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Diary of  
Thomas H. Raddall II



APRIL 9, 1963 (CONTINUED) that he had tried to reach me by phone this morning, without success. (He saw crews of telephone & electric-power linemen working busily at various places along the North Shore.) Halifax got a heavier fall of snow than Liverpool, & it was impossible to do the trips over McNab's Island & George's Island as planned. However we would go tomorrow to the forts in Point Pleasant Park, & to York Redoubt.

WEDNESDAY, APR. 10/63

I walked up Citadel Hill at 8.30 a.m. Half an hour later we set off in Johnson's official car — Johnson, Mr. Herbeau, Max Sutherland (a young historic-research man on Johnson's staff) & myself. In Point Pleasant Park we found the Martello tower undergoing a complete restoration by a gang of 15 men under a foreman. Like all these old structures of stone & brick & mortar, it has been under constant attack by wet & frost & time, & it has been restored from time to time. The present job is the most thorough (& expensive) ever undertaken, & Johnson hopes it will last "for ever". On the small open ground by the tower (where Joseph Howe & Halliburton had their famous duel) Johnson has assembled an odd collection of old cannon ranging from small smooth-bore of George III period to massive muzzle-loading rifled cannon (shaped like

soda-water bottles) installed in the Hfx. forts during the American Civil War. These will be re-installed in various Hfx. forts as the restoration work proceeds. The difficulty will be to find enough to make a show.

We went on to inspect the deserted & forlorn forts Ogilvie, Cambridge, & Point Pleasant Battery. In all of these the original works had all but disappeared in patchwork repairs & additions made in successive generations up to (or including) World War One, when various ugly concrete structures appeared.

Since W.W. Two the authorities have bulldozed heaps of fallen brick & other rubble to block the entrances to underground magazines & store-rooms, which had become dangerous. It seems to me that nothing can be done here except to preserve the main ramparts.

We drove around the N.W. Arm to York Redoubt. Provincial highway crews & machines are busy making a new road through the wilderness of rock & swamp which has always made the Purcell's Cove - Chebucto Head area an engineer's nightmare. The planners of this new road laid their line smack through the middle of York Redoubt, but fortunately the line has been diverted to leave the old fort intact.

The fort covers a considerable area, & our cat-tailings at the locked gate failed to reach the ears of the old soldier in charge of it. However

Johnson led us through the bush & the snow (4 inches or more) some distance to a point where we could scale the loop-holed wall.

York has a magnificent view - looking from its commanding height across the channel to Maugers Point on Mc Nab's Island, up the harbor to the Citadel & city, & seaward over Thruon Cap, Devil's Island, & past Shearwater Head. Apart from the Citadel it is the best preserved of the Gz. forts; indeed it is better than the Citadel, in that one can see the development from the small & simple work, centered about a Martello tower<sup>built</sup> in the 1790's, to the changes of the 1860's & again the 1890's; & the First World War, & the second World War; and it has the most beautiful site. Some of the "soda-water bottle" type of heavy cannon (muzzle-loading rifles) with calibres 10" or 12", installed in the 1860's, remain firmly mounted on traversing steel carriages in one part of the long fort enclosure. The stub of the Martello tower remains, with short concrete wings added in a later age. The old (1860's) magazines remain intact, - beautiful brick-arched works deep under an artificial knoll of earth & stones, which is covered with a dense growth of white birch, scrub maple, alder, etc.

During War Two the garrison engineers created at York a command post for the whole seaward defence. A square concrete structure shows above ground, which

contained radar & other range-finding apparatus; at ground level in this mass of concrete is the fire-control gunnery post, with observation windows ~~furnished~~ with hinged steel plates; a plotting table (with the plot-map of the harbor approaches still on it), telephones, etc.

This structure goes down 20 or 30 feet in solid rock, with massive overhead concrete protection; here are various rooms, heated by electric radiators, the floors covered with thick wall-to-wall linoleum, a great array of telephone & various other electric switchboards; a ventilating & air-purifying system in case of poison gas attack; various concrete "escape tunnels", one which leads to a small ravine at the rear of the fort!

Back to the city at 1 p.m. Mr. Herbert is coming to Hfx. again in May for the inspection of George's and McNab islands; he & Johnson invited me to join them at that time, & Johnson will phone me the exact date. Lunched at Doorden Arms - full of people, a busy place. E. had been shopping for carpeting, etc., & was pleased with the trip.

Left the hotel at 2.30 p.m. & arrived home about 5.15. A wash & a glass of wine, & then dinner at the new grill-room opposite the Parade, operated by Mark & Gladys Dorey, not ~~satisfactory~~.

News:- the federal election returns are still incomplete, as the voting of service men overseas (usually favoring the Liberals) will not be known until this

week-end, & in some nip-and-tuck constituencies it could make a difference. The Liberals won far more seats than the Conservatives in the area east of the Lake-head — as in last summer's election the Liberals scored heavily in large urban areas — & this time (for example) both Halifax seats went Liberal, & all the seats in (traditionally Tory) Toronto. On the prairies the Conservatives did much better, but still had only 94 seats<sup>IN ALL</sup>, while the Liberals have well over 110, though not enough for an all-over majority. In Quebec the provincial Liberal organization this time worked hard for the federal Liberal candidates, with the result of cutting Caouette's "Social Credit" group, also the smaller Tory group.

British & U.S. newspapers express open pleasure at Pearson's strong come-back — by obvious inference meaning Diefenbaker's defeat.

THURSDAY, APR. 11/63 Another gale with snow all day. Along the South Shore the snow was mixed with sleet, and melted on the ground. Elsewhere in N.S. & N.B. it piled up, stopped traffic on the roads, & blew down more telephone & electric power lines. News:- The federal election returns:-

Liberals 128 seats

P-C 96

S-C 24

N.D.P. 17

The servicemen's mark vote, not yet counted, may change one

or two of these. The U.S.N. nuclear-propelled submarine "Thresher" disappeared today while making deep-diving tests at sea 220 miles east of Boston. No distress signal was heard by the surface vessel accompanying her; but a patch of oil, bits of distinctive plastic, & red & yellow gloves (of the sort used in the nuclear-reaction sector of the submarine) floated to the surface. Naval authorities think the hull ruptured under deep sea pressure, & that the crushed remains of the submarine with 129 officers & men are now lying on the ocean floor at a depth of more than 8,000 feet.

SATURDAY, APR. 13/63 Cold & windy. Scaling the wall at York Redoubt on Wednesday — the sort of thing we used to do blithely enough on the assault course at Aldershot 21 years ago — did something to ligaments in my upper left thigh & the small of my back. I did not notice it much until yesterday, when any sudden movement caused excruciating pains & made me very lame for some minutes. News:— The service vote gives 2 more seats to the Liberals — still not enough for an over-all majority. However several Social Credit members from P.Q. have announced that they will support the Liberal party "for the sake of a stable government", & it now seems certain that Pearson will form a government & carry on for at least two years & perhaps longer.

Looking over the poll returns for Lunenburg-Greens, I note that Grouse & his Liberal opponent Burke ↑

were roughly even in Lunenburg County. Crouse's majority of 1400 or so came almost entirely from Queens.

SUNDAY, APR. 14/63

Fine & warm for Easter Sunday.

C. & I attended morning service at Zion, sitting in the gallery where one gets a full over-all view. The influenza epidemic, which has spread through the province in the past 2 or 3 weeks, left a thin choir, so there was none of the usual singing program. However, the church (including gallery) was full. Like many others we slipped away before the communion service. In spite of lumbo-litis & a somewhat lame left leg I played 9 holes at White Point after lunch. Many players out. Tom, Pam & their youngsters came to our house at 4 p.m. & had roast turkey dinner with us. Our daughter Frances phoned from Moncton with Easter greetings, seemed bright & cheerful despite the uproar of four noisy youngsters in the background. Moncton has just dug itself out after the blizzard of almost a week ago; the highways out of the town were blocked with drifts for days — ploughing made difficult by hundreds of cars stuck & abandoned on the roads.

MONDAY, APR. 15/63

A grey day with showers. Played 9 holes at White Point in flicks of rain. Felt desperate for more physical effort in fresh air; but dared not in view of the web, the lumbo-litis resulting from my escalade of York Redoubt, & the rheumatic pains in <sup>rightly</sup> hips & shoulder joints which have troubled me all winter. A letter

from my cousin, Phyllis Elliott in England informs me that my father's sister Jessie ("Aunt Jess") died on April 5 in a Roman Catholic nursing home in Harrow. (She was b. of C.). Cremation & burial at Golders Green Cemetery, London, on Apr. 10. She was 84. Phyl & her husband Ralph had placed her in the Harrow institution because she was ill with influenza; & because, the Westminster Bank had ordered Ralph (& Phyl went with him) to visit New York & Washington. They had a busy 2 weeks in the U.S.A., including visits to Mount Vernon and Williamsburg — flying to N.Y., & returning by steamer.

TUESDAY, APR. 16/63 Another cool grey day with showers.

Wrote Phyl Elliott, also my sisters Nellie & Hilda, telling them Phyl's news. Played a full 18 holes at White Point this afternoon, hobbling about like an old lame horse, with stabs of lumbago as well as the rheumatic pains in hips & shoulder joints that have bothered me all winter. The air & exercise were good, in spite of these difficulties.

News:- A news release, carried on the front page of the Chronicle-Herald, announces that one of the oldest & best customers of our Mersey paper mill, the Washington Post, has bought a 49% interest in the mill & its properties in Nova Scotia. Bowaters Co. retain a 51% interest & will continue to direct its operations as before. Tonight a weird & tragic

motor accident occurred on the White Point highway, just opposite Carl Whynot's service station. Edward Henley, aged 18, was driving westward in a "souped-up" modern car at an estimated speed over 100 miles an hour, & lost control at the sharp bend there. On the hill some distance past the bend sat a small frame-&-shingle cottage, somewhat dilapidated, the home of Harris Whynot, aged 63. Henley's car snapped off an electric service pole, tore up the hill off the road, struck a bump, flew through the air about 50 feet, & plunged right through the cottage. Whynot was sitting or lying on a sofa watching a hockey game on Television. He was killed instantly, & his body, with the sofa, was hurled 20 feet outside, where the car came to a stop. Henley himself was not much hurt. He was arrested (& released on bail).

At about the same time a young man named Wayne Dexter lost control of his car at Table River. Fortunately for himself Dexter was thrown clear. The car dashed into the woods, burst into flames & was demolished.

These so-called "hot-rod" cars & reckless youths are a problem in highway traffic all over North America. If they only killed themselves in such accidents the roads would be rid of a menace every time. But it is a strange fact that in the majority of cases they kill other people & escape with light injuries.

WEDNESDAY, APR. 17/63 Hobbled through 18 holes at White Point again this afternoon. Some sunshine, but an

icy breeze off the sea, so that at times I could see the vapor of my breath. Letter from Bruce Ferguson re connections in "Halifax, Warden of the North". Long letter from Helen Brightton at Edmonton, where she is stopping some days on another tour of Canada. My resignation from the Canadian Authors Association (see entry March 20) had been forwarded to her as national president. She urges me to remain a member, in a rambling screed of three hand-written pages, much of which is taken up in her own activities, the publicity her books are getting on these tours, etc. She adds frankly (or naively?) that her employer, the National Museum of Canada, pays most of her traveling expenses. The C.A.A. pays the rest.

This evening G. & I called to say goodbye to Mrs. Gladys Macdonald, her mother Mrs. Williams, & brother Fred. Gladys sold her home on Waterloo St. to Edwin Parker some time ago but retained possession until spring. She has sold off much of her furniture. They leave tomorrow for their old home at Musquodoboit, & the two women will live in it until their new house is built. Gladys gave me, for presentation to the Navy Room in Town Hall, a photo of her late husband's first naval command, the corvette "Windflower". She will send me later a framed photo of Hubert himself, also for the Navy Room.

Received copies of Doubleday Canada's new & limited (2,500 copies) ~~edition~~ edition of "Wings of Night". Produced by some electro-photo process from the original edition (instead of the expensive setting-up of new printing plates)

its print is actually clearer & sharper than the original; and the paper quality, binding & jacket, are at least as good, & it seems to me better.

FRIDAY, APR. 19/63 Sunny & warm. E. picked a big bunch of mayflowers in the White Point woods while I was golfing this afternoon. Letter from Phyllis Blakely of the CAA's Halifax branch (she is on the Archives staff) much in the same strain as Helen Brighton's, mentioned yesterday. The CAA needs my name etc. Both of these ladies hint delicately that, if I can't afford the dues, "arrangements can be made" — apparently they suspect I may be "broke", as I haven't published anything in the past 3 years.

Today's paper announces the retirement of my old friend Charles Bruce, general supt. of the Canadian Press, who has lived in Toronto many years. He will be 57 next May. As he told me in a letter in 1960, he wants to devote full time to novels & poetry while he's still young enough to have the energy & imagination.

MONDAY, APR. 22/63 Showers & flicks of sunshine, temp. 40°. This afternoon I raked up leaves & twigs around the edges of the back lawn — bushels of them, in spite of all I raked up & dumped last Fall. Cleaned out the ashes from the (cellar) foot of my chimney flues — can't remember when I did this last, but it's several years. One flue has oil-soot from the furnace, a powdery brown stuff. The other has ashes dropped from our wood-burning fireplace in the living room, containing old nails, charred knots, etc. This

# Nova Scotian to end news service career

HFX. CHRONICLE-HERALD APR. 19, 1963

Nova Scotia native Charles Bruce, newspaper man, novelist and poet, will retire as general superintendent of The Canadian Press on his 57th birthday May 11. He plans to devote his time to writing.

The announcement was made in the annual report of Gillis Purcell, general manager of Canada's national news-gathering agency.

Bruce has been 35 years with CP, 26 of them in administrative positions. The annual report comments:

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

A native of Port Shoreham, Bruce joined CP at New York in 1928 and was at CP Halifax for five years before being moved to Toronto. In 1937 he became general news editor. During the war he was bureau chief at New York and later at London, returning to Canada in 1945 to be appointed general superintendent.

## WROTE TWO NOVELS

He is a creative writer as well as a newspaper man. One book of his poems won a Governor-General's Award. He has also written two novels The Channel Shore and The Township of Time. Setting for most of his writing has been his native Nova Scotia.

John Dauphinee, 49, will take over as general superintendent after 26 years with CP. Born at Vancouver, he was successively bureau chief at London, New York, Winnipeg and Edmonton before appointment to

his present post as general news editor in 1952.

Douglas Amaron, 48, will become general news editor after nine years at Toronto as executive assistant. Born at Quebec, he has 21 years service with CP, including five years as war correspondent in Britain, Italy and Western Europe.

I put through a fine screen, & then on my back lawn, using the little rotary spreader I bought last year. I observe that the continuous dark skies & rains of 1962, created a great spread of moss & the consequent death of grass.

Letter from Greg Copelin, London, persisting in his request for movie rights in "The Nymph & the Lamp". Mentions the figure of £4,000 (again) for these rights, & the name of Deborah Kerr (again) as the actress most likely to be interested in the part of "Isabel".

As always with film promoters, these names & figures mean nothing except that somehow, among a hundred or a thousand similar schemes, this particular combination may "click" with the all-powerful movie financiers & banks.

Provincial election in New Brunswick today. As expected Liberal premier Robichaud increased his majority, winning all 4 seats in St. John, formerly held by the Conservatives. Standing now - Lib. 34 Con. 18.

At Ottawa, Prime Minister Pearson took office yesterday & announced his cabinet - 25, of whom 9 are Ontarians mostly connected with business & the law. The N.S. member is Allan MacBachan (Inverness-Richmond) one time teacher of economics at St. FX University. He has the Ministry of Labor.

Halifax is agog over a visit by 3 ships of the Soviet Union's oceanographic survey, which have

been cruising in the North & South Atlantic for a year or so. Two are smart modern motor ships equipped with every device for ocean navigation & research. The third is really a training ship for the Soviet Navy, a steel four-masted barque named KRUSENSTERN.

All were open to public sightseers last Sunday, & the waterfront was jammed with people & cars. The Russian scientists include a number of women. The officers & crews are smartly dressed in uniforms not unlike that of the old Czarist navy of 1914.

For souvenirs they gave the kids hundreds of small Russian coins, exactly the size of a Canadian ten-cent piece, which the kids promptly popped into Halifax outdoor machines for vending soda-pop etc., to the confusion of the proprietors.

WEDNESDAY, APR. 24/63 A snowstorm last night & today, wet & slushy stuff. Contrary to first reports from N.B. the Liberals captured only 1 seat in St. John, lost another English-speaking seat elsewhere, so their standing is exactly what it was before. As before, the French-speaking half of N.B.'s population voted heavily for Robichaud.

Edith, happily pursuing her painting hobby, is now daubing the walls of our living room with a bilious green, like very bad pea soup. This covers up the deep & handsome colonial green which, some years ago, I had our painter mix to match the green I discovered in the Simeon Perkins house.

FRIDAY, APRIL 26, 1963

The weather is the usual April pattern, freezing a little ( $32^{\circ}$ ) each night, warming to  $40^{\circ}$  or  $50^{\circ}$  above zero at noon, with sun & cloud about even. Most of Wednesday's snow has vanished, & I played 18 holes at White Point this afternoon, & saw the first swallows of the season. Bought 10 lbs. of lobsters from Harvey Doggett at Hunt's Point, price  $57^{\frac{1}{2}}$  per lb. — & had some for dinner, delicious.

Wilbur McCombs, of Sandy Cove, spent most of this morning with me, telling me of his adventures in War Two. He is a small, rather quiet man, about 45 or 50, employed in the paper-testing laboratory at the Mersey mill, a native of Port Mudge. He was a merchant seaman during the first two years of the <sup>2nd World</sup> war, & was in the "Empress of Britain" when she was bombed & sunk by German aircraft. He then enlisted in the RCAF. In the early months of 1943, in a raid on Italian electric-power stations near Bologna, his Lancaster bomber collided with another & the crew bailed out. After hiding for a day or two they were captured by Italians & sent to a house in Rome where, under guard, they were well fed & treated. Later they were moved to a large prison camp in the foothills of the Appenines. Eventually they escaped from a train, & spent several months wandering in the hills, begging or stealing food. They were betrayed to the Germans,

by alternate long marches & train journeys, with hundreds of other prisoners, removed to a "Stalag" near Losen, in German Poland. With the approach of Russian armies early in '45 he & some others escaped & were hidden & fed in Losen by a Catholic priest. Again they were betrayed, & German S.S. troops shot the priest & some of the prisoners. Finally, in the confusion of a Russian attack, McCoombs & 23 others escaped & hid in a Losen cellar until Russian troops arrived. They were passed back to the Russian rear with thousands of other Allied prisoners, were treated well, & eventually McCoombs boarded the "Duchess of Bedford" at Odessa. From his normal weight of 170 lbs. he was down to 86, but he recovered, & reached his home in Port Medway a few days before the German surrendered in April 1945.

SUNDAY, APR. 28/63 Mostly cloudy & cold. The ice fields spewed out of the Gulf of St. Lawrence & now stretched by N.E. winds in a long finger from Cape Breton to Sable Island, hence any wind from the sea is now a bone-chiller. Last night we were supposed to put our clocks ahead 1 hour for the summer's Daylight Saving Time. I forgot until about 10:30 a.m. (S.S.T.) when it was too late to shave & dress for church. This afternoon, with E., I drove to Mahone & spent ~~more~~ an hour or two with my sister Hilda Gamester. Her cottage there remains her one abiding interest. Her job with the Institute of Oceanography bores her, & so does her midget apartment in Dartmouth.

Now she has a sudden notion to take another go at the secretarial (government) pool in Ottawa. These jobs only last during parliamentary sessions, but they would leave her free to spend whole summers (on Unemployment Insurance payments) at Mahone.

News: - A "destroyer-escort", named Annapolis, was launched at Halifax shipyard on Saturday — the last of a group laid down in various Canadian yards under a now completed program. She displaces 2,000 tons, carries 12 officers & 217 men, & will have cost \$30,000,000 when completely fitted late in 1964. Also on Saturday, the C.P.R. ferry steamer between St. John & Digby for the past 33 years, "Princess Helene", made her last trip on that run. Her capacity was 500 passengers & 49 cars — much too small in these bustling times. She is being replaced at once by the "Princess of Acadia", which carries 1750 people & 120 cars. This ship was built 10 years ago for the Vancouver - Victoria run, & was called "Princess of Nanaimo". Her crew brought her to Hfx. via the Panama Canal a few weeks ago.

Monday, APR. 29/63 A warm day after a frosty night. Played golf this afternoon; also trimmed some of my shrubs & went over the lawns, front & back, with the roller. Temp in the sun in town was 70°, but at White Point the sea breeze made it much cooler. G. came along & picked a big bunch of mayflowers.

THURSDAY, MAY 2, 1963

Rain, yesterday & today. (There were snow flurries in Washington yesterday!) Working away at background research for the novel about McNabs Island - tentative title "Hangman's Beach". (During the 18th century & the Napoleonic Wars, the Royal Navy used to gibbet the bodies of mutineers & other hanged men on Maugers Beach, much to the McNabs' disgust.) Also I continue gathering information for the new chapters of the "Halifax Webbs of the North" book. Admiral Hugh Wallen RCN (ret'd) of Chester Basin was made a member of the Canadian Centenary Council recently, at their third annual meeting in Montreal. One of their ideas (Pullen's, I guess) is to build replicas of some famous Canadian ships of the 17th & 18th century, for the celebration of Canada's one-hundredth birthday in 1967. He writes asking dimensions & other details of the privateer "Rover", of Liverpool. I can only reply that none exist.

This evening, at their home on Bristol Avenue, Longley & Stella Vinot showed lantern-slides, in color, of their 7 week voyage last March & April. Austin & Vera Parker, John & Dorothy Wickwire, C. & I., were invited to see them. This sort of thing is usually a bore, but Longley's color-photos were good, & the Vinos are lively & witty people. The cruise was aboard the "Mauritania", leaving New York, stopping at the Canary Islands, & then all around the Mediterranean, with leisurely stops for

sightseeing at Gibraltar, Algiers, Cairo, Athens, Naples, Rome, Monte Carlo & Majorca. They returned to New York by the "Queen Mary" from Southampton. They enjoyed it, but in Europe's coldest winter & spring of a century they found Egypt the only really warm place on the cruise. Monte Carlo & even Athens were bleak; & the figures composing the famous Trevi fountain in Rome were white with frost.

Speaking of trips, our own daughter Frances & husband Bill Dennis have parked their brood with the Dennis grandparents & set off by car for a 2-week holiday at Jekyll Island, Georgia.

SATURDAY, MAY 4/63 Sunny & warm ( $70^{\circ}$ ) - a summer day, & for the first time since last August we were able to sit outdoors and enjoy it. This afternoon Clifford Whynot & a partner named Roy came & felled one of the twin ash trees behind my garage. It was 15 inches at the butt & stood about 40 feet with a great bristle of branches. These two trees were only small saplings when I bought the house in 1935. They had grown side by side to a size that made too much shade, killing the grass beneath. Whynot was equipped with truck, ladder, gasoline saw, bucksaw, axe etc; & in less than 3 hours they had the tree down, the trunk sawn into 2 foot junks for my fireplace, the rest carried away to the town dump, & most of the mess cleaned up. The charge was \$35.00.

Tom Jr. went to Port Morton for lobsters, & brought us 5 lbs.; the price is now 50¢ per lb.

SUNDAY, May 5/63 Went to Zion Church with E. this morning, & took grand-daughter Debbie to Sunday school — her parents having decided to spend the morning at home. After lunch I drove out to White Point under a dark sky which soon turned to rain, & played 9 holes. The course was cluttered with players, mostly strangers from Chester & Halifax, who bring lunches to eat in their cars, & spend the day chopping divots in the soft turf — which they disdain to replace. Golf is now a craze with many people; & in the Halifax area, the old established clubs are limiting their membership, & refusing to accept the "week-end-green-fees players", who now swarm about looking for a chance to play. These people are crowding our own share holding members off the course on week-ends, & we must soon apply the Hfx restrictions.

MONDAY, May 6/63 Sunny in town, but with a cold bite in the air — at York Point & White Point a thick & icy sea-fog, right off the ice-fields. Busy at correspondence most of the morning. The Income Tax Dept. have refunded \$309.19 of the money I paid (in advance as they demand, by quarterly instalments) last year, which turned out to be a very poor year indeed, in sharp contrast to 1961, on which my tax was a heavy one. Even with this refund, I have paid far more tax (over the 2 years)

than a bricklayer or any other well-paid ~~profession~~<sup>laborer</sup> whose income is even, year in, year out. This is the penalty one must pay, in Canada, for daring to be an artist (such as a writer or a painter) rather than an artisan.

After my return from a quick round of (Blind Man's Buff) golf this afternoon, I repaired my south-facing garage window - broken in Saturday's affairs - and split with an ax some of the tough & twisted ash logs left from Saturday also.

THURSDAY, May 9, 1963 Mild moist weather, some showers. Received from Doubleday Canada a cheque for \$2,250. Of this \$1,000 is against royalties on the Halifax book, \$1,250 on the novel tentatively called "Hangman's Beach".

FRIDAY, May 10/63 Sunny, but a chilly north wind. Up at 5:30 a.m. & set off for Hfx. with S. at 6:30. Arrived there a few minutes before 9, dropped C. at Armdale for shopping at Simpsons, etc., & went on into the city! I bought a brownish-green tweed jacket (\$50) at Colwell's, for casual wear. Strolled along Barrington to look at the demolished slum area between Buckingham & Jacob streets.

At 10 a.m. began discussions with other members of Historic Sites Advisory Council in a committee room at Province House. Present:- Chairman Will Bird, Dr. Kellogg, B.R. Hall, Professor "Willie" Belliveau, Dr. Bruce Ferguson, & myself. The usual grist of suggestions & demands from all parts of the province, for the purchase of old houses, cairns, plaques, "memorial parks" etc. We got through

the list by 1 p.m. & lunched together at the Carleton. Congratulated Professor B. who is to receive an honorary doctorate from his own Ste. Anne's College on the 24th.

At 2:45 picked up C. in the Public Gardens, & headed westward. Home about 5:30.

I learned in Hfx. a reflection on the late federal election, in which the (apparently U.S. contrived) issue was whether Canada would instal (U.S. made) atomic missiles for defence of North America against Russian missiles aimed over the North Polar basin. Diefenbaker said Canada had not committed itself. Pearson said Canada was committed & must honor her agreement. Pearson won the election in a close count of the votes. So the latest quip in Ottawa is that Canada's national song now goes: - "O Kennedee, we stand on guard for thee."

SATURDAY, May 11/63 Yesterday's cold north wind swirled east last night & became a heavy snowstorm at temp. 30°. By noon today all trees & wires were thickly burdened, & the ground was covered several inches deep! One could have driven a horse & sleigh anywhere.

SUNDAY, May 12/63 Indoors all day, working at Mc Nab Island period research & typing notes. Outdoors the temp. rose to about 40°, & out 4 inches of snow shrank to patches by evening. Tom Jr. & family visited in the afternoon with a (grand-) Mother's Day card for C. & a gift of a bead necklace. News: - Negroes rioting in Birmingham, Alabama, where my sister Nellie lives. Two white men stabbed,

& several policemen injured. All part of the Negro campaign for equal rights with whites in the North.

MONDAY, MAY 13/63 A warm sunny day. Played golf (in my usual 2 hours) this afternoon. Most of the course bare, but patches of snow here & there. Letter from Greg Copelin, still in pursuit of the movie rights in "The Nymph & The Lamp", still talking confidently of getting English actress Deborah Kerr to play the leading role, & getting American producer John ~~HUSTON~~ to produce it. In a previous letter he offered £ 4,000 for the rights. At current exchange rate that is a little over \$10,000 Canadian. I wrote a reply today reminding Copelin that I could make no new agreement until my old commitment with John Rich expires next September. I mentioned that John Greene was interested in the part of Matthew Farney in my book. Finally I said I would sell the rights for \$15,000 Canadian or the sterling equivalent. Forgot to note last evening that daughter Francie phoned C. with a greeting for Mother's Day. (Not a word for Father, but he's used to that!) She & husband Bill Dennis had a fine holiday in Georgia, motoring there & back. Their Monetton housekeeper looked after the children while they were gone — mother-in-law Dennis, who was going to do this, had to have a sudden operation for cancer of the breast.

TUESDAY, MAY 14, 1963

A sunny morning. Overcast & cold with a strong sea wind when I played a hurried round of golf in the afternoon. Drove on to Flants Point for lobsters. "Harve" Doggett had none on hand, so I waited for one of the late boats to come in, & got 10 lbs. (Price 55 cents) About 5 p.m. had a phone call from Norman Campbell, of CBC Toronto, who is in H'fa for a couple of days. Said he'd long wished to meet me, had something to discuss, & asked if he could call on me in Liverpool tomorrow morning — if he can arrange his engagement schedule. I invited him to lunch. He will phone me in the morning if he can come.

Rain & drizzle all evening & night. Temp. 42°.

Our new carpets arrived today, & C. & I spent a hot hour or two moving the furniture, taking up the old things, & putting down the new. Complete replacement of carpets (Covering most of the floor) in lower hall, living room, & sun porch. Green as before, but much more expensive (\$452<sup>00</sup>) than 9 years ago.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 15/63 Fog. Campbell phoned this morning, unable to get to Liverpool owing to an engagement at Wolfville. The bee in his bonnet is the possibility of a T.V. drama of "The Nymph & The Lamp", or failing that a play drawn from early French settlements on Sable Island. I said I'm now negotiating with movie people

for "The Nymph & The Lamp", although nothing is settled. He seemed disappointed, but clings to his notion of doing a play on Sable Island, which he had visited some years ago. Hopes to be in N.S. later this summer, & will phone me then.

THURSDAY, May 16/63 A fine warm day. Austin Parker phoned at 8.30 a.m. suggesting a day at Eagle Lake, & at 9 we set off in his car, towing his plywood boat & outboard motor on a trailer! Picked up Roy Gordon in Milton. Put the boat in the water at No 3 dam & left it at the foot of the Eagle Lake portage. On the way, Gordon revealed to us, as a deep, deep secret, confided to him by Charlie Somebody, that last year Charlie had caught a fine lot of brown trout in the brook between Long & Eagle lakes. We have known these lakes for more than 30 years, & in all that time, after many careful explorations, never saw a trout above the old logging dam at the foot of Eagle Lake. Reason:- the native speckled trout will not inhabit waters that get low & warm in dry summers, & that have no cold springs about their shores. During the past ten or more years the brown trout has been introduced into many N.S. streams & estuaries, & it has flourished, being tolerant of warm water. For some years past, anglers have been catching big brown trout in Mersey waters, from Liverpool town bridge to

N<sup>o</sup> 3 dam. Now these trout have found their way up various tributary streams. In the afternoon Gordon fished Eagle Brook without success. Parker & I launched the camp dinghy & rowed it to the head of Eagle Lake. I hadn't bothered to bring a rod. Parker had one, plus some worms, artificial flies, & two somewhat decayed minnows.

At the mouth of the brook from Long Lake he got two hard strikes & lost both minnows. I saw one of these fish, & recognised it as a trout of about 1 lb. size - & not the common speckled trout. Parker tried worms, with no luck at all.

Finally he tried a big salmon fly, about 50 yards up this brook, & after a time hooked a fish which I netted for him. It was about 18" long, quite fat, with a mixture of large black spots & smaller brown ones (even on the gills), brownish on the topside, yellowish towards the belly, with a streak of white along the keel. For both of us it was the first sight of a brown trout, also the first sight of a trout of any kind above the (now open) logging dam near our camp. The fish was a beauty, weighing about 1 lb. Had trouble with the outboard motor on N<sup>o</sup> 3 pond, & did not get home till about 7 p.m. Blackflies are thick in the woods, & at Eagle Lake so are the loathsome ticks. Austin & I found half a dozen ticks on our clothes after walking

ns more than 50 yards through the long grass beside Long-Eagle brook, & I found two on me after I got home. News:- today the latest U.S. astronaut descended safely in the Pacific after whizzing about the earth for 3 $\frac{1}{2}$  hours & making nearly 23 orbits. Last year a Russian made over 60 orbits, according to Moscow.

SATURDAY, MAY 18/63 Hot. Golf this afternoon. C. came along & picked a big bouquet of mayflowers. Later I mowed my lawns, mostly to try out my new (hand-propelled) mower. The grass is thin & short after the winter & the backward spring weather. One of my rose-bushes is dead, & none of the others is showing the signs of good health. Tom Jr. called, to borrow my knapsack & some of my fishing gear, also the key to Austin's camp. <sup>DR. FLOYD McDONALD</sup> Jack Dunlap, Hugh Byrne, & he are going to try their luck tomorrow at Eagle Lake, staying until Sunday evening. The new town bridge has been open to motor traffic for some days past. The approaches, of deep gravel fill, have yet to be paved. This morning's Chronicle-Herald says that the (temporarily homeless) Maritime Museum will be housed in the ironstone Jerusalem Warehouse on the Halifax waterfront, which is now owned by the city & has been declared an historic site. The city will spend up to \$100,000 to repair & re-arrange the building's interior for the purposes of the museum. In

return the Museum will pay rental equal to the annual debt service charges on the city's expenditure.

SUNDAY, MAY 19/63 A deluge of rain all day, so we stayed indoors reading, playing Scrabble, & watching T.V. Tom Jr. & friends returned from Eagle Lake this afternoon, drenched, & without a single trout. He & Dr. Lloyd McDonald, using fresh minnow bait, fished the lower reach of the Long Eagle brook (exactly where Parker & I saw several good sized brown trout), for 3 hours, without a single strike. Neither of them knows much about the gentle art of angling, & I suspect that they tramped heavily along the bank with their shadows (in Saturday's sunny weather) falling across the narrow water of the brook.

TUESDAY, MAY 21/63 Fine & warm. Letter from Major M. C. Benton (ret'd) of Digby, in response to an enquiry of mine written April 29. He has located at ~~Smith's~~<sup>COV</sup> Brook a man named James McKinnon, who enlisted at Digby, in the spring of 1915, in the 40th Batt'n, then being mobilized at Aldershot Camp, N.S. He well remembers Archie Belaney (subsequent alias "Grey Owl") enlisting at Digby at the same time. Belaney had long hair reaching his shoulders. He & Belaney were in the same company of the 40th, which proceeded to England as an advance group of the batt'n. late in 1915, from Valcartier Camp, P.Q. Says Belaney was a crack rifle shot. Last saw him in 1916, when Belaney

as one of a draft from the 40 ch. to reinforce an active regiment in France. Understood that Belaney served as a sniper in the Western Front trenches, but knows no more about him.

Today I wrote letters to Mayor John Lloyd of Hfd, asking pertinent questions re the new edition of my Hfx. book. Also wrote Harvey Lowell for his opinion of the sources of present Hfx. prosperity & growth.

Golf this afternoon with Austin Parker. Went n to Hunts Point & bought 10 lbs lobsters (@ 55¢) from Harry Doggett. Had some for dinner tonight.

Pamela left her babies with C. this afternoon, & I set out our round wicker lawn chairs, each fitted with a new foam-rubber-&-plastic cover. The weather in town was hot. All my shrubs leafing out, & the forsythia has been blooming for a week.

Week end anglers at Rossignol & "Key" report high water & poor fishing. At Mersey River storage dam (N°1) the flood gates are open & spilling.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 22/63 Drizzle & fog. I rarely go to the movie theatre now, but tonight C. & I enjoyed "Mutiny on the Bounty". The ship was the real star of the picture, & the sea scenes & the island scenes were marvellous in color. English actor Trevor Howard gave a good performance as Captain Bligh. The much touted (& hugely overpaid) Marlon Brando

played Fletcher Christian as a mincing, mumbling fop, & he was implausible as an officer, as a mutineer, & as a lover. Today in the Union Hall, L'pool, there was an auction of furniture from the home of the late "Major" Edwards at Table River. Most of it was huge & heavy Victorian stuff, of solid oak & mahogany, brass beds, etc; but antique-mad ladies of L'pool were there in force, & I understand the bidding was brisk. Edwards was a mystery man (<sup>reputedly</sup> a retired officer of the Indian Army) who came to Canada many years ago, & chose to settle on a small farm at Table River of all places. He was obviously an English gentleman, none too intelligent, but affable & courteous; and his wife (also affable) seemed obviously of a much lower English caste.

~~He~~ died ~~in~~ during the World War Two. They had a son, Cedric, & a daughter whose name escapes me, both in their <sup>late</sup> twenties when W.W. 2. began in 1939. Cedric enlisted in the Canadian army. The girl <sup>enlisted</sup> in the C.W.A.C., & as I understand it ~~she~~ was posted in Canada throughout the war. The son & daughter were goodlooking but eccentric. On one of her C.W.A.C. leaves the girl ~~bought~~ a horse & rode from Hfx. to Table River ~~in~~ — the horse of a sort more used to ~~wagon-shafts~~ than the saddle! I'm told she is now in the mental hospital at Dartmouth. Since the war Cedric has lived alone in the Table River house — alone, that is, if one excepts hens, cats & other birds & beasts stalking freely about the lower rooms. He had a sketchy income as a mechanic,

Actually Edwards & his wife left investments worth over \$100,000, according to stock market valuations in 1963.

tinkering with motor cars, & boat engines. ↴

THURSDAY, May 23/63 Fog & showers. Drove with E. to Digby this morning & called on Major M. C Denton. He confirmed the reliability of James McKinnon re the "Grey Owl" information. E. & I had a picnic lunch, sitting in the car, on a bank overlooking the Digby steamer pier. In the afternoon I called on McKinnon himself, in a comfortable & well furnished bungalow nearly opposite Bear River railway station. A short man of 73, rather hunched, with a good memory & a sensible manner. He enlisted at Digby in March 1915, remembered Archie Belaney joining the recruits drilling there in May '15 - a tall, dark, lean man aged 25 to 30. Belaney was close-mouthed, wore his hair long enough to touch his shoulders, said he came from "the West". He was very spry & intelligent, used to do Wild West stunts with a revolver, tossing sticks, cans, etc. into the air & hitting them at every shot. With McKinnon I went along the road to Deep Brook & called on a man named Barbeaux who also went overseas with the 40th Batt. However he & McKinnon were in different companies & he had no knowledge of Archie Belaney. Home at 5 p.m. ~ about 1 hour 20 minutes from Anna-polis.

Today's "Advance" had a small advertisement, by E., offering for sale a bedroom chest of drawers, & a "vanity" dressing table with drawers & a tall central

mirror with hinged side-mirrors. Also a stool or short bench for the "vanity" table. These were part of the bedroom suite I bought new from J. Eaton Co. in 1927, for \$127, when fitting up a home for my bride-to-be. It was made of softwood, with walnut veneer.

Tonight various people phoned about these pieces; & the first of them, a woman from the neighborhood of the railway bridge, arrived promptly with husband, car, & E's give-away price, — \$21 for the three pieces. Soon after, a motor truck & two truckmen came to carry them off. For her own bedroom E. retains only the big walnut-veneer double bed, in which we slept together in the first years of our marriage, & in which our son Tom was born. E. has decided to replace the sold pieces with a marble-topped chest of drawers from her old home in Milton, re-furnished expertly, by our neighbor, Howland White, at a cost of \$60. The separate wall mirror, which originally went with the thing, is retained by Mrs. Alice Hartlen in the old Freeman house at Milton.

I note in this issue of the Advance a formal notice of the engagement of Charles Copelin Jr. ("Greg" was his boyhood cognomen here) to Miss Ita Barrett, Londonderry, Ireland. This is a result of World War Two, when Copelin Jr. was based at Derry while serving in the R.C.N. on the Western Approaches convoy route. While in port he stayed with the Barrett family, & since returning to

England from here 8 or 10 years ago he & son have visited the Barretts in Derry quite frequently.

SATURDAY, MAY 25/63 Sunny, with a cool sea breeze. This is the official season-opening day at the Liverpool Golf & Country Club, with a lobster chowder supper in the clubhouse. I nipped out at noon, & played one quick round before the crowd arrived — male & female, old & young. I spent the rest of the afternoon clipping my rose bushes & digging dandelions out of my lawn. At 5:45 E. & I drove out to White Point & found the clubhouse jammed with people eagerly awaiting the supper. It began at 5:30. The price was \$1.50 each; & we were allowed 1 bowl of chowder only, with buttered rolls or brown bread-&-butter, plus a small dessert of angel cake with slices of (canned) peaches, & a cup of coffee. At that, about 30 late-comers found the chowder exhausted & had to stay their hunger with coffee & rolls. Object of course was to raise money for the golf course by the Ladies' Auxiliary. In the crowd were Bob Kirkpatrick & wife, back from their usual winter & spring stay in Florida.

SUNDAY, MAY 26/63 Sunny & cool. Church this morning with E. & we picked up little Debby Riddall & took her to Sunday school. Tom Jr. was at his office, on an emergency call. Mrs. White (Pamela's mother) is driving to Moncton tomorrow for a visit, returning to Hfx on Friday, so E. arranged to go along with

her for a visit with Francie. She packed a bag this afternoon & I drove her as far as my sister Hilda's cottage at Mahone. Hilda will take her into Hfx. tonight & E will stay overnight with the Whites.

Ken Jones (MPP) called on me this evening. There is to be an official opening ceremony at the new town bridge on Friday morning, followed by a luncheon for about 50 at the Mersey Hotel. Ken asked me to make a brief address at the luncheon, & I agreed.

MONDAY, May 27/63 Sunny & cool, after the usual (42°) chilly night. This morning I bought a (red) rose bush at the Liverpool florists shop, also a bag of bone meal fertilizer. Planted the bush at the S.W. corner of my garage, first digging out a lot of poor stony ground, & screening some good loam to replace it. Mixed some bone meal with this earth. In the afternoon I played 18 holes at White Point. As I was playing well I kept the score (I rarely do either!) & holed out at the 18th with 83 ( $43+40$ ) a very good score for me nowadays.

Letter from Elizabeth Bielecki, Vancouver, who styles herself Literary Agent, says she has been approached by Famous Artists Corp. for a published novel suitable for a feature film, & wants to submit "Roger Sudden", acting as my agent.

TUESDAY, May 28/63 A marvellous day, bright & cool. At my desk all morning. At White Point all afternoon - played 27 holes - the last 9 in a very leisurely

fashion, soaking up the sunshine. To keep my bald head from burning raw, & then peeling, I bought a new club cap in the pro's shop. Hated to come home, thinking of last year, when we had no summer or fall in the sense of weather — just dreary months of rain & fog. I am a sun-worshipper like the ancient Micmacs, & probably for the same reason — we spend so much time under dark & chilly skies.

Wednesday, May 29/63 Typing all morning. Played 23 holes at White Point this afternoon, & then came home & mowed my lawn — 4 hours in lovely sun-shine. Part of the time at White Point I played with Austin Parker. He begins to show his age (68) with a slow lumbering gait, inability to see where his ball has gone at times, leaving one of his clubs in the fairway & having to go back for it, etc.

Talking about Bowater Paper Corporation, he said Sir Christopher Chancellor is making every effort to put the company in a more liquid position. The sale of 49% of our Liverpool mill to the "Washington Post" is part of it. Our Mersey fleet has been liquidated almost entirely — the first "Markland", built 1929, & re-named "Liverpool Rover" when the second "Markland" was built after W.W. 2, has been sold. And now the second "Markland" is up for sale — the last of our old Merpacos fleet, which once had 5 ships, with Nova Scotia crews. Yesterday the Liverpool bridge

contractors diverted all cross-river traffic to the bridge at Milton, while they paved with asphalt the approaches to the new bridge, & linked it with the paved roadway along the waterfront to Legion street. Now all is ready for the opening ceremony on Friday.

The new bridge replaces the old iron bridge built 1888. Work began early in 1961, but construction was delayed by late arrival of steel for the big centre span. It consists of two 50-foot <sup>LENGTHS FROM</sup> shore piers with reinforced concrete abutments, & a central 150 foot span. It has a roadway 24 feet wide, & 4-foot walks along each side. The cost was \$550,000.

FRIDAY, May 31/63

A dark wet dawn turned into a fine warm day. All cross-river traffic was diverted this morning to the "temporary" bridge (which has been in use for the past 2 years & 5 months!) while the formal ceremony opened the new one. I was one of the official party, seated on chairs across the roadway about mid-bridge, facing Market Street, with the Mersey Paper band in blue-&-white uniforms behind us. Before us stretched the traditional white ribbon, & beyond (and on the footwalks of the old bridge, was a crowd of citizens.

Prayers by Rev. J. P. Matheson (United Church) & Father Thomas Delaney (R.C.) Brief addresses over a public-address apparatus by Ken Jones, Mayor Charles Murphy, & finally Lieutenant Governor H. P. MacKeen, who cut the ribbon with the traditional golden scissors at about

twelve noon. The band opened the show with "O Canada" & closed it with "God Save The Queen". Afterwards I went along to Ken's house for a drink (my choice was a glass of ale) & chat with Mr. & Mrs. McKeen & others. Then along to the Mersey Hotel, where 75 invited guests sat down in the dining room. I was posted at His Honour's right. The main dish for luncheon was boiled lobster in the shell, a dish I love. McKeen (formerly one of the most able & successful lawyers in Halifax) noticed me toying with it, & asked "Do you find yourself unable to eat properly when you have to make a speech?" I answered, "Yes". He said, "It's the same with me, after all these years of public speaking in one form or another. Sometimes, when I had an important case to present in court, I couldn't eat much for two or three days beforehand. When I'd made my final address to the court — when I'd done all I could do — the reaction set in. Then I could go right on & eat two steaks, one after the other!" After the dessert Mayor Murphy presented His Honour with a set of cufflinks bearing the Liverpool coat of arms. John Millard acted as master of ceremonies. (Formerly of Liverpool, now a resident of Halifax as assistant to the Minister of Highways.) He introduced me, & I spoke for 20 minutes about the history of Mersey bridges, mostly on the smiling side. At 2.30 the affair was over. The McKeens were

very pleasant, urged me to call at Government House whenever I'm in the city. I took my leave & set off to pick up C. at the Whites home in Hfx. Arrived there about 5. Bill White arrived from his office about the same time. The house was in a turmoil - half a dozen painters at work in the dining & living rooms. The Whites insisted on taking us to the Yacht Squadron clubhouse for dinner. Enjoyed the meal, and the view of the harbor & Mc Nab's Island. Left the city about 8 p.m. Narrow squeak near Queensland when a truck swerved towards me just as I was passing it. Had to swing over onto the gravel shoulder to avoid a clash, going at 60 m.p.h. Fortunately the shoulder happened to be fairly wide at that spot, & I scrambled past. Today's mail brought a huge bundle of committee reports & maps, from Mayor Lloyd's office in Hfx., in response to my request for information.

SATURDAY, JUNE 1/63 A very hot day - about 90° in the sun. Golf this afternoon with C. A nice cool breeze at White Point, & after my round we enjoyed a glass of ale in the clubhouse. Back in town there was no cool breeze & little shade - the shrubs & trees are just beginning to "leaf out". We sat in the garden until supper time. Called on Tom, Pam & the children in the evening.

MONDAY, JUNE 3, 1963 Another very hot day, the 4th in a row. Wrote the Bielecki woman saying that movie rights in "Roger Sudden" are available, & I would consider a cash offer payable in 3 annual instalments. Golf this afternoon, & mowed my lawns on return from White Point, dripping sweat. Pamela walked with her babies & spent an hour or so with "Nana Raddall" sitting in the light breeze on the back lawn. Debby stayed for supper with us, & Tom Jr. drove up to Park St about 7 p.m. & took her home.

News:- Pope John died in Rome today aged 81. A good man in all ways. In his few years as Pontiff he worked hard to lower the barriers between the R.C. church & the Christian churches outside that communion.

TUESDAY, JUNE 4/63 The hottest day & night yet.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 5/63 A "cold front" moved in, early this morning. Temp down to 50°. Spent the morning taking off 16 (wooden) storm windows, & stowing them in the garage, on the overhead racks for the summer. In the afternoon played 18 holes at White Point, in fog. Tom Jr. dined with us, as Pamela & children are in Halifax to shop for summer clothes.

THURSDAY, JUNE 6/63 Another lovely warm day. This morning I learned that my old friend & neighbor, Austin Parker, was confined to bed with some sort of painful infection. I called & saw him, looking rather seedy, & left when Dr. Jim Wickwire arrived. As far as I

can understand, some sort of internal carbuncle has formed inside Parker's rump, creating a red & painful area in the buttock, thigh & crotch. Tomorrow he will be removed to the hospital, where a drain-tube will be inserted, & he will remain there, some days.

This afternoon I went to White Point with E., & played 23 holes — part of the way with Jack Randall, postmaster at Liverpool. Letter from Harvey Crowell replying to my enquiry of May 21. Like Hfx. deputy-mayor Butler (see May 31) replying for Mayor Lloyd, he is mystified himself about the financial springs of the present great building boom in Halifax. He lists a number of things, but confesses that all of the obvious sources taken together cannot account for the huge sums now being spent on real estate in the Hfx.-Dartmouth metropolitan area.

Herbert Mowat (one of my father's junior officers in the battle of Amiens, 1918) has sent me his field map, on the 1/20,000 scale, of the Canadian Corps area in the fighting of August 8 & 9, 1918.

FRIDAY, JUNE 7/63 A grey day with a cold N. wind. I am studying the voluminous reports on Halifax "re-development" sent me by deputy mayor. Played 27 holes at White Point this afternoon, almost at a run, to keep warm. Only a few players out. Tonight the temp. dropped to 38°.

News:- a French squadron is visiting Hfx. for 5 days — 2 destroyers, 3 frigates & an oiler, commanded by

Rear Admiral C. A. Prache, flying his flag in the destroyer "Chevalier-Paul". They came here via the French West Indies, & will go on to Quebec, where they will be joined by the new French aircraft carrier "Foch". This is the largest French naval force to visit Halifax in many years. (In fact since 1940.) While in Canadian waters they will exercise with ships of the U.S. Navy.

SATURDAY, JUNE 8/63. Sunny, but a cold breeze off the sea. Golf this afternoon; then mowed my lawns. Also today I sprayed the rose & honeysuckle bushes with a nicotine ("Black Leaf 40") mixture. Then, using the biggest portable pressure-sprayer, I sprayed a strong solution of D.D.T. on these bushes, also on the hawthorn tree, which is now coming out in a fine white bloom.

News:- Ottawa announces that henceforth foreign trawlers may not operate within 12 miles of our coast, and Canadian trawlers may operate within 30 miles. Hitherto, by a curious anomaly, it has been the other way 'round. The announcement says that closer concessions may be made to the traditional rights of French & Americans in our waters. The 12 miles limit is aimed, of course, at the Russians, who have been prowling close to our coast - even up the Bay of Fundy - in addition to intensive fishing on the Banks. American druggers occasionally poach in the Fundy waters close to the land, but on the whole they stick to the Banks, & so do the French, Spaniards & Portuguese.

Today I got from the local florist's shop a bouquet of carnations, & presented them to C. - tomorrow is out

36th wedding anniversary.

MONDAY, JUNE 10/63 Yesterday was grey, with rain in some places, so E. & I marked our anniversary today with a motor jaunt to the Annapolis Valley. Left home 10 a.m. & drove to Middleton via Bridgewater. Lunched at a wayside snack bar between Middleton & Kingston.

Bright sunshine with a northerly gale (the weather bureau reported gusts up to 55 m.p.h.) that tore showers of green leaves from the trees, & often swayed the car on the road, especially on the high, exposed stretches over the South Mountain ridges.

After passing Kentville we turned off through Canning to the Look-Off & enjoyed the view. A few apple trees were still in blossom, but most of the bloom was gone with the wind. In Wolfville we called on Martha Thomas & chatted for an hour or so. She talked brightly of her early writing days, when she was introduced at a party to Harold Ross, the editor of the "New Yorker", & when she wrote a number of light articles for his magazine under the pen name "Patience Eden". From there we drove over the ridge & down the ~~Concord~~<sup>GAS PEREADY</sup> Valley, thence back to Kentville, & on to Chester Basin & Chester. Dined at the "Sword & Anchor", Chester, which is under new management, with excellent staff, equipment & food. Enjoyed a big dinner, with a bottle of burgundy, & got home about 8:30.

TUESDAY, JUNE 11, 1963

Sun & wind again. Worked all morning on Hfx material. Played 27 holes at White Point in afternoon. This evening called on Austin Parker at the hospital & spent an hour in chat with him. The surgeon opened the carbuncle-like (though that is not the name for it) object in his buttock two days ago, & the poison is now draining away. If it had got into his main blood-stream it could have killed him. Forgot to record, some days ago, that Edwin Parker & family moved to their house on Waterloo Street, formerly the home of Hubert Macdonald. Their house on Park Street is up for sale. So is the bungalow of Joseph Walther, on the same side of the street, 3 doors away from us. He is a paper-maker whose wife left him about 2 years ago.

News:- the "new" Volvo car-assembly business in Dartmouth was opened today by Prince Bertil of Sweden, with Lt. Gov. Mc Keen, Premier Stanfield & other big-wigs adding to the fuss & feathers. To read the Hfx newspaper one would almost think that Ford, or General Motors, had moved there from Detroit. Yet it is simply an old warehouse of the defunct Acadia Sugar Refinery, refurbished for the assembly of motorcar parts entirely made in Sweden. It will employ at most 150 men, & will operate with the aid of substantial tax concessions, special freight rates inland, & other favors contributed by the federal & provincial governments, & by the city of Dartmouth.

THURSDAY, JUNE 13, 1963

A day's rain & drizzle after three more bright cool days. Worked most of the day typing extracts from the mass of Halifax "re-development" documents. Letter from Karp Lamb, Dominion Archivist, saying he could supply me with microfilm copies of the military & civil service files on Archie Belaney ("Grey Owl"), also of the relevant portion of the 13th Batt. war diary, for about \$3.50. He adds that typed copies would be very expensive, as Ottawa typists specialising in such work charge at least 35 cents a page. I'll ask him for microfilm, which I can examine on the microfilm-reader machines at the Archives, Halifax.

News:- Lord Beaverbrook & Lady Maria Dunn, widow of Sir James Dunn, have announced that they were married in 1961. They have traveled together a good deal (including visits to N.S. & N.B.) in the past few years, but the marriage is a surprise.

FRIDAY, JUNE 14/63 Sunny & cool. Golf this p.m.; then mowed my lawns. Tom Jr. has paid a further \$500 on the debt he owes me for cash advanced during his Dalhousie years. He has paid off already the \$4,000 he borrowed from the Royal Bank (at a smart rate of interest!) to equip his dental offices, furnish his apartment, & acquire a car.

The spring session of the N.S. Supreme Court, Judge F. C. Patterson, has been sitting for the past few days in the Liverpool courthouse. The only criminal cases were those of two youths charged with criminal negligence.

✓ dangerous car driving - Edward Herley, & Richard Canning. Canning had killed a pedestrian at Caledonia. Herley had killed Harris Whynot in the western outskirts of Liverpool (see April 16/63). Herley was acquitted on the testimony of a Halifax neurologist that he was subject to epileptic fits. The jury returned "No bill" in Canning's case. Both acquittals prove the usual reluctance of juries to send young men to the penitentiary on charges of reckless driving, even though death is involved.

SATURDAY, JUNE 15/63 Again sunny, with a somewhat chilly sea breeze. Golf at White Point in afternoon, then back to town, where we found Pamela & her babies arriving at our house for a call. It was comfortable in the sunshine on the back lawn. With much assistance (?) from the youngsters, I spread 20 lbs. of turf fertilizer ("Shur-Gain, formula 10-6-4") on the front & back lawns, sprayed the rose bushes with "Black Leaf 40", & planted grass seed in the bare patch behind the garage.

Wrote Kaye Lamb, Dominion Archivist, asking for microfilm copies of the Belaney documents. Wrote the Legionary, asking that veterans of the 40th or 13th battalions who remembered Belaney get in touch with me.

News:- A great political scandal in London. It is revealed that John Profumo, War Minister in the cabinet of Prime Minister MacMillan, was a client of a smart young tart named Christine Keeler. So was Evgeny Ivanov, naval attaché at the Russian embassy, who

frequently arrived at Keeler's flat shortly after Profumo left. Profumo was introduced to this tart at the villa of a fashionable London osteopath named Ward, who also had a flat in the West End. Ward's villa is on the Cliveden estate of Lord & Lady Astor, & the meeting took place beside the Astor swimming pool. When London papers began to sniff out the affair last March, Miss Keeler was wafted away to Spain, obviously by Profumo & other clients, anxious to avoid scandal. Ivanov departed for Russia.

When Mac Millan asked him for the truth, Profumo denied everything, & the Prime Minister believed him & defended him. But the newspapers & police found la Keeler in Spain, persuaded her to return, & to talk. Now Profumo has admitted the truth & resigned, & Mac Millan today got a vote of confidence from his slim Tory majority in the House. But the papers hint of other high connections with la Keeler; & some say Mac Millan should resign, because the British secret service warned him 2 years ago of la Keeler's joint connection with the War Minister & the Russian spy. All this comes on top of various other scandals during the past ten years, in which confidential servants of the British govt. (usually homo-sexuals) either fled to Russia or were revealed to be under blackmail by the Russian secret service. Clearly something is rotten in the state of Britain, which despite the advance of

British democracy in the past half century, is still ruled by what is called "The Establishment" — i.e. the Eton-Harrow-educated Old Tory class, whose badge is "the old school tie". Since World War Two they have traded largely on the great services & spotless répute of Winston Churchill, the foremost example of The Establishment, in the best tradition of British politics. Now it looks as if Harold Wilson, the shrewd & able new head of the Labor party, will upset The Establishment at the next general election.

Other news:— the so-far bloodless but powerful revolt of negroes in the southern U.S. reached a high point a few days ago, when one of their leaders was murdered on the porch of his home by a skulking rifleman (presumably white.) President Kennedy has ordered a state funeral in Arlington Cemetery, Washington, a mark of the highest honor.

The Negroes are shrewdly & aggressively led by their NAACP (National Association for Advancement of Colored People), which contains well educated lawyers & other national figures. They have the aggressive support of most white newspapers & magazines in the northern states, which now divide the country along the lines of the old Civil War. Southern whites remember what happened after that war, when the negro majority were given equal votes & rights. Their

state legislatures were filled with negroes & run by negro governments — the most corrupt & notorious in the history of the United States. Today white southerners point out the national capital as an example of negro majority & "equal rights". In the past 30 years negroes from the South have poured into Washington, where there was (by law) equal opportunity for jobs, education, etc., <sup>also</sup> fat allowances for unemployment. Today they are, by far, the majority in that famous city. And by the same token Washington has the most notorious crime rate in the U. S. — everything from common murder to common rape. Washington's white people have withdrawn, largely, to the suburbs; but even there they are neither happy nor safe.

TUESDAY, JUNE 18/63      Sunny but cool, & we heard the fog horn at Western Head. Potted about the lawns all afternoon, trimming shrubs (I cut down the yew at the corner of my porch, except for one small shoot), spraying the roses, digging up weeds, etc. Also I started to replace our old stair carpet with new stuff ordered by E. from Simpson-Sears, Halifax. As I should have expected, E. had ordered 5 yards, cut & nicely selvedged, when she should have ordered a bit over 8. She phoned & I wh. Hfx. & they handsomely agreed to her returning the 5 yd. strip. They promise to send the 8 + yards promptly. This evening we drove to Milton & joined a large & happy party at

the Freeman Supper house — "Freem" & wife Vesta celebrating their 50th. wedding anniversary. Many old friends there whom we hadn't seen for years. I can't remember, but Vesta declared that she (aged 9) was appointed to greet the guests at the wedding reception in 1913. At that time I was barely half-past nine, a new immigrant to Halifax — my family had got there from England in May 1913.

Two of the Supper daughters (Marion & Betty, both married & middle-aged, but looking a slim & pretty 35-or-so) were there. Several other sons & daughters live in far parts of Canada & couldn't make it.

Freeman, J., & wife Vesta have lived a happy-go-lucky life, financially & an often stormy one on the emotional side; but their marriage has survived everything. Today Vesta, in her 70's, is a pleasant but withered old woman. "Freem", who never had a care in his life, retains the erect 6-foot figure & the insolence of the young man he has been for half a century.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 1963 A fine hot day. Played 27 holes at White Point this afternoon. Returned by post (a) "The Economic Base of the Halifax Metropolitan Area" to the Institute of Public Affairs, Dalhousie University; (b) the whole mass of maps, reports & documents lent me by the Deputy Mayor (Butler) of Hfx; & (c) the field map of the Amiens battlefield (1918) lent me by Herbert Moraw. (Ralph Johnson, of the Mersey

Paper Co. forestry dept., got one of their draughtsmen to make two copies of the Amiens map for me — chiefly the area around "Hatchet Wood" where my father died.)

Maurice & Mary Russell asked E & me to their house on School Street this evening, where they were entertaining Tony & Maisie Balloch, & Maisie's father & mother from Washington D.C. — he is Admiral Howard, U.S.N., retired. Chat & drinks. Maurice reminiscing about the late C.H. Jones, the first head of Mersey Paper Co., & what an entertaining liar he was when talking of his personal career & exploits.

THURSDAY, JUNE 20/63

Fine & hot. ~~H. STANLEY~~ Spicer

called this afternoon, with his mother. She lives in Kentville, he in Fredericton, where he has a post with the N.B. Dept. of Education. On the side he writes for the CBC, and for the "Atlantic Advocate" which is published in Fredericton. At the moment he has an assignment to write an article on me for the "Advocate". They came at 3.30 & we asked them to stay to dinner. At 7.30 they left for Kentville. Most interesting for me was the discovery that Mrs. Spicer is a grand-daughter of George Spicer of Spencer's Island — the first cabin-boy of the "Mary Celeste" (née "Amazon") & later her mate for 2 years. She cleared up one or two hazy points for me about the "Amazon's" first captain, Robert McLellan, who died of pneumonia in the old Spicer home at Spencer's Island in 1861.

SATURDAY, JUNE 22, 1963

A heavy rain yesterday, but today was sunny & cool, with half a gale from the S.E. Golf this afternoon. Moved my lawn. Called on Austin Parker for a chat this evening. He is able to move about, & spent part of the afternoon sitting in his garden.

My new chapters for the *Alfa* book go on slowly.

News:- The R.C. church has a new Pope named Paul.

As usual an Italian - the former archbishop of Milan.

Whether or not he will continue the open minded & progressive work of his predecessor remains to be seen.

In England the Profumo scandal smells worse every day. Strong hints in English newspapers that other prominent gentlemen were involved with Christine Keeler or her apartment sister-in-lechery, a 17-year-old girl named "Mandy". Even the word "royalty" is used in this connection. Some news & magazine writers, British & American, suggest that all this (including other scandals in high British circles in recent years) is proof that Britain is declining morally & spiritually as her former world importance fades away. Others point out that Britain in the 18th & early 19th centuries had more & worse scandals in high places (especially the royal family), & at the same time established a world-wide empire & beat Napoleon!

TUESDAY, JUNE 25/63

Our wonderful sunny-but-cool summer changed today to Sahara weather, burning sunshine & a hot wind off the land. Temp. in the sun at 4 p.m. was 102° Fahr't. Despite this I

played 18 holes at White Point <sup>this afternoon;</sup> then drove with C. to Weston Head & Moose Harbor, looking for a cool place for a picnic supper. Hopeless - everywhere hot as hell. Ended with supper in the shade of our lawn, in town, dripping perspiration, but no worse than anywhere else. At 11 p.m. the outdoor temp. was 70°, but inside the house it was 82° downstairs & something like an oven upstairs. Phew! But how much better than last "summer", when we had nothing but chilly rains & drizzles & fogs, that nearly drove me mad.

THURSDAY, JUNE 27/63 Another day in this spell of great heat. Temp. 98° in the sun, with a light breeze off the land. Austin Parker being unable to drive his car, I drove my car to the Parker cottage at Port Joli this morning, taking Vera P. & her charwoman (plus vacuum cleaner, sheets, blankets, etc.) to get the cottage cleaned & equipped for the summer. C. came along, with a light picnic lunch for herself & me, & we ate it under the trees by the shore, with a mass of scented twin-flowers & false-Solomon's-seal blooming a few feet away. Dorothy (Mrs. Dr. John) Wickwire was doing a similar job at the Wickwire cottage by Port Joli, & she volunteered to drive Vera & Charlotte back to Liverpool at 5 p.m. I had brought along my golf clubs & shoes, & stopped at White Point on the way home, & played 18 holes. C. accompanied

me around the first 9, & joined me for cold beer in the clubhouse at the 18th. In Liverpool we acquired our grand-daughter Deborah, plus traveling case with night clothes etc. — she loves to come for supper & stay over night with "Gumpy" & "Nana". I called on Austin P., found him out of liquor, & drove to the N.S. Liquor Commission shop & got him 2 quarts of Trinidad rum & a dozen pints of Oland's beer. We spent the whole hot evening on the back lawn, except that I washed my car (always a wet & cooling business) with much help from little Debbie.

Workmen are rushing at Len Pottie's tavern, which is advertised to open July 1st. It is in the ground floor of Pottie's (the Mercury) hotel, ~~also~~ with the street entrance on Court Street. I believe this same space was occupied by a tavern about 50 years & more ago, when Pat & Victor Butler owned the hotel.

~~FRIDAY,~~, JUNE 28/63 Another warm day, cooling considerably at evening, with a half moon shining. S. has a sudden attack of 'flu, nothing serious but a wretched state of sneezing & nose-blowing — preposterous as well as utterly uncomfortable in this kind of weather.

Attended a dinner party (buffet style) at Berk Waters' house this evening. Mary Shipman there, widow of Roy, aged 82 but still sprightly. She spends the summer months here in the Shipman house at York Point, alone. The rest of the year she lives

with a son in Louisiana, & visits various relatives in the States. My son & wife Pamela would love to have the Fort Point house, & Mary has promised them first option to purchase — if & when she decides to sell.

Today, after long delay, E. received the securities (stock & bonds) bequeathed by her sister Marie. In present market values they amount to a little over \$8,000.00. The delay was caused by dilatory stock-ownership changes in 259 shares of ordinary shares, Bowater Paper Corp. Ltd., London, England, with a nominal value of £1 per share — present market value about \$5.00 each.

Bowater borrowed Canadian dollars (from people like Marie Freeman mainly) & gave them certificates payable (capital & interest) in British pounds. Among other things this arrangement relieves the Canadian investors for British income tax — something like 9/- in the £!

I took the Bowater certificate to Austin Parker, who is now the local representative of Montreal Trust Co., & of course a knowledgeable man about Bowater finances. He will arrange sale of the Bowater stock, & re-investment in a "consolidated investment fund", founded by Montreal Trust, at present yielding over 5%. E.'s annual income from these various stocks & bonds should give her about \$30 per month.

SUNDAY, JUNE 30/63 Worked on the H.P. book all morning. Golf this afternoon. In the evening we had visitors. First, Mrs. Alice Smith (née Lamont) of Kentville,

and her sister "Liva", wife of John J. Mosher, of Wolfville, retired professor of economics at Acadia University. Later, Pamela Riddall's parents, Bill & Marian White of Hfx., & Marian's sister Gretchen, of Moncton, who are at White Point Lodge for the holiday week-end. Tom & Pam came also. A lively & interesting evening.

MONDAY, July 1/63 The Canadian national holiday; tho' whether we should call it Dominion Day, as of yore, with its supposedly "colonial" taint, or Canada Day, nobody seems to know for sure. This morning I showed Liva & Alice the Perkins House, with which they were delighted. They lunched with us & departed for their homes, in "Liva's" car, via Bridgewater & Middleton. Golf this afternoon, with C. Weather hot & humid, with occasional cool airs from the sea.

Today the new tavern in the Mersey Hotel, opened for business. At 4:30 p.m. C. walked down to the post office. On Court Street, outside the tavern, she found several men tottering about, completely drunk. They were shabbily dressed, evidently from the back streets. She had to make a circuit through the parking lot (between the Royal Bank & the telephone building) to avoid them. If this is to be the case in broad daylight, what will it be like at night?

The big news from Halifax is tonight's opening of the new Neptune Theatre, on Sackville Street, with a performance of Shaw's "Major Barbara".

The building is actually the old Garrick, a former movie theatre, remodelled & furnished at great cost. (\*\$100,000 to purchase the building, another \*\$200,000 to cover remodelling etc., & to finance the play company until the end of 1965.) A committee of prominent Halifax citizens has already raised a large part of this sum. The repertory company is entirely professional, mostly from Toronto & Montreal, but including a few Nova Scotians, & the director is Leon Major, formerly an assistant director at the famous theatre at Stratford, Ontario. The name Neptune was chosen because Canada's first play was performed by an impromptu company led by Marc Lescarbot, & so named, in 1606 at the Habitation, Port Royal, N.S.

TUESDAY, July 2/63 A sea fog all day. No golf. Worked on the Hfx book morning & afternoon. Received from the Public Archives, Ottawa, microfilm copy of the Belaney documents. (See June 13) Forgot to note yesterday that a fisherman from Lockeport knocked at my door, selling whole salmon at 70¢ a pound. I bought a 10 lb. fish, & this evening we enjoyed part of it for dinner. Ordinarily we never eat dessert, for the sake of our figures; but today a truck from the Valley came along selling fresh strawberries at 50¢ a box, & we had strawberries & cream. Yanderbat!

WEDNESDAY, July 3/63 Fog & drizzle; & a thunderstorm this evening. Worked all morning on the Hfx book. Despite the

weather this afternoon I mowed the lawns, pruned the lilac hedge on the north side of the house (where it never blooms), & spread about 6 lbs of fertilizer (10-6-4 formula) on part of the back lawn that I missed on June 15. The trees & shrubs are flourishing — the weigelia now in gorgeous scarlet bloom on front, side & back lawns. The honeysuckle on the back wall of the rear lawn, sickly for the past few years, is "coming back" in a healthy fashion.

News: — a powerful U.S. naval squadron, making a routine summer visit to Halifax, found itself surrounded by Russian "trawlers" also in Halifax for stores & repairs. The Americans remarked the coincidence, common nowadays all along the North Atlantic coast from Halifax to the Caribbean. A large part of the huge Soviet fishing fleet now operating most of the year in North American waters is plainly engaged in catching fish for Soviet bellies. But obviously there is a definite "spy" group in this fleet, primarily concerned with watching (visually & by radar) the operations of U.S. & Canadian warships in western Atlantic waters.

THURSDAY, July 4/63 Cloudy & cool. I note from this morning's Chronicle-Herald that Gerald Sawyer died in Hfx. yesterday. I last saw him apparently Hale & healthy at the clubhouse of the R.N.S. Yacht Squadron on May 31. He was the last of the once wealthy Sawyers (merchants) in Hfx. (His son David lives in Musquodobit.) Well educated, with a law degree, he

was never successful in business life, & when I first knew him he had a petty conveyancing job with Mersey Paper Co. He fought in France with the 14th Batt. in War One, & was wounded in 1916. In War Two, after an unsuccessful practice of law in Kentville for many years, he got into the army for the duration in the Judge-Advocate department. I remember him as a mild, unambitious, smilingly cynical man, in his Liverpool years. His daughter Diane, a pretty but shy girl who enjoyed playing golf alone at White Point, joined an R.C. religious order in the U.S. in her 20's, & is now "Mother Dwyer" at the Sacred Heart Convent in Montreal.

SATURDAY, July 6/63 A fine day after a night's fog.

In the afternoon E. & I attended Judy McLean's wedding in Trinity Church, & the reception in the Mersey Hotel afterwards. Bridegroom is an American medical student at Dalhousie, named Hawkes. His home is in Ohio.

I had a pleasant chat with the widow of George Harley, whom I met in Toronto in '46, & her daughter. (Harley's father was rector of Trinity here before War One.) Judy is a pretty little blonde girl, the only child of Jack & Cathie McLean.

SUNDAY, July 7/63 Golf in dense fog at White Point this afternoon, although there was sunshine in town. On the course I met Joan Griffiths, who used to spend summers with her elderly parents at White Point Lodge, a stocky school-maam spinster with a pleasant manner, a wild

frizz of hair, a perceptible moustache & a manly stride. She astonished me today by saying she had married last year, & now spent the main part of the summer at Tadousac, Que., with her husband. She is now, oh a guess, about 45.

C. & I dined at White Point Lodge, & had the well-cooked but skimpy meal one usually gets there. (We ordered lamb cutlets as our main dish, & each got a single cutlet about  $\frac{1}{2}$ " thick,  $3\frac{1}{2}$ " long, & about 2" wide.) Chatted in the dining room briefly with the Lumfords from Montreal, the Carl Richardsons from Boston, & old Madge Parker from Milton (Queens Co.) who customarily spends her summers at White Point Lodge. She told us she is selling the Milton house, & has bought the Birchall house at Petite Riviere, presumably to be nearer to her middle-aged spinster daughter Peggy, who works in the Bridgewater hospital. Later C. & I chatted with the Richardsons in their customary cabin (No 47, facing directly on the beach) in which they have spent many summers. I noticed Joan Griffiths walking past with her new husband, a neat little man of about 65 who looks very much like his deceased father.

TUESDAY, JULY 9/63 Foggy & humid. Phoned Admiral Hugh Pullen at Chester, & had a long talk about the "Canadianization" of the R.C.N., which began in 1950. This for the new chapters of my Halifax book.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 10/63 Fog & drizzle. A Dr. Learon & his daughter called this morning — both enthusiastic readers of

my books. He is a native of N.S., now practising as a children's surgeon in Toronto. ~~TWELVE DAYS~~ ~~ago~~ I developed a terrific cold. This evening it struck me like a bolt of lightning — back of nose & throat passages painfully raw (as if scoured with sandpaper), & a miserable feeling of malaise.

THURSDAY, July 11/63 A day of pure hell. Nose streaming, violent sneezing, burning fever, head aching fit to burst, eyes weeping. Having gone so long without a cold of any sort I suppose I offered the germ practically virgin flesh, which is reacting accordingly.

FRIDAY, July 12/63 Ditto. A hot day, too. I worked at my Flx script until it was  $90^{\circ}$  in my study & God knows what in my head, despite frequent applications of an ice compress. Sat in the garden much of the afternoon, feeling utterly wretched. I get through the nights with strong doses of rum & sleeping pills.

Otherwise, I'd do a "Hemingway" — the muzzle of the double-barreled shotgun in my mouth, & the quick push on the triggers, & no more troubles ever. It's a marvellous comfort to know that if things get bad enough I have this simple way out.

SATURDAY, July 13/63 Awoke about 9:30 a.m. with the sneezing & dripping marvellously reduced, also the fever, though the migraine was still there. In the afternoon, desperate for fresh air & physical movement, I went to White Point & played 18 holes in dense

fog. Iined Jack McCleam, Charlie Williams, & George Mulhall on the second round. I was dizzy (& half blind due to the fog condensing on my glasses) so the score was something wild. Afterwards sat in the clubhouse drinking beer till 5 p.m. Several people said, "I heard you were sick!" & I was tempted to tell them how sick I was — of everything.

SUNDAY, JULY 14/63 A foggy humid day. I went to White Point at 8 a.m. (to avoid the later Sunday mob of players) & got in 18 holes of Blind Man's Buff. Tom Jr., Jack Dunlap & Douglas Thompson, all "Scuba" diving addicts, spent the morning at Port Medway. Near Vogler's Cove, "near an island & a reef", in about 35 feet of water, they gathered about 5 dozen large scallops. These were on a bed so rocky that commercial fishermen could not "drag" with any success. For a fortnight past workmen have been cutting trees & brush, & are now bulldozing a "cut-off" in the shore highway following the railroad from the old bend near White Point to a spot at Hunt's Point. This will eliminate two of the worst bends in the south shore motor road, both within a short distance in the White Point settlement. In the piecemeal fashion of the Highways Board it will not be paved & open for traffic until 1965.

MONDAY, JULY 15, 1963 Fog & drizzle. Mowed my lawns this afternoon & got drenched. Guests for dinner, Clarence & Betty Freeman, & her parents the Harveys, from England, who are spending two months with them. The current issue of *The Legionary* contains a letter of mine re Archie Belaney, asking veterans of the (War One) 40th & 13th battalions who remember him to get in touch with me.

TUESDAY, JULY 16/63 Mostly sunny, although the fog still hangs close to the shore. Frances phoned from Moncton this afternoon, asking for E., but she was out so I had the chat. Main point was that Frances, diving into shallow water at Shediac while on a bathing party with Bill, struck the sand heavily & nearly broke her neck. It is dislocated & she has to wear a heavy & stiff collar of some sort for the rest of the summer. As always she seemed cheerful about her misfortune — I should say her new misfortune. As I noted long ago, Francie is by nature (& her mother's utter indulgence when she was in her formative years) doomed to trouble.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 17/63 Very hot. Golf this afternoon in the cool air of White Point! I learn that amongst the drastic economies (or surgical operations) performed on the Bowater (paper) empire by Sir Edward Chancellor is the sale of the whole Bowater merchant-shipping fleet built in the past ten years under the supervision of my old friend Charles Copelin, formerly of the Mersey Paper

6. staff. The ships were designed & built in England for the bulk paper carrying trade about the world; and on the insistence of the late Sir Eric Bowater (who named all the ships after members of his family!) each ship contained passenger quarters for Bowater guests, plus special cooks, stewards, food & wine supplies, etc. like a miniature luxury liner. I presume the new owners will continue to carry Bowater paper about the world on charter, & probably a much more economical basis. There is to be a conference of Bowater's North American brass-hats at Liverpool this summer, attended by Sir Christopher & other brass-hats from London. The arrangements are in charge of Mowbray Jones, top Bowater man in North America, who lives now in Montreal but maintains his house in L'pool.

Local news:- the Mersey tavern is selling huge quantities of booze (mostly beer) & making money in the quickest way. Its clientele is almost entirely of the "labouring" class, including most of the characters who subsist on Unemployment Insurance or the town's "poor rates" every winter. It is open from 10 a.m. to 11 p.m., & as the process is to fill these men to the ears & turn them forth, the sidewalks about the Royal Bank (which is immediately opposite the tavern) & along the town's main shopping district, & up the hill to the courthouse, are in a disgusting state ( vomit & urine) by midnight every night but Sunday.

THURSDAY,  
FRIDAY, JULY 18, 1963

Overcast & very humid. Played 27 holes at White Point this afternoon. One letter, so far, in reply to my enquiry in *The Legionary*. Albert Chandler, of Melfort, Saskatchewan, was a fellow snipey with Archie Belaney in the 13th Batt. during a spell in the trenches near Messines. Says Belaney's chosen pal in the unit was a French-Indian "metis", & that when "out of the line" Belaney & his chum used to get drunk & half crazy. After the war, when Belaney was calling himself "Grey Owl" & had a government job at Prince Albert National Park, Chandler had a hard time trying to convince his Saskatchewan neighbors that the fellow was an impostor.

SATURDAY, July 20/63 Still hot & humid, with hardly a breath of wind, day or night — our weather for the past fortnight. A slow round of golf this afternoon.

Cocktail party at the Carl Wilfords' house at 6:30. At about 6:40 we watched through bits of dark film, the eclipse of the sun, which lasted less than 2 minutes. The eclipse was total at Cape Sable, about 90° here.

McLellan & Stewart have sent copies of their new paperback edition of "*The Nymph & The Lamp*". It is an ordinary paperback (part of their New Canadian Library series) with an extraordinarily ugly drawing on the cover, purporting to be me. The price is stiff (\$1.50, whereas most paperbacks sell for \$50 cents or less.)

There is a long-winded & didactic introduction by John Matthews, a professor at Queens University, Kingston.

Admiral Hugh Pullen (ret'd) called while I was out this afternoon, & left a book for my perusal. He is still pursuing his notion of raising funds to build a full-sized replica of the famous Liverpool privateer brig "Rover".

Sunday, July 21/63

Again overcast & humid. Drove to Mahone this afternoon & called on my sister Hilda. She had week-end guests, Dr. Campbell, wife & two little girls. Campbell, a marine biologist on the staff of the Dartmouth (or rather Bedford) Institute of Oceanography, recently visited Godhavn in Greenland.

He says large fleets of trawlers & "factory ships" fish in Greenland waters nowadays, from Scandinavia, West Germany, Britain, France, Portugal & Spain. Scandinavian firms are building two large fish-processing plants in Greenland. The enormous & still increasing fleet of Russian trawlers & factory-ships now operates from Labrador to Cuba, including the Gulf of St. Lawrence.

Campbell believes that these foreign fleets will continue to grow, especially the Russian; & that serious depletion of the North Atlantic fish stock is already happening. "In time, only the Russians will be able to fish there - simply because they keep no account of financial loss."

MONDAY, JULY 22, 1963

Again a humid overcast day, with sunshine in the evening. Played 18 holes at White Point in the afternoon, & then spent 1½ hours mowing my lawns.

Pew! The lawns are green & lovely. The weigelia & deutzia shrubs are past their best & shedding their blossoms, & now the red rambler roses are coming into bloom.

Spent the evening with Jack & Fran Davies at their cottage "Fairways", overlooking N° 3 tee & hole of the golf course. Jack is now (I believe) archdeacon of the Anglican cathedral in Charlottetown, a proof of seniority & a careful attention to ritual. On the personal side he tries hard to be half-fellow-well met; but (as I noticed when he was the Anglican priest here) he is a man of small intelligence, with a natural spout of inept remarks, shouted in a loud ~~-~~ voice with an even louder braying laugh. His wife is by nature a charming, highly intelligent & vivacious person. How she ever married him, & how she has managed to put up with him all these years, I'll never know. She still goes through with the loyalty anyhow. A study in human mis-mating — with their offspring (boy & girl) clearly on the eccentric side.

TUESDAY, July 23/63

Warm fog & drizzle. I worked at my office book all day. At evening the weather cleared a bit, & I went to White Point & played 18 holes — a slow round, many players, local & tourist — in the warm moist atmosphere of a Turkish bath. Saw & talked for a few

moments to Hugh Joyce & Alberth Martin, from the Corner Brook (Nfld) paper mill of Bowaters Ltd. They are here as part of a gathering of Bowater (North America) executives convened by Sir Christopher Chappellos, from Nfld to Carolina. Chancellor has already told the press that the big Corner Brook mill will go on a 5-day week production, beginning next December. Presumably our Mersey mill will follow this rule - all due to falling markets in a sharply competitive world.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 24/63 Very hot. Today at Lunenburg a great crowd watched the launching of the schooner "Bluenose II", outwardly a replica of the famous old fishing schooner. The old & wealthy Halifax brewing firm, Oland & Sons, are paying the entire cost (said to be about \$250,000) as a publicity stunt to advertise their beer, one brand of which is named "Schooner". The Bluenose II will be fitted with passengers, accommodation, etc., & will visit Montreal, the Toronto Exhibition, etc. In Nova Scotia she will take paying passengers on short sailing trips.

Ottawa announced yesterday that a new national park will be established in the Kejimkujik region, about 12 miles by 18 miles, including lakes Kejimkujik, Peskawesh, Pescawash & Frozen Ocean. Work will start probably this Fall.

THURSDAY, JULY 25, 1963 Sunny till mid-afternoon, then dense fog. Dinner & evening at Austin Parker's beach cottage, Port Joli. The party included the Charles Williams, the Victor Deans, John McKinnies, Howland White, Erik Andersons, Ralph Johnsons, & Mrs. Johnsons' sister & brother who are visiting Nova Scotia for the first time. I have begun to type final copy for the new edition of "Halifax, Warden of The North."

I noted today that, since the opening of the new Gorham School last year, the old brick-tile Parade School has been taken over by the town electric & water services, for storage of equipment, etc.

FRIDAY, JULY 26/63 Very hot day - 100° in the sun at noon, & 85° in our living room at 11 p.m. Worked at my typing all morning. Soon after noon went out to White Point & played 18 holes - the last 7 with Austin Parker. Few players out, & all moving slowly & dripping sweat - I felt at times as if I was about to have a heart-stroke. Supper with C. in Lane's restaurant, Bristol - cold lobster salad, delicious. Sat in the garden, reading, until the light faded at 9 p.m.

SATURDAY, JULY 27/63 Another sweltering day. Up & got my breakfast at 5:30 a.m., drove to the golf course at 7:30, & played 18 holes - the first nine in a soft air from the sea, the second in growing heat that left me dripping. All afternoon in a chair in the garden, moving with the

shade, making the best of a hot wind from S.W.

The ladies of the golf club put on their regular (summer) weekly supper from 5.30 to 8 p.m. E. was busy on today's job (much cooking yesterday) & I had chicken stew & fruit-cup dessert there about 6. Afterwards reading in our garden until light faded at 9 p.m., & then sitting half-naked in the living room, sometimes reading, sometimes watching stale ("re-run") shows on T.V.

SUNDAY, July 28/63 Again very hot. Some idiosh with a toothache, at Mill Village, aroused me from a good sleep at 4 A.M., demanding that I go to my "office" & extract it — the call meant for Tom Jr., of course.

All morning in the garden with E., & the water-sprinkler hurling drops that fell upon us frequently, & felt good. Jack Rector dropped in for a chat. He was a clerk in the Bank of N.S. here from 1929 to 1937, & during that time boarded with the Hector Dunlaps. A Nova Scotian by birth, he is now manager of the bank's main Ottawa branch. Much reminiscing.

E. & I had our usual light (sandwich & milk) lunch, sitting in the garden shade. Even there the temp. was well over 90° Fahr.<sup>h</sup>, & nearly 100 in the sun. At 1.30 we drove to White Point, & found the golf course almost deserted — everybody seemed to have fled to the beaches to sit or swim in the cool sea.

Nevertheless we found the ~~the~~ outer 5 holes of the course (which occupy the actual White Point & just out

into the sea) delightfully cool. So E sat on the shore near N° 6 tee, while I played the outer holes 3 times. Thence up 7, 8, & 9 - all hell-hot - & finally to the clubhouse, where we could offset the loss of body moisture by drafts of cold beer. Back to town towards 4; balked, changed, & dined on lovely cold lobster salad at Lanes restaurant in the old Barss mansion in "Bristol." Thence to Western Head, where we found air very cool, & a fog bank not far off. Finally back to town, where we found Tom Jr. washing his car with my hose, sponge & liquid soap. Tom & his babies are at the old White summer cottage at Bryd' (N.B.) for two weeks, & he is "baching it" comfortably with meals & evenings at Flunts Point & Whyte Point with his friends the Jack Dunlaps & the (surgeon) "Jamie" Macleods. He mentioned that he responded to the (final & correct) 4 a.m. phone call, went to his office, administered cocaine & extracted the painful tooth of a poor <sup>female</sup> creature from Mill Village. The husband already owes him for two previous operations - all demanded in the middle of the night, like this. Which goes to show that the demanding poor get much better service from doctors & dentists than people who choose better hours - but pay their bills.

MONDAY, July 29/63 Fog moved in & cooled off the air a bit this afternoon about 80°. Had a visit

from the widow of my old friend Carl Hatt, who was in charge of the fog-horn at Western Head many years. With her came J. P. Broome & wife. He is a former radio-telegraph operator who joined the east coast (S.F.) service in 1925, was stationed at Chebucto Head, Canso, etc., & knew some of my contemporaries. He now is posted at Ottawa & makes occasional inspection & repair trips to radio stations in the Maritimes & in the North.

Since the violent attack of 'flu July 10-13, I have had a continual sore throat & some nasal drip. In the past 48 hours my throat has become increasingly swollen & painful. A rerudescence, or a new bug?

Wednesday, July 31/63

A refreshing change of air today, with a lively west breeze, replacing the very still & humid mass which drifted up from the Gulf of Mexico about 3 weeks ago. Golf this afternoon with E ~ a swarm of players, very slow.

This evening Betty, widow of my old friend Leslie Barnard, called to see us, accompanied by two nieces. She is now very thin, in the late sixties, & says she can write nothing more since Leslie died. They were a perfect writing team. One of the nieces (both are schoolmamas) lives with her in Montreal.

My druggist friend Larry Sheldon recommended lozenges called "Pentracin" for my throat, & I suck one every two hours & get some small relief.

Local contractors Moshes & Rawding are busy with a gang of men & machines on the site of the old Patch house ("Chestnut Hall"), building a new store for the N.S. liquor commission. Actually it will stand behind the old house site, about half way down the slope from Main St. to the waterfront parking lot.

FRIDAY, AUG. 2/63 Flumed again, with the sea fog hanging close, & the sun shining now & then. Am getting along well with printers' copy for the new edition of my Halifax book, an exacting business. Golf this afternoon with E., as usual driving to the White Point course soon after noon, & finishing with pints of ale in the clubhouse, returning to town about 3.

SATURDAY, AUG. 3/63

Finished printer's copy for "Halifax" & packed it up for mailing to Doubleday, Toronto, together with a copy of the McClelland & Stewart Edition in which I had marked changes & additions.

News:- Dr. Ward, the fashionable pimp in the now famous Profumo - Keeler scandal, died today in hospital — suicide by sleeping tablets. He was convicted of procuring, & receiving money from prostitutes, at the Old Bailey two or three days ago.

SUNDAY, AUG. 4/63 Golf in fog at White Point this morning. This afternoon for a change of air drove with E. to Smith's Cove, on Annapolis Basin. Dined on delicious sea food at The Sea Shell restaurant, 4

One of the most beautiful properties in the fashionable South of France vacationland may soon become the home of Mrs. Dorothy Killam, widow of the Yarmouth-born multi-millionaire industrialist and financier Isaac Walton Killam.

It is the Villa Leopolda, located above the resort of Villefranche and owned by the head of the Fiat empire, Signor Gianni Agnelli.

Mrs. Killam, one of the world's wealthiest women, is reported to have offered for the estate and its contents a sum of \$3,000,000 — a record for the Riviera country. And it is believed here that the deal will go through. Signor Agnelli acquired it 15 years ago for an amount that is believed to have been much below that now being bid for it.

Isaac Killam died in 1955, leaving his fortune of \$150 millions to his wife but that sum was reduced to approximately \$80 millions by the levy of succession duties. However, investment of the money is believed to have since resulted in a recovery of much of that lost through the death taxes.

miles from Annapolis, with a fine view of the Basin.  
Weather there clear but overcast, with one brief shower.

On the northerly side of the Eighteen Mile bog, on the Liverpool-Annapolis road, I noticed a new road, lately bull-dozed through the woods towards the west. At a Caledonia gas station I learned that this is one of the new "access roads" (for forest-fire-fighting use) which the provincial Dept. of Forests & Game is making in road-less wooded areas. This one runs deep into the peninsula of Lake Rossignol towards Maclean Lake.

On return to L'pool we dropped in to say Goodbye to the Harveys at Verence Freeman's home. They leave tomorrow for England. A thunderstorm rumbled & flashed (& rained heavily) over the Liverpool area from 7.30 p.m. until after midnight.

MONDAY, AUG. 5/63 Again a humid day, with mist just offshore, & thunderheads looming in the sky.

Mailed the Halifax book material to George Nelson this morning, & wrote a foreword for the new edition of "Son of the Hawk". Golf this afternoon - the first 9 holes with E., the second with Don Smith & Rockward.

On return to town, found Admiral Pullen's card tucked in the front door - his second call when we were out.

News:- Russia, the U.S., & Britain have agreed to stop nuclear-fission test explosions on the earth's surface & in the atmosphere - but not underground. Much fuss

about this in the papers for the past fortnight. Russia broke a similar gentlemen's agreement a year or two ago, & will do so again any time it suits her book. But surely even the Russian scientists must have convinced Mr. Kruschev that such "tests" poison the air & the earth for all people, including the U.S.S.R.

Local note I:- anglers have been catching quantities of sea bass between Fort Point & the railway bridge for the past month. A few nights ago (the fishing depends on a rising tide) one angler caught a 21 lb. bass in the dark, between the town highway bridge & Fort Point, fishing from a boat.

At Milton workmen are digging a cellar for a new house on what used to be the village tennis court. The court was a busy place on summer evenings in the 1920's. It stood on the old Ford property, which I bought from Roy Gordon in 1926. It now belongs to Murray Leing & he has sold the (long disused) tennis court for a building lot.

TUESDAY, AUG. 6/63

Lovely sunny day with a cool sea air.

This morning Carl Milford met me outside the Jones & Milford law offices, invited me upstairs & showed me letters & documents of the late "Major" Stanley Edwards of Sable River, who died in 1940. (See my erroneous entry May 22)

It appears that Edwards never served in the British or any other army. He was an unstable but fairly well-to-do Cornishman (Penzance) who abandoned his wife

of the L'pool Regional High School Board. Also for the past 17 years he has written the sports column for the Advance, & frequently sent news reports to the Hfx. Herald.

He gives all this up for the new job in Hfx. on Sep. 1.

THURSDAY, AUG. 8/63      Same weather. Now that the Hfx. book is off my mind (until printers' proofs arrive!) I turn my thoughts to the new novel, based on the Mc Nabs of Mc Nab's Island. So far, after much mulling over my notes, nothing of a plot emerges.

Pamela & her babies returned to L'pool today, after a fortnight at the White cottage at Brule' R.R.B.

They called up 44 Park St just as C. & I got back from the golf course this afternoon. In the evening Jerry & Betty Freeman dropped in, with their tale of woe.

Her parents, Mr. & Mrs. Harvey, came out from England to spend two months with them, at Jerry's expense, about \$1,000. Ma Harvey seemed to us a very jolly, buxom, outgoing type; Pa Harvey a lean, small, mild man, patient & easygoing.

As it turned out, Ma Harvey was a quarrelsome bitch, with Pa Harvey her slave & tool, & the "holiday" turned out to be an ordeal for Jerry, Betty & their teen-age children Roger & Joan.

What made it worse was their confinement in Jerry's very small house in Milton, in the ~~worst~~ hot & humid weather of this summer. Today Jerry & Betty took the Harveys by car to Hfx., put them on a train to Montreal, where their (passage reserved for tomorrow's date)

steamer leaves for England.

FRIDAY, AUG. 9/63 My father was killed in battle 45 years ago. A warm day, with sea fog just offshore. Mowed my lawns this afternoon. At 5 p.m. drove with E. to the Rockers' cottage at Port Joli, where they are staying with son Jim, wife Lee, & 3 children, from Waycross, Georgia. We took with us the ingredients of dinner for the whole lot — a large roast of lamb, mint jelly, blueberry pie, & a bottle of rum. After eating we sat by a fire of driftwood on the shore till about 9 p.m. I & then returned to town. This morning Cyril Leslie the painter, & his helper, painted the walls of our upper hall & staircase; also they scraped away a few large blisters which had appeared in the exterior paint on the north side of the house, & re-painted these spots.

The new length of stair carpet (see June 18) has arrived at last from Simpson's. As E. sold the old stair carpet soon after ordering the new lot, our stairs have been covered only by old brown felt under-padding for the past 6 or 7 weeks, a sight beheld by every caller at the front door.

SATURDAY, AUG. 10/63 Spent most of the morning putting the new stair carpet in place, with stair rods, etc. Late in the afternoon Kildare Dobbs, of the Toronto Star, called & interviewed me briefly in connection with an article on Nova Scotia. With him was Bob Brooks, free lance photographer of Yarmouth, who took some shots of me at

my desk.

SUNDAY, Aug. 11/63. A fine summer day. Played 9 holes at White Point this morning — the course crowded. Drove with E. to Mahone this afternoon & spent an hour with my sister Hilda & her guests Dr. Triton & wife — he is on the staff of the Institute of Oceanography where Hilda works.

Tonight at 10 p.m. Ken Jones called. The (provincial) govt. wants to make a souvenir gift to visiting V.I.P.'s — something unique, distinctively Nova Scotian or anyhow Maritime. He thought of the MacMac crooked-knife, & I lent him a sample of the crooked-knife (much refined but basically the Indian type) made by old A. "Del" Freeman of Colchester, Queens Co. Knives of this type are still popular with white woodsmen & hunters, as well as Indians, in western N.S. In origin they go straight back to knives found in prehistoric Indian camps in N.S. & N.B., the handle made from the butt end of a deer's horn, the blade of flint, short, flat on the cutting side, round on the other, & used with a "drawing" cut — i.e. towards oneself.

WEDNESDAY, Aug. 14/63. Heavy rain last night & this morning, about 3 inches, badly needed by the farmers.

THURSDAY, Aug. 15/63. Fine & warm. Golf in afternoon. Evening at Rita Beebe's place on the island, Mill Village, her annual buffet dinner party in the barn. A smaller party than usual, & quite sedate. Home at 10:30, & the Jack McLearn's came in for a nightcap.

Received from my cousin Phyllis Elliott a few keepsakes that she had found in the belongings of my late Aunt Jessie. Several photographs of my father in uniform, taken at various times during War One, old newspaper clippings about him or his regiment, an envelope containing the brittle & crushed but still recognizable remains of a few violets, & in Father's handwriting on the envelope "Flowers from a wood captured <sup>from</sup> the Germans, April 1917" — evidently from the battlefield of Vimy Ridge.

SATURDAY, AUG. 17/63 Fine & cool. The Edwin Parkers are now well settled in their house on Waterloo Street, which has been renovated from cellar to attic. This evening G. & I joined a surprise party of friends & former Park Street neighbors, calling at their new home & presenting them with an outdoor barbecue grill, with electric motor for turning the spit etc.

I learn that The New York Times, a customer of Mersey Paper Co. here for many years, has bought a large share in a paper mill at Chandler, P.Q., in the Gaspe peninsula. The mill is installing additional machinery, & when this is done the Times will cease to buy paper here. Two Mersey technicians (Ravenscroft & Don Wharton) have been offered better paying jobs at Chandler, & are moving there. Others may follow.

TUESDAY, AUG. 20/63 Rain. I awoke this morning with a feeling of extreme lassitude & nausea, which continued all day & night. Some sort of germ which has been going the rounds.

Bill Harlow called this morning with a book for me to autograph. He & his family are staying at White Point Lodge. Last winter they had a holiday in Nassau, & called on our former townsmen Capt. Wallace Ogilvie, who flourishes in the tax-free air of the Bahamas like the proverbial green bay tree. For years there Ogilvie has amused himself with fast motorboat racing, but he had a heart attack recently, & now goes in for horticulture, with huge greenhouses & all sorts of exotic plants & trees.

Wednesday, Aug 21/63 Sunny & warm. Up at 5 a.m. after a wretched night, & had coffee & toast — the first food in 36 hours. Mowed the lawns later in the morning. Erik Andersen, my neighbor, has had two carpenters re-shingling his roof. He sent one of them up on my roof this afternoon, to replace an asphalt shingle blown away in a gale last Fall, & to mend the asphalt caulking around my chimney. Refused to take payment. Very kind of him.

This afternoon E. invited a few people in for drinks 5 to 6 p.m. & then to the Golf Club supper in the clubhouse at White Point. (Marilla McDill & her guests Mr. & Mrs. Patton of Duxbury, Mass., Rolf & Muriel Seaborn, & their married daughter Noella, from Montreal; & Bob Kirkpatrick of Milton.) Tom Jr. dropped in, & helped in serving drinks. All very pleasant, & I enjoyed the supper — my first real meal since Monday evening. E. suffered the same bug last night & morning.

FRIDAY, AUG. 23, 1963

Sunny & cool. Received from Simpson - Sears this morning a new "typist's" chair, to replace the battered & worn & uncomfortable <sup>wooden</sup> one which I bought in 1938. The new one is of steel with foam rubber cushion; revolves, & has casters on the legs like the old one but is lighter & moves much more easily.

Golf this afternoon. At 4:30 Hallabelle Johnson, Evelyn & Herblant White, & the Whites' guest Miss Knowles came & chatted for an hour over sherry glasses. Then Fred & Nola Hill, of Great Village, arrived with Fred's sister, a pleasant spinster who lives in New York. The Hills were stopping overnight at a local motel, on a tour of western N.S. We took them to dine at White Point, & later back to 44 Park Street for more chat. They left at 10 p.m.

I have let my subscription to the Saturday Evening Post run out, & notified him not to renew. I have been a subscriber since the early 1940's, when I frequently sold short stories to the Post. During the past 10 or 15 years the Post dropped most of its fiction content; & in the past 5 years has gone through various "face lifting" operations, with no success.

SATURDAY, AUG. 24/63

Rain. E. & I attended the wedding of Stephanie "Taffy" Jones in Trinity Church this afternoon. She is the youngest daughter of Mowbray & Phyllis Jones, & her bridegroom David Evans is a young American in the U.S. diplomatic service. They go to Europe

where he has some sort of roving commission for the next three years. The wedding a very swank affair, the guests including Lieut. Governor McKeen & wife. All through the church service a violent thunderstorm boomed & flashed, & we emerged in a cloudburst of rain.

We drove with the Austin Parkers up the river to Mersey Lodge, where about 100 guests sipped champagne & chatted. The usual toasts & witty speeches. (Nowbray mentioned "that twenty-one gun salute during the service" as one of the special arrangements.) Phyl Jones is recovering from her long illness in a Montreal hospital. Her older daughter Jennifer looked worse than she — thin, haggard, neurotic, despite all the arts of cosmeticians & the dye-bottle (her hair is now chestnut red). Jennifer is to marry a Montreal engineer named — of all things — <sup>CUPITT</sup> ~~Arapah~~ in a quiet ceremony soon. Her divorced husband "Bud" Inness is in the Bowater office in New York.

MONDAY, AUG 26/63 Sunny & windy, a Fall day. The Sep 7 issue of Maclean's Magazine, now on the stands, contains a slashing attack on the management of the Canadian Navy by "the self-perpetuating, self-selecting group of admirals". The author is James Plomer, who retired from the RCN last spring with the rank of Commodore. He began his career in the naval reserve at Winnipeg in 1932, served most of War Two on loan to the Royal Navy, in which he won the DSC and bar; later with the RCN in Korea

he won further distinction, & in 1959 he was senior Canadian officer afloat, commanding Canadian naval forces during NATO exercises in the Atlantic. His attack on "the admirals" may spring partly from the fact that, despite his long & distinguished service, he was never given that rank. Nevertheless he cites a lot of faults & stupidities in the RCN; & he points out that the MacLennan Report of 1949 was never fully implemented. It will be interesting to see the comment, if any, of "the admirals".

THURSDAY, AUG. 29/63 Drove to Hfx. with C. this morning. Her main shopping was for a piano, apartment size, which she intends to play in one of our upstairs rooms.

I spent the time 10:30 a.m. to 3 p.m. in the Archives, ducking out for a hasty sandwich at noon. Using one of the Archives projecting machines, I searched over the Belaney ("Grey Owl") documents, microfilmed for me by the archives at Ottawa. They consist of various Army documents, chiefly medical, & all correspondence in connection with his job in Prince Albert National Park over a period of 6 or 7 years. A tedious business, especially making pencil notes, very tiring to the hand after an hour or so. Got much done, but will have to make another trip to finish the job.

On route to L'pool I called at "Big Hill", the beautiful home of Rear-Admiral Hugh Pullen (Retd.) at Chester Basin. He was out, sailing his sloop in Mahone Bay, but we had a brief chat with Mrs. Pullen, & I returned the book

which Pullen left at my house on July 20th. On to Lunenburg, where we had a look at the new "Bluenose", and the large new fish plant under construction on Battery Pt.

Had a very good dinner & a bottle of Sauterne at Boscaven Manor, which has been enlarged & remodeled - much better in all ways.

At home this evening I had visitors from Table Island, a meteorological technician named Donald Patterson with his wife & child. He described the brick hearth he found exposed at the foot of a dune last March, & gave me three photographs showing the dune, the hearth, & the human bones.

Today Premier Stanfield announced a provincial election to be held Oct. 8th. His govt has been in office 3 years. He said his reason for not waiting out the full 4 year term is the strong probability of a federal election next spring, in which federal & purely provincial issues would become confused.

MONDAY, SEP 2/63 "Labor Day." I spent the morning mowing my lawns, clipping shrubs, hoeing weeds from the street approach to my front walk. (In Liverpool grass really does grow in the streets, plus weeds, at the sides of residential streets anyhow.) Spent the afternoon on the golf course - the first 9 holes with E. (who has another violent cold but determined to come), the second 9 with George Kyle his wife & son. Many players out, including Hfx people, who usually flock to White Point for the last few days of summer.

FRIDAY, SEP. 6, 1963

Rain. Typing notes for the book on Sable Island. Letter today from W. C. Macfarlane, a Montreal stockbroker (Mead & Co.). He was a platoon commander in 13th Batt. C.E.F. in 1915 & early 1916. Remembers Archie Belaney ("Grey Owl") as a script in his platoon. Found him "a dependable if not an outstanding soldier". Was wounded April 19, 1916, a few days before Belaney got his foot injury. Never saw him again.

Cameron Graham phoned from Ottawa. Wants me to join in a (T.V. national network) four-man discussion on "the present state of Canada, & where it is going." The other men will be Bruce Hutchinson, Charles Lynch, & a French-Canadian not yet chosen. Each will have 4 minutes. A camera crew will come from Hfx. to do my bit, & "Cammy" hopes to accompany them. Wants a script of my bit by Sep. 20, plans to film the four men in early October.

SATURDAY, SEP. 7/63

Today two workmen from Bridgewater removed the old wooden sills of our five upstairs doorways, replaced them with green metal, & cut & fitted the upper hall with the better parts of our discarded (green) living room carpet. While this was going on, a van arrived with E's new cottage-size piano, purchased from Millet Bros. Ltd., Halifax. The price of the piano & bench was \$625, & the van charge was \$15. E had it installed in her bedroom, where she can play it in private without disturbing the downstairs rooms.

TUESDAY, SEP. 10, 1963      Grey skies for several days. This afternoon George Foster called, with Reid of Ryerson's, Toronto. Foster is an old friend whom I first met in 1942, when he was Maritime salesman for McClelland & Stewart, & I was the proud author of a first novel — "His Majesty's Yankees". Foster organized an auto-graphing party in the Book Room, Hfx., & in '46 was my guide, philosopher & friend on a strenuous public-speaking tour of Ontario. A few years later he & two others left McClelland & Stewart to form their own book wholesalers' business — Nelson, Foster & Scott — which has done well ever since. Of the book business he says the hard-cover novel is doomed, except those distributed by the big book clubs at thrifty prices. Otherwise its price is too high (as much as \$6 or \$7, & never less than \$5.50 nowadays) for popular sale. People wait for the paper-back editions, (which come out within a year of the hard-cover edition) or borrow from public libraries.

Tom Jr. today deposited \$500 in my Royal Bank account, a payment on the loans I made him (total \$7,500) when he was at Dalhousie. So far, including this, he has paid me back \$2,000.

THURSDAY, SEP. 12/63      Sunny & warm. Set off for Hfx with C. about 7 a.m., arriving about 9:30. She shopped & visited the Public Gardens while I worked in the Public Archives building, studying & making notes from the

microfilm of the Belaney documents, which I began Aug. 29. Finished at 1 p.m. Lunched (on sandwiches) in the coffee shop of the Armdale Motel, a new place facing on Chocolate Lake, just above the Armdale rotary-highway entrance to the city. Home at 4. Pam came to show E. photo-proofs of portraits of herself & babies, taken by Frances Davies this summer.

FRIDAY, SEP. 13/63 Showers & an uneasy wind - the edge of a storm moving through New Brunswick & P.C.I. Typed my Belaney notes, & wrote Lorat Dickson, of Macmillan's, London, asking if he will let me see a summary of his own investigations into "Grey Owl" 25 years ago. Sent "Sammy" Graham, Ottawa, a script for my 4-minute bit in the proposed T.V. discussion.

Household note:- our Bendix automatic washing machine, purchased for \$300 in 1950, has served us faithfully 13 years, but has got very noisy & leaky lately. This morning C. & I, shopped about the electrical-goods stores in Liverpool, found the Eastern Home & Auto Co. holding a bargain sale on washers, & got a new Bendix-Philco machine with every modern improvement for a little over \$250. The old machine has no value. This afternoon "King" Cochrane sent up a pair of workmen to take away the old one & instal the new.

SATURDAY, SEP. 14/63 A chilly night, about 40° here, & 31° in the Valley. Yesterday about 3" of snow fell in

Gaspé & northern N.B.

I spent the morning at my desk, & the afternoon mowing my lawns, & stowing in the cellar the split chunks of ash tree felled on May 4. Although this wood has been stacked & drying in a sunny spot all summer, the chunks were heavy. Little ~~Debbie~~ & Tommy Raddall arrived in time to "help" in this work, & Debbie stayed overnight with us.

SUNDAY, SEP 15/63 A sunny but cool Fall day. Church this morning with E., also Debbie, whose parents were there & took charge of her after Sunday School.

Golf this afternoon, but only got in 14 holes ~ the Eden Club (Bridgetown - Middleton) came over to play a match with our own, & after 2pm the course swarmed with players, male & female. I quit, & solaced myself with a beer in the clubhouse. Noticed a pair of trawlers off White Point, coming from the direction of Port Mouton & heading east. Someone in the clubhouse said they were Russians. If so they must have been in Port Mouton for anchorage & repairs ~ they do this to save port charges etc. when their damages are capable of self-repair. Otherwise they go into Halifax.

TUESDAY, SEP 17/63 Rain. Conservatives of Queens nominated Ken Jones as their candidate, at a meeting in the Fire Hall last evening. Dr. James Macleod (surgeon) moved the nomination, & my son Tom seconded it, both saying Ken had done a good job as

M.P.P. for Queens & go cabinet minister. So far the Liberals of Queens have found no candidate. Rumor says Jones will be elected by acclamation.

*Sport note:* anglers report good catches of trout on Kejimkujik River in the past two weeks.

WEDNESDAY, SEP. 18/63 Today, after 5 years of construction work, the Halifax entrance to Bicentennial Drive was opened with official ceremonies. The Drive itself was finished & open some time ago, but the city entrance required an overpass 800' long & 40' high, amongst other intricate & expensive work. The entrance cost \$2,797,000. Total cost of the Drive is \$7,300,000.

FRIDAY, SEP. 20/63 Golf this afternoon with Parker, Waters & Lockward. Sky mostly overcast, air warm & sticky. So far September has been a disappointment — damp & dull for the most part.

The Liberals of Queens have at last got a candidate to run against Ken Jones. He is Alton Snow, proprietor of a hardware store & a building-supply business, & of an apartment house — the former home of Col. C.H.L. Jones, "Hillcrest". A hard-fisted chaser of the dollars, never known to do a thing for the town or for charity.

SATURDAY, SEP. 21/63 Cool, grey, occasional drizzle, in spite of which I played 18 holes at White Point this afternoon. Only a half dozen players out, & a young chap asked if he could play

around with me, as he wanted to turn in a witnessed score card to qualify for a forthcoming tournament. An excellent player, he had an 82, including a bit of very bad luck which gave him an 8 on N<sup>o</sup> 5. I played poorly & score 94. Best & chat after.

I phoned Bill White today. He advised me to reinvest the \$58,000 which has been lying on deposit with his (J. E. Leslie & Co.) company since I sold my stocks last March. He drew up a recommended list, well diversified, which would put \$37,500 in electric & phone stocks, \$10,100 in western oil-pipe lines, \$5,250 in uranium & steel, & \$5,000 in a solid B.C. pulp & paper company. I told him to invest the money on that basis. Dividends will yield me an annual income of \$2,650, with some hope of capital appreciation in a few years on the pipe-line, uranium & paper stocks.

The C.B.C. has decided to begin running "Wings of Night" in December. As it is in 8 parts this means a weekly instalment ~~through~~ through December & January, & part of Feb. Apparently they intend running Costain's "Son of a Hundred Kings" (10 instalments), beginning the latter week of Sep. — although "Wings of Night" was made first & represents a C.B.C. investment of well over \$100,000, already tied up for more than a year. Their ways are weird & wonderful. Last spring George Nelson told me that Costain got very excited when he learned of CBC's purchase of "Wings of Night" for a serial, & that they intended others. He got Nelson to bring the director, Ronald Neymar,

down to N.Y. all expenses paid, & there sold him the "Son of a Hundred Kings" for the next T.V. serial.

SUNDAY, SEP. 22/63 A cold grey day, wind E., until about 2:30 p.m., when the sun got through. Played golf alone at White Point in afternoon, moving fast to keep warm.

Yesterday a new steel trawler was christened "Garland" at the Steel & Engine Products Ltd. wharf. She was built by the St. John (N.B.) Shipbuilding Co., & her fittings etc. were completed here by STEENPRO both companies owned by K. C. Irving. The "Garland" is fitted with the latest devices for navigation & fishing - the trawl is operated from the stern, & there is a shelter deck to protect the fishing gang at work. She carries a total crew of 22, is 116 $\frac{1}{2}$ ' long, 26' beam, has a speed of 11 knots. She will fish out of Shelburne for Scotia Trawlers Ltd.

WEDNESDAY, SEP. 25/63 Fine & warm. Lovely at White Point this afternoon, where I played golf with Austin Parker & John Wickwire, & sipped cold lager with G. afterwards in the clubhouse.

Today the film & movie rights in "The Nymph & The Lamp" revert to me (see entry March 4, 1963) after lying useless in the grip of a Hollywood sharper & his successor since the spring of 1956. Unfortunately the period of the novel's great popularity at home & abroad is now long past, & the book itself is out of print except in a Canadian (& a German) paper-covered edition.

THURSDAY, SEP. 26, 1963 Sunny & warm. This morning I put on the 7 street-facing storm-windows of my house — we can expect easterly rains & winds from now on. This means the usual laborious process:— climbing a step-ladder to get the windows down from the overhead racks in the garage; washing them, both sides, with hose & brush, & then drying & wiping the panes with chamois; washing the 7 house windows with hose & brush, again using the step-ladder at each window; then carrying the windows to their place, climbing the ladder again, screwing them on.

As I near my 60<sup>th</sup> birthday I find this an increasingly heavy chore, not eased by the painful bursitis in my right shoulder, which has bothered me the past year, nor by the pains in hip joints & loins developed by this heavy labor & drenched clothes. This afternoon I oiled the machine & mowed the lawns; emptied & stowed away the lawn roller in the garage; dismantled & stowed the lawn chairs overhead in the garage; & crawled through from my cellar & plugged the air vent under my den, which was built with a foundation at ground level in 1938. In short, the usual Fall chores.

FRIDAY, SEP. 27/63 Mild & overcast. Spent the morning washing & installing the remaining 7 storm windows on the ground floor. Also washed my car while I had the hose & water-brush out. Phew!

On Bill White's advice I invested in the stocks

he recommended last Saturday. His firm did the business for me Sep. 23 as soon as the market opened. The very next day the stock market began to droop. Yesterday there was a sharp "shake-out" on the U.S. & Canadian Stock markets, & all of my newly purchased stocks lost value.

SUNDAY, SEP. 29/63 A grey calm morning. As the red maples are now at their best (& some leaves falling) I set off in the car with C. about 10:30 a.m. for a tour of inspection. Drove to Mill Village, & up the Medway to Bangs Falls, thence to Caledonia & Ann Arbor, along the Valley to Kentville, thence to the South Shore at Chester Basin. About half way between Kentville & Chester Basin we ran into rain, which increased, with some tricky driving in wind gusts on the hills. (The "Slippery when wet" signs were frequent.) Looked in at Hilda's place at Oakland, but she was away. Bought a pair of small freshly roasted chickens at Bridgewater, on which we dined at home. During the evening the weather developed into a violent storm of wind & rain which lasted through the night.

News: so far the N.S. election campaign has been very quiet. The Liberal candidate for Queens opened his personal campaign last Sunday by appearing at morning service at Zion Church - a place where he is rarely seen. The popular quip in the street is that "Snow will be snowed under on election day."

MONDAY, SEP. 30, 1963 A mild grey day with gusty wind.  
Thinking there might be a good surf at Western Head after  
the gale I drove around the Head with C. this afternoon.  
The sea was only moderate — flattened by the shift of wind  
to the west during early morning. The road was a bad  
surprise. Unknown to me, construction crews have been  
at work for a month, on the unpaved loop at the Head.  
This involved widening the old highway greatly in an  
area where swamp is the natural terrain, & dumping  
great quantities of clay- & gravel to build up the height  
of the new road. Yesterday's flood of rain had turned  
this into a quagmire, in which the construction crews  
had begun to dump truck-loads of cobbles from the  
Western Head beach. I just managed to get through,  
dragging my car bottom in places, & plastering the  
whole exterior with grey "gumbo". I tried a hose on  
this after I got home but it stuck like glue, &  
I had to screw my water-brush on the hose, & scrub  
every inch of it. Tonight the air fell calm & the  
temp. dropped to 38° from 65° at noon.

Financial note: So far in the market decline since I  
bought stocks on Sep. 23 I have lost in value about  
\$1500. Work note: Though I search my faltering  
brain for a fresh & interesting plot for the novel  
about Mc Nabs Island ("Hangman's Beach"), nothing  
emerges fresh or interesting, though I know in my  
bones that a good novel is in the story of the Mc Nabs.

WEDNESDAY, OCT. 2, 1963

Fine & warm. Cameron Graham of

CBC arrived about 2 p.m. with 4 cameramen & technicians, plus a T.V. camera & the usual clutter of lighting & recording gear. By 5:30 he had my bit done in three "takes". I provided drinks for the whole party, & "Sammy" invited E. & me to join them at dinner in Lani's restaurant, Bristol. <sup>WALTER WEEKS</sup> Afterwards Graham & his chief cameraman returned to our house for drinks & chat, which lasted until half-past midnight. It was good to feel the rub of keen minds in a field so different from my own, & pleasure all round. Graham wants some outdoor shots of me on Main Street tomorrow morning, & that will finish the job. I understand the show will run on the national network Nov. 3, with four men (including myself) each speaking 4 minutes or so, from our various parts of Canada, with Charles Lynch acting as interlocutor.

THURSDAY, OCT. 3/63

Fine & warm. Spent most of the

morning with Graham & crew getting shots of Fort Point, & the old houses on Main St opposite the Perkins house — myself sauntering along the street etc. Most of the film footage will end on the cutting room floor, I fancy, because there simply won't be time for it in the TV broadcast; but "Sammy" fell in love with the handsome old street in the morning sunshine, & couldn't resist. They left for Hfx at noon. This evening at 7 E. & I attended the private wedding of Terry Freeman's daughter Joan,

\* Richard Smith, of Port Medway. The others present were the groom's parents, Mrs. & Mrs. Archibald Smith, his older brother, & the brother's wife Janice, and the bride's parents Jerry & Betty Freeman. Dick Smith is entering the R.C.A.F. this fall as a cadet; he has already qualified for a flying license, with a considerable amount of flying time put in at Greenwood during the past two or three summers. He is 19, Joan 17.

The current parson at Trinity Church, Rev. E. L. Parsons, is a young (30-ish), pallid, dark-haired man lately recovering from an operation for stomach ulcers. He is a fanatic about the Anglican sect, constantly attacks all other sects, Protestant & Catholic, from his pulpit.

There was no music at this wedding ceremony, & at its close Mr. Parsons, without a word to anybody, stalked away to the little keyboard which controls the electronic chimes in the steeple. As we left the church he was still fumbling & punching at the keys. Finally, when the bridal car was several hundred yards along Church Street on the way to Milton, a wedding seal rang out in the still night air. Jerry & Betty held a little reception at their house in Milton, & there was a wedding cake, & with sandwiches & tea.

Saturday, Oct. 5/63 Sunny, with a cold breeze. Golf this afternoon, almost at a trot. In town, I noted the Lurcher lightship on the marine slip for overhaul & painting. So far, the provincial election campaign has gone along

very quietly, with the politicians doing most of their talking on T.V. & in newspaper advertisements! There are no great issues. Stanfield's Tories have a good record, & they are standing on that. The Liberals & N.D.P. know it, & their only resource is pie-in-the-sky, a farrago of promises (complete "medicare" etc.) without saying where the money is to come from. They were not helped by the Liberal federal government, which recently increased the old age pension to \$75 per month at a cost of over \$100,000,000, to be financed by a direct increase of income tax.

SUNDAY, Oct. 6/63 Lovely warm Indian Summer day. Church this morning with C. Golf this afternoon. Sea flat calm. Hardwood trees in best autumn color for years. From 5 to 7 p.m. watched the final game in the baseball world series, played in Los Angeles. The L.A. "Dodgers" won from N.Y. Yankees, making four straight games in a row - something unusual to say the least.

TUESDAY, Oct. 8/63 Warm & calm - 3 perfect days in succession. This is provincial election day. C & I voted for Ken Jones, M.P.P. I nipped out to White Point at 11:30 a.m. for a few holes of golf. At 2 p.m. I had a visitor, a tall, dark, intelligent young man named John Hawkins, of Enfield N.S. He recently finished a course of studies at U.N.B. (under Professor Desmond Pacey) leading to a Master's Degree in English literature, & he has chosen my work as the subject for his thesis. He chatted with me

about my life & work until 4 p.m. & then drove off to Hfx.  
 I lent him several things — notably my file of stories written  
 & their various publications, & the file of my correspondence  
 with the late Edith Rogers, who also chose my work & life  
 as the subject for her M.A. thesis at Acadia.

At 6 p.m. C. & I joined a dinner party at  
 the Tories' house, Fort Point — all Conservatives — &  
 later we watched election returns on T.V. (Tom J.  
 was in charge of the official Conservative "score-board"  
 for Queens, with an elaborate set-up of telephones,  
 messengers, 2 T.V. sets, a list of Queens County polling  
 booths along one wall, a list of the N.S. constituencies  
 & candidates along another — all this in the auditorium  
 of the Liverpool fire hall.) A conservative sweep  
 was apparent from the first, but even the most optimistic  
 Tories hadn't anticipated the results — 39 Conservatives  
 elected, 4 Liberals, & no New Democratic Party (Labo-  
 C.C.F) candidates at all. Liberal leader Urquhart was  
 defeated in his Richmond constituency by Gerald Doucet,  
 a young lawyer running for the first time.

The vote in Queens was 3832 for Jones, 1993  
 for Snow — almost 2 to 1. In the town of Liverpool  
 itself the vote was 1198 for Jones, 457 for Snow.

Of the surviving 4 Liberals, the ablest & most  
 experienced is Peter Nicholson, of Annapolis West, &  
 presumably he will be their house leader, & possibly the  
 party chief in N.S. Certainly a better man than Urquhart.

THURSDAY, Oct. 10, 1963

A frosty night - 25° Fahrenheit, our first real dip below the freezing point. The day warmed, & the drive to Hfx. was lovely this afternoon. I went with "The Liverpool Quartet" (Dr. John Wickwire, James Sheiss, Bert Wiles, Walter Tralic) & pianist Mrs. Madelyn Keay. The Canadian Forestry Ass'n. is holding its annual convention at the Nova Scotian Hotel, & Ralph Johnson (chief forester, Bowaters Mersey Paper Co.) had asked us to do a program of sea chanties - myself doing a brief introduction to each, explaining the work that went with them.

(We did this years ago at a medical convention. Since then the quartet has changed somewhat - notably missing the splendid bass voice of "Push" Foshey.) The four singers were in assorted nautical dress (rented from Melsbar's, Montreal) & the audience (about 360 people) seemed to like the show. We changed in Johnson's suite on the 4th. floor. I had a brief chat in the foyer with Ben Alexander, David & Beatrice Dubrey, Westley (of the Mulgrave pulp mill), & several people who had read my books & were pleased to meet the author. Got away from Hfx. about 11 p.m., home at 1.30 a.m.

Should have mentioned before this that I was visited at home, just after lunch, by a man named

Gerald Clark, a roving reporter for the Montreal Star. He is making a leisurely tour of Canada beginning in N.S., talking with people about this country & especially the French Canadian problem. This for a series of articles, & eventually a book. He stayed from 1:30 to 3, when the quartet called to take me off to St. X.

FRIDAY, Oct. 11/63 Another frosty night, & again a hot cloudless day. Austin Parker & I set off for Eagle Lake about 9 a.m. towing his roomy plywood boat on a trailer. Launched the boat in N° 3 pond at Big Falls. A ticklish job getting it over a slimy & tipsy double-boom just above the dam. We had to get out & stand on the boom, hauling the boat over. <sup>1/2 bottom</sup> sank & rolled under the combined weight, & as the boat slid off on the other side we had to make a wild jump into it, narrowly escaping a cold ducking.

On the jump I strained a muscle in my right ~~thigh~~, which bothered me painfully in walking the rest of the day. Reached Eagle Lake camp about 11 a.m. The old log camp (built about 30 years ago) now shows signs of decrepitude, like ourselves. The lower logs on the east end now rotten, & honeycombed by the black ants; the verandah floor & well curb unsafe, & broken in places.

Austin had been up on foot from Big Falls yesterday, & put a fresh coat of red paint on the canoe and dinghy. We lunched on sandwiches & tea, cleaned up

they camp & washed the cups, plates, knives, forks, etc on the shelves. After lunch Austin picked a gallon of fat red cranberries just above the old log dam. I took a gun down the east side of the lake to look for partridge, but found walking painful, especially in lifting my right leg over windfalls & boulders. After a quarter-mile or so I was glad to find a sunny place on the shore & sit for an hour enjoying the calm Indian Summer scene. Later I rejoined Austin & we paddled the canoe to the northwest cove & looked for partridge. No game to be seen - not even a deer track.

Home about 6 p.m.

SATURDAY, OCT. 12/63 Rain. Mail includes a formal card from Mowbray & Phyllis Jones, announcing the marriage of their daughter Jennifer to Mr. Peter Cupitt at Montreal on Oct. 5th.

SUNDAY, OCT. 13/63 A grey day, temp. 42°. Played golf (at half-trot) this morning. This afternoon drove with C. & Debbie to call on my sister Hilda at Oakland.

C. says she saw one or two grosbeaks on our back lawn this morning. Early for them. My ash trees this year are loaded with seeds, so the grosbeaks have no food problem until the seed-bunches fall & the snow covers them.

MONDAY, OCT. 14/63 Thanksgiving Day in Canada. Fine & warm after a frosty night. Played 18 holes at White Point this morning, & spent much of the afternoon raking up leaves & mowing the lawns.

TUESDAY, OCT. 15, 1963

Another warm day, calm, & with a summer-blue sky. Golf this afternoon with E. Tom Jr. & Pamela got back from their Montreal jaunt late last night, so Debby went home today — a dear little girl, sometimes a smiling chatterbox, & again moody, dreamy, lost in introspection. She will grow up tall & handsome but (I fear) destined to a stormy life. Tom & Pam had a wonderful time with the (Dr.) Jamie Macleods in Montreal. A college (McGill) pal of Macleod, Harry Black, took them in charge & showed them everything in entertainment from a swank dinner at Ruby Foo's to a Greek "speak-easy" in the dock district — Black being a busy Jewish lawyer, member of the Quebec legislature, & in general, a sort of Pooh-Bah in Mo'real. The town was theirs.

WEDNESDAY, OCT. 16/63

The finest day yet — 70° in the shade at noon, & something like 80° in the sun, with only a breath of wind. Golf this afternoon, perspiring in light T-shirt — I never wear an undershirt. The usual crap over cold ale in the clubhouse afterwards with "Jock," the pro. In a civic election at Hfx. today Charles Vaughan, a former mayor, & an able one, was returned to office after a lapse of a few years.

FRIDAY, OCT. 18/63

Received (per J. G. Leslie & Co) certificates for the stocks I bought last month (see Sep. 21). The stock market is up from the slump that set in the day

after I bought them, so that present values are about what I paid for them. Should have noted about a week ago an enquiry about film rights in "The Nymph & the Hemp", from a Toronto movie & TV concern who call themselves "Associated Screen Productions ltd" — ASP for short. I've been stung on these rights so long & so often that I'm suspicious of ASP & haven't replied.

Weather today clear & sunny, with a cool sea breeze. Golf all afternoon, mostly with Austin Parker & R. H. Lockward. Only a few players have been out to enjoy the course in these golden days. Parker tells me that our old friend Captain Charles Copelin ~~has~~ retired on pension from Bowaters last month, & intends to remain in England.

SUNDAY, Oct. 20/63. Still enjoying the warmest Oct. obey week on record — temp. 75° yesterday & nearly that today. On the golf course this afternoon Maurice Russell told me about a proposition from Mowbray Jones, who holds a large share in the White Point Lodge Company, which in turn owns much of the land leased to our Golf & Country Club. Jones suggests that our present 9 hole course be extended to 18, & that the Lodge Company will pay the capital cost of this extension if our Club will undertake complete maintenance of the 18 holes. Jones brought a "golf architect" down here last summer to look it over. This expert says we can get room for 7 new holes on the wooded point

beyond the cemetery, & the other two on the wooded land behind our present N° 8 green. Estimated cost for the extra 9 holes ranges from \$90,000 (Jones thinks this reasonable) to \$250,000 — Russell's own estimate. The added maintenance would at least double our present club dues & fees, but it would relieve the growing pressure on our 9-hole course, where in the summer season we now have congestion & a funeral pace.

TUESDAY, OCT. 22/63 Yesterday was cold & showery, & it seemed that our glorious Indian Summer had come to an end at last; but today again the golden sunshine. This afternoon I was one of the honorary pallbearers at the funeral of Mrs. Lillian Nickerson, widow of my old friend Jerry, who died in 1958. She was 74. Lovat Dickson, London, has sent me a copy of an address on "Grey Owl", which he prepared for broadcast over the B.B.C. However the B.B.C. didn't accept it, pointing out that he should say more about "Grey Owl" as an imposter. It is a rather long-winded thing, containing nothing much new about "Grey Owl", & obviously confused about such important matters as G.O.'s birth date, date of arrival in Canada, etc. I am making a copy of it for my file.

FRIDAY, OCT. 25/63 Indian summer continues. Temp. dropping to 40° at night, rising to above 70° in the sun at noon. A flock of 10 or 15 robins has been

flitting about my back lawn for a week or more, feeding on elder & hawthorn berries mostly. They are fascinated by my bird bath (which I clean out & refill with fresh water daily). It is rarely without 3 to 6 birds standing in the water, admiring their reflections, & sipping frequently.

A lobster chowder supper in the dining room of the curling club this evening. Charlie & Florence Williams, & Ralph & Hallabelle Johnson, came in for drinks & chat with us, & we went to the supper together. Speaking of the former ships of Mersey Paper Co. which he commanded for many years, Williams said (a) the original "Markland" built 1929 in Scotland (& re-named "Liverpool Packet" when a new "Markland" was built after War Two) was sold & cut up for scrap in Japan some time ago. The second "Markland", sold by Bowaters Co. a year or two ago, has been purchased by a New York firm, & is engaged for a long charter to carry bleached pulp from Hantsport, Mulgrave & Sheet Harbor mills, mostly to the Scott paper mills (tissue paper etc.) at Wilmington North Carolina.

SATURDAY, OCT. 26/63 Again warm in town, though a thick sea fog hung over Western Head & White Point. News: This week Prime Minister MacMillan, ailing in a London hospital, resigned his post, & after much privy consultation with very big wigs chose Lord Home (pronounced "Hume") as his successor. Hume will give up the peerage which placed him in the House

of Lords, & resume his former rank as Sir Alexander Douglas-Hamilton, under which he stood four times as Tory candidate for Lanark, Scotland. The Hfx. Chronicle-Herald today reveals that Hamil's political agent during these Lanark campaigns was my old acquaintance (see diary Feb. Mar. & Apr. 1942) Commandant D. G. Jeffrey. Jeffrey is now 78 & completely retired.

SUNDAY, OCT. 27/63 Another glorious Indian Summer day. Church with E this morning. In addition to my pledged contribution, I placed in the collection envelopes a cheque for \$200.00 for local church expenses, this in response to a plea from the finance committee, mailed to all members of Zion Church. Golf this afternoon, & the usual mug of ale afterwards in the club-house with the pros., "Rock" Jackson. Many players out, male & female, the biggest crowd since mid-summer.

MONDAY, OCT. 28/63 Foggy & mild. A hurricane from the West Indies is moving up the coast & is expected to give western N.S. a lash of its tail tomorrow.

Harvey Crowell, chairman of the board of governors, Acadia University, announced at a Founders' Day banquet on Saturday the resignation of Dr. Watson Kirkconnell as president of the university after 15 years in that post. The resignation takes effect next August, & the succeeding president will be Dr. J. M. R. Beveridge, an old Acadia graduate who is now dean of the school of graduate studies, Queen's University.

Today I wrote an obituary of Mrs. Jerry Nickerson for the local paper, at her daughter's request. Austin Parker & Hector Dunlap went to the Eagle Lake camp today, intending to do some hunting & stay the week. They wanted me to join them, but I have promised to give a lecture in Hfx ~~tomorrow~~ on Wednesday.

TUESDAY, Oct. 29/63 The hurricane (named "Ginny") swept over us today, with a Niagara of rain in the morning, & a violent wind with gusts up to 65 m.p.h. in the afternoon. Electric service was off for two or three hours. No great damage here, so far as I know, although the sea was wild & high — just 4 days short of the full moon tide.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 30/63 Drove to Hfx this morning with E. The winds were still high, & the clouds swept low, very ragged, with momentary spots of sunshine. The sea had been over the highway in various places around St. Margaret's Bay, & had washed out the gravel shoulders (but not the asphalt) in places at Queensland Beach. Left E. at the west end shopping centre & went on to the Dalhousie Dental School towards noon. Dean Maclean of the D.D.S. had asked me some time ago to give an address there on my life & experiences as a Canadian writer, & suggested this day. He took me to lunch at Astroff's in Dresden Row, & at 2 p.m. I did my stuff in the lecture room, which was well filled

with students male & female, & members of the faculty. Spoke for three quarters of an hour, & they seemed highly interested. Afterwards MacLean insisted on my acceptance of a cheque for \$35 "for traveling expenses". Picked up C. at Simpson's towards 4 pm. & had a good drive home, although the wind was still gusting mightily under a black sky, & along St. Margaret's Bay the tide was high & the breakers flinging spray across the road.

THURSDAY, Oct. 31/63. A bleak grey <sup>day</sup> with spats of rain at times. Spent the afternoon raking & dumping (in the bushes behind the garage) the fallen leaves & twigs, littered all about the house by the storm. Soon after 6 p.m. the Halloween kids began to arrive, in costume & masks, demanding "Trick or treat!" Tom Jr. brought little Debbie & Tommy, wearing old hats & pillowcases, & fearlessly masked, & each with a handbag for "treats". Grandpa pretended to be terribly afraid, & they got a big kick out of it.

FRIDAY, Nov. 1/63 This morning Roy Gordon & I went to Eagle Lake, where Austin Parker & Hector Dunlap have been staying since Monday — a rough week. I took no gun, nor did Gordon — so it was a foregone conclusion that on the river road, near Upper Great Brook, we came upon a flock of 6 partridge. On the trail from Big Falls to Eagle Lake we stopped

to chop out (or to "limb" in the case of big ones) several trees blown across the path by hurricane "Ginny". Reached camp at 11 a.m. & found it empty & the store cold — Parker & Dunlop had gone by canoe up Eagle Lake & through the brook to Long Lake. We lunched, & about 2 p.m. P. & D. arrived in a downpour of rain. They had seen only 1 deer all week, & didn't get a shot at that. Not even a partridge. They said the camp porch nearly blew away in the hurricane, & they had to fasten it down with ropes. The salt spray bleared the camp windows & even their eye glasses. Gordon & I left camp about 4 p.m. & reached Big Falls about dark, home at 5:30.

At 9 p.m. my sister Hilda Gamester arrived from Hfx., to spend the weekend with us. Also five men of the parks branch, Dept. of Northern Affairs, dropped in for a chat about the proposed new park at Keweenaw. The boss was Scott, from Ottawa; & they included Perry (curator of the ~~NBC~~ museum at Louisburg), Malice, Murphy, & another whose name escapes me. Malice (that was the way he pronounced his name anyway) had a map showing the Keweenaw park boundaries, & he took notes about the general historical & legendary background of the area.

SATURDAY, Nov. 2/63 Another storm of wind & heavy rain. This evening we invited the Austin Parkers, Maurice Russells, & Jack Mcleans to 44 Park St. for

drinks & food & chat, & to renew thir acquaintance with Hilda. Letters from Lovat Dickson, also Maxine Samuels of ASP Productions. Samuels wants me to come to Toronto to discuss terms for "The Nymph & The Lamp". If she wants the movie rights she can come here, or make an offer by mail, as far as I'm concerned.

SUNDAY, Nov. 3/63 The first sunny day in almost a week - a very rough week. Walked to church alone this morning - Hilda slept late, & E. stayed at home. In the afternoon I played 18 holes at White Pt. G. & Hilda came to the clubhouse at 3 p.m. & joined me in mugs of ale. A lot of players out. Fine surf on White Point Beach. The "Ginny" hurricane blew down a few trees around the course. I'm told the new road causeway at Western Head, inside the old beach road, was washed away in the storm.

At 6 p.m. on T.V. we watched "The Sixties", the new half hour show dealing with Canada & its problems. As usual it was a bit uncanny to see myself walking along the street, & then talking in my den. Hilda left in her car for Hfx. about 7 p.m.

MONDAY, Nov. 4/63 A bright cold day, warming in afternoon. Golf, & a yarn with Jackson, over beer, in the clubhouse afterwards. Whynot's men came & cleaned my furnace, installed new air filters, etc. (I oiled the furnace motors, myself, a few days ago.)

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 6, 1963

Mild, & overcast. This afternoon

I got Bernard Collins & helpers (who had been working about the Pentz house across the street) to bring their ladder & saw off several tree branches that overhang my den & the garage. They also cleared out the gutters of the den roof, & put new screws in the base of my short radio-wire mast, on the garage roof.

THURSDAY, Nov. 7/63 Rain. I tried golf in the afternoon, but had to quit after 11 holes, very wet, & sat in the clubhouse yarning with Jackson. A pleasant letter from Rev. John MacDonald, who is now United Church minister at Bathurst, N.B. He had enjoyed the T.V. broadcast on Sunday, & approved my thoughts on the French vis-a-vis English (speaking) people in Canada. Letter from Lt. Col. D. L. Harlow, C.O. of the West Nova Scotia Regt., asking me to give an address at the annual Officers' Mess dinner, which will be held this year in Lunenburg on Nov. 30. Says he will call at my house next Sunday afternoon to discuss this & some other matter that he has in mind about the Regiment.

FRIDAY, Nov. 8/63 A wild storm of wind & rain last night, all day, & tonight. C. & I drove to Brooklyn & Beach Meadows to see the surf. During the past week or more a small gang of marauding youngsters has visited my back yard after dark, pulling stuff out of the

garbage cans & scattering it over the lawn, wrenching off the gutter-pipes, throwing down the bird-bath & the metal incinerator, etc. (One wet night they found E.'s laundry line full of washing, tore the things off, & trampled them in the mud.) Tonight I heard a clatter at the garbage can, ran out, & saw four boys & one small girl on the back lawn. The boys ran off but the girl put on a great air of innocence & brazened it out. She is the daughter of the Sorellos, the noisy young married couple who bought a house on Park Street about two years ago. I told her that I would take my gun & put some buckshot in her boy friends if I caught them on my property again.

SATURDAY, Nov. 9/63 The storm raged on, all day, with gusts that shook the house at times, & floods of rain. The Austin Parkers invited us, & about a dozen other old friends, to cocktails at their house at 5 p.m. The purpose was to announce the engagement of their son Douglas to a handsome blonde from Hfx., a Miss Mason. The happy pair were present, & in conversation I found that Miss Mason is a niece of my boyhood friends Clyde & Edna Blaney contemporaries of mine at Roberts School during War One.

SUNDAY, Nov. 10/63 The gale gradually blew itself out today, although rain was still falling at intervals tonight. The third miserable day indoors. Nerves bad.

This afternoon Lt. Col. Daniel Harlow & Major

Jefferson of the West Nova Scotia Regt. called on me, presented me with a framed picture of the regimental colors, also a regimental necktie, & asked me to address their officers at a mess dinner in Lunenburg Nov. 30th.

(As most of the regt. is in the Valley, & only 1 company on the South Shore, mess dinners are usually held at Aldershot.) I agreed. Harlow asked suggestions for a stumt to mark the Confederation centennial in '67. I mentioned the march of Captain Willet's company from Granville to Hfx. at the time of the French alarm in 1793, 135 miles in 35 hours.

MONDAY, Nov. 11/63 The 4<sup>th</sup> day of wet weather. Temp.

42°. E. & I attended the Remembrance Day dinner in Legion Hall at 7.30 p.m. Last year I was asked to give the main address, pinch-hitting for Tony Balloch, who was suddenly called away on business. This year Balloch was there to give his address, & this time I was asked to introduce him — pinch-hitting for Ken Jones, who was supposed to do so but was suddenly called etc. etc. A large turn-out of veterans & wives. Balloch is a tall lean Englishman with a fresh complexion, a long nose, & a vivacious blonde American wife. A Bowater man from 'way back, he came here from Cornerbrook two years ago to take command of Mersey Paper. Since then he has been active in petty economies, whittling down the old Mersey organization as much

as possible, reducing it to a cog in the great machine which operates from London. Hence he is not liked hereabouts, & I made my introduction brief, for I don't like the man myself. He obviously regards his present post as a more-or-less passing job of carpentry & parsimony, with an eager eye on something bigger & better in Bowater's U.S. mills & offices.

TUESDAY, Nov. 12/63 Sky still grey & bleak but the rain ceased this morning, & this afternoon I spent two hours outdoors, pruning shrubs, raking leaves, etc.

Maurice Jollimore, electrician, came & installed a floodlight to shine on my back lawn & the nook in which stand the garbage cans & G's wash-line platform. Lately we have experienced vandalism at night, & most house owners on the west side of Park Street are now keeping their back yards well lighted.

Received from Doubleday (Toronto) six copies of their new edition of "Son of The Hawk", with Stanley Turner's illustrations. It looks like a good job of printing & binding. Originally published in Philadelphia in 1950, by the John Winston Co., it had sold a little over 12,000 copies in the U.S. & Canada when they let it go out of print in 1956.

Lusty, of CBC Hfa, phoned. The radio network in Ontario are dramatising or reading excerpts from various Canadian books for young people, presumably for school use. They are doing one on my "The Rover", & want

me to record a 2 or 3 minute interview - with the author bit. I agreed. CBC will send someone down here to do the recording, later this week.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 13/63 I am 60 today. Thank God the sun came out (after heavy rain again in the night) & I was able to play golf at White Point, using the new "wedge" iron which E. gave me for a birthday present. A lively chat with "Jock" over beer in the clubhouse afterwards — Jock talking of his great days as goalie of the famous Chelsea football club, of London, England; & how, in 1947, he went to the Channel Islands for a holiday with his wife & small son, & tried to buy a £20,000 hotel in Jersey. Alas, poor Jock has come a long way down in the world since, but he accepts the come down cheerfully (though his trim blonde English wife won't live with him any more). He seems perfectly content to keep bachelor's hall in the draughty & unheated upper story of the wooden clubhouse from April to the end of November, & to spend the winters boarding in Liverpool & going through the motions of a make-shift winter job with Mersey Paper Co.

Tom, Pam & their youngsters came to our house for dinner, to celebrate "Gumpy's" birthday. Little Debby gave me a present, a large package of salted nuts, & she & Tommy helped me blow out the candles on the birthday cake — 1 candle for each 5 years.

FRIDAY, Nov. 15, 1963

A cold ( $40^{\circ}$ ) grey day. At 11 a.m. Bob Cadman & a technician arrived from CBC Halifax with four heavy cases of recording gear. (see entry Nov. 12). They finished the job, had lunch with us, & departed at 2 p.m. I drove out to White Point & played 18 holes, with the whole course to myself. Had an ale & a chat with Jock, & then back to town. Letters from Stanley Spicer & James Mac Donald with dues re "Grey Owl's" visitations on the St. John river at Westfield. Wrote replies, with thanks.

SATURDAY, Nov. 16/63 An open-&-shut day, with black clouds, bright sun, rain, & in the evening snow flurries. Received by parcel post, from George Nelson in Toronto, 2 bulbs of "African Amaryllis", together with plastic pots, packages of fertilized loam, & printed instructions for growing them. Presumably this is a Christmas present in advance — according to the instructions the plants will bloom in about a month's time.

This evening for dinner we drove to the small but well equipped restaurant, recently opened in connection with the "Transcobia Motel", which was built last year just outside Brooklyn near the junction of the main South Shore highway & the road to Beach Meadows. Kitchen service was slow, possibly because we arrived long before 6 p.m., but the food was good & also cheap, \*1.35 apiece.

SUNDAY, Nov. 17, 1963.

Sunny, calm, temp. 45° — a delightful day. Church with C. this morning. Golf in afternoon. Dandelions & buttercups in bloom at White Point, & robins flitting about the course. Spent a bad night, in spite of the day's fresh air & exercise. Took the last ~~second~~ <sup>pill</sup> remaining from Oct. 20 prescription — only effective for 3 hours. Sat up, drinking rum, the rest of the night, or most of it. Finally my nerves ceased to crawl like a can of fish-worms, & I slept heavily until 8:30 a.m.

TUESDAY, Nov. 19, 1963.

Got a new prescription from Tom Jr. yesterday, took 2 secondals <sup>at 11 P.M.</sup> & slept well till 4:30 a.m. Got up, & made breakfast — cocoa, boiled eggs, toast — & sat downstairs reading till 6:45. Returned to bed & slept till 8:30. Felt much better. A calm bleak day, temp. 40°, with alternate cloud & sunshine. (We had rain last night, but North Queens got 2" of snow.)

Played 18 holes at White Point — score 89 — not another soul out. The evening T.V. fare (on both networks) is miserably dull this season, & tonight C. & I were glad to see an amusing Danny Kaye show at the local theatre.

Today my neighbor Howland White, retired carpenter, completed repairs to my old typewriter desk (purchased new in 1938). Over the years the oak veneer on each side of the typewriter had become splintered & shattered by blows of my fists, thumping the wood in vexation when my thoughts

were ahead of my fingers, & the fingers " pied" the type.

FRIDAY, Nov. 22/63 A mild grey day. Played golf at White Point - no other players out. As I stepped into the clubhouse about 3 p.m. "Jock", the pro, was sitting in front of the T.V. set & holding up a finger for silence. The program had been interrupted, & a voice announced a news flash from Dallas, Texas - that President John Kennedy had just been assassinated. He & Governor Connally of Texas, & their wives, were in a car driving slowly along a street in downtown Dallas, when they were fired upon by a rifleman lurking in a fifth-storey room.

Kennedy was hit in the head, Connally in the chest. Kennedy died about half an hour later in hospital. The police found & arrested a young white man, after a fight in a theatre. His name is Oswald, & he has been an active Communist propagandist, especially on behalf of Castro's regime in Cuba.

At first, Jock & I just stared at each other - ignoring the T.V. as if it were uttering something obscene & unbelievable. That was the reaction of almost everyone. Kennedy was so young, so brave, so utterly dedicated to his life's duty, that it was incredible that anyone should even wish to kill him. He collapsed into the lap & arms of his wife, sitting beside him, & her instinctive "Oh God, no!" uttered aloud, was the reaction of us all.

SATURDAY, Nov. 23, 1963

This morning I went to Eagle Lake with Austin Parker & Capt. Charles Williams, using Parker's boat & engine to travel up Big Falls pond. Soon after, Roy Gordon & Burke Douglas walked in from Big Falls. Roy lunched with us at Eagle Lake camp, & returned to town. Burke stayed the week-end at camp with us. Hector Dunlap (for whom the whole reunion was contrived) is under another hypochondriac spell & has spent the past several days in bed.

Weather overcast & mild. In the afternoon I took Williams for a walk down the east side of the lake to Haunted Bog. In the evening a storm of wind & rain blew up from the south & continued all night.

SUNDAY, Nov. 24/63 A wet morning, which we spent playing bridge a lively business, Douglas & I against Williams & Parker. We won. Returned home at 5 p.m. after the usual wet & slippery business of getting the boat over the boom at Big Falls.

News:- Oswald, suspected assassin, was shot & killed by a bystander as he was being transferred from the Dallas police cells to the county jail today. President Kennedy's funeral takes place on Monday. His father, Joseph Kennedy, enormously rich & fanatically proud of his Irish blood, has requested an "honor guard" of soldiers from the Eirean Army, & Camion de Valera

n is flying over with the soldiers to attend the funeral.

F This is a bit of bad taste — turning his son's funeral  
 G, into a glorified St. Patrick's Day parade — & likely  
 s to be so regarded by men of the U.S. armed forces  
 in which the late President had served. "Jack"  
 Kennedy himself always was proud to proclaim himself  
 a American, & all his speeches & writings preached  
 - the virtues of Americanism, with no hyphen attached.

a Monday, Nov. 25/63 A patchy day of sun & snow  
 T squalls, mostly snow in big fat flakes. This afternoon  
 on T.V. we watched the funeral obsequies of President  
 b Kennedy, beginning at the White House, thence to the  
 R.C. (St. Matthew's) Cathedral, thence to the burial  
 A place in Arlington Cemetery. It took hours. A  
 very elaborate business, perfectly planned & executed,  
 a with masses of troops, sailors, airmen, lining the streets  
 or marching in the procession. At the graveside  
 u the party of Irish soldiers performed a sort of  
 rifle drill, more suited to a military "tattoo" than  
 a a funeral. (The actual firing party were American  
 soldiers.) The pipe band of the (British) Black  
 Watch happened to be in Washington — they had  
 performed on the White House lawn a few days ago  
 — & they played a lament in the entrance to a side  
 street as the cortege went to the cathedral. At the  
 graveside another bagpipe band, in full Highland  
 costume, marched past playing another lament. — and

I was astonished when the T.V. announces mentioned that these were "the bagpipe - & - drum band of the U.S. Air Force." (And so they were.) Also in the various units lined up on the cemetery slope were very smart men of the "Special Services Force" — American equivalent of Britain's "Commandos," & wearing the typical Commando green beret.

Mrs. Kennedy went through the whole business with obvious courage & resolution, in black, with a black veil that only half-concealed her composed & marble-chiseled face, with her two small children held firmly by her hands for much of the ceremony.

According to the American T.V. announces she had taken a leading part in the planning of the funeral; & the lighting of a "perpetual flame" (propane gas) at the graveside — to be made permanent like the French war memorial at the Arc de Triomphe — was entirely her own idea.

The careful planning missed a point — some control of the mourners, big & small, just before the entrance to the cathedral. General De Gaulle, (typically) strode to the head of the throng, but Prince Philip of Britain & others became mingled in a disorderly rush of people — an excellent opportunity for another assassin.

This afternoon I had a phone call from Leon Mayot, the clever & energetic head of Neptune Theatre, at Halifax. He asked where he could get a copy of my book on Halifax.

but I have a feeling that mainly he wished to establish a contact with me. Said he'd read & admired my novels, & would like to show me the theatre & what his people are doing. I said I rarely visited the city nowadays, but I would get in touch with ~~the~~ him there at the next opportunity.

THURSDAY, Nov. 28/63 A bright calm day after a sharp (20°) night, & I enjoyed a round of golf in the afternoon. President Lyndon Johnson, of the U.S.A. (the former vice-president) has made an address along the expected lines, saying that he would follow exactly the course set, at home and abroad, by President Kennedy. He is a Texan, experienced in Washington politics, with little of Kennedy's culture & idealism, however.

Dinner tonight at Dr. John Wickwire's house, a party in honor of the B.J. Waters' guest, a Mrs. Taylor of Sault Ste. Marie, Ontario. I'm used to eating my one solid meal of the day at 5 p.m., so I globed to dish me up some poached eggs & toast all that hour. The party at Wickwire's began with drinks at 7, & there was no food until 8.20, so I was prepared. Ducked away home at 9.30, to see the last episode of Tom Costain's "Son of a Hundred Kings" on T.V. Following this there was a brief pre-view of my "Wings of Night", stating that it would begin on Dec. 5. During

the past two days my (retired Mersey Paper carpenter) friend & neighbor, Howland White, has been working about my house. First he removed the wind-shattered & hopelessly twisted aluminum storm door which opens on the driveway. Seamore sold it & installed it (price \$65) 3 years ago. It was badly designed & too flimsy. The frame warped & broke the glass when caught open by a hard gush of wind. Unfortunately I had chopped up the faithful old wooden storm door for firewood. Now I must have another wooden one made.

Howland White is also re-painting & varnishing our hall stair-rail & post, first removing the old paint.

FRIDAY, Nov. 29/63 Rain. Donald Mackay phoned from the School of Art, Halifax. He has received a letter from Doubleday, New York, asking him to confirm his agreement with Doubleday, Toronto, to supply the illustrations for the new edition of "Halifax, Warden of The North" for \$200. He says that he agreed only to waive his rights in the illustrations for that sum, pointing out that McClelland & Stewart hold the original drawings & plates, & Doubleday will have to get these things from them. I told Mackay to write George Nelson in Toronto, & make all this clear quickly, as they are getting ready to print. Mackay has been very dilatory over this whole matter, which I first communicated to him last spring.

Local news:- the Queens County Historical Society has placed a new tombstone on the grave of Simon Perkins,

just behind Zion United Church. This is the second time it has been replaced; the original stone was badly cracked when the church burned in 1865. The new stone reproduces exactly the original inscription. (But the date of birth should be 1735)

For some time past, surveyors & engineers have been inspecting & marking out a large patch of scrub woodland just above Charleston on the Medway River. Last week the Canadian government signed a \$5,000,000 contract with R.C.A. Victor Ltd. (of Montreal) to build on this site a large station for relaying T.V. shows, telephone messages, etc. to & from Europe via space satellites. (Until now all such communication has been via the U.S. station at Andover, Maine.) The Charleston station will have eventually 5 large dish-shaped antennas - 2 for transmitting, 2 for receiving, & 1 for a spare. Each will be housed in a white plastic dome as tall as a ten-story building.

SATURDAY, Nov. 30/63 A gale of wind & rain, petering out by evening. At 6:15 p.m. Majors Jefferson & Juddry, of the West N.S. Regt. called for me with a car, & took me over to the annual Mess Dinner, which was held this year at Boscawen Manor, Lunenburg. (In addition to a company at Bridgewater, the Regt. now has a "detachment" at Lunenburg - all they are allowed under Area Command policy - which is more like the old days.) Eastern Command, under General Moncel, comprises Newfoundland, New Brunswick, ~~Nova Scotia~~, Nova Scotia <sup>and</sup> P.E.I. Until about 1950 Nova

Scotia was the more important part. Now it is the least, with the practical abandonment of the Halifax fortress as an army responsibility. New Brunswick, with its concentration of troops at Camp Sagetown, is the most important Area Command, with a brigadier in charge. Newfoundland also has a brigadier in command. The lowly N.S.-P.C.I. Area Command is in charge of a colonel, who was present at the Mess dinner. He proved to be a fat nonentity, a Colonel Colling, whose chief capacity (I was told) was for food & drink. I was placed at his right at the head table, & found him more drunk than sober. He & three other officers from Area Command at Hfx. were gorgeous in scarlet jackets, etc. The W.N.S.R. officers wore their dress uniforms of dark blue with red sashes. There were a number of ex-officers present in mufti, one of whom (former colonel John Leife, of Kentville, who sat at my right) was in full evening dress with white tie, white-ruffled shirt, etc. There were two representatives of the Regimental Association (former members of the Regt., ~~the~~ veterans of War Two) the mayor of Lunenburg, the High Sheriff of Lun. County, & Anglican archdeacon Graven of Lunenburg.

In all 40 or 50 men, & two young & pretty C.W.A.C.'s who are attached to the Regt. for clerical duties, one of whom is vice-president of the Mess. (It was a bit strange to hear the mess president, calling for the toast to the Queen, addressing himself to

"Madame Vice"!)

The excellent band of the W.N.S.R., in scarlet jackets & blue trousers, sat in an alcove of the dining room & played at intervals through the dinner. Among the scarlet-jacketed staff officers from Hfx. was Major Don Campbell, an original West Nova still bearing a deep forehead scar from Italy, & an old acquaintance of mine. He was the life of the party at his table, & I would have preferred to sit there than at the head table where I was, between Colling & Leife — both too drunk to be interesting or even amusing. Colling reminded me very much of our Brigadier (Simpson) at Aldershot in '42, a fat pompous barrel of wind that we all despised.

Midway through the dinner there was a fanfare from the band, & four young soldiers carried in a stag's head (stuffed, of course) on a large wooden tray. Surrounding the head were ripe red apples & a pair of boiled lobsters. A lieutenant marched before this party, which halted opposite the place where Harlow & Colling sat, side by side; & the lieutenant recited a little homily about the products of Nova Scotia's farm, forest & sea, symbolic of the Regiment. They then placed the tray on a small table facing Col. Colling. I found it comical & itched to laugh; for one of the "stag's" large glass eyes stared at Colling, & the other (which had got askew somehow)

stood down the table at pretty "Madame Vice" — proving, as I said to Harlow afterwards, that the stag was a genuine buck.

Three wines were served during the dinner, the third being the traditional port, with the decanter passing from left to right, from hand to hand. The food was a tasty sea-food "cocktail", a good clear soup, roast beef, potatoes & peas, & for dessert apple pie, cheese & coffee. There were the usual toasts to the Queen, to dead comrades, to the Lancashire Regiment (with which the Irish Novas are affiliated) & to the W.N.S. Regiment itself.

Col. Harlow, a goodlooking & capable young man, gave a long talk, reciting the year's activities & changes, introducing all the guests one by one (each with a bar or two of music from the band) & so forth. The hour had reached 10.45 when he introduced me, at great length (reciting the names of all my books etc.) He meant well, but it would have been better much shorter. I knew there was to be a drinking session in the Armoury afterwards, so I "got up, spoke up, & shut up", following the golden rule for such situations.

At the Armoury I stayed a short time, had one drink, & chatted with many of the officers. Capt. "Ted" Bent was one of the old (War Two) veterans I knew; and Capt. Miller who was at Aldershot with me in '42. The

younger men all seemed to be familiar with my books, quite apart from the regimental history, & seemed genuinely pleased to meet the author. I left about midnight with Jefferson & Joudrey (both teetotalers) & they dropped me off in Liverpool about 1 a.m. & headed home for Bridgetown. The last time I attended a W.N.S.R. mess dinner was at Aldershot in November 1949, when the officers presented me with an inscribed silver salver that still occupies a prominent place in my den. To mark this occasion the Regiment presented me with a plaque of the W.N.S.R. badge (colored enamel on wood) with an inscription on a brass strip at the top.

MONDAY, DEC. 2/63 An open-&-shut sky, sunshine & squalls of snow. Managed to get in 11 holes at White Point <sup>N.L. Point</sup>, early in the afternoon, with snow blowing thickly on the latter fire. Returned to town & drove up to the woods near the bygone Rapid Falls pulp mill, cut some spruce & fir brush, & placed it about my rose bushes in the back garden. Also swept out the garage - a mess of road dirt, old leaves blown in the open door during the autumn, & various small bric-a-brac. Sent off my Christmas cards for English friends & relatives.

THURSDAY, DEC. 5/63 No exercise since Monday - continuous rain, drizzle, & today specks of snow melting on the ground. This on the South Shore only

every other part of N.S. & in fact the Maritimes has  
3 or more inches of snow on the ground.

This afternoon Max Harding asked me to address the "Ladies' Night" annual dinner of the Kiwanis Club tonight — their arranged entertainment had fallen through without warning. G. & I sat at the head table — Lester Clements was chairman. A very good (boiled lobster) dinner. Afterwards I gave a light talk about Table Island adventures long ago, then hurried away home to watch the first episode of "The Wings of Night" on T.V. It was disappointing — too jerky, too much dialogue manufactured by the T.V. playwright & too little from the book, & the whole thing dragging somehow. Enjoyed the shots taken in Liverpool & Milton — the loafers outside the Milton store, just being themselves, were priceless.

Of course the beginning of a serial must set the time, the scene & the main characters, & there's not much film-footage left for the story itself. I trust the next instalment will move better.

**News:-** A day or two ago Ottawa announced that a \$30,000,000 plant will be built at Glace Bay, using local coal in large quantities, for the manufacture of "heavy water", which is used in atomic-fission reactors & the like. Much jubilation in Nova Scotia, especially in Cape Breton. It was neatly timed, politically, to precede an announcement by Defence Minister Hellyer today: — There are to be sharp

reductions in naval, air & army spending, nation-wide but bound to affect N. S. more than other provinces.

The reductions will chop off the government payroll 28,079 people, mostly militiamen, but including 1,123 regular service men, & 3,316 civilians. The saving will amount to \$52,000,000. Amongst other things Hellyer intends to close down most of the naval repair plant at Sydney (Point Edward), an entire naval reserve division at Halifax, another at Charlottetown. Eight naval auxiliary craft to be removed from active service at Gfz., & some of the aircraft at Shearwater. Hellyer also warns that more cuts are in store.

FRIDAY, DEC. 6/63

Sunny, & just cold enough ( $32^{\circ}$ ) to be refreshing. Enjoyed 18 holes at White Point this afternoon. A note from Ron Neyman to mark the beginning of "Wings of Night" — "it looks as fresh & exciting to me today as on the day we shot it".

Local note:- The chronic shortage of college-educated teachers for the burgeoning schools of N. S. have produced some odd personnel. This term in Liverpool Regional High Schools we have 5 Hindus — a bachelot of about 50, & two younger couples, ~~all the men being~~ engaged as teachers! The ladies wear saris ~~to school~~, & at least one of the men wears a turban. Undoubtedly they are attracted to Canada by the high salaries; but it seems strange that, in India's desperate need for trained personnel of

every kind, Canada & the other "Colombo plan" nations are sending people to aid her, while these native Indians seek the fat salaries across the seas. Douglas Vozes, Sup't. of Schools here, says they are well qualified & make excellent teachers. Presumably they are graduates of universities in Britain or the United States.

SUNDAY, DEC. 8/63 A grey bleak day. Church this morning with C. This afternoon with Austin Parker, Charles Williams & Hector Dunlap I attended the funeral of Alward Coombs. Service was in the Baptist church at Milton, burial in the Milton cemetery.

"Al" Coombs was a fine old man, of powerful build, the last of the old-time loggers in south Queens. In his latter years, before retirement, he worked for Mersy Paper Company. When I first met him in 1923 he was in charge of the wood-sawing & barking plant at the old Rapid Falls pulp mill. He died at age 88.

This evening Joe & Helen Holloway gave a buffet dinner party at their Middlefield farmhouse, in honor of Bert & Katherine Waters, who leave soon to spend Christmas with their daughter in Wisconsin. Charlie & Florence Williams picked up C. & me in their car, & we drove to Middlefield at 5:30. There is no snow on the ground in Liverpool or Milton, but beyond the Eight Mile there was plenty of it, & the road had been ploughed clear. The farmhouse was a blaze of colored lights, including two large Christmas trees in front. Inside, a party of about 30

people enjoyed drinks & food & talk until 9 p.m., when following the early-come early-go custom at the Holloways; we drove away home. All this was in sharp contrast to the solemnities of the afternoon, & I found myself eager to be gay, & to enjoy the evening's affair. Most of the guests, were of my age or older — a clear case of eat-drink-&-be-merry-for-tomorrow-we-die. And why not?

WEDNESDAY, DEC. 11/63 A bleak day, temp. 20° & a high wind with light snow flurries. (I played golf yesterday, the course bare, & a big sea running on White Point Beach — the lobster-fishermen have had rough going ever since the season opened on Dec. 1.) I am still studying (my occupation for many months) every book & document I can find relating to the period 1805-12 - Nova Scotia in particular, & naval warfare in general, to get into the period — & mood — for the novel involving the McNabs of Halifax, & a French naval prisoner taken in the year 1809. Searching for every detail of life in the family on McNab's Island, & amongst the French (& in 1812 American) prisoners in Dartmouth & on Melville Island in the N.W. Arm. My memory, which has served me magnificently during the greater part of my life, now limps & fails, so that I have to look up & note down all kinds of things that formerly came to me as naturally as the rain from the sky.

Visited the hospital this afternoon, to visit John

"Jock" Jackson, our golf pro., who had a heart attack (his third) on moving into town for his winter job with Mersey Paper Co. He appeared cheerful & quite well, & asked me to lend him a copy of "Wings of Night" so that he can follow intelligently the T.V. play on Thursday nights.

THURSDAY, DEC. 12/63

Another bleak day. Called at the hospital & gave Jackson an inscribed copy of "Wings of Night".

Drove to Hants Point & bought 11 lbs. fresh lobsters @ 65¢ lb. & had some for dinner this evening. Tonight watched the second episode of W. of N. on TV. It went more smoothly than the first.

The current (December) issue of The Atlantic Advocate has Stanley Spicer's article on my life & works, with three of Chris Lund's photographs.

Maclean's Magazine wired today asking for a photo of me — why, I don't know. I have no recent photos here, so wired back telling them to contact National Film Board for one of Lund's.

FRIDAY, DEC. 13/63

Sunny & cold. Just enough snow on the ground to make it white! Walked to Milton & back this afternoon — my first hike up there since the golf season opened last spring. Along the way many people hailed me, all excited about "Wings of Night". The book itself aroused little comment — in my ears anyhow — but seeing it performed on T.V., with actual shots of Liverpool & Milton, is quite another thing! I have mailed all my Christmas cards except those for Canadian delivery. Answered various letters, including one from the British Income Tax department, asking

if I had a residence in Britain or Ireland, if I had been outside of Canada since 1960, & if my connection with London publishers Hutchinson & Co. was still valid. My answer was negative on all points, but I mentioned that my New York publishers, Doubleday & Co., would probably arrange for London publication of my current & future books.

SATURDAY, DEC. 14/63 The temp. got up to 30° today but the day remained bleak, with a fine snow falling & making the streets treacherous. Bought a small Christmas tree (price \$1.00) from the Kinsmen's Club, who were selling them beside the main town parking lot at the foot of Gorham Street, Christmas cards arriving in increasing numbers. Letter from Helen Brighton, Dartmouth, for the past year President of Canadian Authors Association, to the effect that the C.A.A. national convention will be held in N.F. next summer, and (although I resigned from the Association last spring) they will expect me to take part in the show.

Dinner party tonight at Dr. John Wickwire's house on Main Street, opposite Mersey Hotel, given by the Wickwires & the Barry Seldons — in honor of Bert & Catherine Waters (who will leave Monday to spend Xmas. with a married daughter), & Douglas & Phyllis (sic Jones) Joyce, who are flying to California to spend Xmas with Phyl's brother Kingsford, a successful architect there. The usual thing — drinks beginning at 7 p.m. No food till well after 8 p.m. — like swallowing a bomb in the

middle-aged & elderly members of a party that numbered 30 or 40. I have never liked these late-dinner parties, & I detest them now. I go through with them as obligations, & strive to be polite amongst old friends who I know are suffering my own distaste & disabilities.

SUNDAY, DEC. 15/63 Cold, high N.W. wind, patches of sun-shine, long & dense squalls of snow, making 2 or 3 inches on the ground. Rose late, & walked to church alone. Tom Jr. was there with Debby. It was a "children's service", choir & all; Parsons Matheson sat in a pew with the congregation & only mounted the rostrum to pronounce the benediction at the end.

MONDAY, DEC. 16/63 Windy & cold ( $18^{\circ}$ ) - too much so for a long walk with my vulnerable sinuses & right jawbone. Sent off two large packages of gifts for Trance & her family, one by parcel post, the other by railway express. Mailed out last batch of Christmas cards, mostly local.

TUESDAY, DEC. 17/63 Sunny & cold, but the wind relented at last, & I enjoyed a walk to Milton & back - my first good exercise since Friday. Stopped for a word with Archie McKnight, the Milton blacksmith. Xmas cards coming in batches now, many with written notes, all the way out to B.C., saying they are enjoying "Wings of Night" on T.V. Frequently they add what a change it is from the usual C.B.C. drama, which is mainly about psychopathic characters - immensely fashionable nowadays amongst the critics (hired by magazines) & the C.B.C. Well, it's a breath of fresh air, anyhow.

THURSDAY, DEC. 19, 1963

Winter, which descended upon us Dec. 8, & followed with lowering temperatures & increasing winds day by day, came to a wild pitch last night & today. A blizzard, with temp. down to  $10^{\circ}$ , & winds up to 60 m.p.h. dumped 8 to 12 inches of snow on the level, & drifts up to the arm pits. The schools were closed today, & the radio intoned a long list of affairs cancelled because of the storm. In Halifax, 500 Dockyard workers, unable to get home, are spending the night in the plant.

In hunting boots & parka I trudged to the post office this morning. The town street crew made no attempt to keep the streets open until the snowfall (but not the wind) abated late this afternoon. Then the snow-ploughs came around; & after they had passed I shoveled out my front walk. But few people moved out of their homes today — as rough a snowstorm as we've had for many years, wind gusts up to 60 m.p.h.

FRIDAY, DEC. 20/63 The wind went around to N.W. today & blew hard till dark. I shoveled out my driveway but did not use the car, preferring to walk to the post office. Only the main streets are ploughed, & none of the sidewalks except the business block on Main Street. In Halifax, street traffic was still a chaos, but by afternoon most of the main highways in the province were passable. Temp. held at  $10^{\circ}$  above zero. Parcels arrived from France. Small supper party tonight at Austin Parker's house, got

home at midnight.

SATURDAY, DEC. 21/63 Still cold ( $10^{\circ}$ ) & windy. This afternoon, at last, the town street <sup>gang</sup> trucks got the banked snow about the post office removed & dumped in the river. And our sidewalks are now shoveled clear. Amongst the Christmas mail a letter from one of my father's soldiers, who had read the article about me in Atlantic Advocate. Now living in Pittsford, Vermont. Reminiscences of Dad as a stern martinet but a brave man, with a sense of humor.

I have received Casselli's New French Dictionary, published in London 1962, which includes words & phrases peculiar to French Canada. A much larger & more useful work than my old French-English dictionary (published 1936) which I have literally worn to a wreck, over the years.

SUNDAY, DEC. 22/63 Temp. got up to  $20^{\circ}$ , with fine snow falling at intervals, but no wind. E. & I walked to church, after a failure to start my car, which had been sitting idle in the garage for many frigid days. (The garage door does not close fully, & Thursday's storm blew a drift of fine snow 2 or 3 feet high inside, something I never saw before.) Church was full; a good choir-program. After lunch (having left a 100-watt bulb on a long cord inside the engine hood & covered with a blanket) I started my car easily, & drove with E. to Brooklyn & thence around Milton slowly, in order to charge the battery a bit. E. has opened two of our Xmas presents & placed them proudly in our living room —

a photo of Pamela & her two children, & a composite photo of Francie's 2 boys & 2 girls. Pam's children are goodlooking & winsome like herself. Francie's brood, from a frie personal acquaintance, seemed to me, a homely batch, all looking like Bill's parents, no beauties. But now that they have matured a bit - & obviously with much skill of the photographer - they all seem charming & even good-looking. Time will prove it anyhow.

MONDAY, DEC. 23/63 The temp. got up to 28° today, with a moderate wind at NW, & I walked to Milton & back - my first long walk since last Wednesday. Enjoyed the exercise despite the arthritic pain in right shoulder & hip, which causes me to limp, & the small-of-the-back ache which usually betokens a bout of lumbago. Got the Christmas tree out of the garage & set it up in the sun porch, together with colored electric lights. This Christmas day, for the first time in something like 18 years, Jerry Freiman & family will not be dining with us; instead they dine with daughter Joans husband & his family.

However we shall not be alone. Tom, Pamela, & their youngsters are spending Christmas in Liverpool this year, & will dine with us. Letter from Greg Copelin in London, after a long silence. As I expected, his plan for promoting a motion picture of "The Nymph & The Lamp", starring Deborah Kerr, & with John Huston for director, was built on air & has come to nothing.

TUESDAY, DEC. 24, 1963

Another snowstorm, just as the town was finally dug out of the last one. No violent winds, but a long fall of heavy wet snow, then a drizzle of rain all afternoon, & finally a temperature drop below freezing point to just the right mixture to make a mess of the streets. With my lumbago etc. I found it a painful chore merely to shovel out paths from front & side doors, to put out food for the birds on the seed-tray, & to hobble down to the post office in my hunting boots — the street dept. made no attempt to plough the streets until late afternoon. Jerry & Betty Freeman dropped in for a brief chat early in the evening; & Verna Dunlap Ryan came in a taxi to deliver a Christmas present. Otherwise we had no visitors. Few people seemed to be abroad.

Christmas Day, 1963 Mostly overcast, with snow flurries. My car is blocked in by frozen snow, so at 9 a.m. C. & I walked down to Fort Point, called on Tom J. & family, & had the fun of watching the children open their gifts — a vast quantity & variety. At noon they came to our house for dinner. I carved the turkey at the table, in the old-fashioned style, & we had a rosé wine (Vessiot, Anyow). More opening of gifts. Piece de resistance for Debby was a huge dolls' house, which C. had bought at a church bazaar some weeks ago. It was circular, with six rooms arranged like the spokes of a wheel, all open at the front, & furnished with exquisite miniature stuff, some plastic, some home-made. Debby was delighted. Our guests departed about 4 p.m. I helped C. wash

up the dishes, & we spent a quiet evening with books & t.v.  
C. phoned Franee at Moncton, & we both chatted with her; she & her family all well & happy.

FRIDAY, DEC. 27/63 Temp. zero last night. Spent the morning writing letters. This afternoon was sunny, though only  $12^{\circ}$  above zero. Desperate for exercise I walked to Milton & back. My arthritic right hip, as usual spread its pain down the bone to the knee; & the current touch of lumbago as usual forced me to walk stopped & with a slight lish to port. In spite of all I felt better for the walk. I dread the time coming when, like my poor old mother before me, I shall be fettered & imprisoned by arthritis.

Amongst some belated Christmas cards in the P.C. box today was, one from my sister Nellie Cassidy in Alabama, saying that her husband May retires this year, & they have arranged to visit Nova Scotia all next summer, staying mostly at Hilda's cottage on Mahone Bay.

Saturday, Dec. 28/63  $2^{\circ}$  below zero last night & again tonight. About noon today my sister Hilda arrived by car to spend the week end with us. This evening several old friends came in for chat & refreshments — the John Wickwines, Austin Parkers, Bob Kirkpatricks, Roy Seaborn. A very pleasant evening.

Monday, Dec. 30/63 The cold continues unabated.  $2^{\circ}$  below zero again tonight. Erik & Lou Andersen, next door, gave a dinner party tonight for about a dozen friends & neighbors. Hilda, C. & I attended, & enjoyed much

lively talk & good food.

Other than brisk walks to the post office I live an indoor life these frigid days, working up my French vocabulary with the aid of the excellent new dictionary.

TUESDAY, DEC. 31/63

Again crisp zero-weather day & night. Very bad walking, the sidewalks a mass of icy bubbles & the streets ankle-deep in flurry snow constantly churned by motor traffic. This evening Hilda, E. & I went to a dinner party at Dr. John Wickwire's house. Thence (traveling with the Austin Parkers in their well-warmed car) we visited the Edwin Parkers on Waterloo Street, & finally the Hector Dunlaps at York Point where we found a merry crowd "seeing the New Year in". A beautiful scene outdoors - frosty calm air, clear sky, an almost-full moon, deep snow. Home about 1:30 a.m. & sat up talking & reading till about 2:30, then to bed. As E's birthday is tomorrow I had the florist send up a handsome bouquet this afternoon.

WEDNESDAY, JAN. 1, 1964

Today the weather moderated, & the thermometer went up to 32° for the first time in three weeks or more. Indoors most of the day, working at my French vocabulary, & reading Peter Newman's book on John Diefenbaker - "Renegade in Power" - a runaway best-seller in Canada. The latter is a merciless exposé of the late prime minister; but Liberals will get no pleasure from it, for Newman gabs at their own faults & foibles

almost as much as Diefenbaker's.

Walked up to Austin Parker's house at 5 p.m. & had drinks with a group of neighbors there. Dinner at home at 7 p.m. Tom H. dropped in for a chat with Hilda (Pam & the kids had called in the afternoon.)

The weather forecast said "Rain tonight, followed by snow, & freezing temperature" so Hilda left at 9 p.m. for Mahone Bay, where she has Blanche Baker's cottage for a week. On the surface she is bright & witty; but underneath she is still restless & unhappy, inclined to be sharp with the scientists with whom she works, for she considers them a lot of eccentric boxes. Her one love is the Mahone Bay house of her own. She would like to stay there all the time, & is considering a job with the big new fish-plant at Lunenburg. I advised her against it — travel in winter would often be difficult & dangerous, & sometimes impossible — & the salary only half what she now earns. She has had the tentative offer of a post as secretary to Lieut.-Governor McKeen in OTX. I advised her to take it.

THURSDAY, JAN. 21/64 A drizzle of rain most of the day, with temp. up to 38° — the first thaw in a spell of sharp & rough winter weather that began Dec. 8. The streets were icy & treacherous, though the snow shrank.

The fifth episode of "Wings" on T.V. tonight, & by this time I am sadly disappointed in the screen play. In the first place the story should have been given ten

episodes — as Costain's was. It could not be told properly in less. The trial in the courthouse, which was the crux of the whole story, needed at least 4 episodes. Obviously it will be skimmed over in two. Again & again the screen-play writer has used banalities in action & dialogue, ignoring the book in order to show forth notions of his own. On the whole it adds up to a good & able cast wasted in a jejune script — a travesty of my book, on which I spent so many months of nervous labor, living the whole plot & every part myself, drawing deeply from my own experience & observation here from 1923 to 1929.

FRIDAY, JAN. 31/64 Dull sky, temp. about 30°. The walking is still very bad, so no real exercise since Dec. 27.

This afternoon Charles Bagley came with a tape machine & recorded an interview with me, mostly about my short story "The Amulet", which has been in various Canadian school "readers" for years. He wanted the interview as a matter of interest to his English-literature students in a Moncton high school. He came from Liverpool, & went into the Baptist ministry, but changed his mind to the teaching profession some years ago.

News: — a gradual thaw in the "cold war" between Russia & the western nations is becoming more evident now that Red China has parted company with the Soviet Union. Kruzhkov had become almost friendly under the regimes of President Kennedy & Prime Minister MacMillan, & now that they are gone he seems anxious to maintain an

understanding with the West. Meanwhile our people are keeping up their guard while making plain that they want to reduce their armaments if the Russians will do the same.

SATURDAY, JAN. 4, 1964 Mild all day, with some fog, clearing with a magnificent red sunset & freezing after dark, making the roads treacherous. Tom Jr. & Pam made their usual Saturday afternoon call, leaving the children with us while they played at the bowling alley.

I worked at my French all day. Dinner party tonight at the Burke Douglas residence, West Milton. Good drinks & food & chat. The food included fricasseeed breasts & legs of partridge, shot last Fall & kept in cold storage since. Vera Parker told me that her old (the Douglas) home, a farmhouse on the Brougham Road, Caledonia, was buried to the ground last year. I had a pleasant visit there, on a moose-hunting expedition to Lake Rossignol in 1927 or '28.

Had a pleasant note from Colin Mackay, president of the University of N.B. He said he had enjoyed the article by Spies in the Atlantic Advocate; & the "Wings of Night" on T.V., & recalled his brief visit to Liverpool some years ago, when C. & I met him at Mowbray Jones' house.

SUNDAY, JAN. 5/64 Sunny but temp. 20° with a keen N.W. wind & occasional snow squalls. Walked to Zion Church alone this morning, did not stay for communion. Worked

on my French, & wrote Colin Mackay, Bruce Ferguson (asking about Melville Island prison material in Public Archives, period 1809-1812) & George Thirly (Doubleday, New York.)

Dancing again at yesterday's Hx. Chronicle-Herald; reflected on the old lively days when Chronicle and Herald were in sharp rivalry, with opposite political views & keen reporting on all aspects of the news. Now the C-H is a tame combination under the money-grasping hand of owner K.C. Irving - the multi-millionaire of St. John, N.B. whose only interest is profits. The paper is about 80% advertising, 15% "filler" of various kinds, mostly drivel, & 5% news (real news) of N.S. & the world.

MONDAY, JAN. 6/64       $8^{\circ}$  above zero at 7 a.m., rising to  $25^{\circ}$  in the afternoon, with bright sunshine. In the afternoon I walked to Potanoc & back, 8 miles - my first good walk in many days, & revelled in it, despite some pain in the right hip. Kids skating on the river in various places between Salmon Island & Hill's Grove Park.

WEDNESDAY, JAN. 8/64      cracking cold. Walked to Milton & back this afternoon in a sharp N.W. wind, though the temp. had got up to  $20^{\circ}$ . C. entertained her ladies' bridge club this evening, so I took shelter at Austin Parker's house until 11-15. Temp. went down to zero tonight.

News: Ottawa announces further sharp cuts in naval spending. At Halifax 3 Tribal-class destroyers (including "Micmac") are to be discarded entirely, & 10 mine-sweepers are to be "retired into reserve". Some

reports say this will reduce naval personnel at Hfx. by at least 400. Others say Pooh! Reduction of active naval craft at Hfx will almost certainly mean reduction of civilian employees at the dockyard, however.

FRIDAY, JAN. 10/64

A sudden thaw — fog & drizzle, making the icy streets & sidewalks more treacherous than ever.

Today I drove to the Rossignol garage & had my 3-year-old car battery replaced with a new one. Made a start on the long-debated novel "Hangman's Beach" — not much, about 350 words.

SATURDAY, JAN. 11/64

Temp dropped to 20° in the night, & all day a harsh N.W. gale, shaking the house with gusts of hurricane force. I has a wretched cold, just able to creep about the house, sneezing & coughing. Tom Jr. borrowed my double-barreled shotgun & spent the day with Jack Dunlap on an island in Ragged Harbor, hoping for some shots at wild geese & ducks. (Jack keeps a boat there & has had very good shooting this winter.) No luck, & risky & cold business, rowing a small skiff across Ragged Harbor from the West Berlin road in this kind of weather. I used to do fool things of that sort when I was younger, & thought no more about it than Tom does now — & said no more to my wife, either!

Got a little more done on the novel, another 400 words perhaps; the rest of the day hunting up maps, & distances & views from McNab's Island. Letter from Bruce Ferguson. The Archives have a good map of Melville Island made in 1812, showing various buildings, even sentry boxes. Some other material,

but not much on the period 1809-1812. However I must go up there & see all of it soon.

SUNDAY, JAN. 12/64 Again a gale at N.W., temp. 12°. I served C. breakfast in bed, where she spent much of the day, but she insisted on getting up to prepare dinner at 5 p.m. I did not go outdoors except to put seed on the tray for the birds. Tom Jr. came in the afternoon to borrow our portable electric radiator — the temp. in their living room was 62°, & Debby has a bad cold.

I worked away at the first chapter of the novel, & now have about 2500 words on paper, none of which looks good to me. However I must wade on through this shallow stuff until I find swimming depth.

MONDAY, JAN. 13/64 Temp. 20° & the wind down to a N. breeze, so I managed a walk to Milton & back, despite my painful right hip. Tonight a blizzard blew up from the west & whistled about the house, with temp. 10° above zero.

News:- Nationalist & racist troubles continue to spring up about the world. Murderous riots in Bombay between Hindus & Moslems. A revolution of the negroes in Zanzibar, recently granted independence by Britain; the blacks led by two former sailors — both avowed communists — have toppled the regime long held by the Arab upper class, with much violence & looting. Worst trouble is in Panama, where Panamanian nationalists resent the presence of U.S. troops & the U.S. flag in the Canal Zone. Actual fighting broke out there two days ago, & several U.S. soldiers &

Panamanians have been killed. Obviously, for its own security & world strategy, the U.S. cannot give up the vital canal to these wild unstable people. But it is ironical to look back at the Suez Canal affair some years ago, when President Eisenhower took such a nolier-than-thou attitude towards British & French military intervention there.

TUESDAY, JAN. 14/64 The snow ceased about noon, but the wind blew on till dark. I shoveled out my front path in the morning, but did nothing more till 7:30 p.m. The wind had ceased drifting the snow then, & I shoveled out my driveway, the front path again, & shoveled paths at the back of the house to the garbage cans & the bird tray.

This afternoon I finished a sort of preliminary run at beginning "Hangman's Beach", about 3500 words in all. Little worth saving; but now that's out of my mind I can make another start. And then another, & no doubt another. (I forget now how many false starts I made on "Governor's Lady".) It's all part of a painful & wrenching mind-search that must go on & on & on until the book is finished.

WEDNESDAY, JAN. 15/64 Attempted a walk this afternoon & got as far as the railway bridge, about a mile. By then the arthritis in right hip & knee was making every step a burning pain & I had to turn back. Worse was in store. So far I had been immune to the flu' bug that laid low last Saturday. This evening I developed all the symptoms & spent a wretched night.

THURSDAY, JAN. 16, 1964

A lovely day, temp. up to 32°.

I couldn't stay in bed, but sat about the house all day & evening, sneezing, blowing; violent headache in left temple, inflammation in left eye, nostrils discharging a mixture of blood & mucus. Watched the 7th episode of "Wings of Night" on T.V. In this one the script writer had been faithful to my lines, & the characters had force & plausibility instead of the cardboard figures hitherto presented. But it is now clear that to "wrap up" the story in one more episode Newman has decided to cut all or most of the courtroom scenes, thus removing the heart of the story — for in my plot everything led up to the trial, which contained the best dramatic parts for the actors playing the main roles.

SATURDAY, JAN. 18/64

The 'flu worked on both sides of my head ~~yesterday~~, but the eye & nostril symptoms are less painful than when concentrated on one side. Last night I awoke from sleep sneezing & groping for handkerchief, & a stream of blood came from the right nostril & spattered the pillow, sheets & pyjamas. A cold night, temp. 2° below zero. I was up at 7 a.m. & got myself a breakfast of coffee & toast. C. does all the outdoor errands, including trips to the post office. The bug struck her more than a week ago & she is now over it, although she still barks a bit.

At 10 p.m. our daughter Frances arrived with husband Bill Dennis. They had motored from Moncton to Halifax on Friday to attend a dinner & dance of Bill's fraternity, & to

renew old friendships of the Dalhousie University days.

Their four youngsters are all well. Bill's old chum in the medical school at Dal. ("Bud" Gillis) has given up his practice in Summerside P.E.I., moved to Moncton, & gone into practice with Bill as a partnership. They have fitted up joint offices in a building nearer the heart of things, & spared no expense in equipment, waiting room, etc.

Today I received the plaque & hand-painted West N.S. Regt. badge which was presented to me at the officers' mess dinner last Nov. 30th. Col. Harlow had sent it away to have a brass strip attached, with an inscription. The plaque itself was made in England, & painted there, & in reproducing the detail of the badge the artist made a curious little mistake. The replica of a Lunenburg fishing schooner in the lower sector has become a brigantine!

SUNDAY, JAN. 19/64 A break in our hard winter today — not only a rise of temp. to almost 40°, but actually some hours of sunshine at the same time, which melted the snow in the middle of the streets & revealed a car-width strip of asphalt. I did not go outdoors except to feed the birds. The worst of the 'flu is past but I am still hoarse & sneezing occasionally, & feeling very low.

Tom Jr., Pamela, & their children came at 5 p.m. to make a happy family reunion, & we all enjoyed a turkey dinner and much talk. Bill & Frances are going to Jekyll Island, Georgia, for a fortnight in February, as they did last year. Bill earns a good income & they

are determined to enjoy it while they are young - a most sensible idea.

MONDAY, JAN. 20/64 Temp. nearly  $40^{\circ}$ , overcast, moisture everywhere. Walked to the railway bridge, then back through town & over the river to the ball park, say 3 miles or more - my first real excursion outdoors since last Wednesday. Bill & Frances spent the day visiting friends about town, & at 7:30 p.m. left for Mahone, where they will stay the night with old college friends. Francie is in her 28<sup>th</sup> year, a tall handsome young woman with a svelte figure & a lively mind, devoted to her four children & her successful young husband. But C. - the solicitous Mama - questioned Bill sharply about Francie's nervous breakdown (3 weeks in hospital) a year ago, & her present condition.

Bill, an easygoing man, always relaxed, said that Francie had a tense nature & that like her father she was cursed also with insomnia. He has tried sleeping pills but (as I have found myself) these things alone don't bring the blessed relief of oblivion at night, so that one can face the next day's work & problems. He himself comes home dog-tired, & is asleep the moment his head meets the pillow; but often, in the morning, he finds that Frances has been up all night, smoking cigarettes & reading. What with four small children, & the many social engagements etc. of a successful doctor's wife, she drives herself hard every day, & sometimes passes three successive nights without sleep - without even going to bed at all.

TUESDAY, JAN. 22, 1964

Heavy rain most of the day, temp. 40°, snowbanks melting, a real "January thaw".

Re-writing the opening pages of "Hangman's Beach" & have about 2500 words on paper.

News: - The new schooner "Bluenose" sailed to Bermuda from Lunenburg last week. On the way she ran into a violent storm & had to heave-to for 30 hours, but she came through well. Old captain Angus Walters was a passenger as far as Bermuda.

The skipper is Coggins, the Nova Scotian who sailed the replica of H. M. S. Bounty to Tahiti two or three years ago. The owners (Plants' Brewery, Halifax) have arranged some passenger-cruising charters for the "Bluenose" in the West Indies, & through the Panama Canal to Cozumel Island.

WEDNESDAY, JAN. 22/64

Worked all morning on the novel. Much looking-up of facts in connection with the fiction. Got about 500 words written. Total of the new start, 3000 words.

This afternoon was cloudy, with a fine drizzle on a north wind keen at 35°, but I walked to Milton & back - my first good walk since the 13th - & curiously enough had few pains in back & right leg all the way, so I enjoyed it, every step.

SATURDAY, JAN. 25/64

The mild weather continues, & all day, & night we had a deluge of rain & southerly wind.

Letters during the past week include one from Leon Major of the Neptune Theatre, Halifax, asking me to

considered writing a play for his company. He adds that their current production, originally a Russian play ("Diary of a Scoundrel") switched its scene to Halifax in the 1860's, after careful study of my "Halifax, Warden of The North".

Letter from Dudley Pope, the Cornishman whose history of the mutiny on H.M.S. Hermione (his book is entitled "The Black Ship") reveals an affair as interesting as the more famous mutiny on the Bounty. I had written asking detail of the two (& possibly 3) Nova Scotians in Hermione's crew. He promises to investigate these on his next research trip to the Public Records Office in London. Mentions that his own great-grandfather John Pope emigrated about 1800 to "Bedeque, Nova Scotia", built ships there & subsequently returned to England, leaving two brothers who founded the famous Pope family of P.C.I. Miss Janet Kettle of Liverpool, at present a student at Acadia, came in this evening to talk over a paper she is preparing, on the present-day Mic Mac Indians. She is working towards a B.A., eventually an M.A., majoring in Sociology.

SUNDAY, JAN. 27/64      Sunny & mild like a day in late March. The big snowbanks have shrunk to soiled grey crusts & all the streets & roads are bare. G. & I walked to church this a.m. In the afternoon we took little Debby & Tommy Raddall for a drive to Port Mouton, turning aside to White Point Lodge to see the great surf on the beach. Noticed 3 parties of golfers

at the course, which appeared mostly bare. At Broad River the thick ice had broken up & pushed downstream on yesterday's flood, creating a high jumble of broken floes below the bridge. This evening after dinner C. & I enjoyed a walk in the moonlight down Waterloo Street to the harbor, & thence around to York Point.

MONDAY, JAN. 27/64 An open & shut day, mostly grey with spots of sunlight & specks of snow. Temp. 30°. This afternoon I played 18 holes at White Point. Most of the course bare & hard, with old ice in the deeper hollows, & two or three shrunken snowdrifts. Nobody else out, except a young man with shotgun & cartridge belt wandering along the shore with an eye for wild geese or ducks.

TUESDAY, JAN. 28/64 A steady thin fall of snow all day.

THURSDAY, JAN. 30/64 Fine & cold. C. & I drove to Hfx. with the Austin Parkers in their car this morning — they to spend a couple of days with daughter Ann. C. & I got a room at the Lord Nelson; I spent the afternoon at Archives going over Melville Island material; C. went shopping, particularly for a fur coat. In the hotel I met Terence Moraw, ex-officer of the Winnipeg Rifles under my father. He is on a tour of the Maritimes, speaking to clubs, church groups, etc. on the United Nations. I first met him in Toronto about 18 years <sup>ago;</sup> have seen him at intervals since. He has a monomania about the greatest 2 days in his life, Aug 8 & 9, 1918, in the battle of Amiens, in which my father was killed & Moraw wounded. His conversation

works around to the battle, & no matter how many times I've heard it before he goes into a long bloody description of the fighting from the opening shot to the capture of Hazebrook Wood. He insisted that E. & I lunch with him tomorrow, so there is no escape. This evening I had hoped to see "Diary of a Scoundrel" at Neptune's Theatre, but C. phoned Hilda Lamster & we spent the evening at her apartment in the swank new Spring Garden Building. Another & bigger apartment bldg. is rising a little further up Spring Garden Road, in fact the Hawley building boom is still going strong everywhere - not least on Dalhousie campus, which will soon have no room for further buildings.

At the Archives I was greeted happily by old friends Archivists Bruce Ferguson, his assistant Miss Phyllis Blakeley, & secretary Miss McFartridge.

Some sort of convention, mostly lively young men, is gathered in Hfx.; unfortunately for our sleep many of them are staying at the Lord Nelson & others came from other hotels to join them in noisy bedroom binges that went on from 9 p.m. without let-up until about 4 a.m., when the last drunks were poured into taxis at the main entrance, right beneath our window. E. & I took sedonal pills but they had no effect. A wretched night.

FRIDAY, JAN. 31/64 Fine & cold. The Archives are a 20 minute walk from the hotel, which I enjoy. Lunch with Morawh in the Trafalgar Room of the Lord Nelson.

He fought the battle of Amiens throughout the meal & long after  
 I didn't get back to the Archives till 2:45 p.m.

I got all that was available there by 5 p.m. Most useful discovery was an army surveyor's map of Melville Island made in 1812, showing the main P.O.W. prison, quarters for officers, guard & turnkeys, exact position of sentry boxes, etc. In the newspaper room in the basement I borrowed an ancient typewriter & copied an account of the fight between the "Bonne Citoyenne" and "La Turbieuse", in July 1809. Also got a good deal from the journal of an American privateer, Benjamin Palmer, captured in 1813 & imprisoned with French & Yankee captives on Melville Island for several months.

Hilda joined us for dinner at the hotel & we sat for a time chattering in the lobby, & then in our room, until 10 p.m. Before Hilda came, C. & I called on old Mrs. Jason Creed, formerly of Mill Village, who has lived in a top-floor room of the Lord Nelson for years. She is in her 80's, vivacious & witty, but now very deaf. She remarked, "When women get as old & deaf as I, someone should be appointed to knock them on the head & bury them!"

SATURDAY, FEB. 1/64 A better sleep last night, but I don't think I'll stay at the Lord Nelson again. It used to be my favorite hotel in Hfx. We were up at 8 a.m. & had breakfast. The Parkers called for us at 9:30, picked up Douglas Parker's fiancee, Sheila Mason, at her home near Oakland

Road, & drove on to Liverpool. The road was clear of ice & weather moderate. Home at half-past noon. Tom, Pam & the youngsters called at 4.30. E. put on her new fur coat (natural grey Persian lamb, mink collar) & the junior Raddalls approved. Its cost is \$595, & it certainly looks well on her. She made some other purchases, including a ~~dress~~ suit & hat, & altogether is much pleased with the trip.

Now began about 5 p.m., changing to a drizzle of rain about 9 p.m. The mail includes a letter from George Nelson (Doubleday, Toronto) enclosing a contract covering the new edition of "Son of The Hawk", & saying that owing to delays over the illustrations the new edition of "Halifax, Warden of The North" will not be published until late next Fall.

SUNDAY, FEB. 2/64 The rain drizzle continued, melting the new snow & leaving the old black stuff, mostly ice, which was formed in our long cold snap from Dec. 9 on. Stayed indoors most of the day; but at 12.30 joined a small party at the Austin Parkers' house (sherry & hors d'oeuvres) to wish bon voyage to Bert & Catherine Waters, who leave by motor for 3 months (as usual) in Florida & other warm parts of the U.S.

Henry Hicks was installed as the new President of Dalhousie University yesterday. We learn on good information that his wife, a daughter of the late George Banks of Caledonia, Queens County, is ill with leukemia & will die in a few weeks. I have met Hicks informally on various occasions in the past 18 years. He is clever, energetic, witty, fluent, with

a good educational basis acquired at Dalhousie & Oxford. He seemed to me rather flippant in his attitudes, & was not a success as a Premier stepping into the shoes of Angus Macdonald. A man in greater contrast to the retiring president of Dalhousie, Dr. Kerr, could not be imagined. Time will tell.

Ken Jones called briefly to return the "crooked knife" he borrowed from me last August. Always full of ideas, usually good ones, he mentioned the TV serial of "Wings of Night", suggested getting the complete film & running it as a full evening's show at our town theatre in aid of some local charity. I didn't know whether this was technically possible or not. ~~Properly~~ Properly done, the film should include much that was eliminated in the cutting room, especially the court scenes. Ken said he would write Ted Briggs, former CBC boss at Halifax & now a big shot at headquarters, to see if this can be done.

Wednesday, Feb. 5/64 Snowing slowly all day, temp. 30°. No walk, except the morning trip to the post office.

E. complains of pain in throat & chest for the past several days, possibly a hangover from a cold. I urged her to have a check-up by Dr. John Wickwire but she refused.

News:- Three of the new African "nations" - Zanzibar, Tanganyika, Kenya - have had to call back British troops within the past week to quell their own mutinous black troops & restore order. A national convention of Conservatives, held in Ottawa, has voted confidence in John Diefenbaker

by a large majority. However, most of the delegates were picked to support "Dief the chief", & a secret ballot was refused. The younger delegates, including university students, attempted to question all this, but were bodd down. My own opinion is that "Dief" cannot win another election; & that Hes, the ablest member of the late Tory cabinet, is too much an "Upper Canada" man (like George Drew) to get the support of the Maritimes & the West. What the Tory party must have is a new leader who can appeal effectively to all the provinces. Regarding the "new" (but very old) intransigence of Quebec, there is now a sharp & rapidly increasing hostile reaction in English-speaking Canada, where the general sentiment seems to be: - "Let them go, & set up an independent state of their own; providing ~~with~~ that a free communication be established between the two parts of English-speaking Canada, east & west."

SUNDAY, FEB. 9/64 During the past 3 days we have had mild weather, & some light rain which melted all but the crusty remains of old snowbanks. Last night a hard gale & some snow covered everything again. Re-writing the first chapter of the novel all day yesterday, total now about 6,000 words - little to show for weeks of thought & work.

MONDAY, FEB. 10/64 Bright & cold, temp. 5° above zero at 8 a.m. The morning mail includes a note from Ronald Weyman - "I am pleased to tell you that *Wings of Night* had a greater audience than any drama on Canadian TV to date! I have hundreds of letters, many from the Maritimes,

expressing their delight both with the play itself and with the book." In a postscript he asked "What is the current situation with "The Nymph & The Lamp?"

Also had a letter from CBC (radio) asking permission to do a one-shot radio play (1 hour length) of "The Nymph for a fee of \$150. I wrote Weyman.

Walked to Milton & back in afternoon, in cold (20°) bright sunshine. Had a phone call from Toronto, a suave man who announced himself as Charles Baldous, of Dorton Productions (movie & T.V.) with an address in Scarborough, Ont. Said he had made recently a movie in Portugal & succeeded in marketing it through a Hollywood company. Obviously I was expected to be impressed with this but I merely said "Yes?" He then went on to say he was interested in film rights to "The Nymph & The Lamp", "Sidfall", & a short story of mine "Triangle in Steel". Were these "properties" available, & did I have an agent? I said they were available & I did my own business. He said Fine!, spelled his name & address carefully for me, & said a letter would follow shortly. Obviously this is another shoe-string entrepreneur, of the type that has given me a weary experience in past years! And to hell with them all.

FRIDAY, FEB 15/64 Rain yesterday, & our ice-bound roof gutters caused water to enter the house walls & pour down about the telephone desk at the foot of the stairs, & thence through to the cellar. Mild & foggy today. Re-writing the first 2 chapters

of Hangman's Beach again. Write CBC that I want \$300 for the radio right in The Nymph. They can take it or leave it.

C. called Dr. John Wickwire a day or two ago, & he diagnosed her trouble as tracheitis & prescribed some sort of penicillin pills which seem to be doing her some good.

SUNDAY, FEB. 16/64 Got out the car & drove to church — my first churchgoing in 3 weeks. C. stayed at home, still nursing her ailment. Emerged from Zion at noon to find a snowstorm beginning. It whooped up to gale height & continued all night. At 7 p.m., just as we were about to enjoy the best T.V. evening program of the week — except in spots the other evening shows are dull — our "set" went blank. So I spent the evening reading Fielding's "History of Tom Jones". Like all Fielding's work sprawling & wordy & often empty, but with sharp flashes of 18th century life & wit here & there. Recently the movie people have made a very popular film from the bones of the story — choosing it mainly because at this length of time it was in the public domain — the film industry fals it has accomplished a feat when it uses any story without paying the author a cent.

MONDAY, FEB. 17/64 A fierce gale all day, drifting the snow. Traffic is paralysed in most parts of N.S. This evening Mutcaers came & repaired the T.V. set.

TUESDAY, FEB. 18/64 Sunny, with temp. up to 32°. Dug out my driveway in the afternoon, heavy & hot work.

THURSDAY, FEB. 20, 1964

Another snowstorm last night, about 5", & snow continued lightly all day. Had a visit this afternoon from Dr. Harrison Lewis of Table River, a fine old gentleman now in his 70's. His wife died last year & he lives alone. He chatted about his years with the Dept. of Northern Affairs, Wild Life Branch, which he spent largely on the north shore of the St. Lawrence as far as the Labrador boundary, & about the shores of James Bay. I asked him about erratic but clever Canadian author Farley Mowat, whose first & best book ("People of the Deer," 1952) aroused an acrid controversy over the treatment of some Eskimos west of Hudson Bay by the Canadian government & by the Hudson Bay Co.

Lewis had Mowat in his employ around James Bay after World War Two, studying the lives & habits of wolves, etc. The Dept. found Mowat so erratic & unreliable that they fired him long before he wrote "People of the Deer". In many respects, Lewis said, Mowat was a good observer of wild game. However he denounced his books, especially "People of the Deer", as a mixture of fact & fiction all written as if it were pure fact.

FRIDAY, FEB. 21/64 Mild, with spots of warm sunshine. Shovelled out my driveway again. Letter from Helen Brighten, saying amongst other things that C. B. C. had used one of her collected ballads as incidental music in their T.V. serial of "Wings of Night", they had merely acknowledged the fact on the screen, & she was taking steps to force them to pay "a fat fee".

I replied that I knew nothing of her rights in the matter. However, the lady has been collecting folk songs for years, on a comfortable salary & expense account from the Canadian government, for the benefit of the people of Canada. I doubt if she has any legal claim, but CBC will probably pay her something to avoid a row.

Spent most of the day on my income tax form for 1963, always a headache. I figure I overpaid on estimated income during 1963, & sent forth the form, filled out, & with vouchers & "schedules" attached, asking for a refund.

Tonight, after persistent badgering by their local secretary, I gave a talk to South Shore employees of the Unemployment Insurance Commission, about 20 men & 3 women. They hold meetings in various towns to discuss their work & problems.

Tom Radford was there, an old acquaintance of my Halifax school days, now some sort of traveling auditor for the Commission.

SATURDAY, FEB. 22/64 Cold & sunny. Enjoyed a walk to Milton. A big party at Dr. John Wickwire's house tonight, as a bon voyage to fair couples leaving shortly for holidays abroad. (The Austin & Edwin Parkers are going to Florida & Georgia. The Maurice Russells will visit daughter Marian in England, & go on to Paris, Geneva & Rome. The Merrill Rawlings are going to England & the continent, & intend a voyage down the Rhine from Switzerland to Rotterdam.) Drinks from 7 to 8.30, then a buffet dinner until nearly

10 p.m. Terrific crowd & hubbub. This is probably the last big party at John Wickwire's house. He intends to rent the attached medical waiting room & offices to his former partner Dr. Frank Bell. He intends to restrict his practice to heart cases, excepting a few old friends who have been his clients since his early days in general practice. For these purposes he will convert the present drawing room, at the front of the house, to a waiting room & office.

Chatted with George Subsley, manager of Steel & Engine Products here since the death of C. O. Smith. A Maraman, he served <sup>in merchant service</sup> at sea in War Two, spent some years in South America afterwards on engineering projects, came to Liverpool from the shipyards at Yfa. or St. John.

Monday, FEB. 24/64:- 10° above zero this morning. The carpet in my study (purchased 1960) is getting a bit worn where I sit at my desk, so today C & I switched it around, end for end. To do this entailed a great job, clearing out hundreds of books, letter files, & bric-a-brac, to lighten the book-cases, filing cases etc. for moving out, going over every item (every inch of space) with the vacuum cleaner; & then putting it all back again, & the study door back on its hinges. With time out for a hasty lunch it took us from 9 a.m. to 2.30 p.m. News:- Mrs. Henry Hicks (nee Pauline Banks, of Caledonia) died of cancer in a Halifax hospital today, aged 52.

WEDNESDAY, FEB 26/64 Had a bad night, a touch of intestinal flu I think. Indoors most of the day, making chronological notes for "Hangman's Beach" background, 1804-1811, &

typing them for ready reference. Little Debby Raddall came up at 4 pm. & stayed for supper, playing make-believe games in her charming elfin way. Her mama Pamela, went to Shelburne this evening to play basketball — she is one of a Liverpool team of young wives who call themselves "The Privateers".

FRIDAY, FEB. 28/64 Cold windy weather ( $5^{\circ}$  above zero last night). Walked to Milton. The ice went out of the river last week, & the renewed cold has not frozen it again owing to the high winds. I am still poring over & re-writing the first chapters of my book, inching ahead a little — This morning the typescript passed 10,000 words, a landmark. My sister Hilda drove down from Hfx. this evening to spend the week-end with us. About midnight, a heavy snowstorm began to blow in from the sea.

Saturday, FEB. 29/64 (Leap Year) The blizzard eased up this afternoon, but continued blowing & snowing until dark. The worst storm of a hard winter, paralyzing traffic, especially on the Atlantic face of N.S. (The measured snowfall at Western Head meteorological station was 16 inches.) Coming on top of the existing snowbanks, & blown by winds up to 60 m.p.h., it raised the snow level to heights I never saw before. The level in my back garden is up to the bird-feeding tray, and there are drifts as high as the sills of the dining room & study windows. A fantastic drift formed on the roof of my study & raised a peak against the main

house that came half way up the bathroom window.

About dark the stars began to appear, & I shoveled out my walk, & the driveway from the garage to Hilda's car, which she had parked in the entrance.

SUNDAY, MARCH 1/64 A warm sunny day, temp. 40°

I spent most of the morning shoveling out the entrance to my driveway, & freeing Hilda's car, which had gathered a great drift about itself. I had to carry every shovelful about 30 feet along the street & toss it over the snow-ploughed bank to the middle of my front lawn - there was simply no other place to put it.

E. had invited 25 friends to drop in after church for sherry & hors d'oeuvres, the guests of honor being Austin & Edward Parker & their wives, who leave for a motor trip to Georgia & Florida next week. A lively gathering. In the afternoon Tom Jr.,

Pamela & their youngsters dropped in for a chat with Hilda & ourselves. Hilda left for Hfx. about 3:30, the main highway being ploughed clear & actually beginning to dry in the warm sun.

MONDAY, MAR. 2/64 Another calm sunny day, temp. up to 50° this afternoon when I walked to Milton. Snowbanks shrinking, although they still bulk large.

I'm told Mersey Paper Co. had to cease all work in the woods I simply too much snow.

TUESDAY, MAR. 3/64 Warm weather continues. I shoveled some of the snowbank by my front walk out upon the

warm asphalt of the roadway, where it melted quickly.  
 Walked to Milton. Phone call from Mrs. Charles Baldurs (see entry Feb. 10) asking if movie & T.V. rights in "The Nymph & The Lamp" are still available. I said Yes. She said her husband would write me a definite offer shortly. (Precisely what he told me more than 3 weeks ago.) Royalty statement from Doubleday shows that Pan Books, London, sold 21,000-odd copies of their paperback edition of "Wings of Night" last year.

WEDNESDAY, MAR. 4/64 Again a spring day, the fourth in a row, with snow shrinking & water running. As I crossed Milton bridge & turned towards town this afternoon I met a chill breeze coming off the sea at S.E., though the sun still shone. I fear our fine weather is due for a change. I have agreed to read a paper before the N.S. Historical Society at their meeting in Halifax on April 10th.

THURSDAY, MAR. 5/64 Mild & drizzling, with heavy showers tonight. At 10:30 pm. Austin & Yera Parker dropped in, bringing their silverware & furs etc. for safekeeping in our house while they are away — they & the Edwin Parkers leave by car tomorrow for some weeks in the South.

FRIDAY, MAR. 6/64 Sunny & warm again. The snow has shrunk to the old crusty stuff that fell nearly 3 months ago, now almost ice, dirty, & studded with 3 months' accumulation of cigarette packages, candy papers, rags, & general rubbish. Letter from Alice Macken, wife of the Lieut.-Governor.

She had entertained at Government House recently Irwin Griswold, dean of Harvard law school & a former resident in New Hampshire, & had presented him with a copy of "The Governor's Lady". She enclosed a copy of appreciative letter from him, after reading the book.

SATURDAY, MAR. 7/64 Sunny & cool. Dug away more of the heavy snowbank on my front lawn & scattered it over the asphalt roadway to melt. Working at the novel most of the afternoon. It goes slowly. The right vision of the character of ~~Margaret~~<sup>Ellen</sup> Dewar is in the back of my mind, but elusive when it comes to words & paper; yet I must find her. My original conception of her as a by figure more or less was brittle & false, & my instinct told me so from the beginning. Her personality has got to be utterly individual and outstanding, otherwise McNab and Cascamond (whom I see clearly) will themselves seem false to life.

Dinner party tonight at the Rolf Seabornes', in honor of the Russells, who leave on a trip to Europe next month.

TUESDAY, MAR. 10/64 The welcome break in the winter ended ~~yesterday~~ morning — snow all day, then freezing rain, a ghastly mess today. Letter from Baldour (see March 3 & Feb. 10). He makes no offer but asks my price, & the amount required for an option — clearly a shoe-string operator, as I suspected. Snow began again at evening.

WEDNESDAY, MAR. 11/64 The storm continues — the third day. I was up at 7 a.m. shoveling paths to the street, & to the bird

feeding tray on the back lawn. As soon as I'd put out a batch of seeds at least 30 birds descended from nowhere — grosbeaks, goldfinches, juncos, chickadees. Everything was so heavily coated with ice by Monday's freezing rain that no natural food is available to them. My birch trees at the back of the garden are drooping dangerously under the weight of ice, & I fear many branches will break off if the storm does not moderate soon. About 2 pm. the snow ceased, & I spent 1½ hours shoveling out my driveway, also the paths, which had filled in with drifted snow. Received a cheque for \$300 from CBC for permission to use "The Nymph & The Lamp" in a radio network show. Originally they offered \$150, but I said No.

THURSDAY, MAR. 12/64 2° above zero at 8 a.m. Sunshine all morning but no melting; & cloud this afternoon. Got out my car & drove down-town for a supply of liquor — a thing more important than food, really. Our household rule is to drink nothing alcoholic until 4:30, when we have generous appetifs of sherry before 5 o'clock dinner. Then nothing till 10 p.m., when we begin a course of spirits (rum for me, gin for C.) combined with a second pill or two, to carry us through the long & nerve-twitching hours of night.

Forgot to enter on TUESDAY, MAR. 11. I attended the funeral service in the Baptist church for Mrs. Eleanor Millard, aged 85, widow of Robie Millard of Liverpool who died many years ago. She was a stately matron, active for years in the I.O.D.E. During the

war 1939-45 she organized the I.O.S.C. canteen & recreation room in Town Hall for naval P.O.'s & ratings, & was there every day & evening. She was known affectionately as "Admiral Nell". Both of her sons served in the army overseas. John is now on the staff of the provincial government at Halifax. Eric is town engineer in Liverpool.

FRIDAY, MAR. 13/64 Walked to Milton this afternoon in squalls of snow, & spatters of slush from passing cars. This evening G. made one of her regular phone calls to Moncton (Frances never phones & seldom writes) to bid farewell to Bill & Frances Dennis, who leave tomorrow on a motor trip to Georgia. Letter from John Hawkins (see Oct. 8/63) with a vague request for copies of my lectures, photographs, "criticisms", etc., all of which he wants me to send him. This is pure gall & baseness. He has already had in his hands <sup>FOR 5 MONTHS</sup> correspondence files of mine which I let <sup>HIM</sup> take away last Fall.

Sharp cold again tonight, 10° above zero. The frigid nights & sunny days of the past 3 days have left the ice on the trees, the snow on the roofs, & added fringes of long icicles from the eaves of houses & shops.

MONDAY, MAR. 16/64 Walked to Milton in a sunny but cold (32°) & windy afternoon — the winter hangs on grimly. Over the week-end read Professor Keaman's book "The Trial of the Huguenots", in which he mentions the Keddalls. Much of his research seems thorough, but there are slipshod patches & some highly imaginative conclusions. News:- Canadian

troops (mainly 22nd. Regt. "Van Doos", and Royal Canadian Dragoons - the latter a light armored car reconnaissance unit) are going to Cyprus as part of a United Nations force. They will assist British troops there in keeping the Greek & Turkish elements of the population from murdering each other.

WEDNESDAY, MAR. 18/64 Snowing again, & the Western Head horn groaning - dismal sight & dismal sound. Had Whynot fill my furnace fuel tanks. Left my car at Rossignol Garage for a complete check-up. To have the tires changed all round, & have 1964 license plates installed. It ~~took~~ took all day & they returned the car at 5 p.m. This evening, driving C. to a hen party at Wickwire's I discovered that the overhead light in the car would not turn off. Had to remove the bulb to prevent it running down my battery. Typical of Rossignol mechanics' carelessness.

THURSDAY, MAR. 19/64 The storm continued all day with high wind & thin snow, mostly drifting. News: the R.C.N. aircraft carrier "Bonaventure" left Halifax yesterday loaded with vehicles & equipment, and some army personnel, for Cyprus. Most of the troops are flying from Canada. The Canadian contingent, about 1,100 men, will be the first U.N. force on the scene, apart from British troops stationed there.

SUNDAY, MAR. 22/64 The second day of "spring", grey, with an east wind, but not the snowstorm predicted by the weather bureau. Church by car with C. this morning. A large congregation. Indoors the rest of the day - working on

the novel in the afternoon.

WEDNESDAY, MAR. 25/64 A light rain today, temp. 40° I was delighted to see a small flock of fox sparrows foraging on the snow beneath my feeding tray today. The harbingers of spring, despite the still deep snow. I opened my window but could not hear one burst of song.

A card from our daughter Frances Dennis, enjoying a holiday with husband Bill at Jekyll Island, Georgia.

GOOD FRIDAY, MAR. 27/64 Rain yesterday, heavy at times, with temp just above freezing point. Today windy, with clouds sailing over from the west, with patches of sunshine. Phoned Reginald Nickerson, carpenter, who lives on the Brooklyn road. (He shingled my den roof in '57) Engaged him to shingle my main house roof & to instal new gutters, etc. He will be able to come about mid-May.

Phoned Ewart McCaul, who agreed to take measurements, make-up new aluminum gutterspouts & pipes, & instal them. This being a slack time with him, he will make-up the pipes now, & have them ready for installation in May.

Walked to Milton & back this afternoon - a bitter gale along the river, temp. 38° despite some sunshine. Letter from George Bates, secretary N.Y. Historical Society, confirming Ferguson's arrangement with me for the April 10 meeting.

EASTER SUNDAY, MAR. 29/64 Bleak & windy, with spots of rain. Rose late, & discovered that the furnace had ceased to function. Phoned Sherman McCaul, who came, & found that a vital steel pin in the oil pump had sheared off. (The

pump was installed new by McEaul in March 1962.) He had to drive to Milton, fetch to town the stores-man of Steel & Engine Products Co., & get a new part. Uncanny how many times our plumbing, or furnace, etc. have gone out of operation on a Sunday or a holiday. Tom, Pam & children came at 4 p.m. & had dinner with us — C. had a table centrepiece of candy Easter eggs etc., plus chocolate eggs, rabbits etc. on each child's plate. Both youngsters had colds, & Tom & Pam had been out at a Saturday night party until 2 a.m., so it was a rather quiet affair. Rain & fog all evening, temp.  $35^{\circ}$ .

News (by radio & T.V.): - a very destructive earthquake in Alaska, destroying the town of Anchorage (pop about 40,000) & causing large & damaging tidal waves along the B.C. coast & in Hawaii.

MONDAY, MAR. 30/64 Sun & black clouds, threatening rain, with strong W. wind, temp.  $40^{\circ}$  at noon. Drove out to White Point & played a travesty of golf for 9 holes — my first attempt since Dec. 10. Much snow & ice remains on the course, & the bare ground soggy. Heavy surf on White Point Beach. Saw one or two robins, the first of the year.

TUESDAY, MAR. 31/64 Another snowstorm — 6 inches or more!

THURSDAY, APR. 2/64 Sunny but cold, melting the snow a little in open spots, freezing hard again at night. Many birds appear about my feeding tray — several robins, fox sparrows, song sparrows, in addition to the regular winter boarders. Had a good brisk walk to Milton in the afternoon.

Local news: Robert, son of Stanley Pertz, who lives opposite me on Park Street, has retired from the army after 22 years' service, & returned to F. pool with his family. His father, now very old & feeble, has ~~sold~~ Robert the summer college colony & canteen at Flinots Point which he built with some of the profits from his plumbing & hardware business during World War Two. David Johnson, adopted son of my Park Street neighbor Ralph Johnson, is home on leave, after some years with the R.C.A.F. stationed at Groustenguin, France. He has brought with him a French bride from that place (pronounced GRO'-TEN-KAHN)

FRIDAY, APR. 3/64 Snow again, changing to a slow rain that continued through the night. Tonight the C.B.C. radio network broadcast a play from my "The Nymph & The Lamp". It lasted 1½ hours. The script by Joseph Schull. I tried to tune in the Hfx. C.B.C. station, but could only pick up disjointed phrases. Owing to a multitude of other stations booming in, on the same or nearby wave lengths, it is impossible to get CBC Hfx. at night anywhere in western Nova Scotia. Years ago we had no difficulty in picking up the powerful CBC station at Sackville, N.B., not to mention the smaller one at Hfx.

SUNDAY, APR. 5/64 Sunny but cold. E. had invited 20 or 30 people to come to 44 Park St. after church, for sherry, hors d'oeuvres & chat; so we had a lively house from noon until 1:30. The most piquant guest was David Johnson's bride Hilde, petite, with dyed henna hair dangling past her

shoulders, a mouth which shows traces of an operation for hare-lip performed evidently in childhood, very little cosmetics, a good figure; by no means pretty, but charming, fluent in English (she speaks 4 languages). The RCAF base at GROSTINQUIN is S.E. of Metz & close to the Alsatian town of Saarbrücken; she is a native of the border country, & during World War Two an older brother fought in the German army. David has been transferred to Chatham N.B.

About 3 p.m. C. & I set off on a car drive which took us to Bridgewater, thence to New Germany. The roads bare, but heavy snow in the woods, & the lakes still covered with thick ice. Dined at the Bluenose Hotel in Lunenburg, a good plain meal. (Boscawen Manor, for many years the swank place to eat in Lunenburg, now closes during the winter season.) Had a peep at the large new fish-factory at the entrance to Lunenburg harbor, which will start operating next summer. All very smart & modern - to all outward appearance it might be a bicycle factory, or a place for making electric stoves or refrigerators.

TUESDAY, APR. 7/64 A sunny day yesterday, & I played golf at White Pt. in the afternoon, wading through the remains of old snowdrifts here & there. Temp. 40°. The rest of the day & evening I worked on the typescript of a paper I have promised to read before the N.S. Historical Society on Friday. Today rain, temp. a little above freezing. The current issue of Maclean's Magazine contains

Part One of an article by Ralph Allen, who has been digging into K. C. Irving of St. John N.B., & the \$ 400,000,000 industrial empire he has built up in N.B. & N.S. Irving rules it like a czar, with his three sons as aides - the camp; & while he has provided many men with jobs he keeps wages well below the national level & exerts a selfish & baneful influence on politicians, editors, & others.

Archie McKnight, Milton blacksmith, has made and (yesterday) installed a neat & useful pair of iron handrailings & balusters on our front steps, all wrought iron. Cost \$50.

McGaul's man today, at my request, dismantled the "humidifying" apparatus which McGaul installed only two years <sup>ago</sup> & recommended highly. It was filled with scum & mold, & obviously had <sup>not</sup> been functioning for at least a year. We have been breathing dry air from the furnace all the past winter.

The grosbeaks seem to have migrated to their summer grounds about the Great Lakes. A few fox sparrows & song sparrows linger, foraging on the exposed patch of lawn about my seed-tray.

WEDNESDAY, APR. 8/64 A mild day ( $60^{\circ}$ ) with soft air & some sunshine. I raked the winter's accumulation of gravel etc from my front lawn, shoveled the last of the old snow into the roadway, raked the side lawn & cleaned up a good bushel of empty sunflower seeds from the back

lawn under the feeding tray. Put the feeding tray in the garage — this really marks the end of winter. Wrote a man in Montreal who wanted information on Canadians, especially Nova Scotians who fought in the U.S. civil war. Wrote a student in Minnesota who asked a series of questions about Canadian literature & culture. Finished my paper for the N.S. Historical Society.

FRIDAY, APR. 10/64 A lovely spring day. Drove to Hx. this afternoon & took a room at the Carlton Hotel on Argyle St. Strolled along Barrington & Granville streets, shopping for neckties & a typewriter ribbon. Dropped into the Book Room on Granville St. for a chat with Bendelier. He is doing a bustling business, & although the premises consist actually of two large adjoining shops he says he has got to have more room. Dined at the Carlton — fish chowder, braised beef & a glass of ale.

At 7.35 walked down to Province House, where the N.S. Historical Society holds its meeting in the Assembly chamber. About 50 members present. President (Dr.) Scammell in the chair — he & I sat at a table in front of the Speaker's dais, & the members sat in the comfortable seats on both sides of the house. It was the annual business meeting & there was about half an hour of reports of committees etc. before I read my paper "Adventures of L.M. & Blonde in Nova Scotia, 1778-1782." I had procured from the Maritime Museum, Greenwich,

England, a photo of a line engraving showing the "Blonde" in action off the Isle of Man, 1760, & passed this amongst the members for their perusal.

Afterwards many came up & shook hands, amongst them Dr. A. C. Harvey, John Martin, Bruce Ferguson, May Rendle, Admiral Pullen, George Bates & wife, Miss Elliott (librarian of the Legislative Library), R. M. Fielding, H. B. Jefferson. Bendelier was there, & he took old John Martin & me off to the City Club on Barrington St. for a drink. The Club, once very popular & always crowded, has fallen off in esteem, & the rooms were empty except for ourselves & the stewards. I believe the City Club was founded in the 1890's. The much older Halifax Club, on Hollis Street, has a well-to-do membership & still flourishes.

George Bates presented me with a set of maps he had made of N.S., & of Halifax, showing historic sites, & illustrated with excellent drawings in the margins. Bendelier told me that Doubleday, Toronto, had asked him to locate a map of this sort for use as end papers in the forthcoming next edition of my "Halifax, Warden of the North". He had recommended one of Bates' maps. Bates asked me what I thought he should charge Doubleday. I said I hadn't any idea, & suggested he write George Nelson in Toronto asking what fee he was prepared to pay.

One great advantage of the old Carlton Hotel, apart

from its convenience, right in the heart of the city, is the quiet. It is not on a main thoroughfare like the Lord Nelson, or by the railway station like the Nova Scotian, where there is a roar & scream of motor traffic all night long. And it offers no attraction for the noisy drinking parties which, in the big hotels, always seem to be going on next door or just along the hall. Nevertheless I slept badly, consoled myself with a drink of grog now & then through the night, & got a headache.

Saturday, Apr. 11/64 Drove to Melville Island this morning & walked about it, examining the shores & surroundings to refresh my memory, and noting the memorial plaque & the old cornerstone laid in 1808 or 1809. Then on to L'pool. A light lunch, & then out to the golf course. C. came along to look for mayflowers. (He found buds, but none blooming; there <sup>is</sup> still much snow in the woods, & a few patches of snow on the course.) A great crowd of players, mostly young men from Halifax, where the courses are still closed to play. As I noticed last spring, these enthusiasts flock to Liverpool on week-ends at this time of year, & practically crowd our own players off the course, playing all morning & all afternoon on Saturday & Sunday. I quit the course in disgust after 9 holes, came home, & spent an hour raking debris from my lawns. This evening a party at Ralph Johnson's house in honor of David & his charming little French bride. They have been fitted

ever since they arrived, & have received many wedding presents.

SUNDAY, APR. 12/64

Spots of sunshine but a cold sea-fog. Indoors all day, writing letters, & typing a number of corrected pages in the script of my paper read before the N.S.H.S. Ferguson wants this for publication in one of the Society's bound collections at some future date.

TUESDAY, APR. 14/64

Hazy & cool. The last scraps of old snow have gone from the town, but some patches remain on the golf course. Betty & Terence Freeman have a grandson, born to Joan Freeman Smith early this morning in the hospital here. Her husband is at the R.C.A.F. station at Snow Lookout, Ontario.

WEDNESDAY, APR. 15/64

Rain most of the day & evening. Tonight I attended a meeting of the Queens County Historical Society in the Masonic Hall — my first in a long time. About 20 people. Freeman Tupper gave a talk on the history of Nova Scotia roads, & the ladies served tea & sandwiches afterwards. I found myself appointed head of the museum committee for 1964 — my committee consisting of C. J. Mulhall, & Mrs. & Mr. Howland White. Also I was appointed to arrange a ceremony on Sunday afternoon, May 10, in Zion churchyard, to mark the replacement of the stone slab & epitaph on Simeon Perkins' grave, which has been done by the Society.

THURSDAY, APR. 16/64

Wet again. Phoned Rev. Matheson, who agreed to say a few words in dedication of the Perkins tombstone, 2 p.m. May 10. Phoned Charles Kellie, of Queens

County Hist. Soc., who suggested putting an ad. in the Liverpool Advance on May 7, re. the ceremony. This afternoon, despite drops of rain, spread about 20 lbs. of chemical fertilizer (left over from last year) on front & back lawns, using my little mechanical spreader.

SATURDAY, APR. 18/64 A cool grey day. Removed the protective brushwood from my roses, hoed up & raked the soil about these & other shrubs, & mixed bone-meal into it. Put another 20 lbs. fertilizer on the back lawn, which is about half moss & snow — a losing battle. Debby Raddall came to support <sup>stay</sup> me through

SUNDAY, APR. 19/64 Fine & warm. C. & I took Debbie to church with us, Pamela brought little Tommy, & we three adults sat together while the kids attended Sunday school in the basement. After lunch C. & I took a

drive to Petite Riviere, via Vogler's Cove & Broad Cove, turning off the main highway at Mill Village. The gravel road from Mill V. to Vogler's has been widened & built up ready for paving this year. From Vogler's of course there is a paved road all the way to Bridgewater via Petite Riviere. At the latter place we called on old Mrs. Charles ("Madge") Parker. Last year she bought the old Sperry mansion at Petite R., which had been modernised & put in fine repair by the late Birchall, an Englishman for many years on the staff of the N.Y. Times. It is an interesting old house, in a beautiful spot looking out on the little estuary of the river, though we can't understand why she left her home in

Milton, (Q.C.) which was the old <sup>David</sup> Harlow house, a charming colonial 1½ story cottage. Her late husband, for many years a banker in New York, chose to retire here, & died here. However she has sold the Milton house to Roger Whynot for \$12,000, a bargain. While she was showing us over the Petite R. house, she had additional callers — Donald Blackader & wife, who used to live in Liverpool when he was accountant in the Royal Bank. He is now manager of the Royal branch at Middle Seaway, & retires next year. "Madge" served afternoon tea & plum-cake with ~~all~~ the English ritual — the tea table, handsome silver tea-service & chinaware. We left at 4:45 & returned home.

MONDAY, APR. 20th 64 A bleak day with hazy sunshine & cold breeze off the sea. Played golf this afternoon — only one other player out, though I believe there was a crowd on the weekend. Our friends & neighbors, Austin & Vera Parker, got home on Saturday, after their holiday in the South — they left here March 6. Meanwhile I have been collecting their mail, & C<sup>o</sup> has been visiting their house every 3 days or so to check the furnace heat, & water Veras' flower pots. Their daughter Anne Smith, husband & 2 children, plus son Douglas & fiancee, came down for the weekend to give them a welcome home. Today Austin brought us nice little gifts, including a 3 lb bag of fresh pecans. This evening they entertained their neighbors with a cocktail party. Mr. Jeans brought along the captain of the "Alice

Bowler" & his wife — their ship arrived today to load cargo at the paper mill — from England via Corner Brook, Nfld. The captain told me Corner Brook is free of ice, but there is still a lot of field ice in the strait (Cabot) & off Cape Breton.

The mail includes one of the frequent invitations to address a club or group of some sort — in this case the local unit of the Teachers' Union at Barrington. No can do

Desmond Pacey of U.N.B. (his present titles are "Dean of Graduate Studies, Head of English Department") wants me to contribute a piece of original work, gratis, to an American "non-profit wholly cultural undertaking" which calls itself "The Literary Review". It has a circulation of about 2,000 copies, & Pacey has undertaken a "Canadian" issue. Pacey is a self-propelled New Zealander who arrived on the U.N.B. staff years ago, & has since set himself up as an authority on Canadian literature. (See my diary for June 1956.)

I learn that Wm. White of Hfa. (Son J's father-in-law) is suing a Montreal art dealer for misrepresentation. Two years ago White paid \$20,000 for four paintings by A. H. Varley, of the famous "Group of Seven". They were represented to be work of Varley's "best" period, presumably after the Group of Seven was formed in 1918. Recently White had them examined by an expert on Group of Seven paintings, who pronounced them second-rate Varleys, presumably of a period before 1918. White

passed the word of this discovery (without naming the Montreal dealers) to the C.B.C. news broadcasters a couple of days ago. He told Sam that he wants the dealers to repay the \$20,000 & take the paintings back, & he thinks the dealers will do so rather than face the bad publicity of a court case.

WEDNESDAY, APR. 22/64 Awakened at 2 a.m. by four young louts of about 18 or 20, yelling & clowning in the street outside my house. Before I could get my shotgun they had gone, & so had my night's sleep, in spite of sleeping pills. Sat up till 4:45 a.m. playing solitaire in my den — my eyes too tired for reading. Finally got some sleep between 5 & 7. Another sunny day, & I played golf in the afternoon. The course is drying up nicely.

The morning paper announces that my old friends Dr. A. C. Kebr & Professor C. L. Bennett will receive honorary degrees at the spring convocation of Dalhousie. Wrote them notes of congratulation.

THURSDAY, APR. 23/64 A bleak grey day. Drove with E. to Hunt's Point this afternoon, & bought 10 lbs. of lobsters @ 67¢ from Harvey Doggett. "Harve" said the catch has been poor lately, in spite of calm weather. Enjoyed some of the lobsters for dinner this evening.

Tom S. dropped in yesterday & paid me \$100 in cash on his debt to me for money advanced him during his term at dental school 1957-61. He still owes me \$5,000.

SATURDAY, APR. 25/64 Mild & overcast. Rigged up the hose, filled the lawn-roller, & went over the lawns, front &

back door work. Letter from Boston Robinson, (Supervisor of Schools, Trenton) asking permission to quote from "Path of Destiny" in a book on "Senior High School Composition". He is writing it for McGraw-Hill, the New York publishers. Letter from Gordon Haliburton, who has been teaching in Sierra Leone & Ghana for several years. He came to N.S. for a vacation in 1960 & did some research (including a call on me) for a novel dealing with the Negroes who came to N.S. with the Loyalists & years later went to Sierra Leone. He has given over this notion, it seems.

SUNDAY, APR. 26/64 Warm, overcast. Church this morning with C. & Tom Jo & Pam sat with us. This afternoon drove with C. to Greenfield & Buckfield, intending to go on to Bridge water & thence to New Germany, & home via South Brookfield. However the dirt road beyond Buckfield was full of ruts & bumps & pot-holes I no grading machine had passed over it since last summer - & after a mile or two I turned back. Anglers busy at all the streams, but there is still some snow on the woods, & the trout won't bite well till the water warms up a bit. News:- My old friend C. J. Pratt died in Toronto aged 81. One of Canada's best & most original poets, long a professor in Toronto U. he never forgot that he was a Newfoundland <sup>son</sup> & never lost his accent or his simple salt-water friendliness.

TUESDAY, APR. 28/64 Sunny days & cold moonlit nights. Golf in the afternoons. "Jock" Jackson, our club pro, told me

*Herald Chronicle - Halifax* Apr. 22, 1964

# Dalhousie To Grant 5 Honorary Degrees

Dalhousie University will grant honorary degrees at spring convocation to five men — Dr. A. E. Kerr, Prof. C. L. Bennet, Dr. Frank MacKinnon, Dr. G. D. W. Cameron and Stephen H. Stackpole.

Dr. Kerr became president of Dalhousie in 1945 and guided the university through its post war years until his retirement last August.

Under his management the university's endowment increased to \$13,000,000 from \$4,500,000 and he conferred more than 5,000 degrees.

Dr. Kerr received his bachelor of arts degree from Dalhousie in 1920, graduated from Pine Hill Divinity Hall the following year and completed his studies in New York.

After serving in churches in

Sydney, New York, Montreal, Vancouver and Winnipeg, he became president of Pine Hill in 1939.

## ENGLISH DEPARTMENT

Prof. C. L. Bennet, who came to Dalhousie in 1922 as a lecturer in English, became full professor and head of the English Department in 1931.

He has served as registrar, veterans' advisor, secretary of the senate, dean of graduate studies (1956-61) and vice-president (1958-61). He retired from his administrative posts at the university in 1961 but remained on the staff as a professor in the English department.

Prof Bennet was educated at Otago University, New Zealand, Cambridge and Harvard. He has edited senior high school texts in English which have been used in all provinces.

*a Newfoundland  
at friendliness.  
Sunny days & co*

that last Sunday the course was jammed with players, including 45 strangers who paid greens fees.

I called on Mrs. Margaret Inness (former head of the Museum Committee) this morning to get the keys to the little museum maintained by the Queens County Historical Society in the ell of the Perkins house. She lives just across the street from the Perkins house, & insisted on showing me everything she had done. She has really done a perfect job there for years, but last Fall she resigned from the Society in high dudgeon ~ some silly squabble with Charles Kelsie, who is President of the Society. Now I am chairman of the committee in her place, my fellow members being Cyril Mulhall, & Mr. & Mrs. Howland White.

THURSDAY, APRIL 30/64 Another sunny day. Golf this afternoon, & E picked a bunch of may flowers in the woods.

Letter from Lt. Col. Dan Harlow of the WNSR, inviting me to an informal buffet dinner & reception at the Officers' Mess, Aldershot Camp, on May 23. Guest of honor is Major General ~~John~~ Worsley, at present Commandant of the British Army Staff College at Camberley, & one-time C.O. of the South Lancashire Regt., with which the West Novas have been affiliated for many years.

FRIDAY, May 1/64 Sunny & cool. Golf & then a bit of gardening in the afternoon. Yesterday's "Advance" said tombstones in Zion churchyard had been damaged by vandals, including the new granite slab (replacing the old

epitaph) on Simeon Perkins' grave. I went there & looked.  
~~Some stones broken~~  
~~No sign of vandalism.~~ Some children, with white  
modeling clay, had filled in some of the cut letters of  
the Perkins epitaph, obviously in play.

My sister Hilda Gamester arrived tonight from Halifax  
to spend the week-end with us. Her tenants leave the  
Mahone Bay house May 15, & thenceforth she will spend  
her week ends there.

SATURDAY, May 2/64 Fine & warm. Got in 11 holes at  
White Point early after noon, before the week-end mot  
arrived. This is Pamela's birthday (her 29th) so  
E. phoned the Arenburg House at Petite Riviere &  
arranged for a family dinner party, including birthday cake  
& candles. Set off from L'pool about 4.15  
Hilda, E., little Debby & Tommy, & I, in my car; Tom Jr.  
& Pam following in theirs. Went by the shore road  
via Mill Village, Vogler's Cove & Broad Cove. Under  
some trees by the shore of Green Bay we spread a  
blanket, & the kids had drinks of "pop" & the grownups  
of sherry which E. had brought along, well cooled, in a  
Thermos flask. Then to the Arenburg House & a huge  
dinner of pea soup, roast chicken & vegetables, lobster  
salad, pie or ice cream, etc. The maid marched in  
with the cake, all the candles (22!) burning brightly, &  
we sang "Happy birthday to you". I don't know who  
enjoyed it more - Pam, her youngsters, or the rest of us.  
Back to L'pool about 8 p.m. Rolfe & Muriel

Seaborne invited Hilda & myself to drop in at their home at Fort Point for drinks & chat. Jack & Edith McClellan were there & the time passed very pleasantly. Home at midnight.

MONDAY, May 4/64 Again a fine day - the ninth in a row. The woods are dangerously dry, with bad forest fires burning at Table River, around Halifax, & in Cape Breton.

Letter from George Shirely, of Doubleday, New York. He confesses, at this late date, that he has done nothing about illustrations for the new edition of "Halifax, Warden of the North"; "we thought we could reproduce from the pictures in the book, but that seems not to be so." He asks about the original drawings or plates; yet I wrote George Nelson last year that Donald Mackay has none of his original drawings, that all remained in the possession of McClelland & Stewart for years after publication, & that the (Nelson) should find out from M. & S. if they still exist & are available. Apparently Nelson, in his Toronto office, simply turned the whole matter of the new edition of "Halifax" over to the New York office last year, & Shirely has just awakened.

Wrote Shirely by air mail, pointing out that half of the 14 plates in "Halifax" were of drawings by Mackay, the rest were reproductions of old prints in the Archives, Hfx. Mackay is now a boozier & most unreliable, so there is no hope of getting new drawings from him in time for publication this Fall. I suggested dropping the Mackay drawings, substituting 7 more

copies of old prints. These arrangements will have to be made by someone who knows the process of photo-copying & engineering, & can engage the right people. I suggested that Shirley ask Dr. C. B. Ferguson, provincial archivist, to supervise the job, for a fee.

~~THURSDAY, MAY 7/64~~ Still the weather is fine, in the same pattern — chilly starry nights & sunny days, with a cool & sometimes cold breeze off the sea. Forest fire at Table River is under control, but more than forty fires are reported in various parts of the province, & the government has ordered the forest closed. Yesterday I mowed my lawn for the first time this year. It shows a good green, the result of fertilizer I spread on it about mid-April, & the past twelve days' sunshine.

I play a quick round of golf in the afternoons, hobbling along determinedly despite stiff & painful hip & shoulder joints. Possibly this rheumatic condition is aggravated by the alternate warmth of exercise & the bite of the cold sea breeze; but I couldn't waste this lovely sunshine.

No progress on the new novel for many days — I can't get the mood or feel of it, although I constantly go over my material, and in the light of it review & revise the 18,000 words I have written.

SUNDAY, MAY 10/64 Rain last night — the first in weeks, just enough to put out the bush fires. Church this a.m., alone. At 2 p.m. held the dedication ceremony at the grave of Simeon Perkins in Zion churchyard.

The Rev. Matheson gave a prayer & a reading from the scriptures. I spoke about fifteen minutes on Perkins, his life & services. About 30 people present, mostly members of the Historical Society. The new tombstone of black granite lies over (it is cemented to) the old cracked marble one, which stands on four stone pedestals. It is, I believe, the second or third replacement or repair since Perkins' death. Somewhere in the course of these replacements or repairs an error appeared in the epitaph & is repeated in the new stone. His birth date is given as Feb. 24, 1734. It should read Sep. 24, 1735.

MONDAY, MAY 11/64 Overcast. The Rev. Wm. F. Vietnam, retired Methodist (or United Church) minister, called this morning to say that his house on School Street is for sale, & suggesting that I or Tom Jr. buy it. He retired about 20 years ago & has been a familiar figure, small & spry, walking to the post office twice a day, summer & winter, & stopping to chat with people on the way. He is now 86, his (second) wife about 75. Their son Bill is a successful farmer at Sheffield Mills, near Bentville, & the old people are buying a small house next his.

Letter from George Shively. Says he will urge the (Doubleday) art dept. to make photo-engravings of the illustrations in "Halifax, Warden of the North", despite their misgivings. Doubleday paid Don Mackay \$150 last year for the right to use his seven illustrations again.

(May 11/64 continued) Letter from Will Bird, chairman of the N.S. Historic Sites Advisory Council, calling a meeting in Hfx. on May 22. Agenda ~ the usual list of extravagant demands from local cranks & boosters all over the province. He adds a significant item. The govt. has decided to end the N.S.H.S.A.C. on Dec. 31, 1965, leaving the matter to the National Historic Sites Board (Ottawa) as it was in the first place.

TUESDAY, May 12/64 Fine & warm. Most of the forest fires are out, but the woods of western N.S. remain closed to travel. Played 18 holes at White Point this afternoon, score 85, my best this year. Afterwards mowed my lawns, watered the roses, etc. Bert Paters, back from a motor tour of two or three months in the States, dropped in with a copy of "The Governor's Lady" for my autograph ~ a gift to a friend on the "Washington Post" staff.

WEDNESDAY, May 13/64 Fine & cool. This evening I visited the Perkins house with E. & the Museum Committee (C.J. Mulhall, Howland & Evelyn White) for an inspection. E. brought home the window curtains for washing & ironing, & I am to see David Innes, the house curator, about arrangements for dusting.

Letter from old friend, "Ben" (Professor L. Lindsay) Berney, long time head of the English department at Dalhousie, now retired as Vice-President of the university. I wrote him a note of felicitation on his retirement last April 22.

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Miller. He & wife Helene had embarked on a leisurely journey around the world, spending some time with a married daughter in Portsmouth, England, another in Singapore, & making a long visit with his relatives in New Zealand.

last Fall

"The first letter I opened on our return was yours."

SUNDAY, May 17/64 Warm & overcast. Tom Jr. & friends Jack Dunlap & Mike Byrne are on a tenting holiday at Feij River, hoping to catch trout. This afternoon I drove with E. to Mahone to call on my sister Hilda & to inspect the bay windowed room her carpenter is making out of the old ~~store~~ store-room on the north end of her cottage. On the way home about 2 miles outside of Bridgewater (near Hebbville) we were stopped by a traffic jam — a demolished car lying right across the road, & people giving first aid to half a dozen dazed & cut young oafs who had been driving in it. A doctor arrived, & then a Mountie, but it was obvious that the road would not be clear for at least an hour, & meanwhile the traffic jam was growing by the minute. I managed to turn my car & drove back a mile, took the narrow dirt road towards Conquerall Mills & returned to the main highway at Hebb's Cross, 4 or 5 miles past the jam. Home at 5 p.m.

MONDAY, May 18/64 For some reason this is Victoria Day — a holiday that during most of my life was celebrated on May 24 & was called Empire Day. A fine warm day, like summer, with the black flies out & biting, even

on the golf course in the cool sea breeze. Played 25 holes this afternoon at White Point — 18 in company with Austin Parker, Charlie Williams & Jack McClearn.

Tom Jr. returned from his fishing trip with no trout — what few they caught they ate. They tented on the west side of Lake Kejimkujik & did most of their fishing on the so-called West River, a small but pretty stream that contains few trout & those small, but he enjoyed the trip in what was for him new country. He reports a swarm of fishermen in the woods & on the lake.

News: - Still hoping to appease the rabid French-Canadians, Mr. Pearson is plumping for a Canadian flag, to replace the familiar old red ensign with a small union jack in the upper left corner. With a shrewd aim at the Canadian Legion (which is plumping for the old red ensign) he describes a flag consisting of ~~three~~ maple leaves or a maple leaf on a white background with a blue border. This follows closely the Canadian Legion's own badge (~~a red maple leaf~~ on a white background) which was adopted some years ago to replace the original, which contained the union jack & the initials of the British Empire Service League.

TUESDAY, MAY 19/64 One evening late last summer C. answered a telephone call, & a male voice uttered an obscene question in three or four words. She hung up the receiver angrily, & it was not repeated. I

thought it was some oaf calling a local task & dialing the wrong number. Tonight about 10 p.m. the phone rang, C. answered, & the same voice uttered the same phrase. She hung up the receiver at once. Within five minutes, the phone rang again. This time I answered it, & there was a brief silence, & then the sound of the caller hanging up his receiver. Within another ten minutes the same thing occurred. To prevent further nuisance I left our phone off the hook for the rest of the night.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 20/64 Fine & cool. Our perverted phone caller remains a nuisance. C. answered a ring this morning, & there was a brief silence, & the sound of the caller hanging up. C. & I spent most of the afternoon on the golf course. Soon after our return the morning's performance was repeated. Then, about 5:45 p.m., C. answered a phone ring, & this time the man uttered the same phrase. He was muttering, or perhaps trying to disguise his voice, but it was definitely the same voice. Through the rest of the evening no repetition. I phoned the Mounties to register a complaint, & a Constable Wilson answered politely that it was a case for the town police — the R.C.M.P. can only act outside the town unless their assistance is requested by the local chief of police. I phoned the town chief, Sears, but he was away in Bridgetown.

THURSDAY, MAY 21, 1964 Fine & cool. This morning I went to see Sears in his office in town hall. He said there was some sort of perverted prankster in town who made such phone calls, though the police had heard of none recently. Amongst others, his own wife had been called in this way, usually at night.

The procedure was usually the same. If he answered the phone himself there was a silence, & then the careful replacement of the phone at the other end. If his wife answered, the caller sometimes uttered an obscenity, at other times remained silent though breathing audibly, & then hung up. With the automatic dialling system it is practically impossible to trace such calls, & utterly impossible if the caller hangs up within a few seconds, as this one does.

Today Max Harding sent up an electric typewriter for me to try. It is a Smith Corona. (He has recently taken up the S-M agency, as a side line to his haberdashery on Main Street.) He quotes a price of \$285, less \$50 for my old (1954) manual S-M machine. This is far more reasonable than the price & trade-in allowance quoted to me by an International Business Machine agent a year or two ago. G. & I experimented with Harding's machine, found it very quick & sensitive to the touch, & difficult to get used to after all these years of manual typing.

FRIDAY, MAY 22, 1964 Fine but cold. I tried golf in the afternoon & found the wind off the sea too bitter for enjoyment. Returned to town & busied myself painting with black enamel the iron railings on our front steps. When Mc Knight installed them he had merely given the ironwork a thin coat of red lead.

C & I are practising use of the electric typewriter. Little Debby Raddall came to dinner & Tom Jr. called to take her home afterward.

No further trouble from the pervert on the telephone.

SATURDAY, MAY 23/64

Fine & warm. Mowed my lawns this morning. This afternoon in response to Col. Harlow's invitation (see Apr. 30) I drove to Kentville via Chester Basin. C. came along for the ride, & we put up at a motel adjoining a restaurant called the White Spot at New Minas. As luxurious as any hotel room; the latest in bath & toilet fixtures, T.V., radio, air conditioning, etc. Price \$11 for two. At 6 p.m. I set off for Aldershot camp. I hadn't set foot inside the camp since 1942, when my unit (2nd Batt. W.N.S.R.) spent some weeks in tents on Strawberry Hill. Except for the gate & guardhouse, & the tall water tower, nothing was familiar. The permanent officers' mess & other buildings near the main gate were destroyed by fire some years after War Two. Then many ranges of wooden barracks were built to accommodate two battalions of the Black Watch, summer & winter. These barracks have been more or less empty

since the Black Watch & other regular troops withdrew to Camp Gagetown, N.B. The West Novas use the second story of one near the parade ground (with kitchen in the first floor) as an officers' mess. The walls are hung with photos of former C.O.'s & honorary Colonels — including one of the (honorary) Col. C.H.L. Jones in full dress uniform plus a white pith helmet with a gilt spike in the top, looking like a fat Buddha dressed upon Kipling regiments on the road to Mandalay. War souvenirs are in glass cases, & the regimental colors stand, pinned open, in a large glass cabinet at the head of the room.

Latest souvenir is a cheap violin, with bridge, keys & strings gone, which was found on a refuse heap near London recently. It bears the names & regimental numbers, & sometimes the home town, of 20 or more Canadian soldiers, mostly men of the W.N.S.R., scratched into varnish with a pin or possibly a knife. There is a date (1941) which suggests that this violin was used by one of the W.N.S.R. musicians during the training period in England 1939-43.

The distinguished visitor (Major-General J.F. Worsley, M.C., O.B.E., C.B.) was a very tall man (at least 6'2") with a bald head, brown side hair, lively & knowing brown eyes, & a short bristle of grey moustache! The West Novas are at field exercises at Aldershot this weekend, & the standing orders do not permit summer dress (Khaki drill) until June. Hence Col Harlow & his 30 (or so) officers were sweltering in battle-dress & ammunition boots, while Worsley

was cool & elegant in K.D.'s, with of course the red lapel tabs of Staff, & the badge of his rank — a baton crossed upon a sabre. Two former (peacetime) C.O.'s were there in mufti — Eaves & Leek, the latter somewhat drunk as usual. Old colonel Bullock (aged 80) turned up in full khaki uniform & Sam Browne belt. Presumably Col. Harlow had arranged a car & chauffeur for him. The old man is now very deaf, hardly knows a soul, & sits smiling broadly but saying nothing.

Worsley was accompanied by a Major <sup>(McCord)</sup> ~~Surfond~~ (<sup>2</sup>) of an Irish rifle regiment (Ulster of course) who has been in Canada for 2 or 3 years as a liaison officer representing the British Army. Evidently he & Worsley had been told that I would be there, & while the General cheerfully confessed that he hadn't read any of my books, <sup>(McCord)</sup> ~~Surfond~~ engaged me in talk & demonstrated that he had read at least three of them.

The W.N.S.R. cooks had prepared a buffer meal — salads, creamed potatoes, pickled beets, spring onions, great platters of sliced roast beef, chicken, turkey, whole salmon boiled & glistening with sauce; & for dessert assorted pastries. All cooked & served with the elegance of a good hotel. I was astonished, reflecting on the meagre food, badly cooked, & brought practically cold to the table, which was our fare at Aldershot in '42.

Worsley congratulated the cooks, chatted affably with various subalterns, & went out with Harlow to visit the Sergeants' Mess — Saturday is a big night there, with wives & sweethearts, & dancing after the food.







