promise to ask his people to help out with the funeral expenses. Edith's family are the only people he had, nearer than cousins. I bought a draft for \$75<sup>00</sup> which Edith sent. His cousin, Marshall Saunders, author of "Beautiful Joe", now living in straitened circumstances in Toronto, asked that his body be interred in the Saunders lot.

He was born in Milton in 1866, and when he died was engaged in writing reminiscences of that golden time, when Milton was prosperous in lumbering & shipbuilding, & the Freemans had a big house, servants, horses & all that went with the life of a well-to-do family in those times.

He was quite a Beau Brummel in his younger days, and preserved a courtly manner all his life.

Wednesday March 19/41 Last week it leaked out that certain merchants of the town, acting through the town officials, have been putting pressure on the government to have troops quartered here for training. The motive

was not far to seek — "100 or 200 troops at least" would require considerable food & other supplies; they would spend their money in the town stores, and there would be the matter of a barrack site, etc., — all offering a fine chance for profit. I wrote a rather angry letter to the Advance, dragging the thing out into the open, & pointing out that there is a seamy side to the life of a garrison <sup>TOWN</sup> which should be considered with the rest. I signed it "Citizen", and hoped to get some sort of response from the inert body of citizenry who let half a dozen merchants run the town and content themselves with grumbling about the results. But they remained inert. The merchants buzzed like a disturbed hive, and one pompous loafer, a war veteran named Charles Holden, wrote a long letter of denunciation to the Advance. His text was that "Citizen" wanted to obstruct Canada's war effort. I wrote a reply, but it was a pearl before swine.

Thursday, March 20, 1940. Today I received a compliment about my literary efforts that I regard above all others. One of my Saturday Evening Post tales has been translated into Braille. It appears in the March number of the Braille Magazine, published by the American Brotherhood for the Blind, and distributed free to the blind all over North America.

In a series of amphibious attacks, Italian Somaliland has been over run by our forces, & British Somaliland reconquered. Ethiopia is now being invaded from all sides. The main Italian force sits apparently in Eritrea, where they are putting up a stout battle for Keren, the key to Asmara, the capital.

In Albania the Greeks continue to progress slowly, despite heavy Italian counter-attacks, made it is said

under the eye of Mussolini himself. The German army is still concentrating along the Greek & Turkish frontiers, but apparently does not care to invade so long as the Yugoslav flank is unsecured. The usual Nazi pressure is being applied, by radio, newspaper, & diplomatic threats, to force Yugoslavia to capitulate like Rumania & Bulgaria.

The Greeks are talking cockily of beating off Hitler as they beat Il Duce, & there are rumours of a big British army - Wavell's Army of the Nile - now landing in Greek ports.

Monday March 24 to Monday Mar. 31st. Spent a week in Halifax. Everything hummin' there. Troops marching on all the roads, streets full of sailors, harbours & basin full of ships. Noticed two big battleships and half a dozen A.M.C.'s (armed merchant cruisers) amongst other naval craft. Aircraft buzz overhead day and night; at night the searchlights pick them up. The searchlights seem to be posted on the ridges south of the Arm, about the Basin & the ridge behind Dartmouth; quite a display. A boy from Whitstable, England, name Shirley Harnett, a gunner on one of the A.M.C.'s in harbour, came up to Mother's flat several times, & on Sunday I drove him over to Windsor & back to show him the country. He told some interesting yarns of the Iceland patrol.

War news of the week was the thrilling naval action in the Ionian Sea, when Mussolini's cut-and-run navy was overtaken at last & badly mauled - three 10,000-ton cruisers and two or three destroyers sent to the bottom, and a battleship badly damaged. Our ships apparently got in amongst them at night, & the action took place at close range by the light of searchlights. No damage or casualties on the British ships.

Thursday April 3/41 Our army in Libya has taken a set-back from Italian forces stiffened by German armoured columns. Bengasi has been abandoned by our troops. In Eritrea, Keren has been taken after a two-month attack, & the Italian army has abandoned Asmara, the capital, and

is retreating towards the Abyssinian highlands. Our troops are now penetrating Ethiopia from all sides in a race against time. The rainy season starts in a few weeks.

Jugoslavia has repudiated the agreement between her govt. and the Axis powers, by which German troops were to be permitted to infiltrate Jugoslavian territory for an assault on Greece. This is a severe diplomatic setback for the Germans, who were already celebrating in their press and radio the adhesion of J-S to the Axis.

Saturday April 5/41 Fine hot day. Went to Eagle Lake with Parker & Dunlap. River road a little rough but drying, the frost apparently out of it. Still much snow in the woods. Ice on the lake looks dark & rotten, has melted away from the north shore. We saw a duck dive, come up under the ice, and break through to open air. In the evening a pair of moose came & stood on the shore 60 feet from us, then went lumbering off across the swamp.

Sunday April 6/41 At camp, Parker's portable radio informed us that German forces simultaneously attacked Greece and Jugoslavia this morning. Belgrade is being ruthlessly bombed by the Luftwaffe and is in flames.

A bleak day, with NE wind. We walked out to Big Falls at 4:30 P.M. Tonight at 7:30 London announced what the rest of the world had known for days — Wavell's army of the Nile is now largely in Greece.

Wednesday April 9/41 The Germans have separated the Greek and Jugoslav armies, reached a point within 15 miles of the Italian outposts in Albania, and driven down the Vardar valley and captured Saloniaka — all in four days.

In Libya a German mechanised force, believed to contain two motor divisions, together with Italians from Tripoli, has driven east as far as Tobruk. In East Africa, Massawa has fallen to our troops & the 30,000 Italians of the Eritrean force, commanded by the Duke of Savoy, are retiring into Ethiopia. Addis Ababa is in our hands.

In their Libyan success the Germans apparently achieved a surprise; it had not been thought that such a large mechanised force could be assembled there. They claim 2000 prisoners including three British generals, one of whom, O'Conor, was the brain that directed the British victories in Libya last winter.

From the editorial page,  
Liverpool Advance.

April 9/41

A WORTHY TRIBUTE

LIVERPOOL  
ADVANCE  
EDITORIAL

APRIL 10, 1941

Not all that's gold glitters. Not all that reaches the front pages of the city dailies is news. This, possibly, should have been on the front page in large letters but here it is a humble tribute from what is known as a scribbler to a writer worthy of note. Liverpool is proud of Tom Raddall—his words will follow him. We might even say that Nova Scotia and the entire Dominion is proud of Tom Raddall, and rightly so. Tom has achieved fame as an author and those who follow his stories in Blackwood's, Saturday Evening Post and McLeans proclaim his worth. But to Tom Raddall the greatest tribute he ever received came last week when the Brotherhood of the Blind took one of his published stories and translated it into Braille. Thus any blind man in the world will have a chance to read with eyes that cannot see the story written by a Liverpool author. It is also interesting to note in this connection that one of Mr. Raddall's stories has been included in the annual volume of the twenty best stories of the year by the Saturday Evening Post. Congratulations!

\* \* \*

Tuesday, April 15/41. British troops under Gen Henry Maitland Wilson are now engaged in a violent battle with the Germans in Greece and their situation is critical. German aircraft are heavily bombing Piraeus, the British base port in Greece. Germans claim the Yugoslav army is now only a remnant about Sarajevo. Germans & Italians have joined forces in Albania, & the Greek army in Albania has had to abandon its

hard-won gains and withdraw to Greek soil.  
In Libya the well-prepared and surprisingly strong German  
thrust has now isolated a British force in Tobruk, and  
severe fighting is going on about Sollum.

The National War Services have just wound up their campaign  
for funds for 1941. This included the Y.M.C.A., Knights of  
Columbus, J.O.D.C., Salvation Army, Canadian Legion, all of  
whom put on separate campaigns last year, with resultant  
waste and trespass on the public's good nature & generosity.  
The N.W.S. objective in Queens County was \$6000. Over \$8000  
has been collected. Edith was one of the collectors in town.  
I was on the publicity committee.

J.H. Nowbray Jones came to me last Fall all hot and  
bothered about the need of air raid precautions etc. in Queens  
county. (see entry Oct 31/40) I saw no need of it but helped him  
draw up a scheme which he submitted to the town council.  
The council gave it some thought & pushed it back on him,  
telling him to go ahead & organise it, in the name of the town  
& the municipality. I'd told him last Fall that I would  
help in the event of an emergency such as a bomb raid, but  
I would not undertake any organisation work because I  
could not afford the time. I pointed out that I am a  
"primary producer" and "when I don't produce, I don't eat"  
in contrast to J.H.M.J. whose fat salary is assured  
every month, no matter how he spends his evenings.

Last night he & Harry Paterson called & informed me they  
were absolutely counting on me to take the post of "Sup' of  
Operations" — the most responsible job of the lot.  
I protested, pointing out that in addition to my other objections,  
I am now on the Naval List & likely to be called up at  
any time, whereas the first principle of A.R.P. work is that  
no one should occupy a key post who is liable to be  
taken for military service. Nowbray declared it was my

patriotic duty to take the job in the meantime, and weakly I gave in. Tonight we had a long session in the town hall — Jones, Paterson who is First Aid Chief, myself, Roy Gordon who is my assistant nominally but actually is Supt of Operations at Milton Longley Veinot who is Chief Warden. Mowbray talks as if Hitler's prime objective is the destruction of his mill and the town. Veinot, Gordon & I feel that the scheme should remain on paper until there is definite indication of danger. I pointed out that any air raider here would have to run the gauntlet of the Halifax air stations on the one hand and the Shelburne seaplane base on the other — a suicidal effort with no worthwhile target. Mowbray retorted that his mill cost twenty five million dollars (— a gross exaggeration; that is the capital of Messy Paper Co., which includes timberlands etc. plus the water in the stock) and we were overruled. Gordon, of course, as an employee of the mill can't talk back to J.N.M.J. Anna Paterson, a brisk little Scot, full of notions, holds a fat-salaried post at the mill also. We are to organise.

Tonight Tommy & Frances appeared in amateur theatricals at the parish hall; Tommy as Little Jack Horner, Frances as a bird, complete with a costume of tissue-paper feathers. Grandma Raddall is here for the Easter holiday & she & Grandma Freeman & Edith and Marie all attended and pronounced the show a huge success.

Thursday April 24/41 Drove mother to Halifax today  
Edith & the kids along. Lovely spring morning. In the afternoon  
Edith went shopping & I drove the kids around the Corm  
to Melville Cove, where we saw a grass fire set three or four  
wooden buildings alight. The city fire dept rushed out a  
motor engine, ladder truck, hose truck & saved all but one shed,  
which burned. The stone prison was in no danger, of course;  
it did not seem to be in use — no guards, & nobody on the  
island apparently except the family of the caretaker in the  
familiar red-shingled house on the hill. Coming back, I  
picked up 4 soldiers of the Gloucester Regt and took them

to their present quarters — Stadacona Barracks formerly the N.Y. Exhibition. They wore battle dress with GLOSTER in plain black letters on their shoulder peaks, said they had been in Halifax a fortnight. One doesn't like to question soldiers about their movements so I refrained from two obvious questions (a) what is the Gloucester Regiment doing in Canada (b) why are they quartered at Stadacona which is a Canadian Naval barracks

{NOTE: FOUND OUT LATER FROM A SEAMAN THAT THESE MEN WERE PART OF A GUARD TENT OVER WITH GERMAN PRISONERS FOR CANADIAN PRISON CAMP. THEY RETURNED TO BRITAIN ON A WARSHIP}

Returned to Liverpool this evening

Today's newspapers record the heaviest air raid of the war on London, with heavy damage and casualties; also the news that my old ship "Mackay-Bennett", which was condemned in 1923 and has since been used as a floating storage for cable, in Plymouth harbour, England, was sunk by a bomb recently.

Tuesday, April 22/4. The resistance of Jugoslavia is at an end. The Germans have set up an independent Croat state, and have ordered Hungarian & Bulgarian troops to march in and take over the job of policing parts of Jugoslavia. In Greece the Anglo-Greek army is falling back towards Athens after a bitter fight about Mount Olympus. The whole German weight has now been thrown against them, and it looks as if nothing but a Dunkirk miracle can save our troops. There has been criticism in England and Australia about the decision to send Naredi's Libyan army to Greece on a hopeless mission, leaving Libya and Egypt open to the German thrust from Tripoli, and exposing the fine Australian corps and others to almost certain disaster. Mr Churchill in the House of Commons today said that whatever the prospects, we could not have left the gallant Greeks to fight it out alone against the Germans and Italians.

Yesterday Admiral Cunningham (out Mediterranean Nelson) appeared off Tripoli and shelled the port for 40 minutes. In the Atlantic, submarines appear to be infesting the Cape Verde Island waters and are reaching farther west across the North Atlantic. We shall doubtless have them off our coast this summer. The U.S. has decided to establish air bases in Greenland.

The Mersey Paper Co's steamer "Markland" has been taken over by the British Shipping Board and left Liverpool yesterday to join a convoy presumably for England. Her captain and officers went with her; but most of the sailors and firemen, with amazingly poor spirit, quit the ship on Sunday. They were quickly replaced however.

(Note: "Markland" was released by B.S.B. without making a voyage; but later - April 24, early Boston)

Some days ago I wrote Kenneth Roberts, of Kennebunkport, Maine, congratulating him on his book "Oliver Olneywell", and adding that I had hoped to write that story myself. (It gives the Loyalist side of the American Revolution, a theme I had played with in one or two of my "Oldpost" tales in Blackwood's Magazine.) He wrote back urging me to "write the book I have been waiting to read", and passed my letter along to Doubleday Doran & Co.

D.-D.'s Tom Costaine promptly wrote urging me to do a book, & hinting delicately at a contract. I have resolved to do a book dealing with the Yankees of Nova Scotia and their painful position during the Revolution, squeezed by both sides.

Friday, April 25/41 Drove to Halifax this morning to help my mother move to a new flat on Chebucto Road. Spent the afternoon taking loads of old-a-brad over there in my car.

Saturday, April 26/41

After much trouble in engaging

a moving van, one Hoyt sent over a common trucking van with two young men, neither of whom had any experience in such a job or any energy for the task. I had to pitch in and help, & I think I must have carried half the stuff out myself (3 flights of steep stairs!) By tea time the job was done. A fine day, thank God. I picked up a cold germ yesterday & today's dazing in and out of a hot third floor flat, in shirt-sleeves and sweating, made a fine field for the germ to work on. I lay all night in a fever, blowing my nose.

Sunday April 27/41 A bleak day, SE gale with sheets of rain. Mum's stove not yet set up, awaiting plumbers, so no hot water for a much-needed tub. I felt rotten & the prospect of another day in Hfx. did not appeal. Jumped in my car & drove to Liverpool very fast - delirious part of the way. Arrived home to find Edith & the kids gone to Milton for the week-end! Tumbled into bed and put in another hellish night.

Monday April 28/41 Up & dressed after dinner, after 24 straight hours of nose blowing, sneezing and uneasy cat-naps. Feel better. Radio announces that the Germans have entered Athens and their columns in Libya have begun the invasion of Egypt which Graziani foozled so miserably.

Wednesday April 30/41 Prime minister Churchill has announced that 60,000 British troops were in Greece, and 48,000 were successfully withdrawn by sea. The rest comprised the rearguard, who held up the overwhelming German forces, in the pass of Thermopylae & elsewhere & are said to have inflicted terrific casualties on them.

Thursday May 1, 1941 The German columns in Libya, backed by many Italian troops, are making a supreme effort before Wavell's troops from Greece can re-fit, & before any substantial force can be brought from Ethiopia, where the Duca d'Aosta is now at his rope's end. The garrison of Tobruk composed of Australian and Imperial troops with some armoured units, are being heavily attacked, & the last ominous word is that the outer defences have been pierced. British main force, now concentrated about Sidi Barrani, is itself being hard pressed.

Tonight while attending an A.R.P. meeting in the police office of town hall I noticed on the wall a couple of rogues' gallery photos, and the following:

"SECRET" Royal Canadian Mounted Police (C.I.B.)  
"H" Division Halifax April 23/41

Believed to be now in Nova Scotia, acting as a spy or saboteur.

Werner Horn German Age 64 looks ten years younger  
Weight 180 to 190 lbs Height 6 feet Complexion fair  
Eyes blue Boil scar on left arm & thigh, scar  
centre back Slight slope forward, has military bearing"

This is none other than the Werner Van Horn, a German reservist who was hired by Franz von Papen, the German military attaché at Washington, in 1915 to blow up the railway bridge at Vanceboro on the Maine-New Brunswick border. He tried it Feb 2, 1915, bungled the job, was arrested, and in 1919 was sentenced to a term in Dorchester penitentiary. He was released in 1921.

Amongst the ominous news tonight is the report

Thursday May 8/44 Today Seth Bartling and a man named Charles P. Clarke called, and prevailed upon me to accept responsibility for an elaborate publicity program in Queens County in connection with the forthcoming Victory Loan. Yesterday I was appointed to the provincial committee of the Boy Scouts Assocn. (I am already one of the local executive) Because I'm a "writer" I'm automatically stuck with the publicity job whenever there's a drive for the Red Cross, Y.M.C.A., Salvation Army, & so on. I'm a trustee of the Queens Co. Historical Society, auditor of Trinity Church, superintendent of the local A.R.P. organization, & there's my Legion work. All these posts accepted in the name of duty. I'm always told it's my duty, at any rate. These are all worthy causes, no single job is particularly onerous but together they mean a continual business of phone calls, letters, meetings, etc., and added to the terrific distraction of the war itself I find it almost impossible to do any decent writing for myself. I have written nothing salable since January. God only knows what is to become of my living if this keeps up.

Monday May 12/44 An astounding bit of news from London reveals that Rudolf Hess, next after Hitler and Goering in the Nazi hierarchy, deserted his country in a stolen Messerschmidt fighter plane on Saturday night, & landed by parachute near Glasgow, Scotland. He broke his ankle in landing & was taken to hospital where he gave his name as "Horn". Later he admitted he was Hess and produced photographs etc to prove it. Meanwhile the German radio announced that Hess had taken a forbidden ride in an aeroplane & was presumed to have crashed. It added he had left behind a letter showing that he was the victim of hallucinations.

In Libya all is quiet with the beleaguered British division in Tobruk still holding out, and the Italo-

German forces stalled near Sidi Barrani. They are bombing the Suez Canal heavily at night by aircraft. In Ethiopia emperor Haile Selassie has returned with great ceremony to his throne in Addis Ababa. About 35,000 Italians are still holding out at Amba Alagi however.

In Irag, the pro-Axis rebel forces have been driven away from the Habaneh aerodrome & from the oil pipe to Haifa. The rebel Iraqis are iniquitous with busy Franz von Papen German ambassador to Turkey.

In the U.S. is a growing demand for U.S. convoys to Britain, while the isolationists led by Lindbergh are most vociferous against such a measure. Lindbergh declares that Germany will win the war anyhow, and the U.S. will be wise to stay out of it.

Over the past week-end there were terrific German air attacks on London, and Westminster Abbey and the House of Commons were badly damaged. R.A.F. night fighters downed more than 30 Nazi bombers in one night their best bag yet, but this was partly due to bright moonlight and dense flights of German machines; the problem of dealing with night raiders seems far from solution, and in the meantime London, Southampton, Portsmouth, Plymouth, Bristol, Cardiff, Liverpool and Glasgow — to mention ports — and Birmingham and Coventry — to mentioned industrial cities — are being bombed to ruins. On the other hand, the R.A.F. has been steadily strafing Kiel, Emden, Hamburg, Cologne & Mannheim with heavy bombs, and raiding the whole "invasion coast" from Narvik to Brest. At Brest they claim to have caught the German battle-cruisers "Schonhorst" and "Gneisenau" in dock, & scored hits with armour-piercing bombs.

Canada has begun its first real recruiting campaign, with an appeal for 35,000 men. Up to now, the

services have been able to get all the men they could house and equip, merely by single units announcing that they would take on so many men on such a date.

The last trio of Norwegian whalers are now at Thompson's wharf here being equipped for war and the girls sadly miss the strong of tall slim blond sailors.

Tuesday May 13/41. Meeting of the Victory Loan committee for Queens today, in a former jewelry store opposite the post office. This store, rented from Mrs. J.B. Harlow at \$50 a month, for 2 months, to serve as County headquarters for the loan. A phone has been installed, typist hired, and the government's paid organiser, Mr. Clarke, is in charge. Our committee — J.H. Mowbray Jones, chairman, Seth Bartling, G. Cecil Day, Rolfe Leaborn, myself. Queens County is expected to raise \$375,000; this figure apparently derived by figuring out Nova Scotia's quota on a per capita basis. This seems absurd in Queens where in spite of the highly paid paper mill staff, most of the people are poor. Lunenburg, for instance, is far better able to raise its allotment of \$4,050,000 than Queens to raise \$375,000. However we are going to make a damned good try & we shall see. The rate of interest on these bonds is still a secret; doubtless it is low. It won't need to be very high to better the banks' savings rate, which is now  $1\frac{1}{2}\%$ .

Tuesday, May 20/41. The Germans have attacked the British and Greek forces in Crete from the air, dropping troops in parachutes, gliders, troop-carrying planes. A stiff battle in progress; Cairo reports the situation is in hand.

The *Duca d'Aosta* has surrendered at Amba Alagi in Ethiopia with his troops. This leaves only remnants of the

Italian army of occupation to be cleaned up. The revolt in Iraq is still going strong, and Russia has "recognised" the rebel govt of Rashid Ali. The Vichy govt has given itself over completely to the Germans; German planes are now using Syrian air bases on their way to fight for the rebels in Iraq, and French ships have been ordered to scuttle if stopped by British warships.

I am deep in work re the Victory Loan. Tom John More, mayor of Liverpool is going to hold a two-way radio broadcast with the Lord Mayor of Liverpool, England, and I've written his speech for him.

My latest appointment - member of the Board of District School Commissioners for Queen's South - attested by a large, red-sealed document which requires me "diligently to perform the duties thereof".

Wednesday, May 21/41 Desperate fighting in Crete. British aerodromes there were so deluged with German bombs that our forces there are deprived of all air support. On the other hand our fleet has succeeded in beating off all attempts to land German troops and material by sea. Germans are still landing by parachute and in planes recklessly "crashed" on rough ground. Also they have seized one airbase and are landing troops there constantly from the air. The end seems inevitable if the Germans can keep up this flood of men from the sky. General Freyberg's New Zealanders & others, badly mauled in Greece, where they lost much of their equipment, are the garrison, together with some Greek troops. German command of the air prevents any reinforcement or withdrawal. It looks like a German full dress rehearsal for the invasion of Britain.

Today, Gordon Ronkey of West Dublin, M.P.P. for Lunenburg County, blew into Liverpool and asked me to help organise a recruiting campaign in Queen's for the army. He has been made

responsible for the work in Queens-Lunenburg. I am arranging for a special meeting of the Legion here to set up an organisation.

Everything seems to be happening at once!

Saturday, May 24/41

Pouring rain, thunder lightning, and temperature 40°. Bad news again; there has been a naval action off the coast of Greenland, in which the "Hood" - biggest battleship in the world - was sunk with nearly all of her crew. No other details yet, except that the big new German battleship "Bismarck" was engaged. "Hood" carried 1380 men, a terrible loss. German air invasion of Crete continues, & German radio claims many British warships sunk. London says their claims "exaggerated as usual" but admits we have had "some losses".

Tuesday, May 27/41

Mr Churchill announced in the House today that the German battleship "Bismarck" had been sunk in the Atlantic. He said, she and the cruiser "Prinz Eugen" were seen at Bergen from the air some days ago & thereafter a watch was maintained. When they were found to have left Bergen, our cruisers sighted them in the passage between Iceland and Greenland, where they were engaged by the "Hood" and Britain's new battleship "Prince of Wales". "Hood" was struck at 23,000 yards by a shell which penetrated the magazine & she blew up. "Bismarck" & "Prinz Eugen" then separated and escaped into the Atlantic. A plane from the carrier "Ark Royal" sighted "Bismarck" heading for France and the protection of German bombers, but she was attacked by torpedo-planes from "Ark Royal" & hit twice. Partly crippled, she was overtaken by our destroyers, who got in two more torpedoes, & finally sunk by gunfire plus a torpedo from the cruiser "Dorsetshire" as a coup de-grace, about 450 miles west of Brest. The British trap off Iceland had been carefully laid, but the German by good gunnery shot his way out of it, only to be caught in the Atlantic by overwhelming

forces converging from Halifax from Britain, and from Gibraltar. The Admiralty revealed this night, giving the names of our battleships with surprising candour.

At 10:30 P.M. everybody was at his radio to hear President Roosevelt's broadcast; even the Canadian parliament adjourned so that members could listen. Some had hoped that he would announce U.S. convoy to Britain, long a subject of bitter discussion in the U.S., which yesterday the German admiral Raeder declared would be an act of war. But Roosevelt confined himself to another vigorous denunciation of Hitler, another declaration that the Nazis planned to dominate the world and the U.S. would not permit such a dominion, hinted strongly that U.S. might assert soon its ancient right to Freedom of the Seas, and ended by declaring "a state of unlimited national emergency in the U.S."

The address was made in the White House, in the presence of Pan-American diplomats and their ladies, who could be heard applauding afterwards.

British naval losses in the battle for Crete so far, are two cruisers and four destroyers. With absolutely no air support our fleet was stationed between Crete and the German air bases on the Greek mainland, and subjected to a terrific pounding from the sky. In spite of this they managed to break up two large German attempts to land troops and material by sea, sinking a number of ships (some steam, mostly Greek fishing "caiques") plus a (presumably Italian) destroyer. Estimate that 5000 to 10,000 German troops were drowned in this attempt. But they are still landing troops on Crete from the air, have secured the aerodrome of Meleme & are landing troop-carriers on it in large numbers (One R.A.F. pilot counted 108 T.C.'s on the ground at Meleme).

The R.A.F. is sending long distance bombers & fighters, operating presumably from Cyprus. But the Germans have a very thorough command of the air over Crete and it looks as though Greypberg and his gallant troops are doomed to defeat once more through the failure of their own.

Thursday, May 29, 1941. The Germans have seized Suda Bay & appear to be masters of western Crete. Our cruiser "York" was sunk in Suda Bay by air bombs during the fighting. The destroyer "Mascot" returning from the "Bismarck" battle, was bombed and sunk, and another of our submarines is missing. All in all, the naval loss on our side in the past seven days has been very heavy.

This morning I drove to Shelburne & took Howland White along. Spent most of the day rummaging in the old books in the White attic. His father, Thomas Howland White, died last month, willing most of his books and historic bric-a-brac to son Howland. There is one other son, Whitworth, a simpleton of 35 or 40, a small wiry man with a curious narrow triangular face and a protruding lower lip. He runs a small bicycle-repair shop in Shelburne. The mother, a bright pleasant woman of 60, hopes to sell the house and wants Howland to remove the family treasures to his home in Liverpool. Inevitable, of course, but a great pity. The house and its contents are a museum and library illustrating the life of an outstanding loyalist family from 1783 to the present, and should be taken over en bloc by the government. Howland has no room in Liverpool for a tenth of the fine colonial furniture, let alone the wonderful collection of family portraits, miniatures, silhouettes, etc., and he has no room at all for the books, the chests of documents and the rest.

After lunch we drove out to look at the new defence works. Shelburne is being made a naval and military base, with extensive modern fortifications, a sudden injection of activity such as this sleepy old town hasn't known since the days of 1783. The inhabitants say, "Shelburne is coming into its own at last." Just past the poorhouse (site of old Governor Parr's estate "Bowood" in the days of '84) a contracting firm from Ontario are busy clearing many acres of bush along the shore, extending about  $\frac{1}{4}$  mile back from the water, and steam shovels, etc. are grading the slope down to the beach. This may be for the proposed sea-plane base. Farther along, past the inlets

harbour entrance where Sandy Point lighthouse stands on its little shoal; on the hump of the long barren ridge called Lower Sandy Point, we found another big job in progress — barracks under construction and concrete emplacements apparently for heavy guns. A camp of new light-brown tents housed a company of Canadian Garrison Artillery, and a steel-helmeted sentry with rifle & bayonet saw that no cars stopped on the road at this point. In passing through we were able to see a small wireless station, housed in a tar paper shack, and out beyond McPutts Island a destroyer steaming slowly back and forth across the ship channel. She looked like one of the 4-funnel destroyers received some time ago from the U.S. Navy. I understand that heavy fortifications, barracks, etc., are being built on McPutts Island also.

Shelburne is humming with excitement, but the older inhabitants are a little bewildered and even a little regretful.

I forgot to record that last night I brought the matter of recruiting in Queens before a specially called meeting of the Legion, in Liverpool town hall. It was agreed that the Legion would assist in every way, and a committee set up to make contact with the military authorities, although the unanimous feeling was that conscription should be introduced without further delay throughout Canada. The curious feature of this recruiting matter is that a man must travel to the army depot at Bridgewater, at his own expense, if he wants to join. So far, the army & navy have been able to get all the men they want, in this way. Many Queens County boys have travelled to Halifax at their own expense to enlist, as my wife's brothers did. At irregular intervals a recruiting officer for the army or air force has spent a few hours in the town hall, signing up men who had come in response to a small notice in the local paper, and taking them off to Bridgewater by car or truck.

Sunday June 1/29 Yesterday and today were our first warm days in weeks. We've had torrential rains, and temperatures dropping



**Deserve  
FREEDOM**

→ This is the gummed sticker we are putting on all our envelopes these days. It has a special significance in this Victory Loan campaign but it applies to all our war efforts as well.

June 1/41 (continued) below freezing point at times. There was ice on the puddles one morning last week.

Today the radio announced what we're expected for days - the withdrawal from Crete. About 15,000 of our troops were evacuated safely, but the report adds "Our losses were severe." In Iraq the pro-German usurper Rashid Ali has fled, the British troops are in the outskirts of Baghdad, and the rebel "government" has asked for an armistice. German aircraft have been assisting them, using French bases in Syria, and some German air-borne troops are said to be holding the oil fields at Mosul; but it becomes clear now that our stout resistance in Crete absorbed most of the German air force in those parts and the Germans missed a golden opportunity in Asia Minor by their concentration on the capture of Crete. (LATER: British admitted 10,000 wounded & missing in Crete - 15,000 men - safely evacuated - 17,000)

I've been busy about the town & countryside several afternoons, delivering posters, placards, hangers etc. advertising the Victory Loan. The government has been advertising extensively in the newspapers & magazines, & has mailed a booklet to every citizen, through the post offices. The banks also sent out a letter to depositors. For my part, I've (1) arranged for speakers at the local theatre every change of show, (2) sent a circular letter to all school teachers in the county drawing attention to an essay contest re the Victory Loan, for which prizes have been offered, (3) arranged for a circular letter from school-inspector Corwell supporting this, (4) asked through the local press that all citizens pull out

their flags and bunting & keep them flying till Queens County has reached its objective (5) arranged for all advertisers in the Advance, & Gold Hunter, to give the Loan a boost, (6) arranged for special Victory Loan bottle caps for the local dairy, which means 1000 caps delivered each morning during the campaign - 3 weeks, (7) provided the local theatre with slogan-slides to be shown on the screen between pictures, (8) written a radio speech for the mayor's greeting to Liverpool, England, which will be heard all over the world next Saturday, (9) provided feature articles to the Halifax dailies on Queens County's part in the Loan campaign, (10) bombarded our headquarters at Halifax with demands for a Bren gun, parachute, various types of shells etc for a local display (we had been promised that factory rejects of this sort would be "available"), (11) arranged for a six-foot "bronze" torch to be made in the Mersey workshops, this for use as a symbol before the town hall, (12) sent hundreds of the Churchill "Deserve Freedom" stickers to the mill the town office etc, to be pasted on all outgoing envelopes, (13) sent small pamphlet to the mill for use in pay envelopes, (14) placed a large coloured placard, banner or poster in every store & post office in the county (15) collaborated with the Legion Committee arranging for the mass meeting for the whole County on Sunday afternoon June 8th.

Tomorrow a host of canvassers all over the County will set forth, armed with application forms; if publicity means a thing, they should find a well-preserved field.

Wednesday, June 4/41 Returns of canvassers for Victory bonds in Queens County total \$125,000 already. On the flagstaffs of the Liverpool post office & the schools at Caledonia, Milton and Brooklyn, we are flying the campaign flag, which has a union jack in the upper left corner and a blue torch on a white field. The torch (suggested of course by MacRae's poem "In Flanders Fields") is the symbol of the campaign all over Canada; it is portrayed in posters and placards everywhere, and every bond-purchaser is presented with a miniature torch, in red-and-

gold plastic material with a stick pin, to be worn in the lapel or on the breast. The high-light is the carrying of a fine bronze torch by plane from Vancouver to Halifax, stopping at the larger centres en route for dedication ceremonies.

From Halifax it will be flown across the Atlantic to Britain and presented to Mr. Churchill with a scroll announcing the full subscription of the loan and a pledge of Canada's continued "all-out" support.

Canvassers are meeting with a good response, although here and there they encounter a petty "capitalist" who wants to know why the govt. isn't paying 5% interest as in the last war. (The present bonds pay 3% on the <sup>(two percent)</sup> 10-year, ~~2~~ <sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub>% on the ~~5~~-year.) An extraordinary pair of spinster came into our loan office on Main St., & after some dithering asked flatly if were true that "if people didn't buy bonds, the government would take it anyway". If true, they said, wild-eyed, they would withdraw their money from the bank and keep it in a trunk at home "where the government couldn't touch it."

When I was a youngster in Halifax, the high school cadet corps was a part of peace-time life; in fact every high school in the province had a corps in 1913. All this was dropped after 1918, though it has been revived in the city schools in recent years. But now the govt. is sponsoring cadet corps again all over the province, and in Liverpool, with the war nearly 2 years old, the high school boys have begun to drill. They have no uniforms or equipment, but form up, wheel, march, etc. on the school grounds and in the ball park.

Friday June 6/41 Newspapers tell us in Nova Scotia that May was the coldest May in many years. I had to order more fuel in the latter part of that month - a thing I haven't done in 14 years. Usually our two oil burners in the electric stove auxiliary provide sufficient heat during May,

with a fire in the living room in the evening, but today after we had shivered over oil-burners & fireplace several days (since June!) & both kids had colds, I had to light a coal fire in the furnace. Temperature was 40° or lower in the night.

The odd thing about this "coldest longest" spring is that it was unusually fine — there were no spring rains, & the lakes are all low, with prospects of a drought this summer — if indeed we are to have a summer.

Saturday Evening Post bought my short story "Sport" for a new high price of \$800 — adding in a note to my agent Jacques Chambrun, "hope this raise in payment will encourage Mr. Raddall to send us stories with somewhat greater frequency than he has done this past few months."

I have bought \$1000 of war loan bonds, maturity 1952, in two \$500 certificates.

British troops have arrived in Mosul, & Rashid Ali & his fellow conspirators, together with the German & Italian consuls have fled from Iraq to Iran.

The "survived government" of France at Vichy has announced collaboration with Germany, and Admiral Darlan has made a truculent <sup>SPEECH</sup> accusing Britain of coveting the French empire. Doddering old Petain is still the nominal head of this govt, but Darlan does the talking, and behind him stands the sinister Pierre Laval, an avowed enemy of Britain. French colonial governors have been called in to Vichy for instructions, and it is believed that the German infiltration by air into Syria is only preliminary to a general German control of all French colonies.

Saturday June 7/4 A summer day at last! Lovely. Tonight the band of the Canadian Grenadier Guards gave a concert before the town hall. One or two young army officers came with them to sign up recruits, but the only

attempt at a recruiting speech was a mumbled exhortation from the town hall steps by Charlie Holden - the town's prize loafer, who is of course chairman of the Legion committee on recruiting. Charlie's one effort to earn a living since 1918 was a few years as a bond salesman, selling mining stock. He got into trouble at that, narrowly escaped indictment, and the govt took charge of the insurance bond (compulsory in the case of bond & stock salesmen) & distributed it amongst various claimants.

Since then he has lived on his wife's earnings as a boarding house keeper. He is a big, dark, good looking man, fond of talking & inclined to be pompous, a good organiser when he sets his mind to it. He served in the 1st C.C.S. in the last war & for a time in an infantry unit; had a good record in the army, and apparently decided the world owed him a living.

Tonight the total amount subscribed to the 1941 war loan is \$169,000 — 45% of our \$375,000 objective. This compares very favourably with the percentage subscribed elsewhere. The subscription period ends June 25th.

Sunday, June 8, 1941. This afternoon we held a parade in Liverpool, followed by a meeting in the Astor Theatre, all to publicise the Victory Loan. The parade was led by four cars containing officials of the town & county, followed by a large float bearing a large "bronze" torch supported by an airman (Ross Putnam), soldier (Harold Harding of Milton), and sailor (a petty officer in the R.C.N. named Winters); then the three troops of boy scouts, a troop of girl guides, a long column of C.G.I.T. (Canadian Girls in Training) in dark skirts and middy blouses, bacheaded; then the Liverpool band and the Legion headed by the Legion standards. The torch was made by Moseley Paper Co. carpenters on their own time, the company supplying the material. It is a fine replica of the

torch now being flown across Canada, ultimately to be presented to Mr. Churchill in England. It stands five feet high, with an artificial "flame" contained by electric light.

The theatre was packed & there was a crowd in the street outside. For these latter we had a broadcasting car with four loud speakers mounted on its roof - all loaned by the C.B.C. The Astor's narrow stage had been extended outward, all draped with flags, and a small rostrum with the loud-speaker "mike" on a metal stand beside it. On the stage were Mayor More & the various speakers. I was chairman - drafted by the Legion committee. We sang hymns, also "Land of Hope & Glory" and "There'll Always Be an England" - the words thrown on the screen from the picture booth. Rev. J.M.C. Wilson of Trinity Church prayed for victory. There was a little ceremony with the torch, which was passed up to the stage by Legion veterans and received and placed by the three young men in uniform, with its flame shining bravely. Rev. R.M. Johnston of the Disciples of Christ church, Wellton, spoke briefly and a collection was taken up (amount \$76.00) to be divided equally between the Queen's Fund for air raid victims in Britain, and ~~for~~ the Legion's general-purpose fund. The chief speaker was the Rev. Capt Buchanan Carey, former minister of St. Andrews, Picton, and now an army chaplain. A tall thin man with a long nose, and rather bald, with close-clipped grey hair. A fluent and forceful speaker.

It was a warm muggy day, with a light mist drifting up-river from the sea to combine with the smoke of a bush fire at Beech Hill, filling the whole town with the odour of burnt brush.

I forgot to record last night that the transatlantic broadcast took place at 11:15 P.M., with short addresses of greeting between the mayor of Liverpool S.Y. and the Lord Mayor of Liverpool, England - Sir Sydney Jones. Owing to Mayor More's ill-health (he is now almost blind) the local

greeting was made by Dr John Wickwire, deputy mayor, who has a fine voice & made a good job of it. His voice was recorded on wax here a few days ago, and the actual broadcast was made from Halifax.

Monday June 9/41 Officially the King's birthday, and personally my wedding anniversary, therefore a holiday on two counts. A big Victory Loan parade in Hfx. announced to start at 10.30 a.m. - daylight saving time - which is 9.30 in Liverpool. We were up before 6, getting the kids ready, giving the car windows a rare wash, etc., & got away at 6.30 arriving at 9 our time. We picked up en route a volatile lady, who stood by the road and gave us a most entreating look - and all the way to Hfx. insisted that she "thought we were Mister Pulssifer." We got sick of him. However, we found a good spot to see the parade as it marched up Camp Hill past the hospital. It was a fine show & gave us our first glimpse of the new army; the Regina Rifles, Canadian Grenadiers Guards, Princess Louise Fusiliers & Governor General's Foot Guards marched in full battle kit, at attention, with rifles sloped & bayonets fixed. The men sweated in the muggy overcast weather, & looked a bit grim as they reached the crest of Camp Hill after the long grade up Spring Garden Road; but they were bronzed and sturdy, marched perfectly, and altogether made a splendid impression. Each regiment was headed by its own band, & followed by its own Bren gun carriers & lots assorted motor transport. A detachment of Royal Marines in dress uniform made a fine impression, & all the naval detachments marched well, including an armed detachment of the Royal Norwegian, & another of the Royal Dutch navy. The air force made a fine show, marching in their separate units - R.A.F., R.C.A.F., R.A.A.F., R.N.Z.A.F., and Fleet

Air Arm. There was a battery of motor-drawn field artillery, & sundry ground equipment of the air force including a searchlight truck & a "snow-blower" for clearing air fields in winter.

A detachment of the Veterans' Guard looked very smart, and I never saw a finer group of men than the Mounted Police who marched on foot like the rest. Then there were the Halifax school cadets, about 500, very smart in new uniforms and carrying the same old "gallery-ammunition" Enfields that were issued to us in those same schools in 1914-1918.

Incidentally, the P.L. Fusiliers (& I suspect other garrison units) were carrying Ross Rifles. There were troops of Sea Cadets, Girl Guides, Boy Scouts. There was a troop of young women, very smart in khaki caps, tunics & skirts — a volunteer organisation of very military creatures whose sole job, so far as I can learn, is the driving of officers' cars. Another group wore a sort of skirted Air Force uniform, with F.S. on their shoulders — which we decided meant Female Soldier. This is also an unofficial corps raised by young women anxious to wear a uniform. Inspection confirmed what a young Air Force corporal said of them, — "a few peaches, and the rest of 'em lemons."

But they took themselves very seriously & marched extremely well, with a most rigid eyes-front gaze.

There were a number of decorated floats. Best was a huge affair from the Halifax Shipyards showing men busy at various jobs including (to our kids' delight) welding and rivetting. Before the show started, we saw one of them on its way to the place of assembly; its piece de resistance was a dummy Hitler hanging from a gallows, and Tommy was delighted. But apparently the parade marshal thought it in bad taste, for when it went by, Hitler was missing, & Tommy mourned. Between 6000 and 7000 people took part in the parade. The city was full of visitors & townsfolk on holiday, so we had our dinner

on the road home, at Johnston's, somewhere near Timberlea. This is a typical roadside resort - a central dining room and a long row of "overnight cabins". There was a restless black bear in a cage at one end of the grounds, and a small brown monkey moored to a stake at the other. We had a good chicken dinner & drove home, turning off the main highway at Mahone, & visiting Madoc's Cove, Martin's Brook etc on the way via Lunenburg. The cloudy sky showered a little, but not enough, & as we approached Liverpool we could see the smoke of the bush fire at Beech Hill, bowled along by a westerly gale.

Yesterday British & Free French troops entered Syria from Palestine in an attempt to forestall the Germans. Vichy has ordered its garrison to fight.

Tuesday June 10, 1941 Drove to Lockeport this morning to make a round with Clem Crowell, inspector of schools for Queens & Shelburne. A bleak grey day, with a bitter gale blowing from the north-west, and occasional showers. Left the paved highway at Jordan Falls & drove through Jordan Ferry and Jordan Bay. Crowell stopped to have a small (one volume) encyclopaedia at the Jordan Ferry school, while I inspected the churchyard. At Jordan Bay we came upon a schoolhouse, lonely in the great barren which covers most of the peninsula. The view is broken by straggling clumps of pine, spruce & hackmatack. The building was about 50' x 25', painted in brown & buff, with two front doors, one for boys, one for girls. Inside we found the teacher sitting on a low dais between the doors, a draughty spot, and a long way from the big camp stove, which crackled cheerfully at the other end of the room where the chimney stood! There were two rows of double desks at each side of the stove-aisle, providing seats for 40. Only 9 boys & girls were visible. Some of the

younger ones got out at 11 A.M., the teacher said. There was a blackboard behind her dais; and others between the side windows (three windows each side) consisting merely of black paint applied to the wall boards. The blackboards held a frieze of flowers and landscapes done fairly well with coloured chalks, and the walls were covered with posters on diet, behaviour, etc. issued by the Junior Red Cross Society. The room was well lit; the wind whistled at window and door, & I wondered what the place was like in winter. The teacher was a well-built girl of 23 or so, with heavy gleaming auburn hair & a ready smile that exposed most of her upper gums. She gets about \$500 a year, pays \$3 a week board. The trustees are "a little slow" with her pay but — a cheerful smile — she will get it all right. Crowell had some of the kids read for him, tried others on arithmetic, & all on history — trying to link local history with the stuff in the book. There is none of the old-fashioned barking inspector about him. The teacher went over her own activities aside from teaching — so many dollars collected for the Red Cross, a War Savings certificate purchased in the name of the school, a new oil-cloth purchased for the shelf by the door, where the water bucket stands, with tin wash bowl, soap and a paper-towel dispenser. She teaches nine grades in this one room. She is a graduate of Normal School & comes from Port Latour. The children are poorly dressed but very clean, & seem intelligent. Their fathers are fishermen. The school is placed here in the barrens in order to be equally accessible to all the scattered homes of the section.

We drove on to Shelburne via Sandy Point, where we found the new barracks & gun emplacements taking shape. The tents of the soldiers, flogged and strained in the cold gale sweeping down the habour, & the helmeted sentry was muffled in a great coat and looked frozen in spite of it. (The temperature when I left home this morning was 38° Fahrenheit.) From the camp, the white-capped sea and

grey sky made a Novemberish scene. Opposite Bell's Cove, the site of the seaplane base has been cleared of stumps and its thin soil revealing the mass of rocks which underlies all this stony country. We had lunch in the Atlantic House, where the dining room was full of army contractors, engineers & foremen busy talking shop in subdued tones.

In the afternoon we drove to Churchcove where Clem inspected the school & I the graveyard. ("Where are the snows of yesterday?" — in the graveyard at Churchcove, many Snows, also Warringtons) Then to Gunning Cove where we found the school closed — teacher sick. Then on to Carleton Village, where we hired a boatman to take us over to MacNutt's Island. The boatman & his brothers, tall, intelligent brown men in the early thirties, pointed out the neat house south along the shore — "Bowers' farm" which local tradition says was the site of Alexander MacNutt's home in early provincial days. They say MacNutt's grave has washed away, & most of the ancient cellars. There is a heavy erosion along this shore, "ever since the eel-grass died (in the late 1920's) between here and the island, there's been nothing to check the sea." They showed me a cherry tree old and gnarled, sticking out of the beach amongst seaweed & raffle, & said it stood in what once was a field before their house.

We put off in a dory to a roomy fishing boat, puttered across the west (false) passage into Shellbone — very shallow & obstructed by reefs & sand spits — anchored inside the sand spit on the NW side of the island (with two grapnels, owing to the high wind & rough sea), & in the dory went to shore, landing on the kelp rocks right behind the little schoolhouse. A tall old man named Snow, with stooped shoulders & twinkling little grey eyes, awaited us by the shore, in the comfortable lee of a shed. For 45 years he has been the patron saint of the island school, goading

the few families into raising funds, keeping the books of the "section", & begging for a teacher year after year. The school is small, so is the pay, & the island life is hard & lonely. Teachers are hard to get and harder to keep. The present teacher, a Carver girl from north Queens, has been here 3 years, a miracle. She has just 4 pupils, all bright & interesting kids, very clean but poorly dressed, & the boys ragged. The teacher has done a good job, and the kids are a credit to her. She boards with a family about 4 miles away, & in winter the men break trail in the snow for her. The school is laid out like the one described at Jordan Bay, but is only about 20 feet by 15. It is very light inside, & the usual big camp stove fends off the cold of this most frigid June. The war has made big changes here in this remote place. The army contractors are building fortifications at the S.E. end of the Island, & Merrill Rawding of Liverpool has a pile-driving outfit at work at the N.W. end, where a wharf is being built. A road of beach cobbles has been built from end to end, & motor trucks go by the little school in their endless passage through the island woods, hauling loads of rock and gravel from the west side beach.

Returned to the mainland at 4:30. Home at 7.

Wednesday June 11/41. Another bitter cold day with N.W. gales, temperature 45° at noon. Tonight the Canadian Legion held its election of officers in the Masonic Hall. Smith, Parker & I ~~had~~ and Jack McGarry have kept the local branch going for several years, but now that the war has awaked old soldiers' interest, many old members are coming back & several new men have joined <sup>the</sup> chief amongst them Charlie Holden. Charlie & a group of friends declare the Legion here needs new blood and a new policy, and propose to put on a campaign for funds to build a brick club-house. Smith, Parker & I, oppose any appeal to the public for such a purpose now. After the war, when the new crop of veterans is coming home, will be the time for that. The matter was discussed with some heat at a recent meeting, but we

of the "old order" were out-voted. So tonight when I was elected president of the branch on Bill Jeudrey's motion, I declined the honour; Parker declined the vice-presidency, and Smith has resigned after 11 years as secretary-treasurer. Holden becomes president, Mc Garry & Bill Jeudrey vices; the sec-treas. post goes a-begging.

The installation of the new officers was performed by a delegation from the four Halifax branches of the Legion, who came 40 strong in a bus, & marched along Main Street headed by their flags & a pipes. The installation ceremony was chiefly performed by a thickset, bald, clean, grey-eyed man named Bray, a former head of the Legion in Ontario, & now in Halifax on business of the Pensions Board. There were delegates from Lunenburg County branches, & a delegation to bring up the matter of recruiting - consisting of Gordon Remkey, Major Mc Neilly, and a younger officer who hid behind a luxuriant dark moustache at the back of the hall. Neilly is in charge of the regimental depot of the W.N.S.R.C't, at Bridgewater, a slim blond man who won the M.C. in the last war & looks much younger than his years. A good fighting officer, I should say, but not much of a manager. He informed us that he wanted recruits from Queens County, that he hadn't time or inclination to make a recruiting tour, & that in effect it was up to us to go out & persuade young fellows to enlist, then bring them to Bridgewater - for which journey each car-owner would be allowed 6 cents a mile, "or 10 cents a mile for trucks". This sounded pretty lame to me and to many another present. Recruiting should be done by men in uniform, armed with proper authority. In the meantime, while Neilly sets Micawber fashion at Bridgewater waiting for men to turn up, Queens County boys are leaving every day to join the Air Force or the Navy or the Forestry Corps or various home guard units.

The whole business of recruiting so far has been strangely lackadaisical when it comes to actual field work, though the newspapers are shouting in large paid advertisements for men, and posters depicting a stern young man in a tin hat and a heroic attitude are demanding recruits in every shop window. Two explanations occur: (a) that Nova Scotia, having already enlisted more men per 1000 of population than any other province, is purposely not being canvassed hard, and (b) the govt realise the need for conscription but feel they must go through the form of voluntary enlistment first and for this reason aren't anxious for the voluntary system to succeed too well in certain areas. Romkey (M.F.P. for Lunenburg County, who is the appointed recruiting organiser for Queens-Lunenburg) confessed to me that his own scanty and contradictory instructions have baffled him like all the rest of us.

After refreshments — rum punch, coffee, sandwiches, hors d'oeuvres etc — we all went home at midnight.

Thursday June 12/41 The dull in the air was about western Europe continues. In Syria, the British & Free French forces are being resisted with varying determination by the Vichy-govt forces. German air units in Syria said to have withdrawn to Greece. In Iraq the pro-Nazi rebellion seems crushed. The last Italian port on the Red Sea, Assab, fell yesterday. Scattered Italian garrisons in Ethiopia are still holding out.

The Liverpool high school cadets paraded through the streets for the first time this afternoon, fifty strong, in new uniforms (khaki slacks, tunic & forage cap with brown leather belts) and to the beat of a lone kettle-drum. They looked very smart. Their rifles have not yet arrived.

Total Victory bonds sold to date in Queens County — \$250,000. Still \$125,000 short of the objective, with another ten days to go. This is a little better than the average for all Canada.

TODAY WAS FINE AND WARM, OUR FIRST REAL SUMMER DAY, AFTER WEEKS OF COLD WINDY OVERCAST WEATHER.

Friday June 13/41 It is confirmed that the American steamer "Robin Moore", bound from New York to Capetown with a non-military cargo, was sunk in the South Atlantic by a German submarine on May 21st. The U-boat commander gave the crew & passengers 30 minutes to get into the boats, & then torpedoed the ship. After 18 days in an open boat, 11 survivors reached Brazil. This is the first American ship to be sunk by the Germans in the present war. The U.S. govt is said to take a grave view of it.

Sunday June 15/41 The Army of the Nile made a sudden attack tonight on the Italian-German forces in Libya. British aircraft have resumed large-scale bomb attacks on French & German objectives, breaking the strange lull. The Germans are sticking to small scattered air raids.

Monday, June 16/41 Drove to Halifax this morning for a week of research at the Archives. I noted this afternoon that King's University buildings are occupied by naval officers in training. A naval sentry guards the Spring Garden Road gate, & another strikes ship time on a large brass bell mounted on the portico of the main building, and there are the usual bugle calls for meals etc. I'm told this is the case with ~~ST. MARY'S~~ college also. It is for the duration of college holidays relieving temporarily the pressure for quarters. The city is jammed with army, navy and air force men. A large wooden camp is under construction in the hollow waste land on Windsor St. just opposite the railway roundhouse & shops; this is for airmen forming a "manning pool" comprising R.A.F., R.C.A.F., R.A.M.C. and R.N.R.A.F., awaiting shipment overseas. A detachment of Canadian Grenadier Guards is camped in tents in the Wanderers' Grounds. But no attempt has been made to cover the Commons with military huts.

as in the last war.

Tuesday, June 17/41 The British drive to the relief of Tobruk in Libya seems to be stalled just inside the Libyan frontier. Heavy fighting with much armoured equipment, is going on. The French are putting up a stiff fight for Damascus against the British and Free French forces.

Friday, June 20/41 British attack in Libya has subsided & the troops have withdrawn to their original positions inside the Egyptian frontier. French still fighting hard in Syria.

Halifax has been sweltering in the summer's first heat wave ever since I came up here. The Archives building fortunately is a big cool building & I have a little room to myself where I sit & peck out notes on my portable typewriter. Professor Harvey, the archivist, is a tall well-built man of 50 or so, with hair cream-coloured rather than white. His complexion is coarse, with a pitted skin tinted red by grog-blossoms, or something unhappily like them, & his nose is quite magenta. His eyes are grey & his eyebrows thick and black and the interstices of his lower teeth are stained brown with pipe-smoking. He teaches history at Dalhousie, & has a didactic manner, speaking slowly as if to give you time to grasp what he says.

I have heard people complain that Harvey is of little help to the humble soul seeking knowledge within the archives, & I think he is too much absorbed in the social side of N.S. history on which he writes very precise essays in sonorous English. (He likes to read long excerpts of his own writings aloud to you) I once heard him speak of the late Harry Piers, curator of the N.S. Museum for so many years, as an "antiquarian", rather contemptuously; though Piers was an archivist of no mean ability & was for a long time before Harvey's day a willing and down-to-earth informant

to the ordinary seeker after knowledge. Harvey has been very courteous to me, & anxious to help; but the help of his assistants young Doctor Jim Martel, & Margaret Ellis, is much more useful to me because more imaginative.

I called on W R MacAskill, the celebrated marine photographer, at his summer home, which sits under the seaward rampart of York Redoubt in the shadow of Stella Maris Church & its twin white wooden towers. Nearby, the harbour boom defence a double row of steel nets supported by many buoys & floats, is moored to the rocks, & MacAskill can sit on what he calls his "top deck" and watch the convoys go and come from a "ringside seat." The cottage is hung with hundreds of photographs & paintings of ships, with ship models in niches here & there. MacAskill is a big man with a red face and a short roman nose, & speaks in a light mild voice. His wife is a few years younger — 40 or 45 perhaps — an exotic creature. A figure once good, but now spreading in the middle, despite corsets of a severe kind was caged in a tight black silk dress, extremely short. Her well-shaped legs were shaved and powdered and bare. Her opulent bust was contained in one of the brassieres now fashionable, which squeeze ~~the~~ each breast upto a long out putting cone. Her face is rectangular, with large cheek bones, heavily painted. She speaks with a strong accent French or perhaps Russian. It is said that she paints MacAskill's pictures for him. All I can say is that she makes a very poor job of her own face.

In seeking a place on the narrow (& very bad) road to turn my car I blundered into the fort area, which is screened from the road nearly everywhere by a thick mass of pine, birch & other scrub hardwoods. A young sentry of the Canadian Grenadier Guards, helmet full pack rifle & bayonet, in the hot summer evening, ordered me off, with a most suspicious voice & eye. On the homeward

way I picked up five soldiers of another regiment from Quebec, who jabbered in French all the way from the Redoubt to Purcell's Cove.

Saturday, June 21/41 Home this afternoon in a blazing sun; & of course had a blow-out on the road near Chester. Before leaving, I got photographs of myself, head & shoulders, for the Toronto Star, which wants to run a short biography & picture in connection with a story of mine.

There are rumours (mostly from Ankara) that German & Rumanian troops have invaded Russia. Berlin & Moscow preserve a complete silence. A report from Helsinki says the Finns are mobilising. It is said that Germany made sudden demands on Russia for the yielding up of the Ukraine and the Baku oil fields; that Sir Stafford Cripps, British envoy at Moscow, flew home by way of Sweden some days ago to acquaint his govt. of the new and startling turn of events.

Sunday June 22/41 A burning day after a stifling night. It was hot at 7 A.M. In mid-morning we fled to the little wooded peninsula at Garters Beach, Port Mouton, where we were joined in the afternoon by the Duplays, Pigkens, Johnsons and Williams. It was hot even there with a warm wind from the west. At 9 P.M. we returned to town, where the temperature in our bedrooms was still 88°, and spent a sleepless night.

At 11 P.M. we heard the radio news for the first time, today, & learned that Germany, with the assistance of Finland & Rumania, had attacked Russia on a front extending from the White Sea to the Black Sea. Hitler made one of his bombastic broadcasts, claiming that Russia had played England's game all along, & that Germany was about to purge the world forever of Communism as a Christian duty; he added that this latest & biggest of his ventures will be all over in a month.

Russia broadcasts that she has been caught unawares, trusting in the non-aggression pact which she & Germany so cynically signed, but that she will fight - and win.

Mr Churchill (whose voice we heard in a re-broadcast) says that he had repeatedly warned Russia of her dangers; he says that he doesn't abate a bit of the opinion of communism he has held for many years, that he considers Communism, Nazism & and Fascism all one thing; but he added, any nation fighting Germany is our ally, and we shall help Russia in any way we can. The under-current of his talk, with the warning of dangers to India which he had been making over & over again the past spring, left a strong impression that Churchill thinks Russia will crumble under the German attack like all the others.

The actual German attack on Russia began at dawn this morning thus following Hitler's queer hunch - always to begin a new move on a week end - which has turned up trumps for him every time so far.

Tuesday, June 24/41 Weather still fine, but much cooler - temperature 45° last night. Little news from Russia about the great invasion. Germans claim to have captured Brest-Litovsk in Russian Poland & say they have broken through the Russian army. The British are in Damascus & are within 10 miles of Beirut, in spite of stiff French resistance. In Ethiopia British troops have taken Jimma, with 8,000 Italian prisoners.

Canada's Victory Loan has gone over the top with a bang. The result in Queens County:

|  |            |
|--|------------|
| Subscriptions from citizens                              | \$ 385,000 |
| Subscribed by Jersey Paper Co                            | 300,000    |
| Allotted from subs. of national insurance companies etc. | 120,000    |
|  | \$ 805,000 |

Our county objective was \$ 375,000, including everything.

Wednesday June 25/41. Owing to the shortage of tankers, we are warned that oil & gasoline may be rationed in Canada and the eastern States; and in Canada at least the govt has forbidden new installations of oil-burning equipment for heating etc. This is the first restriction of the war — after nearly 2 years. Food remains plentiful, even sugar which some folk rushed to buy when war began. Stores & mail order catalogues exhibit the usual wide range of goods. Prices in general are about 10% higher than is all. There was talk of a shortage of motor-cars, due to the factories being switched to tanks, trucks and army cars; but Thompsons, the Chevrolet dealers in Liverpool, tell me they have sold 60 cars so far this year, their best spring season in years, and all delivered and more available. It seems strange to us who remember the shortages of the last war. But then North America was feeding and supplying half Europe. Now Europe is in enemy hands, Britain is striving by home production and rigid rationing to support herself, and the barns and warehouses on this side of the Atlantic are fairly bursting with goods to sell.

Wednesday June 25/41. Sunny weather with cold winds. Temperature tonight 38° Fahrenheit. Glad of a fire in the fireplace & oil burners going in kitchen and office. Russia & Germany each claim success in the great battle of the eastern front, but give little or no detail. The British are bombing Germany heavily & are conducting daylight raids on the so-called invasion ports on a large scale for the first time.

There is a deep mystery about the "Bismarck" affair in May. Some of the British ships engaged came into Halifax after the battle, & men on shore leave declared that "Bismarck" had 2500 men aboard — 1000 more than her normal complement. From time to time since, the Admiralty has curiously announced the sinking of 8 ships, from a trawler to a small German liner, "supply ships to the Bismarck". Rumour says the Germans had

planned a raid, with landing parties, near Halifax; but that sounds absurd. My guess is that the game was to seize the Canaries or Azores by one of those wild coups which have so often succeeded.

Saturday, June 28, 1941. Mystery still hangs over the Russian front, with Berlin claiming a crushing victory and Moscow admitting only a withdrawal from the forward zone in Lithuania & Poland. Neither side gives details. Today in Liverpool we have had the first bit of intelligent recruiting for the army. A detachment of the St. John Fusiliers, 150 strong, arrived by road this morning in 20 or 30 motor vehicles with 2 Bofors guns and a field cooker. They bivouacked in the school grounds & are sleeping tonight in the old Congregational church, which after a ramshackle career as an Oddfellows Hall, then as a garage, was taken over by the military authority at Bridgewater a few months ago. They had a fine band with them & paraded through the town in the morning & again this evening, when Charlie Holden, aided by loud-speaker equipment, made a recruiting speech on the school grounds. A large crowd hung about the bivouac all day, including our delighted Tommy, who got his dinner at the field cooker with the rest of the troops. Tomorrow the unit goes to Caledonia. These soldiers are mostly boys, of town physique, but brown and fit-looking. They are armed with Ross rifles, otherwise had the latest equipment. (RESULT, FOR THE WHOLE COUNTY — 48 RECRUITS)

Wednesday, July 2/41 The position on the Russian front is that German & Finnish troops are storming Murmansk and threatening Leningrad from the north; the Russians have been driven out of Poland and Latvia; the Russian centre has been pierced by powerful panzer columns, which have taken Minsk and are now pushing on to Moscow.

Terrific fighting is going on. Mr Churchill sprang a surprise by transferring General Wavell to the command in India, and appointing the Indian C.-in-C., General Auchinleck to Wavell's post as C.-in-C. at Cairo. Some think Churchill foresees the collapse of Russia & wants Wavell at the new point of danger; others say Wavell bungled the defence of Crete, and of Libya; also there is the costly failure at Sollum June 17-20, and the indecisive progress in Syria.

Here in Liverpool there has been a storm in the tea-cup of Trinity Church. About a year ago, when Canon Spur left, Bishop Hackney persuaded the congregation to adopt a scheme he had cherished for 16 years — a sort of apprentice school for parsons. The Rev. Wilson arrived & took over the parsonage with his family, and five young men, divinity graduates, who were to live in makeshift quarters in the parish hall & eat at the parsonage. The young men were to be called deacons, they were to serve 2 years in all phases of the active work of the parish, & would then be ordained & appointed to churches elsewhere as priests. All went well for a year, though the new regime included some extremely "high church" ritual, & Wilson & the young men wore a very Roman-looking garb. Wilson, a soft-spoken man of 50 or so, dark, with a squint, devoted himself mainly to the "gentility" — "Fort lunch" — i.e., the Bartlings, Jones' Seabomes, Waters <sup>etc</sup> & others who live in the fine homes towards Fort Park. (In sharp contrast to the late incumbent, Spur, who devoted himself to the poor) The young deacons called with great energy on the rest of the parish, & were very popular.

But for reasons still unexplained, the deacons fell out with Mr. Wilson, their "director". They wrote the bishop asking for a change in their conditions & failing an answer, went in a body to see him at Halifax. He received them harshly, & dismissed them not merely from "Trinity House", but from his diocese. This created resentment in Liverpool,

and tonight there was a meeting of the congregation in the Parish Hall, Mr Wilson presiding, with Bishop Hackenley as the star speaker. It was a stifling evening & the hall was packed, mostly with women. Hackenley is a tall spare man very proud of his "fighting Lancashire blood", but his face is the face of a Connecticut Yankee, long, shrewd, stubborn. His lank grey hair is brushed in a great shining lock over his right temple; his eyes are hard under bushy brows, & glare at you through a pair of metal-rimmed spectacles; his nose is long and underneath is a steel-trap mouth. His voice is shrill and harsh. He thrust back his coat and with fists on hips opened his discourse by shouting that he had not come there to defend his actions, & sweeping the silent company with a defiant smile in which I could see nothing but self-satisfaction and intolerance. He declared that if the young men's careers were ruined it was their own fault, that he had felt impelled to administer sharp discipline (with another terrible smile) and he did not propose to reconsider. He admitted that the Trinity House scheme was ruined for the time being, "because there is a sad lack of young men studying for the priesthood". His whole attitude was one of impatience and self-righteousness, and there was something sadistic in his frequently intoned references to the ruin of the five young deacons. Altogether he gave a very disagreeable impression to me. Finally he sat down, head on hand, slouched sideways and glaring at the floor. Mrs "Tammy" Watson got up and made a plea for the young men, asking if any effort had been made to discuss grievances with them. To this Mr Wilson, in his soft voice, made a dissembling reply, and then, before another word could be said, R. L. Heaton (one of the "Fort bunch" and a warden) moved that the congregation express confidence in His Grace by a standing vote. This was insidious, for a vote by secret ballot was the only real way of finding the congregation's mind, faced

as it was by Wilson and the archbishop at close quarters. The result was interesting, a study in mass psychology. Most of the people were definitely sympathetic towards the deacons, and manifested it by violent & spontaneous applause when Mrs. Watson got her word in edgways. But now, the "Lost Bunch" & some others — perhaps one-third of the gathering — stood up, & the rest looked at each other, red-faced, & got up slowly in twos and threes until a good two-thirds were on their feet. John Hackney smiled his fierce smile, thanked them, reminded them once more that he had come to explain, not to defend his actions, & that was that.

Thursday July 3/4. Germans claim 500,000 Russians cut off in Poland and in hopeless position. British very quiet, except for R.A.F. bombing raids on Germany nightly, & daily attacks on French objectives, under fighter escort, and hotly contested by German fighters. German air raids on Britain have been slight for weeks.

My American sales, which constitute my chief source of income, are since May 1<sup>st</sup> subject to a 15% U.S. tax. As my agent gets 10% commission also on the gross, it means one-quarter of my earnings gone before the money touches my hands.

Saturday July 5/4. I sent an outline of my proposed historical novel to Tom Costain of Doubleday, Doran and Co., New York, at his request (See entry April 22/4). He writes back offering a contract at the usual royalty, wants to handle all subsidiary as well as book rights on the usual percentage basis, & is prepared to advance me \$500 against royalties.

All this seems premature; I have an ingrained dislike of counting unhatched chickens.

One of my tales, "O'Shaughnessy's House" appeared in the Toronto Star Weekly of June 28th. The Star bought it and then proceeded to mangle it, even to the title; a fearful mess.

Monday, July 7 - Friday July 11, 1941. Spent these days  
in Halifax, hunting material for my novel, in the Archives  
& in Dalhousie library. Everybody very helpful especially  
Jimmie Martell, assistant archivist, at whose house I met  
an Englishman named George Barrett, & his wife, a young  
physical-instructor at Dalhousie. Barrett & his former wife  
wrote the book "They Shall Inherit the Earth" a tale of  
Loyalists in Nova Scotia. They were all full of enthusiasm  
about my proposed book & bubbling with ideas.

Halifax swarms with troops & sailors & airmen.  
The lively Prince Edward Island Highlanders have gone from  
Dartmouth, rather to Dartmouth's belief, & their place is taken  
by the Governor-General's Foot Guards, much more orderly.  
The Canadian Grenadier Guards are still very much in evidence,  
but the eye is taken by the Irish Regiment of Canada, raised  
I think in Montreal. They wear a dark green beret and  
kilts of a peculiar brown-yellow tartan. Most of the troops  
are in light khaki shorts and tunics & look very brown & fit.  
The town swarms with young Australian airmen in their  
distinctive dark blue.

My sister Hilda now has a secretarial post in the  
supply office at the Navy Yard at \$90 a month.

Two young seamen have been coming to Mother's flat, making  
it their headquarters when on shore leave. They are on one of  
the A.M.C.'s — I think the "Auronia", which patrols between N.F.  
and Iceland. One is a relation of ours, Shirley Harnett; the  
other is his chum. Both are gunners. Harnett arrived last week  
looking dead on his feet; had 2 days shore leave & spent it asleep  
at the flat. His ship had taken a bunch of airmen to Iceland,  
which now seems to be a half-way house on the Atlantic route  
to England; and while steaming along in the middle of a  
convoy of tankers, the whole lot were attacked by a flock  
of U-boats. Nine or ten of the tankers were torpedoed in a  
few minutes; the sea was covered with oil, which caught

fire, & the poor devils in the sea and in lifeboats were caught in the flames. The rest of the convoy steamed on, unable to stop, & Hartnett had the horrible experience of standing at his post at a forward gun, & seeing the whole terrible business. He couldn't get the screams out of his ears for days. For reasons he didn't explain, his ship was at sea much longer than they had expected, & she got back to Halifax after 7 straight weeks of sea, much of the time on short rations.

There is little war news to report. Newspapers are calling the Eastern Front "the mystery war". Germans claim they have heavily defeated the Russians, cut off one whole army in Poland, taking 300,000 prisoners, & are pushing on to Moscow. Russians say they made a fighting withdrawal, as planned, to a prepared position deep in Russian territory known as the Stalin Line, and inflicted heavy casualties & damage on the German war machine. They claim to have fought the Germans to a complete standstill on this line.

On the [8th July] an American force arrived in Iceland to take over occupation from the British. Presumably this means the U.S. will also undertake active convoy work between America & Iceland, which will be a big help.

In Syria the British forces are slowly closing on Beirut, & the Vichy-French are stalling for time by asking terms of an armistice.

Saturday July 12<sup>th</sup>/41. Germans announce they have renewed their great attack on the Russians, say their panzer divisions have broken clean through the so-called Stalin line, & are now pushing on to Leningrad, Moscow & Kiev, and add that the Russian army shows signs of disintegration. The Russians are silent on these specific claims but say the Red armies are intact & have inflicted a million casualties on the Germans - a fantastic figure. The German report is probably true. Their army reports (as distinct from their navy & air force)

reports have been terse and accurate all through this war, with no false claims except perhaps the Hitler-announced casualty list, which has in each invasion been absurdly small.

Monday July 12 to Thursday July 24/41. Edith & I took a trip by car to Prince Edward Island and the isthmus, where I wanted to do some research for my proposed novel. Took the ferry from Caribou (near Picton) to Wood Islands, P.E.I. (the docks for which were only completed a few months ago). Traveled the eastern end of P.E.I. by the shore road, stopped a couple of days in a cabin beside Cardigan River, visited Souris, then Charlottetown. Visited Cavendish, where L.M. Montgomery's old home, known as "Green Gables" now if not then, is the P.E.I. provincial shrine, surrounded by a 9-hole golf course owned by Canadian National Parks. Stopped a day or two at Shaw's Hotel, Brackley Beach, where the most interesting visitors were young air instructors from the Charlottetown R.A.F. training field — all veterans of the 1940 air fighting in Belgium, France and Britain. Then west along the paved road to Alberton & by dirt road to the very tip of North Cape, & by the shore road along the S.W. coast thru Elmsley and West Point. Stopped a day in Summerside. Then by ferry from Borden to Ternentine on the old car ferry, built in 1915. (The new one, "Charlottetown", which cost something like \$1,500,000 sank off Port Mouton this May or June after striking a rock en route to St. John for dry-docking. It was foggy weather & old Capt. Read was too close in. Some Port Mouton fishermen offered him a tow, suggesting that he beach her at Carter's Beach, opposite the anchorage within Spectacle Island. Old Read doddled over a possible claim for salvage, for 32 hours, and then permitted them to get their lines aboard. But after a short bit of towng, she sank, & is considered a total loss.)

We called on Dr. J. Clarence Webster at Shadiac & talked history for an hour or two in his lovely home. Stayed a day in Moncton, saw the famous "box" - which was just that - and tried our car on the so-called Magnetic Hill, a quaint experience. Three days in Sackville, while I perused material in the Fort Beausejour museum library and typed 14,000 words of notes. Home by way of Parrsboro & Five Islands, a lovely drive. Had only one wet day. (All this tops set forth in detail elsewhere.)

During our absence we bought newspapers and listened to radios wherever available. The news, in sum, was that the Russians are still giving stiff battle before Leningrad, Moscow & Kiev, while Britain has launched a heavy air offensive over Germany and occupied France, by day as well as night.

At home in Liverpool there was a shocking murder at Weston Head — Willard Freeman Colp, 31, killed Roland Gilbert Coolen with a club. Said to have caught Coolen with his wife.

Wednesday, July 30/41. Liverpool is increasingly busy on war work. ~~Stedman~~ <sup>the Foundation Company</sup> has contracted to build about 100 scows for use in unloading ships in Bedfod Basin, and thus relieving congestion at Halfax wharves. They had taken over the old bucket factory site at the Parade & is building a machine shop behind Dave Dynes' store — so Shipyard Point once more fulfills its historical function. Several scows also are being built at Stedman's usual building site, the shipyard on Bristol Point, rented from Fred Ryan. Stedman <sup>where the foundry</sup> employing about 200 men. Thompson's have completed their contract on the Norwegian whalers, <sup>are</sup> now awaiting the arrival of naval draft which they are to overhaul; & in the meantime they're building three 48-foot motor launches for naval harbour patrol work, modelled rather like the Cape Island boats. The recruiting office in the old Congregational church

is busy signing up men for the army, & there are rumours that we shall have a full company of infantry stationed here next ~~winter~~ winter.

The shortage of aluminium for war purposes has caused an energetic drive, country-wide, for old pots & pans. In Liverpool the Kiwanis Club has erected a sort of wire heat cage on the town hall lawn, and people are invited to toss their old aluminium ware over the open top and into the cage.

The "V-for-Victory" craze, started originally by British propagandists broadcasting to German-occupied countries in Europe, is spreading everywhere. The idea is to chalk V's up everywhere, make V signs & put them up in prominent places, top it off in Morse (3 dots & a dash) whistle it ditto, and in fact make a fetish of V-for-Victory. Here in Liverpool the I.O.D.E. has asked the town to set up a big V in electric lights on town hall.

The heavy sinkings of oil-tankers in the Atlantic have produced an oil-shortage in the northern States and in Canada for lack of carriers. Pipe lines are being rushed from New Jersey to Montreal, & from Portland Me. to Montreal. But this is not a solution of the problem. In Canada, govt. has forbidden service stations to sell gasoline or oil between 7 p.m. and 7 a.m., on week days, and they must remain closed all day Sunday. People are being urged to use their cars less, & to drive 35 m.p.h., to save gasoline. In the U.S., Mr. Ickes is threatening a gasoline-rationing system.

Yesterday (29th July) the big Telfer brove woodwork factory at Bridgewater burned. Fire engines from Liverpool & elsewhere went to help. People in Liverpool smelled smoke & thought it was from the Telfer fire; but to-day there was a smoky haze & a faint reek of burning brush, and to-night's new moon hangs like a slice of blood orange in the

north-west sky. Since there are no serious forest fires anywhere in the Maritimes ~~this smoke must be from the great fires in Ontario and Quebec~~ (<sup>THIS SMOKE PALL WAS NOTICED ALL OVER THE MARITIME PROVINCES, AND NEWSPAPERS LATER REACHED IT WAS FROM FOREST FIRES IN QUEBEC</sup>)

A 2 masted American schooner went ashore off White Point yesterday: mistook the lights of White Point Lodge for those of the Mersey Paper Co. & thought he was entering Liverpool. That is the skipper's story, anyway. But Mersey mill has been blacked-out ever since war began; and anyhow, if he could see the Lodge lights he could see the navigation lights of Port Mouton, which are utterly different from those of Liverpool. An insurance job, says the Liverpool waterfront. Her name - "Margorie Parkes"

The Duke of Kent has arrived in Ottawa after crossing the Atlantic by plane. He is to make a tour of the dominion inspecting air stations of the Empire training scheme.

Friday Aug 14 Took my mother home by car, & left Tommorrow with her "to be called for". Returned to Liverpool in the afternoon through a thunderstorm and pelting rain.

The Vichy govt has surrendered Indo-China to Japan, and large & well-equipped Jap army & naval forces have arrived in Saigon & Camranh Bay. As a reprisal the U.S., followed by Britain & the Netherlands, have shut down on all trade with Japan. The Jap newspapers are belligerent. There are rumours that all this "march to the south" conceals a Jap preparation for attack upon Russia.

The Russians are still holding Leningrad, Smolensk and Kiev, are counter-attacking at some points, and the Germans admit their advance has "temporarily" halted.

The 3rd Canadian division has arrived in England in the largest convoy yet to cross the Atlantic.

Here in Liverpool, the West Nova Scotia Regiment operates a sort of recruiting and preliminary training depot, in the old Congregational Church. Twenty or thirty local boys do a certain amount of drill there, living at home.

They are outfitted completely as soon as enlisted. Their rifles are the short .303 bolt-action Model 1917 made by Winchester for the U. S. Army in the last war.

Monday, Aug 4/41 Japan has completed her occupation of French Indo China & is now making the usual preliminary demands on Thailand. The cessation of trade with Japan has caused a run on the silk stocking counters all over the U. S. and Canada. Reason: no more silk. Japan's monopoly on silk has been threatened for the past year or two by an American artificial silk called Nylon, said to be superior in looks and wear to the natural product, and it may prove to be the solution of the ladies' problem.

Tuesday, Aug 5/41 Germans have switched their efforts from the great battle of Smolensk to another pincer drive on Kiev, also another sharp thrust south of Leningrad. Finland severed diplomatic relations with Britain some days ago, a process foreseen, for the country has been under German occupation several weeks, & Finnish troops have joined Germans in the advance on Leningrad. British planes are including Berlin in their night-bombing schedule from time to time. Ethiopia, Eritrea & Italian Somaliland are now completely in British hands. So is Syria, which is being administered by General De Gaulle and his Free French. Germans have proclaimed martial law in Norway, due to "disturbances".

Sunday Aug 10/41 To Halifax in pouring rain this afternoon by car. Tonight at George Barratts for the evening.

Monday Aug 11/41 All afternoon at the archives re material for my book. This evening at 7:30 I gave a talk on the Norse voyages to America over the national

network, from the C.B.C. studio in the Nova Scotian hotel. Announced, John Pringle. Engineer, a gruff cross-eyed person with a high-pitched voice named MacDuff. Afterwards went to Jimmie Martelly, and Fletcher Coates came in and we had beer and talked till midnight, mostly about radio plays.

Tuesday Aug 12/41 Drove home, bringing Tommy, who had a fine ten days with Grandma Raddall. She had taken him all over the city & he'd ridden in street cars, and gone up & down (many times) in elevators, & had a memorable trip on the Dartmouth ferry, & climbed up the Memorial Tower in Fleming Park!

All war attention is on the Eastern front where the Germans are striking hard and continuously at the Russians. General opinion is that Russian armies will be annihilated before winter.

In the far east, Britain has moved some warships to Singapore from the Mediterranean, & the U.S. Pacific fleet is "at sea". Japanese newspapers are truculent, openly forecast war within a few weeks at most.

Wednesday Aug 13/41. A person named Elizabeth Long wrote & asked me to call on her at Little River where she is "taking a week's rest"; she is from the "Sales Department" of the C.B.C. & wants to discuss further broadcasts. I went this afternoon & found her at R. D. Sperry's a ramshackle old farmhouse on the south ridge with a splendid view of the river, the beach & the bay. It was sunny but the west wind was strong & cold & we talked indoors. Rather, she talked. She's a short, square-built woman of 35 or 40, with large & soulful blue eyes. She ratted on for 2 hours, I don't know what about, she could talk more and say less than any female I ever met. I escaped, falsely promising that I'd think up some subjects for further broadcasts & let her or

Morrison know. This is the second daffy interview in two days with people from C.B.C. The first was Roy Smith, who called at my house, announcing himself pompously as a "regional representative" & wasted my afternoon. I soon recognised him as the Roy Smith of Annapolis, who had made a hectic living for himself for years with crooked pulpwood contracts. (He helped Mercury Paper for a big sum in my time here.) He talked vaguely but weightily on all sorts of subjects. I think all he came for was a drink which he got. Having run the pulpwood business to death, he had (on his own confession) severed the old school tie (McGill) at Gladstone Murray and got himself installed on the C.B.C. payroll. He knows nothing about radio and admits it.

Tonight the temperature is down to 40° Fahrenheit, a clear starry night & everybody shivering.

President Roosevelt is at sea on one of his yacht holidays & there are persistent rumours from the States that he & Churchill are holding a meeting at sea. Certainly both he & Churchill have disappeared into the blue. Shelburne folk say the presidential yacht lay in the outer harbour all last week-end.

Thursday Aug 14th. 1941. It is official that Winston Churchill with high staff officers of the British army & navy, aboard Britain's new battleship "Prince of Wales", met somewhere in the North Atlantic the U.S. cruiser "Augusta", having on board President Roosevelt with high American army and navy officers. The meeting was on August 10th & was probably off the N.Y. coast. The purpose is stated vaguely to be a "clear statement of aims in the present world crisis"; but Roosevelt is expected to make a more detailed statement when he comes ashore. The British were permitted to "break" the news of the meeting with a statement by Mr. Aitken in the House of Commons.

It is an open secret in Nova Scotia that the extensive harbour works, seaplane base, fortifications, now in progress at Shelburne, are for the use of the U.S. navy.

Friday Aug 15/41. A sunny day. Weather for the past week has been too cool for the beach, but this afternoon we took the kids to Carter's Beach for a picnic & dip.

The Germans are still striking great blows at the Russians, & the southern Russian armies are in full retreat through the Ukraine. Germans claim to be in the outskirts of Odessa & Nicolaiev, which if true means large Russian forces cut off in Kieff, and the Crimean peninsula about to be isolated & perhaps over-run.

Elsewhere, nothing but bombing raids by the R.A.F. on Germany. The inactivity of British armies along the Channel & in the Libyan desert baffles everyone. It is reasoned, "if we can't strike a blow now, with the Germans obviously fully occupied with Russia, what are we going to do when Russia is licked?"

Churchill's answer is that ye must prepare for an invasion of Britain by Sep 1st.

I hear that the old Liverpool marine slip, disused for several years and now <sup>tenanted</sup> by the yacht club, is being taken over by the government, who will erect a new slip & workshop for the repair of naval craft.

Work on the big wooden scows is being rushed at Shipyard Point, with a day shift & a night working by flood-lights. Foundation Company of Canada (which built the Mersey mill & the power developments up-river) has the contract for ~~these~~ scows. Stedman Gardner is merely one of the foremen. Many car loads of B.C. fir are arriving for the job.

For many months there has been a deliberate "slow production" in certain Cape Breton mines. The company, the

N.S. govt, the Dominion govt have appealed to the miners' patriotism in vain. The miners want exorbitant wages and conditions, but apparently the chief cause is a squabble between two unions. Public opinion is disgusted. Why doesn't the govt take a firm stand? After all, there is a war. The govt's weakness (or uncertainty) is the cause of growing dissatisfaction all over the dominion. One result of the Cape Breton affair is that Mersey Paper Co., a big coal consumer, has to import American coal, for the first time in its history.

Sunday Aug 17/41 A rainy day, which we spent with the Parkers at their Summerville Beach cottage. There was thunder & lightning, & afterwards a fine rainbow with one foot on the land and one on the sea.

The British are lending £50,000,000 to Russia, and the U.S. is sending various material including oil - which sounds like coals to Newcastle. All must go by Vladivostock, and Japan's reaction will be interesting. Moscow is ominously silent about the Ukraine front, where Berlin claims smashing victories.

Submarine warfare between Halifax and Iceland has ceased like magic since the U.S. garrisoned Iceland and assumed part of the patrol. Roosevelt's dramatic sea conference with Churchill has aroused the U.S. isolationists to a new fury of bitterness. The isolationists are holding great meetings up & down the country. The god of this movement is Charles Lindbergh, and Senator Burton Wheeler of Montana is its prophet. The movement has mailed millions of printed postcards all over the States, to be signed by the recipient and re-mailed to their congress men; these cards denounce Roosevelt's foreign policy. Many of these cards have been sent to men called up for training in the U.S. army, and the U.S. army commandant, General

George Marshall has called it bluntly "treason"

The various public opinion polls, chief of them conducted by one Gallup & known as the "Gallup poll", indicate that about one-half the American people agree with Roosevelt's policy; the rest are opposed or doubtful. Nevertheless a huge preparation for war goes forward in all parts of the U.S., with every evidence of popular support.

There has been no tuna-angling at Liverpool this year, and only a little at Wedgeport, though there are many American tourists. To visit Halifax and see one of the convoys going out is the star attraction of the continent.

Since Feb. 2nd. I've heard nothing from Ottawa about my application for naval service; I've been told since that I should have pulled political wires, which seems a comic way to get into a uniform, though popular in Canada, they say.

Wednesday Aug 20/41      Nicolaiev is in German hands and Kess and Odessa are doomed, together with many Russian army units cut off by the successful German thrust. General Budenny is withdrawing behind the Dnieper River & Moscow claims he has preserved his army intact. In the extreme north there is fighting at Novgorod, which indicates that Leningrad is now menaced from the south. All quiet along the Channel in Libya, and in the Far East. Some Italians are still holding out in Ethiopia, at Gondar. The R.A.F. continues its nightly bombing of Germany, its daily "offensive sweeps" over France.

Prime minister Mackenzie King flew to Britain yesterday to confer with Churchill & his cabinet — first flight anywhere for cautious little M.K.

In Nova Scotia this month there has been a record tourist business. One sees American cars everywhere & many from Ontario & Quebec. Chief attraction is Halifax, with

its manifold army, navy & air activities; and "a convoy going out for Britain" is a star turn for every visitor.

Saturday, Aug 23/41. Cool, sunny weather; fog often coming in at night & burning off about 9 a.m.

The position of postmaster in Liverpool (see March 3/41) goes to Jack McGarry. He had a fine record in the last war, (which satisfied the "Returned Soldiers' preference" clause in civil service requirements) and - equally or more important - he had the backing of George Clements, in whose store McGarry has worked for some years as a meat-cutter.

Clements is one of the liberal patronage committee for Queens. There is some heart-burning amongst the other candidates for the job.

According to London radio, Mr Mackenzie King addressed a parade of Canadian troops this morning, somewhere near Aldershot, England. His opening remarks were loudly boozed; but the men cheered when he suggested that they might see some action soon.

Submarine sinkings very light this month. German activity west of Iceland ceased utterly when the U.S. undertook patrol of that part of the convoy route. The long daylight in northern latitudes enables the British to maintain a pretty thorough air patrol over the route from Iceland to Britain.

Sunday, Aug 24/41. Lovely sunny day with west wind. Roy Gordon & I, with Sonny, spent the whole day at Indian Gardens, rummaging for Micmac arrow-heads, etc., taking a canoe from one side to the other. Made tea & had lunch by a fire on the site of the old drivers' road through Telfer field. Water in the N°1 dam is dropping despite the rains, & Eddie Veinot, the middle-aged blue-eyed toothless "Dutch" foreman, told us that it was now about level with the bottom "step" of the log sluice. A boom of 1000 cords of pulpwood was coming down the

big lake in tow of the big diesel boat & a Russell boat, and that would be the last until higher water. (Lake booms average this, but when Rossignol is high, they can tow 1500 cords at a time)

Russia is hard pressed, but fighting magnificently. Leningrad is now menaced from 3 sides. The Russians cut off in Odessa by the German thrust to Nicolaiev, are making things hot for Rumanian, Italian, Slovak, "Spanish Volunteers" and other German "allied troops" who are left to mop up behind the German advance. Slovaks & Spaniards have been sent home, bluntly declared by the Germans to be "unreliable".

There have been serious anti-German demonstrations in Paris, a German staff colonel was stabbed to death in the Paris underground, & German occupation authorities have demanded strong action. The Vichy govt, now avowedly a dictatorship under Petain (actually under Pierre Laval and Admiral Darlan), is complying dutifully; thousands have been arrested & placed in concentration camps as "Jews and Communists" in the familiar Nazi-Fascist formula. It is believed that soon France under Petain-Laval-Darlan will proclaim itself formally an ally of Germany.

Tonight we heard Mr. Churchill in another of his stirring radio talks referring to his meeting with President Roosevelt, hinting (not too delicately, but delicately) of armed American intervention in the war at some future date; stating that Britain will join with the U.S. in war on Japan if it came to war; urging the conquered peoples of Europe to resist in any way they could, and promising them deliverance. He declared that a million or possibly two million Germans had already bitten the dust of the Russian plains. (These are the Russian estimates, in which no one here has much faith though it's certain the Germans have lost heavily and the Russians terribly.)

Significantly the Churchill speech as re-broadcast from Moncton, N.B. ("C.B.A") at 10.30 p.m., was preceded

by the customary warning to "all light keepers in the East Coast area" — "instructions A, are to be carried out, A - for apples". This we all believe, has to do with the departure or arrival of convoys off the east coast, and is always preceded & followed by a bar or two of "Rule Britannia"

Monday, Aug 25/41. We were awakened about 2 a.m. with a noise of planes overhead, circling & returning; and somebody rang the town fire bell. There was no sign of fire in the town & we went back to bed. At 7 a.m., about daylight, there was a redoubled sound of planes & we learned that an R.C.A.F. bomber had been abandoned by her crew over Liverpool at 1:30 a.m., & the other planes were searching for the wreck. While so engaged, a small yellow twin engined plane of the R.C.A.F. spotted two of the parachutes hanging in the trees on First Beech Hill, & nearby, two fliers standing beside a fire they had lit. The yellow plane banked sharply and her lower wing tip struck the tree tops behind an old abandoned farm on First Beech Hill. The plane plunged 150 yds through the tree tops, then emerged into the old farm pasture on rising ground, minus one wing. She struck her nose with great force and somersaulted across the field, flaming & flying to pieces for a distance of 100 yards. One engine, one gas tank & the aluminum tail framework & some of the metal sheathing of the cabin came to rest on the old cellar wall of the long-vanished farmhouse, and two bodies were found, badly burned, in the ruins. The other two men were flung forward beyond the cellar and across the road, together with the second engine, the radio set, and two gas tanks; the bodies were terribly mutilated, almost decapitated. All this happened without sight of the two survivors of the first wreck. One of these men had a sprained ankle, the other was unhurt. Those others of their crew had bailed out before they jumped; all landed safely — one at Western Head, one in Whynot-Town, and

one at Shafords on the old Beech Hill road just above town. Gordon & I drove out to Hunt's Point church & walked 2 or 3 miles along the old Beech Hill road to the wreck. We had our woods kit with maps & compasses, & were prepared to search for the still missing first plane, which must have come to earth pretty near Beech Hill. The Mounted Police were on guard over the wreckage, & we were told that plane N° 1, had been located from the air. The old B.H. road is in bad state, fit only for trucks, nevertheless a swarm of sightseers was pouring upon the scene, some by car, some by bicycle, some afoot, laughing, chattering, peering morbidly at the bloody soil (partly covered with brush) where ~~were~~ the bodies lay. Many. Edgar Wright, the undertaker from Liverpool removed the bodies. The police would permit nothing else to be touched, & the ground was littered with pathetic relics — a felt-lined flying boot, parachutes still folded in the packs, a pocket-book, two grey dress caps of the R.C.A.F., etc. Apparently only one of the gas tanks actually exploded, yet the plane was scattered all over the pasture in small fragments; and its path through the tree tops was marked by dangling bits of thin plywood held together with painted yellow fabric.

Survivors of plane N° 1, said they were utterly lost, and kept circling over the town (Liverpool) until their gas was exhausted. Many people noticed this plane over the town, signalling with a blinker lamp; but nobody on the ground could read Morse & nothing was done. This was tragic, because there are several men in Liverpool (like myself, & J.A. Parker) who are experienced signallers & could have signalled the town's name with a flashlight had they known.

Both of the wrecked planes were from the R.C.A.F. station near St. John N.B. Authorities are keeping pretty mum, but it's admitted that 3 planes from the St. John base made an unscheduled night flight over Nova Scotia, and that 1 got lost & crashed at Liverpool. The other 2 turned

up over Halifax and put the whole fortress on the alert — anti-aircraft batteries, searchlights, detectors etc. Apparently these 2 got down safely at the Eastern Passage air field. Upon news of the abandoned plane near Liverpool, the St. John base sent 2 or 3 planes to search for the wreckage & survivors, and it was one of these that came to grief at Beech Hill.

Tuesday Aug 26/41 R.C.A.F. authorities revealed the names of men killed at Beech Hill — 2 Englishmen, 1 Ontario man, & a westerner. All today a big P.W.I. flying boat cruised over the area between Mersey River & Broad River, searching for the lost plane; and a ground crew from Eastern Passage is here with a couple of trucks, waiting to dismantle & remove the plane when found.

Thursday Aug 28/41 "Mersey Loan & Finance Ltd." has gone into liquidation. This was a loan-shark business started in Liverpool 3 years ago, with a capital of \$8000 provided by J. H. M. Jones, Bert Kenney, J. L. Bain & one or two others.

The genius behind it was our Crown Prosecutor, young Ross Byrne, fond of get-rich-quick schemes; and he got the idea from one Morris, who formed a similar company in Halifax some years ago & made money hand over fist.

The idea was to lend money to small borrowers on terms yielding 20% to 30% per annum, without infringing the laws on usury. The loop-hole was accomplished by selling the borrower an "Instalment Certificate", on which he had to make regular payments, and which purported to be a bond yielding the sum 4% per annum, commencing when the "certificate" was fully paid up.

Here is the way it worked:

Suppose a man wants to borrow \$100 for 12 months. He goes to the company and signs a plain note for \$100

due in 12 months' time. The company then discounts the note for him @ 1% per month — \$12.00.

The man gets the balance in cash — \$88.00.

He then signs a separate document ("Instalment Investment Subscription") agreeing to pay at the rate of \$10.85 per month for 12 months. The company figures it out like this:-

|         |     |          |
|---------|-----|----------|
| Loan    | —   | 100.00   |
| Add 30% | —   | 30.00    |
|         | 12) | 130.00   |
|         |     | \$ 10.85 |

He then signs a third document ("Instalment Investment Certificate") which he "leaves" with the company as "collateral" for his note. This certificate will be dated when he makes his final payment of \$10.85, i.e. when he has paid in \$130.00; ~~but it is a bond of~~ the company, which promises to pay him \$156.00 — in 5 years' time. (\$130.00 plus 4% per annum for 5 years, or 20%)

As far as the law goes, the man is simply making payments on a company bond, which becomes his at the end of 12 payments of \$10.85.

Actually, at the end of 12 months the company says "Here's your paid-up certificate. It has a face value of \$156.00 payable in 5 years' time. But don't forget — you still owe the amount of your note — \$100.00 — which is payable in cash — now."

Of course, the man hasn't the cash. So the company very kindly agrees to take over the certificate. They say, "We'll cash your certificate for you. Of course, we'll deduct the 20% bonus, since you're not willing to hold it 5 years. 20% of \$156.00 is \$31.20. That leaves \$124.80. Now we'll take \$100.00 to pay off your note. And here's your balance — \$24.80 — in cash."

And the man goes away happily, a little dazed with all this

figuring, but ~~too~~ quite convinced that the company has treated him generously. He jingles the \$24.80 in his pocket and tells his friends about the loan company that actually gives money back.

The man received \$88.00. plus ~~\$44.00~~ = \$132.00

The man paid the company \$130.00, less \$24.80 refunded = \$105.20  
So the company received for the loan of its money, net - \$ 17.20  
a yield of more than 19½% per annum.

This is a mild example. Usually the poor fool gets behind in his payments; then his account is charged with "overdue interest" and "financing charges" etc; the loan runs along gathering weight like a snowball, & in the end, when the loan is collected from him or his endorsers, the company has profited by 20 to 30% per annum.

The Mersey Loan & Finance Ltd rented a little office on Main Street over the Royal Bank, and installed Larry Guptil as manager. Guptil is a big fleshy florid man with large dark eyes and wiry black hair and a booming voice. He appeared in these parts a few years ago, after the collapse of a Halifax stock-jalling mining-stock-jalling firm in which he was concerned, & bought a small property in Milton & started a small mink ranch. It wasn't long before he was hob-nobbing in town with Byrne - two of a kind - and soon Guptil had become a powerful voice in the Liberal patronage committee for Queens. In 1938 he also became manager of Byrne's loan-shark business.

Byrne promptly charged the company \$350 "for legal expenses"; borrowed from the company in the name of his stenographer Mrs Padmore a further sum -

Byrne also sold an old oak desk and two old  
chairs to the company for \$100

which is still on the books; and - this was sheer genius — arranged for certain of his financially-embarrassed law clients to borrow from the M.L & F in order to pay the bills they owed him. This was a good start for the M.L & F. But what really upset their apple-cart was a law passed about 2 years ago, restricting the profits of such companies to a mere 2% per month, simple interest. Also many of M.L & F's clients were workmen at the mill, where a credit union was formed, loaning money to its members at cheap rates.

Rent, taxes, Guptil's salary etc ate up the dwindling profits and some of the capital this year; so M.L & F is going out of business. Seth Bartling Jr has been appointed liquidator, and he's got me to audit Guptil's books.

He warned me "They're a hell of a mess". Guptil cheerfully told me the same. He's never kept books in his life till now, and doesn't know a trial balance from a balance sheet. His general ledger hasn't been posted since Dec 31, 1940, when the govt. inspector was here, and his loan ledger is like a schoolboy's first lesson in double-entry — full of erasures and crossings-out, columns totalled in pencil if at all, and nothing agreeing with anything. All this further complicated by the company's shifty system of "subscriptions" and "certificates".

I began yesterday afternoon, & was at it all today; and can't see any daylight yet. Wish I hadn't bothered with it. I thought it would be about a day's work.

(Ross Byrne has been taking a rest-cure for tuberculosis for the past year or more; his locum tenens, R.V. Reid, looks after his law practice and crown-prosecuting, and Byrne reigns by remote control.)

The war news is much the same — the Germans driving hard at Leningrad, Moscow, Kieff and now trying to cross the lower Dnieper River. In Iran —

which in my school days was Persia — there has been for some time a large group of German technicians. Some days ago Britain & Russia demanded their expulsion. The Shah refused. Yesterday British & Russian forces were pushing into Iran from several directions.

Turkey's defiant attitude towards Germany has ceased since the Russian defeats began. The Turks are scared stiff & inclined to jump the fence.

This morning Pierre Laval & Marcel Deat, the evil genii of Vichy France, were shot & seriously wounded by a young Frenchman named Collette, just as they were coming from an inspection of the "French Legion", raised to fight with the Germans against Russia.

Friday Aug 29/41 All day poring over the tangled affairs of Mersey Loan & Finance Ltd. Among the curious assets shown on the books is an item of \$2500 for "Goodwill".

Wat news: — Germans & Finns closing in on Leningrad. Iran, after a show of resistance, has given in to the still-advancing British & Russians. A bloody "purge" is in progress in France, where thousands have been arrested and some executed as "communists", in German-occupied territory and Vichy-controlled territory alike.

A corvette from the Atlantic patrol, arrived in Liverpool for repairs & overhaul; a lucky break for her commander — J. Hubert S. MacDonald, late marine supt. of Mersey Paper Company. All the whistles tooted as he came up the harbour. He has been 9 months away on patrol. His corvette is the "~~Windflower~~" & wears the symbol "K 155" prominently in white on the grey of her bow. ("Windflower")

Monday, Sep 1/41 The big Labour Day parade, sponsored by the paper mill unions, washed out in torrents of rain. A good thing perhaps, for one of the floats, put in by

some dim wits up-town, consisted of a long ox-drawn cart bearing maple branches, a stuffed moose-head, some Whymots in hunting costume & rifles — and some of the twisted bits of the wrecked aeroplane at Beech Hill. A crude sign declared "Went moose-hunting and found this"

The wreck of the other plane was located in the bush near the place where the Beech Hill tote-road crossed the east branch of Broad River. It was dismantled by an R.A.F. ground crew & all salvable parts removed by truck to Halifax.

Thursday Sep 4/41 Today we heard a broadcast of speeches by Mr Mackenzie King and Mr Churchill at a Mansion House luncheon in London. Mr Churchill was in poor form, purposely perhaps, because M-K, the guest of honour, is the dullest of dull speakers, notoriously. At any rate, Churchill hemmed & hawed, and wound off long ill-constructed sentences — jerked out, a word or two at a time — like a farmer making a maiden speech in a village council; while M-K, as always, sounded like a back circuit Methodist parson suddenly given a chance to address the camp meeting. Gist of both efforts — U.S.A. must come into the war, and quickly, on a shooting basis.

War news: stalemate everywhere, except that in Russia the Germans are closing their semi-circle about Leningrad.

The first cargo of aviation gasoline has arrived at Vladivostock from U.S.A., despite Japanese growls that they "could not permit" supplies to enter Russia through "Japanese sphere of influence."

Tonight Edith & I went to a corn-boil at Longley Veinot's cabin near Greenfield. Fine feed, a big fire on the river bank, a moon one night shot of full and the Medway rippling past. Chief fun: Longley's demonstration of a dowsing-rod (of alder) as used by the Greenfield farmers who care to dig his well.

Friday Sep. 5/41 Dr Prince of Halifax, came to town to inspect the first-aid precautions of our South Queens Red Cross Emergency Authority — which is our A.R.P. organisation set up last fall plus the "Red Cross" in the unwieldy title — inserted to satisfy the Red Cross, who undertake to provide supplies. With the excellent doctor, & Mowbray Jones & Harry Paterson, I visited the Masonic Hall, which is to be a first-aid post in time of emergency. All supplies & equipment for the post and its staff are stored in a big locker in the cellar. Hence to the town's new Junior High School, which is to be the emergency hospital & is admirably adapted for it. Two ground floor classrooms can be converted to a 14-bed hospital in 30 minutes, with an operating room and office. Beds & other equipment for this are stored in a room in the basement.

The ladies of the Liverpool Red Cross put on a demonstration the other day, & set up a 7-bed ward for public inspection. Lists of volunteers for S.Q.E.A. have been prepared & each worker allotted his or her post. The same in Brooklyn (where the school is to be the emergency hospital) and in Milton, (where they intend to use the Masonic Hall.)

All this is useful and good. The difficulty has been to restrain Mowbray Jones from demanding black outs of the town (as he blacked out his paper <sup>the day after</sup> war was declared — 2 years ago) and the installation of warning sirens & other expensive and useless toys.

Monday Sep. 8/41 London reveals that a mixed force of Imperial, Canadian & Norwegian troops has just vacated the Far Arctic islands of Spitzbergen after destroying the mines and coal dumps, and bringing most of the Norwegian miners to Britain. A wilful & purposeless bit of destruction.

Tuesday Sep. 9/41 In a clash between German & British naval forces off the Murmansk coast, a German light cruiser & several other vessels, including transports, have been sunk. No British loss. Tonight, the anniversary of the biggest German air raid on London last year, the R.A.F. gave Berlin a big dose of the same medicine, aided by the big moon. The Germans are furious.

There has been an encounter between the U.S. destroyer "Greer" and a German submarine, south west of Iceland. The sub. fired torpedoes & the destroyer dropped depth charges. Neither was damaged, according to Berlin, which says the sub. fired in "self defence".

Germans now claim to have Leningrad completely encircled. On the Smolensk front, the Russians under Marshal Timoshenko are attacking the Germans heavily and claim some success.

Heavy reinforcement continues to reach the Italo-German army in Libya, despite heavy loss from our submarines and aircraft. Tobruk remains under siege with many daily & nightly air bombing attacks. Quiet elsewhere.

The French garrison in Syria consisted of 27,000 men. Half of these have joined the free French forces under De Gaulle. The rest were transported in French ships to Algeria.

Mr. King has returned by plane to Canada.

Today the Foundation Company's operation at Shipyard Point here launched its first complete scow. The work goes on day and night, and the flood-lights and noise make a spectacle with sound effects, from the town bridge after dark.

Friday, Sep 12/41. Last night we heard President Roosevelt in a radio broadcast denounce the German attack on the U.S.A. "Greer" and on ships of the U.S. merchant flag. He announced that U.S. warships now had orders to attack

German and Italian war-craft on sight, whenever met  
in the waters of the Western Hemisphere including Iceland.  
This means, in effect, that the U.S. now assumes the  
job of guarding merchant shipping, as far as Iceland.

Today opened with sunshine & a cool  
northerly wind. I've abstained from using my car for  
a fortnight so that I could feel at ease about making  
our annual fall trips to the Valley, & this morning I  
set off with Edith, her sister Marie, & Mrs. Freeman.

Drove up the shore road past Chester Basin, then turned  
up the gravel road to Windsor. Had a picnic lunch  
in a sunny pasture back of the Haliburton house  
(picnicking is forbidden in the grounds proper) and then  
spent an hour going over the house with Miss Onslow,  
the lively, garrulous, middle-aged, short, plump guide  
appointed by the provincial govt. Many improvements have  
been made since our last visit, & much appropriate  
material installed. At 2 P.M. drove across the Avon  
bridge, stopped at a stand outside a farmhouse to buy  
apples (astrakhans and bough-sweets: — Gravensteins not  
yet ripe) and corn, and boxes of plums in two varieties,  
in Hantsport. Then on through the golden-green Valley,  
& the shady long streets of (Lintonville, Wolfville),  
Berwick, Cylesford, Kingston & Wilmot.

At Middleton the sky ahead was black with rain-  
clouds coming up very fast, so we turned off through  
Pictaux by the gravel road towards New Germany.

At 5 P.M. found a charming spot for a picnic tea,  
a little meadow beside the narrow waters of the upper Lahave,  
just after crossing the river a few miles past Springfield.  
The drive down the Lahave in the sunset light was  
beautiful. Home at 7:30 p.m.

Wednesday, Sep 17/41 Spent this afternoon at Indian Gardens  
relic-hunting with Brent Smith & his father. A fine hot day  
& I was glad to peel off my shirt. Water in the storage lake  
is very low, despite the wet summer, & we found a number of  
arrowheads etc. on the nearly exposed area surrounding the site  
of the old hunting lodge.

In Liverpool the scow-builders are going strong, day  
& night, & have already launched three. At night the blaze of  
floorlights makes a strange contrast with the blacked-out  
paper mill down the harbour. Bolt-holes are bored with  
compressed-air augers, and bolts are driven home by compressed  
air hammers, though here & there you see a pair of brawny  
men driving bolts home with sledge-hammers.

The air diggers make a high whining sound, & the air  
hammers are like machine-guns; and there is the slug-slug of  
sledge-hammers, the incessant click-click of caulking mallets,  
the noise of the little shunting engine, with steam roaring  
& bell clanging to warn men out of the way, and the  
chugging of the big railway derrick which runs along  
the siding to the lumber piles (all from B.C.) & picks  
up a timber, runs back to the job with it & swings it  
within reach of the high derrick towers that stand  
between each pair of launching-ways; and all these  
sounds fill the night over the town, six nights a week.

War news: The Germans are slowly throttling  
the beleaguered garrisons of Kieff, Leningrad and  
Odessa, the Russians are still making violent and  
costly counter-attacks from Moscow towards Smolensk.  
British & Russian forces have occupied Teheran,  
the capital of Iran, & the Shah has abdicated in  
favour of his son. The Libyan front remains quiet  
except for patrol actions at Tobruk. The Channel  
remains quiet. British night raids on Germany  
continue each night, with due attention to Brest & Lorient.

Friday, Sep 19/41      Lovely sunny days & cool N.W. winds.  
Wonderful aurora tonight, & short-wave radio reception has been paralysed all day.

War news: Kieff fell today. The Crimea is cut off, & the German armies in the Ukraine are everywhere across the Dnieper. Bulgaria is mobilising, & announced today that "Germany's fate is ours". Everything points to the winning over of Turkey and a grand advance upon the oil fields of the Caucasus, and an attack towards the Suez canal from both sides. There is a rising storm of English criticism of the govt's (really the army's) failure to do anything to help the Russians. George Blackwood wrote me last month, "one hopes the Germans and Russians will do a lot of damage to each other"; this seems the attitude of all the old high-Tory class in Britain — after two years of painful realities! — and may explain Churchill's hesitation in the west. It is revealed that many British warships, from submarines to battleships, are now being repaired in U.S. dockyards, Atlantic and Pacific.

The trouble in the Cape Breton coal mines (see Aug. 15) is coming to a head. The coal companies are discharging all men who adhere to the "slow-down production" scheme.

Tonight Premier MacMullan announced that his govt (whose term does not expire till 1942) will ask for re-election this October. At present there are only 5 Conservatives in the house, and the Halifax Chronicle thinks there will be no more, perhaps less, in November.

I bought a double-barrelled shot-gun, Fox make, "Sterlingworth" brand, #12 gauge, from Arthur Aulenbach, for \$35.00. It is 8 years old & in excellent condition. Present retail price of these guns — \$79.00.

Population of Halifax & Dartmouth is estimated at 100,000. Pre-war 80,000. Congestion terrible.

Today Liverpool's baseball team, the famous "Lamperps".

defeated Springhill easily, & thus retains the provincial championship another year. Their toughest opponents this year were the Navy team at Halifax, one of whom, "Bucky" Killam, is a Liverpool boy.

Friday Sep 26/41 I have 40,000<sup>words</sup> of my novel written. Weather steadily fine & cool (rain last night). No heavy gales so far. War news: Leningrad still holds but the Germans are in the suburbs. The fate of the Russian Baltic fleet is sealed. The Crimea is cut off and under heavy attack. The great Russian counter-stroke towards Smolensk seems to have broken down. Germans claim vast numbers of Russians cut off near Kieff. Canada: Dissatisfaction with the govt's cautious policy grows. Premier "Match" Hepburn of Ontario, broadcasting over a coast-to-coast American network, declared yesterday that Canada was lagging behind the U.S. in war preparations, and that "we need a leader armed with a two-edged sword and not an umbrella" — thus renewing his famous feud with Mackenzie King.

In the U.N.A. the isolationist Lindberg is now openly attacking the Jews as war-mongers, & prophesies they will be first to suffer. Magazine "Time", of N.Y., calls it a threat.

Gasoline shortage is acute in Halifax, where most service stations have been saying "No gas, sorry" for several days. This has created a serious tie up of motor traffic & many people on business are stranded there. Reports from the U.S. persist that the shortage <sup>gas tanks</sup> is imaginary and that the govt. is cutting sales for some other purpose.

Ships outward bound from Britain are usually ballasted now with rubble from bombed buildings. In New York harbour a large "fill" for a new dock is composed exclusively of rubble from Bristol.

Sunday, Sep 28/41 Calm sunny day. This afternoon drove with my family, Marie Freeman, Grandma Freeman, Marie Bell, to Third Stillwater for a picnic. Lovely spot, a low grass plot at the riverside under the steep east bank. Sid Morton has a cabin on an island just up stream; and immediately opposite our picnic spot, about 200 yards across the river, Ken Maturé brook flows down from the ridge, sparkling in the sunshine. All the red maples are gorgeous now. Trout kept jumping in the smooth water of the river, & at the end of Sid's small jetty, where he keeps a punt for access to his island, we found a crate full of live eels, probably taken in a weir above the islands.

I was aboard Mac Donald's corvette, "Windflowers" yesterday. She swarms with carpenters & fitters but Mac expects to be off again in another week. I was shown everything, including the sacred Asdic apparatus, which is supposed to be very hush hush, though the Germans say they captured many Asdics intact in the French ports last summer. Officers' quarters are quite roomy & comfortable, but Mac says the corvettes are wet sea boats & very lively in any sort of sea. He has a new sub-lieutenant, a young law student named Shields, from Winnipeg, a product of the new training schools. Shields had never been on the sea, in his life until he joined "Windflowers" for an H.P. for the short run down to Liverpool. He was sea sick all the way, & was unable to get out of his bunk until 3 hours after the corvette docked here. Mac says that numbers of these "prairie flowers" have had to be transferred out of corvettes. Mac is sporting a lieut.-commander's stripes; a concession granted by Ottawa in view of the fact that some of the junior officers (R.C.N.) on corvettes automatically become lieutenants at the age of 26, while the (R.C.N.R.) skippers held simply a lieutenant's rank for the duration. (He says "duration" will be a long time - several more years.)

Tuesday Sep 30/41. Guarded reports in Hfx. papers confirm a tale that has been told for some days. It is stated that a transport sailed into Hfx on her way to England from the Middle East, carrying on board a number of soldiers discharged or on leave from what we still call "Wavell's army". The ship, it is said, was in a "dilapidated and filthy condition". It was decided to fill up her accommodation with a draft of airmen going overseas for active service. Several hundred airmen (some reports say 1,000) were marched aboard, & given hammocks & shown where to sling them. In one space, where there were 10 wash basins, 400 men were "accommodated". The men held a conference & at once decided not to sail in the ship. An armed guard promptly blocked the gangway. The "rebels" threw ropes down the ship's sides & gained the wharf, where they were harangued by their own officers (trying to get 'em aboard again) and the guard on the pier was reinforced. Eventually the ship sailed (a convoy was leaving) leaving 200 or 300 airmen defiant on the pier. The "rebels" included Britons, Canadians, Australians <sup>mostly</sup> <sup>Australians</sup>. They have been disciplined by a stoppage of pay but authorities here & in England have moved quickly to investigate, & the air force is to have a special officer who will inspect transport accommodation henceforth. (Most of the "rebels" including ringleaders, were Australians)

Oct 4/41 A fine hot day To Eagle Lake with Gordon, Smith, Parker, & Dunlap. The maples are now at their best & leaves beginning to fall, but so far we've had no heavy gales & most of the leaves are hanging on. N° 3 pond is a picture. So is the lake for that matter especially the old burn at the SW end, which is coming up thick in scrub maple. Walking up the trail from the pond we saw a doe & fawn, but did not shoot. Smith & I slept outdoors & during the night saw an imperfect lunar rainbow. Before this, however, the evening

being stark calm & the moon bright, I "called" & got a bull moose up to the far side of the old dam where he "spoke" loudly & refused to come farther.

Sunday Oct 5/41 Gordon was up at daybreak & took a canoe down to Haunted Bog where he succeeded in calling up a bull moose. The rest of us spent the morning deer hunting; no luck though. Dunlap & I each saw a deer on the jump. Weather clouded up & we left for home in a downpour in the late afternoon.

War news: The final grand assault against the Russians, hinted in Hitler's broadcast to the German people on Friday last, has apparently begun. A great battle is raging from Leningrad to the Crimea. Both Russian & German reports of the fighting are unreliable & one can only await the geographical results. (Russians estimate their own losses so far in the whole campaign at 1,600,000 killed wounded missing. Only they have inflicted 3,000,000 casualties on the Germans. Germans place their own losses less than ~~4,000,000~~ 500,000 K.W. & m. and say they have inflicted losses of 6,000,000 on the Russians — 2½ million of these being prisoners.)

Applying salt to each, one may hazard the losses to date at: Russians 3 million. Germans 1 million.

Last Friday Hitler admitted to his own people that he was "surprised at the extent of Russian military preparations" but declared that Russia had been dealt a blow from which she cannot recover.

MacDonald's corvette "Windflower" refitted, sailed today.

Wednesday, Oct 8/41 A fine afternoon, clearing gloriously after rain & drizzle since Sunday. The autumn leaves are now at their best, so we drove to Milton at 1:30, picked up Grandma Freeman & Marie Bell, & made the lovely journey to which we look forward every Fall: to South Brookfield, New Germany, down the Rahway to

Subley Shore, then home via Petite Rivière & Italy Cross.  
Back in town at 6:15, eating a snack tea at Joe LeBlanc's  
lunch counter.

Thursday, Oct 9/44 Still no movement on any front but  
the east where Germans claim a great break through both  
sides of Moscow & the surrounding of most of Marshal  
Timoshenko's troops. In the Black Sea area the Russian  
debacle continues, with German troops approaching Rostov  
on the Don. Odessa holds out, so does the Crimea.

In Liverpool the trial of Colp for the murder of  
Cooien began Monday. The courtroom crowded each day; a  
large number of the so-called delicate sex. I narrowly escaped  
jury duty, & the sheriff looks at me reproachfully on the street.

For the forthcoming provincial election, Queen's Tories  
have re-nominated John Cameron, Grits have nominated  
Harry Madden, chunky, bushy, red-faced, prosperous druggist  
& former mayor. Both are Catholics; strange in a  
constituency overwhelmingly Protestant.

The census-taker (a Mrs. Sturm) came today after long  
delays. (Census was supposed to be completed in August.)

I was in the tub, where friend wife came to ask such things as  
the value of our house, my racial origin and my "conjugal capacity".  
(COLP WAS FOUND "NOT GUILTY". HE PLEADED SELF DEFENCE)

Sunday Oct 12/44 A howling & bitter cold NW gale all  
yesterday, with black squalls and showers, sent the last of  
the autumn leaves whirling. The Dunlaps, Parkers & Paul Kings  
went to Eagle Lake camp yesterday; so this morning we  
took out Tommy, leaving Frances with Grandma Freeman.  
Principal "Rah" Murray of the <sup>AUSO Jimp</sup> school high school, & his  
vivacious wife "Marge" came with us. A fine day with a  
fresh westerly breeze. We left the car at Big Falls dam  
& walked up the 2 1/2 miles of trail to Eagle Lake. It was  
Tommy's first real hike in the woods and for the

great occasion he had a pair of new boots with rubber feet and knee-high leather uppers just like "Daddy". Murray brought along one of the .22 B.V.A. rifles of the high school cadet corps, & with it Jim Parker shot a porcupine out of a tree by the trail, much to Tommy's distress. Reached camp about 11 a.m. & found it deserted - all hands off deer-hunting. Towards noon they came in, from various directions, Hector & Marion Dunlap triumphantly exhibiting gory hands. Hector had shot a fine buck a little way down the brook. After dinner Jim & I got a canoe out, with Tommy as passenger, & paddled, cautiously down the west side of the lake, & got within 100 feet of a fair-sized buck grazing quietly in the open by the shore about 'a mile down. Watched him for 10 minutes, Tommy very excited. No gun along, so the buck went free. At 4 P.M. I gathered my group & hiked back to Big Falls & home. Tommy didn't stop talking about it till he fell asleep in bed!

Our radio out of commission, so no news today

Thursday Oct 16/41. Fine, with stiff NW wind.  
War news: no activity but the tremendous battle in Russia, where Moscow admits its central armies are broken & in retreat upon the capital, Leningrad is closely invested, & German forces have advanced along the Sea of Azov almost to Taganrog.

A young under-artist, Jack Frost, called on me yesterday & had tea with us. He does sketch-books of the "paragraph-&-picture" type for Coward-McCann & contributes to the Boston Globe. I showed him the Simeon Perkins house, of which he did a sketch last night, & today took him to the old Legion settlement site at Port Moulton, & to S.W. Port Moulton for a sketch of Massacre Island. Lunch at the Wagner House, Port Moulton. Afterwards showed him a

wayside ox-shoing stall, with roof, at Dipped Creek which he sketched. Frost is only 25, a short grey-eyed fellow with thick & intensely black hair & eyebrows, with small features in a rather full face. Dresses sloppily but drives a good roadster; works very swiftly & surely with a pair of small almost feminine hands. Prefers to work sitting in his car with the top thrown back & likes to have a bunch of inquisitive kids about him. A happy-go-lucky middle-sized insignificant-looking chap with great energy when working; neither smoked nor drank. Had been in Hfx & was arrested by a military guard while sketching the Clock Tower from his car on Citadel Hill; released after a couple of hours with his sketch.

Saturday Evening Post has offered a bonus of 10% on the purchase price if I contribute 4 or more short stories within the next 12 months. The catch; stories are submitted subject to editorial rejection.

Friday Oct 7/41 Sale of my short story "The Trumpeter" reveals another big increase in U.S. tax on "foreign royalties". In January 1940 this tax was 5%; in June 1941 it jumped to 15%; in August 1941 to 16½%; now it is 27½% — a terrible tax. The evident design is to shut off the export of U.S. funds, and obviously the tax will go on increasing. As my agent in New York gets 10% on the gross sale price, I receive a net remittance of 62½% of my earnings in U.S.A. As my chief source of income is from the U.S. a further increase of tax will force me to move across the border — a most unexpected turn of events.

Lit my furnace today — the night was very frosty & Frances has a cold. Am burning hardwood. I filled my cellar with hardwood ~ 7 cords @ \$7.50 ~ during late August & Sept. This was a mistake, for our wet summer had kept the wood damp, & my damp cellar provided ideal conditions for rot. The results were astonishing. The ends of the wood developed a thick white fur of fungus within a week. (Frances asked what it was, & I told

her "dry snow") and in three weeks all the un-split sticks were what Queens County calls "doly". Yesterday the kids found a little group of toadstools growing out of one stick - the stems were nearly 6 inches long.

War news: The U.S. destroyer "Kearny" has been torpedoed 350 miles S.W. of Iceland; she is proceeding to port under her own steam. There is another Japanese cabinet crisis, with the army party eager to attack Russia & now her strength seems broken. The U.S. has ordered all American merchant ships in the Far East to make for a "friendly port".

Odessa has been evacuated by the Russians & left, burning, to the besieging Rumanian & German force. Moscow has been evacuated by the various embassies & the Russian govt is said to have removed east to Kazan. (to Kuibyshev)

Saturday, Oct 18/41 Planned to go to Eagle Lake today with Parker & the others for a week's hunting, but last night developed a terrific cold & spent most of the night pacing the lower floors unable to keep still for the great pain in my right eye & face. Lay around sneezing & blowing all day today.

In a broadcast tonight Mr. Mackenzie King declared that the time has come to halt the rapidly rising prices & wages which can only mean inflation. All prices of services and commodities are to be fixed at the level of Oct. 11th, subject to severe penalties for evasion.

Sunday Oct 19/41 Edith & I dragged ourselves around the house all doly taking aspirins, salts etc. Tomory walked to Milton alone this morning a great adventure. Stayed to dinner with Grandma.

War news: the Germans have taken Taganrog on the Sea of Azov. Moscow has not yet fallen, but German headquarters claims Marshall Timoshenko's army group has been "annihilated".

Tuesday, Oct 21/41 My cold improved, so this pm I drove to Big Falls & hiked to Eagle Lake with gun & pack. Gordon & Brent were hunting at Long Lake & Parker had taken the other canoe somewhere, & the camp was held by Gordon's dog, a flop-eared mongrel pup, tied to a tree. I hunted between lake & river without success & at dusk we were all at camp together. The others have had no luck so far.

Wednesday, Oct 22/41 Up at dawn, & after breakfast we separated pretty much on yesterday's lines. I had no luck. In fact I caught more cold, last night or this morning, & dragged myself around honking & coughing, with a terrible ache in the right side of my face. Parker saw a deer but got no chance to shoot. Brent & Gordon had a fine day. Saw & fired at — and missed — a buck beside the brook between Long & Eagle lakes. Pushed on to the S. end of Long Lake & hunted along the Hardwood Hill, where Gordon shot a big old buck with heavy horns about 30 minutes walk from the canoe. They got back to camp at dusk with their meat.

Thursday, Oct 23/41 Felt ill this morning though I got up & hunted for several miles, alone. Brent & Austin went to Long Lake. Gordon remained at camp. I packed up after dinner & came home to have my cold out, feeling punk.

Sunday Oct 26/41 Still sick; cold has settled in sinus passages of right temple & cheek, with continual green discharge and a dull headache that becomes wracking from time to time. Lungs heavily congested.

War news: Moscow still holds; but the Germans are now in the Donetz basin, their real goal, & have taken Stalino and Kharkov. The dunderheaded Budenny has been relieved of his command (now that he has lost his army & the whole Ukraine) & is to raise a great new army behind the Urals. This is brave talk, but with

their chief industrial areas in German hands, the Russian masses will be as impotent as Chiang-Kai-Shek's three million Chinese soldiers, who have nothing but their rifles & their hopes. Allied aid for Russia seems a farce, because Britain is still too poorly armed to attempt even a diversion in the west, & materials diverted from her to Russia will take shipping space which cannot be spared without danger to Britain's supply line.

All this makes me gloomy; I had felt all along that Russia would one day fight on our side, & her tremendous weight & long preparation would turn the scales. This seemed so clear to me that I even suspected that Hitler would attack Russia first. The Russians have put up a great fight but nevertheless the incredible German war machine has flung them back almost to the Urals in four months of continuous battle, & has rendered them incapable of large-scale counter operations by the seizure or destruction of the chief areas of Russian supply.

All this in spite of the execrable Russian roads, the weather, & the alleged shortage of oil to drive the great machine.

This leaves Britain the last independent power in Europe capable of self-defence, & against her the Nazis can now summon the whole resources of Europe.

Local news: Parker & the boys came out of the woods with nothing but Gordon's buck, shot last Wednesday.

Provincial election campaign arouses little interest, though there is some resentment about the men overseas not being given a chance to vote.

Our first real snowfall this morning gave the kids a chance to make snowmen etc; warm sun this afternoon is taking it off very fast.

Monday, Oct 27/41 Dull rainy weather. At 11 P.M. President Roosevelt, addressing a dinner in the Mayflower Hotel in Washington in celebration of Navy Day, was broadcast. He declared bluntly that the torpedoing of the "Kearny"

had thrust the U.S. "into a shooting war", said "history has recorded who fired the first shot" and added, in a great burst of cheers & applause "history will later record who fired the last shot."

Tuesday Oct 28/41. Election day. Pouring rain. Very quiet. Premier MacMillan's govt was returned triumphantly with 23 out of 30 seats. Voting in Queens County was close, with Madden winning over Cameron by  $\frac{2457}{21}$  voters. Leonard Voss, the energetic young lawyer who is leader of the Conservatives, was defeated in Cumberland. On the other hand L. D. Burne, Glace Bay lawyer who was Minister of Mines, was defeated by a C.C.F. candidate. To my mind the result springs from old causes: MacMillan cashed in on the popularity of the excellent Liberal govt placed in his hands by Angus L. Macdonald; the Tories are still suspect in the minds of most people, remembering the electoral scandals of 1933 & the corruption of the Harrington govt.

Thursday Oct 30/41. The U.S. destroyer "Reuben James" has been torpedoed & sunk while engaged in convoy duty west of Iceland. Germans claim to have broken the defences of the Perekop isthmus & defeated the Russian forces in the Crimea itself. Leningrad, Moscow & Rostov still hold against persistent German attacks. Germans complain that weather is now their most potent enemy in the east. Unrest in German-occupied countries continues; the Nazis have adopted the practice lately put into effect in France — shooting batches of innocent hostages every time a German soldier is assassinated — and all Europe is running with blood.

Local: During the past five years a new cult — or rather a branch of a cult — has sprung up here; the Pentecostalists. For a number of summers, some sort of

evangelist pitched a tent beside the Mutton road (east) & later rented a little old store at the corner of Bristol Avenue & the east Mutton road — "Chesley's corner". Now they have purchased an old building somewhere torn it down, carted the stuff & built a meeting house just outside the town limits on the Brooklyn road, north side, nearly the little house of Robbie Robines. A painted sign declares it the "Highway Pentecostal Mission", the minister, Rev. E. J. Spurrell. I think Spurrell came here from Lockport where the P's have a meeting house. The local congregation seem to be poor folk from the east Mutton road mostly.

I am still slowly recovering from my cold, the worst I ever had. This afternoon walked to Mutton & back with Lieut.-Commander J. Hubert MacDonald, one-time traffic manager of Jersey Paper Co. & for the past ten months commander of the corvette "Windflower". He brought "Windflower" in for overhaul at Thompson's some weeks ago, & while here learned that his wife is slowly dying of cancer. He has now been given four weeks' "compassionate leave". The doctor thinks his wife will die within that time.

Friday Oct 31/41. Hallowe'en. The kids are out "bell-snicketting" tonight, Frances in her fancy bird costume, Jimmy in a home-made mask & sheet — the sheet bearing in black crayon a most fearsome skeleton before and a witch behind. A fine night, clearing after rain. Two small naval craft are in for repairs — a corvette & a harbour patrol boat — and Main St. is lively with young sailors & petty officers — much welcomed by the girls, for partners are scarce with so many local boys overseas.

At a local service station today I could buy only \$1.00

worth of gasoline. The govt's cut in gasoline supplies for private cars has produced a queer state of affairs. The retailer finds his monthly supply running short after the second or third week, and spings it out by allowing each customer a small amount.

The "joy-riders" dash all over the country-side during the first half of each month burning all the gas they like; and even in the latter half they can usually get a full tank by driving from one station to another, getting 2 or 3 gallons from each.

The frequent result however is that a more patriotic driver is apt to find himself with an empty tank just when some emergency requires his using the car. The retailers all say the only fair method would be ration tickets, & I agree.

The U.S. which cut its gasoline (retail) supplies by 10% in the same manner a month or so ago, has now announced that gasoline is now plentiful, with the release of some tankers lost to Britain. What Canada will do remains to be seen. None of us had realized that the bulk of U.S. ~~oil~~ supply is moved by pipeline to the coast in the southern states & then north by tanker; or entirely by tanker from Venezuela & other central American fields. Our eastern Canada supply comes largely by tanker from Talara in Peru.

Saturday Nov 1/41. Chilly overcast. S. E. wind. Went to Eagle Lake this pm with Parker Smith & Gordon. There we separated to hunt deer returning to camp at dark, all unsuccessful but Parker who shot a fine buck beside the brook between Eagle & Long Lake. He made a fine shot at 100 yds in the dusk, only the buck's head & horns were visible above the tall grass & bushes & his bullet struck it right between the horns & split the skull neatly down the middle. He dragged it 25 feet to the brook bank, fetched up the canoe, & rolled it in. Rain tonight.

Sunday, Nov 2/41. Heavy rain all day & we sat in

camp yarning & playing cards. Carried the dead buck down to the river on a hand-barrow about 4 P.M. & brought him to L pool in the back seat of my car.

Tuesday Nov 4/41. Fine warm day without a breath of wind. This afternoon I drove alone to Indian Gardens, crossed N°1 dam, & hunted from the river to Kempton Lake. Paused in the sunshine at the lakeside for a rest & to try out my d.b. gun with the largest ball cartridge — wherein the ball is set in a sort of ring of wadding. Theory is that this makes the ball travel true down the centre of the barrel. My gun seems to throw them to the left. Left the lake about 4 P.M. & just before dusk I came upon a fine buck standing in the trail head-on, about 150 yds away. A long shot for the smooth-bore. I tried one barrel & of course hit nothing. Miraculously the buck stood, without any sign of nervousness. I decided to get neaper for my second barrel but the buck didn't like it & jumped into the woods yelling (or snorting rather) "Wow-wow-wow!" very indignantly. Followed him, & saw him again at about the same distance, but didn't fire lest I miss him or worse, merely wound him. So he got away. I must get a rifle. I've sworn for several years that a shot-gun was as good as a rifle for deer hunting because you seldom see a deer at more than 50 yards. In general this is true, but an affair like this is disgusting.

The two craft being overhauled at Thompsons are the corvette "Spikenard" and a small mine-layer, the "Saugatuck" or some such name, taken over from the U.S. Both belong to the Canadian navy.

Wednesday, Nov 5/41 Another lovely warm day. This afternoon I borrowed Brent Smith's 30-30 Winchester & went in

search of the buck I saw yesterday. No luck. The big lake is lower than it has ever been since the dam was built at N° 1, & the old slopes, dark & bare & muddy, are in full sight, like a disfigured corpse risen after drowning.

Spent the evening with (Lieut Commander) Chas. W. Copelin, whose corvette "Hepatica" is re-fitting in Halifax after a year's service in Britain's famed Western Approaches patrol. He & J. H. S. Macdonald & Roland Harris, all former ship commanders of Mersey Paper Co., commanded the first 3 Canadian-built corvettes to go across - "Hepatica", "Windflower" & "Irellum", respectively. They had an epic voyage across, armed with a single Lewis gun each, for which each ship had 100 rounds of .303 ammunition. Each carried 5 depth charges. The convoy in which they sailed was scattered by a gale & the corvettes made their way to Scotland alone & separately. They rigged dummy guns on the empty platforms & got there all right, though "Windflower's" engines broke down 50 miles from the north drift coast & she had to be kept on her course with canvas dodgers etc. lashed together to form a sail, which was hoisted on the fore stay. There was much more, some of which I took down "for the record". Copelin grinned, "in case I don't live to tell the tale myself." He swore me to secrecy in the meantime. They have had a lively time of it. Copelin has been transferred from "Hepatica" & hopes to get a destroyer.

Thursday, Nov 6/41. A mill mechanic on holiday (Fred ~~WAGLEY~~) heard of my buck on the Kempton Lake trail, from the dam watchmen; went in there this morning & came upon the buck 200 yds from where I saw it, standing not more than 30 feet off the trail. I went up there for another hunt this afternoon, heard the

tale, & saw the gory evidence in the woods. I seem to be fated not to get a deer this fall.

Friday Nov 7/41. Clem. Crowell asked me to give a talk at a meeting of the Home-and-School Association, meeting at Dayspring today. Went with him in his car together with Mrs Newcombe (principal of Milton school) & 4 "home" delegates from Port Mouton & Milton. Pouring rain all day & evening. Dayspring school is a small but well built wooden building, painted light-grey, with a fine outlook across the Lakeside river which moved one of the home delegates (Mr Oliver Shattock, a volatile Dutchman from Fox Point) almost to poetry. The afternoon session was mostly business, very efficiently handled by able little Mrs Newcombe, with addresses by a Miss Binney & a Miss Dora Baker. Miss Binney is organising the teaching of domestic science in the province; she is a stoutly built Englishwoman of 45, with a snub-nosed, very plain rather Irish-looking face, and a sad expression; she looked like a melancholy washerwoman and talked like an Oxford don. Miss Baker is organiser & chief "pepper-up" of the home & school associations, a former teacher at Two Normal College; a brisk, rangy, watchful person of 20, who talked a good deal with a wide mouth & a fashion of thrusting out her lips & curling them as she talked. Kept a sharp eye on the proceedings, though in a quick suggestion now & then & when talking revealed a broad flashing smile which she could switch on & off like a light.

The women of Dayspring put on a fine supper for us in the Temperance hall neatly & at 7.30 the delegates & many Dayspring folk crowded the big schoolroom for the evening show. There was a big wood-burning stove in the right foreground with a tall pipe running up to a high hole in the wall, & the place was lit with a number of kerosene lamps. There were several musical numbers, songs, duets & choruses by various young ladies & the Dayspring children, accompanied on a very ornate American

organ by the schoolmaster, a plump dark slick-haired pleasant but rather mincing young man named Eickle. As the speaker of the evening I talked half an hour on "Teaching History", urging teachers to breathe some life into the subject Rymanian-fashion, using local history as an approach. The show ended at 10:30, with rain thundering on the roof. Votes of thanks were passed ~~minet~~ moved by the Anglican pastor, a keen young man named Cochrane & we emerged to find the sky miraculously cleared, moon & stars shining on the broad Lachine. Home at 11:30.

Saturday, Nov. 8/41. The R.A.F. sent off a big raid to Berlin & other places deep in Germany last night; most of the bombers got there but an unexpected "cold front" iced up their wings so badly that 37 planes failed to return forced down by ice. A heavy loss. London admits that during the past week on all fronts the R.A.F. lost 91 planes, while the enemy lost only 19.

Sunday, Nov. 9/41. Dull cold rainy weather with no wind. A British light squadron tackled a heavily escorted Italian convoy off Taranto, the heavy Italian cruisers fled, and the British sank 1 destroyed, damaged another, & sent the whole 10 ships of the convoy to the bottom. Smart work.

Monday, Nov. 10/41. The Legion held its Armistice Dinner tonight in the Masonic Hall, a good feed & lots of punch. About 60 sat down, many guests, including Rev. George Beck (now in charge of the big Legion hostel for service men in Railway Station Square, H.F.) who spoke; also Oscar Miles, provincial secretary of the Legion, who voiced a demand for conscription as the first and most necessary step to an all-out war effort. Brent Smyth, who was secretary of the Queens County branch of the Legion until last year (12 years as secretary) was presented with the

Legion's "Meritorious Service" medal — a rare distinction,  
this being the second issued in Nova Scotia since 1928.  
It was well deserved, & we cheered him & sang "For he's  
a jolly good fellow". Home about 11 P.M.

The Legion's new (local) management has rented  
a suite of rooms over Seldon's drug store, to serve as  
a club for ex-service and service men. The manage-  
ment (consisting of Charlie Holden, Dan Winters & George  
Freeman, in that order of importance) are also running  
a Bingo game on the premises & some talk of a web  
canteen. This has caused the Baptist parson, a tall  
bony Scot named MacWilliam, to preach a sermon  
against it, & much talk in the town. The ladies of  
the J.O.D.E. have now set up a rival establishment  
for present-serving men only — in the assembly room  
of the town hall, where they serve tea etc. & are open  
from 4 pm. to 11 pm. Their "customers" are chiefly  
sailors from the corvettes etc under repair at Thompsons.

Wednesday, Nov. 12/41 For a long time past I have been  
concerned over the scar resulting from the terrible scald  
Frances suffered in July 1938. The tannic acid spray is  
now in disfavour with medical authorities. (the R.C.S. ceased  
using it after a few months of war experience.) Its bad  
feature is that in the case of large burns it permits  
suppuration etc., under the dark leather shield it forms.

In Frances' case it resulted in a great ugly ridge of  
<sup>KELOIA</sup> "collod" tissue varying from  $\frac{1}{2}$ " to 1" wide & running down  
from the left nipple to the waist; it stood out, from  $\frac{1}{8}$ " to  
 $\frac{1}{4}$ " above the general skin surface, hard and wrinkled and  
shiny-pink. The flesh seemed to be "drawn" by this hard  
ridge as the child grew, & she was forever scratching and  
pulling at it. So today, after consultation with Dr.  
Wickwire, we drove to Hfx (Aunt Marie Bell & Vera

Parkers were passengers) & placed her in the Children's Hospital on Morris St. engaged Dr. Gosse to perform an operation to remove the ~~calloid~~<sup>Keloid</sup> growth. The Children's Hospital is a red-brick building two stories, well scrubbed but worn & faded as to floor walls & ceilings & smelling of food & urine & disinfectants. Poor Frances looked pretty dolefully as a stout young woman in stuffy starched blue & white & with a gauze mask strapped over her mouth, took her hand & marched her off upstairs. Edith looked even dolefully, in fact tonight I think she is in worse case, physically & mentally, than our daughter.

Thursday Nov 13/41 My birthday. Dr. Gosse operated on our Frances this morning, cutting away the ~~calloid~~<sup>Keloid</sup> scar tissue & sewing up the incision. Tonight we were permitted to see her. She is still pretty nauseated by the anaesthetic but otherwise is fine. She is in a small room on the 2nd floor, semi-private, the other tenant being a most engaging little blond boy named Peter Doydsdale, aged between 1 & 2 years, with an abscessed leg. Visiting hours are from 2 to 4.30 pm & from 7 to 9 pm.

Friday Nov 14/41 I drove to Sackville N.B., leaving Edith in Hfx at my mother's where she can spend each afternoon & evening at the hospital.

I left Hfx about 9.30 am, the weather mild & overcast, as it has been most of this month. From Turo I drove along the bay shore to Glenholme. Passing Masstown I found myself in the "No Man's Land" of a mimic battle being waged by troops of the Fourth Division at Lebert Camp. The road was cluttered with army trucks & Bren gun carriers wherever a fold in the ground offered a bit of concealment, & the wayside ditches held men in steel hats & full battle kit, signallers busy on every

rise & I was told that a whole motor brigade lay hidden in the by-roads. The troops looked fit and keen at the game & most that I saw appeared to be westerners, many from Manitoba. At Glenholme I turned off the paved road & took the dirt road through the Cobequid Mountains via the Wentworth Valley. The weather turned sharply colder & I could see the mountainsides white with snow as I approached, & in the narrow Wentworth Valley it was like January, the road covered with ice & the ground & boulders under the sad bare hardwood hillsides all snow-bound. I was still wearing summer underwear (a thin pair of shorts, no undershirt) & had only a light blue trench coat; fortunately the cat heater worked well.

Amherst was humming with war business; a whole new suburb of small pre-fabricated houses, like those being erected in Hfx., was springing up under govt. auspices to house munitions workers. Lunch in a grill in Amherst, where the waitresses staged a "flitz" strike for more wages just as I finished my dessert. I left them arguing with the little grey bald proprietor & a horde of girls of 15 or 16, some in tears. Reached Fort Beausejour in a few minutes & spent the rest of the afternoon in historical research for my novel. About 5 P.M. pushed on across the marshes to Sackville & got a fine room at the Marshlands Inn, famous for its food & comforts and its solicitous host, Mr. W. Reid.

Some sort of educational conference was just closing at Mount Allison & the inn was full of middle-aged men from all the eastern colleges. I saw Dr. Carlton Stanley of Dalhousie, a tall, alert man with a greying cock's-comb of hair, & had some talk with lean white haired Paterson of Acadia, a mild pleasant old man who invited me to see Acadia's library for historical research, & promised to send me catalogues,

I wanted me to give a talk on short story writing to his literature students. In the evening (a wet bleak night) much talk by the inn fire with Linteau, French Canadian salesman of disinfectants; Dr. Pottle, delegate to the Mount A. conference from a Newfoundland college, a small earnest didactic thirty-ish, teacher of psychology, a graduate of Mount A. who looked unwell; Wilding, dark, thin-faced, well-dressed salesman from Montreal, who not only remembered my Post tales but recited the gist of them to prove it; tall heavily-nosed solicitous masterly Herbert Read, the host, seeing that everybody knew everyone else and throwing in an adroit remark to one or another whenever the conversation got (but this was not often) into the doldrums; Mrs. Read 50-ish, heavy but brisk; old Mrs. Read, in the 80's, who gave us lively impressions of an airplane trip to the States by way of Toronto last year - "Niagara looked no higher than a doorstep - not the proper way to see it"; Mr. Smith, the Read's son-in-law, a tall dark well-built man in the late twenties with amused eyes behind glasses, he is something to do with the radio station CBA in the marsh; his wife Frances, the Read's daughter, grey-blue eyes, light brown hair, good figure & legs, formerly a nurse at the Royal Victoria Hospital Montreal, brisk, fluent well-learned especially in matters medical, good company. Cocoa & biscuits were served at 11 P.M. in the drawing room & we retired.

Saturday Nov. 15/41 A fine mild day. I took a bottle of milk & some sandwiches to Fort Beausejour & spent the day at research. Dr. Pottle drove there with me for a look at the museum & walked back - four miles - a bit less really because I drove him part way. In the evening a stroll about St. John's full of country people in town for Saturday night's show & shopping; students boy & girl, strolling arm in arm, though many co-eds smarten up for packets & bareheaded, walked with airmen from the flying station near

here. Sackville's two foundries are busy day & night on war work — one of them making shell cases. Returned to the inn fire & the talk where Linteau explained the proper way to cook wild duck — "canard à l'orange", & a Miss Snider, tall, white-haired, slim, well turned-out, 40-ish librarian at Mount A. invited me to use the library, & a tall fiftyish smooth bald-grey sales manager from Hamilton, Ont., proclaimed in a penetrating voice that Arthur Meighen's resumption of the leadership of the Conservative party is "one of the greatest things that ever happened to Canada", and that "we must have complete conscription at once".

Sunday Nov 16/41 Linteau professed a keen interest in the Beauséjour museum & asked me to go there with him this afternoon & introduce him to the curator. He made a perfunctory tour of the place & then tried to sell the curator a supply of floor wax. I went for a walk with Linteau through the Sackville streets before dinner, not because I like him (I detest the fellow) but because he is a French-Canadian from Montreal & I wanted to hear the F.-C. view of the war. Linteau is a slim pasty-faced fellow of 27 or so, with a close mop of auburn, curly hair and a little bristle of red moustache — very un-French somehow. Speaks English with a strong French accent & makes fun of the Acadiens because they use English words intermingled with their French. In a burst of confidence he told me (a) business is good in his line, he gets 25% commission, out of which he has to pay travelling expenses, "but I am making good money, very good money"; (b) he got married in a hurry soon after war was declared, to avoid a possible call-up for military service. (c) "Hitler &es bad, the Nazis are bad, but what they say about Jews is true, and we have got to do something too, the Jews will soon own everything"; (d) "the English can't expect to own half the world and rule the hodean without fighting for it".

every time some other nation gets tired of it. The English brought this war on themselves so why don't they fight it themselves?" Nevertheless, he told me gaily that he had visited Desert Camp yesterday & made \$30 commission on disinfectants etc sold to the Y.M.C.A., K of C., Salvation Army & Legion huts there.

A black night of drizzling rain. I drove 4 miles or so westward from Sackville to Frosty Hollow & called on "Jock" (John) Wiggins at Frosty Hollow Inn. The inn is a rambling wooden country house with a glassed sun-porch running the whole west side looking upon an old mill pond formed by a stone dam in the Frosty Hollow Brook. Jock served in my father's regiment (the 8th Winnipeg Rifles) in the last war, & was wounded & gassed at Ypres in April '15. He gave me a lively account of the battle; he was present at Shell Trap Farm when Scrimgeour won the V.C.; and declared that Colonel (later General) Currie spent the most critical part of the battle in a deep dug-out, drunk; Jock came upon these affairs while carrying a message from the 8th (Col Lipsett) to brigade headquarters. Jock is now a gaunt hawk-nosed man of medium height, with a shock of grey hair & a pair of blue eyes, bright as a bird's, that look at you very straight. About 50, & has a strong deep voice which he likes to use. He is a man of action, however. Sackville people think him a little cracked but admire his brains & energy, and the brain & energy of his wife. I was told that Jock came home from the war (in which he was twice wounded) a nervous wreck. He married a young & pretty physical culture instructor at Mount A. They had hard sledding, financially. Jock's pre-war job as a bank accountant - was out of the question; for his lungs' sake they took over the old farmhouse at Frosty Hollow, & began to farm. It took them a long time to pay off the debt on the farmhouse & furnish & decorate the interior. Then they fitted up four

bedrooms for guests & set up as a wayside inn, catering to the summer trade. Lily Wiggins is an excellent cook, Jock a first-rate farmer. They served such good meals that one wealthy American chocolate manufacturer actually took a room at Marshlands Inn (for the sake of a private bath) & solemnly drove to Frosty Hollow for his meals — though Heaven knows the Marshlands' food is fit for the gods. The long idle winters bored Jock & Lily. (They have no children) So they began to make preserves & sell them, specializing in marmalade. Jock designed an attractive Frosty Hollow label for their products. The stuff became famous. Now they put up a dozen varieties ranging from wild-strawberry jam to honey, and last winter they made seven tons of marmalade. Such places as the Nova Scotia Hotel in Hfx, & the Mount A. college, having standing orders for all they can get. Jock showed me letters from people as far away as California, ordering their products. Demand far out-runs supply, but Jock & Lily have refused all temptation to expand & start a factory; this is one of the reasons why Sackville folk think Jock "a bit queer". Today, at 40, Lily Higgins is still dark-haired, shapely, a bit shy, completely happy. She walks about the house ~~whistling~~ like a man, tells of their experiments & adventures with an engaging little grin, & complains only that 24 hours aren't enough for a good day. Jock, she says, thinks up the ideas, & she works out ways and means. "The only trouble with Jock is that he's got a 100 horse-power mind and we've only got 50 horsepower in our two bodies. So we can't work out half his ideas, and that's a pity, for they're good." They haven't had a holiday in 17 years — and don't want one. "We live an exciting life," says Lily. Just now they're busy with mincemeat — a special Frosty Hollow recipe, mixed in barrels with brandy and rum. "I have to stand by

when we mix each barrel "goes Lily," "else one bottle goes  
into the mincemeat and the other goes into Jock."

Now they are experimenting with wine made from imported H.V.  
grapes — for the consumption of their guests next summer.  
I bet it will be good. Jock gave me a jar of "Frosty Hollow  
Honey Spread" — for the breakfast toast — & it tastes fine.

Monday Nov. 17/41. Left Sackville about 9 a.m.  
A cold grey day, freezing after rain, & snow blowing  
like mist across the marshes. Took the paved road, via  
Springhill & Parrsboro. Springfield is a clean-looking town  
(despite the mine) high on a bare hill. The snow increased  
— fine hard cold weather stuff. On the hills the going  
was treacherous due to the thin coat of frozen rain on the  
paving. Coming over the shoulder of a steep wooded hill  
somewhere between Springhill & Southampton I glanced  
to the left and downward & saw a car which had just  
gone over the 30 foot bank. It had landed on its wheels  
but looked a wreck, glass shattered etc. I dared not put on  
my brakes. I caught a glimpse of four men crawling out,  
one grinning up at me — from which I judge they were  
not badly hurt — and a small house in a clearing nearby.  
So I kept on down the long icy grade & on to  
Parrsboro. The snow was blowing briskly against my  
windshield as I came over the mountain between Five Islands  
and Economy, & I recalled the tales of travellers by the  
Marshlands' fear of being snowbound for days in  
Cumberland as early as October last year; but it  
stopped snowing somewhere towards Moncton. Lunch in  
the Palliser at Truro, then on to Hfx.

Frances is recovering nicely. Dr. Gosse says the  
operation will leave nothing but a fine line of scar.

War news: Germans possess all the Crimea except  
Sebastopol; but they have so far had no great success

in their drives toward Leningrad, Moscow & Rostov. Japan has sent a special envoy, Kurusu, to the U.S. in what the Jap premier informs the world is a "last attempt to solve the Eastern question peaceably". Predictions are that Japs will attack either Russia or Siam; or perhaps both, within a month, & they want the U.S. to stay out of it. Mr. Churchill has stated that if U.S.A. becomes involved in war with Japan, Britain will declare war on Japan "within the hour".

Tuesday Nov 18/41. All day in research at the Archives building on Dalhousie Campus. Dr. Jimmie Martell a great help. The campus rings with martial sounds, what with the naval training college at Kings — now called officially "H.M.C.S. Kings" — giving forth a clang of bells every half-hour and frequent bugle calls, and commands at drill; and the Dalhousie C.O.T.C. drilling vigorously in full uniform, and even a group of high school cadets in dark blue with grey facings and gold rank stripes. Evening at the hospital.

Wednesday, Nov 19/41. Again research. Drove around the city at the afternoon's end. The whole west slope of the peninsula is now covered with buildings put up within the past four months — and still a-building. The old Hfx airport is now an army hub camp, the depot camp for Military District N° 6, & these huts extend north to Baynes Road. At Baynes Road begins the new "town" of pre-fabricated houses, hundreds of them, a Dominion Govt. project to house the thousands of workers required in new war industries at Hfx; and where this "town" leaves off, begins the attractive bungalow camp, green roofed, of the R.C.A.F. Manning pool, extending right through to Windsor Street at Willow Park. Arrangements for loading & discharge of

ships in Bedford Basin by means of lighters are now well advanced. A big timber pier extends from the shore at Fairview just east of the Irving Oil depot, and barges (such as those now being built at Liverpool) are already being assembled.

North of Fort Needham is another pre-fabricated village, on the very site worst blasted by the explosion of '17 and vacant ever since; and on the Dartmouth side another similar project is going up. Strangely, no huts or tents have been erected on the Common, as in the last war. The Common is used as a practice ground for Bren gun carriers, which skitter up & down, & jump right around, & churn the Common to mud. Since the U.S. undertook the patrol west of Iceland, the Royal Navy seems to have withdrawn completely from Hfx. But the streets are full of Canadian sailors & soldiers & the shops are doing a roaring trade. Troop trains were pouring in, & the streets were full of blue-clad Australian airmen — sure signs of another convoy for Britain.

War news: A contingent of Canadian troops arrived at Hongkong, a surprise to everybody. Australian & Indian troops are pouring into Singapore, & "considerable" naval forces have been transferred to the Indian Ocean.

Aircraft carrier "Ark Royal" which the Germans and Italians have "sunk" a number of times — a fact which B.B.C. broadcasters were fond of quoting — has, alas, been sunk at last, by a German submarine in the Mediterranean.

Thursday Nov 29/41. Research all day. Tonight we were permitted to take Frannie home to Mother's flat. The incision is healing nicely & Dr. Gorrie says we can take her to Liverpool tomorrow. The hospital bill was:—

|  |          |
|--|----------|
| 8 days attendance, semi-private, @ 2 <sup>nd</sup> | \$ 16.00 |
| Operating room                                     | 5.00     |
| Anaesthetist (Dr. Muir)                            | 10.00    |
|  | \$ 31.00 |

Friday Nov 21/41. Drove home this morning in driving rain. We had left the house and Tommy, in charge of Dorothy, our former maid, now married to a soldier lately gone overseas. She always seemed a quiet girl, but we are informed that all during our absence the house has been a rendezvous for a group of young demi-mondaines of the town, & Tommy (always observant) has some odd things to report.

I was just sitting down to lunch when Newbray Jones phoned to say that a full-dress rehearsal of our A.R.P. organisation was to take place this afternoon, to be inspected by a number of big-wigs. At 2:30 the warning signal was given — a series of short blasts on Thompson Bros. whistle.

I took my post as Superintendent beside a phone in the police office in town hall, under the gaze of J.B. Hayes (head of the Provincial Civilian Emergency Organisation, manager of M.V. Light & Power Co.), W.J. Cairns — Assistant National Commissioner, Canadian Red Cross Society, Rev. Dr. Prince, Col. Good & Capt. Jones of the 2nd Bn. West Nova Scotia Regt., Mayor More & many others. By phone & runner I received various reports of bomb damage, fire, etc., & by phone & runner I notified the various posts concerned, made arrangements for additional fire fighting equipment for Mettor, etc.

Then the whole party proceeded by car to the scene of the various "incidents" — in Bristol, where a first-aid party attended an injured boy, placed him in an emergency ambulance, removed him to a two-bed emergency first aid post in Jim Gardner's house, where a staff of trained nurses attended him, demonstrated their equipment & supplies. Then to Brooklyn, where the local fire force was busy putting out an imaginary fire in St. Andrew's Church, a first aid party attended a "badly burned" boy, removed him to the school, where an emergency hospital of 5 beds was in full operation with a complete staff of trained nurses, orderlies, & Dr. Bird in attendance.

Then to Melton where again the local fire force was busy, and was joined by the town fire engine from Liverpool. Wardens, complete with arm bands, were patrolling their "beats" all through the village. Again the mobile first aid crew, this branch putting splints on an injured leg; the hospital was set up in the Masonic hall, four beds, complete staff & equipment. Back to Liverpool where the first aid post, five beds, staff & equipment were inspected; finally to the main emergency hospital in the high school, which is to be the base hospital for Liverpool, Brooklyn & Melton; here were three wards (for men, women & children) containing 25 beds, a kitchen, well equipped operating room, four doctors (Wickham, Murray, Ford, Smith) & a full staff of nurses, orderlies & attendants.

Hayes made a little speech, said ours was the best A.R.P. organisation he had seen in the province. Cairns said the same. & Photographs were taken (which I dodged) & everyone was happy.

Great credit is due Mowbray Jones for his organization work. I am officially his assistant, & did not see eye-to-eye with him always (he would have had the whole town blacked out from the outbreak of war, for instance) but I confess he has done a good job. (See entries April 15/41 and Sep 5/41, also Oct 31/40)

War news: The long-awaited British attack in Libya is launched, & Mr. Churchill says that for the first time we are meeting the Germans with arms & equipment equal or better than their own. Our forces achieved a surprise, despite the long & careful Italo-German preparations by the fortune of a terrific sandstorm which rendered visibility nil & also turned the German airfields (which were all in the coastal area) to mud, leaving the British airfields (nearly all inland in the desert sand) free to operate. German general Rommel is believed to be encircled between Tobruk (where the British garrison is still making lively sorties) and Halfaya ("Hell Fire") Pass, which the Germans are holding strongly. Rommel is believed to have two armoured divisions.

Saturday, Nov. 22/41. War news: A terrific clash of fleets of tanks is in full blast in the Libyan desert. London says "we have paid a fairly high price for our success so far" but adds that German losses have been heavier. Rommel is believed to have lost half his armoured force already.

Monday, Nov. 24/41. British report no further progress in Libya, where the Germans are counter-attacking sharply with armoured forces. Germans still hold the vital Halfaya Pass. The Australians besieged in Tobruk all these months were relieved just before this attack withdrawn by sea & replaced by fresh English, Polish & Indian troops, who have so far been unable to break through to the British army approaching from the south & east. Germans are rushing reinforcements by air from Crete & elsewhere, & Rommel is still maintaining communication with Libya through a narrow gap south of Tobruk at a place called El Rezehk, where terrific fighting goes on. Both sides admit heavy loss. British claim 15,000 prisoners. Germans claim 5,000 British prisoners including a number of American observers. The R.A.F. still commands the air over the desert, but the command is being disputed more & more strongly as German air reinforcements arrive.

Canada's 5th (armoured) division has arrived in England accompanied by a lone infantry battalion (the Cape Breton Highlanders, under an old acquaintance of mine, Lt. Col. Edward "Laddie" Small) and a Nova Scotia hospital unit. The 4th (infantry) division is still in training in Canada. About 100,000 Canadian troops are now overseas.

In Canada, the gasoline restrictions were lifted about the 15th of this month. All they had accomplished was a tie-up of nearly all motor traffic (in Nova Scotia at any rate) during the 3rd & 4th weeks of each month, when the allotted supply ran low. Gork warns that gasoline will be rationed

in 1942; a more equitable method of doing it.

Glamour for conscription is rising; intensive recruiting has gathered in all the willing & able, & the supply of new recruits diminishes in spite of all efforts. The Maritime Provinces have done far more than their share; P.E.I. alone has enlisted 8,000 men, out of a population of 80,000. The rich central provinces are the slack ones, & in Quebec, where recruiting was brisk for a time, the situation is said to be very bad.

M. Lapointe, minister of justice, is gravely ill. He has long been Mackenzie King's right hand man, and King's chief adviser against conscription.

Wednesday Nov. 26/41 Lapointe is dead. He had long been the head & front of French-Canadian opinion at Ottawa, & was chiefly responsible for the failure of oil sanctions against Italy in 1935, by his repudiation of the Canadian delegate at Geneva (see my entry Dec 4, 1935). He was a clever & amiable politician who saw that Quebec must cooperate with English-speaking Canada for Quebec's own good, and through the wily politics-playing Mackenzie King he was able to influence Canadian policy powerfully at home & abroad. His death brings the show-down on conscription very near.

Thursday Nov. 27/41 Germans are within 35 miles of Moscow in one sector, & are using large forces of tanks & troops. At Rostov the Russians are attacking, in an attempt to clear the gate of the Caucasus & at the same time relieve pressure on Moscow. Japan continues to rattle the sabre while Kusuro talks with Cordell Hull at Washington; the Americans have set their faces stiffly against any concessions to Japan in the East.

In Libya, the New Zealanders have fought their way onto El Rezehk and joined hands with the sortie from Tobruk. German armoured columns are still trying to break out, & it appears as if they over-ran at least 1 brigade of South Africans & captured their general & many prisoners. Some pessimists are

are harking back to the British defeat here last June 15-20th; but if Mr Churchill is right, & we have as much armoured equipment as the Germans, I think we can be confident of the outcome. It is much like naval warfare; territory means nothing for the opposing armoured forces roam about like battleships, & success must come from the destruction of one fleet or the other.

Friday Nov 28/41. Gondar, the last Italian stronghold in Ethiopia, has fallen to our East African army, with 10,000 prisoners, half of them white. In Libya the New Zealanders have recaptured Rezehk (lost when a South African brigade after a swift advance, was over-run by Rommel's tanks) and linked strongly with the troops advancing south & east from Tobruk.

Rommel is still thrusting strongly, & one of his panzer columns actually broke through our lines into Egypt compelling Cunningham to withdraw tanks from the Rezehk battle to deal with it. In Russia, the ding-dong battle for Moscow continues in the snow, with the Germans moving slowly in from 3 sides.

Here in Liverpool, the scow building yard at Shipyard Point has knocked off for the winter, having completed 25 or 30 barges. At Thompson's, another naval craft, a large converted yacht <sup>H.M.C.S. BEAVER</sup> undergoing overhaul. Yesterday her crew marched smartly, in fours, up to the Bank of Nova Scotia for their pay, drew it, & marched back again. About 40 men. Thompson's have put up another building to accommodate their growing plant. (Above naval vessel is "Beaver" N° 3210.)

Tonight we had our first practice black-out. At 8 pm. the whistles at Thompson's in Frob, at Walker's in Winton blew a series of short blasts. The district had been warned through the newspapers etc. & all lights were put out promptly. The streets looked weird, lit only by the moon in a clear frosty sky. Our A.R.P. wardens were out patrolling their beats, & reported to me by phone at Penn Hall that very few people had to

be told. The police stopped all movement of cars, & all headlights were switched off. Mowbray Jones, watching from the paper mill roof, reported that the town went dark completely & the lights along the shore to Western Head, at Brooklyn and at Milton, followed promptly.

Sunday, Nov. 30/41 Cold & overcast. Temp. 24° at 5 P.M.

War news: Sebastopol holds out, and there is fighting at Balaklava — a memorable name for Britain. The Russians are still fighting valiantly before Moscow; in the south they have re-taken Rostov-on-Don and claim that the Germans, under Von Kleist, are in full retreat towards Taganrog. In Libya the British still hold Rommel's panzer army like a lion in a cage — he can't break out, and they don't want to go in. American observers suggest Rommel has heavier tanks than the British hence the stalemate. A British column has appeared in the desert south of the Gulf of Sidra. British submarines have been playing havoc with German convoys in the Arctic, off North Cape; the bag includes at least 2 trooperships. This suggests a German thrust to seize Murmansk, where British & American supplies of tanks & planes are pouring into Russia.

In Berlin the Germans are holding a grand conference of the "new Europe", with representatives from Italy, Finland, Hungary, Bulgaria, Roumania, Denmark & Spain.

Monday Dec. 1/41 Winter arrived. Temperature went down close to zero last night, with a high NW wind & a three-quarter moon in a clear sky. A cold sunny day. I walked around Western Head this afternoon.

War news: Moscow holds. Germans admit set back at Rostov-on-Don. In Libya, Rommel is still trying to break through the British encirclement, & seems to be roaming around inside, over a wide area, with no British attempt to close in. A German general & 600 prisoners were taken in one of these fruitless sorties. British cruiser "Aeronshire" has sunk a German armed merchantman in the North Atlantic.

Tuesday Dec 2/41 Bad news today. In Libya the Germans have defeated the encircling British forces at Rezehk, which is now in their hands again, & Tobruk is again isolated. All this in spite of our declared "complete command of the air, & the sea, & superiority in men, tanks & equipment."

The Australian navy has had two hard knocks. The fine new sloop "Paramatta", which joined the Mediterranean fleet only yesterday, was promptly torpedoed & sunk. Worse, the famous cruiser Sydney has been sunk in a mysterious fight in the Indian Ocean, & all her crew are missing.

All that is known is that survivors of a German armed merchantman have been picked up; they admitted the sinking of ~~their~~ their ship Steiermark by Sydney, but added that Sydney had been sunk also - and would say no more. All this off the Cocos Islands by a curious chance, the scene of a former Sydney's exploit in the last war. It's believed that Sydney happened upon a rendezvous of German commerce raiders & was sunk in the subsequent dog-fight.

The big new battleship "Prince of Wales" & other strong units of the British fleet have arrived at Singapore, where Japanese threats & movements have necessitated a state of military emergency. U.S. govt has demanded (thru the special Jap envoy at Washington, Kurusu) a prompt explanation of heavy Jap troop movements in Indo-China.

Friday, Dec 5/41 Calm, chill misty weather. The rabbit season opened Dec 1st & I have been out with my shotgun two afternoons, at Port Mouton & Port Joli, & got five. No snow.

The scow-building yard at Shipyard Point has obtained further orders & will operate all winter & spring, we are told.

War news: It is confirmed (by grudging German admissions) that General Von Kleist has been sharply defeated near the Black Sea & has retreated hastily west of Taganrog. This is the first offensive success of the Russians in this war.

In Libya, the Germans have fought our forces to a standstill, & the public reaction, after the early optimism of the official reports, and of Mr Churchill himself, is one of anger. If we can't lick this German army in Libya, with the advantages (particularly of communications) admittedly in our favour, how can we hope to win a campaign on the European continent?

Mr Churchill's response has been a parliamentary request for conscription of <sup>SINGLE</sup> women between 18 and 30, & an extension of the age range for conscripts for the army.

President Roosevelt is sending a direct appeal to Emperor Hirohito in an effort to solve the present crisis in the Far East.

Saturday, Dec 6/41 Another calm dank day. Mud everywhere.

U.S.-Japanese relations seem to have reached an impasse. Nobody knows just what has been the matter of these discussions, but U.S. help to China has probably been the chief point.

British cruiser Dorsetshire has sunk a German surface raider in the South Atlantic.

Sunday, Dec 7/41 Cold, pouring rain, with a N.E. gale tonight. Tremendous news. This morning, while Jap envoy

Kurusu was still closeted with U.S. secretary Cordell Hull, communicating the Jap govt's answer to Roosevelt's note of Friday, Japanese aircraft in large numbers attacked the U.S. naval bases in the west Pacific without warning.

Pearl Harbour, Hawaii, appears to have suffered the heaviest attack. Details are scanty (8 p.m.) but it is known that the U.S. navy air field there was severely damaged & there were heavy casualties. Three U.S. warships were hit, one of them, the "Oklahoma" was set afire. The Jap planes must have been launched from aircraft carriers, & it is believed that strong Jap naval forces are in the vicinity. Two American steamers east of Hawaii have sent out distress calls, & one is known to have sunk. There is great excitement in the U.S., and

all radio programs are being interrupted constantly for bulletins.

The weather here tonight is in tune with the march of events, a wild sleet-storm howling about the house & roaring in the chimney, & the streets white & desolate & deserted.

11 p.m. The only confirmed news is that the Japs have bombed Hawaii, causing heavy civilian casualties in Honolulu, & considerable damage & casualties in military & naval establishments there. They have also bombed Guam. At Shanghai a U.S. gunboat was boarded & captured, but the British gunboat "Petrol" put up a fight & was sunk by gunfire. Jap troops have seized the international settlement there.

Unconfirmed reports: A U.S.-Jap naval battle in progress west of Hawaii, & one Jap aircraft carrier sunk; 4 Jap submarines sunk off Hawaii; U.S. battleship "Oklahoma" sunk at Hawaii; an attack on Singapore & 2 British destroyers sunk.

Official reports from Cairo state that a big battle is now in progress in Libya, in which the main tank forces on both sides have joined.

Perhaps the most significant detail of the Jap attack is that is following the unspoken rule which the Axis adopted from Hitler himself — always attack on a week-end, preferably on a Sunday; the time when democracies are most apt to be off-guard.

Monday, Dec 8/41. Still windy, still overcast temp about 30° at noon. Snow (about an inch of it) turning to slush in the streets. News this morning of Jap air attacks on Singapore & Manila. Hongkong is being attacked by land sea & air. Thailand has been invaded & after a brief air bombing of Bangkok the Thai army laid down its arms. Jap troops have landed at points along the long neck of Malaya & fighting is in progress. Great Britain, Canada, South Africa, N.Z. & Australia have declared war on Japan. So have Costa Rica, Nicaragua & Cuba without waiting for the formal U.S. declaration.

1:30 p.m. We heard the proceedings broadcast from the U.S.

house of representatives at Washington, when President Roosevelt, in a brief firm-voiced address, asked the house to declare a state of war with Japan. He referred to the "infamy" of the attack, which had obviously been prepared days, if not weeks ago, when Jap officials were still talking "peace" proposals.

SZ  
Nov 18/59 → Heard tonight that 2 boys of the Laing family at Big Falls dam were lost in the woods since Sunday. One aged 14, the other 9.

N.C.: These 2 boys were never found. It was always believed they were murdered by Andrew Francis, Indian. Sam Clark, Indian, told me the name after Andrew's death. Andrew was trapping beavers illegally in Upper Great Brook & the kids came upon him.

Tuesday, Dec 9/59. Went up river with Brent Smith this morning & joined today's search for the lost children. Much more snow therabouts than at Liverpool, trees & bushes weighed down with it. Sun came out warm in mid-morning & everything dropped, & as it was necessary to dig through every shelter we got soaked within a mile. The search area falls naturally into the area between George's Brook & Upper Great Brook, as the kids would know enough to follow either brook down to the river if they struck it. The section near the river road had been thoroughly searched yesterday, so we struck north to George's Lake, where we stopped for lunch, & then carefully searched the gap between the lake and Upper Great Brook. No sign of a track in the snow. (We were going on the assumption that the kids survived Sunday's storm & wandered off northward next day.) None of the other searchers had any luck. George Hale forest ranger says he will dynamite the beaver dams in Upper Great Brook tomorrow, to lower the water in their ponds, & try dragging the ponds.

Warnews: A flood of confusing reports about fighting all over the Pacific. Pacific coast towns in U.S. & Canada were blacked out last night, & today air raid alarms were sounded in Boston & New York, creating a fine frenzy in the volatile Sons of the Free & the Home of the Brave. Nothing like it since Orson Welles scared 'em to death with his broadcast of "the men from Mars" (see entry November, 1938). Here in Liverpool some nervous souls, hearing the American furor on their radios, called Mayor John More, demanded that the town be blacked out tonight. More called me, as Sup' of the A.R.P., to ask what

I thought of it, & I snorted that it was just another case of men from Mars. Added that we should order a blackout when so advised by the A.R.P. controller (Hayes) from Halifax, and not till then. More laughed & agreed, said he was in Boston during the Spanish-American war, & well remembered New England throwing a fit because "the Spanish fleet was off the coast."

Wednesday, Dec. 11/41 Bad news again. Official British report says the big battleships "Repulse" and "Prince of Wales" have been sunk by air bombs off Malaya. Japs have landed in force on the Philippine island of Luzon & have seized Guam. Jap forces are afoot on the Kra isthmus connecting Malaya with the continent.

The campaign in Libya, which started in such high hopes, has been a flop, and now General Cunningham is replaced by General Ritchie. What happened is still a mystery, but it seems that Rommel has given us another lesson in tank warfare. Fighting continues there.

Hubert Mac Donalds former command, the corvette "Windflower", which was in harbor for a refit last September, has been lost, rammed & sunk while on convoy duty. 29 men lost, including young Sub-Lieut. Shields, a fine chap.

Thursday Dec 12/41 Of the 3000 men aboard "Repulse" & "Prince of Wales", 2300 have been saved & brought to Singapore. They say the ships were attacked by bombers which they beat off; but then came a swarm of torpedo planes. "Repulse" managed to dodge 19 torpedoes before she was hit. Finally both ships sustained several torpedo hits & sank.

A terrible loss to which must be added the battleship "Oklahoma", U.S.N., now officially admitted sunk at Hawaii. Japs claim also the U.S. aircraft carrier "Langley" sunk at Hawaii; U.S. govt is silent on this point.

On the other hand, a Jap cruiser & a destroyer have been sunk by air bombs while attacking Wake Island, & off Manila the old Jap battleship "Haruna" was also sunk by U.S. planes. Japs have landed on Luzon Island in several places & are dropping parachute troops on airfields, but U.S. General MacArthur claims the "situation is in hand". Japs are feeling out the

defences of Hong Kong & there have been a few skirmishes there.  
Japs seem well established on the Kra isthmus, & have bombed the  
British airfields there out of use - hence the lack of air support  
which cost us 2 battleships.

A spate of speeches today - all broadcast, though only Churchill  
& Roosevelt were carried over our stations. Hitler at Berlin, and  
Mussolini at Rome, made speeches in the usual vein, this time  
formally declaring war on the U.S.A. however - a departure  
from Axis technique. Hitler was full of excuses for the outcome  
of the Russian campaign & full of threats for next spring.  
He declared he had 3½ million Russian prisoners, & gave the  
total German casualties in Russia as 770,000. London  
estimates German casualties at double or perhaps treble that.  
Meanwhile the Russians are counter-attacking sharply all along  
the front in the bitter cold, and having some success.

Mr. Churchill reviewed the war picture in his speech to the  
Commons. Admitted the naval loss at Singapore as a "hard and  
painful blow". Said that we must expect further bad news in  
the Far East. In Libya he stated his faith in General  
Auchinleck as C in C. Middle East; said that General Cunningham's  
health had failed & that he had been replaced in command of  
the 8th Army by Ritchie, "a considerably younger man".  
Said that the Germans in Libya were better equipped and  
supplied than we had supposed - some of their tanks equipped  
with 6-pounder cannon, for instance - and they had fought  
"stubbornly & resourcefully"; nevertheless the battle was going  
forward in its second phase & we were achieving success  
despite the fact that German air reinforcements were pouring  
into Libya, some of them from the Russian front.

Mr. Roosevelt spoke before the German & Italian declarations  
of war, but evidently knew what was afoot & said that Germany  
& Italy were enemies of the U.S. just as much as Japan.  
Upon news of the Axis declarations, Congress promptly  
declared a state of war to exist between the U.S. and

Germany - Italy. Nothing was said of Hungary, which also declared war on the U.S. On the other hand, Mexico & Cuba have followed the U.S. in declarations of war against Germany & Italy.

11 pm. American garrison on Wake Island is still holding out. U.S. bombers at Manila have hit & badly damaged another Jap battleship, this one of the "Kongo" class.

The German general commanding the army before Moscow, Von Bock, has been replaced by Von List, the conqueror of Jugoslavia & Greece.

Canadian govt has moved to conserve rubber stocks, in view of the Jap threat to Malaya: purchase or sale of new tyres, even for bicycles is forbidden until further notice. It's also announced that gasoline will be rationed as from next April 1st.

A British sub. has torpedoed an Italian cruiser in the Mediterranean. Cruiser badly damaged, possibly sunk.

Saturday Dec 13/41 Guam is definitely in Jap hands. Wake and Midway islands still holding out. Japs have made further landings on Luzon but Manila reports some of these isolated & being mopped up. A heavy Jap air raid on the Cavite naval base near Manila resulted in severe damage. Japs are now firmly established at the Kra isthmus, & air-bombing Penang severely. Netherlands subs. have sunk 4 or perhaps 5 Jap transports off the Indo-China coast, all full of troops. Rangoon has been bombed lightly. Hongkong is under siege & the Japs have driven out outposts out of Kowloon, opposite. Chinese forces are said to be pressing the Japs from the rear in this area.

In Libya, Rommel is in full retreat westward & his rearguards are being severely handled. In the Mediterranean 3 of our destroyers and 1 Dutch destroyer made a brilliant night attack with gunfire & torpedoes on an Italian scouting force. Results: 1 Italian <sup>CRUISE</sup> sunk, another "left afire from stem to stern".

& believed sunk, 1 torpedo boat sunk, 1 E-boat sunk. Loss on our side, nil. (See entry Dec 19)

In Russia, the Germans are still withdrawing from the positions taken at such great cost around Moscow & Leningrad. Berlin calls it a "strategic withdrawal to winter quarters". Moscow says it is the result of heavy Russian attacks, still in progress, & gives an impressive list of tanks, guns & other booty captured. Russian attacks in the Donetz basin are still making progress north & west of Taganrog.

Vichy still professing "neutrality" is now known to be in active collaboration with the Axis. Much French motor equipment has been found in possession of Rommel's Germans & Italians in Libya, & the ports of Tunisia are in full Axis use. The U.S. has seized all French ships in U.S. ports, including the great new liner "Normandie".

Hitler's puppet governments in Europe - Croatia, Hungary, Rumania, Bulgaria, have followed the Axis command & declared war on the U.S.

In Canada, the demand for conscription rises from all quarters but Quebec, & with the U.S. setting an example of all-in conscription of man-power, Ottawa cannot delay much longer.

Here in Liverpool the converted yacht, "Beaver" is still undergoing repairs at Thompson's. She is one of the large expensive steam yachts purchased in H.S.A. for the Canadian navy at the outbreak of war, unsuited to rough weather patrols, and a constant expense. A corvette, "Cobalt" is also refitting at Thompson's. She bears the insignia K 120 - or some such number in large letters on both bows & the stern. The "Beaver's" number, also in prominent white letters is S 240 or figures of that sort.

The Foundation Company, which built a number of lighters at Shipyard Point this Fall, has received further orders and will operate all winter & spring.

Thompson's boat-building plant, another was enterprise, is turning out half a dozen small motorboats, for coastal work, designed somewhat like the Cape Island fishing boats.

Sunday Dec 14/41 The bodies of the two boys lost up river a week ago have not yet been found, & a great search had been planned for today, with hundreds of men from the paper mill, Thompson's, the lighter yard, etc. But this morning a furious easterly storm of rain renders it impossible.

War news: cabinet minister Power announced in Montreal last night that Canada would introduce selective conscription for overseas service at once.

A major battle is raging in northern Malaya not far from Penang. Small Jap forces have invaded Burma at one point. Singapore admits the Japs have air support & hints that a retreat may have to be made from Alos Star.

Manila reports "situation still in hand." No news whatever of British or U.S. fleets in the Pacific.

It is announced that the former Italian colony of Eritrea, centrally situated & remote from air attack by Axis forces, is to become a huge base for American supplies to all the forces in the middle East.

Monday Dec 15/41 Temp 25° noon. Sunny, with intermittent snow squalls, & a keen wind down the river.

War news: in Libya, Rommel is making a stand 40 miles west of Tobruk & another major battle rages. Heavy air reinforcements are pouring to Rommel from the Russian front. British submarines have again sunk a long list of Italian transports & supply ships.

Germans still withdrawing to winter quarters in Russia, & while Russian claims are obviously optimistic, it seems clear that the present "strategic" retreat marks the end of a bloody German failure to take Moscow. Snow & cold weather robbed Germans of much of their tank & air superiority, & attempts to fight

a 1918-style battle against prepared positions resulted in a 1941 Verdun. For all this, Germans are giving up only the advanced positions & their retreats can scarcely be seen on a map of Russia, except that flight from Rostov to somewhere west of Taganrog.

Manila & Singapore report little change in their battles. Hong Kong is under heavy bombardment from sea, land & air.

Secretary of the Navy Knox arrived back in U.S. from an inspection trip to Hawaii & lifted a bit of the veil. Says the Japs caught the army, navy & air force totally off guard at Pearl Harbour. Sank the battleship "Arizona", the old battleship "Oklahoma", the training ship "Idaho", 2 destroyers, 1 minelayer and 1 other small craft. Smashed the airmen's barracks ashore, & destroyed "a great number" of planes in hangars. Total service casualties, killed - 2700 officers & men; wounded - 600. Knox says 3 Jap submarines (one of them a curiosity manned by 2 men) were destroyed, and 41 Jap planes. Jap attack was made by 150 to 300 planes. President Roosevelt has ordered

an immediate enquiry into the lack of vigilance at Hawaii.

At Singapore an enquiry now sitting, seeking the reasons why "Repulse" & "Prince of Wales" were ordered out with no air support.

Wednesday Dec 17/41. Weather mild, ground bare.

War news: Russians are following up the German withdrawals in Russia with sharp attacks on rearguards. British are doing the same for Rommel's retreating force in Libya. Considerable numbers of U-boats, apparently taken out of the Battle of the Atlantic have appeared in the Mediterranean, & one of them has sunk the old cruiser "Dunedin" with great loss of life.

Chief news is from the Pacific, where Jap submarines and surface craft have again shelled one of the Hawaiian islands. Wake & Midway islands are still being attacked by air. In the Philippines, the well-prepared American defence seems to have given the Japs a belly-full; Japs are hanging on to

three beach heads at the north tip of Luzon island, but no further attacks have developed. Japs have landed on British North Borneo. Chief battleground is Malaya, where the Japs are bringing strong mechanised forces along the Kra Isthmus & are landing more at Kota Bahru. British forces have been forced back almost to Penang, & the loss of Kota Bahru gives the Japs a good port and airdrome in a spot where they can use it to advantage. Jap air force seems to have the upper hand, & there is some bitter comment in Australian papers, which have not forgiven the British high command for the Crete affair. One paper declared that Britain was keeping the bulk of the R.A.F. for home defence & letting the Pacific go hang.

Thursday, Dec 18/41 The heads of the U.S. army, navy and air force at Hawaii have all been recalled & replaced.

British & Dutch forces have occupied Portuguese Timor.

This sunny afternoon I drove up to the Gugle pond, with Ethel & Frances, & we hiked into the woods for a Christmas tree & some pine & hemlock boughs. No snow anywhere.

Friday, Dec 19/41 Another mild & sunny day.

War news: Germans still retreating slowly in Russia.

In Libya, British advanced units reached Derna airdrome.

News from Tunis re the naval action in the early hours of Dec 13/41, says that survivors of an Italian troop convoy came ashore there & said that 2 cruisers & 1 destroyer & 3 troop transports were sunk. About 5000 lives lost. Rome admitted the 2 cruisers lost, said nothing of the others.

In Malaya, the British have abandoned Penang, which gives the Japs a good port on the Indian Ocean.

Manila reports only minor Jap activity. No word has been received from Hong Kong today. Japs

claim they are storming the island & that only a few British posts remain unconquered there.

Nothing from Britain except that the R.A.F. has resumed its attempts to keep the German warships "Scharnhorst", "Gneisenau" & "Prinz Eugen" in a bad state of repair at Brest naval yard.

Saturday Dec 20/41. All day morning, rain this afternoon, a blizzard from the N.E. tonight. No change in the war news, except that Cairo claims the German-Italian retreat in Libya "has become a rout". After the excess optimism of the early reports on this battle or rather this campaign, one is inclined to wait for proof in the shape of prisoners, guns & vehicles taken.

Sunday Dec 21/41. Snow ceased early this morning. Temp @ 9 a.m., 4° below zero, with a high wind all day. Tonight Charlie Holden called a meeting of the Legion executive in the new rooms over Seldon's Pharmacy. All were there — Otto Wilson, Dan Winters, Gil Winters, George Freeman, "Jammie" Watson, Brent Smith, Austin Parker & myself. Present also were young Ted Hallett, who is a Lieutenant in the 2nd Bn West Nova Scotia Regt, and Major Mathieson of Clyde River, who commands B Company of the same regt. Mathieson, a small close-cropped, wiry schoolmasterish man of about 45, wearing spectacles & battle-dress & a row of medal ribbons, did the talking. Began with a history of the battalion, which was formed early in 1940 for the purpose of supplying drafts to the 1st Bn, overseas. The 2nd Bn was quickly recruited, & trained during the summer (see entry Sep 12/40) in local groups & finally in a 30-day camp. Then, to everyone's astonishment, the men were told to turn in their uniforms and equipment as "there would be no further training until called upon."

Many of the men (like Ralph Freeman) had given up good jobs to enlist, thinking they were going overseas. They were disgusted. Some got their jobs back, some got new jobs, many immediately enlisted in active army units & in the navy &

air force. When the all-wise powers in charge of our military machine decided to embody the Bn again, its strength existed only on paper. So another recruiting campaign began. This procedure ~~had~~ resulted ~~in~~ in the 2nd Bn today can muster less than 100 men, although more than 3000 have at some time or other enlisted in it. The rest have vanished into the other branches of the service & have drifted off to munitions jobs etc. Now, with the U.S. at war with Germany, the political barrier to German naval operations on our coast is removed, & the Dept. of National Defence has become defence-conscious. It has ordered the 2nd Bn. West Nova Scotia Regt. to consider itself a home defence unit, responsible for local defence in its own recruiting area — which includes the whole west coast of N.S. from Hubbards round to Margaretsville on the Bay shore!

Mathieson's immediate job is to recruit B company up to strength. A tough job, for most of the available young men have gone from these parts, and the Bns. "on again off again" history will scarcely tempt a fellow with a good job. Military regulations have been stretched to admit men of ages up to 50, & medical categories down to & including C.

Mathieson proposed to us that 50 or 100 Legion men who qualify under the above limits should enlist in B. company "for your own defence, the defence of your town". The old Odd Fellow's Hall on ~~CORNHILL~~ Street was converted into an "armoury" for Queens County's own B. co'y, last year, though it has been little used. In it are stored complete uniforms, equipment & rifles for 100 men. (The rifles are American army Springfields which fire .300 ammunition). Each man who so enlists must do 2 nights training each week throughout the year, & go to camp for 30 days. He will be paid only for the time actually spent in uniform. He enlists for 3 years "or until discharged", and can be called up for service at

any time, to serve anywhere in Canada.

We were in general favourable to enlistment, but for the 30 days in camp. Few of the type of men Matheson wants ("good steady men, family men, who we can count on finding here when we want 'em") can get away from their jobs for 30 days at a time. We asked why the men couldn't do their whole training in the local armoury, since they would be "home guards" in the true sense of the word. Matheson, like an old soldier said orders were orders. We agreed to bring the matter before the next general meeting of our Legion branch — after the New Year.

Monday Dec. 22/41. Sunny but cold. A few inches of snow on the ground.

War news: Hitler, in the most fantastic speech yet, has proclaimed the dismissal of Field Marshal Von Brauchitsch, & announced that he, in person, will be C-in-C of the German army. He said he was "following his intuitions" in this matter, & went on to declare "The war is now entering upon a new & favourable stage for us. We now face a decision of world-wide importance."

Comment in Britain & America is that the failure of the great Russian adventure is the cause of it. But it may mean that Brauchitsch opposed Hitler's plan of invading England.

The Russians are still worring the German rearguards in the retreat to "winter quarters", & foreign correspondents with the Russian armies confirm Moscow's reports that large quantities of material, including thousands of lorries etc., have been abandoned by the Germans. London's latest quip is that Hitler has sent for "an experienced Italian general to take charge of the retreat".

In Libya the Italo-German retreat continues at high speed, & the R.A.F. have the targets of their lives, for the single road is "jammed for miles with transport".

So far 7000 Italian & 3000 German prisoners have been taken, which scarcely indicates a rout. Our forces are nearing Bengazi, & one motor column has raided 150 miles into Tripolitania & destroyed an aerodrome together with its whole garrison, staff, & 26 planes.

Hong Kong still holds out, though the Japs appear to be well established on the island & in possession of most of the city itself.

Manila reports that a great Jap army estimated at 80,000 to 100,000 men, has landed at the north end of Luzon, & heavy fighting is in progress.

In Malaya our forces are still giving ground slowly under savage Jap attacks. Criticism of the scanty garrison & equipment in Malaya after all the British govt's big talk, is growing. The Rajah of Sarawak (Brooke) declares that too much of the "intelligence" was conducted by "a lot of old-school-tie fellows at Singapore"; and that the Netherlands eastern fleet & air force was having to defend the whole area.

Tonight we learn that Mr. Churchill has arrived mysteriously in Washington & is conferring with Mr. Roosevelt.

Tuesday Dec 23/41 Clear & cold. Kids enjoying the snow & good skating. Walked to Milton & back this afternoon with Rev Nicholson, United Church minister here. He is a native of Oban, Cape Breton, a tall rough-hewn man with thin grey hair & shrewd slate-coloured eyes, looks 55 and says he is 67; vigorous in movement & thought, inclined to Socialism & strides along talking about it in a great deep voice, hauling every man woman & child he meets with a jolly Good Day! Used to be an ardent pacifist, but admits now that "when a wolf comes out of the woods at you, there's no argument like a good big stick."







