

MAY 20, 1959

To

SEP. 2, 1960

RECORD

Line 54 **V I M I** Line 540

LEAF SIZE $9\frac{1}{4}$ x $7\frac{1}{4}$ INCHES

200 PAGES ONLY

MADE IN THE FOLLOWING RULINGS:

54 ACCOUNT BOOK

Double Entry Ledger, Indexed Cash 2 columns
Single Bank Ledger " 3 "
Journal 2 Columns Record

540 COLUMNAR BOOK

Single Page Form

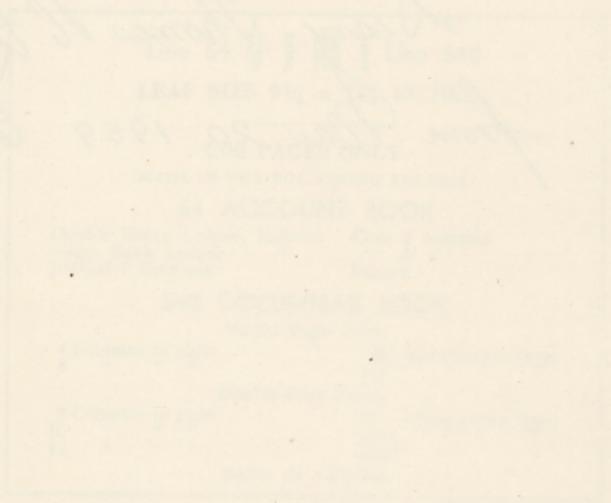
4 Columns to right $2\frac{3}{4}$ " Description Space
6 " " " $1\frac{1}{4}$ " " "

Double Page Forms

8 Columns to right 3" Description Space
10 " " " $3\frac{3}{4}$ " " "
12 " " " $2\frac{1}{4}$ " " "

MADE IN CANADA

Diary, Thomas H. Raddall II
from May 20, 1959 to Sep. 2, 1960



1959

MAY 20 WEDNESDAY. Finished reading about 30 essays brought to me, for judging, by Ken Jones M.F.P., on Sunday night. He had offered prizes to the Liverpool schools for best essays on (1) Limcon Perkins, (2) The First Fifty Years of Liverpool, (3) What I Consider Liverpool's Most Interesting Period. All this in connection with the bicentennial celebration this summer.

The essays were disappointing. Few showed any sign of originality, most were a hodge-podge of stuff copied word-for-word from easily available books like More's History of Queens Co., Miss J. E. Mullins' book, & my own little pamphlet on Perkins, compiled for distribution to visitors to the Perkins House. More than half were typewritten; and not a few had been compiled from beginning to end, all too obviously, by a parent or parents.

Tom Jr. has begun to pick up furniture from married students graduating from Dal. Asked for \$200 to buy a few pieces he & Pam had decided on. Sent him cheque today. Mersey Paper Co. still silent about Tom's application for a job this summer. I dropped a note to Hugh Joyce.

MAY 21 THURSDAY. Fine & cool, after a very hot day yesterday (80°) - the first of the season. Hugh Joyce phoned me, said that Tom Jr. had now been employed by Mersey for seven consecutive summers, that there were a lot of new student-applicants, & that there had been "some criticism" about taking him on again this year, even in one of the ships. After all the favors

I have done for the company, & for Macbray Jones personally, I resented this. I told Joyce to forget about the whole thing, & ended the conversation.

General Bogert, commanding M.D. N^o 6, inspected the Black Watch at Aldershot yesterday. They leave soon for Germany, and the Dept. of National Defence intends no replacement at Aldershot. This will leave Nova Scotia without a ^{complete} regular army unit for the first time in many years. This was inevitable, I suppose, since the big new Maritime camp was built at Sagetown, N.B.; but there will be a howl, especially from Kentville, & I daresay George Howland M.P. will wangle something.

I learn that militia artillery units are to be deprived of their cannon. This of course includes the 133rd th Battery, R.C.A. at Liverpool, commanded by Major Armand Wiggleworth, who is town engineer. Although they will retain small arms for ceremonial purposes, all militia units will train only for civil defence. Theory is that any future war will be one of long-range missiles and atomic explosions — no need of ground troops in large numbers, on Canadian soil anyway.

FRIDAY, MAY 22/59 Rain. Letter from Hugh Joyce; says there is a seaman's job for Tom G. on the "Rover", which will be carrying pulpwood between Cape Breton & Liverpool all summer.

SUNDAY, MAY 24/59 John Foster Dulles, Secretary of State & chief architect of U.S. foreign policy under President Eisenhower, died in hospital this morning, aged 71. Cancer. He was honest & energetic, always clashing about the world, but too much a fanatic about his own ideas. His attitude,

the very gleam of his spectacles, declared that the world was going to a red hell & that he personally had been ordained to save it.

A card & clipping from Colin Smith (late captain, WNSR) yesterday described the simple funeral of Col. R. V. G. Waterman D.V.O. at Metchozin, B.C. He died in the military hospital at Vancouver on May 4. Only a few people were there, & the widow placed a small Nova Scotia flag on the coffin. Actually he had never seen N.S. except as a soldier in transit through Hfx. He was English-born, a corporal in the P.P.C.I.S. at Vancouver in the 1930's, & rose rapidly after War Two broke out. He took over command of the West Novas after Col. "Pat" Bogert was wounded at Ortona, & commanded the regt. in the fire Valley & in the battles for Rimini. He was more hated than loved, gloried in his nickname "Ronnie the Rat", but was acknowledged a tough & able soldier. Many officers & men of the regt. believe that he used ^{in Ortona} ~~off~~ ruthlessly to make a name for himself, but agree that he also made the regt. famous in the process. He died at 55.

SATURDAY, MAY 30/59 A week of fine weather, with golf every afternoon from 12.30 to 3 p.m. Working on the Weekend Magazine piece, & find it difficult without a crystal ball. The Queen & Prince Philip leave Hfx August 1st, & my copy must be in Montreal by June 8th. Meanwhile the schedule of the royal tour is being altered almost daily, & the stay in Hfx has been whittled down to 18 hours, half of which will

be night, with the royal pair at rest. There is a pageant scheduled for the Garrison Sports Grounds during the day, but I can't mention that because it may be rained out.

This afternoon I drove to Hfx. to pick up Tom & Pam, & their luggage. Chatted for some minutes with the White family, & drove off at 3 p.m. Stopped to pick up Francie's baby Gregory, which will leave her & Bill free to pack up tomorrow morning.

SUNDAY, ~~TUESDAY~~ MAY 31/59 Fine & warm. Went to church alone this morning, got home to find that Bill & Francie had arrived. They had such a mass of stuff, (including the baby's cot, etc, impossible to get into a car) that Cecil Dennis brought them & the stuff down in the farm pick-up truck. Cecil had dinner with us & then set off for home. I am pleasant to him but it is an effort. He values his own farm properties about Brookfield at \$100,000 (including timberland), yet he has been niggardly in support of Bill & Frances. So much so that Bill has been obliged to borrow several thousand dollars from his grandfather Sutherland, & today asked me to endorse his application for a "student loan" from Dalhousie. He is serving as an interne at the Liverpool hospital until the end of August, but this only pays \$50 per month.

Today I urged Tom Jr. to forget about the Mercury ship job & spend the summer here with Pam. I think it is important to their marriage. By September, when they move back to Hfx, Tom will be immersed

in his studies again & Pam will be in the last stages of pregnancy. He said he would "go crazy" here all summer with nothing to do. I then suggested taking Pam for a week's motor trip, now, when the Valley is in blossom & everything is fresh & green. But he said he preferred a trip late in August.

MONDAY, JUNE 1/59

Sunny but very cool. "Punk" Tidmarsh (personnel & public relations, Menzies Paper Co.) phoned me this afternoon, & astonished me with a long & elaborate apology on behalf of Hugh Joyce & himself.

There had been a mix-up in the matter of summer employment, & Joyce had misunderstood the situation. It seems there is a job waiting for Tom Jr. with the mill construction crew, "and he can start tomorrow morning if he likes." I can only conclude that Mowbray Jones discovered the matter (for I had said nothing further to Joyce & nothing whatever to Jones) and "blew his top." It was amusing to hear "Punk's" carefully phrased apologies. One would have thought that I was Sir Eric Bowater himself. And all this over a laborer's job for a summer!

THURSDAY, JUNE 4/59

There has been a long silence on the part of the Doubleday people ever since I sent in the M.S. of "The Governor's Lady". This was ominous. I could picture those Madison Avenue sharks tearing at it. Sure enough, they want changes made in the latter part of the book, with part chopped off to shorten the tale as well. The phone rang about 4:30 this afternoon. George Nelson in Toronto.

He went about it very carefully, asking if I was open to suggestions about the book, to ensure its success in the market. Tom Costrain had read a copy of the MS on his way back from Europe in May, was enthusiastic about it except for the latter chapters in which John Wentworth condones the infidelities of his lady & becomes the complete mari complaisant.

No doubt this was the actual fact, but as a novel the book would have more appeal if Wentworth remained the high idealist, merely blind to his lady's faults, as he was in the first ten years of their marriage. Thus Costrain.

According to Nelson, this chimed with the notions of Doubleday's Lee Barker and George Shively. Then came the bait. With certain changes & eliminations my book would almost certainly be adopted by one of the big book clubs, and it would certainly win the Doubleday Canada Literary Award, \$10,000.

My impulse was to tell him and Doubleday to go to hell. Five years ago, I should certainly have done so. But now, with the heavy financial burdens that my family expect me to carry, and with old age beginning to stare me in the face, I seem to be in John Wentworth's position, obliged to swallow my principles for the sake of money. However I did not commit myself. I said I would consider the Doubleday suggestions. George Shively will set them forth in a letter, Nelson said. He added that, owing to this delay, it would be impossible to publish the book this Fall, & that Doubleday now plans to bring it out in the early months of 1960.

SUNDAY, JUNE 7, 1959

A cool overcast day with a raw little wind. At 8 a.m. I set off for Annapolis, to attend the reunion of the West Nova Scotia Regiment, & to watch the presentation of new colours to the active regiment.

The road is paved from Liverpool to Maitland Bridge, about 46 miles. The rest is being prepared for paving, a short stretch each year, and this year I found a 5½ miles stretch torn up & left in a state unfit for an ordinary car. I had to ease my car over rocks & into holes at a rate of 10 to 20 m.p.h. at best. Arrived at Fort Anne just in time to see the dress rehearsal of the colours presentation, carried out meticulously on the grassy parade ground. ~~off~~ ~~Fort Anne~~. Afterwards I found that the veterans of the Regt. were holding a memorial service at the same time, at the War Memorial on the main street.

The wartime route signs "TRC 69" led me finally to the Community Centre on a back street, which the Regimental Association were using as their H.Q. I registered, & received a pin & card with my name & a Regt. Assn. ribbon souvenir attached. Had a beer with the lads & then a turkey dinner in the main hall. At the head table sat officers of the present WNSR, & of the Regt'l. Assn. Old Col. Bullock was the chief speaker, still a robust figure in uniform at the age of 75.

I met & chatted briefly with Don Rice, A. W. Rogers, Col. Bullock, Komkey. Also the present C/O of the Regt., Col. Carver of Kentville, and the adjutant Gillingham, who was adjt. of the 2nd Bn. in '42 when I commanded a rifle

platoon. At 3 p.m. the ceremony began at Fort Anne. The reg't. band were in dress scarlet coats & blue trousers. Col. Eaves & senior officers wore dress blue; the rest of the reg't. in service khaki with red berets, & armed with the new F.N. rifle. All told, including a 29-man band, the battalion turned out about 250 men; which I'm told was a good muster - all militia units are far under strength nowadays. The band played the batt'n. into the fort, then marched out & played the veterans in. These, too, were about 250, wearing blue berets & medals, several limping from old wounds. They marched smartly, a cheerful robust lot on the whole, most of them country men & looking surprisingly young, although it is 20 years since the Reg't. mobilised for War Two.

The batt'n. performed the elaborate ceremonial neatly. The Lieut-Governor (General Plow) presented the colors beside the piled drums. A crowd of people watched from the ramparts. Two young soldiers were dressed in 18th century uniforms, with Brown Bess muskets & bayonets, flanking the reviewing stand (the porch of the fort museum). I slipped away before the end (having seen it all in the morning) to avoid the traffic jam, & returned ^{home} by way of Middleton & Bridgewater.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 9, 1970 My wedding anniversary. Pouring rain - the usual Court St. West downpour. I was astonished to have a visit this morning from Vernon Amberman, the West Nova veteran who lives in Annapolis & was in charge of the arrangements for the regimental reunion. He had driven across in this filthy weather, (& over the dirt road, which is terrible for miles) to "apologize for our failure to place you at the head table at the banquet". He said the ~~committee~~

Regimental Committee were very much concerned about "such an oversight." I assured him that I had enjoyed myself thoroughly sitting with the rest of the boys, and expected nothing else. I chatted with him for half an hour about the Italian campaign - he won the M.M. at the Garris River crossing, & lost his right foot at the battle of San Fortunato Ridge. - & then he left. I was touched.

JUNE 10 - JULY 19, 1959

I spent this period in N.F.A., staying with my sister Hilda at her bungalow in Jellimore. She was away all day at her job in the Provincial Building (Secretary to Mr. Leonard, Minister of Education) & I could work away all day in peace & quiet. Costain's suggested cuts in my book were not so bad as I had expected after George Nelson's cautious approach; they were few & short, & it was a matter of writing new bridges for the gaps, & (of my own volition) re-writing one chapter to make it more effective after these omissions. Finished & sent off the Weekend Magazine piece, also an article on Liverpool for the Atlantic Advocate, requested by Michael Wardell.

The C.B.C. asked me to do a job of research re the 'Habitation' at Port Royal, for a series they are planning called "Where History Was Made". This was simple, as I spent a lot of time in the Archives ^{anyhow} wading through N.S. newspapers of the period 1783 - 1837. I was hoping to find a subject for another historical novel. The Cunard material is poor - practically none of the papers & letters of

Samuel Cupard in his Nova Scotia days seems to exist. In Dalhousie Library I found nothing but a history of the Cunard Line, "Spanning the Atlantic," by Lawrence F. Babcock, published in N.Y. by Knopf in 1931. (It had been presented to the library by Archibald MacMechan, & still bore "Archibald's" small notes & comments on some of the facts and on what he evidently considered bits of "bad English.")

Bruce Ferguson was very good & provided me with a room & a typewriter. (One is still not permitted to use anything but pen or pencil in the reading room — very awkward for researchers who have long extracts to copy.) Met & chatted with Ray Hill & Jean Gray, both on research jobs for C.B.C. Professor C.L. Bennet got me to write a review (for the Dalhousie Review) of the second Champlain Society volume of the Perkins Diary. This was edited & prepared by J.C. Harvey, with Ferguson's assistance — a much fuller & better job than the first volume by Innis.

The weather was almost continuously wet — the wettest summer in living memory. On the few fine days I rambled about the shore of the Arm & out to York Redoubt on foot. By car I explored the eastern shore as far as Shear Harbor. Called on "Grammy" Williams at Musquodoboit, & on Captain Ralph Williams at Oxford Lake. Capt. Ralph just recovering from a heart attack, & I think his sea days are over.

Called on the operators in Camperdown radio station one afternoon. They had all read *The Nymph & The Lamp* - apparently it is a ~~definite~~ classic in the brass-pounding fraternity. The Camperdown call signal is still VCS, but nothing else is the same, except the seaward view from the hill top. New buildings, new apparatus. No trace of my old station - even the foundation is gone. Drove to Pennant one afternoon & hunted up the old Twohig house. Found it abandoned & smashed by vandals, though they had spared one or two Catholic religious pictures on the walls. Most of the family are dead, the rest scattered.

Spent one whole Sunday rambling about Mc Nab's Island with Louis Shannon & Hilda. Fort Mc Nab is still maintained to some extent, with a resident caretaker. The armament now consists of a single 6-inch gun, which is used each summer by militia gunners at a practise shoot. Dues Point Battery, Fort Hugonin & Fort Strawberry are all stripped & abandoned. The island itself is almost unchanged since I first saw it as a boy, however, & I got much pleasure out of the day's tramping.

On July 19 Edith appeared. She had come up to the city to see her sister Marie, who is in the V.G. for a cancer operation. The doctors have removed one breast, but are non-committal about hopes for her recovery.

MONDAY, JULY 20, 1959

Drove home this morning. I still have much TV work to do for C.B.C. in Nfpx, but all their portable equipment & camera men are across Canada with the royal tour, & no filming can be done until that's over.

TUESDAY, JULY 21/59

Raining & thick fog again. Jack Gray & young Bill Gentry blew in this evening. Jack bought a motor-boat from a tuna-fishing guide in Wedgeport - price \$800 - & is on his way to Stonehurst in it. Thick weather all the way, & very rough off Cape Sable. He & his wife plan to spend the summer up here, returning to their home on the Penobscot in the fall.

Bill & Frances are now occupying my bedroom, with Frances' old room given over to the baby. As I sleep on the couch in my den. The Queen & Prince Philip continue their tour in the West; she is suffering from the intense heat & from exhaustion. A planned air trip to the North has been cancelled. Now it has been decided that the Queen will fly from Halifax to Britain, instead of departing in the royal yacht. Much disappointment in Nfpx, where the Navy had planned a great send-off, with the yacht sailing out through a double line of warships anchored along the fairway. (It was revealed afterwards that the Queen was pregnant.)

MONDAY, JULY 27/59

Three successive days of fine & very hot weather, though the fog still hangs off-shore.

I hear glowing reports of the big parade in Liverpool, July 1st, to start off the summer's celebration of the town's

bicentennial. Many excellent & ingenious floats, etc.

The government has made a wide & excellent lawn at the rear of the Perkins house (where someone's vegetable garden used to be) & the grass is coming along well.

The town has erected two archways at the entrances to Liverpool - one near the ball park, the other near the railway crossing above Meadow Pond Brook. These are decorated with red-white-&-blue cloth (sadly streaked & faded by the almost continuous rains) & with signs saying: "1759 - Liverpool's 200th birthday - 1959."

All the streets are hung with ships' bunting - borrowed everywhere from here to Cornerbrook, Nfld.

Drove this evening with Tom, Pam & C. to call on Lou Parrot, at Greenfield. Mrs. Kelly there of course, & Lou's daughter Dorothy, who now looks all of her sixty-odd years.

Much evidence of timber-cutting in the surrounding hemlock woods, on a selective basis - selecting the biggest logs. Lou says this is to "let some sunlight in", but he has been converting the once-handsome stand of timber into money ever since he & his wife Frances separated.

We drove home by way of the Medway River road to Charleston, always lovely, & due to the long wet season there is a big stream still flowing over the various falls, unusual at this time of year.

In my somewhat overcrowded household things go very well, although there is a noticeable coolness between the two young married couples. Little Gregory Dennis is an active child, & charming in his good moods; but

he flies into a noisy tantrum whenever his will is crossed, & there is no attempt at punishment or correction. Grandma spoils him, & Frances (now swollen to an enormous size & "expecting" any day) is indifferent. Bill is on duty at the hospital all day, & "on call" at night whenever anything serious comes up. Hence the phone rings in the nocturnal hours.

For Canada & the U.S. the industrial weakness of the past two years seems to have gone completely, & things are booming along again. Indeed the whole world seems to be progressing in spite of the perpetual "cold war" between the U.S.A. & the U.S.S.R. Vice-President Nixon of the U.S.A. is now visiting in Russia, & in several public exchanges, through interpreters, ^{and KRUSCHEV} have cheerfully insulted each other.

Doubleday advise me that publication of "The Governor's Lady" has been postponed to the ^{autumn} ~~autumn~~ months of 1960, to give time for adequate promotion.

McClelland & Stewart plan to bring out, about the same time, a cheap edition (presumably pocket-book) of my short stories, selected by a Dalhousie professor, under the title "At The Yule's Lurn & Other Stories." Most of them are selected from the "Wedding Gift" volume.

They are also bringing out an anthology of Maritime writers, selected by Will Bird, which will include the description of the Halifax explosion (1917) taken from my "Halifax, Warden of the North".

FRIDAY, JULY 31/59

Hot, humid weather, with the fog moving in at night. Queen Elizabeth & Prince Philip arrived in Halifax about 5 p.m., at the end of their exhausting

tour. E. & Pamela went to Hfx this afternoon with Dot Hutchinson. E. called on Marie at the F. G. hospital, found her in a bad state, physically & mentally. Pam picked up her mother's new Chevrolet car, which Mrs. White has lent her for a fortnight, & she returned with E. about 9 p.m.

This afternoon I drove to Carter's Beach & called on Shirley Chaplin at her cottage there. When I spoke of Jack the tears came to her eyes & her voice choked. As usual she made a handsome but odd figure. A small round sailor straw was perched on her white hair. Immense gold-flaquer pendant hanging from her ear rings. Black blouse, tight black topcoat pants, & sandals. Her hands were covered with pink rubber gloves & she was polishing a basketful of silverware. She intends to stay the summer & has guests coming in a few days. A pair of "You" painters were working on the roof with paint brushes, renewing the jivied colors (red walls, black shutters, bright yellow roof.) She has had them instal a false wooden chimney at the seaward end of the roof, to match the one at the other end, artfully painted to resemble red bricks, but with yellow mortar. ("I'm allergic to white") Oddest of all, the workmen fixed to the slope of the roof a life-sized figure of a cat which Jack had picked up on his travels. It was a chinaware thing, & the cat's face is turned, looking back over its shoulder. Under her directions the workmen had

painted the cap black, with a bright blue face, a
 yellow streak running along its back, and a
 red tail. As I watched, Shirley directed the men
 in placing it, so that this monstrosity appeared to
 be climbing the roof towards the false chimney.
 The men were smiling & obedient, well used to her
 eccentricities. Although now in her sixties she retains
 the petite figure of a girl, & her large & brilliant
 black eyes make a handsome contrast with the white
 hair. As always she was immaculately groomed.

She insisted on drinks, recommending vodka, of
 which she is fond; but I chose whiskey & soda.
 After a long disappearance into the cottage she came
 forth to the bench where I sat, bearing a little tray.
 A large, long-stemmed green wine glass, of vodka
 for herself, & for me a brown earthenware beer
 mug filled to the brim with scotch, soda & chunks
 of ice. I drank this powerful poison very slowly,
 & we chatted about the Port Mouton scene, & about
 Jack. I asked about her son & daughter, but she spoke
 of them with indifference, mentioning that the son now has
 five children, & Jill has two. As I left she
 offered me the use of Osprey Cottage if I ever want
 a quiet place in which to write. This is ^{one} ~~the~~ ^{one}
 of the several ^(cabins) on the farther side of Wobamkek (Beach)
 which Jack Chaplin acquired when he bought the
 Wobamkek property from Mayor Willis. He let the
 rest go to rot but maintained Osprey for guests, although
 I never saw it occupied.

At 9.30 the T.V. from Nfx. showed the scene on the Garrison Grounds behind the Citadel, where the Queen & Prince Philip watched a display of military bandsmen playing & countermarching. An immense crowd on the Citadel slopes, but in spite of the floodlights their view must have been poor, for the sea fog had rolled in. Once the Queen shivered noticeably.

SATURDAY, AUG. 1/59

A hot day after the fog burned off. Played my usual quick 18 holes at White Point between noon & 2 p.m. This evening, by T.V. watched the Queen & Prince dine in state at the Nova Scotian hotel, the dining room chock full of politicians & their wives, federal & provincial. Premier Stanfield, Prime Minister Diefenbaker & the Queen, made brief addresses. (The P.M. had brought his Cabinet to Nfx, held a meeting presided over by the Mayor, chiefly to appoint General Vanier, a French-Canadian, to succeed Vincent Massey as Governor General.)

It had been expected that the royal pair would leave for home in the yacht "Britannia", & by daylight so that Halifaxians could give them a real send-off. This plan was changed. They left about 11.45 p.m. from the Shearwater air field by B.O.A.C. plane. Anticipating a sea departure, Admiral Pullen had arranged 26 R.C.N. ships along the harbour fairway, moored in double line. So the royal pair traveled from Nfx to Shearwater in the admiral's barge, passing between the ships - rather a come-down.



"Colonel Simeon Perkins" (C. Randolph Day) is shown receiving guests at a tea party in Liverpool's historic Perkins' House Tuesday, commemorating the town's 200th birthday. (Photo by Sherman Hines).

Clock Turned Back At Liverpool Party

LIVERPOOL — The clock was turned back 200 years as the beautiful grounds of the Simeon Perkins house, Liverpool, overflowed with ladies and gentlemen dressed in finery of 1759. Hundreds crowded the lawns as Colonel and Mrs. Simeon Perkins received their guests in the traditional style.

200TH BIRTHDAY

The music of an old fashioned organ set the mood as guests were served a cup of tea and

renewed old acquaintances. The occasion was in connection with Liverpool's 200th birthday and was organized by members of the Queens County Historical Society.

Representing the provincial government was John R. Bigelow, deputy Minister of Trade and Industry. He was accompanied by Mrs. Bigelow.

The following were dressed in costumes of the 1700's and carried out the following roles:

Col. Simeon Perkins—C. Randolph Day) past president Queens County Historical Society.

Mrs. Simeon Perkins — (Mrs. D. D. Inness), president Queens County Historical Society.
Capt. John Doggett, (local representative 1770) — Hon. W. S. K. Jones.

Mrs. John Doggett—Mrs. W. S. K. Jones.

Benjamin Godfrey — (merchant) one of the original proprietors of the township of Liverpool (Cyril Y. Mulhall).

Mrs. Benjamin Godfrey — Mrs. F. S. Inness).

Pouring—Mrs. Ralph Dauphinee (Mrs. Abigail MacLeod), Mrs. James MacMaster (Mrs. Robert Barry), Mrs. John More (Mrs. Jonathan Crowell), Mrs. Longley Veinot (Mrs. Achsah Nickerson), Mrs. Robie Millard Mrs. Peter MacDonald (Miss Hannah Tupper), serving—Mrs. Lawrence Seldon (Mrs. Roxanna MacDill), Mrs. Charles Kelsey (Mrs. Enos Collis), Mrs. William Killam (Mrs. William Phillips), Mrs. William Joudrey (Mrs. J. Snow MacDonald), Miss Grace MacMaster (Mrs. Stephen Smith), Mrs. Thomas Raddall (Mrs. Samuel Freeman), Mrs. Lawrence Wickwire, Mrs. Dorinda Freeman), Mrs. Paul King (Mrs. Samuel Mack), Mrs. Merrill Rawding (Mrs. Richard Kempton), Mrs. Leonard Pottie (Mrs. James Gorham), Mrs. John McClearn (Miss Elizabeth McClearn), Mrs. Beverley Jones (Mrs. Sylvanus Cobb), Mrs. Charles Giffin (Mrs. Elmira Gardner), Charles Kelsey (Hon. Enos Collins), Henry Hensey (Carter Croxen).

In spite of a fatiguing 45 days in Canada the Queen looked very well, much more poised & serene than on her first Canadian journey.

SUNDAY, AUG. 2/59 Frances began to feel brief contractions at 4 a.m. She waited calmly till 10, & then Pam drove her & Bill to the hospital. At 2 p.m. she gave birth to a fine healthy boy, & called her mother on the phone to announce the fact as soon as she got out of the delivery room.

Dr. Jim Wickwire was in charge, & I got the first word of my new grandchild from him - he hustled out to White Point for a round of golf immediately afterward, & noticed me in the clubhouse. Tom & Pam & two friends from Halifax took a picnic supper & spent afternoon & early evening at Port Joli.

TUESDAY, AUG. 4/59

The Dennis's are all undergoing medical treatment. Bill came home from work at the hospital early this afternoon, with a high temperature, a mild attack of flu. He went to bed. Little Gregory was taken to the hospital this morning for a slight operation, some trouble with the foreskin requiring circumcision. Francis is still there, of course, with her new baby.

This afternoon the Queens County Historical Society held a tea party at the Perkins House, to which the public was invited. Many of the Society members were in authentic costumes representing various periods in the town's history over two centuries. Randolph Day played Col. Sumner Perkins. Kennedy Jones (in his Speaker's wig) played Capt. John Doggett. E. wore the blue

silk gown of her own great-grandmother, & Pamela whipped up a neat little blue hat to match. It was a fine warm day & the public reception was held on the lawn behind the Perkins house, under the shade of the elms & locusts. Tea things & all sorts of sandwiches & cake were set out on tables, & a lady in Victorian costume played sentimental airs on an old-fashioned harmonium. It was all great fun, & crowds of people came, including many summer visitors.

In the evening E. & I went up to the hospital. E. went up to Frankie's room. I had a chat with my old friend & Legion comrade, Carl Watt, keeper of the Western Bedd fog alarm, who suffered a bad heart attack two days ago. I peeped into little Gregory's room, found him crying bitterly. He put his arms round my neck, & with the nurse's permission, I carried him up & down the corridor for an hour, until he went to sleep. Francis & the new baby are thriving. Francis' chief problem now is to get her weight down to normal. During her pregnancy she put on 45 pounds!

THURSDAY, AUG. 6/59

Went up to the Milton cemetery today & copied some of the Freeman names & dates from the tombstones. Then I went up Moose Hill to the "Bent Lane" burial grounds (the original Milton burial ground). I last saw this during the late war; the old cemetery, long abandoned, had grown up in tall spruce trees, & some mercenary vandals had cut the trees down lately & sold them for pulpwood. In felling the trees they had

knocked down or broken all the remaining tombstones.) The cemetery site is now a dense jungle of alders, wire birch & underbrush, and the fallen & broken tombstones are all but buried in fallen leaves etc. I found one, a white marble stone marking the grave of "Hellen, wife of Willoughby Murray, died 1879." This old cemetery, which once stood in open fields, seems to have been abandoned about 1886. At that time a number of the human remains were dug up by their descendants, & transferred with the tombstones to the new cemetery just above the Milton street.

In the "new" cemetery I found the Freeman lot (Cottis' people) badly neglected, with weeds knee high, although the Milton Cemetery Committee taxes all the lot-owners \$1 per year for maintenance. I paid Hollis Greenough \$10 to trim up the lot and re-turf it, & he promised to do this within the next few days.

FRIDAY, AUG. 7/59

I brought Francie, & her infant home from the hospital today. Overcast weather for the past two days, now pouring rain again. Old Mrs. Elizabeth Jones, widow of Col. G. H. S. Jones, died last night. She had been mad for years, in a placid & quite happy fashion, living in a luxurious apartment near Fort Park, in care of Mrs. D. W. McKay. E. & I attended a buffet dinner at the Austin Parkers' this evening, in honor of Best Waters' two spinster sisters, who motored here from Ohio. Bill Hall & wife (Barbara Waters) were there, also Hugh & Janey (Waters) Joyce, & Dr. John Wickwire, who returned a few days ago from a three months' tour of Europe.

MONDAY, AUG. 10, 1959

Pouring rain. Drizzle for the past several days except for Sunday, which was merely overcast & humid-hot. On Sunday E. & I lunched at Greenfield with Lou Parrot, & had a pleasant chat with his guest Hayward Sweet.

Today Murray ("Chip") Chipman called & spent half an hour firing off outrageous puns ("A gynecologist is a man who spends most of his time spreading the tales of old wives.") ("The new Soviet ambassador to Canada told me in Montreal the other day that he doesn't eat eggs. I said, "How unfair to the hens" — and missed a wonderful chance to say "Hens of the world unite, you're nothing to lose but your yokes.")

He got me to autograph a copy of "Her Majesty's Yankees" & departed in the downpour for Kentville, on his way back to Montreal.

THURSDAY, AUG. 13/59

Brameron Graham (CBC Halifax) phoned today. Wants to film a Gazette show in the Perkins house Aug. 26th, with Lord MacInnes asking the questions and me giving the answers. He says we can talk about the Admiralty House show when he is down here with the camera crew.

SATURDAY, AUG. 22/59

Continuous sunny, hot, weather for about ten days. Tonight the air turned sharply cool, a first taste of fall. This afternoon I paid a phone call from New York. The line was very bad & finally the caller said he would write. Apparently his name is George Wolfson, of the Golden Press, the firm that published the "Golden Book of America" a year or so ago. Wants me to meet him in

Boston Sep 10, to discuss a projected "Golden Book of Canada". My name was suggested to him by "Des" ~~Re~~ Newell, of the Mission Book Co. Ltd, Toronto, who would handle Canadian sales. The book would be a collection of old prints & pictures illustrating the history of Canada, with a foreword & commentary.

A letter from George Nelson, of Doubleday Canada, informs me that his New York bosses have decided to bring out "The Governor's Lady" in autumn, 1960. It will be awarded the Doubleday prize at that time — \$2,500 outright, and an advance of \$7,500 against royalties.

This is not so good as it sounds. I began research for the book in the summer of 1957, finished it this summer, a two-year job. I have already drawn \$5,000 as an advance from Doubleday to tide me over 1959, will have to draw at least \$5,000 next spring to see me through 1960. Thus by the time the book appears I shall be "broke" again, & I can expect nothing more. (In some mysterious way the royalty returns on my "Path of Destiny" amounted almost exactly to the sum advanced against it!)

WEDNESDAY, AUG. 26/59 Cameron Graham & his TV camera crew from the C.B.C. arrived in town at 4 p.m. to do a Gazette show in the Perkins House. They worked very hard, getting outdoor shots while the daylight held, & setting up the usual maze of electric cables, lights, microphones etc, in the kitchen of the house. From 7 to 10 p.m. Lloyd Mac James & I sat in the blaze & heat of these lights & under the eyes of two cameras until Graham was satisfied.

It was the usual Gazette thing - Mac Jones asking the questions & I giving the answers - about Perkins' life & times. Afterwards we adjourned for a drink or two in Graham's room at the hotel. He would like me to do a series of 15-minute shows, simply telling stories of N.S. - thirteen in all - next year.

FRIDAY, AUG. 28/59

Mrs. White drove down from Lfx. this morning & returned to Lfx. with Pamela for a routine medical check-up.

SATURDAY, AUG. 29/59

Pouring rain. At 9 a.m. we set off for Lfx, Tom Jr. driving. Grandma, myself, Bill, Franice & her two babies, plus baggage. Much traffic on the road, & visibility bad owing to the downpour.

Devised Tom at the White house on Edward Street, then unloaded at Bill & Franice's flat near Dalhousie. Tom & Pamela have rented an upstairs apartment in the same building, & have it furnished with stuff mostly bought quite cheaply at second-hand. A sandwich lunch at Franice's place. G. & I then drove to the V.S. Hospital, G. to visit sister Marie, who seems to be slowly recovering from her cancer operation but is now hopelessly mad.

I went up to the 11th floor to visit Mowbray Jones, who some time ago had a serious operation involving the prostate gland & the complete removal of one kidney. He expects to return home in a few days but will be unable to work & travel at his usual pace for some months. Outside the hospital, while waiting for G., I met Dr. Douglas Murray, one-time G.P. in Liverpool, & now a successful eye, ear, nose

✓ Throat specialist in Hfx. He had some amusing comments on Monbray's autocratic behaviour in the hospital — "they had to change the door, the bed, even the toilet seat — it didn't suit his royal arse."

Arrived home at 5 p.m.

SUNDAY, AUG. 30/59 We spent all day restoring the house to something like normal after the summer's chaos. Since June 10 my bedroom has been occupied by Bill & Frances, & since I returned from Hfx. July 19th, I have ^{been} living & working in my den, sleeping on the camp cot there, with my clothes draped ~~out~~ about the walls & furniture — like old John Francis, the Indian.

Tonight the peace & quiet were wonderful.

MONDAY, AUG. 31/59 Rain ever since yesterday, fog this afternoon. Played golf, alone as usual. Large number of players on the course, in spite of the departure of American tourists. Letter from "Des" Newell, of Musson's, Toronto, expressing keen interest in the proposed "Golden Book of Canada." Letter from George H. Wolfson, on letterhead of "Artist's and Writers Press, Inc.", 630 Fifth Avenue, New York, saying that his people have decided to spend the notion of a "Golden Book of Canada" for the present time.

Air mail letter marked "Toby Ugen", from Uganda — turned out to be a very neatly written missive by an African boy named Katermer Kato, 17, who had seen my photograph in Commonwealth magazine & wants me to get him pen pals, of either sex, in Canada.

WEDNESDAY, SEP. 2, 1959

Still wet & dismal weather. The Weather Bureau at Hqs. says this summer in N.S. was the wettest & darkest on record. This is true of N.S. generally, and here on the South Shore we have had the worst of it.

Provincial election in P. E. I. yesterday. The Liberal gov't, in office more than 20 years, defeated heavily. This leaves Newfoundland, under "Joey" Smallwood, the only province in Canada with a Liberal administration.

Jack McTorry came in this afternoon with a program for the Legion's drum-head service at Fort Park on Sunday. My name is down for an address.

Our electric stove has been giving trouble for the first time. Had an electrician, Amiraault, go over it, thoroughly. A short circuit in a small plug outlet. While he was at it I had him replace the main hot-plate with a spare, which I have had on hand ever since I bought the stove in 1946.

Letter from Tom Costain. He was taken ill in England while on a visit for historical research, and spent most of the summer in a London hospital.

Suggests that I come to New York for a chat soon.

I hear the Mersey Paper Co. ships, now employed on general service with the Bowater fleet, have "London" painted on their sterns now, instead of "Liverpool, N.S." The change in the port of registry was done very quietly this summer. For many months past the production of the mill has been going to New York & elsewhere in the "Nicholas Bowater" & other ships of the parent company, with English officers & crews. Except for the "Liverpool

"Packet", chiefly employed as always in carrying pulpwood from Cape Breton to the local mill, the former Mersy ships ("Maskland" and "Vinland") are now employed continually in foreign service. Their Nova Scotian officers & crews are still on Canadian rates of pay but (as Bowater knows) sooner or later they will quit & drift home. So passes our little Liverpool fleet, of which we were so proud.

Nasty accident on the golf course yesterday in the rain. A foursome including Maurice Russell had holed-out on N^o 8 green, & were walking up the little path to N^o 9 tee. Ian Jackson, son of the club pro., a long hitter, drove a ball off N^o 8 tee. It hooked, struck Russell on the head, & knocked him senseless. The doctors fear a fractured skull.

THURSDAY, SEP 3/59 Rain. This evening the Austin Parkers & Kaddalls entertained (at the Parker house for drinks & then on to White Point for dinner) Mrs. Rita Beebe, Mrs. Marilla McDill, & Rita's guests the Ballous. Tom & Pamela returned from Boyle.

FRIDAY, SEP 4/59 Rain & fog, for (I think) the twelfth consecutive day. (Everyone is calling 1959 the Year Without A Summer) Some ~~hardy~~ hardy cubs, male & female, including me, tramp doggedly about the golf course every afternoon. Tonight Rita Beebe held her annual dinner party in the barn at her summer home on the island at Mill Village. About thirty people, & the chatter went on merrily until midnight. Mr. & Mrs. Willans, who have been operating

↓
 a dining inn, at the old Creed homestead, Mill Village, are giving it up, selling out & moving to California. Business had been poor, & this wet summer killed it.

Postcard from Franice, at Bangor, Maine. She & Bill are enjoying a brief motor trip in Grandpa Dennis' car, while Grandma Dennis looks after the babies at Brookfield.

SUNDAY, SEP. 6/59

The sun appeared today at last, a fine hot day. Tom & Pam spent the afternoon at Hummerville Beach, the evening at a party given by Hugh & Mike Byrne at the Loggers' cabin, Greenfield.

This afternoon at 3 the local Legion branch held a drum-head religious service at Fort Point. We formed up at the Legion quarters on the waterfront, the Legion column including parties of comrades from Bridgewater & Lunenburg. The Mersey Paper Co. band led the march in their blue uniforms & white-topped caps; followed by the Legion column in the uniform grey trousers, blue blazers, & blue berets; the Women's Auxiliaries of the Legion in grey skirts, blue blazers & blue berets; the grey-clad Air Cadets; Boy Scouts, and Cubs. Quite a respectable turn-out for a small country town. There were hymns, & prayers by United Church, Baptist & Salvation Army ministers. I gave a 15-minute address. The town's sound-effect truck, a hideous red thing, was there with microphone & loud-speakers. Most of the towns-people had gone to the beaches for a last holiday by the sea, but we had a fair audience, including (I noticed) Rita Beebe, the Ballous, & other American visitors. The whole service occupied about an hour, & then we marched

back to the Legion wharf & dismissed. Marshal of the parade was Carl Lockwood of Mill Village (late North N.S. Regt) a handsome & competent man. At the Legion rooms the Women's Auxiliary of the Legion provided sandwiches & tea; but after a mile's march under a burning sun (temp. 80° in the shade) I fled for home with Lawrence Wickwire (late R.C.A.F.), chief engineer of the Mersey mill, & we enjoyed several glasses of cool beer on my lawn.

The parade & service was, of course, part of the Liverpool bi-centennial celebration. It was very good of the (Legion) Lunenburg County men, led by Everett Killam, to join us. Killam & I exchanged winks & grins. We had been associated together in the West N.S. Regt. (Reserve) at Aldershot Camp during the late war.

MONDAY, SEP. 7/59 Tom & Pamela left for Halifax after lunch, in Pam's mother's car, which they had borrowed for their little holiday at Brule. I played golf (23 holes) in the afternoon in the fine hot sunshine, of which we have seen so little this summer. At six o'clock Jack & Gertrude Millar came in from their cottage at Broad River & dined with us, & we had an evening's chat. They leave in a day or two for New York & Florida.

I gave Tom Jr. a cheque for \$2,000, which should pay all expenses (including college, and Pam's confinement) until Christmas.

TUESDAY, SEP. 8/59 Fine & hot. ^{The body of} Premier Duplessis of Quebec, who died a day or two ago, was given a pope's ~~reception~~ ^{reception} at Three Rivers today. He was a demagogue who played on the French-Canadian's eternal suspicion of all who

~~speaks~~ speak English, and all Protestants. Although his government was corrupt & expensive, he had only to raise the cry of race & religion at election time, & he was safe for another 4 years.

In late years several of the Catholic clergy in Quebec provinces accused him of using the Church as a political weapon for his own ends, but nothing came of it. After lying-in-state at Quebec & Three Rivers, ~~with~~ with swarms of people filing past, as if he were a saint, the body is to be buried at Three Rivers on Thursday.

SUNDAY, SEP. 13, 1959

Delightful sunny weather & cool nights. A week ago Mc Baul's men removed my furnace oil-tanks. These have been installed 9 years, a good age for such things, which are apt to rust through at the bottom, where water gathers below the outlet pipe. The Steel & Engine Products Co. will put new bottoms in the tanks & return them. Meanwhile Mc Baul has fitted an ordinary oil drum to the furnace pipe line.

Charles Bruce has sent me a copy of his new book, "The Township of Time", published by MacMillan. It is about his native shore on Chedabucto Bay — his favorite subject — & the successive generations and their inter-marriages & relationships since the coming of the Loyalists. Not everybody's cup of tea — you have to be a Bluenose to get the full taste of it — but a good, careful, & loving job of writing, another example of Charlie's lifelong love affair with the scenes and people of his childhood.

Tonight the Russians hit the moon with a rocket.

The head of it contained a Soviet flag & other symbols, & the Russians are making much of the whole thing. Nothing was visible on the moon's face, even with the most powerful telescope, but British observers with a huge radar "telescope" confirm that the rocket-head ended its flight on the moon's face — a distance of nearly 270,000 miles. The timing of this new Russian stunt was obvious. It gives their scientists tremendous prestige in a world now very fearful of missile warfare at long range — and just before Premier Khrushchev makes his first visit to the United States.

MONDAY, SEP. 14/59

Frosty last night. A high cold wind, & sunshine, today. For some days past there have been snowfalls in the prairie provinces and northern Ontario, & yesterday there were flurries in New Brunswick. I busied myself all morning & most of the afternoon washing windows & storm windows, & then, putting ^{on} the storm windows.

Had Cain's garage check the ignition & carburetor of my car, & adjust the jiggle in my front wheel.

Since I came home in July, I have been making a study of the two volumes of the Perkins diary that have been published by the Champlain Society, adding my own footnotes in pencil, & improving the index.

This for my own interest. My mind refuses to come up with any suggestion for a new book of my own — the usual hangover after finishing a long job of work, the old theme still filling my thoughts.

TUESDAY, SEP. 15, 1959

Temp. 40° last night. Golf this afternoon under a cold, grey sky, & played a few holes with Senator Squald Smith. He leaves tomorrow for an air jaunt around the world, with several other Canadian parliamentarians, — all expenses paid. They will spend some weeks in Australia, then go on to Indonesia, India, & Israel.

This evening Rita Beebe & her guest Mrs. Carver had dinner with us, & later called on the Howland Whites' across the street. Mrs. C. is a descendant of the Whitworths — so is Howland — & she is busy compiling a family tree.

Premier Kruscher landed in Washington today & was greeted by President Eisenhower & an almost silent crowd. He presented Eisenhower with a small replica of the rocket-globe shot at the moon last Sunday.

Rev. John Macdonald called at my house this afternoon. Town's bicentennial celebration will end on the last Sunday in this month (27th) and all the churches will mark the fact at their services. Macd. wants me to give an address at the morning service, Zion Church. I agreed to do it if I'm here. I expect a word from my New York publishers, at any time now, asking for a conference on future plans. Tom Costain is urgent that I come to N.Y. before the end of the month.

THURSDAY, SEP. 17/59

Frosty nights & very cool windy days, like late October. It is announced that the financial backers of Nova Scotia Pulp Company are the Stora Kopparberg firm (of Sweden) which owns 80% of the common stock, and the Scott Paper Co. of Chester, Pennsylvania, which owns

20%. The new mill, to be built near Port Newkembury, will be in operation by 1962, & will make 350 tons of bleached sulphite pulp a day. The Scotts have long been interested in a Nova Scotia source of pulp, & years ago they owned the old groundwood pulp mill at Charleston, Queens Co. They still have large timber holdings in N.S., acquired from Hollingsworth & Whitney. Ned, a guest tonight from old Mt. Park, Windsor, Ont., who spent a summer holiday at Hunts Point about 10 years ago, & with whom I used to play golf. He has acquired a wife, much younger than himself, a very tall, brunette, 35-ish, with glasses, a soft, rather shy voice, the very image of a spinster schoolma'am. They are touring N.S. by car.

FRIDAY, SEP. 18/59 Sunny, chilly. Record low temperatures for September have been recorded all over eastern North America in the past week. It looks like a repetition of last year, when winter came early & lasted long.

Tonight, in the auditorium of the junior high school, which was filled with spectators, Sir Eric Bowater presented the town of Liverpool with a gold-plated mace & a ditto mayoral chain & pendant of office. The town councillors were on the platform, & Mayor Lockward presided. Premier Stanfield, Lloyd Cross (M.P. for Queens-Lunenburg), Ken Jones (M.P. for Queens), Mowbray Jones & Sir Eric were also on the platform. Stanfield in a brief address made a graceful reference to "Liverpool's distinguished author" amongst other assets of the town. Mowbray Jones introduced Sir Eric, giving a brief outline of his career. ("His chosen career was that of a professional soldier, but

that ended with a very serious wound at Ypres in 1917, when he was an infantry major. Since then he has devoted himself to building a small family paper business into the world-wide Bowater Organization. Sir Eric then spoke, a tall, lean, striking figure, with a red face & white hair. (His complexion is such a deep & almost artificial pink that one suspects a daily application of rays from a sun-lamp, & if he has a nickname it ought to be Eric the Red.) His voice is deep & resonant & suave. He described at some length the "smooth" (his own word) blending of our Mersy company into the Bowater set-up, & added, "while not the biggest nor the newest mill in Canada, it is certainly the most efficient, & is a model for the rest."

Lockward presided & spoke very well, although he made a funny faux-pas at the very end, asking the audience to remain seated "so that the Town Council and their distinguished guests may have an opportunity to pass out first." Everybody knew there was to be a reception at the Mersy Hotel afterwards, with plenty to drink & eat - and the audience roared with laughter.

The reception was the usual thing; Sir Eric & Mowbray Jones forming a little welcome committee & the invited guests (about 200) filing past for a handshake; two busy bars dispensing drinks, & long tables loaded with canapés, etc. Frank Hilly (who commanded the West Norvas for a time during the late war) told me an odd thing. Some months ago he & other ex-officers of the V.N.S. Regt were invited to Halifax by Brigadier M. P. Bogert, now commanding Military District N^o 6 there. Bogert had commanded the

West Noras in Sicily & Italy until he was wounded at Ortona, when he gave up the command to "Ronnie the Rab" Waterman. He was respected as a good officer & a gentleman. Waterman in contrast was a first-rate soldier but no gentleman in any sense. The ex-officers arrived from various parts of the province promptly at the designated hour (6 p.m) and place (the military officers' messroom at Cambridge Library.) Bogert moved amongst them chatting of old campaign days. Then, one after another, they stepped to the bar for drinks, they found that they had to pay cash on the spot for every drink. And at 7.30 Bogert bade them a stiff little adieu & departed, leaving them to make their way to a hotel for dinner, again at their own expense. Ex-captain Don Archibald of Luoro summed up their sentiments — "Well, you can say what you like about Ronnie the Rab; but he'd have seen that we had drinks & dinner at his expense on an occasion like this." Apparently Bogert has become rather a stuffed shirt since the war. Even his pretty wife couldn't stick him, & went back to her home in England some years ago.

SUNDAY, SEP. 20/59 A lovely sunny day after a frosty night. Epstein & Farmouth (golf clubs) came to play a game with the Liverpool club, so I nipped out to the course soon after 8 a.m. & managed to get in 18 holes before the mob arrived. This evening, on the invitation of Mowbray Jones, C. & I had dinner at Mersey Lodge. Sir Eric Bouveret was there, of course, with "Monty" Lewin, Mrs. Lewin, ^{JACK MILLEN} & Serrish Duma — whom we met at

the Copelins' place in Surrey last year. The Mersey Co. has spent \$10,000 enlarging & improving the lodge for these annual visits of Sir Eric, and in addition to their own culinary & serving staff he had his own major-domo, an obsequious person in evening dress, in charge of the waiters. To the rest of us dress was informal & we had a very good buffet dinner with champagne, white wine, & brandy. The great man was very affable, moving about & chatting with everybody. At about 10:30 Mowbray Jones gave the signal to withdraw, apparently, for the party broke up & he parted for Liverpool. The Parkers came to my home on the return, for a final drink before bed. Those present at the lodge were: - Sir Eric, Lewin, Duma, Mowbray & Phil Jones, Kennedy & Ann Jones, the Austin Parkers, ^{HUGH & JANE JOYCE,} Lord Brouse M.P., Mr. & Mrs. Douglas (Halifax lawyer), MacInnes, Mr. & Mrs. Frank (Halifax lawyer) Covert, "Gus" Meyer (New York sales representative of Bowater), and Jack Miller, a partner in the Canadian public relations firm which has the Bowater business. Tomorrow Bowater & his entourage move on by chartered plane to Montreal, thence to the Bowater newsprint mill at Calhoun, Tennessee, thence to their big new sulphite pulp mill at Catawba, ^{South} Carolina. I retain my first impression of the man, which seems confirmed by all I've heard of him - an old eagle with a cold, far eye alert for business prey. His smile & social chitchat are switched on and off, there is no real warmth in the man, & he's a ruthless taskmaster to all who work for him. Phil Jones tells me that Mowbray is still far from well, physically & mentally, & she's taking him

off on a trip abroad in a few weeks' time.

This afternoon Jack & "Liva" Mosher called, on their way to Kentville from Yarmouth via New Germany.

Jack had another severe nervous breakdown last year but is now back at his (economics) post on the Acadia faculty. Their older son Ralph, after teaching at Normal College for 3 years, has gone to Harvard for a Ph.D. The younger boy Donald works in a Kentville store. Both are married.

SATURDAY, SEP. 26/59 Lovely fall weather, continues.

This morning, I drove with C. to Halifax, where we called on Tom & Pam, & on Franic & her little brood.

We lunched at the Riverside Restaurant near Bedford, where I had to pay high prices (\$2.50 each person) for stale salmon & lobster salad, a small wedge of apple pie, a cup of undrinkable coffee, all with very bad service, although the place was very clean & well equipped.

Drove on to Middle Stewiacke to attend the wedding of Carol, only daughter of Cecil & Francis Dennis. Bill was one of the ushers in the little United Church, ~~with~~ which was filled with people of the countryside, healthy, intelligent & well dressed. The groom, a fat young man named Haverstock, who is employed with a firm of funeral undertakers in Hfx. Afterwards we went to the reception in the Brookfield school, kissed the bride, congratulated the groom, had a brief word with Cecil & Frances, & then set out for home at 4:30. Just past Shubenacadie I took the new "Airport Road", ~~with~~ which runs straight through the woods to Grand Lake, at 60 m.p.h. with ease & comfort.

At Mill Cove, Bedford, I turned off into the new cut-off road to the south slope, which is now paved with asphalt as far as Hammond's Plains (⁷miles) & ready for paving the rest of the way (about 5 miles) to French Village. Home about 7:45.

SUNDAY, SEP. 27/59 Angier fine day. The Liverpool bicentennial celebrations close with special church services this morning, & the Rev. John Macdonald asked me some days ago, to address the Zion congregation. This I did, at the usual time for the sermon, & spoke for about 20 minutes on the story of the town & its part in world affairs in peace & war. I felt unwell (a strange pain in my left side) but went through with it as best I could. Ate no lunch & lay down for a time. Then I thought a bit of fresh air & exercise would do me good, so I went out to the golf course. But my luck was out. I stepped in a hole in the rough & strained a muscle in my right hip. I hobbled around to the 9th green & quit!

MONDAY, SEP. 28/59 Fine & warm. My hip better & I played 18 holes of very bad golf this afternoon. My stomach still very queer & I eat very little. Tonight the Legion held a dinner in their hall, with Mayor Lockwood, the town councillors & the heads of the local labor unions as guests. The Legion zone commander, Everett Killam of Bridgewater, was in the chair, & I gave the address, reviewing the military and naval history of Liverpool with a judicious amount of humor. The banquet room was crowded, the night very hot & muggy, & when we closed it was good to get out in the fresh air.

THURSDAY, OCT 1, 1959

The fine September weather, so wonderful after a very wet & dull summer, was interrupted last night by the tail-end of a hurricane called "Gracie". It had been working up the U. S. coast from Florida & was pretty well blown out, but it brought a flood of rain to western N.S. Yarmouth got 6.65 inches in the night, with flooded streets etc. In Liverpool we got off more lightly. Even so, water covered my back lawn (& my cellar floor) this morning.

Becil Day, owner-editor of the "Advance", has sold his house on Court St. to St. James Macleod, & has moved for the winter to a bungalow on Park St. owned by Mrs. Enid Doggett, who lately moved to Toronto. Day bought land at the foot of Waterloo Sp. with a fine harbor view, a year or two ago; & he will build there next spring.

Letter from Bill Seacon, of the Toronto Globe, congratulating me on winning the Doubleday Award for 1960. He was one of the five judges, & says "It was richly earned - I believe this is the best novel any Canadian has yet written." But of course Bill is given to enthusiasms of the moment.

SUNDAY, OCT 4/59

Still no word from Tom Costain or George Nelson about the proposed conference with Doubleday editors in New York. And not a word from the C.P.C. about the Dockyard T.V. film projects, interrupted in July, & supposed to be filmed before Sep. 30.

Today was like summer, sunny & mild. Ethel

drive to Hfa with Terry to visit sister Marie in the mental hospital at Dartmouth. I attended church this morning & took communion. This afternoon I played 18 holes at White Point (in 93) with Armand Wigglesworth, town engineer. "Wiggy" also commands the 133rd (Liverpool) Field Battery with the rank of major. It is part of a militia artillery regiment which has battery quarters at Halifax, Liverpool & Yarmouth, formed in 1946, & commanded for many years by Col. King of Yarmouth.

"Wiggy" says that basic military training is continued, but emphasis now is on the civil defense role - rescue from ruined buildings, traffic control, anti-gas & anti-germ & anti-atomic fall-out precautions, etc. He becomes 2nd-in-command of the whole Regt. this fall, & expects full command within four more years.

TUESDAY, OCT. 6/59

A rainy day, the first since Oct. 1, when the tail end of hurricane "Grace" broke the long spell of fine weather. Everybody watching the World Series baseball games, between Chicago White Sox and Los Angeles Dodgers. Excellent T.V. coverage. Two of the games have been played in the L.A. Coliseum, which held more than 96,000 people each time. Fantastic!

Tonight, C. & I attended a dinner party given by Doug & Phyl Loret at their Lake Penhook cottage. Other present, the Jack McClearns, Larry Seldons, Charlie Williams, & Joe Holloways. Main dish, rice & shrimps, delicious.

THURSDAY, OCT. 8/59

Rain yesterday & today. Cellar wet as usual. Loyal MacInnis, CBC, phoned today

from Hx, said the "Gayle" show will be filmed in Admiralty House on Sunday, Nov. 1 if I can come on that date. I agreed, though annoyed. The show could have been filmed during August or September in decent conditions. By November the old empty mansion will be like an ice box. And still there is no word from Keith Barry about the Dockyard film, on which I spent so much time & effort last summer. I note from the newspaper that a C.B.C. crew is now in Annapolis filming the Habitation story, for which I did the research last summer.

World Series baseball ended in Chicago today. (The Los Angeles Dodgers won over Chicago White Sox with a thumping 9-3 victory.) Now perhaps I shall hear from Doubleday about the long-delayed conference in N.Y. In the U.S. everything (except breathing) stops for the World Series.

SATURDAY, OCT. 10/59 Lovely sunny day, after four days of continuous drizzle & rain. Left in the early part of the afternoon. At 3:30 G. & I attended the wedding of young Jim Russell (son of our friends Maurice & Mary Russell) and a beamer girl from Brooklyn. Trinity Church, with a reception later in the parish hall. Tom & Pam arrived by car to spend the week-end. They had sad news. Pam's father has been losing weight all summer, & a medical check-up in Camp Hill hospital has revealed cancer of the stomach. He will undergo an operation next week for the removal of a large part of the stomach, & the chance of

survival beyond eighteen months is only one in four.

MONDAY, OCT. 12. THANKSGIVING DAY

Rain again all yesterday, clearing about noon today. After dinner Tom & Pam left for Hfs. At 3 p.m. I drove with G. to Hants Point & called on Carl & Jean Leonard. They have painted & papered the old farmhouse, & are now preparing to shut it up for the winter.

WEDNESDAY, OCT. 14/59

Windy & overcast. Learned (from his son) that my old friend, Carl Platt died during the week end & was buried in the C. of E. cemetery on Monday. He was chief keeper of the Western Head fog-horn and radio beacon, for many years, served in the Canadian Black Watch in War One; a big genial man; I always enjoyed dropping in for a yarn with him.

Since our lively family departed for Halifax at the end of the summer I have been trying to think of a subject for my next book, & can think of nothing worthy while. Twenty years ago my mind was bubbling with ideas, far too many to deal with, & I hadn't the experience & technique to deal with them anyhow. Now, with 14 books written, & with a world of experience, I seem to have lost the lively imagination that could see a story wherever it looked. If I had no financial burdens I'd like now to write history - a good history of Queens County for example - using Nova Scotia material. But no publisher would risk a penny on such things, and I can't afford the luxury of writing & publishing them myself.

FRIDAY, OCT. 16, 1959

A cool bright Fall day. At noon I went out to the golf course, & played altogether 26 holes, alone as usual & moving fast. Shortly after noon the course workmen, Clait Hupman and Eddie Soggett, entered the clubhouse & found the pro., Johnnie Jackson, lying ill on a couch. Dr. Vickwire came out at once & had him removed to the hospital. Coronary Thrombosis.

Tonight at a little ceremony in town hall Mayor Lockward presented the Bowater Mersey Co. cash prizes to the clubs & community groups (selected by five judges) which had done the most towards the celebration of Liverpool's bicentennial year. Zion Church Guild \$250, Queens Co. Historical Society \$250, Kiwanis Club \$200, Canadian Legion \$150, Kinsman Club \$150.

He then presented members of the Bicentennial committee (including myself) with cufflinks, & a brooch for their wives, each bearing the town's coat of arms.

A photographer was there, & for the occasion His Worship wore the ceremonial chain of office presented by Sir Eric Bowater, & the new mace was prominently displayed on the Council table.

SUNDAY, OCT. 18/59

Windy & cool. Church this morning. In the afternoon drove with E. to Charleston & up the Midway River. The autumn colors very poor this year, possibly due to the unusually warm weather in September. The maple leaves seem to shrivel & drop without changing much from the summer's green. Called briefly on Lou Parrot & Ann

Kelly at Greenfield. Their relationship seems to have settled into a comfortable & rather frosty man-&-wife relationship, Moose Hill style. The cottage looked grubby & so did they - Ann in a shabby man's shirt & trousers - the shirt tails hanging outside the trousers - & Lou (who was always so immaculate and well tailored) wearing old trousers, wrinkled, & with two patches in the seat.

MONDAY, OCT. 19/59

Felt ill, last night & today. My stomach & intestines have been upset & gas-painful for the past month, & this morning in the bathroom mirror I found large & protuberant sacs under my eyes, especially the right eye. G. urges me to see a doctor. But a doctor would only tell me that I smoke & drink too much, which I know anyhow.

A curious & quick change of weather tonight. The day had been mild, turning frosty at nightfall. At 11:30 p.m., in bright moonlight we heard a tremendous rolling of thunder westward, & in ten minutes there was pouring rain, followed by snow.

TUESDAY, OCT. 20/59

Felt well enough to play golf this p.m., though my middle section remains, painful, especially the kidney region. The freak thunderstorm last night, ruined the famous old lighthouse at Shelburne, which was struck by lightning & burned to a shell. The crew of the lighthouse-supply ship "Lady Laurier", which happened to be lying off the island at the time, put off to fight the fire but it was hopeless.

Received the printer's galley of my book, "The Governor's

"Lady" & spent the morning & evening making corrections. A book of Tom Costain's "The Darkness & The Dawn" has just been published by Doubleday - one of his usual costume romances, this time a tale of central Europe in the time of Attila the Hun. Tom grinds out these things like sausages & Doubleday always gives them tremendous promotion, with resultant big sales.

Last night's snow melted off in sunshine this morning along the South Shore; but in northern N.S. & the Annapolis Valley (where many apples are still on the trees) there are 3 or 4 inches on the ground. On the prairies, where there was heavy snow weeks ago, much of the wheat crop is said to be ruined. In Cape Breton the Dominion Steel & Coal Corporation has announced the closing of more mines unless the government subsidy is increased. This is due to the competition of oil & gas fuel in Quebec & Ontario. The usual uproar from miners' unions, & consequent scurrying of politicians. Much of the blame lies at the miners' own doors. They still oppose ^{true} mechanization of the mines, & cling to their easygoing output. As a result N.S. coal costs \$10 at the pit head, while U.S. coal costs \$4 & is naturally preferred by Ontario manufacturers.

THURSDAY, OCT. 22/59 Sharp frost last night, temp. at 8 a.m. was 21° Fahr. (At Acadonia it was down to 15°) A clear sunny day. After breakfast set off by car with E. to see the last of the autumn colors. Took the Annapolis road past Milford, then turned off via Virginia & Clementsvale to Bear River. Lunched at a new wayside restaurant ("chez Leo") just

outside Annapolis. Then took the "Three Bridges" road across the Leguille River, through Annapolis & across the river to Granville. The new causeway-dam is well advanced. It will replace the Granville bridge, & also, will control the tide by flood-gates, so that the old system of dikes will be unnecessary, a boon to riverside farmers all the way up to Bridgetown.

Drove as far as Port Royal, got out at the little Anglican church, & visited the graves of Andrew & "Sully" Merkel. Then along the Valley to Middleton, across the South Mountain & down the LaHave valley, to West LaHave & Petite Riviere. Home about 7 p.m. The scarlet maples have shed their leaves, but other maples, & the beeches, birches & poplars still make a good show.

SATURDAY, OCT. 24/59 Austin Parker suggested a week-end at Eagle Lake, for old times' sake, even though I don't care any more about shooting deer, & in spite of weather warnings, a severe storm on the way up the New England coast. We set off, with his boat & outboard motor on a trailer, about 8:30 a.m.

Put the boat in N^o 3 Pond at the highway end of the wing dam, had an easy run to the mouth of Eagle Lake, & carried the grub etc. up the trail to Eagle Lake camp. There we were joined by Hector Dunlap & Roy Gordon, who had walked in from Big Falls. We had dinner together & sat yarning of old hunts & journeys until 2:30 p.m. when Gordon left for home. Hector had seen a big buck near Half Way Bog on the

Big Falls trail, & he spent the rest of the afternoon until dark hunting between there, & the mouth of Eagle Brook. Parker & I cruised through the woods west of Eagle Lake as far as the brook from Long Lake. I had not brought a rifle; Austin had his, but we saw no game. A strong warm (50°) gale was blowing up from the S.S.E., & by night, the rain was falling in torrents.

About midnight a great show of lightning & thunder.

SUNDAY, OCT. 25/59 The gale blew all day with hurricane force at times, & continual heavy rain; and continued all through the night. Austin & Hector amused themselves at cribbage. I read & smoked.

Noticed a little flock of doves bobbing & feeding in the rough waters of the lake near the camp shore, apparently enjoying the storm. We visit Eagle Lake so rarely & briefly now (I wasn't there at all last year) that our old hunting trails have filled in with windfalls & new growth for long stretches, difficult to follow. We used to keep them cut out clearly.

It is now nearly 30 years since we first explored the way to Eagle Lake & resolved to build a camp there. The bottom logs of the camp are getting rotten, especially on the east end.

Parker tells me that the Mersuy steamer "Vinland" has been sold by Bowaters, & is now on her way across the Pacific from San Francisco to the new owners in Hong Kong.

Dunlap says that Mayor R. H. Lockward, who has been on the office staff of Steel & Engine Products

Co. since he retired from the Royal Bank here, intends to give up his job & his post as mayor at the end of the year. He & his wife will then leave for Florida to reside for the rest of their lives. Edward changed his mind again, keeping his house on Church Street as a residence.

MONDAY, OCT. 26/59

The gale subsided in the night but the rain continued all the way home from Eagle Lake. All the brooks in torrent, & flooding across the river road in a dozen places, so that we had to go carefully.

~~WEDNESDAY~~
WEDNESDAY, OCT. 28/59

This afternoon I drove up to Milton & left E. with the Jerry Freemans, to spend the rest of the day & evening. I stopped at the forge to pay Archie McNight for welding circular iron "shoes" on the legs of my new garden chairs. He refused to take a cent. I drove off to White Point & played 25 holes in bright sunshine & a cool wind. The course was deserted.

Shortly after I left the Milton forge there was a bad accident in the street outside. A young soldier, Ross Mowers, home on leave from Camp Petawawa, & apparently inebriated, came tearing up the road in a car. There was a horse & wagon outside the forge, and Owen Wentzel (one of the former pulp mill hands at Potanos) stood nearby. The car smashed into the wagon, killed both the horse & Wentzel, & turned a complete somersault. Mowers was not badly hurt. The police have arrested him on a charge of criminal negligence.

The pain in my lower belly, left side, (see entries Sep. 27, Oct. 19) which has bothered me persistently for

a month, became severe this evening. At midnight I took a sleeping pill & went to bed.

THURSDAY, OCT. 29/59

Awoke in pain at 2.30 a.m. Impossible to sleep. Got up & sat reading, smoking, & sipping wine in my den until 5 a.m. Returned to bed & slept until 8.30. Phoned Dr. John Wickwire, who arrived about 9.30 & poked carefully about my belly & anus. The belly is not sore to touch except deep in the left groin, but the pain extends to the left hip, & to the small of the back, left side. A sample of my stools showed no trace of blood.

He said he could do nothing more without an X-ray, & he arranged for me to be X-rayed at the hospital next Wednesday. (Formerly the local doctors did their own X-ray work. Under the new provincial hospital regulations this can only be done by an X-ray specialist. In the case of the Liverpool hospital the specialist comes to town once a week, on Wednesdays. Wickwire says the local doctors have petitioned the government authorities for an X-ray specialist three times a week, but so far nothing has been done.)

He gave me a prescription for some mysterious blue pills, to be taken half an hour before each meal, & left, asking me to advise him promptly if the pain became unbearable. And I'm to go on a "bland" diet.

Evelyn White & her married daughter Evelyn came to lunch with us. Evelyn is married a navy man, who is now discharged & looking for a job. They live in Victoria B.C., where she works as a hospital nurse.

FRIDAY, OCT. 30/59

The pain in my left side continues as a dull ache, otherwise I feel perfectly normal. This afternoon I played 18 holes at White Point. A lovely sunny day, but the course was deserted except for the groundsmen and a pair of women players.

The migration of doves, driven to land by the storm last week-end (see, Oct. 25) brought them hard luck on the golf course, where watchful hawks from the White Point woods always take a toll. On No. 4 fairway I found the remains of three or four. On No. 6 in a circle of 50 yards, I found the remains of a dozen or more. In each case the head, breast & belly had been eaten clean, leaving the spine, the back, wings, tail & feet.

Cameron Graham, C.B.C., phoned from Hfx. to confirm the filming job at Admiralty House on Sunday.

Letter from my sister Hilola. She has been very restless & unhappy since her husband's death, and very lonely since her mother died about a year ago. In conversations with her last summer, I urged her to get out of the Hfx rut & strike out for somewhere & something new, before it is too late. (She is 45.) She has rented her house in Jallimore, taken a small apartment at 52 South Park Street, & plans to go to London next May. ^{or} There she will seek a secretarial job & spend at least 3 years, roaming Britain & the continent in her holidays. Still no word from Tom Costain about a conference in New York re my new book.

SATURDAY, OCT. 31, 1959

I wrote from the Hqs. paper that Edwin K. Ford, Director of Vocational Training in N.S. for the past 23 years, retired yesterday. He has been ailing in recent years. I knew him well, years ago. He was a native of Milton, a brilliant student (incl. Harvard & Columbia), & very energetic and forceful in practical affairs. In 1951 the U.N. borrowed him for a year to plan a system of vocational training in Iraq.

SUNDAY, NOV. 1/59

Drove to Hqs. in pouring rain this a.m. E. came with me. Arrived at the Lord Nelson in time for lunch, & reserved a room for tonight. Drove to C.B.C. building on Bell Road at 2 p.m. for a preliminary chat about the shooting script. At 3 p.m. set off for Admiralty House with Graham & a crew of 10, including a script girl. A single room in the dilapidated old mansion had been furnished for the occasion with good Regency period furniture, carpet, windows of grapes, naval portraits & a globe. (The "prop" man had muffed on the last item, it turned out to be a celestial, not a terrestrial globe — & according to the script I was supposed to print out Germany on it!) A "fire" of artificial logs, with propane gas flames, burned in the handsome old white marble fireplace, with its carved scallop shell & anchors.

It turned out to be a long business. Graham is a perfectionist, demanding several "takes" of each of the 8 sections of the script, & there were all the usual & some unusual headaches with temperamental camera & sound & lighting apparatus. Part was shot outside, while the daylight lasted, & the

rest indoors, in the terrific glare & heat of the Klieg lights. Long exposure to these lights is not only blinding, but stupefying to the mind (a phenomenon useful in third-degree police interrogations, but very bad for an unaccustomed actor like myself, trying to remember his lines plus a lot of camera and production cues.) We worked from 3 to 6 p.m., hustled away to snatch a meal. (I bribed a waitress to serve G. & me quickly in the Lord Nelson dining room, which was crammed with Sunday evening dinner parties, large & small.) Back to Ad. House at 7:30 & finished at 11:15. Phew.

At that hour Blair Fraser, of Maclean's Magazine, turned up with Lloyd Mac Innis to record an interview while the gear was still set up. I had a brief chat with them & then fled thankfully into the cool darkness of a rainy night. Joined G. at 140 University Avenue, where we chatted with Fern & Pam, & with Bill, Francie & baby Gregory. Since the birth of her baby Perry, Francie by rigorous dieting has reduced her weight 45 lbs. to a slim 136, & looks very well. Poor Pam, enormously swollen, has been expecting for a week past, but no sign yet. Her father is recovering slowly from his operation in Camp Hill Hospital, where the surgeons removed most of his stomach. When he recovers, he & Mrs. White intend a long holiday in Jamaica - their first in many years. Back to the hotel at midnight, & had a good sleep.

In conversation with "Cammy" Graham I mentioned that I'd heard nothing from Keith Barry about the

Dockyard film script, on which I worked so long & hard last summer. "Cammy" said he'd heard that CBC's top brass, still in a ditch from the shake-up last spring, had decided to shelve the Dockyard film project, after all. He said he would speak to Barry, & either he or Barry would phone me soon. As far as I can see, the whole CBC get-up is one grand Mad Hatter's party — a view shared by most Canadians judging from newspaper correspondence — and nothing could surprise me now.

For an example of their methods, this Ad. House show is perfect. I sent Graham the completed script on June 2. It could have been filmed almost any week-day in the past five months. The CBC selected a Sunday in November, with the entire crew to be paid at fat over-time rates.

MONDAY, Nov. 2/59

A lovely clear sunny morning after yesterday's storm. Left Halifax about 10 a.m. for a leisurely drive home. Turned off the highway to Peggy's Cove (where a magnificent surf was beating on the rocks) & followed on through Indian Harbor & Seabright to the highway again at the head of St. Margaret's Bay — a 40-mile loop off the main track. Lunched in Chester at the Sword & Anchor Inn, which is run by Forbes Thrasher, one-time manager of the Lord Nelson Hotel & later a catering officer with the Canadian forces in Italy. We were the only guests for lunch & enjoyed a very good meal, with a beautiful view of Chester harbor & of blue jays feeding at the seed-cups which the Thrashers hang outside their windows. The house is a former summer

residence of millionaire L. B. McCurdy, later a restaurant called "Bryan's Villa Inn". Thrasher took it over from Bryan about a year ago. Reached home at 3 p.m., with a sky clouding & threatening rain again.

Note: When Lloyd McInnis (CBC) was here with "Commy" Graham on Aug. 26th. They were interested to learn that I had a recording of one of my radio talks with the celebrated James S. Gillis, made in Halifax in 1945. The recording was made in wartime, on the very poor & soft "platters" available at that time, & it had become so badly worn that the voices were lost in scratching noises. Graham took the recordings (3 platters) to Rex & turned them over to experts at CBC.

Yesterday he presented me with a tape record, and three new "platters", made from the old discs. By some wizardry, the CBC men have restored the voices fairly well, although "Jimmy D's" awkward diction is still hard to interpret in many places.

WEDNESDAY, NOV. 4/59 The nagging pain continues like a small hot coal burning in my left side. Went up to the hospital this morning and had the X-ray examination. It lasted about half an hour, & included an enema of some milky fluid, a large quantity of which was pumped into my intestines under considerable pressure. Very painful due to the presence of gas in my insides. Felt wretched all day. The Wickwires had invited us to a dinner party at their house, followed by a projector show of slides taken on their European tour. We went with the Parkers, & I got through it somehow until 10:30. Suggested going home, but neither E. nor

the Parkers budget, & finally I had to excuse myself to the Wickwires & walk home. Got there drenched with sweat.

SATURDAY, Nov. 7/59

Tom, Jr. phoned this morning saying that Pam gave birth to a baby girl a little while ago. She is alright, but the baby got some of the uterine fluid in its lungs and is now receiving oxygen. This condition is likely to continue for some days and the baby may not survive.

A dreary day, drizzling rain. No word from Doc. Wickwire about the X-ray results. I had several sharp spasms in my side this afternoon.

MONDAY, Nov. 9/59

Still dull damp weather. Austin Parker wanted me to join a deer-hunting party at Jordan Lake over the weekend, but I said No. I don't feel well enough, & in any case, I've no desire to shoot a deer. G. phoned Tom, Jr. this evening. He says his baby daughter is doing well & will be taken out of the incubator in a day or two, & Pam is recovering nicely.

TUESDAY, Nov. 10/59

Overcast & damp. At this morning's stool I passed a quantity of blood. I have suspected it, once or twice in the past two weeks, but this time it was unmistakable. Still no word from Wickwire about the X-ray results. He had mentioned "spastic colitis" as a possibility on Oct 29th, hence the blue capsules, which I am still taking. The Britannica informs me that colitis takes various forms, including emission of blood; that it is difficult to treat, and that it can be traced sometimes to prolonged

worry, nervous tension, etc., & often precedes a gastric ulcer.

During the past two ~~more~~ years my family have given me plenty of worry & nervous tension in one way or another; and there is the continual nagging worry about money to support my old age, and the feeling that my mind is drained & that I have nothing more to write. I went through a frightful nervous storm last June, when I had to flee, to Hilda's house in Halifax, to get peace & quiet for my work, and the effects have not worn off.

THURSDAY, NOV. 12/59

I bought a cold chisel yesterday & started to chip a narrow gutter across my cellar floor. The cellar leaks on the southeast corner after every rain, & the water meanders across to the drain, which is in the N.W. corner. For years I've struggled to keep the water out with various "waterproof" cements & paints, but none of these stood up permanently. After the building of the new regional high school a few years ago, the matter got worse, because the enormous "fill" of the school site & grounds changed the natural drainage of what used to be the so-called School Woods. This chipping job is hard & slow, but by doing a little at a time I can get it done in time for the winter thaws, which always create the worst floods.

This morning was fine & mild, with a promise of rain in the late afternoon; so G. & I went off for a drive to Shelburne about 11 a.m. Turned off the paved highway at Jordan Falls & followed the narrow gravel road

around the shore via Jordan Ferry & Jordan Bay. Somewhere near Government Point we found the road torn up & impassable, a highway construction project. Turned back a short way to the steel lattice masts of the navy radio station, & followed a narrow & unditched road (apparently bulldozed by the navy contractors) through the wild barrens to the (War Two) naval base below Shelburne town. Then took the newly paved (tarmac) road around Sandy Point to its present end at the oceanographic station, built by the U.S. Navy some years after War Two, & maintained as a joint operation of the U.S. & Canadian navies. It is barred to the public by a high wire fence & gate, guarded by a Canadian "commissionaire" in uniform. Saw several men & a "hen" in Canadian naval uniform but no U.S. uniforms. The staff live in a number of steel half-barrel buildings of the old Nissen type, painted in pastel shades of green, yellow & blue. It is the site of a gun battery erected to defend Shelburne harbor in 1942. (I inspected it with a group of Reserve Army officers that spring), but the concrete gun pits etc. are crumbling and grass-grown now.

Lunch in Shelburne, a clean & well equipped place on the main street called The Ritz, where prices were cheap but the food rather poor. Three young men in civilian shirts, jackets & trousers were in merry chat with a pair of local girls, & in conversation revealed themselves as U.S. service personnel; possibly from the oceanographic station, possibly from the U.S. Air Force "LORAN" station at Baccaro. (As I noticed at ~~the~~ St. John's Nfld. in 1958,

the policy in the U.S. installations on Canadian soil seems to be to show the U.S. uniform as little as possible.)

Drove about the Shelburne streets. The town looks (& is) much more prosperous than it was before War Two, but in general appearance it has changed little.

Noticed Tom White's old residence looking abandoned & sadly out of repair. After Tom's death it was leased & operated as a small hotel for some years, & still bears the sign Shelsea Lodge. Apparently the operator has moved to a smaller house across the street, which bears another Shelsea Lodge sign. Rain began to fall, & we turned back to Liverpool, getting home about 3 p.m.

FRIDAY, Nov. 13/59

My 56th birthday — and on a Friday, as when I was born. My mother, hearing the remark of a superstitious neighbor, always worried about my being born on such an unlucky day, and my birthday was always celebrated on Nov 14th. I never knew the truth until I commenced my course in wireless telegraphy in 1918, when I had to produce my birth certificate to show that I was a British born subject.

E. presented me with a gift of golf balls, & there was a birthday card from Tom J. At lunch E. had a fruitcake with a single candle, which I blew out solemnly. After lunch E. left for Hfx with Mrs. Dot Hutchinson. She is anxious to see her new granddaughter (Deborah Jane Raddall), who comes home to Tom's apartment with Pam tomorrow; and she will call to see Marie Freeman in the Dartmouth hospital. She expects to return to Liverpool on Sunday evening. The day

was overcast, turning to a depressing drizzle in the afternoon. Nevertheless I went to White Point & played 18 holes in the wet. No one else out. A private golf course - just like a millionaire. After I got back I spent an hour chipping away with hammer & cold chisel at my cellar gutter. Bev. Jones & wife had invited me to a cocktail party at their house but I passed it up. Bought a new hat at Max Harding's - grey to match my new overcoat. Simply from habit I've been wearing brown hats for years.

Since Mr. Kruscher's visit to the U.S. the world seems to have settled into an easier state of mind. The Chinese & Indians are squabbling over a border incident, & the pip-squak dictator of Cuba - Castro - is busy creating chaos in his island, & shaking both fists at the U.S. But these are petty things. In Canada, Mr. Diefenbaker is busy patting himself on the back (in public speeches anyway) for the great things his government has accomplished, although one cannot see that he has accomplished very much. The upward bounce of the Canadian economy in 1959 is due to the natural optimism and resource of the Canadian nation more than anything else. The newspapers have revealed lately that Diefenbaker is an anti-alcohol and anti-tobacco crank; he does not serve alcoholic drinks at his receptions; & at cabinet & other official meetings he makes sure that there are no ash trays & therefore no smoking. Have we elected another Willie King?

SATURDAY, NOV. 14/59

Drizzling rain. Gordon Henderson, hardware merchant, showed me an Indian stone ax that

his son had found recently while digging a hole beside the Henderson summer cottage at Ponhook Lake, just above Greenfield. It is of very hard greyish-brown stone about 8" long & 2½" wide, flat on one side, convex on the other, perfectly shaped & polished. One or two stone arrowheads had been found on the site in previous years.

SUNDAY, Nov. 15/59 Pouring rain. Went to church this morning. Dr. Pickwire, singing in the choir, apparently noticed me there & realized that he hadn't told me anything about the X-rays taken on the 4th. He arrived at my house just as I got back from church. Says I have "diverticulitis" in a portion of the upper bowel, on the left. This is caused by the inner lining of the bowel, forcing its way, in places, through the outer wall, like a motorcar inner tube bulging through one or more breaks in a tire. It is incurable except by surgical operation, & H. does not consider my case serious enough for that. Says many people have it & he has only known one case that required surgery. (This was Bert Waters' wife, who had a serious attack in Arizona a year or two ago, & underwent an operation there.) I am to avoid coarse foods like corn & bran, & to continue taking the little blue capsules before every meal, which should ease the occasional spasms. There is always danger of one or more of these bowel protrusions becoming strangulated while containing some food waste.

E. arrived home from Lfz at 7:30 p.m.
MONDAY, Nov. 16/59 Howling gale & torrents of rain. In the past 36 hours nearly 6 inches of water have fallen in Liverpool, & we hear there are bad floods all over western N.S.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 18, 1959

The rains have stopped at last, leaving floods all over western N.S. Today was still overcast, but the temp. dropped to freezing, with a bitter wind. I received copies of the German edition of "The Wings of Night", just published in board covers by the Paul Zsolnay Verlag, of Hamburg & Vienna. A good job of printing & binding.

Today the mystery of Murray Laing's children, missing for 18 years, was solved by Aubrey Coombs & Robert Hegge Jr. of Milton while hunting along the edge of the wild meadows ^(THE SO-CALLED ELEVEN MILE MEADOWS) on ~~Upper~~ ^{Upper} Great Brook. At a spot 4 miles from Big Falls & the Laing home, while following the tracks of a deer, they came upon ~~two~~ ^{two} small ~~skulls~~ ^{skulls} side by side in a thicket. They fetched Murray Laing, who identified the remains by the rubber boots, the remnants of clothing, a hatchet etc. The two boys, Lloyd aged 14, Victor aged 9 had gone to inspect rabbit snares in the woods north of Big Falls, on the morning of Sunday, Dec. 7, 1941. They failed to turn up at nightfall, & that night there was a wild storm of sleet & snow, which left about ^{a foot} ~~an inch~~ on the ground.

Dec. 7/41 was the days the Japs attacked Pearl Harbor, & there was so much excitement that no one in Liverpool heard about the missing boys until the night of the 8th. On the morning of the 9th. I went up-river with Brent Smith & joined a large search party organized by Laing & the Mounties, who had been tramping the woods fruitlessly all day of the 8th. The two boys were familiar with the woods (especially boys) and we all assumed that if the boys struck Upper Great Brook or George's Brook they would know enough to follow the

stream towards the river road. Upper Great Brook was 10 to 20 feet wide & covered with egg-shell ice; yet somehow the boys got across it. Apparently they crept into a thicket for shelter, on the edge of a wild meadow, at nightfall on Dec. 8th or 9th or 10th, perished there, huddled together, in the cold & miserable weather that followed. Smith & I, moving far ahead of the main search party, traveled to George's Lake & then cut across to the upper waters of Upper Great Brook, looking for tracks in the snow. At that point we were not far from the spot where the bones were found, but of course we were on the wrong side of the stream. It was long suspected that the boys had been murdered by a Milton Indian named Andrew Francis, whose mingi was a little guest. Francis had been seen in the Big Falls woods & was believed to be trapping beavers illegally on the two brooks. Theory was that the boys had come upon Francis skinning a beaver, & that he had killed them & hidden the bodies. Francis denied having seen them, even on his deathbed years later, & now we know he spoke the truth.

FRIDAY, NOV 21/59

Very cold (18° at night) with a strong wind & snow flying, just enough to whiten the ground, for the first time this winter. Each afternoon I am busy with hammers & cold chisels, chipping away at the cellar floor. I now have a slim gutter cut from the drain as far as the south wall; I must now continue it along that wall, where the leaks occur in heavy or prolonged rains.

Yesterday I wrote to Richard Wilson regarding the film rights in "The Nymph & The Lamp", of which he had said nothing since last May. I told him, as I told John Rich

long ago, that I consider Rich's screen play mediocre. Suggested that he give up playing dog-in-the-manger with the film rights. For the past two years I have had to turn down various people, in Britain & in Europe, enquiring about the rights. (The latest came a few days ago, from Paul Zsolnay, my publisher in Germany.) In all that time Rich and Wilson have failed to interest movie stars & financiers in their screen play, although they wrote me a lot of optimistic balderdash from time to time.

I also wrote Keith Barry of C. B. C. regarding the script for the Dockyard film, in which he has been silent since last June. I presume the whole thing has been shelved, as the bicentennial year (which the film was to commemorate) is now almost gone. In that case the C. B. C. should at least compensate me for my hotel & other expenses.

Dinner party at the B. J. Waters' house tonight. Menzies & Phyl Jones there, looking very tanned & fit, just back from a month in Barbados and Bermuda.

Monday, Nov. 23/59

Drizzling rain, yesterday & today, washed away the snow. Tonight I attended the inquest on the missing children at Chandler's undertaking rooms. Lester Clements read a deposition made by Murray Laing, father of the boys. It stated the circumstances of their disappearance at 14 p.m. Dec. 7, 1941, when they left home to inspect some rabbit snares behind the "Mersey" townsite at Big Falls. Aubrey Coombs related how he found their remains last Wednesday, in a spruce thicket at the edge of the Eleven Mile Meadow, within 1½ miles of Middlefield. All of the bones had disappeared except the two skulls, which were half buried

in the mould. (Probably eaten by porcupines, which gnaw bones and deer horns whenever they find them.) Coombs took the Mounted Police & the coroner, there the next day. They dug carefully in the mould, within a 6-foot radius of the skulls and the four "lumbermen's rubber" boots, found the remains of a blue cloth jacket with the zipper still closed, also a hatchet. Nothing else. Murray Laing had identified the boots & the hatchet, & pointed out that the smaller boy had an unusually large head. (Hence the larger skull lay in line with the smaller pair of boots, a fact that puzzled the police at first.) The two skulls and the corresponding boots lay 2½ feet apart. No doubt the flesh and most of the bones had been eaten by carnivores when the bodies thawed in the spring.

The region is a desolate expanse of bogs and barrens. How the boys crossed over Upper Great Brook, which was in flood at the time, & 10 to 20 feet wide, will never be known. They were warmly clad and used to scrambling about the woods, and probably survived the nights of Dec. 7th & 8th. They must have wandered on north-eastward, ~~on the next day~~, and perished of exhaustion & exposure on the night of the 8th. After the inquest Coombs came to my house & marked the spot on my map of that region. He had been deer hunting last Wednesday, & was following a deer track when he came upon the two pairs of small boots. He guessed at once what they meant, & soon found the skulls. The lower jaws were gone, like all the other bones, & there were irregular holes in various places in the skulls, evidently from

decay but possibly from gnawing by porcupines. The Mountie showed us these sad little relics on a table in an adjoining room at the inquest. A funeral will be held in Milton tomorrow.

FRIDAY, Nov 27/59

Sunshine & cold today, after continuous wet weather for a week. My painfully hacked cellar drain gutter was not deep enough or wide enough to hold the inport, but it steered the water nicely to the drain, & most of the cellar remained dry. Played golf this afternoon, the first outdoor exercise that has been possible for a fortnight. E. went up to Hfx yesterday with the Johnsons, reports that baby Deborah is flourishing, but that Francis's smaller boy is still ailing. Mr. White is, slowly recovering from his operation, is able to walk about the hospital, & can take some food by mouth.

The Kyles, who have lived on Park Street many years, have sold their house to the ^{new} radiologist at the hospital. The Cleveland bungalow, near door to us, is up for sale. (Andrew Cleveland, a marine engineer, has been sailing out of Halifax for years, getting home only at long intervals.) Stanley Pentz is selling out his hardware store & plumbing business, plans to retire, & we hear rumors that his house (across the street from us) will be sold also.

DEC. 1/59. TUESDAY

Again a bright cold day, after wet weather since Friday. I played 23 holes at White Point this afternoon, the first real outdoor exercise in many days.

On Sunday afternoon, I drove with E. to Greenfield & back, just for a breath of fresh air. All the brooks & rivers in flood, & rain still falling. (On the Mersey, the hydro-power people have been spilling water from their storage dam for several days.) All through the dreary weather of the past month, I have been going over my historical notes, the accumulation of years of research, and over my diaries & other personal observations of the human scene, in quest of a theme for a novel. Nothing suggests itself.

Today was election day in various towns & municipalities in Nova Scotia. In Liverpool, Charles Murphy was elected mayor by acclamation, in place of Reginald H. ("Lock") Lockward, retired. Murphy has good business experience, having been an accountant with Mersey Paper Co. for 20 or 25 years, and has previously served on the Town Council.

DEC. 4/59. FRIDAY

Yesterday the former "Liverpool Advance" catering to South Queens (but for some time past called "THE ADVANCE", with more news of Shelburne County than of Queens) came forth in a new tabloid form, doing away with the old wide sheets. Cecil Day, who has made a fortune out of the old newspaper & printing business here, aspires to have a weekly newspaper covering the whole South Shore from Halifax to Dartmouth.

I learn that the Cleveland bungalow, next door to me on Park Street, is up for sale by a Halifax mortgage company, who have foreclosed. "Maggie" Innes,

Liverpool's only dealer in real estate, has the sale in hand. Eric Anderson, ^{mechanic} ~~owner~~ of the Mersey hydro-electric system, may buy it. He has lived at the so-called "town site" "Big Falls" for the past thirty years, wants to move to town.

Yesterday I got ten pounds of lobsters from Harvey Doggett at Hunt's Point, at 46¢ per pound. Since the season (western N.S.) opened on Dec. 1st. the weather has been mild & the sea calm, and fishermen, all along the coast are getting a big catch. Apart from weather altogether the increase in lobsters is due to a sharp watch on illegal fishing, by Dept. of Fisheries men, ever since the late war. Prior to that time the sale of "tinkers" (under-sized) lobsters was wide open, & there was a lot of fishing in the "closed" season from May 31 to Dec. 31.

Played 23 holes at White Point with C. this afternoon, & found it comfortable with bare hands.

Christmas cards beginning to arrive. One from Raife & Pauline Barrett in Moscow, where he is the newly appointed Canadian naval attaché at the Embassy.

SUNDAY, DEC. 5/59 Rain again. C. went to Hfx with brother Terence to visit Marie in Dartmouth hospital, & to see her children & grandchildren in Hfx.

I attended church this morning. A thin congregation. C. returned at 9.30 p.m. & reported Marie quite sensible & cheerful, & all the grandchildren flourishing.

MONDAY, DEC. 6/59 Robie Silver, tax assessment inspector for the town & municipality, died suddenly in bed early this morning. Age 59. I had known him ever since I came to Queens County in '23.

He was a building contractor for many years, operating in a small way (he built my ill-fated cabin at Moose Harbor) & never very successful. I'm told he had a medical check-up only a few weeks ago, & that the doctors pronounced his health excellent.

News: President Eisenhower is off on a good-will tour of Europe, the near East, & India, preliminary to his visit to Moscow next spring. In general the world seems busy & prosperous, & this easing of the Russo-American tension is all to the good.

WEDNESDAY, DEC. 9/59

Sunshine, after days of rain again.

Temp. 42° at noon. I played 18 holes at White Point.

Today Nova Scotia's famous old military camp at Aldershot was handed over to a small staff of army caretakers. It has been a training ground since the Fenian alarm of 1868. In 1952 it became the "permanent" home of a regular army unit - both battalions of the Canadian Black Watch. In 1958 one of these battalions was transferred to newly built Camp Sagetown, N.B. In the fall of '59 the other battalion went to Germany. In future, regular troops in the Maritime provinces will be concentrated almost entirely at Sagetown. The Kentville merchants are making a fuss; actually Aldershot was never used to house regular troops in peacetime until 1952, & the camp now goes back to its old role, as a training place (largely in summer) for local militia & school cadet corps. The only regular soldiers left in N.S. now are the garrison cadre at Halifax, mostly administrative staff, and the caretaking

crew at Aldershot. Defence is in the hands of the Navy, with a huge establishment at Halifax, and the Air Force, with a busy base at Greenwood. The army simply fades out of the picture. Even the militia are being trained chiefly in civilian rescue-and-sabrage work, in case of atomic warfare.

THURSDAY, DEC. 10/59

A mixed day of snow squalls & patches of sunshine. Phil Jones dropped in for coffee & chat with E. this morning. She says Mowbray is still in bad shape, despite the kidney operation; has to take drugs of various kinds, every day, & is shaky all over when he has to stand for a few minutes. He goes on with his work, including frequent air trips to Newfoundland, & Montreal, but thinks he may have to give it up if his health does not improve soon.

Cameron Graham, CBC Halifax, phoned at noon. Says the Admiralty House film is "too good for Gazette". He wants to put it on the national network as the opening show in a new series called Atlantic Heritage, scheduled to begin on Jan. 16th, & is discussing this with H.Q. at ~~Halifax~~ ^{TO RONA TO O}. Asked if I'd heard from Faith Barry about the proposed Dockyard film on which I worked last summer. I said No. He said things were in rather a jumble due to "recent affairs" (i.e. the shake-up in CBC headquarters, & the resignation of the top man of Ottawa) but he understood the Dockyard film will be made next spring, & that he would remind Barry to get in touch with me at once.

He also said he'd like to come down here later on

to discuss the whole Atlantic Heritage program with me, & that he hoped I'd do more than one of the shows.

Looking over sporting-goods catalogues, U.S. and Canadian, I note that the British government is getting rid of the old standard Army weapons, the Webley revolver & the .303 Lee-Enfield rifle. One can buy a Lee-Enfield (with a cut-down stock & other adaptations for sporting purposes) for as low as \$16.98.

Webleys are selling for \$25.00. With few modifications these have been Britain's infantry weapons since about 1885, though most of them were manufactured during War One and War Two against the Germans. It's like the passing of "Brown Bess".

FRIDAY, DEC 11/59

Played 18 holes at White Point in a cold wind this afternoon. Nobody else out. This evening on the "Suzette" T.V. show there was an interview with Jack McClelland, of McClelland & Stewart, who apparently is on a business trip to Halifax. In reply to questions Jack said, amongst other things:-

(a) Forty or fifty years ago, when a novel sold for \$1.50 & there was no competition from T.V. & other modern distractions, a book by Canadian authors Ralph Connor or L.M. Montgomery would have a sale of 25,000 to 50,000 copies in Canada alone.

(b) Nowadays a Canadian book would do well if it sold 2,500 copies in Canada.

(c) The biggest sales of Canadian novels, published by M. & S. since the late war, were "Tom Raddall's 'Pride's Pony' and Gabrielle Roy's 'The Tin Flute', and

these sold about the same amount."

(He did not mention the amount, but "Pride's Fancy" sold between 15,000 & 16,000 copies in Canada.)

He evaded an opinion on the competition of American & other book clubs with the Canadian publisher, & said that undoubtedly the book clubs, operating by mail, reached a lot of people who otherwise would buy no books at all.

SATURDAY, DEC. 12/59

Snow this morning, then rain all afternoon & night. Cocktail party at 6 p.m.

at Dr. Jamie Macleod's house on Court Street - formerly the residence of G. Cecil Day. Macleod

spent a few years here in general practice, in association with Dr. Wickwire. When he qualified in surgery & returned to Liverpool this year, setting up practice as a surgeon. Hitherto practically all of the important surgery in the Liverpool hospital has been performed by Dr. Fraser of Bridgewater (Mrs. Wickwire's brother) who drives over here regularly for this service. After the party E. & I spent the evening at the Parkers' house, chatting & watching television.

SUNDAY, DEC. 13/59

Pouring rain all day, very mild, temp 50°. Noted from a gossip column in a London newspaper that a novelist - T.V. writer named Collins, who has made a quick fortune with his output, left London Nov. 9 for a business trip to the U.S. and Canada. He told the columnist he was now writing his fourteenth book, to be entitled "The Governor's Lady."

I wrote a letter to Doubleday & Co., to be air mailed tomorrow, enclosing the clipping, asking if they can take steps to

copyright my title at once. Otherwise this fellow's book will be on the market with my own carefully chosen title long before Doubleday's scheduled publication near Fall.

WEDNESDAY, DEC. 16/59.

Mild, a sky of black cloud & flowing half a gale. Had (lobster chowder) supper with the Stumble Inz bunch at Port Joli. — Hubert & Roswell Pickerson, Irving Bain, Victor Scobey, Larry Seldon, Jack McKeavon, Paul King. Guests besides myself were "Marsh" Burgess, Rev. (Anglican) Parsons, Bill Kaunding, Max Harding, Harris Seely. Plenty of wild geese at Port Joli, Port Hebert, Sable River etc. — They are much dispersed owing to the mild weather, which enables them to feed anywhere.

Two special game wardens, live in a trailer just along the road, from the camp, both from the Annapolis Valley. (The authorities have done away with the old system of hiring one or two local men to watch the local goose-poachers.)

Much of the old, illicit night-shooting etc. has been stopped. Home at 8 p.m.

Senator Donald Smith is back from his flying jaunt around the world with a small group of Canadian parliamentarians, reporting a wonderful time. Original project was some sort of gathering of Commonwealth parliamentarians at Canberra; but instead of flying straight home via the Pacific they chose to go on around the globe, visiting India & Israel en route.

They toured all over eastern & southern Australia, and the Israelis gave them the red carpet treatment also. The whole tour was at the expense of the Canadian government and of the various governments they visited.

When they met Mr. Ben-Gurion, the prime minister of

Israel, he asked if any of them was from Nova Scotia. Smith said he was. Bendurion then smiled & said, "During the First World War I joined a Polish-Jewish group who went from the United States to join the British forces in Canada. We were trained at a Canadian camp near Windsor, N.S., & then went overseas. Ultimately we went to Allenby's army in Palestine. Tell me, does the railway train still run along the Windsor main street?"

In Australia, Smith hunted up Bruce Pushie, son of my Park Street neighbor, who deserted the Mercury Paper Co's ship "Vinland" there about 20 years ago. Bruce married an Australian girl, joined the R.A.A.F. as a mechanic, & is still with that force. Smith also visited another former Liverpool man, Douglas Inness, who is an accountant with an automobile company there. Inness served as a private with the 85th N.S. Highlanders for a few months in France in 1918; after the war became an auditor-accountant with a motor firm in N.Y. He used to sail down to Liverpool in a small yacht called "Bygones", always accompanied by one or two teen-aged boys; was suspected of homosexuality. Just after War Two he suddenly married a Halifax girl & departed in haste for Australia - & never came back. Smith found him living apparently a normal married life, with a good job & a fine home.

SUNDAY, DEC. 20/59 Sunny, calm, cold. (30°) Trinity (Anglican) Church has installed a set of electronic chimes - a synthetic carillon which can hardly be detected from a real one, & which costs much less. The church capilloneys awakened the whole town at 7.30 this morning with a fifteen minute uproar of hymns, the first time the chimes have been

used.

Attended (Zion) church this morning with E. A great crowd there to hear Zion's excellent choir with a program of Christmas music. Rev. John Macdonald intends to retire next June, & the board of elders is casting about for a parson to take his place.

At 12:30 E. & I joined a large cocktail party in the dining room of the Mersey Hotel, given by Mowbray & Phil Long. At 2 p.m. I was alone on the White Point golf course, & played 18 holes. Bright sunshine, the sea a deep blue, a long swell breaking on the shore with white horse-manes turning iridescent in the sparkling light like momentary rainbows. By walking across to N^o 2 tee from the 6th green I played most of my 18 holes on the lower end of the course, where the sun is best & the sea is always in view. The gulls are now on their winter diet of sea-worms, which they gather at low tide among the rocks, cracking the shells by dropping them from a height upon the frozen ground. The lower tees & greens of the golf course are already littered with the empty shells.

THURSDAY, DEC. 24/59

About an inch of snow fell yesterday, just enough to give us a white Christmas. At 9 a.m. I set off for Halifax with E. & a load of gift parcels. Some icy patches on the road between Mill Village & Bridgewater, otherwise it was bare & good going. Reached the city about 11:30, & delivered our gifts & chatted with

Tom & Pam & Francie. (Bill was on medical duty at the Dockyard, a job for the Christmas holidays).

Baby Deborah a charming child & very healthy, although to prevent a recurrence of the mouth infection they still put the weird purple dye on her lips from time to time. Francie's baby, after much trouble since birth, has been found allergic to cow's milk, is now on a new bottle formula, & seems to be on the way to good health at last.

E. & I lunched at the Sea Shell, opposite the Lord Nelson. At 1 p.m. drove across the bridge to Salford, picked up Marie Freeman at the hospital; she will spend the holidays with us in Liverpool.

Then back into the city to pick up my sister Hilda at 52 South Park Street, where she has taken an apartment for the winter. (The house next door, N^o 50, was for years the home of my old friends the Merckels.) Set out for Liverpool about 2.30 & got home at 5.

It was a clear, sunny day, & tonight the sky is full of stars & the weather still calm & cold. E., Hilda, Marie & I went up & had a chat with the Parkers. Marie seems almost her normal self, quite tranquil & happy. On hospital orders she has to be in bed by 10 each night, so E. returned to our house with her, & Hilda & I went on & called on Meg & Phil Jones. Their twin sons Derek & Darryl are home from the Rochdale school, Stephanie ("Saffy") from Boston University, Sandra ("Sandy") from Dalhousie; & Jennifer, with her husband J. R. ("Bud") Inness, who now has a job at Bowaters mill in Cornbrook, Nfld. Sandra is engaged to marry a

Dalhousie student, near June. She opened one of her Christmas gifts, some filmy silk lingerie, & sat dreamily with the stuff in her lap, absolutely lost to the conversation in the room, a charming picture of a girl very much in love.

Our neighbor for many years, Mrs. Andrew Cleveland, moved out of her house, furniture & all, today, a sad end to a marriage that has been largely unhappy. Gossip says Cleveland has been keeping another woman in Halifax for the past two or three years. A loan company finally foreclosed its mortgage on the Park Street house, & has sold it to Erik Anderson.

CHRISTMAS DAY A lovely day, sunny & calm & cold.

Terence & Betty Freeman & their two children came down from Milton & joined us for dinner, returning home at 3 p.m.

About 4 o'clock I put on my walking shoes, & hiked to Milton, up the west side of the river, & down the east. A skim of ice over the river. All enchanting in the pink light of sunset.

My gift to E. was a gold wrist watch, replacing at last the one I gave her when we became engaged in 1926, which has served her faithfully ever since. Our T.V. set went out of order yesterday, so we missed the Christmas programmes. A very quiet day, the first Christmas we have spent with our own children, away.

SUNDAY, DEC 27/59 Another cold sunny day. Pam & baby Deborah arrived about 1 p.m. in a Chevrolet belonging to Pam's mother. Soon afterward, Terence Freeman picked up Marie Freeman & Helga, & took them back to Halifax. Pam reports that her father was permitted to come home

for Christmas, but must return to Camp Hill hospital in a few days.

MONDAY, DEC. 28/59 Pamela E. & I all have colds - in my case the first cold since early last winter. Nutsaers (MUTSAERS) the clever young Dutch electrician, came & put our T.V. set in working order, but says the defect in one of the smaller tubes is intermittent & difficult to detect.

TUESDAY, DEC. 29/59 Snowing lightly but steadily, afternoon & evening. Drove to Hunt's Point with Tom Jr. & bought 20 lbs. lobsters from Harvey Doggett at 56¢ per pound.

I learn that Richard Wilson (who directed the very successful "Al Capone" film play last year) is now engaged on another movie about gangsters. Which means that his production of "The Nymph & the Lamp" is again put off indefinitely. This has been going on ever since I signed the original agreement with John Rich nearly 3 years ago. I wrote Wilson on November 9th last, pointing out that - "I have not heard from you since last spring, and I can only assume that you have had no success in seeking production of what I still consider a mediocre screen play." I added, "Surely you can see that there's no point in playing dog-in-the-manger with the old agreement." He has not answered.

My German publishers, PAUL ZSOLNAY VERLAG, of Hamburg & Vienna, are very keen to sell the film rights in the Nymph to a European producer. They wrote to Doubleday last September asking for 20% commission on the sale. I had to tell them, through

Doubleday, that the movie rights were tied up in America.

Now I gave a letter direct from Dr. Ruth Liepman, who is Doubleday's agent in Germany. Isolnay wants to know if his producer-customer can buy up the American option "or come to a co-production with your Hollywood film company." He adds cautiously, "If this figure is not an astronomical one, which would kill a European production." I don't know what to do. If I communicate this offer to Wilson, he will of course demand an astronomical figure for Mrs. Rich's half of the movie rights, which she has placed (with Rich's screen play) in his hands.

WEDNESDAY, DEC. 30/59

A snowstorm all day, a real blizzard, the first of the winter. Still suffering from a heavy cold, I was, so foolish as to shovel the heavy snow from my house walks, back & front. Had to quit with severe pains in the small of the back. By night, in addition to the cold, I had a fine case of lumbago. As usual with lumbago I can walk only by bending well forward & with a pronounced list to port.

Tom & Pam threw a party tonight for Tom's friends, Paul Chandler, Mike & Hugh Byrne, Jack Dunlap, Al Hutchinson, with their wives or girl friends. E. & I had been invited to a cocktail party & dinner elsewhere but didn't feel up to it. I hobbled up the street to the Parkers' house & watched T.V. until midnight.

Tom phoned Ken Jones this afternoon to ask for a job next summer on one of the government construction projects hereabouts. Ken thought he could find something

for him, asked him to phone again in April, as a reminder. I had told Tom not to apply to Mersey Paper Co. again, after the fuss last summer. Amongst government construction planned hereabouts next summer the biggest will probably be the new Mersey River bridge.

THURSDAY, DEC. 31/59

Tom, Pamela, & their charming baby Deborah left for Halifax at 1:30 p.m. Plenty of snow on the ground, & occasional flakes still drifting down, but the roads are clear. I wrote a registered letter to Richard Wilson, saying that I considered my agreement with John Rich null & void, & that henceforth I shall negotiate for the movie rights in *The Nymph* & *The Ramp*, without reference to Wilson & the assigns of John Rich. This is a bluff, of course; but at least it should get a reply, & perhaps it may move Wilson to do something positive about the screen rights.

Tonight my cold & lumbago still very bad. I was thankful to skip the New Year's Eve parties & stay at home, quietly reading & watching T.V. Estelle went with the Parkers to a party at the Labornes', returning just before midnight.

FRIDAY, NEW YEAR'S DAY, 1960

Cold, calm, with a few snow flakes dropping slowly, as yesterday. I remained indoors, wheezing & hobbling about the house. At 5 p.m. C. & I sat down to a roast chicken dinner, & sat up till 1 a.m. watching the New Year shows on T.V.

American movie- and -stage actress Margaret Sullivan died this afternoon, apparently a suicide by barbiturate poisoning,

in New York, a few hours before she was due to appear in "Sweet Love Remembered", a play by Ruth Soltz. She was 48.

In 1952 she played the part of Isobel in the T.Y. play (Columbia Broadcasting System) "The Nymphe & The Lamp", drawn from my novel. Robert Preston (now starring on Broadway in a musical comedy "The Music Man") played the part of Matthew.

Today a small Danish freighter called HELGA DAN, built especially for winter conditions in Greenland, Iceland & Canada, reached Quebec with 1400 tons of general cargo from Europe. She will pick up a cargo of aluminium at Baie Comeau on the way back. Two British ships are also on the way to Quebec. Last year the "Helga Dan" was the first vessel ever to reach Quebec from the Atlantic after winter had set in.

SUNDAY, JAN. 3/60 A thaw, & a strong wet gale all day, taking away most of the snow. My lumbago has eased, but the coughing & sneezing seem worse than ever. Our friends the Kirkpatricks & Holloways, gave a dinner party to about 50 people tonight, at the Holloway's house in Middlefield. G. attended with the Parkers, but I didn't feel up to it.

MONDAY, JAN. 4/60 Sunny, windy & mild. This morning's paper announces that the three remaining Mersey ships (Markland, Liverpool Row, & Liverpool Packet) have been transferred to the ownership of Powater Steamship Co. Ltd., of London, England. This ends the little Mersey fleet as such. From now on they will continue to operate, but under London registry, & with British rates of pay, presumably. This

Stage Actress Dies Suddenly

NY Herald Tribune Jan. 2/60

NEW HAVEN, Conn. (AP) — Actress Margaret Sullavan died Friday a few hours before her latest play was to open its fifth pre-Broadway performance here.

Miss Sullavan, 48, became ill at about 5:30 p. m. at her hotel room. The nature of her illness was not immediately known.

She was to have co-starred with Kent Smith in Sweet Love Remember'd, a new play by Ruth Goetz. Friday night's performance was called off.

The play had its world premiere at the Shubert Theatre Monday night. Local reviews called the play unsatisfying but they termed Miss Sullavan's acting "eloquent."

The theatre is only a few steps from the hotel where Miss Sullavan and her husband, Kenneth Wagg, were staying:

A star, a mother and a housewife, Miss Sullavan scored a Broadway success in 1952 in Terence Rattigan's play, The Deep Blue Sea.

she actually committed suicide with an overdose of sleeping pills.

evening Ken Jones called with a small gift for my services in judging the school essay contest last June, in connection with the town's bicentennial. A silver-plated ash tray with the Liverpool town arms in colored enamel.

TUESDAY, JAN. 5/60 Cold, sunny, with a light snow on the ground. Walked to Milton & back this afternoon - my first real outdoor exercise since Christmas Day. My cold still bothers me, & the lumbago lies waiting to stab whenever I stoop or get up from a chair. I still have no idea for my next book, & I pass the time in reading from my library - everything from Joyce's "Ulysses" to the memoirs of Christian De Vek. A vegetable existence and jip worries me. I am now in my 57th year, a fretful & gloomy time of life; in my case, not improved by the troubles of the past two or three years.

Called Francie in Hx tonight to ask the health of her baby Terry, & learned that the child is still ailing & is now back in the Children's Hospital.

The Kyles have sold their Park Street house to Griffith, the new full-time radiologist at our Liverpool hospital, an immigrant from Britain. Griffith moved in a few days ago with a family of four.

I hear there is much dissatisfaction amongst Mersey Paper employees, including executives, over the dissolution of their fleet and the steadily increasing transfer of authority to Bowaters' London office in all matters.

WEDNESDAY, JAN. 6/60 Another crisp cold day, another good afternoon walk to Milton. Met George Kyle, who told me that he & Mrs. K. leave for England shortly, to spend

the next 4 or 5 months. After that he thinks Bowaters will transfer him to their New York office. He said that Charlie Copelin fought against the dissolution of the Mersey Shipping Company as long as he could; but in the end he had to give in. "This Bowaters organization is a rat-race", says Kyle. "Copelin will be able to retire on pension in another two years. So will I. And we're dam' glad of it."

After selling their Park Street house, the Kyles bought the smallest & more convenient bungalow owned by Mrs. Enid Doggett next door. However, finding that K. must go to England ~~now~~ they rented the bungalow to S. Cecil Day, & are lodging with the Pushies in the interval.

Letter from George Shively. Doubleday's London office confirms that an author named Norman Collins, of London, is writing a book to be entitled "The Governor's Lady", to be published this year by Collins & Co.

Last summer Doubleday sent Collins & Co. a manuscript of my own "Governor's Lady", & Collins & Co. arranged to publish it in 1960 in Britain. Funny coincidence.

Shively thinks Collins should change his title, but there is nothing to compel this. If Collins & Co. publish

Norman Collins' book first I can't even get copyright on the title.

I Doubleday had published my book last fall, as originally planned, none of this could have happened.

SATURDAY, JAN. 9/60

Very cold, 2° below zero at nightfall.

An editorial in the Halifax Chronicle-Herald today sharply criticizing the Bowaters people over transfer

of the Mersey ships to British registry & pay. It reminds the reader of the transfer of Mersey Paper Co. to Bowaters' ownership three years ago. At that time Bowaters officials came to H.A. to negotiate the extension of Crown timber leases formerly held by Mersey, and Premier Hicks was assured that Bowaters intended to enlarge the mill by building a big new sulphite-pulp factory, and that the Mersey ships would remain under Canadian registry with Nova Scotian crews. Neither of these promises has been kept.

Two of the Mersey ship captains (Ralph Williams & Fred Kaiser) have chosen to retire on pension.

SUNDAY, JAN. 10/60 The thermometer crept up to 10° above zero at noon today & dropped to 2° below again at night. E. & I walked to & from church this morning in a sharp wind. The river is frozen over from Shipyard Point to Milton. Streets & sidewalks icy. About 3 inches of snow on the ground. To occupy my mind I am busy arranging & typing my notes on the history of Indian Gardens & various other places & things & people in the Mersey valley. These notes, some typed, some written with pencil, I have gathered over a period of thirty years.

MONDAY, JAN. 11/60 Another bitter day with strong northerly winds. Keith Dargy of C.B.C. phoned from Halifax today, after a silence of several months. I said, "Hello! I thought you were dead." After a lame apology & a lot of gibberish about "our budget", he said the Dockyard film plan has been shelved, although there is still a chance that something may

be done about it next Fall. The Admiralty House film, originally shot for the "Gazette" show, (seen only in the Maritimes) goes on the national T.V. network at 6 p.m. Jan. 16th. Apparently this entitles me to a higher fee, & he is sending a cheque for an extra \$150. Also, to reimburse me, for my fruitless labor and expenses on the Sockygod Thing last summer, he is sending a cheque for \$250.

News: a strange new outbreak of anti-Jewish sentiment in Europe & America. It began a week or two ago in a German city, where swastikas and the old Nazi slogan JUDEN RAUS (Jews, out!) were daubed at night on the wall of a synagogue. Similar daubings broke out like a rash, not only in Germany but in London, Toronto, New York & other places. Whether this is the work of German immigrants or native crackpots & jokers nobody seems to know.

WEDNESDAY, JAN. 13, 60 After seven days of bitter temperatures & strong north winds, today was sunny, calm, & 30° above zero at noon. After nothing but hurried walks to the post office all these days, I was able to stretch my legs and fill my lungs with clean air at last, & this afternoon I walked up the east side of the river to Potanoc, returning by the west side, a lovely seven miles. The river frozen from Salmon Island to Shipyard Point, & above Birch Point some young folk were skating all over the river. Pale blue sky. A jet plane, so high as to be invisible itself, drew a straight line of white chalk across

the ceiling as I tramped down the west side towards the railway bridge. This evening, Austin Parker phoned, asking me to serve as one of the stewards of Zion Church. I agreed.

FRIDAY, JAN. 15/66

Another sunny day & a good walk — the third in a row. The moon was full on the 13th. and these nights have been beautiful. Sent Tom Jr. a cheque for \$600. Received from CBC two phonograph records containing my short story "The Golden Age" part of their International Transcription Service. The story was read (& very well, too) by Toronto actor Mavor Moore. Unfortunately there was an introduction by a fatuous ass named James Bannerman, also of Toronto.

Political wiseasses in N.S. predict a provincial election next June. Local ones predict a lot of construction work hereabouts, including the long-planned new highway bridge in Liverpool, which will cross the river from the old shipyard on Bristol Point to the vicinity of the Legion building.

Today I wrote to Rusk Liepman, literary agent in Hamburg, who has been making urgent enquiries, through Dodeladay, about the film rights in *The Nymph & The Lamp*.

It appears that the German publishers of my book, FAYE ZSOLNAY VERLAG (Hamburg & Vienna) have a client who is most anxious to make a movie from it. I explained my difficulties over the John Rich agreement, said I hoped to be disentangled soon, & asked for an estimate of the price that Zsolnay's client would be willing to pay.

SATURDAY, JAN. 16, 1960

Heavy rain in the night, snow flurries today. At 6 p.m. watched my "Ad. House" performance on T.V. "Cammie" Graham made a half-hour show of it by including movie shots of the Battle of the Atlantic; Admiral Puller talking about the first convoy conference, which was held in Ad. House early in the war; & so on. The show was put on the national network, coast to coast.

SUNDAY, JAN. 17/60

Cold, windy, snow flurries. E. left for Lfx at 11 a.m., with brother, Verence, for a visit to Marie in Dartmouth. I walked to morning service at Zion Church. Several people, including parson John Macdonald, told me they enjoyed last evening's TV show. Maclean, a school teacher who served in the R.C.N. during the second World War, walked along the street with me, said the pictures filled him with nostalgia for the cheery company of "Ad. House". I daresay a good many ex-officers of the R.C.N. felt the same. E. returned at 8:30, reporting Marie rather taut & nervous. E. made his usual call at 140 University Avenue, found Pam & her baby very well; Franise & young Gregory have colds, & her baby Terry still gaining no weight, though lively & happy. Tom & Bill Dennis were both attending business meetings of their college fraternities, a regular Sunday afternoon chore.

MONDAY, JAN. 18/60

Sunny, 35° at 1 p.m. We still have just enough snow to cover the ground. Walked to Milton & back. Cameron Graham of CBC phoned. Wants me to work on a series of T.V. shows to be called "Heritage", or something like that; historical things about N.S.

chiefly. Also Carl McCaul wants me to ^{do} thirteen shows this summer, each 15 minutes - talks of Nova Scotia places & people, not necessarily historical. Graham says these two operations won't conflict. I said I'd want to think it over. Graham then said that he & Denny Spence will come to Liverpool early in February for a discussion of the whole business.

TUESDAY, JAN. 19/60

A slow wet snow falling all day, not "making" much, but very slippery driving & footing, on top of the ice & packed snow we had already. Some "fan" letters re my Ad. House broadcast. Monbray & Phyllis Jones dropped in this evening & we chatted over drinks till midnight. He seems quite recovered from his kidney operation.

WEDNESDAY, JAN. 20/60

Weather as yesterday. I was rudely awakened at 4 a.m. by an insistent ringing of the telephone. A long distance call from Houlton, Maine. Apparently two or three students at Ricker College, none too sober, had got into an argument about Nova Scotia privateers. One of them apparently was from Port Medway, though none gave their names, & one had the grace to apologise for waking me at that hour. They were fuddled enough to think that I had written a book about the "Tallahassee", the Confederate sea-raider of the Civil War; but also asked me about "the Liverpool Packet and Liverpool Rover". After two or three minutes I told them to go to bed & sleep it off, and I hung up.

THURSDAY, JAN. 21/60

Overcast & calm, with a few wet flakes of snow. Walked to Milton & back. Letters from various

people expressing pleasure in the Ad. House broadcast, including one from Colin Smith in Victoria, B.C., & one from the Director of Naval Information at Ottawa.

On Dec. 31 last I wrote to Richard Wilson, who had ignored my letter of Nov. 21. I told him I considered the old agreement with John Rich null & void. Now I have a reply. He goes into the usual long drivel about the difficulty of getting the right actress for "Isabel", etc., and (regretfully of course) he threatens a lawsuit if I attempt to sell the movie rights to "The Nymph and The Lamp".

Should have recorded last night that I attended a meeting of the Historical Society, the first of the current winter season. Election of officers, notably Cyril ("Case") Mulhall as President. I remain Honorary President.

Only 15 members present (10 women, 5 men) which was typical, although we have 130 subscribing members and over \$1,000 in the bank. The entertainment was a film of the Suez crisis, "Ten Days That Shook The Commonwealth", with narration by Edgar Mac Innes.

SUNDAY, JAN. 24/60

Weather still grey, but calm and quite mild. Smith, the electrical store man, wants me to trade in my old (1951) radio-phonograph, & yesterday he sent up, on trial, a new Westinghouse model which will play either the new "stereophonic" records or my existing stock of good classical & other records. The new machine is a great improvement, & I am enjoying my records as never before. Church with E. This morning. I have

placed a large wooden tray on the bird-bath in the garden, & each day now we cover it with a mixture of sunflower seeds, maize etc. which the grocer sells under the old name of "Scratch". Our bird customers include juncos, English sparrows, starlings, blue jays, & a handsome flock of 15 or 20 grosbeaks. These "Evening Grosbeaks" are not normally a winter bird in the Mersey area. According to bird expert Robie Tufts, they were first noticed wintering in Toronto in 1913, but only a few did so in N.S. until the winter of 1938-39. Since ^{then} increasing flocks have been seen, perhaps because many people, especially in the Annapolis Valley, have been supplying them with sunflower seeds.

WEDNESDAY, JAN. 27/60

The streak of mild weather has now lasted two weeks, mostly overcast & with little wind, a light fall of snow (usually at night) so that we have about 4 inches on the ground, noon temperatures 30 to 35° above zero, night temperatures a little below freezing point. The asphalt highways are bare, & there is good walking everywhere.

This evening the (Dr) John Wicklives picked us up in their car, & we attended the annual meeting of Zion church congregation, in the basement. A buffet supper first, then a discussion of the past year's work & finances. About 70 or 80 men & women there, & the Rev. John Macdonald was chairman. The Rev. John, much beloved, is now getting old (66) & is retiring in May. He came here in 1949.

Afterwards, the Wicklives came to our house & we had drinks & chat. At the supper I met Bob MacLinnon, a veteran forester for Mersey Paper Co. He described the new

hydro-electric power dams now being built on the Lissiboo River for the N.S. Power Commission. The storage dam will create a new lake "almost as big as Rossignol."

SATURDAY JAN. 30/60

A sudden cold snap last night - thermometer 5° above zero. Today sunny & cold. This afternoon I was a pallbearer at the funeral of old (88) Miss Blanche Harrington, for many years a schoolteacher in Liverpool, & a charter member of the L. C. Historical Society. She remained very bright & spry until last year, when body & mind failed together, and she spent her last months in Mrs. Fie's nursing home, happily teaching a class of imaginary pupils.

Many people attended the funeral service in Zion Church. Burial was in the Harrington family vault in Bridgewater, attended only by the Rev. John Macdonald (who rode there with the undertaker in the front seat of the hearse), four pallbearers, & the old lady's nephew, Dr. (dentist) Ross Harrington of Bridgewater, & his wife. The vault a cold & gloomy concrete cave in the hillside, with an iron door. We placed the coffin on two boards laid across a concrete hole in the floor, & stepped outside while the parson recited the burial service. The undertaker (Bruce Chandler) remained inside, & at the words "ashes to ashes, dust to dust" he scattered over the coffin top some petals from the flower wreaths. We then rejoined him & lifted the coffin, removed the planks, & lowered it into the hole. The Ross Harringtons insisted that we all stop at their house for tea & sandwiches before going on to Liverpool. Home at 5:30 p.m.

Francie her babies arrived by car (John Cox) on Feb. 1/60, at E's urgent invitation, to stay a week.

WEDNESDAY, FEB. 3, 1960

Intermittent snow squalls Monday & Tuesday, gave way to an old-fashioned blizzard last night & all today. It included a period of freezing drizzle, so that trees & wires etc. were heavily encrusted by this morning. The electric power-lines failed about 6 a.m., cutting off light & (because of the electric requirements of oil furnaces) heat. Among other things the ~~XXX~~ electric-heat blankets, to which we are now so accustomed, failed as well. I woke up, shivering at 6:30, dressed, found some candles on a shelf in the cellar, & built a good fire of hardwood in the living-room hearth. The power came on at 8 a.m. & lasted about an hour. Then we were heat-less again until 5 p.m. when again the power came on for an hour.

Snow ploughs cleared a narrow way for cars in the streets, but few were abroad. I shovelled out my front & side-door paths twice, & then gave it up.

No newspaper from Hfx, although we heard a train whistle about 4 p.m. In one of the brief intervals of power we heard by radio that all traffic in Hfx is at a standstill, schools & many stores closed.

Tonight we are back in the 18th century, with candle-light, & Gdith & Franice & the babies huddling close to the hearth fire, & the storm still whooshing about the house.

9 p.m.:- the electric power came on again - light, heat, radio, refrigerator - everything springing to life at once. The fire-men must have had a hard job struggling through the drifts. At midnight there was still a fine snow blowing but the wind was dying at last.

THURSDAY, FEB. 4, 1960

The storm ended early this morning — the worst blizzard in 66 years according to Halifax radio. Liverpool got about 24 inches of snow, Halifax about 30", with drifts in places 15 feet deep. All roads are blocked, with telephone & power lines down in many places. No schools were open yesterday or today along the South Shore. This afternoon, in brilliant sunshine, I walked to Milton & back. Fore Street traffic was stopped at the railway crossing north of the Parade, where a diesel locomotive (the one we heard yesterday at 4 p.m.) had gone off-track, right in the street, while pushing a snowplough towards the waterfront. A small work-train was now busy trying to get it back on the rails.

The telephone & light wires are a fantastic sight, each swollen by encrusted ice to a thickness of 2 to 4 inches. Some had broken under the strain — amazing that any of them remained on the poles. The temp. rose to about 35° in the sun, & one had to mind one's head on account of the ice falling from trees & wires. Liverpool town works dept. had a fleet of trucks, hauling away snow & dumping it into the river from the edge of the parking lot. As I passed the corner by the town baseball field, a helicopter landed there, & some N.S. Power Commission workmen & a foreman got out of two trucks & held a conference with the passenger. Odd to see the thing sitting lightly on top of a snowdrift, & the men

wading over their knees in snow to hold the conference. I hear that Milton & Brooklyn may not have electric lines restored for several days yet.

During the storm, last night the old Bowie house opposite ~~V. M. Bowlings~~, caught fire & burned to the ground. It belonged to Mrs. Trites (nee Bowie) of Bridgewater, & was completely repaired & renovated last year. The tenants were Charles Holroyd (a Mersey mill-office employee) & his family, who lost all their furniture & possessions. (Later: - This old colonial-style house, always painted green, stood on the harbourside next to Lawrence Wickwire's modern bungalow, on Main Street towards Fort Park. The fire gutted it, but the four walls & roof remain.)

SUNDAY, FEB. 7/60 Another gale last night, this time with rain. Not enough rain to melt the snowbanks everywhere, but enough to make the streets & sidewalks a horrible slippery mess. Jerry Freeman & Edith had intended their regular visit to see Marie in Dartmouth, taking along Francis, & her babies; but this morning the radio warned that the highways are extremely hazardous, & some low-lying streets in the Halifax area are flooded. I walked or rather slithered to church this morning. Telephone & light services in Milton & Brooklyn have been restored at last, & the South Shore schools will reopen tomorrow for the first time since the snowstorm.

TUESDAY, FEB. 9/60 Snowing again. No work except snow shoveling - not even a chance to think, as Francis & her babes are still here & there are the usual noises day & night.

It all brings back those nerve-racking days & nights when our own kids were small, when I was slugging all day in the Mersey office & trying to earn a little extra money by writing short stories, at night. But I'm an old man now & — much as I love the children — I can't stand the racket for more than two or three days at a time. Edith, with her monomania for her children, is lost & unhappy without them, & it was at her insistence that Frances brought her babies down, here in midwinter, leaving husband Bill, to fend for himself. There is, I fear, something psychopathic about this. Edith's whole life-interest is now in Halifax — Tom, & Frances & their families on the city side of the harbor, & her sister Marie on the Dartmouth side. The only solution is for her to move there, though how Tom's wife, & Frances' husband would regard this, I don't know. When I consider the mental weakness which destroyed her brother Ralph, & later sent Marie to the Asylum, I have a horrible feeling that E. is doomed ultimately to a room in the Asylum herself.

THURSDAY, FEB. 11/60 A mild & foggy day, changing to a S.E. gale, and rain towards dusk. Ronnie Cox turned up with his little red car at 7 p.m., & set off for Halifax with Frances, her babies & baggage. Fortunately, the main highways are now bare of snow, although there are ice patches. Our curling rink has been thronged with women for the past two days — lady curlers from all parts of N.S., playing off for the provincial cham-

Hfx Chronicle-Herald
March 4, 1960

CREW WITHOUT SHIP LANDS

Other Jobs Available

The 32 crew of the SS Liverpool Packet arrived in Halifax by air from Manchester Thursday.

Their ship is now in dry dock in England after having been sold, along with two other vessels, Liverpool Rover and Markland, on Jan. 4 to Bowater Steamship Company Limited, London, by Bowater Steamship Company of Canada Limited.

Liverpool Packet's master, Captain Victor Jeans, of Liverpool, remained in England to take another ship. Packet's first mate, Robert R. Bowers, will go aboard Liverpool Rover.

The other men of Liverpool Packet's crew have a choice of various jobs with the company, either to stay with their vessel at British wages or to take some other jobs offered by the company.

One man said Thursday: "We are not through with the company and won't know exactly what we will be doing until we find out at Liverpool during the next few days."

"There's just too much shipping competition now," said Captain Charles Williams, marine superintendent at Liverpool, in explanation as the men signed off at Halifax Thursday morning.

Canadian crews are still aboard Markland and Liverpool Rover. Markland sails Friday for New York.

THE CHRONICLE-HERALD

The Chronicle-Herald stands for Maritime Progress and Development and is dedicated to the service of the people that no good cause shall lack a champion and that wrong shall not thrive unopposed.

4 FRIDAY, MARCH 4, 1960

A Fair Deal Wanted

PREMIER STANFIELD has announced that negotiations have been opened with the Bowaters Mersey Paper Company Limited for the leasing of new tracts of Crown land in Western Nova Scotia to serve as added sources of supply for the British-based firm's Liverpool newsprint mill.

They will be watched closely by the public of this province whose valuable forest heritage is involved. We have learned to our sorrow in the past that deals for its use which may appear to be good at the time they are signed can sometimes turn out to be highly unfavorable with the passing of the years and the exploitation of loopholes.

The Mersey interests entered into a forty-year agreement with the Province in 1929, getting the right to select government-owned land containing a million cords of standing pulpwood in eastern Nova Scotia. It chose in Cape Breton an area covering approximately 130,000 acres which it claimed held five hundred thousand cords but which provincial timber cruisers said contained eight hundred thousand.

The undertaking was to pay stumpage rates of one dollar per cord over the first ten years of the deal, a dollar and a half over the second such period, two dollars over the third decade which has just expired, and for the fourth ten years an amount to be determined by the cabinet at the time this final period began. These charges are in addition to provincial land and fire taxes.

Over the thirty years this deal has been in effect the firm has gradually dropped all of the Cape Breton woodland it originally had selected with the exception of thirty thousand acres now held in Inverness and Victoria counties. Since a Supreme Court decision of several years ago required the company to also pay municipal real property taxes on these leased lands, it presumably has found it economically advantageous to release them and concentrate on buying from private woodlot owners. In addition, it has acquired since its plant was established here in 1928, almost a half million acres of its own in the southwestern counties, including such large blocks as those formerly owned by the late Col. J. L. Miller, the late John R. Macleod and the Hollingsworth and Whitney Company.

Bowaters now is seeking to lease from the Province up to three hundred thousand acres of land belonging to the Crown in the same general region as this property it has purchased over the years, most of it in small blocks and much of it surrounded by tracts of the Mersey holdings. The Government has not yet given its answer but, in the Speech from the Throne read at the opening of the Legislature last week, it said it would be prepared to consider turning over lands which could not be reasonably managed by itself or other operators and no other property. Mr. Stanfield has since further stated that the decision of Bowaters to change its Markland Shipping fleet from Canadian to British registry and the lower UK wage rates, despite a statement of intentions to the contrary given to the former Premier Hicks four years ago, will have a bearing on the negotiations.

This seems to be a proper approach to the bid that has come from this concern which is utilizing for private profit one of the most important natural resources of the province and enjoying almost exclusive control over wide expanses of lakes and rivers in the process. No one wants the Government to take advantage of the heavy investment the firm now has established here and gouge it on the timberlands wanted. Any such highhandedness would be bitterly opposed. But Nova Scotians do expect—and will insist upon—a reasonable price, a sound woodland management plan that adequately protects both trees and fish and game, and other satisfactory terms from Bowaters for these publicly-owned forest assets, both those still held by it in Cape Breton for which new stumpage rates now have to be decided, if they are to continue in Mersey hands, and those being sought at the opposite end of the province.

pionship. They opened proceedings on Wednesday morning,
 marching in procession, led by a bagpiper, from the
 Mersey Hotel to the rink. All wear Scotch caps of course
 - mostly glenories but some balmorals - in which they pin
 the badges they have won in previous tournaments, & some
 have as many as fifteen of these badges. Tartan scarves &
 pleated tartan skirts are popular, but for actual playing
 many of them wear trousers cut close to the leg in the
 jodhpur style, black or brown. Most of them are
 matrons in the 30's & 40's, & not a few grey-haired
 grandmothers in the 50's. All play with great energy &
 enthusiasm; & there is nothing more comical than the sight
 of two or three broadbeamed grandmothers bending over,
 dashing their brooms madly at the ice in front of a
 moving stone, & skipping along with sidelong steps to
 keep pace with it.

SATURDAY, FEB. 13/60 Still mild, & misty. Austin Parker
 suggested a week-end at Eagle Lake, tramping from Big Falls,
 on snowshoes as we tramped so often in the winters of the
 1930's. None of us has been on snowshoes for the past 20
 years or so, but Hector Dunlap & I agreed to go, for guld
 lang syne, lugging with us haversacks full of food, drink,
 sweaters, flashlights, etc., also a gallon jar of benzol for the
 lamp. I broke trail from Big Falls to the half-way
 bog. The snow was anywhere from knee to thigh deep, and
 heavy & soft with recent rains & mist. Even the snowshoes
 sank about 3 inches at every step, sometimes plunging 10 inches.
 We found the half-way bog flooded by the recent wet weather, and
 had to wallow through water to our boot-tops for 100 yards,

keeping our snowshoes on lest we sink further. This was exhausting. At this point I undertook to carry the benzol jar while Sunlap broke trail to the camp. We reached it, hot & breathless, at 4 p.m., having taken more than two hours to travel $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles. We found Eagle Lake still frozen over, with a top-burden of mushy snow. Saw many deer tracks. (While I was ahead breaking trail, D. & P. noticed that one deer had actually crossed the trail stepping in my snowshoe tracks.) I cooked supper (fried hamburgers & ham) & we spent the evening with cabbage & chat. The weather forecasters at Valpara had promised a sunny but frosty Sunday, which would give us a good crust on the snow for traveling. But towards midnight Parker's little radio picked up a very different story — warning of a rough easterly gale, with heavy rain or possibly snow.

SUNDAY, FEB. 14/60

A light rain & a small uneasy wind began about 9 a.m. D. & I. would have tramped out to Big Falls right away, before the going got any worse; but P. wanted to stay for dinner, & was reluctant to leave even then. We got away at 2:30 p.m. with a howling wind throwing a rain-torrent in our faces. Fortunately we had a broken trail to follow back, but even so the going was terribly sticky & our snow-shoe harness came adrift again & again. We reached the car at Big Falls some time after 4 p.m., drenched to the skin. As soon as I got home I peeled off my sodden clothes & had a long hot bath. E. had gone to Hfx with Terence Freeman this morning. She returned about 10 p.m.,

reporting the South Shore highway bare of ice & snow, but very difficult driving in the dark & the flood of rain. She & Terence had their usual Halifax round, visiting Marie in Dartmouth, & Tom & Frances in the city.

Bill Dennis is struggling manfully under great financial difficulties. His father (who sold one of his timber lots last month for \$23,000) still refuses to give him a cent. He doesn't care to borrow too often from his grandfather Sutherland. He paid his apartment rent last month by borrowing from another student, & is trying to obtain a further student-loan from the bank. After the blizzard on Feb. 3rd he went out with a shovel & earned \$10 clearing paths for householders in his vicinity.

MONDAY, FEB. 15/60

There is still plenty of snow, despite the heavy rains. I thought I'd got away with yesterday's cold wetting, but this evening I developed a high temperature & a bronchitis cough, & spent a wretched night.

TUESDAY, FEB. 16/60

The Parkers invited us & the John Wickwires to lunch, to meet Dick Cheesman, the lively & witty southerner whose stevedoring company handles all the Moray (i.e. Rowwater) paper, at Washington & Richmond.

I still felt wretched, & was glad to get home & lie down. Another feverish & restless night.

WEDNESDAY, FEB. 17/60

Sunny & mild. I spent another wretched day & night, alternately burning & freezing, & wracked by a harsh dry cough. I had promised to address the Historical Society tonight & felt I should go through with it; so at 7.45 I walked to the town hall's "Navy Room" & did my stuff. Four men there, & twenty women!

A letter from my sister Jennifer Charron, informing me that the N. S. Museum of Science (Don Crowdie, curator) had dispensed with her services. She gave no reasons, but her former employers, a Halifax law firm, dropped her from their payroll after a year or so, and I feel sure it is her laziness & cloying personality - too much rapid conversation & not enough attention to work.

THURSDAY, FEB. 18/60

Another, wretched night, feverish, sleepless, the bedding drenched with perspiration, an agonizing & constant headache. I had to pull myself together for an interview with Cameron Graham and Denys Spence of CBC. They arrived in time for lunch with us, & we talked until 4 p.m., when they returned to Hfx. Graham wants me to do nine 15-minute talks for T.V., to be screened this summer between July 15 and Sep. 4. He offered me \$100 for each script & \$100 for each talk - i.e. \$1800 for the whole job. The shows can be filmed on the new "video-tape" (which can hardly be detected from a live show) four or five at a time, necessitating only two trips to Hfx on my part. We went over some themes for the talks, which had occurred to me, & I am to let CBC know definitely about accepting the job within a month. Spence asked me to consider doing some T.V. talks on Canadian history for children. He also (like many others) urged me to appear on the "Live a Borrowed Life" show on the national network. This I refused. He then brought up the matter of

writing, plays for T.V. & we went over the themes of several of my short stories. Both Cameron & Spence urged me to get into T.V. with both feet; but I reminded them, with a grave smile, of the evanescence of T.V. authors, & said my main purpose must always be the writing of books.

FRIDAY, FEB. 19/60 Howling sea gale with rain. Spent another awful night & spent all day in bed - the first day I have done so since this illness smote me. G. wanted to send for Dr. John Wickham yesterday, & this afternoon I gave in. All this fever & coughing & lack of sleep has set my nerves crawling like a can of fish-worms. John came about 4.30, put on a gauze mask lest he catch my microbe, & went over me thoroughly, tapping my chest & back, & going over me again with the stethoscope.

My temp. at this time was 103° , & I felt comparatively unfeverish compared with the past nights. His verdict - nothing serious, a flu bug of some sort, complicated by bronchitis. He left some pills to reduce the fever, & a yellow fluid to be swallowed as an "expectorant" for the dry cough.

MONDAY, FEB. 22/60 Sunny & mild. This afternoon I ventured abroad for the first time in almost a week. Walked through Bristol to the railway crossing, then followed the rails across the river & returned home by way of Fore Street, a 45 minute walk that made me perspire & set my knees wabbling. Still, I felt better & should be able to manage a real walk tomorrow. I still have

a heavy cough, & get breathless at any sudden exertion.

Noticed the Steel & Engine Products Co., are at last removing the dump of rusty scrap iron which has disfigured the Parade point ever since the days of World War Two. The town authorities should have forced them to clean it up long ago, but the subject could hardly be broached during the years when Lockward (a member of the "Stempro" staff) was mayor. In spite of the rains & the generally mild weather of the past several weeks there still remains about 8 inches of snow on my lawn, and along the street sides, the snow banked by ploughs after the blizzard of Feb. 3, looking shrunken and almost black with dirt.

Next door to our house the Erik Andersens have been working away every evening until almost midnight, painting & papering etc., & apparently are ready to move in. Two doors away (between the Andersens & Parkers) the Jeans family will soon be leaving. Jeans, a captain in the Mersey Paper Co. fleet, is now faced with a reduction of nearly \$200 per month in pay; because the transfer of the Mersey ships to London registry under Bowaters management means United Kingdom rates of pay. He plans to leave here & seek a job on the St. Lawrence seaway, as there is now practically no Canadian merchant marine existing on salt water.

TUESDAY, FEB. 23/60

Overcast, a few snow flurries, temp. 30°
Walked to Milton & back this afternoon, & feel much better.

THURSDAY, FEB. 25, 1960

Snow flurries all day. Walked to Milton & back; found it tiring; still feel a bit wobbly after the flu. Scoug & Phyl Joyet gave a dinner-theatre party this evening, which we attended & enjoyed. The show was Sir Laurence Olivier's "Hamlet", which I saw about ten years ago in Washington. The Liverpool audience was typical of the public taste in these days when "westerns" or "horror" alone can fill a theatre. Apart from the sixteen seats reserved for our party, I don't think there were more than 30 people in the house.

FRIDAY, FEB. 26/60

Sunny & mild (40° at noon). The snow banks have melted to mere crusts, revealing the maps of tree branches & twigs torn off by the storm of Feb. 3, a sorry mess. Today's sunshine, & a constant twitter of birds about our feeding tray, seemed like early spring. Today in the provincial legislature Mr. Hicks, leader of the Liberal opposition, asked Premier Stanfield what he had done, if anything, to prevent the removal of Mersay Paper Co. ships to U.K. ownership & operation. Stanfield said he had conferred with officials of Bowaters Paper Company, & was told that retention of the ships under Nova Scotia registry was "not possible". Hicks retorted that the old agreement between Mersay Paper Co. and N.S. Power Commission was now up for review and renewal; that the Paper Co. had enjoyed a very favorable price-rate for electric power for the past 30 years; and that the government could demand a quid-pro-quo in the matter of the ships. Stanfield passed this off with an

equivocation, & that was that. Probably he had done his best in the matter of the ships. To raise Mersey's power cost at this time would ultimately hurt the mill employees as much as Bowater. I just that Mowbray Jones is a worried man. The old keen cooperation of Mersey staff & workmen has fallen off since Bowaters took over, & the mill production has fallen with it.

My sister Hilda, Gamster arrived by bus from Hfx at 10 p.m., to spend the week-end with us. A filthy night for the journey - rain & a S.E. gale - & the bus was nearly an hour late.

SATURDAY, FEB. 27/60 E., Hilda & I attended a dinner party tonight given by the Ralph Johnsons, the other guests including the John Wickarries, Austin Parkers, Charles Williams.

At 9 p.m. we withdrew, as the Larry Seldons, Jack Mc Clearns & the Seldon's guest Mrs. Small were coming to our house for a chat with Hilda. They stayed till 1 a.m. - a busy & pleasant evening.

SUNDAY, FEB. 28/60 Hilda left for Hfx at 5.30 with the Parkers' son-in-law Richard Smith, who had driven down from Hfx yesterday with Ann. Hilda begins to feel some qualms about throwing up her job & departing to make a new life for herself in England, at the age of 46; but she's resolved to go through with it, & I'm encouraging her; for I saw last summer the dull & unhappy rut into which she had been sinking since Mother's death. The main point is that, with her secretarial experience & capabilities, she can return to Canada at any time & be reasonably sure of getting a job.

TUESDAY, MARCH 1, 1960

Windy & cold, with patches of sunshine. Most of the snow is gone from the streets & fields. I have begun working on the talk-scripts for C.B.C. Phoned Angus Walters at Lunenburg to find out the exact spot off the coast of Haiti where the "Bluenose" was wrecked in 1946. He did not know off-hand, said he had a letter somewhere, & would phone me when he found it.

For the past year or so, at long & irregular intervals, I have received envelopes postmarked Boston & addressed to me in an illiterate pencil scrawl. They contained religious tracts, newspaper cuttings about physical & mental health, & sometimes a pencil-scrawled sheet with a lot of disjointed ravings about such matters. Recently Edith's cousin Claire (née Macleod, of Brooklyn Queens Co.) wrote her to explain this mystery. The envelopes come from her husband, Dick Hanson, for many years an employee of the Boston Navy Yard. He has been suffering loony spells for some time, & now seems completely crazy in a mild & happy sort of way.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 2/60

A good March day, temp. 35°, sunny, strong NW wind. The ice has been gone from the river for a fortnight or more, & today's wind tore the last broken sheets out of Buchaman's Cove, Hill's Cove Cove, etc., and blew the fragments out to sea. I walked to Milton yesterday & today. Angus Walters phoned with the information I asked. "Bluenose" was wrecked on a reef called La Paille, 8 miles off the east tip of Le Tache, S.W. coast of Haiti, while approaching the port of Aux

bayer from Jacmel. She struck between 9 & 10, p.m., Jan. 6, 1946. Skipper was Capt. Wilson Berringer of Lunenburg, the rest of the crew were West Indians. They got away safely in the dories but salvaged nothing. Berringer had sold his Lunenburg home & moved his wife & daughter to Port Everglades, Florida. He died there, in retirement, about 1958.)

Carpenters are busy restoring the old Bowie House on Main Street, which was badly damaged by fire on the night of Feb. 3-4.

THURSDAY, MAR. 3/60

Overcast, with a bleak wind increasing from the east. Took my car to Bain's to get the heater-motor fixed. It proved a simple matter, a blown fuse. Drove to White Point for a look at the golf course, & found the pro., Johnnie Jackson, busy spreading chemical fertilizer on N^o 9 green. I walked all the way around the course, & found the fairways patched in a few places with the shrunken remains of snowdrifts, but they are 90% bare, & not a speck of snow or ice remains on the tees & greens. Johnnie said, "You should have brought your clubs." I wished I had.

I noted that carpenters are busy with an extension to the main lodge at White Point Beach, & I'm told this is to increase the size of the lounge & make room also for a cocktail bar. This is in anticipation of a measure now being considered by the U.S. government - to permit cocktail bars in various resort hotels. Hitherto a vociferous minority group (The Sons Of Temperance, with their quaint initials) have succeeded in frightening the politicians, every time such a measure was proposed; but in the past few

years everyone has seen the summer hotel trade falling flat because American tourists won't go where they can't buy a drink. Last year the C.P.R. closed their "Lakeside" hotel at Yarmouth & "The Pines" at Digby, & threaten^{ing} to close the "Cornwallis" at Kentville. (They have offered all three for sale, with no takers.)

FRI. MAR. 4/60

Alas for my golf hopes! The east wind brought snow last night & most of today, leaving a new 3 inches over everything.

SUNDAY, MAR. 6/60

Overcast. Temp. about 30°. Terence Freeman & G. made their regular visit to Hfx. & Dartmouth, leaving here about 11 a.m. & returning at 8.30 p.m. Tom's father-in-law, William White, is still in a bad way, not recovering properly from his stomach operation, & may have to return to Camp Hill hospital shortly.

MAR. 7/60 MON.

^{Long}~~Long~~, exactly 5 weeks (Leap Year) after the Big Snow of Feb. 4, we began to get another. As before the Weather Bureau at Hfx. had predicted a light storm with about 2 inches of snow. This time in addition to a lot of snow we have a wild gale of wind.

MAR. 8/60 TUESDAY

The blizzard raged all day, with a wind that rose to gusts of 60 m.p.h. The town snow-ploughs managed to keep open a narrow passage down the middle of the streets, but not many cars or people were abroad. The schools are closed, & some of the shops. No.

MAR. 9/60 WEDNESDAY

The snowfall thinned this morning but the wind blew violently all day, piling

up drifts in my driveway, etc. No school today. No mail or newspapers. At Halifax, which got even more snow than we did, the Weather Bureau estimates 25 inches have fallen. All motor traffic there is at a standstill, schools & shops are closed, etc., although 25 members (out of 42), struggled to the legislature, which is in session. "Rube" Bernstein, the weather broadcaster at Halifax, admitted ~~the~~ ^{his} second great blunder of the winter, & said that this, & the blizzard of Feb. 4, are the two heaviest snowstorms in Nova Scotia within the oldest man's lifetime. Tonight the wind dropped. So did the temperature - from 23° to 14° - thus making sure that the new snow will be with us for some time.

THURSDAY, MAR. 10/60

The weather bureau at Hfx, cautious now, predicted more snow today from a new depression moving east. Instead we ^{got} the first truly fine day in weeks, the sunshine warm & a completely blue sky. I enjoyed a walk to Milton. Hfx newspapers arrived - the first since March 7th. The province is still digging itself out of the snow. There were 9-foot drifts in places on the highway between the city & Bridgewater. Tonight C. entertained the ladies of his bridge club & I spent the evening with Austin Parker. He has promised to write Bowaters, London, mentioning that my sister will be in England in April, looking for a secretarial post.

FRIDAY, MAR. 11/60

A cold gray day. Letter from George Shirley, of Doubleday, New York. Wants me to come to N.Y. soon for a conference with him & Costain about my

next book. Both apparently assume that I am working on a book "about the Cunard family or the Cunard Line", a subject strongly advocated by Lee Barker when I conferred with Costain & Doubleday's top brass in New York, June 10, 1957. I was noncommittal then, for I was about to start research for "The Governor's Lady". Careful research in the N.S. Archives last summer failed to turn up any Cunard family papers, indeed Bruce Ferguson seemed quite sure that all the papers of Samuel Cunard in his Nova Scotia days had been destroyed - they are definitely not here, not in England. This rules out a novel or even a biography, because the really interesting part of Sam Cunard's life was his early struggle towards fortune here. A history of the Cunard Line doesn't interest me; any good advertising agency could turn out that.

Much ads in the Maritime press & on radio & T.V. about the Chignecto Canal, a very old project now revived vociferously by New Brunswick politicians and especially by Michael Wardell, boss of the Fredericton "Steamer" and the magazine "Atlantic Advocate". They declare that K. C. Irving, the multi-millionaire financier, of St. John, N.B., has promised to spend \$100,000,000 on "industrial developments" (the exact kind not stated) if the canal is dug. Edmund Morris, M.P. for Halifax, declares the whole idea comes from Irving, who recently built a big oil refinery at St. John & now wants a short cut for his tankers to reach the big market along the St. Lawrence Seaway. Irving's acquisitive fingers are certainly in every sort of Maritime pie, although he prefers, in many cases, to operate behind

another company name. (He is known to be the real owner of Steel & Engine Products Co., here at Liverpool, for example.)

And he is said to be the major stockholder in the Hfx. Chronicle-Herald, whose ownership has been mysterious ever since the two papers merged. He owns the chief newspapers in St. John, the largest bus company operating in N.B., a big wood-pulp mill & the new oil refinery at St. John, & so on.) Morris M.P. declares the canal would have to be built by the federal government, & would cost \$150,000,000. Over the past 30 years Irving has built up a large network of motor service stations & fuel oil depots, in the Maritime Provinces, in direct competition with Imperial Oil — who have their own refinery at Halifax. The present fuss boils down to a private war between these two oil interests.

SUNDAY, MAR. 13/60

This will go down in Maritime Province history as The Winter of the Big Snows. Except for ~~last Wednesday~~ Thursday, snow fell every day last week, sometimes a few squalls. Yesterday snow fell for three hours in the afternoon, then the sky cleared. This morning I awakened to find a real storm in progress, heavy feathery stuff with not much wind. It piled up all day & evening. Farther out to sea there was not only snow but a 60 m.p.h. gale.

MONDAY, MAR. 14/60

Shoveling out the walks to my front & side doors this morning I found at least 8 inches of new ~~snow~~ snow. The banks along the

street sides, piled by the motor-plows after each successive storm, are now shoulder-high everywhere, & in places much more. Halifax got more than we did, again, & the city traffic is choked. Two fishing boats are missing, one from Halifax with two men, the other from Lunenburg with five. Wreckage of the second has been seen & identified about 100 miles S.E. of Halifax.

I had not replied to Richard Wilson's letter (see Jan. 21) & on Saturday I received a carbon copy by registered mail, together with a note from him suggesting that I meet him in New York between March 17 and 25th. He requested a reply to his letter in any case, so today I wrote him a hot one, setting forth a history of the High deal, & my opinion of the chicanery that went with it.

WEDNESDAY, MAR. 16/60. A fine sunny day - something rare. A good walk to Milton. Tonight we entertained at dinner the Austin Parkers (who leave for a month's holiday in Georgia tomorrow), the John Nickwires, Ralph Johnsons, & the Charles Williams. Letter from Tom Gostain asking me to let him know when I'm coming to New York. He has changed his residence to 50 Riverside Drive.

FRIDAY, MAR. 18/60. A change of weather. Snow & then rain in the night - not much of either - & all today a mild & somewhat misty air, temp. at noon 45°. Cameron Graham phoned about 3:30 p.m. re our conversation Feb. 18th. He had been to H.Q. (Toronto) & some of his plans had been "shot down" - his own phrase. He could not offer me more than \$150 per show for the projected nine talks. I said my price was \$250

plus traveling & hotel expenses, "so let's call the whole thing off." So that was that. He then asked if I would do a half-hour show this summer, a "mood piece" to portray on national T.V. something of the soul & spirit of Halifax. I said I'd consider it if the fee were sufficient, & he said he'd phone me again with details in a few days' time. The more dealings I have with T.V. (and movie!) people, the more I realize what an Alice-in-Wonderland world they live in. They fizz with ideas, & under the spell of an idea will say & promise anything; so that nothing they say should be taken seriously for a moment. With the C.B.C. there is another peculiar factor. They never write a letter if they can phone (at whatever expense) or talk to you *tête-a-tête*. In that way there is no record of their fizzing ideas & offers, & they can repudiate them in the blandest manner if the occasion should arise.

News: the Exchequer Court of Canada has awarded Alistair Fraser (Lieut. Governor of N.S. Oct. 1, 1952 to Jan. 15, 1958) sums amounting to about \$60,000 (including accrued interest) for 12.8 acres of Porcupine Mountain, near Port Mulgrave. This chunk of barren rock was expropriated by the federal govt. July 9, 1952 to furnish material for the Sanson Causeway. The govt. offered Fraser \$5,500. He claimed \$5,500,000 & started suit against the govt. Later he reduced his claim to \$1,100,000. These attempts to gouge the federal treasury were made while Fraser was in office as Lieut-Governor of N.S. ~ a bit of greed that must have turned the ghost of Sir John Wentworth green with envy.

SUNDAY, MARCH 20, 1960

The weather bureau predicted another snowstorm today, & were wrong. A rather spring-like day with a hazy sun & a chilly NW breeze. E. & I walked to church. The Rev. John Macdonald, poor old gentleman, is now far past his best days. An empty sermon of platitudes, with frequent long pauses as if his mind had lost its grasp. In the afternoon I drove with E. to Port Mouton. The road thronged with cars, everyone out to enjoy the sunshine, despite the high piled snow on both sides of the road. Government contractors are busy on the south side of Port Mouton, building the new breakwater, which consists entirely of dumped rock.

MONDAY, MAR. 21/60

Another sunny-hazy day with no wind. We are just escaping a snowstorm that is slowly moving N.E., off the coast. Saw proof of this in the afternoon when E. & I took a drive to Bridgewater & West Lahave. Sunshine all the way to Conquerall Bank, but snow falling briskly on Lahave Islands & in West Lahave village.

TUESDAY, MAR. 22/60

Spent most of the day working on income tax papers for 1959. Walked to Milton in afternoon. As always at the tag end of a winter the too-familiar round of the highway has become a bore, & I have to make myself do it. An odd sort of day, patches of sunshine & thick squalls of soft feathery snow.

WEDNESDAY, MAR. 23/60

E. entertained some of her women friends at luncheon & bridge today, so after my own noon

sandwich & cocoa I cleared out. Drove to Baledonia & spent the afternoon in chat with J. Lane ("Ike") Smart. He retired from Messy Paper Co. service some years ago, & he & wife Helen live very comfortably in a modern bungalow built to Ike's own design. He is 70 years old, a small & cheerful man with a fund of yarns about the woods & the people of North Queens. He came to this district as a child of two, in 1898. His father was an American gold-miner, drawn here (like a good many others) by fabulous reports of the gold strike in this part of Nova Scotia. The boom lasted from 1884 (when one Maguire, a South Brookfield farmer, found some nuggets in a post-hole) until 1898, when the Klondike discoveries drew all attention thither. When Ike was a small boy there were 500 miners working in the Whiteburn section of North Queens alone. Within a few years most of the mines were closed. The ore seams were too narrow to mine profitably. The biggest seam in Ike's memory was only 3 inches wide, & the richest ore came from a seam only 1½ inches wide.

Since Ike retired I've been urging him to write down his reminiscences. Today he showed me half a dozen pencil-scrawled sheets, but I'm afraid he'll never make a real job of it. I returned home at 4:30. The asphalt highway is ploughed bare & good going, with high snow banks on both sides. The lakes to be seen or glimpsed from the road are still largely covered with ice. The weather was alternate sunshine & thick squalls of snow. Today the Annapolis Valley got another 8 inches of snow, & Cape Breton even more, so the South Shore got off lightly.

FRIDAY, MARCH 25, 1960

Mostly clear today, with a westerly gale. Today, like many householders in the past few days, I dug away part of the snowbank thrown up by the ploughs in past storms, & strewn the stuff over the asphalt roadway. Motor traffic & the patches of sunshine soon make a slush of it, & then it runs off as water. Otherwise the snowbanks, especially on the shady side of the streets, will hang on till summer. Tonight the temp. dropped to 10° above zero, with occasional thin gusts of snow. This keeps up the record — snow has fallen at some time in the 24 hours on every day in March so far.

The odd thing about this long & snowy winter is that sub-zero temperatures have been comparatively rare, from here to Gaspe, & Newfoundland, & as a result the usual heavy ice-packs have not formed in the Gulf of St. Lawrence. Ships have been able to load paper at Bathurst, N.B. all through the winter, with little aid from ice-breakers. The same is true of Cornerbrook. One Danish steamer has made regular trips to Quebec, & last week a steamer from Hlx. reached Montreal.

SATURDAY, MAR 26, 60. Sunny day, very cold, with flurries of snow in the evening. Letter from George Shively of Doubleday. I wrote him on March 14th, saying that a Canard novel was "out", & that I had no desire to write a history of the Canard Steamship Line. I suggested the only idea that has come into my empty & depressed mind during the whole of the past fall & winter — a biography of John Taylor Wood, hero of the "Merrimac" & "Tallahassee" during

the American Civil War; or a novel drawn about Halifax blockade-runners during that time, with the "Callahogue" affair as a centrepiece. This apparently left the Doubleday staff cold — Lee Parke pointing out that they had published a novel about Confederate blockade-runners recently. Tom Costain, who attended the staff meeting, suggested a novel about Frontenac, & I merely passed the suggestion on to me. He also suggested a date in mid-June for a conference between the Doubleday top brass & myself.

SUNDAY, MAR. 27/60 Sunny, with the usual snow flurries at night. E. went to Hfx. with brother Verence for the usual visit. They returned at 9 p.m. reporting all well with the Dennis & Raddall Jr. families, & that Marie Freeman's mental condition is unchanged. Mr. ~~John~~ Bill White, Pamela's father, is in Boston for an examination by American specialists. His stomach (or what remains of it) is not healing after the operation at Camp Hill, & he is, almost a skeleton. Mrs. White & son Bill are with him.

I spent the whole day indoors, studying the Frontenac material in my library. To my mind the idea is just as hackneyed as the American Civil War. Scores of novels & biographies have been published about the great Frontenac & his times, none half as good as Parkman's, from which everyone else has filched ~~most~~ his material.

MONDAY, MAR. 28/60 Sunny & mild. The snow shovelling visibly whenever the sunlight falls. This afternoon I shoveled into the

roadway another block of the winter's snowbank, piled there by the ploughs, & lying in the shadow of the house, where it gets small chance to melt. Picture postcards from Hubert & Gladys Macdonald, who are touring the South from New York by car, also from the Austin Parkers & John Wickwires, who are stopping for a visit with Jim Parker & family in Georgia.

News: Much criticism in Ottawa directed at the Minister of Defence, Mr. Peartkes. Peartkes is spending large sums of money on two bases (in Ontario & Quebec) for launching the "BOMARC" rocket missiles, as a measure of defence against Russian missiles that may come across the Pole. Liberal MP's declare the BOMARC worthless, & point out that the U.S. gov't. has lately cut its expenditure on the BOMARC to a fraction, after many successive failures on the launching pads.

In South Africa during the past two or three days large mobs of negroes have clashed with troops & police over the gov't. "APARTHEID" policy, notably that all negroes carry their identification books at all times. In one very bad clash the police had to fire on a mob of several thousand, killing 60 or 70 blacks, including some women & children. Today the blacks retaliated in a town in Capetown province, wrecking government offices & burning the Dutch (Protestant) and Roman Catholic churches of the whites. Protests against the South African gov't's policy have been declared in various mass meetings in London, Ottawa, Toronto, & in the Scandinavian countries; and of course Moscow is trumpeting virtuous propaganda - forgetting the late rebellion in Hungary & the slaughter & executions there. I have no sympathy with the harsh

& dominating Afrikaner gov't in South Africa, but I can't help feeling the hypocrisy of these protests in countries like Britain & Canada which have no negro problem at home. I can't forget what Bleach, the South African, told me on our tour of Europe two years ago. He was an "English" South African, disliking the Afrikaner gov't & its policies as most "English" South Africans do, and predicting trouble from the APARTHEID regulations. But he said also, "The irony of it is that when the clash does come - as it must - we 'English' South Africans will have to take up arms, & stick together with the Afrikaners, in self defense. Otherwise, as whites, we shall be slaughtered indiscriminately by the blacks."

Local news:- an Ottawa official states that the rare metal beryllium has been discovered at Port Mouton Island & at Jordan River in N.S. This is the result of quiet surveys made along our South Shore during the past two or three summers. (I met one of these survey parties, including young "Nick" Oldale, on the White Point golf course. Oldale told me their instruments revealed beryllium on the shore along No. 4 fairway, which lies opposite Port Mouton Island.) Beryllium is used to toughen & lighten other metals, also to increase their electrical conductivity; and - most important nowadays - it is valuable in making shields for nuclear reactors.

THURSDAY, MAR. 31/60

Sunny & mild yesterday. Today the temp. rose above 50° with mist & showers, & I never saw snowbanks wither as they did yesterday & today. Heavy rain tonight.

FRIDAY, APRIL 1, 1960

All Fools Day. Edith left at 7:30 a.m. for Hfx with the Jack McCleams, & intends a two-day visit with Frances & Tom Jr. (For the past three weeks E. has been painting her own, Frances's & Tommie's old bedrooms, in anticipation of another summer-long visit on their parts)

The Dept. of Transport announces that their famous old ship "Lady Laurier" is being stripped at Hfx. & will be sold (presumably to the ship breakers) this year. She was built in Britain in 1902, & for 58 years has steamed up & down the Canadian east coast, chiefly in N.S. waters, supplying lighthouses & wireless stations, servicing harbor buoys, etc. When I left Table Island in the spring of 1922, after 13 months' service there, the "Lady Laurier" was the ship that carried me to Hfx. We considered her an old ship then, as ships go; & I have marvelled ever since, seeing her about her coastal duties at Liverpool & Port Mouton & elsewhere all these years. Her work is to be assumed by a modern ship called "John A. Macdonald" - a quaint sidelight on our latter-day phenomenon, the long-time Liberal power at Ottawa shattered & replaced by the Tories.

SATURDAY, APR. 2/60 Heavy rains last night. This morning most of the winter's snow is gone, except where there were deep drifts. The sun shone all day, but a small chill breeze from the sea kept the temperature down to 40°. I drove to the golf

course at noon, to get the best of the sunshine, & played a full 18 holes. All the tees & greens bare, & most of the fairways, but here & there I had to tramp ankle-deep in the remains of an old snow drift. Two or three other players were out. Wonderful to be able to play again, after so many dreary weeks cooped up in the house, or trudging the road to Milton, ever since Dec. 20th. I came home wonderfully refreshed in mind & body.

SUNDAY, APR. 3/60

A hazy-sunny morning, temp. 40°, rising to 50° at noon. Played 18 holes at White Point this morning, went for a drive to Greenfield with C. in the afternoon. Only a few lumps of dirty ice, the remains of the snowbanks, remain about the town streets, but the snow is still deep in the woods, & Ten Mile Lake is still covered with ice. Swarms of cars on the road, & in the villages, people out walking & enjoying the sunshine after the dreariest Fall & winter I can remember.

Today Trans-Canada Airways made the first flight of a new passenger & mail service, direct from Halifax to Britain. (Halifax passengers & mails from the Maritimes had to go via Montreal.) Premier Stanfield & other Maritime bigwigs went on the flight today, as part of the TCA ballyhoo, & the Lord Mayor of London will give a banquet in their honor.

TUESDAY, APR. 5/60

Yesterday & today a warm drizzling rain. Very little signs of the winter's ice & snow remain - I have the usual small white crust in the lee of the back garden wall, nothing more.

Francie phoned E. this afternoon, saying that Moin Freeman has been transferred from Dartmouth to the V. J. hospital for X-rays. The doctors evidently suspect cancer again - despite the operation last summer.

WEDNESDAY, APR. 6/60

A furious gale last night & today. The sun came out this morning & I took advantage of it to clean up my lawns, front & back. The snow- & ice storm of Feb. 3 had littered the ground with twigs & branches - & incidentally had broken off half the fragile aluminium bars of my T.V. aerial. Cloudy all afternoon, with some showers.

I drove with E. to Brooklyn & around the shore to Beach Meadows. A big surf running as a result of the storm.

Ottawa says the population of Canada is 17,732,000.

That of Nova Scotia is 721,000.

I learn that Joseph ("Little Chief") Francis, a son of the late ~~Andrew~~ ^{MALTI} Francis, is now living in John Francis' old house at Two Mile Hill. After Malti was removed to the Dartmouth mental hospital, young Joe was brought up by his uncle John. (It was John who nicknamed him "Little Chief".) Joe served in Italy during the late war & was badly wounded there. He married a daughter of Louis Glode & has 5 children.

THURSDAY, APR. 7/60 Sunny, with a cold west wind. The weather bureau predicted snow this afternoon, so I went out to White Point & played 18 holes in the morning. However, the day remained sunny. Fox sparrows & song sparrows appeared today at my feeding tray, also a grackle - the first time I've seen any of these

birds this spring. Marie Freeman is back in the Dartmouth hospital; the X-rays revealed no further traces of cancer. My motor drive yesterday proved to be an expensive one. I discovered a flat tire when I went to get the car out this morning. At the service station the men found a sharp shivet of stone driven right through the casing, leaving a break in the casing. I had bought the tire last spring & it had barely gone 5,000 miles.

SATURDAY, APR. 9/60

Fine but cool. Golf this afternoon.

E. went to Hq. with Terence Freeman. They found Marie confined to her bed in the hospital, looking very frail. APR. 10 I attended Zion Church this morning, the first time in three weeks. Golf in the afternoon; there are still one or two patches of snow on the course, & there is still ice in the coves of White Point Lake.

News:- An "English" South African (a white man named Pratt) attempted to murder the S.A. Prime Minister Hendrik Verwoerd at a public ceremony yesterday, stepping to the platform & firing a pistol twice at his head. Verwoerd was struck on the jaw & right ear, but the bullets were of small calibre & did not penetrate the brain. Doctors say he will survive. Meanwhile strong forces of S.A. troops, sailors & police continue to search the native quarters of Johannesburg, Capetown, Durban, etc, & hundreds of negro agitators have been arrested. The general strike of negro workers seems to have petered out.

James Muir, president of the Royal Bank of

Canada, died today while on a visit to his birthplace in Scotland. He was on the board of governors of Dalhousie University. After the death of Mr. Justice J. McE. Stewart some years ago, Muir made an anonymous gift of money to Dalhousie, to provide for the adequate housing & display of Stewart's collection of Kepling books, letters & documents. At the time many people thought the money came from Isaac Walton Killam, multimillionaire head of the Royal Securities Corporation, which Stewart had served so well in all its Maritime activities, including the Mossey Paper mill.

Premier Stanfield of N.S., on a flying visit to Britain, has sent word that Lady Dunn, widow of wealthy Sir James Dunn, will provide funds for an art gallery at Halifax, presumably under the aegis of Dalhousie U. This is something the city (& province) have sadly lacked.

TUESDAY, APR. 12/60

A sea-gale all day, raw & wet. Spent this day & evening reading over my old letter files from 1935 to 1950. Highly interesting because so many matters & people have slipped from my mind since. But melancholy, too. Despite the war, the years from 1940 to 1950 were the happiest time of my life. In that period I achieved my dream of becoming a well-known & respected novelist, beginning with "His Majesty's Yankees" & reaching the peak with "The Nymph & The Lamp". In those days (before television) a writer of any prominence, especially in Canada, was regarded almost with adulation by the public, & quite apart

from the regular fan mail I had dozens of interesting correspondents. In Halifax there were stimulating friends like Jim & Olga Martell, Margaret Ellis, the Merkels, the Barretts - all dead or gone away now. Then, too, I was still vigorous & enthusiastic, busy at a dozen things, & getting a huge enjoyment out of everything in life, from trout-fishing to making a speech at a Dalhousie convocation. I could work all day & half the night for months on end, & come up smiling. I had no troubles.

Since 1950 all that has declined, especially during the past five years, when a succession of family troubles, deaths & other knocks fell upon me one after another. Now, too, I have lost my zest for fishing, hunting, & rambling about the lakes & woods; I go sometimes, but the old pleasure is not there any more. The old circle of witty & lively friends in Halifax has scattered & gone. My friends in Liverpool are nearly all employed in the paper industry; they are pleasant company for an evening's chat over drinks, but they have no interest in books or anything of that sort. So, bit by bit, I have become almost a recluse. When I go outdoors for a walk or golf I prefer to be alone, setting my own gait.

THURSDAY, APR. 14/60 A dark bleak day with flakes of snow from time to time. George Shively phoned from New York at noon. Wants me to fly to New York on Tuesday May 3rd for a chat about future writing

plans. George Nelson will be there, & Tom Costain wants us to dine with him at the Costains' new apartment on Riverside Drive. I agreed.

"Punk" Tidmarsh phoned & asked me to get him out of a hole. Mersey Paper Co. are holding some sort of staff dinner on the 21st & he has to arrange it, including a speaker - would I make an after-dinner address? Agreed.

Phone call from Hfg. architects, C. A. Fowler & Co. The federal gov't. has engaged them to make a survey of Admiralty House, presumably for a job of repair & restoration. Want my permission to get a copy of my T. V. script on Ad. House. Agreed, & wrote C. B. C. to that effect.

GOOD FRIDAY, APR. 15/60

Temp. got up to 70° in the sun today & after noon the sky was cloudless. Our first real spring day, with kids fishing in all the local brooks, girls hunting for mayflowers along the highway, & the golf course actually crowded. Carpenters at White Point Lodge are building a large extension on the dining room & lounge.

SATURDAY, APR. 16/60 Another lovely day. Played golf this morning. Tom Jr., Pamela & baby "Sebbie" arrived at noon by car to spend the week-end with us. The tennis courts are busy all day with junior players. Pam reports that her father seems to be recovering well after the operation in the Lahey Clinic in Boston.

Tom looks well on married life; has put on some

flesh, which he needed. He intends to practise dentistry in Nova Scotia, preferably in Liverpool if the district can support a third dentist. I was surprised to learn from him that none of last year's graduates from the Dalhousie school of dentistry remained in N.S. and only three of the present class (including himself) intend to remain in N.S. Of course quite a number of the "dents" come here from other provinces to study at what is acknowledged one of the best schools in Canada. Also a number of the "dent" students are being financed under a federal gov't. scheme, which requires them to serve 5 years in the Army medical service after graduation.

EASTER SUNDAY, APR. 18/60

A fine warm day. I attended morning service & communion at Zion church, with Tom & Pamela, while C. looked after the baby & cooked a pair of turkeys. We were joined at dinner by Douglas Parker & his college friend Hugh Gorham of Campbellton, N.B., who had come down from Dalhousie for the Easter holiday. (The senior Parkers & the John Wickwires are still holidaying in the southern States.)

About 3 p.m. Tom & Pam & baby set off for Hfx, to avoid the evening motor traffic. Tom hopes to get a job in a pool for the summer months. Ken Jones M.P.P. has said he may find something for him on the bridge construction here. I had told Tom not to apply to Mercury Paper Co. after the odd fuss last summer.

MONDAY, APR. 18, 1960 Overcast, windy but very mild.

Drove with E. this afternoon to Oakland, near Mahone, Bay, where my sister Hilda has been spending the week end with her friends Mrs. & Miss Baker.

A charming little farmhouse, built 1825, which Mrs. Baker bought, restored & furnished a few years ago. It stands on a hillock above the little Oakland schoolhouse, about 2 miles from Mahone, with a superb view of the bay. During the afternoon a Mr. & Mrs. Ripon (PEE-pon) dropped in for a chat. Ripon is a retired banker, a reader of my tales from the early Blackwood days, & he & his wife live just along the road.

Some distance beyond the Ripon place is the house of my old acquaintance Roland Harris, who retired there after six years' naval service in the late war. I first knew Harris when he was second mate of a Messer Paper Co. ship before the war. His wife was a beautiful bitch, discontented with the small-town life of Liverpool & with Rollie. She left him for another man, Montreal way, about the time the war broke out. Harris remained single after the divorce until about 3 years ago, when he married a well-to-do widow. They live very happily near Indian Point, & at present are spending the spring in Italy.

Other Mahone news: - old Miss Laura Strum died a year or two ago, after running a small summer hotel in a big old farmhouse called Green Shutters,

for many years. I always enjoyed a meal & a chat there. My old commander, Col. Good of the 2nd. Bn., West N.S. Regt., is now living in retirement at Mader's Cove. He too seems well off, for he & his wife are spending the cold weather in Mexico.

He had supper with the Bakers & Hilda, & left for home at 6.30. Hilda has arranged all her Hfx. affairs, leased her house etc., & leaves for Britain by air on the night of April 30th.

TUESDAY, APR. 19/60

The Austin Parkers & John Wickwires returned home this evening, after a five week holiday in Georgia & Florida. E. & I attended an impromptu party at Maurice Russell's house, where Charlie Copelin was the guest of honor. Copelin full of zip and humor. He is here on a flying visit only. No mention of retirement in the near future, although he has never sold his house here.

WEDNESDAY, APR. 20/60

Sunny, yesterday & today. The ground is drying fast, & this afternoon on the golf course I noticed a bush fire burning near Catherine's River, the first of the season. Dinner party this evening at the John Wickwires in honor of Austin Parkers sister Mildred, who is making a brief visit here.

THURSDAY, APR. 21/60

A bleak day with a drizzle at evening. E. went to Hfx for the day, with Dorothy Wickwires. Tonight I attended a dinner of Mersey Paper superintendents, all connected with mill production, about 30 in all, in the Mersey Hotel.

Mowbray Jones was chairman. I gathered that these dinners are held regularly, to give these men a chance to get together & meet the boss in an informal way. There were drinks & chat from 6:30 to 7:30, then a simple but good meal (built around T-bone steaks). After the dessert Mowbray talked for half an hour, very seriously, mentioning various matters, including a "shortfall of 1,000 tons in our paper production this year". He then referred to attacks on Mersey Paper Co. in the provincial press & elsewhere during recent months. Some had point, but most were ridiculous. He had decided to answer them, notably in a radio address to the public - "we were unable to get time or space on T.V."

Finally Austin Parker introduced me, & I gave my talk on Nova Scotia humor, which they seemed to enjoy.

Mowbray looks well after last year's kidney operation, but he is still unable to stand for more than fifteen minutes without shaking visibly. Roger Rand, the magistrate, was at the hotel, visiting Liverpool on his circuit, & after the dinner he told me one or two Cape Breton yarns - "for your collection."

It was announced today that Ken Jones MPP has resigned as Speaker of the House, & will take a cabinet post as Minister of Public Welfare under Premier Stanfield. I understand he refused a cabinet post when Stanfield's government came to power, feeling that it would interfere with his law practice, & not liking the notion of moving his family to Halifax. Apparently he has decided to go in for a political career. Ken is not yet 40, an able & hardworking man, well liked by everyone. He should

go far. According to rumor the provincial election will be on June 7th, but so far Stanfield has made no announcement.

I note from my mail that I am listed, with a paragraph of detail, in "The Author's & Writers Who's Who 1960". This is printed in Britain by Busk's Peerage Ltd. The detail is the same as that given in the Canadian Who's Who, & apparently copied from it.

MONDAY, APR. 25/60

Phoned T.C.A. at Hfx today & reserved a seat on Flight 461, leaving Hfx at 7:15 a.m. May 3 arriving Boston 10:05 a.m. There I transfer to North East Air Lines leaving Boston 11 a.m., arriving New York (at La Guardia Field) at noon.

Premier Stanfield has appointed a commission of five (including Dr. John Nickwire of Liverpool) to look into the liquor sale laws in N.S., which are undoubtedly antiquated.

TUESDAY, APR. 26/60

Sharp twinges of lumbago, my own fault - playing golf in a continual drizzling rain at White Point yesterday, & getting soaked. A paper-back collection of my short stories, selected by Allan Beran & published by Mc Clelland & Stewart, is now on the bookstands, price \$1. This is part of a new venture by M. & S. called "New Canadian Library" but so far consisting entirely of reprints from Leacock, Drummond, Callaghan, Grove, Mac Lennan, et al. They get the printing & binding done in England, & pay the authors very little, so their costs

are low. Jack Mclelland got Malcolm Ross, of Queens University to act as General Editor, & Ross got Beran to select some of my short stories & write a foreword. The book is called "At The Tide's Turn & other stories," & the cover bears a pen-&-wash drawing of a man, head & shoulders, looking remarkably like the late Benito Mussolini but supposed to be me. Allan Beran is a professor in the department of English literature at Dalhousie. I have never met him, indeed our acquaintance is limited to a phone conversation more than a year ago, when he called me to get one or two bits of information. His choice is taken largely from the costume pieces in "The Wedding Gift & other stories", published by M. & V. in 1947. His foreword is rather stiff & pedantic, but he meant well.

As I look upon these old stories, nearly all written in the 1930's when my mind was free & sparkling & charmed with the 18th. century, they seem to have been written by another man. Certainly I couldn't write anything like "The Wedding Gift" or "Blind Mac Nair" now. Yet none of them came trippingly off the pen, as Beran seems to think; I still recall the struggle of composition & the re-writing (often as much as four times) that went into them.

WEDNESDAY, APR. 27/60 Planted a red rambler rose bush by a trellis on my garage, replacing one that flourished there for 25 years but became sickly two years ago. Also I scattered 80 lbs. of the chemical fertilizer called "9-9-7", which is recommended for lawns afflicted with moss. And I went over the lawns,

front, side & back, with the roller.

SATURDAY, APR. 30/60 A fine warm day with a strong west wind. Drove with E. to Halifax this afternoon, & picked up my air tickets for New York at the TCA office, & reserved a room at the Nova Scotian for Monday night. He called at 140 University Avenue, but Tom & Francie & their families were off enjoying the sunshine somewhere.

Went on to my sister Winifred's house, N^o 34 Joseph Street, Grandale, where Hilda Jamieson was saying farewell to a succession of ladies, her Halifax friends of many years. Win's daughter Rose-Marie bustled about with tea and cake. At 8 p.m. I took Win, Hilda, Rose-Marie & E. to dine at the Tea Shell, opposite the Lord Nelson. We returned to Joseph Street at nine, & a few minutes later Rosemary Allen came with a car to take Hilda to Dartmouth airport. The plane does not take off until 11 p.m., & then from a part of the big airfield remote from the station building to which visitors are confined, so E. & I made our goodbyes at the car outside Win's house.

Hilda was cheerful, looking forward to her adventure, though I knew it was a wrench to pull up stakes at the age of 46. She has about \$10,000, plus the rental of her house in Collimore, both of which give her good anchors to windward. She has a bundle of letters of reference, including excellent recommendations from Premier Stanfield & Mr. Leonard. Apart from all that she has good looks & charm, & a clear businesslike

mind. She hopes to get a job in London, & plans to stay at least 4 years, looking up our relatives & exploring Britain & the continent during her holidays. Ultimately she plans to return to Nova Scotia.

Winifred now has a full time job in the Dockyard, as a clerk in the Naval Supply Depot, & seems to like it. I had a chat with her son, Louis Charron, who remains posted at Hfx. — he is an N.C.O. on the clerical staff of the Ordnance Corps. Referring to our trip to McNab's Island last summer, he said that the last vestiges of military establishment there have now been abandoned. The permanent army force at Hfx now consists only of R.C.O.C., signals, & about 50 engineers — no infantry or ^{active} artillery personnel.

According to what he hears, the theory is that Halifax is indefensible on traditional military lines. In the event of war with Russia the port would be attacked by atomic explosives borne by intercontinental missiles, & probably blockaded by submarines. Hence all defensive measures must be air & naval. Only a skeleton army organization remains in the Nova Scotia peninsula. The nearest active army force is at Camp Sagetown in New Brunswick.

I left the city with E. at 9.25 & arrived home at midnight. A cool starry night with a sickle moon & a fine display of Northern Lights.

MAY 2, 1960 MONDAY

I drove up to Hq. this afternoon, & stored my car in the garage of the Nova Scotian Hotel.

MAY 3/60 TUESDAY

Left the hotel in the airport coach at 7 a.m., and at 8 a.m. I was in the air. The T.C.A. uses turbo-prop "Viscounts" on the Boston run, very fast & comfortable. The stewardess served breakfast as soon as we took off. Touched down at St. John, & arrived at Boston at 10:05 a.m. (11:05 Boston time.) An hour's wait there, & then boarded a North East Air Lines plane (another Viscount) for New York. Arrived at La Guardia field at noon, local time, & went over to the city in an airport bus, which takes passengers as far as the East Side Air Terminal building at the corner of 38th Street & 1st Avenue. Taxied from there to the New Weston hotel, on Madison Avenue at 50th Street, where Doubleday had booked a room for me.

The Doubleday editorial people are still in the throes of the spring sales conference, when their travelers come to New York for a briefing on the new book list. Hence, I had the afternoon free, & spent it roaming about the streets enjoying the warm sunshine.

At 5:30 George Nelson called for me, & we joined George & Mrs. Shively, Mrs. Nelson, & the Nelson's son David, for dinner & the evening. We dined at a French restaurant called Le Valois on east 58th Street; a noble meal; & then went on to see the musical play "West Side Story" at the Wintergarden Theatre. (This is a comparatively new

Wintergarden, but I was pleasantly reminded of the old Wintergarden, which I first saw at the age of 17, when my ship put into New York for stores & water.)

This play has been running in New York for two years, & is still going strong. A modern & jazzed-up version of the Romeo & Juliet story, the feuding families replaced by two rival gangs of teen-age youths & girls, & a fire-escape landing taking the place of the balcony. The score was more percussion than music - not one time that you'd find yourself whistling afterwards - but the dancing was the main feature, everything at a furious & entertaining pace. I got back to the hotel about midnight.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 4/60 Strolling down Madison Avenue this morning I heard the wail of air-raid sirens. Suddenly, all the traffic stopped, & everybody vanished from the sidewalks, diving into shops & doorways. Then there was a strange silence broken by one voice - a policeman roaring at me to "take cover". I stepped into a shop doorway, where a plump smiling citizen informed me that this was a city-wide air raid practice, to last 15 minutes, & anyone refusing to take cover would be arrested & fined.

At noon George Nelson, Shively, Lee Barker and I lunched at the Regency Club with Tom Costain, & went on to Costain's new apartment, on the 16th floor of a residential building at 50 Riverside Drive. It has a roof or rather a terrace garden, with a magnificent view of the Hudson River, & Hackensack & the

beginning of the "palisades" on the other side. Here we got down to business — a discussion of my next novel. The Doubleday people feel, with Costain, that my best field is the historical novel; & it was not hard to detect, on their part, an anxiety lest I should insist on doing another modern novel like "The Wings of Night", dealing with a purely Nova Scotian theme. They were disappointed in an exchange of letters last March, when I refused a suggestion that I write a history of the Cuthbert Line. (I told Shively in one letter that "any competent advertising agency could do a book of that kind", and both Shively & Costain seemed hurt by the phrase, as if I'd said something indecent.)

Lee Barker was the key figure in our little group, of course. He is Doubleday's top editor, 45-ish, tall, dark, impassive, sunburned by a recent holiday in the West Indies. His ideal of a Canadian author was the late Lionel Shapiro, who wrote nothing about Canada but aimed his novels at the market, following Barker's own suggestions. Shapiro made a fortune at this business, & when he died of cancer a year or two ago he made Barker a handsome bequest in his will.

Costain, too, has made a fortune in this way, & therefore has much influence with Barker. I dislike Barker instinctively & I think the feeling is mutual. I like Costain however. Despite his success as an "American" author he retains a keen interest & affection for his native Canada, & he has persuaded Doubleday to publish (at a distinct money loss) the current Canadian

history series, of which he wrote Volume One & I wrote Volume Three. Nelson & Shively are merely Yes-men in this little group, watching carefully for every inflection of Barker's voice & face before venturing an opinion.

Costain brought up his previous suggestions to me - a novel based on the life of Frontenac or Champlain - these figures being sufficiently well known to the U.S. public to ensure a good sale. I rejected both, politely, giving my reasons. Barker remained grimly silent. Costain grinned, & said, "Well, we've been doing all the suggesting, Torn. What is your own idea?" I said, "The story of the La Sours in Nova Scotia."

Costain caught at it at once, & for the benefit of Barker & the others, I outlined the history of the La Sours, especially that of Charles La Sours. Now Barker actually smiled, & said it would make an excellent book. (Chiefly, I think, because it was a costume piece.)

At once the others were enthusiastic. Costain then urged me to plan a series of novels, based on a family succession in Canadian history. He mentioned Mayo de la Roche and her "Jalna" series, & said she had made a fortune out of them. I said, "It's an idea, although that sort of thing can be overdone. Some critics refer to Mayo's books, as 'the perpetual Jalna soap opera'. You can start with a good book & then dilute its value to nothing with a train of sequels."

At that point Barker said he had to get back to the office, shook my hand, & departed. We lingered a bit longer, chatting of books & authors, & then I

Thanked Costain for his interest & his hospitality & took my leave with Shirley, who was heading back to the Doubleday office. The taxi dropped me at the hotel, & I packed up. At 5 p.m. I taxied to the East Side Air Terminal, & confirmed my plane reservations back to Halifax. After much delay a Terminal bus left for the Idlewild Field on Long Island, which is now New York's chief international airport. Very slow passage in the "after five" traffic, passing under the East River by the Queens Midtown tunnel.

Idlewild (like La Guardia, but enormously bigger) is a vast area of reclaimed swampland, covered with coarse wild grass, with dreary little pools & shallow lagoons, & criss-crossed with tarmac runways of what seems interminable length. When your plane taxis away from the splendid modern airport building you seem to be in a wilderness at the end of the world. I took off at 7 p.m. in a "Constellation" plane of Eastern Air Lines, with about 90 passengers. At once the steward & stewardess rushed about serving dinner, which was quite good — tomato juice, a generous helping of tender roast beef, small roast potatoes, string beans, a large "iceberg" lettuce salad, chocolate cake, & coffee. In one hour (we had barely finished dinner) the plane departed us at Logan Airport, Boston. Here, not for the first time, I had a long & hot tramp through the airport building, searching for the T.C.A. booth, which is small & distant & poorly marked.

In a lavatory I passed two well-dressed men busy having a snort of gin in paper cups, from a pint bottle. One of

them sang out, "Tom Raddall!" It was Oliver ("flood") Libson, who was principal of the Liverpool high school when Tom Jr. was there. He is now on the staff of Harvard University, & he & his companion (another Harvard professor) were about to take off for Chicago on University business. On parting he said, "Tell young Tom that he was one of the students whom it was a pleasure to teach."

At 8.55 p.m. I left Boston in a T.C.A. "Viscount" - much more quiet & comfortable than the "Constellation", though much smaller. We flew at 19,000 feet, with an outside temperature of 3° below zero. (The ground temperature in New York & Boston was 70° above.) Clouds beneath us, & a bright 34° moon above. I put my watch ahead one hour to catch up with Atlantic Daylight Time. The plane touched down at St. John about 10.30 p.m. (A.S.T.), & again there was the slow business with Canadian immigration & customs officials. All baggage for Halifax had to be taken off the plane for inspection in the tiny & cruddy waiting room for immigrants, & then returned to the plane. I found the Customs officials more polite than on my last inward passage here; however the delay was unnecessarily long, as before.

Finally we took off again, & arrived at the Shearwater air field at 12.45. By the time I reached the Nova Scotian hotel it was 1.30 a.m. & I was glad to pour myself a drink of Bacardi & turn in.

THURSDAY, MAY 5/60 Fine & warm, a sudden heat wave; there were temperatures up to 80° in N.S. yesterday. At breakfast in the hotel coffee room I met Ben Alexander, chief forester for the wood-products factory at Hantsport, & had

a chat about old times. Tom Jr. finishes the spring examinations today, & will bring his little family & their baggage to Liverpool tomorrow. Pamela asked me to take a load of their stuff today, so I invited Howard Benedict of the Book Room to lunch with me at the Nova Scotian. He says the book business in Hfx is very good. His gross sales last year were over \$250,000.

At 2:30 I drove to 140 University Avenue, had a brief chat with Francis & her children in the lower flat, then picked up a carload of Tom's stuff, including baby carriage, & drove off for home. Arrived there about 5:30.

FRIDAY, MAY 6/60 I mowed & rolled the lawns this morning - the grass has come along amazingly in the present hot weather. Tom, Pam & baby Deborah arrived this afternoon in Pam's mother's car. I played 18 holes at White Point & got quite a sunburn.

Tom feels quite satisfied with his exams, & already he has been offered a partnership in a dental clinic in Hfx, although he will not graduate from Dalhousie until this time next year. The head of the Dalhousie dental school recommended him to the 4 or 5 members of this privately operated clinic, who have a building designed & erected for their purpose. Tom would of course have to assume & pay off his share of the mortgage, but his income would probably be \$10,000 a year at least, rising to double that or more in the course of a few years. My own comment was, "It sounds like a factory for making money." Tom is inclined to feel the same. He would prefer a more

modest practice in Liverpool, where he could enjoy his life.

Tonight E. & I attended a "surprise" party of welcome to Eric & Lucille Andersen, our new neighbors on Park St. About 20 people, bringing our own food & drink, also a gift in the form of a crystal bowl, which I presented on behalf of the group. A pleasant little affair. Home at midnight.

SATURDAY, MAY 7/60. Another fine, summery day. Played at White Point this afternoon. E. came along & picked a huge bouquet of mayflowers in the woods above the lake. Dinner at the John Tricketts' place, Bristol, in honor of Vera Parker's birthday. Main dish, lobster Newburg, & very good, too. ^{Edwin} Parker (head of Forest department, Mersey Paper Co.) tells me that the past five days of hot weather & very low humidity have created a dangerous fire hazard in the woods. Between 60 & 70 fires are now burning in N.S., mostly in the eastern part of the peninsula. Most of these are small, & controllable, but a gale of wind just now would make havoc.

News: - a big fuss between Russia, & the U.S., just at a most unfortunate time. In less than 2 weeks President Eisenhower & his family are scheduled to make their first visit to Russia, at the invitation of Mr. Kroushov, who visited the United States last year. It appears that on April 27 an American spy named Francis Powers, piloting a small plane of U.S. make, jet propelled, & especially designed for long distance & high altitude, took off from an air base at Adana, Turkey, & flew to Peshawa,

in Pakistan. Having refueled there he took off across Russia heading for an air field operated by the U.S. Air Force at Bodø, Norway. The course took him over the heart of Russia at an altitude of $12\frac{1}{2}$ miles (20,000 metres). The plane was equipped with cameras for infra-red photography, etc. & Powers had instructions to photograph various suspected Russian rocket sites etc. on the route. In case he was forced down in Russian territory he had a supply of Soviet currency, plus two wrist watches & half a dozen gold bangles for ~~cash~~ bribery. He was also equipped with poison to be injected into a vein by needle, in the event of capture.

Russian radar detected him soon after he passed over the Soviet border & at a distance of 1500 ^{miles} inside Soviet territory the plane was shot down by a ground-to-air missile. Premier Khrushchev announced all this in a violently angry speech to the Soviet parliament. The U.S. State Department issued a statement saying that Powers was engaged on a weather-study flight at high altitude, & that he had lost his way, probably due to failure of his oxygen apparatus. This was a palpable lie, & the Russians promptly said so. Unfortunately for the U.S. State Department the spy had been captured alive, after parachuting to the ground, & had confessed everything. Also, in this haste to bail out, he had failed to touch off the explosive device which would destroy the plane completely. From the wreckage on the ground the Russians had salvaged the cameras, the films, the maps & other evidence, including the poison needles.

Tonight the U.S. State Dept (with a very red face,

I should think) issued another statement, admitting that Powers was an American spy, but stating that his mission was made without the knowledge of President Eisenhower.

All this, of course, is part of the game of international espionage which both the Russians & the Americans have been conducting ever since 1945. The notable difference is that several U.S. reconnaissance planes have been shot down in Russian coastal waters, European & Pacific, during the past few years (with no surviving evidence), while no Russian plane has even been detected. Now, as one ^{anonymous} U.S. govt official admitted to a newsmen in Washington, "we've been caught with our fingers in the jam pot."

SUNDAY, MAY 8/60 A drastic change in the weather; a cold sea wind, & grey sky. Church this morning with Tom & Pam, while Grandma minded the baby. Golf this afternoon, almost at a run, to keep warm. Ken Jones phoned Tom Jr. tonight, asked if he would act as his chauffeur tomorrow, first to a cabinet meeting in Halifax, & thence to a conservative convention at Annapolis. Tom agreed.

MONDAY, MAY 9/60 Tom Jr. left at 7 a.m. & got home at 1:30 Tuesday morning. He enjoyed his trip & heard some interesting comment by various politicians en route - all Tories, of course. They seem to think the Stomfield government will be returned with a small majority in the House, as before. Best comment was made by George Nowlan, M.P., who gave a real old-fashioned tub-thumping speech at the Annapolis meeting, arousing huge applause. Afterwards, pausing by the car where Ken Jones & Tom were about to take off, Nowlan grinned & said,

"Now wasn't that a lot of horse-shit!"

Liberals of Queens County in convention tonight chose Mrs. Sella Richardson as their candidate - the first woman ever to stand for election in Queens. She is a pleasant greying-blonde, 60-ish. After the death of her husband, "Loll" Richardson, many years ago, she carried on his lumber business very shrewdly and capably in Liverpool until Frank Hiltz bought it in the 1950's. "Loll" was an active Liberal worker when I came to Queens County in 1923. Sella has always been so quiet & retiring that her present venture into the limelight astonished everyone.

TUESDAY, MAY 10/60 Heavy rain yesterday & last night - badly needed for the forest fires. About 15 years ago my dentist (Don Smith) took an X-ray picture of my jaws & informed me that I had two impacted wisdom teeth, which some day would have to be removed by a specialist. One of these poked through the gum on the right side of my lower jaw a few years later. The other, on the left side of the lower jaw, crept through the gum 3 years ago. Lately they have begun to pain a bit, so on young Tom's advice I made an appointment with Dr. Alexander Hoffman, oral surgeon of Halifax, who teaches at the Dalhousie dental school and conducts a private practice as well. This morning at eleven Tom Jr. drove me to N.S. We stopped for a light lunch (lobster sandwiches, a specialty of the place, famous on the South Shore) at Scotty's Snack Bar, in Hubbards. Also stopped at Simpsons-Sears

department store, where I bought a new broadloom carpet, green & brown, 15' by 12', for \$103, & ordered it to be sent on to Liverpool. At 2.30 Dr. Hoffman began to work on my teeth. X-rays first, then injections of local anaesthetic. He explained each operation to me as he went along. Cutting the gum first to expose the tooth fully, drilling away the bone around it, extracting the tooth with a short twisting instrument, cleaning the hole in the gum, & finally sewing up the gum with two or three stitches. I am to return next Tuesday to have the stitches removed. Tom drove me home, reaching Liverpool about 5.30. My lower jaw, lip & tongue remained "frozen" (so that I was practically speechless) until about 6. After that the pain was violent, & I was glad to take the codeine tablets which Hoffman had provided. I had a bowl of soup at 6, & another at 10.30.

Today I received by mail a sample of the jacket for "The Governor's Lady". It is an excellent copy of the Copley portrait of Frances Wentworth (now hanging in the New York Public Library) painted when she was Mrs. Theodore Atkinson.

Today my old friend James B. ("Big Jim") Macleod was buried at South Brookfield. He was in his 80's. He had been a professional guide for hunters & anglers, from his youth, & was a notable figure at the annual Guides' Meet until his leg was amputated at Camp Hill hospital, N.Z., two years ago. He served throughout the First World War, going overseas with No. 1 Casualty Clearing Station in 1914, & transferring to the

infantry (25th N.S. battalion) in France. He was a tall, powerfully built man, over 200 lb, with a broad red face and a thick yellow handlebar moustache when I first knew him in the 1920's. He almost always wore a Stetson "ten-gallon" hat, incongruous in the Nova Scotia bush, but it suited his bulk. In one of my early short stories ("Champion List") I used him, and the Indian, John Francis, in what was an actual incident in the days when the guides held their Meet at Lake William, Lunenburg County.

THURSDAY, MAY 12/60 Rain. My lower jaw remains swollen, especially on the left side, as if I had the mumps. All my lower teeth ache, as well as the bone-cavities where the extracted molars were. This (says Dr. Tom Jr.) is "referred pain", caused by "trauma" of the lower jaw nerves; and it is normal. I have not used the codeine tablets since Tuesday night.

Last winter Ken Jones promised Tom Jr. "a job of some sort" on the proposed new bridge construction at Liverpool. So far there is no sign of bridge construction or any other kind of government work in Queens County. Jones told Tom the other day that he had better try for a job with a Bridgewater contractor who will do some land-clearing & leveling for Mersey Paper Co. this summer. So far no such work has begun, & the contractor seems as elusive as a will-o'-the-wisp. Today Tom registered at the local government employment office, seeking work of any kind for the summer. A very slim hope, as there is much unemployment in the County.

Bob

MAY 12/60 (continued) A C.B.C. man named Nichols phoned today, asking me to do a 10-minute T.V. talk on June 15. The subject: highlights in the history of the N.S. Assembly. The scene: the Assembly chamber at Hfx. The fee: \$100 plus traveling expenses. I agreed.

Letter from my sister Hilda Gamester in London. She was met at the airport by the Waters' cousins, Ada & Joyce. She is staying at a small hotel (the Ivanhoe, in Bloomsbury) where the rooms are fair but the food terrible. There seems to be plenty of work for typists at about £12 a week, but a small self-contained flat costs at least £10 a week, and even single rooms are expensive. She called at Bowater House but (as I had feared) Austin Parker's letter of recommendation to one of the Bowater executives did no good at all. She was not permitted a word with the great man, merely shunted to a female employment official who (as Hilda puts it) "seemed to be merely in charge of hiring the low-priced help." She is going down into Kent for a fortnight's visit with Aunt Li in Malmes, & after that will make another attack on the London bastions.

SUNDAY, MAY 15/60 A cold east wind, after heavy rains yesterday & a slam-bang thunderstorm last night. Church this morning with Tom & Pam. Gp. this afternoon in the bleak sea breeze; I was bareheaded, & the cold affected my still painful jaw with a sort of neuralgia that spread right up to the cheekbones. Dinner tonight at Nowgray Jones' house, where the Jones's were entertaining Monty Lewin & his tall wife. The Austin Parkers & John Wickwires also

there.

MONDAY, MAY 16/60

Tonight, as I had promised, I attended a meeting of the Milton Baptists' Young Peoples' Union, & gave a short talk on the beginnings of a writer. About 25 or 30 teenagers of both sexes, three older women, & the wry little Welshman who came to the Milton pastorate straight from the old country last year, all gathered in the church vestry, in the basement. I learn that old Stanley Pentz, my neighbor across the street for many years, has sold out his Market Street hardware shop, his plumbing & tin-smith business, to rival hardwareman W. Alton Snow, who has a large store across the street. For many years Pentz held almost a monopoly of the plumbing business in south Queens, with the hardware store (& a summer-cottage colony at Hunt's Point) as profitable sidelines, & he has made a comfortable fortune.

TUESDAY, MAY 17/60

Drove into Hfx this morning with G., with a snack lunch in Hubbards on the way. G. visited with Frances & her babies while I went on to the Dalhousie dental school, where Dr. Hoffman conducts a busy oral surgery practice during the summer months. He removed the stitches from my lower gums, said the cavities were healing well, though my jaw still gives me a great amount of pain. From there I went on to the C.B.C. building on Bell Road, as Nichols had requested on the 12th. He was away in New Brunswick, but a Mrs. "Patsy" MacNeill gave me some detail of the forthcoming (June 15) telecast from Province House. Nothing that Nichols couldn't have told me over the phone, or put into a letter.

Raining rain when I emerged & I had to sprint for the car-park, having neither coat nor hat. (We had left L'pool in bright sunshine.) Went on to University Avenue for a chat with Francie & to pick up C. Bill Dennis has passed his final medical exams & now is an interne at the T. S. Hospital, chiefly engaged at present on ambulance calls. Francie sees him only 3 nights a week, & every second week-end, as he must "live in"; and this will go on for a year before he is free to practise. In this way the hospital gets the services of a fully qualified physician for a whole year, at about \$100 per month.

Tom J. has received his (fourth year) examination marks, all very good; with three "D's" for Distinction. He also won a book prize. Drove home in intermittent showers of rain, arriving at 6 p.m.

WEDNESDAY, May 18/69 The carpet for my study, which I bought in H'x on May 10, turned up yesterday by motor-van, after much wandering. Some idiot at Simpson-sears had addressed it to Bridgewater, & then to Lunenburg. Tom J. & I spent the morning removing furniture & hundreds of books, (which Pam & C. went over with dusting cloths) from the den. Out went the old & now threadbare wine-colored carpet which originally was Hilda Cameron's, & has covered my study floor since she sold it to me about 1947. The new carpet, after a bit of trimming with heavy scissors, covers the study floor almost completely, improves the look of the room & makes it seem much lighter.

Tonight the Historical Society held their final meeting of the season. The speaker was V. H. Lewis,

65-ick, resident of Table River. He is a former Ottawa official (Dept. of the Interior) of N.S. family, who retired a few years ago at Table. His subject, the history of N.S. natural resources, notably the wastage of the forest. About 25 or 30 members present (out of a paid-up membership of 140.)
 & the ladies served coffee, sandwiches & cake after the address.

News: the proposed "Summit Meeting" of Khrushchev, Eisenhower, Mac Millan & De Gaulle, at Paris, has been cancelled. Khrushchev, in a violent speech, yesterday, denounced American espionage by air over Russia, & demanded an apology from Eisenhower, which he knew would not be forthcoming. Most news correspondents say Khrushchev did not intend to end the so-called "Cold War" at the Summit Conference, & chose the U.S. air spying incident as an excuse to break off negotiations. No nation in the world is so active in espionage as Soviet Russia herself. U.S. officials point out that during Khrushchev's visit to the U.S. last year, two Russian spies (connected with the Soviet Embassy in Washington) were caught in Massachusetts; but the U.S. made no fuss about it. A great feeling of gloom in Europe, & all the stock markets, especially the West German market at Frankfurt, suffered a wave of selling yesterday. With no apparent connection, the Canadian dollar, which has held a premium over the U.S. dollar as high as 5% in recent years, has been dropping in exchange value for the past week, & yesterday fell to about 1.01. Actually this will be a great relief to all Canadians doing ^{export} business with the States.

FRIDAY, MAY 20, 1960

A fine warm day. On my way to play golf, shortly before 1 p.m., a boy came tearing down College Hill on a bicycle just as my car was passing along Waterloo at the foot of it. He attempted to swerve left into Waterloo but lost control, & sprawled on his back in the road. Fortunately by that time I was past. I stopped & jumped out. The boy had a cup on the back of his head, & I took him in the car to Dr. John Wickwire. Nothing serious, a small slit in the scalp, though it bled a lot. The boy said his name was Mallett, age 14, & he lived on the Old Post Mouton Road. However he seemed quite all right, & I delivered him back to the school on Waterloo St.

The golf course is lovely now, with bunches of white & blue violets along the railway edges. Mr. White, Pamela's father, has arrived back in Hfx. after further stomach operations in Boston. His weight is down to 100 lbs but he is recovering, & is at home. Pam intends to drive to Hfx. on Sunday, with the baby, & will spend a week at home.

This is Navy Week in Hfx. - the R.C.N. is celebrating its 50th anniversary with sea & air displays.

A letter from George Shively informs me that the Doubleday Dollar Book Club has adopted "The Governor's Lady" for its December choice, this year. The publication of the regular edition will appear in September; & shortly before this Doubleday will announce that I have won their Canadian Prize Novel Award for 1960. This is smart business tactics, I suppose, though I wish they'd announced the judges' decision when it was made,

months ago. My lower jaw still painful, especially in the evenings, when all my lower teeth ache like mad.

SATURDAY, MAY 21/60

Fine again. Letter from C.B.C. asking permission to use my short story "Triangle in Steel" on their radio series of Canadian stories read by John Drainie. Letter from McClelland & Stewart, asking permission to use an excerpt from "The Path of Destiny" in a forthcoming volume of Canadian stories & articles, compiled by two editors of Maclean's Magazine, to be entitled "Maclean's Canada".

For at least a year past, the presidents of the chief Canadian banks have been warning the public of trouble ahead. Their argument - Canadian industry has been borrowing too much money & expanding too fast during the past ten years. The June 4 edition of Maclean's, now on the stands, gives an interview with W. A. Beckett, a professor at the University of Toronto's Institute of Business Administration. He is also director of General Research Associates Ltd, an independent economic survey firm in Toronto. Beckett says flatly: - (a) We are in for the worst business depression since the 1930's; (b) it will begin next fall, possibly sooner; (c) unemployment will reach $1\frac{1}{2}$ million people; (d) many of those still employed will have to take cuts in pay; (e) the depression will last at least 18 months, probably much longer, depending on how much money the government is willing or able to spend on a vast new program of public works at all levels.

SUNDAY, MAY 22, 1960 Fine, again. At 9 a.m. Pamela set off for Lfx. in her mother's Chevrolet, which she & Tom ^{BEEN} have been using during the absence of her parents in Boston. The baby was perched on the front seat. I thought Tom Jr. should drive the car, especially in view of the holiday traffic; but both of them pool-pooled this - I suppose I'm old-fashioned - and I was much relieved when Pam phoned at noon to say she & Debbie had arrived all right.

Golf this afternoon. The course cluttered with slow-moving strangers, apparently in these parts for the Empire Day week-end.

TUESDAY, MAY 24/60 Rain. Bernard Glade of CBC, who produces the "Live a borrowed life" show on T.V., phoned from Lfx asking me to appear on his show. I said No. Ken Jones MPP announced in a speech last night that tenders have been called for construction of a new 3-span highway bridge at Liverpool. This isn't very good voters'-bait. The work should have been started long ago.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 25/60 Heavy rain all day. Working on script for the T.V. bit on June 15. Tonight Douglas Best of the Toronto Telegram phoned. He said that Crown Assets Disposal Corporation has offered all the wild ponies on Table Island for sale to the highest bidder. There are about 250, & the bidder must remove them. Reason given by Dept. of Transport (which operates lighthouses & other buildings on the island) is that the ponies are grazing the island grass so close that the sand is blowing away. According to Best the ponies would be

sold in all ~~probably~~ probability to slaughterers who supply meat to fox farms etc. Best said he was getting opinions & he wanted mine. I said it was an outrage. The ponies have been on Sable Island for at least two centuries, and the sand is still there. In my time about 50 ponies were removed ~~in a~~ ^{in a} year by government steamer to prevent over-population, & this has been repeated from time to time. The ponies enjoy their wild free life, & they do not graze close to the buildings - they are much too shy for that. And apart from all that the Sable Island ponies are famous & unique in Canada. To remove or destroy them would be like the British government removing or destroying all the ponies on the Shetlands. Best took this down & rang off.

THURSDAY, MAY 26/60 Drizzle & fog. Young Tom went to work today for Acadia Construction Co. who have a contract for alterations in the Mersey Paper mill yard. The foreman told him it would be a pick & shovel job, but for the time being put him to work as a checker keeping account of the trucks hauling crushed rock to the yard. The pay is 90¢ an hour. While there today he noticed several former shipmates in the defunct Mersey Shipping Co., including a 2nd, 3rd & 4th engineer, engaged in common labor in the mill yard.

FRIDAY, MAY 27/60 Open & shut weather - sunshine & fog. Played a round of golf this afternoon, then moved my balloons. Old Lou Parrot turned up with Mrs. Kelly in a flashy new (Ford) "Thunderbird" car, black, with red leather upholstery. He sat for a time in the garden with me, talking a blue streak. His divorce case came up in a Boston court some weeks

ago, & after a lot of legal wrangling was adjourned till mid-June. The old fellow looked spry & well, & smartly dressed. He said, "Ann Kelly is the best woman I've ever known, & she takes wonderful care of me. For her financial security, I've transferred \$30,000 worth of American Tel. & Tel. stock to her name." Finally they drove off to his lodge in Greenfield, insisting that we come out there for dinner some evening next week.

News:- The wordy wrangle between Washington & Moscow still goes on, each accusing the other of flagrant espionage. Here in N.S. the political campaign is hotting up. Stanfield's party stand on their government's performance. Hicks, the Liberal leader, claims that the gov't. overtaxed the people & now has a great sum on hand. He promises to make a rebate of 10% on last year's taxes to every taxpayer in the province, town or country. Stanfield calls this an offer to loot the treasury & give the people with their own money. One of the Liberal tales circulating in Queens Co. is that Rolf Seaborne, father-in-law of Kennedy, once MPP, is being paid \$8,000 a year for his job as supervisor of the new "small parks" program, started by the gov't. last year. If true, this surprises me, as Seaborne intimated to me in conversation last year that he had taken on the work for the sake of something to do in his own line (forestry), & that the pay was modest. Seaborne is a wealthy man, & he retired on a fat pension from Merssey Paper Co. when Bowaters took over the mill a few years ago.

Senator Donald Smith is taking a prominent part in

the Liberal campaign in Queens. Last week a letter appeared in the "Advance", purportedly written by a woman, pointing out that Smith was enjoying a life pension of \$10,000 a year as a member of the senate, while common folk had to get along on the old age pension of \$660 a year, payable at age 70. She observed that government employees are not permitted to engage in election activities, & asked why senators should be exempt. So it goes.

SATURDAY, MAY 28/60

Tom J. drove to Hfx. This morning, & returned towards tea-time with Pamela & baby Deborah. Pam reports her father terribly thin (he stands 6'1" & now weighs about 100 lbs.) but recovering definitely & able to move about. It seems the operation for removal of the stomach was bungled by the surgeons at Camp Hill Hospital in Hfx. The subsequent operations & treatment at the Lacey Clinic in Boston cost about \$10,000.

I noticed in today's Chronicle-Herald an advertisement describing a large farm & adjoining timber-land for sale in the Stewiacke valley. This is the property of Cecil Dennis, Frankie's father-in-law. He has had a price of \$100,000 on these lands & buildings for some time, with no takers. Now his farm manager, the capable "Ernie", has left, to take a job elsewhere, & Dennis is incapable of running the farm himself.

SUNDAY, MAY 29/60

Sunny weather but cool, with fog creeping in at night. E. left this morning for Hfx. with brother Verence for the regular visit with Marie Freeman at the Dartmouth hospital. E. intends

to stay two or three days with Francis

MONDAY, MAY 30/60

Fine & hot. For many years past the ornamental trees in Liverpool streets & gardens have been sprayed each spring by a Mersey Paper crew, with a truck & motor-pump. This year, for some unknown reason, the crew have been very slow about it: and already the hawthorn, & maples have been half-stripped ^{by caterpillars} of their new foliage. This morning I bought a portable 3-gallon tank-and-pump combination, filled it with a D.D.T. solution, and sprayed my trees & Joe Pushie's as best I could.

Played golf all afternoon. A very hot day on the land, yet the cold fog-banks can be seen a few miles to seaward. This created some marvellous light-refraction effects along the shore, & like other people on the golf course I stopped several times to watch them. Port Mouton Island put on an appearance of immense white cliffs. A light swell breaking on the Bull & Balver rocks seemed to throw jets of white spray high into the air like shell explosions.

The two white buildings on Western Head looked normal as far as the eaves, but their red roofs rose like towers into the sky; and at one time, above these fantastic towers, appeared the same thing upside down. The best show was provided by one of the paper-carrying ships, the "Nicholas Bowater", coming from New York. When she first appeared off Port Mouton Island she looked like an aircraft carrier - all tall black hull & little or no superstructure. Then, suddenly, she was a full-rigged sailing ship, & then a Chinese junk.

Bob Nichols, of CBC, phoned, changing the

date of the Province House show to June 13th.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 1/60 Rain, after two very hot days. The new rambler rose which I planted beside the garage on Apr. 27th. never came to life. This morning I replaced it with one I got from Smith, the Milton florist. Today I had Dickey's service station instal a complete new muffler & tailpipe assembly on my car. Cost \$35.65. The car is now in its seventh year, & I must make it do for one more, when Tom G. will be on his own at last.

Letter from Dr. R. S. Longley, vice-president of Acadia University, asking me to address the summer school there in July. The custom is to hold a dinner in July, to which the members of the Common Examining Board are also invited. I refused him last summer, so I feel I must agree this time.

Early yesterday morning (5 a.m.) the Mersey tree-spraying crew turned up at last on Park St. They have a large tank of poison solution mounted on a truck; & the truck tows the spray-gun & the gunner, who sits on a swivel-mounting, swinging the gun from right to left, & up & down. The work is always done in the dark hours, when there is no motor traffic, & the air is usually still. Hence there are two electric search-lights mounted at the end of the gun-barrel. The crew wear masks, & the whole effect is a bit weird when you're aroused from a deep sleep by the racket of the pumps.

THURSDAY, JUNE 2/60 Drizzle & fog. E. returned from the last night. In the mail today was clipping from the

New York Times of May 30, an extensive article on the Sable Island ponies (with photograph & a map), quoting several people, including me, on the Canadian gov't. proposal to remove them. In fact there is a storm of protest everywhere. Tonight Prime Minister Diefenbaker announced that the order for sale & removal of the ponies had been cancelled, & they "and their progeny" will continue to live there.

I hear old Lou Parrot has suffered a heart attack & is now in the Liverpool hospital under an oxygen tent.

Tom Jr. is now working as a "mucker", with pick & shovel, digging holes in the Mersey mill yard, shoveling aggregate into a concrete mixer, etc., as an employee of Acadia Construction Co. I don't like this, & said so, pointing out that the simplest accident at this sort of work might injure one or both of his hands; & that after years of preparation for the dentist's profession it wasn't worth the risk. He insists that he'd go crazy "sitting about all summer with nothing to do".

FRIDAY, JUNE 3/60 Still foggy. Golf this afternoon.

This evening we had a surprise visit from Dr. Iain Craig & his wife Irene, whom we met 3 years ago on s/s "Nova Scotian". He was then coming out from Scotland to take a post as pathologist to the P. C. I. government. He remains in this post; but Irene does not like the P. C. I. winters nor the small-town life of Charlottetown.

SATURDAY, JUNE 4/60 A long letter from my sister Hilda. She had a pleasant holiday in Kent, visiting Mother's relatives, with motor trips to Hythe & Canterbury.

She decided to take the job (at £12 a week) offered her by Bowater's in London, & has secured a comfortable bed-sitting-room in an apartment. Her landlady is an elderly Swiss woman, widow of an English engineer, & they get along together very well. A much more cheerful letter than her first one. Tom & I attended the Rainie wedding today.

MONDAY, JUNE 6/69 The weather cleared this afternoon, after six straight days of fog & drizzle. I played golf, & then mowed the lawns. Tonight, at Madeleine ("Maddy") Keay's request, I dropped in to see her husband "Ted" at their seaside bungalow near Summerville. He had a mental breakdown a year or two ago, & has been undergoing treatment at Dartmouth, at intervals ever since. His basic trouble, in my opinion, is simply a case of nothing to do. He served in the Canadian Navy in World War Two, & has done nothing really since. For some years he idled about the little old-fashioned dry goods store on Main Street which "Maddy" inherited from her father, Guy Dexter. Eventually the store closed for lack of business, & for years "Maddy" has been the bread-winner, working as a receptionist for dentist William Murphy, & adding to her income by playing the organ & directing the choir of the United Church. Now it seems that "Ted" has a notion of earning some money as a writer; he has written an article on his experiences as a mental patient, two magazines have rejected it, & he wanted my advice. I did my best to encourage him - he is an amiable fellow, & this endeavor is at least good therapy.

for mental trouble - but really the article is hopeless. It would rate high marks as a high school student's essay, but no magazine editor would consider it for a moment. A lovely view from their big "picture" windows, looking on Port Mouton bay, with an almost full moon shining on the sea.

TUESDAY, JUNE 7/60 A perfect summer day for the provincial election. E. & I voted for Kennedy Jones, & so, I think, did Tom Jr. & Pam. Ken defeated Mrs. Della Richardson in Queens by 3778 votes to 2680, a majority of 1,098. His majority over Merrill Rawding in 1956 was only about 90. About 8 p.m. the Parkers, picked up E. & me, & we joined a group at the seaborn's house to watch the election returns on T.V. Premier Stanfield & his cabinet were all returned, & his Conservatives gained 3 more seats from the Liberals. The standing now:-

Conservative	27	seats
Liberal	15	"
C.C.F.	1	

43

Henry Hicks, leader of the Liberal party, was defeated in his own constituency (Annapolis East) by a narrow majority of 14 votes. Amongst the victorious conservatives was Mrs. Gladys Porter, former mayor of Kentville, who will be the first woman ever to sit in the N.S. Assembly.

Here in Queens the Liberal campaign included a radio address, from the Bridgewater radio station, by Mrs. Douglas Hemson, wife of a Liverpool druggist. It

contained some offensive personal remarks about Kennedy Jones, which did the Liberal candidate more harm than good. Senator Don Smith, & his wife (who dashed about the streets all day in their expensive new Mercedes-Benz car) did their party no good either. Smith's appointment to the Senate, after less than two terms as a Liberal M.P., was just the sort of Liberal patronage that swept Liberal governments out of power in Halifax & Ottawa a few years ago. Smith's trips abroad, always at the taxpayer's expense, have been well noted in the County also.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 8/60 Another perfect summer day. At noon I dashed out to the golf course, without waiting for lunch, to get ahead of the afternoon crowd, & played till 3 p.m. In the morning I visited the Perkins House, which opened on June 1. The new beds of roses, geraniums, etc., are coming along well in the front lawn. The Dept. is about to instal fluorescent electric lighting, at floor level, which will illuminate the rooms on rainy or foggy days (when the small windows make the house dim & gloomy) & at night. Mrs. Jack Bigelow, who lent the house a tester bed & sundry articles when it was first opened three years ago, has withdrawn them this spring. (I fancy she hoped the Govt. would buy them.) This leaves the household equipment bare in spots, & I hope the Dept. will do something about it soon. Dave Inness, the curator, wants a shed built in the grounds to house the garden tools, motor lawn mower, & gasoline supply. At present these are stored in

the house, a clutter & a fire hazard. The historical society (& notably Mrs. Maggie Inness, an enthusiast) are going ahead with plans for a costume tea party in the house & on the grounds, & hope to repeat the success of last year. Ken Jones & wife will play the parts of Lieut-Governor John Wentworth & Lady Fannie. I was asked to do this, with E.; but I've lost my early pleasure in amateur theatricals, & Ken can better afford the elaborate & expensive costumes which must be designed & fitted for the occasion.

THURSDAY, JUNE 9/60 Overcast & cool. My 33rd wedding anniversary. I presented E. with a bouquet of roses & carnations which I selected at the Milton florists. I note in today's Advance that local speed-boat enthusiasts have formed a club called The Privateers Boating Association, & have built a small wooden jetty at Shipyard Point, where they launch & land their boats.

Letter from Frank Burns, wireless operator on Sable Island, enclosing carbon copy of a letter sent May 28d. to the S.P.C.A. and to Edmund Morris M.P. It is a protest against the proposed removal of the wild ponies, setting forth the reasons why, & signed by nine members of the Sable Island Staff. I met Burns on Seal Island in 1948.

MONDAY, JUNE 13/60 A lovely warm day. I set off for Hfx. with E. at 7:15 a.m., dropping Tom Jr. at his Brooklyn job. (I drive him there at this hour every morning.) Dropped E. at Arundale, to shop at Simpsons' store, & went on into the city, parking my car at the parking lot on the corner of Queen St. & Spring Garden Road. Walked

to Province House & had an hour's merry chat with H. B. "Jeff" Jefferson. The building was full of electric cables, lights, microphones & T.V. cameras, plus camera crews & T.V. technicians, getting ready for this afternoon's show. It is a regular CBC feature, shown from coast to coast, usually from Toronto; but in summer it is broadcast from various places in Canada, with actress Anna Cameron as the interviewer. Miss Cameron looks terrible on T.V. as a rule, but in person she is a rather pretty blonde, very alert & self-possessed.

I took Jeff to the Sea Shell restaurant on Barrington Street for an early lunch; and the whole time, from noon to 3:30, when the show went on the air, was taken up in rehearsals and technical tests & adjustments. Then Miss Cameron interviewed Shirley Elliott, librarian at Province House - first in the Red Chamber. Then the camera was switched to me in the Assembly Chamber, where I stood & sat alone, giving a dissertation on the history of the room, the first man to sit in it, & the struggle for responsible government led by Joe Howe.

The camera opened on me sitting in Premier Stanfield's chair, then moving to the table where the mace lay. When I finished, the camera switched back to Miss Cameron & Miss Elliott, talking in the library. It was all over at 4 p.m., when the make-up man removed the brown muck from my bald dome & face. I shook hands with the ladies & director, & departed. Got my car, picked up E. at Francie's

flat, & went on to make a brief call on Mr. & Mrs. White. Pam's father has gained seven pounds, is still very thin, but looks remarkably well. He is now able to spend an hour or two each day at his office in town. Left town just before 5, to avoid the 5 o'clock rush. Had dinner at the hotel in Mahone Bay, where Gil Morris & his wife made us welcome. Then on via Lunenburg, enjoying the water views in the sunshine of early evening. Home at 8:30.

Mail included a letter from a female admirer in Brazil, who had read the Portuguese edition of "The Nymph & The Lamp" & wrote to me in that language. Unfortunately I could only understand a few words like "formidável", "grande admirações", "bela e forte, sentimental e feliz".

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 15/60

After much study of Parkman & other available authorities I have begun to compile a chronology of the La Vours in Acadia. Most historians differ sharply on the dates, & often on places & people, an exasperating business. Golf this afternoon, using a new white canvas golf bag I bought from Jackson, the pro. Later I mowed my lawns. My garden is now at its best, the turf a lush green, trees in full leaf, & the spirea shrubs in bloom. Postcard from Herbert Mowat. Letter from Bishop Waterman, inviting me to play golf on July 4th, when he will be here on church affairs.

Cocktail (or rather a champagne) party at the Voors this evening, in honor of Sandra Jones, whose wedding will take place next month. A crowd.

THURSDAY, JUNE 16, 1960 Rain. Letter from the authors' agent, Fabio Coen, who has offices in New York & Rome. It was Coen, engaged by Little Brown & Co., who sold the Italian translation rights in "The Nymph & The Lamp" some time ago. Now he says he has an enquiry from an Italian motion picture company about film rights in the book. I can only reply that these rights are held up by my unfortunate deal with the late John Rich. Wrote Herbert Mowbray asking him to lend me his 1918 field-map of the Amiens battle ground. For the first two days the courthouse has been in session, a rape case & a manslaughter case, both from Milton. The building jammed with back-road Milton types. Today the jury found young Mooers guilty of killing Owen Wentzell in a ~~car~~ drunken-driving accident outside the Milton forge last Fall. (Subsequently Mooers was sentenced to 2 years in Dorchester.)

Today the Japanese govt. asked President Eisenhower to defer his visit to Japan, as the authorities could not guarantee his safety. Eisenhower had got go far as Manila on a scheduled tour of Japan, South Korea & Formosa. For days past crowds of socialists & students have been rioting in Tokio in protest against the new defense pact with the U.S.

SATURDAY, JUNE 18/60 Fine weather again. At noon I went to the golf course for my usual glick round. At the 18th hole the pro., "Jock" Jackson, came hurrying down from the clubhouse, all excitement. "Will you buy me a beer?" I said, "Sure". Jock grinned & said,

"You can afford it, you've won ten thousand dollars!"

The Doubleday Canadian prize novel award had been announced over the C.B.C. in their 1 p.m. news broadcast. So we had beers at the little club bar. When I got home I found that Rolfe Seaborne and Dorothy Wickins had phoned congratulations - indeed Dorothy had sent her daughter Joan by car to White Point, to leave word for me with "Jock". In the evening John & Dorothy, & Rolfe & Muriel Seaborne, dropped in at my house, & the Parkers came, & we had an impromptu party.

SUNDAY, JUNE 19/60 Overcast & warm. Miss Deborah Raddall was christened at Zion Church this morning. Mrs. Bill White Sr., Bill Jr. & his wife Clairine, drove down from Hfx. for the event. Four other babies were christened, & it was quite a medical-profession affair: - the little procession of proud parents & babies down the aisle was led by one of the senior stewards, Dr. Bird, & the parents included Dr. James Macleod, Dr. Lloyd Macleod, and our own soon-to-be-Doctor-of-Dentistry. Debbie behaved beautifully.

The Whites lunched with us & left for Hfx. at 3.30, & Tom & his little family went off to enjoy the sunshine by the water at Port Joli.

In the evening E. & I went for a drive by the shore. Paving crews & machines are now extending the asphalt from Beach Meadows towards Ragged Harbor, & on the twin roads from Liverpool to Western Head.

MONDAY, JUNE 20/60

E. & I this evening attended the farewell party to the Rev. John & Mrs. Macdonald, in the vestry of

Zion Church. (They move in a day or two to Wolfville, where they have bought a home for their retirement, although the Rev. John will drive over here to hold Sunday services through July.) Entertainment with songs by the choir, & sea chanties by a male quartet. I was asked to make a little speech & to present a farewell gift — an envelope containing a cheque for \$500.

The Rev. John replied in a voice sometimes near tears but with some flashes of his gentle humor. He has been 41 years in the ministry, all of it spent among his own people in Nova Scotia, & is now 70. One of God's good men, beloved wherever he went.

This afternoon, while mowing my lawn, I was visited by a security officer of the R.C.A.F., in plain clothes. He asked me a lot of questions about young "Sam" Johnson, who is now in the R.C.A.F. on ground crew duties at Greenwood. In reply I told him I'd known David ("Sam") since he was adopted as a baby by my Park St. neighbors Ralph Johnson & his wife; that he had the best of upbringing, seemed to me an average boy, a bit happy-go-lucky about his school studies, with the result that he did not succeed in entering college; that he went to sea for some years before joining the R.C.A.F.; that so far as I knew he did not drink to excess, not mix with undesirable companions; that he was not excessively "talkative"; that his parents-by-adoption were the finest type of citizens, with a comfortable income, & no Communistic leanings whatever. From all of this I got no impression that "Sam" was in trouble of any

kind, & I can only suppose that this was routine check-up before putting "sam" on coding duties or something of that kind.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 22/60 Hot, with a strong warm S.W. wind. Still receiving congratulations, wherever I go. Letters from Dr. A. C. Farley & Will Bird, amongst others.

Sold this afternoon. Supper at Port Joli with Irving Bain & his poker players. This afternoon a fisherman from Lockport knocked at my door & sold us a beautiful 5-lb. salmon at 55¢ per lb. He had caught 25 in a net off Lockport's western head this morning.

THURSDAY, JUNE 23/60 More congratulations, including a wife from Barbara Grantmyre. Jack Golding, Halifax free lance newsman, phoned this evening. Time Magazine has asked him for brief biographical piece. The Liberals led by Jean Lesage have won out in the Quebec election, upsetting the corrupt Union National regime which has been in power for decades.

FRIDAY, JUNE 24/60 Frances ("Fran") Davies phoned from Charlottetown. Time Magazine has asked her for one of her photos of me, taken a year or two ago. I agreed. She & husband Jack will leave soon for a holiday in France.

A papermaker named Fraser was killed (caught in the rolls) at the Messy mill tonight - the first fatal accident in the mill for nine years. Letters from Senator Don Smith, Bishop Waterman, Mrs. Cecil Dennis. Jack Golding said some very nice things about me on his "Forum" (T.V.) show tonight.

SATURDAY, JUNE 25/60 A thunderstorm & heavy rain

This morning, clearing off beautifully for the wedding of Murray Jones' daughter "Sandy" (Sandra) today. E. & I attended the marriage ceremony in Trinity Church, conducted by Canon Puxley of King's University. Then the reception at White Point Lodge in the new lounge facing on the sea.

The bridegroom is George Cairnes, of Newfoundland, a brilliant law student at Dalhousie & now a graduate intending to join a law firm in British Columbia. He was the most self-possessed person present, & made a fluent speech in answer to the toast to the bride, full of little jokes & witticisms. "Sandy" is a charming blonde who (in sharp contrast to her mother & older sister Jennifer) never wears elaborate clothes or makeup.

In the evening we drove to Mersey Lodge, up the rivet, & had leisurely drinks & a buffet dinner - about 60 present. Our American friends Marilla McMill & Rita Beebe, who have just arrived to open their summer homes, were present, & we had a chat.

Some sort of influenza is going the rounds. Tom J. brought it home yesterday & I caught the bug. Had to endure the afternoon & evening festivities with a high temperature & feeling wretched.

SUNDAY, JUNE 26/60 A very hot day. E. went to Halifax with brother Terence for the regular visit with Marie Freeman, returning 9 pm. Tom, Pam, & baby spent the afternoon & early evening at Port Joli. I stayed at home, sneezing, weeping, & mopping with a towel (more handkerchiefs are no good) the continual run of mucus from my nose. Jack Gidding phoned from L.A. about noon, with some points to check on

the Time magazine story. Silly question: - "Would it be correct to say that you do not intend to change your way of life after receiving the Doubleday Award"? I said "You make it sound like half a million ~~more~~ dollars. A man can't change his way of life on ten thousand nowadays. Naturally I shall go on living as I always have." Golding said the Time article will be a re-write job by their New York staff, using information supplied from here.

MONDAY, JUNE 27/60 Another day of great heat. This afternoon I mowed & rolled the lawns, for the sake of something to do besides sneezing, wiping & weeping. Received a copy of "Canadian Short Stories" an anthology selected by Robert Weaves (of the CBC) & published by Oxford University Press in their World's Classics series. It contains my "Blind Mc Nair". Provincial election in New Brunswick today. Premier Hugh John Fleming & his Conservative govt. were thoroughly defeated 31-21. The new Premier, Robichaud, is the first Acadian to be head of a N. B. govt. This is significant, for this year the Acadian population of N. B. reached 51% of the whole, & N. B. became the second Canadian province to have a French-speaking majority in its population. (These figures were wrong!)

TUESDAY, JUNE 28/60 Very hot again, but thank God my flu or cold has begun to taper off. This morning I had a chat with Carl Milford, Ken Jones' law partner, about making my will. He took down particulars & will have it ready for signature tomorrow. Played 27 holes at White Point this afternoon.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 29/60 Again sunny, but with a

cold breeze coming in from the fog banks, which lie right on the shore. All through the present warm weather I have heard frequently the house furnace running at night, when the fog moves in. Got my will, as made up by Jones & Milford, & took it home to peruse.

I leave my diaries to the Public Archives of N.S., to be kept there sealed & unopened until 50 years after my death. Everything else I own, real & personal, I leave to my wife or (in the event of her death before mine) to Tom Jr. & Francis, in equal proportions. I have appointed my wife & the Montreal Trust Company to be executors & trustees. Milford advises me to begin transferring ^{part of} my ^{own} property to my wife now, in order to save Estate Tax. The law permits a yearly transfer up to the value of \$4,000 without suffering Gift Tax.

FRIDAY, July 1, 1960

Dominion or Canada Day. The local branch of the Canadian Legion, after their custom, held a "garden party", with booths for fortune wheels, "hot dogs", ice cream, etc. on the stone- & earth quay which leads to their building - a good cool place on a hot day. Also they had their usual band concert & fireworks after dark. This morning Tom Jr. got some spruce trees at Port Mouton & re-planted them on my shore lot at Moose Harbor. They are small, but he may live to see them good-sized trees. I got in a quick 18 holes at White Point between noon & 2 p.m. Tom, Sam & baby then took the car to Summerville beach for the rest of the afternoon. Tonight Mike & Heidi Byrne, and

Jack Sunlap & wife, dropped in for drinks with Tom & Pam, all leaving about 10.30, to take in the Papermakers' Ball at White Point Lodge. The flu bug which I caught last Friday is still going strong in a sort of tertiary stage — a thick nasal discharge, a sore throat; & strange violent pains that start from a point at the back of the throat & travel to my right ear, or alternately to the top of my skull. Naturally I have been unable to smoke for a week. Reading France under Henry IV, Richelieu & Mazarin; also England in the latter part of Elizabeth's reign, & under James I, Charles I & Cromwell.

Today at Pugwash, his old home, the American financier Cyrus Eaton received the Lenin "peace prize" from Russian ambassador to Canada. Other Russian officials from Ottawa & Washington were present. Also the heads of Pine Hill College, Mayor Vaughan of Halifax, & other dignitaries — NOT including Premier Stanfield or any member of the Canadian government. The prize amounts to about \$25,000 Canadian currency. Eaton says he will apply it to some peaceful purpose. On the whole I think Eaton's attitude is probably right. He is an unabashed capitalist & the Russians recognise him openly as such. He believes that an atomic war would destroy all civilization on the earth, & that the present sharp hostility between the U.S. and the U.S.S.R. is leading up to just that tragedy. Therefore there is just one thing to do — to approach the Russians, & resolve some sort of co-existence, preferably without arms on either side.

SATURDAY, JULY 2, 1960.

mon & 3 p.m.

A warm day, mostly overcast. "Time" magazine ran the opposite cutting about myself, not using Alan Davis' photograph nor much of Golding's information.

TIME MAGAZINE, CANADA EDITION, JULY 2/60
ARTS & LETTERS

Novel Honor

The fattest literary prize in Canada is Doubleday Canada's newly established \$10,000 Novel Award. The first winner, announced last week: Nova Scotia's Novelist-Historian Thomas Head Raddall, 56. The winning book, his 16th, is *The Governor's Lady*. A novel about the career of New Hampshire's Governor John Wentworth, who left America at the time of the American Revolution to become Lieutenant Governor of Nova Scotia, Lady will be published this fall.

Tall, white-haired and soldierly-looking, Tom Raddall is a prolific novelist who has won Canada's coveted Governor-General's Literary Prize three times. Born in England in 1903, he was taken to Halifax by his parents when he was nine. In World War I, though a mere 15, he enlisted in the Canadian merchant marine, served as a wireless operator aboard ships and on lonely coastal stations such as Sable Island, "the graveyard of the Atlantic." After the war he settled down in Liverpool, N.S., married a local girl, took a course in accounting, got a job as a bookkeeper, and began writing short stories.

In 1934, Raddall's stories caught the eye of Scottish Novelist John Buchan, who encouraged Raddall to publish a set of them (*The Pied Piper of Dipper Creek*). By the time the book came out in 1939, Buchan was Lord Tweedsmuir, Governor-General of Canada, and he (advised by a board of judges selected by the Canadian Authors Association) gave Raddall a Governor-General's prize for it. Since then Raddall has had no trouble living from his writing—no easy feat in Canada.

Played 27 holes at White Point between
It is far from accurate; and amongst other fallacies it makes my effort to support myself by my pen sound very easy indeed after 1939.

At a cocktail party this evening at the Jack Mc Clearns', many people referred to the *Time* piece as if I had received the golden touch of the gods. I don't share their awe a bit, though I appreciate their kindness. The U.S. (and che) edition of "Time" barely mentions Canada or things Canadian. This Canada edition has a leading section devoted to Canadian news — but subject to "Time's" own editorial slant & blue pencil.

Later this evening G. & I spent a pleasant hour or two with Monbray & Phyllis Jones. They leave next month for Europe, & will take in the Olympic Games in Rome.

(Note: - a throat infection prevented Phyl Jones from making the Rome trip. They stayed at home.)

SUNDAY, JULY 3, 1960

Church this morning with E.

Golf this afternoon.

MONDAY, JULY 4/60

Bishop Waterman picked me up with his car at 9 a.m. & we played 18 holes at White Point. Nasty weather - a dense fog with heavy showers of rain at intervals - & we were the only players on the course. Mail today included a note from Caroline Clement, cousin & companion of Margo de la Roche, conveying Miss Roche's congratulations on my Doubleday award. She added that Miss Roche has been gravely ill for many months.

A note from Jack Golding apologising for the "Time" piece. The New York editorial staff had ignored most of his article, & jumbled the facts in the rest.

TUESDAY, JULY 5/60

Fine, with a fresh breeze. Eleven days since I caught the 'flu bug, & I am still blowing my nose every few minutes, & unable to shave my upper lip because of the usual cold sores there. Hence a stubble of pepper- & -salt on the lip - I can't call it a moustache. Played golf at White Point from noon to 2 p.m., then returned to town & mowed my lawns. The small grounds about my house look handsome now - the deutzia shrubs in white blossom, the weigelia a mass of scarlet, the honeysuckle blooming, the golden elders just turning from green to yellow, & the first buds breaking on the rambler roses. Tom Jr. has now got toughened to the summer's manual labor & looks brown & hard & fit. Pamela

fits easily into our household, a handsome & very competent wife & mother, & of course the lively baby "Debby" is our household god - or goddess.

A postcard from my sister Nellie, who with her husband Max Cassidy is touring the Pacific states & provinces, including the Canadian Rockies & a stay at Banff. I wrote Jack Golding, telling him not to worry about the "Lime" thing. Being old & cynical I had anticipated that "Lime" would cut his stuff to a couple of paragraphs, & mangle the facts in doing so. Wrote Caroline Clement also. And a note to Dorothy Vaughan, Portsmouth, New Hampshire, informing her that "The Governor's Lady" was now on the way to publication at last.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 6/60 Sunny & breezy again. Set off for Wolfville with E. at 1 p.m., driving by way of Bridgewater & Middleton. Dropped E. in Kentville for a visit with Alice Simon's Smith, & went on to call on Miss Martha Thomas at Blomidon Lodge in Wolfville. Miss Thomas has been ill for many months, & gets little writing done nowadays, but I found her in a bedroom on the third floor, sitting up in a blue dressing gown, & cheerful as always. She & eleven other old ladies are permanent roomers in the lodge, a ramshackle fire-trap, all of them living on the old age pension plus small private funds. At six o'clock I drove to the Acadia campus, & Dr. Kirkconnell met me outside the dining hall. About 450 ^{people} filled the place to overflowing.

We had an excellent dinner (main dish, roast turkey). Kirkconnell introduced me over the public address system, & I spoke on a writer's life in Canada. My own watch was at Howard's for repair, so I borrowed Kirkconnell's to time my talk — exactly 28 minutes. K. in closing, mentioned to the company that my son & daughter had been students at Acadia. Several people came up to the head table afterwards for a chat, including Jack & Liza Mosher. (Jack had another nervous breakdown last winter, & looks a wreck.)

The campus, indeed the whole ~~camp~~ Valley, very lovely now in full summer green. Kirkconnell very happy about the will of the late F. C. Manning, of N.Y. Manning left an estate of about five millions, a large part of which goes to various educational & charitable institutions in N.S. Acadia gets an annual sum of more than \$50,000 in perpetuity from the investment trust. Picked up C. at Alice's apartment in Kentville & set off for home about 9 p.m.

THURSDAY, JULY 7/60 Fine again. Golf from noon to 2 p.m. Charlie & Florence Williams dropped in this evening, & we had drinks & chat. News:— The new Negro regime in the Congo, to which Belgium handed the reins a few months ago, has lost its grip already. The troops have mutinied, the police have joined them, and white refugees are fleeing the country with tales of robbery, assault & rape.

In Cuba the Castro regime has confiscated the American & British oil refineries & is importing oil from Russia in a fleet of Soviet tankers. As a retaliatory measure the U.S.A. has reduced the quota

of Cuban sugar imported into the States, & may cut it off altogether. It looks as if Castro intends to trade sugar to the Russians in payment for their oil.

In Italy there are riots almost daily in the cities, including Rome. The communists are strong there, & there is some fear of a revolution.

G. Cecil Day, in today's issue of the Advance, announces that he is discontinuing his news coverage of Shelburne County, & that he has purchased a stock interest in the Shelburne Coastguard. The Advance will thus revert to its old position as the newspaper of Queens County. About 3 years ago Day began a determined effort to drive the Coastguard out of business, securing news correspondents all over Shelburne County, changing the name of his paper from "Liverpool Advance" to just plain "Advance", & offering low advertising rates to Shelburne merchants. He got a lot of Shelburne County subscriptions but very little advertising, & now at last he admits defeat.

SATURDAY, JULY 9/60 Our fine weather continues, & I get two or three hours' golf every day. Note from Kirkconnell, thanking me for my bit at the Acadia dinner, & enclosing a cheque for \$40 for traveling expenses. I replied, returning the cheque, saying it was a pleasure trip for my wife & self.

SUNDAY, JULY 10/60 Clear & hot. Church, alone, this morning. This afternoon I found the golf course thronged with ladies from all parts of N.S., getting familiar with the course for the provincial championship, which will be

decided by competition here in the next 3 days. I played 18 holes with Mary Boyd & another young woman, both of Antigonish. In the evening I drove with G. to Moose Harbor & inspected my shore lot. Amongst the old fire-killed skeletons of the spruce trees there is now a shaggy growth of wild raspberry & other bushes. Tom Jr., & Jack Dunlap, have lately planted 15 or 20 small (about 8 to 10 inches high) spruce & hackmatack trees in this tangle.

Monday, July 11/62 Very hot. Mrs. White arrived with her car from Hfx. at noon, & took Pamela & baby back there for a week's stay. G. Cecil Day, editor & owner of the Advance, has a contractor digging a cellar for his new residence at the sea end of Waterloo Street. The rocky barren in this vicinity, between Waterloo & Main streets, with a view of the harbor, was owned & long held by S. M. Barling & son as a speculation in land. Now it is being opened, with, at least two new streets, a chance for those who wish to build in the "posh" end of town; and Seth Barling is adding a handsome sum to the fortune left him by his father, Seth Sr.

Charles O. Smith, one of our Park St. neighbors, died of heart failure tonight. A grim, ruthless, secretive man who had no use for social amenities. In 1939 he was a car salesman for Thompson Bros. Machinery Company here, who held the General Motors (chiefly Chevrolet) agency as a sideline to their foundry & machine shop. During the Hitler war, Smith seized his chance to become manager of the Thompson plant, & to build it up with

government money as a refitting base for Canadian naval craft. At the same time he built up his own fortune, also at government expense, & emerged from the war a rich man. His house on Park St., built during the war of the best materials, was known to the facetious as "the Park Street corvette". After 1939 he never drove a car himself, always had a swank car & a chauffeur. A thickest pasty-faced man with sharp black eyes, he ruled his little empire like a czar, was feared & respected (but not loved) by his employees. His only known generosity was towards Zion Church, which he provided with a modern heating system, etc., & which he attended every Sunday night.

About 1945 he interested K. C. Irving, the New Brunswick multi-millionaire, in buying out the Thompson family's interest in Thompson Bros. Machinery Company, with which there became Steel & Engine Products Ltd, with Smith as manager. At the same time he took into his own hands the General Motors agency & built a large fireproof building facing Market St. to house a well equipped car repair shop & sales rooms. This wholly-owned activity he named Rousignol Sales Corporation, taking on all sorts of other agencies from diesel engines to refrigerators. He also, under the same name, operated a hardware store on Main Street, & a fire insurance agency.

His wife has been a querulous invalid for the past two or three years. Their only child, Dorothy, is a graduate of Acadia & at present a provincial govt. employee (secretary to Kennedy Jones M.P.P.) in Hfx.

THURSDAY, JULY 14, 1960 Golf this afternoon. Took my car to the Queens Sales & Service garage at Sandy Cove, & had the front wheels examined & balanced; they had been "shimmying" badly whenever the speed got up to 50 m.p.h. Watered the lawn by hose yesterday & today - the first time it has been necessary this summer.

News: - Senator John Kennedy has been nominated the presidential candidate of the Democratic Party in the U.S., after a strenuous campaign. Ex-president Truman & other powerful Democrats, especially in the South, do not approve of him however, & I doubt if he can win office.

FRIDAY, JULY 15/60 Rain, last night & today, after a long spell of fine weather. Called at the Perkins House. David Inness, caretaker, sent back the electrical fixtures (fluorescent floor-level lighting) mentioned in my note of June 8th, which had been sent from Halifax by Jack Bigelow. Inness said they were unnecessary. There should be some sort of lighting, in my opinion. The house with its small windows, deeply shaded by huge trees, is as dim as a cave on rainy days.

SATURDAY, JULY 16/60 Fine again. Tom Jr. took the car to Hfx this morning, & brought back Pamela & baby.

This evening the Rolf Seabornes invited a small party to their house for cocktails, & then on to the Golf Club supper at White Point. (Marilla McDill, her two married daughters, Rita Beebe, G. and J.) A great crowd in the little clubhouse, spilling out to the benches on the grass in front. Jock Millar there, among other familiar summer visitors. Letter from A. S. Burack, editor of "The Writer", Boston, asking

for an article, & congratulating me on the Doubleday Award. About 16 years ago I did a piece for him entitled, "For Beginners Only", & he has been after me for articles ever since.

SUNDAY, JULY 17/60 Sunny, with cool breeze. Church, alone, this morning. C. set off with Terence Freeman at 11 a.m. for the regular visit with Marie Freeman in the Dartmouth hospital. I played 18 holes at White Point between noon & 2.30 p.m. About 4.45 p.m. my sister Winifred Charron arrived with son Louis, daughter Rosemary, & Louis' wife & child - all in Louis' new Peugeot car. As usual with no warning, & just before a meal time. Pamela hustled about & produced a meal for seven by some miracle, & the party set off for Nfx about 7.30.

TUESDAY, JULY 19/60 I was caught in a drenching thunderstorm at White Point this afternoon. The rain was badly needed, but it lasted only two hours or so. A party tonight at Austin Parker's house for Captain Storier (?) of the "Nicholas Bowater". He brought along his chief engineer, Murray Osborne, a Nova Scotian who has a great store of Newfoundland folk songs, & another chap who plays the accordion. Much singing, in which everybody joined, & good fun all round.

SUNDAY, JULY 24/60 Very hot. C. & I drove out to Greenfield at noon & had a leisurely luncheon with Lou Partot & Ann Kelly. The old man is like an unwrapped mammy - skin & bone, & this may be the last time we shall dine together in the lodge. His divorce case,

and the division of his wealth ~~which~~ between wife Frances & himself, is still held up in the U.S. courts, partly by his own illness.

MONDAY, JULY 25/60 Continuous fine weather. Lloyd McInnis of CBC called at my house this afternoon with camera expert Wicks. They are on a quick survey trip around N.S. in search of T.V. subjects for the summit show replacing Gazette. McInnis asked me to do an 18-minute talk in either the Uniacke house or the Haliburton house at Windsor, for a fee of not less than \$50. No mention of travel expenses. I agreed to do the Haliburton talk, which is to be "videotaped" at Windsor about Aug. 8th. McInnis will phone me early next week, to confirm the arrangements.

TUESDAY, JULY 26/60 Hot. As usual, study all morning, golf this afternoon. Dinner party tonight given by Bert & Catherine Waters - drinks at their house, the dinner at White Point Lodge. About 30 people, including their house guest Mrs. Charles Boyesen of Washington. Lovely evening. Porpoises playing in the shallow water just in front of the Lodge. Afterwards Austin & Vera Parker stopped at our house for drinks & chat.

THURSDAY, JULY 28/60 Still fine. Contractors are busy preparing (for building lots) the barren & rocky area between the seaward ends of Main St. and Waterloo St. This land was long held from use by Seth Barling Sr. (& since his death, by Seth Jr.) as a long term investment. For years they refused to sell even the available lots

on the north side of Waterloo St. Taxes on this land were very low - it was assessed as barren pasture - until recently, when the town forced Bartling's hand by raising the assessment. The area is being opened by three small streets named James, William, & Bartling Avenue. (After Jim & Bill Bartling, dead for many years.) Seth Bartling, a bachelor of about 50, lives with his mother in the Bartling mansion near Fort Park. He inherited from his father a snug invested fortune (including \$100,000 in Bank of Nova Scotia stock), also a busy insurance business, a long lease of the Astor Theatre, & various lands & buildings. A few years ago he sold the insurance business to Joseph Holloway, whose wife Helen had been Bartling's secretary. He still runs the movie show, which his mother refers to solemnly as "out living."

Tonight on T.V. we watched for a time the final proceedings of the Republican national convention in Chicago. Richard Nixon's nomination as candidate for President was a foregone conclusion, with Henry Cabot Lodge as candidate for the vice-presidency.

Neither of these men seems to have the spark or color of the Democratic candidates Kennedy & Johnson.

In domestic affairs their obvious appeal is to the moneyed class ("we intend to guard the purchasing power of our American dollar"); while, in foreign affairs, in which Nixon & Lodge have much experience, they inherit the long & dismal failure of the Eisenhower regime.

SATURDAY, JULY 30, 1960

Mrs. "Maggie" Inness, (who has arranged & largely designed the historical pageant which takes place at the Perkins house on Tuesday) wants me to meet Lieut-Governor Plow & Mrs. Plow at the front gate & escort them to their seats at the head of the lawn. There I am to introduce Mayor Charles Murphy & wife, to brief the Plows on the show, & to keep an eye on the seating of Admiral Bullen & other special guests who are coming down from N.F.X. This morning I went over the grounds & the program with "Maggie", who nearly talked my ear off for an hour. To give her credit, she is a hard-driving organizer, & nobody else in town could have done the job. She & her committee of the Historical Society have been working on the pageant for the past six months. I lent them my books on 18c. & early 19c. century costumes, one of which contains instructions for dressmaking patterns, & dozens of ladies have been making costumes; others are getting costumes (some very elaborate) from Malabar in Montreal.

SUNDAY, JULY 31/60 Church this morning with Tom J. & G., to hear the Rev. John Macdonald preach his last sermon. In the Liverpool custom, begun during the Hitler war, the Baptist & United Church congregations have combined in the United Church during July. Next month the Baptist parson will be back from his vacation & the combined congregations will worship in the Baptist church during August. Both churches resume their separate worship in September. I met Harvey

Browell on the church steps. He is spending his usual holiday at White Point, & wants me to play golf with him on Monday morning.

Tonight Trans-Canada Air used the Shearwater airport for the last time. Tomorrow it uses the large new International Airport at Kelly Lake.

MONDAY, AUG. 1/60

Fine & hot. Golf this morning with Harvey Browell. He still keeps busy with his accounting firm in Hfx., but his original partner and War One comrade, Roy Balcorn, is now retired.

Received ^{from TORONTO} 6 advance copies of "The Governor's Lady". A good job of format, printing & binding, & the Kodachrome copy of Copley's painting makes an excellent jacket picture. Unfortunately some careless ass wrote the blurb for the jacket! It states, among other things, that Nova Scotia is an island, that the author lives in Halifax, & that among his books published was one called "Nova Scotia, Warden of The North".

TUESDAY, AUG. 2/60

Sunny, with a breeze - perfect for the Historical Society's show at the Perkins House this afternoon. About 700 people there, including 60 ladies of the Society dressed in the mode of the year 1800. Also in costume were Ken Jones M.F.P. as Sir John Wentworth in a gorgeous military uniform, his wife as Lady Wentworth; Cyril "Case" Mulhall as someone Perkins; Mrs. David Inness as Mrs. Perkins; Hector Dunlap as his ^{own} ancestor the Rev. John Poyzant; Mrs. "Maggie" Inness as Mrs. Poyzant; Henry Hensley as

a Negro butler. Edith in her great-grandmother's blue silk gown had charge of the guest book, which hundreds of people signed. Lieut-Governor G. C. Prow & wife (& two small nieces) arrived at the Perkins front gate at sharp 2.45 p.m. I greeted them as they stepped from their limousine, & ushered them up the garden path, preceded by butler Henry & a Mountie in scarlet uniform. Mayor Murphy (wearing his chain of office) & his wife were introduced to them, & they took seats under the great chestnut tree beside the house. At 3 p.m. "Sir John & Lady Wentworth" arrived in a pony trap - the trap a relic found in somebody's barn, & the "pony" a somewhat ^{over} inadequate cart-horse. "Simeon Perkins" read an address of welcome. "Sir John" made a reply. The singers of the Queens Choral group, all in costume, sang "God Save The King". "Sir John" & his lady came forward to greet the Prows & invited them to inspect the house. The crowd moved on to the back lawn, where food & hot tea & coffee were available for all. Everyone had fun, I think. Visitors from Hfx included Will Bird, Don Crowdis, & Jack Brayley of Canadian Press. Bird was surprised (and went away skeptical I'm sure) when I said I had nothing to do with organizing the little pageant - that I hadn't even suggested it. With my book on the Wentworths coming out in September he obviously thought it was a publicity stunt.

Lloyd McInnis phoned, wants me to do a Haliburton bit in Windsor, Thursday, Aug. 11.

Crowdis informed me that he is now in charge of all provincial government museums etc. including the Perkins House. I mentioned items of furniture & bric-a-brac that the Perkins house should have, & he assured me that he had funds to take care of them.

SATURDAY, AUG. 6/60 Still fine weather. Tonight with 30 others E. & I attended a party at Jack Miller's cottage near the mouth of Broad River, west side. "Jock" (formerly Engineer-Commander, R.C.N.R. during the Hitler War), now spends his winters in Florida, his summers up here. A lovely night; a full moon, and the river & sea a smoother mirror. Among Jock's guests I was introduced to an "Admiral" Porteous, R.C.N., retired, & his wife, who live in Ottawa. The wife was intelligent & charming but her husband, a huge man, was thickly drunk. I gathered that he & his wife had known my sister Hilda when she was a secretary at the Hlx. dockyard. Also that he was an Engineer-Commander at that time, & probably retired at that rank.

Hector Duplop ~~Executive~~ (senior accountant of Thompson's Machinery Company, since the Hitler War known as Steel & Engine Products Co.) tells me that his boss, the late Charles O. Smith (see entry July 11) left an estate of about \$500,000. A large part of this was acquired during the Hitler War, by adroit manipulations aided by our late Liverpool lawyer, Ross Byrne; and expanded by shrewd speculation since. Under Smith's will the entire estate is left in trust for the benefit of

his wife & only child, Dorothy. After Mrs. Smith's death Dorothy inherits the whole, but cannot touch the principal until age 30. Not one cent left to church or charity or any other benevolent purpose.

SUNDAY, AUG. 7/60 Our fine hot summer continues. C. went to Hfx with brother Verence for the fortnightly visit to Marie Freeman in Dartmouth; she also took along a roast chicken & iced cake for our own daughter Frances, whose 24th birthday was yesterday.

Tom, Pam & Debby spent the afternoon & evening with the Jack Dunlaps at the Dunlap cottage near Summerville.

I spent afternoon & evening with the Austin Parkers at their Port Joli cottage. My fellow guests were the Dr. John Wickwires. Young Dr. James Wickwire has bought the ~~place~~ ^{CHARLES} Theriau house & land at Port Joli & is busy converting the old house into a modern shore cottage complete with picture-windows & bathroom. For 25 years Theriau made a neat little income in summer by admitting picnic parties (at 25¢ each) to his extensive sand beach & the adjacent clam flats. Now the "Private Property" sign rules everywhere along the ~~rest~~ east side of Port Joli, where in the 1930's, there were simply unbroken woods, open to anyone, from Theriau's place to the village of Catherine's River.

MONDAY, AUG. 8/60 Fine. Doubleday ^{New York} sent some copies of *The Governors Lady*. A blundering & inept blurb on the jacket by some careless advertising-department idiot. It refers to Nova Scotia as an island, says that I live in Halifax, & that one of my books is called "Nova Scotia,

"Wardens of the North." I sent off autographed copies to Dorothy Vaughan, Mrs. E. W. Carr, & Mrs. Lloyd Hammon, & Mrs. Rose Labrie, all of whom were very courteous & helpful during my researches in New Hampshire.

TUESDAY, AUG 9/60 Fine. Anniversary of my father's death at Amiens, 42 years ago.

THURSDAY, AUG. 11/60 Rain. I set off by car at 9 a.m. for Windsor, to do a "Gazette" show for CBC in the Haliburton house. The cross-country road from Chester to Windsor was in a bad state as far as Marlock, where there is peepahlt paving to Windsor. The dirt road through the hills is being widened & straightened in preparation for paving next year, or later. Taking advantage of the dry summer the contractors have made deep new fills & embankments for miles, using the red clay of the region. A heavy rain last night & this morning turned the clay to a red porridge, in which my car sank 6 inches, & sometimes to the axles. There was one very bad spot at the crest of a long grade, & I got past it only by the grace of my powerful Monarch engine & a lot of luck. Reached Windsor towards noon, & in a small restaurant found Lloyd Mac Davis, Cameron Graham, & their T.V. crew of 8 men. Joined M. & C. at a table & had lunch with them.

About 2 months ago the (Canadian) Board of Broadcasting Governors held a session in Kfx. to consider applications for a franchise for a private

T.V. station in the Hfx. area. There were two applications. One was submitted by a group financed by the Herschhorn brothers of St. John, N.B., owners of a chain of movie theatres. They had secured the services of Mac Innis & Cameron, who had shares in the proposed new T.V. company and the promise of top executive positions if the company got the franchise. Their "brief" (a huge document actually, including detailed plans, blueprints & photographs, & costing altogether \$45,000) was prepared & submitted to the B.B.G. by Mac Innis himself.

The other application was submitted by the owners of the present C.J.C.H. radio station in Hfx, all of whom, & especially Finlay Macdonald, the station manager, were closely identified in politics with the conservative party.

The B.B.G. chose the C.J.C.H. application, though it still has to be confirmed by Ottawa. Thus the efforts of Mac Innis, & the Herschhorns' \$45,000, went "down the drain". I quizzed Mac Innis & Graham, who are still sore about it. They said the C.J.C.H. group "had it in the bag" from the start. Mac Innis said he had seen a photostat copy of a construction contract for a new T.V. building in Hfx, signed by Finlay Macdonald, & dated before the B.B.G. gave their public decision.

Mac Innis & Cameron retain their old posts with the CBC, & their "Sazette" show is to be extended this Fall in time & scope, which will enlarge their salaries considerably. Both are very capable men, & no doubt the CBC had a bit of a shock at the

prospect of losing them.

The show in the Haliburton house ("Clifton") was the usual Gazette piece, video-taped in the library, with Mac Innis questioning me & I in answer talking about Haliburton & his work. We finished about 4:30, & after further chat with Mac Innis & Graham I left a few minutes before 5. Took the long (142 miles) but paved route home via Middleton & Bridgewater, stopping to dine in the "White Spot" restaurant near Kentville. Home about 9 p.m.

FRIDAY, AUG. 12/60

Again clear high weather. Golf this afternoon. This evening G. & I drove out to Port Mouton & called on Mrs. Shirley Chapman in her cottage at Carter's Beach. Immaculate, & in one of her bizarre costumes, she was sitting on the verandah surrounded by shabby 'squ'-westers of all ages from a greybeard to three children of about ten years. It was 8 p.m. or so, & she had a glass of her favorite vodka in her hand - her tenth this evening as she informed me. She took G. inside while she poured vodkas for us, & mentioned that her other visitors had arrived at 4 p.m. In four hours or so the adults had consumed two bottles of rum, & she was providing soft drinks & peanuts for the children.

Conversation was provided mostly by a fat woman of 50, who lives nearby. She regaled us with much gossip about Port Mouton, including the fact that her husband had been confined in the Lunenburg County Home (presumably a lunatic) for the past 25

years. Smoking a cigaret & sipping vodka she gabbled on in a voice just short of a scream; and at last, talking of her struggle to raise her children, & the villainies of ^{the} local storekeepers (the late Clifford Swain & his son Burnell) she became maudlin & burst into tears.

We left soon after that. Shirley Chaplin is rich & able to indulge her eccentricities, but plainly she is desperately lonely, & she encourages these local characters to call & enjoy her hospitality. The result is that, during her summer visits, the rag-tag-&-bobtail of Central and Southwest Port Mouton haunt the cottage as a sort of free canteen.

Mike & Heidi Byrne called at our house tonight for an evening's bridge with Tom & Pamela.

Pam's father, much recovered from his operation, is spending some time at a salmon fishing lodge on the Upsalquitch River in N.B. ^{This afternoon} Pam received a fine grilse, packed in ice & sawdust, and we enjoyed it for dinner.

SATURDAY, AUG. 13/60 Fine weather still. I checked & sent back to Maclelland & Stewart the galley proofs of a selection from "Path of Destiny".

Maclelland's Magazine ran this excerpt before publication of the book in 1957, and now they are including it in a volume of selections from the magazine, entitled "Maclelland's Canada". It is the chapter of my history which dealt with rebel activities in the provinces of Canada & Nova Scotia during the American Revolution. Maclelland's stuck a silly title on it — "How George

Washington "Lost Canada" - as if Washington alone was to blame for the fiasco.

SUNDAY, AUG. 14/60 Fine Golf this morning at White Point, & chatted for a few minutes with Ken Sedgewick of the Royal Bank. This afternoon all the Raddalls went to Port Joli at the invitation of the Parkers, & spent a happy afternoon & evening. Baby Debbie enjoyed bathing in the sea like a little mermaid; and even I went in for a swim. (I can't remember when I last swam in salt water; it must have ^{been} 10 years ago at least.) A huge supper of steaks broiled over a charcoal fire, with potatoes & beans from Parker's little garden near the cottage.

Parker tells me there is still no agreement between the town of Liverpool & the N.S. Power Commission. When the Commission expropriated the town's own electric-light plant at the Gully in 1929, it was agreed that the town should continue to have electricity at the old low rate. In the years since then the Commission has built additional hydro-electric plants on the Mersey, & scrapped the Gully plant; also the distribution of the (low cost) Mersey electricity has been tied in with that of Harmony & various other (high cost) plants, in what is called the Western Nova Scotia network. For some time past the Commission has been billing the town for electricity at a considerably higher rate; and the town has ignored the bills & paid at the old rate.

The town's argument is simple. "Let us keep the low rate - or give us back the plant you took away from us in '29."

TUESDAY, AUG. 16/60 The hottest day in this warmest summer of many years, I suppose, because of the accompanying humidity, with not the slightest breeze. When I drove Tom Jr. to work at 7:15 a.m. I found the town bridge torn up for re-planking, & the whole South Shore traffic diverted via Dighton. Went to the golf course at noon & managed to play 18 holes, dodging about in the slow procession of players. Met & chatted for a minute with Frank Covert & wife.

News: Dag Hammarskjöld, Swedish head of United Nations, is returning from another fruitless visit to Congo. Lumumba, the demagogue leader of the Congolese, now wants all the white U.N. troops to withdraw (they are chiefly Irish & Swedish). He has been arresting & throwing into jail numbers of white U.N. civilian personnel, claiming they are "Belgian spies". Although college-educated, Lumumba, like the rest of the Congolese, has no more sense of judgement or responsibility than the monkeys in the trees. (That is what the Belgians call them - "macaques").

Letter from Dorothy Vaughan, head of the Public Library at Portsmouth, N.H., who was most helpful to me in my research. Full of praise for "Governor's Lady". Another from Mrs. Rose Labrie.

FRIDAY, AUG. 19/60 Still fine & hot. Phoned Doubleday's in New York this morning. George Shively away on vacation. I left a message with a girl at the desk,

asking Shirley to send no further advances on Governor's Lady until early in 1961, this for income tax purposes.

Also asked the publicity dept. to send display materials to Dorothy Laughan, Public Library, Portsmouth, N.H. (She requested this in her recent letter to me.)

SATURDAY, AUG. 20/60

The first hurricane of the season turned inland over the New England coast, giving us the mere fringe for a few hours. No wind, but heavy clouds and a breathless humid air. At golf this afternoon I was drenched with sweat before I got far. At 6 p.m. E. & I drove to Middlefield with the Ralph Johnsons & attended a cocktail party given by Joe & Helen Holloway. About 40 people. Admired the flower garden - hundreds of gladiolus, in full bloom, with a swarm of humming birds busy amongst the blossoms.

News: a number of Canadian Army signals men, recently attached to the U.N. force in the Congo, were set upon & savagely beaten by some of Lumumba's black troops. Our men had only side-arms and were taken by surprise, the blacks asking to see their identification cards & then mobbing them. Ottawa has sent a stiff message of protest, & today Lumumba gave an insolent reply.

A few days ago the Moose Harbor fishermen found a basking-shark tangled up in a nylon mackerel-net. They killed it & hauled it ashore. It was 26 feet long, & was estimated to weigh about 5 tons. The net, worth \$100, was almost completely destroyed.

TUESDAY, AUG. 23, 1960 Still fine & hot, though a brief local thunderstorm dropped rain for about 20 minutes. Bruce Ewash, salesman for Doubleday Canada Ltd in the Maritime Provinces, dropped in this evening for a chat, & to get copies of "Governor's Lady" autographed for himself & for George Nelson. Says he will get an advance sale of about 2,000 copies in his district. The Book Room (at Hfx. has ordered 1,000; and Hector Macleod, of the Mersey Drug Store in Liverpool, has ordered 300 for his little book department. The retail price is \$4.95, a little high for these times when canny people can wait for the paper-back edition at between 25 & 50 cents.

WEDNESDAY, AUG. 24/60 Last evening at 5 p.m. Tom Jr. bade farewell to the curiously assorted gang, employed at the Mersey paper mill by Acadia Construction Co, in the pick-&-shovel line. He gave his thermos flask to former boxer Tiger Warrington, who expressed a wish for it. Tom & Pam intend a week's holiday at the Whites' summer cottage, at Boule; so at 8:30 this morning we set off for Hfx. - Tom Jr., Pamela, baby Debbie (whom I call "Pinkie"), Cath & I. Another fine sunny day with a cool breeze. At the White home on Edward Street, the baggage was transferred to Mrs. White's car, which Tom & Pam will use for the week at Boule. Chatted for a time with Mrs. White. Called to see Francie & her two little boys. C. & I left the city a little before noon. Lunched on lobster sandwiches at "Scotty's" in Hubbard's. Had a flat tire as we entered Bridgewater, a few yards from a service station,

a piece of luck. E. was on the committee serving a special supper at the Golf Club, White Point. Dropped her there at 3:30, returned town to bathe & change clothes, then back to White Point for supper at 6.

FRIDAY, AUG. 26/60

Still fine & hot. I keep my lawn alive by spraying with the hose for 2 or 3 hours every second evening. The golf course at White Point is parched, with spreading patches of dead brown grass.

Met Louis Jacques & Cyril Robinson on the course this afternoon. They are at Lunenburg for the launching of the hull of "H. M. V. Bounty" tomorrow, covering the event for Weekend Magazine.

Supper on the back lawn of Ralph Johnson's house, & chat about the fire afterwards. Guest of honour was Mildred Parker (forget her married name), who is here on a visit from the States. She formerly worked for Little, Brown & Co., Boston, & says Stanley Salmen is now employed by Columbia University, probably in connection with the university press.

Letter from John Gray, of MacMillans, Toronto. Joseph Schull had told him of the memoirs of William Smith, compiled by son S. Brenton Smith, and presented to the Archives at Hfx. some years ago at my urging. Gray wants me to edit it & write a foreword, as one of MacMillan's "Pioneer Series".

SUNDAY, AUG. 28/60

Very hot day. E. left for Hfx with Terence Freeman at 11 a.m. for the regular visit with Marie Freeman. At golf this afternoon I saw bush fires burning near Five Rivers, & fairly close

to the highway. Returning towards town I found the Mounted Police halting traffic. The town fire engine was at Five Rivers bridge, pumping water along a hose line laid into the bush for the supply of men with hand-pumps. The engine, & various other trucks & cars of the firefighting crews, were parked along the road, leaving room for one-way traffic only. Hence the police at each end of this stretch were letting a few cars pass, alternately east & west. I had to wait half an hour before my turn.

Wrote John Gray, pointing out that his proposed job of editing would require more time & work than he seemed to think. If I undertook it I would have to put aside other work necessary to my income, and I would require adequate pay.

The "replica" of *T.M.V. Bounty*, built at Lunenburg for a Hollywood movie to be filmed in Tahiti, was launched from the old Smith & Rhuland yard yesterday, in the presence of 10,000 people including the Anglican archbishop & Admiral Puller. The "replica" actually is 33' longer than Captain Bligh's famous ship, which had only 85', & it measures 400 tons. Resemblance ends altogether below, where there are comfortable quarters for a crew of 22 men (Bligh had 62) plus electric refrigerators, modern galley, toilet equipment etc.

I didn't go, having seen the hull during the building. It still has to be sparr'd & rigged. What I want to see is the actual sailing. The spars & much of the timber (400,000 board feet) are from British Columbia, a sad commentary on Nova Scotia's history as a builder of wooden

ships.

MONDAY, AUG. 29/60 Burning hot day. The bush fire is still burning in the Beech Hill area, and a change of the breeze sent the smoke & ashes pouring through the town all day. Spent the morning wading through my correspondence files, throwing out all kinds of matters, business and personal, which have lost all significance with the passage of time. The filing cases had become choked with stuff of this sort. This evening E. & I took about 3 gallons of water, drove out to Moose Harbor, & watered the little trees that Tom jr. planted on my cabin lot this summer. About a dozen spruce & pine, from 6" to 12" high, seem to have taken root nicely. The hackmatack, maple, birch & poplar seem to be dead.

WEDNESDAY, AUG. 31/60 Still fine & hot. Tom, Pam & baby arrived back from 'Boulé', reportedly a good holiday at the cottage there. About 120 fires burning in N.S. The one here, which started near Beech Hill & burned down to the highway near Five Rivers bridge, is now eating its way slowly through scrub hardwood. (a new growth on the fire site of 5 or 6 ~~new~~ years ago) towards Liverpool. About 150 men & boys are trying to hold it to this area, but water has to be pumped a great distance to them. The local Civil Defence organization is helping with extra mobile pumps & hose. To feed the firefighters the local Red Cross workers are

making great quantities of sandwiches, & an army field cooker provides them with one hot meal per day. No great damage, or danger so far, but a real gale could make a great difference. This is told of a fire burning in scrub country near the so-called Indian Tule on the Roseway River, as well.

THURSDAY, SEP. 1/60 Fine & hot. Cocktail party at the Kirkpatrick's, Milton, at 5.

FRIDAY, SEP. 2/60 Fine, but with a cool breeze and a hint of autumn. Rita Beebe gave her annual party at Mill Village this evening. About 30 people. Good food & good chat. Home with the Parkers at 11:30.

I autographed about 100 copies of Governor's Lady for Macleod this morning. Workmen preparing for the construction of the new bridge at Bristol Archue have torn down the familiar little straggles of one-story red structures, near that end of the bridge, belonging to William Shepherd. Originally these were offices & store rooms for the shipyard there, which was last operated by Steadman Gardner in the 1920's. Shepherd himself had a popular little "ice cream parlor" in one of them, about that time, and kept another for his office as Prothonotary, marked by a sign over the door. During the 1930's these buildings were occupied as "funeral parlors" by the undertaking firm of Wright & Chandler. The whole site, including the shipyard, was once a stretch of lawn & garden, running down to the river from the big mansion of Joseph Barso. The mansion (still standing but much changed) was built by Captain Joe with the profits from his famous

FURNACE

NOV. 1958

MAR. 1959

Timer repaired & overhauled at factory, Nov. 1956
Water heater (electric), cleaned Sep. 1956
Sherman Mc haul replaced filters, checked the timer & size of flame
New hot water coil

CAR

Dec. 1956

Oct 1957

Dec. 1957

Oct. 1958

Apr. 1959

July 195~~8~~9

Aug 1960

New coil at Bain's.

New battery at Dlleley's

1 pair snow tires at Dlleley's (also took new spark plug)

new exhaust tail pipe at Bain's

4 new tires, 1 new tube, at Dlleley's.

new points, also cleaned spark plugs & carburetor

Had brakes re-lined at Bain's.

Wreck of the "Bluenose" - see entry March 2/60
The end of the "Lady Saunders" - . . . April 1/60
Proposal to remove table dated papers May 25/60

