

From

APRIL 29, 1936 - MAY 11, 1936

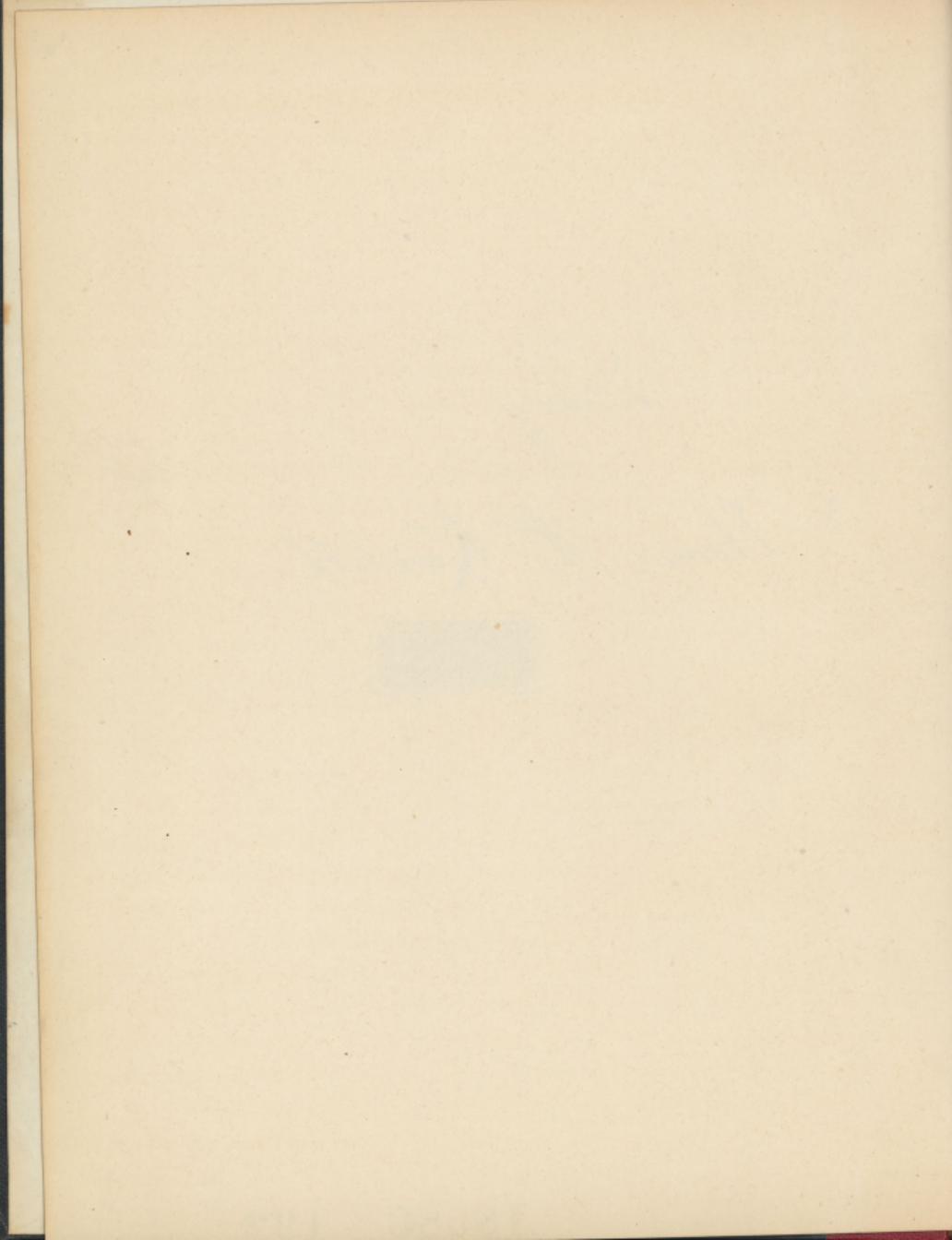
APRIL 29, 1936

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Diary

Thomas H. Raddall.



Wednesday April 22/36 Shortly after midnight tonight the men imprisoned in the Moore River gold mine were released by a crew of miners who for ten days had struggled to effect a rescue. The attempt to drive a shaft straight down to the prisoners through solid rock was abandoned after two days, as it would have taken too long. A crew of dragger-men from the Stellarton colliery went down the disused Reynolds shaft - not far from the collapsed Magill shaft - and reported that it was possible to burrow through from the Reynolds shaft to the Magill workings, 141 feet below the surface, in which the men were entombed. This scheme was pushed through to success by 100 men from coal & gold mines - including 4 hard rock experts sent down from Ontario by plane - working in shifts day & night. The tunnel was so narrow that only two men could work on the "face" at a time, all rock and earth excavated being passed in 2 gallon buckets to the surface by a bucket brigade extending along the tunnel. It was all very dangerous, for the Reynolds shaft had been abandoned for 30 years and the timber supports were rotten; and the tunnel extended through "live earth". After they broke through into the Magill shaft, the work progressed very slowly, as the material filling the shaft was in a state of flux. The affair attracted the attention of the world. Large numbers of press men & photographers camped on the spot for days, & the Canadian Radio Commission installed a microphone with an announcer, on the spot. Broadcasts were given every half hour, day & night, for the last two days of the affair.

Of the imprisoned men Herman Magill died of pneumonia underground, shortly after communication had been established with the surface. Another, Alfred

Scadding, was suffering from "trench feet". The 62-year-old Doctor "Eddie" Robertson emerged from the ordeal smiling despite ten days in a temperature of 40° with no food except a little soup which reached the men by way of the diamond drill hole on Monday.

Thursday April 23/36. I sold my Murray bonds today through the Bank of N. Y. at 94. I bought them for #365 and #369 respectively, in 1933, when people were getting panicky about paper mill bonds. My profit is roughly #1100, which will pay off my loan from the Bank of Nova Scotia exactly.

Saturday May 2/36. A warm day with SW wind, the first real spring weather since that miraculous month of March. Smith, Parker, Gordon, Maurice, Russell, "Frem" Tupper & myself went to Shelburne River this afternoon in the Paper Company's big diesel boat. We towed a scow loaded with barrels of flour & the wind freshened to a gale as we entered Lake Rossignol, by the journey took 2 1/2 hours. We had supper in the roomy dining hall of Camp One - baked beans, potato scallop, apple pie (each pie cut in exactly four sections), doughnuts and a gaudy sort of cake baked in layers of brown white and yellow with a purplish pink icing - all washed down with very strong tea. Gordon (fearful of fleas as usual) and Tupper chose to sleep in the camp office where there are two spare bunks. Parker, Smith, Russell & I repaired to the "hospital", a little tarred paper shack with four bunks. We lit the lamp & examined the bunks with care. There were no signs of insect life, but the bedding stank of sweaty bodies, & the whole place was in a filthy condition. Apparently the place had housed transient lumberjacks ever since the doctor left last

Fall. It was raining hard, so there was no possibility of sleeping out doors. Russell thought we should sit up all night & yarn, which seemed a good idea, so I had a quart of rye whiskey in my pack, & Russell produced a quart of rum. He sent over to the camp office for Tupper and Whitmann (the camp boss) and held wasseil. I found rwhiskey neat rather overpowering when gulped from a huge mug & tottered off to one of the bunks about midnight. The rest hung on for a time. Gordon came in, sans spectacles & blinking owlishly in the lamplight, pulling up a sleeve to show us several flea bites. He got no sympathy in the hospital & after a gulp of whiskey (which we assured him was an antiodote) he returned mournfully to his bunk in the office. About 1 A.M. the party broke up, each man making for a bunk, instead of no insects. We all slept like logs until 5 A.M. I got the only flea in the place.

Sunday, May 3/36 At 6 A.M. the cook had pancakes & boiled eggs for us & we divided our forces for the day's fishing. Gordon & Tupper went with a young Indian in a small motor boat to Kewmukjick River. The rest of us hiked up the old road to Pollard's Falls & fished up the Shelburne River. We found the fishing good. The trout were there, rising sluggishly at our minnows & flies, but reluctant to bite. The only fishing worth while was about a mile below Sand Lake, where we caught 15 beauties in a pool below a small log bridge built by the river drivers. Parker & Smith pushed on to Sand Lake but found no fishing there & returned to

The little foot-bridge, where we all spent the day. I had enormous trouble with my reel, a cheap little affair I had purchased to replace my good reel (broken at Kescaewen last year) and spent a large part of the day sorting out tangled loops of line & operating on the gears with a hunting knife. The day was warm & overcast, with occasional showers. A ideal fishing conditions, but no fishing. We wandered back to Pollard's Falls in the late afternoon & met Ralph Johnson & Bob MacKinnon there, returning from a survey at Boot Lake. At camp for supper - a huge meal. Everybody reported poor fishing. Supper counted 17 other fishermen in boats & canoes along the Black Kettle Falls alone. The total catch was about 50 trout, a poor day's work for six men. My share was 3. Brent Smith was high lined with 16. Left camp about 6 P.M. in the diesel boat & crossed the lakes in pouring rain. On the way Russell asked me what became of my new reel & for answer I fished it from my pack and hurled it into the grey waters of Lake Rossignol with appropriate oburgations.

Monday, May 4/86 The Ethiopians, after a gallant losing fight against the enormously superior Italian forces, have broken before Addis Ababa. Emperor Haile Selassie & his empress have fled by rail to Djibouti & the capital has been sacked and partly destroyed by disorganized Ethiopian warriors fleeing from the abandoned front. Whites in Addis Ababa are concentrated chiefly in the British Legation, which is defended by a company of Sikhs with machine guns, and all the legations are being attacked by drunken mobs of Selassie's soldiery.

Tuesday May 5/36. Italian troops of Marshall Badoglio's advance guard entered Addis Ababa today & there was a day of triumph throughout Italy. Mussolini, in one of his bombastic speeches has proclaimed Ethiopia Italian territory, hurling defiance at the League of Nations, and in an interview with an English newspaperman he says that he has no designs upon Egypt or Palestine, and now that the Italian conquest of Ethiopia is a fait accompli he suggests that England might as well cancel economic sanctions and forget about the whole business.

Monday May 18/36. For a number of evenings I have been working with pick & shovel in my back yard, which is a piece of old pasture grown over with wild rose & alder. I mowed down the jungle with a bush scythe & after a careful survey decided that the place could be levelled without much expense. Today I started a week's vacation, which I intend to spend at landscape gardening.

Sunday May 24/36. A week of toil has given me a decent front lawn, made with loam dug from the back yard. The yard is now a shallow hole, in which the many boulders stick up like enormous teeth. It was heavy labour, for the ground was a mass of roots and the weather was hot (85° in the shade on one memorable day!) I am hiring a man to come and break up the rocks (some will have to be dynamited) and prepare the area for a lawn. During my week's absence there has been much excitement at the mill, for the unions presented an ultimatum

to Colonel Jones, demanding a revision of wages, betterment of working conditions, & recognition of their union. Jones started to ride the high horse, I understand, but was promptly faced with a strike within 48 hours & decided to negotiate. Nobody knows the result of the negotiations but the rumour last night was that Jones had "backed down" — just as he did when the paper-makers called his bluff May 14th, 1934.

Wednesday, May 27/36. Edith, who is expecting another baby in early August, developed symptoms of a premature delivery today, so I took her to the "Cottage Hospital". It is an old-fashioned farmhouse set in an old orchard on the ridge overlooking Whynot Town, & is run by a Mrs. MacNeill. Doctor Wickwire has ordered a complete rest & thinks that if the birth can be deferred until next week, there may be a chance of saving the baby. Tommy is in the care of his grandmother at Milton, & I am keeping Bachelor's Hall.

Saturday, June 6/36. Edith still at Mrs. MacNeill's, her condition much improved by the rest. I am driving to Milton after tea every day & bringing Tommy & Mrs. Freeman down to the "hospital" for a brief call.

Sunday, June 7/36. Awakened at 3:30 A.M. by Mrs. Rushie, wife of my neighbour, pounding on my door & shouting "Fire!" Thinking of old Jim Conrad's dynamite, stored in my garage, I pulled on some clothes & sallied forth. Flame & smoke was emerging

from the roof of a bungalow beyond Pushie's house, occupied by Denis Westhaver & family. When I arrived on the scene, the bungalow was locked front & back and every window shut & a curious circumstance too, the night was very still & hot. One of two of the neighbours were standing outside, in diffident attitudes, someone had rung in the fire alarm & we could hear the bell tolling in the tower of the fire station. I said, very alarmed, "Good God are they all inside??" Somebody jerked a thump & I perceived the Westhaver family standing inside their garage peeping around the doorway at the house and at us. Westhaver came out, clad in trousers & shirt, hands in pockets, quite unconcerned, & joined our increasing group staring at the house. He refused point blank to open a door when somebody suggested salvaging the furniture. The new motor pump arrived with siren howling madly (our volunteer firemen love it!) and, since Westhaver did not offer to unlock his door, they had to chop their way in through the back door. A few minutes with a hose on the roof & the fire was out. Westhaver declared that he woke up at 3 A.M., found the house full of smoke, & bundled his family out through a window. He is a marine engineer, & for several years has been on rum-runners operating out of Liverpool, smuggling booze into the United States. Rum-running has fallen upon hard times since the repeal of Prohibition in the U.S., & Westhaver has been trying (without success) to sell his bungalow. His wife is a noisy harrier & his kids are a brood of genius devils, so we were all hoping - with Westhaver - that the fire would be a success. But the Liverpool Fire Dept was too efficient altogether.

Thursday June 11/36. Brought Edith home yesterday & Tommy today. Edith's health much improved. Mrs. Chute, from Aylesford, is here as housekeeper.

I have had a couple of men employed since May 25th, blasting rocks & levelling the back yard in preparation for a fill of loam. The job is taking longer than I anticipated but I am now determined to do the thing properly & hang the expense.

Monday June 15/36. A close shave today. Trucks are being used by a road contracting firm to transport asphalt conglomerate from their mines on the White Point Road to the present scene of operations on the Mill Village road. The speed limit for trucks is 35 m.p.h., but the truck operators say they are required to make 18 trips per day, which necessitates a speed of 65 m.p.h. outside of Liverpool streets. Returning to work after dinner in my little Ford, I was about to climb Sandy Cove hill when a new Ford truck swung down the hill at a terrific speed, taking most of the road to make the turn on the shoulder of the hill. The driver jammed on his brakes, when he saw me & the brakes seemed to lock, for he slewed around in a wide arc with all the speed of his original momentum. There was pouring rain & the smooth asphalt roadway was like a greased board. My only chance was to swing over to the right ditch & carry on at full speed, which I did. There was a bad moment as we drew together, the truck skidding madly towards me & my little Ford roaring up the slope at her best speed, but we missed by an inch or less & the truck went

stuttering on down the hill at a speed which I should say was not less than 40 m.p.h. in spite of the locked wheels. It turned two complete circles & came to rest at the foot of the hill with the rear wheels in the left ditch & the radiator pointing towards the railway tracks. The driver (young ^{Harold} Keay, the station agent's son) was sat in the cab grinning & I (having stopped my car & opened the door, expecting to see the truck splashed to junk) grinned back as foolishly; but it was a neat thing. The 3-ton truck (going at that speed would have chucked my poor little flivver off the road completely).

Sunday June 21/36. In a remarkable volte-face, Great Britain has declared for the cancellation of sanctions against Italy & a re-modelling of the League of Nations, removing the much debated "sanction" weapon from the Covenant & with it the only tooth it had. The League is now a farce in the eyes of the world & I wonder why the shrewd English are clinging to it so desperately. The prestige of Great Britain has sunk, while that of the bellicose Mussolini has advanced enormously. Some rumours persist that a secret alliance of Italy, Germany & Japan — the three "land-hungry" nations — was discovered by Britain after she had taken a bold front with Italy & hence the almost-frenzied back-peddling by Anthony Eden the British foreign secretary. Mussolini is holding Roman triumphs for his successful generals & the conquerors of Ethiopia, & the boasting of Italian fills us all with nausea.

Saturday June 27/36. Mr. Conrad finished work on my modest "grounds" today. It has cost a little over \$150 and the money is well spent. I planted ordinary "hay seed" - Timothy - for the lawn, profiting from the bitter experience of others, whose expensive lawn grasses literally froze to death in our past two winters. The rocks have been built into a wall along three sides of the lawn - an astonishing quantity of rocks, many of which had to be blasted. The old man's final blast was his only faux pas. He bored a 15-inch hole in the top of a rock-pyramid whose tip was sticking above the desired level, inserted a whole stick of gelatine, and scattered rocks, large & small, for a distance of 150 yards in all directions. This was at 7.30 A.M. Neighbours were awakened by the rude shock of the blast itself, followed by the descent of rocks (weighing up to 5 lbs) upon their roofs. Damage was done to shingles on two roofs 100 yards away, which I told Conrad to repair as soon as possible. The old man was much abashed for he is really an expert with dynamite. He told me the rock must have been beamed somewhere below ground level & consequently his shot lifted the whole top off, scattering his heavy bundles of protective brushwood (15 of them!) all over the yard.

Sunday June 28/36 I drove to Indian Gardens this afternoon & filled the rumble seat with flat rocks for my garden path.

Sunday July 5/36 Drove to Mill Village this afternoon. Except for a mile, the asphalt road

is finished all the way to County Line & the improvement is enormous. My flier went along so smoothly that the trip seemed very short.

My adventure of June 15th came back to me very vividly yesterday, for a gravel truck ran over Mr. William Freeman of Sandy, Gore Hill, killing him instantly. The speed of this truck must have been terrific, for it travelled 75 feet over a ditch and on over a terraced lawn, — all up grade — before the driver (Jo Laab, a young Syrian) could bring it to a stop. Ever since the road contractors started this fleet of trucks on an 18-trips-per-day basis, people have been prophesying that "someone would be killed before the police do anything about it".

Thursday, July 30/36. Today Howland White installed a sundial in my garden. I bought the dial for \$6.00 from Bert Batson, Halifax junk merchant, and had a pedestal made from 3 1/2 inch iron pipe at the mill machine shop. The pedestal is set in a block of concrete 16" thick, which in turn rests upon 14" of loose rock. The quadrant, while not made expressly for this latitude, functions remarkably accurately.

Thursday, August 6/36. Edith gave birth to a daughter this morning, at the Cottage Hospital. Both are doing well. The wee girl is to be named Frank's, so I am told. Cousins Jean & Verna were in attendance again.

Monday, Aug 10/36. Today I bought 300 shares of Massey-Harris common stock at 4 5/8. Borrowed \$750 from Bank of N.S.

SOUND JUDGMENT

Editor, The Herald:

SIR—The men and women who went to the Great War did so because a grave danger, vaguely understood but sufficiently terrible, menaced their freedom and their homes. With sound Canadian judgment they believed that the place to fight a forest fire was in the woods and not in their own back yard. Few of them were jostled into going by propaganda, flag-flapping or the music of the band. "Making the world safe for democracy" and "The war to end war" were shibboleths invented by orators, not fighting men, long after the war was in progress and the troops were over-sens. To say that these men and women were victims of organized mendacity is an insult to their intelligence.

It has been the fashion, I know, to represent them as fools and knaves, and today the veteran is regarded somewhat uneasily by the new generation, as if he were not quite respectable. This does not alter the imperishable fact that he kept the enemy away from his home at the cost of his own blood and sweat. It is true that he did not make "a world fit for heroes to live in," because the world has a habit of forgetting heroes once the emergency is past, but at least he made it safe for 20 years for nervous people like "Higher Patriotism."

There used to be an excellent rule amongst schoolboys which decreed, "Don't sneeze until you're hurt." The people who were hurt in various ways by the Great War, have shown a remarkable ability to grin and bear it. The "sneezing" seems to come principally from those who have suffered nothing, like "Higher Patriotism" and the flippancy person who gibed so busily at the men and women of the Great War and described herself so very illogically as a "Gold Star Mother of the Future." Surely after 18 years the men and women who returned from the war, and the relatives of those who fell, are entitled to a rest from the sneers of faint-hearted busy building up an alibi for past or future shirking!

As for "Higher Patriotism," one is

This effusion appeared in the Halifax Herald, about July 30th, being a contribution to a newspaper controversy over the rectitude (or lack of it) of Canada's part in the last war & her attitude towards Empire defence in the present rumblings from Europe.

A young man who signed himself "Yours for a Higher Patriotism" had declared (in a whole column or more) that he would not take up arms in another war, sneering at the people who were were "deluded into taking part in the last. The silly woman who signed herself "Gold Star Mother of the Future" wrote in a

quite inappropriately reminded of Doctor Johnson's famous quip about patriotism being the last refuge of a scoundrel. I would not for a moment apply this to "Higher Patriotism," for I do not know him and can weigh him only in the scales of his own letter; but he will forgive me, I hope, if I observe that Conscientious Objection has always been the first refuge of a coward.

THOMAS H. RADDALL

similar strains. My letter, now, that it appears in cold print, seems as silly as the rest.

Friday Aug 14/26.

The property adjoining mine on the south is owned by a big higger who calls himself Reginald Rupert but is generally known as "Sephus" ^(CEPHAS). He has a large income from some mysterious source (believed to be bootlegging) & is a gentleman of leisure, with a big car, & owner of two or three good houses which he rents to white folk. Today he came to my house and started a row about the stone wall I built

between his lot & mine, declaring that part of the wall was on his property & he didn't want it there, etc'. I told him if he could prove that my wall was on his property I would move it, but the burden of proof was on him. I walked off & left him muttering.

It was a temptation to take a poke at his long nose & shifty eyes. His position of landlord to upper-class white people has given him an arrogance very hard to take from a nigger. The whole street was split up into building lots seven or eight years ago, by a contractor named Rod Mac Donald.

He erected houses on the lots & sold them one by one, the deed descriptions reading in every case "Bounded on the west by property of So-and-So, on the south by property of So-and-So, on the north by So-and-So, and being fifty feet wide more or less and one hundred feet long more or less". This "description" which omitted any mention of corners, distances and marks, leaves plenty of room for argument. The procedure of all the burkers as the street grew southward was to mark off 350 feet along the street front & let it go at that. I may be wrong, of course, but it seems to me that Lephus is going to have a hard job to prove that my wall is partly on his land. He is making this trouble from spite, of course, or perhaps he scents a chance to hook me for some money.

I told him that I was willing to consider the middle of the wall to be the boundary, but that (he said) would not do.

Monday Oct 29th 1936. In 1938 Lephus died of cirrhosis of the liver, leaving his worldly goods to a negro orphanage somewhere, his "wife" to enjoy the same while she lived. She was the brains of the partnership, bland and black and shrewd.

Thursday Aug 20/36 Today I bought 200 shares of Ramouss, a gold mine in the Porcupine field, at \$4.85. Borrowed the entire sum from Bank of N.S. at 5½%.

Doctor Wickwire's brother, who is an engineer at the mine, says that it is a sound investment. Time will tell.

Friday Aug 21/36 S. Kip Farrington, big game angler and sports writer of New York, who is here for the tuna fishing with his wife, invited me to go out with him Sunday morning.

Saturday Aug 22/36 Kip and "Chizzie" Farrington and "Pam" Blumenthal went to Jordan Bay by car at some ungodly hour this morning and got excellent tuna fishing there about daylight. Mrs. Farrington ("Chizzie" - from her maiden name of Chisholm) caught a whopper of 720 lbs. unguided, a remarkable feat for a woman of such slight build. "Pam", a wealthy little Jew, and a good sport, got a 520-pounder & very pleased with it.

Sunday Aug 23/36 Arose at 3 A.M. & pulled on my lumbermen's rubbers, heavy socks, trousers, hunting shirt, jacket & leather coat. I went down to the Mercury Hotel, the dull clom-clom of my rubbers making an enormous sound in the gutter streets. In the hotel I found a sleepy night clerk, otherwise I was the only animate object in the place. A drawn-featured kitchen maid came in from the street, like a ghost. "Chizzie" came down in blue overalls, sweater & a white fishing-cap, & we went in to breakfast. Kip and Pam joined us as we were finishing, and at 4:30 A.M. we trooped down to the wharf

laden with lunch baskets & impedimenta of every sort.

No sign of Joe Fenney, the fishing guide, in the boat. Pam & I went up to Johnnie Kacy's house and hammered persistently on the door. The afternoon clock, glowing like a full ~~red~~ moon in the dark, was creeping on to 5 a.m. and Pam moaning about the good fishing time being lost. A low answer in Joe's voice from a window. He came ~~running~~ ^{running} half asleep, & went out to the boat, talking & & ^{trunking} thickly, like a somnambulist. It was full 5 a.m. when we pulled away from the dock, and when we arrived at the heaving nets there were six or seven angling parties in action. Tuna began breaking water along the line of nets. The sun was coming up an angry red, throwing Coffin's Island into ragged black relief. Sea & sky the colour of lead, overlaid with crimson to the eastward. No wind, & a calm, almost oily sea. Somebody hooked a tuna with a handline & we watched the antics of the attached tub, for a minute or two. The fish got clear & the fisherman hauled their tub aboard. A powerful middle-aged man, fishing from a nearly launch, shouted triumphantly, his reel singing. "He'll lose that tuna," Joe piped quietly. "He's broken up half his gear this week, trying to haul 'em right into the boat." We watched the stout man (a Doctor Sutton from the Kansas region) get his feet and haul up hard as the big fish ran. His tall grey-haired wife, seawarthy in oil-skins & soa water, crying encouragement. Then the suddenly straightened rod, the slack line & the disappointed voice from the swivel chair — "Snapped a brand-new 36-thread line! Can't understand it!"

Joe, Pam & Kip got in the fishing skiff & rowed

along the edge of the net, Joe hurling "chum" right
& left. Tuna kept breaking water, two or
three big ones showing full-length. The red glow
in the least dissolved slowly into the lead-grey
of a misty daylight. "Chizzie" sang softly her
"fishing song" - doggerel appropriately draped
around Bimini, Montauk, Bermuda, Curigood &
other fishing scenes, & embodying Kip's favourite
profanity. A yell from the skiff, Chizzie crying
"They're on!" and the skiff moving with mysterious
force east-south-east - away from the nets.
Young George risks his starter & we churn along at a
respectful distance. Kip is giving line readily.

East-south-east we go for two miles, passing
Coffin's Island lighthouse close abeam. Kip is fighting
now, the rod in a half-hoop & Joe backing
water with both oars, but the skiff moves steadily
eastward. The unseen fish changes course
once or twice & we preserve our distance from the
angler, cycling warily. An hour has gone by.

The tuna makes another run, straight for the
outer groaned buoy. Chizzie moans, "He's going to wrap
that line around the buoy", but two hundred & fifty
yards short of the buoy, the big fish circles
the boat slowly, twice. He breaks water at last,
a good fish; there is a flurry as we draw
alongside. Joe busy with the gaff. I get my
camera out but the fog shuts down like a
blanket & everything is dripping. Angling time
1 hour 32 minutes. Triumphant return into the
harbour, flying tuna flag from a gaff astern, which
nobody can see on account of the fog. Pouring
rain when we arrive at the dock. Pam sends
Joe off to arrange to weigh the fish, & we while away

the interval oiling reels & packing gear. After half an hour, Pam gets uneasy & I climb the wharf to find Joe fast asleep in the wharf office! It is noon, so Chizie & I decide to shove off, lugging all the lunch baskets back to the hotel. An interesting morning. I'd like to try this angling, but: a decent equipment costs at least \$150 & hire of boat & guides eats up \$20 to \$30 per morning.

Monday Sept 21/36. Started for a week's camping trip with Roy Gordon & Hector Dunlap. Hector keeps a motor boat at Indian Gardens. We borrowed a canoe from Messy Co. stores there & towed it to Coard's Brook via First, Second, Rossignol, & Fourth Ladders. Water in the big lake is low, the lowest since 1931. We had to moor the motor boat in the fllewage about 4 mile from our old camping ground at the junction of Coard's & Conway Brooks. Owing to a heavy rain two days ago the brooks are still in separte, & we were obliged to portage some of our stuff to the low camping knoll while Gordon poled the canoe laboriously up the swift run. Spent the afternoon setting up our tent, cutting brush for beds, etc. A mild night, & I found an eiderdown sleeping bag much too hot for comfort.

Tuesday Sept 22/36. This morning we took the canoe up Coard's Brook. The brook very shallow in spots, compelling Hector & myself to walk much of the way. Many raccoon tracks, & in the mud along the brook, & a good number of moose & deer tracks — all made since the rain. Gordon carried the canoe around the old log-driver's claim & we paddled through a meandering still-water to

as flight after flight of wild ducks passed overhead. They seemed to be coming from the seaward & were doubtless flying before the storm. At grey dawn the air was very still, with a chilly mist drifting slowly in from the lake.

Thursday, Sept 24/26. Gordon roused us at daylight & we stumbled through the trees to the edge of a small brook which flows into Sixth Lake from Sunraven Bog. Upon a timbered knoll overlooking the narrow wild meadow we halted & Gordon produced his birch-bark horn & commenced calling for bull moose. Hector stationed himself on the edge of the meadow with camera ready, & I placed myself in a narrow slot in the timber which the growing light revealed as a boundary line newly cleared & blazed - doubtless by the builders of the altar & the biers. After half an hour a bull moose spoke clearly from some distance up the brook & we heard him come crashing down to us. He jumped into the brook with a mighty splash & soon appeared in the woods just ahead of me. His great body blotted out the shining white wood of a newly-cut corner-post in the boundary & then he came steadily up the line towards me. I set my camera for twenty five feet & opened the shutter to its widest, the light being very bad. The bull came on to a distance of 25 or 30 yards, a monarch indeed, Gordon whispering "What wonderful horns! What horns!" A beautiful target for a rifle but useless for a camera in that meagre misty light in the gloom of the big trees. I waited patiently for him to come closer, but the air drift carried my scent down to him & he turned out of

the line & began beating the bushes with the mightiest set
of antlers I ever saw. Slowly he sauntered 'd. to the
meadow edge, getting a good scent of all three of
us, & then retired the way he came. Gordon uttered
alluring sounds from the "call", & sometimes the bull spoke
in answer and hesitated, but finally he vanished
into the timber towards Dunraven Bog. A wind
sprang up, searching out damp clothes & and
dashing all hope of further calling. We broke
camp after a hurried breakfast & started down
the lake, Hector & Gordon at the paddles, & myself
with knees under chin sitting on the bottom of the canoe.
Gordon thought we would have time to go down
Sixth Lake Bog & back to camp by way of
Fifth & Fourth Lakes before the rain commenced.
(He considers himself an expert weathered prophet).
We had to get out (Hector & I) at one or two places
due to shallow water, while Gordon dropped in the canoe
downstream, but the brook is still water for the most
part & we paddled along without fear of rocks.

Maples by the brook a miracle of colour; some
of the vistas opening as we rounded turns
in the brook were simply breath-taking, in
spite of the absence of sunshine. One wished for
a colour-camera. Gordon dropped the canoe
over Harlow Falls - a notorious spot for upset
canoes - & as we paddled into the fluvial of
Fifth Lake, driving up small flocks of blue
herons, the rain came down in sheets. All the
long way down Fourth & Fifth Lakes, with rising
wind driving the rain in our faces, the herons rose
and croaked at us, wondering no doubt what
manner of fools we were. Reached camp
about dusk, & Hector & I poured libations of

whisky into our shivering selves. Gordon, the rigid dietotaller, felt a sore throat coming on, and gargled his throat with a table-spoonful of rum, carefully spitting it out. He told us, in answer to our ribaldry, that he bought the bottle for medicinal use twenty years ago, when Prohibition came into force. I believe this, because I remember him gargling with rum from the identical bottle on a hunting trip in October, 1924.

Friday Sept 25/36. All night the rain came down with tropical copiousness. About 2 A.M. the tent started to leak badly along the seams & just when I was wondering if I was the lone sufferer, I heard Hector's voice upraised in wrath: "Damn it, I might just as well be out-doo!" We lit the lantern & proceeded to "lead" the leaks down the inside walls. Gordon snored through the entire business, although water had been pouring over him. All day confined to the tent by steady rains. Meals an uncomfortable business, and whisky a liquid blessing.

Saturday Sept 26/36. Glorious day. We threw some grub into the canoe & made a final expedition. Paddled up Sixth Lake Brook about three miles & then portaged (I carried the canoe) overland to Seventh Lake. The Mesquay people have repaired the old logging dam at the foot of this lake & raised the water so that it floods far back into the country. The hardwoods were in full color, but in another year they will be dead & another lake spoiled with unsightly flowage. We paddled up Eighth Lake Brook which is now

merely a canal. Eighth Lake is very small, flanked on east & west by steep ridges clad in virgin pine and hemlock, & covered with water lilies. The

Power Commission a few years ago put a dam at the foot of Jordan Great Lake & cut a canal through the short divide between Porcupine Brook and Eighth Lake. This diversion of the Jordan waters must affect timber owners on that river rather seriously, for the artificial stream is a torrent, boiling down into Eighth Lake & the Mersey watershed.

We had our frugal dinner on the "shore" of the new stream, just above the dam. Gordon thought he saw a bull moose in the Porcupine stream, indicating a dark object & saying "Watch the sun shine on his horns!" We watched for some time & finally perceived that it was a pair of lumberjacks brooding with wip-pick-poles which flashed in the sun. They must be from one of the camps back of Toberato.

I suggested portaging the canoe over the log-driving dam on the new stream, & paddling down Porcupine Brook to Jordan Lake, a very short distance; but afternoon was well advanced & Hector did not fancy taking the motor boat to camp (we had taken it as far as the mouth of Sixth Lake brook) in the dark. We paddled back, carried around Seventh Lake dam, & came down Seventh Lake & Sixth Lake brooks running everything. The rapids are short but occasionally quite rocky & running them was quite a thrill in the present high water. Gordon got the canoe pole caught between two rocks in the middle of one run & we nearly capsized; and in another he swung his pole over the canoe a bit too low in the excitement and

fetched me a mighty whack on the shoulder.
Ducks everywhere along the lakes and streams
and many herons and Kingfishers. Reached
camp safely at dusk & ate a mighty supper.
Night cold & clear.

Sunday, Sept. 27/36. A frosty morning. Gordon
up at daylight gargling his throat with the usual
spoonful of rum in preparation for "calling".
Hector & I, comfortable in the snug eiderdowns
heard him splutter, and then "Oh Hell! I
swallowed it!" Our own laughter shot us into
complete wakefulness & when presently Gordon gave
the signal that a moose was on the way to
his call, we scrambled into our frosty clothes
& went to our stations. He had heard a bull
moose speak on the east side of the flooded
Conway meadow. We stood motionless in the
~~row~~ ^{row} for an hour & then a real cow moose
began to bawl somewhere up Coad's Brook.
Just as we prepared to give up in disgust, we
saw a fine pair of antlers coming out of the woods
upon the meadow, & a magnificent buck deer
stepped into full ~~meadow~~ view coming straight
towards us. Shortly afterwards, a smaller
deer came out of the woods & joined him & we
thought it was a doe filled with the mating
instinct, for "she" put her head against the big
buck's and appeared to be rubbing & pushing
his head from side to side. As they came nearer
however it became plain that it was a pair of
bucks & that they were fighting. We watched them for
some time & then Gordon & I jumped in the canoe &
paddled up the brook to the scene. The little buck ran

into the edge of the woods, but the big fellow stood his ground until we were 50 yds or less from him. I snapped my camera as he turned to jump into the woods, & with the meagre light & both deer & canoe in movement, I fear the picture won't amount to much. We broke camp then, moved our stuff down Canyon Brook to the motor boat; stopped at the Hopper for lunch & searched the low hill for Indian relics without success. The place is said to be the site of an Indian battle. As we lunched, a motor boat filled with Indians went popping past us & into Lake Rossignol - a perfect illustration of the changing times. Arrived at Indian Gardens about 4 P.M. Hector's car was filled with our baggage & it was obvious that one man would have to find other means of transport to Liverpool. I volunteered to remain, counting on a passage with Ralph Johnson & Austin Parker, who were somewhere in the vicinity searching for Indian relics. Connected with them at 6 P.M. A lonely clerk in the lumberjack shanty pressed us to stay for supper & we ate a huge meal of beans, corned beef hash & pie. I gave him out surplus supplies of butter, cake and sweet biscuits, also a pinch of gin to cheer the solitude. Home about 9 P.M. A terrific black whisker greeted me from the bathroom mirror. I moved it off except for my upper lip, deciding on the spur of the moment to sport a moustache for a time.

Oct 9/36 The destroyers "Saguenay" and "Champlain", which constitute half of the Canadian Navy, are in Liverpool for a week, tied up at the Mersey Dredging Co. dock. The flock of men in blue about the streets reminds me of other days & other scenes.

Oct 10/46. Edith told me yesterday that Col. Jones was having the naval officers for dinner ^{at} ~~at~~ the Lodge, & that Mrs Jones had phoned inviting us to drop in about 9 P.M. to meet them. My wife set about ~~in~~ her personal toilette for the occasion at once — a new dress & God knows what not. I bought a new hat & tie, reasoning that my two-year-old brown felt would not do, even for a short informal call at the Lodge. At tea-time tonight my wife was unusually attentive (she noticed that my tea was cold and replaced it with some hot ~~for~~ a thing that she never did before in our nine years of marriage) and the unusual solicitude awakened a suspicion in my dull mind. I turned to her suddenly with, "What did Mrs Jones say about dress?" and she became very red; ~~but~~ and admitted that Mrs Jones had mentioned "dinner jackets." I said, "You didn't mention this to me" and she very coolly admitted that she had not. I have no formal clothes of any sort, of course, and the invitation should have been refused when offered, but Edith thought she'd like to be the belle of the ball and so she practised to deceive. We were invited because Col. Jones knew I had formerly been connected with the service & thought I would like to meet the officers. My loving wife was quite willing for me to be humiliated in front of these officers so that she could display herself in her new (and entirely correct) evening dress. I refused to go, of course, and there were tears and recriminations. The tears were wasted, for I have grown used to them and the accompanying sulks in nine moist years, and the sheer vulgarity of the present scheme made me fighting mad. There is a streak of common-ness in Edith.

Oct. 23/36. I received a letter from J. J. Cameron & K. C. saying that "Reginald Rupert" had asked him to communicate with me regarding "an encroachment on his land."

Oct 24/36, Saturday. Saw Cameron on the street today & gave him the story of Rupert's fuss with me. He said he'd didn't want to write the letter but that Rupert had insisted. He suggested that I get in touch with Rupert & if I "taffified him up a bit" the business would probably blow over. I said I didn't fancy "taffying" a particularly repulsive nigger when I was convinced I was in the right. The interview ended there.

Oct. 29/36 Thursday. I called on my dark-complexioned friend tonight. He has a very decent house in "nigger town", & I was shown into a prim little parlor with a gleaming new hardwood floor dotted with good hooked rugs. Sefhus told me very sternly that he had hired Mr. "Prim" Smith, a professional land surveyor, to set out his lot, and that Smith checked exactly with the iron posts I had set up. As the post on the SWW corner is in the centre of the "wall", Sefhus declares that I built part of the "wall" on his land. I told him that the rock in the so-called "wall" (it is about $1\frac{1}{2}$ feet high) consists of fragments blown from boulders along the boundary (the truth) and that he was entitled to half of them. I said that he was entitled to an action for trespass in that I had dynamited boulders which extended both sides of the line, & thus broken them on his side as well as mine; but I pointed out that the commercial value of a boulder in this country is not very high, & a judge would throw the case out of court. I then pointed out that the present operator of the Fifth estate (Chas. Holden) which lies next our properties on the west, is preparing to sue both of us, together with J. Puckie, H. Richards & J. A. Parker, claiming that we are all

occupying 10 to 14 feet of the Irish land. I suggested to Sephus that instead of bickering about a few broken boulders he'd better prepare to defend his western boundary against Holden, along with the rest of us. This seemed to take most of the wind out of his sails. I left him standing in his doorway breathing fire & slaughter against Holden.

Saturday Oct 31/34. Edith & I, Ralph & Ince Johnson & the Austin Parkers drove to Greenfield at 4:30 this afternoon in Parker's car. Just on the crest of the ridge above Greenfield we came upon a splendid buck & doe standing in the road. A bunch from Liverpool had organized a Halloween party at Earl Freeman's hotel. One of the log cabins was at our disposal & we fooled about there until 7 P.M., drinking cocktails & working up an enormous appetite. Dinner was served in the hotel dining room, a hilarious affair, with Ross Byrne, Don Smith, Rolfe Seaborne & Roy Shipman providing much of the fun. An enormous meal — tomato soup, roast moose meat, pork, & several vegetables, with big side dish of baked beans & steamed brown bread, mince & pumpkin pie, coffee, cakes, buns & what not. What with the din and the huge dinner, I was glad to escape into the air afterwards. Put on my hat & coat & walked across the river & up the hill past the spot where we met the deer. Marvellous night, full moon & white frost. I must have walked two miles in all, & I could hear the roar of Bang's Falls sounding up through the woods very distinctly. No sign of the deer. Returning to the hotel at a brisk pace, I met two men carrying Edith out of the hotel & into the hired cabin. She was drunk. I helped them put her on a bed but she wouldn't stay there, & kept moving about in the fall

view of the crowd, crying "Where've you been?" at me in a loud, thick voice at frequent intervals & making a fool of herself & of me. She had achieved the distinction of being the only lady in the party to get "tight", & she hung about the males of the party in a maudlin way, hanging on this one's arm, sitting on that one's knee, until a number of people were looking from her to me with a "Why don't you do something about it?" expression. I didn't care to explain that my wife & I had tacitly agreed for years on a "free-to-do-as-we-please" policy, and if she thought it witty to go about drinking out of other people's glasses etc, it was entirely her own business as far as I was concerned. — and so I withdrew to the peace & dignity of the hotel drawing room, & sat there talking to Freeman about the Indians until it was time to go home.

Thursday, Nov 5/36. Cheque for £37 from Blackwoods for my story "Barkip's Railroad", which appears in the November issue. The yarn is founded on F. B. P. McCurdy's famous fishing party at Indian Gardens in ~~1919~~ 1919. Also a letter addressed to me care of Blackwoods, from a New York firm of publishers — Simon & Schuster Inc — expressing interest in my "work" and asking me to "let us see a novel, if and when you do one."

Tuesday, Nov. 10/36. Armistice dinner tonight in the Masaric Hall. Catering was in the capable hands of "She" Smart & the kitchen staff of the Mercury Co's Lodge. About 50 men present, & there was an orchestra of young men. The punch was circulated freely, & it was a merry crowd that sat down to dinner. A delicious meal — bouillabaisse, roast venison with potatoes, peas, carrots etc, and pumpkin pie. Jonesie was in the chair, & being somewhat the worse for drink he made much of it after-

dinner speeches himself, rambling on at long intervals for nearly two hours, talking about the fate that befell the Polish Empire, & getting all hot & bothered about the "horrific" condition in Spain. He was fascinated with this word "horrific", and as he kept wandering back to Spain & starting all over again, we got a lot of it.

Jim Donnelly managed to get a few words in edgewise, responding to the toast to "Our visitors" and the Rep. George Beck spoke in his usual crisp fashion for five minutes responding to the toast to "The Legion". (The toasts to "Canada & the Empire", "The Army", "The Navy" and the "Silent Feast" were all omitted.)

Jonnie likes to hear himself talk at any time, and when slightly fuddled he is a fearful bore.

However, nothing could detract from that excellent meal. I left at 10:30 when the serious drinking of the evening was getting under way. Beck left at the same time, giving me a nudge & whispering "Quite a horrific evening, eh?"

Monday, Nov. 16/36 Rumours of munitions orders being placed in Canada by the British government have boosted the stocks of Dosco, Massey, Harris & several others. Massey-Harris went up to 7 $\frac{1}{8}$ today, so I sold ~~by~~ my 300 shares purchased in August at 4 $\frac{5}{8}$. My profit between \$600 & \$700, which will go far towards a new car next spring.

Saturday, Nov. 28/36. "If Winter comes, will Spring be far behind?" Winter is here - frosty weather - and today I bought a car - which I'd planned to do next Spring. A motor salesman from Thompson's drove up to the house this afternoon in a "Chevrolet DeLuxe Master Six" sedan. It had been driven 4700 miles by their car demonstrators, & they offered to cut the price from \$1160 to \$950 if I would

take it. They also offered to allow a trade-in value of \$200 on my old Ford (I paid Nelson Greenleaf \$2240 for it three years ago). The car is in beautiful condition, equipped with heater & defroster for the windshield and at a cash outlay of \$750 it was impossible to resist.

Wednesday, Dec 2/36. The war in Spain wages merrily, with France & Russia supplying war materials and air pilots to the "government" forces, and Germany & Italy helping similarly the "rebels" - whom they have recognized as the de facto government. Hitler & Mussolini announced their recognition of the "rebels" when the "rebel" forces reached Madrid a week or more ago, but it was a bit premature, for Madrid is still in "government" hands.

In England, the King's relations with Mrs Simpson have been the subject of strong comment by the Bishop of Bradford & by various north-country newspapers. For some time the affair was discreetly ignored by the British press, Mrs Simpson's divorce from Captain Ernest Simpson being dismissed in a few curt lines, but the American papers have been full of it for several months.

Mrs Simpson, the U.S. papers say with glee, is a native of Baltimore. Her mother kept a boarding house in that city for years. Photographs of the lady with captions like "Mrs. Wallis Simpson, England's next Queen?" - have appeared in some of the more sensational U.S. papers.

Monday, Dec. 7/36. The constitutional crisis in England, over the King's proposed marriage to Mrs Simpson, is still acute. Stanley Baldwin has informed the British Parliament that the King had brought up the matter with him a few weeks

ago with the suggestion that legislation be passed to permit a morganatic marriage. Mr. Baldwin said that he believed that neither the home government, nor the dominion governments would pass such legislation. England is in a furor, of course, with prominent politicians taking sides for & against the King, and the American "yellow press" is enjoying itself hugely.

Local opinion seems, generally, that the King is making an ass of himself and that he'd better get off the throne; and there is the frequent observation — "What does it matter to us, anyway?" Ratchford, my boss, who was conscripted in the War & didn't like it a bit (he married a French-Canadian wife & holds all the anti-Empire sentiment of that ilk) observes, complacently, "This will widen the breach between Canada and England."

Blackwoods Magazine publishes my story "The ~~Porter~~ Road to Fortune" in their December issue. It is largely true based on the encounter between my old ship "Watuika" & a dismasted Newfoundland schooner, Dec. 19, 1919.

Thursday, Dec. 10/36. Stanley Baldwin announced the King's abdication in the House of Commons today, giving in a frank and chivalrous manner the story of his difference of opinion with the King over his proposed marriage to Mrs. Simpson. The Duke of York will take the throne under the name of George Sixth. Baldwin's speech, a model of English at its simplest and best, was approved universally, & newspapers and radio commentators tonight point out that Baldwin

"the country squire", emerges from the affair with a greater reputation than ever.

Friday, Dec. 11/36. We are living in unique times. Tonight the ex-King's voice was broadcast over the world in a farewell message to the Empire. He spoke slowly and very distinctly, giving his reason for the final step of abdication in a deep sincere voice, and calling upon the citizens of the Empire to support his brother the new King. Some of his phrases were infinitely poignant, especially when he spoke of "the matchless blessing of a wife, a happy home, and children, which has not been bestowed upon me." Almost one forgave him his weakness, and felt inclined to pity him for his love for a woman whose past history does not commend her as worthy of the sacrifice. But today's papers are full of photographs of Edward tete-a-tete with Mrs Simpson at Vienna, in Dalmatia, in France, in Greece, revealing beyond dispute the fact that he has flaunted his affair with Mrs Simpson all over Europe since King George's death — and while she was still married to Captain Ernest Simpson. That, whatever "David Windor" may say or think, was inexcusable in a son of George Fifth. And his action in springing this contretemps at a time when his country's position in the midst of European turmoil was most anxious, was not the conduct of a patriot. Some of the poorest of his subjects, with none of his advantages of training, could have shown more continence and — eyes, better manners.

Saturday, Dec. 12/36 "Prince Edward" left England shortly after midnight to embark upon that self-imposed exile which he indicated in his farewell address. He sailed for an unknown destination aboard the destroyer ^{"FURY"} ~~"Hufford"~~, escorted by the sloop "Enchantress". Was it coincidence, or has the Admiralty a subtle sense of humour?

FALSE FRIENDS

A King Whose Life Was Wrecked By Associates
"Who Cared Less For His Welfare Than
For Their Own Amusement."

THE London Times, the world's greatest and most influential newspaper, has had the following to say editorially regarding the abdication of King Edward and perhaps the chief cause of that tragic decision:

"They profoundly misunderstood the earlier signs of division in this country who represented it as an issue between 'the peoples' King' and a hide-bound set of aristocrats and ecclesiastics. It would be far more accurate to say that His Majesty's circle was too largely composed of men and women . . . who cared less for his welfare than for their own amusement."

"That, amid all his great qualities there was also something lacking in himself is sufficiently shown by the unprecedented decision recorded this morning; for it is proof of obstinacy rather than of strength that it must have been reached in the face of very human reluctance to abandon the position which afforded him so many proofs of success."

This paragraph appears in the Halifax Herald Dec 12/36, and it speaks the truth as the British people are all seeing it.

Friday Dec 18/36 We have had almost continuous rains since the first of the month, & today a few degrees of frost were hailed as a relief.

The Duke of Windsor is staying in Austria with his friends the Rothschilds & (according to the press) in constant telephone communication with Mrs Simpson at Cannes.

A flood of ribald humour about the great romance is now passing from lip to lip. One of the more respectable quips goes like this: — "Poor David Windsor! He used to be Lord High Admiral of

the British navy. Now he's only Third Mate of an American tramp!" And Captain Sinker is quoted by the ribald, thus: - "Why one reg'ard is that I had only one wife to lay down for my King."

Christmas Eve: A lovely moonlight night, with just enough snow to whiten the ground & enough frost to make things sparkle. The country roads, which the rains had made impassible for automobiles, are now hard again, and the town streets are thronged with shoppers from all parts of the county.

There is disturbing news from Europe, where Hitler is said to be contemplating the despatch of 60,000 regular troops to Spain, and France is preparing to send a similar force to the aid of the Madrid government. Europe is like a powder magazine & such a spark would cause an explosion. Peace on earth!

Christmas Day: A fine clear day. I drove to Milton & brought down the Freemans & Aunt Marie, & we all had a splendid dinner at Hugh Dunlap's. After dinner there was the usual gathering about the Christmas tree & the general distribution of gifts - an enormous quantity. The kids got half a car-load of toys of every description, & had a gorgeous spree. Later I drove some of the ladies out to Scott's Beach, where the sunset on the sea was simply beautiful. Tea at Dunlap's after a long session of cut-throat forty five with Hugh & Ralph, and then home. I called up Mum tonight to wish her a merry Christmas. She and Hilda have colds, so this Yuletide isn't very cheery.

Saturday Dec 26/36 At work this morning, I was the sole member of the accounting staff who had to work. All the big guns were booming about the office; the cold weather of the past few days produced a large quantity of anchor-ice and the power plant at N^o 1 has sustained serious damage to its intake gratings. As a result the mill has only power enough to run the pulp grinders. Much telephoning to power commission officials in Halifax & to Bert Anderson, the power supt. of the Mersey Development; Mowbray Jones making marvellous suggestions for the quick repair of the damage, and wise old Anderson rejecting them promptly & firmly. Other things are heard, and Seaborne, the Woods Manager, had to start for Halifax this afternoon by car over the execrable road in order to catch a train for Montreal tomorrow. An enlargement of the Mersey enterprise seems to be in the air.

Thursday Dec 31/36 Had a fine time tonight, joining a party organized by Sainthill (manager of the Bank of Nova Scotia). Cocktails and hors d'oeuvres at H. D. Biden's, then to the "Elmwood" for a splendid dinner & on to Katchford's, where there was wassail, singing & dancing until 3. A. M. I have been trying to convince people at parties for years that the singing of sea shanties (with the appropriate gestures) was his good fun, but I never got beyond the "Sweet Adeline" and "In the evening by the moonlight" fundamentalists until tonight. I started off with "Drunken Sailor" & then taught them "Blow the man down". This proved an enormous success, and the party blew the man down at intervals all night.

The winter 1936-37, we noticed starlings wintering for the first time. They increased and enormously in the next two years.

Friday, Jan 1, 1937. A lovely sunny day with the temperature rising to 50°, more like Spring than "deep winter". No snow. Mud everywhere except on the paved highway. I took the family for a drive as far as Mill Village this morning.

Saturday Jan 2/37. Fine weather with a touch of frost. This afternoon Parker, Gordon, Smith, Johnson & I, drove through Mill Village & parked just this side of Squiresville. The ^{two} boys had guns. I had none, being a peace-loving Rabbit. Rabbits have been very scarce. We combed a section of barren between the highway and the East Port Medway¹/₂ road, and the bag was three bunnies.

Saturday, Jan 9/37. Fine & sunny, following two or ~~more~~ ^{days} of rain. Temperature over 50°. I walked around, Western Hill this afternoon & found it so warm that I carried my leather coat & so made the round in exactly the same clothes I wear in summer! A remarkable winter. Two or three light falls of snow - barely enough to whiten the ground - which disappeared within 24 hours. Rains have been almost incessant. Parker dug up in his garden on New Year's Day & says there were plenty of worms!

There is much sickness, due to the unseasonable weather; in Europe, where mild conditions prevail also, there is an alarming epidemic of influenza. Europe is full of alarms over the Spanish civil war. 10,000 Italians in civilian clothes (but with marching equipment) have landed in Cadiz to help the rebels, also 5,000 Germans. The German naval forces, very active in Spanish waters, have seized 2 Government steamers in retaliation for the capture of German steamer "Pablo" loaded with war materials for the rebels. Some Yankee aviators, back from Madrid, say that the rebels are using German planes to bomb Madrid, but the gov't forces are receiving good Russian planes.

Thursday, Jan 28/37. Our remarkable winter continues without snow & with temperatures ranging from 50° to, not less than 4° Fahrenheit. Most of the time the thermometer hovers about freezing point. The curling club has had ice enough for play during the past 3 days — the first playing this winter. Lumbermen are complaining with good reason — especially with prices for logs & pulpwood rising as they are.

Unusual weather has provided snow in California, causing expensive damage to the orange crop; & there is now a tremendous flood in the Ohio & Lower Mississippi, with nearly a million people homeless & tremendous damage. The Ohio river at Cincinnati is 74 feet above normal — it staggers the imagination. Europe is still worrying over the Spanish civil war, but the fears of an imminent ^{European} war seem to have slackened a bit.

This week the Mersey Paper Co. came to an understanding with the Macleod Pulp & Paper Co. for the purchase of their lands. The lands are to be cruised & estimated by James D. Sewall & Co., whose figures will be the basis of the purchase price. Mersey & Macleod representatives are to go along with the survey party. This new acquisition of timberlands is one more hint of an expansion of the Mersey Paper Co's activities this year. Bob Mackinnon tells me that James D. Sewall estimated the Hissiboo Pulp Company lands in 1930 at 180,000 cords.

Ralph P. Bell, slick promoter who worked a profit of \$18,000 by passing them along to Mersey, cut this figure to 72,000 cords in his promotion talk — unsuspected honesty. The lands actually contained 60,000 cords!

Saturday, Jan. 30/37. Sunny day with wind at N.W.W. and temperature at about 15° above zero. Drove up-river in the Brent Smith's car this afternoon. Gordon & I crossed the pond at N-3 on the ice & made a quick journey to camp. Parker led & Smith drove on as far as N-1 & did some work on their motorboat, joining us at camp about tea-time. Eagle Lake has a marvellous sheet of ice, smooth as glass, & Smith (who had skates) insisted on a circuit of the lake before supper. Played ed bridge until 10.30 & then turned in. The only member without a sleeping bag, I hung up some of the camp blankets to dry for several hours before bed-time, & turned in confidently.

Sunday, Jan. 31/37. I awakened at 4.30 A.M. nearly frozen. My blankets (three) were as cold as ice, & a night air of nearly zero temperature was streaming in against my body. I stuck it for half-an-hour & then yelled an S.O.S. to V. Smith - the rope controlling the window was fastened above his head. He closed it & then made a wild leap out of his sleeping bag & lit a fire in the stove. After that the shack became comfortable but I had been too thoroughly chilled to sleep any more. After breakfast we decided to take a cruise through the woods S.E. of Eagle Lake in another attempt to find the place where Smith spent the wet night of Oct. 25th, 1933. Gordon stayed at camp. A sunny day with no wind and low temperature. Walked over Eagle Lake (the ice, alive with frost pressure, cracking and roaring under foot) to the S.E. cove & then took an old trail as far as the Longlake-Big Falls trail. There we struck off S.E. & after half an hour were on the barren close by the head of Little Bon Mature bog. Parker wandered off by himself. Smith & I walked out on the bog for a bit. We could hear the frost pressure cracks ripping across Bon Mature Lake to the south of us, Long Lake roaring to the west, and Eagle Lake booming "Woomp! Woo-oo-ooomp!" behind us. Smith & I swung

back shortly after 11 A.M. & reached camp at 12.30. We had dinner & at 2 P.M., there being no sign of Parker, we had all sorts of gloomy premonitions - Gordon talking of the fate of a man with a broken leg, sans axe, sans cook, in this weather. Leaving Gordon in camp again, Smith & I headed back to Ben Mature bog, taking an axe & some grub, but at the foot of the lake we met Parker returning. He had found the much-sought rock & hung about there for two hours making smoke & yelling to attract our attention. We went back to camp & he got his dinner. In talking of the morning's find, he said we could get to it within an hour from camp. It was then 4 P.M. Smith said "Let's go!" I agreed heartily & was decided that we would hike to the rock & then swing northward to Big Falls. If things went right we'd be out of the woods by dark. We left Gordon to pack up & lock the camp. (He was sure we were all mad!) and arrived at the Long Lake - Big Falls trail 35 minutes from camp. Thence S.E. over the barren for a mile, & then north-east for a few hundred yards. The famous rock is a huge well backed thing offering no shelter except for a small nook on the west side, in which lay the charred remains of the fire maintained so laboriously by those babes-in-the-woods three years ago. Also the remains of a wholly ineffective shelter of brush laid over the fire-nook. All about the rock were stumps of wire-birch, some of them 8 or 10 inches through, painfully cut with their tiny hatchet. What a night they must have spent! It is in an open saucer of the barren - no shelter of any sort. And only 1/4 mile to the eastward is a long ridge of pine woods running between Little Ben Mature & the river - a perfect shelter for a night out! Brent - the optimist - took a picture of the rock. It was then 5 P.M. & sunset. We struck off N.E. along the shoulder of the plateau extending from Cagle Lake, & walked through a scattered growth of hardwood, mixed with big boulders & occasional burned stumps - traces of a very old

burn. About 4 miles from the river we entered a dense growth of softwoods, very rough country, full of rocks, knolls & quagmires. Darkness overtook us there & we had a scramble to the dam, but we had hiked at top speed while the going was good & as we arrived at the car about 6:15, just as Gordon was making up his mind that we were overtaken by night far from on the river & would have to spend the night. Altogether a good day's exercise.

Saturday, Feb. 13/37. A note from the editor of Blackwoods enclosing a pompous letter from Colonel Sir Hon. Thomas Cantley, K.C.M.G., The Senate, Ottawa, in which he complained of "libel" & misrepresentation in my story "The Road to Fortune". He declared that the steamer of my story was obviously the "Woburn" of his old company, the Nova Scotia Steel & Coal Co., and the captain James Mickle of Pictou. Since my real ship was the "Watahuta" and the master one Pearl, the Colonel is badly off to the track. I wrote him pointing out several wrong conclusions he had drawn.

The final paragraph of his broadside, in which he declared that the author was evidently "but little acquainted with the situations of which he writes" — was rich. He grudgingly admitted that the "account of the rescue of the crew" of the coaster "Gertrude" is fairly well described" — which was very handsome of him, considering that I was present at the rescue while the pompous Colonel was settling at his desk in New Glasgow.

Brent Smith & Roy Gordon went up to Eagle Lake camp this afternoon for the week-end. Parker & I said we would walk there from Milton on Sunday, by way of Bon Mature Lake. Smith said he would walk down as far as Bon Mature Lake to meet us, also that they would have a big supper of hot sauce Kraut ready for us at Eagle Lake. (A lovely mild day today, sunny, with a strong breeze from

the S.W. I drove to Summerville Beach with Edith & Tommy, & we walked the length of the beach and back.

Sunday, Feb. 14/37 Parker & I drove to Mutton in my car this morning. Left the car at Lewis Falls & struck up-river along the west bank as far as the ~~Point~~ ^{Guzzle} (We left the car about 9:20) From the Guzzle we pushed inland a half-mile or more & followed along a wide hardwood ridge. Two or three inches of snow, rather slippery walking in this mild weather. The sky was overcast & about 10 o'clock we had a slight shower but resolved to push on. After about four miles we came upon some open barrens whence we could look southward along the Solnos Lake country. We turned south a bit to avoid some thick woods & then resumed our N.W. course, coming to the little brook at the foot of Bon Mature Lake about noon. There was a layer of rain water on the lake ice & we had to walk nearly 2 miles to the head of the lake, very slippery going & painful to the muscles in the front of the thigh. About 1 P.M. we halted on a small island at the mouth of Little Bon Mature Brook, built a fire & lunched. No sign of Smith. About 2 P.M. we pushed on, the sky very black with occasional light showers. We crossed the narrow strip of timber between the lakes & walked up Little Bon Mature & followed the brook that runs into it from Jimmy Kempton Bog. At the bog I walked along fine narrow punt ridge to the spot where I spent such an uncomfortable night with the Manthorns in October 1923. I don't think anybody's been there since, but we found a recent camp site in the wooded island at the north end of the bog, apparently a hunting party. From this point it was

familiar country (within a mile of the famous rock where Le Breck & Burke & Douglas spent their night out.) We struck NNWNW & came into the Eagle Lake trail just where it crosses the head of Haunted Bay. The bog was frozen & good walking, so we followed it north to Eagle Lake, which we reached at 4.15. As we walked up the lake ice the camp seemed deserted & we arrived to find the place locked and shuttered. We had to build a fire outside & make a meagre meal off the left-overs from our lunch. We left the camp about 5.15 & walked back to Big Falls in a steadily increasing rain. At the power house Parker called up Liverpool, & Breck drove up to get us, full of apologies. He & Gordon, after looking at the black sky all morning, decided that we wouldn't start our journey, so they drove home early in the afternoon. Parker & I did about 15 or 16 miles altogether. We took our time, because the walking was a bit uncertain, but the only hard part was the 2 long miles of slippery ice on Ben Mature Lake.

Saturday. Feb. 20/57. A ^{real} snowstorm - the first of this unusual winter - during the past week gave the lumbermen their first real hauling. Today the weather is soft again, with a hot sun, & the roads are bare. Edith & I walked to Milton this afternoon, & on the return journey I was glad to take off my coat & carry it on my arm.

Sunday. Feb. 21/57. Overcast & mild. Parker & Smith & I drove to Lower Great Brook about 11 A.M. intending to cross the river on the little cable-car rigged there a few years ago by Power Commission surveyors. We found the car dangling over mid-stream & as none of us could muster energy or courage enough to go out, hand-a-over-hand, and retrieve the car, we decided to strike N.W.N.W. & have a look at Charlotte Lake, which none of us had ever seen.

The country there runs up, to a considerable height, a rough barren, the site of a fire eight or nine years ago. It is a series of rocky folds, cragged with huge boulders, with small copices of spruce & pine like islands in the general tangle of wire birch & maple saplings. After tramping 2 hours we considered that we had passed the lake to the westward & turned east, coming out on Lower Break Brook near the old driving dam at the foot of the Six Mile Meadows. We walked up stream $\frac{1}{4}$ mile & came to Charlotte Lake brook & started to follow it up. Attempting to jump the brook I went through the ice & got a good wetting to the waist. We decided to stop for lunch & I managed to dry my trousers & socks a bit over the fire. About 3 P.M. we went on to Charlotte Lake, a charming little pool tucked between two steep rocky folds. We had stopped short of it by not more than $\frac{1}{4}$ mile, on the way up in the morning. The sun was hot & Parker was delirious about the safety of the ice on the lake, so being still damp from the morning's plunge, I took the lead. The ice was rotten & mushy, for a depth of 3 or 4 inches but sound enough beneath that. We walked about the ice for a bit while Break got some pictures of a beaver house etc. & then the ice went out from under me & I got another beautiful ducking. This time I found it a bit awkward to clamber out & decided to play possum, hoping that my ribald companions would attempt a rescue & thereby get wet as well. The ice was fairly thick but very rotten. But they were thinking a bit faster than I was, & busied themselves taking snapshots (from a safe distance), of my progress to shore. It was too late to light another fire, so I wrung out my socks, emptied my boots, & then resumed the hike. We found a big boulder (at the height of land above the lake, from which we could see a tremendous distance in all directions. Back to the car about 5 P.M. rather chilled about the mid-riff, but none the worse.

Monday. Feb 22/37. A letter from Col. the Hon. FitzLairantley, mailed under the "postage free" frank of the Senate. A rambling rather incoherent affair in which he admitted that while his criticism was the reader's privilege, the "criticized party" had of equal rights. He backed water in a grudging sort of way, attempting to justify his error, & ended by thanking me for my "very frank and courteous letter". The old wind-bag! I had had a letter from Geo. Wm. Blackwood on Saturday, accepting my story "A Matter of History", & hoping that in sending on Mr. Cattle's letter I would not take it to mean that he attached very much importance to it.

Sunday. Mar. 7/37. To Broad River this morning at nine, with Smith & Parker. Left the car at Broad River Bridge & struck due north through the woods until we came to the Clancy's Meadows to the road about a mile north of Martin Brook. We found a line of snares & traps set along the trail, apparently abandoned & at least shamefully neglected. We pulled all the snares we found & came upon a beautiful red fox dead in a wire snare near the fork of the trail turning off to Long Settlement. Reynard was frozen hard & still in good condition, though he had apparently been there for several days. We hung him in a small tree, as a Mosey survey party goes in that way tomorrow, & the teamster will doubtless help himself. Had our dinner at an old moose-hunting bivouac. Very cold. (Temperature 8° above zero - almost the coldest day of the winter.) Wind north - dead in our faces. We pushed on as far as Moose Meadow & were tempted to walk on eastward to Milton, which was just as near as the bridge at Broad River, but decided to follow down the east branch of Broad River. Back at the car at 5.30 P.M. A good hike.

My story "Memorial to Miss Letty" appears in March Blackwood's. A cheque for £ 31/10/0.

of snow & sleet

Saturday April 24/37. A blizzard yesterday & sharp frost this morning but bright sunshine. Parker & I drove to Big Falls this afternoon & walked up to Eagle Lake camp. At 11 P.M. Brent Smith arrived, having played in a strenuous badminton tournament all evening; he hustled home, bathed, drove to Big Falls & walked up the trail by the light of a full moon. Two or three inches of crusty snow in the woods & the bogs are brimming full of water. We turned in early & were awakened about midnight. Smith was dancing in his drawers & yelling, a grotesque figure in the moonlight, which streamed through the open door. I chided him profanely for this demonstration of humour, & then discovered that he had a terrific cramp in the calf of one leg & was really in great pain. Frosty temperature drove him back into his sleeping bag but he did not sleep much.

Sunday, April 25/37. Up at 6 A.M. Sunny but cold weather. We got breakfast & set out in one of the canoes, paddling down Eagle Lake & up the brook to Long Lake. The brook is high, & has been dammed by a beaver colony at the Long Lake end & the woods there are flooded for a considerable distance. Paddled down Long Lake about a mile & left the canoe in a cove on the west shore. We struck west along an old log-road which petered out after a mile or so, & then we worked N.W. over the height of land until we struck a log-road running out to Back Lake, on Broad River, which we reached at 11.15. We fished in the spout brook between Back Lake and Third Lake without success & then struck down to the river - a poor thing barely twelve feet wide (less in many places). I had live minnow bait & also tried flies & spoons. ~~Back~~ Parker

✓ Smith used worms. Had lunch on the river & bank not far below Third Lake & then fished down to a point opposite the north end of Branch Lake. It was then 4 P.M. & Parker had 3 trout, Brent & I none. As we packed up our rods a moose came wandering up the meadow on the other side of the stream, browsing among the bog grass.

We shouted & waved but could not scare & hit at all. It simply regarded us mildly & then went on w/ browsing. We hiked N.E. past the top of Branch Lake, & starting the system of great bogs which drain southward & west into Broad River & just clearing the other system which drains north into Kempton Lake. It was a hard scramble & very hot. Smith, still feeling the effect of his badminton tournament, became almost exhausted, lying down every time we stopped for a few minutes; when we reached the canoe at sunset (7 P.M.) Smith was just staggering.

We found a gale blowing straight down the lake and a temperature dropping rapidly to freezing point. Parker & I took the paddles & went off in the light of it. Our shirts were wet with sweat and the keen wind searched us thoroughly. Progress was slow, & paddling hard we barely crept up to the brook. It was so cold by this time that Parker & I were barely able to keep warm while paddling. Smith, sitting in the bottom of the canoe, was nearly perished. He said he would like to paddle a bit to get warm & he exchanged places with Parker & I paddled up Eagle Lake to camp. We were all so stiff & cold that we could scarcely move. All records of fire making a fire were broken, & I think when we got inside & with a hearty meal of steak & onions under our blankets we got out at 10:30 P.M. for home, walking out to Big Falls by the light of the moon. A big day. We saw much more game than fish: - six or seven deer on the bank of the Eagle Lake - Long Lake brook, & the moose at Broad River.

Tuesday, April 27/37 A marvellous aurora tonight, pale aspects lapping up to the zenith, and beyond, in quick movements, like flames. They flickered, thus for hours. I have never seen the Northern Lights in this form.

Wednesday, Apl 28/37. Today's paper describes the severe magnetic "storm" set up by last night's aurora. Telegraph wires, all over Canada were affected, also in many of the northern States; the "excess current" in the wires at Sudbury, Ont, was so great that the telegraph office closed down, fearing a general blowing of fuses. Trans-Atlantic cables, of course, were affected, likewise. The magnetic "storm" was unusual in that it affected lines running north and south as well as the east-and-west lines which usually suffer. I was sorry to read of the death of Mr. Frank Gerrard of Mill Village, who passed away in Halifax. A fine Highland gentleman.

Sunday, May 2/37 Planned a fishing trip to Broad Lake today but there is a bitter easterly gale blowing with temperature close to freezing point, so I stayed home at my typewriter.

Monday, May 3/37. What a climate! The sun rose hot and the temperature climbed to 82° in the shade, and stayed there till 5 P.M. — our first warm day and what a day! At 5 P.M. I drove Edith & the kids out to Hunt's Point beach for a hour and the air was so warm that we almost wished we'd brought bathing rig — for lounging purposes. This evening the whole town seems to be outside, taking off storm windows & digging gardens.

Tuesday, May 4/37. Another burning day. The woods are suddenly tinder dry and fires are running everywhere in the province. Mersey fire crews hustled off to a bush fire at Port Medway and arrived just in time to save the village itself. Another fire-fighting unit under Ike Smart was packed off to Hubbard's, where a nasty fire is running in the company lands. Porter drove to Annapolis & back today, & reports fires everywhere. In places he could see 3 or four columns of smoke at a time.

Wednesday, May 5/37. Last night the old pulp mill at Bowie Falls was destroyed by fire - thus wiping out our old industry off the map. (The Rapid Falls mill was burned two or three years ago). Mersey Paper Co. has purchased the MacLeod properties at a price to be determined by a timber cruise now in progress. Mowbray Jones sent some of his 2 machinists to the old mill a few days ago to remove the machinery & water wheels, which will be sold as junk. They were cutting up some of the old shafting with acetylene torches & presumably a bit of hot metal started a fire in the night.

Europe's great armament race has sent the price of old iron to a remarkable figure, and junk is being collected everywhere - even the old skeletons of burned automobiles, whose rusty bones have been disfiguring the roadsides in increasing numbers in recent years. Every day one sees motor-trucks, horse carts & ox-wagons arriving at the railway station with loads of scrap metal, & every freight train passing through includes several gondolas of it.

Thursday, May 6/37. I received 52 shrubs today from C. Porter of Yarmouth, from whom I ordered them last year. There are 6 golden elders, 6 lilac,

6 bush honeysuckle, 4 *Spiraea* (*Pumifolia*), 10 *Spiraea* (*Van. Nutt.*),
6 *Deutzchija*, 6 *Weigelia* (*Eva Rathke*), 2 bush hydrangea,
6 forsythia, 1 rambler rose (*Dorothy Perkins*) & 1 rambler (*Grimson*).
Brent Smith donated 2 ramblers (*Thousand Beauties*)
& a number of small lilac roots. Old Conrad & I
worked until after dark, as I am anxious to get them
in the ground without delay.

Friday, May 21/37. Finished planting my shrubs today.
Heavy rain last night & a slight easterly gale
all day. I received a cheque from Blackwoods
for £31 for my story "A Matter of History", which
appears in the May number.

The great German dirigible "Hindenburg" was destroyed
last evening just as she approached the mooring mast
at Lakehurst, N.J. after a successful voyage
across the Atlantic. It is thought that hydrogen
gas, escaping from one of the balloons aft, exploded
& started a fire, which sent the big airship to the
ground a flaming wreck in less than a minute.
One third of the 100-odd people aboard were killed.

Saturday, May 22/37 After almost continuous easterly
weather since May 7/37, a fine warm day. Hector, Duplex,
Roy Gordon & I started on a fishing trip to Shelburne River
this afternoon in Hector's boat. We got away from
Indian Gardens in fine style about 3 P.M., but the engine
soon began to sputter, & somewhere near the head of
Fish Lake it died completely. The distributor caps had
rusted during the long winter lay-up & was now broken.
Gordon & I took Hector back to the Gardens in our canoe, &
he started for town in a cloud of dust. We returned to the
motor boat, which had drifted into the flowage on the west
side of the lake, & ferried tent, sleeping bags etc to a

green knoll, where we prepared to spend the night. Hector returned from town with a new distributor cap & came up the lake in a tiny skiff, plying the oars furiously. We pitched out a tent in a clump of big beeches & pines, where the ground was covered with such a thick carpet of leaves that brush mattresses were unnecessary. We took precautions with our fire, ~~by~~ scratching away the leaves to a distance of two feet, & when burning a width of two feet beyond in a complete circle. It looked all right when we turned in, but apparently a spark from the dying fire flew beyond the "safety zone", & Dunlap awoke about midnight to find the woods aflame. He awakened Gordon & they brushed out & worked like demons until they had it out. (Another five minutes ~~gone~~ would have burned the tent over our sleeping heads. The tent-ropes were singed.) & set the whole forest aflame, as everything is very dry after today's hot sun. All this took place in almost complete silence, the firemen saying their breath for work, and I slept peacefully through it! It was a good joke, but on looking at the black area extending around three sides of our tent in the morning, we realized how serious it might have been.

Sunday, May 23/37. A marvellous day. Astarte about 5 A.M. got breakfast & started once more for Shelburne River. The engine missed badly when it got hot & Dunlap found the valves in bad shape, sticking as the metal expanded. One cylinder stopped almost at once, we stuttered bravely along on three into Lake Rossignol, & then fell to two, which became very sooty & we were obliged to stop several times to let the engine cool a bit and clean the plugs. We abandoned hope of mapping Shelburne River & tubed in past the wrecked & removed the "Ne-ne-moo-spa" at the mouth of South Lake Brook. We worked the canoe up to Maslov Falls through a

maze of pulpwood & then Sunlap & I walked up the
bank to the log bridge while Gordon poled the canoe
up the rapids. We had a sketchy lunch at the
bridge, fished there without success (it is one of the
best pools on the stream) & then separated. Gordon
brought the canoe up stream, Sunlap fished along
the bank & I struck back to a ridge of heavy
timber, following up an old, lone road to a point
opposite Sixth Lake, & then hitting out to the
lake. At the tumble-down Sixth Lake dam I found
a paper-maker, one Burrows, & an Indian fishing.
They took three trout out of my pool & then pushed
out, heading for Seventh Lake dam. Gordon &
Sunlap joined me at the dam. Plenty of trout
jumping in the upper pools but very hard to
get even a strike! We fished down the brook all
afternoon, running everything in the canoe, & got
exactly two trout in the whole distance.
But if the fishing was poor, the weather was marvellous
and along the brook the southerly wind kept the
blackflies away. At the lower end of the stream
the pulpwood had jammed so hard that we were
obliged to get over the booms, & paddled down through
the flowage, a scratchy business. Camped on a
steep knoll at the mouth of Sixth Lake Brook, in a
forest of tall, young poplars & oaks. The moon
came up, shining right into our tent door & it
was followed by a bank of ominous mist. A
peculiar halo appeared around the moon. The outer
band thickened, developed colours & we found ourselves
looking at a perfect lunar rainbow or halo, the first
I have seen. It lasted about 15 minutes & then
the moon was completely obscured by the rising
mist. Gordon prophesied an easterly storm.

Monday May 24/37. Empire Day. A cold grey dawn, with a rising easterly wind & some rain. Today was the logical day to get a haul of trout in the brook (as the drivers had shut the gates of Seventh Lake last night, shutting off the Jordan water diversion & lowering the water in Seventh Lake brook by more than a foot. But with a doubtful engine we decided we had better start limping home before the storm reached gale strength. There was some trouble with the rudder, but we got started & staggered as far as the Hippie on three & then two cylinders. Then to the foot of second lake where there was a half-hour rest for the flat engine, & finally to the Gardens about noon, when the wind suddenly dropped & a pouring rain began. Our "bag" was 5 or 6 trout, of which nine were nil. Nevertheless I enjoyed the trip immensely.

Saturday, May 29/37. Drove to Halifax this afternoon, taking Edith & Tommy. Beautiful day. Three hours on the road. The paved stretches are marvellous — one can zoom along at 50 or 55 m.p.h. with comfort and confidence — but there are long sections under construction where the going is rough and the road is cumbered with trucks, compressed-air machines, and steam shovels. I had a narrow escape from one steam shovel which swung just as I was passing, the heavy shovel missing my car by inches. Tonight we saw pictures (with sound) of the coronation ceremony in Westminster Abbey, marvellously clear and some giving very close views of the King & Queen. Both looked very nervous. The Queen seemed actually on the verge of tears once or twice, and the King's clenched jaw kept twitching steadily. Queen Mary also looked very anxious, though regal as ever.

Sunday, May 30/37. Spent this morning in the Public Gardens, where Tommy fed crumbs to the ducks and geese & had a happy time. The tulip beds about the band-stand were more beautiful than ever, but my experienced eye was shocked by the dandelions flourishing in wide sections of the lawns elsewhere. This afternoon we drove around Bedford Basin through Dartmouth & Imperoyal & had a picnic tea beside a small stream flowing in a series of short cascades to an inlet of the sea, not far from Rainbow Haven. Large numbers of Alewives were ascending the brook skittering up the rocky staircase of the stream like torpedoes.

Monday, May 31/37. Drove back to Liverpool this morning, marvellous weather, the thermometer reaching 90° in the shade at noon. Held back by the long easterly weather spell which covered most of the month, the foliage has burst forth like magic during the past few days.

Wednesday, June 3/37. Word from Montreal announces a significant change in the directorate of Price Brothers' paper and lumber industry in Quebec. H. J. Symington (of Royal Securities) becomes chairman of the board of directors, while Col. C. H. Jones joins the board & becomes president of the company. This means that J. W. Killam now owns or controls at least three important paper industries - Price, Donagone & Mersey. It is understood that Jones will remain president of Mersey & will continue to live here. He & Mrs Jones are in England, where they went to see the Coronation, & today there was a characteristic cable from him, ordering that all newspaper clippings

relating to his promotion be carefully preserved for perusal on his return.

Sunday, June 6/37. Drove to N^o 2 dam this afternoon & hiked southward through the woods to Kesington Brook. Very hot & flies bad. The beavers have built a dam at the foot of the chief fishing stillwater & have flooded the low country to the north-west of it for half a mile. The brook is very high, due to our heavy rains this spring & early summer, & the beaver dam has inundated the old fishing rocks etc. I spent an hour, flicking a fly over the water & got just one strike in that time. The sun was bright & I became disgusted & packed up. A north course (seeking to avoid the beaver flouage) took me right up the open bog, a weary journey. Had my tea on the wing of N^o 2 dam, enjoying the breeze. Home at 6.30.

Wednesday, June 9/37. A half-holiday as the day set aside for celebration of the King's birthday. My wedding anniversary. A beautiful summer day following a night of rain. Edith & I drove to California this afternoon, thence by way of South Brookfield & Pleasant River to New Germany following the course of the Ohio river. Stopped in Bridgewater for an hour. We went in the Fairview Hotel there at 5.30 & found it empty as a tomb except for a grim commercial traveller compiling reports in the writing room; finally I ran the desk clerk to catch in a back nook, immersed in a game of poker & asked him "We'd like a meal at your hotel, if you mind?" The meal was eminently satisfactory, beautifully served. I had not been in the place since Les Kowitz gave his memorable party there in May, 1924. We followed down the Lahave & along the shore to Petite Riviere, beautiful in the sunset light, & up the river to Italy Cross, thence home by the paved highway. A lovely drive.

Thursday, June 10/37. I heard Angus MacDonald defend this government at a public meeting tonight in the Astor Theatre. This he did very well; he was not so happy (how could he be?) in asking support for J. Ross Byrne, the Liberal candidate in Queens, whose past record is more than a little smelly.

Sunday, June 13/37. To the Six Mile this morning with Gordon & his dog. My cat. We walked down the old log road to the meadows and found them flooded by the high water in Lower Great Brook. I spent several hours squattering knee-deep along the brook flowing into Lower Great Brook at this point, which Gordon assures me is a good trout stream, & caught 2 trout on a silver doctor in that time. Plenty of trout showing but bright sunshine keeping them on the bottom. We had our lunch beside the old hay stacks & scuntered back to the highway about 4 P.M. Gordon spinning a quaint yarn of a bunch of stray cattle attacking his parked car near here last year. Arriving at the car found it surrounded by stray cattle all peacefully chewing the cud; but hurried examination revealed deep scratches in the paint, done in aimless spirals and whorls, all over the rear doors, fenders and trunk. Gordon's revolver hung in his belt & for a red moment I was tempted to borrow it, for a bloody revenge, but the stupid things looked so peaceful lying there in the drowsy sunshine that I forgave them and drove off.

Thursday, Dominion Day. The provincial election held June 29th resulted in a triumph for the MacDonald government with the election of 25 Liberals against 5 Conservatives. Ross Byrne in Queens was one of the few Liberals defeated. The record of the government has been good, and

its only flaw - the extensive thefts from Crown Lands by C. W. Anderson, lumberman of Sigsboro who was a muckster without portfolio - was remedied by the fact that Anderson was made to pay in full for the stumpage cut. The Halifax Herald lured Bob Chambers away from the Chronicle (he was the cartoonist who laughed the Harrington gov't out of office) and exhibited a series of political cartoons satirizing the government as a woodpecker. They were good but not good enough. The voters list scandals in Halifax during the Harrington regime still smell very strong. Colonel Harrington was defeated in his own constituency - a surprise to everybody.

Today Edith, Tommy & I spent at South West Port Winton on Carler's Beach. A warm muggy day with no sunshine but actually the first "fine" day for weeks. Rain & fog have been almost incessant since June 9th, & crops have rotted in the ground. I found a herring gull and a male surf scoter lying dead on the beach. Some fool with a gun, no doubt.

Saturday July 5/37. The gold panic (which burst over the world two or three weeks ago and checked the wild speculation in gold mines with incredible rumours of a reduction in price) had driven my Pamour shares from \$4.85 to \$2.00 per share. Since President Roosevelt and Sir John Simon have announced a policy of continued gold purchases by the two governments at the present price, most of these fears proved groundless, but the share market is still in the doldrums. The obvious course was to reduce the average cost of my Pamour shares by buying more @ 2⁰⁰ but Pamour's ore is low grade & the mine would undoubtedly be hard hit by a reduction in gold price. So today I bought 400 shares of Central Patricia, a high grade mine, @ \$2.50 per share. The stock is now receiving an annual dividend of 16% per share. A year ago this stock was fetching \$5.65 per share on the market.

Sunday July 4/37. To S. W. Port Mouton this afternoon with the Freemans and my family. Waldon Roy, a fisherman, rowed Terence, Tommy & I over to Massacre Island and showed us the spot where people dug for "Cap'n Kidd's treasure" many years ago. I was more interested in traces of Indians, but found none. It is a egg-shaped knoll covered with a dense growth of spruce, About a quarter-mile long. We walked around it to the great annoyance of the crows, nesting in the spruce thickets. I took some snaps of the flat ledges on the north side, said to be the site of the massacre. They were littered with the broken shells of sea-urchins, dropped from a height by the crows to expose the meat by "compound fracture". Picnic tea on the field by Carter's Beach. A lovely day.

Sunday July 11/37. A week of uncomfortable heat. Temperatures hanging about 80°-90° in the shade all day. We have been driving out to the shore frequently for a breath of cool air. This morning I drove Edith & Tommy to Port Joli, in company with the Parkers, Ben & Kay Alexander, the Johnsons, Carl Conrad & Jan Dunlop. We chose a lovely little sandy cove & had it all to ourselves. The water was glorious. Tommy takes to it like a duck. In the afternoon, Parker, Ben & I walked to the headland opposite Little Hope Rock, intending to visit the famous lodge built by W. A. Kenney 23 or 24 years ago. On the headland we met by chance two men from Port Mouton (one, Burgess, I think) who recently bought the property at a tax sale for \$300. They took us to Catherine's ~~Room~~ in their rotten old motorboat (the knees writhing with every sea, & the nails jumping up & down in their holes with the vibration of the engine). The lodge or house, is a long bungalow of wood covered with patent siding. There are five or six bedrooms, all very large, containing running water fixtures; four lovely tiled bathrooms with toilet, bath, huge towel closets, & most elaborate shower-spray affairs. The bedrooms open

upon a huge glassed-in veranda which commands a lovely view of the lake. The big living room has some good oak wainscoting but the paper "tapestry" above (all marine scenes) has mouldered off the walls in many places; there is a huge fire place at one end, with what must have been a lovely comfortable ingle-nook, but the stuffing of the L-shaped divans there is mouldy & rotten. All the hardwood flooring has warped & heaved up with damp until it is like a sea, a terrible mess. The furniture was sold some years ago at a previous tax-sale; there was some wonderful stuff.

Kinney was a mystery man who came to Port Joli the year before the war ¹⁹¹⁴ with his wife and a grown son. Said he had lived many years in Honolulu & having made a fortune decided to come to his native Nova Scotia to spend the rest of his life. He chose the inaccessible Calhoun's River site & spent \$50,000 building the bungalow, barn, silo, power house etc. He blasted a huge well about 20' by 30' in the solid rock, & installed a gasoline engine (with pump and dynamo) to supply the necessary light & water. Kept many head of cattle & huge numbers of sheep. Built a great fence, 8 feet high right across the headland to shut off this luxuriant retreat from the world. — paige wire, 3 miles of it — but had a telephone line built to connect with the Port Mouton exchange.

His wife & son got tired of it, the story goes, & left. Old Kinney promptly married the maid & a girl from Port Joli, but his funds petered out about 1919 and he abandoned the place. The roof has rotted completely & years of rain dripping in have pretty well ruined the interior.

Burgess & his partner are repairing the roof, hoping to sell the place for a fancy sum to a wealthy Yankee or a group of sportsmen — there is excellent duck-shooting. But they have started their salvage operations ten years

too late; it would cost a great sum to put the place in decent condition now, especially as all material must be transported by water. The house in that wild beautiful place of sand dunes, granite boulders & thick spruce woods, sea on one hand, island-dotted lake on the other — impressed my romantic soul enormously. Something of the spirit of the founder seemed to haunt the empty rooms — I could not diagnose whether good or evil, but it was very strong sometimes. Perhaps I really am psychic. I hunted for more tangible clues, but the place has been thoroughly ransacked by tax collectors & other less legal scavengers & all I could find was a photograph of a fine young man in Canadian army uniform (the son?) and a gaudy lithograph advertising a Japanese steamship line. Burgess says Kinney was a "damn fool". Perhaps so, but he might have been a fool with imagination and creative power. Our guides headed north for Port Moulton & we walked back along a magnificent beach — 1½ miles of pure sand, culminating in a steep dune, which slopes down on the other side to the big lake & its myriad islands. The place was full of sea-fowl — a noticeably large number of willets, very tame, & noisy, flying almost in our faces. One very odd thing in that place of oddities. A large wooden signboard saying: —

COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS.

NO SHOOTING. TRESPASSING FORBIDDEN.

ISAAC SPRAGUE BIRD REFUGE.

Burgess said the sign drifted ashore last year after the big floods in New England.

Wednesday July 21/37. Drove to Halifax with Edith & Tommy after parking the baby with Grandma Freeman. Spent several days in lazy car-journeys about the city, with a movie show at night. At the Capitol we heard & saw Beatrix Fortune, former stenog with the Foundation Company, who married Mark Fortune. He has developed a lovely contralto voice. I met Mark next day. He is selling life insurance in Halifax. Paid my annual visit to the Provincial Museum & found nothing new and everything very dusty and ill-arranged. Harry Piers, the curator, too much absorbed in field work & research to pay any attention to the Museum itself; visitors must go away with very poor impressions.

Halifax looks better than for years, the citizens taking much more pride in the appearance of their streets & houses, though there is still plenty of room for improvement. An air of prosperity everywhere & the suburbs still spreading rapidly across the Arm & along the Dutch Village Road. Our stay coincided with a heat-wave & as I do not care for the rabble-haunted "sea-side resorts" of Halifax we ventured to Sambro over a miserable road, and took other drives afield. Went to Windsor one afternoon & called on Miss Bell at Doctor O. B. Keddy's, a big red house surrounded by cool lime trees. Risked the rabble one day & picnicked at Porto Bello, on the old Shubenacadie cabal, which was deserted by the hot-polloi fortunately, though the usual road-side resort was in evidence. Unusual feature of this resort was a bald eagle sitting in a cage by the roadside, screaming his chagrin at the hens scratching earth just beyond his wire netting. One afternoon I drove out the Sturgis road through Infield & Elmsdale, turned off through Jay's River and came down the lovely Musquodoboit Valley - golden-green with ripe hay fields - to Musquodoboit Harbour. Stopped for tea at a small

innocent-looking farmhouse beside Porter's Lake, where we were taxed heavily for one of the poorest meals I ever ate in my life. Antiflimax: as I drove off in high gear and higher dudgeon I discovered a punctured tire.

One morning I called on A. J. Campbell, director of the government information bureau. I wanted to talk about the deep-sea fishing booklet for 1958 which he had asked me to undertake, but Campbell wanted to talk about everything else under the sun. A grey-haired, grey-faced, grim-featured man, he rattled on with much of nothing, including a wild scheme for challenging the winners of the present Newport-Tandberg international yacht races, race to take place at Halifax. He estimates a challenging yacht could be built for half a million dollars which would be financed by the sale of one-dollar shares to the Canadian public. I managed to get away two minutes before noon, & found a mournful delegation outside, stenographers with letters to sign men & boys with other papers — who had obviously been awaiting my departure for some time. A walk through Point Pleasant Park revealed a repaired Marullo Tower open to the public, and the "modern" defences of Fort Ogilvie & Point Pleasant Battery sloughing into decay: there is a moral in this, but I kamish quite put my mind on it. Drove back to Liverpool in the continued lovely summer weather on Monday the 26th. Lunch at Mack's Mill Village, a superb meal delightfully served. Mother came along with us for a walk.

Saturday August 7/57. Drove Mother back to Halifax this afternoon, Edith & Tommy coming along. Heat intense and dust very bad along the stretches of road under construction.

Sunday Aug 8/37. A blazing sun all day. Got away from Halifax early in the thin morning mist & headed for Windsor, then along the Valley. The main road is paved all the way to Annapolis with the exception of a dusty five miles between Windsor & Waverley. Stopped in Windsor to say how-do to Miss Bell & found her at breakfast with the Kedgys. Another stop in Kentville to see Selas & Alice Smith, who showed us over their lovely new home, nearing completion. The Valley was as lovely as ever, not much traffic, and we swam over the smooth highway through a flood of sunshine. Arrived in Middleton about 1 P.M. & stopped at the American House where a handsome grey-haired woman welcomed us from a shady verandah. Everything deliciously clean and cool. We were hungry, & had a roast turkey dinner with "all the fixin's". A meal to be remembered. Turned off the paved road at Bridgetown and strolled the red dirt of the Granville highway, crossing to Annapolis by the bridge at Granville Ferry. Went to the fort, but found that one must be conducted through the museum in a party or not at all. The party of tourists within at the time numbered forty, and since all doors were barred to exclude stragglers the heat in that little place must have been terrific. I contented myself with a stroll around the outer "battlements". Went on over "Micky's Hill" through Greywood, Mattaw, & Caledonia, meeting the first cool breath of the sea breeze as far inland as Kempt. Home at 6 P.M.

Thursday Aug 12/37. Busy day brought a visitor this evening of Kenneth Leslie, whose sea-poem "The Misty Mocker" won the Pers prize for which I submitted "Hull Down". He is a tall stoop-shouldered

many with straggling blond hair & eyebrows, irregular
teeth & the beginnings of a paunch. Said he had heard
of me & had expected to find "an old retired salt,
a weatherbeaten old man with a grey beard". I had
imagined a gaunt & hollow-eyed ^{opponent}, for Leslie does
not ^{always} use capital letters & punctuation etc., but I found
him an honest fellow who talks in the vernacular
and does not look or act like the poet he is. He
brought copies of his "Windward Rock" & other poems" and
"Such a Din" (mostly din) to give me. He was
very proud of the notices given "Windward Rock" by the
(London) Times Literary Supplement & other critics of
authority, & the pride is justified, for the book contains
much beauty of thought & word. He has a good
sense of humour, & made me laugh immoderately with
a lively description of a typical meeting of the Nova
Scotia Authors' Society! We talked of Mr. Mehan,
and the Russians - we disagreed on Dostoevsky, whom he
likes - and the war poets and V. E. Lawrence - we
agreed in the keen quality of the Seven Pillars of Wisdom.
He told me that he had a "shack" in Vermont, but
mostly was a wanderer; that he was pro-English but
an anti-imperialist; that he, (~~a student of literature~~ ^{NOT A}?) is
firmly allied to the people's cause in Spain (which
astounded me, for the Pope has given his blessing to
the fascist cause there); that there are as many vulgar
people in Toronto as in any U. S. city of its size, and
Canadian should not look down their noses at the
Yankees; that his poetry was appreciated by the English
and nobody else; and that he was intensely interested
in the co-operative movement in Nova Scotia, which is
being sponsored so successfully by Saint J. X. university.
He is in Liverpool to superintend the conversion
of a small Hancock sloop, in which he proposes to

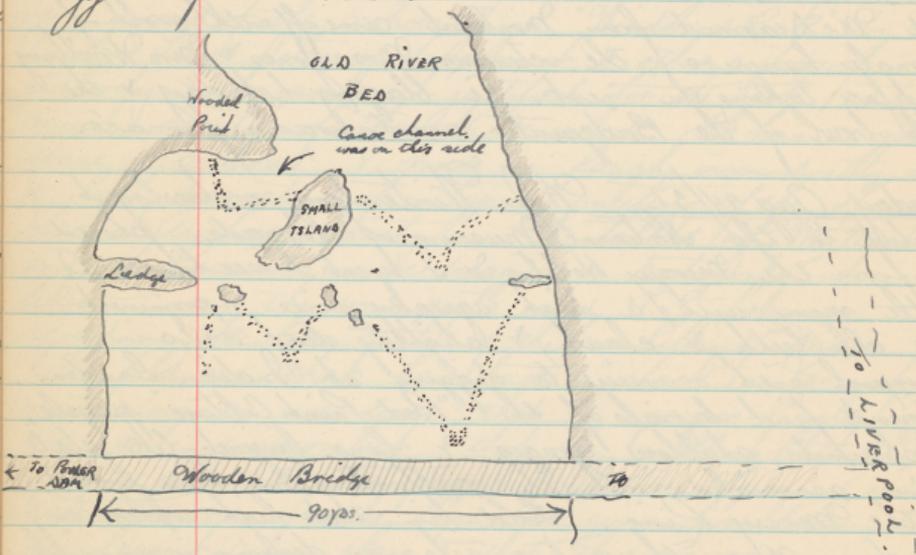
seek peace and time for writing. He plans to sail for Chester tomorrow with a one-man crew. I gave him copies of Saga fife Loco and The Markland Sagas, the latter caused him to insist that Saint Brendan was the real discoverer of America & I told him he was talking through Viljalundur Stefansson's hat.

Saturday, Aug. 21/37 Drove to Bridgewater this afternoon to see the finale of the N.Y. Lawn Tennis tournament. Ross Wilson (seeded second in the Dominion) & a youngster named McDiarmid from Montreal came off with most of the male honours; the veterans Mrs. Jones & Mrs Woodbury of Halifax taking the rest. A blazing hot day & the little bowl of the Bridgewater courts was a furnace.

Tuesday, Aug. 24/37. W. J. Wintenberg, archaeologist attached to the National Museum of Canada phoned me from the Mercury Hotel & I went to see him. A little man with a high squeaky voice & prominent ears, all teeth & claws, & slightly deaf. Is in Liverpool with a view to digging at Indian Gardens. Hopes to find burials of the "Red Paint Culture" people, as plummet, shallow gouges & long bayonet-like slate knives, associated with this culture have been found on the Mercury River. Told him that high water in No. 1 dam covers the entire site so digging is impossible at present. Took him to see my collection, also Brent Smith's & Gordon's; he made copious notes & sketches & seemed satisfied that the "Red Paint" people lived at Indian Gardens. He is an authority on the Indians of eastern Canada & we spent an interesting evening; he has a keen sense of humour. His best quip was the story of the Ottawa lady who asked a politician for a definition of "eunuch" at a

mixed party on the capital. "A cumuch, madam, is a minister without portfolio".

~~Saturday~~ ^{SUNDAY} Aug. 29/37. Brent Smith & I spent the afternoon at Big Falls rummaging the section of old river bed left dry by the development. There are remains of several Indian fish-weirs, (four at least) casting light on the Mac Mac name for this place, MĒS-NĒS-A-WON-OOK, which means "the biggest fish-weir".



They were constructed of thousands of water-worn stones piled loosely, ranging in weight from 5 lbs. to 200 lbs. & must have taken a tremendous amount of work for the river was a powerful stream at this point. The coaries are now filled with gravel washed down by construction operations up stream & by a sledge of bark etc. In spite of this I managed to see a broken belt lying just down-stream from the chief weir near the east bank & picked it up in triumph. Otherwise our search was disappointing.

Monday Aug 30/37. The Mercury company is introducing a group insurance scheme to its employees. Those earning up to \$1000 per annum can get \$1000 life insurance for 40¢ per month. Those earning up to \$2000 can get \$1500 @ 50¢. Those earning above \$2000 can get \$2000. The scheme requires 75% of the men to be successful. Today Jonesie's secretary, Jack Sudmore, canvassed the office staff on the scheme, asking each to sign on the dotted line or give the reason for refusal.

I refused, giving as my reason that I was leaving the company's service next spring. I have contemplated this step for a long time, for my job with Mercury is a dead end without hope of promotion or increase of salary. It seemed silly to give such long notice, but the insurance business brought matters to a head. I have in mind free-lance journalism as a full-time occupation. It is rather mad, I suppose, but I have money enough to support my family for three or four years & in that time I shall know whether or not Joss meant me to be a writer.

Thursday Sep 9th/37. We have grown so used to wars and rumours of wars that the march of world events leaves us undisturbed. Nevertheless things look bad.

The Spanish civil war rages on with Italy & Germany giving active open support ^{to the insurgents} with men and munitions, and Russia doing the same for the Spanish government. Ships engaged in trade with Spanish government-held ports are being attacked by air, by surface craft and lately by mysterious submarines but all insignia painted out.

Russia alleges that the "pirate" submarines are units of the Italian navy & certainly the evidence seems strong. Britain & France have ordered their warships to sink "pirate" submarines if caught in action. In the East Japan has seized Peiping & is making a powerful attempt to

capture Shanghai. The British ambassador to China has been seriously wounded by a Japanese plane which bombed and machine-gunned his car. Britain has demanded redress, and an apology which so far has not been forthcoming.

Saturday, Sep 11/37. Spent an interesting hour or two aboard the ~~Frederburg~~ ^{Frederburg} galibuter "Bessemmer", Captain Tom Himmelman, in port from the Grand Banks for ice and bait. Strutting past a red-painted building I happened to glance up at an open loft door & saw what appeared to be a seaman's bugnage bag, swinging from a beam in a peculiar fashion. I was curious enough to mount the outside wooden stair & peeped into an old sail-loft, strewn with nets & corks, & saw a flushed blond young man of twenty two or three, in boxing trunks, hammering away with both fists at the bag. The bag contained sand (to the weight of 200 lbs. He told me his name was McLeod, that he weighed 176, fought in the light-heavyweight class, & that he had hopes of a boxing career "if I can only get some fights". His fists were taped and covered with thin leather gloves, unpaddinged. He said he had tried punching the bag with the bare fist but "it got my knuckles sore", hence the gloves. He works out every day, and when "Figer" Warrington (our successful negro fighter) is home he trains in this same loft. He looked very earnest, telling me all this, & it seemed a pity that he, could "get no fights", since his ambitions lie that way. Seemed a very clean chap, well muscled, & punched the big sand-bag for my benefit, with a savage efficiency that made it swing like a pendulum.

Note:- Reginald "Cephas" Report died Sep 13, 1937, aged 54. A tall negro from Port of Spain, Trinidad, made a small fortune in bootlegging liquor in Liverpool 1916-1930. Built a wayside caravan called "Happy Landing" between Brooklyn & Mill Village about 1934. At one time owned & rented 2 modern houses on Park Street.

Tuesday Sep. 14/37 The weather has been easterly with an unusual degree of warmth, since Sunday, when there was a strong S.E. gale. About 6 A.M. today the wind sprang up again very suddenly from SE, with sheets of rain, shifting to SW. About 7 A.M. it blew with great violence, continuing for about half an hour & fairly shaking my house on its foundation. At 8 o'clock it ceased off again and petered out. The town streets are a fine mess, with great shade trees (most of them from 100 to 150 years old) blown down, tearing away telephone & light wires. Reports trickling in from the northern district and from the shore tell of barns blown down, roofs torn off and big trees uprooted everywhere. In the Annapolis Valley the fruit trees were stripped; most of the Cravenstein crop had been harvested but it is estimated that 600,000 barrels of apples are now lying on the ground, a heavy loss for the growers. The "oldest inhabitants" can remember nothing like it, so 1937 will probably go down to history as the Year of the Big Storm. Tonight we read by candle-light. Most of the townsfolk were abroad, crowds milling along Main Street in the dark, gathering about the places where ^{fallen} trees were still obstructing the electric light service, to watch Drew's repair gangs at work.

Sunday Sep. 19/37 Jean Dunlap's wedding day. I fetched the Freemans from Milton & I've took Tommy along. (He has been eager to "go to church" for some time.) A short simple ceremony at the United Church at 9 A.M. A chill fall morning & no heat in the Kirk hence blue fingers & noses. Mrs Ball played "Here Comes The Bride" as Jeanie entered, all in black on the arm of sturdy old Hugh. A typical wedding ceremony with the bride looking

radiant & all the other women weeping; the groom looking scared & miserable & all the other men grinning.

We saw them off with a shower of confetti & with a rusty old-fashioned wire-cage rat trap tied to the rear bumper of their car.

Hector & I hustled home, changed to woods kit & left for Indian Gardens on our annual camping trip. Roy Gordon joined us there & the motor boat functioned perfectly. We were at the old camping site at Coad's Brook by 3 P.M. with plenty of time to get our tent up before dark. The storm of Sep 14th played havoc in the woods, great trees blown down everywhere and whole acres of flowage laid flat. Plenty of firewood for this reason. We took along a Swede cross-cut saw & manufactured a generous supply of fuel, maple & dry pine. (I cut up Coad's Brook with a lot of lumber, five raft the canoe on a ^{small} section of the camp hard & fast. I had to alight & jump out to lighten the canoe, then swim 150 yds to a landing in the flowage. Ugh!)

Monday, Sep. 20/37 A cool windy day. In camp all morning. This afternoon we took the canoe up the Coad's Lake, with difficulty owing to the low water. We had to drag & carry the canoe over the meadow above the dam. Very rough crossing the lake. Gordon & Dunlap hunted industriously (and unsuccessfully) for cranberries in the two meadows on the S. side of Coad's Lake, also on the second meadow of Conway brook. I undertook to carry the canoe from the east side of Coad's Lake to a navigable point on the brook below the dam, choosing a circuitous route to avoid the brook meadow which is full of beaver & musk-rat holes. My route included a half-mile of old dirt road, 150 yds of mucky flowage, then 250 yds over a steep ridge where big trees had blown down right & left. Climbing the ridge I slipped & fell, fortunately without serious hurt to myself or to the canoe. This way was little better than the meadow route so we decided to cut a portage from the brook to the north bay of Coad's Lake some time.

Tuesday, Sep. 21/37. Cool & very windy again. We set off for Sunnaben Bog after breakfast, following up along the meadows of Conway Brook two miles then picking up a faint trail which merged into the remains of fine old logging railroad of the Lake Umbagog. About $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles of this brought us to a high bare knob near the NW end of the great bog, which is so cut up by long narrow ridges of timber that one cannot appreciate its size. Gordon slept the afternoon there while the hopeful Dunlap hunted crayfishes & I walked up the trickle of brook to Beaver Lake, in the heart of the great bog. There I was startled by a big cow moose which burst from cover & jumped the brook ahead of me. She was gone before I could get my camera ready. I carried it "at the ready" for five or ten minutes then I folded it up only to suffer the mortification of seeing a handsome buck dash across my path in much the same manner. As I retraced my steps towards my companions the old cow galloped along ahead, just beyond my vision, but Dunlaps & Hector watched her progress for $\frac{3}{4}$ mile along the bog. We left about 3 P.M. & were back at camp by 5.

Wednesday, Sep. 22/37. Fine hot day. Went up Coads' Brook as far as possible with canoe, taking along sleeping bags & enough grub for 3 meals. Portaged to Coads Lake by my round-about route. (I carried the canoe, preferring it to a backload of dunnage). The short portage through the virgin timber between Coads Lake & Sixth Lake was beautiful as ever & we viewed the big dignified hemlock & spruce with all the regret of a farewell. Mr. Gordon says the Mercury Company intends to cut it soon. Spent the night in the open about old bivouac at the foot of the lake. Starlight & the full moon coming up over the wooded ridge perfectly reflected in the still water of the lake - achingly lovely.

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Thursday Sep. 23/37. A calm frosty morning. We were up at 5 A.M. & Gordon called for three hours on the little Knoll where we got a big bull up last year. No luck. After breakfast Gordon & I wanted to carry over to Silver Lake then to Jordan Lake, returning to camp via Porcupine Brook, Eighth & Seventh Lakes & Sixth Lake Brook, but this would have meant low rations & possibly another night in the open, which Sunlap did not relish; so we retraced our route back to camp stopping at Coad's Lake to run a line from the dam to the north bay of the lake, which we found to be about W and not much more than 300 yds. We cut out a good portage along this line & carried our canoe & duffle over it to "christen" it. All afternoon Gordon & Sunlap slept in the tent. I was restless & occupied myself in building a crude wharf of logs and an artistic privy, also of logs. Gordon called the privy a bear-trap, with some justice. It looks like one.

Friday Sep 24/37. Another frosty morning. Gordon called for three hours without a sign of reply. We threw some grub into the canoe & paddled down through Fourth & Fifth Lakes to Sixth Lake Brook, purposing to ascend to Eighth Lake. We found Sixth Lake a mere trickle, not enough to float a canoe over the many shallows, so abandoned our enterprise. Had dinner beside Harlow's Falls, a thin trickle of water hardly enough to make a sound. Back to camp in the afternoon. Stopped by the side of the now-submerged Fifth Lake Run & searched along the ridge-top for Indian relics. I was fortunate enough to discover a steel or iron Tomahawk, heavily rusted but still in good shape.

Tonight as we made tea the pop-pop of a motor boat came up the flooded meadows of Coad's Brook & we saw

Two of these had were Wagstaff's sons. One was killed, one wounded, in the fighting in Normandy in the summer of 1944

a m.b. towing a dory & three canoes. It proved to be a Mercy survey party under Bert Wagstaff. It was nearly dark & they were strangers in the area so we invited them to tent on our knoll & make use of our fire etc.

Wagstaff is a tall rangy man with a heavily scarred face and a shock of graying brown hair. A marvellous axe-man, he rustled, poled for his cook tent (young trees all of them) while the four young fellows of his party were still wondering where to erect it. The boys were all clean muscular lads, full of animal spirits, the picture of health. They have been in the woods since May, ranging through from Red Lake by way of Peachness & Kikumukuk River, & Wagstaff says they have seen exactly 15 moose in that time. With us, he thinks that the moose are on the decline & that a closed season for several years must be enforced in order to save them.

Saturday - Sep 25/57. Up at 4 A.M., stumbling breakfast-less into the camp then on foot to the meadow S. of Coad's Lake. Calm & frosty weather. Again Gordon called for 3 hours & again no result. As we watched the sun rise we saw that it was covered with a grey counterpane of scud moving in from S.E. with incredible rapidity. We hustled back to camp, struck the tent & packed our gear, had breakfast, & got away. We were at Indian Gardens by noon, with a wind rising steadily from S.E. Spent several hours here putting a good mooring on the boat & hunting for arrowheads along the shore. Home at 5 P.M. A terrific S.E. gale was blowing by midnight accompanied by sheets of rain. I wonder how the surveyors made out at Coad's Brook!

Sunday Sep 23/37. The storm blew itself out today after raising a tremendous sea that did heavy damage along the coast. The new \$80,000 extension to Brooklyn Breakwater, badly hogg'd by a similar storm in its first winter, was swept away. Likewise the breakwater at Western Head. The highway across Scott's Beach was blocked by piles of beach stones flung there by the breaking seas. The Fort Park in Liverpool was similarly treated; & a large quantity of pulpwood bark, shippis and screenings, dumped into the harbour over the protests of the Liverpool citizenry, found their way to R L Seaborn's (Museum's wood manager) doorstep, making a fine mess of his lawn. There was a justice about this which everybody noted.

Sunday Oct 3/37. Lovely fall day with a chill N. wind. Drove to Indian Gardens with Gordon to help Dunlap haul out his motor boat. Dunlap had prepared a sort of cradle on heavy timber sleds, which was to be floated out to the boat, worked under it, & then the whole contraption was to be hauled up the shore with blocks & tackles hitched to Dunlap's car. There was difficulty in getting the cradle slid under the boat, increased by the high wind & "sea" on the lake. While pushing bravely on a pole, the boat lurch'd, my pole slipped & I went overboard. There were stacks of pulpwood floating about & I didn't relish the idea of falling on my face, but I managed to turn myself in air & executed a perfect back flop. A huge splash & a huge roar of laughter from Gordon, Jack Rector, Hugh & Rector Dunlap. Being thoroughly wet I had no objection to doing a stunt of crossing down the forward end of the cradle with my weight, so that it slid into place.

very nicely. Getting the thing hauled up on the "rollers" ashore (K pulpwood sticks), proved difficult, the hauling rope snapping repeatedly, & after a hour of it, I became so chilled that I had to withdraw to the little shack of the Mercy lumbermen & dry my clothes over the stove. We had a picnic lunch in the shack, & in the late afternoon succeeded in getting boat plus cradle hauled up to the truck road by substituting a number of linked boom-chains for the too-easily parted rope.

On the way down river Gordon & I stopped at Lower Great Break, he to cut one or two clothes-line props for his wife, I to hunt for Indian relics on the river bank. I found parts of shovels stone gauges on the bank about fifty yards below the mouth of P.C.B.

Wednesday Oct 6/37 A quaint individual called at the office today wearing (amongst other things) a black frock coat, the lapels and breast of which were covered with badges of Canadian militia regiments & one or two cheap medals without inscription or device but with gorgeous ribbons. On his head was a Balmoral bonnet, Khaki, with the badge of an Ontario regiment. A little dark man with greying black curly hair, a hook nose, beady black eyes and very bad teeth. He has an empty sleeve and a cork leg, gives his name as Jean de Vandriest, & claims to be a veteran of the Belgian Army making a world tour on foot. He finances the journey by a genteel sort of begging, Legion branches being a special mark. He had a scrap book full of postcards, clippings of news-photos of ships & places, and a remarkable number of letters signed by Canadian mayors, postmasters etc testifying that "Jean de Vandriest" "late of the Belgian Field Artillery" had called on them at such a time on such a date. I questioned him about his wounds & was told that he received them at

Courcelette in 1916. I laughed & said no Belgian troops were in that battle. Jean changed his story & said that he was detached from his regiment at the time and was "commandant" of the civilian area there. We pointed out that a Belgian soldier could not be "commandant" of a French civilian area on the British front in Picardy. Jean (with the utmost ease) changed the year again & said that he was on leave from the Brussels garrison at the time, visiting friends in Courcelette, & got caught in the battle. We observed that the Brussels garrison had left that city in the devil's own hurry in 1914 - two years before Courcelette. Jean then said that as a matter of fact he had served his time in the army before the war & that he had seen no military service in the period 1914-18. Brent gave the old impostor a dollar and he skipped out shouting "Au revoir, messieurs!" (His arm & leg injuries were accidental)

Tonight I drove to Shelburne with Sam Campbell, Jerry Hyde & Bruce Connell, to hear an address by Dr. Coady, of the extension dept. of St. Francis Xavier University. There was a Lennoxburg Queens-Shelburne teachers' institute in session, & the wide main street of Shelburne was thronged with school-ma'ams. Likewise the theatre, where Coady spoke. He wore the black severe clothes of a Roman Catholic priest, with the usual round collar, a fine big man, over six feet, with a strong square face and the compressed mouth of a fighter. His thick neck was a fighter's, too, and his heavy wrists & fists which he shook repeatedly at his audience when driving points home. He is the soul of the "Antigonish Movement" which is bringing a material and spiritual renaissance to the poverty-stricken farmers & fishermen of eastern Nova Scotia. With the aid of "credit unions" & co-operative units - lobster packing plants, sawmills, general stores etc - based on the

Swedish principle, he & his disciples have begun to convince the poor communities of the Maritimes that they can & should do something for themselves instead of waiting for the government to do something for them. Coady's sincerity shines from his broad face & lights his grey eyes under the straight bushy eyebrows, & he is no mere visionary, for he has flung himself into the working lives of the people & literally dragged up community after community by its own boot straps. He has no brief for capital, of course, detests communism, & says that the Fascist state is merely the last ditch defence of dying Capitalism. He says that unless the co-operative principle can be adopted by the masses within a few years the country will be plunged into Fascism & then Communism.

He quoted case after case, naming & describing poor communities in Eastern N.S. which had grasped the idea, made it work, & were now off the relief rolls & holding up their heads again. "The Depression was a good thing for us!" he shouted. "It made us think for the first time of the working man. I wish to God the Depression would continue another ten years, & that the Yankees would continue to bar immigration. Then our people would have to stay at home where they belong and gain a better life for themselves by their own common effort & intellect." In conclusion he told a story to illustrate why a Roman Catholic divine was working with Protestant ministers & others to lift the soul of a people. "A man hung a map of the world on the wall of his son's play-room. The boy cut the map in pieces to make a jig-saw puzzle & then could not put it together. The man gave the boy a whipping for wilful destruction. Next day he found the boy had put the map together perfectly, & knowing his son's scant geography, asked how he did it. "Father," said the boy, "there was a picture of

a man on the back of the map. I put the man together
— and the world came right."

He drove back to Liverpool with us, munching
apples & smoking cigarettes furiously, talking incessantly
of his Movement & the things it has done & can do.
He talks in the Cape Breton vernacular, saying "t'ink"
and "t'ought" and "innerdent" and "hass" and "wass",
and has a fund of humour of the earthy kind.
He told us he was brought up on a farm & has
spent most of his life trying to find a way to improve
the coastal farmer-fisherman's lot. "Some people tell
me that a priest should look after the things of the
mind & soul, & leave the material side of life to
take care of itself. I tell 'em — "You start with
Shakespeare and grand opera if you like! I'll
start at the man's stomach. And I'll work up
to Shakespeare & grand opera a lot quicker than
you'll work down to the belly!"

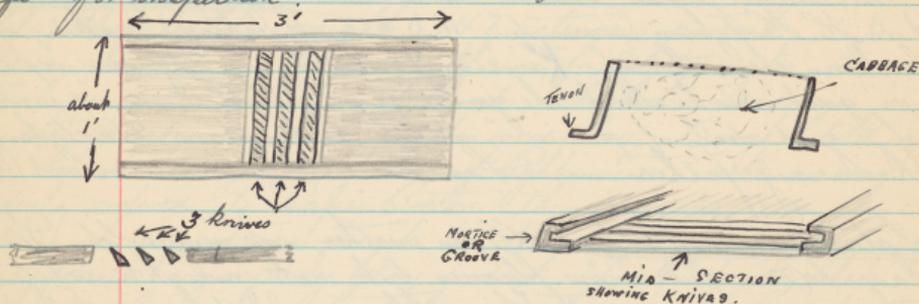
Thursday, Oct 7/37. There was a short but sharp
thunderstorm at 8 this morning with lightning seeming to
snap all about the town. Barney Mosher came into the
office later with a good yarn. He & John More
have a road-building contract on the main highway
towards Port Joli, with a big gang of men, trucks,
steam shovels etc. Just before the storm they charged
thirty drill holes with dynamite & caps ready for
blasting. Then the rain came down in torrents and
the gang crawled under the trucks etc for shelter.
The first bolt of lightning struck the telephone wires,
shattering seven poles right alongside the covering
crew. Then a terrific clap of thunder, another bolt
and — bang! — up went thirty dynamite charges in a
single conclusion. There was no touch of anything in

place over the charges, of course, & the broken boulders were hurled in all directions! As soon as they recovered their breath some of the road-going jumped into the trucks & beat it off the job. Barney hasn't seen them since. "Guess they thought 'twas Judgment Day" said Barney.

Friday, Oct 29/37. The mill is enjoying a laugh at J. H. Mowbray Jones, who is (by divine right of nepotism) Mill Manager at Mersey. Mowbray, in his early thirties & apple of his father's eye, is renowned for his personal parsimony, a quality which he carries into his business activities. The Foster-Wheeler Company a few weeks ago shipped a quantity of boiler brick to Mersey by mistake. It was unloaded at the mill before anybody realized the error. "Gad," said Mowbray, "I have 'em by the short hairs!" He wired F.W., pointing out that Mersey did not want the brick but offering \$500 for the lot "to take it off their hands." F.W. came back with a wire saying "Brick is worth \$1200 retail value. We'll sell for \$700". Mowbray, knowing that the loading & return freight would cost F.W. a pretty sum, stuck to his price of \$500. F.W. retorted that they would rather load it again and ship it somewhere else regardless of cost. About this time a side-wall of one of the boilers collapsed. Escovigne, the steam engineer, promptly made use of the convenient brick and used it in his repairs, chanting Geordie hymns of thanks. Mowbray had to advise F.W. that that brick had been used after all, (they had made arrangements to ship to North Sydney). He also hopefully offered to settle at their price of \$700. Today came a crisp wire from F.W. "Since you have used brick, for which disposal had been arranged elsewhere, we must insist on retail price plus incidental expenses incurred at Liverpool. Total price to you is therefore \$1,294.00". Mowbray moaned "I'm nipped!"

Mr. Borgel said that he did not know how old it was, but knew it was made by a man at Cherry Hill, & that he had used it for more than 40 years.

We all took a turn at churning, & when the butter was made we ~~all~~ had delicious butter-milk with sweet round cookies. Borgel brought in his "Kraut-knife" for inspection.



It consists of a maple board with low raised sides, and with three knives set at an angle in the middle of the board. There is a sort of maple box without top or bottom to hold the cabbage. The bottom of the box is tenoned to fit the grooves or mortices in the sides of the knife-board. The cabbage is placed in the box & slid back and forth across the knives, the shreds falling through the slots between the knives into a barrel beneath. Borgel's is apparently the best Kraut-knife in Broad Cove, for he told me it was borrowed all over the place when "September came round and 'sauet Kraut' time arrived."

All this was interesting enough, but then Mrs. Borgel mentioned that she had an outfit of spinning wheels which were heirlooms of unknown antiquity & which she had used during her early married life. We trooped up a steep narrow stair, through a prim little bedroom to what Mrs. Borgel called "the Dark Room". It proved to be a lumber room with various boxes & pieces of discarded furniture neatly stacked, and

spotless like the rest of that shining house. (Mrs. Borgel apologized because there was a little dust on one of the spinning wheels.) There were two spinning wheels; one of the large type with a wheel of 4' diameter operated by hand, the operator standing. The other was a small thing, beautifully made, operated by a foot treadle.

There was also a winder for putting thread on bobbins for weaving, and a pair of large hardwood shuttles used in weaving.

The bobbins were called "quills" by the Borgels & the name fitted, for they were thin wooden tubes whittled from elder wood, with the pith removed. They slid on to a wooden pin which in turn fitted into a recess of the shuttle.

Mrs. Borgel told me that flax was grown for spinning & weaving in her time, & that the fields of blue-blossomed flax were a familiar sight in every village when she was young. The flax was pulled when ripe & strown over the fields for weeks, to be retted by sun, rain & dew. Then it was bundled & taken to a "breaking-kiln" where it was dried on a staging over a hot fire. The breaking was usually done at a "breaking-party" where the work was done by manipulating a wooden knife-and-slot affair, always followed by games & dancing & refreshments.

Mrs. Borgel brought sheets, table-cloths and towels for our inspection, made from home-grown flax by her sister & herself forty years ago, beautiful work.

The loom was broken up & burnt some time ago. It looked like a hay-rack," she said, and "took up too much room."

Saturday, Dec. 25/37. A wet Christmas — pouring rain all day! Our two imps had a riotous day, for Santa Claus had done well by them at home, and then there was the Sunlap-Freeman tribal gathering at Milton in the afternoon, with its mass distribution of gifts. The "tribe" has grown too large now for a single dinner party so this year the Sunlaps had dinner together, and the Raddalls journeyed to Milton for dinner with the Freemans. There was a splendid turkey

a tender find all the way from Prince Edward Island - won by Ralph in a 25¢ raffle - and, of course, plum pudding with candy sauce. A noble feast.

In the afternoon the Dunlaps arrived and after the riot of opening parcels had subsided we had a game of forty-five - Hugh, Hector, Carl Conrad, Ralph and I - go tradition demanded. Then, a high tea and home. I tried to phone Mother at Halifax tonight but all the lines were down due to the storm. I am afraid she was a bit lonely. Edith & I asked her to come down here for Christmas but she didn't like to leave her house unheated for several days. Our family is widely scattered. Winnie is in St. John, Mellicet in Alabama.

Friday, Dec 31/37 We have had a week of real winter, temperature ranging between zero and 25° with clear skies & an inch or two of snow. We saw the New Year in Mr. Parker's tonight, with the Johnsons, MacDonalds, Wainots, Conrads, Alexanders, also Filmpson the new manager of the Bank of Nova Scotia & his wife. About 2 A.M. we drove to Bill & Sally MacDonald's en masse, but found their party sadly depleted by over-indulgence, & returned after a drink for two to Parkers, where we finally "called it a night" about 3:30 A.M.

Wednesday, Jan 12/38 Steady, crisp weather, temperatures between 6° and 30° above zero. No snow. Kids enjoying the best skating for years. Last night Charlie Hoelfel, of James W. Dewell's timber-cruising outfit, wrecked a Dodge coupe belonging to the Mackeod Pulp Co, and made a thorough job of it. He had borrowed it to take a local girl (Janie Kennedy) to the hockey game at Bridgewater, & on the way home - somewhere near County Line - he was unable to make

one of the bends in the road & drove into the woods at terrific speed, ^{the car} snapping off small trees, hurdling a big boulder, striking twice on its top & landing at last right side up. Woelfel's head went through the stout "Safety Glass" windshield & he was badly cut, bruised & shaken up. Janie suffered a broken leg. The radiator, hood, mud-guards & running boards were reduced to battered strips of metal, the steel frame of the engine itself was fractured, the steel top was heavily dented, & the steel framework of the body so badly buckled that it is impossible to see how they got out alive. The car ended its career about 150 feet off the road entirely. Woelfel managed to drag himself to the road, where about 1 P. M. a chance-passing truck saw him. The truck brought them into Liverpool for first-aid & Doc Murray then hustled them off to the hospital at Bridgewater. It was a bitter cold night & how long a time elapsed between the accident & the arrival of the truck, nobody knows, but Murray says they are both suffering from exposure in addition to their other ills.

Thursday, Jan. 13/38. A grey bleak day with a rising gale from S. E. John Moore phoned the office at noon asking for volunteers to search for a boy lost in the woods at Broad River. Parker, Smith, Gordon & I went. As we got out of the car at Broad River highway bridge the snow began. John Moore was there, directing the search. We tramped up the tote-road as far as Hepman's Landing & then separated, Parker & Smith to search up the East Branch, Gordon & I to strike across N. E. to link up with a mounted Police party working north of Hemmetts Ridge. The storm became a blizzard in half an hour. We worked over the timber slopes until we struck the police party's tracks, then turned back along their trail for a mile and swung off S. W. for another sweep to the river. Once we heard another search party whistling to keep touch with each other, & blowing conchs. We came out of the woods behind the shack of Mike Mo-ko-ne, the old Indian, about dusk. He made us come in & warm ourselves before going out to the car, where Parker & Smith reported a track but no luck.

Friday, Jan 14/58. A cold sunny day. Search was resumed at Broad River this morning & a party under a trapper named Doggett found fresh tracks crossing the ice on East Branch. They came to the missing boy leaning against a tree & ready to drop. He had been on his feet two days & two nights without food of any kind but suffered no injury other than sore feet. If he had failed to move about, making tracks in the new snow, he would undoubtedly have died somewhere in the thick woods where he had spent the second night.

Sunday, Jan 16/58. Parker, Gordon, Smith & I to Big Telfs this morning, leaving the car in the gravel pit just north of N^o 3 dam, on the east side of the river. Gordon & Parker produced guns from their packs & put them together as we entered the woods — a reference to the Lord's Day Observance Act which amused Break & me. Gordon's gun, a beautiful little 20-gauge, take-down model. Working north along the barren ridges west of Upper Great Brook we drove up a few rabbits for the gunners & saw many tracks. Gordon thinks the rabbits have passed the "low" of their mysterious cycle & are now on the increase. Had dinner together on the sunny side of a large rock in a sheltered hollow, for the temperature was 15° and the wind keen. Smith & I then left the hunters & hiked N.E. to George's Lake, which we had never seen. Walked the length of the ice on the lake & saw the tracks of two men, probably trappers, in the snow on the ice. Returning, found a huge boulder on a hill above the lake commanding a splendid view. There was a cave under the rock, the entrance partly walled with stones, & traces of a hunter's bivouac inside. Followed a rocky ridge, littered with great boulders & covered with scrub hardwood, where there were many tracks of deer, rabbit & weasel. No signs of wild-cat, which seemed odd. Many porcupines. The ridge ran SW, almost to the road, with good walking all the way.

Tuesday, Jan 18/38.

My one connection with the church of my childhood is the fact that I have for two or three years been auditor of Frenety Church accounts. Tonight I made the audit for 1937. Lockward, manager of the Royal Bank, is treasurer of the church, so I examined the accounts in his office under the austerous features of bank presidents, past & present. It was a simple business, for Lockward keeps everything in perfect order. Frenety is fairly well endowed for a small town church; about \$8,000 in good bonds - mostly Dominion of Canada - and 6 or 7,000 in bank stocks, Royal Bank, Bank of Montreal and Bank of N. S. Annual income from these investments is about \$700.00. The church debt is only \$1800, chiefly in the form of a loan from a parishioner. Income runs about \$6000, \$780 to the sexton, \$360 to for missions, retired clergymen etc.

KEEP THIS PORTION AND SUBMIT AS EVIDENCE IF PRIZEWINNER

Irish Free State Hospitals Sweepstake Ticket

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The Derby

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Every Prizewinner will be notified officially

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F6081 BN

Take this afternoon with Parker native about 15°. After an s beds outdoors & slept under grumbled all night & sometimes, love nearby, the sound was like of the frozen earth beneath us in our icelabdown but Gordon

WARNING: IT IS IMPORTANT THAT YOU SATISFY YOURSELF REGARDING THE TRUSTWORTHINESS OF THE TRANSMITTER. IF YOU RECEIVE TICKETS UNREQUESTED SEND COUNTERFOILS DIRECT TO IRISH FREE STATE.

we were gasping in our expressed fans that we would freeze.

Sunday, Jan. 30/38.

Gordon awakened all hands at 6 A.M. by opening the camp door & asking if we were dead and should he come and build a fire under us. For answer I jumped out of my sleeping bag & took a short run on the ice in pajamas and socks. After breakfast the other three decided to walk over to the south end of Long Lake & hunt for rattails. I had no gun, so decided to hunt up a surveyor camp said to be installed near my old tenting place on Kempton Lake. I walked down the east side

Tuesday, Jan. 18/38. My one connection with the church of my childhood is the fact that I have for two or three years been auditor of Trinity Church accounts. Tonight I made the audit for 1937. Lockward, manager of the Royal Bank, is treasurer of the church, so I examined the accounts in his office under the austere pressures of bank presidents, past & present. It was a simple business, for Lockward keeps everything in perfect order. Trinity is fairly well endowed for a small town church; about \$8,000 in good bonds - mostly Dominion of Canada - and 6 or 7,000 in bank stocks, Royal Bank, Bank of Montreal and Bank of N.S. Annual income from these investments is about \$700.00. The church debt is only \$1,800, chiefly in the form of a loan from a parishioner amounting to \$1,000. Annual income runs about \$6,000, of which \$2,500 goes to the rector, \$780 to the sexton, \$360 to the organist, \$110.6 to central funds for missions, retired clergymen etc., \$800 for repairs & upkeep.

Saturday, Jan. 29/38 To Eagle Lake this afternoon with Parker Smith & Gordon. Cold clear weather, temperature about 15°. After an evening of bridge Smith & I dragged our beds outdoors & slept under the stars. The lake ice roared and grumbled all night & sometimes, when a pressure crack opened in the Cove nearby, the sound was like a cannon shot & there was a sharp pr. of the frozen earth beneath us. We were perfectly warm & comfortable in our cidersdowns but Gordon expressed fears that we would freeze.

Sunday, Jan. 30/38. Gordon awakened all hands at 6 A.M. by opening the camp door & asking if we were dead and should he come and build a fire under us? For answer I jumped out of my sleeping bag & took a short run on the ice in pajamas and socks. After breakfast the other three decided to walk over to the south end of Long Lake & hunt for rattails. I had no gun, so decided to hunt up a survey camp said to be installed near my old tenting place on Kempton Lake. I walked down the east side

of Eagle Lake & found a new tie-line cut through the woods to the N.E. tip of Long Lake. I followed it, & crossed Long Lake, making a slight detour to avoid a big pressure crack which had flooded the main sheet in a stream 15 feet wide. Crossed over to the south end of Kempton Lake by the old portage, then up the ice. Found Dickie's survey party at Buchanan's camp. Two large tents pitched in front of the shack. Dickie had gone out the day before leaving Kitchie a young slight man, presumably bald, in charge. Bert Wagstaff was there & the cook was Bill Connolly. We had a yarn or two & Connolly insisted I have dinner with them - Fried codfish, potatoes, mince pie, tea, all very good. Returned by the same route in the afternoon; the lake ice still settling & buckling noisily, & my tracks of the morning flooded in two places. The others arrived at Eagle Lake camp half an hour behind me, reporting only one rabbit.

Wednesday, Feb 2/38. Canon Spurr has persuaded me to give his Boy Scouts a weekly talk & tonight I put in half an hour with a group of youngsters in the Parish Hall, going over the origin & principles of the Boy Scout movement.

Friday, Feb. 4/38. Harry Paterson, Mercury chemist, home from the convention of Canadian Pulp & Paper Association, reports all other newspaper mills on reduced output and a great deal of curiosity manifested over Mercury's continued 100% production. The business recession in United States has caused a shrinkage in the size of newspapers just at the time when the Canadian newspaper industry was raising the price of paper. U.S. publishers are making every effort to break the Canadian united front on prices, without success so far. Hearst Publications, through their purchasing agency the Newspapers & Magazine Paper Corp., have succeeded with monotonous regularity in forcing prices downward since 1929 by playing off

one Canadian mill against another. Mills running at part capacity were tempted to reduce price in order to sell full production. Mersey ostensibly joined the Canadian Newspaper Association last year in its effort to force prices upward, but in the latter part of December we shipped a whole cargo to Hearst at the old price & the paper will be stored at our expense in New York, and Hearst will take four months to pay for it.

Now comes another queer deal. For two or three years we have shipped paper to the Brooklyn Daily Eagle, N.Y. They paid promptly at first but gradually dropped behind until they owed Mersey something like \$50,000.00. That was last summer's balance and they have paid practically nothing on it since. Now it appears that J. W. Killam has been advancing money direct to the Brooklyn Eagle in addition to Mersey's big credit. The money was advanced through the Toronto "Mail & Empire," which Killam then controlled. (The Mail was sold & merged with the Globe last year by George McCullagh & Bob Wright.) A week ago we were advised that Mersey must "purchase" notes given Mail & Empire by Brooklyn Eagle to the tune of \$265,500.00. Mersey did so, borrowing from the Royal Bank. I wonder what Mersey's auditors - and shareholders - will say. The argument, of course, will be that Killam had to finance Brooklyn Eagle in order to secure the newspaper contract for Mersey.

Tuesday, Feb. 15/38. Litchford told me today that Mersey will have to fall in with the general reduction of output agreed upon by members of the Canadian Newspaper Association, either by surrendering part of our contracted tonnage to less fortunate mills or by making a direct cash payment to them as a contribution to keep them from under-selling the agreed price,

which is now \$50.00 per ton F. O. B. New York. (Mersey, which has always undersold the other Canadian mills by \$2.00, due to cheap ocean transport throughout the year, sells now - since Jan. /38 - at \$48.00, but this is understood by the Association) Ratchford says Mersey's intention is to run full production in the hope that by Fall the business "recession" in U.S.A. will improve and sales of newsprint will increase sufficiently to take care of Canadian mills now running part time. Should the hoped-for increase of U.S. consumption fail to materialize, Mersey will have to make a cash contribution estimated at \$250,000 to the Canadian Newsprint Association for the year 1938. It is a gamble.

Thursday, Feb 27/38. At the request of the Milton Parent-Teacher Association I gave them a talk tonight in the vestry of the Baptist Church. 30 or 40 people, mostly women, & most of them poorly dressed. They showed a keen interest in the reports of their committees & were quick with sensible suggestions. They had a little candle-lighting ceremony in honour of Mrs. Cortiss, the founder of the Parent-Teacher idea. Mrs. "Cortie" Harcombe, who is principal of the Milton school, is an ideal woman for the job - a trained mind, capable of accurate decisions, & a sympathetic knowledge of the parents & the home life. My subject "The Significance of History Today" - the theme being that although we live in astonishing times, we need not be alarmed if we remember our history lessons. A cold crisp night & I had a fine walk up there & back.

Monday, Feb 21/38 Another stir in Europe. Great Britain under Premier Chamberlain has decided to conciliate Italy by granting unknown concessions. Captain Anthony Eden, Foreign Secretary, has resigned in protest, also Viscount Cranborne, his assistant, who terms the government's new policy "yielding to blackmail". Italy & Germany are jubilant. France is disgusted and the U.S.A. is suspicious.

Saturday, Feb. 26/38. A grey day. We have had a week of such blays, temperature ranging from 5° to 25° with a light fall of snow each day. Smith, Parker, Gordon & I went to Eagle Lake today. Smith & I slept outside in our eiderdown bags. A magnificent night for star-gazing. Some time in the night it started to snow & continued until 6 A.M. when we awoke to find our bags covered with snow.

Sunday Feb 27/38. Lovely day. Sunshine & fleecy white clouds. An occasional dark-bellied cloud that swept a miniature snow-storm over the landscape for a few minutes. Smith & Parker hunted rabbits. Gordon & I walked over the ice to the head of Eagle Lake & fished through holes cut with the old camp axe. No luck. In one place Gordon went to cut a hole & the axe plunged right through, so that he nearly lost it. We were standing on less than $\frac{1}{2}$ inch of ice, which surprised me, for I never thought such thin ice would support a man. I cut a hole in a cove near the Haunted Bog and found nearly 20 inches of ice. Quite a difference.

Friday, March 11/38. Very grave news from Europe. Hitler has seized Austria in a swift bloodless coup, aided by Nazis within that state. Mussolini is acquiescent. There is great excitement throughout the world. It all sounds terribly like July 1914.

Saturday March 12/38. A charming letter from Lord Tweedsmuir today with very kind words of praise for "Before Snow Lies" and my other work in Blackwood's Magazine, adding that he would like to meet me on his next tour of the Maritimes.

This afternoon Parker, Smith & I walked through the woods from Milton to Eagle Lake. A lovely

sunny cold day. Three or four inches of crusty snow in the woods & walking not of the best. We left the car at 2 P.M. & struck up W and then NW through the woods, coming out beside one of the little ^{POND} ponds in Bon Mature bog about 4 P.M. The lake lay just beyond. Ice quite thick and strong but very slippery. Went up the length of Bon Mature Lake, then across to a little Bon Mature & reached the head of it about 5. Mercy survivors had blazed a base line from L.B.M. to Eagle Lake & we followed it in the increasing dusk, reaching the Haunted Bog just at dark. The moon came out when we were about half way up Eagle Lake. Gordon was waiting for us in camp & got a fine hot supper for us in short order. He had carried my sleeping bag in from Big Falls as far as the Long Lake trail fork, & after supper I walked there (2 miles) & brought it to camp, the brilliant moonlight on the snow making my flash-light unnecessary. The others turned in indoors but I slept in my snug bag outdoors until the noon & waking once or twice in the night saw it drop down the sky into the north-west & the stars burning brighter as it waned. The lake ice was quiet when I turned in but as the frost deepened towards 2 A.M. the ice began to grumble and crack in a subdued way & kept it up until dawn.

Sunday, March 13/38. Another fine sunny day. We broke the Sabbath thoroughly, sawing & cutting firewood from wind-falls across the cove & carrying it across to camp over the ice. Tom Ketchford & Ralph Johnson walked in from Big Falls & had dinner with us. Walked down to Big Falls about 4 P.M. & returned to Milton in Gordon's car.

Monday, March 14/38. Tonight I was a guest-speaker at the monthly banquet of the Brotherhood of the United Church - thirty or forty were present. My subject - "The Significance of History Today" - on which I spoke in Milton last month. In the light of current events it seemed timely & they seemed to like it.

Wednesday, March 16/38. Hitler & Mussolini are still making speeches glorifying the Austrian adventure, Mussolini talking today about the "Rome-Berlin axis" and "twenty million bayonets", defying the whole world. The Pope has condemned (through the *Osservatore Romano*) Italy's breach of faith with Catholic Austria, but I fancy this will not worry Mussolini very much. Italian troops and German guns & planes are driving Franco's insurgent banner on to victory in Spain and it looks as if France will have a third hostile frontier within a month. The situation is so very grave that the world seems to be holding its breath tonight. I find myself terribly depressed.

Monday, March 21/38. At the insistence of the Kiwanis Club I gave my little address on the "Significance of History Today" at their luncheon. It is getting to be like a recitation. Europe seems easier. Hitler apparently satisfied with adventures for the moment and Premier Chamberlain stoutly affirming that Britain has no commitments in central Europe, that she will defend France or Belgium, and that she will have nothing to do with Spain - "we shall not burn our fingers there, no matter what other nations may do." Russia seems to me to be the real enigma. She has studiously said nothing of events which concern her more than anybody else, both in Europe & in the Orient; a terrible "liquidation" of "spies" and "saboteurs" is in progress, and the political and military strength of the Soviet Union seems to be a most potent mystery.

Friday, March 25/38. Warm soft weather since the 21st - spring following the calendar, a miracle. The birds seemed to arrive in a flock today, song sparrows for sparrows juncos & robins, all very busy amongst the dead weeds in the Payzant vegetable patch.

Friday. April 1/38. Sam Campbell, who is to take over my duties when I leave at the end of the month, is to be my understudy for 30 days. A little dark smiling man, a Scotch Catholic from Margaree, he has been promoted over the heads of three other men, and there is some ill-feeling due to the fact that Katchford, the Treasurer, is also a Catholic and the slighted three are Protestants. I think the reason is deeper than this. Sam is cashier of the Rossgard Credit Union, which conducts a small loan business on cooperative principles amongst the mill workers. Cooperative movements, rapidly gaining sway in Nova Scotia, are naturally frowned upon by the "capitalists" - including the Mersey executives. Sam told me that Katchford in advising him of his sudden elevation remarked in the most casual way, "It will probably be necessary that you drop all connection with the Credit Union". The second vacancy in our office is to be filled by Charlie Murphy, time-keeper, also promoted over senior heads. By the same token Murphy happens to be Secretary of the Social Credit Group a movement with a number of vociferous adherents in Lunenburg and a god in Premier Abernethy of Alberta. - also frowned on by the "capitalists". The company dared not threaten these men with discharge in order to deprive their societies of their services, as the mill union is too strong, so they have done the obvious thing - promoted them to posts where self-interest will listen to "persuasion". I took Sam into the Royal Bank today to introduce him to the men he will do business with. Lockward, the manager, a reserved, rather stony-faced man, surprised me by a sudden remark to Sam: - "If you're half as good a man as Tom Raddall you'll be a damned good man".

Saturday. April 2/38. A lovely sunny day. Snow nearly gone and roads almost dry. Messrs Hales and Wright, contractors, started work today on my proposed work-room. It is to open off the dining room, with windows south & west, floor space 15' x 13', cost not to exceed \$465.00. Edith & I walked out to Western Head this afternoon & the ten miles seemed like nothing. Tea in Wong's Cafe for a change. I had my favourite chicken chop suey with mushrooms.

Wednesday, April 20/38 The annual wage conference is in progress at the mill, for the agreements expire April 30th.

The paper-makers' union has been granted sundry demands, all moderate. The Pulp & Sulphite Mill Workers Union has some very radical demands for wage increases, amounted to $\frac{1}{3}$ in some departments, and there are furrowed brows. Owing to the falling-off in demand for newsprint the Canadian industry is slowing down its production; mills which run full time, must make a cash contribution towards the deficit, incurred by mills running part time. (see entry Feb 15th.) Under this arrangement, Mercury, which is still running full time made its first payment today. The cheque was \$51,000.00, in favour of John S. Kearney, K.C., with no detail shown on the voucher portion of the cheque: it was mailed to Charles Tising, secretary of the Canadian Newspaper Association in an envelope marked "Private, and Confidential."

Tonight I went to the Oddfellow's Hall to hear John Blackmore, M.P. for Lethbridge, Alberta, discourse on Social Credit. A dark intense man, with straight, beetling black eyebrows over recessed dark eyes, a gaunt blue-jawed narrow face. Dark close-cropped hair in a sort of widow's-peak between high bare temples. A fanatic. His eyes glittered in an almost hypnotic manner, and as he was very lame and kept hobbling up and down the platform the general effect was arresting. His exposition of Social Credit was not convincing but was done with great vehemence and with the aid of chalk and a black-board on which he scrawled little sums. (He was formerly a school teacher) Obviously sincere, but obviously a dreamer, with startling physical & vocal effects.

Saturday April 30/38. A drizzling wet day after a night of storm. My last day at Mercury Mills. I was working with Sam Campbell until about 11.30 when the whole office staff filed into the big main room & I found myself the centre of sudden interest. Ratchford, his face a curious, pale wax colour, made a little speech full of praise for my virtues & presented me on behalf of the staff with a beautiful leather gladstone-bag bearing my initials. I was overwhelmed, but managed to stammer something about the nine years of work and good fellowships which I have enjoyed and which I shall always remember. Everybody crowded around, shaking my hand & wishing me good luck; indeed, if good wishes mean anything, my success as a writer is assured. It was a wrench to leave, of course. With few exceptions I enjoyed the most friendly relations with the forty or fifty members of the office staff and with many of the mill crew and woods crew; and in these pleasant relations and the absorbing routine lay a potent drug to ambition — it would have been so easy to keep on in that unvariegated round. As it was, nine years slipped by like months, & I knew that it was now or never if I was to do something with a life which to date has been wasted. Ambition is an uncomfortable disease. Perhaps I shall regret my lightly-resigned job before three years are out; but I know I shall never regret this attempt to establish myself as a writer.

Wednesday May 25/38. War scares still hang ominously over Europe. Looks as if Hitler were about to repeat his Austrian adventure in Czecho-Slovakia. I have been plugging away at my typewriter since my work-room was finished about May 9th, & have turned out two spot-story pieces; they are both flat & spiritless, but I sent them forth in hopes I need the money.

Thursday June 2/38. Tonight 25 members of the Mercury staff gave me a testimonial dinner at the Lodge at Upper Great Brook. Col. Jones presided & explained that the dinner had been held over since May 1st in order that he could be present.

We had a very tasty meal (some delicious salmon, in particular: fresh from the river and baked with bacon rashers) and after a toast to the King Jessie got up & made a very nice speech, insisting that I was going to be another Dickens, also a Thackeray, and said many kind things about my services with the Company. He then presented me with a lovely sterling silver tray bearing an inscription expressing the esteem of the donors, whose signatures were all etched or engraved in the metal around the design. A splendid gift and a most effective souvenir. I was quite taken by surprise. I thanked them and sketched a few reminiscences of my nine years with the Company and the many friendships I had made. Afterwards we played cards - Jessie & I winning a long rubber at forty-fives from Captains McDonald and Lockwood, manager of the Royal Bank - until midnight. Ike Smart shook up some of his special cocktails but I stuck to beer. Home at midnight.

Thursday June 9/38. Our wedding anniversary. We packed the kids in Milton & drove to Bridgeton. A perfect June day, no dust, very little traffic on the road, which was excellent. The valley is lovely as always, although the apple blossoms are past. Spent the day with the Carl Freemans, whose daughter Eileen is an old chum of Edith's. Mr. Freeman drove us, about Bridgeton and Paradise pointing out everything of interest. He has made a considerable fortune in retail hardware and in real estate & knows the price of everything in the district. A keen intellect, many of 70 but looking 60 or less, tall, erect, active, with a high thin, eagle's beak and a chin dropping straight & far from the lower lip so that I had a curious impression that he had just

shaped off an imperial beard. He told me, he started life, as a carpenter's apprentice and worked 3 years for \$25 a year. He retired from the hardware business recently but still works hard at his real estate business. He pointed out good farms around Bridgetown for sale at meagre prices, and told of the astonishing short-sightedness of some young men he knew, who complained that there was "no opportunity nowadays". He had offered to lend them money to buy farms but they refused. We drove to Annapolis & went through the splendidly renovated museum of the Fort, where Celia's maiden aunt asked a foolish question at every stop. It was rather a bore but I enjoyed our picnic tea on the site marked "Lieutenant Governor's Residence". The tea itself was terrible, I think it had been made with lukewarm water. Mr. Freeman said "It tastes like a hot stove-pipe smells", which expressed it perfectly. Our drive home was marred by a blow-out near the site of the haunted house at Eight Mile - an appropriate spot.

Tuesday, June 14/38. Supreme Court opened in Liverpool this morning. I went to watch the procedure and in a few minutes found myself seized for jury duty and in fact made foreman of a petit jury in a manslaughter case. The story in brief was that a party of musicians had been driven from Bridgewater to Mill Village to play at a dance. The driver of the truck in which they were conveyed was the accused. The accused was drinking, & when they started for home shortly after midnight the car was permitted to swerve violently from side to side of the road until finally it went down over a bank, upset, & one boy was killed. The day was taken up by the Crown, putting the various members of the orchestra on the stand. A bunch of tall clean young fellows aged 18 to 22.

Wednesday, June 15/38. At court all day. The defence took the stand till the afternoon.

Thursday, June 16/38 At court again. About 11 A.M. the court proceeded to Mill Village in cars & viewed the scene of the accident. In the afternoon prosecution & defence summed up. The judge instructed us about 5 P.M. We adjourned to the jury room. Supper was sent in. I was convinced that manslaughter was the only possible verdict, so were some others. One of the jurors (Fred Stafford, a boozier who drives a truck and has been on the shady side of the law for years) campaigned actively for "Not Guilty" and six other simple fellows from the country, fell in with him. Another favoured manslaughter and said he would not vote for anything less. I said I would never return a Not Guilty verdict. The "Not Guilty" ones all admitted that they "wanted to let the fellow off" — "evidence or no evidence". At nine P.M. we came to a verdict of Criminal Negligence & the judge thanked us & let us go. As we walked away from the court-house one of the jurors said "Law's a funny thing. They spend all kinds of money educatin' lawyers and judges, & keepin' up a police force and court officials, and then they leave the judgement in the hands of twelve fools like us." He was one of the "manslaughter" advocates.

Saturday, June 18/38 Court term ends. I spent a pleasant evening with Judge Archibald at the hotel. He is a pleasant little man with a round serious face, fifty or so. Was a major of artillery in the war. He told me some good yarns of the days of his law practice. Our "manslaughter" prisoner got one year in the County Jail. The criminal case dragging over 3 days, kept a bunch of young lawyers & witnesses in various ^{doz} cases idle during that time, & I gather there was high wassail. Wm. G. Consh formed M.P. for Queens, Lunenburg, was drunk more or less every night. Amongst other tricks they held a wrestling match at Port Mouton late one night in a field, stopping at various fishermen's houses to drum up

an audience. The wrestlers were Bill Ernst & a fellow named Campbell. Ernst won. On another occasion the mayor of Lockport, a witness in one of the court cases, was made exceedingly drunk, tied to the bed in another room by means of the fire-emergency rope, locked in & left with instructions at the desk not to "call him" before the next afternoon. And one joker bought a pound of shingle nails & went from room to room at some time during the day, nailing all shoes & slippers to the floor. The marvel was that these lawyers were able to conduct their cases at all; yet I saw Ernst so drunk that he could scarcely stand, making a fool of himself in the hotel lobby one evening, and conducting his case brilliantly in the morning.

June 20/98. I commenced writing a novel laid in the vicinity of Thorncliffe Camp and in Nova Scotia.

July 14/98. Howard Hughes, millionaire U.S. movie producer, with three companions, landed today at New York after a flight around the northern hemisphere in 3 days 19 hours.

July 15/98. Friday. Our strange "summer" continues monotonously. The days have been uniformly cold & grey with frequent bleak rains; when the weather turns warm the sky becomes overcast after a few hours with thunder clouds, which seem to circulate in a narrow orbit; our nights particularly are a continuous flash and grumble. There is an epidemic of severe bronchial colds. Edith, the kids & I all have it - I am very croupy & restless at night. Today to cap the climax Frances upset a mug of boiling water over herself and scalded herself from the left shoulder to the hip. All the skin came off at once, a nasty burn. Doc. Winkwire came & removed the shreds of skin, washed the burn with alcohol & showed us how to work a tannic acid

spray. We had to spray the burned part every 15 minutes for four hours. At the end of that time the acid had produced a black leathery surface on the burn & the child seemed easier.

Aug. 20/38. Saturday. Hot (82° in the shade at 2 P.M.) just as it has been for a week. Spind work impossible these sultry afternoons, but I get in 1000 or 1500 words a day on my novel. I have about ~~two~~ ^{ONE}-thirds done on the first writing, and it seems very dull & lifeless. Europe all excited over Hitler's mobilization of one million troops "for manœuvres".

In Spain the insurgent drive on Valencia & Barcelona has been forestalled by government attacks - the first in a long time - & there is now every prospect that this war there will continue into next year, in spite of continued reinforcements, German & Italian, going to Franco's armies. In China the Japs are driving steadily towards Hankow, bombing all large Chinese-held cities cruelly. A border "incident" - one of the many which occur very great - between Russians & Japs, has putted out. It was a dispute over Chang-Rufeng Hill on the Russo-Korean border & ended with about 1000 casualties on each side & the Japs in possession of the hill.

In Liverpool great preparations have been made for the International Tuna Angling Tournament, an affair heavily sponsored by the Municipal Corp. The anglers are here from all parts of North America - one from England - the press is sending a small army, the hotels & boarding houses are full, the streets are decorated as for a fete, an ornate American yacht (Doctor "Soot Island" Brinkley) has been a cynosure ab the oil dock for a week - and there are no tuna! Not a single tuna has been seen! Fishermen blame it on the bucket-dredge working on the harbour bar, day and night (what a grinding stinking thing at night!) and "stirrin' up the mud".

Wednesday Aug 24/38. Went out tuna fishing with Ross Byrne at 4 A.M. With us was Bill G. Riley, formerly of Liverpool now an attorney in Detroit. Rained heavily from dawn on & as there was no cabin we were thoroughly soaked. We had picked up a 100-lb box of frozen herring at the cold storage plant, for bait, but off Beach Meadows we found fishermen taking a good catch of herring out their nets & bought four buckets full for a dollar. The fishermen reported seeing a few tuna. We fished faithfully without result. The hilarious Byrne, for diversion, engaged in a battle with another boat 50 feet away, hurling herring back & forth, the fish splattering on the deck house or plopping into the water. Finally Byrne with Irish instinct, got out some of the frozen herring - like bricks - and his opponent sheered off with insult. As I was sitting in the angler's chair, brood in chair-socket, reel strapped to the harness about my body, I was in a poor position during this encounter, but I was only struck once. Bait and patience exhausted, we went home about 11 A.M. The tuna reported to us by the fishermen were the first seen in the bay this year.

Thursday Aug 25/38. Tuna fishing again this morning. This time with Brent Smith, and Sgt. Walker of Central España, Cuba. Went to station off the east point of Coffin Island. Agoog with our news of yesterday, all the tuna anglers were out in force. Rain fell heavily all morning. No wind; a light smooth swell tossed the anchored boats like corks. Thunder boomed over the land. Most of the anglers tired of the cold & wet, went back into the harbor about 9 A.M. We got a single strike about 9:30 A.M. nothing more, and this is the first "strike" in Liverpool Bay this year!

Friday Aug 26/38.

This morning I "parked" the kids at Grandma Freeman's & drove to the Valley, taking along Edith, Florence Williams & Edna This, who are attending class reunions at the Acadia University Centennial. Edith & I lunched at Li & Alice Smith's in Kentville. In the afternoon I drove the women to Wolfville & dropped them opposite the campus, where marquees, tables, chairs & gay umbrellas were dotted about under the trees, & large numbers of people, mostly middle-aged, were wandering about wearing corsage & table ribbons with their name and class inscribed. All looking earnestly at every face; rather pathetic, I thought, as if they were looking for youth. Most of the men had a smell of the lamp about them. Women were in a very large majority.

I drove to Grand Pre, for the sky was grey, with black clouds over the North Mountain, & I wished to fulfil the promise I made myself on the last empty visit here. I was rewarded. Very few people about. Evangeline looking very lonely & a bit stiff-necked. The historical collection in the little chapel is very interesting. Standing on the back steps of the chapel, looking out between the old French willows at the broad expanse of marsh, you could almost recapture the scene of '55. Herds of cattle - mixed breeds but one fine group of Holsteins - two mares and a colt in the foreground, wandered over the rich marshes. In the middle distance rose the wooded ridge which separates the marshes from the Cornwallis River, the spruce woods looking very black over the green & gold of the marsh, & behind all the mass of Blomidon blue-grey under the rain. I took my car & followed the road across the marshes to Evangeline Beach, which was a vast desert of red mud - the tide was out - with a lot of garish "over-night" cabins, hot-dog stands, etc in the thin woods by the shore. There was an interesting little Protestant church in North Grand Pre, a tiny thing

perfectly square, with little six-foot "masts" rising from the ends of the ridge pole and from each of the roof corners, an odd Gothic effect. It was painted white outside, with two tiny lancet windows each side. Inside, the walls were sheathed in narrow strips of varnished ^{wood} laid diagonally. There were six pews each side of the tiny aisle, an organ & rostrum in front, & a stove at the back. I drove back to the main highway & had a look at the old Covenanters Church, a quaint place with a pulpit so high that the preacher standing ^{down} there actually faces the people in the gallery & looks straight ^{up} upon the little straight-backed egg-coat pews, ^{of the old time} each with its door and hoop.

Picked up the women at 5.30 full of grape juice and buns and sentimental memories of their Alma Mater. Tea - cold fish hash which Alice calls "Poor Man's Friday" - at the Smith's. He in good form, very amusing. He has to wear a heavy steel brace now and walks with great difficulty. Home shortly after eleven.

Sunday Aug 28/38 To Port Joli this morning with the Johnsons, Parkers, Edwin Parker, Florence Williams, two women guests of the Johnsons, Brent Smith & his guests Geo. T. Walker and a Miss Gail Darling. Crossed the inlet by motor boat to our old haunt near Jack's Brook, foraging everybody ashore in a dory. A perfect day. A hot sun, a cool breeze from the west. We rigged frying pans on long handles & fried great quantities of hamburgered steak for dinner. Some of us spent the afternoon digging in the old Indian kitchen-middens; found many animal bird and fish bones amongst the clam shells, and a few chunks of pottery. Alas Parker discovered several new untouched sites about half a mile farther west & reared the shore. The sea was just the right temperature for bathing, & when the tide went out Brent & the kids dug two big pots-full of clams, which we had for tea together with large quantities of corn etc. At dusk we

sat about the fire & sang a little; but mostly ^{the time} we listened to Lail Darling sing, little songs, mostly French and Spanish, in a warm and haunting soprano. She was a charming creature; dark brown hair falling in waves about her shoulders, oval face, black eye-brows plucked to a delicate arch, straight full nose, perfect square teeth, a pair of sweet green eyes blending perfectly with her green shirt & darker green jodhpurs. We gathered that she was a New Yorker, with radio ambitions. Her speaking voice was low & her enunciation flawless & perfect. Talking or singing, it was a pleasure to hear her. And she was that paragon of artists - a good listener herself.

George Walker is a burly, well-preserved man of 55 or 60, with silver grey hair and intense black eyes; he has been for many years prominent in the Cuban sugar industry, & is now in charge of a big mill at Central Espana there. His best story was the tale of his encounter with Quezon (pronounced Kayzon) the Philippine political leader. Walker had been sent out by a large U.S. banking institution, to take charge of eight Philippine sugar mills & put them on their feet, an operation much desired by General Wood, the then governor. After looking over the mills & sizing up the situation generally, Walker called on Quezon (Manuel L. Quezon)

WALKER: "Senor Quezon, I have been asked to recommend a loan of two million dollars to the Philippine sugar mills. The mills are good, the product is good; but the future of the industry depends upon the free entry of sugar into the United States. You are advocating complete independence for the Philippines, which will mean ultimately the loss of free entry. No U. S. bank will lend money to the Philippine industry with that prospect in view.

QUEZON: "Mr. Walker, have no fear. The Philippines will never become so independent as to endanger free entry into the United States. No true Filipino desires it.

WALKER: "But you are a violent advocate of independence!"

QUEZON: "Ah, but that is politics. Mr. Walker, we have no party warfare such as you have in the U. S. We can't get up and make fiery speeches about the Republicans or denounce the

Democrats to arouse public sentiment. There is only one subject for the aspiring Filipino politician — independence! But there is an important difference between demanding it at political meetings and really wanting it.

WALKER: (Laughing) "Don't Quezon, what is to prevent me from recounting this conversation to the newspapers?"

QUEZON: (Laughing) "Nothing! Do so, if you like! You will call me a faker and I will call you a liar, and the public will believe — well, who do you think?"

Last year Quezon came to Havana on a visit & Walker went to see him. In view of the present semi-independent position attained through Quezon's efforts, the Philippines stand to lose their free entry into U.S. at the end of their 10 year agreement; Walker spoke of this & reminded Quezon of their old conversation at Manila. Quezon laughed & said he was now negotiating for a 30 year period of free entry AND complete independence. "But you can't have your cake and eat it too!" protested Walker.

"Of course not," Quezon said. "And I don't expect it. I don't even want it. The Philippines will never seek complete independence from the U.S.; we are too dependent on them."

Two hours later Walker attended a big dinner in Havana at which Quezon made an impassioned speech for Philippine independence. "He hardly took his eyes off my face once," Walker said.

Highlight of the day: returning across Port Joli in the first dark, with low regretfully-abandoned fire glowing amongst the big granite boulders, the gaunt skeletons of the old fire-killed trees in the background, clear against the light of the moon; the moon itself a deep yellow sickle, drooping behind the west ridge, with a single bright star hung over its peak; the smooth ripple of the boat in the still water where the moonlight lay like a wriggling yellow snake; and sail dawning in the stern of the boat singing "Estrellita". "Estrellita".



Friday. Sep 2/38. Drove to Halifax with Edith & the kids this morning. Baby's first long journey. A lovely drive.

Nelli & her kids, who have been in Nova Scotia all summer, expect to leave via St. Mary's Drake Sep. 8th. Halifax hot & dusty, though not nearly so dusty as it was before paved streets. The city seems, actually, a little cleaner each year, excepting the area between the Citadel & the harbour, which is always filthy.

Went to the Provincial Exhibition, my first visit since the memorable summer of 1917. The thing that impressed me most was the exhibition of native art and handicraft, really splendid; there was nothing like this in the old days. We seem to be in the early stages of a renaissance, & a good thing, too. Tommy enjoyed himself on the merry-go-round and the roller cars, but the fireworks frightened him & he came home in tears.

Thursday Sep. 8/38. This afternoon saw the Liverpool Baseball team win the provincial championship for the first time, after many years of patient struggle. The game, sixth in a "four out of seven" series (of which Liverpool had taken 3 and Halifax, the runner up, 2 - the home team losing on its home ground in every case) was played in Liverpool before a big crowd. "Pinky Laurie" Osborne pitched for Liverpool, & "Jimmie Monk" for Halifax. The score was 2-0. The Halifax batters got just one hit in the whole game.

It was a chilly day with a keen north wind sweeping frequent rain-showers into the grand-stand, as masses of heavy grey cloud marched across a blue fall sky. Tonight there was a procession of cars along Main Street, with the band playing nobly from a moving truck at the head, & there were speeches & loud cheers in front of the Town Hall.

Saturday. Sep 10/38. Beautiful weather. Cool northerly winds, bright sunshine, woolly cumulous & wispy cirrus cloud sailing across a sea-blue sky. The situation in Europe seems

to have reached another gmnous climax with a million Germans under arms for "manoeuvres" on the French and Czecho-Slovakian frontiers & the French & Czechs partially mobilised. France is reported to have 400,000 troops in the Maginot line. Britain is holding naval "manoeuvres" in the North Sea and at Gibraltar. The U. S. A. has been issuing some surprisingly strong warnings to the dictator powers. Hitler is reported to be urging the Sudeten German-Czechs to hold out for complete autonomy - in which case they would become part of the New German Empire without bloodshed. The Czech government is determined not to grant this & is prepared to fight in defense of the present Czech borders. France & Russia are allied to Czecho-Slovakia on a mutual defence basis, & England is of course bound to France. The old 1914 set-up with Italy in exactly the same position - officially allied to Germany, actually bargaining to see where she can get most for her doubtful sword.

Sunday. Sep. 11/38. Another marvellous day. This afternoon, after some trouble with my car (the electric clock on the dashboard had ~~run down~~ jammed, & run down the battery) I took the kids, Marie Freeman, Marie Bell, Terence, Louisa & Edith to Lake Nancy at Saledonia, a quiet & lovely spot. Some of the swamp maples have begun to turn colour. We made coffee over a fire at the lake side & had a picnic, returning at seven o'clock. Crossing the Eighteen Mile Meadows (looking almost maize in the sunset) we came upon two deer, does, who watched us from the security of an alder thicket. At 10-Mile we got out & walked through the little neck of woods to see the sunset on 10 Mile Lake. The water motionless, marvellously tinted. The sky aquamarine, with agate-whorls of cirrus clouds.

Wednesday, Sep 14/38.

Tonight attended the banquet of the Canadian Legion at Lunenburg, where the Provincial Command is holding its annual convention. Dinner was announced for seven o'clock & at that hour the Ich Dien Hotel was packed with jovial veterans "getting primed" in rooms upstairs & wandering down in twos & threes, singing; there was no sign of dinner. The chef kept charging out to the desk to engage in agitated words with a pale blonde enormous German woman, his wife, I think; they are Germans straight from Germany. At any rate, the dinner was not served until 9 P.M. & in view of the circumstances (Europe on the verge of war: Chamberlain making a personal dash by plane to gorge Hitler to avert a calamity, & the world still ringing with Hitler's insulting Nuremberg speech) I couldn't help thinking that the precious German pair in the ill-named Ich Dien were doing their bit towards Nazi ideals by deliberately delaying the banquet of these be-medalled ex-soldiers.

It was in this same hotel, in this same dining room, where a year ago the officers of the German cruiser "Schlesien" were entertained at a dinner replete with favourite German dishes, with German songs & particularly with a huge Nazi swastika occupying an entire wall. Their dinner was served on time and in the manner of the Kitz!

The result of this unexplained two-hour delay was that two hours of "priming" (mostly rum-Lunenburg Champagne) rendered one third of the Legion drunk & another third pretty mellow. The behaviour at parts of the table was that of a sailor's boarding house, & there was little or no attempt at order. Drinks sounded the table with bottles & sang & shouted. The reverent "Silent Toast" to the dead was omitted, I suppose because silence was impossible. The toast list was cut to two - Canada & the Empire, and The Legion. Col. R. W. Mackenzie proposed the first and Col. L. H. MacDonald of Woffville responded; George Best proposed the second & General Foster responded. Foster is a tall slim bald quick man with humorous grey eyes. Bowler, the Dominion Secretary of the Legion, was there with his cropped head & empty sleeve.

Hon. C. D. Howe, federal Minister of Transport, who had

flown to Lunenburg to speak before the convention, stood in the lobby while this was going on, a very tall extremely bald man with a friendly smile and keen eyes behind spectacles. I wondered what he thought of the affair. I recognised a familiar face in one Nelson, who came down from Ripon Camp to visit his brother on the "Nat Karma" in 1919. He was then a Corporal of Canadian Engineers. He was drunk then and tonight he was drunk again—or still!

Left the Ice Den at midnight. Stopped the car at Sarnesville to look at the Northern Lights, a wonderful display shooting up from a high bank of cloud, the intensity flickering from one ray to another with speed, & we noticed distinct tints of red and blue, in addition to the usual green. Home at 1:30 A.M.

Friday. Sep 6/38. Edith & I attended a masquerade party given by Col. & Mrs. C. H. Jones in honor of their 35th wedding anniversary at White Point Lodge. Edith wore her grandmother's blue silk wedding dress. (I made a wild last-minute search in Liverpool & Milton to find hoops for it) and I attended as a militia man of the same (1865) period, wearing one of my father's old red tunics, blue trousers with red seam stripes, old sack, and a short side-arm sling from a wide cross-belt. The sword & belt were genuine relics of the old pre-confederation Nova Scotia Volunteer Militia. There were dozens of striking costumes. Jessie was a Cossack. Mrs. Jones wore a blue crinoline with white wig. Wonderful mild night, full of stars & a big moon shining on the curved beach.

Saturday. Sep 17/38. Ray Gordon, Hector Dunlap & I started at noon for our annual camping trip. Passing through Lake Rossignol in one of the Mercury Co. motor boats we noticed a number of wild wisps of cirrus cloud spreading up fan-wise across a clear hop sky from the southward. It looked ominous. We transferred to an 18-foot canoe at Conway Brook, paddled up Conway & then Coadie Brook as far as possible, then portaged

to Goodie's Lake. At sunset we reached our camp site at the south-east cove of Goodie's Lake, a lovely spot facing west across the lake from the shelter of tall old hemlock, pine & poplar - some of them a hundred feet high, running up fifty feet without a branch. We got our tent up, but it was then full dark & we resolved not to cut brush for bedding until morning, spreading out silk fly upon the ground inside & placing our sleeping bags on that. At 2 A.M. it began to rain, a terrific downpour which lasted with momentary lulls until Tuesday forenoon. All that time we lay on the hard ground, snatching such meals we could. Our tent was of new silk, nevertheless the rain came down in such volume that we lived in a perpetual fine mist inside. Everything was soaked.

TUESDAY Afternoon the rain ceased for a few hours & we were able to venture forth & cut brush for mattresses & get our first decent meal. There was an abundance of firewood - The great gale 2 years ago had felled a number of big pine in our immediate vicinity.

As we sat by our fire in the evening a bull moose crept up within thirty feet & then decided to leave in a hurry. We got mixed up in one of my old wind-falls & there was a terrific crashing & rattling of horns against wood. That evening too, & every fine evening, Gordon called up a convention of owls who came to the trees about our camp & discussed us thoroughly & amusingly.

WEDNESDAY Sky full, streams of heavy cumulus, very low, moving constantly from the south. Very warm and muggy with intermittent sunshine. Gordon & Victor hunted for blueberries in the bogs at the south side of the lake. I had a bath in the lake & was able to sit on the rocks naked for an hour in the warm air. In the afternoon we paddled across the lake & then walked over the portage to South Lake - lovely & secluded as ever. Gordon says the Thurey people are planning to cut the timber here in a few years, which will spoil the beauty of the place to a great extent. The big trees, hemlock & pine, stand up like great walls along

the ridges each side of the narrow lake. You walk in a perpetual shadow and silence, for nothing short of a hurricane could penetrate these groves. The ground, the rocks, the fallen trees are all covered with a lacy green moss of the most delicate pattern, like very tiny intricate ferns. In the swamps some of the red maples are beginning to turn but for the most part the hardwoods are still green. The huckleberries are gone. The bears had been feasting royally on them, & their frequently-encountered dung made bright purple stains on the trails. Wednesday evening Hector, an unceasing whittler, whittled a "totem pole" & planted it by the fire "to clear the weather up". We uttered grave warnings and were rewarded about 9 P.M. by a sudden onrush of wind which blew with gale force for hours; the great trees tossed & branches fell, & lying on the ground we could hear & feel the roots groaning & straining underneath. About 1 A.M. heavy rain began, the wind dropped suddenly, & then we had a local slam-bang thunderstorm, awe-inspiring in that deep echoing wood. Each sheet of lightning turned the lake to brilliant violet fire which seemed to spring upward in a tremendous splash of light. Fortunately we had our fly slung over the tent & the heavy rain did not bother us as before. Towards dawn a cool breeze blew into the door of the tent - the weak wind we had been sighing for.

Thursday we spent in exploring the ridge between Leades Lake & Company Brook. At night it rained again. Friday we made our only expedition. I carried the canoe over the portage to Sixth Lake. It is an 18-foot thing, weighs 110 lbs when dry & seemed like 200 on the shoulders. We paddled across Sixth Lake to the Silver Lake portage, left the canoe there & walked through a beautiful stand of jiggin hemlock - 300 to 400 years old - to Silver Lake a pretty little lake, looking grey under a threatening sky. It looked so much like rain that we abandoned our notion of walking to Jordan Lake (only 2 or 3 miles further) & turned back, branching off for a

look at Eighth Lake, where we found an old Morsy survey camp looking like an abandoned pig-sty - cans, old boots, rags of canvas, boxes, bottles etc. flung down right & left. It was like an omen of the future, when these fine old timber stands are cut. The weather cleared as we crossed Sixth Lake again in brilliant sunshine. I carried the canoe again over the portage. Gordon & Hector spent the rest of the day searching for spruce gum. We saw two & three deer in our (day's) travel & numerous portages, but only a faint track of moose here & there. Ducks seem plentiful, many little teal especially, & a pair of mergansers simply haunted our little "wharf" throughout our stay. Saturday morning (after our usual mighty rain) dawned fine - the first cloudless day in our unfortunate week. The lake had come up 6 inches since our arrival & by tearing a hole in the beaver dam at its foot we were able to raise the brook 4 inches & get our canoe down fully loaded to Conway Brook - saving much sweat. Got dinner with the last of our rations on a mound of dry soil in the flowage. Our motor-boat arrived faithfully at 12.45 & we had a fine trip down to the Indian Gardens with a strong wind behind us and a heavy sea that nearly swamped our canoe in tow behind. (See item under Sep 28 re: this lake)

Monday. Sep. 26/38. During my week in the woods, affairs in Europe have been marching at a terrific pace. Hitler has demanded cession of the "Sudeten" area, inhabited by German-speaking people of Czechoslovakia, to the Reich. Under advice of Britain and France, C.-V. offered concession after concession, without avail. Today in one of his dramatic speeches to a huge throng in the Sportpalast in Berlin, Hitler declared that Germany would take the Sudeten area by force of arms if necessary. France has made known her intention of fighting if C.-V. is invaded; so has Russia. Britain, by dramatic personal air-trips of Premier Chamberlain to Hitler at his famous Berchtesgaden retreat, has let Germany know that she

will fight shoulder to shoulder with France if war comes. Mussolini in several bombastic speeches has announced his irrevocable decision to throw Italy's lot in with Germany. Poland & Hungary are showing open support of Germany in the C.-V. matter. Yugoslavia and Rumania have let it be known that they will support C.-V. in any war that may develop. All Europe is mobilising for another Great War, now apparently inevitable. In China, the Japanese invaders are marking time, watching to see the outcome of the tremendous situation in Europe. President Roosevelt "in the name of one hundred & thirty million Americans" has cabled Hitler & President Benes of C.-V., asking them to avert another world war by keeping negotiations open. Australia, New Zealand & India have advised Great Britain that they will stand by her in anything that may develop. South Africa and Canada remain ominously silent. It seems monstrous that these mad men Hitler & Mussolini are ready and confessedly eager to plunge their countries into the maelstrom of another world war to satisfy their military mania; but this, after all the frantic efforts of the peace-makers, appears to be the truth. Well, we have seen it coming on for a long time. Hitler & Mussolini have been at pains for several years to insult every nation of democratic principles, announcing many times that the world belongs to those who have courage to fight for it. The town is very hushed tonight. It is cold & clear, with many stars. Early in the evening there was a slim virgin moon & a bright star illus: → * in the north-west, but the moon has dropped below the spruce grove & the star is only one of many now.

Wednesday Sep 28/38. Prime Minister Chamberlain has succeeded in arranging a last-minute conference at Munich between Hitler, Mussolini, Daladier & himself, for one final effort to save the peace of Europe. Hitler has announced that German troops will invade Czechoslovakia on October 1st.

Gordon tells me an interesting story of the old lumber camp we found on the shore of Silver Lake Sept 23rd.

The older brothers of James Smith (of Milton) discovered a good stand of pine at Silver Lake somewhere between 1880 and 1890. They knew the lake's outlet flowed a mile or so into Sixth Lake & thus into the Mersey waters, so they built the big camp (which is now rotted to the ground) and put a big cut into the lake. In the spring, when they set about driving, they discovered Silver Lake brook to be a mere trickle, which almost loses itself in a big swamp before reaching Sixth Lake. With their big pine logs the rasp blunts were in a quandary. Finally they had to haul their logs across to Jordan Lake - (the watershed is narrow, about $\frac{1}{4}$ mile) & drive them down the Jordan River to the mill at Jordan Falls.

Thursday Sep 29/38. It is peace! The Munich conference has dissolved in amity. Chamberlain & Daladier have thrown the Czechs to the wolves & Hitler's troops march into the Sudeten land tomorrow Oct 1st. The Czechs, deserted, can do nothing but accept. In London, in Berlin, in Paris, in Rome, there were huge receptions to the returning peace-makers on Sep 30th, all talking pompously of "peace with honour", ignoring the fact that the courageous Czechs are the only people who emerge with honour from the affair. They alone were prepared to fight Germany. The removal of the threat of another Great War has sent the stock markets bounding upwards. Chamberlain says "It means peace in our time", but past concessions to the Rome-Berlin axis have only provoked further aggressions.

Saturday, Oct. 15/38. Went to Eagle Lake camp this afternoon with Parker, Gordon & Smith, who are to spend a week hunting here. There is a closed season on moose for the first time in many years; as a compensation (and to satisfy farmers who are complaining of crop-damage by deer) hunters are permitted to shoot either bucks or does.

Sunday, Oct. 16/38. I walked down the portage to the river and carried Parker's canoe up to the camp; it is about a mile, all up-hill, but I made it, without stopping to rest; I got into trouble trying to cross the brook on a felled tree with the canoe on my back, but Smith rescued me & got the canoe back on my shoulders again. We spent the rest of the day cutting firewood & overhauling the canoes.

Monday, Oct. 17/38. We paddled the canoes to Long Lake shortly after daylight. The beavers have built a dam in the brook between Long & Eagle lakes, the biggest I ever saw, & raised the level of Long Lake between 2 and 3 feet. The lake presents an utterly different appearance, most of the jumbled rocks near the shore completely submerged, & a careful examination of the new level leads me to think that this was the original level or at least the level maintained for hundreds of years before the lumbermen came & killed off the beavers. We beached the canoes on the west shore of Long Lake (which is, at my suggestion, now shown on the government maps as Worley's Lake) & hunted along a fine ridge of old-growth hardwoods about a mile from the west side of the lake and parallel with it. Not a sign of deer all morning, very disappointing, as this is ideal hunting country and not visited by hunters. In the afternoon I hunted alone from Long Lake to the foot of Eagle Lake without seeing anything bigger than porcupine, which are now quite plentiful after ten or

fifteen years of comparative scarcity.

Tuesday Oct. 18/88. At daylight Gordon & I set off down the trail towards Big Falls. Gordon came on a big doe near the trail & waited for me to come up (he had a shot-gun & I had his Lee-Enfield sport model .303 a beautiful rifle) but when I arrived she was gone. We separated. I hunted along the edge of the old burn between the trail & the river. Sat on a huge boulder in the barren for the space of a cigarette, enjoying the view of the ridges across the river, all bright reds and browns and yellows. The maple leaves are gone from the trees. The scarlet is supplied by masses of huckleberry bushes, a brilliant show everywhere. The mature oaks are brown and gold, the young oaks like wine of a Burgundy shade, ash leaves a rich plum purple, birches rusty-yellow. The large fluttering leaves of the poplars are now at their best. Every poplar is like a tall yellow flame. The porcupines are mating now, amorous pairs, squealing & yapping at each other in trees of all species; Gordon was fortunate enough to witness one male doing a comical courtship dance on the ground walking a distance of 20 feet on his hind legs & stroking the female's cheeks with his fore-paws.

In the afternoon we hunted the hardwood ridge between Eagle & Kempton Brooks, working up the N.W. wind, & twice started groups of deer in the thickets, but could not get a shot. The second lot jumped Kempton Brook - 25 feet.

In mid-afternoon my time was up so I parted company & hiked to camp by Kompass Course, packed up kit & sleeping bag & thence by the trail to Big Falls. Out at dusk. Home for supper.

Monday Oct 24/88. Parker Smith & Gordon back. Smith got a doe. Sent me a fore-quarter, which we found most tender and delicious.

Thursday Nov. 3/38. Took Etch & the kids for a drive to Eagle Head this lovely afternoon & called on our former house-keeper, Mrs. Alma Dudson, who looks after an elderly man named Colp. They live in a fine old rambling house facing Eagle Bay (Mrs. Dudson - "Katrinka" to us - mourned about having to wash the salt from her windows after every storm) a very exposed side-hill, bleak in winter, I should think, but lovely in summer. The interior is spick and span - "Katrinka" insisted on conducting us all over it - shining with paint, white, orange, brown, and with spotless wall paper; the floors littered with lovely hooked rugs made 25 or 30 years ago; the beds heavy with hand-made quilts, and much other evidence of feminine industry in that distant age, before the war. Old Colp is a fine looking man, sturdily built, afflicted with dropsy, a former sea-cook in the Lunenburg & Liverpool fishing fleets. "Katrinka" drew us aside and whispered in enormous excitement that the old man had willed her the house & everything in it. She has had a hard life & never, I think, had a home like this. Downstairs the old man, wearing a patch over his left eye, which is paralyzed, told quite simply that the doctor had given him 6 more months to live. They insisted on our taking a gift of potatoes ("never-rot", the old man said; awkward to plant because the eyes are hard to find) turnips, carrots, apples, a pumpkin, several cabbages, and a jar of Katrinka's preserved green beans, and extracted a promise that we would come to tea some Sunday soon.

In October there was a long-drawn-out series of schooner races off Gloucester, Mass. for the Dennis Cup, between the Lunenburg "Bluenose", Captain Angus Walters, and "Gertrude L. Thebaud", Capt. Ben Pine - old rivals. Much wrangling over rules, as always, and each crew spying on the other to see if ballast was taken aboard or put ashore contrary to the regulations. Since both skippers are hot-heads with harsh tongues, the races were most

amusing for all concerned. "Bluenose" demonstrated her superiority in light winds & took 3 out of 5 races to retain the cup.

"Thebaud" was better in "fisherman's weather". To add to the fun, the race committee were unable to raise the full amount of prize money promised - a faux pas on which the fiery Watters expressed himself freely - and the cup itself mysteriously vanished from its place of display in a Gloucester shop window. A few days later it turned up like a foundling on the doorstep of the Boston "Home for Little Wanderers", & Watters sailed away with it, wrapped just as it was, in old newspapers, a disgruntled man.

On Nov. 1st there was a curious radio scare in the U.S. One of the national broadcasting networks put on a realistic transcription of one of H. G. Wells' yarns, concerning an invasion of the U.S. by men from Mars. The thing was done in the current radio manner, as if the broadcast were coming from troops, police, reporters & others actually on the scene. Although the programme was broken four times for an announcement that it was purely fiction, a most extraordinary panic broke out all over the U.S. The broadcasting company is busy apologising, the U.S. gov't. has promised an investigation, and Canadian newspapers are having a fine time poking fun at timid Uncle Sam, who was very very caustic over England's war fear during the Czech-Slovak crisis. (ORSON WELLS WAS YOUNG)

Thursday, Nov. 10/38. Went to Greenfield tonight & attended the war veterans' Armistice banquet at Earl Freeman's hotel. About fifty present. A good crowd & an excellent dinner. Wine was provided for toasts, otherwise no fire-water available except private and individual supplies secreted in the rooms upstairs for after-dinner use. Only one man - Jim MacLeod - was drunk. Jim was at the cantankerous stage, heckling all the speakers & denouncing Jonesie for not getting him a job with the Paper Co., but we managed to persuade him to be quiet. Jonesie was absent, in Montreal, but sent his usual telegram. I was called upon (with

five minutes' notice) to respond to the toast to "Canada & the Empire", & George Beck (United Church minister at Mill Village) made the chief address of the evening in response to the toast to the Region. The best fun of the evening was a "court-martial" - conducted with due solemnities - of Hugh Dunlap & Ike Smart on charges of neglect of duty in the matter of delivering S. R. D. at the banquet at Greenfield on the night of Nov 14th 1937. (Ike delivered the drinks to Hugh in the waterfront store where Hugh works. Hugh, who in getting old, & forgetful, could not remember Ike bringing the stuff into his store. As a result last year's banquet was very dry) Capt. Copelin presided over the court-martial, & I was appointed prosecutor and Geo. Beck was Prisoner's Friend & Jim Donley appointed himself counsel to Ike Smart. After a merry wrangle lasting two hours Dunlap was convicted & sentenced to drink a whole bottle of alleged Beech Root Wine which had been introduced as Exhibit A. (It consisted of vinegar & red ink) Hugh took a sip & would go no further. But at this point Jim Macleod butted in (he was one of the judges) & insisted on taking three drinks of it. It didn't make him sick either, which astonished everybody. A bit of ringing & yawning afterwards. Home at 1.15 A.M.

Friday, Nov 11/38. Our remarkable Fall continues mild & sunny. This morning the Remembrance service was held in complete comfort out-doors, for the first time in years. This afternoon I journeyed to Port Mouton where the United Church people had invited me to speak at their memorial service. A neat little church but with its interior made garish by covering the walls with green metal-ceiling in small squares, elaborately embossed. I sat in the pulpit with the Rev. Mr. Hatt, a tall young man with a deep musical voice, a large long nose & eyes set so close together that he seemed to squint. The church was full. There were several hymns - they sang Kipling's Recessional to the tune of "Eternal Father, Strong is Love", something new to me - & a psalm. So did & the

Kids & my mother (who is here for the week-end) sat in my car during the service, & afterwards we drove to Carter's Beach & walked up & down the smooth hard sand in the late afternoon sunlight. The ridges of hardwood looked very brown and dead across the shining bay. Otherwise it was like late September.

Thursday, Nov. 17/38. Drove to Halifax this morning, a bright frosty day, with ice on pools and stillwaters. The hickmatacks still have a yellowish tinge, though their needles are dropping fast: all the hardwoods are bare. Highway gangs working on the gravel road between Gold River & Hubbards, laying drain-tile pipes in preparation for asphalt paving next year. This is the only stretch now unparaded between Halifax & Yarmouth.

Friday - Nov. 18/38. Called on A. J. Campbell, director of publicity in the provincial govt. Bureau of Information, in connection with the Deep Sea Fishing booklet issued annually, which I have been writing for the past three years. He asked me how I was getting along with my novel & then offered me a job as his assistant, my work to consist of overhauling the various govt. advertising booklets etc, and also various writing & oratory in various govt. connections, as in representing the premier at official welcomes to distinguished visitors, etc. I told him I was anxious to work out my experiments in free-lance writing and that frankly I would not care for the job in any case if much "handshaking" was involved. He asked if I was sufficiently interested in the proposition to have a talk with the premier on the subject. I said "No, not now, perhaps later". They want a man now, he said; but asked me to keep in touch with him. Drove back to Lunenburg this afternoon, a lovely mild sunny drive; drove with windows open and heater shut off until we reached Mill Village, when the sun went down & the car turned chilly. Newspapers today are full of the new British-U.S. trade pacts, which call for a general reduction

of duties all round & may be a powerful factor in the revival of world trade.

Friday, Nov. 25/38. Our long fine Fall came to an end today with a heavy easterly gale and rain, followed by a wind from the west blowing at hurricane force (65 M.P.H. registered in Liverpool) with temperature dropping from 50° to below freezing and rain changing to sleet and then to snow.

Friday, Dec. 23/38. Drove to Halifax this afternoon with Edith & the kids. A grey day with snow flurries but the whole coast & countryside lovely under snow; kids skating, tobogganing etc. all along the way. Road perfect. The Highway Board this year for the first time made arrangements to keep open the trunk roads all winter: they have erected snow-fences of wire & lath (painted a hideous orange) at all exposed places & as we drove past Chester we found evidence of snow ploughs, though they were not really necessary. The snow had packed under traffic to the texture of ice; there was almost perfect traction but one had to be cautious about applying brakes. Three hours from Liverpool to Halifax.

Saturday, Dec 24/38. Drove about shopping etc.

Sunday, Dec 25/38. This afternoon sunny & cool. Edith & I stumped about Point Pleasant Park for nearly 3 hours. The trees all heavy with snow. Passing the Wazy Memorial one shaft of the setting sun fell on The Walls Island, another on Thrum Cap, both very white under snow. We had a peep at Fort Ogilvie, very white & silent & surrounded by tall trees mantled with snow; the Martello Tower looked very lonely & cold.

Monday, Dec. 26/38. This morning I walked down to Water Ln for a look at Piet Vort then went up on the Citadel — a shabby looking Citadel now with the walls braced with huge timbers to keep them from falling into the moat & part of the moat revetment (masonry 3 feet thick) being torn down apparently as part of the winter relief work. Thence over Quispool Road to the Dutch Village Road, where in the edge of Mount Olive's cemetery I paused, as always, to read Pat Connor's epitaph. (He kept a little store in Hqs & made & sold fishing rods & supplies. He died in 1909 at the age of 81)

— "When I am dead & in my grave,
Please mark the spot with a marble stone
As folks will say 'There he lies —
'Poor Pat, who made the rods & flies!'"

I turned up Beyers Road, an old haunt of my childhood. Deak's Road, looking very bare since the woods of pre-war days were cut down. The little "potter's-field" at the Hqs end of the railway bridge, where in a barren of scrub arise monuments to sailors who died in port, to immigrants' skulls, a large stone to the "Unidentified Dead of the Great Disaster Dec. 6, 1917"; a stone — this is a curiosity in such a place — to a daughter of the inspector-general of Trinidad Police; & numberless little iron markers, some of them pulled up by children & the graves lost.

A passer-by told me this was called "old St. John's cemetery" because St. John's church at Fairview owns the strip of land between Beyers Road & Fairview. He told me that a few days ago the remains of 7 paupers, after being dissected by medical students at Dalhousie, were sent here and buried in a single large box.

Monday. Christmas Day. (continued) In the afternoon I called for Miss Bell, Edith's aunt, who is staying on Le Marchant Street for the winter, & with Edith & the kids drove almost to Waverley. A fine red sunset. Coming back into the city via Dutch Village Road I drove down Bloomingdale Terrace & about the adjacent streets where the citizens take great pains in the decoration of their homes with fir trees & branches and strings of coloured lights. This custom has become popular everywhere within the past ten years, but I've never seen it done as elaborately as this. Arriving ^{at 7 1/2 Duncan St.} at 6 P.M. we sat down to a fine à la carte dinner - roast chicken & a fine boiled ham, with "all the fixings" and some Mum's inimitable English plum pudding - the old Kentish recipe. We all pulled crackers & wore our paper hats & the kids especially enjoyed it. They are just old enough now to enter into the spirit of the thing.

Tuesday Dec 27/38. Weather forecasts said a S.E. storm with snow or rain, so we left Hfx at 9.30 A.M. & had a fine trip as far as Mill Village where a blinding snowstorm commenced. Got to L'pool in good time for dinner very thankful for the remarkable spell of fine weather & good road which enabled us to spend the holiday one hundred miles away.

Jan. 19, 1939. Still working very hard on my novel begun last June. It doesn't measure up to what I expected, but I'm resolved to finish it. Letter from George Wm. Blackwood today suggests bringing out a collection of my short stories; he thinks we could get a short foreword by Lord Sudeborough. I wrote agreeing with anything he suggests; but I expressed my concern

over getting Swedemuir to do a foreword for the short stories, and then (perhaps) bringing out a novel which deals very frankly with certain political conditions in Nova Scotia — which might embarrass Swedemuir in his position as Governor-General.

Feb. 12/39. Sunday. Finished my novel "The Unfailing Seed" tonight, & worked till about 3 A.M. of the 13th, in fact — an unucky omen. For the past two weeks I've been slopping untill midnight, 1 A.M. or 2 A.M., taking three hours off in the afternoon for exercise & relaxation & I'm very tired. The book seems vague, the characters stiff or too garrulous. I'm sending it to Blackwood, who has asked to see it, though I warned him it wasn't a Blackwood book.

March 2/39. Plugging away on material for a series of short stories of "Oldport". Simen Perkins diary is the chief source of course. All news from Europe indicates another international crisis there, many observers openly predicting March 6th. as "the day." Japan is shifting troops from the now quiescent China to Manchuria, ready to attack Russia in the east if she should become involved with Germany in the West. Mussolini will make outright demands upon France for colonial territory. Madrid will surrender to the Spanish insurgent forces in a few days, and the Italian troops ~~in Spain~~ (100,000 according some accounts) will then menace the Pyrenees, while Mussolini mobilises on the France-Italy border & Hitler threatens the Rhine in support of Italian demands. France will yield, & Hitler will then be free to forge his way through Poland and Hungary against Russia. I object, the seizure of the Ukraine. These are the prophecies. There seems to be

something in them, for President Roosevelt has taken the unprecedented step of openly announcing the intention of the U. S. A. to support Britain & France with munitions of war in the event of attack on them by the authoritarian states; and yesterday Premier King advised the Canadian parliament to get through its ordinary business with utmost despatch, "for within a short time we may have far graver measures to discuss".

Sunday Mar. 19/39 This has been an ominous week. The prophesied move of Germany was made — into Czech-Slovakia, at the "invitation" of the Czech govt. The German troops over-ran the country with great speed, everything extremely well-organized. Prague passed the Germans marching through its streets, crying, "Psii! By home!" Herr Hitler of course made a triumphal progress through the "new provinces", then through Vienna and finally through Berlin. Rumours are that Rumania has been ordered to surrender under the same threats which have been so successful with Austria & Czech-Slovakia — a terrific attack by overpowering armies and the levelling of its chief cities by aerial bombs. Premier Chamberlain, whose Munich pact last September paved the way for all this, has now declared that he can no longer accept Hitler's word, and warned that grave events are now before us. My guess is that Germany will seize Rumania within a month, thus obtaining the oil she must have for a long campaign, & then defy England & France to do their worst. Everything points to 1939 as the year of Germany's great adventure & it would be like Hitler to design a sweeping conquest or a great victory over one of the old Allied opponents to coincide exactly with Germany's final submission to the Allies in June 1919.

Sunday March 26/39. Hitler contented himself with taking Memel this week. Every day we pick up our papers to see what new aggression has been performed by Hitler, Mussolini & Co. The democracies quack like alarmed geese at each move, but the larger powers do nothing & the smaller ones give in. It looks as if Germany is going to conquer Europe without firing a shot - a tremendous proof of the value of armament and a strong mind. There is a general agreement amongst European correspondents that Hitler & Mussolini mean to keep on this year to the complete dominion of Europe, come what may. Premier Chamberlain is still dithering about peace & waving his umbrella. The U. S. A. has refused to recognise Germany's conquest of Czecho-Slovakia & slapped a 25 per cent extra duty on all imports from Germany. The Canadian Legion is sending a questionnaire to all its members asking them to state if they are available in an emergency and in what capacity.

Monday March 27/39. George Blackwood returned the type-script of my novel "The Unfailing Seed". It is too long by 75,000 words, too vague in character, too political, too "sexy", and the first quarter of it is "out of date". I knew he wouldn't like it but I was hardly prepared for such a sweeping condemnation.

Wednesday April 5/39. A meeting of ex-soldiers & sailors in the town hall tonight to consider the manifesto issued by headquarters of all veterans' organisations calling on all men physically fit to register for national service "in an event of national emergency". Each man was asked to fill out a

form stating name, address, telephone number, ~~and~~ age, physical fitness, number of dependents, trade, whether employed or not, nature of war service, nature of other abilities i.e. linguist, etc. and whether in possession of a motor-truck, car, or bicycle. About 60 present, many of whom were over 60 and ineligible, or incapacitated by wounds etc. Forty signed papers. I gave my physical condition as "A" which is I think, the truth. Sturdy old Will Douglas, who served in the last war though over age, came in & wanted to sign up. He is 71!

April 9/39. Easter Sunday. My mother came by train for the Easter week-end & snowing a blizzard today. All the lakes are still frozen & much snow in the woods. Mussolini took advantage of the Easter holiday to seize Albania; much fluttering in the democracies per radio, but nothing being done about it.

April 13/39. Snow again last night. We have had very little sunshine for the past month - a remarkable succession of overcast days. Temperature hovers between 20° and 50° above zero, so that snow & ice are very slow in going.

Saturday, April 15/39. To Eagle Lake this afternoon with Gordon, Smith & Parker. The roads are bare but we found snow knee-deep in the woods & very heavy going. Weather misty. I got very warm, carrying pack & sleeping bag, & foolishly took off my hat - the only thing I could easily remove. My head is now so bald that this old habit is dangerous in winter time - I caught a heavy cold, my first this winter. Heavy frost tonight.

Sunday, April 16/39. Pattered about camp all day. Bright sun but temperature freezing. There is no ice in Eagle Lake, a fact which surprised us a little, for several of the lakes still have their winter ice. Fresh tracks of wild-cat led us to the carcass

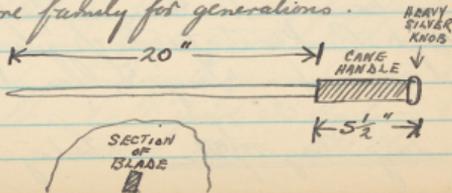
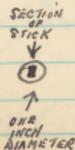
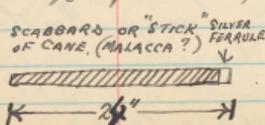
of a deer which had lain frozen & undisturbed near the lake shore all winter & apparently began to smell a little in the recent sunny noon & attracted the big cat. One hind quarter was gnawed to the bone. The cat apparently removes as much hair from the hide as possible before biting in; the snow about the carcass was two inches deep in hair. We brought traps from the camp & hid them under the mat of hair. An easier journey back to Big Falls, as the night's frost had made a crust on the snow.

April 21-23/39. A pleasant week end at Kaley's Lake where Tom Katchford has built a cabin. Party included Tom Katchford, Ralph Johnson Brent Smith & myself. Katchford very genial & confidential to me. Brent & I spent one day hiking up & down the brook as far as Port of Herbert Harbour but got no trout. Water very high in the brook.

April 30/39. Sunday. A snowstorm began last night & continued all day; no wind - just a steady downfall.

May 1/39. We have three inches of snow, the trees & shrubs all weighted with the mass of it. Baby Frances says "Pitty Snow" but after this long long "spring" we adults can't see the "pretentious" of it.

Wednesday, May 10/39. The first warm weather came with a rush - Thermometer at 82° in the sun. Cecil Day, editor-owner of the Superpool Advance, showed me an old sword - came he bought of the late Victor Wetmore for \$2.00. Said to be a genuine Liverpool relic, in the Wetmore family for generations.



The whole thing is $29\frac{1}{2}$ inches over all; the scabbard apparently of malacca, also the handle, & they are fitted together very neatly. The blade is rectangular in section, tapering down to a pyramidal point, a sort of steel obelisk 20 inches long, measuring about $\frac{5}{8}$ " \times $\frac{3}{8}$ " at the handle and $\frac{3}{8}$ " \times $\frac{1}{8}$ " just before the apex. A nasty weapon. The silver knob on the handle is quite heavy & the sword-cane could be used as a club if desired. The steel is stamped "Solingen" on two sides near the handle.

Monday, May 15/39. Their Majesties the King & Queen, due to arrive in Quebec today (for a history-making tour of Canada and a visit to the U.S.) are fog- and ice-bound off Cape Race in the specially chartered "Empress of Australia"^{Empress}, accompanied by the cruisers Glasgow and Southampton.

Wednesday, May 17/39. The King & Queen landed in Quebec today & were received with tumultuous enthusiasm by the French-Canadians.

Saturday, May 20/39. Left for a fishing trip by canoe with Roy Gordon and Hector Dunlap. At Indian Gardens we found a gale blowing and high "seas" in Irish Lake. Billy Dauphinee was there, extremely drunk, tinkering at the new 40 h.p. Diesel in the Mercury company's big supply boat. He offered, & in fact insisted on taking us across Irish Lake to a point where we could paddle through the flowage to West Brook. With the tent, 3 sleeping bags, ourselves & our various gear, the canoe had about 4 inches freeboard amidships, & there were quite large waves rolling into the flowage. We nearly swamped & sung out for Billy to pick us up again, which he accomplished after some weird circles & manoeuvres. Had to ferry the stuff to an island in the flowage in two canoe loads. Then we piled it all in & crept through to West Brook. Tented on the site of an old survey camp where the trail comes out on Tony's Falls.

Sunday, May 21/39. Today we paddled & portaged up as

far as the pools above Grand West Brook lake. Licking pool. Lovely day. Black flies thick in the sheltered places. In one meadow we saw four deer & in another a pair of fawns grazing in the meadow grass. We got within a canoe length of the fawns before they saw us. Ducks were plentiful along the brook & lakes. Had a frugal supper at Honey's Falls at 6:30 P.M. struck camp & paddled cautiously out into the flowage, where we found a fine S.W. wind which enabled us not only to get to the Saddens in our over-loaded canoe but to make it in 50 minutes from West Brook. I had no trout, Hector 5, Gordon 7, but it was a fine trip for a' that. Altogether, including two standing in the road as we drove home, we came upon ten deer, all at close quarters.

Tuesday, June 13/39. Drove to Halifax this afternoon in lovely weather. The only unpaved stretch of the south shore highway is the section over the hills from Gold River to Hubbards; this is in course of paving this summer. Halifax is getting decorated for the royal visit - their majesties' farewell to Canada. Two fine new British light cruisers, Glasgow and Southampton, are in port, & on the Southampton is a young marine bugler, my cousin Ernest Gifford. He came up to the house tonight, very spruce in his uniform, very quiet, rather shy. He is 16. Looking at him & remembering that I went to sea at his age, I wondered if I looked as kiddish as that!

Wednesday, June 14/39. This morning Edith, Tommy & I went down to see the "Southampton" & were shown over her by young Ernie. She is a hard-hitting, fast-moving fighting machine. Carries 9 six-inch guns in triple turrets, with a secondary armament of 4 inch and anti-aircraft guns. Carries 3 aeroplanes & a launching catapult. Full speed 35 knots - but she did 40 at her trials. Carries a crew of 750. In the

afternoon we planned a picnic with Ernie as guest, but the weather had turned wet & after driving 50 miles in search of dry ground we turned back & had our "picnic" in the kitchen at 71 Duncan St.

Thursday June 15/39. The great day. The royal train was due at noon. Thinking to avoid the crowd, & anxious that the kids should get sight of their King & queen, we walked down to Abndale to watch the train pass through. Four or five thousand other people had the same idea. Street rumour said that from Bedford in, the train would slow down whenever a crowd had gathered. However, the famous blue-and-silver train flashed through the station at top speed, with all blinds drawn in the royal carriages and nobody at all on the observation platform. A bitter disappointment to Tommy who said "They're mean!" However, in the afternoon we stationed ourselves at the roadside on the Common, & when the royal car came up from Cogswell Street to the Willow Tree Corner we had a clear but fleeting glimpse of a stern-faced man in the uniform of an admiral of the fleet, and the smiling queen, in her favourite powder blue & "off-the-face" hat, ^{with} her graceful little gesture of greeting, a back "flip" of the hand, as if distributing invisible largesse (or dealing cards!)

An enormous crowd on the citadel, to watch the pageant on the garrison grounds. About 4 P.M. we packed up a picnic lunch and drove out to Bear Cove on the Ketch Harbour Road. Found a fine vantage point on the cliff there, had our tea, & about 8.30, just as the sun was setting, the squadron came out, the Canadian destroyers Skeena and Saguenay leading, then the huge "Empress of Britain", the flush of the sunset on her fresh white hull and golden-tinted funnels very beautiful indeed, and finally

the British cruisers "Southampton" and "Glasgow", all steaming in line ahead, about a cable's length apart. They steamed out to Chelucto Head very slowly and majestically, & dropped the pilot there, turning off east and north, in the last after-glow of sunset, an exit almost theatrical in its perfection.

Halifax is buzzing with tales of the royal visit tonight. The King was sick, the Queen was sick, they looked "bronzed and fit", they looked "drawn and tired", - and so on, ad lib. Everyone is very pleased with Nova Scotia's hail and farewell. The best story of the visit concerns our own Lieut-Governor, Robert Erwin of Shelburne. In recent years it has been difficult to persuade people of a proper station to take on the post, which entails a heavy expense only partly covered by the salary, and also means living in the big uncomfortable Government House in the hurly-burly of Barrington Street. J. McE. Stewart K. C. of Halifax (one of the small group who really govern the province) told Tom Ratchford privately that Erwin took it after many others had turned it down; and that (humorously) Erwin was actually saving money out of his salary, living at Gov. House and doing little or no entertaining. When news of a proposed Royal visit reached Erwin he "nearly had a fit" but he pulled himself together manfully, & went to Shelburne for a month's rest before the fatal day. His first official duty was to call on the rear-admiral aboard H. M. S. "Southampton". The ship's company turned out very smartly (young Conroy amongst them) & the Lieut-Governor began to ascend the gang-plank - a solemn and magnificent moment. Just then the first ^{gun} of the salute was fired from one of the ship's four-inch, and Nova Scotia's Lieut-Governor ~~was~~ was observed to give a violent jump ("he nearly fell in the 'bout") & to totter aboard

the ship like a mortally wounded man. The ship's company kept straight faces, Ernie says - "but he didn't half jump." Poor old gentleman, he was very much out of his element. (In Shelburne, where he made a small fortune in timber and ship-building, his Honour is known as The Dishonourable Bob)

Thursday June 22/39. I drove to Shelburne with Howland White after lunch & spent the afternoon and evening in his old home, a treasure-house of old books and papers. The family founder was Gideon White, a loyalist from Plymouth Mass., who had a captaincy in Lord Charles Montague's (Carolina) Regiment, & came to Shelburne with the other refugees in 1783. The succeeding generations have carefully preserved all the books, papers & relics of their own and the previous time, with the result that recently Thomas H. White (Howland's father) was able to contribute to the N. S. Archives a collection of nearly 1700 pieces - letters, deeds, grants, diaries, account books, and etc. In the attic are hundreds of old books, one printed as early as 1678. All the school books of the family since its beginnings in the New World seem to have been preserved. A complete set of the Waverley Novels, bound in calf, beautifully preserved, made my mouth water, though it bore a quarter-inch of dust. The walls are hung with old portraits, medallions, silhouettes and engravings & the house is stocked with old furniture. Old Mr. White's hobby is cabinet-making & he turns out beautiful Duncan Phyfe imitations. Among curios that took my eye were: a Kentucky rifle, octagonal barrel 42", octagonal box 3 1/2" from face to face, length overall 58", made by Ward & Son, very light in the butt and heavy in the barrel, an awkward-balanced thing to

modern notions; a sword-cane presented to Edward White by General Wilhelm von Kniphausen of the Hessians, made of malacca, 53" over all, handle 8", blade 30" long, and $\frac{5}{8}$ " wide at butt and $\frac{3}{8}$ " wide about an inch above the point, in perfect condition, hardly a rust spot. But the piece de resistance is an autograph pass given a Yankee schooner by Horatio Nelson -

"These ^{are} to certify that I took the Schooner Harmony Nathaniel Carver Master belonging to Plymouth, but on acct. of his good services have given him up his vessel again.

Dated, on Bd His Majesty's Ship Albemarle 17 Aug. 1782 in Boston Bay

Horatio Nelson

Howland, the heir to all this, makes his home in Liverpool where he is employed as a carpenter by the Mersey Paper Co, an ungrammatical scalliwag who knows and cares nothing of his ancestry. When his parents die (they are in the seventies) all the family lore and carefully handed down traditions will be lost, and the collection will be sold or given away, for as Howland says, "I ain't got room for all that junk in my house."

For about a mile along the roadside east of Shelburne town there is a mass of broom in full bloom, like a yellow flame. Dr. Mr. White says it was planted by a Royalist settler & is now spreading into the woods everywhere about the site of the old farm.

Wednesday, July 5, 1939. Last week was "Court Week" and the traditional court-week rains poured down. The term is extending all through this week as well, due to a murder trial, the most fantastic in the County's history.

An elderly farmer named Early, from North Brookfield, is on trial for the particular murder by arsenical poisoning of a neighbour named Nancy 9 years ago, though there is evidence that he had been concerned in the sudden death of more than a dozen people in the last 15 years.

Last year a pair of old maids, living alone on a Brookfield farm, complained of finding a whole tin of Paris green in their well. Early had been "courting" one of them. The police began investigating and uncovered a trail going back through the years. Early's procedure apparently was to get into the good graces of a farm-owning neighbour - preferably elderly men or women - and get them to ~~sell~~ their property to him or to make their fire insurance payable to him in the event of their death by fire. The fatal illness or fire usually followed promptly, one fire involving a mother and three children. Three victims were exhumed and experts found quantities of arsenic in the hair. There is no direct evidence, of course, and a "Not Guilty" verdict seems the only possible thing, though the man is guilty as hell.

Thursday, July 6, 1939. The "stunt" trans-Atlantic flights, which took off like a rash after Lindbergh's success in '26 & continued for a number of years, seem to have died away. A young Swede attempted the eastward passage from Newfoundland this spring in a light aeroplane & was never seen again; otherwise there has been nothing of this sort this year. But the Imperial Airways, in cooperation with Pan-American Airways, have been experimenting quietly for two or three years on a regular trans-Atlantic passenger & mail

service, and this summer they have begun a regular schedule New York - Mediac, N.B. - Potwood, Nfld - Loxnes, Ireland - Southampton, & have operated so far without incident. Postage rate is 30 cents the half-ounce. The trans-Canada air line, government-operated, has also gone into schedule this year.

Sunday. July 30/39. My mother has been staying with us for a fortnight. Glorious weather. Picnics at the beach almost daily. This morning we left the kids at Grandma Freeman's & drove Grandma Raddall to Halifax. Stopped at Queensland & picked up Fern Sunlap and Marie Freeman who have been holidaying at the Sea Breeze Hotel there. We had lunch there - a very attractive place, very clean & well equipped & splendid food. Leaving Mother at 71 Duncan St, we pushed on to Windsor & then along the Valley in hot overcast thundery weather. Bought a few boxes of cherries at a wayside farm. Tea in Annapolis at 5. A hot and stuffy little tea-room; glad to get out of it. Stopped in Sackville for "desert" - ice cream. Home at about 8:30.

Sunday. Aug. 20/39. We have had almost continuous fine weather, a royal summer indeed, though the crops are suffering. Today we spent at Carter's Beach with the Parkers & Brent Smyth's family, whose guest was Colonel F. V. L. Lord. It was supposed to be the annual reunion of the First Casualty Clearing Station, which Lord commanded overseas, & of which Brent was a member; but there are only half a dozen "survivors" in Queens County & none showed up. We ate under the old apple trees, looking out across the white rim of the big sand dune to the curving white beach, and the little green knoll dotted with granite boulders

and spruce trees, and the deep blue of the bay & the lighter blue of a sky hung with wisps of cirrus. And Dad talked of old days in Liverpool and Milton, when lumber & shipbuilding made everybody comfortably off, and a big house was the ordinary thing, servants a necessity, and Latin and Greek the first measure of a man's education. He told me once again how he & my father were wounded by the same bomb near Timmy Ridge in June 1917; & how he & Dad cannoned head-on while driving after the ^{base} ball in a game behind the lines, & Dad was knocked out. Ford is a very tall man (6' 3" I should judge) & heavily built. The 1917 bomb splinter went in the back of his head, passed the base of the brain, & was extracted through his neck. His face is much distorted by the old wound.

Monday, Aug. 21/39 Col. Ford & I drove about Milton & Liverpool, he pointing out places of historic interest which I must confess I had missed. He came to tea, & we talked long afterwards, or rather he talked, in a rambling reminiscent mood. I showed him my father's diary & he wanted a copy of the entries which mentioned Col. Ford. Ford is a good talker, with an accurate and orderly mind; has travelled much and used his eyes and ears. His drawback is a rather exalted view of his own importance, which is not thrust upon you but conveyed to you in a dozen unobtrusive ways; he is very much afraid the world will forget V. V. L. Ford, Companion of St. Michael and St. George, upon whose shirts those saints have gathered him to rest. It is typical of him that, hearing Miss Mullins was writing some sort of history of Queens County, he urged her to include a chapter on the L. C. militia, which he would supply. The chapter (according to Miss Mullins) contains almost nothing about the militia but gives a long & exhaustive account of Col. Ford, his career, exploits and worth. A signpost for posterity!

Friday, Aug 25/39. The long-expected European crisis over Danzig is now at full tension, with all Europe semi-mobilized. Britain is said to have nearly a million men under arms, France two, Germany four, Poland one. Italy is mysteriously silent. Germany & Russia have just announced a trade treaty and non-aggression pact, to the astonishment of the world, especially the Japs, who consider Russia their ultimate foe. The Japs, as the third partner in the German-Italian-Jap "anti-Comintern Pact", have been playing Hitler's game by making things very hot for the British in China; tonight they have announced a "complete change in foreign policy"; & word from Shanghai & Hong-Kong says that Japanese sentries have suddenly begun saluting British officers again. All British, French & American in Germany have been advised by their consuls to leave at once, & the trains & planes are full. It is believed that Hitler's demands upon Poland include not merely the handing over of Danzig and the East Prussian corridor, but the annexation of Poland to a German "protectorate" as Czechoslovakia had to submit last year. The dramatic announcement of the Russo-German pact (with swastikas flying beside the Soviet hammer all over Moscow, flaunted in the amazed faces of the Franco-British military mission) was expected to impress Poland with her own isolation & compel surrender. The Poles say still that they will fight. It remains to be seen.

Monday, Aug 28/39. The mobilization of Europe for war proceeds apace. The British Admiralty took over control of all British merchant ships on Saturday; the first decree, issued at once, was to get out of the Mediterranean and Baltic. Even in Canada things are moving, 10,000 militia called out to guard ports etc. A number of military planes flew from Ontario to Halifax, stopping at Millinocket, Maine, with the permission of the U. S. government. This evening we

had a clam-bake at Summerville Beach - 15 or 20 people from town. Lovely sunset & a clear night with full moon. Talking to Charlie Williams, who is captain of the Mersey Paper Co's steamer "Markland"; he told me the Markland's deck had been strengthened for a gun for protection against submarines, & a small bridge erected for an anti-aircraft gun - and that both guns are now on the way from England. Williams & his officers are to take a short gunnery course at Halifax.

We sat yarning by a fire near Log's Inness' cottage for a long time. The Liverpool baseball team came along, Sat. 10 P.M. (fresh from a victory at Yarmouth, which gives them a berth in the ^{provincial} play-off), accompanied by a crowd of "pool rooters" who had gone out to meet them. There were fifty cars, two trucks laden with yelling youngsters, & another truck in which the Liverpool Band crouched, playing furiously, but discordantly in the rushing dark. What a ballam!

Wednesday, Aug. 30/39. Walked to Western Head, then along the beach to Gull Islands (where I had a fine feast of wild raspberries & blackberries. The blackberry crop is good this year.) thence home, chiefly along the railway to avoid the swooping cars of the main road. (Since the asphalt highways came into existence an average cruising speed of 50 M.P.H. is considered normal.) Our first cool day in two months. Sunny. Glorious.

Thursday, Aug. 31/39. Europe is hovering on the brink. Hitler made an impassioned speech to the Reichstag tonight declaring that Polish "provocation" had become unbearable & that he was prepared to "die fighting in his old uniform." His 16 demands upon Poland have been refused with scorn. Britain is reported to have ordered complete mobilisation.

Friday, Sep 1/39. War has begun! Meagre radio reports state that German troops have crossed the Polish border in many places, that Warsaw & other large Polish cities are being bombed from the air, and that the German fleet is bombarding Gdynia. In Danzig there is street fighting. Hitler is reported to have told the Reichstag last night that he is not counting on Italy's support, but that "Russia is Germany's eternal friend."

It is raining, with a strong wind from the east, the first break in the long drought. All morning the Canadian Broadcasting System has dispensed with its usual programs and substituted orchestral music — mostly overtures, and pieces of a rapid tempo, I suppose in keeping with the stir of events — broken now and again by the calm announcement of some morsel of news from a Europe now heavily cloaked by censorship.

Tonight through an American station we heard a voice speaking direct from Warsaw, giving the first authentic word of the fighting in Poland. Interesting was the attempt of an unknown station to "jam" the Polish voice, sending a long string of meaningless Morse — A — U — 4 — a long dash — repeated again & again. Annoyed, but the Polish voice was very distinct. The American announcer called attention to the "jamming" afterwards and suggested it was a German station. The news was brief. The Germans are invading Poland from three sides & are deep in Polish territory.

Looking at the map one feels that the Poles would be mad to make a real stand anywhere west of the Vistula River. My guess is that Poland will be over-run by Christmas at the latest.

Saturday, Sep 2/39. A long day & evening of hanging before the radio for positive word of what's going on. Everybody wondering at the British & French delay in declaring war. Rumours that Mussolini is making a last attempt to stave off a general war.

Sunday. Sep 3/39. A mild grey day. As soon as we rose this morning we found the radio announcing that Britain is at war with Germany. The French ultimatum is not yet expired. All day we hung at the radio; heard the King's appeal to the Empire, his voice firm & deep, with very little evidence of his tongue impediment; heard Mr. Mackenzie King tell Canadians that Canada placed herself on Britain's side, and Mr. LaPointe saying the same in French. News of fighting is meagre. The Poles have been driven out of the untenable Corridor but appear to be holding their own elsewhere; there are indications that Germans are not in overwhelming force there yet. No news from the Rhine. Late tonight came word of the torpedoing of S/S Athenia, 200^{ish} west of the Hebrides, with 1400 people on board, mostly Canadians, a few Americans.

Monday. Sep 4/39. A hot muggy day. Sun sets in the W.N.W. at 6.40 P.M. No news of any importance has filtered through the screen of censorship about Europe. Germans & Poles each claim victories. It seems certain however that Danzig & the "corridor" are now in German hands & that Cracow is in danger in the S.W. There has been fighting along the Rhine, but no details. Last night British planes dropped on northern & western Germany six million pamphlets, declaring that Hitler had involved the German people in a bloody and unnecessary war.

Here in Liverpool the Mersey Paper Co seems to have gone into a fine state of jitters. All windows in that big plant have been painted black, 30 guards are stationed at the power developments, & old Henry Corcoran & a young fellow named Jucker are stationed at the wooden dam at Herring Cove Lake, armed with shot-guns. All this against "sabotage".

Tuesday. Sep 5/39. Young Randy Day appeared in town today in the uniform of a lieutenant in the Western Nova Scotia

Regiment. He is very young and short, and uniform looked yards too big for him, but he was very cocksure, strutting up & down Main Street, in his baggy khaki plug-fours, with a cane under his arms, urging the young fellows along the sidewalk to enlist in his company. Bullock, the Anglican parson at Bridgewater, is O.C. of the regiment (he has sent his resignation to the bishop) & I fancy he sent Ray down to get a few Queen's County boys for the look of the thing. The regiment contains fumbling men almost exclusively - Bullock's own idea. I think this is a mistake. No grown man will enlist, having before his eyes the vision of taking orders from a pip-squeak like Randy. If Bullock wants men he should send down a man to enlist them. There are plenty willing to go if properly approached.

Wednesday, Sep. 6/39. A real Fall day, west-windy, warm sun, a scurry of lead-bottomed cirrus across the sky. Young Terence Freeman and Bill Bazine had lunch with us today, taking the afternoon bus to Halifax to enlist.

I've made up my mind to join the service. In fact I put in my name weeks ago on one of the Legion forms. Of course, I can't enlist as a buck private & leave Ethel & the kids to get along on \$1.10 a day; but I hope to get some sort of commission using my old experience as a wireless operator. Until the Canadian government makes its position clear, also its aims and objects in the war, there seems no sense in rushing off to Halifax to enlist blindly on a "something or anything" basis; there are rumours that no troops will be sent overseas at all, merely a home guard raised.

Friday, Sep. 8/39. There is a local sugar shortage caused by panicky fools buying big stocks. A broadcast from Ottawa shows that this has occurred elsewhere in Canada & the gov't. is taking steps to prevent hoarding. Submarine warfare is now in full blast, new sinkings reported every day. Otherwise the

Germans, are ignoring England & France. There is no mention in the German official news, of the fighting along the Rhine; and although London & Paris were largely evacuated in anticipation of mass air raids, there has not been a single German bombing raid to date. British naval aircraft have been busily bombing warships in the Kiel Canal and at Cuxhaven and Wilhelmshaven, & night flights continue to scatter anti-Hitler pamphlets over Germany.

The Mersey Paper Co. here is getting more jittery every day. They are now fearful that "saboteurs" will tamper with their pulp-wood boom just above the railway bridge, and are installing shot poles and electric lights along the boom and the picking-gap, and have two young fellows hired to keep watch day and night there.

My wife's brother France arrived back in triumph from Halifax, having hitch-hiked all the way. He has enlisted in the ~~10th~~ ^{ROYAL CANADIAN REGT.} at Halifax & reports for duty on the 11th.

Saturday, Sep. 9, 1939. Roy Gordon suggested a weekend together at Eagle Lake "perhaps for the last time together", so this afternoon he & Arsten Parker, Brenton Smith & I journeyed there. At Rapid Falls we found a new white-painted gate across the road and a pair of men on guard, unarmed, with sheets of yellow cardboard printed in black "Special Guard" stuck in their hat-bands. Gordon produced a pass issued by the Mersey Paper Co & we went on. There are guards as well on each of the four hydro-power dams, and the bush has been cut away at the end of each dam and the edge lined with peeled pine & oak poles bearing powerful electric lights. On N^o 3 dam (Big Falls) we found a pair of young Milton oafs ensconced in a sentry-box (of old mill-canvas) with loop-holes. I looked inside & discovered an old single-barrel shot-gun hung on the wall, with a

pencilled cardboard sign: -

DAWPER.

LOADED GUN

I couldn't help laughing. They assured me all the watchmen on the dams were armed thus, & the guns (their own) loaded with buckshot. As we paddled our punt up No 3 pond a pair of guards hurried along the wing-dam and watched us long and earnestly. He paddled hard, thanking God aloud, for the short range of buckshot.

It was a perfect fall afternoon; warm, with heavy cirrus clouds dodging across the sun with a west wind.

We carried our sleeping-bags & knapsacks up the trail to the camp. It was good to see Eagle Lake again.

In spite of our resolves to forget the war for 24 hours we discussed it till 10:30 & then turned in.

Sunday. Sep 10/39. Gordon was up at daylight, paddled the duck-boat a mile down the lake and "called" without success, for a moose. After breakfast we took axe and saw and built a decent bridge where the trail crosses Eagle Lake. We felled and peeled two hemlock and a fir for stringers, and built up a log pier at each end to hold the stringers well up above any flood; even erected a hand rail. I took snapshots. It was a good morning's work, and should stand five years at least. "It'll be there when we come back from the war" said Brent.

An immense dinner, a smoke at the lakeside, shirts off enjoying the sun on our skins, then a rubber of bridge. Then home by trail and punt sans buckshot for the second time.

By radio tonight; Canadian parliament voted to declare war on Germany; there were four dissenting votes, three of them

French-Canadians, the other Woodsworth, labour member for Winnipeg. Premier Mackenzie King surprised those of us who suspected him of "isolation" leanings by making a stout speech for war, supported by Ernest Lapointe. There will be no conscription and for the present at least, no expeditionary force.

Monday, Sep. 11/39. Radio announced briefly tonight that British troops are fighting on the Rhine & that the Poles are still holding Warsaw & the line of the Vistula. There is universal complaint about the paucity of news. Nothing has leaked through the censorship about the great German liner Bremen, which sailed from New York & disappeared into the blue, or indeed about any of the doings at sea, except that a number of merchant ships have been sunk by enemy action. It is known, however, that German submarines have appeared all over North & South Atlantic, and in the Pacific. (WRONG!)

Friday, Sep. 15/39. News is still scarce. The French are feeling their way about the outskirts of Saarbrücken. The British have destroyed "a number" of submarines. The Germans have sunk a dozen British & one French merchant ships since war began. The Poles are broken, with isolated groups holding out in Posen, Warsaw, Lemberg and Brest-Litovsk, and the families of high civil and military officials arriving by plane in Rumania. Russia is concentrating troops on the Polish frontier, & is believed to have an agreement with Germany by which certain Polish territory in the Ukraine will be transferred to Russian sovereignty. Russians have also patched up their differences with Japan, which means presumably Japan will resume her anti-British campaign in China. Here in Canada there has been a silly rush to buy sugar, flour, coffee and tea, with the result of local shortages. Prices are rising already, in spite of dire threats

from the government about profiteering. A sample; Edgar Mack of Mill Village, who supplies us with eggs, chickens and fresh vegetables, charged \$1.00 per bushel for potatoes today "because he heard the price had gone up, to that on account of the war". My financial condition is getting bad; my only source of income is Blackwood's, who of course pay in cheques on Coutts' Bank, and the pound sterling has dropped to \$4.39 Canadian & is still slowly falling.

Saturday Sep 16/39. A burning hot day, with temperature over 80° indoors. Marion Supper, "Freem's" daughter, was married at Milton this afternoon to Munro Gardner of Yarmouth. He is a lieutenant of a home guard unit now guarding the Yarmouth "airdrome", a field so far innocent of aircraft. The women went prepared to enjoy a jolly fine day (all talking of poor Gardner as if he were dying tomorrow) and ^{the} wedding was a huge success. Edith went, but I couldn't face an afternoon jammed in a mob of perspiring men & blubbering women, & so took the kids out to Western Head for a paddle in the sea. (Gardner served in home garrisons throughout the war.)

The theatrical Eugene Todd turned up in town today wearing ^{some} sort of uniform with a sergeant's stripes and a sword. Heaven knows where he got the sword. He says he belongs to an Annapolis ^{Volunteer} Militia unit & I suppose he has got hold of some old equipment of the King's County Hussars, who were turned into an armoured car unit a year or two ago.

Local boys of the Western Nova Scotia Regiment are drilling at Bridgewater, hopping trucks to Liverpool when off duty & swaggering along Main Street with a great clatter of ammunition boots. They look very smart.

Sunday Sep 17/39. Again very hot. This morning I drove my family to Carter's Beach at Port Morison for the last picnic of

the season. The kids & I went in the water but it was extremely cold. The wind was light at S.W., veering uneasily S.E. and E. As we ate our dinner a dense black cloud came up very fast from the west, the blackest I ever saw, plunging the whole bay into a weird dusk that drained every vestige of colour from the landscape, & gave it a queer dead look. Thunder rolled & lightning flashed continuously. We got into the car & drove back to Liverpool in a heavy downpour of rain. Cars had their lights on - at 1.30 P.M. of a September day! In Liverpool we found leaves strewn under every tree, beaten off by hailstones. The hail lay in little drifts where it had bounced from the roofs, from a pea to a very large marble in size, oval in shape. Rain poured throughout the day and evening.

All this seemed to reflect the news from Europe, which announced the entry of Russian troops into Poland and the flight of the Polish govt. into Rumania. It all looks very black.

Tuesday Sep. 19, 1939 At 1 o'clock we heard a broadcast of Hitler's speech at Danzig, over the Canadian network via German short wave. He spoke in a low rather ^{hoarse} voice, slowly, jerkily, then increasing tempo and pitch until he was yelling his long involved German sentences in a harsh crackling scream; there would be a pause, & then again the low slow voice, leading up to another howl & another significant pause for applause.

An interpreter gave crisp English translations at every pause. He was justifying his invasion of Poland, explaining his pact with the oft-denounced Communists, putting the French "poilus", breathing hatred on the name of England, and painting the might of the new Germany which had "crushed the insolent Poles in 18 days."

This afternoon I walked to Western Head, thence to Gull Island by the shore pastures and beach. Fine and

warm, with a cool west breeze; in the shore pastures the grasshoppers came down wind in squadrons, smacking on my chest & face. (There's been a plague of them this year; so much dry weather, people say.) The gap where McAlpini's Brook flows through the beach had been closed by the last storm, a wide barrier of sand, & the parachois was backed up to unusual size as a result.

Wednesday Sep 20/39 Warsaw is still holding out! (The Polish radio station here operates daily to the world.) Despite the collapse of the field armies and the flight of the gov't! Premier Chamberlain, replying briefly to Hitler's Danzig speech, repeated the words of a British general when the military mission was in England this summer. "We shall fight. A large part of our country will be over-run, and we shall suffer terribly, but if you come in, we know that Poland will rise again."

The horse came to its feet, champing, & no wonder; those are magnificent words, stirring in their very simplicity, & they go far to explain the stout (though hopeless) battle put up by the Poles.

The Canadian gov't announces it will raise an expeditionary force to consist of two divisions. There has been a cabinet shuffle at Ottawa. The defence minister, Ian MacKenzie, becomes Postmaster General & Norman Rogers, the brilliant Nova Scotian, takes his place. (MacKenzie has been under a cloud ever since Drew's revelations about the Bren gun contract.) Another Bluenose, J. L. Ralston has become Minister of Finance.

Rumors from Halifax says that Lieut Finch-Sizes has been shot as a spy. It sounds absurd to me, though I fancy Howe has been reprimanded & quietly dropped from the service. He was chief signal officer at the Navy Yard, Halifax, & one or two days after war began he disappeared in his car. Search was instituted & his description broadcast. The first clue came from Annapolis, where someone had seen him going towards Liverpool. Then the Liverpool detachment of the R.C.M.P. found him.

sitting in his car, which was parked in the short log road between the highway & Ten Mile Lake. A naval officer arrived from Hfx and the car & the tourist were whisked away. Naval authorities gave out that Finch-Noyes "looked dazed & ill" & that it was "amnesia". My guess was "chronic intoxication" (Finch-Noyes was reinstated later, married a Chester girl, & in 1949 was commanding the naval air station, "HMCS Shearwater", at Dartmouth, N.S.)

Saturday Sep. 20/39. An attempted Nazi uprising has been crushed in Rumania. It began with the assassination of the premier by fanatics of the Iron Guard. Russian troops pouring into Poland have spread along the Polish-Rumanian border, thus cutting off any German threat from that side. Looks as if the wily Stalin is playing his own game, which is not necessarily Hitler's game. Canada announces she will raise two divisions for service overseas & that the naval establishment will be doubled.

Sunday Sep 24/39. Lovely day with hot sun & cool W. breeze. Gordon Dunlop & I drove to No. 1 Dam this morning & walked through the woods to Kempton Lake, then around the shore to Buchanan's camp & up the brook to the well-remembered bog. We found a few cranberries & picked about a quart each. The clump of trees we used to call "the Calling Place" is grown up thick with hard back-bushes & the old moose-paths have all but vanished, a sign of the scarcity of moose. Beavers have two small dams in the Cranberry Brook, & a big one at the outlet of Kempton Lake keeps the lake high in this driest of dry years. Walking back along the lake shore at 4 P.M. we spotted a large turtle wallowing in the green ooze of a small cove; Gordon had his ever-ready revolver in his belt holster & made a perfect shot at roughly 30 yards, hitting the turtle fair in the head & killing it instantly. Hector Dunlop was eager to get the wet shining brown shell, & we made an attempt to get out by cutting poles & brush, but the ooze was ten feet deep & as fluid as water, & we gave it up. Driving down the river road between Dam No. 1 & Dam

N^o 2 we noticed ten or fifteen ravens roosting solemnly in a couple of small oaks about 70 yards west of the road. Gordon & I left the car & investigated, & found that somebody had killed a doe there a few hours before. The head & skin were stowed under an old wind fall, the two fore feet flung into the bushes. The guts were in a small hollow, cunningly covered with twigs & leaves. All this caution because the season is not yet open & in any case hunting on Sunday is forbidden; also, owing to the road being closed to the public and guarded, those who come up towards the power developments must have passes and are known to the gate-men. The illicit hunter had been at pains to hide his guilt for at least a day. It was probably one of the power house staff. Gordon tipped off George Wile, the game warden, when we arrived in Milton.

Charlie Williams, master of the *Mersey Co. S Markland*, has not yet received the guns he told me about on Aug. 28th. The "Markland" has been painted grey & has changed her route between Liverpool & New York, running inshore around Cape Sable, then a quick run across the Bay of Fundy to the coast of Maine, & thence south, keeping well inside the 13 mile limit. The other day he was steaming ^{north} past Portland for the open run across the Bay, when "Spark's" picked up the Portland broadcasting station announcing excitedly "a large one-funnelled ship of strange appearance" - (the Markland's trunk deck!) - "and painted blue-grey, has been sighted inside U.S. territorial waters off Portland and is now" - giving "Markland's" position, course & approximate speed! Charlie was still swearing when he arrived in L'pool.

Monday Sep 20/39

A mass meeting of women tonight in the auditorium of the new high school to organize for war work. The meeting was called by the local branch of the I.O.D.E., whose regent (Mrs Millard, widow of Robie, a buxom grey haired woman in black net, wearing pince-nez on a small parrot nose) was in the chair. Others on the platform were Mrs. (United Church minister) Brown; Dannie Mackay's large & good-looking third wife; Mrs John More, a large woman of 55 or 60

who has more quiet ability than any two women I know; Mrs R.H. (Royal Bank manager) Lockward & a Salvation Army woman. Col Jones & I, the only males present, were the invited speakers. Jones came at the last minute & sat beside me at the right of the platform, breathing heavily of whiskey. It was the first time we'd sat anywhere together since he gave his dinner for me at Morsey Lodge. I could see at once that he was more than a little drunk. Told me how he had dinner with Lord Tweedsmuir in the Citadel at Quebec & how Tweedsmuir thought I was the greatest writer since Moses; then he insisted I must come & visit him at Quebec. "You must meet Tweedsmuir. Bring your wife. Yes, & your children. Stay a week. I'll introduce you to some real people." And so on. It occurred to me that the hall was now full of very real women, & they would expect something ^{real} from the platform.

Mrs (Anglican parson) Spurr began the show with a prayer. Some high school girls in scarlet jackets, white skirts & brown stockings sang O Canada. I got up spoke up, & shut up — five minutes perhaps. Then Jones hauled his pot-belly out of his chair, produced half a dozen pages of typewritten manuscript, & launched into nearly an hour and a half of drivel. If he had read off the speech all would have been well, but he spoke extempore, occasionally stopping to flutter the manuscript leaves in a vain hunt for daylight. He was just tipsy enough to attempt words like "totalitarian" — he made four shots at that one before he gave it up. Then, at the end, he redeemed himself by offering to purchase for the women a knitting machine, with electric motor, which "will knit socks faster than the soldiers can wear 'em out". The red jacketed girls sang again — "Land of Hope & Glory" & then came the national anthem, & escape.

Wednesday, Sep 27/39. Warsaw was still holding out this morning & the radio was in operation again after a silence of two days. The announcer said that the city is being shelled, and bombed continuously day & night, & that a large part of the

city is in ruins. Turkey & Russia are in secret conference & Von Ribbentrop is on his way to Moscow. It looks as if Turkey is being won over from her non-aggression pact with Britain & France.

A fine day but a bleak wind. I cleaned my furnace. Young soldiers continue to stroll up & down Main Street on short leave from Bridgewater. Most are smart, but the supply of uniforms is getting low, & the latest recruits appear in old shabby khaki, or in parts of uniform. I saw one fellow in a pair of the blue denim overalls which are summer wear for males in "Whynacht Town" topped off with a khaki tunic (no belt) and an army cap. There has been such a rush of recruits that the authorities are taking no more men for the present.

Had a new muffler installed on my car, the first part of any size that I have had to replace since I bought it three years ago.

Thursday, Sep 28, 1939. Frank Strom told me a pretty tale today. He was engaged by Peter Jack, prominent Halifax politician and financier, to bring a motor yacht from Chester to Halifax. The yacht is Jack's, a very recent purchase, still bearing the name "Bi-See" and "East Hampton, N. Y." painted on the stern, and the name "Eileen" forward. Rumour says that Mr. Jack bought her for \$5000 as a speculation.

Mr. Jack, who has tremendous (Liberal) influence, made no bones about telling Strom that he was renting the craft to the Naval Service at Halifax for a harbour dispatch boat at \$1,000 per month, & ordered Strom to deliver her at the Dockyard. He seems to have been too cocksure, for at the Dockyard, Commander Reid refused to have anything to do with her. "We need the boat," he said, "but not at that price." Mr. Jack was furious, put through a phone call to Hon. J. F. Kalston (at Ottawa) who promised to "look into it."

In the meantime the yacht is laid up at the Halifax Shipyards. Strom says that D. R. Turnbull & several other gentlemen with yachts on their hands (including Col. Jones - Murray Paper Co's white elephant the "Awenische") are all endeavouring to turn them over to the navy for patrol use at fancy sums.

Friday, Sep 29, 1939. Warsaw has surrendered. The formal German occupation takes place Oct. 2nd.

These are restless days. I sit for hours, every morning, part of the afternoon, & every evening, racking my head for stories; but the war keeps drifting across my mind. So far in September I have written one short story & made some notes on Perkins diary 1804-1812 - a poor show for a month's mental wrestling.

Saturday, Sep 30, 39. A mild overcast day. Took my family plus "Old" Aunt Marie & "Young" Aunt Marie for a picnic this afternoon. The hardwood leaves just turning colour. Sat on the shore of Seven Mile Lake until a shower of rain drove us back to the car about 4 P.M. Then along the Greenfield road to Bob Paryzant's camp by the Midway bank. Nobody there. There was no more rain. I made coffee & heated "hot dogs" in a frying pan & we had our picnic on the verandah of the shack. Home at 7 P.M.

No war news worth mention. Censorship is doubtless holding up a lot of it, but both sides seem to be marking time. The Rhineland fighting seems little more than an affair of outposts. There has not been a single German air raid on England or France, contrary to all expectations, & numbers of people are drifting back to the cities despite official warnings.

Sunday, Oct. 1, 39. This afternoon the radio brought the voice of Winston Churchill, giving a summary of the first month of war. His points were (1) that Poland had been conquered but would rise again; (2) that Russia, playing her own game, had taken steps to far the oft-mentioned Drang nach Osten; (3) that the Royal Navy had proved itself more than a match for submarines.

He talked very confidently but made a diplomat's blunder in comparing Nazi Germany with the slavery-upholding South in the American Civil War. The South will resent this, very naturally, for a recent private poll there revealed that 92%

of the people of the southern states were in favour of Allied victory & every possible assistance thereto by the U.S.A.

Thursday Oct. 5, 1939. A fine warm day after 4 bleak days of rain & easterly winds. A wedding tonight, one of many since the outbreak of war. The traditional affinity of Mars & Venus, I suppose, though a cynic would suspect a desire of certain young men to insure themselves against conscription. It has become a lamentable custom at weddings to make as much public disturbance as possible - the bridal car being followed about town by a procession of cars all tooting their horns. Tonight's riot went on for nearly an hour & sounded more like the triumphal return of a winning baseball team than anything to do with holy bonds.

No war news except that a surface raider has appeared in the south Atlantic & the big German liner "Göben" has turned up in Murmansk, North Russia. The Russians are taking (with German consent) what the Allies refused to concede, i.e., a "protectorate" over Latvia, Estonia, Lithuania & probably Finland.

Saturday Oct. 7/39 Fine & warm. To Eagle Lake this afternoon with Roy Gordon, Austin Parker & Hector Dunlap. The "guards" are still very officious on the river road, & insisted on making a list of the rifles in the car "so as to make sure you bring 'em out again." We asked (very naturally) what it mattered to the Powers Commission? They didn't know, but "them's the orders."

Sunday Oct. 8/39. Gordon was up at daylight (6 A.M.) "calling" for bull moose from the camp verandah. He hadn't much faith in it, for moose have become scarce - the govt. had decreed a closed season last year & this. But he confounded us - and got us out of sleeping bags in a hurry - by calling up a fine bull and cow. They wandered about on the swampy point directly across the brook from the camp & finally sauntered off. The woods are at their best now - full colour & the leaves beginning to fall.

We put some bully & bread & a billy can in Brent's old green canoe - the thing leaked like a basket - & paddled down Eagle Lake, portaged up the nearly-dry brook to Long Lake, which is held at a good height by a big beaver-dam at the outlet. Across Long Lake to the Kempton Lake portage. The south end of this portage, always a swamp for a quarter-mile, is now partly flooded by the beaver's flowage, & a fearful mess. All hands had to jump out in the muck & drag the canoe through the bushes to dry ground, where I put it on my back & carried it to Kempton Lake. We paddled up the lake to our old tent site at the west end & had our lunch there, with a fire in the old stone fire-place for auld lang syne. Kempton Lake lovely as ever, the swamp maples a red fire, other hardwoods running through yellow to green. Water in Kempton Lake quite low, & the tall green reeds were all showing an expanse of bright pink "boot topping". After lunch we searched for the turtle Gordon shot Sept 24th, as Dunlap wanted the shell; but the thing had disappeared in the ooze. Back to Eagle Lake - myself carrying the canoe on both portages.

Monday Oct 9/39 Up at daylight for a deer hunt. Weather mild, a light south wind. We separated, Gordon to hunt east of the camp, Parker to hunt along Eagle Brook, Dunlap & I to hunt the hardwood ridge towards Kempton Brook. The weather clouded & rained hard, & Dunlap & I moved steadily up-wind from the river in a constant rumble of thunder. We crossed Eagle Brook & followed the wind back to Eagle Lake, finally when we were actually standing in the Big Falls trail we came upon a small spike-horn buck. We stood & looked at him fully a minute. Dunlap whispered, "Want him?" and offered me his & 30-30 Winchester carbine. I shook my head. The little buck ran into a spruce thicket & there was a sudden shocking "bang" on the other side - Gordon's 20-gauge smooth bore. We heard the buck crash along a few steps & drop. Then the smooth bore again - one for the coup-de-grace - three in

rapid succession as a signal that he had a deer down. We walked around the thicket & killed Gordon for shooting a spike-horn. The thing had almost jumped on him in getting away from us, & he had fired instinctively - a nice shot through the fore shoulder. We helped to gut the thing & slung it on a pole & took it to camp - all in heavy rain, thunder & lightning. Parker arrived. After dinner we made a hand-barrow, carried the carcass on it a mile to the river & all embarked in the punt for Big Falls dam. At Big Falls, I suddenly realised I had left my car keys in the camp; walked back there, & got them; all in pouring rain; I was drenched. The others had gone on to Milton in Parker's car. I found them in Gordon's barn, nailing the deer hide to the wall. Gordon insisted on my taking a hind quarter.

Wednesday, Oct 11/39. A fine hot day with a light W. breeze and sailing white, fall clouds. Took my family, plus "big" Aunt Marie & Edith's mother, for our favourite, fall drive - to South Brookfield to New Germany, to Lahare via Bridgewater, to Petite Riviere to Staly Cross, to home. The hardwoods not at their best colouring but gorgeous enough, especially beside the blue lakes & rivers. Parties of deer hunters in red caps & shirts. Kids wandering home from the little cross road schools, books & lunch box clutched. Aunt Marie delighted with New Germany, where she taught school forty years ago. We had gizzards & sandwiches beside a little river near Harmony, which pleased the kids.

Bridgewater full of youths in khaki - headquarters of Bullock's Western Nova Scotia Regiment. Smart Bank schooners anchored in the Lahare. One half-built on the stocks at Dayspring. Sunset at Petite Riviere - the "riviere" very "petite" indeed, a mere trickle in the stony bed.

In the evening I attended a meeting called to organise a Red Cross Society, in the high school auditorium, & was appointed treasurer. A handsome young man from Halifax, named Brown did most of the talking, & very well, too.

Tuesday, Oct. 17, 1939. Mail from England brings the first copies of my "Red Piper & other tales", with a photo of myself on the packet. Also a cheque drawn on Coutts Bank for £26/0/0 which the bank here refused to cash, under the new English exchange restrictions, & would accept "for collection only". This mail was 3 weeks on the way - evidence that the convey system is slow. Two British Battleships, a cruiser & several destroyers arrived in Halifax yesterday. Mowbray Jones was on the guarded quay with 2 Air Force officers & says the rumour is that this squadron brought 1/4 of the gold reserve of the Bank of England for safe deposit in Canada. My guess is that it is a move in connection with the reported presence of a German battleship off the Argentine coast.

Saturday, Oct. 21/39. Went to the cabin at Eagle Lake with Roy Gordon, Hector Dunlap & Austin Parker, for a week's hunting. We struck poor weather, the fall rains in fact, though we had two good hunting days, the 24th & 25th, with westerly gales and snow squalls. We hunted diligently from dawn to dark, often in pouring rain, covering most of the country between Kempton Brook and Big Falls. Saw plenty of game - a dozen deer or so, including several big bucks - but they were wary and the nature of the country west of the river (second-growth spruce fir & hemlock in head-high thickets all over the old choppings) made it hard to get more than a passing glimpse of them. One fine old buck used to come down to the lake of an evening to drink, passing an old decayed log-camp en route. We haunted that camp clearing, (I got there in pouring rain until dark one night) & (the trail running past it) & in all we saw the buck 3 times without getting a shot. Dunlap picked up an old horse shoe in the clearing one afternoon & being superstitious carried it about with him the rest of the journey. In the old camp clearing he spotted the big buck,

dropped the horse shoe, the shoe struck a rock "clunk!" — and away went the buck into the thickets with a single tremendous leap. After a morning's futile hunting in the rain on the 27th I packed up & left camp with gun, haversack & sleeping bag. About a mile along the highway below Big Falls, Bob Anderson, the big superintendent of the Mersey power developments, picked me up in his car & gave me a ride to Liverpool. Gordon, Parker & Sunlap are coming out tomorrow.

Sunlap had a little portable radio & we were able to pick up the news broadcasts from CBA (Moncton) three times daily throughout the week.

Thursday, Nov. 2/39. Attended a Red Cross meeting tonight in the little police office of the town hall. Lockward, the Royal Bank manager, is president & ran the meeting with an efficiency beyond mere praise. Mordecai Jones reported on plans for the funds campaign Nov. 13th. He says the Halifax office is expecting \$2000 from Queens County. A petition from the S. C. D. C. at Bridgewater was presented, asking for a large number of socks at once. In the discussion that followed I heard more strange stories of the Western Nova Scotia Regiment, which is quartered here. It appears that the supply services have broken down utterly. Many of the recruits were poor and ragged & the first few days of drilling wore the old shoes off their feet. Army boots were not to be had, nor socks, underwear or shirts; many of them are to be seen on the streets with no more uniform than a tunic or a khaki overcoat or a pair of summer drill slacks; others have tunics & trousers but no caps. They are sleeping on the draughty floors of the old drill hall (and the exhibition buildings). Advertisements have appeared in the local papers asking for donations of old mattresses. The supply of blankets is inadequate. A number of the recruits are down with pneumonia already. It is known that Colonel Bullock

has purchased all the men's boots in the Bridgewater stores, & sent to Liverpool for more, and it is said that the Dept. of Defence, hearing of this, has given Bullock a fine proof of the departmental goad for thus exceeding his authority. All this spells inefficiency. Old-timers can recall nothing like it in 1914. It looks as if the gov. changed its Defence minister none too soon.

Monday Nov. 6, 1939. I received an extraordinary letter from one Goch, a literary agent in London. He had sent some old copies of Blackwood containing my short stories to Rapier Moore, editor of Maclean's Magazine, and offered to sell Canadian re-print rights on the author's behalf. Moore bought two at once, sending Goch a cheque for \$170.00. Goch then wrote me, enclosing a cheque for £32/5/8 representing the \$170 less his commission and expenses. He did not even know my address, & sent his letter and cheque to Blackwoods for forwarding. George Blackwood in a covering letter refers to Goch as "a very pushing gentleman" and adds "he has no authority from us to carry through any transaction without first obtaining in every case the author's sanction."

What amazes me is that Maclean's paid money to Goch without attempting to find out if he really acted for the author - a procedure which opens the door to fraud! I wrote my displeasure to Maclean's & suggested that as the two tales they bought ("Tib for Tab" and "The Road to Fortune") are now appearing in Canada & elsewhere in book form, they may not care to use them. I added that I was not cashing Goch's cheque until the matter was straightened out. There is an amusing feature. The tale called "Tib for Tab" is the first of my Pine County yarns, written some time in 1930 or '31 - my first attempt at a style of my own. I sent it to the editor of Maclean's (Rapier Moore then as now) who thought it so bad that instead of the usual rejection slip he sent me a letter to tell me how very bad it was. In the summer of '33 I sent the tale to Blackwoods, who printed it under the title "Tib for

Tot" (but without changing the manuscript by so much as a comma,) and asked for more - the beginning of my long & phrasnik connection with Blackwood's Magazine. When I think of the short-memoried Mr. Moore buying the tale, at second-hand, and in such a hurry that he could not even wait to check the "agent's" credentials, I have to laugh.

Saturday Nov 11/39. A letter from Napier Moore of Maclean's explains his side of the Goch ^{business} Goch in his letters invoked Blackwood's name a good deal & conveyed the impression that he represented both Maga and me. Moore also asked why I had not submitted my tales to Maclean's before; said he had never seen "Tot for Tot" or "The Road to Fortune" before (!) at any rate. Since he stuck his chin out so beautifully I couldn't resist letting him have it straight from the shoulder - a full account of the history of "Tot for Tot".

The Armistice Day service was held in the theatre this morning owing to rain. There was no decoration on the platform except a simple wooden cross draped with a flag. The town band, in full uniform (dark blue with scarlet piping) occupied front seats at the left, the Legion at the right, several young soldiers of the W.M.S. Rec't sitting with them; school-children behind, adults in the back, a full house. Baptist parson, a long lantern-jawed Scot named Mac William, gave the address, a long-winded address mostly about the American war debts & the fact that he, Mac William, would fight if anybody offered to rape his wife and daughters. What any of this had to do with Remembrance Day I don't know.

Monday, Nov. 13/39. I am 36 today. I spent most of my birthday in a cage in the Royal Bank receiving funds from the hundred-odd collectors in the Red Cross drive. The public gave generously.

Tuesday, Nov. 14/39. On Red Cross work all day. There were something like 1200 contributors to the fund and they gave something close to \$2700 - funds are still trickling in. This was

entirely from Liverpool, Milton & Brooklyn. We had told the Halifax headquarters we might get \$1500. They thought we ought to get \$2000.

This morning young Terence wired that his outfit (A Company, R.C.R.) was leaving today for Valcartier. I made some phone enquiries, found that they were leaving by train at 4:30 P.M., arranged to motor down with his mother, Marie & Ralph; just as we were about to leave, the phone rang - my mother - to say Terence had just called up to say goodbye & that nobody was permitted to see the troops after 2:15 P.M.

This was disappointing to put it mildly. I might have gone down anyway but there was a snowstorm in progress & it was doubtful if we could reach the city before the train pulled out.

Saturday, Nov 8/39. Still no news from the war but meagre details of submarine warfare & sporadic air "reconnaissance" flights. Symptoms of unrest in Czechoslovakia, Austria & occupied Poland are added to the chief symptom of unrest in Germany - the attempt on Hitler's life, an explosion in the famous beer-hall in Munich.

German battleship Von Scheer sank a small tanker in the Portuguese territorial waters off Mozambique. (Really the "Von Spee")

Sunday, Nov 9/39. Lovely sunny day, stiff north wind. Parker, Dunlap, Gordon & I went up river today. (We are on the "approved" list furnished the guards) The water in the big storage dam at Indian Gardens is at the lowest since the dam was built & we found a number of Indian relics in the exposed flowage. The lake was rough & it was chilly business paddling an old green canoe up and down the lower reach.

Tommy will be five in a few days, a great age. He started going to Sunday School this Fall. For the past year & more he has been much pre-occupied with God. In the summer of '38 he

insisted on climbing the little poplar in the garden " 'cause I want to see God in the sky "

Another day we found him standing on the front lawn, face up-turned, shouting " Here, God! Here, God! "

This Fall he happened to wander past the church while it was being decorated for the harvest festival service & came home announcing " God is having a birthday party. "

Some of Tommings vocabulary: -

- bit - "necker" (not a bad invention at that)
- pudding - "poonny"
- hitting or camping - "goin' woodsin"
- Mrs. Penty, our neighbour - "Mister Pencil"
- uncle - "upca"
- Halifax - "haffax"
- steam or clouds of smoke - "bolly" (a curious invention, one of his first words)
- spooks, bogies - "owlsies" (origin unknown. He never mentioned such things)
- baby - "bee-bee"

Some of Frances' words: -

- sweater - "felter" (good!)
- picnic - "pickan"
- boots - "pootch"
- suit - "soop"
- stockings - "sockies"
- slippers - "slippers"
- birthday - "tuesday"
- milk - "muck"
- drink - "jink"
- ice cream - "lice cream"
- water - "~~water~~ "warder"
- window - "winnow"
- bath - "barf"
- cellar - "suller"

- train - "chain"
- Milton - "Milkum"
- Marie - "Reece"
- Raddall - "Wa-doo"
- David - "Sare"
- teddy-bear - "my beer"
- too dark - "too light-out"
- he, she, his, hers, he is, she is = "hers"
- through - "foo"

Saturday, Nov. 25, 1939. Drove to Bridgewater this afternoon. The Christmas-tree business is in full swing; every wayside farm had a number of trees (spruce & fir 8 or 10 feet long, the branches pressed up against the trunk & lashed there with cords) piled near the road for the collecting trucks to pick up. Bridgewater is the shipment point for this area. The trucks have special wooden racks, built out over the cab for extra capacity, & when loaded, have a queer appearance as they whiz along the roads. There is no snow. The countryside is brown and bare and cold. Arriving at Bridgewater I found a big field opposite the exhibition grounds full of Christmas trees, each looking like an old-fashioned luggie umbrella, big and green and neatly folded & tied. The trees were stood on their butts, leaning together at their tops, so that it might have been a camp of Indian wigwams. Across the road was a very different scene. The exhibition buildings are occupied by the Western Nova Scotia Regiment, & the open space in the quadrangle of the buildings makes an excellent parade ground. Here, in squads of 18 or 20, the recruits were marching up & down, wheeling, about-turning, in the new "three" formation. Some had full uniform. One squad even had rifles. Some had uniforms but no badges. A large number had a mixture of army & civilian clothes, with a great variety in the way of hats. I was glad to see that all had great-coats, for there was a bitter east wind sweeping across the bare hillside. They were swinging their arms in the exaggerated way demanded by drill sergeants & seemed to be enjoying themselves. Most of them looked very young.

Thursday, Nov. 30/39 Glorious sunny weather. No snow. Half an inch of ice on the ponds. Russia, after the now familiar Nazi formula, has been accusing Finland of aggressive intentions and demanding that the Finns give up a 15 mile strip of territory on the Karelia peninsula. This has been going on for a week or more. Today, without any sort of declaration of war, Russian planes raided Helsinki with incendiary bombs; Russian warships appeared off Hangö

and other Finnish ports and bombarded them, and Russian troops pound across the border all the way to the Arctic Sea. Finland's narrow strip of coastline on the Arctic has already fallen into Russian hands — a strange invasion conducted in the unending darkness of the Arctic December.

Friday, Dec. 1, 1939. The world's newspapers — with the exception of Germany, Japan & Italy — unite in condemning the Russian invasion of Finland. Norway & Sweden, the only nations in a position to help Finland, offer only sympathetic platitudes. The West Nova Scotia Regt. left for Aldershot Camp by motor-bus yesterday.

Sunday, Dec. 3/39 To the Indian Gardens this morning with Laker, Sunlap, Smith & Gordon. A grey lowering sky began to pour down rain just as we parked the car. The big lake, after the long dry summer & fall, is at its lowest since 1939, and the exposed banks are almost a virgin hunting ground for Indian relics. The Mersey Co's wharf is actually high and dry — we walked around the end of it. I found four good arrowheads before the rain drove us all to shelter in the half-finished shack which the Mersey people are building to house boat-crews, drivers & other transient workers. (They burned the old one and thus cremated untold bed-bugs and lice, a sensible idea.) We got a hot fire going in the stove & had lunch, afterwards ventured out in the rain for another search, but had to give it up. I picked up a jack-knife under the wharf — evidently lost through the planking at some time when the water was higher & not long ago, for it was not very rusty & was soon cleaned.

Saturday, Dec. 9/39. News leaking through the censorship reveals a bad mess off the Nova Scotia coast a week or two ago. A mixed convoy en route from U.S. ports to Halifax, got caught in a dense

fog & several ships got foul of each other. A tanker was rammed and sunk - the crew saved. Then the liner *Prospere* fell aboard the freighter *Manchester Regiment* & sank her with a loss of 9 lives.

It seems to me unnecessary. The ships should be permitted the use of fog-horns in fog, especially on this coast, where fogs are frequent and the chance of meeting enemy craft very rare. If the ships can't see each other, how could a hostile warship see them?

The Finns are still fighting stoutly. The Russians seem to be using small forces and the Moscow wireless still insists there is no war between Russia and Finland.

Wednesday Dec. 13, 1939. Germany's new "magnetic" mine is still playing havoc with shipping in the shallow parts of Britain's east coast. The submarine campaign has fallen off, due no doubt to winter, though the Allies claim many subs sunk. The only surface craft fighting took place off Iceland a week or two ago when the German "pocket battleship" ^{DEUTSCHLAND} & another craft believed to be the cruiser *Emden* caught a British armed steamer (P & O liner *Rawalpindi*) and sent her to the bottom after a short fight. Now, today, comes fine news from Montevideo. The "pocket battleship" *Graf Spee*, which has been raiding in South Atlantic waters for two or three months, blundered upon 3 British cruisers - *Ajax*, *Achilles* & *Exeter* - and although their gunnery was no match for the German's either singly or together, they tackled him & drove him into Montevideo, badly shot up, where he will in all likelihood be interned. H.M. *Exeter* was hard hit by *Spee*'s 11 inch guns & had to drop out of the fight after 4 hours; but *Ajax* & *Achilles* by great daring, & skillful use of smoke screens, got within a mile of *Spee* and got salvo after salvo of their 6 inch shells home. *Spee* was hit in 45 places, has 36 dead and 60 wounded. *Ajax* & *Achilles* got off lightly. *Exeter* is believed to have 100 wounded & unknown number of dead. She is now waiting off Montevideo with the other British craft.

Sunday. Dec. 17, 1939. The "Graf Spee" has made an inglorious end. Her crew took her outside Montevideo & blew her up after transferring themselves to a German steamer. British submarines have had some success at last. The "Salmon" - which passed up a chance to torpedo the German liner "Bremen" on her way from Murmansk to Bremshaven - caught a large German submarine on the surface & blew her to smithereens, then encountered part of the German fleet & got torpedoes home on two cruisers of the Leipzig class. Whether they sank or not is not known, but they were at least severely damaged - two torpedoes struck one of them. And the small submarine "Ugula" worked her way through the mine fields & torpedoed & sank a cruiser of the "Köln" class in the very mouth of Elbe River, under the noses of six German destroyers.

Today I drove to Halifax with my wife's family & stayed over-night. Terence had wired that his unit sails for overseas from Halifax tomorrow. Carl Conrad obtained passes to the pier, from military headquarters at Halifax.

Monday. Dec. 18/39. A grey mild day after a night's rain. We drove down to the immigration building (at 9 A.M.) on Pier Two and found the place buzzing with soldiers of various units all in the new "romper" uniforms. Relatives of R.C.R. men soon filled the benches. A group of home guard soldiers, with an accordion kept the place full of song. The blower of the heating apparatus hummed loudly but kept the big shed comfortably warm. A cement floor, high match-board walls, stairs going up at each side to some mysterious region above, a colonnade of steel I-beams at each side. Coloured posters on the walls advertising the charms of Jasper Park, Quebec, Victoria & a dozen other tourist-conscious parts of Canada. Troops trains pulling in to the siding alongside the shed, khaki boys pouring out, forming up on the platform & marching off to the ship whose big funnel & superstructure could be seen looming over the dock buildings. One train had met with an accident & a number of men had strips of sticking plaster covering facial cuts. Noticed one particularly fine bunch of Canadian Engineers - from Winnipeg, someone said.

One carried a guitar. Another had a small dog on a leash. All seemed to be fully equipped, but I noticed several wearing shoes of moccasin design, with the shop-brown still showing through the blacking. We learned that the R.C.R. had arrived from Valcartier in the early morning hours & gone aboard ship, but that local men would be permitted 2 or 3 hours in the shed to bid farewell to their relatives. At eleven o'clock they came from the dock entrance, marching smartly in the new "three" formations, into the shed. Verence, wearing his service cap on three hairs, looked pale but cheerful. He had been down several days with grippe at Valcartier & in fact got out of bed to join the train for Halifax. He was "broke". (The pay arrangements are bad & have been a source of complaint all over the dominion.) Ralph & I gave him \$10 between us, & the family had all brought Christmas presents including plenty of cigarettes.

At 2 o'clock the serjeant-major blew his whistle & there was a final flurry of farewells as the boys fell in and marched off to the invisible pier. We all felt a bit sad, of course. I had a miserable feeling that the past twenty years was all a dream & that I should be marching off with the rest of them, and wouldn't wake up in time. Ralph felt the same, I think. He said "It doesn't seem real. We should be going too."

Left Halifax at 4 P.M. Troop trains still coming through. Had tea at a tea room in Bridgewater. Home about 8. Tonight's London radio announced the safe arrival of the first section of the Canadian division. These had a quick passage as they only left Halifax on the 9th or 10th.

Monday, Christmas Day. I drove to Halifax alone this morning to have dinner with Mother & Hilda. A bleak grey day, temperature 10° above zero & a windy from the north. Halifax rather quiet. All the warships departed with the convoy last week. Many militia-men in evidence, all wearing the old style uniforms with puttees, brass buttons & badges, & flat topped caps. Quaint to see them arriving at the Armouries in cars, to take up guard duty. A pair of youngsters in the Air Force

dropped in to see Hilda. They seemed childish in their smart well-ironed grey uniforms; no worse, I suppose, than I looked in uniform at their age.

There has been a light sprinkle of snow, enough to whiten the ground. The custom of erecting Christmas trees on front lawns, with displays of coloured lights, has been forbidden in the city under the "black-out" precautions scheme. So far the military have erected no huts on the Common, as in the first German war. There is a small militia post, housed in a tar-paper shack, beside the highway 10 or 15 miles out of Halifax, where the motor road runs beside one of the Chain Lakes (the city water supply). A sign says "Military Post. Drive Slowly" but nobody pays any attention to it, and the "military" are too busy keeping warm in the little raw shack to bother about enforcing it.

All along the road, young people were out on the ice of ponds and lakes, trying out new skates or sleds; girls tramping along in threes & fours, all in the new popular "ski" suits with their baggy blue trousers and parka hoods. Before every wayside farm was a litter of Christmas trees rejected by the buyers for reasons of crooked trunks, scanty foliage, etc. Some thrifty souls had gathered these & stowed them against the walls of their shacks & lashed them there, for the extra shelter thus afforded. I saw more than one shack that looked like a bowser — or a spruce thicket.

Saturday Jan 20, 1940 The war drags on with little or no activity except in Finland, where the Russian invaders have been routed in the bitter cold wastes. The adventure seems to have been undertaken by Moscow without any adequate preparation, and badly bungled; while the Finns have fought magnificently. German troop concentration on the borders of Holland & Belgium serves to keep those countries under arms. Popular Leslie Hore-Belisha who has reformed the British army & put it in shape for war, has been relieved of his post as Secretary for War and replaced by Oliver Stanley. Belisha & Chamberlain have given vague explanations in the House. General opinion is that

Belisha's democratic theories were too extreme for old-line generals and others. One critic calls the removal and replacement "the last stand of the old school tie."

We hear frequent broadcasts from the Canadian camp at Aldershot, ^{ENGLAND} with individual soldiers giving little talks on their impressions. One soldier summarized Canada's outlook on England and the U.S.A. rather neatly, "English coffee tastes like American tea."

We have had lovely steady weather, eight inches or so of snow, and temperature ranging from 20° down to zero. Not much wind. Plenty of sunshine. This afternoon Gordon Parker, Smith, Sam Campbell & I drove to Big Falls & walked through the woods to Eagle Lake. The guard on the power dam now has a little grey tar-paper hut, electrically heated, in the power house roof. There he sits, with windows on four sides, unashamedly content with the job, the war, and the world. These men are mostly veterans of the First German War, failures in the life of peace from laziness or mental incapacity; and they were given first choice of these jobs.

Eagle Lake was lovely in the sunset light, the ice covered with a level carpet of snow. The shack was like an ice-box, much colder than outdoors, but after we got the window shutters off & let some light into the darkness, and stuffed the stove with big orange-pined chunks of a Norway pine stump, the place soon got habitable. As the heat rose, we could hear the faint "poork' poork'" of the cans on the supplies shelves, their frozen contents beginning to stir in the warmth. After supper Smith & I walked around the lake on the snowy ice, 2½ miles perhaps, under a three-quarter moon making the snow glitter like tinsel. Calm, frosty - a degree or two below zero. A light sand came up from the south-west, giving the moonlit surface of the lake a mysterious look. Near

objects seemed far, and again far objects seemed near. From the foot of the lake the distant twinkles of the camp windows looked warm and homelike. Many tracks where deer had crossed the lake, one wild-cat, and several rabbit tracks — strange to me, for the rabbit usually avoids the open. The first faint ridges of pressure cracks in the ice could be felt under the snow — the cold has not been deep enough yet to heave the ice. As we drew towards the camp again, Parker came out to scare us with a sheek of old milly-felt over his head & drawn about him — à la the Sioux soldiers in the present campaign. In the deceptive light he was almost invisible against the snow but his dark legs showed & gave the game away. Nevertheless he was a weird figure & when we challenged him & he ran away from us, he seemed to take fantastic strides and vanish in a twinkling. We told him he should have lain wait at the Haunted Bog, where he would have given us something to think about. Brent Smith & I slept outdoors, he on the verandah, ~~to~~ I under the trees towards the lake. I could look out of the breathing-space of my sleeping bag and see the lake white and beautiful under the moon, and two little maples a fristle of branches and twigs sharply outlined against it. The temperature rose a little towards morning & snow was falling heavily when I woke, my bag well covered, and the early risers of the shack hurling snowballs at my bed.

Sunday, Jan 21, 1940. Snowed hard all morning. The cat in the shack playing bridge & cribbage, talking & reading. I read "The Phantom Rickshaw" again, the first time in years, & found I had lost some of my respect for Kipling's early efforts. It seemed disjointed and sprawling. But then nothing looks good to me nowadays,

least of all my own stuff. I find myself bored with life altogether; it seems so empty & aimless, and no savour left in it but to be out-doors and away from people and not thinking about anything.

Saturday, Jan 27/40 At 7 P.M. started for Lunenburg in Brent Smith's car to attend a zone meeting of the Legion. Parker came also. A calm moonlit night, temperature falling from 20° towards zero. The main highway has been snow-ploughed and cars have worn a bare black track in the middle.

Lunenburg was quiet, a few shoppers abroad; the fishing fleet is out - 300 men or so, and of course many Lunenburgers go to Bridgewater for their Saturday night diversions.

A policeman led us to the Legion quarters - a big square room over a baker's shop on the main street. Three or four electric bulbs hung on wires from the ceiling; the walls were hung with old lithographs of the First German War, photographs of former King Edward, 8th as Prince of Wales, of a ceremony dedicating the Lunenburg war memorial, of a Legion convention group, of the Timy memorial ceremony.

There were two large painted replicas of the Legion crest, glassed, and framed in brown varnished wood. A fire extinguisher bomb, red fluid in a thin pear-shaped glass container, hung in a little rack, with instructions to "throw at the base of the flames." On two imitation-leather sofas & a number of hardwood chairs twenty men sat facing a small wooden table at the street end of the room - the Zone representatives, Bridgewater, Chester, Mahone Lunenburg, Liverpool. Chairman was Sp. Pitt Potter, Lunenburg lawyer, a suave tall man with thinning brown hair smoothly brushed; an aggressive nose, large pale blue eyes, a clipped blond moustache. Object of the meeting was to make plans for a campaign for funds in connection with Legion huts for recreation of troops in army camps, and a Legion scheme for education of men in Khaki to prepare

them for civil life. All very fine, but it is a flagrant overlapping of services already being rendered efficiently by the G. M. C. A., Knights of Columbus, Salvation Army and others — all of whom are approaching the public with similar requests for funds. W. C. Smith (of the big fishery company) got up and said so. My sentiments exactly. Potter himself seemed doubtful about the thing. But finally, inevitably, the men decided it was expected of them by the Legion command, and campaign officials were appointed. Killam of Bridgewater, is to be in charge; a red-faced man with thick sleek brown hair, a sharp hooked nose and a pointed chin, much gold in his smile; a travelling salesman, brisk and confident. Liverpool's proportion was set at \$700, which seems so fantastic as the rest of the scheme. Home at midnight.

Monday, Feb. 5, 1940 Steady winter weather continues, the best for years; about 6 inches of snow, renewed from time to time by brief snowfalls which come mostly at night. Sunshine every day, no wind, crisp temperatures between zero and 30° above. Good skating, skiing, tobogganing, everywhere. I brought Terence's old double-sled coaster down from Milton, towing it behind the car, & the kids & I have had a fine time coasting down Graveyard Hill in the sunny afternoons. In Europe the winter has been unusually severe, with much suffering amongst coal-rationed peoples. The Russian invasion of Finland is now completely halted, the Russians contenting themselves with a murderous air-bombing of Finnish cities and towns. Still nothing more than patrol activity along the Rhine. German submarines & aircraft continue to sink ships & fishing boats, chiefly along England's east coast; where also the new so-called "magnetic" mines are doing great damage. The Admiralty has taken over the entire British merchant marine. The Mercury Paper Co., fearing that their ships chartered for Australia & New Zealand may be taken over

by the Admiralty, have bought an American steamer & formed a Panama holding company so that she can fly the Panamanian flag.

Premier King astonished the country by announcing, in the speech from the throne, the dismissal of the parliament just assembled, & an immediate election. "Mitch" Keppern, the rebellious Liberal premier of Ontario, has attacked King's bungling war effort, & declares now (with Marion, the federal Conservative leader) that Mr. King dissolved parliament because he was afraid of parliament's criticism prior to an election. Probably true. After five months of war, Canada has sent overseas just 16,000 men, barely equipped, and ^{made} little progress with the raising of reinforcements. People are comparing this with 1914 when, with less warning, a much smaller population, a puny industrial machine, Canada sent overseas 33,000 men fully equipped, within two months of the outbreak of war.

My book "The Red Piper of Dipper Creek" appears to be on sale in Toronto & Ottawa, nowhere else ^{in CANADA} not even in Halifax, though my friends have been placing orders in a book-shop there.

Sunday, Feb. 11, 1940 Radio announces tonight that Lord Tweedsmuir is dead. His health had been bad for months, and two days ago he fainted in his bedroom and fell, striking his head with resultant fatal concussion. I feel as if I had lost a close personal friend. He was most kind to me, sending warm words of generous praise whenever he liked something I had written, and he wrote a heart-warming foreword for my collection of short stories "The Red Piper of Dipper Creek."

Monday, Feb. 12/40. Steady winter had a relapse in rain, but not enough to get down to bare ground. Slush is freezing hard again. At irregular intervals since war began the Canadian Broadcasting Corp's new station CBA, at Moncton, has been giving a mysterious message to "All light-keepers on the East Coast." Instructions A —

A for Apples - Instructions A are in force. "Then follows two bars of Rule Britannia, then the message again; in all, repeated three times. Presumably Instructions A merely mean "Normal operation", for all lights & light buoys are in ordinary operation & the radio-compass-beam stations also. We have seen no regular air patrols since winter began, and no naval craft have put into the harbour. The paper mill is still "blacked out", also the street lamps and houses in the vicinity of Fort Point. The self-conscious "guards" on the power developments up-river have been reduced to a handful; the govt. has apparently decided that the woods aren't full of Nazis after all.

Tuesday, Feb. 13/42 The Anzacs have landed in Egypt & are now en route to Palestine. French forces in Syria are said to be very strong, and large numbers of Indian troops are reported in Egypt. The Turks are quietly mobilising. All this, rumour says, in anticipation of a German thrust against Rumania; but some newspapers remark how near the Turk frontier comes to Russia's Caucasian oil fields & are speculating on a thrust by the Allies to cut off this potential supply to Germany.

Bob Mackinnon, home from the pulpwood camps west of Rossignol, tells me that the steady weather & snow (200 feet in the woods) have enabled the Mersey people to take numbers of motor tracks into the logging areas over the sled roads, & it is actually possible to drive by car to Low's Landing, cross the Kejumbujik by the company's bridge & go on over the tote road as far back as Little Tobatic - just over the Shelburne County line and well into the "backwoods". A number of people have been driving in, for the sake of seeing a logging operation in full swing. The Mersey people have finished cutting on the Roseway head-waters and will soon abandon operations in that area, including the pump and flume between Boot Lake and Little Tobatic.

Saturday, Feb. 17, 1940. First detailed reports of the "Altmark" affair on the radio tonight. It happened yesterday. The "Altmark", a German armed steamer, late consort of the sunken battleship "Graf Spee", had on board over 300 British prisoners, merchant seamen, crews of ships sunk by "Graf Spee" in the South Atlantic. She had sneaked north & along the Arctic Circle to the coast of Norway & was engaged, in working her way southward in Norwegian territorial waters, when spotted by a British aeroplane. The British promptly notified Norwegian authorities, who searched the ship & "found no guns or prisoners on board". The Admiralty then ordered British destroyers into the fiord where "Altmark" was anchored. "Altmark" attempted to ram the destroyer "Cossack" without success, & struck a reef & went hard aground in the attempt. She was boarded by an armed party from "Cossack" & some fighting took place in which 5 Germans were killed & the British officer in charge of the party was shot in the arm. The prisoners were taken aboard "Cossack" and the British ships then withdrew. Germany is furious, calls it piracy a "bestial breach of international law". (Germany has been torpedoing unarmed ships, including many Norwegians, without warning.) Norway is demanding that Britain hand over the prisoners for internment in Germany. Britain isn't saying anything but one Admiralty spokesman wants to know why Norwegians permitted a German warship with British prisoners on board, to use Norwegian waters, after being warned of the ship's true nature.

Sunday, Feb. 18/40. A glorious sunny day. Snow is still deep but the steady winter weather broke a week ago and today water is running everywhere. There had actually been a scarcity of water in the countryside, wells dry owing to the prolonged frost. Brent Smith & I walked to Fiske River by the main highway today. The asphalt was bare and fairly dry. Many cars on the road.

Monday, Feb. 19, 1940. Another glorious day, the snow sprinkling fast. This afternoon I drove to Summerville & took the kids for a ramble along the beach, throwing stones, skimming sand-dollars, gathered shells of quahog, clam & mussel etc. Tommy wanted to build sand castles but the wind had veered N.E. & was a little raw for sitting-down games.

Saturday, Feb. 24/40. We had two blizzards in quick succession since the 19th, followed by a silver thaw. Rain came from the S.E. and fell heavily for some hours in a temperature of 25° , freezing wherever it touched, coating everything with ice.

This was followed by a quick drop below zero and then a light fall of snow. For three days the town and woods have been a marvellous sight & there is no melting yet, even though the sun has been bright. Every twig on every tree, every bush, seems coated with glass. Early in the morning & again towards sunset, when the sun's rays strike at an oblique angle, the wooded ridges about the town are a fairytland. But at night it is best; for the past 3 nights we have had a waxing moon, and the moon's light on the frosted trees and fences and houses brings out a quite unearthly beauty. I have never seen a silver thaw so lovely or one that stayed on the trees so long.

This afternoon Parker, Smith, Gordon & I drove to Broad River & left the car at the bridge, to hunt (without luck) for rabbits. Plenty of rabbit tracks, deer tracks, several partridge and one moose, who shed black hairs all over the snow — but no rabbits. P. & S. wore skis, Gordon & I snowshoes. The snowshoeing was good except in the open, where (we were on the ~~south~~ north bank, which catches all the sun) the crust had softened. All the conifers wear long icicles from each twig, like the things you put on Christmas trees. Two or 3 feet of snow everywhere and the ends of the fir & spruce branches are weighted down and buried, forming safe hiding — a sort of wigwam and bomb-proof shelter combined — for the rabbits.

The banks of the river are piled here and there with logs, and

pulpwood, and pit props. The pit props, something new in these parts, are 4 1/2 to 7 feet long, axe-peeled, spruce. All this is a result of a deal by which George McClearn sold his timber land on Broad River to a refugee named ^(CUREWICZ) ~~Gracwicz~~, formerly a timber merchant in Poland. ^{CUREWICZ} ~~Gracwicz~~ has re-built the old wooden dam near the mouth of Broad River, & built new boom piers in the pond, & plans to erect a sawmill in the spring. The pulpwood goes to Messy Lapes Co., but there is little of it; mostly pit props & lumber destined for England now that the Scandinavian supply is cut off by German submarines. McClearn is said to have got a fat price for his lands, which have been logged & re-logged, the last time less than 20 years ago. (Curewicz is pronounced KOO-RAY'-WITS)

For the past several evenings Venus & Jupiter have been appearing shortly after sunset in the W.N.W., one above the other and very brilliant. Astronomers inform us, per radio, that Mars, Saturn & Mercury are also in the group, & that for the next week they will appear soon after sunset, in a ragged vertical line, leaning a bit to the left at the top. Reading from top (left) to bottom (right) they are: - Mars "the red one"; Saturn "the yellow one"; Venus "the brightest in the group"; Jupiter "the next brightest"; and finally Mercury, which is close to the sunset & rarely seen by anybody. This combination is exceedingly rare, we are told, and may be termed the chief natural phenomenon of the decade.

Wednesday, Feb. 28, 1940 A new Maritime fortnightly "Town Crier" is on the news stands. It is produced by young David MacFellan (son of Doctor MacFellan) & a few associates, of Halifax. He asked me to contribute a short story for his opening number, adding naively that he "did not know when, if ever, he could pay for it." I couldn't afford to part with a new piece on these terms but I let him have "MacFellan's Salvation", a Maga tale in which I had retained the Canadian rights, & told him I admired his courage in attempting the magazine. I give it two months to live.

Wednesday, March 13, 1940. Poor Finland has surrendered to Russia. The end came with dramatic suddenness after the Russians succeeded in capturing Viipori & thus turning the Mannerheim Line across the Karelian isthmus. British & French governments offered an expeditionary force of at least 50,000 men on Feb. 26th, but Norway & Sweden refused to allow passage across their territory, and the sea route to Petsamo was too precarious. Norway & Sweden were under severe German pressure to keep out of it as of course Germany wants the supplies which Russia has been using so recklessly in the Finnish war.

The Canadian general election is now in full swing. Premier Mackenzie King dismissed parliament and called a snap election. Conservatives say he did this to avoid awkward questions in the house regarding bungling of Canada's war effort, particularly in the Defence Department. Probably true.

But I can't see that the Conservatives have anything better to offer, though they call themselves now the National Party & say they will invite the best brains of the country into their cabinet. As I see it, too, the Conservatives (despite their Catholic leader, Dr. Bob Manion) have small chance of getting cooperation from French Quebec; whereas under the delicate handling of Mackenzie King, the French Canadians seem ready to play a full part (short of conscription) in the war.

The Morsy Co's new steamer is here loading paper for Australasia. She is an old American ship, purchased & registered in Panama under ~~the~~ nominal owners - COMPANIA SCOTIA DE VAPORES DE - something or other (a typical Killam stunt). They have named her "Finland". The purchase is to ensure a bottom for Morsy shipments "down under" in these times when Admiralty is taking over all shipping and ordinary charter-parties are no more. Her Panamanian registry is (a) to prevent sinking by enemy craft & (b) to prevent commandeering by British Admiralty.

Sunday, March 17, 1940 Mounted Police seized a large quantity of contraband alcohol today; 100 cases were on a truck going from Bridgewater to the Annapolis Valley. On information from the arrested driver, they then raided a farmhouse on the road from First South to Lahave, & found 110 more cases. This stuff had been landed from a rum-runner in the vicinity of First South. The incident proves (a) that the bootlegging trade is by no means dead, (b) that the naval patrol of our coast is by no means perfect.

Good Friday, May 22/40 In return for a German air raid on Scapa Flow, the R.A.F. yesterday raided and bombed the island of Sylk, German airplane base, for seven hours. They dropped several hundred bombs & the British papers are jubilant, claiming enormous damage; but the Germans promptly took 4 American journalists to Sylk, who report some damage but nothing like the devastation our newspapers have so fondly imagined. Similarly the Germans in their raid on Scapa claimed to have damaged and sunk a large number of British warships, while the Admiralty reported only one ship hit & only slight damage. The truth seems to be that an aviator, in the rush and thrill of the moment, is inclined to imagine results of his bombing or machine-gunning - which may be very wide of the mark.

Saturday, May 23/40 My mother came down by train from Halifax on Thursday to spend Easter with us. She gives us all the latest Halifax gossip. She has a sense of humor but is a pious woman, & views the immorality of a garrison city in wartime with great concern. In addition to the militia garrison, the thousands of sailors ashore from warships & merchant convoys, there are thousands of young air force chaps, most of them with time on their hands, for the recruiting for the air force has progressed much faster than its equipment. The air station

at Eastern Passage is guarded by a battalion of wild young Highlanders from Prince Edward Island, who are reported to have a great number of Dartmouth girls in the family way.

Large numbers of prostitutes are reported to have come down from Montreal. They had a fashion of wearing white goloshes on the streets, so that the passing soldier or sailor might know, so to speak, the sheep from the goats. Halifax young ladies, ever alert to the stylishness of Montreal, looked upon these well-dressed visitors (thought at first to be wives of French-Canadian soldiers) & rushed to the stores for white goloshes. The result was a series of misunderstandings very embarrassing to Halifax virgins; the truth about the white rubbers finally became known and the virgins made haste to cast off the emblems of impurity. Now, says mother, when you see a girl wearing white rubbers "you know what she is."

Easter Monday, March 25/40. A bleak Easter; bitter westerly winds, snow-squalls in continuous succession so that we have had snow falling for three days with occasional snatches of sunshine. The country roads are blocked with snow. Poor weather for the politicians. Conservative candidate Clifford Levy called on me this morning with J. J. Cameron, local member in the provincial legislature. Levy is a young lawyer who has been practicing in Chester for a few years; very tall, pleasant, blue eyes, wears glasses. I don't think he has much hope of beating Linky for the Queens-Reneburg seat but it's a fine way for a young lawyer to make himself known.

For the past 24 hours the North American continent has been almost cut off from the rest of the world by a terrific magnetic disturbance which has affected wireless, cables, land lines alike. In my wireless days we used to blame these magnetic storms on the northern lights; nowadays we are told that the aurora is merely a symptom like the earth currents in the cables, and the whole thing is caused by sun spots. Whatever the

cause, this is the worst magnetic disturbance in telegraph history; one company reports currents as high as 450 volts in its wires, blowing fuses and raising havoc generally.

I measured my kids today. Tommy is 3 feet 9 inches tall, and Francis 3 feet 3 inches.

Tuesday, March 26, 1940 Election day. Cold but sunny. The snow of Easter is slowly melting wherever the sun falls, & the old snow emerges. Very little excitement ~~at~~ over the election. Edith & I voted for J. J. Kinley, the Liberal candidate. Canada evidently decided not to "swap horses while crossing a stream" for the result was a landslide for the Liberals.

Late returns give Liberals 176 seats, Conservatives (they called themselves National Government) 38, C. C. F., 8.

Results in Queens County: -

| | | |
|-------------|---|--------|
| Kinley | - | 10,359 |
| Levy | - | 6,192 |
| Van Buskirk | - | 458. |

Vanbuskirk ~~is~~ is a young paper-mill electrician who was persuaded to run, by a group of C. C. F. enthusiasts at the mill.

~~WEDNESDAY~~ TUESDAY April 2/40 After days of rain & generally dull weather, which has reduced the dirt roads to quagmires but taken away nearly all the snow, we have broad sunshine and the first birds - a flock of robins in the Firch field behind our garden. Very cheerful they sound.

Wednesday, April 3/40 Another grand day. The first song sparrows appeared today and their voices are music after this long silent winter. Snow all gone but the icy cores of old drifts still hanging on in the shadows.

A steamer loading paper for Australia, at the Mersey

plant. She has English officers & lascar crew. The lascars in their little red tartan and blue dungarees make an exotic appearance as they wander along Main Street.

Saturday, April 6, 1940 Gordon, Parker, Dunlap & I went to Eagle Lake this afternoon. The river road was good, the frost apparently gone, but when we started to walk from Big Falls to the camp we discovered snow knee-deep and thigh-deep along most of the trail. It was a tough hike, the snow crust giving way at every second step. Gordon got fed up with it as we neared the lake & slipped down through the woods to it intending to walk up to the camp on the ice. The ice broke under him and he got a ducking, arriving at camp well behind the rest of us and soaked to the hilt. By that time the overcast sky had turned into a fitful snowstorm & we arrived at camp in a perfect blizzard, ~~but~~ big flakes falling thick & fast & whirled about by a stiff N.W. wind.

All along the trail to camp we found moose tracks and droppings. One had even walked out into the old gravel pit at the west end of No. 3 dam, and browsed on the sweet-fern twigs. Temperature dropped quickly with night-fall & froze hard, the snow ceasing. We played cards & yawned till midnight. I dragged my bed out under the stars & slept there; the sky clear, wind still blowing at N.W. Venus so bright that she made a track on the lake's surface (there is open water abreast of the camp) like a little moon.

Sunday, April 7/40. Wind N.W. & cold, but lovely sunshine all day. We spent the morning cutting & sawing firewood on a little sunny side-hill near the old wooden dam. I had hoped to get some maple sap for the kids but it was too cold; we felled several small maples

for firewood & found no sap flowing in the trunks, though the twigs & upper branches "bled" when we lopped them off. A fine dinner of sauer kraut and bully beef, with a quart of Parker's home-made grape wine. Left camp for home at 3 P.M. & had an easy trip out; last night's frost had formed the crust, & except in sunny places, you could walk on the snow anywhere.

Monday, April 8/40. The British have announced the laying of mines in Norwegian territorial waters to stop use of these waters by German warships and blockade runners. Something mysterious is afoot in Scandinavia. A British submarine torpedoed a German steamer "Rio de Janeiro" in the Rogar Rack and large numbers of German soldiers and horses were found to be aboard, many of their bodies washed ashore on the Norwegian coast.

Tuesday, April 9/40 Germany has made another lightning thrust. Denmark was over-run by German troops today, pouring across the border and landing at various points on the coast. The Danish troops offered no resistance. Copenhagen is in German hands. At the same time German troops landed in force at three places on the Norwegian coast. The Allies have promised prompt aid to Norway, but it seems to be the old story - too late. The invasion of Norway was a daring stroke & brilliantly carried out. German forces landed and seized strategic ports as far north as Narvik to prevent any landing of British or French troops to aid the Norwegians. In view of our boasted command of the sea, this was a remarkable piece of work & a testimony to the skill and imagination of the Nazi high command.

Wednesday, Apr 10/40. Vague rumours over the radio all day, of naval battles along the Norwegian coast, of the surrender of the Norwegian government.

Monday April 15/40. "Saturday Evening Post" has bought a short story of mine, "Blind Mac Nair", for \$500. Jacques Chamboun, my agent in New York, negotiated this.

I am very busy these days in work not mine own, for in addition to being treasurer and publicity director of the Queens County Red Cross (which now includes 13 auxiliaries besides the depot and headquarters at Liverpool) I have been made director of publicity in the County for the Y. M. C. A. campaign for funds.

Norway still holds out. News is still scarce but what has filtered through, indicates that Hitler may have bitten off more than he can chew. One thing is certain; his expedition to Norway involved his fleet in open sea warfare with superior British squadrons, & the Nazi navy has suffered heavily. Several German troop transports have been sunk but they have succeeded in getting considerable forces ashore.

British troops have landed at several points on the Norwegian coast & have seized the northern port of Narvik, following on the destruction of 7 German destroyers in Narvik fiord by British naval attack.

Sunday April 21/40. Another blizzard. This was an old-fashioned winter; it came early, froze hard, snowed hard, and stayed late; but it now seems an awful time since we had warm weather, and the joys of an old-fashioned winter are less obvious than a month or two ago.

I met Bob Gascoigne yesterday. He is chief steam engineer at the Mercy Plant & began his career as a sea-going engineer in British ships. He is now 50 or so but looks 30, a small man with a head covered with tight little brown curls, an intent tight-lipped face, and blue eyes twinkling behind round spectacles. He speaks the border dialect but hates to be called a "Geordie" for he comes from Carlisle; his tongue is caustic & he does not suffer fools gladly.

Last Fall the government asked him to superintend, as government representative, the installation of the anti-submarine boom

at Halifax. The contract had been let to the Foundation Company (one of Killam's many side-shows) on a cost-plus basis. Altogether it cost \$300,000; a net of one-inch steel cable woven diamond fashion, each side of the diamond 8 feet long, with two vessels to operate the gate, etc, and a pontoon. (The two vessels were purchased separately & are not included in the \$300,000)

The navy people were naturally in a great sweat to get the thing installed, for when Bob arrived in Halifax there was no boom defence of any sort, and the "Aquitania", "Alaunia", "Monarch of Bermuda" & other transports (in port to embark the First Canadian Division) and warships were lying in the harbour a perfect target for any adventurous U-boat.

Bob was caustic about the chaos at Halifax navy yard, but said it was no fault of Reid, the S.N.O., and added that during the 3 months he was in Halifax on this boom defence job he was able to observe great improvement in the order of things. He considers Reid a great man, did not like Commander Gow so well, and said of Jefferson, the senior naval engineer officer, "I wouldn't hire him for a fireman aboard any boat of mine."

The boom is about $\frac{7}{8}$ of a mile long, slung across the harbour opposite Maughling Beach. The government wants Bob to represent them on a similar job for the Sydney N.S. harbour defence, to be installed in June, but he is not keen, though the pay was good (he was on leave of absence from Murray Paper Company) and he was quartered in the Nova Scotian Hotel during the whole time of the Halifax job.

Monday April 22/40 An easterly storm which began Saturday night raged with fury all day Sunday and this afternoon is petering out in a drift of cold drizzle from the sea. From 4 to 6 inches of snow fell, then came hours of sleet. The wind reached a force of 50 M.P.H. Much of the snow remains, in spite of the light rain now falling and a temperature which has

risen from 25° to 40° above zero Fahrenheit. There was a full moon somewhere behind the flying scud yesterday, and this with the heavy easterly sea brought in by the storm, made a record tide. Liverpool wharves were nearly level with the flood; the island above the town bridge vanished with the exception of its single great boulder, which stuck out like the conning tower of a submarine. The harbour flats were submerged deeply.

April 27, 1940

My mother has sold her house at 71 Duncan Street, Halifax, for \$3000. It cost, in 1921, \$5700. The boom in rentals in Halifax due to the war is sure to force real estate values upwards and I feel Mother was foolish not to hang on to the property for at least another year. Learning that Mother was selling the house, the owner next door, a German (naturalized only last year, interned throughout the first German war) named Lashkow, promptly notified her that her western eaves overhung his property 10 inches and he had a claim for rental or damages extending back to 1921. Today I drove to Halifax to see what I could do about it and to help Mother move May 1st.

Sunday April 28/40

Took Mother & Hilda for a drive out along the Truro road. The Halifax - Bedford road is in the throes of being widened & is rough and dusty. Bedford Basin full of merchant ships, mostly Norwegian. Now that Norway is at war with Germany, these ships are having the flag-design (painted on the sides to denote neutrality) painted over. Most of those anchored on the Rockingham side appeared to be tankers.

Monday April 29/40

Mother & I went to Laurier Lom Coffin's office this afternoon. I had advised Mother to notify C. S. Higgins about the dispute. He sold her the property and gave her a "warrant and depend" deed in '21. Coffin is lawyer for the Nova Scotia Savings, Building & Loan Society, whose client

is buying the house from Mother. Coffin had got in touch with Higgins & we had a council of war. Higgins agreed at once to pay any claim that Lashkow might establish. In meantime Mother had a surveyor, one Roper, examine the boundary; Roper discovered that Lashkow's garage is 10 inches on Mother's land. With all this in view, Coffin suggested that we "wait and see" for a bit, let Lashkow make the first move. Our decision was to have the offending eaves cut off - it can be done for \$35 - and the prospective purchaser is entirely willing - if, as and when Lashkow puts in his formal claim. To cut the eaves off first would be to admit ourselves in the wrong and leave Lashkow an opening for a damage claim for the 19 years' encroachment.

Tonight, about dusk, Lashkow and two or three men began operations to move his garage a foot to the west - off the Raddall property. Thus Lashkow makes the first move and admits his own encroachment, and it now remains merely to cut off the eaves. Lashkow refused permission to erect staging at the edge of his land for the removal of the eaves, but we are informed that staging can be slung down from the Raddall roof. All of which shows, above all things, that it takes all kinds of people to make a world.

Tuesday April 30/40 A warm spring day. All last evening we were packing stuff, and all day today I carried clothes and other small stuff over to the new apartment in my car. The apartment is on the third floor at 183 Pepperell St., facing Sir Charles Tupper School, with fine view over the house-tops across to the hills beyond the Army. The previous tenants had left under a cloud in ~~one~~ more ways than one, including non-payment of rent. I think, for the landlady came while we were dropping our first loads of stuff and she had harsh things to say of them. She is a golden (chemical) blonde woman of stocky build, perhaps 40 or 45, much powdered and rouged, smartly dressed, with a dead-pan expression and the cold eyes of a cod-fish. She informed us that all

furniture must be brought up the back way — an outside staircase of wood, very steep, with 28 high steps. I pointed out that the previous tenants had left the place in a hell of a state — the walls especially were marked and stained beyond washing — and Hilda added her voice to mine; finally she agreed to have the whole apartment papered within the next few months. The rent is \$55 per month, payable in advance. (The second floor is \$65 and the first \$75). Heat is supplied, of course, and hot water. But \$55 is a terrific rent for a garret, however roomy and modern, heated and watered.

We were fortunate in being able to move today, for the big moving rush, an old Halifax phenomenon, takes place tomorrow. The Halifax Transfer Company sent at 11 A.M. five men in a big six-wheeled motor van, low-slung, with doors opening the whole rear end, and other wide doors in the side like a box car. They had large pads to cover each bit of furniture and carried everything out and stowed it carefully but quickly. They swore when they looked up that steep back staircase on Pepperell Street but they got everything up there safely. By marvellous luck we got a plumber there within fifteen minutes and had the new gas stove connected with the gas mains.

By 3:30 in the afternoon we had nearly everything moved (the furniture was all moved and installed and the van gone, by 1 P.M.) and we treated ourselves to a meal, a turkey dinner in a blink cafe on Quinpool Road. We worked fast into the night.

Wednesday May 1/40 Up at 6 A.M. fitting linoleum in the kitchen etc. Mother gave me some things I've always liked, for which she now has no room: — two framed pen-and-~~ink~~ drawings, one by F. de Haenen; (Dad bought these in England about 35 years ago with money won in the rifle competitions at Bisley) two plates, beautiful cloisonné-ware, green dragons on a crimson background, which Dad brought from China in 1900; a gold-headed stick presented to Dad when he left the Lynde school of

musketory; a number of books (including a complete set of Dickens' works); and a pair of French field-glasses. The latter I didn't want to take, for they were in Dad's hands when he was killed in the battle of Amiens, and were bundled up and sent home with other things (such as his map-case, pierced with 3 bullets and stained with his blood) at that time. Mother disposed of all the things taken off Dad's body except his compass & revolver (which I have had for some years) his spurs (which she is keeping) and the field glasses. They have been kept in a glass case all these years, just as they came from the battlefield. She told me to take the glasses, clean them and use them; this was her particular wish.

I took the two pen-and-ink drawings down to Zwicker's Art Store and had the frames repaired and new mats and glass installed. Zwicker was greatly taken with the "de Heenen" ("Beton strawberry pickers") and casually offered me \$25 or \$30 for it. I refused, of course.

In the afternoon I called on the Higgins' for a few minutes. I hadn't seen them since I got home in 1922 and spent a joyous week on their lovely farm near Bridgetown. How old we have all grown since those halcyon days!

Left Halifax at 1:40, driving fast, but I was tired and fell asleep two or three times and the car nearly went off the road; finally I had to park in a gravel pit and curl up on the seat for 30 minutes' sleep before going on. Home about 5 P.M. and glad to be there! The more I see of Halifax the less I like it.

Friday May 2/40. Gloomy news. After all Mr. Churchill's and Mr. Chamberlain's high talk of "spending the summer cleansing the soil of Norway from the pollution of Nazism", the British and French forces have abandoned southern and central Norway to the triumphant Germans, and the gallant little Norwegian posts hanging on between the German forces and the Swedish border are left to their fate. All that we have

in Norway is a force in the north which has been unable to take the isolated German post at Narvik. Once more the Nazis can point a powerful moral to the trembling neutrals; and Italy, through the controlled press and the voices of Fascist leaders, is openly boasting that she will soon enter the war on the German side because the Germans are certain to be victorious.

Monday May 5/40 Our first real spring day. We let the furnaces go out at last, thus ending the longest winter I can recall. There is still plenty of snow in the woods but all the open places are bare and green, and today the air for the first time has the mild feel of summer. There was little frost in the ground, for the snow came early and stayed.

Tuesday May 6/40. The first swallow! Like an old friend, a tree-swallow, shimmering green in the sun of this lovely day.

Friday May 10/40. Again thunderous news. The Germans have sprung a tremendous aerial attack on Holland and Belgium and France, and their troops have crossed the borders of the first two. Troops have been dropped thickly behind the Dutch lines by parachute from planes, and one group succeeded in capturing the railway station at Rotterdam. The Germans are certainly showing us a new kind of war. Mr. Chamberlain resigned the premiership following yesterday's scathing attack in the House for the failure of the Norwegian expedition, and Winston Churchill has been nominated to succeed him.

Saturday May 11/40 A pair of swallows inspecting the bird-house in the gable of my garage this morning; they look like the pair which has nested there the past two years. Chamberlain has sold another of my tales "Bald Eagle" to the Saturday Evening Post for \$500. Maclean's Magazine has taken 3 tales, the first of which is to appear in June. They paid \$125 for one, and \$150 apiece for the others.

