

SEP. 19, 1985

To

1985

RECORD



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Diary of Thomas H. Raddall Sr.
from Sep. 19, 1985 to



Sep. 19, 1985 (continued) at Fort Point to his old daughter Betty, wife of Forbes Kennedy, of Hfx. & elsewhere. The Kennedys have moved in & will take care of her father.

SEP. 21/85 The last day of summer, according to the calendar.

Yesterday & today were burning hot, even at White Point, where the wind was off the land, & the farther shore of Port Mouton Bay was just a hazy blue shadow. Ralph Johnson dropped in for a chat. He hopes the Dept. of Lands & Forests will publish his book this winter, after much cutting.

SEP. 23/85 Fine & cool. Busied myself with a week's washing, drying, & putting-away. Shopped in the afternoon, & cleaned & sharpened my lawn mower for the first time since June. Son Tom & grandson Blair never bother to clean it after mowing, & I found the knives nicked & the knife-drum so caked with chopped grass that the knife had hard labour to revolve in it. After much labour with steel scraper, wire brush, & hose, I got it clean.

THURSDAY, SEP. 26/85 Same good weather. For the past two days at White Point I have watched a little flock of surf scoters (wrongly called "coots" by the fishermen) merrily playing among the wave-washed rocks at the foot of N° 4 tee, where I sit. Farther out, a pair of loons. And the usual herring gulls & cormorants.

FRIDAY, SEP. 27/85 dire warnings of a terrific hurricane called Gloria now moving towards the South Carolina coast. If it simply follows the coast it will devastate all low-lying coastal areas from South Carolina to New Brunswick & Nova Scotia. If it turns inland it will perish quickly. Many coastal strips along the U.S. coast are being evacuated. Even the New York stock market has closed.

By midnight much of the U.S. coastline had been damaged by floods of rain more than wind, & "Gloria" had swerved up the Connecticut River valley & perished in the hills of Vermont.

SATURDAY, SEP. 28/85 This afternoon at White Point the sky was covered with high dark clouds, & the sea was a dull liver-colours. Light S. breeze. A spatter of rain as I drove home. Tom & Pam are in Boston on one of their weekend trips, planning to return on Sunday afternoon.

SUNDAY, SEP. 29/85 Fine & warm. At White Point I found the final golf tournament of the season in progress, with mixed male & female foursomes, a great crowd, & I enjoyed greetings & chat with those I know. Dined at Hunt's Point. Tom & Pam much disgusted with their trip. Tom had planned on hearing some lectures at Tufts (Dental)

College; Pam to do some shopping; & both to enjoy some meals in Boston's gourmet restaurants. Instead they found everything closed up for Hurricane Gloria — Tufts, shops & restaurants.

After dinner today Tom came in & mowed my lawn.

SATURDAY, Oct. 5, 1985 Dark & damp weather since last Sunday, so no walks. This morning's Chronicle-Herald has a photo & an article on my grand-nephew Rob Paisley & his career as an actor in Nova Scotia. He & his actress wife Janet graduated from Dalhousie University drama school some years ago & founded a small theatrical company of their own, playing in Halifax & touring the province. Apparently they are thinking of removing to Toronto.

Blair, home from Acadia for the weekend, mowed my lawn.

Tonight Branch N° 38 (south Queens) Canadian Legion celebrated the nation-wide foundation of the Legion in 1925; & as the only surviving charter members of Branch 38 (1931) Austin Parker & I were invited to the dinner & the subsequent program. Armand Wigglesworth, current president of the Branch, took us there & back in his car. The hall was crowded, & we two were given a standing ovation. We had a good dinner, & when the program ended at 10 p.m. several old friends came & chatted.

SUNDAY, Oct. 6/85 Showers & drizzle. Tom & Pam took Blair back to Acadia late this afternoon, so I dined at home on sea food from the Dixie Lee cookshop.

TUESDAY, Oct. 8/85 At last a clear warm day, & I spent a pleasant hour on the beach at N° 4 Tee for the first time since Sep. 29.

Bird note: Mrs. Bagley saw a male cardinal at Eagle Head yesterday.

THURSDAY, Oct. 10/85 Tuesday was a "weather-breeder". Dark & threatening rain ever since, so no walking at White Point. I mailed a cheque for \$6,000.00, second payment on my 1985 income tax. Also mailed cheques for \$1,000.00 each to Zion Church & the local branch of the Victorian Order of Nurses, my annual contributions.

SATURDAY, Oct. 12/85 Same dark, damp, & chilly weather. Son Tom & his dogs left this morning for the annual woodcock hunt in N.B. As this is Thanksgiving weekend, with Debby & husband, Tom 3rd. & Blair, all home for the holiday, Pam invited me to dine with them today, as tomorrow afternoon they will be scattering back to Sfjo. & Wolfville.

Temp. dropped to 30° Fahrenheit tonight, the first hard frost of the season. Snow on the Cape Breton highlands. Last week a real blizzard in Manitoba.

SUNDAY, Oct. 14/85 Dark & cold, raining at evening. Blair came this a.m. & mowed my lawn.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 16, 1985 At last a fine day, sunny & calm. Drove to White Point hopefully, but found all the benches stored away for the winter. Sat on a boulder by the shore but that became very hard after half an hour so I returned to the car. At Liverpool I visited the cemetery on College Hill to see E's grave. Then a leisurely drive to Milton & Bowie's Falls for a look at my old boarding-place, etc.

Today's Chronicle-Herald has the obituary of Paul Chandler, who died in Winnipeg on Monday aged 51. A tall handsome blond man, & active & athletic, he was smitten about six weeks ago by a rare form of cancer which began behind the eye & traveled swiftly to the lungs & brain. He was a boyhood chum of my son Tom, & married Joan, daughter of my old friend Dr. John & Dorothy Wickwire.

THURSDAY, OCT. 17/85 Open-&-shut sky. Cold NW wind. This afternoon I completed my outdoors preparations for winter. Pulled up & removed the petunias, removed the bird bath to the garage, plugged the air vent under my den, etc.

FRIDAY, Oct. 18/85 After a frosty night a sunny cool day. Wearing a warm pullover sweater under my khaki drill walking coat, & carrying a light foam rubber cushion, I sat on the rock at White Point for a time. Back to L'pool. & then around Weston Head, turning off to look at the lighthouse for the first time in years.

About this time last year Austin Parker, Hector Dunlop & I traveled to the Indian Lookout & elsewhere in a Bowater Mercury van, by courtesy of Jack Dunlop, Bowater's woods manager. Jack had planned to lay on the same trip for us this year, but his father is badly afflicted with emphysema, so the trip is cancelled.

Austin P. & Bill Copelin are spending this weekend at the Eagle Lake camp. I doubt if I shall ever see it again.

SATURDAY, Oct. 19/85 Showers & drizzle. Memorial service for Paul Chandler in Zion Church this afternoon. Owing to my inability to stand long I did not attend. Tracie & Bill Dennis came from Moncton & stayed the night with me. Tom, Pam, Debbie & husband Gary also attended. The church was packed, with standing ^{room} only for much of the crowd, as I had anticipated.

SUNDAY, Oct. 20/85 Sunny but cool after a frosty night. Spent a half-hour, well muffled, at White Point. Dined with Tom, Pam, & this guest Mrs. Joan (Wickwire) Chandler. Tom reported good luck on his hunt in N.B.

MONDAY, Oct. 21/85 Spent half an hour at White Point, sitting on the ground with a floor mat from my car for insulation. A lone loon fishing

just offshore. A passing flock of small beach birds which I could not identify. The cormorants have vanished towards their winter homes in the Gulf of Mexico.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 23, 1985 After a cold night, a sunny day & mild air. Spent a pleasant hour at White Point. The loon was there, calling vainly for company. Saw & then a series of dull thuds from the east tip of York Mouton Island — fishermen gunning for sea ducks.

Bird note at home: a lone mocking-bird pecking at berries on the golden elms outside my sunporch. Probably the same "mocko" which has wintered here for several years past.

THURSDAY, Oct. 24/85 Sunny, but at White Point a cold fog lay offshore, so I did not linger long. I fear this must be my last walk at the Point for the season. Bird note at home: a flicker ("yellow-hammer") pecking at my golden elms berries. This late for it to hang around here, & unusual for it to be eating anything but insects.

SUNDAY, Oct. 27/85 Put the clocks back to standard time. A mild day with sunshine in the afternoon. Cut back my roses, put the garden hose in the garage, etc. The autumn foliage has been a disappointment this year. No really bright colours, even on the red maples, & now the hardwood leaves are withering & beginning to fall. Noticed the mockingbird again.

MONDAY, Oct. 28/85 Sunny but cold, with a roaring NW gale. Phone call from Mrs. Diana Austin of U.N.B. She is sending a copy of her article or articles for my journal. Asks me to check it for errors & omissions, & return promptly. She hopes for publication in December. Phone call from a student at King's University inviting me to a dinner of The Haliburton in late November, at which Charles Ritchie will be special guest & speaker. (Ritchie, a native of Halifax & a retired Canadian diplomat, has written several excellent books about his life & works.) The student asked "Are you a writer yourself, sir?" such is fame. I declined the invitation on account of age & infirmities.

TUESDAY, Oct. 29/85 A bright but cold day with strong NW wind. Large flock of migrant robins feeding on berries in the big hawthorn tree across the street. Reader's Digest, Montreal, phoned. Their British branch wants to publish "The Wedding Gift," & asked names of my books that were published in Britain. Mrs. Lee dropped in for a chat about her Korean book.

THURSDAY, Oct. 31/85 Sunny, windy, cold. Went to Dr. Frank Bell for a physical checkup & particularly to examine an apparently small skin cancer on my left nostril. He found "a slight lung congestion" & prescribed pills to clear it up. Blood pressure satisfactory. My prostate gland "small & soft for a man of your age." He will remove the cancer, "a common basal type" at the hospital tomorrow morning. My heart pacemaker, installed in July 4½ years ago, is

supposedly good for 10 years; however, I should have it checked. He made an appointment for a check by Dr. Crawford at the hospital on Nov. 7.

A cold Halloween but plenty of kids & some grownups. I gave candy etc. to between 100 & 150 before I switched off my porch light at 8 p.m.

FRIDAY, Nov. 1, 1985 Cloudy, windy & cold. Went to the hospital at 10 a.m. & Dr. Bell applied local anaesthetic, cut out the canes, & stitched the gap. About half an hour.

SATURDAY, Nov. 2/85 Overcast & mild. Received Mrs. Austin's script & read it through. Written on a question-&-answer basis, she tends to overload her questions with her own views of this & that, in somewhat pedantic language, but on the whole it is perceptive & intelligent.

SUNDAY, Nov. 3/85 Overcast & mild. Tom took me to Hunt's Point for dinner with himself & Pam. Main dish roast pheasant, shot in the Valley on Friday. Sherman Hines was one of the shooting party, & as usual he entertained them at dinner in his ancient house at St. Croix. He had been in Ungava recently on a photographing expedition, so the fish course was Arctic char & the main dish roast caribou.

MONDAY, Nov. 4/85 Same weather. Returned the Austin script by special mail delivery. Sent a cheque for \$200 to Acadia University for the Paul Chandler memorial scholarship. Two members of the Canadian Legion came & presented me with the Legion's diamond jubilee medal.

TUESDAY, Nov. 5/85 Same dark damp weather. Letter from Joyce Barkhouse, Irwin Publishing Ltd., Toronto, will launch their "Contemporary Canadians" series next January, with three small books including hers on me & my works entitled "A Name For Himself".

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 6/85 A sea gale with rain, all last night & today, the tip of a huge storm that has created disastrous floods in Pennsylvania & Virginia. Bill Copeland dropped in with the badly worn & tattered remnant of a little poem called "Sunset at Eagle Lake," which I wrote there in pencil in October 1937 & tacked on the camp wall. Bill & Austin Parker spent a few days at the camp last week, & found the verse lying on the floor. (There is a copy among my papers, typewritten.)

THURSDAY, Nov. 7/85 Still dark & drizzling. Went to the hospital annex at 11:30 & Dr. Crawford gave me a thorough physical examination (much more thorough than Bell's). Then to the hospital itself for an electro-ocardiograph. Verdict: apart from arthritis I am in very good physical condition. The pacemaker is working well but should be checked again in six months' time.

FRIDAY, Nov 8, 1985 Very mild. The sun got through this afternoon for the first time since Oct. 31. But cold weather is on the way. This afternoon Dr. Bell removed the stitches from my nostril.

SATURDAY, Nov. 9/85 Sunny, windy, cold. Cheque from McClelland & Stewart for \$612.94, royalties for 6 months ending June 30/85. This represents sales of 8 books, all paperbacks, which are still in print, as follows:

His Majesty's Yankees	— 86 copies
Pride's Fancy	28
Roger Sudden	105
Hfx Warden of the North	212
The Nymph & The Lamp	330
Governor's Lady	28
At the Tides Turn	46
Hangman's Beach	86
In My Time	3
	<u>924</u>

SUNDAY, Nov. 10/85 Dark, wet & mild. Dined at Hunts Point with Tom, Pam, Blair, Debby & Clary. A gourmet meal — slices of roast pheasant, black duck, & breasts of woodcock, served with wine sauce & broccoli. The white wine was from Grand Pre', made from locally grown grapes.

TUESDAY, Nov. 12/85 Same weather. Many years ago I acquired a much expurgated edition of Samuel Pepys' diary, & I have read & re-read it many times. It was a cheap thing with very small print, trying to the eyes at the best of times & difficult after my eye operations. Now I am enjoying an unexpurgated edition in good clear print, published this year by the University of California Press, & produced in Britain.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 13/85 Same weather. My 82nd birthday. Cards from Debby & from Tom 3rd. One of the Legion ladies brought their customary round cake, with "Happy birthday Thomas" in white letters on the brown icing. My daughter Frances phoned from Moncton this evening to wish me a happy birthday. She & Bill hope to visit me sometime between now & Christmas. I learn that Florence, wife of my old friend Captain Charles Williams, died today in the Hospital for Special Care, aged 81. She had been a bedridden lunatic for years.

THURSDAY, Nov. 14/85 Dark, windy, cold. My grand-daughter Stephanie (Dennis) Oulton phoned from Toronto to wish me a happy birthday.

FRIDAY, Nov. 15/85 Same weather, with a few glints of sunshine & a few flurries of snow, the first of the season in Liverpool. At 1:30 Pamela picked up Austin Parker & me, & took us to the Baptist church for the funeral of Florence Williams. Later we went on to a reception at Capt. Williams's house. Charlie's

daughters & several of his grandsons, as well as many old friends. After that Austin persuaded me to come & have supper with him - he had made an old-fashioned beef stew, such as we used to make at Eagle Lake years ago.

A yarn & a couple of drinks together to wind up the day.

SATURDAY, Nov. 16, 1985 Clear, bright & cold. Miss Robin Williams, of Bowaters public relations dept. came for information. For the next issue of the Mercury Quarterly she is compiling an article on Liverpool's connection with the Canadian Navy.

SUNDAY, Nov. 17/85 When I went to bed at 2 a.m. the thermometer showed 22° F., the coldest night this season. I slept late, & when I awoke it was up to 40° & pouring rain, with a rising sea gale. Dined at Hunter Point with Tom & Pam.

TUESDAY, Nov. 19/85 Calm, sunny & mild. Too rare a day to waste sitting indoors, so this afternoon I drove by the shore road to Broad River, then took the main highway to Mill Village, & back along the shore via Port Medway, Eagle Head, Beach Meadows & Brooklyn. The sun was so warm through the car windows that I could have driven the whole route in shirt sleeves.

Francie phoned. Two young women friends of hers are opening a smart dress shop in Halifax, & would like to call it The Governor's Lady. Has I any objection? I said my copyright covers printing, stage, movie & TV rights but does not extend to shop signs. They are welcome to it.

THURSDAY, Nov. 21/85 Overcast & still very mild. Jim Whynot came & removed the dead leaves from my front, side & back lawns, & cleaned my garage floor. Paid him \$25.00

SATURDAY, Nov. 23/85 About an inch of snow in the night, the first in Liverpool to amount to anything. It melted away during the day. Dined with the Raddalls at Hunter Point, instead of Sunday, because Pam was serving roast duck (a pair of green-winged teal) shot by Blair at Path Lake, Port Joli, yesterday. Very good, too.

SUNDAY, Nov. 24/85 Snowing lightly at intervals. Mrs. Helen Lee dropped in for another chat about the book she is writing. Dined at home.

TUESDAY, Nov. 26/85 Steady cold weather, with a mixture of snow squalls & glints of weak sunshine. Asphalt bare. An inch of snow clings to the lawns.

THURSDAY, Nov. 28/85 same weather. Armand Wigglesworth came this morning & took several photographs of the Clyne painting of "Scabby Lou". This is for Joyce Barkhouse's little book on me & my work, to be published next year by the Irwin Co., Toronto.

FRIDAY, Nov. 29, 1985 Sunny with temp. creeping above freezing point. In the afternoon I took the car for a leisurely run to Broad River & thence home by the main highway. On my way home an RCMP cruiser spotted me driving without a fastened seat belt & followed me to my house to give me a polite reproof - no charge. Except for short runs to the post office etc. I always fasten the belt but today I forgot.

SATURDAY, Nov. 30/85 sunny & cold. The Hunts Point Raddells had a great feast of boiled lobsters, the first of the season, so they invited me to dine with them. Gary & Debbie were there for the weekend. The lobster fishermen are getting big catches, & the present retail price is \$3.25 per lb., so they are doing well. I wrote to my great-nephew Bill Paisley, regretting that I couldn't be present at ~~Mahone Bay~~ Mahone Bay on Dec. 28th, when he is to be married to a Mahone girl, Lesa Zwicker. I enclosed a cheque for \$500.00. He is an air pilot in the U.S. Naval Reserve & intends to follow in his father's footsteps.

MONDAY, DEC. 2/85 A sudden break in the hard weather, a sea gale with heavy rain & temp. above 50° F.

TUESDAY, DEC. 3/85 Winter again with a roaring NW gale, temp down to 28° F. glints of sun & squalls of snow. Two lobster fishermen, partners in a boat at S.W. Port Mouton, have made \$8,000 in four days.

FRIDAY, DEC. 6/85 Overcast after a frigid night. This is the anniversary of the Hfca explosion in 1917, & it still gets prominent mention in the Hfca newspaper. Writing Christmas cards this afternoon. Hector Dunlop phoned for some information about the bygone Frankenberg Lodge at The Scratches, Lake Rossignol. Says his recent 10 days in hospital did not benefit him a bit, but he sounded cheerful. He was 86 yesterday. My Park Street friends & neighbours Ralph Johnson & Erik Andersen also passed the 86 milestone this year.

SUNDAY, DEC. 8/85. After a very cold night the temp. got above freezing point today, with a light dusting of snow & then a drizzle of rain. Did my weekly laundry chores, & dined at home, as Tom & Pam are going to a dinner party at White Point Lodge.

MONDAY, DEC. 9/85 Lovely day. Temp. up to 45° F. in the sun. Calm. In the afternoon I took a leisurely drive to Lummerville, where I sat for a time longing to walk the sands to Broad River. Back to town, & then around Weston Head. Blue sea, blue sky, everywhere lobster boats hurrying from trap to trap. Sun warm through the car windows.

TUESDAY, DEC. 10/85 Sunny again, but colder, & with a keen N.W. breeze. Rev. Bill Tetus dropped in for a chat. Wants me to tape-record my knowledge of the Congregational Church in Liverpool in colonial

times. This, he says, is for the Rev. Somebody, official historian of the United Church of Canada. I protested that my knowledge of this matter was derived from the Perkins Diary & from Bodner's "The Neutral Yankees of Nova Scotia", both of which are readily available to Somebody; also my notes are in Dalhousie Library. In any case I wrote the gist of it in my little history of Zion Church. Titus dissembled a bit & then admitted that they want my actual voice for the record. Reluctantly I agreed.

THURSDAY, DEC. 12, 1985 So far this winter we have had steady cold weather & since mid-November, with a few mild breaks, & only a few dustings of snow which soon disappeared. This morning snow fell thickly till about noon, & I attached the retractable metal spike to my walking stick before driving to the supermarket.

Letter from my daughter's friend Mrs. Frances Mason of Halifax, thanking me for the waiver of copyright in "The Governor's Lady" for her shop sign. The shop is in the Trade & Convention Centre, & sells Nova Scotian handcrafts & various other things including books.

FRIDAY, DEC. 13/85 Overcast, with an inch of snow on the ground, & very slippery driving. I did not venture out until 5:30 p.m. when John & Dorothy Wickwire picked up Austin Parker & me & drove to Mrs Phyllis Tozer's house at Fort Point, where she was giving her annual cocktail party for ten or fifteen old friends. Pleasant chat, delicious hors d'oeuvres, drinks.

Home at 7:50.

SUNDAY, DEC. 15/85 Sunny & very cold. Dined at Hunter's Point with Tom & Pam. Asphalt roads bare & dry, but icy footing elsewhere.

Monday, Dec. 16/85 Same weather, clouding & moderating in the afternoon.

Pam brought a quart of good thick turkey soup. I shopped for a Christmas supply of wines & liquors.

THURSDAY, DEC. 19/85 Same weather but much colder (down to 4° F. last night). Frank Bolmore called on me this morning, a thickset man of 70, with a stubble beard. He & his brother Donald enlisted during the Hitler war, he in the army, Donald in the RCN. Donald made a career of the navy after the war & retired with the rank of captain. Frank was washed out of the West Novas in Italy & never amounted to anything afterwards. Now living in Newburyport R.I., I suspect in some sort of mental home. In talk he mumbled on about little or nothing, muttering into his moustache, & I was glad to get him out of the house.

FRIDAY, DEC. 20/85 Again sunny but extremely cold. About 1 inch of snow on the ground, & much ice everywhere. Much more snow everywhere but our strip of the South Shore. At 5:30 the Wickwires picked up

Austin Parker & me, & took us to the annual dinner party given by Bob & Heather Weary to about 20 retired Money Paps staff people & their wives. Pleasant chat, delicious food & drink. Home about 9 p.m.

SATURDAY, DEC. 21, 1985 Same weather. The veterans of War One have formed a group within the Legion branch here, & tonight the Legion gave a dinner in their honour. I was invited as a charter member of Legion Branch 38, & John Leife MPP & wife Nancy took me there in their new car.

SUNDAY, DEC. 22/85 A cold but bright & calm day for Tom & Pam's annual pre-Christmas cocktail party at Hunts Point. Dr. Frank Bell took the Wickwires & me there at 1 p.m. The usual happy chatty crowd, at least 50 people. Grandsons Tom & Blair, & Debbie's husband Clancy were kept busy at the bar. Home at 4 p.m. The roads are bare in the middle, but the strewn salt does not have much effect at those temperatures, so everyone was driving cautiously.

I have received about 40 Xmas cards. One from my English cousin Phyllis Elliott, whose mother was a Raddall. A scribbled note said "I have just returned from a trip on safari in Kenya." She is 80!

MONDAY, DEC. 23/85 Snow fell in thick flakes this morning, then the temp. rose to 40° F. with a thin rain. The snow plough cleared Park Street for the first time this winter, & Gary Oickle shoveled off my walks & the driveway. Paid him \$10.

TUESDAY, DEC. 24/85 A mist all day, due to a gush of Caribbean air along the east coast of the U.S. & Canada. At 5 p.m. the whole Raddall family arrived from Hunts Point with a big kettle of lobster chowder, rolls, etc. I supplied the drinks, & we all enjoyed the ritual feast of lobsters on Christmas Eve, started by Edith's people many years ago.

WEDNESDAY, DEC. 25/85 Heavy rain all day, with temp. up to 50° F. All but a few lumps of shoveled snow have gone. At 12:30 I drove to Hunts Point & joined the family at Christmas dinner, roast turkey etc. Drove home at 4 p.m. My gifts include a basket of exotic cheeses & snacks, plus a big tray of home-cooked sweets of various, & from the Dennis's a portable telephone outfit, to be hooked into my house telephone, so that I can answer ^{on phone} phone calls from my den or my bedroom.

SATURDAY, DEC. 28/85 Snow in feathery flakes all day but not amounting to more than an inch or two. This was Bill Paisley's wedding day. I received a formal invitation from the bride's mother, Mrs. Virginia Jevick of Mahone, a month or two ago, & sent a cheque & a note regretting that I could not be present. Tonight I had a surprising phone call from

my nice Carol Paisley, Bill's mother, saying that the young people had made a last minute decision to call it off. She & husband John & Bill had arrived at Mahone on the 20th & opened their house at Indian Point, & tomorrow they return to Alabama, where Bill will resume his training for the U.S. naval air force.

SUNDAY, DEC. 29, 1985 A light snow at intervals. The streets & walks icy. Tom & Pam are dining with friends tonight, so I did not venture out.

MONDAY, DEC. 30/85 Same weather. Letter from the South African Library for the Blind, via McClelland & Stewart. They ask permission to make & circulate recorded copies of "His Majesty's Yankees". These go to people unable to read, irrespective of race, colour or creed.

They send agreement forms, which I signed.

Also from M & S, a circular letter to their authors, announcing that Jack McClelland had sold his controlling interest in M & S to Avie Bennett, a Toronto business man. Jack says "I have agreed to stay on as publisher for a minimum of five years. Avie Bennett has served on our Board of Directors and has worked very closely with me over the past six months. I think we make a good team." In ink Jack writes "I still hope to get down to Liverpool. Hope this is the year."

An active & ingenious salesman of his books, Jack was extravagant in salary & expenses, & no business man at all. He says in the circular "for the first time in 80 years M & S will be well financed," which is stretching the truth a bit. M & S was a comparatively small & securely financed company when Jack took it over about the year 1950 & began to expand.

TUESDAY, DEC. 31/85 After a very cold night a sudden thaw. By dark the temp. was up to 44° F. & pouring rain. At midnight a few bangs of fireworks from the riverside at the town parking lot but nothing else — no bells, no ship sirens etc. as in older days. The police are cracking down with severe penalties for drunken drivers, so there was little motor traffic after midnight. I sat up till 2 a.m. to watch the New Year TV shows.

About 10 p.m. (9 Toronto time) had a phone call from Toronto. A man who said his name was Marryat, a descendant of one of the English settlers at Halifax in 1749. He had enjoyed my books & wanted to thank me & to wish me happy New Year. A few minutes later he called again to ask my postal address, as his mother wanted to write me. He spoke slowly & carefully but didn't sound drunk.

New Year's Day, 1986

All of the snow vanished in last night's rain. This afternoon I watched on TV the annual Rose Bowl Parade in California, always a treat in our winter. Wrote to Jack McClelland & the South African Library for the Blind. Wrote cheques for my few bills, renewed magazine subscriptions etc. Dined at home. Tonight the temp. dropped to 20° F.

FRIDAY, JAN. 3/86

Made up my annual statement of assets as of Dec. 31, 1985

Common stocks at market value	\$ 351,294
Commercial (coupon) bonds	17,000
Can. Govt. (registered)	50,000
Cash in Royal Bank savings a/c #1561	19,618
	437,912
Reserve for additional income tax (\$8,000 already paid)	3,000
	434,912
Mutual Life annuity: 36 payments to come @ *717.63	25,834
TOTAL LIQUID ASSETS	\$ 460,746

Misc. assets

Pontiac 4-door sedan, 1983 model, after depreciation	5,763
Household furniture belonging to my estate "	3,000
TOTAL	* 469,509

No outstanding bills or liabilities.

The great increase since Dec. 31/84 is due to the rise in stock market values.

SATURDAY, JAN. 4/86 A man named Sandy Gow came to see me this afternoon by appointment, bringing a number of my books to be autographed. Tall, dark curly hair, clean-shaven, well-spoken, 40-ish. A native of Alberta, educated in Canada, taught for some years in B.C. schools, then went to West Africa & taught for years in the university of Nigeria, with side-stays in Madagascar, South Africa, etc. Married a South African girl of Scottish descent. Became a recognised authority on African affairs & has contributed essays on them to various learned journals.

He moved to Halifax a few years ago, is now headmaster of a private grammar school (Armbrook Academy) in what used to be the Ladies' College on Oxford Street opposite Dalhousie U. He retains his deep interest in Africa, and (I guessed this was coming) is now writing an African novel, & would like to find a good agent (meaning mine).

I could only tell him what I have told so many others would-be authors, that I dispensed with agents' services many years ago & then-after dealt directly with editors & publishers. The inference from all these inquiries is unflattering — "If that agent ^{can} sell your stuff, he can sell anything, including mine". He was very pleasant, & I enjoyed his talk.

This evening my sister Winifred Merlin phoned from their home near Lunenburg to tell me that Theodore Bayes, third husband of our sister Hilda, died today in the Lunenburg hospital, aged 82. He had been a semi-invalid (emphysema & heart disease) for years, & the shock of Hilda's sudden death last summer sent him to the hospital.

Winifred also told me something of the Paisley-Zwicker wedding fiasco at Mahone last month. It appears that Bill Paisley must have met somebody else he liked better, after Mrs Zwicker had sent out the formal wedding invitations in October. He broke the wedding engagement to Lesa Zwicker by telephone on Christmas Eve, four days before the wedding was to have taken place!

SUNDAY, JAN. 5/86 A huge snowstorm is sweeping over the north-eastern states & New Brunswick. Buffalo N.Y. has 5 feet already, & Moncton nearly 3 feet. Snow began to fall thickly here in the afternoon, but as so often on the seacoast it changes to freezing rain & then rain. Pamela came at 4:30, shovelled the deep slush off my front steps & walk, & took me to Hants Point for dinner. Her Tom drove me home, & shovelled out the entrance to my driveway. He had taken Blair back to Acadia this morning, & on the return had a nightmare journey on the cross-country road from Kentville through New Ross to Chester Basin.

This evening my sister Winifred Merlin phoned from her home near Lunenburg, to tell me that Theodore Bayes died.

MONDAY, JAN. 6/86 The wind jumped around to N.W. after a freezing night, & snow fell all day. Gary Dickle came & shoveled out my front walk & street drain & driveway this evening when the snow ceased. Paid him \$10.

TUESDAY, JAN. 7/86 Very cold with a N.W. gale. Roads are icy & dangerous, so this morning I got taximan Bob Gross to take me to the bank & the supermarket. His charge was #4. Paid him #5.

WEDNESDAY, JAN. 8/86 Same weather. Rev. Bill Titus came with a tape machine & recorded me reading extracts from my little history of Zion Church, which I researched & wrote 19 years ago. (See Dec. 10/85)

FRIDAY, JAN. 10, 1986 Another brief thaw, temp. up to 40° . I got Bob Cross to take me downtown & back.

SUNDAY, JAN. 12/86 After a sharp night the temp. rose again to 40° , with a light drizzle of rain. Dined at Hunter's Loin with Tom & Pam. The asphalt roads are completely bare.

MONDAY, JAN. 13/86 Still mild. This afternoon I shovelled the rotten ice off my driveway & drove my car to Tom's office for some dental work.

TUESDAY, JAN. 14/86 When I went to bed at 1:30 a.m. the weather was still well above freezing point & pouring rain. When I awoke at 7 a.m. the temp. had dropped to $20^{\circ} F$. & a brisk snowstorm was in progress. Mrs. Bagley phoned to say she couldn't get to town in the storm & would come tomorrow. The town snowplough came around & blocked ~~by~~ my front walk & driveway. By 10 a.m. the snow ceased & Ochik came & dug out my driveway & front walk.

Elsewhere in the Maritimes the storm dumped great quantities of snow with a strong NW gale & bitter temperatures, blocking roads & airports, closing schools, shops etc. The weather bureau ("Environment Canada") had predicted nothing more than "snow flurries".

WEDNESDAY, JAN. 15/86 Very cold, with light flurries of snow & a few glints of sunshine. Footing icy, so I got Bob Cross to take me to the post office & supermarket. Mrs. Bagley came & did her chores.

THURSDAY, JAN. 16/86 Temp. zero ($^{\circ}F$) last night, the coldest yet. About 9 a.m. the furnace died & I phoned for ^{the} burner-service people. They came at 11 & soon found the oil tanks empty, although the gauge showed a little fuel. My fault for not watching the tank gauge in this bitter weather, as I usually do. The old mind is doddling. Phoned for Whynot's oil truck, which did not get here till 2 p.m. Fortunately I have two electric radiators in my den, where I kept warm.

FRIDAY, JAN. 17/86 After another cold night the temp. crept up to $34^{\circ} F$. This morning I was visited by two men whose names escape me. One was from the N.S. Museum, the other an archaeologist who was in charge of the hunt for Indian artifacts at Lake Rossignol last Fall. They found many at Indian Gardens, more at The Hopper, & located over 50 other camp sites at the mouths of streams running into Rossignol. In answer to questions about the history of Indian Gardens, various place-names on the Mossey watershed etc. I referred them to my papers at Dalhousie which contains much that they want to know, also a photograph of Lake Falls & the Indian Garden glen, which I took from the old wooden dam in 1927, before the glen was drowned for ever by the hydro-power dam below.

SATURDAY, JAN. 18/86 Mild ($40^{\circ} F$), snow melting fast. I was able to drive my car downtown. Mrs. Helen Lee dropped in with some more chapters of her

book. Asked me to write of a foreword for it. Agreed.

SUNDAY, JAN. 19, 1986 After generally cold weather since November, with a few touches of mild air, we have a real old-fashioned January thaw. Ained at Hunt's Point with Tom & Pam.

TUESDAY, JAN. 21/86 Still mild, with drizzle & (at night) fog. All of the snow is gone except a lump by my front walk, left by Cicile's shovel.

WEDNESDAY, JAN. 22/86 A light frost in the night, temp. up to 35° F. by noon, calm & sunny. Took an hour's leisurely drive along the shore road to Broad River, then around Milton. Sun warm through the car windows, very pleasant. Bird note: a large flock of Bohemian waxwings (at least 30) fluttered about the trees behind my house all afternoon. Beautiful birds, & rare visitors. I have noted them previously on Jan. 18/72 and Jan. 20/79. Note re entry Jan. 17. The senior man was David Christianson, research archaeologist, N.S. Museum.

SUNDAY, JAN. 26/86 Bitter cold the past 3 days. I stayed indoors. Reading "The Last Place on Earth" by Roland Huntford, an immensely detailed exposé of the Scott-Amundsen race to the south pole. A shock to me, as Robert Scott was the great hero of my boyhood. The author goes too far in his effort to exalt Amundsen & denigrate Scott, bringing in every sort of petty matters, nevertheless it is now clear that Scott was a brave but stupid blunderer whose failure to plan carefully brought about the deaths of himself & his companions.

Very like Sir John Franklin.

Today was overcast, with temp. up to 40° F., & there was a drizzle of rain when I dined at White Point with Tom & Pamela.

MONDAY, JAN. 27/86 Drizzle & fog. A belated & undated letter from my sister Hattie, now in her 85th year & just recovering from an eye implant operation. Obviously written before her grandson Bill Paisley's wedding fiasco at Mahone, as she makes no mention of it. She sold her house at Mahone last year & is unable ever to revisit Nova Scotia.

Also a note from my grandson Gregory Dennis, now a busy television news writer & broadcaster based at Moncton. He holds a journalism degree from King's University & has literary ambitions.

- "I've probably never told you, but I'm proud to be your grandson. As someone who's just beginning to earn a living with words I appreciate the agony and reward of writing. But the things you've created with a pen are like the Pyramids to my baby brain. I just hope I've had a bit of your talent passed my way."

WEDNESDAY, JAN. 29, 1986

bolder. Took my car downtown, got my mail, did some banking, & got a week's food supply. The town workmen installed a water meter at the intake pipe in the cellar. This is being done all over the town, of course, the solution of our water-shortage every day summer & fall. We have a reasonably good supply, but much has been wasted because everybody paid a flat rate & there was no inclination to economise.

THURSDAY, JAN. 30/86 Snow began falling this morning & continued all day. Little or no wind. Stayed indoors. The snow petered out about dusk, 7 or 8 inches. Oickle came & dug me out. Paid him \$10.

FRIDAY, JAN. 31/86 Sunny & moderately cold. Taxied to the post office. I learned that Joyce Barkhouse is undergoing critical surgery for cancer. Her little book about me, commissioned by Irwin Publishing Co., Toronto, is to be published this year, after long delays.

SATURDAY, Feb. 1/86 Bright & very cold. The big flock of Bohemian waxwings reappeared today across the street, feeding briefly on the frozen hawthorn berries at the back of Evelyn (White) Aulenbach's house, but in the same wild state of alarm, taking off in a body & circling several times before alighting again. Obviously harassed by sharp-shinned hawks.

SUNDAY, Feb. 2/86 Snow began falling early this morning & continued heavily until 4 p.m., when it changed to freezing rain. I phoned son Tom not to come in for me, & supped at home. Oickle came & dug out my front walk & driveway. Paid him \$10.

WEDNESDAY, Feb. 5/86 A repeat of Sunday's weather exactly. Oickle came to shovel me out when the rain began, but the forecast was for more snow tonight so I told him to come back tomorrow. Taxied to the bank, post office, & supermarket. Letter from John Lennox of York University. He & Clara Thomas of York U. collaborated in a biography of William Arthur Deacon, which was published by the University of Toronto Press in 1982. Now he & Michele Lacombe are collaborating on a book called "The Selected Correspondence of William Arthur Deacon" - letters to & from (among others) Emily Murphy, "Grey Owl", A.R.M. Lower, Hugh MacLennan, Gabrielle Roy, Peter Newman & myself. They ask permission, & I signed the form.

Letter from Andrea Pencombe, of Irwin Publishing Co., Toronto, re Joyce Barkhouse's little biography of me. They are still adding to the illustrations, & want me to vet the captions, & they will send me printer's galley later this month.

THURSDAY, Feb. 6/86 I should have let Oickle shovel me out yesterday, as the weather forecast was wrong. Then was no more snow & the temp. dropped

to 10°F , turning the slush to ice. Bright & very cold today with a strong NW wind. Wrote John Lemox & Drivin Publishing Co. agreeing with their requests.

My weight remains about 176, due to frugal diet, but it is badly distributed due to so much sitting, & lack of exercise. My arms are thin now, but there is an increasing pot of fat on the belly.

WEDNESDAY, FEB. 12, 1986 Continuing bright & cold. About 4 inches of snow (now turned to ice) on the ground. Despite much salt my front steps & walk are dangerous, being pitted with frozen footprints.

Taried to bank, post office, & supermarket.

SATURDAY, Feb. 15/86 Weather changed today, with snow all day. Oickle came at 5 pm & dug me out.

SUNDAY, FEB. 16/86 Bright & very cold. Dined at Hunts Point with Tom & Pam. At 7:30 this morning they were on Summerville Beach, giving the dogs their usual morning run. Bon!

TUESDAY, FEB. 18/86 Snow in the night, ending about noon. Forecast says rain & freezing again. The street plough threw the usual barrier across my driveway & walk, & plugged the street drain, so Oickle came & dug them out. Noticed a flock of evening grosbeaks feeding in the hawthorn tree across the street, the first I have seen of them this winter.

WEDNESDAY, FEB. 19/86 Overcast & cold despite the forecast. Taried to the post office to pick up a week's mail, & the supermarket.

Letter from Charles Burchell, manager of the oldest & largest book store in Hfx. (The Book Room) There seems to be some demand for "West Novas," & he wants to try a ^{small} new edition. Asks my opinion & consent.

THURSDAY, FEB. 20/86 At last a full day of bright sun, no wind, & temp. over 40°F . All day, the long icicles on the south & west eaves, the glittering bars of my winter cage, were dripping & many dropping, a pleasant sound. Wrote consent to Burchell.

FRIDAY, FEB. 21/86 A night's hard freeze & then another sunny day with temp. 40°F . In the afternoon, for a bit of exercise & fresh air, I worked for half an hour shoveling ice off my driveway, loosened by the sun. I got much done before my lame back stopped it.

SATURDAY, FEB. 22/86 Overcast with strong NW wind. Instead of Sunday dinner, Pamela invited me to dine this evening, as all the family except Tom 3rd are home, & she is serving a gourmet treat — roast pheasant & wild goose. A delicious meal. Tom 3rd. is using the midwinter break to visit his latest flame in Toronto, where she works. She is a Liverpool girl, Shelly MacLeod, whom he met here last

during the Christmas holidays — not having seen each other since they were kids at school. Her parents, St. Floyd MacLeod & wife, are old friends of our family. Blair graduates from Acadia in May with a B.Sc. in biology, & plans to go on to Dalhousie next year without any idea of what he really wants to do for a living. His marks are good but not high enough for the exacting standards of medicine or dentistry. His notions range all the way from pharmacy to veterinary medicine.

SUNDAY, FEB. 24, 1986 After another cold night the sun came out, & by noon the temp. was 38°F . I worked for half an hour & cleared the rest of the ice off my driveway & front walk.

TUESDAY, FEB. 25/86 The weather bureau predicted a violent S.E. blizzard. Snow began falling lightly about noon & continued all night, with little wind. Mrs. Lee called for a chat about her book, nearly finished.

WEDNESDAY, FEB. 26/86 The snow piled out this morning, about 4 inches. Dickie came & dug me out. Paid him \$10. Long letter from my grand-nephew Bill Paisley, returning my wedding gift cheque, & apologizing for the delay. He is now training at a U.S. naval air base in Florida, following in his father's footsteps. Refers briefly to the cancellation of the wedding ("one of the most difficult decisions of my young life") but offers no explanation. He spent 7 years in Nova Scotia, 5 of them at Acadia U., with holidays camping & canoeing at Kejimkujik, & hopes to get back to N.S. for a holiday next summer.

THURSDAY, FEB. 27/86 Snow squalls & sunbeams. Got Bob Gross to take me on my weekly excursion to the bank, post office, & supermarket. He is very good, assisting me in the icy places. Paid him \$10.

SATURDAY, MARCH 1/86 A pleasure to write this date; although we have a lot more cold & snow to come, we are over the winter hump. This day was calm & mild with a hazy sun, the proverbial "in like a lamb." Wish I could have taken a long walk but had to content myself with trimming the edges of my snowbanks. The mail brought a packet of photo-proofs from Irwin Publishing Inc., whose captions I am to check.

SUNDAY, MAR. 2/86 A grey day, mild & calm. Dined at Hunts Point.

MONDAY, MAR. 3/86 Same weather. A hard freeze each night, so the snowbanks shrink very slowly. Spent much of the afternoon checking the Irwin proofs & captions.

TUESDAY, MAR. 4/86 Same weather. Packed up the Irwin material, & Mrs. Bagley mailed it this morning on her way home.

WEDNESDAY, MAR. 5/86 Same weather. Taxied downtown to the bank, post office, liquor store & supermarket. Pleasant note from old friends

Fred & Virginia Schenckia, who are wintering in Naples, Florida. They were delighted to find my books in the local public library, & are re-reading them. They hope to be at White Point Lodge for a brief stay this summer.

FRIDAY, MARCH 7, 1986 A sudden blizzard struck in the night & dumped 6" of snow by morning, drifting in places. Chickie came & dug me out & I paid him \$15 because the snow was heavy stuff due to a squall of rain. At noon the wind hauled to N.W. & blew a hard & cold gale, with alternate sunbeams & squalls of snow. Mrs. Borden mailed my letter & brought my incoming mail.

SATURDAY, MAR. 8/86 The first March gale blew itself out this afternoon. A couple from Halifax came with a collection of my books to be autographed.

SUNDAY, MAR. 9/86 After the storm, a mass of very cold air rolled down from Hudson Bay, & last night was bitter. Snowing lightly at intervals all day. Dined at Hunts Point with Tom & Pam.

TUESDAY, MAR. 11/86 A wild sea gale in the night brought snow, then freezing rain, then plain rain today, with temp. up to 50°F. I had to limp out with my shovel & clear the street drain to take the flood pouring down Park Street & into my driveway.

WEDNESDAY, MAR. 12/86 Cold & clear. Tired to Main Street for mail & the weekly shopping. Old friend Wendell Tidmarsh died today at 76. We were office associates at the Messer paper mill for years. Eventually he became manager of industrial relations for the company. After retirement he was mayor of Liverpool for 9 years, & a good one.

THURSDAY, MAR. 13/86 A bright morning with temp. up to 35°F. This afternoon I took my car out for the first time since Jan. 29. Drove to Summerside by the shore road, thence by Highway 103 to the Milton turnoff, around Milton & home. By that time the sky was overcast, & the weather bureau says that tomorrow we'll have the old nasty mixup of snow, freezing rain, & then rain.

SATURDAY, MAR. 15/86 Yesterday an inch or two of snow, then freezing drizzle which continued all night & most of today, making a fine spectacle of shrubs & trees, but a fearsome mess underfoot. This afternoon the temp. crept up to 34°F, & I took my shovel & cleared the ice off my front steps & walk, & from the street drain, which was sealed tight.

SUNDAY, MAR. 16/86 Overcast & moderately cold. Dined at Hunts Point with Tom & Pam. "Cultured" trout from Newfoundland, little different in taste & texture from "wild" trout, & certainly delicious. I hadn't eaten trout in March since the mid-1920's, when Roy Gordon & I used to tramp through

the woods west of Milton to a small lake called Tolmee's Pond, where we fished through holes cut in the ice.

TUESDAY, MAR 18, 1986 Open-&-shut sky, temp 35°F . This afternoon I took my car downtown for the first time in many weeks. Got a badly needed haircut, did some banking, delivered my 1985 income statements & vouchers to tax accountant Stafford, & got my mail. Weh & had a pleasant chat with golf pro Jim Dumeah, who assured me "Tom, we'll have the benches ready for you when the time comes." (Probably towards the end of April.)

WEDNESDAY, MAR 19/86 Drove to the supermarket this morning & got a week's food supply. A drizzle of rain began in the afternoon, developing into a violent SW gale in the evening with torrents of rain, & temp up to 50°F .

THURSDAY, MAR 20/86 A fine sight this morning; most of the winter's snow gone except the heaps thrown up by ploughs & shovels. My front & side lawns are bare, & about half of the back lawn. The temp stayed high till afternoon, when it sank slowly below freezing.

FRIDAY, MAR 21/86 Sunny but very cold. The first day of spring & the average date (in my years of observation) of the first robin.

A local man, David Samson, an advanced student at the Teachers' College, Sault, is writing a paper on my work, & came for an interview. Later on Mrs. Helen Lee came in to report progress on her book, which she hopes to finish soon.

In the afternoon I got my car out & drove by the shore road to Broad River, thence via Highway 103 & 8 to Milton & along the Caledonia road as far as the turn-off to Greenfield. The temp. was 20°F , but the sun was warm through the car windows & I drove comfortably with bare hands. Watched carefully for spring birds but saw none. Plenty of snow remains in the woods, & Ten Mile Lake is still covered with ice.

SUNDAY, MAR 23/86 Bitter cold nights, sunny but cool days, with the old snowbanks gradually "decaying" (in Timon Perkins' phrase). Dined at Hunts Point with Tom, Pam & Debby.

TUESDAY, MAR 25/86 Same weather. In the afternoon I drove to Port Mouton by the shore road, thence by 103 to the Milton road, around Milton, & home. Saw only one bird, a small hawk. In West Milton crews of the N.S. Power Corp are clearing their lines by cutting down many of the fine old elms which have shaded the street for many years.

Phyllis, wife of J. H. Mowbray Jones, died in Hfx. today aged about 70. She had been a chronic alcoholic for years. She & Mowbray have been bedridden invalids in their luxurious Hfx. penthouse, attended by

nurses day & night, for a long time, & he (aged about 88) is not expected to live out the year. I knew them well many years ago when they lived in Liverpool & he was head of Mersey Paper Company.

WEDNESDAY, MAR. 26, 1986 A hazy sun & a roaring SW gale brought the temp. up to a welcome 65° F., & I was able to open my study's west window & let a fresh breezy flow into the house for the first time since last October. I also attacked the remains of the great snow lump beside my front walk, shoveling it out into the sunlit street, where it melted quickly.

THURSDAY, MAR. 27/86 A premature summer day, sunny, calm, temp. up to 70° F. I spent 1½ hours cleaning up my lawns & stout front, & sitting in the sun. Lou & Erik Andersen, who I have hardly seen for months, came over for a chat, & all my other neighbours & their children had a happy word to say. We shall have more frost & snow but at least we've got rid of the winter's old soiled snowbanks. Still no birds although I hear that robins have been sighted elsewhere.

FRIDAY, MAR. 28/86 Winter returned, with temp down to freezing, & squall of sleet, snow, rain, & a few glints of sunshine. James D. Haw, Annapolis, has sent me a page of the Hfx Herald dated Dec 29, 1916, which he found among some old papers. It has a photo of my father, mentions that he has recovered from his wounds & returned to the Front as Major with the 8d Battalion, & sends the seasons greetings to friends in Hfx. Nearly 70 years ago!

SATURDAY, MAR. 29/86 Open-&-shut sky, temp. 50° F. Dined with the Raddolls at Hunts Point because the family, home for Easter, will be scattering tomorrow. I learn that Phyllis Jones was buried in the small White Point cemetery, beside N° 5 fairway of the golfcourse. Husband Montbray had bought a grave lot there years ago, & I'm told that Frank Covert Q.C. has purchased a lot there also.

MONDAY, MAR. 31/86 Sunny & warm with strong W. wind. Oiled & de-nested my little machine, & spread lawn green over front, side & back lawns.

TUESDAY, APR. 1/86 Sunny & a bit cooler. Had my car washed for the first time since last Fall. Drove to Summerville by the shore road, then to Milton, exploring Moose Hill & other Milton by-roads where I have not been for years. After I got home my sister Winifred Merlin phoned to say that Kild's house & extensive grounds at Oakland have been sold by the executors for \$139,500.00. The contents have been appraised & are now for sale. All the proceeds go to her husband's surviving 3 sons & Win's daughter Rosemary, who is one of the executors.



Thomas H. Raddall, of 53 Chebucto road, who went overseas as a lieutenant and was wounded early in the war has recovered from his injuries and is again at the front. He is now Major Raddall of the 8th Canadian infantry battalion, and sends to friends in Halifax the season's greetings.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 2, 1986 Fine & warm. Noticed a pair of robins on a lawn across the street, my first sighting this year. Also a fleeting glimpse of song sparrows on my back fence. This afternoon I got the bird bath out of the garage, placed & filled it. Removed the winter seal from the car vent under my study & replaced it with summer gauge. dug the petunia bed with the garden fork; removed the matted tree-leaves which have protected my two remaining roses against frost. Not being all my back would stand, I sunned myself in a garden chair for an hour or so.

FRIDAY, APRIL 4/86 After a hard frost last night, a mild grey day.

Flooded petunia bed & worked in bone meal, also the two rose beds.

SATURDAY, APRIL 5/86 Clear & cold, with a biting NW wind blowing over forests still full of snow. As Tom & Pam will be dining out tomorrow, they invited me to dinner this evening. They told me Frank Corcoran is at home & able to exercise himself with walks along the road. At the New York hospital, where his kidney stones were removed, the doctors found that he had leukemia, & he has been taking treatment for that in Halifax.

SUNDAY, APRIL 6/86 Clear & cold. Indoors all day. This evening daughter Frances Dennis phoned for a chat.

MONDAY, APRIL 7/86 Snow all day in large flakes, turning to sleet at dark & then very cold. Today a mechanic from the local Able Cablevision Ltd. installed a "pay TV" converter etc. to enable me to get First Choice movies, music, etc. The cost to be \$28.95 per month. It involves a new remote-control to be used in conjunction with my old one, a complicated business, & this evening I was unable to get anything, not even the old familiar (& banal) CBC & ATV programs.

TUESDAY, APRIL 8/86 Cold rain all day. The cablevision man came & found that I was not aiming the remote-control gadget exactly at the converter on the TV set. With that cleared up, all went well this evening.

Letter from a fan in Toronto tells me that the Atlantis film of my short story "The Trumpeter" was shown on TV, sponsored by the Bell Telephone Company, on Sunday evening March 30th. The Atlantis people hadn't bothered to notify me.

THURSDAY, APRIL 10/86 Pouring rain all yesterday, clearing a bit today. My old easy-chair, facing the TV set, where I spend most of my present life, has become very shabby, & gone in the springs, so today I ordered a new one from Smith's Furniture, price about \$500. It will take about a month to get the shade I want.

SUNDAY, APRIL 13/86 At last a let-up in the cold rains & fogs. At least it was grey but clear, & for the first time this year I noticed a robin at my bird bath. Dined at Hunt's Point with Tom & Pam.

MONDAY, APR. 14, 1986 At last a warm & mostly sunny day, at 1 p.m. drove to Summersville Beach, & walked for half an hour on the road behind it, where there was shelter by the dunes from a bleak sea breeze. The longest walk (or rather hobble) since October.

I learn that my young neighbours, Hugh Coosbie & wife, have sold their property to ^{David} Jack Kendall, postmaster here for the past year or so. Also that old friends Dr. Lloyd Macleod & wife are selling their home on Main Street & retiring to Truro. He is 69.

TUESDAY, APR. 15/86 Sunny, 72° F. Spent two hours on the back lawn, widening my two rose beds, & just sitting in the sun. Erik came over for a chat, & the new neighbour Kendall came over & introduced himself. I knew him as a boy here when his father was postmaster in Liverpool.

Letter from Leslie Choyce, of Pottersfield Press, enclosing draft of a foreword by John Bell for the book of short stories, which will be published "some time this summer" under the title "The Dreamers," the name of one of the stories.

WEDNESDAY, APR. 16/86 Sunny & warm in town. Golf pro Jim Dumeah phoned this morning to say that all the benches have been set out for the season, & that the footing is dry if I want to walk there. Got my income tax papers from accountant Bob Stafford. In paying instalments I had overestimated my 1985 income & underestimated the tax rebates & allowances. So the Income Tax (Revenue Canada) owes me \$2,364.32.

This afternoon I drove to White Point, wearing my old black "Arctic" coat (so much lighter & warmer than my expensive sheepskin coat) in a boisterous N. gale with a feel of snow in it. Hobbled over N° 2 & 3 fairways to my favourite bench on N° 4 tee, overlooking Port Mouton Bay, & sat for a time enjoying the view; thence homeward. A shower of cold rain at night.

THURSDAY, APR. 17/86 Sunny but with a bleak easterly breeze. Mrs Bagley came at 8 a.m. & worked till 1:30 at "spring cleaning", hanging bedding out to air etc. She got the big bedroom & Francis's small bedroom done. Paid her \$40. I pottered about the back lawn in the afternoon & chatted with Erik in a sunny place out of the wind.

FRIDAY, APR. 18/86 Hazy sun, cold NE gale. This afternoon three veterans of the West Novas came to discuss with me a plan for reprinting 1,000 copies of my history of the regiment. One was Bridgewater lawyer Cyril Coughlan, who was a lieutenant in the Reserve Battalion with me in 1942.

Richard

The others, Coughlan & Hall, had served in Italy with the 1st Battalion in '43 - '44. They (representing the West Nova regimental association) hope to get some financial help from the federal govt, & will put up the rest of the money themselves. They asked my permission, & what royalty I would expect. I said I was quite happy about their project & I wanted no royalty. However there should be a written agreement in which I granted permission & waived royalty, provided that I retained copyright for myself & my estate, simply granting the Regimental association permission to print, publish & sell reprints copies of the original book. Lawyer Coughlan said he would look after this, & thanked me on behalf of the association.

SATURDAY, APR 19/86 Hazy sun, chilly NE breeze. In the afternoon I worked an hour or so on my three flower beds, widening, deepening, raking, & applying bone meal. In my entry yesterday I should have mentioned that Cyril & Richard Coughlan are father & son, with a joint law practice in Bridgewater.

SUNDAY, APR 20/86 A cold drizzle of rain all night & today. Dined at Hunts Point with Tom, Pam & Blair. A big sea running, & several lobster traps had washed up on Tom's bit of shore.

MONDAY, APR 21/86 Cool, grey & damp. A blupsy at my bird bath. Phone call from McClelland & Stewart. They had a Telex from Paris, France, enquiring about film rights in *The Nymph & The Lamp*. If sold, who owned them now? I replied, sold to Jon Sloan Associates, Toronto, who have not made a film of it so far.

WEDNESDAY, APR 23/86 Still drizzle & cold fog. Gary Harten, curator of the Perkins Museum, & Bill Copeland, president of the Queens Co. Historical Society, called on me this afternoon. The Federation of Nova Scotian Heritage annually honours "an individual who, for a period of not less than 20 years, has been outstanding in the promotion, development & preservation of our Nova Scotian Heritage" by awarding the Dr. Phyllis R. Blakeley Lifetime Award". They asked permission to submit my name. I agreed, & then found that the award will be made by Lieutenant-Governor Alan Abraham at a dinner in the Henry House, Halifax, on May 31st. — just the sort of public exposure that I dread, especially now that I am so crippled & bent, half blind & half deaf. I can only hope that somebody else is selected for the award.

THURSDAY, APR 24/86 Still drizzling. I planted a deep red rose ("Rocky Mountain") by the bird bath, & a yellow one ("King's Ransom") by the garage, replacing the dead ones there. I bought a new Electrolux vacuum cleaner.

for \$700. It has all kinds of electric & electronic gadgets & safeguards & accessories, & Mrs Bagley is delighted.

FRIDAY, APRIL 25, 1986 Still drizzling. A man named Edgar Macdonald of New Glasgow came to see me by appointment. He is a collector of my publications & brought 21 (including some duplicates) for my autograph.

A tall man of 50, with only common school education, he owns & operates a diesel-engined back-hoe in the construction business, & became interested in my books when he first read "Pride's Fancy".

Letter from Miss Margaret Hall, who operated the family bookstore in Fredericton from 1923 to 1978. "I must have sold thousands of Thomas Raddall's books, as they were always on the Best Seller lists, and I too was devoted to promoting Canadian authors".

SUNDAY, APR. 27/86 Still drizzling in Liverpool, for the 7th day in a row. This is the 50th anniversary of the creation of the West Nova Scotia Regiment, with HQ at Bridgewater, a union of the old Lunenburg & Annapolis regiments, and the WNSR veterans' association recently erected a small monument with bronze plaque in a corner of the Bridgewater war memorial plot. Today they invited me to attend an official memorial service at Holy Redeemer (Anglican) church in Bridgewater. Milton war veteran Ralph Rufuse took me there & back, & I wore my Legion dress, blue beret, blue blazer, grey trousers. Many West Nova veterans attended, from various parts of western N.S., & I enjoyed chats with those I knew, including Col. Frank Hiltz, Gordon Romkey & others. A large company of the present regiment came over in buses from Windsor & elsewhere in the Annapolis Valley, all smart young men in dark green dress uniform, & what with these, & the veterans & their ladies, the church was packed. The sermon was given by Hon. Brigadier-General Cunningham, who fought in Italy with the WNSR as a captain & afterwards studied theology & became an Anglican divine. He is now senior Anglican chaplain of the Canadian army. Home at 5 p.m.

TUESDAY, APR. 29/86 A dry day at last, with some glints of sunshine. This afternoon Cyril Coughlan Q.C. came from Bridgewater with a formal agreement covering the reprint of "West Novas". He was accompanied by Victor Hall, who signed it as Secretary of WNSR Regimental Association, & by Gordon Romkey. We had pleasant chat, & they thanked me for my cooperation. They hope to have the reprint done this Fall.

WEDNESDAY, APR. 30/86 Spells of fog, drizzle, a few faint sunbeams. All shrubs bursting the bud, forsythia in full bloom. My newly planted



Mason

Members of the West Nova Scotia Regiment took part in a special church parade in Bridgewater to commemorate the regiment's 50th anniversary. During the service a plaque was placed in Holy Trinity Anglican Church in memory of fallen comrades. Shown following the service are, from left, Padre Everett Hill, chaplain of the West Nova Scotia Regiment; Dr. Thomas Raddall, the regiment's historian; Canon Emery Harris, rector of Holy Trinity; Brig.-Gen. Ray Cunningham, and Ivan Dagley, a member of the regiment.

APRIL 30, 1986 (cont'd) roses appear to be healthy. Mrs Lee dropped in with the epilogue to her long book, finished at last. She does not say who will publish it. Failing a publisher, I advised her to present the typescript to the library at Dalhousie, of which she is a graduate.

SUNDAY, MAY 4/86 Notched weather, freezing at night, 40° F. in daytime, with cloudy skies & flurries of snow. Blair graduates at Acadia today, & Tom & Pam went to Wolfville, so I dined at home. Studying Shintoism, the Christian missionaries' bugbear in Korea, & the root of all Japanese military adventures in the period 1890-1945.

MONDAY, MAY 5/86 Cold grey day. Nevertheless my lawns will need mowing in a few more days, so I oiled my mower & sharpened the blades. Rain again at evening.

TUESDAY, MAY 6/86 Grey & cold. Mrs Bagley worked from 8 a.m. till 2 p.m., with time out for lunch. Paid her \$40. Received McClelland & Stewart cheque for \$696.25, royalties for 6 months ending Dec. 31/85. Still in print in paperback: - Hpx. Warden of the North, Pride's Fancy, Roger Sudden, Hangman's Beach, At The Tide's Turn, Governoir Lady, The Nymph & The Lamp. Total 1,009 copies. The Nymph is still the most popular.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 7/86 The sun appeared this afternoon & for a time the air was actually warm. Mrs Bagley worked from 8 till 2. Paid her \$40.

FRIDAY, MAY 9/86 Sun & cloud, cold N.W. wind. Frost tonight — my poor new roses! Working on introduction to Helen Lee's book, a slow & painstaking business as my old mind works, fumbling for the words I want, and erratic typewriting due to my awkward fingers & bad eyesight.

SUNDAY, MAY 11/86 A cold grey day, with rain beginning in the afternoon, working up to a torrent in the evening with a violent sea gale. At 5 p.m. I drove to Hunts Point for the first time since last Fall, & dined with the junior Raddalls. Blair is home with his new B.Q. & no immediate prospect of a summer job. Clary & Debby have bought a new home at Williams Lake on the west side of the NW Arm, only a few minutes' drive from the city. Tom & Pam will be flying to Bermuda next weekend for a few days' holiday.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 14/86 At last a clear warm day, & this afternoon I was able to sit for a time on the back lawn, chatting with Erik. Mrs Bagley worked from 8 to 2, & among other matters sandpapered my old oak writing desk & applied a coat of stain. Paid her \$40. Blair came & mowed my lawns, the first cutting this year, & the grass was quite long. Impossible to mow before this owing to wet weather. Paid him \$20 & added a cheque for \$500.00 as a graduation present.

THURSDAY, May 15, 1956

Again fine & warm & calm. (Calgary had a blizzard yesterday, with over 30 inches of snow!) Spent 2 hours on the back lawn, digging up dandelions, applying a solution of RX 15 to the roses & the petunia bed, etc., mostly just chatting with Erik in the sunshine. Noticed a squirrel, tree swallows, a pair of robins nesting in the peak of Erik's roof.

FRIDAY, May 16/86 Fine & hot. Bush fires breaking out all over the Atlantic provinces, but none in Quebec so far. Spent most of the afternoon sitting on my lawn, wearing a cap because my bald head is getting red.

SATURDAY, May 17/86 Light rain all day, enough to put out the bush fires, I hope. This morning I was delighted to see a female yellow warbler flitting about the shrubs outside my sunporch, where they have nested so many years. Average date of arrival was May 22.

SUNDAY, MAY 18/86 Drizzle all morning. Then the sun got through, & I spent most of the afternoon pottering about my lawns, sunning myself, & chatting with neighbours Erik & Lou Andersen.

MONDAY, MAY 19/86 Victoria Day holiday, although the Queen's birthday was May 24th. Sunny, warm & calm, with the first blackflies in evidence.

Planted 8 red petunias in the little bed under my study window. Most of the afternoon I just sat on the lawn. A Baltimore oriole came to the bird bath. The yellow warbler continued to flit about the shrubs. Another female came along. Apparently both were survivors of last year's pair & brood, but after a time the second one flew off, as if recognising the first one's priority.

TUESDAY, May 20/86 Fine & hot (82°F) in town but much cooler on the golf course, where the breeze was off the cold sea. I spent 1½ hours there. Many players. Back in town the heat was terrific. The temp. in my living room was 80°F at nearly midnight.

WEDNESDAY, May 21/86 Showers this morning, fog on the shore. I changed from winter (long johns) to summer (cotton shorts) underwear. Irwin Publishing Inc. have sent me the galley of "A Name for Himself" for checking.

THURSDAY, May 22/86 The sea fog cleared off about noon & the sun was clear & hot. Wrote Irwin Co. enclosing corrected galley proofs. Blair came to mow my lawns. As the grass was too long for my electric machine I borrowed Erik's powerful gasoline machine, & Blair mowed my lawns & Erik's as well. Paid him $\$30$. A flutter of wings in my fireplace flue tonight tells me that the swifts are back from their wintering place in Peru. Average arrival date is May 21.

SUNDAY, MAY 25, 1986 Wet weather for the past 3 days, continued today. Dined with Tom, Pam & Blair at Hunts Point. Tom & Pam just back from a week in Bermuda with their friends George & Sandra Caines, well tanned & well entertained by wealthy friends. Blair has obtained a summer's employment in the gouth fish (salmon & trout) hatchery at Big Falls, Mersey River, so I must find someone else to mow my lawns. Debby has sent me a photo of her new home at Williams Lake, a leju cottage in a setting of birch trees. They used my wedding gift of \$5,000 as part of the down payment.

MONDAY, MAY 26/86 The sun came out in the afternoon but the air stayed distinctly cold. Leslie Choate (Potterfield Press) phoned to say that the book of my stories (entitled "The Dreamers" from one of them) is coming along well & will be published this Fall. Bird note: the yellow warbler have just about completed a new nest in the same shrub outside my sun porch but higher up than the old one. My new roses & petunias are flourishing.

TUESDAY, MAY 27/86 Cold & damp. This evening the Bowater Mersey Co. gave their annual dinner in the fire hall auditorium, at which the various scholarship grants & awards etc are presented. I was asked to present the T.H. Radiall plaque & award for the best three essays having to do with the history & people of western N.S. Honour students from various high schools were present, about 190 people in all, & the chief speaker was Dr Ogmon, president of St. Mary's University. All very interesting & pleasant.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 28/86 Rainy & cold. According to the weather woman on CBHT practically all of the continent is enjoying warm & in many cases sweltering weather, & she asks with a bright smile "Why do we live here?" Son Tom did some work on my ancient teeth. He tells me that Blair's job at Big Falls proved to be impossible due to lack of transportation, & that Tom 3rd will be working (probably at the paper mill) this summer.

THURSDAY, MAY 29/86 Sunny & pleasant most of the day. Blair mowed my lawns. Paid him \$20. Erik came over with beer as I sat in the sunshine & we had a chat. He & Austin Parker went to Kewmukuk last Monday & spent the day motoring over the Bowater roads west of that lake & Rossignol, stopping to try for trout here & there. No fish. It is now possible to drive a car as far as Eagle Lake.

SUNDAY, JUNE 1/86 Last Friday very hot but the wet monsoon weather descended again, & today we had a dark sea fog. Dined at

Hunts Point with Tom, Pam & Blair. Boiled lobsters, the last of the season, delicious as always. Tom 3rd year passed his exams at the Dalhousie dental school, & has one more year to go before joining his father in practice here.

I note that the Book Room, Halifax, is still advertising & selling the booklet called *Historic Nova Scotia*, with my name attached. I wrote the text for it (really a travelogue) in 1970 at the request of old friend Harvey Crowell, who was then chairman of the Book Room board. Since then the provincial highways have been greatly extended & improved, so that it is badly out-of-date in all respects. I don't like my name being used like this.

MONDAY, JUNE 2, 1986 Wet & cold. A partial plate installed in my front teeth by the local dentist about 55 years ago has deteriorated & I have terrific pains in one of the anchor teeth. Son Tom worked on it today. X-ray shows an abscess at the root.

TUESDAY, JUNE 3/86 Same miserable weather. Suffered all day & night from the abscessed tooth.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 4/86 Overcast & cool. Tom finished work on tooth. Says the pain will go away slowly. Meanwhile I must take antibiotic pills, one every six hours. Mrs Bagley has sandpapered, re-stained & varnished my writing desk & typewriter desk, & they look like new. Blair mowed the lawns.

FRIDAY, JUNE 6/86 Yesterday a few sunny hours, then rain again & all day today. As the TV weather gal says with a bright smile, "Why on earth do we live here?" The Bowaters (paper mill) public relations office sent 25 copies of "In My Time" & asked me to autograph them. They intend to present them to certain high school students.

Mrs Lee brought a long list of documentary references for my perusal in connection with her book.

SUNDAY, JUNE 8/86 Still raining. Dined with Tom, Pam & Blair, & returned early for safe driving, due to dense sea fog.

MONDAY, JUNE 9/86 My 59th wedding anniversary. A bright warm day for a change, tempered by strong gusts of NW wind. This p.m. I drove to the golf course, hobbled to my favourite seat on N° 4 tee, & sat there nearly an hour. At home my bush honeysuckle is in full pink blossom & the spireas begin to make a white show.

TUESDAY, JUNE 10/86 Rain all day. Mrs Bagley came & did her ordinary cleaning chores 8-10 a.m. & I paid her the usual \$20.00.

Heaney resigns

By STEVE BRUCE
Staff Reporter

Brian Heaney, who coached Saint Mary's University Huskies to three national titles in the 1970s, resigned yesterday as head of the men's basketball program at University of Toronto, citing a desire to pursue other developments in his personal life and career.

In his three years at Toronto, Heaney developed the Varsity Blues into a contender in both the Ontario Universities Athletic Association and the larger Canadian Interuniversity Athletic Union, university athletic director Gib Chapman said in accepting the resignation.

"During Heaney's service, the Blues gained conference and national prominence by finishing second in the OUA East Division playoffs the past two seasons, winning three invitation tournaments and representing the OUA in the 1985 CIAU Mideast and



Brian Heaney

Heaney, a native of Rockaway Beach, N.Y., starred as a backcourt player at Acadia University in the 1960s and played briefly in the National Basketball Association with Baltimore Bullets. In 1979, following

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 11, 1986 Intermittent rain all day. Mrs Bagley came & worked from 8 to 1:30 at her "spring housecleaning", including scraping, varnishing, measuring & ordering new curtains for the staircase windows, etc. Paid her \$40.00. Letter from Robert Caplan, Wreck Cove, Cape Breton, owner & publisher of "Cape Breton's Magazine" for the past 14 years. He has obtained permission from Delhortie U. Library to publish my (hitherto unpublished) copy of "Halifax Revisited", an account of James D. Bellis's visit to Hfx in 1945. I replied, telling him that he could also use my account of this visit in "In My Time".

THURSDAY, JUNE 12/86 Sunny but cool. Went to White Point & hobbled to the beach at N°4, but the wind was NE, right off the icebergs now drifting south, so I didn't linger. I find myself weaker every day, with more pain from my back, & puffing at every effort.

SUNDAY, JUNE 15/86 The sun emerged from the almost perpetual drizzle & the day was fine & hot. I knew the golf course would be crowded with players so I stayed at home, doing my weekly laundry chore & sitting in a chair on my back lawn. I feel terribly depressed, dreading the day when I can no longer look after myself, & hoping I can drop dead before that. The Hunts Point Raddalls are in Moncton today attending a wedding in Pam's family, so I dined at home.

Daughter Frances Dennis phoned tonight to wish me a happy Father's Day. Prior to this customary weekend here in July, she & Bill are visiting friends in Mahone Bay on Wednesday, & will stop overnight with me on Thursday.

MONDAY, JUNE 16/86 Sunny & warm in town, but when I drove to White Point in the afternoon I found a cold sea fog, so I had my little totter but didn't linger. Rain again at night. Tom brought the Entertainment page of the Toronto Globe & Mail for June 14. William French heads his columns "The Write Stuff" & speaks of "the giants of CanLit" including me — "members of a noble generation, the first group of Canadian writers to achieve international respect as well as national acclaim. When the oldest of them began writing, satellites and computers were the stuff of science fiction, television was only a theory, radio was hardly beyond the stage of the crystal set. Yet despite these disorienting upheavals, they remained faithful to the power and beauty of the written word."

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 18/86 Fine & hot. Mrs Bagley completed her cleaning, painting, curtain-hanging etc. Paid her \$40.00.

THURSDAY, JUNE 19, 1986

Fine & warm. Potted about the back lawn all afternoon. Bill & Francie arrived about 9:30 & we sat up late chatting.

Friday, June 20/86 Bill & Francie left about 11 a.m. Showers all afternoon & evening.

SATURDAY, JUNE 21/86 The first official day of summer was sunny & cool in town, chilly in the sea wind at White Point, where I spent an hour watching the club's invitational tournament, a crowd of men.

SUNDAY, JUNE 22/86 Sunny in town. Blair mowed my lawns, & I spent an hour sunning myself in a garden chair. Dined at Hunts Point with Tom, Pam & Blair. Fresh Newfoundland salmon, charcoal-broiled, delicious. When I returned home the inevitable rain was falling again.

MONDAY, JUNE 23/86 Overcast & cool. Harley Walker, retired paper mill engineer, of Milton, dropped in this afternoon with some of my books to autograph. A native of Milton, he is deeply interested in the history of the place, & we had a long chat about it.

TUESDAY, JUNE 24/86 Fine & very hot. Sunned myself for an hour in a garden chair, then drove to White Point where the breeze was off the sea & chilly. Jim Bennett of the CBC phoned to check some historical points in a sort of pageant he is preparing on bygone Halifax.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 25/86 Sunny with a strong cool W. wind. Spent an hour at White Point. Alberta ("Bertie") Seldon, wife of my old friend Larry Seldon, died today aged 78. She had been ailing with a brain tumour for some time past.

THURSDAY, JUNE 26/86 Sun & cloud, brisk WNW wind. Pleasant hour at White Point.

FRIDAY, JUNE 27/86 Overcast & calm. Again an hour at White Point. By night the customary cold rain was back again, & my furnace was running regularly as if it were March.

SATURDAY, JUNE 28/86 Rain & drizzle all day & evening. The yellow warblers, having raised one brood, have removed their nest, bit by bit, & rebuilt it somewhere else for another round.

SUNDAY, JUNE 29/86 Fine & hot. Sunned myself on the back lawn. At Hunts Point I found Tom, Pam & Blair enjoying their pool for the first time this "summer". Dined on charcoal-broiled steaks, fiddle-head greens & broccoli. Tom 3rd was in Halifax with the pickup truck helping Clancy &

Selby to move their furniture into the new home. He has a job for the summer with the Bowater paper mill, working as a stevedore.

MONDAY, JUNE 30, 1986 Sun & cumulus clouds, Wind W, pleasantly warm. A good afternoon session at White Point, chatting with passing friends & enjoying the sea view. Blair mowed my lawns.

Enjoyed watching the Wimbledon tennis matches on TV.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 2, 1986 The fine spell broke today with grey skies & rain beginning this evening. In the afternoon I spread Lawn Green over the lawns, as the last application was on March 31, & tonight's rain washed it in nicely.

SUNDAY, JULY 6/86 The damp weather continues. Dined at Hunts Point with Tom, Pam & Blair. Tom 3rd is working at the papermill fairly steadily, this being the time when many regular workers like to take their holidays; & the wages are very high.

TUESDAY, JULY 8/86 The weather cleared off suddenly about noon & the sun blazed, the first really hot day - 92° F in the sun. I had to connect up my big electric fan for the first time this season. A man named Cory Hartling, of New Glasgow, came by appointment this morning. He is a collector of my books & had a carton of them for my autograph.

Blair came & mowed the lawns. At 5:30 I hobbled across to the Andersens' patio, where Lou was giving a party for 8 or 10 old friends in honor of Erik's 85th birthday. Pleasant chat over drinks & delicious food. Home about 10 p.m.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 9/86 Overcast & humid, with sprinkles of rain.

THURSDAY, July 10/86 Fine & moderately warm with a fresh W wind. I spent most of the afternoon on my favourite bench at White Point. At 5:30 Dr. John Wickwire picked up me, & then Lawrence Seldon, & took us to a cocktail party at Mrs. Phyl Soyer's house, Fort Point. The party was for Mrs. Catherine Waters, aged 94, & her companion, a wealthy American, a tall & well preserved 88, here for the summer. She is the widow of B. J. Waters, who was General Manager of Mersey Paper Co. in my time there.

Austin Parker & most of his family were there, a family reunion. I chatted with J. H. Mowbray Jones, an old Mersey executive, looking quite well & attended by his nurse, a German woman, very efficient. A great gathering of old crocks & their still vigorous offspring.

FRIDAY, JULY 11/86 Weather as yesterday, & again a pleasant session at White Point. Smith's Furniture store brought the tall wing chair which I ordered last April. It is upholstered in light beige, better cushioned & much more comfortable than my old one, enabling me to sit upright at all times, which is much better for my back.

SATURDAY, JULY 12, 1986 Overcast, calm & muggy in town, but at White Point I found a chilly sea breeze, with a lot of dark-bellied cumulus threatening rain, so I didn't linger long.

SUNDAY, JULY 13/86 Fine & hot. Spent the morning at my usual weekly chores, laundry etc. I knew the golf course would be crowded, so I spent most of the afternoon sitting in the sun on my lawn. Drove to Hunts Point at 5 & dined with Tom, Pam, Tom 3rd. & Blair. Blair had just returned from scuba-diving at Port L'Hebert, with a fine lot of scallops.

MONDAY, JULY 14/86 Rain all day. This morning a man named Charles Crowell came to chat with me. A tall man, 60-ish, a native of Yarmouth who has spent most of his life in Ontario, working as a personnel dept manager for Scott Paper & other companies. He & his wife recently bought the handsome old Morton house on the east road to Milton, & plan to convert it to a wayside inn, specializing in meals but with several bedrooms for guests. (I described it in "The Wings of Night")

TUESDAY, JULY 15/86 The rain pattered out this morning & there were a few glints of sunshine in late afternoon, when Blair mowed my lawns. Through all this wet & chilly weather my furnace has been running every night & frequently during the day, & the fuel tanks had almost run dry, so Whynot Services refilled them today. It seemed ridiculous in "midsummer".

WEDNESDAY July 16/86 Sunny & pleasant. In the morning I did my meat-&-grocery chore. Sprinkled roses & petunias with a solution of RX 15. Gordon Romkey, Petite Riviere, phoned to say that the new edition of "West Novas" is now in the printers' hands, & the W.N.S.R. veterans expect to have the full edition of 1,000 copies on sale by Aug. 25. Already they have orders for 300 copies.

By noon the town was very hot, & I found a light but cool sea breeze on my bench at White Point. Many players including some I knew, such as Mrs. Jean Docherty & her handsome son. She mentioned that her mother, Mrs. Mariella MacDill, is with her at their summer home at Mill Village. Another was Eddie, son of my old friend Harvey Crowell. The Crowsells stayed at White Point Lodge every summer, and Eddie as a boy learned the game of golf there so well that he ^{was} ~~is~~ to become the N.S. champion for years.

My spirea shrubs have dropped their blossoms, & the red weigelia begin to fall, but the deutzias are in full white glory, & the tall golden elders are putting on their white bloom.

THURSDAY, JULY 17, 1986 Same weather, & another pleasant session at White Point.

FRIDAY, July 18/86 Overcast, with rain forecast, so stayed at home. In the evening, by appointment, a Mrs Turner called on me for a chat about my works, & more particularly the history of Port Mouton, of which she is a native. She & her husband have lately bought a summer home near Carter's Beach. She teaches English in a Dartmouth school. Rain tonight.

SUNDAY, JULY 20/86 Busy this morning with laundry & other weekend chores. The day began foggy & damp, & then very fine & hot. Sunned myself on the back lawn this afternoon. Drove to Hunts Point at 5 & found Tom 2nd, Tom 3rd, Blair & Pamela in bathing suits around the pool, with a young man from Hartland N.B., a classmate of Tom 3rd, ~~wife~~ with his wife & child. Just about supper time my grandson Gregory Dennis arrived unannounced from Moncton & joined the party. Pamela coped with them all in her capable way, & we dined on Newfoundland salmon with egg sauce etc. Home at 8 p.m.

At home my roses begin to flourish, the petunias are just so-so, the deutzia & golden elder shrubs are in full white blossom.

TUESDAY, July 22/86 Rain yesterday. Today fine & very hot in town, but I found a refreshing sea breeze at White Point. Noticed a raft of eider ducks, at least 70, floating a few hundred yards off N° 4 tea.

Blair mowed the lawns.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 23/86 Again fine & hot in town, & pleasant in the sea breeze at White Point. On TV watched the wedding of Prince Andrew & Sarah Ferguson (newly created Duke & Duchess of York) a great show in the British tradition, superbly done & well photographed. Neither the groom nor the bride could be called virgins in any sense, but the pomp & majesty of the ceremony in Westminster Abbey brushed over all that. This evening I watered my roses & petunias for the first time this rainy season, a record I'm sure.

THURSDAY, JULY 24/86 Same good weather. This morning I sprayed Killer on some of the weeds which have sprung up in my lawns. Again a pleasant hour at White Point, which was crowded with players. An American woman, whose name I did not catch, phoned to ask about the movie rights to "your wonderful novel The Nymph & the Lamp". Referred her to Jon Flan Enterprises. I still get these enquiries from time to time.

Very hot tonight. I spent the evening wearing nothing but pyjama trousers, & with my big electric fan whirling five feet away.

FRIDAY, JULY 25/86 Terrible heat. This morning I used Erik's sprayer to go over my lawn with Killer again. Mrs Helen Lee dropped in to tell me

that the Korean government has invited her to the opening of their new museum in Seoul, all expenses paid. She will take the typescript of her book with her. Leaving on August 10th. Had another phone call from the American woman about movie rights in *The Nymph & The Lamp*. She said she represented "MGM" (presumably Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer) & she had been unable to locate Jon Slan. I said the sale of rights to Jon Slan Enterprises Ltd. had been arranged between Slan's lawyers & mine, & I didn't have Slan's address. Slan is well known in Toronto & Hollywood, & I think she failed to understand the pronunciation of his name.

SATURDAY, July 26, 1986 Very hot in town, pleasant in the sea breeze at White Point. At midnight the temp. in my house was 88° F., with every possible window open & my big fan going continually.

SUNDAY, July 27/86 Overcast, hot & humid in town. The weather bureau forecast fog on the shore so I stayed at home. When I drove to Hunts Point at 5 p.m. the sky was clear over Port Mouton bay & the sun bright & hot. Dined with Tom, Pam, Tom 3rd, & Blair, charcoal-broiled steaks with fresh garden vegetables. In the evening the sea fog crept in & cooled the air.

WEDNESDAY, July 30/86 Overcast & humid weather continues. Blair came & mowed the lawns. The grass was long & wet, hard going. At noon son Tom did some dental work for me. He & Dr. Gary Morash are having an extension built on the house which they jointly own & use as offices, next door to the Queens Museum. The extension will hold an office for Tom 3rd, & another for an assistant doctor to Morash.

It is now settled that Bill & Francie Dennis will arrive here on Friday evening & lodge with me until Sunday afternoon. Except at breakfasts I shall not see much of them, as this is the occasion of the annual get-together of old friends at Hunts Point.

THURSDAY, JULY 31/86 A violent downpour of rain woke me at 5:30 a.m. & the day went on with alternate showers & fog. Mrs Bagley came with a pie she had baked for my weekend guests.

Gerry Hartling (see July 8) came again with books to autograph & an astonishing variety of food for my bachelors welfare, i.e. several chops of deer venison, several steaks ditto, a rabbit pie (all these frozen) and 8 freshly caught trout. Also his mother had sent a jar of her home-made pickles, & a jar of home-made strawberry jam. There were two other visits from people with books to autograph. I fried the trout for supper, a fine feast.

FRIDAY, AUG 1, 1986 Overcast & humid. Bill & Francie arrived from Moncton this evening & spent the night with me.

SATURDAY, AUG 2/86 Same weather. Bill & Francie spent most of the day calling on old friends & then went on to the Raddall place at Hunts Point. I joined them there at 5 p.m. Jerry Dennis & wife Karen were there, & an old friend of Tom's, Don Caldwell, from Halifax, so we had a large dinner party. The sea fog moved in soon after, so I returned home while I could still do so without lights. The others stayed on till late in the night.

SUNDAY, AUG 3/86 Fog & showers. My guests left after breakfast — Bill to play golf at White Point with son Terry, Francie to explore old scenes at Carter's Beach, etc. At 5 I joined them at Hunts Point. Debby & husband Clary were there from Halifax, with two friends of theirs, so again we had a large dinner party. I left early on account of the fog, but Bill & Francie stayed till after midnight, having called on her uncle Terence Freeman & wife Betty en route. At 12:30 Betty phoned in great distress & alarm about Terence, who was apparently in a coma. He had survived two massive heart attacks in years gone by & is now 67. Bill & Francie had gone to bed, but they dressed hastily & drove out to the Freeman place at Summerville. Terence had simply passed out from too much alcohol, & Bill soon brought him round.

MONDAY AUG 4/86 Calm, humid, some sun, & very hot. A young man named Garnet Winchester came to see me this evening. He is a scuba diving expert, very interested in the wreck of the Duc de Choiseul in Liverpool Bay in 1778, as described in my book "Footsteps on Old Fleets".

TUESDAY, AUG 5/86 Sunny & very hot. Even at White Point, where I spent a pleasant hour, the breeze off the bay was warm. Dined on Cory Hartling's rabbit pie, delicious, just like the ones that Edith used to bake in the faraway days when I shot the rabbits myself.

WEDNESDAY, AUG 6/86 Another hot day, & another pleasant hour at White Point. Blair mowed my lawns.

THURSDAY, AUG 7/86 Overcast, calm & very hot. Fog on the shore so no session at White Point. Instead I weeded my flower beds & applied a solution of RX15. The red rose which I planted on April 24 is just coming into glorious full bloom, belated by the cold wet weather of May, June & July. The yellow rose by my driveway, also planted Apr. 24, is still in bud.

FRIDAY, AUG 8/86 Same weather. Drove to White Point & found it clear of fog, but the sky was obscured with rain clouds. After an hour I came home, & by 4 pm it was raining heavily. Cory Hartling flew in again, this time with four more copies of "The Mersey Story" which he had picked up hereabouts for \$50 apiece. He will use these

for "trades" with other collectors who have something he wants. This book is a prize with collectors of my work because it was limited to 1,000 copies & was never offered for public sale. I gave him my only remaining copy of "Ogomkegan", the pamphlet first issued by the Liverpool Advance in 1935.

SATURDAY, AUG. 9/86 Anniversary of my father's death in battle in 1918.

I was wakened about 5 a.m. by a thunderstorm, & the day continued damp, dark & uncomfortably humid.

SUNDAY, AUG. 10/86 Sun & cloud, hot, humid. Spent an hour at White Pt.

At 5 I drove to Hants Point & found the Raddall place deserted, with the plastic covers over the swimming pool. I suppose they had left early this morning for the annual day of picnicking & bathing on Port Mouton Island.

MONDAY, AUG. 11/86 Same weather. Letter from the Irwin Co. reporting progress on "A Name for Himself" but no exact date of publication.

TUESDAY, AUG. 12/86 Fine & very hot. Again a pleasant sojourn by the sea at White Point. Many players — I've never seen the course so crowded. Among others who paused to chat were Tom & Kitty-Rose (MacDill) Barrow, who are holidaying with Marilla MacDill at Mill Village.

Today the town's contractor rolled another 3 inches of asphalt on the old paving on Park Street, which was badly cracked & in places broken by the heavy modern traffic. When I came to live on Park Street 55 years ago it was a quiet suburban lane with only a few houses. Since then the building of hospitals, high schools, & housing developments towards Western Head have made it the main traffic approach to Main Street.

WEDNESDAY, AUG. 13/86 Same weather, & again the pleasant hour or so at White Point. Letter from Oxford University Press Canada, asking my fee for inclusion of "The Wedding Gift" in their forthcoming anthology of Canadian short stories in English. Replied that the fee was \$200.00.

THURSDAY, AUG. 14/86 Again a fine hot day & the pleasant hour at White Point. Blair mowed my lawns. After my return from White Point I enjoyed watching on TV the international tennis matches at Toronto. The world's best professionals have been attracted there by fat money prizes, & today I saw Ivan Lendl of Czechoslovakia, rated the world's best, defeated after a see-saw contest by Kevin ^{Burrin} of South Africa. Both players have become U.S. citizens, living in the U.S., like so many foreign athletes, for the money & to avoid their home income taxes. Playing all over the world for fat prizes, their incomes are enormous.

For many years I have kept my weight close to 175 lbs., which I found best for me. Today I discarded my ancient bathroom scales, bought a new one, & found that I weigh 180 lbs — ~~live~~ too much. How long

this has been true I cannot guess.

FRIDAY, AUG 15, 1986 Hazy, calm, hot. At White Point I saw an osprey dive from a height & catch a fish within a few yards of the beach at N° 4 tee — the first osprey I have seen in several years. Tom saw one fishing off his place at Hunts Point a week or two ago. For several years the ospreys disappeared, but they seem to be coming back.

SATURDAY, AUG 16/86 Alas, our brief summer is slipping past. Today was wet, culminating in heavy rain tonight. Bob & Heather Weary had invited a large party for cocktails etc in the lovely garden, with the Bowater Mersey band in attendance, but we had to go indoors. Drinks, various hors d'oeuvres, & the piece-de-resistance planked salmon. Tom & Pam were there, on their way to a dinner party at Chester. Tom told that last Sunday afternoon, on their annual day-long picnic at Port Mouton Island, he & Blair walked right around the island following the shore, roughly 6 miles at least. They noticed two ospreys' nests & believe that is a colony there, which would account for the birds' appearances off Hunts Point & White Point. Their old nesting places at Broad River & White Point have been invaded by more & more people in the past 20 years & they now nest on ^{uninhabited} Port Mouton Island. How long they will be undisturbed there is a question. The island was bought by a wealthy West German doctor 10 or so years ago. He attempted to raise sheep there but died suddenly. Since then the island has passed through the hands of various speculators, & now is owned by a West Germany syndicate who already own lands at Stewarts Lake, Port Mouton, laid off in building lots. Gordon Romkey & wife came this afternoon to invite me to the West Nova reunion at Bridgewater at the end of this month. I begged off, on account of my painful disabilities, & asked them to convey my warm regards to the regimental association.

SUNDAY, AUG 17/86 Damp & dark, with a mist lying just offshore. Dined at Hunts Point with Tom, Pam, Tom 3rd, & Blair. The two Toms much engaged in plans for next spring, when they will begin practice in partnership in the newly enlarged premises next to the Queens museum.

TUESDAY, AUG 19/86 Gusts of wind & torrents of rain, the tail end of a hurricane called "Charlie", the first of the season, which did some damage along eastern U.S. coast as far as Massachusetts & then veered out to sea.

THURSDAY, AUG 21/86 Fine & hot, & at last I was able to sit on the bench at White Point & contemplate the scene. The shore was littered with drift washed up by Tuesday's storm. Blair came & mowed my lawns.

FRIDAY, AUG 22/86 Overcast & calm. At White Point I shortened my stay a bit owing to threatening rain. Another collector of my books, Dan McDonald, came by appointment with a carton of books to be autographed. He is a

school teacher in Dartmouth who makes good use of my books in teaching N. & history & literature.

SATURDAY, AUG 23, 1986 Fine & hot. A pleasant session at White Point.

SUNDAY, AUG 24/86 Pouring rain all day, & the furnace running. Dined at Hunts Point with Tom, Pam & Blair. George Barnes, wife Sandra, & their handsome son & daughter looked in for a brief chat. They had been attending a party at White Point, marking the 81st. birthday of her father J. H. Mowbray Jones. Tom tells me that the whole White Point set-up, including White Point Lodge & the adjoining White Point Estates, is on the verge of financial collapse.

MONDAY, AUG 25/86 Overcast & cool, with occasional showers & glints of sun.

Mrs Diana Austin has sent me a copy of the spring issue of "Studies in Canadian Literature", a bi-annual journal devoted to scholarly & critical essays, published by the Dept of English, U.N.B. It ~~contains~~ contains the interview she had with me last July, & on which I commented in this diary Nov 2/85.

THURSDAY, AUG 28/86 Except for Tuesday, a beautiful day, the weather continues dark & wet. Corey Hartling came this morning with another fine mess of trout, a rabbit pie, & two jars of pickled condiments. Also five more books for my autograph. I give him half a dozen books, of various titles, which he lacked.

FRIDAY, AUG 29/86 Temp 44° Fahrenheit last night. Today was bright & cool, & at White Point I was glad to wear my golf jacket & zip it up to the throat. In my absence Blair came & mowed the lawns.

SUNDAY, AUG 31/86 Sunny & cool yesterday & again today, & I summed myself at White Point. Tom & Pam dined out today so I dined at home on rabbit pie.

MONDAY, SEP 1/86 Sunny & cool. In the morning I had a brief visit from sister Winifred's daughter Rosemary Charon. In the afternoon a visit from Mrs. Jessica James & young son Chris. She is a librarian at Lunenburg & her husband is a grandson of my old acquaintance Ted James, whose expert medical-science testimony in the Grevaud shooting case in 1954 (?) won an acquittal for Grevaud. I ~~were~~ was foreman of the jury, & I used the case in my novel "The Wings of Night". She brought a copy of "Wings" for my autograph. I dined at Hunts Point with the junior Radwells.

TUESDAY, SEP 2/86 Sunny, calm, & very hot in town but cool at White Point, where the wind was off the sea at ESE. Noticed several small flocks of wild geese passing the point & flying over Port Mouton bay towards their ancient wintering place at Port Joli, some flying almost at sea level to get under the wind. Fore-runners of winter on its way - horrid thought!

WEDNESDAY, SEP. 3, 1986 Rain in the night & damp today, so no walk at White Point. My yellow rose, planted April 21, is just coming into flower, delayed by the almost continuous dark & wet weather through May, June July & August. All brooks & rivers are high. The Town Lake, our source of fresh water, is overflowing its banks. A printed card advises me that my grand-nephew Tom Paisley was married to another Alabaman, Malia McLawley, in Birmingham on June 27th.

THURSDAY, SEP. 4/86 Sunny & cool. A surprise visit by Jill, daughter of my old friends John & Shirley Chaplin, & her husband Per Wedderstrom, a Swedish electrical engineer long domiciled in the U.S. They are here for only two days, making an inspection of her mother's properties at Port Mouton, including Carter's Beach and Wolamkek Beach, which are worth a lot of money nowadays. Bird note: the mocking bird appeared in the shrubs outside my sun porch, after a long absence. Presumably the same one which wintered here for several years, mostly around Ralph Johnson's feeding tray, with occasional visits to me.

FRIDAY, SEP 5/86 Sunny & pleasant. Enjoyed my seat at White Point. I find myself somewhat like the wonderful one-horse shay, which ran perfectly for 100 years & then went all to pieces. Now it is the gold bridge holding two false teeth in the front of my upper jaw (the only false teeth in my head) which young dentist Donald Smith installed there 55 or 56 years ago.

The whole ~~cosa~~ thing fell out of my mouth after eating my dinner. The adjoining teeth, to which it was anchored, are in poor condition, so it will be a problem for son Tom. Meanwhile I'm like the little boy in the old song - "All I want for Christmas is my two front teeth".

SUNDAY, SEP. 7/86 Thunder & rain last night, fine & warm today. Dined with Tom & Sam at Hunts Point. They took Blair to Hf's this morning & saw him settled in a small apartment (owned by Dalhousie University), the same apt in which they lived while Tom 2nd was in dental school. Blair intends to spend this term at Dalhousie brushing up on certain subjects to qualify for entry into the dental course or the veterinary doctors course - he's not sure which.

MONDAY, SEP 8/86 Fine & warm. Son Tom spent his noon hour restoring my dental bridge with great skill & ingenuity, & it looks much better than the original job. A pleasant afternoon at White Point.

WEDNESDAY, SEP 10/86 Still fine & warm at White Point. Noticed a pair of surf scoters ("coots") diving & lobbing at the foot of N° 4 tee. Wintering here after breeding in the Arctic.

FRIDAY, SEP 12/86 Drizzle & fog. Leslie Choyce phoned this morning to say that the book of short stories will be "out" next week & he will send me some complimentary copies. Asked me to attend an auto-graphing session

at a Halifax bookstore "if possible." I said No, pointing out my age & infirmities. He said "Everybody knows and loves you", but I remained firm.

SATURDAY, SEP 13/86 Fine & warm. A delightful hour or two at White Point. Noticed the surf scoters again & two ospreys.

A collector brought two copies of the "West Novas" reprint for autographs. It is an excellent reproduction with much better print & paper than the 1947 original. News: a great drop on the New York stock exchange during the last two days, faithfully followed by the Toronto exchange. After four years of a bull market a shake-out was bound to come, according to the experts. It is said to be the worst drop since 1929.

SUNDAY, SEP 14/86 Perfect day, cloudless sky, light W wind. Son Tom came & mowed my lawns. Had an hour or two at White Point. Dined at Hants Point with Tom & Pam. They leave on Wednesday for one of their brief trips to Boston, & expect to be home on next Sunday.

TUESDAY, SEP 16/86 A sea gale with torrents of rain all day & half the night.

Stock markets in western Europe & Japan are falling, like the North American markets.

THURSDAY, SEP 18/86 A beautiful day, not a cloud anywhere; & enjoyed a session at White Point.

SATURDAY, SEP 20/86 Mostly overcast & cool. Drove to White Point but found truck parked in the cemetery road, blocking it completely. Returned to town & drove around Western Head. Turned aside to Moose Harbour to look for traces of my old cabin. There were none. The site is completely grown over with scrub bushes, & the road to it, once passable for cars, is covered with long rank grass. Had a look at Edith's grave & found everything tidy & well cared for.

SUNDAY, SEP 21/86 Overcast & a bit chilly. Dined at Hants Point with Tom 2nd, Pamela, Blair, Garry & Debby. Tom & Pam just back from Boston, where they saw some good theatre etc.

MONDAY, SEP 22/86 Fine & warm. Brian Whynot came with his truck this afternoon & worked hard till 4:30, cutting down old shrubs, trimming others, cutting tree branches, etc., & removing the debris to the town dump. He asked \$75, I paid him \$100. The old shrubs along the SW side of my house, planted more than 50 years ago, had become moribund & ugly. Whynot removed all but the *deutja* by the sun porch (where the yellow warblers nest) & the weigela, a good clearance.

WEDNESDAY, SEP 24/86 A sea gale last night with torrents of rain, tapering off to showers all day. Robin Gleeson brought a carton of books from Lesley Choyce in Dartmouth, 15 copies of "The Dreamers". It is a

a good production, much superior in all ways to the ordinary "paper back", although there are the usual typographical errors missed by the proof-readers. Joyce had been busy with promotion. Wendy Johnson of the CBC Halifax phoned this afternoon to arrange an interview tomorrow at my house.

THURSDAY, SEP 25, 1986 Overcast & damp. The CBC crew arrived at 2 p.m. & worked till 4:30. In the old days they used to arrive in a big blue van, in which one man sat, controlling the various transformers etc. Inside the house there were never less than four - interviewer, cameraman, sound man & "script girl". Electric cables from the van were all over the floors like so many black snakes. Now there was no van, & just two people in an ordinary station wagon. The electrical apparatus was simply plugged in to the ordinary household circuit. The interviewer, Wendy Johnson, was also the "script girl" & general director. The camera man was also the sound man & the electrician. Johnson was about 35, a pretty & competent person. Most of the shooting was done in my den. The interview will be shown on the CBC news show between 6 & 7 p.m. tomorrow. If not, Ms. Johnson will advise me by phone, setting a new date & time.

Friday, SEP 26/86 I dropped into Hemon's store this afternoon & autographed a number of copies of "The Dreamers". On my way home someone told me that my old friend Austin Parker was in the hospital with an attack of sciatica.

Saturday, SEP 27/86 Hemon brought two large cartons of the book, which I can autograph at my leisure. My niece Carol Paisley phoned from Mahone. She & husband John Paisley are in their Indian Point house for a brief holiday, & they brought along her mother, my sister Nellie, aged 85. They will come over ~~to Monday~~ noon & invited me to lunch with them.

Sunday, SEP 28/86 Beautiful sunny day. This morning son Tom mowed my lawns. In the afternoon I enjoyed a session on the bench at White Point, then on to Hunts Point, where I dined with Tom & Pam.

Monday, SEP 29/86 Overcast & mild. The Paisleys & Nellie arrived at noon & we had a very good lunch at the Mersey Restaurant & a long chat at my house afterwards. It was wonderful to see Nellie again, especially.

Thursday, Oct 1/86 Fine & warm. A pleasant session at White Point. Charles Welch, who runs a little stationery store on Main Street, brought 25 copies of my book for autographing. Maurice Fleming, who has a similar store in Shubane, phoned to get the address of Pottersfield Press. Wants to order a batch of my book.

Friday, Oct 3/86 Sunny & a little cool. Hardwood leaves turning colour, especially the red maples. A pleasant hour at White Point.

Sunday, Oct 5/86 Rain & drizzle since Friday, cloudy today. Son Tom, with truck & dogs,

left on Friday for the annual woodcock hunt in New Brunswick, so today I dined at Hunts Point with Pamela alone. Coming back, the temp. had dropped sharply, & I used my car heater for the first time this season. In the evening the temp. got down to 35° F., the coldest yet.

TUESDAY, Oct 7, 1986 Showers. John Paisley dropped in for a chat & with some of my books to be autographed. Mrs Hugh Crosbie dropped in with books to be autographed & with a loaf of her bread fresh from the oven. A man whose name escaped me brought 3 copies of the new edition of "West Novas" for autographs.

FRIDAY, Oct 10/86 Sunny but windy & cold. I removed the wire netting from the air vent under my study & replaced it with the airtight winter plug. Uprooted & removed the petunias, etc. Temp. dropped to 28° F. tonight, the first hard frost of the season.

SATURDAY, Oct 11/86 Sunny but cool. A very effusive visitor this afternoon, a short fat woman from Dartmouth with some books to autograph. She gave me a lot of trout, caught by her husband last summer, cleaned for the pan, & then frozen & done up in cellophane. Hard frost again tonight.

SUNDAY, Oct 12/86 Sunny & cool. Son Tom & Blair came in this morning & mowed my lawns. I gave Tom the trout. At 5 I drove to Hunts Point for Thanksgiving dinner with Pam, Tom 3rd, Blair, Debby & Clary. A fine feast & lots of family talk.

TUESDAY, Oct 14/86 Rain. Charles Welch brought 60 more copies of "The Dreamers" for autographs.

WEDNESDAY, Oct 15/86 Cloudy & very humid. The groundsmen of the golf club have stowed the benches away for the winter, so there is the end of my afternoon sojourns — all too few in the past rainy "summer".

A caller came from the Victorian Order of Nurses, who are making their annual appeal for funds. I gave her a cheque for \$1,000.00, as before.

THURSDAY, Oct 16/86 Open-&-shut sky cool. Mrs Lee came in for a chat about her book. Despite the frosts my roses are still blooming valiantly.

SUNDAY, Oct 19/86 Dark & chilly. Dined at Hunts Point with Tom & Pam, who dashed up some of the Dartmouth trout. Old Mersey acquaintance Maurice Russell died today of cardiac arrest, aged 80.

WEDNESDAY, Oct 22/86 Rain in the night. Today sun & cloud, very mild. Austin Parker is home from hospital, walking with a cane, & bent.

Victor Hall, Bridgewater, West Nova veteran, phoned to ask if I would autograph 100 copies of the new edition of "West Novas". I agreed. He will bring them here on Friday afternoon.

Atlantic region writers easily overlooked — WFNS director

By LESLIE SMITH

Staff Reporter

Atlantic Canadian writers can easily be overlooked because their work accounts for only one per cent of the North American retail book market, says Writers Federation of Nova Scotia (WFNS) executive director Greg Cook.

He said the region's authors soon realize they are unimportant nationally because 65 per cent of the English-language retail market is in the "golden triangle" of southern Ontario and Quebec.

Pottersfield Press publisher and writer Lesley Choyce said local writers are better off seeking regional publishers like Pottersfield, Prince Edward Island's Ragweed Press, Fiddlehead Poetry Books/Goose Lane Editions in New Brunswick or Newfoundland's Breakwater Books and Creative Publishers.

He said trying to break in with a large outfit like McClelland and Stewart can be discouraging.

Mr. Cook and Mr. Choyce were

speaking during the federation's annual literary salon and symposium at Dalhousie University's Students Union Building.

"All the support mechanisms are in place here," Mr. Choyce said of the federation, the Canadian Book Information Centre and the Atlantic Publishers Association.

He said his Lawrencetown, Halifax County, operation publishes four books annually and since 1979, has produced 15 books with the help of grants of between \$12,000 and \$15,000 from the provincial Department of Culture, Recreation and Fitness and the Canada Council.

He recently published a collection of Thomas Raddall stories, called The Dreamers, which sold out its press run of 1,000 in four weeks. For Mr. Choyce, that's a runaway bestseller, and he's planning another printing of 1,500.

Mr. Cook said fall is an important season for writers, since statistics show Canadians buy half of

their books in the last quarter of the year.

"That means the fall circuit of reading tours, media tours of writers going from city to city autographing books — the market is flooded with these people. In that crush of those big, popular books, we developed an October salon."

He said the idea of the salon and symposium, which ends today, is to get lesser known authors and more successful ones working together "in a co-operative promotion."

The federation has 400 members in Nova Scotia. About one-third are journalists, fiction and non-fiction writers, film, radio and children's writers and poets. Another third are "would-be professionals" or apprentices and the rest are "people who might always be hobbyists."

Other ways the federation reaches its members is through the spring book fair, the annual general meeting in June and the literary salon and symposium.

FRIDAY, Oct 24, 1986 Overcast & cold. Hall & Nauss, West Nova veterans, brought 100 copies of the new edition for my autograph. As my arthritic fingers soon tire, they left most of them here. I will do them over the weekend. They will pick them up on Tuesday & will leave another hundred.

SUNDAY, Oct 26/86 Dark & cool. Put the clocks back one hour to standard time, thus ending my ability to drive myself to Hunts Point for dinner & return before dark. Son Tom picked me up at 4:30 & brought me back about 7:30.

MONDAY, Oct 27/86 Rain. Mrs Joyce Barkhouse phoned to say that her book has been published & she has received a copy. I can expect one shortly. She is recovering from her recent operation & seemed very bright & cheerful.

TUESDAY, Oct 28/86 Dark & mild. Hall & Nauss came for the signed copies, & brought about 50 more, which I signed while they waited.

WEDNESDAY, Oct 29/86 Sunny & mild. In the afternoon I drove my car to Broad River & back, to get out of the house for a spell. The hardwood leaves are falling fast. In the evening Erik Andersen came in for a chat. He is 85 & much troubled with emphysema but remains cheerful.

FRIDAY, Oct 31/86 Bright & cold. Halloween. Fewer trick-or-treats than in former years. Only about 40 when I switched off my porch light & locked the door at 8:30.

SATURDAY, Nov 1/86 Sunny & cool. The Irwin Co. have sent me a copy of Joyce Barkhouse's "^{A NAME FOR HIMSELF} ~~In My Time~~", a slim volume (87 pages) with two maps & a good selection of photographs. The lady's style is rather gushing & she has used her imagination here & there, but on the whole it is a good production.

SUNDAY, Nov 2/86 Rain. My son Tom & 3 companions are in the Valley for a final pheasant shoot. Blair & Tom 3rd. are home for the weekend, & we dined with Pamela. Blair shot a pair of ring-necked ducks in a pond near Western Head yesterday, & said there was quite a flock of them.

WEDNESDAY, Nov 5/86 Sunny & cold. Callers with books to autograph. One lady brought a large jar of home-made strawberry jam. Another brought an assortment including pea soup, blueberry muffins, two miniature apple pies, & a plate of cookies.

FRIDAY, Nov 7/86 Sunny & cold. Drove to Broad River & sat for a ^{time}, watching the surf on Hummerville Beach. Arthritis makes fingers stiff & writing painful. Spasms of vertigo. Received from McBelland & Stewart a cheque for \$952.42, royalties for 6 months ending June 30, more than half of which was for sales of "Halifax, Warden of the North". My biography "In My Time" is now out of print. Still in print (paperback) are "At the Tides Turn", "The Nymph & The Lamp", "Halifax", "The

Governor's Lady", "Hangman's Beach", "Pride's Fancy", "His Majesty's Yankees", "Roger Sudden". Total copies sold 1598.

SUNDAY, Nov. 9, 1986 Rainy & very mild. Dined at Hunts Point with Tom & Pam. Mailed cheque to Zion Church for \$1,000, my annual contribution to current expenses.

MONDAY, Nov. 10/86 Sun & cloud, strong W. gale. Stayed indoors. The Pontiac people prepared my car for winter - oil change, grease job, new mufflers, new air & oil filters, spark plugs cleaned, etc.

TUESDAY, Nov. 11/86 Chilly & damp. The Legion offered to transport me to & from their Remembrance Day banquet but I am too bent & lame for public appearances. Winter came tonight with an inch or so of snow, the foot of the season here on the south shore. Towards midnight it changed to rain.

THURSDAY, Nov. 13/86 Mostly overcast & mild. My 83rd birthday. Daughter Francie phoned from Moncton. She & husband Bill Dennis will arrive tomorrow evening & will stay the weekend. Three Legion men came, bringing the usual birthday cake, & took a photograph in my study. Another visitor was Mrs. Margaret (Falt) Slipson of Shelburne with a book to autograph. She was the stenographer of the accounting department, with her desk next to mine, during the 1930s, & I had not seen her since 1938.

A N.W. gale tonight, & very cold.

FRIDAY, Nov. 14/86 Birthday cards from Debby & Tom III. Bill & Francie arrived in their new car about 10 p.m., having dined at a local restaurant & visited Tom & Pam at Hunts Point.

SATURDAY, Nov. 15/86 Mostly sunny & cold. Bill & Francie spent most of the day calling on old friends & driving over familiar scenes from here to Port Medway. Francie had brought with her the ingredients of an old fashioned corned beef & cabbage dinner, which she served at 6 p.m. Afterwards she & Bill joined Tom & Pam at the curling club. Rain at midnight.

SUNDAY, Nov. 16/86 Overcast at 40° F. Bill & Francie left for home after breakfast. I dined at Hunts Point with Tom & Pam.

MONDAY, Nov. 17/86 Overcast & mild. A young man named Guest or Best was sent to me from the Unemployment Office to rake the leaves off my lawns, clean the garage floor etc. Paid him \$20.

TUESDAY, Nov. 18/86 Same weather. Albert Johnson, of New Glasgow, came by appointment this afternoon. He is a collector of my books & has been here before with a carton-full for my autograph. The weather office predicts a fierce blizzard tomorrow, so I did my bank, post office & grocery shopping today.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 19/86 Snow began about 10 a.m. & fell heavily with violent N. wind until about 10 p.m. About 8 inches on the level, followed by temperature dropping to 20° F.

FRIDAY, Nov. 21, 1986 Yesterday was cold, & the street plough had thrown the usual barrier across my driveway & front walk. Today the temp. jumped to 50°F. with a drizzle of rain, melting most of the snow. Hemon brought 100 more copies of "The Dreamers" for my signature. This makes 400 purchased by his store. Grandson Blair brought 3 books for my signature. He & his father go to the Valley tomorrow for a final pheasant hunt, & the books are for friendly farmers who permit them to shoot on their land.

SATURDAY, Nov. 22/86 A cheque from Oxford University Press (Canada) for \$200.00, permission fee for use of "The Wedding Gift" in their current Oxford Book of Canadian Short Stories, edited by Robert Weaver & Margaret Atwood. Also a cheque from Reader's Digest (Canada) for \$50.00 for some short quotes in their book "Canada At War".

SUNDAY, Nov. 23/86 Sun & cloud, temp. 32°F. A busy day, doing the week's laundry & other household chores, & autographing Hemon's books. The latter a slow & painful task with my arthritic fingers. I have to draw each letter, imitating my former flowing signature, like a forger with a specimen to imitate.

Tom & Blair got back from the Valley with only one pheasant, reporting bitter cold & much snow. Tom & Pamela are dining out tonight, so I dined at home.

TUESDAY, Nov. 25/86 A lovely Indian Summer day, sunny, calm, temp. 40°F. In the afternoon I drove to the town artesian well on the west road to Milton & replenished my supply of drinking water. Then on to Broad River by highway 103, returning leisurely along the old shore road. Stopped for a spell by the (closed) canteen at Summersville beach. The lobster season is now open, & I counted 12 boats in the narrow passage between Massacre Island & the west head of Port Mouton alone.

THURSDAY, Nov. 27/86 Rain last night & very mild. Today sun-&-cloud, temp. 40°F. Mrs Lee dropped in for a chat about her book. She is now trying to get University of Toronto to publish it, & if they refuse she will try U.B.C. with their trans-Pacific outlook. At 6:15 Hugh Byrne picked up Austin Parker & me & took us to Hunts Point, where Beverley Jones & wife Helen were giving a party to mark the 79th birthday of Phyllis (Jones). Her three sons by her first husband Ross Byrne were there with their wives, the Jack McLeans & one or two others. Good drinks & food, & pleasant chat, mostly about the Morsey paper mill & its people in the 1930s.

SATURDAY, Nov. 29/86 Sun & cloud. Temp 40°F. Cory Hartling came from Trenton today with another carton of books for me to sign. He also brought frozen trout, steaks & chops of venison, a rabbit pie, & various jars of home-made pickles & jams for my larder.

SUNDAY, Nov. 30/86 Same weather. Dined on roast pheasant at Hunts Point with Tom, Pam & Tom 3rd.

MONDAY, DEC. 1, 1986 Very cold. Began to write Christmas cards, a slow and painful chore with my arthritic fingers. Rev. Bill Titus dropped in. He & wife Molly want to arrange a dinner in my honour, at which various people would recite excerpts from my books, etc., but I begged off. I'm too dejected an object for any public appearances now, and all I want is peace and quiet in my home.

WEDNESDAY, DEC. 3/86 A wild sea gale with floods of rain & temp up to 50° F. The mail brought a sad Christmas card from old friend Virginia Henerchia of New Jersey, saying that her husband Dr. Fred died of cancer last May. For many years they spent summers at White Point Lodge, where I first met them, & we always had a dinner together.

SATURDAY, DEC. 6/86 Lovely day. Sunny, calm, temp. 40°. Drove to Summerside by Highway 103, returning along the shore with a pause at the beach. Many lobster boats gathering a harvest.

SUNDAY, DEC. 7/86 Another fine day. Dined at Hunts Point with Tom & Pam.

THURSDAY, DEC. 11/86 Signed more books for Henson, & for Welch. This makes over 500 for Henson & about 100 for Welch. Rather a nuisance but better far than all those individuals knocking at my door. The see-saw weather continues — a hard freeze, snow, & then rain.

SUNDAY, DEC. 14/86 Sunny & moderately cold. Tom & Pam dined with friends, so I stayed at home except to drive downtown for some chicken & cole slaw.

TUESDAY, DEC. 16/86 Same weather. The mail contained a form letter on stationery of The Writers' Development Trust, signed by Jack McClelland. He reports that the Trust has raised \$150,000, & the Ontario govt will match this. Mostly this was raised in "the Montreal-Windsor-Ottawa axis," otherwise "our national efforts were somewhat abysmal." Scrawled by pencil at the bottom, "We really got nowhere in the Maritimes. Next year maybe. To help me God I will get down to see you this summer."

THURSDAY, DEC. 18/86 Same weather. Ralph Rafuse & wife, of Milton, came this afternoon from Bridgewater, bringing Christmas greetings & a huge basket of goodies from the West Nova Regimental Association — fruit of various kinds, ditto cheeses, chocolates, pumpernickel, salted nuts, home-baked cookies, a pair of socks, a bottle of rum, etc.

SATURDAY, DEC. 20/86 Yesterday & night a wild sea gale with torrents of rain. Today calm, overcast, 38° F. Jock Inglis, chief editor & proprietor of the Liverpool Advance, hanged himself in the cellar of his ~~home~~ early this morning. He seemed an energetic, cheerful man. I suspect financial trouble.

Wrote a letter of thanks & appreciation to R. E. Hall, Lunenburg, chairman of the West N.S. Regimental Association.

SUNDAY, DEC. 21/86 Sunny & calm, temp. 27° F. At 12:30 Dr. Frank Bell & wife came with their car & took Austin Parker & me to Hunts Point, where Tom & Pamela were giving their annual pre-Christmas party. A big & cheerful crowd. Drinks &

food galore. Austin & I took drinks but no food, as we were going on to a supper party. Debby & husband Clary Kempton, & Tom 3rd & Blair were home for the holidays & acting as bar tenders. Blair told me he shot some ducks & a wild goose at Port Joli two days ago. At 3:30 St. John Wickwire & wife took Parker & me home, & at 5 took us to Bob Weary's home, where he & wife Heather were giving their annual party for the paper company's retired staff members in their neighborhood. Drinks & good chat till 7. Then their traditional fare - oysters, lobster, ice cream, cake, a tremendous feast. Home at 9:30.

Parker tells me he is dissatisfied with local doctors' diagnosis (arthritis? sciatica?) & is going to Camp Hill hospital, Hfx. next month for a thorough examination of his painful hip & leg. Meanwhile he has to hobble about, badly bent over a stick, like me.

WEDNESDAY, DEC 24/86 This evening the Hunts Point Raddalls arrived with Pam's mother Marion White, who had driven down from Hfx. They brought the traditional Christmas Eve fare in our family, a big pot of lobster chowder, with rolls & all kinds of confections. A fine feast. Also Christmas gifts.

THURSDAY, DEC 25/86 A green Christmas, dark, mild & threatening rain. I drove my car to Hunts Point at 12:30 & joined the Raddalls & Mrs. White. Drinks & lively chat till 2 pm, when we sat down to roast turkey etc. Rain began while we were eating, & I left for home at 3:30 in semi-darkness. Many cars on the road had their headlights on, blinding for me, but I got home safely.

SATURDAY, DEC 27/86 Moderately cold, sunny, still no snow. This afternoon I drove to Broad River by Highway 103, then slowly home by the shore road, pausing at Summerville Beach to watch the lobster boats working around Port Mouton Island. Close inshore four or five "old squaw" ducks. The sun through the car windows made enough warmth without the heater. This evening daughter Pamela phoned from Moncton with belated Christmas greetings.

SUNDAY, DEC 28/86 Same weather. I longed to get out for a good long walk, as so many people were doing. At 4:30 Tom picked me up & took me to Hunts Point for dinner with Pamela, Tom II & Blair. Roast pheasant with petit pois, wild rice, etc. Home at 7:30.

TUESDAY, DEC 30/86 Overcast, temp. at noon 40° F. The weather bureau forecasts a snowstorm tonight, so I got my mail & a week's meat & groceries today.

WEDNESDAY, DEC 31/86 The storm began about midnight & shrieked about the house most of today, tapering off towards night & leaving several inches of snow, drifted in many places. At the beginning of the new year I heard a few pops & bangs in Liverpool but none of the old-fashioned blowing of sirens, ringing of church bells etc.

THURSDAY, JAN 1/87 After a very cold night, a sunny day & calm. Ed had Whynot, a sturdy lad of 12, come & dug out my walks & driveway. Paid him \$10.

THURSDAY, JAN. 1, 1987 (continued) I spent most of the afternoon watching the pageant of roses parade on TV, always a pleasure when there are banks of snow outside, & one can be in Pasadena in warm sunshine. The American passion for huge marching bands gets a bit monotonous but the flower-covered floats are beautiful & more ingenious each year.

FRIDAY, JAN. 2/87 A wild sea gale with torrents of rain began in the night & continued all day, reducing the snow banks but not much. Made a start on my foreword for the MacAskill book.

SUNDAY, JAN. 4/87 Overcast & moderately cold. Son Tom took me to Hunts Point for dinner with himself & Pam. The asphalt roads are clear but much snow remains.

TUESDAY, JAN. 6/87 After a very cold night the temp got up to 34° F. Calm & sunny. I shopped for a week's meat & groceries, & then drove to Broad River by Highway 103, thence by the shore road home, pausing as usual at Summerville Beach. Saw a lone old-snow duck there, but no gulls, not even a crow. The lobster boats were busy around Port Mouton Island on a flat calm sea. With the present high prices they are making fortunes.

WEDNESDAY, JAN. 7/87 Overcast, mild calm. A man named Bruce Allen phoned from Toronto re TV film rights in the stories in "At the Tide's Turn". I said that one of them, "The Trumpeter", was filmed for Canadian TV last year, but the others are available. I suspect a shoe-string operator. He said he would get back to me about a month from now.

THURSDAY, JAN. 8/87 Open-&-shut sky, cold NW wind. Took my car downtown, had my hair trimmed, & got my mail. A flattering letter from Halifax author Tony Foster, who says he got his life's inspiration from my talk at King's ~~College~~ Collegiate School, Windsor, in 1946 when he was a student of 13. He is a son of the late General H. W. Foster, some of whose men, taken prisoner, were murdered by Kurt Meyer's S.S. troops in Normandy. Gen. Foster presided over the trial of Meyer in which he was condemned to death. This was commuted to a few years as librarian in Dorchester penitentiary, N.B., & he was then released. Tony Foster, now aged 54, sent me an inscribed copy of his latest book "Meeting of Generals", in which he sets forth in great detail the lives of Harry Foster & Kurt Meyer.

FRIDAY, JAN. 9/87 Mostly sunny & moderately cold. My furnace fan motor has been making a lot of noise, so I phoned T.J.F. Services. Greg Thoburn came & found bearings worn out. Hunted around town, found a similar motor, & worked most of the afternoon to instal it. He also did the annual routine job of cleaning the furnace etc.

SATURDAY, JAN. 10/87 Reading Foster's book with intense interest, remembering the furore over Meyer. I met & chatted with Gen. Harry Foster & his (third) wife Mona in the West Nova officers' mess at Aldershot N.S. in 1946.

SUNDAY, JAN 11/87 Messy weather. About an inch of snow fell last night about 11 pm. Then the temp rose above freezing point & there was a flood of rain all day. Dined at Hunts Point with Tom & Pam. The rain ceased about dark.

MONDAY, JAN 12/87 Colder & snowing. The province's schooner "Bluenose" needs a new mainmast, & the Hfx news media are making much ado because a log of the right size cannot be got in Canada & must come from "Oregon". The CBC radio at Hfx phoned me this morning & put me on the air for 5 minutes, talking about the days when John Wentworth marked off certain white pines in western N.S., chiefly on the Medway & Mersey rivers, as a reserve for the Royal Navy. Weather reports show that the South Shore got off lightly in ~~most~~ the storm. The rest of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, P.E.I. & Cape Breton report the worst blizzard in many years - traffic stopped, schools & business premises closed, etc. Europe reports the coldest winter in 40 years.

TUESDAY, JAN 13/87 Yesterday's snow did not amount to much. Today moderately cold with open-&-shut sky. I made my annual reckoning of assets. At yesterday's Toronto stock market values :-

Common stocks (seven good companies)	* 375,683
Commercial bonds	17,000
Can. govt bonds	50,000
Royal Bank savings account	23,600
Mutual Life annuity: future payments	<u>17,000</u> * 483,283

A note from Leslie Choyce ("Pottersfield Press") enclosing cheque for royalties on 467 copies of "The Dreamers" sold & paid for up to Dec 31. Actually he sold over 600 copies in Liverpool alone, but the bookseller have the right to return any unsold copies, & the rest of the royalty on books sold & paid for will come to me in 1987.

THURSDAY, JAN 15/87 Mild, calm, a few glints of sun. A further note from Choyce with a new idea. Wants to make a children's book of my story "Brooms for Sale", well illustrated, large print, etc. Will talk this over with me on a visit to L'pool later this month.

FRIDAY, JAN 16/87 Same weather, turning very cold towards night. Finished my foreword for the McAskill book & typed clean copy, ready for the printer.

SUNDAY, JAN 18/87 Overcast, moderately cold. Dined with Tom & Pam.

TUESDAY, JAN 20/87 About 4" of snow fell in the night, & the street plough threw the usual barrier across my driveway & front. "Chad" Whynot came at 3:30 a.m. & dug me out. Sunny & calm & very cold. For something to do, I started preparing statements for income tax.

WEDNESDAY, JAN. 21, 1987

Very cold last night. Phone call from the Adjutant, West N.S. Regiment, Windsor, asking if I would autograph some copies of the history. I said Yes of course. He will send them by car tomorrow afternoon.

This afternoon I got taximan Bob Gross to take me to the post office & then to the supermarket. His charge was \$5. Gave him \$10.

Today I received the new tax assessment on my house. It has jumped from \$45,000 to \$50,200. The raises are general all over the province, & already there is a general howl. Snow fell slowly all day.

THURSDAY, JAN. 22/87 Overcast, calm, temp crept up 30°F . At 1:20 a green army van arrived with two smartly uniformed young women & 60 copies of the new edition of "West Novas". Also a few copies of my other books, which they assured me they had read with pleasure. The weather forecast says more snow tonight followed by heavy rain, so I shoveled a clear opening to my street drain.

The snowstorm began about 9 p.m. with a strong sea gale roaring about the house & boomerang in the chimneys.

FRIDAY, JAN. 23/87 When I went to bed at 2 a.m. the weather had changed to freezing rain. At some time in the night it became just plain rain, & when I arose at 8:30 the rain had ceased but the temp. was up to 40°F . The new snow melted to some extent. Stayed indoors.

SATURDAY, JAN. 24/87 The wind blew hard & cold during the night, with flurries of snow on top of the frozen slush, making dangerous footing. However, I got my car out & picked up my mail. Here on the South Shore we are on the edge of an enormous storm, which has dumped snow all the way from the Mississippi mouth to the Great Lakes & is now dumping it all over New England, New Brunswick & P.E.I.

SUNDAY, JAN. 25/87 Snow flurries all morning, bright sunshine all afternoon, & very cold. Dined at Hunts Point with Tom & Pam. Phone call from Leslie Choyce. He will be in Liverpool on Jan 27 to address a class in the junior high school, & will call at my house about 3 p.m., weather permitting.

MONDAY, JAN. 26/87 Weather bureau forecasts a blizzard lasting two days, so this morning Myron Service filled my oil tanks, which were perilously low. The snow began about mid-morning, & fell thickly all day & night.

TUESDAY, JAN. 27/87 Sunny, calm & very cold. The street plough threw a barrier shoulder high across my front. I have lived in this house nearly 56 years & can recall only one occasion when so much snow fell in a single storm. Unless we get an abnormally thaw I shall leave my car in the garage for the rest of the winter. The boy Chad came & shoveled out my front walk & the street drain, also a footpath to my side door. Paid him \$10. Choyce phoned last night postponing his visit to Feb. 3rd. Tonight I had a phone call from

Joe Lucas on Sable Island via Halifax. The radio link between Sable & Hfx was not good, but we talked briefly. Someone then wants to send me a letter, & Joe asked for my exact postal address. All oil & gas drilling near Sable Island has ceased for the winter (perhaps for ever) & things are very quiet "probably as quiet as in your day. Only five of us at present." He would like to come here for a talk about a number of things, perhaps this summer.

The temp. tonight was zero F, the coldest of the winter so far.

THURSDAY, JAN 29, 1987 sunny, cold, light NW wind. This afternoon taximan Bob Gross took me to the bank & post office, & thence to the supermarket for a week's meat & groceries. Paid him \$10. I noticed the town's trucks still dumping snow in the river, & there remains much more to be hauled away.

SATURDAY, JAN 31/87 Another snowfall began last night & continued all day with a mixture of snow & freezing rain.

SUNDAY, FEB. 1/87 More snow last night, & the forecast says much more to come. My young snowshoer Chad phoned at noon to see if I wanted him, but the new storm had begun so I told him to wait until it was over. Already the street plough had thrown a barrier shoulder-high across my street front. My son Tom phoned & I told him the same thing. I have a good stock of supplies. In the afternoon I had an unexpected visitor, Peter Ripple, a very tall man, early 30s. A native of upper New York state, he came to N.S. as a very young man, worked as a carpenter in the Musquodoboit region, & for the past 5 years has been teaching carpentry in the vocational training sector of the Liverpool high school. He took my shovel & dug out my front walk to the street. Said he'd been reading some of my short stories & wanted to meet the author. We chatted for about an hour, & when he left I gave him an inscribed copy of "In My Time".

The new snow did not amount to much on our part of the South Shore, but the fall was heavy in the Valley & Halifax, & Moncton got a huge amount.

MONDAY, FEB 2/87 Sunny & moderately cold. This morning Pamela fetched my mail. A friend in Vancouver writes that the TV play from my story "The Trumpeter" was shown on the TV station there on Jan. 25. This is its second showing in Canada.

TUESDAY, FEB 3/87 A fine day, temp. up to ~~30~~ 38° F, water trickling off the street. The boy Chad came and shoveled a path from my side door to the street, widened the front walk, & cleared the street drain. Paid him \$10.

Leslie Choyce came at 3:30, our first actual meeting. A tall slim man, thirty-something, clean shaven, with long brown hair falling to his shoulders. He outlined his plan of making a book out of my short story "Brooms for Sale", for reading by children, & I agreed. To get the agreement on paper we will exchange letters. After an hours chat he left for Lawrenceburg, where he lives & runs his Pottersfield Press. Highly intelligent & energetic, I like him.

WEDNESDAY, FEB. 4, 1987 Forgot to note yesterday that Nimbus Publishing Ltd. sent me their 1987 catalogue. It includes the book of MacAskill photographs with my foreword, under the title "Escapes and Sailing Ships". To be published in June '87 in hard cover, price \$27.95. Today I had a letter from Dorothy Cooper, managing editor of Nimbus, enclosing cheque for my fee of \$500, & asking if I have any manuscript "that has not been discussed with a publisher". I presume she had in mind Lesley Choyce's find among my Dalhousie papers. She added "I would like to meet you."

THURSDAY, FEB. 5/87 Bright but very cold. This afternoon a big power shovel tackled the great pile of snow on the east side of Park Street & a fleet of trucks hauled it away to the river. As always we taxpayers on the west side are left with our snowbanks.

SATURDAY, FEB. 7/87 A light snow falling most of the afternoon. Tom & Pam are in Hfx attending the Tory convention. Rev. Fred Gordon phoned from Milton. Now retired, he is head of the very active village committee, which now proposes to take over & restore the old blacksmith shop. (I described it in my short story "Blind MacNair") Wanted to know some details of its history.

SUNDAY, FEB. 8/87 Sunny & mild after another frigid night. Dined at Hunts Point with Tom, Pam, Blair, Tom 3rd & his latest girl, a nurse named Brenda Something. The young people had spent the afternoon ski-ing cross country between the Gull Island road & McAlpine's Brook.

MONDAY, FEB. 9/87 Another massive snowstorm is sweeping New England & the Maritimes. Here on the South Shore we got the usual fringe: snow, freezing rain & then more snow. I note from Maclean's Magazine that Lovat Dickson died in Toronto in January, aged 85. Raised & educated in Alberta, he spent most of his life in the publishing business in England. He was noted chiefly as the sponsor, publisher & apologist for Archie Belaney alias "Grey Owl". I consulted him by letter & in person when I was researching Belaney for my book "Footsteps on Old Floors", but I found him furtive & evasive.

TUESDAY, FEB. 10/87 The storm petered out this afternoon. The boy Chad failed to show up. Fortunately Peter Ripple came along & shoveled out my front steps & walk, as he did before. Mrs. Bagley could not get here on account of the storm but phoned that she would come on Thursday.

WEDNESDAY, FEB. 11/87 Sunny but very cold, with a bitter NW gale. Taximan Bob Gross took me to the post office, grocery store, etc. Paid him \$10.

The Protocol Office of the provincial govt. telephoned an invitation to attend a party in honour of the Governor-General, who will be in Hfx later this month. I placed old age & infirmities, expressing thanks & regrets etc.

The mail brought a printed invitation from Irwin Publishing Ltd. to attend a

McClelland closes chapter on long publishing career

TORONTO (CP) — Jack McClelland, who in 41 years at McClelland and Stewart built a stable of many of Canada's best-known authors, is quitting the firm and severing all ties with Canadian book publishing.

"It is finished," said the sombre-faced McClelland who was famous — often notorious — for his flamboyant, maverick style in promoting authors.

Friends, family and the media ex-

pressed skepticism that the energetic McClelland, 64, could quit cold-turkey, but he said he called Thursday's news conference to emphasize the message that "that particular career" is finished.

He said he loves the Canadian authors he has worked with and nurtured over the years, "but now I don't want to get their manuscripts and I don't want to hear their problems."

McClelland, who last year sold his

controlling interest in the financially-troubled firm co-founded by his father 81 years ago, also said he has sold his majority interest in Seal Books, the largest publisher of Canadian mass-market paperbacks, to Anna Porter of Key Porter Books.

"If you are leaving, then leave," he said in explaining the sale of Seal Books, founded in 1976 by McClelland and Bantam Books.

Porter, who recently bought 51-per-cent interest in Doubleday Canada Ltd., once was a senior associate at McClelland and Stewart and later publisher at Seal.

McClelland said it was a mistake to stay on as publisher after he sold McClelland and Stewart "lock, stock and barrel" to real estate developer Avie Bennett.

"If you sell, you should get out. I was publisher in name only."

Bennett recently named Adrienne Clarkson, former TV personality and now agent-general for Ontario in Paris, as publisher, president and chief executive officer of the firm, effective March 1. McClelland was deputized to publishing consultant.

McClelland said he retains emotional ties to the firm and added that and Bennett parted on friendly terms.

As for retirement, he said he plans to do nothing but spend more time with his family.

"Senator McClelland has a nice ring to it," he joked, adding that he wouldn't mind a nice easy government appointment that pays well, but unfortunately no such offers have come his way.

His only regret in life, he said, is that "I failed totally to become wealthy."

He reiterated that he has no intention of writing his autobiography and would not encourage anyone else to write his story.

Point with Tom, Pam, Blair, Tom 3rd. & his 1 something. The young people had spent the between the full Island road & McAlpin MONDAY, FEB. 9/87 Another massive snow & the Maritimes. Here on the South Sh. freezing rain & then more snow. I n Lovat Dickson died in Toronto in Janua Alberta, he spent most of his life in th He was noted chiefly as the sponsor, Belaney alias "Grey Owl". I consult researching Belaney for my book "Footstep further & evasive.

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WEDNESDAY, FEB. 11/87 Sunny but very cold, with a bitter NW g Bob Gross took me to the post office, grocery store, etc. Paid him



Jack McClelland

"A lot of authors would have to die" before it would be safe for him to write such a book and, anyway, "I don't see a very large market for a book about or by Jack McClelland."

He is the only son of Toronto publisher John McClelland, whose firm originally dealt mainly in the distribution of British and American books.

After serving in the Royal Canadian Navy as skipper on torpedo boats operating in the English Channel during the Second World War, McClelland finished university. He joined the family firm in 1946, urging his father to concentrate more on establishing a solid list of Canadian authors.

He became president in 1952 and brought his formidable energy and flair for gimmicks to the task of promotion, his motto being: "We don't sell books, we sell authors."

wine-&-cheese party at the Prince George hotel in Hfx on Feb. 23, "in honour of Joyce Barkhouse, author of 'A Name for Himself' — the first book of Irwin's Contemporary Canadian Biography series."

FRIDAY, FEB. 13, 1987 Still very cold. Dave Randall brought my mail.

Letter from Joyce Barkhouse urging me to come to Hfx. for the reception.

Replied by card-note. Sorry, but it's impossible.

SATURDAY, FEB. 14/87 Sunny but bitter cold. Pam brought my mail.

Enjoyed first-rate tennis on TV this afternoon, the U.S. indoor championship played at Memphis, Tenn.

SUNDAY, FEB. 15/87 Same weather. Tom couldn't get his car going, so I dined at home.

MONDAY, FEB. 16/87 Sunny, calm, temp. 20° F. In the afternoon the sun through my west windows was almost hot. I needed no other heat in my study.

Pam brought a pot of clam chowder for my supper. Dave Randall brought my mail.

WEDNESDAY, FEB. 18/87 Very cold nights & calm sunny days. Temp. 34° F. in the sun.

Dave brought my mail. Bob Gross took me to the drug store & supermarket.

Paid him \$10.

SATURDAY FRIDAY, FEB. 20/87 Same weather. At 7 p.m. I walked to the Heary house on Church Street, a few hundred yards, where Bob & Heather were giving a supper party to about 20 old friends. Drinks & food & chat, all excellent. Tom & Pam were there. Austin Parker has a metal brace strapped to the small of his back, which enables him to move about upright, although like me he cannot stand for more than a few minutes without the aid of a stick. Tom & Pam took me home in their car about 10.30 p.m.

SUNDAY, FEB. 22/87 Same weather. Dined at Hunts Point with Tom, Pam & Blair.

MONDAY, FEB. 23/87 " ". Bill Copeland came this morning with a professor of history at St. F.X. named Mackenzie who had read my books & wanted to meet me. He is a native of Inverness, Cape Breton, & we had lively chat about James S. Killis & other characters of that region.

This afternoon Miss Lori Randall, a niece of my neighbour Dave, came to quiz me on social effects of the 1917 explosion at Halifax. She is a Sociology student at Acadia, very intelligent & pretty.

WEDNESDAY, FEB. 25/87 Mostly overcast. Temp. rose to 38° F during the day. The snowbanks have become soiled with the oil soot of house furnaces & motor traffic & have a bedraggled look. Taxied to the bank, post office, liquor store & supermarket this afternoon.

FRIDAY, FEB. 27/87 Sunny with temp up to 34° F in the sun. Mrs. Lee came, still full of her book project & her hopes for publication. My weight, naked, is now 180 lb., ~~as the~~ ^{same as} the 180 lb. from last August 14. I have cut out my mid-morning snack, simply drinking a glass or two of milk, & eating nothing whatever except the substantial meal at 5 p.m.

SATURDAY, FEB. 28, 1987

Mostly sunny, light W wind, temp. up to 40°F .
 Helen, wife of Beviley Jones, Hunts Point, brought me a jar of baked beans, a loaf of brown bread, & a jar of chow-chow, for my supper.

SUNDAY, MARCH 1/87 It came in like the proverbial lamb, a sunny morning, calm, clouding in the afternoon, with temp. rising above 40°F , decaying the snowbanks.

Pamela is in Hfx to be with her mother, who has had another bad fall & broken an ankle. So I dined at home. Snow began to fall about 9 p.m. amounting to a couple of inches, then changing to a wild sea gale of fraying rain which raged all night.

MONDAY, MAR. 2/87 The storm continued all today, alternating between snow & fraying rain, a wretched mess. Worst in Yarmouth & Shelburne counties where about 6,000 people are without electric power due to broken wires. Young Chad Whynot came at 5 p.m. & dug out my paths & the street drain, an hour's work. Paid him \$10.

TUESDAY, MAR. 3/87 The storm petered out with another light snowfall. Tonight calm with temp. close to zero F , the coldest of the winter I think. With out great snowbanks & frigid air it doessn't seem possible that about 18 days from now we shall be looking for the first robin.

Phoned Cyril Couglen, Bridgewater re new edition "West Novas"

WEDNESDAY, MAR. 4/87 Mostly sunny & calm, temp. up to 30°F in the shade, much more in the sun. Bob Gross took me to the bank & supermarket. Letter from Lesley Joyce setting forth the agreement re publishing "Brooms for sale".

THURSDAY, MAR. 5/87 Again an Arctic night followed by a sunny and moderately cold day. Wrote Joyce agreeing to his proposal re "Brooms for sale". He wanted to know if there were any other unpublished or out-of-print works of mine that he might use. I suggested a reprint of "Footsteps on Old Floors". Hemeon brought 50 copies of the West Nova reprint for my autograph.

FRIDAY, MAR. 6/87 Same weather except that today the temp. went up to 40°F in the shade, probably 50° in the sun, & there was the pleasant sound of icicles dropping from the eaves. Dorothy Grant, CBC Hfx. phoned asking details of the Agas Club affair in 1942, of which there is a brief mention in "Halifax, Harbor of the North". Told her to contact Miss Isabel Macneill, who has an apartment in Hfx. & knows the whole story.

SATURDAY, MAR. 7/87 Sunny & mild. Began to dig a path from my side door to the garage, this to expose a strip of asphalt to the sun. Could not work long with my lame limbs & back but made a start. Tom & Pam are dining out tomorrow, so today at 5 Tom took me to Hunts Point. Debby & husband Clary Kempton were there for the weekend. Tom tells me that Isabel Macneill is in Florida, staying with her sister & husband. She no longer has an apartment in

Thomas H. Raddall, a Decade Later

The Dreamers, by Thomas Raddall, ed. John Bell. Porters Lake: Pottersfield Press, 1986, 141 pages, paper, \$9.95. (ISBN 0-919001-32-7).

A Name For Himself: A Biography of Thomas Head Raddall, by Joyce Barkhouse. Richmond Hill: Irwin Publishing Company, 1986, 87 pages, paper, \$8.95. (ISBN 0-7725-1566-2).

Review by Andrew Seaman

Thomas H. Raddall, the author of more than 20 books, 50 articles, and 70 short stories, is Nova Scotia's best known writer of historical fiction. Holder of four honorary Doctorates, three Governor General's Awards, the Lorne Pierce Medal, the Doubleday Canada Novel Prize, the Order of Canada, and many other honours, he is also one of Canada's most recognized and best loved authors. He set about becoming a professional writer in 1938, and officially retired from his writing career in 1966 with the publication of his last novel, *Hangman's Beach*. The next ten years were devoted to producing his biographical memoirs, which appeared in a shortened form under the title *In My Time* in 1976.

Joyce Barkhouse's biography concerns itself largely with Raddall's life up until 1938. This is not a major critical biography, but a short "life of the author" designed especially for schools. It describes key experiences in Raddall's early life, such as his youthful sojourn on Sable Island as a radio operator, which formed the background of his fictional work. Barkhouse also draws attention to an aspect of Raddall's life and character which is important to an understanding of him as an author, and of his love of solitude and the Nova Scotian wilderness. The book is clearly organized and supplied with an appendix listing Raddall's publications and honours, and it is sprinkled with interesting photos and maps drawn largely from the Thomas Raddall Papers in the Dalhousie University Archives. This is the first book of Irwin's Contemporary Canadian Biographies series, a series which promises to be a useful source for junior high instruction,

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study.

Dave Randall brought

Temp. 34° F. in the sun.
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ed to the Weary house
are giving a supper
excellent. Tom & Pam
small ad his w blank

and an interesting series of introductions for the casual reader.

We are indebted to John Bell for pulling together the best of Raddall's uncollected short stories under the title *The Dreamers*. The ten stories found here were all published in periodicals as various as *Maclean's*, *Blackwood's*, and the *Montreal Standard* between 1928 and 1954, and it is a nice touch that their publication as a collection marks the second decade after Raddall's retirement, as *In My Time* marked the first. These stories are excellent. In his Introduction, John Bell calls attention especially to their characters, characters "who greatly value humour and common sense and stubbornly refuse to spurn the past or bow to adversity." And I am struck by another characteristic: they are as much about what these people do as about their personalities. Herin is Raddall's great strength as a writer of historical fiction. His research is always impeccable, but it is his first hand knowledge of the Nova Scotia wilderness and of the traditional trades and social patterns of the area that give his works a unique vitality and depth.

The stories fall naturally into pairs. Two of the stories are drawn from Raddall's knowledge of the Nova Scotia logging industry, and are a fund of knowledge about timber cruising and logging practices. There is a story of

MONDAY, MAR 2/87 The storm continued at
freezing rain, a wretched mess. Worst in Yarmouth
about 6,000 people are without electric power.
Why not come at 5 p.m. & dug out my path.
Paid him \$10.

TUESDAY, MAR 3/87 The storm petered out
calm with temp. close to zero F. the cold
out great snowbanks & frigid air it a
days from now we shall be looking for
Phoned Cyril Couglen, Bridgewater & now

WEDNESDAY, MAR 4/87 Weather seems to be

Champlain and the Port Royal habitation and a story of the expulsion of the Acadians; two folk legends retold as only Raddall can; a couple of darn good yarns, possibly apocryphal — one of them a story of three government officials who get marooned on Sable Island along with the wireless crew which they have been abusing with short rations; and two highly original stories which would rank along with those of Stevenson, Kipling or Joyce.

Some of the earlier stories strike a false note here and there: the habitation and expulsion stories preach a bit, the Sable Island story hasn't got the role of the narrator under control completely, and sometimes a character, like the little fiddler of "The Payoff at Duncan's," is made to eulogize on history or nature in a way not consistent with the dramatic demands of the scene. But "Mr. Embury's Hat" and "Swan Danse" are masterpieces of the classic short story, vivid with local colour and imbued with a comic sense of the vicissitudes of human nature. *The Dreamers* is vintage Raddall, a real treat, and a credit to Pottersfield Press.

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in Elfa. but divides her time between Florida & Mill Village.

SUNDAY, MAR. 8, 1987 Lovely day, sunny & warm. Worked with my shovel to clear the street drain & front walk, & added a bit to my path towards the garage.

Daughter Frances phoned from Moncton for a family chat.

WEDNESDAY, MAR. 11/87 Bitter cold nights & sunny but cold days yesterday & today. Winter hangs on grimly. Bob Cross took me to the post office, liquor store & supermarket.

THURSDAY, MAR. 12/87 Another Arctic night followed by a sunny but cold day. About 11 a.m. I was astonished & delighted to see a flock of robins flitting about the branches of the big old hawthorn tree across the street. Last year's hawthorn berries still cling to the tree, a poor sort of nourishment, mostly stone with a thin edible rind, & frozen hard. Over many years I have found that the average date of arrival here is March 21.

The cablevision man came & replaced the converter, which had conked out. He also replaced the battery in my control keyboard.

SATURDAY, MAR. 14/87 Overcast with a few glints of sunshine. Temp up to 40°F . The Shell truck refilled my oil tanks.

SUNDAY, MAR. 15/87 Same weather. Suddenly the weather bureau predicted a major blizzard starting tonight. Dined at Hunts Point with Tom & Pam. Fresh halibut, a treat in winter. (It now sells for \$6 or \$7 per lb.)

Home at 8 p.m. The snow began lightly about 10 p.m. & continued, but there was no wind.

MONDAY, MAR. 16/87 Still snowing lightly all day, with a NW breeze. Chad Whynot came this afternoon & dug away the plowed barrier across my walk & street drain. Elsewhere huge snowfalls are reported, especially around Moncton, which has been getting the worst of it all winter.

This evening my grandson Terry Dennis phoned to say that his wife Karen is pregnant & that I shall be a great-grandfather next Fall. They are now living in St. John, & his firm is extending his purchasing (fish) territory to western N.S. & particularly the South Shore, so he will be seeing me fairly soon.

TUESDAY, MAR. 17/87 Same wretched weather, snowing lightly at intervals, the snow melting on the asphalt street. Wrote choice setting forth our agreement on the publication of "Brooms for Sale" and "Footsteps on Old Floors".

THURSDAY, MAR. 19/87 Same weather, with temp. up to 40°F & the snow melting on the street. It has now been snowing lightly but continuously since the evening of March 15, & no sign of a let-up. My TV went blank this afternoon & I spent the evening reading.

FRIDAY, MAR. 20/87 Still snowing, thick stuff at freezing temp., covering the street. A "cablevision" came & fixed my TV.

SATURDAY, MARCH 21, 1987

Officially the first day of spring, & the snow changed this morning to rain. Chad Whynot came & dug out my walks & the street drain. The rain was cold, & about 2 p.m. it switched back to thick snow, which continued to fall. Tom & Pamela planned to go to Hfa tomorrow & invited me to dine with them this evening. Tom picked me up with the Audi car at 4:45. The going was slippery & dangerous. Blair had come down by bus from Hfa. & reported very little new snow as far as Bridgewater. The south shore, especially Shelburne & Queen counties, are the victims of this apparently perpetual snowfall. We dined sumptuously on roasted black ducks, shot by Blair a month or two ago. Tom took me home at 7 p.m. in his truck, which stands high off the road & has four-wheel drive. We skidded & slided dangerously on one bend. Fortunately no one was coming the other way.

This makes the 6th day of snowfall in Queens & Shelburne counties.

Tom tells me that his income last year was \$150,000, & the income taxes took about \$80,000.

SUNDAY, MAR. 22/87 Overcast & calm. Temp. up to 40° F. Some light drizzle.

Chad came & in a few minutes cleared my paths & drain. Paid him \$5.

TUESDAY, MAR. 23/87 After continuous snowfall since March 15 the sky cleared & the sun shone, bringing the temp. up to 50° F. The huge snow banks begin to melt at last. Spent most of the afternoon typing income & expense statements ready for the accountant. Spells of nose bleeding & vertigo.

WEDNESDAY, MAR. 24/87 Another wonderful sunny day. Calm. Temp. up to 55° F. With the sun pouring through my study windows this afternoon the temp. there was close to 80° F. & I opened a window wide for the first time since last Fall. Young "Mike" Gross took me to the post office & the supermarket.

THURSDAY, MAR. 25/87 A dull grey day with a light drizzle in late afternoon. Chad came with a chum & dug out my driveway, snow-bound since Jan. 27. It was hard work, as the successive snows & freezing rain had turned to something like cement in places. Paid them each \$10.

FRIDAY, MAR. 27/87 Sky cleared about noon & the sun shone warmly. The boys yesterday left me scant room for backing my car out of the garage so I shoveled a wider exit but did not take the car out.

SATURDAY, MAR. 28/87 Overcast & mild. This afternoon I drove the car to Hunts Point take-out restaurant & brought home fried fish & cole slaw for my supper.

SUNDAY, MAR. 29/87 Sunny & warm. The snowbanks shrinking visibly. Son Tom took me to Hunts Point for dinner (roast pheasant, from last Fall's hunting). Tom 3rd. & his latest girl Brenda were there. She works as a nurse in his

home town, Ottawa, flying to Ottawa for occasional visits to a married sister there.

TUESDAY, MAR. 31, 1987 Overcast, temp. 40°F , foggy at evening. Taxied to Dr. Frank Bell's office for an inspection of dark growth over my right eyebrow. Having had two experiences with facial skin cancer I suspected another. However it turned out to be a small cyst, which he removed. He then tested my heart, lungs, & blood pressure, & found all to be satisfactory.

THURSDAY, APR. 2/87 Drizzling rain at 40°F . The snow on my back lawn has shrunk two feet in the past week, & my street front is clear. My good Randall neighbours sent over my mail by their little girl, also a dash of home-made chocolate cakes.

FRIDAY, APR. 3/87 A lovely sunny day with temp. up to 65°F . Robins foraging hopefully wherever the earth is exposed. Drove to the Hunts Point take-out & got fried haddock & cole-slaw for my supper.

SATURDAY, APR. 4/87 Again a perfect day, calm, temp. up to 70°F in the sun. The snowbanks have withered. My back lawn, where the snow was very deep, now shows about one third.

SUNDAY, APR. 5/87 Put my clocks & watch ahead one hour for "daylight saving time." This enabled me to drive my car to Hunts Point at 5 p.m., dine with Tom & Pamela, & get back by 7, for the first time since last Fall. Drizzling rain all day & evening.

TUESDAY, APR. 7/87 The sun emerged from the drizzle this afternoon & up went the temp. Tom & Pam leave for Boston tomorrow to see a few shows etc. It is 55 minutes flying time from Yarmouth airport nowadays. They return on Sunday.

WEDNESDAY, APR. 8/87 A flurry of snow early this morning. Sky remained overcast but temp. crept up to 50°F . Took my income tax file to Stafford's office for calculation of 1986 income tax, left it there.

THURSDAY, APR. 9/87 Overcast & bleak, 40°F . Mrs. Bagley came & worked from 8 a.m. to 2 p.m., the beginning of "spring cleaning". Paid her \$40.00.

FRIDAY, APR. 9/87 After a frosty night, a sunny morning. A Mrs. Laurel Boone came to interview me for a Canadian literary magazine, by appointment made by phone some days ago. Blonde, 45-ish, goodlooking & intelligent, the mother of two sons in their late teens. She makes her headquarters in Fredericton, & her business card says "Writing & Editing Services". The usual tape recorder & camera.

The sun shone all day with temp. up to 60°F . In the afternoon I drove to the Hunts Point take-out & got fried fish & cole slaw for supper.

SUNDAY, APR. 12/87 Hazy sun, calm & very mild. Tom & Pam are delayed in Boston by fog. They phoned Debby, who had come down with husband Gary for the weekend, & Debby phoned me.

This afternoon Douglas How made a visit accompanied by his sister & her

husband, a retired RCMP officer, who live at Beach Meadows. How & his wife are both battling cancer but he is as lively & cheerful as ever. He worked for a time in Halifax with my old friend Andrew Merkel of the Canadian Press, & we had fine time reminiscing.

A cold rain at evening.

THURSDAY, APR. 16/87 Ice packs from the Gulf of St. Lawrence have drifted down the eastern shore & last week plugged Hfx harbours for the first time in many years. Thus here on the South Shore every easterly breeze has the feel of ice. Today Mrs Bagley came at 7.30 & worked till 2 p.m. washing all the glassware & chinaware, polishing all the silverware & wrapping it in cellophane, tidying the contents of the sideboard, etc. Paid her \$40.

SATURDAY, APR. 18/87 Typical wretched April weather, alternate cold rain, drizzle & fog day & night. Except for my regular Wednesday Taxi-shopping I have not been away from the house since April 9th.

SUNDAY, APR 19/87 Overcast but much milder. Drove to Hunts Point & dined with Tom, Pam, Blair, Debby & Clary. Tom 3rd. starts his final exams. tomorrow, so he remained in Hfx during the Easter holiday, studying.

Rain again tonight. My good neighbour Mrs. Dave Randall sent her little girl over with a small round Easter cake with chocolate icing.

MONDAY, APR. 20/87 Blair came this morning with his father's lawn roller, & rolled all my lawns thoroughly. He also removed the winter's litter of fallen branches & twigs, dug up the rose bush in the back lawn, filled the hole with loam, removed the bird bath from winter storage in the garage & placed it in the centre of the back lawn. Pam came along & worked at the clean-up. She also took the dug-up rose bush to plant at Hunts Point, where it will get all the sunlight it needs, impossible in my tree-shaded place. I shall not plant the petunia bed this year, as gardening of any kind is now impossible for me. I retain the yellow rose by the garage door, which is hardy & needs little attention. Paid Blair \$30.00.

TUESDAY, APR. 21/87 Rainy morning, sunny & warm afternoon. I hoed & weeded around my sole remaining rose & applied bone meal. Took the winter plug out of the air vent under my study & replaced with wire net. Planted lawn seed on the now bare patch by the bird bath. By that time my lower back was screaming & I had to quit.

THURSDAY, APR. 23/87 Sunny but cool after a frosty night. Mrs. Bagley came at 7.30 & worked at spring house-cleaning till 2 p.m. Paid her \$40. This afternoon I drove my car downtown for the first time this year, & got a haircut.

My grandson Terry Dennis dropped in for a chat. He is making a tour of the west N.S. coast in his new job, & will be doing this once a month.

SATURDAY, APR 25/87 Sunny but cool. Blair came this morning, cleaned & oiled my fertilizer spreader, & applied lawn green to front, side & back lawns. Paid him \$5.

This evening, turning the stations on my TV, I came upon a re-run of my short story "The Trumpeter" as filmed by Atlantis Films Inc. in 1925, the first time I had seen it. I was appalled. Hard to say which was worst, the badly hacked script, the direction, the casting or the acting. It was originally broadcast from Toronto, sponsored by Bell Telephone Co.

SUNDAY, APR 26/87 Overcast & cool. Pam invited Austin Parker & me to dinner this evening, so I picked him up when I drove there at 5 p.m. The main dish was roast woodcock, with Pam's special wine sauce. The last of Tom's hunting last Fall. Home by daylight at 8 p.m. Sharp frost tonight.

TUESDAY, APR 28/87 Overcast & bleak, with a feel of ice in the sea breeze.

Letter from Formac Publishing Co., Hfx. (James Lormer, owner) making a much belated bid for the copyright of "Footsteps on Old Floors". I have already agreed with the Pottersfield Press for that. They also inquired about "In My Time", whose copyright I hold. A cold sea gale with torrents of rain all night.

FRIDAY, MAY 1/87 Mostly sunny & fairly warm in spite of a boisterous NW gale. Drove to the Hunts Point restaurant this afternoon & got fried fish & cole slaw for my supper. Turned aside to look at the golf course & found it ready for play, & all the tee benches placed.

SATURDAY, MAY 2/87 Open-&-shut sky, moderate breeze. Worked for a brief time on my back lawn this afternoon, all my back would stand. Also oiled the lawn mower & tried to sharpen the blades, badly nicked last season by Blair's careless running against stones. This afternoon I found that the cablevision converter on my TV had conked out for the umpteenth time. While it sits there, useless, I cannot use the ordinary TV stations, so I must spend the weekend without TV altogether, a dreary prospect especially at night. Resolved to have the "cablevision" taken out.

SUNDAY, MAY 3/87 Same weather. Dined at Hunts Point with Tom, Pam & Blair. A beaver with one paw & wrist missing, has taken up residence in their brook. Evidently caught in a trap somewhere & chewed itself free.

MONDAY, MAY 4/87 Rain all morning. A TV cable electrician came & replaced the converter on my set. Mrs Lee dropped in for a chat.

TUESDAY, MAY 5/87 Cold rain all day. Letter from Bob Neary, president & general manager of Bowater Newsprint Co., ~~on~~, inviting me to attend their annual banquet on May 26 for Queens County high school honour students, at which the T. H. Raddall prize will be awarded. Replied with regret that my age & physical impediments, especially the deterioration of my lower spine, make it impossible for me to attend any more public affairs.

THURSDAY, MAY 7, 1987 Rainy morning, sunny afternoon. Received M & S statement of my royalties for 6 months ending Dec. 31/86. Still in print in paperback are Roger Hadden, The Nymph & The Lamp, His Majesty's Yankees, Hangman's Beach, Halifax Warden of The North, The Governor's Lady, At The Tides Turn & Other Stories. Total sales 700 copies. Royalties \$491.04.

SATURDAY, MAY 9/87 Mild, sun & cloud. Changed my underwear to summer shorts, a great relief in movement. The "long Johns" impede my knees especially in going up stairs with my stiff & painful joints. Pattered about the back lawn for a while, removed the garden hose from the garage & fixed it on the outdoor tap, etc.

SUNDAY, MAY 10/87 Same weather. Tried sitting outdoors but found it a bit too cool in the cloudy periods. Drove to Hunts Point & dined with Tom, Pam & Tom 3rd. Blair was away playing soccer. A feast of fresh boiled lobster with whole-wheat muffins & butter. Tom & Pam leave this weekend for their usual fortnight in Bermuda with their friends the Barnes from Halifax.

Tom 3rd. takes his final exams this month & will certainly pass. About June 1 he & 3 fellow graduates of the dental school will fly to Europe & spend a couple of weeks in the Greek islands having fun before settling down to work.

Tom Tom tells me that he recently met Graham Henderson, for many years Auditor-General for the federal government at Ottawa, now retired. Henderson told him that he was a classmate of mine in the old Maritime Business College at Hfx. in the 1922-23 term. I can't remember.

TUESDAY, MAY 12/87 Mild, sun & cloud. This afternoon Lunenburg high teacher Mr. Brison, by appointment, brought 15 or 16 young people in a smart red van. They are graduating students of Grade 11 in the Lunenburg high school, & they have been studying "Roger Hadden", & wanted to meet the author.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 13/87 Sunny & warm. On just such a day 74 years ago the Raddall family arrived in Halifax from England.

Mrs. Bagley came at 7:30 & worked at "spring cleaning" until 1:30. Paid her \$40. Bob Cross, taximan, came at 2 p.m. & took me to the bank, post office & supermarket. Paid him \$10.

THURSDAY, MAY 14/87 Sunny but with a touch of ice in the sea breeze. Took my lawn mower to neighbour Erik's little garage workshop, where he straightened & sharpened the revolving blade. Drove to the seaside take-out at Hunts Point & got fried fish & cole slaw for my supper.

SUNDAY, MAY 17/87 At last a fine hot day for the Victoria Day weekend. Spent the morning at my laundry chores. Sunned myself on the back lawn this afternoon for an hour, all I dared with my sensitive bald scalp. Heard (but did not see) a song sparrow. Otherwise not a bird, not even a robin.

MONDAY, MAY 18/87 Sun & cloud. Saw a yellow warbler investigating the shrub outside my sun porch where they nested for many years. The average date of their

May 18, 1987 (continued) first appearance is May 23. Grandson Blair came this morning & mowed my lawn for the first time this season. Paid him \$20.

A young man from New Brunswick named Maurice Belliveau came, by appointment, with a number of my books to be autographed. He is a native of Gros Coqués N.S., & we had a pleasant chat.

TUESDAY, MAY 19/87 April weather, alternate sun & showers. Noticed the warbler here inspecting the dentia shrub again today. At a guess it will be two weeks before the leaves are out of the bud enough to conceal a nest.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 20/87 Sat up till 2 a.m. watching a late TV show. Turned off the TV & went upstairs. Just as I reached the landing I was smitten with one of my rare dizzy spells, & fell backwards, head first, down the 12 steps. Luckily I broke no bones, but suffered cuts, contusions & bruises from head to feet. It was impossible to get anybody at that hour, so I made my way upstairs on hands & knees. At 8 a.m. I phoned my doctor Frank Bell but got a recorded "he is not available at the moment". I then phoned the Out-Patient department at the hospital, & they sent an ambulance. By 9 a.m. Bell was there & I was being X-rayed. No bones broken, but the muscles & ligaments attached to my right hip were painfully sprained & torn. Tom & Pam were in Bermuda, but Blair is at home & Bell phoned him. He came promptly, got my front door key, & was very good in rummaging about for shaving gear, handkerchiefs, a clean suit of pyjamas, etc.

Tom & Pam arrived in the afternoon of May 24.

May 25/87 Left the hospital by ambulance at 11 a.m. Pam was at the house, & soon I was in my easy-chair in the living-room, able to shuffle about with the aid of a walking stick. Pam did my banking & shopping for me, & left a clam chowder for my supper. After practising walking during the afternoon I found that I could walk upstairs by hanging on to the bannister rail. Slept better in my own bed than in the hospital.

TUESDAY, MAY 26/87 Fine warm day. Mrs Bagley came & did the cleaning & dusting chores. Pam came with my mail. Bird note: the yellow warblers are busy building their nest in the dentia bush.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 27/87 Fine & warm. Mrs Jean Nickerson very kindly brought me a dinner of sauerkraut etc. Phone call from a female film agency in Los Angeles, very urgent about TV rights in "Wings of Night". Told her that Doubleday had sold TV rights in 1966 to the CBC, who made a serial of it in 8 parts.

THURSDAY, MAY 28/87 Showers. I hoped to be able to dress today but had several giddy spells & again spent the day in my pyjamas. Pam brought my mail. I got about the house cautiously & using my walking stick. Still bothered with vertigo. The chimney swifts which have nested in my fireplace chimney for many years are back from Peru. Average date of arrival was May 21. The warblers have completed their nest outside my sun porch.

FRIDAY, MAY 29, 1987

Sunny & warm. Today I was able to discard pyjamas & dress in trousers, shirt, socks etc. Mrs Helen Lee came in for a chat. Still seeking a publisher for her book. As I had warned her, the book is bulky, with many photographs etc, an expensive proposition for any publisher, & with a very limited market. The present political turmoil in Korea, with repeated student riots in Seoul, has decided her not to visit there as planned.

Son Tom dropped in for a chat. Tonight I had hot bath, the first in many days & nights. Wonderful!

SUNDAY, MAY 31/87 Suddenly a day of terrific heat; with every possible door & window open there was no relief. Son Tom took me to dine at Hunts Point with Pam & Tom 3rd. I gave Tom 3rd a cheque for \$500.00 as a graduation present. At 26 he is on top of the world, with a lucrative profession, an office fitted up by his father with all the latest dental furniture & equipment, & no ties matrimonial. (Since the age of 20 he's had a succession of "girl friends" or mistresses in Halifax.)

Home at 7:30 & I sat up till 1:30 reading & watching TV, wearing only pyjama trousers. When I went to bed the temp. indoors was 80° F & I slept naked on top of it.

TUESDAY, JUNE 2/87 Sunny & pleasant. The warbler is laying her eggs. Spent an hour on the back lawn digging up dandelions but mostly chatting with friend Erik on chairs in the sunshine. Another phone call from the female film agency in Los Angeles. They have been in touch with Doubleday (N.Y.) & with the CBC, & have sent me a letter setting forth their proposition, which is to promote a TV mini-series based on my story. They would also like to promote a series from "Hangman's Beach". I said I would await their letter with interest. Their official title is: Berkley Square Literary Agency, Marilyn Land, Los Angeles.

THURSDAY, JUNE 4/87 Same weather. Indoors all day, writing cheques for bills, etc. Still feeling sore & weak. Letter from Triune Productions Inc., Toronto. re a proposed TV series based on "Hangman's Beach", another on "Wings of Night", etc. They & the Los Angeles people seem to be working on the same track. Charles Welch brought 30 copies of "The Dreamers" for my autograph. I didn't ask but I think these are for the Bowaters Mersey Co., who informed me that they are sending copies of "The Dreamers" to all of the unsuccessful essayists in the J. H. Raddall prize contest.

FRIDAY, JUNE 5/87 Overcast & cool, & a slow rain began in the afternoon. Pamela brought my mail. I drove to Hunts Point & got fried fish & cole slaw for my supper.

SATURDAY, JUNE 6, 1987 Overcast & showers, forecast to continue several days
- "the June monsoon". On TV I enjoyed watching the women's finals in the French open tennis championship. After a long & thrilling battle the German girl Steffi Graf, age 17, defeated the wily veteran Martina Navratilova.

Letter from Marilyn Land, of Berkley Square Literary Agency, Los Angeles.

She asks me urgently to sign what amounts to a blank cheque. A free option for 6 months. Exclusive rights to handle *Wings of Night* for movie & television rights. No mention of the fee to be charged for this. No mention of their own financial standing, such as the name of their bank. And the usual L.A. blarney - "We have already interested a producer who is eagerly awaiting further contact from us." When I think of my long & painful education at the hands of L.A. film sharks over the years I have to laugh.

SUNDAY, JUNE 7/87 sunny & warm. In the cellar this morning, doing my weekly laundry chore, I had an alarming fit of giddiness & had to hang on to the washing machine for a time. Finally I got the laundry done with no recurrence.

Fraser Blair, president of the Queens County Historical Society, came with his wife & presented me with a certificate of honorary life membership "as a token of our appreciation for your long & distinguished service to the Society & its objects."

At 5 pm son Tom took me to Hants Point for dinner. The main dish was fine fat scallops, provided by Blair, scuba-diving at Port L'Hebert yesterday.

I have about \$40,000 in my Royal Bank savings account, & Tom says I should invest \$30,000 in bonds of the N.S. Power Corporation, new issue, which bear interest at 7 1/2%. He will arrange this.

MONDAY, JUNE 8/87 Overcast Blair came this morning, mowed my lawn, & spread 25 lbs. of "Weed-&-feed" mixture over them. (The back lawn especially is full of weeds.) Paid him \$30. Phone call from Marilyn Land, Los Angeles. Told her I wouldn't sign her document, & why. She went into a long harangue, told me her fee as agent would be 10%, & she was sure she could sell the performing rights in *Wings of Night* for \$100,000, etc. I said I was dealing with Triune Productions Inc. of Toronto. And that was that.

Paul Conrad of Dominion Securities, Hfx phoned after talking to son Tom. I wrote a cheque for \$30,000 & a covering letter.

TUESDAY, JUNE 9/87 My 60th wedding anniversary. Showers, with a glint of sunshine at the end of the afternoon. As a variation from the various magazines I get, I am re-reading "Adam Bede" for the umpteenth time.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 10/87 Showers. Greg Cook, writer from Kentville, whom I have met before, dropped in for a chat this afternoon, accompanied by a pleasant young black poet named George Elliott Clarke, & a young woman student whose name I didn't catch. Clarke gave me an inscribed copy of his poems.

THURSDAY, JUNE 11, 1987 Fine & hot. Mrs. Bagley worked from 8 a.m. to 2 p.m., completed house-cleaning the upstairs rooms, aired all my clothes outdoors, ironed all my trousers, T-shirts, etc. Paid her \$50.

FRIDAY, JUNE 12/87 A cool gray day, like Fall. Got fried fish & cole slaw from the "Seaside Take-out" at Hunts Point. Finished reading "Adam Bede" again & enjoyed it, although I still feel that Dinah was a sententious prig & a born old maid. Adam must have bored to tears with her before long, in spite of the children. He would have been far happier with sexy Hetty in Botany Bay.

SATURDAY, JUNE 13/87 Sun & cloud. Rex Wilson called with his companion Ellen Delano. He is a retired professor of English aged 71 now living in Ontario. His mother was a Freeman from Milton, a relation of my wife's family. Delano is a pleasant American woman, 50-ish, & she brought a copy of "His Majesty's Yankees" for me to autograph. Rain tonight.

SUNDAY, JUNE 14/87 Showers & chilly. Tom took me to Hunts Point for dinner with Pam & himself. A good old-fashioned meal of excellent roast beef & vegetable.

MONDAY, JUNE 15/87 Fine & hot. Blair came & mowed the lawns. Paid him \$30.

I took the car downtown & got the mail & a badly needed haircut.

TUESDAY, JUNE 16/87 Fine & hot. Drove to the Seaside Take-out for fried fish & cole slaw. Erik came in this evening for a chat. The postal unions have begun another of their strikes. This time the Post Office has determined to keep the mails moving, or so it says.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 17/87 Cool, with light rain tonight. Made my usual weekly taxi trip to bank, post office & supermarket. My lawns look fine — the weed-&-feed mixture is working well. Spirea shrubs in full white bloom.

THURSDAY, JUNE 18/87 After a hot bath I sat watching TV until 2 a.m. as usual, & then went to bed. I have to get up & urinate every 2 to 2½ hours, day & night, but I do this automatically, like a sleep-walker, & return to bed. This night I slept well until 9:45 a.m., an extraordinary thing.

Today was sunny & warm with a pleasant W. breeze, & I sunned myself for an hour on the back lawn, doing a little weeding etc.

FRIDAY, JUNE 19/87 Sun & cloud, very humid. The mail came through from Hfx this morning, despite some scuffling by union pickets there. I had a picture postcard from Tom 3rd mailed in Athens June 3rd, presumably by surface mail.

SATURDAY, JUNE 20/87 Sunny & hot, with a light E. breeze. Spent much of the afternoon on the back lawn soaking up the sun. Erik came over for a chat. The yellow warblers have hatched their brood. I saw the male standing on the rim of the nest & singing cheerfully. The weigelia buds begin to open.

SUNDAY, JUNE 21/87 Same weather. Did my weekly laundry chores. At 5 drove my car to Hunts Point & dined with Tom & Pam. Tom 3rd arrives home on

SUNDAY, JUNE 21/87 (continued) Wednesday & will enter upon his dental practice at once. Blair hopes to get a "relieving" job at the paper mill during the vacation months of July & August.

MONDAY, JUNE 22/87 Sun & cloud. Very warm. Blair mowed my lawn. Spent a couple of hours on the back lawn, doing a bit of bush clipping, mostly chatting with Erik. Daughter Francie phoned a belated greeting for Father's Day. She & Bill expect to be here on July 17th.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 24/87 Same weather. Did my usual weekly shopping by taxi. My cuts & bruises are gradually healing but the torn muscles on my right hip are still very painful & so is my lower back. I can hobble about 100 yards with my stick but then I am exhausted. Blair has a job at the paper mill.

THURSDAY, JUNE 25/87 Fine & just comfortably warm. Sunned myself on the back lawn in the afternoon. Saw a female redstart at the bird bath. On TV I am enjoying the Wimbledon tournaments.

This evening had a phone call from John & Carol Paisley at Indian Point, Mahone Bay. They have been there for a couple of weeks. My sister Nellie Cassidy will join them in July, & we shall have a get-together.

FRIDAY, JUNE 26/87 Same weather. Enjoying Wimbledon, especially the singles match for men, in which Boris Becker, the German who won the Wimbledon title at 17 & was still the champion at 19, was defeated by a comparatively unknown Australian named Peter Doohan.

SUNDAY, JUNE 28/87 Fine & hot. Bothered with spasms of vertigo all day. However I did my weekly laundry chores & at 5 pm. drove my car to Hunts Point. Found son Tom & grandson Tom 3rd. busy digging & tracing a leak in the swimming pool. Debbie & husband Clary Kempton had driven down from Hfx. Tom 3rd. starts his dental practice tomorrow with a well-trained female assistant, Shirley Mason, from Bridgewater. The Kemptons are both 28, & in the most matter-of-fact way are planning to start a family, beginning in September. I drove home successfully at 7:30. The vertigo does not occur when I am sitting down, only when I move about on my feet. I have learned not to make sudden moves.

TUESDAY, JUNE 30/87 Hot weather, with showers at night causing great humidity in the daytime. Drove to the Seaside Takeout at Hunts Point for fish & cole slaw. Enjoying Wimbledon on TV. With every possible door & window open, & my big electric fan perched on a chair five feet away, I am just comfortable. Thought of sitting out on the lawn but it was too hot there.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 1/87 Canada Day. Again very ^{hot} good. When I got up this morning I found my garbage strewn over the front walk, & had to gather it up. The scavenging sea gulls can detect edible garbage right through a sealed plastic sack & then peck a hole to get at it. Mrs. Dave ~~R~~ Randall brought some of her delicious chocolate cakes.

THURSDAY, JULY 2, 1987

Fine hot weather. Taxied to the supermarket this morning. Sat on the back lawn in the afternoon. The torn muscles & ligaments on my right hip still very painful, & I have no energy at all.

SATURDAY, July 4/87 Showers & fog. By appointment Angela Shaw of the Dartmouth cablevision came to interview me, with a camera-man & electrician. About an hour.

SUNDAY, JULY 5/87 Overcast with glints of sun. Did my laundry chores. This afternoon the Historical Society had their annual tea on the Perkins lawn, with everybody in colonial costume, & a band in attendance. Tom & Pam were much involved, so I dined at home.

Later I was shocked to learn that my taxi driver Bob Gross had died on Friday in the local hospital; presumably a heart attack. He was 69 but seemed much younger. Only the day before he had taken me on my weekly shopping downtown. Always courteous & helpful to an old cripple like me. I shall miss him.

MONDAY, JULY 6/87 Fine & warm with a fresh breeze. Blair mowed the lawns & did one or two lesser chores. Paid him \$30. Drove to the town's artesian well for a supply of drinking water, & to Hunts Point for grilled fish & cole slaw.

TUESDAY, JULY 7/87 Another lovely day. Sunned myself for an hour on the back lawn. The Pontiac garage took my car this morning & gave it the annual government-required check of lights, brakes, etc. Also they washed & waxed the car, rotated the tires, checked ignition & spark plugs, replaced windshield wipers, etc. I use the car so little that although 4 years old it looks & runs like new.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 8/87 Sun & cloud, very warm in town but foggy & cool at Hunts Point, where I went for my favourite fish & cole slaw. Drove my car downtown for calls at the bank, post office & liquor store but did not dare to go to the supermarket owing to the congestion at that parking lot. I phoned various taxi drivers but none were willing to make the round & wait for me at each place as Bob Gross did. I learn that my neighbour Erik Anderssen has been in the hospital since Monday, when he had an operation to remove a bowel obstruction.

THURSDAY, JULY 9/87 Same good weather. Lou Anderssen tells me that Erik is recovering well & may be moved home in a day or two. She was going to the supermarket & kindly took me along. Letter from Rosclind Whalley, Trium Productions Inc., Toronto, asking again about other books of mine available for TV miniseries. She also hints at making a documentary film on my life.

SATURDAY, JULY 11/87 Overcast, calm, very hot & muggy. Wrote to Whalley.

Liverpool Advertiser
July 1, 1987

Dr. T.H. Raddall, Jr.
is pleased to announce that
Dr. T.H. Raddall III
will be associating in the
practice of Dentistry at:

Elmwood Clinic / 123 Main Street
PHONE 354-5133

OFFICE HOURS: Monday - Saturday
8:30 a.m. - 5 p.m.

SUNDAY, JULY 12, 1987 Again very hot & muggy. Did my laundry chores. Drove to Hunts Point at 5 p.m. & joined Tom, Pam, & Blair for drinks & dinner. Tom tells me that my old friend & family physician John Wickwire & his wife Dorothy are removing to Toronto, where they can be under the eye & care of their son Jim, a radiologist. John is 84, with a heart ailment. In the 1950's he withdrew from general practice to specialize in cardiac, & he became one of the best in eastern Canada. He sat in the N.S. Legislature for many years as Conservative member for Queens, & did much good work there in medical matters, at the same time continuing his cardiac practice.

MONDAY, JULY 13/87 Same enervating weather. Blair mowed the lawns & did one or two other chores. Paid him \$30.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 15/87 Still hot & muggy. Drove to the supermarket at 9 a.m. & found plenty of places to park at that hour. Lou Andersen tells me that Erik is recovering well at home & should be up & about in a few more days.

THURSDAY, JULY 16/87 Sunny & cooler, a very pleasant day. Drove to Hunts Point for fish & cole slaw. Tom tells me that Anne, Jack Dunlop's daughter, is training-on-the-job as assistant to Tom 3rd. She is 28 & has been working at all kinds of things including house-painting, in fact she did all the interior painting of Tom's new offices.

FRIDAY, JULY 17/87 Sunny & hot. John & Carol Paisley, John's aunt, & my sister Nellie, came from Indian Point (Mahone Bay) this morning, bringing with them a fine luncheon of fried chicken, potato salad, sliced tomatoes, strawberries & Nellie's birthday cake — she was 86 yesterday, & looks very bright & cheerful. Tom dropped in for a chat later on. They all left for home about 3 p.m. My daughter Frances & husband Bill Dennis motored from Moncton in the afternoon & about 5 p.m. arrived at Hunts Point, where they will be staying the weekend with Tom & Pam. At 9 p.m. they came for a chat with me, & we shall be seeing each other at Tom's place tomorrow for a lobster supper. Altogether a busy & happy day.

SATURDAY, JULY 18/87 Sunny & hot. My lawns are turning brown. Drove to Hunts Point at 5 p.m. & joined Tom, Pam, Debby & Glory Kempton, Bill & Francie, with drinks & chat beside the pool & then a feast of big lobsters caught on the edge of George's Bank. Blair was absent, working at the paper mill, & Tom 3rd attending a wedding in Meteghan. Drove home at 8 p.m.

SUNDAY, JULY 19/87 Again hot. At 5 p.m. drove to Hunts Point, where I found Tom Jr., Pamela, Tom 3rd & a chum of his, Bill & Francie, diving & swimming in the pool. Supped on charcoal-boiled steaks & fresh vegetables. When I left at 8 p.m. Francie came out to the car & told me that she & Bill will not be coming down here again till late next fall — a great

disappointment, as they usually come again in August, & I have had no private talk with her at all. Bill is an avid salmon angler, & for years he & eleven other Moncton men have rented a pool on the Mira-michi. Now he is building an elaborate summer home elsewhere on that river.

MONDAY, JULY 20, 1987 Very hot & mostly overcast & calm. Drove my car to bank & post office. Blair mowed the lawns. Letter from Bruce Allen of Tricord Film & Television Corp., Toronto. Wants to approach CBC with the idea of selling them a teleplay made from my historical short stories "Between the Lines" & "The Siege". If the C.B.C. expresses serious interest Tricord will make me an offer for the TV rights. Allen enclosed a form letter, which I signed, giving Tricord permission to negotiate.

TUESDAY, JULY 21/87 Same weather. Drove my car downtown for business at Scotiabank, post office & barber shop. For the first time this dry summer I set the sprinkler in the middle of the back lawn this evening & left the water running all night.

SUNDAY, JULY 26/87 Same weather. Each afternoon I do a little pottering about the lawn, watering my yellow rose (which is flourishing), refilling the bird bath, etc. But it is too hot there with the trees shutting off any breeze & I am comfortable nowhere but in my special high-backed chair in the living room, within a few feet of my big electric fan, reading or watching TV. At 5 I drove to Hunts Point & dined with Tom, Pam, Tom 3rd. & Blair. It was comfortable there with the sea fog lying just offshore. Home at 7:30.

TUESDAY, JULY 28/87 The wonderful summer ("once in a decade") goes on, with an occasional light thunder-shower at night. I set out the water-sprinklers on my parched back lawn this afternoon & let it run all night. Started to type a letter this afternoon & found that the ribbons I bought lately in the ETC store here don't work properly in my machine.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 29/87 Same weather. Sunned myself on the back lawn for an hour. More cloud than sun actually & a freshness in the air. Phoned the F.M. O'Neill Co. in Dartmouth & ordered 4 all-black ribbons for my typewriter. I dealt with this firm for many years & they were always reliable. Nowadays when the "word processor" has supplanted so many of the now old-fashioned typewriters it is difficult to get ribbons for them in local stationery stores.

THURSDAY, JULY 30/87 Same weather. Drove to Hunts Point for fish & cole slaw. Blair came & mowed the lawns. Not much to mow on the small front & side lawns, which are mostly burnt brown.

FRIDAY, JULY 31, 1987

A brief thunder storm early this morning gave some rain but not enough to do any good. A sunny & warm day. Despite my detailed specifications O'Neill's have sent me cartridge type ribbons instead of spool type. Phoned them this afternoon saying I was returning the cartridge type & asking them to send me the ~~red~~ spool type as quickly as possible. This is the time of summer holidays & consequent inefficiency in all business, so I am pessimistic.

SUNDAY, AUG. 2/87 Sunny & warm. Erik has made a remarkable recovery & is able to work about his lawn & flowerbeds. Sat chatting with him on his patio this afternoon. At 5 pm. drove to Tom's house & found it deserted, with the plastic cover drawn over the pool, & the Audi car gone. Stopped at the Seaside Take-out & got two of their delicious "lobster-burgers" & a small tub of cole-slaw on which I dined at home. I realized that this was the day of the annual Hunts Point picnic on Port Mouton Island.

WEDNESDAY, AUG. 5/87 The hottest day yet. The Mersey paper mill made its eight millionth ton on July 28 & the Company is celebrating the fact in various ways. One is a select cocktail party at Mersey Lodge from 5 to 8, which I attended with Tom & Pam. Premier John Buchanan arrived dramatically by helicopter with his wife Mavis & two members of his cabinet, & it was soon apparent that he was making it a political occasion & the invited guests were mostly Tory workers from Lunenburg, Queens & Shelburne counties.

The Mersey Co. band in their blue uniforms provided music by the riverside. After drinks & a multitude of tasty hors d'oeuvres, there were speeches by various Mersey Co. people but chiefly by Premier Buchanan. Fortunately there was a fresh breeze down the river & I sat in a chair in front of the lodge enjoying it at a distance from the other winds. Various people came & chatted with me including Mrs. Buchanan, who wanted to know all about Table Island. On the way home Tom informed me that Buchanan was arranging a flying trip to Table Island, the party to include Buchanan & wife, Tom, Pamela & myself, two or three other people. We would land on the island by helicopter, transfer to four-wheel-drive "dune buggies" & travel over the western part of Table, where my old wireless station is now presumably collapsed & buried in sand. We would then fly to one of the oil drilling rigs operating off Table & enjoy a de luxe meal there. Then back to Halifax. It all sounds very exciting. Buchanan is said to be planning a provincial election this fall, but keeping mum about the date. My son Tom is a red hot Tory, very popular in Queens, & a keen supporter of John Leje, the sitting member. Hence the attention to Old Tom.

SATURDAY, AUG. 8/87 The remarkable fine summer continues. O'Neill Co. sent me another batch of ribbons which don't work on my typewriter, & it is now clear that

the Corona firm have ceased to make ribbons for my machine, which I bought from them 15 years ago & must now discard. This afternoon Charles Welch, who has the local agency, brought the latest Corona portable for me to try out. It is much more complicated than my old one & I shall be a long time getting used to its many advantages. At 5 I drove to Hants Point & joined Tom, Pam, Bleist, Clary & Debbie in drinks & another feast of lobsters caught on George's Bank. They were huge & I could only manage one.

SUNDAY, AUG. 9/87 Sunny with a fresh breeze. This is the anniversary of my father's death in the so-called Battle of Amiens. Spent an hour in practice on the new typewriter. Sat on the lawn chatting with Erik. Dined at home. Put out my hose & sprinkler on the back lawn & turned them on all night. Silence in the chimney flue of my fire place, where the swifts nest every summer, & where I hear them fluttering every evening. They have taken off for their winter home in Peru.

THURSDAY, AUG. 13/87 Fine weather still. ~~Frank~~ Welch came in to see if I liked the new typewriter. I do & agreed to buy it. On TV I am enjoying the Canadian open tennis tournament in Montreal, sponsored by the Players (cigarette) company, & now attended by top players from all over the world. The cost of the new Coronas is \$330.00. Wrote a few letters on it today, slowly & awkwardly. I shall be a long time getting used to it, especially with my arthritic fingers & awkward eyesight.

SUNDAY, AUG. 16/87 The finest summer in many years is creeping by. The temp. gets up to 95° F in the days & subsides late at night to 65°. Drove to Hants Point & dined with Tom, Pam, Tom 3rd & his latest flame a nurse from one of the Hfx. hospitals. He has rented a summer place at Upper Creek near Brooklyn & is busy with furniture etc. Tom & Pam attended the wedding of Joan (Vickiine) Chandler in the chapel at Acadia U. a few days ago. The new husband is a professor at the University of Western Ontario. After the ceremony President Perkins of Acadia drew Tom aside & said he was — surprised to find that Acadia had not given me an honorary degree, & asked if I would accept one next spring at convocation. Tom told him about my crippled state & diffidence about public appearances. Perkins said he would get in touch with ^{me} next spring.

WEDNESDAY, AUG. 19/87 Weather gets hotter & hotter. This afternoon outdoors the temp. was 102° F. I did my grocery shopping this morning & in the afternoon drove to Hants Point for lobster sandwiches & cole slaw. The rest of the day I sat in the air-flow of my big electric fan, wearing nothing but my underwear shorts, & sweating, reading & watching the wretched summer programs on TV. The Public Lending Right Commission, Ottawa, have sent

me forms to fill out to qualify for payment for the use of my books in public libraries etc. They state that "everyone registering for PLR must accompany each application with a photocopy of the title pages of the works." I am too old & crippled & tired for such bother, & I don't need money, so I am letting it go. I understand that three or four thousand writers of ^{various} sorts in Canada have applied.

SATURDAY, AUG 22, 1987 Same weather. Town authorities request that citizens stop washing cars, watering lawns etc because the water supply is low.

I'm enjoying the international tennis tournament at Toronto on TV.

A few thunderclaps & showers tonight. Not enough rain to do any good.

SUNDAY, AUG 23/87 Sunny & warm but with a freshness in the air after a cool night. Dined at Hunts Point with Tom, Pam, Tom 3rd, & Greg Dennis & his long-time girl friend Sue Edgett, who are spending a few days with the Raddalls.

MONDAY, AUG 24/87 Same weather. In the afternoon I drove to the Seaside Take-out, Hunts Point for fish & cole slaw. Greg & Sue dropped in for a chat. Tonight the temp. dropped to 44° F & my furnace was running for the first time in many weeks.

THURSDAY, AUG 27/87 Same weather. Bowater Mersey Co. have had two men prepare an oral history of forestry as practised by their employees during the past 58 years. I am quoted in several places. All the recordings are good, especially those of the early years. Bob Weary wants me to write a foreword to the printed text.

FRIDAY, AUG 28/87 Same weather but much cooler at night, so that the furnace runs. Diana Southwaite of Bowater Mersey public relations staff brought me a copy of the text, & I roughed out a foreword on my new typewriter. The machine is so complicated & my fingers so arthritic that I had much difficulty.

SATURDAY, AUG 29/87 Chilly, with a light rain through the afternoon. Furnace running. I typed clear copy of the foreword for Bowater's book. The rain fell steadily but thinly most of the night, a help to the parched soil but not to the wells & streams.

SUNDAY, AUG 30/87 Sunny again, with a pleasant freshness in the air. John & Carol Paisley came over from Malone this morning & informed me that my sister Nellie, who has been staying with them, suffered a fall from vertigo about 3 weeks ago, like mine but much more painful. She fell head-first against the sharp corner of a piece of furniture & gashed her scalp terribly. Their doctor had to make 30 or 40 stitches. He took them out a couple of days ago, found the scalp healing well, & when told of my own fall downstairs remarked cheerfully "You Raddalls seem to be tough people." (So we are!)

The Paisleys leave for Alabama tomorrow, putting Nellie on a plane at Bangor. I supped on huge Bank lobsters at Hunts Point with Tom, Pam & Blair.

WEDNESDAY, SEP. 2, 1987

A few showers last night, fine again today. The Pottersfield Press have sent me 15 copies of their new book "Courage in the Storm" profusely illustrated by Arie Gysdal, the Danish painter who lives on Devil's Island. It is my old short story "Brooms for Sale", originally written for children & first published by Copp Clarke Co, Toronto, 1947, in their school reader "All Ails Set".

The frame of my eye-glasses broke today at the hinge of the left lens, forcing me to use an old pair. The glasses I have been using were prescribed by (eye specialist) Dr. George Hupp, who removed cataracts from my eyes in 1976-77.

THURSDAY, SEP. 3/87 This morning I phoned the local office of Dr. Pamela Malik, who also has an office for optometry at Bridgewater. A Pakistani, she took over the office of Wile, our lone eye-man for many years, after his death about 10 years ago. Apparently she is very busy. The nearest date I could get for an appointment is October 1st.

The day was sunny & pleasant. Drove to the Seaside Takeout & got lobsterburgers & cole slaw for supper.

SATURDAY, SEP. 5/87 Still fine & warm in the daytime although chilly at night. Spent this day indoors watching the U.S. open tennis championship on TV. No point in sitting on my badly sunburnt lawn or going for a drive, this being the Labour Day weekend with heavy traffic on the roads. Wrote Joyce (Pottersfield Press) approving the format & illustrations of "Courage in the Storm", & asking what progress has been made with the reprint of "Footsteps on Old Floors".

SUNDAY, SEP. 6/87 Same weather. Tom & Pam are dining in Greenfield, so I got fried fish & cole slaw from the Seaside restaurant. I notice that despite official warnings of the water shortage & requests not to wash cars or to water lawns & gardens, my neighbours continue to do those things.

WEDNESDAY, SEP. 9/87 A break in the drought. Rain began in the night & continued lightly all day but not enough to do the lakes & streams any good. My TV has been acting poorly, especially on the 20 channel which has the most interesting plays. I phoned Sears service dept in Bridgewater & they promised to send a man tomorrow.

THURSDAY, SEP. 10/87 Intermittent showers, some quite heavy, all day & evening. Sears' man came & found the fault in the converter, rented to me by the local television company. He phoned them & they promised to replace the converter.

FRIDAY, SEP. 11/87 Sunny & warm. Blair came & mowed my lawns for the first time since Aug 6. He leaves on Sunday to resume his studies at Dalhousie. Thinks now that he will try to qualify for dental school.

SUNDAY, SEP. 13/87 Sunny & cool. Dined at Hunt's Point with Tom, Pam, & Tom 3rd. Tom & Pam will be in Boston next weekend to see some theatre shows.

MONDAY, SEP 14/87

Rain last night & all of today, quite heavily. The long drought seems to be over. Pam took my present glasses, prescribed ten years ago by Dr. George Lapp, to Malik's office for repairs to the frame, & brought them back.

WEDNESDAY, SEP 16/87 Fine & warm. Spent most of the morning writing cheques for bills etc., a difficult & painful business with my awkward fingers. Sent cheque for \$2,000 to Queen's General Hospital Fund, the 2nd payment on my pledge last year. Sent \$1,000 to Victorian Order of Nurses, Queen's Branch. Sent \$1,000 to Zion Church for local purposes. Sent \$658.08 to Receiver General for Canada, St. John's Nfld., 3rd instalment on my 1987 income tax. In the afternoon I made a leisurely drive on the shore road through Brooklyn, Eagle Head, Beach Meadows, etc.

THURSDAY, SEP 17/87 Fine & warm. A note from Choyce, as usual hand-written & undated. Optimistic about sales of "Courage in the Storm". Rather vague about the proposed reprint of "Footsteps on Old Floors". Thinks he will be able to do it in 1988. Invitation from Natural Art Limited & Nimbus Publishing to "attend the launching of the new book Seascapes and Sailing Ships by W. R. MacAskill". To be held Sep 22 in a Halifax shop.

SATURDAY, SEP 19/87 Showers began in the night & continued off-&-on today. At 10 a.m. Cory Hartling arrived from Trenton by appointment with two cartons of books for my autograph. He also brought frozen trout, venison, a rabbit pie, & a variety of home-made pickles & preserves. Much of this I cannot cook or eat, but I thanked him sincerely. Gave him 5 copies, autographed, of "Courage in the Storm".

SUNDAY, SEP 20/87 Cloudy & occasional drizzle. Drove to Mersey Lodge at noon to attend a luncheon party at Mersey Lodge given by Bob Weary of Bowater Mersey Co. Several miles of the old river road were paved with asphalt this summer, & the rest as far as Mersey Lodge widened & prepared for paving.

The luncheon party consisted mostly of middle-aged & old residents of the Liverpool area. Plenty of drinks & hors d'~~ouevres~~ d'oeuvres, the main dish pan-fried salmon. Dessert blueberry shortcake & ice cream. Austin Parker, Larry Seldon & I sat together. President Perkins of Acadia U. & wife came over for a chat with me, as did Bill Parker, an Acadia classmate of Tom Jr. & for many years now Acadia's chief public relations man. Jack Dunlop, head of Bowaters woods department, said "We'll be expecting you & Austin Parker to drive to Eagle Lake next summer." I pointed out that the new access road crosses Eagle Brook far below the lake, & I cannot walk that distance up-hill. He said "If necessary we'll bulldoze a side road right to the camp. You come!" Many other old friends came to chat.

Drove home at 3 p.m. Rain began to fall quite heavily about sundown, culminating in a slam-bang thunderstorm with torrents of rain, the first

real thunderstorm in this long dry summer. It continued crackling & grumbling far into the small hours.

MONDAY, SEP. 21/87 The rain continued all through today & night.

Dave Randall brought my mail as usual. It included a formal invitation by the commanding officer & officers of the West N.S. Regt. to attend a mess dinner at Aldershot Camp on Oct. 17. Sorry, no can do.

TUESDAY, SEP. 22/87 The rain petered out in a light drizzle this morning. Mrs Bagley came as usual to do the cleaning chores. Gave her the frozen trout, venison, & various pickles & relishes. I retained the rabbit pie & a jar of pickled beets.

THURSDAY, SEP. 24/87 Weather mild but still unsettled. Drove downtown & picked up a parcel at Sears' & wine at the liquor store. Whynot's tank truck came & filled my furnace tanks.

SATURDAY, SEP. 26/87 Sunny & cool. Began preparation for winter, checking storm windows & tightening inner windows with small wooden wedges. Outdoors I did some shrub-clipping, coiled the garden hose in the garage, etc. My lawns have recovered from the long drought & need mowing.

SUNDAY, SEP. 27/87 Thunder in the night & a downpour. Today was bright & cool. Spent the morning at my weekly laundry chores. In the afternoon son Tom mowed my lawns & put the winter plug & covering over the air vent under my study. Drove to Hunts Point at 5 & dined with Tom, Pam & Tom 3rd. Home at 7:15.

WEDNESDAY, SEP. 30/87 Yesterday & today were absolutely lovely - sunny & warm, almost calm. Although we have had no actual frost the maples are in full colour & make a fine show along the roads. Mrs. Helen Lee dropped in for a chat. I drove to the Seaside Take-out for fish & cole slaw. The postal unions are on strike again, the second time in 4 months. No other country but Canada would tolerate this.

THURSDAY, OCT. 1/87 Rain. Had my eyes examined & glasses checked by Dr. Pamela Malik, the petite Pakistani woman who has offices in Bridgewater & Liverpool. My present glasses were prescribed by Dr. George Lapp in Hfx. after he removed cataracts in both eyes about 10 years ago. After careful tests she said the prescription was still OK.

FRIDAY, OCT. 2/87 Lovely sunny day but I stayed indoors, afflicted with a bad cold for the first time in years. Must have got the microbe from Tom Jr., who said he had "a touch of 'flu'. In my reclusive life I have long escaped such "catchy" ills. Spent the day & half the night sneezing, wheezing, nose running like a tap.

SATURDAY, OCT. 3/87 Again a beautiful day spent indoors in misery. Rain all night.

SUNDAY, OCT. 4/87 Overcast & mild. ^{PROBABLY} Gaston D'Entremont & wife Michelle came by appointment at 1 p.m. with many books for my autograph. I believe they are in the film business

in Hfx., & they enquired about the film rights in *The Nymph & The Lamp*.

At five I drove to Hunts Point & dined with Pamela alone.

Tom Tom & three companions & their dogs are in New Brunswick on their annual woodcock shoot, & Tom 3rd. is taking a weekend holiday in Montreal.

My cold has settled in a continued nose-drip & weeping, & a persistent dry cough.

TUESDAY, Oct. 6, 1987 Lovely sunny day. My cold is fading gradually. Drove downtown to the Bank of N.S. & Sears. At 3:30 p.m. a phone call from Readers' Digest, Montreal. They want to use my short story "Blind MacHair" in their issue of January 1988 & will pay me \$1,000.00 for it. I agreed. They will pay me in December.

SUNDAY, Oct. 11/87 Rain again, & cold. Drove to Hunts Point at 5 & dined with Tom, Pam, Tom 3rd, Blair, Clary & Debby Kempton - all home for Thanksgiving Day. Coming back in the rainy dark all the car lights were on, including mine. I nearly ran off the road in one place, dazzled by an oncoming car, but recovered & made home safely.

Tom's woodcock-shooting party (4 guns) in New Brunswick last week got 116 birds. His young dog Sally is no longer gun-shy & in fact works very well, although she tires more easily than steady-going old Sandy.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 14/87 Temp. 30° F. last night, the first hard frost of the season. Alas for my solitary yellow rose, just blooming again. The day became sunny & warm, & I longed for a good walk. Drove to the bank & liquor store.

Mrs. Lee came in for a chat & an ambitious proposition. She wants to record my voice on tape, talking about my life & work, in sessions of one hour. She feels sure she can get a money grant to cover the costs, & the tapes will go to Dalhousie library.

THURSDAY, Oct. 15/87 Again a hard frost followed by a lovely sunny day. Drove to the Seaside Take-out for lobster-burgers & cole slaw. They close for the season next Sunday. I shall miss the pleasant drive & the tasty food. On the way back I turned off to the United Church cemetery, found G's grave well kept, & went on around Western Head for the sea views.

SUNDAY, Oct. 18/87 Light rain all day with some glints of sunshine. Drove to Hunts Point & dined with Tom, Pam & Tom 3rd. My old friend Austin Parkes now has a rigid girdle or corset which enables him to stand upright & walk without the aid of a stick. He passed his 92nd birthday last summer & is much more active than I am.

MONDAY, Oct. 19/87 Sunny & pleasant. This afternoon Max Harding picked me up & took me to the golf course, where he keeps a gasoline golf cart. We transferred to the cart & traveled at a leisurely pace all over the place, including the stretch from the dog-leg at N° 5, which I have not seen for many years. Most enjoyable & very

kind & thoughtful of Max. Gave him an inscribed copy of "In My Time".

News:- A tremendous drop in the New York stock market, worse than 1929, promptly followed by stock markets around the world. There has been a bull market in the U.S. for several years & it was due for a shake-out, but not on this panicky scale. Our postal workers are back on the job by government order. The Reader's Digest contract mailed to me on Oct. 6th is still held up somewhere between Montreal & here, probably right in Montreal.

TUESDAY, Oct. 20, 1987 Sunny morning, cloudy afternoon. Phone call from Ron Wallace, mayor of Halifax. (He & Jack McClelland were in the Navy together in War Tims.) The city of Halifax wants to present me with something to mark their appreciation of my work, especially for "Halifax, Warden of the North", & as I am unable to travel or make any sort of public appearance he proposes to come down here with his wife (who has a collection of my books) & one or two others in the near future. I said I would be honoured & delighted. He will confirm & set a date by letter.

Rev. Bill Titus, of Zion United Church, dropped in for a chat. He expects to retire on pension in 3 more years. I was astonished — he looks no more than 40, not a grey hair on his head, a little active figure. He is 58.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 21/87 A grey day, calm & mild. Gregory Cook, Wolfville poet & author, called with some documents for me to sign as Hon. Chairman of a cross-Canada committee raising funds for literary purposes.

At 8 p.m. Peter D'Entremont phoned from Halifax (see Oct. 3 entry). Proposes to make a helicopter trip with me to Sable Island, & shoot a film of me returning to the site of my old wireless station & the scenes of "The Nymp & the Lamp". Has talked the Coastguard & people on the island, all willing to cooperate. All this will be done regardless of Premier John Buchanan's airy plan (see Aug 5) which in my opinion was just a lot of hot air. I agreed to go along with D'Entremont's plan, & he will keep in touch awaiting a day of good weather.

THURSDAY, Oct. 22/87 Dark & damp. This morning I phoned the Reader's Digest in Montreal & said that the contract they mailed on Oct. 6 had failed to turn up, probably lost or destroyed in the postal strike sabotage in Montreal. They said they would mail a duplicate.

SATURDAY, Oct. 24/87 The original Digest contract came in the mail today after 3 weeks en route, together with a copy of their condensation, a horrible mess. They have cut out all the ballads & chanties which gave meaning & body to the story. However, I'm committed now.

SUNDAY, Oct. 25/87 Rain. Today the clocks go back to standard time, & so ends my season of self-propelled trips to Hunts Point. Son Tom took me there today at 5 & together with Tom 3rd we enjoyed a gourmet dinner of woodcock & partridge served with wild rice, broccoli & cauliflower, with Pam's special wine sauce. My son

told me that Peter D'Entremont, without consulting me (I would have given a firm No!) had asked Bowater Mosey Co. for \$5,000 to finance his proposed trip to Table Island with me. Bowater's personnel & public relations man Chris Clark told Tom about it & said the management was considering it. However, both Chris & Tom think it would be madness for a cripple of 84 to venture to Table Island on the brink of winter. Chris intends to tell D'Entremont to wait until next summer. Apart from all this I told Tom about Mayor Wallace's intended visit here, & asked him & Pamela to be present at the little ceremony in my house. They agreed.

MONDAY, OCT. 26, 1987 Bright & cool. Sent off the Digest contract (3 copies) by registered mail. On son Tom's recommendation I have applied to Dominion Securities, Hfx, for \$20,000 of the new Canada savings bonds & sent along my cheque for that amount. They bear interest at 9% & are in great demand.

Meanwhile the stock markets all over the world continue to collapse.

TUESDAY, OCT. 27/87 Hard frost last night. Sunny & cool today. Mrs. Lee came in to chat & to show me the handsome gold medal presented to her by the govt. of Korea through their Ottawa embassy last week. As she said, it was really to honour her MacKee parents, who were pioneer Canadian missionaries there.

FRIDAY, OCT. 30/87 Sun & cloud & cool. Last evening at dinner the false tooth & bridge in front of my upper jaw collapsed. Son Tom went to Halifax today, so Tom 3rd put in a temporary bridge this afternoon, saying "With two dentists in the family we can't have you going around looking like that, it's bad for business."

SATURDAY, OCT. 31/87 Rain all morning, cloudy with glints of sun later. The Halloween callers began promptly at 6 p.m. Very few small children, usually accompanied by parents. Mostly louts aged 13 to 20 & their female counterparts. By 7 p.m. they were pouring in from Brooklyn, Milton, White Point etc. By that time my supply of candies was almost gone, so I turned off my porch light & shut up shop. In spite of this, the marauders from outer space were still banging on doors for another hour & a half.

SUNDAY, NOV. 1/87 Sun & cloud, cold & calm. Pamela picked me up at 5 & we dined alone. Son Tom with companions & dogs are in Kentville for the weekend, a final pheasant hunt. Tom 3rd. is in Halifax for the fun of the mardi-gras, an innovation there, which is expected to draw 30,000 people. When Pam took me home at 7.30 she said casually that she will enter the V.G. hospital next weekend for an abdominal (bladder) operation. It sounded serious to me.

MONDAY, NOV. 2/87 A sunny morning after a night's hard frost. When I opened the morning Chronicle-Herald its front page gave me a shock. My old friend & lawyer Frank Covert died of leukemia in a Halifax hospital yesterday after a long illness. He was 79. A brilliant corporation lawyer, he enlisted in the RCAF in War Two & won the Distinguished Flying Cross as a bomber-navigator. After the

war he resumed his law practice as head of the old firm of Stewart, McKeen & Covert, & made it the largest & most influential in Nova Scotia, & one of the most noted in Canada. In person he was quiet & unassuming, an ardent golfer at White Point, preferring (like me) to play alone. Long ago I urged him to keep a diary of his important cases & financial deals for the sake of history, & I believe he did.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 4, 1987 A mild overcast day. Funeral service for Frank Covert was held in St. George's (Anglican) church, Halifax, attended by several hundred people including a number of Bowater Co. officials from the U.S., & Canadian dignitaries & armed service officers. Committal service was held in the little cemetery of the fishermen at White Point right alongside N°5 fairway of the golf course. Tom & Pam picked up Austin Parker & me, & drove ~~there~~ there in time for the burial at 4 p.m. Inside the coffin with the body, Frank's sons had placed two of his golf clubs & his Liverpool golf-club cap. The coffin was covered with the ensign of the RCAF. His black Labrador dog was there on a short leash held by a young man. About 80 people present, mostly Liverpool golfers & White Point folk.

A threat of rain but none fell. A distant swish of the sea.

A few words with Frank's widow Mary ("Mollie") & then home.

Friday, Nov. 6/87 Overcast & calm, moderately cold. Peter D'Entremont phones this morning, keeping touch & making a last attempt to persuade me to make the ^{trip} Table Island this month. I said my son was firmly against it in view of my age & disabilities, & so am I. Better to do it in warmer weather next spring or summer.

The mail brought the semi-annual statement from McClelland & Stewart, for the period Jan 1 - June 30, 1987. Sales amounted to 885 copies. Royalties \$ 855.11.

Still in print & selling are Halifax, Warden of the North (212 copies), Governor's Lady (55 copies), Hangman's Beach (93 copies), His Majesty's Yankees (105 copies), The Nymph & The Lamp (211 copies), At the Tide's Turn (142 copies), Roger Luddon (67 copies). All paperbacks.

Shortly after noon the first snow of the winter began to fall, first in hard pellets & then in big flakes, in a temp. of $40^{\circ} F$. It continued off & on all the rest of the day & the night. At sundown the temp. dropped to $22^{\circ} F$.

SATURDAY, Nov. 7/87 A mixture of sun glints & light snow squalls, with a great flutter of falling leaves.

SUNDAY, Nov. 8/87 Sunny & a bit milder. All the snow is gone. Son Tom is in Hfx, where Pamela's operation was done yesterday. So I dined at home.

MONDAY, Nov. 9/87 Frigid night, moderately cold sunny day. Son Tom came in & said Pam is recovering well & hopes to be home on Friday. He showed me a long letter addressed to Chris Clarke of Bowaters Merser Co. from Peter D'Entremont, setting forth exact plans & statistics for his proposed movie

movie of my return to Sable Island. It contained a complete script of dialogue between son Tom & myself. Also a detailed resume of D'Entremont's own film accomplishments. He says the CBC & National Film Board are definitely interested. The whole thing will cost between \$30,000 & \$60,000, of which he now asks Bowaters to contribute \$6,300. Obviously D'Entremont has gone to a lot of thought & work to set the thing up, & Tom likes the script, & so do I. Bowaters are interested but so far non-committal. They will make up their minds next spring, when D'Entremont sets his shooting date.

TUESDAY, Nov. 10/87 Again a frigid night & a cold rain all day. Did my grocery shopping this morning, as tomorrow is Remembrance Day. While writing this in my study I noticed a flock of 30 or 40 robins fluttering about the trees behind my property. These must be the so-called "Labrador" robins. Other than flocks of starlings I have not seen a bird here for weeks.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 11/87 Pouring rain at 1:30 a.m. when I went to bed. The temp. dropped sharply during the night & when I arose at 8 a.m. the ground was covered with snow & a freezing rain was falling - a thorough mess for Remembrance Day. The ceremonies were held indoor in Liverpool, but in Ottawa the weather was cold & clear. I watched on TV. In Washington a thick snowstorm.

THURSDAY, Nov. 12/87 Wretched weather. Rain, snow, freezing rain, alternating all day. Leslie Choate phoned with early congratulations on my birthday tomorrow. Says sales of "Courage in the Storm" are going well, & already he is getting inquiries about the new edition of "Footsteps on Old Floors", which he expects to print in the early months of 1988. This afternoon I had a visit by a young Mrs. Macleod, armed with camera & tape recorder, seeking information about the Liverpool courthouse for an article in Bowater Mersey quarterly magazine.

FRIDAY, Nov. 13/87 My 84th birthday. Jerry Dennis phoned from St. John this morning with congratulations & some news. His wife Karen is expecting the birth of her child (my first great-grandchild) any day now. His father & mother (Bill & Franie) are coming down to see me next weekend. They intended coming this weekend but a heavy snowstorm kept them in Moncton. His brother Greg has got his long-desired transfer to ATLANTIC TELEVISION, Halifax, & has been working there since Nov. 1. Jerry & wife hope to get down here with the baby some time early in December.

My sister Winifred phoned birthday congratulations. In the afternoon two of my Legion comrades came with the customary Legion birthday cake, & we sat yarning over wine for an hour. My sister Winifred Merlin phoned from Lunenburg. Gregory Dennis phoned from Halifax. He now settled in his new post & likes it very much. No word from son Tom, who I presume is ^{is} still with Pamela. She had hoped to leave the hospital today but perhaps there has been a complication.

SUNDAY, Nov. 15/87 Mostly sunny & calm at 40° F. Pamela is at home & active, so son Tom picked me at 5 & we dined together at Hunts Point. They had

forgotten my birthday & so had my daughter Frances Dennis, who phoned tonight from Moncton. She & Bill are coming down next Friday & will stay with me till Sunday afternoon.

MONDAY, Nov. 16, 1987 Cool but sunny after a freezing night. Shopped for Xmas cards, & then went for a drive to Summerside via Highway 103, returning along the shore road. Welch came & installed a new ribbon in my typewriter.

TUESDAY, Nov. 17/87 Sunny & cold. Birthday card from daughter Frances with a family-news letter enclosed. Corey Hartling phoned from Trenton. He is coming here in about 2 weeks' time with another gift of frozen deer steaks & chops, trout, etc.

THURSDAY, Nov. 19/87 Sunny, mild & calm. Took an hour's leisurely drive to Port Mouton by the shore road, back to town, then around Western Head. The mail brought a birthday note & card from Jerry & Karen Dennis. Autographed 25 copies of "West Novas" new edition, for Hemeon.

FRIDAY, Nov. 20/87 Rainy & cold. Bill & Francie Dennis arrived at 2 p.m. from Moncton, bringing with them Christmas gifts & a huge pot of corned beef & cabbage, turnip, potato, parsnip (a favourite dish of mine when Edith was alive & in good health) about half of which we had for supper. After supper they visited various old friends, returning at 11:30.

SATURDAY, Nov. 21/87 Rainy & cold. Bill & Francie departed at 10:30 a.m. for Mahone Bay & Halifax, where Bill will attend a refresh lecture at Dalhousie medical school. In the afternoon Edgar Macdonald arrived from New Glasgow with some books for my autograph, & two jars of home-made pickles. Heavy rain this evening, turning to snow at temp. 22° F.

SUNDAY, Nov. 22/87 About an inch of frozen snow on the ground, very slippery. The highway salt trucks soon took it off the streets & roads.

Son Tom took me to Flute's Point to dine with himself, Pamela & Tom 3rd. This is son Tom's 53rd birthday, & Pam had a chocolate cake with candles. Home at 7:30. My front steps icy & dangerous.

MONDAY, Nov. 23/87 Sunny, calm, cold. Made a start on writing Xmas cards.

TUESDAY, Nov. 24/87 Overcast, mild; some glints of sun melted the last of the snow. Phoned the Employment Office, who sent a youth named Stephen Montgomery to rake & remove the fallen leaves from my lawns. Paid him \$20.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 25/87 Still overcast & mild. Drove downtown for some banking & post office. Mrs. Macleod returned my notes on the courthouse. I now lent her a copy of "Wings of Night" for an exact description of the interior as it was about 1950.

THURSDAY, Nov. 26/87 The first real snowstorm of the winter began about dawn & continued all day & evening. Not much wind. Tonight the town snowplow threw the usual waist-high barrier across my driveway & front walk.

Friday, Nov. 27, 1987

The sun came out this morning & revealed a beautiful scene. Every tree laden with snow. Some of my shrubs bent to the ground. Stephen came at 9:30 & shovelled out my driveway & front walk & the street drain. Paid him \$20.

This evening Erik Anderssen came in for a neighborly chat. He & wife Lou had planned to spend Christmas in Vancouver with daughter Karen & family, but Erik finds he must enter hospital in January for a hernia operation. Very cold tonight.

SATURDAY, Nov. 28/87 Sunny, calm, temp. crept up to 35° F. in the shade, probably 40° in the sun, causing snow to fall from trees & shrubs. Asphalt paving is bare & dry.

SUNDAY, Nov. 29/87 Again sunny & calm after a frosty night. Son Tom took me to Hunts Point for dinner with Pam & Tom 3rd. On Wednesday Tom 3rd flies to Virginia to attend the wedding of a Mahone Bay man & a local belle. He & Tom were shipmates in "Bluenose II" ~~when~~ on a cruise to the States when boy met girl.

MONDAY, Nov. 30/87 Overcast. Drove my car to the liquor store for a wine supply. The temp. crept up to 50° F., & this evening a violent SE gale sprang up with a flood of rain.

TUESDAY, DEC 1/87 Last night's storm removed all of the snow except the withered lumps left by shovels & the street plow. Drove my car downtown for some banking & a much-needed hair trim.

THURSDAY, DEC 3/87 Mostly sunny with some cirrus clouds. In the afternoon I took an hour's leisurely drive to Summerville & back, then around Weston Head. Lobster boats busy at their traps. Sun warm through the car's glass.

FRIDAY, DEC 4/87 Christmas cards begin to arrive. A pleasant note from Erica, widow of Col. Milton Gregg, Y.C. The regimental association has sent her a copy of the new edition of "West Novas". She adds "I am fortunate in having many of your books, which I keep enjoying. My husband, too, greatly admired your writing."

A new storm began at dark & delivered the familiar bag of tricks — rain, then freezing, then snow.

SATURDAY, DEC 5/87 I slept late, unusual for me, & awoke to find less than an inch of icy snow, making treacherous footing for the paper boy & Dave Randall, who brought my mail. I didn't venture outdoors.

SUNDAY, DEC 6/87 Dull sky, with a light dusting of snow at intervals. Son Tom took me to Hunts Point, where I dined with him & Pamela. Boiled lobsters, fresh from Jack Dunlop's traps, a wonderful feast. Today is the anniversary of the great Halifax explosion of 1917, which I remember in every detail as it affected me & my family.

MONDAY, DEC 7/87 Overcast & cold. Mrs. Lee came this afternoon with her tape recording machine & began recording my reminiscences about the origin of my talk, taking

them in chronological order as they appeared. She is methodical, with a prepared list of the tales in that order, & each tape is dated when finished.

TUESDAY, DEC. 8, 1987 Mrs. Lee came again, carrying her tape recorder & a bulky portfolio. At age 77 she is remarkably spry. At the conclusion of today's session she asked me to write Charles Armour, archivist, Dalhousie University Library, asking if the Library is willing to accept the tapes as an adjunct to the Raddall papers.

WEDNESDAY, DEC. 9, 1987 Light rain this morning. Shopped for groceries. Two ladies of the United Church brought me a platter of delicious-looking cookies & cakes. Wrote to Armour.

FRIDAY, DEC. 11/87 A cold drizzle yesterday & today until about sundown, when a violent sea gale began with floods of rain & continued all night with gusts that shook the house. Finished my Xmas cards. In those for my seven grandchildren I enclosed a \$100 banknote.

SUNDAY, DEC. 13/87 A frosty night & a cloudy day with spots of sunshine. Son Tom took me to Hunts Point for dinner with Pamela, Tom 3rd & Tom's latest interest, a girl from Bridgewater.

TUESDAY, DEC. 15/87 A pleasant bright day. Weather bureau warns that a huge blizzard sweeping across the U.S. midwest will reach the Maritimes tonight, but here on the South Shore we shall get the edge of it, first with snow, then freezing rain, then rain.

Jerry Dennis dropped in for a chat & presented me with a snapshot of my new great-grandson.

WEDNESDAY, DEC. 16/87 The snowstorm began just as I was going to bed at 1:30 a.m. I slept late & awoke to find about 6" on the level, drifted in places, & the usual waist-deep barrier pushed up by the street plough. The temp got up to 40° F. & the downfall turned to light rain all day.

Steven Montgomery came & dug me out. Paid him \$20.

THURSDAY, DEC. 17/87 Another storm, or an extension of yesterday's, began at dark & blew hard all night, with a light amount of snow. The snow became continuous as the day went on. Mrs. Lee came & did an hour's taping. In the evening Ralph Rafuse & wife brought a large decorated basket containing various goodies & a Christmas greeting from the South Shore branch of the West Nova Scotia Regimental Association. The goodies included a bottle of wine & another of my favorite Trinidad rum (Fernandes Vat 18).

FRIDAY, DEC. 18/87 Very cold & snowing. I am out of milk & various other groceries but can get along on tinned stuff; ~~but~~ rather than risk another fall & broken bones I stayed indoors.

SUNDAY, DEC. 20/87 Snowing lightly but a few glints of sunshine. At noon Dr. Frank Bell came with Dr. John Wickwire, & picked up Austin

Parker & me, & took us to Hunt's Point, where son Tom & Pamela were giving their usual big pre-Christmas cocktail party. About 100 people standing & chatting, & the old crocks seated together — Hector Dunlop, Parker, Wickwire & me. Tom took a snapshot of this ancient quartet. I had a long chat with Bob Weary, of the Bowater Mersey Co. His company has just announced huge changes in their wood machinery, to cost over \$125,000,000. It involves a conversion from groundwood & sulphite pulp to thermo-mechanical pulp, TMP for short. No more logs coming to the mill. Everything to be done in the form of "chips" (actually small cubes) which yield longer & stronger fibers, adding strength to the paper, & cutting out the former sulphite waste. The conversion will greatly increase the production of paper with actually less human personnel. Weary is enthusiastic & says the Mersey mill will be a leader in efficiency in the whole industry, & in the very competitive world market. This huge investment is remarkable in view of the recent stock market crash, a reminder of the Mersey mill's beginning at the time of the great crash of 1929.

Clary & Debby were at the party, also Tom 3rd & his Bridgewater girl.
Home at 3 p.m.

TUESDAY, DEC. 22/87 At last a break in the weather. Temp. 40° F. & all asphalt paving clear, although snow remains on the ground & plough-heaped at roadsides. Drove my car down town, did some banking, got a supply of sherry & rum, & replenished my depleted larder. Cory Hartling phoned from Trenton. He will drive here tomorrow morning with frozen trout, deer steaks, etc. for my Christmas cheer. Card from my cousin Phyllis Elliot in England. Now in her 80's she still is very active. This year it was a tour of Turkey. Among other places she visited the British & Australian cemeteries on Gallipoli. — "I thought of you seeking out your father's grave in France".

WEDNESDAY, DEC. 23/87 Overcast, calm, moderately calm. Hartling arrived at noon after a 3 hour drive from Trenton, bringing many books of mine for autographing, some of which were for other collectors. I presented him with a copy of "West Novas" in the original edition. He brought me a great collection of edible goodies — frozen trout, deer steaks, a rabbit pie, jars of pickles & home-made jam, a pot of honey, etc.

THURSDAY, DEC. 24/87 Sunshine & occasional snow squalls. At 5 p.m. the Raddalls came in from Hunt's Point with the family-traditional lobster chowder on Christmas Eve. Tom, Pamela, Tom 3rd, Blair, Debby & husband Clary Kempton. A fine feast & lots of good cheer. They departed about 8 o'clock to make other calls.

FRIDAY, DEC. 25/87 Wretched weather, snow, then rain, then back to snow again. Son Tom took me to Hunt's Point at noon & after drinks & chat we enjoyed a roast turkey with all the "fixins", plus plum pudding with hard sauce. Afterwards Tom 3rd left for

his new girl's home in Maplewood, in the interior of Lunenburg Co. I didn't envy him the long drive in this weather. Blair left in camouflage rig for some duck & goose hunting at Port L'Her. (He shot two geese there yesterday). Son Tom took me home about 3 p.m. The snow changed to rain, & then the temp. dropped to 20° F., turning the slush to ice.

SATURDAY, DEC. 26, 1987 Bitter cold. With the icy footing very few people on the street. Daughter Frances phoned from Moncton with Xmas greetings. All her family were home ~~from~~ for the holiday except Stephanie in Toronto.

SUNDAY, DEC. 27/87 Snowing again. Son Tom took me to Keats Point for dinner with Pamela, Blair, Tom 3rd & his girl Cathy Lohnes. Dinner was provided by Blair, roast wild ducks (mallard, whistler & black) with Pam's wine sauce, a real gourmet meal. When Tom took me home it was snowing hard & the road was slippery & dangerous. One of my Xmas presents was "True Blue - the Loyalist Legend" by Walter Stewart, a newspaper man now teaching in the School of Journalism at King's University. He writes in a colloquial style with a sense of humour. For the loyalists in Nova Scotia he leans heavily on my "Path of Destiny" & "Halifax, Warden of the North" & acknowledges the fact.

TUESDAY, DEC 29/87 Sun & snow squalls. Bitter cold. Mrs. Bagley came as usual, clearing up. I presented her with much of the provisions given me at Xmas by various kind people, as I am no cook & in any case on my rigid diet I cannot indulge in such stuff.

This evening I attended a dinner party given by Mr. Phyllis Togar in his charming house at Fort Point. All old friends — really old — & most of the men hobbling about on sticks like me. Drinks & pleasant chat, & then dinner, the pièce de résistance being boiled Labrador salmon. A violent snowstorm was raging when we left at 9:30 p.m. (We were taken there & back by friends with cars.)

WEDNESDAY, DEC. 30/87 Excepting the routine trips to the bathroom every 2 or 3 hours I slept very well & when I arose about 10 a.m. I found that the town snow plough had thrown the usual high barrier across my driveway & street front. About 12 inches on the level but blown in drifts & still blowing hard. Steven Montgomery dug out my driveway & front walk. Paid him \$20. I tried in vain to engage a taxi for my weekly trip to the supermarket tomorrow, so I shall have to make do with what I have. I am out of milk & one or two other items but have plenty of food. Temp tonight is 10° F. with a strong NW wind.

THURSDAY, DEC. 31/87 Sunny & moderately cold. Mrs. Lee phoned about the tapes. She will resume after the New Year & hopes to get all done before next June, when she expects to marry again & remove to Charlottetown.

While chewing my frugal meal this evening a portion of one of my old front

teeth broke off. It was an anchor to the temporary bridge installed by Tom 3rd on Oct 30th, which now collapsed, carrying with it the two-tooth bridge to the left of it, installed by the local dentist about 60 years ago. So I now have a great gap in my upper teeth, to the left of centre.

At midnight I heard a few pops of fireworks in the town, nothing more.

FRIDAY, JAN 1, 1988 I awoke at 8 a.m. to find the temp. up to 40°F . & snow melting a little in the street. Due to absent-mindedness I missed a large part of the California parade of roses on TV, which I always enjoy.

Pamela is in Hfx this weekend for a medical checkup. My neighbour Erik Andersson is in the local hospital for a hernia operation.

My New Year dinner consisted of sausages (pre-cooked & frozen) & my last packet of frozen broccoli, with salted peanuts for dessert.

MONDAY, JAN 3/88 A wild blizzard began early this morning & paused late this afternoon, when young Montgomery came & dug me out. Paid him \$20. Soon after he'd gone the snow plough came round again & threw another mess into the entrance to my walk & driveway & buried the street drain.

Old friend Lester Clements died yesterday in the local hospital, aged 70. He served as a lieutenant with the West Novas in Italy & Holland, finished his law course after the war, & set up a practice in Liverpool. He became crown prosecutor for the county & eventually was appointed a judge on the South Shore circuit. He had been ill for the past two years.

WEDNESDAY, JAN 6/88 Temp. 2°F last night, the coldest yet. Bitter cold all day with a strong NW wind. I had to venture forth, & got taximan Don Cosgrave to take me to the bank, post office, liquor store & supermarket. He had to answer other customers' calls & I had a long wait in the wind outside the post office, but he was very good. He asked \$6 & I paid him \$10. After so much standing about I was exhausted.

FRIDAY, JAN 8/88 Temp. exactly zero $^{\circ}\text{F}$ when I got up. All of North America east of the Rockies is in the grip of Arctic weather. Snow in Texas etc. Farther south cities report the lowest temps. ever. My bedroom is not heated & now that I'm old & rheumatically I mind the slow & chilly chore of dressing in the mornings. So this afternoon I got from Thornhill's a portable Black & Decker electric heater, price \$82.45.

SATURDAY, JAN 9/88 Another heavy snowstorm began about midnight & when I got up at 8 a.m. it had dumped another foot or so on top of what we had. It then turned briefly to freezing rain at 10°F , sealing the whole mess with a skin of ice. Stephen came in the afternoon & dug me out. The street plough had thrown up a barrier shoulder high.

SUNDAY, JAN 10/88 A bright day, calm & moderately cold. Did my laundry chores. In the afternoon the town's trucks & power shovel passed down Park Street removing the massive snow-banks on the east side, ignoring the west side as usual. I have determined to leave my car in the garage until spring. At 5 son Tom took me to Hunt's Point to dine,

for the first time since Dec. 27. Tom 3rd & friend Cathy Lohner arrived there about the same time, after a day's ski-ing at Kegumkujik. Dinner was a gourmet meal, woodcock & partridge from Tom's hunting last Fall. Home at 9 p.m.

MONDAY, JAN. 11, 1988 Last night's temp. zero °F. Today bright, calm & moderately cold. At noon son Tom took me to his office & restored the old bridge in my upper teeth.

THURSDAY, JAN. 14/88 Yesterday's brief thaw ended abruptly in the night. I rose at 8 a.m. to find the temp. at zero °F. & a blasting NW wind. My food supply is getting low but I simply couldn't face the weather. Tonight with only a brief warning by Bridgewater radio all electric power was cut off from 10 p.m. to 11:40. For light I had the little portable sea lamp on gimbals which hangs on my study wall. I havn't used it for years but it held enough kerosene to do the trick. I put on my old "Arctic" coat over a heavy sweater & threshed my arms from time to time as the temp. indoors shrank & the temp. outdoors shrank to 2° below zero.

(7) This afternoon in my custom I calculated my financial worth as of Dec. 31, 1987. It amounts to \$ 461,332, all in good negotiable stocks & bonds. A big drop from last year (\$ 483,283) owing to the stock market dive which began last October. The market was highly inflated & the dive overdue. At present values my holdings are about what they were worth at the end of 1985.

FRIDAY, JAN. 15/88 A bright day, cold & calm. This morning Cosgrove took me to the bank & the supermarket, where I stocked up on groceries. The streets & sidewalks have been cleared of snow & are not only bare but dry. Paid Cosgrove \$10.

SATURDAY, JAN. 16/88 Overcast & moderately cold. This afternoon a young housewife from Riverton came by appointment to interview me about the South Shore rum-runners of the 1920s & early 30s. She owns the big house built by Willoughby Rotzey, the most notorious of the Lahave boot-leggers, & is now gathering material for a book. However, she did all of the talking; about herself: her matrimonial misadventures; the difficulties of running the house, which she divided into four or five apartments, & which she believes to be haunted. (Her various tenants have so far produced a murder, a suicide, & other unseemly events.) After over an hour of this monologue I passed her on to my old friend Hector Dunlop, first warning him by phone. As I told her, Hector knows far more about the Liverpool rum-runners than I do. He was chief accountant for the firm of Thompson Brothers here during the years of Prohibition, when the Thompsons equipped & outfitted all kinds of rum-runners.

SUNDAY, JAN. 17/88 A lovely day, sunny, calm & mild. (40° F in the shade) Did my laundry chores & ^{answered} ~~wrote~~ some letters. One was from Lt. J. L. Chalmers, who called on me here last summer. Aged 77 he is a retired professor of the

faculty of Education, University of Alberta, & is now writing an M.A. thesis on me & my work. Has been a reader of my work from 'way back, & has what is probably one of the best collections.

At 5 p.m. son Tom took me to Hunts Point for dinner with Pam & himself. They had spent most of the afternoon skiing on the old railway embankment behind Port Mouton, at the same time giving their dogs a run. Their news is that Debby is pregnant & I shall be doubly a great-grandfather next Fall.

TUESDAY, JAN. 19/88 Mild & drizzling rain at 40° F., the customary January thaw. My old electric blanket has given out at last. Ordered a new one from Thomas, price \$89. Caught up with my correspondence at last.

WEDNESDAY, JAN. 20/88 Overcast & mild. This afternoon Cosgrove took me to the post office & the supermarket, where I met Mrs. Maran (Tupper) Gardeau, an old friend from Milton. Her husband Munro is in Camp Hill hospital, slowly dying with Alzheimer's disease & quite insane.

THURSDAY, JAN. 21/88 A fine day, sunny & mild. The snowbanks are shrinking but still formidable. Letter from Laura Conrad, a grand-daughter of Edith's cousin Jean (Dunlop) Conrad. A high school student in Halifax, she has taken me & my work as the subject of a thesis & wants to know a lot about me. Mailed her a copy of "In My Time".

FRIDAY, JAN. 22/88 Another fine day. My old & good friend Captain Charles Williams died today in the home for special care up the hill. ~~A brother~~ ~~sister~~ of Alzheimer's disease, he had been blind & utterly mad for several years. Aged 84, he was felled by a severe heart-stroke 2 or 3 years ago & had been lying like a log in the special care hospital ever since, speechless & unable to recognize visitors. I did not go to see him in that state. As I told his daughter, "I want to remember Charlie as I knew him, one of the finest men who ever walked."

SUNDAY, JAN. 24/88 About an inch of fine snow fell yesterday but salt soon removed it from the streets. Son Tom took me to Hunts Point for dinner with Pam, Tom 3rd & his girl Cathy Lohnes. Tom & Pam had spent the day skiing in bright sunshine at Keweenaw Park, & said the weather & the snow were absolutely perfect.

MONDAY, JAN. 25/88 Overcast & mild. I was unable to attend Charlie Williams' funeral today. So was Hector Dunlop. My son Tom & Jack Dunlop were pall-bearers. Murray Osborne came from Cape Breton to attend, & dropped in for a chat with me. His once-flourishing shipyard folded up last year & he is now retired. His two sons are on the staff of K.C. Irving's shipyard in St. John.

Tom 3rd brought me a big jar of fish-chowder which I had for supper. A wild sea gale sprang up in the night with torrents of rain.

TUESDAY, JAN. 26, 1988

The rain ceased this morning but the gale continued all day, shifting to NW about dark. The snow on my back lawn is littered with branches & twigs torn off the old ash tree behind the garage. Hector MacLeod, aged 84, died today in the Special Care hospital up the hill, where he had been for years. I am reminded of an entry in the diary of Archibald MacMechan, which his widow showed to me long ago. "Death has been busy among my friends of late, and each sweep of his scythe comes nearer me."

WEDNESDAY, JAN. 27/88 Sunny but bitter cold. Cosgrove, taximan, promised to pick me up at 2 p.m. for my weekly trip to the bank & supermarket. He failed to turn up - too busy with other calls - & failed to notify me. In this season when many elderly people like me have laid up their cars for the winter the few taxis in town are reaping a harvest.

THURSDAY, JAN. 28/88 Same weather. Another fiasco with Cosgrove. I have nowhere to turn for transportation. The taxis prefer quick one-destination trips & spurn waiting jobs like mine.

FRIDAY, JAN. 29/88 After a very cold night a bright day, calm & moderately cold. I took my car out for the first time since Dec. 22, drove to the supermarket at 9:15, when parking is no problem, & replenished my food supply. At 10:30 I picked up a case of wine at the liquor store. In the afternoon I took a leisurely drive to Port Mouton by the shore road.

The sun through the car windows made it warm without the heater & I thoroughly enjoyed this release from my winter prison. I have to put aside my balking because it is impossible to find a parking space there.

SATURDAY, JAN. 30/88 A dark day with a few snow flurries. An Englishman named Desmond Mason came to see me by appointment. Tall, dark, with a thin black beard, 35-ish, a pleasant manner. He is teaching in Bridgewater on an exchange arrangement from England. On the side he writes adventure stories for boys & he has begun to plot a yarn about treasure buried on Sable Island during the Napoleonic wars. Someone had told him that I had lived on Sable in my youth, hence the appointment. He didn't know, ^{that} I had written quite a lot of books myself, including an adult novel about Sable. He had never seen a map of the island. In fact he was quite naive about the whole thing. I told him what I could, & he went to Henson's store & bought copies of "The Nymph & The Lamp" & "At the Tide's Turn", which I autographed for him. He asked permission to call on me again in the spring.

SUNDAY JAN. 31/88 Overcast & very mild, shrinking the snowbanks. Dined at Hunts Point with Tom, Pam, Tom 3rd. & Cathy Lohnes.

MONDAY, FEB. 1/88 Lovely day, 55° F., slightly hazy sun. This afternoon I took another leisurely drive to Summersville, then out the Baledonia road as far as the junction of the Gourfield road, back through West Milton, where I stopped for a much-needed haircut by

friend Fred Wharton, who at 80 still operates a hardware shop in his house. Home about 3 p.m.

WEDNESDAY, FEB. 3, 1988 Sunny but cold after a bitter cold night. This morning son Tom took me to the supermarket & to the banks, where I had some urgent business about expired bonds etc. In the afternoon Mrs. Lee came in & we had a two-hour session with the tape recorder.

THURSDAY, FEB. 4/88 Mrs. Lee came this afternoon but after a lot of fiddling with the recorder she discovered that the tape was defective & yesterday's work was an utter blank.

The weather bureau predicted a blizzard, & snow began as Mrs. Lee left for home about mid-afternoon. The storm proved to be a nasty package of all sorts. Two inches of snow, then freezing rain, then torrents of plain rain continuing far into the night. As usual the street plough came along early in the storm & plugged the drain outside my house, which I had so carefully kept open.

FRIDAY, FEB. 5/88 I awoke this morning to find that the temp. had dropped sharply & the slush of last night had frozen hard, making the mess complete. When Dave came with the mail he took my shovel & sack of coarse salt & spread some on my steps & front walk.

SATURDAY, FEB. 6/88 Continues cold with temp. down to 5° at night. My TV set has gone dead, with the perversity of such things — impossible to get a repair man on a weekend.

SUNDAY, FEB. 7/88 Bright & cold. Son Tom picked me up at 4:30 & I dined with him, Pamela, & Blair who had come down by bus. A fine meal of roast pheasant etc. After dinner son Tom & Blair left for Halifax in the truck, & Pam took me home in the Audi. Tom 3rd & his girl spent the weekend skiing at Wentworth for a change.

MONDAY, FEB. 8/88 Snowing all day. Phoned Sears Ltd. (Bridgewater) to whom I pay an annual fee ~~\$43.00~~ ^{\$43.00} for maintenance of my TV set. Their man can come here on Thursday. He is booked up till then with calls in the Bridgewater area. Poor service!

In the afternoon I saw a flock of robins in the saplings & bushes behind my back fence. They were very lively & seemed well nourished, although there has been little food available hereabouts for many weeks. At least 20 of them, maybe more.

TUESDAY, FEB. 9/88 Snow flurries & sun glints. The asphalt streets remain bare. Mrs. Lee came & taped a further interview for an hour.

WEDNESDAY, FEB. 10/88 Cloudy with some glints of sunshine, calm & mild (33°). Got my car out this morning & shopped for wine & groceries. In the afternoon I took a leisurely drive along the shore road to Amherstville, & then around Western Head.

THURSDAY, FEB. 11/88 Very cold last night. I miss the electric blanket. Today mostly sunny & moderately cold. Sears' man came this morning & examined my TV, found something seriously wrong & took it away to his workshop at Hebb's Cross. He lent me a

small black-&-white TV to go on with. Thinks he will be able to return mine "some time next week". I got a new electric blanket from Home Hardware store & slept comfortably.

FRIDAY, FEB. 12, 1988 Mrs. Lee came & taped an hour's talk. At evening a wild storm began, first snow then freezing rain, then just plain rain in torrents, which continued all night. Fortunately the frozen street drain outside my house freed itself, so I didn't have a flood in my driveway.

SUNDAY, FEB. 14/88 Bright & cold. Strong NW wind. Did my laundry chores. At 5 p.m. son Tom took me to Hunts Point for dinner with Pamela, Tom 3rd & girl friend Cathy Lohnes, Jerry & Karen Dennis & their baby, my great-grandson. Home at 8:30. The asphalt roads are bare & dry.

MONDAY, FEB. 15/88 Sunny & moderately cold. Mrs. Lee came in & taped my remarks for about an hour. Jerry Dennis dropped in for a few minutes. Rain tonight.

TUESDAY, FEB. 16/88 A sea gale all night & today with floods of rain, temp. up to 49° F. Except for a few shoveled lumps the snow has vanished. At evening the rain ceased, the wind jumped around to N.W. & blew hard, & the temp. dropped to 20° F. Mrs. Lee taped me for 1½ hours.

WEDNESDAY, FEB. 17/88 Pleasant day, calm & sunny, temp. 32° F. In the morning I took my car downtown & got a week's groceries. In the afternoon I made an hour's leisurely drive almost to S.W. Port Mouton. The sun through the car windows gave all the warmth I needed.

THURSDAY, FEB. 18/88 Overcast & mild. Mrs. Lee taped me for 2 hours.

FRIDAY, FEB. 19/88 Same weather. Another taping session with Mrs. Lee. The furnace-maintenance firm (Thoburn & Jack) sent a man to give mine the annual cleaning, oiled the motors, etc. I pay an annual fee for this.

SATURDAY, FEB. 20/88 Rain. My bladder condition forces me to the bathroom every two or three hours, day & night. When I went there about 3 a.m. I found it as cold as a tomb. The furnace had ceased to function. I was comfortable in my new electric blanket, so I waited until 8 a.m. & then phoned Frank Jack, this best man, who came at 9. Several things had gone wrong, & he worked for 3 hours to find them & set them right.

SUNDAY, FEB. 21/88 Overcast & mild. My furnace stopped again this afternoon. Frank came & fixed it. Son Tom took me to Hunts Point for dinner with Pamela, Blair & Tom 3rd. Blair busy re-painting his duck & goose decoys. Tom 3rd just back from a ski-ing holiday in Maine with an entertaining account of his adventures. Sharp cold tonight.

TUESDAY, FEB. 23/88 Lovely day. Sunny, strong S.W. wind, temp. 50° F. Mrs. Lee taped me for 2 hours.

From the desk of:

Dear Thomas Raddall

We will be re-vamping
the NCL's starting
in the fall. The enclosed
press notice gives
more details. The Nyugat
& The Lamp was very important
to me personally.

Regards

Adrienne Clarkson

ADRIENNE CLARKSON

WEDNESDAY, FEB. 24, 1988 Another fine day. Temp. 40° & sunny & calm. Drove my car to the supermarket at 9:15 a.m. when there is no parking problem. At 11 son Tom took me to the Royal Bank, where I had various business including the collection of \$10,000 in Canada Savings Bonds whose time had expired.

THURSDAY, FEB. 25/88 Same pleasant weather. Mrs. Lee taped me for an hour & a half. It goes slowly because the down-drawing of the left side of my mouth causes me to stammer badly at times. Also I have the common senile difficulty in remembering names at the moment when I want them. Apart from this Mrs. Lee's hands are trembling with palsy as she adjusts the machine & the tapes. She assures me that all the stammer & hesitations can be eliminated by the re-taping apparatus at Dalhousie Library.

FRIDAY, FEB. 26/88 Another moderately cold day with hazy sun. Mrs. Lee came & taped for an hour. Cory Hartling, Trenton, phoned this evening. He intends to come down in a week or two, weather permitting, with another package of trout, venison, etc. caught & frozen last summer & fall.

My TV set is still in Bridgewater & the little black-&-white set is a very poor substitute. However, the TV programs are a desert nowadays. Canadian TV is obsessed with the Olympic winter games at Calgary, U.S. TV with the primary contests, Republican & Democrat, to select candidates for the upcoming presidential election.

SATURDAY, FEB. 27/88 Sunny, temp. 32° & light E. breeze. In the afternoon I drove along the shore road to S.W. Port Mouton, the first time I've been there in many years. The village is busy & prosperous in the fishing; many new homes & cars, nothing like the dreary little shack-town which I first saw about 60 years ago. Returning to town I drove around Western Head for the sea views. Not a cloud in the sky. At 5 p.m. son Tom took me to Hunts Point for dinner (instead of ~~Saturday, Feb.~~ tomorrow) as the whole family are there today - Pamela, Blair, Debby & husband, Tom 3r. & Cathy.

SUNDAY, FEB. 28/88 Same pleasant weather. Indoors all day doing my laundry chores etc. There has been no real snowfall since Feb. 2 & that did not amount to much.

MONDAY, FEB. 29/88 Same weather. Letter from Triune Productions Inc., Toronto, who contacted me last August about a film biography of me. Now they have sent an elaborate proposal "for the development of a dramatic biography". They say "the film is not a standard documentary with interviews and voice-over, but rather a tapestry of settings involving you and your characters interweaving past and present." A young actor will play myself, & I will appear in person at the end, on Halls Island, chatting with the actor. "We hope to be shooting by early summer." Financing is still a problem. They ask my comments on the prepared treatment. They plan on a 90 minute film.

My immediate question is - Who the deuce would sit through a 90 minute film on me or any other author nowadays? When do they hope to sell it?

TUESDAY, MARCH 1, 1988

Leap year made February 1 day longer. It seems incredible that in 3 weeks' time I shall be watching for the first singing robin, not the tuneless type I saw on Feb. 8th. Today I told Mrs. Bagley that if I should die while she is still working for me, my son will pay her \$5,000.00 out of my estate. Tom has agreed to this. She has been working for me one day per week for the past 13 years & is now 66.

THURSDAY, MAR 3/88 Rain. Eddy Perry, Sears' repair man, came this morning with a color TV set to replace the little black-&-white thing. He tells me that all Sears' TV parts have to come from Toronto, hence the delay with my own set. Hopes to get them next week.

FRIDAY, MAR 4/88 A weather mess today, 2 inches of snow & then freezing rain. Made a start on preparing my 1987 income statements for Stafford.

SUNDAY, MAR 6/88 Bright & cold. Tom & Pamela are skiing in the Valley today, so I dined at home. In the afternoon I chopped the frozen snow along the bottom of my garage door to get my car out, got a gallon of drinking water from the town's artesian well, & drove to Summerville & back. I have on hand the proceeds of Canada savings bonds which expired recently, & on son Tom's advice I have placed an order with Dominion Securities Inc. for \$20,000.00 Province of Saskatchewan bonds due in 1993 with interest at 9.25%.

Phone call from Lesley Choyce. He will call on me at 2:45 p.m. Tuesday with copies of the new edition of "Footsteps on Old Floors", etc.

MONDAY, MAR 7/88 Lovely sunny morning, calm, temp 50° F. My sister Winifred phoned this morning for a chat. She had heard from a realtor that John & Carol Paisley are about to sell their well-designed house & extensive property at Indian Point for \$200,000. The buyers are New York people.

At 1:15 I drove to Summerville to take advantage of the sunshine, but a mass of heavy cloud rolled in from the S.W. as if by magic. Roger Hemeon plans to say that his store is ordering 200 copies of the Pottersfield Press edition of "Footsteps", & will I autograph them? Of course.

TUESDAY, MAR 8/88 Sunny & cold. Lesley Choyce arrived at 3 pm with a load of the new books. This edition is a good one, printed & bound in Winnipeg, with financial assistance from the Canada Council. It has no illustrations except the cover, a representation of the barkentine Herklot Fuller by Are Gjeddal, the artist who lives on Devil's Island, near Halifax.

Unlike "The Dreamer", which had several bad types, it contains only one & that is on the cover, saying that I came to Nova Scotia in 1918. Choyce gave me a cheque for \$200 as an advance against royalties. Rather than people coming to my door for individual autographs, I agreed to sign 200 copies for Hemeon & 30 for the E.T.C. store. These are now stacked in my

TUESDAY, MARCH 8, 1988 (continued) dining room. Peter D'Entremont phoned. He has given up his Table Island project of last November & is now an enthusiastic member of the Triune group. Asked what I thought of the Triune scenario. I said I wanted to talk it over with my son before endorsing it. He is going south for a holiday & will phone me again early in April.

THURSDAY, MAR. 10/88 Rain ~~all day yesterday~~. Perry brought my TV set repaired at last. Yesterday & today I autographed books, resting my arthritic fingers at intervals. Finished them this afternoon. Drove to Hunts Point & got fried fish & cole slaw from the Seaside Restaurant.

The TV set was working well when Perry left it here, but when I switched it on tonight the picture was utterly distorted. I tried all the usual things to straighten it up, to no avail. Phoned the local television station. They promised to send a man here tomorrow.

FRIDAY, MAR. 11/88 Sunny with a cold N.W. gale. Finished typing my income & expense statements for 1987, ready for Stafford. A slow & awkward business with my clumsy fingers & difficult eyesight. The gale roared about the house & in the trees all night.

SUNDAY, MAR. 13/88 Overcast & cold. The gale finally blew itself out last night. Dined at Hunts Point with Tom & Pam. Wild duck, with Pam's wine sauce, wild rice, broccoli, cole slaw, raisin pie. Showed Tom the Triune scenario. The more I think of it the less I want to go through with it at my age & in my decrepit condition. All I want is peace & quiet at home in my last bit of life.

MONDAY, MAR. 14/88 About an inch of snow fell today. Peter D'Entremont phone to ask my opinion of the Triune script. I said it had me engaging in various dialogues on Table Island & elsewhere, & the Triune people didn't seem to understand that I cannot travel anywhere. He said he would explain this to the Triune people & ask them to talk it over with me by phone. His own project for me has been put aside due to funding difficulties. Later I had a phone call from a Triune woman in Toronto. To ease my concern she will write me a letter stating that Triune realizes fully my inability to travel, & they will rearrange their treatment with that in mind.

THURSDAY, MAR. 17/88 Delightful day, sunny & calm. In the morning Pamela came with the Audi car & took me to the bank, post office, Stafford (where I left my income statements, dividend vouchers, etc) & the supermarket. In the afternoon I picked up Helen Lee & took a leisurely drive by the shore road to Port Mouton, & around Weston Head.

FRIDAY, MAR. 18/88 Another sunny day. Corey Hartling arrived in the forenoon from Trenton with his usual gifts of trout & venison, taken & frozen last summer & fall, plus a fine big rabbit pie.

SUNDAY, MAR 20, 1988

Overcast & chilly. Dined at Hunts Point with Tom & Pamela. It was snowing briskly when Tom took me home at 7:30, & continued all night without much wind.

MONDAY, MAR 21/88 Flurries of snow & spells of sunshine. Phoned Leslie, the painting contractor, & put in an order for exterior paint of my house & garage this summer. Letter from my sister Nellie, aged 87. She recently had another stroke, was in hospital for some weeks, & is now living with her daughter Carol & Carol's husband John Paisley in Montevallo, Alabama. She closed with "I'm so glad I got down to see you last summer."

TUESDAY, MAR 22/88 The mass of Arctic air which fell upon us last Sunday is still here, causing bitter cold, day & night. Pedestrians hurry by, muffled up. The snow is very fine stuff & doesn't amount to more than three inches. Mrs Bagley came & did her usual weekly cleaning chores, for which I pay her \$20; & I gave her the Trenton venison & trout, keeping only the rabbit pie. She was delighted.

WEDNESDAY, MAR 23/88 Sunny & calm, temp 40° F in the shade. Drove to the Seaside Restaurant this afternoon & got fried fish & cole slaw for supper.

THURSDAY, MAR 24/88 Dark, cool, drizzling rain. Drove to the supermarket this morning for groceries & to the liquor store for a month's supply of wine. Later to Sears, where I picked up some shoes & underwear shorts. Being indoors most of the winter I have continued to wear summer underwear.

SATURDAY, MAR 26/88 Lovely sunny weather yesterday & today. This afternoon my sister Winifred came for a chat, with husband Larry Merlin & his brother Harold, who had two of my books to be autographed.

SUNDAY, MAR 27/88 Rain. Son Tom took me to Hunts Point for dinner with Pam, Tom 3rd & his girl Cathy Lohnes. Tom saw some sandpipers on Summerville beach yesterday but no robins so far.

THURSDAY, MAR 31/88 March goes out like a lamb. Sunny, warm & calm. Drove to Hunts Point restaurant for fried haddock & cole slaw for supper.

FRIDAY, APR 1/88 Another lovely day. In the afternoon I made a leisurely drive by the shore road to Brooklyn, Beach Meadows, Port Midway, thence to Mill Village, & by Highway 103 to Liverpool.

Bird note: saw a pair of robins on the lawn across the street, the first I have noticed this year.

SATURDAY, APR 2/88 Again a lovely day. Dined at Hunts Point with Tom, Pam, Debby & Clary Kempton, Tom 3rd & Cathy Lohnes. Clary is in Halifax, writhing with exams. Tonight all the clocks go forward an hour for "summer daylight time".

SUNDAY, APR. 3/88 Again a fine day. Did my weekly laundry chores. Tom 3rd & Cathy dropped in this evening for a chat, Cathy with a plate of her cookies for my larder.

THURSDAY, APR. 7/88 Unpredicted by the weather bureau, a wild sea gale sprang up last evening with torrents of rain & continued all night & all of today.

Mrs Bagley came & began her spring cleaning, washing all my chinaware, polishing silverware etc. She worked from 8:30 to 2:30. Paid her \$40.

SATURDAY, APR. 9/88 Rain & drizzle. This afternoon three young women in West Nova Scotia Regiment uniform came from Windsor in an army jeep with 30 copies of the re-issue of "West Novas" for my autograph. They also asked me to autograph Randall collections of their own, & we had a pleasant chat.

SUNDAY, APR. 10/88 Same weather. Dined at Hunts Point with Tom & Pam. They are flying to Boston on Wednesday for rest & recreation, & return on Sunday.

TUESDAY, APR. 12/88 The sun peeped out briefly today after 6 days of wind & cold rain. Mrs Bagley came & resumed spring cleaning. Paid her \$40.00. Drove to the seaside place for fish & cole slaw.

WEDNESDAY, APR. 13/88 Mostly sunny but chilly. Drove along the shore road through Brooklyn, Beach Meadows etc. Buds are opening on some of my shrubs.

THURSDAY, APR. 14/88 Sunny but cold (40° F). Got lobsterburgers & cole slaw at the seaside place, & on the way home had my car washed for the first time since last Fall.

FRIDAY, APR. 15/88 Sunny & cold after a frosty night. Phoned the employment office for someone to clean up my lawns etc, & they sent a tall blond youth, David Jones. He worked for 3 hours this afternoon, raking, removing the litter of fallen branches & twigs, setting up my bird bath, & applying Lawn Green, etc. Paid him \$30.00.

SATURDAY, APR. 16/88 Snow, then freezing rain, then rain in torrents. Weather bureau says more of the same tomorrow. Tom & Pam may not be able to fly from Boston.

SUNDAY, APR. 17/88 Busy at laundry chores all morning. Weather sunny & mild until 4 p.m., then cold rain. Tom & Pam did not turn up, so I dined at home.

TUESDAY, APR. 19/88 Open & shut sky. Very mild. This afternoon I had a visit by my grandson Blair. He feels sure he has passed the exams for entry into Dalhousie Dental School, & meanwhile has a job lined up for the summer with the paper mill here.

WEDNESDAY, APR. 20/88 Another storm of wind, rain & squalls of snow. This morning ^{the} Chronicle Herald had startling news for everyone. A group of Bowater executives from headquarters in the U.S. came here yesterday & summarily dismissed Robert Neary from his position as President & General Manager of the Bowater Mercury Paper Co. All sorts of rumours are flying about.

THURSDAY, APR. 21/88 Cold but sunny this morning. Joan MacKinnon of CBC TV Halifax phoned asking for an interview here on Monday, ~~but~~ April 25. I agreed. She & Peter Cavanagh with a crew of three will arrive about noon.

Scars' man came, checked over my TV set, which is still running well, & put a new needle

in my record player, which I purchased from Sears in 1980.

In the afternoon Helen Lee came with her recording machine & taped me for two hours. She was followed by two vague young women from Dartmouth who had seen my book Footsteps on Old Floors (without reading it) & assumed that it was about a haunted house. Did I know a haunted home? No. Did I believe in ghosts? No. They departed at 5 p.m.

SATURDAY, APR. 23, 1988 Sunny & cool. Son Tom & Blair dropped in to fix one of my curtains etc. & Tom had the facts about Bowaters' discharge of Bob Weary. I had seen him only as a pleasant & hospitable friend & neighbour. With his staff he was something else, a harsh & vindictive autocrat, hated by them all, a fact that had become well known to Bowaters' top executives in Greenville, South Carolina. The catalyst was their discovery that the huge remodelling of the Morsey mill at an estimated cost of something like \$160,000,000, now in progress, had been badly planned & executed by Weary & his engineering staff. They were so furious that Weary was not only fired summarily but ordered to vacate his company house within a month. Indeed he was ordered to clear out his desk within an hour.

Weary began to work for Morsey as a chemical engineer in 1961 & worked his way up to President & General Manager in 1977. At 39 he was the youngest man ever to hold the post. He is now 50 & not badly off financially. His salary has been somewhere between \$100,000 & \$150,000 per year. He will probably get 2 years' severance pay plus a full pension.

SUNDAY, APR. 24/88 Cold rain all day & evening, heavy at times. At 5 p.m. I drove to son Tom's house for supper & returned by daylight for the first time since last Fall. Tom, Pam, Tom 3rd & Blair were there. We dined on fresh boiled lobsters.

MONDAY, APR. 25/88 ^{Dave} ^{Archibald} Joan MacKinnon & Peter Lavanagh & cameraman ~~came~~ came this morning & took a long TV interview with me in my study, ending at 3 p.m. They will let me know when to look for it on CBC TV.

I weigh 185 lb - 10 lbs. too much - the result of a long winter & spring spent sitting in a chair. From time to time each day I get up & thrash my arms about my torso 100 times, but I cannot exercise my lower body where fat gathers on my belly. I drink a glass of milk in mid-morning but eat no food until the evening meal at 5 p.m., preceded by a Scotch & soda. I drink 2 glasses of wine with the food. No more drink until the moon gets over the yardarm at midnight, when I begin to prepare myself for sleep. In contrast my old friend Hector Dunlop eats 3 hearty meals every day, drinks plenty of rum, & remains as thin as a stick!

FRIDAY, APR. 29/88 Weather continues wet & cold. Joan MacKinnon phoned this morning to say that the interview would be shown on CBHT this evening between

Weary replaced as Bowater manager

BROOKLYN, Queens County — Four months after a \$128 million expansion was announced for Bowater Mersey Paper Company Ltd. plant here, Robert Weary, president and general manager for 11 years, was replaced Monday by Assistant General Manager Harold Dobson.

Bowater Mersey officials in Liverpool and corporate headquarters in Darien, Conn., were unable to indicate if Mr. Weary left at his own request or was relieved by the company.

Mr. Weary, a Bowater Mersey employee for many years, filled the assistant general manager position in Brooklyn in 1974 and was pro-

moted three years later to president and general manager. Contacted at his Liverpool home, he refused comment.

"At this point in time it's best left as it is (refusal to comment). In due course I will possibly say something further," Mr. Weary said.

Acting President and General Manager Harold Dobson was unavailable for comment. At press time he was a participant in a meeting of Bowater Inc. officials in Greenville, S. C., at corporate sales headquarters.

Replacing Mr. Dobson as assistant general manager is Liverpool mill manager Don McNeil.

6:40 & 7. They are planning a much longer showing later on, having found a wealth of material among the photos in my papers in Del. library. Also the CBC has films of interviews with me over the years.

SUNDAY, MAY 1, 1988 Sunny & warm until about 4:30 when a cold rain began, & the temp. dropped from 60° to 42° F. Drove to Flint's Point & dined with son-in-law, Pamela, Blair, Tom 3rd & Cathy Lohnes. Chinese food for a change.

I find my back & joints much more stiff & painful in this weather.

THURSDAY, MAY 5/88 Sunny & warm after 4 days of cold sea gales & rain. The morning mail included royalty statement from McClelland & Stewart for the 6 months ending Dec. 31/87, & their cheque for \$662.86. The copies sold were: - (all in paperback)

Hangman's Beach	-	97
His Majesty's Yankees	-	142
The Nymph & The Lamp	-	172
At The Tide's Turn	-	106
Roger Sudden	-	222
The Governor's Lady	-	58
Halifax Warden of the North	-	206
		<u>1,003</u>

Enclosed also was a copy of M&S press release about the 40th anniversary of their New Canadian Library, which now includes all of the above titles. Attached was a hand-written note from the new chief editor of M&S, Adrienne Clarkson.

In the afternoon I drove slowly to Port Medway by the shore road. Bare-headed, with my tweed jacket open, & the car window wide open, it was uncomfortably warm in the car but I enjoyed every minute.

FRIDAY, May 6/88 Another fine day, clouding in the afternoon. Letter from Harold Dobson, who is acting President & General Manager of Bowater Mersey Paper Co., inviting me to attend the annual banquet for Queen's County honour students, at which the Company's J.H. Riddall prize is presented. As I did last year I sent my regrets, owing to my general health condition & particularly my crippling spinal ailment.

SATURDAY, May 7/88 Cloudy & cool. Blair & Pamela came this afternoon to do some small outdoor chores for me. Blair tightened my clothes line, removed the winter plug from the air vent under my study & replaced it with wire net. Pam cut back my rose bush & applied bone meal.

SUNDAY, May 8/88 Fine & warm. Busy all morning at my weekly laundry chores.

At 5 I drove to Tom's place, where I was joined by Rev. Bill & Molly Titus for a dinner of boiled lobsters, with Pam & Blair. Home at 7:45.

MONDAY, May 9/88 Sunny but cooler. This afternoon I drove to Milton for a haircut & a chat with Fred Wharton.

THURSDAY, May 12/88 Fine & warm. Blair came this morning & rolled my lawn. Again this evening he mowed the lawn, got out & connected my garden hose, etc.

SUNDAY, May 15, 1988

Sunny but a chill air off the sea. Did my laundry chores. Dined at Hunts Point with Tom, Pam & Blair. Charcoal-boiled steak with baked potato, broccoli, mushrooms & turnip. Blueberry pie. Home at 7:30. This evening I heard the swifts making their first exploratory flutters in my fireplace chimney. Their average date of arrival here is May 21, after their annual migration from Peru.

TUESDAY, May 17/88 Watson Peck of Bear River dropped in for a chat. He was a champion hunting & fishing guide, years ago. Now aged 72, a temperance crank & a diligent writer of letters to the Halifax paper. Our talk turned to Jim Charles & the phantom gold at Kegimkuyik. He was full of misinformation & wild legends, although he had read my true account.

Helen Lee came in to say farewell. She is to be married shortly to an old acquaintance at Dalhousie U., a well-to-do retired judge with a summer home in P.C.I. and a winter home in Florida.

SATURDAY, MAY 21/88 After several days of mild but misty weather the sun came out this afternoon. Tom & Pamela left today for their annual holiday in Bermuda with George & Sandy Barnes of Halifax.

SUNDAY, May 22/88 Fine & warm. Busy with laundry chores etc. I am so feeble & stiff-jointed now that merely getting up two flights of stairs with a basket of clothes is a matter for great effort. Tom 3rd & Leathy came with lobster chowder & rolls for my supper.

MONDAY, MAY 23/88 Fine & hot. I pottered about the lawns digging up dandelions, & then sat in a garden chair sunning myself & watching the birds. Saw two pairs of yellow warblers. The deutzia shrub by my sun porch, where they have nested for many years, is not yet in leaf, so they must wait before patching up this old nest. Average date of first sighting here is May 22. Just where the odd pair will nest remains to be seen. Blair came at 4:45 & mowed the lawns, quite a job as the grass was long & heavy. Paid him \$30.

THURSDAY, May 26/88 My neighbors Erik & Lou Andersen returned from a two month visit with their daughter's family in B.C. The pair of warblers in possession of the old nest have built a new top on it.

FRIDAY, MAY 27/88 Fine & hot. I am enjoying the French Open tennis tournament on TV. The world's best players. This afternoon I sprayed a mixture of RX15 & water on the earth around my rose bush, dug up more dandelions, but mostly just sat in the sun. Francie phoned from Moncton for a chat. Noticed a female redstart investigating the deutzia shrub on which the warblers have their nest.

SUNDAY, MAY 29/88 The hottest day so far. Had to rig up my big electric fan. Dined at Hunts Point with son Tom, Pamela, Blair, Tom 3rd & Leathy. Roast duck, woodcock, the last of the fall hunting. Home about 7:30.

MONDAY, MAY 30, 1988

Sunny & cooler. Blair mowed my lawns. Paid him \$30. I drove my car to Whynot's service station for gas & a wash. Again enjoyed the French Open on TV, especially a long seesaw match between Becker (German) & Leconte (French) which the Frenchman won.

TUESDAY, JUNE 1/88 Wet. Mrs. ~~Ella~~ Bagley came at 8 a.m. & worked till 2, "spring cleaning" the big bedroom, washing & repairing the curtains, etc. Paid her \$20.

FRIDAY, JUNE 3/88 Sunny after a very cold night. By appointment a CBC man named Joel (somebody) & his girl friend came this morning & recorded an interview with me. It will be used briefly on CBC TV & later as part of a longer show. He will let me know the exact times & dates.

SATURDAY, JUNE 4/88 Rain. Mrs. Helen Lee & retired judge Haslam were married in a private ceremony in her son's house today. The happy couple came in here for a moment on their way to a public reception. They will go on to his summer home in Charlottetown. I am still enjoying the French open tennis tournament. Some amazing upsets; the great Ivan Lendl, reckoned best in the world, by a agile young Swede named Svensson; the great Martina Navratilova by a 17 year old Spanish girl named Sanchez.

SUNDAY, JUNE 5/88 Cool with open-&-shut sky. Did my laundry chores.

Dined at Hunt's Point with Tom, Pam & Blair. Charcoal-broiled steak, potato, broccoli, onion, pickled beet, sherbet. Rain falling as I came home. Bird note: the warbler is laying her eggs in the rebuilt nest.

MONDAY, JUNE 6/88 Same weather. Blair came at noon & mowed the lawns with his father's new machine, much better than my old one. Paid him \$30.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 8/88 Same weather, cool, cloudy, spots of sunshine, showers. Orest Uhlman, who used to work for CBC radio, now in public relations, came this afternoon & recorded a brief interview with me about John Leife, MLA for Queens & a member of the Buchanan cabinet, for use in the next election campaign. Without mention of politics I endorsed him as a brains & energetic worker for the people of Queens & of the province.

THURSDAY, JUNE 9/88 Same wretched weather. Sixty one years ago Edith & I were married in Milton on a fine warm day. Today's mail brought a Father's Day card from daughter Francie. At today's stock market values my financial position is:-

Common stocks	\$ 376,344
Bonds	117,000
Cash	9,970
Mutual annuity to come	4,305
	* 507,619

SUNDAY, JUNE 12, 1988

At last a fine warm day, all day, & this afternoon I sunned myself on the back lawn & chatted with neighbour Erik.

At 5 drove to Hunts Point & joined Tom, Pamela, Tom 3rd, Cathie Lohne, Blair, & Greg Dennis, in drinks, chat & food. Blair a bit down in the mouth because he failed to gain entry in the Dalhousie dental school. His exam marks were high (78.5) but entry is restricted & the successful candidates had 82.5. He thinks he will try again next year. Home at 7.30.

TUESDAY, JUNE 14/88 Fine & cool. Mrs. Bagley came at 8 am & worked till 1, with time out for a brief lunch. After the ordinary cleaning & dusting chores she hung out all my suits, jackets & trousers to air, also all of the sport T-shirts which I wear every day. When she took them in, she ironed all of the trousers. A good morning's work. Paid her \$40.00.

FRIDAY, JUNE 17/88 Stifling heat for the past 3 days, part of a heat wave that is parching the whole continent. Letter from a man named Ken Maher at Annapolis asking permission to use "Blind MacNair" & its charties & songs in a play "for stage or audio use." I wrote my agreement.

SUNDAY, JUNE 19/88 Fine & hot. Dined at Hunts Point with Tom, Pam, Blair, Tom 3rd & Cathy. Premier John Buchanan's windy promise of an outing on Sable Island, made at Mersey Lodge last July 21, has not transpired, so my son Tom has made private arrangements. Word of this reached CBO, who offered to pay the entire expenses provided that their TV people had exclusive rights.

My grandson Greg Dennis, employed by the rival ATV, is eager to do it & Tom has agreed. He has been in touch with Tom Copeland (an air pilot employed by the IMP firm at Hfx, who makes frequent flights to Sable) & with the Coastguard etc. We will fly to Sable on Wednesday morning, July 13, the party consisting of Tom, Pamela, Tom 3rd, Blair, Greg Dennis & myself. If the weather isn't favourable Copeland will try again on Wednesday July 20. On the island we will be met by Joe Lucas & other staff people with motor "beach buggies" who will take us wherever we want to go. (According to Copeland "Your father is practically God to those people out there") We will spend about 3 hours on the island & then fly back to Hfx.

MONDAY, JUNE 20/88 Fine & a bit cooler. Blair came this morning, mowed my lawns, & spread 20 lbs of "Feed-&-Weed" over them. In the afternoon I had a visit by Desmond Rawell & wife, of Toronto. I knew him many years ago when he was a teacher for McClelland & Stewart in the Maritime Provinces. He is now with the University of Toronto Press, making a holiday tour of his old beat.

SATURDAY, JUNE 25/88 Sunny & cool. Pamela invited me to dine at Hunts Point instead of tomorrow, as Debby & husband are there, & Pam has a fresh (Newfoundland)

salmon. A fine meal with old-fashioned egg sauce, fresh vegetables etc.

Much discussion of the Sable Island expedition. Debby will be five months pregnant in mid-July but she has determined to go, so the party will consist of myself, Tom Jr., Pamela, Debby, Tom 3rd, Greg Dennis, & an ATV camera man.

We will fly there in a twin-engine plane & land on the beach.

TUESDAY, JUNE 28, 1988 Wretched weather, showers & recurring thunderstorms. Son Tom phoned this evening to tell me that Mrs. W. J. White (Pamela's mother) died in hospital an hour or two ago. Gangrene had set in & as a last resort the doctors amputated her left leg at the thigh.

THURSDAY, JUNE 30/88 Same weather. All the rest of the North American continent is parched. Some say it is the worst drought in 50-odd years.

Blair came & mowed my lawns. He has decided to join the expedition to Sable Island & is re-reading "The Nymph & The Lamp."

FRIDAY, July 1/88 Canada Day. Tom & family attended the funeral service for Marian White in Halifax today. My weigelia shrubs are in full scarlet bloom. The weather continued wet, putting a damper on the outdoor Canada Day celebrations.

SUNDAY, JULY 3/88 Mostly sunny. Most of the Canada Day celebrations, postponed from Friday, took place today, including a big street parade & fireworks etc. here. I dined at home.

TUESDAY, JULY 5/88 Sunny & warm. I sunned myself on the back lawn this afternoon. Noticed a pair of catbirds. The Highland Wave people in Toronto (ex-Nova Scotian Mitchell & blouse) have sent me a tentative script for the early part of their proposed film of "The Governor's Lady". It follows my story quite well but obviously the cost would be enormous, yet they hope to raise the money in Canada!

I granted them the right of "first refusal" if I get other offers.

SATURDAY, JULY 9/88 Very hot weather. D'Entremont phoned. He has linked up with the CBC in their projected 30 minute documentary TV film on me & my work, & wants an immediate interview to discuss plans. I said I would be doing the ATV film on Sable Island next Wednesday, a long & exhausting day for me, & I would be in no mood or condition to talk more film right away. He said he would phone me again at the end of this week.

SUNDAY, JULY 10/88 Terrific heat. Dined at Hunt's Point with Tom, Pam, Tom 3rd & Cathy Lohnes. A great feast - clams (from Port Medway) & lobster (from Georges Bank).

Acadia University has been in phone touch with son Tom about the proposed honorary degree. They want to confer it in person at the Fall convocation. I told President Perkin at Mosey Lodge (see Sep 20/87) last Fall about my physical disabilities, so he is aware of them. Regarding the Sable Island expedition, the weather forecast for Wednesday says "possible showers". Owing to weight limits in the plane Pamela & Debby will not come, & the party will consist of son Tom, Blair, Tom 3rd, Greg Dennis, an ATV cameraman, & myself.

WEDNESDAY, July 13, 1988

I was up at 5:30, preparing for the excursion to Sable Island. Son Tom picked me up at 7:45, with Tom 3rd & Blair, & we arrived at Hfx airport about 10 a.m. Joined there by Greg Dennis & his camera man. Pilot Tom Copeland was awaiting us. He is 60-ish, a veteran pilot with Canadian naval air until retirement, & now working for IMP. He said the weather forecast was for fog, "clearing in the afternoon." The IMP plane was a twin-engined prop machine, noisy but efficient, holding six people tightly packed, and the pilot. Left airport at 1:30, left the coast about Ship Harbour, & arrived over Sable about 3 p.m. at 3000 feet. Found it still fog-bound. There was one hole in it & the pilot went down to 600 feet for a look at it. We had a brief but clear look at the island; noticed a herd of seals sunning themselves on the south bar, & six people awaiting us. Then the fog closed in completely. Pilot circled over the island for an hour & then went back to Hfx. At son Tom's request he will try again on Wednesday July 20. Home at 7pm.

SUNDAY, July 17/88 Foggy & very hot & humid. Dined with Tom, Pam & Blair. Tom says the weather probs. for Wednesday are for the same thing - fog & showers. Copeland will phone him Wed. morning with the exact conditions, so that we won't have another abortive flight.

WEDNESDAY, July 20/88 This day opened clear & hot but the weather conditions at Sable Island were exactly the same as last week, so at 9 a.m. the pilot phoned Tom & they decided to try again next Wed. July 27.

THURSDAY, July 21/88 Old friend & doctor John Wickwire dropped in for a chat. Now retired, he is 88. In the afternoon Michele Lacombe & companion Eric Lutes came for a talk. She teaches history, part time, in Toronto, & is working on a book about the late Wm. Arthur Deacon, his life & letters, a project originally started by Clara Thomas. She will quote extensively from my correspondence with Deacon over the years, & promised to send me a copy of the book next Fall.

FRIDAY, JULY 22/88 Rain. Peter D'Entremont came this morning. He says the Prius people have put their project "on the back burner". He wants to go ahead with his own project, which is a half-hour documentary of my life & work, concentrating particularly on the return to Sable Island. At his request I signed a brief letter giving him permission to go ahead with his project. In talk he said he would pay me \$500 per day for 5 days' work on the film in person plus any travel expenses. As he did not say, all of this depends on getting money for the project, but he was very optimistic. In the event that he succeeds in financing it, there will have to be a formal contract embracing all these promises. Long experience has taught me to be sceptical about the whole thing.

SUNDAY, July 24, 1988 Torrents of rain all day. Dense fog also at Hunts Point where I drove with my car lights on at 5 p.m. Dined with son Tom, Pam & Blair. Bill Parker, chief public relations man at Acadia U., phoned Tom last week about the tentative offer of an honorary degree (see Aug 16, 1987). Tom said I could not accept it. So that's that. The weather forecast for Wednesday shows no change in the weather, so our trip to Sable Island may be postponed to Aug 3. Tom says Premier Buchanan intends to have an election on Sep 23. Several of his cabinet members have resigned in the past few days.

TUESDAY, JULY 26/88 Mostly overcast & humid. The Pontiac garage has given my car the annual check & overhaul. Tom phoned at 9 p.m. Weather forecast for tomorrow says fog & showers, so our trip to Sable Island is postponed to Wednesday Aug 3. Surely August will bring reliable fine weather.

Long letter from Dr. J.R.C. Perkin, president of Acadia U., regretting that I cannot accept an honorary degree at their Fall convocation. "The University Senate had formally recorded its approval of the award." "Should you, at any time, change your mind ... I trust that you or your son would not hesitate to get in touch with Mr. Parker or me."

FRIDAY, JULY 29/88 Same weather. Bill & Frances Dennis looked in this morning on their way to a wedding at Yarmouth. Cony Hartling phoned from Trenton. He is coming down next month with a new supply of trout, venison, rabbit pies etc., & will let me know beforehand.

SATURDAY, JULY 30/88 Again overcast, steamy atmosphere, rain at night. Blair mowed the lawns. He told me that his father was smitten with severe pains yesterday from a kidney stone & was unable to attend his practice for the first time in 27 years. His doctor, Morash, says that (except for pain-killing drugs) nothing can be done about it until the stone passes into the bladder, which he thinks may be soon.

SUNDAY, JULY 31/88 Dull & sticky, with a thunderstorm in the afternoon. Drove to Hunts Point at 5 p.m. & found son Tom up & about after a night in the local hospital. The stone had passed into the bladder & he felt quite normal. He intends to go on the Sable Island expedition on Wednesday if the weather permits.

We dined on roast beef & vegetable, a large party — Tom, Pam, Blair, Tom 3rd & Cathy Lohnes, Bill & Francis Dennis, myself. Fog had closed in, requiring car lights, so I drove home right after dinner.

MONDAY, AUG 1/88 Overcast & humid. Wrote Dr. Perkin with my thanks. "At my age & in my physical condition I simply could not face the ordeal of a convocation platform ... your letter is an honour in itself. I could not wish for more."

WEDNESDAY, AUG 3/88 Tom phoned at 10 a.m. after talking to the plane pilot at Hfx. The weather looks bad for Sable Island — fog & thunder showers — so our expedition is put off for another week to Aug 10.

THURSDAY, AUG 4/88 Stifling heat & humidity. Phoned Leslie the house painter.

He said owing to the wet weather this summer his work is far behind, but he will get around to my house "some time this month."

SATURDAY, AUG. 6/88 Same weather. Glad only in my underwear shorts, & with the big electric fan blowing 5 feet from my chair I perspired all day & evening. Blair came & mowed the lawns. Tomorrow Tom & friends hold their annual picnic on Port Mouton island, so I shall dine elsewhere. Tom will phone me on Tuesday re the Table Island trip, now planned for Wednesday Aug. 10. Greg Dennis has another assignment for that date, a great disappointment for him.

MONDAY, AUG. 8/88 Same weather. Drove to Tom's office this morning for some dental work. In the afternoon drove to Fred Whartons place in Milton for a badly-needed hair trim. Then to the delicatessen on Bristol Avenue for cole slaw & sandwiches for my supper.

TUESDAY, AUG. 9/88 The 70th anniversary of my father's death in battle. Very hot. Son Tom phoned at 8 pm to say that the trip to Table is off again due to fog & thunderstorms. Next date is for Saturday Aug. 13.

THURSDAY, AUG. 11/88 Very hot. Leslie's painter came at 7 a.m. & worked till 3. They removed all the wooden storm windows & stacked them in my garage for painting there. Otherwise they scraped the house woodwork. I left my car out.

FRIDAY, AUG. 12/88 Again very hot. Painters busy. I note from Dalhousie Alumni Magazine that they have opened a C.L. Bennet Book Fund in memory of my old friend, who headed their Dept of English for so many years. Today I mailed a cheque for \$1000.00. Son Tom phoned this evening. Our expedition to Table is postponed again due to fog. Long range weather forecast predicts the same pattern for several weeks. The pilot will notify us when the weather has positively cleared: "probably towards the middle of September".

SATURDAY, AUG. 13/88 Pilot Tom Copeland phoned my son Tom at 11 a.m. saying that Table Island is clear of fog. Tom Jr. picked me up at noon, with Blair & Tom 3rd. At Hfx airport Mrs. Wendy Johnson & camera man Frank Macdonald joined us. (Greg Dennis is on vacation somewhere & could not be reached.) Soon after leaving airport our pilot had word from Table that fog was closing in again. Kept on going & found island clear ^{but} with fog just off shore. Landing quickly at head of beach the nose wheel struck deep loose sand, & the plane fetched up with a tremendous jolt. Plane nose dashed in & nose wheel falling broken. Nobody hurt.

A truck took us to the meteorological station, where Wendy & Frank began photography. It went on into the afternoon, with shots of ponies & seals, culminating at site of old Marconi station, of which only a weatherstation post remained. Then we had our last little ceremony with wine & glasses, drinking to "The Return". I recited my old doggerel entitled "Farewell to Table Island", chatted with Wendy about the lighthouse station etc as they were 66 years ago.

Had a long chat with ^{D. Cowell} D. Cowell, representative of Mobil oil Co., which has the only rig now drilling for oil off Table Island. A Nova Scotian, he is a "fan" of mine & has

a good collection of my books. Meanwhile Tom 3rd stripped & swam off the north beach, thereby catching an immediate cold. (He sneezed all the way home) When night came Yves Leclair of the meteorological staff, having the night watch, turned over his comfortable & well furnished apartment to me, & I spent the evening watching his excellent TV & then slept in a bunk in his spare room. The staff gave a steak barbecue for the visitor but the fog had moved in, dank & chilly, & I could not attend.

SUNDAY, AUG 14/88 Arose at 7. The fog had cleared off, & ^{Frank} Leslie had arranged for a big helicopter, under charter to Mobiloil for work with their rig, to pick up our party & several other people going to Halifax. Frank & Wendy were busy until it came about 3 p.m., a huge thing seating 20 people including the two pilots. Before taking off there was cautionary business of dressing in warm & waterproof suits with rubber boots attached. Then farewells & we were off. The chopper was much more roomy & comfortable & much less noisy than our little plane. From Table Island to Hfx airport took 1 hour & 40 minutes. Home in the Audi about 5 p.m. Altogether a most interesting & satisfying experience.

MONDAY, AUG 15/88 A wet day with a brief thunderstorm towards noon. Leslie & his painters came at 7 a.m. & worked till 11, finishing the wooden storm windows in the shelter of my garage.

TUESDAY, AUG 16/88 Peter D'Entremont phoned this morning. He had heard of my trip to Table Island & wanted my assurance that I would return there shortly for his project. I refused. I had put Gerry Fortes & his people to a lot of trouble & I would not bother them again so soon. In fact I would not repeat the Table Island performance ever.

FRIDAY, AUG 19/88 Mostly sunny & cool. Leslie came in for a brief chat. His painters expect to finish my house & garage on Monday. In the afternoon I drove to the Hunts Point restaurant for lobster sandwiches & cole slaw. On Monday the CBC TV news had a bit about my adventures on Table Island, supplied by Wendy Johnson. Everywhere I go now people stop me to remark on my "narrow escape", as if the plane had been a complete smash-up.

SUNDAY, AUG 21/88 Spent at Hunts Point with Tom, Pam & Blair.

MONDAY, AUG 22/88 The painters finished today. Son Tom teases me about "those old-fashioned wooden storm windows" but they give the house a unique appearance & do not conduct cold as the all-metal windows do. The last time Leslie painted the house was in 1965, when I had the original clapboards covered with white asbestos shingles.

TUESDAY, AUG 23/88 The summer is stealing past. A light frost last night & I was cold in bed, so today Mrs Bagby rigged up my electric blanket.

THURSDAY, AUG 25/88 Showers. Leslie brought his bill for \$1,456.50 & I gave him a cheque for it. A pleasant letter from Lynn Murphy of the Halifax City Regional Library saying that my books are in constant demand, & enclosing a copy of a resource list recently issued by the library containing all of my works.

SUNDAY, AUG. 28, 1988

Blair mowed the lawns. At 5 I drove to Hunt's Point & dined with Tom, Pam & Blair. Tom & Pam will spend next Sunday at Granfield, so I shall dine at home.

THURSDAY, SEP. 1/88 Sunny & warm. Aorden, electrician, came & installed an indoor-outdoor thermometer, with both Fahrenheit & Celsius values. It enables me to read the temp., outdoors from inside, at the same time giving the indoor temp.

SATURDAY, SEP. 3/88 Sunny & warm. Son Tom got some George's Bank lobster at Shelburne & invited me to join the family this evening for dinner. The lobsters were big. One made a whole meal. Clary & Debby Kempton were there, Debby very pregnant indeed. Wendy Johnson has been in touch with Tom about the documentary TV film. Very ambitious plans for a mid-October filming. Visits to Eagle Lake, Fort Point, etc. Shots of my former home on Chebucto Road & Duncan St. in Hfx. A family Thanksgiving dinner party at Tom's house at Hunt's Point, etc. The provincial election campaign is now at its height. My neighbour Dave Randall, who is running on the Liberal ticket in Queens, tells me that he has "knocked on every door" in the County, & has lost 26 lbs in weight.

TUESDAY, SEP. 6/88 Sunny & warm. Election day in N.S. Blair took me to the Gorham St. polling booth at 4 p.m. John Leife won easily in Queens. Otherwise the Buchanan govt just squeaked in with 28 seats. The Liberals under Vincent MacLean won 21. NDP leader Alexa MacDoughie squeaked in by a few votes in Hfx, & only 1 other NDP was elected.

The CBC TV news tonight at 6 p.m. had a five minute shot of me on Sable Island headed "Randall goes Home, an emotional return". Shots of wild ponies & seals, & the wine toast on the site of the old Marconi station, etc. The text was badly garbled, saying among other things that I was 20 when I went to Sable, that I wrote my first novel there, etc. But of course the viewing public, eagerly awaiting the N.S. election returns, would not notice any of that.

FRIDAY, SEP. 9/88 Sunny & warm. Blair mowed the lawns & stayed to chat. Unlike his brother Tom 3rd, he is intensely interested in history, & now particularly in the wreck of the Duc de Brabant in Liverpool Bay in 1778. A practised & skillful scuba diver, he has a notion of seeking the cannon & other heavy objects which must be somewhere on the bottom between Neal's Ledge (where she first went aground) & Fort Point, towards which the wreckage must have drifted.

A note from an old friend in Brantford, Ontario, who had seen & enjoyed the Sable Island bit on CBC TV.

SUNDAY, SEP. 11/88 Mostly sunny & cool. At 5 I drove to Hunt's Point & dined with Tom & Pam. Yesterday they took Blair to Hfx, where he will resume his studies to get into Dalhousie dental school. They then visited Debby & Clary Kempton, who recently

Liverpool Advance
Oct. 5, 1988



off the cuff

by Armand F. Wigglesworth

OFF THE HONORABLE CUFF

It is regrettable that men and women are all too often honored everywhere except in their own home towns. Ignore the fact that there have been a couple of streets named after prominent citizens and that's where the recognition comes to a screeching halt.

Consider such mundane and unimaginative names as Liverpool Junior High School, Liverpool Regional High School, Liverpool Memorial Arena (memorial to what?), Queens General Hospital and you'll have to admit we have been lax in honoring citizens — and one in particular — whose work has put this town, county and country on the map worldwide.

A new high school is to be constructed. Let us not continue to ignore the opportunity to honor a citizen who has been recognized as one of Canada's greatest story tellers, one who has written 17 major novels which have been published internationally.

THOMAS HEAD RADDALL was born in Hythe, England in 1903 and came to Canada in 1913. Five years later, he began work as a wireless operator on ships and stations including Sable Island, off the Nova Scotia coast. He spent five years "pounding brass" before coming to Liverpool in 1923, first as a bookkeeper-accountant with the MacLeod Pulp and Paper Company, Milton, and later with the Mersey Paper Company, Brooklyn. He wrote numerous short stories before he became a full-time novelist and historian.

This neighbor of ours has been the recipient of three Governor-General Literary Awards, the Lorne Pierce Medal of the Royal Society of Canada, and Doubleday Canada's \$10,000 Novel Award. In 1971, he was made an officer of the Order of Canada, one of Canada's highest honors. In 1972, Raddall was awarded an honorary degree by the University of King's College. This was the fourth such honor given him — the first was from Dalhousie University in 1949. In 1978, he received "The Golden Medal Award" for Canadian Literature from the University of Alberta. He has been honored everywhere but here.

He has made contributions to this community as well and has been a catalyst in the preservation of our history.

Advised by military recruiters that he was overage for active duty in World War II, he became involved in a newly-formed branch of the Canadian Red Cross Society in Liverpool as secretary-treasurer and became very busy raising funds for their wartime efforts. In 1941, he became involved in the air raid precautions (ARP) group in Liverpool as superintendent of operations. He later joined the reserve unit of the West Nova Scotia Regiment with the rank of lieutenant.

In 1944, Mersey Branch 38, Royal Canadian Legion elected him president and he then worked diligently to better the lot of returning overseas veterans.

In 1945, Raddall was elected president of the local historical society. His first concern was to pay off the remaining debt on the 1766 Simeon Perkins house. He became deeply engrossed in trying to preserve Perkins House as a Canadian national historic monument. He felt he was having little success but, after 11 years of badgering provincial government officials, Raddall and the society turned over a debt-free Perkins House to the provincial government. Since then, Perkins House has been restored and is a popular place for swarms of people to visit and enjoy, all due to the efforts of this Man of Letters.

With the same initiative and persistent determination by Raddall,

there would be no Queens County Museum adjacent to the Perkins House.

He could have been Lieutenant-Governor of Nova Scotia but, when approached in 1968 to replace retiring governor Henry MacKeen, the answer from the quiet, unassuming man was "no."

I realize that more proper research into the life of this great Canadian is warranted. To be truthful, there just hasn't been time, because urged on by many friends, I wanted to plant a seed that I hope will bear fruit.

To re-enforce this suggestion, I will close with an excerpt from Raddall's last book, *In My Time, A Memoir*. He quotes Bob Chandler, of Moose Harbour, and considers this his greatest compliment when Chandler says, "Tom, I'm not much of a hand for talking and I don't rightly know how to say this, but I am proud of you and proud to know you, because you write about our own people and our own country, and you live here and you're one of us."

My sentiments exactly and the reason that I along with many others say this: The new regional high school, our education centre, should be the "DR. THOMAS H. RADDALL REGIONAL HIGH SCHOOL."

We shouldn't just think about this. We should urge the board and the authorities to act upon it — now!

dental school. They then visited Debby & Barry Kempson

sold their house near Armdale & bought a better property in the Woodlawn section of Dartmouth.

WEDNESDAY, SEP. 14/88 Sunny & warm. Mrs Helen (Lee) Haslam phoned from Charlottetown for a chat. She is enjoying the hospitality of the P.E.I. folk, busy every day. Will be in Liverpool for a few days in November on her way to Florida for the winter.

THURSDAY, SEP. 15/88 Sunny & cool. Hector Dunlop fell in his house & is in hospital with a broken arm. Mrs Vera Joudrey came this afternoon & packed up the old ledger she lent me for perusal some time ago. She will present it to the local museum. This evening I had one of my infrequent but terrific nose-bleeds, a hemorrhage really. It is always in the ~~right~~ ^{nosey} nostril. All I can do is to stuff the nostril with toilet paper & wait for the blood to coagulate. Tonight I went to bed with an old towel wrapped around my pillow, & with a supply of paper towels at hand.

SUNDAY, SEP. 18/88 Rain. Dined at Hunts Point with Tom & Pam.

MONDAY, SEP. 19/88 Overcast, cool & damp. Old friend & neighbor Ralph Johnson died in the local hospital after a long & painful illness. He was chief forester for Mersey Paper Co. for many years & I sometimes accompanied him on timber cruises. He was 88.

TUESDAY, SEP. 20/88 Sunny & cool, a nice Fall day. Confidential letter from W. S. John, in charge of Honours, Order of Canada, asking me about Mrs G. Estelle Black Wright. I replied that I knew her personally and for her many excellent publications about Nova Scotia & New Brunswick, and I recommended her for appointment to the Order of Canada.

WEDNESDAY, SEP. 21/88 Dark & clammy. Ralph Johnson's funeral this afternoon. Dave Randall offered to take me but I didn't feel up to it. Lesley Choate wrote me an ^{undated} letter (probably Sep. 10) asking about reprint of another of my books in 1989. I replied today suggesting "The Wings of Night". Published by Doubleday, in 1956. It has been out of print for 17 years.

SUNDAY, SEP. 25/88 Sunny & cool. Son Tom mowed my lawns. Dined at Hunts Point with Tom, Pam, Tom 3rd & Bethy Lohnes. I learn that Debby (Randall) Kempton has a ^{son} ~~daughter~~, my second great-grandchild. Name Matthew Jason Kempton.

MONDAY, SEP. 26/88 Sunny & cool. Long letter from Joe Lucas on Lake Island, thanking me for the autographed copy of "In My Time" & relating instances of the impact "The Nymph & the Lamp" has had on the present population, including herself.

WEDNESDAY, SEP. 28/88 I was visited this morning by a distinguished German scholar & author, & his wife. Dr. K.H. Sundermann speaks admiring but fluent English. He is preparing a book on Thomas C. Haliburton & had some questions to ask. He is 79, she somewhat younger. They have their own car & she does the driving.

SUNDAY, Oct 2, 1988 Fine & hot. Had to rig up my big electric fan, which I had put away for the season. Son Tom, with companions & dogs left yesterday for their annual woodcock hunt in New Brunswick. I dined at Hunts Point with Pamela, leaving early to get home by daylight.

WEDNESDAY, Oct 5/88 Rain. Armand Wigleworth's column in today's "Advance" declares that the new regional high school, to be finished next year, should be named in my honour. The School Board had asked for suggestions.

THURSDAY, Oct 6/88 Sunny but cool. Maple leaves in full colour & some falling. Drove to the Seaside Takeout for fried haddock & a lobster sandwich.

Letter from Ronald Caplan, publisher of "Cape Breton Magazine", enclosing two copies of his reprint of "The Cape Breton Giant" by James D. Gellis. It includes also my own account of Gellis's visit to Hfx in 1945, which Caplan had found in my papers at Dalhousie & used with Dalhousie's permission.

Letter from Charles Burchell, The Book Room, Hfx, asking about "Halifax, Warden of the North". McBellant & Stewart sold 206 copies in the 6 months ending Dec 31, 1987, so they still have it in print — or did then.

SUNDAY, Oct 9/88 A cold grey day. Temp gets down to 40° Fabit but so far no real frost. Drove to Hunts Point at 5 & dined with son Tom, Pamela, Blair, Tom 3rd & Cathy Lohnes. Tom shot 28 woodcock & 2 partridge on his NB hunt despite cold & wet weather. Much competition nowadays from a swarm of American hunters with hired guides & dogs. Tom & his three companions have been making this annual bird-hunt in N.B. for over 30 years. It will be the last for King Cochrane who initiated the hunt. He enters hospital now for a operation on his left lung — cancer.

MONDAY, Oct 10/88 Overcast & cool. Tom came & mowed my lawns.

TUESDAY, Oct 11/88 Son Tom came in this evening, reporting a long phone call from Wendy Johnson. She has found it impossible to work with Peter D'Entremont under their tentative agreement, & has cancelled. He has done no research whatever in the Raddall collection of papers & photos at Dalhousie, despite his claims to have done so. He has accomplished nothing on his contract with the CBC for the Raddall documentary. So Mrs Johnson has cancelled all arrangements for filming her & at Cage Lake. She has approached the National Film Board & got a favourable response.

SUNDAY, Oct 16/88 Sent a cheque for \$1,000 to the Queen's General Hospital Foundation, final payment on my pledge of \$3,000. Dined at Hunts Point with Tom & Pamela.

FRIDAY, Oct 21/88 The temp. dropped to 30° F last night, the first frost of the season.

SATURDAY, Oct 22/88 A strong E gale with heavy rain began in mid-afternoon & continued all night. The street drain outside my house soon got plugged with fallen leaves. Twice I went out & raked them off but then I gave up.

Paisley's background makes Bishop strong

By ELISSA BARNARD
Staff Reporter

Late at night, actor/director Bob Paisley, who abandoned a career as a pilot for the stage, occasionally thinks "back to the calm, quiet cockpit."

"And I think wouldn't it be nice to fly to Nova Scotia to get lobsters and then fly home."

However, Nova Scotia has been home for Paisley since he graduated from Dalhousie University's drama program, co-founded Another Theatre Company and got work both acting and directing at Neptune Theatre and King's Theatre, Annapolis Royal.

"I haven't had to wait tables yet, which is a good yardstick, and I emphasize yet," says Paisley.

Though he gave up flying to act, his military background is supporting

his latest character, the 20-year-old Billy Bishop of Owen Sound, Ont., who became the top Allied ace flyer in the First World War.

Paisley, artistic director of Another Theatre Company, is acting and directing in John Gray's *Billy Bishop Goes to War*, to tour Nova Scotia around Remembrance Day from Oct. 21 to Nov. 2, with a run at Halifax's Cunard Street Theatre, Nov. 4 to 16.

"It means a lot to veterans. Everybody's memories of war have two sides, the romantic side and the realities of friends dying right and left. Billy Bishop has both the romantic side of brave young men doing a bang-up job and the grim, grim realities talking to guys and all of a sudden you realize they've been blown to bits."

Paisley knows both the exhilaration of flying a plane and the sadness of war. His father was a pilot in the Vietnam War, and his great-grandfather, Col. Thomas Raddall, of the Winnipeg Rifles, was killed at Amiens during the First World War. The actor's great-uncle is Nova Scotia author Thomas Raddall.

Paisley was born in Rhode Island and had a "very checkered childhood," moving throughout the United States and Europe. Though his father is from the deep South, his mother was born in Cape Breton, and moved to Alabama when her father, a coal miner, journeyed there to mine.

After high school where he had acted in school productions, Paisley went for three years to the United States Naval Academy, where he learned how to fly and studied aerospace engineering. "I could see 10 years down the road being a pilot or I thought, I can get out now and be an actor."

His parents had retired to Mahone Bay, and Paisley went to Dalhousie University. There he met the founding members of Another Theatre Company, Nora Sheehan, Mark Latter, Pat Henman and Janet McEwen, who is now Paisley's wife and currently working in Toronto.

The five set up Another Theatre Company (ATC) upon graduating in 1981 in order to give themselves work and exposure. "We found it difficult to get work right out of school. We wanted people to see us and hire us out, which has happened."

After four shows, the company

decided to become a legitimate second stage for Halifax and incorporated. Now, ATC is looking for Canada Council money in order to hire a full-time artistic director and general manager and run full seasons. When Paisley leaves Halifax for greener pastures in Toronto, possibly in the spring, he wants ATC to be sold.

"As an actor, you're forever out of work. Even when we went away, we came back and said, 'What'll we do? We'll do another show.' And we wanted to do strange things no one else would do like Sister Mary, which sold-out."

The company is making its first tour of Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island with Billy Bishop Goes To War and tentatively plans three more productions, in December, February and March, depending on the success of Billy Bishop. "We want to prove we can do a season. I am technically unemployed for the rest of my life and I have time to do it," says Paisley, who last appeared at Neptune as a Buchta dancer in Don Messer's Jubilee and recently directed Neptune's school touring company, Young Neptune.

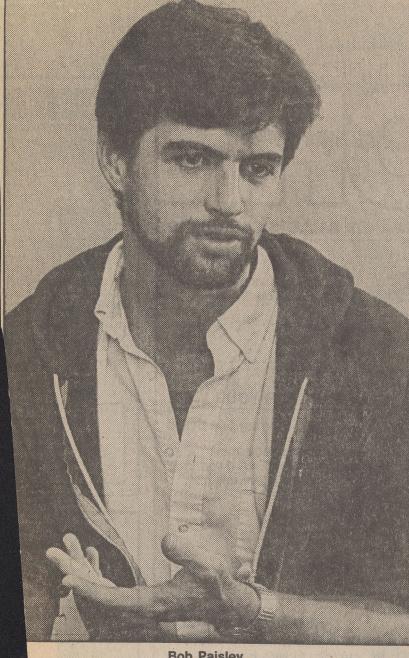
Paisley has performed Billy Bishop twice for the Theatre Newfoundland and Labrador, in Corner Brook in February, 1984, and on the air base at Goose Bay, Labrador, this April for American, Canadian, German and British officers.

"I was an American playing a Canadian who flew for the British against the Germans," says Paisley, who calls the show "devastating" for

an actor.

The only actor on stage, Paisley must portray Billy Bishop and 17 different people who have 17 different British voices and defining gestures. With Paisley is musical director Brigham Phillips, who leads a 19-piece big band in Toronto and appears as the narrator/pianist.

"It's the most demanding show I know of. In Corner Brook, after the show, the veterans came up to me. The play was able to spark the good and bad times they'd had. That was the most rewarding side of it, aside from the fact I'd gotten through it."



Bob Paisley

SUNDAY, Oct. 23, 1988 The wind petered out but rain continued. Tom & Pamela are in Hfx for the weekend, so I got fried fish & a lobster sandwich at the Seaside Takeout & dined at home.

MONDAY, Oct 24/88 Letter from Charles Birchell of the Book Room, Halifax, advising me that M & S have reprinted "Halifax, Warden of the North". He has obtained a supply marked "Reprinted 1988".

WEDNESDAY, Oct 26/88 Col. Norman Reed, USAF retired, for many years a resident of Port Medway, came in for a chat & with some books of mine for autographing. He had a sad bit of news. My son Tom's friend & long time hunting companion, King Cochrane, has an advanced case of inoperable lung cancer, with only 4 or 5 months to live.

SUNDAY, Oct 30/88 All the clocks go back an hour, returning to standard time. Son Tom picked me up at 5 pm & took me to Hunts Point for dinner with himself & Pamela. It was pitch dark when he took me home at 7.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 2/88 A wild SE gale with heavy rain began last night about 11 p.m. & raged all day today. A rough time for son Tom & his companions pheasant hunting in the Valley.

SATURDAY, Nov. 5/88 Statement of royalties for 6 months ending June 30/88, from McClelland & Stewart, shows that Hangman's Beach, His Majesty's Yankees, The Nymph & The Lamp, At The Tide's Turn, Roger Suddon, The Governor's Lady, and Halifax Warden of the North are still in print & selling in small quantities. Total sales 780 copies. The royalties amount to \$403.59.

SUNDAY, Nov. 6/88 Sunny & warm, an Indian summer day. Dined at Hunts Point with Tom, Pam, Tom 3rd & Cathy Lohnes. Tom got 4 pheasant on his Valley hunt.

TUESDAY, Nov. 8/88 Presidential election day in the U.S. Various private polls had shown the Democratic candidate Dukakis to be a real contender, but in the event Vice-President Bush won a crushing victory. Thank God this will end the political yammies which has obsessed the U.S. press, radio & TV for many weeks.

Here in Canada we still have our own bedlam, with Prime Minister Mulroney advocating Free Trade with the U.S., & Turner (Liberal) & Broadbent (NDP) violently against it.

THURSDAY, Nov. 10/88 I awoke this morning to find my furnace ~~dead~~ dead & the house like an icebox. Temp outdoor 40° F. Phoned the furnace service & Frank Jack came promptly & worked for nearly 2 hours to get the heat on again.

SUNDAY, Nov. 13/88 My 85th birthday. When son Tom picked me up at 5 p.m. he asked "How do you feel at 85?" I said, "Very old & decrepit". Tom 3rd & Cathy Lohnes joined us for dinner - Newfoundland salmon with egg sauce. While there my daughter Frances phoned from Moncton. She & Bill will visit me on Thursday afternoon.

Earlier in the afternoon Jack Dyson & a member of the Women's Auxiliary in Legion uniform dropped into my house with birthday greetings from Branch 38 and the

usual cake inscribed "Happy birthday Thomas". They stayed for a chat & Jack took a snapshot of me with the cake.

TUESDAY, Nov 15, 1988 Michèle Lacombe has sent me "the first advance copy of "Dear Bill", the correspondence of William Arthur Deacon, edited by John Lennox & herself. (They interviewed me here last summer.) It is most interesting reading & I am enjoying it.

Shane Aulenbach, a tall 17 year old student at Liverpool High, came this afternoon after school & spent an hour raking up the fallen leaves & dumping them behind my lawn fence.

WEDNESDAY, Nov 16/88 Shane came again after school & finished the job at dark. Paid ~~him~~ \$25.00 & engaged him to do my snow shoveling this winter.

THURSDAY, Nov 17/88 Bill & Francie Dennis arrived from Moncton this afternoon bringing with them the ingredients of an old-fashioned corned-beef-&-cabbage dinner. They invited Tom, Pamela & Tom II to join us & we dined together at 6. Much family chat in the evening. All a pleasant change for me.

FRIDAY, Nov 18/88 Bill & Francie left for home at 10 a.m.

SUNDAY, Nov 20/88 Overcast & cold after a frosty night. Tom & Pam are in Dartmouth today attending the christening of Matthew Kempton, their first grandchild (or my second great-grandchild) so I dined at home.

MONDAY, Nov 21/88 Election day. Pamela took me to the polling booth, where I voted for McBreath, the Conservative candidate. In Nova Scotia generally the Liberals made a big come-back, winning 12 out of 20 seats, but in Canada as a whole they were defeated by a wide margin. Quebec was almost solidly Conservative. So we shall have Free Trade with the U.S.A. at last.

SUNDAY, Nov 27/88 After a week or more of frosty weather the temp. rose to 50° F. & there was rain tonight. Dined on swordfish with Tom, Pamela, Tom III & Cathy Lohnes.

TUESDAY, Nov 29/88 Frosty weather again but no snow so far. Andrew Wainwright, a professor of English at Dalhousie, has sent me a copy of his "Charles Bruce: A Literary Biography" with a little note of thanks. He consulted me when he was writing it, & quotes me in various places.

I have heard nothing from Jon ~~&~~ Slan Enterprises of Toronto since they purchased the movie rights in "The Nymph & The Lamp" in 1981.

~~DA~~ Tonight I had a phone call from a man named ~~Petrie~~ in Toronto. He is a native of Glace Bay who has achieved some success as a producer & director in Hollywood, & he told me he was working with Slan on a movie script for "The Nymph". I had heard of him before. Some years ago ~~he~~ he had a whim to make a film on Glace Bay. He imported a famous Norwegian movie star (Liv Ullman) & his story included murder, incest, a

homosexual Catholic priest, & just about everything sensational otherwise.

Having sold the rights in "The Nymph" ^{more} outright I have no say whatever in the film production. However I bristled at the notion of this man tinkering with my story, & apparently he sensed this, for he went on to say that he wanted to follow the book closely & asked permission to come here soon for a personal consultation. I agreed, & meanwhile referred him to Wendy Johnson's TV film made in September, to my snapshot albums in Dalhousie Library, & to my biography "In My Time".

(His Glace Bay film was called "The Bay Boys")

SUNDAY, DEC 4/88 Very cold. A few squalls of snow, the first of the winter here in Liverpool. Dined on boiled lobsters at Hunts Point with Tom, Pam, Tom IV & Cathy. A fine feast.

TUESDAY, DEC 6/88 Very cold. Two ladies of the United Church presented me with a platter of assorted cookies for Christmas cheer. John Leefe MPP dropped in for an hour's chat, mostly about his recent visit to Russia, where he was a guest of the Soviet government as fisheries minister for Nova Scotia. Talking to Russian trawler captain at Murmansk he found them fluent in English, familiar with Halifax & the Nova Scotia coast with a surprising knowledge of Canadian politics notably the Free Trade rumpus.

SUNDAY, DEC 11/88 Bitter cold. Temp 8° Fahr last night.

SUNDAY, DEC 18/88 The snow flurries of the past four weeks have been just enough to whiten the ground, but last night with a small E breeze, 8"-10" fell. Shane Aufenbach came at 10 am & dug me out. Paid him \$20.00.

At 12:30 Dr Frank Bell picked up Austin Parker & me & took us to Hunts Point where Tom & Pamela were giving their usual big pre-Christmas party. As usual the weather was perfect, with some glints of sunshine on the bay, & with the recent snowfall the whole scene was beautiful. Home at 4 pm.

In the evening Cory Hartling phoned from Trenton. He is hoping to drive here some time before Christmas with a load of frozen venison, trout, etc. but it will depend on the weather & road conditions.

TUESDAY, DEC 20/88 The long cold spell broke this afternoon. Temp up to 45° F, & the snow melting fast, with light drizzles of rain. Ron the barber, who lives not far away, came in tonight & cut my untidy hair. His charge is \$5. I gave him \$10.

WEDNESDAY, DEC 21/88 Mostly overcast & mild. Temp up to 50°. The snow is all gone except for shoulder lumps here & there. At 10:30 am Cory Hartling arrived from Trenton with a load of frozen trout, venison, bear meat etc.

THURSDAY, DEC 22/88 Very cold again. At 2 pm Gordon Romkey, John Hebb, Ralph Rafuse & 3 other veterans of the West Novas arrived with the annual Christmas basket from Lunenburg containing all sorts of goodies, liquid & solid. They stayed for a chat till 4. While they were here two members of the Liverpool branch of the Legion

arrived with a big tray of fruit. All very pleasant & heart-warming.

SATURDAY, DEC 24, 1988 A rain last night melted every vestige of snow, so we shall have a green Christmas. At 6 p.m. Son Tom, Pam, Tom 3rd, Blair, Cleary & Debbie's baby son Matthew arrived with a big kettle of lobster chowder, traditional in our family on Xmas Eve. A delicious feast.

SUNDAY, Xmas Day, 1988 Up at 8 a.m. opening my presents, a big parcel of books from the Dennis family, various items from Tom 3rd including a mounted photo of wild horses which he took on Sable Island in September; shaving lotion from Mrs Bagley, etc. At noon son Tom took me to Hunts Point for a roast turkey dinner with the family. All very pleasant. Home at 3 p.m.

SATURDAY, DEC 31/88 About an inch of snow fell this morning, giving us a white New Year's Eve. At midnight the temp dropped to 10°F . & then seemed to be little traffic. A few pops & bangs on the town parking lot, presumably rockets. Otherwise no sounds of outdoor celebration.

SUNDAY, JAN 1, 1989 A grey day with glints of sunshine. Tom 3rd & Cathy took me to Hunts Point, where we dined on roast pheasant with wild rice & Pam's special wine sauce. Blair tells me he shot a wild goose & a few ducks at Port Joli yesterday.

TUESDAY, JAN 3/89 Weather continues very cold & snowy. Shane Aulerbach came & shoveled out the front walk & driveway in half an hour. Paid him \$20.00.

Thursday, JAN 5/89 Still very cold. Today I drew up my annual statement of assets, as I have done ever since my days as a book-keeper. The rise in stock market values has greatly increased my financial worth since last year.

Stocks	\$ 421,505
Bonds	132,950
Cash in bank &c	21,441
	<u>\$ 575,896</u>

SUNDAY, JAN 8/89 The cold weather broke today with heavy rain & temp. up to 50°F . Tom III & Cathy took me to Hunts Point for dinner with Tom & Pam.

MONDAY, JAN 9/89 Most of the snow is gone but the weather turned cold again tonight. One of my old "glass heat" electric radiator, installed about 50 years ago, collapsed today, & as they are all of the same age they must be scrapped.

THURSDAY, JAN 12/89 Overcast & very cold. Sean's service man, Perry, came from Bridgewater today & checked my TV set. It needs a small part which will take 2 weeks to get. Mrs. Helen (Ed) Haslam phoned from Sarasota Fla. for a chat. Despite the warm climate there she suffers a crippling arthritis in her hands & cannot write.

Our own see-saw climate continues; when I went to bed the temp. was up to 50°F and pouring rain.

SUNDAY, JAN 15, 1989 Mild & raining. Dined with Tom & Pam. Hardly a trace of snow remains in town. None on the shore.

WEDNESDAY, JAN 18/89 Still no snow. Son Tom took me to the bank, & to the liquor store for a supply of sauternes & sherry.

THURSDAY, JAN 26/89 Sean's TV maintenance man Perry came from Bridgewater this morning & installed the new "chip". He was followed by a technician of AT&T Cablenet here, who checked over the converter & found it OK. He climbed the pole across the street & examined the wire connection, found it a bit corroded & fixed that. Altogether a great improvement in reception.

About noon a snowstorm began. Again our strip of the South Shore escaped a crippling blizzard. By 7 pm the snow changed to rain. The street plow as usual had plugged the storm drain outside my house & the flood pouring down Park Street turned into my driveway.

SUNDAY, JAN 29/89 Like a day in spring, sunny, mild (48° F at noon) & no snow to be seen except a few shrivelled lumps at the roadsides. Dined at Hunt's Point with Tom & Pam.

MONDAY, JAN 30/89 Rain & mist. Ron the barber, who lives in this vicinity, came this evening & cut my hair. His fee \$5. gave him \$10.

TUESDAY, JAN 31/89 Sunny & mild. Corey Hartling phones from Trenton. He intends to drive here some time in the next two weeks, weather permitting, with more fish & game.

WEDNESDAY, FEB 1/89 Sunny & warm, temp 55° in the shade at noon, calm, not a cloud in the sky. Everybody — old & young, male & female — seems to be outdoors, strolling the sidewalks. Son Tom took me down town to do some banking. It was such a nice day that I got my car out for the first time since Oct 23rd, & made a leisurely hour's drive along the shore road to Broad Run. With one car window open wide I was quite comfortable.

THURSDAY, FEB 2/89 A little cooler but still no snow. Neighbour Erik came in & fixed a disconnected burner in my electric stove.

FRIDAY, FEB 3/89 Snow began falling about 8 am & continued slowly all day, changing to freezing rain at night. Fred Gordon of Milton, retired Baptist minister retired, 70, came this afternoon with a tape recorder to interview me about his father, J. Ray Gordon, who was my first employer at the Old Machado pulp mills. He said he wanted it "warts and all" so I complied.

SATURDAY, FEB 4/89 The temp dropped in the night to 10° F. The snow only amounted to about 3" but the street plough had pushed up the usual barrier, now frozen hard. Shane Aulenbach came & cleared my driveway, front walk & the street drain. Paid him a little extra for the hard going, \$25.

SUNDAY, FEB 5/89 Overcast & cold. Dined at Hunt's Point with son Tom & Pam.

MONDAY, FEB 6/89 Snowing lightly but steadily all day & evening.

TUESDAY, FEB 7/89 Shane came at 7 a.m. & cleared my driveway etc. Paid him \$20.

WEDNESDAY, FEB 8/89 " " " 2:30 p.m. " " " " "

Charles Burchell phoned, making an appointment here at 11 a.m. tomorrow.

THURSDAY, FEB. 9, 1989 Sunshine & snow squalls. Burchell came at 11 a.m.

Many years ago my old friend Harvey Crollill (who among other things was chairman of the board of The Book Room, the oldest & still the best book shop in N.S.) asked me to re-write an old tourist guidebook to Nova Scotia put out by this firm. I did so, although it was not in my line, assuming that the authorship would be anonymous. It came out under my name in large print, & since then has sold over 150,000 copies. It is now utterly out of date but Burchell wants to republish it under my name in a larger format. I refused & told him to get the brochure re-written by someone familiar with the modern roads & conditions. He accepted this reluctantly but pleasantly, & that was that.

He said that McClelland & Stewart would like to bring out one of my novels in a more attractive format for popular sale. I suggested "The Nymph & The Lamp" & told him about Dan Petrie's proposal. He will pass it on to M & S. Son Tom came in with some sherry for me & told me sadly that he'd had to "put down" his 14 year old bird ^{dog} pet Sandy. I noticed on Sunday that Sandy was having great difficulty in getting up off the floor, & she was eating nothing. She came & put her head on my knee & looked up at me with a beseeching expression for a long time as I stroked her & fondled her ears.

SATURDAY, Feb 11/89 Sun & cloud & some flurries of snow. Moderately cold after a sharp night. Jerry Hartling came from Trenton today with another batch of goodies - frozen trout, deer chops, deer steaks, & two large rabbit pies. He stayed for a drink & a chat.

SUNDAY, FEB 12/89 Same weather. King Cochrane died of lung cancer in the local hospital this afternoon. He was 58. Tom 3rd & Cathy picked me up at 5 pm & took me to Hunts Point for dinner. They had been skiing between the 103 highway & Gull Island. Reported 4-5" of snow in the woods. Dined sumptuously on roast pheasant & pecan pie. Home at 8 pm. Snow fell this evening until midnight. About 3 inches.

MONDAY, FEB 13/89 Sunny morning, moderately cold. Shane came at 8 am & cleared the snow from driveway, front walk, & street drain. Paid him \$20. Temp rose above freezing point by noon, & all afternoon there was a crashing of icicles falling from the eaves.

SUNDAY, FEB 19/89 Sunny but intensely cold for the past week especially at night. Still very little snow, about 3" on the ground here in town. Asphalt roads are bare & dry. Son Tom & Pamela spent the weekend in Halifax with their friends George & Sandra Caunes, returning this afternoon.

Tom 3rd & Cathy picked me up at 5 & took me to Hunts Point for dinner. Blair is home from college for the February break. Home at 8.

TUESDAY, FEB 21/89 A cold rain this morning & towards noon my furnace went dead. Phoned the maintenance people who came promptly & fixed it.

TUESDAY, FEB. 21, 1989 (continued) During the afternoon the weather turned to a strong southerly gale with heavy rain, & temp. rising to 50°F , continuing all night.

WEDNESDAY, FEB. 22/89 When I arose this morning the ground was bare & only a few decayed & sooty lumps remained at the roadside. The rain continued all day & night with temp. up to 50°F , & the last vestige of snow vanished.

THURSDAY, FEB. 23/89 Our false spring ended abruptly this evening, the temp. dropped to 26°F followed by 3" of snow & then freezing rain, a nasty mess.

FRIDAY, FEB. 24/89 Shane came at 7 am & dug me out. Paid him \$20.

SATURDAY, FEB. 25/89 Snowing off & on all day. Debby & husband & my great-grandson Matthew are there, going back to Dartmouth, so Pamela invited me to dine this evening instead of tomorrow. As the shore road was unploughed, with more snow still falling, son Tom fetched me in the truck. Dinner was roast pheasant with wild rice, carrots & broccoli, delicious.

MONDAY, FEB. 27/89 Snow fell heavily from daylight to midafternoon, when Shane came with a small gasoline plough & dug me out. About 8 inches, the biggest of the winter. Paid him \$25.00. I was busy all day preparing statements for income tax purposes.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 1/89 March came in like a lamb, a sunny morning, calm, temp 40°F in the shade, icicles crashing down from the leaves. Noticed a squirrel in the old ash tree behind the garage. Son Tom took me downtown to do some banking & renew my supply of wine.

THURSDAY, MAR 2/89 Some snow in the night. Shane came at 8 am & cleared my driveway etc. Paid him \$20. Got my car going in the afternoon & drove to Hunt's Point, where the Seaside Take-out opened today for the season. Got some of their good fresh-from-the-boat fried haddock & a small tub of cole-slaw for my supper.

MONDAY, MAR 6/89 Bright but chilly days & frigid nights. This afternoon, to get out of the house for a bit, I drove to the Seaside Take-out for a lobster sandwich. Tonight the temp. dropped to 0°F , the coldest of this winter.

THURSDAY, MAR. 9/89 Same weather. Today the town's bulldozers, mechanical shovels & trucks removed the snowbanks from the east side of Park Street & hauled it to the river. As usual the bank on our west side remains untouched. Pam brought my mail, as Dave Randall is away. Snowing slowly all day, melting on asphalt until

SUNDAY, MAR. 12/89

dark, when the temp. dropped. Tom 3rd & Cathy took me to & from Hunt's Point, where we dined on Newfoundland salmon, which Pam bought in Hfx yesterday. Next weekend Tom & Pam fly to the Bahamas for their usual March break, so I shall not see them for a couple of weeks.

TUESDAY, MAR. 14/89 Overcast & mild. I had a fleeting glimpse of several birds in the bare trees at the back of my property. By their size, shape, & mode of flying I'm sure they were robins. Average date of robins' appearance on my property is March 21.

Mrs. Bagley came & did her chores. She was laid up by flu last week. I paid her \$40 for two weeks anyway.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 15, 1989 Lovely mild morning, temp. 50°F . Clyde Martin, plumber, came at 9 a.m. & cleaned out my bath drain, which was getting clogged again. Paid him \$20 cash.

This afternoon I drove to the Seaside Take-out at Hunts Point & got fish & a lobster sandwich for supper. The snow is shrinking fast.

SATURDAY, MAR 18/89 Same weather, a little frost at night, daytime temp. 50°F .

My front & side lawns & nearly all of the back lawn are bare. Re-reading diary for 1981-1985 to refresh my mind on movie negotiations for "The Nymph & The Lamp", "His Majesty's Yankees", etc. Tom 3rd phoned inviting me and Austin Parker to dine tomorrow. He will pick us up at 5 p.m.

Rain fell all day & evening at 50°F . Every vestige of snow is gone.

SUNDAY, MAR 19/89 Snow falling at intervals all day. Tom 3rd picked up Austin & me at 5 & took us to the Raddall place at Hunts Point, where Cathy had prepared an excellent dinner. Piece de résistance was rainbow trout fresh from a hatchery in Cape Breton. They are big fish with pink flesh like salmon & very tasty. The temp. dropped sharply while we were there, & we came home at 8 p.m. in freezing rain. When I went to bed at 1:30 a.m. the temps. had dropped to 18°F . (Note:- Austin P. will be 93 this summer.)

MONDAY, MAR 20/89 Overcast, temp. 38°F . some glints of sun. Tom 3rd took me to the offices of Stafford, tax accountant, at 1:30. I had a brief conference with Bob Stafford & gave him my statement of income, charities, etc. He will deliver at my house within a week or two his reckoning of my income tax for 1988. Came home in ^{Don} Corngrove's taxi.

TUESDAY, MAR 21/89 The first day of spring - and what a day! A storm of snow began in the night & continued till about 10 a.m. when the temp. rose to 40°F & it changed to rain. At that temp. it did not melt the snow, which simply absorbed it. My young snow-shoulder Share is away on holidays so the snow-plow barrier remains in front of my house. To make the mess perfect the temp. dropped below freezing point tonight.

WEDNESDAY, MAR 22/89 Sunny but cool. The snow melted in sunny sheltered places, & most of my driveway is clear. Dave Randall is away again for a week or so, so no mail.

THURSDAY, MAR 23/89 Like yesterday. Tom 3rd fetched my mail & a parcel from the drug store. In the afternoon I drove to the Seaside Takeout & got fish & cole slaw & a lobster sandwich. About 4 p.m. Wendy Johnson phoned from California, where she has been doing some film work. She knew about Dan Petrie's project of film, "The Nymph & The Lamp". She had lunch with him & showed him the film which her California photographer took on Sable Island last September. He was keenly interested, & still intends to come & see me shortly. Meanwhile she still has very much in mind her own

documentary for the National Film Board, which she hopes to complete for showing next September. She wants some shots of me in winter dress outdoors. Her film photographer Fred Macdonald will do this immediately. About 7:30 Macdonald phoned. The weather bureau says tomorrow will be sunny & cold like today, but there will be rain on Saturday. So he is coming tomorrow & will be at my house about 1 p.m.

FRIDAY, MAR. 24, 1989 Another sunny day. Macdonald & his small daughter Danielle arrived promptly at 1 p.m. & worked for an hour on shots of me gazing from a window of my study, & of me in outdoor winter rig emerging from my side door & opening the door of my garage. He says he will return with Wendy Johnson later on.

SATURDAY, MAR. 25/89 A cold drizzle of rain last night & today. Blair is home from Hfx & brought my wrist watch from Birks, who adjusted it & installed a new electric battery. Further to my note on Thursday about the conversation with Wendy Johnson. Dan Petrie told her that famous film actress Glenn Close was definitely interested in the leading part in "The Nymph & The Lamp". If true this is good news. But long experience has taught me that movie promoters talk a lot of hot air. When they drop big names, reach for the salt.

SUNDAY, MAR. 26/89 Sunny & mild. Tom & Pam got back this morning after a week's pleasant holiday at the famous Club Med, Nassau, with their friends George & Sandy Laines. The whole trip cost Tom about \$4,000. I dined with him & Pam at Hunts Point.

MONDAY, MAR. 27/89 Sunny & cool. In the afternoon I drove to the Seaside Takeout for fish & a lobster sandwich.

TUESDAY, MAR. 28/89 When I arose this morning the sun was bright & by 10 a.m. the temp. on the north (shady) side of the house was 68° F. Saw a little flock of robins foraging on the lawns across the street — the first since a brief glimpse on March 14.

THURSDAY, MAR. 30/89 After a long respite from winter it came back with a vengeance, beginning with an inch or two of snow this evening, turning to freezing rain, then to nearly cold rain, which continued all night.

FRIDAY, MAR. 31/89 When I got up this morning the snow remained on the ground but gone from the asphalt streets. Robins hopping over the snow in search of food. The cold rain continued all day & evening.

SATURDAY, APR. 1/89 I slept late & when I arose at nearly 9 a.m. the weather was still wet but the temp was up to 48° F & most of the snow was gone. Enjoy watching on TV this evening the semi-final match in men's singles at the Lipton International Tennis Tournament in Miami. The Austrian John Muster against Afro-France Noah. It was a long battle, running to 5 sets in which Muster finally won.

At midnight I put my clocks ahead 1 hour for "daylight saving time."

SUNDAY, APR. 2/89 Lovely warm sunny day. Son Tom took me to Hunts Point for dinner with himself & Pam. After this, with "daylight time," I shall make the trip myself.

TUESDAY, APL. 4, 1989 After a night of drizzle & fog, a lovely summer day. Temp. 60° F. in the north shade of my house at noon. Mrs Bagley came at 8 a.m. did her usual chores & went on to wash & polish all my silverware & chinaware, the first of her "spring cleaning". With time out for lunch she worked till 1:30. Paid her \$40.

In the afternoon I drove to the Seaside Takeout & got fish & a lobster sandwich. At 5:30 a woman phoned from the office of Atlantic Insight magazine in Hfx. They want to do a leading article on me & my work, with photography etc. I agreed. They will get in touch in a week or two.

SATURDAY, APL. 8/89 Dreary weather, drizzle & fog at 40° F., for several days. My wife Edith died 14 years ago. She had suffered recurring spells of insanity almost from the time of our marriage, & for the past 7 years had been completely insane. It was melancholia, the same thing that killed her older brother & sister. She refused violently any suggestion of psychiatric help & I took care of her as best I could at home.

SUNDAY, APL. 9/89 Sunny & cool. At 5 pm. I drove to Hunts Point & dined with Tom, Pamela, Tom 3rd & Leahy. Returned at 7:30.

TUESDAY, APL. 11/89 Overcast & chilly. At 1 pm. Colin Henderson arrived from Hfx by appointment. He is a free lance writer engaged by Atlantic Insight to do a leading article on me. He had the usual tape recorder & stayed about 2 hours. A tall pleasant man, 35-ish, with spectacles & greying dark hair. A man named Eric Hayes phoned from Bridgewater. He has been engaged by Atlantic Insight to take some photos of me indoors & out. Will come Friday or Saturday when the weather is forecast to be sunny.

THURSDAY, APL. 13/89 Sunny but cool. Eric Hayes came at 4 pm saying that he must take the pictures now, as stormy & wet weather is forecast for the weekend. A perfectionist, he asked me to wear "something bright yellow or red" so I wore my old deerhunting jacket, scarlet side out. We went to Fort Point, where I sat for a solid hour in an icy breeze off the sea while he took shots of me from every possible & elevation, some with tripod, some freehand, using two cameras.

FRIDAY, APL. 14/89 A thin snow falling & melting all day. "Gus" came & gave my furnace the annual cleaning, oiling motor etc.

SATURDAY, APL. 15/89 Hazy sun & cold. Terence Freeman, younger brother of my wife died at 4:30 pm. by a heart stroke at his Summerside home. He was born in 1919 & was by far the youngest of the Freeman family. He had served in Italy as a signalman with the R.C.R. & subsequently worked in the Moray paper mill until retirement some years ago. Although eccentric he escaped the insanity which destroyed his older brother Ralph & sister Marie & Edith, but he was given to alcoholic bouts.

SUNDAY, APL. 16/89 Wretched weather, alternate gusts of cold rain & snow. At 5 I drove to Hunts Point & dined with Tom, Pamela, Tom 3rd & Leahy. The latter busy talking of their trip to Antigua W.I. next week. Home at 7:30.

FREEMAN, Terrance — 69, Summerville, Queens County, died Saturday in Queens General Hospital, Liverpool. Born in Milton, he was a son of the late Frederick and Fanny (Bell) Freeman. He retired in 1981, after more than 25 years with Bowater Mersey Paper Company. He was a veteran of the Second World War, serving overseas with the Royal Canadian Army. He was a member of Mersey Branch 38, Royal Canadian Legion, and of the Veteran's Club. He was a member of St. James Anglican Church, Hunt's Point, and was past president of Bayview Senior Citizen's Club. He is survived by his wife, the former Betty Harvey; a daughter, Joan (Mrs. Richard A. Smith), Liverpool; a son, Roger, Windsor; four grandchildren. He was predeceased by two sisters, Edith, Marie; a brother, Ralph. The body is in Chandlers' Funeral Home, Liverpool. Funeral will be 2 p.m. Tuesday in St. James Anglican Church, Hunt's Point, Rev. Bruce Ward officiating. Burial will be in the church cemetery. In lieu of flowers, donations may be made to the Nova Scotia Heart Foundation or to St. James Anglican Church.

TUESDAY, APR. 18/89 A bright but cold day for Terence Freeman's funeral this afternoon at St. James (Anglican) church, Hunts Point. Pamela took me there at 1:30. It is a small wooden edifice, well kept & appointed. A great gathering, mostly paper mill people & a be-medalled Legion group. Bill & Frances Dennis were there from Moncton, & my son Tom & Tom 3rd, Jack Dunlop & wife. Burial in the adjoining churchyard. Bill & Francis dropped me off in Liverpool on their way home.

WEDNESDAY, APR. 19/89 Drizzle & fog. This afternoon I drove to Leslie's Garden centre on the Brooklyn road & got a 20-lb. sack of lawn green.

THURSDAY, APR. 20/89 Sunny but cool. Shane came at 11:30 & spread the lawn green, got out my garden hose, cleaned the air vent under my study, etc. Paid him \$20. My ~~bad~~ bird bath (of thin plastic) is badly cracked & must be replaced.

SUNDAY, APR. 23/89 Wretched weather, alternate gusts of snow & glints of sunshine. The ground remains bare. Drove to Hunts Point at 5 & dined with Tom, Pam & Blair. Home by daylight at 7:30. I learn that Miss Alina Morton has died in a Halifax nursing home at the age of 110. A remarkable woman who had traveled all over the world as nurse-companion to a wealthy American woman, I knew her well. She was the last of the Queens County Mortons, a once numerous & well-to-do colonial family prominent in Q.C. history. Her Milton home is now a bed-&-breakfast hostelry.

MONDAY, APR. 24/89 Sun & cloud. Stafford came at 1 p.m. with my income tax papers. In addition to my quarterly instalments in 1988 I find I must pay an additional \$3,211.45, making a total of \$8,884.53. This is due to changes in the Income Tax Act. This afternoon I drove to the Seaside Take-out for fried fish & a lobster sandwich. On the way I stopped at the golf club & bought a new navy-blue cap with the club badge on it. Although I can't play any more I find the cap useful to shade my eyes indoors & out, & my old one was soiled & much worn.

TUESDAY, APR. 25/89 Sunny but chilly. This evening Ron Veinot came & trimmed my remaining hair. Paid him \$10.

SATURDAY, APR. 29/89 I am enjoying Robert MacNeil's book "Wordstruck", lately published by Viking. He is executive editor of the authentic MacNeil-Scheer News Hour on U.S. TV, born in Montreal but "it was in Halifax that I learned to talk & later to read & write." I can say the same, & much that he writes strikes a chord in me.

SUNDAY, APR. 30/89 Overcast & mild. Tom & Pam flew to Boston on Thursday to see one or two shows etc. & did not expect to return until late tonight, so I dined at home. Tom turned up soon afterwards inviting me to a lobster feast. Too late.

TUESDAY, MAY 2/89 Drizzle & fog. Mrs Bagley came at 8 a.m. & worked till 1:15. Paid her \$40. Mrs Helen (Lea) Haslam dropped in this afternoon for a chat, after a winter in Sarasota, Florida. She found the humid weather there oppressive & was glad to breathe Nova Scotia air again despite the rain. My lawns begin to show green.

WEDNESDAY, May 3, 1989

Fine & warm with a boisterous SW wind. Drove to the town's artesian well for a gallon of drinking water, then to Seaside Take-out for a lobster sandwich & a hamburger for supper.

FRIDAY, May 5/89 Sunny, warm, calm. Statement of royalties from M&S for 6 months ending Dec 31/88 shows 1,135 copies sold, all in paperback.

SUNDAY, May 7/89 Dense fog. Drove to Hunts Point with car lights on at 5 pm. & dined with Tom, Pam & Blais. Home at 7:30.

WEEKEND, May 10/89 Still wet. Ben Tom got me a supply of wine, & cashed a cheque for me. Forsythia bushes in full yellow bloom, others just beginning to leaf out.

SATURDAY, May 13/89 Raining hard. The weather has been wet for the past week with no sign of a let-up. 76 years ago the Radcliff family arrived at Halifax from England, on a bright sunny day.

SUNDAY, May 14/89 The sun got through this afternoon, a glorious day. I was able to dine with Tom, Pam, Blais, Tom 3rd & Bathy at Hunts Point & return in sunlight. Next weekend Tom, Pamela, Debby & Blary leave for a week in Bermuda, so I shall not see them for 2 weeks.

TUESDAY, May 16/89 Another summer day. Mrs. Bagley came & did her ordinary chores plus 2 hours "spring cleaning". Paid her \$40. Shane came this afternoon with a gasoline driven mower (much more powerful than my electric machine) did the lawns, & raked up & removed the long cut grass. His machine was set too low & scooped up a lot of old dead grass as well as the present growth, lush after the long rains. Paid him \$25. He has agreed to mow my lawns every week or so until mid-July, when the growth slows down.

THURSDAY, May 18/89 Sunny but a cool E. breeze. Sat on the lawn for an hour enjoying the sunshine & watching for the yellow warblers, whose average date of arrival is May 21. Nothing but a pair of robins. The chimney swifts are also due.

SATURDAY, May 20/89 Clear & warm. This morning I was delighted to see a pair of yellow warblers investigating their old nest in the deutzia shrub by my sun porch, after their long flight from Mexico. In the afternoon I drove to the Seaside Take-out at Hunts Point & got a lobster sandwich & some fried haddock for supper.

SUNDAY, May 21/89 Hazy sun, very hot & muggy. Spent the morning at weekly laundry chores, stopped to the waist. As I use a lot of towels etc. I have to do it in two batches, & getting these down two flights of stairs, & then up again, makes hard & painful work. Tom 3rd. & Bathy brought me a portion of lobster chowder, with rolls & a piece of pie, for my supper. The warblers do a lot of flitting in & about their old nest but they can't seem to be repairing the wear & tear of the past year's weather. Tonight about midnight an unmistakable flutter in my fireplace flue told me that the chimney swifts have arrived exactly on schedule after their long flight from Peru.

MONDAY, MAY 23, 1989

Clear & hot for the holiday (now called Victoria Day). Shane came this afternoon & mowed the lawn with my electric machine. As I owed him \$5 from last week I paid him \$30.00. Bird note: after a lot of fussing in & out of their old nest the warblers apparently have decided it isn't worth repair & have gone to build somewhere else.

TUESDAY, MAY 23/89 Clear & hot. Spent an hour on the back lawn clipping, digging dandelions, but mostly sunning myself in a lawn chair. No sight or sound ("sweet-sweet-sweet") of the warblers.

SATURDAY, MAY 27/89 Showers in the night, today fine & warm. Blair came in & did several little jobs beyond my strength or reach. He expects his parents to get home from Bermuda this evening. Bird note: I noticed the female warbler removing bits of the old nest & taking them to a much higher stem of the same shrub, beyond my stiff-necked sight.

SUNDAY, MAY 28/89 Fine & warm. Dined at Hunt's Point with Tom, Pamela, Debby & Clary, & my great-grandson Matthew Kempton, a baby on the floor. I had a phone call from Colin Henderson, saying that his article on me will appear in the June issue of *Atlantic Insight*, any day now.

Monday, May 29/89 Bob & Heather Weary gave a supper party this evening in honor of Dr. Perkin of Acadia U & his wife. Tom & Pamela took me to the Weary house at Hunt's Point, a fine place well designed, with a beautiful outlook on Port Mouton Bay. The other guests were former graduates of Acadia & their wives, all of whom I knew. We had a delicious buffet supper & a pleasant chat. Home at 9 p.m.

THURSDAY, JUNE 1/89 The June number of *Atlantic Insight* came today, with a good photo of me on the cover, taken on Port Point last April — probably the last portrait of me that will ever be taken. Colin Henderson's article is very good, with one small error, that my family came to Nova Scotia in 1910. It was 1913. Much praise of my work, & more in an editorial by James Lorimer.

SUNDAY, JUNE 4/89 A rainy weekend. My furnace running day & night. Dined with Tom & Pamela. Roast pheasant (from Tom's fall hunting) with new carrots & fiddlehead greens.

After several attempts Blair has been accepted as a student in Dalhousie Dental School. He has been several years in college, getting a B.A. at Acadia, a B.Sc. at Dalhousie, etc. He must now spend 4 years in the dental school before he can join practice with his father & Tom 3rd.

MONDAY, JUNE 5/89 Very hot. Had to rig up my big electric fan for the first time since last summer. Shane mowed the lawn with my machine. I owe him for 2 weeks so paid him \$50.00.

FRIDAY, JUNE 9/89 Anniversary of my wedding to Edith Freeman in 1927. Today rain.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 13/89 Watching the French open tennis tournament on TV. Several big upsets by very young players, notably the defeat of Ivan Lendl, for several years the professional world champion, by a 17 year old Chinese-American named Michael Chang.

SUNDAY, JUNE 11, 1989

Dined at Hunts Point with Tom, Pam, Blair, Tom 3rd & Cathy.

Roast pheasant with wine sauce, new potatoes carrots & green beans. Raining as I left.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 14/89 Sunny & warm. Phone call this morning from Ross Guy, who served with the West Novas in Sicily & Italy & won the Military Cross. General M. "Pat" Bogert (ret) is visiting N.S. after many years in England. He was C/O of the West Novas in Sicily & Italy. There is to be a reunion of West Novas at Bridgewater, & from there Guy will bring him & his wife to Liverpool to meet the author of the West Nova history. They will arrive at my house between 3 & 4 pm on Sunday June 18.

SUNDAY, JUNE 18/89 Rain every day since the 14th. Guy & the Bogerts failed to appear, so I drove to Hunts Point at 5 & dined with Tom, Pam, Blair & Tom 3rd. This being officially Father's Day, daughter Francie called up for a chat this evening.

THURSDAY, JUNE 22/89 Very hot. Abe Cablevision's mechanic installed a new type of converter to replace the old one, which had been "cutting out" unaccountably.

SATURDAY, JUNE 24/89 Overcast with showers at evening. Angela Shaw, Production Manager of CBC's "Newworld," came by appointment this afternoon with a most remarkable visitor, Mrs. Renie Wainberg, a handsome Austrian widow with a grown-up family in Australia. Mrs. W. is 60-ish, fluent in English but with a strong Austrian accent which at times, with my impaired hearing, I found difficult to understand. Shaw, an attractive blonde, 30-ish, had to interpret now & then.

It seems that W.'s family fled from Vienna when the Nazi troops went in there & managed to get to England with a large part of their fortune. From there they went to Sydney, Australia, where the child Renie grew up & married another rich refugee. For years she has been a globe-trotter. Last year she read one or two books of mine, acquired more, & decided to move to Nova Scotia & visit the scenes of my stories. She now has an apartment in Halifax. In conversation she praised my books & me to an embarrassing degree, presented me with a bottle of expensive champagne (product of the Marnier Cognac firm) & asked if she could come again. I said Of course, & presented her with a inscribed copy of "In My Time", the only book of mine that she'd been unable to get.

THURSDAY, JUNE 22/89 Sears' electrician Perry came today at my request to examine my TV set, which still goes dead from time to time despite the new converter. He did some intricate work on it & said "If that doesn't cure it I'll have to take the set away to my workshop."

SATURDAY, JULY 1/89 Canada Day. Fine & warm. Pamela invited me to dine with them today instead of tomorrow, as the whole family is there for the holiday, & Tom has obtained a fine Newfoundland salmon. I dined there at 5 pm. All eyes were on my great-grandson Matthew Kempton, now beginning to crawl.

about the floor. Home at 8 pm.

MONDAY, July 3/89 Showers. My weigelia shrub in full scarlet bloom. Did my usual weekly laundry chores, experiencing more & more pain & awkwardness in getting down & up two flights of stairs. This evening Ron Wallace, mayor of Halifax, phones about the additional library the city has been building to serve the rapidly growing population of the North End. It is to be opened with ceremony later this month & they would like to name it after me. I said I'd be delighted. Could I possibly attend the ceremony? Sorry, No. He understood.

TUESDAY, July 5/89 Overcast & muggy. Son Tom got me a new supply of wine. Letter from Society of Wireless Pioneers, in California. They have made me an honorary member. "Your book *The Nymph & The Lamp* has been read & enjoyed by countless numbers of people."

THURSDAY, July 6/89 Overcast, with showers. Dan Petrie phoned this afternoon about the proposed film of *The Nymph & The Lamp*. He is coming to N.S. in August & intends to go out to Sable Island for a look at it. Will call on me here about August 8 or 9 to discuss the preliminary "treatment" which he assures me is entirely new.

SUNDAY, July 9/89 Fine & hot. Drove to Hunts Point at 5 & joined son Tom, Pam, Blair, Tom 3rd. & Cathy in a dinner of charcoal-roasted steaks, new potatoes, new carrots, new peas. Strawberries & cream. Son Tom tells me that Wendy Johnson phoned him recently from California. She intends to come here in August as planned, to get some shots of Austin Parker & me at Eagle Lake.

~~M~~ SATURDAY, JULY 15/89 Mrs. Wainberg & Angela Shaw came at 11 a.m. as promised & provided me with a gourmet meal. The entree was smoked salmon slices. The main dish was chicken goulash with noodles, topped off with a special cheese & slices of a delicious cake called Imperial-something. All this with an Australian wine. Phew! There was much goulash left over, enough to provide me with two more meals. Afterwards the ladies washed the dishes & tidied everything. We had a long & pleasant chat, & they departed for Halifax at 4 pm.

SUNDAY, July 16/89 Fine & warm in town but foggy at Hunts Point, where I dined with son Tom, Pamela, Debby & Gary Kempston, Blair, Tom 3rd & Cathy Lohnes. And of course my great-grandson Mathew Kempston, crawling busily about the floor.

MONDAY, July 17/89 Rain all day. Cory Hartling arrived from Trenton this morning with another large gift of frozen trout, deer chops & steaks. He also brought a lot of my books for autographing, sent by other collectors, friends of his. In the afternoon I had a visit from a pleasant woman artist from Halifax, whose maiden name was Whiteside. Her father, a native of Belfast, was a wireless operator on Sable Island about 1911 for a few months, & she is eager to see the place.

SUNDAY, JULY 23/89 Very hot. Did my laundry chores & spent the day stripped to a pair of shorts, with my big electric fan a few feet away. Share mowed the lawns. At 5 drove to Hunts Point & dined with Tom, Pamela & Blair. A cessation of

fluttering in my unused fireplace flue tells me that the swifts have departed for their winter home in Peru.

MONDAY, JULY 24/89 Still very hot. My younger sister Winifred Merlin phoned for a chat & had some family news. My older sister (88) is going into a nursing home in Alabama. Her daughter Carol Paisley is not coming to N.S. this summer but Carol's husband John has been at Indian Point for the past several weeks, looking after his house & large property there.

I learn that Austin Parker's son Jim & wife have returned here permanently to take care of him. Jim's ambitious pulp-&-lumber mills in Tennessee are a complete failure & at 60 Jim is penniless.

SATURDAY, JULY 29/89 Fine & hot. My daughter Frances & husband Bill Dennis, their son Jerry, wife Karen & baby all arrived this morning from N.B. They have rented a cottage at Hunts Point for a week. At 5 p.m. Bill picked me up & took me there for supper, returning me at 8 p.m.

SUNDAY, JULY 30/89 Fine & hot. Drove to Hunts Point at 5 p.m. & dined with Tom, Pam, Tom 3rd, Blair, Bill & Francie Dennis, Jerry, Karen & baby Corey. Bill & Jerry, Karen & Corey return to N.B. tomorrow.

MONDAY, JULY 31/89 Fine & hot. The morning mail brought a package from Petrie in California containing a film writer's "treatment" of *The Nymph & The Lamp*.

I barely had time to read it when Petrie himself phoned from Toronto. He is coming here this Friday or Saturday to discuss the whole thing. Will phone me further with exact time & date.

TUESDAY, AUG 1/89 Overcast & warm. Shane mowed the lawns.

FRIDAY, AUG 4/89 " ". Dan Petrie phoned from Ux. Will be at my house tomorrow about 2 or 2:30 p.m.

SATURDAY, AUG 5/89 Sunny & very hot in town. Foggy on the shore at Hunts Point where I dined with son Tom, Pamela, Blair, Clary & Debby Kempton, & baby Matthew.

Before this, Dan Petrie arrived at 2:30. A slim man, medium height, greying sandy hair, bright grey-blue eyes, looks about 60 but is probably 70. Has a cheerful look & manner. Knows the whole movie option history of *The Nymph & The Lamp*. Has long admired the story & has a first edition copy. Discussed the tale at length. Wants to film it pretty much as I wrote it but ruled out any filming on Sable Island — "too difficult" although he will probably use some of Wendy Johnson's film, which she showed him in California. He left about 4 p.m. promising to keep me in touch as the work develops. I said "I don't expect to live more than another year. Shall I see the finished film?" Answer, "Yes, I hope so."

WEDNESDAY, AUG 9/89 Sunny & warm after 4 days of rain. My father died in battle 71 years ago. Shane mowed my lawns & spread 20 lbs of Feed N' Weed on them.

THURSDAY, AUG 10/89 Sunny & warm. Ron the barber came in this evening & trimmed my hair. Mrs Wainberg phoned for a chat. She leaves soon for a family visit in Australia.

Dunbrack library to bear distinguished author's name



■ Thomas Raddall

By Marilla Stephenson
CITY HALL REPORTER

At the tender age of 15, distinguished Nova Scotian author Thomas Raddall left Halifax and went to sea. Years later, when he wanted to improve his education, he turned to public and private libraries.

Halifax's new library on Dunbrack Street will be named in honour of Mr. Raddall, author of *Halifax, Warden of the North*, *The Governor's Lady*, *Hangman's Beach* and many other works.

"I'm naturally very pleased and flattered," Mr. Raddall said in an interview from his home in Liverpool.

"I particularly like this because I left school at 15 in Halifax and went to sea," he said, "and to pick up an education afterwards, I did that through libraries and people lending me books. This will provide an opportunity for other people to do the same thing."

Mary Cooley, chairman of the Halifax Library Board, said the name is very appropriate for

the new library, which is now in operation.

"We think that Mr. Raddall is a very eminent Nova Scotia author," she said. "The library board is delighted with the selection of the name."

Mr. Raddall, 85, moved to Halifax with his family in 1913. He lived in a home on Chebucto Road and attended Chebucto School and Halifax Academy. He later settled in Liverpool and has lived there most of his life.

Mr. Raddall has won many literary awards and prizes for

his works, which focus primarily on historical Halifax and Nova Scotia. Three of his books have won the Governor General's Literary Award and he is an Officer of the Order of Canada.

He said this honour is "new and quite different" because of it is tied to ongoing education for the public.

The Thomas Raddall Public Library will be dedicated during a special ceremony in September. Mr. Raddall said he is very sorry that he will be unable to attend due to poor health.

July 26, 1989

Fitting honour

IT IS A fitting tribute to a Nova Scotia man of letters that the Mainland North branch of the Halifax City Regional Library will be named after Thomas H. Raddall.

The new library on Dunbrack Street will carry the name of the Nova Scotian author who was raised in Halifax but turned to seafaring at age 15. Lacking formal schooling, he was educated through borrowing books from libraries and friends and eventually authored many books on this province including *Halifax*, *Warden of the North*, *The Governor's Lady* and *Hangman's Beach*.

Now 85, and a Liverpool resident, Mr. Raddall has received wide recognition for his ability including the Governor General's Literary Award and membership as an Officer in the Order of Canada.

SUNDAY, AUG. 13/89 Sunny & very hot. Did my laundry chores. Tom & Pam & friends are making their annual day's picnic on Port Mouton Island, so I dined at home. Ross Guy phoned about the big West Nova reunion in Bridgewater in September, which I cannot attend. He & Mrs. Guy are bringing General Bogart & wife to Liverpool on Saturday Sep 2, & they would like to call on me about 2:30. Agreed. Guy won the M.C. with the West Novas in 1941. Bogart commanded the West Novas until he was wounded at Ortona.

TUESDAY, AUG. 15/89 The heat wave continues, with light showers now & then. Mrs. Bagley is holidaying in Maine this week, so I am on my own.

This afternoon I drove to the town pump for a supply of drinking water, then to the Seaside Takeout for sandwiches or cole slaw. Dense fog on the shore.

MONDAY, AUG. 21/89 Fine & warm. Wendy Johnson came promptly at 11 a.m. with pencil & notebook, taking down points in my life & especially my long association with the log cabin at Eagle Lake, when we all go on Wednesday if the weather is fit. The expedition will consist of Wendy & cameraman, Jack Dunlop, Hector Dunlop, my son Tom, Austin Parker, & possibly one or two others.

WEDNESDAY, AUG. 23/89 Fine & hot. At 12:30 Wendy arrived promptly in a CBC van with a camera- and - sound crew of 3. Jack Dunlop & wife Anna had gone ahead to Eagle Lake with Hector. Our own expedition consisted of my grandson Blair with Austin Parker in the Rad dall pick-up truck, son Tom & I in the Audi, followed by the CBC van. Arrived at Eagle Lake about 2 p.m. Had to walk about 200 yards from cars to the camp, difficult for 3 old crooks with eyesight difficulties as well as arthritis etc. It was wonderful to see the lake & the old log cabin again — Austin P. aged 94, Hector D. aged 89, & I nearly 86. Jack has kept his logging crews from cutting the timber around the lake shores, so that everything looked the same as always. We three old hands sat in the familiar hickory chairs on the veranda, sipping glasses of rum & lake water, while Wendy & her crew took shots from all angles & recorded our chat about old times at Kilper Lodge. Finished about 4 & drove on to Tom's place at Hunter Point, where again there was much photography, the climax being a glorious feast of boiled lobsters & blueberry pie, which also was photographed. Wendy & crew are coming to my house again on Monday Aug 28th.

FRIDAY, AUG. 25/89 Sunny but very windy & chilly after weeks of humid weather. I gave my lame left ankle a bad wrench at Eagle Lake & it is very painful now, making it awkward to get up & down stairs. Bill Parker phoned about Acadia's proposed symposium in my honor. Dr. Perkin & professor Young will come to discuss it with me about Sep 20. Bill will let me know the exact date & time.

SUNDAY, AUG. 27/89 Sunny & warm. When I drove to Hunter Point at 5 I found Tom, Pam, Tom Jr. & Cathy at their swimming pool. Dinner consisted of scallops (plucked off the bottom of Port Dale by Blair this morning) home-grown potato, carrots, beans & peas, & for dessert an old-fashioned blueberry "grunt" — the blueberries also home grown.

MONDAY, AUG. 28, 1989.

Fine & warm. Wendy and her crew (Dave Archibald cameraman & Clary Phillips soundman) came at 10:30 a.m. & did some further interviewing in my study & in my living-room. Mr René Weinberg phoned from Halifax to say au revoir. She leaves tomorrow to spend some weeks with her sons in Australia. Bill Parker ~~from~~ phoned from Acadia about the visit of President Perkin & professor Young to see me regarding the annual seminar to be known as the Thomas St. Raddall symposium in literature. They will come here on Sep 13.

TUESDAY, AUG. 29/89 Again fine & warm. Today Wendy & crew took me to Milton, where I stood outside my old house & explained that here I took my bride in 1927, & here I did my first serious writing. Then on to Potence where I stood outside the house where I lodged during my first 3 years here, with explanations. Then we took the rough road to the site of the Cowis Falls pulp mill, where Dave took shots of the ruins etc. Back at the old Freeman house where I first met Edith, & Dave photographed it & the old Milton forge opposite, which I described in detail in my story "Blind MacNair". Then back to my house in Liverpool for more interior shots & talk. By that time I was exhausted. Wendy & crew produced copies of "The Nymph & The Lamp"; which I autographed for them, & said goodbye. Very pleasant people & indefatigable in their work. Wendy will let me know when the film will be shown.

THURSDAY, AUG. 31/89 Fine & warm, but the furnace runs every night & morning. Shane moved my lawn. From now on he will do it every second week until November.

ON TV I am enjoying the U.S. open tennis tournament.

SATURDAY, SEP. 2/89 Rain last night & this morning, clearing in the afternoon.

Ross Guy & wife, with Major-General M. "Pat" Bogert & wife arrived on the dot of 2:30. Both tall erect men with Nova Scotian wives. We chatted pleasantly until 3:30, when they left. Mrs Arlyne Corkum, who is covering the West Nova reunion for the Liverpool Advance, came & photographed Bogert & me examining a copy of my book "West Novas" in my study.

SUNDAY, SEP. 3/89 Fine & warm. Tom & Pam dined in Greenfield this evening, so I dined at home.

MONDAY, SEP. 4/89 Labour Day holiday. Colin Smith came this afternoon. He is attending the West Nova reunion in Bridgewater, a gaunt grey man, nothing like the young veteran who used to come & talk to me about the campaigns in Italy & Holland. For 2 hours he chattered about the peripatetic lives of his wife Gloria & himself in the post-war years, teaching on various grants in England, Nigeria, Jamaica, Borneo, & in Canada at James Bay & the Yukon. When occasionally I got him to talk about his war experiences he was boastful & preposterous, obviously insane. I was glad to get rid of him at 4 p.m.

SUNDAY, SEP. 10/89 Funny & very hot. Dined with Tom & Pam at Hunts Point, where a tremendous surf was beating on the rocks, a by-product of Hurricane "Gabrielle", now

SUNDAY SEP 10, 1989 continued

stationary & apparently petering out 500 miles south of us.

WEDNESDAY, SEP 13/89 Sunny & hot. At 2 p.m., by appointment, three Acadia University men arrived to talk about the proposed "Thomas H. Raddall Symposium in Atlantic Literature". President Dr. Perkin, professor Alan Young & Bill Parker, public relations, all of whom I had met on various occasions before. The first symposium will be held in 1990 & devoted entirely to my works. Thereafter the scope would be broadened, but one seminar would always feature my work. I expressed my approval & pleasure, & we had a pleasant chat (all in shirt sleeves on account of the heat) about Harvey Crowell & other mutual friends in a time gone by. They left for Wolfville at 3:30. At 5:30 Douglas & Jean Hemeon took me to a cocktail party at Molly Covert's place at Hunt's Point, where old friend Virginia Senecchia is visiting. About 30 people, all old friends whom I enjoyed meeting again. Home at 8 p.m.

THURSDAY, SEP 14/89 Fine & hot. By appointment at 2 p.m. two ladies from the new library in Hfx came with a camera man & a sound man, & interviewed me in my study & sitting room. The film will be shown at the formal opening on Sep. 19.

SUNDAY, SEP 17/89 Rain. Dined at Hunt's Point with Tom, Pam, Tom 3rd & Cathy.

WEDNESDAY, SEP 20/89 Overcast & cool. Son Tom came in with a full account of the official opening of the Thomas Raddall Library in Hfx. yesterday. Mayor Ron Wallace presided, & the auditorium was packed, with many people standing. Chief speaker was Dr. Malcolm Ross, who has always been a keen advocate of my work, although I have never met him. Various dignitaries of the provincial govt made brief addresses. Wallace passed to Tom, for me, the city's gold ~~medal~~ Medal of Merit, for Literary Excellence, with blue-&-white neck ribbon attached. Greg Dennis, representing my daughter's side of the family, sat on the dais with Tom & Pamela. Altogether a notable affair, all recorded by camera for videotaping.

MONDAY, OCT 2/89 Fine & warm. The Royal Bank opened for business in their new premises next to Town Hall, in what used to be the old De Wolfe mansion. The street facade has been carefully preserved, but the interior is a model of up-to-date banking practice, with ample car parking space.

TUESDAY, OCT 3/89 Pouring rain. Pamela kindly did some banking for me at the Royal.

SATURDAY, OCT 7/89 Son Tom & dog Sally left for New Brunswick yesterday with three companions for their usual week of bird-hunting. I dined at Hunt's Point with Pamela, Blair, Tom 3rd & Cathy, Debby, Blay & baby Matthew Kempton, celebrating Thanksgiving a day early. Tom 3rd took me there & brought me back.

SUNDAY, OCT 8/89 Sunny after a cold night. Tony Hartling came from Trenton this morning with another batch of goodies - frozen deer steaks, trout, a large chunk of salmon.

THURSDAY, OCT 12/89 Yesterday torrents of rain, with a brief but noisy thunderstorm. Today cool. This morning's Chronicle-Herald has a small announcement from Acadia U. about the Thomas H. Raddall Symposium.

TUESDAY, OCT. 17, 1989

A severe earthquake at San Francisco. As it happened the so-called World Series baseball game, between Oakland & San Francisco, was about to start with the stands full of spectators, but no one was injured there. Elsewhere several hundred people were killed, & the damage is in billions.

WEDNESDAY, OCT 18/89 Rain at 40° F. Son Tom got me a supply of wine, & did several little chores preparing my house for winter.

SUNDAY, OCT 22/89 Sunny & cool. Dined at Hunts Point with Tom, Pamela, Tom 3rd & Cathy. Tom 3rd took me there & back, as it is now pitch dark by 7 pm. On the way home we saw a deer crossing the road & then a raccoon.

THURSDAY, OCT 26/89 Cold nights & sunny days, beautiful Indian Summer weather. This afternoon I drove to the Seaside Takeout for sandwiches. They close for the season on the 31st. I shall miss these little joints & the delicious food.

FRIDAY, OCT 27/89 Sunny after a frosty night. Sheen came this morning & mowed my lawn for the last time this season. He cleaned the electric mower & stored away the garden hose etc. Paid him \$25.

SATURDAY, OCT 28/89 Indian Summer continues. Tonight I watched the Oakland team win the 4th & last game of the World Series. Usually it runs to a full 7 games. The region seems to have recovered from the earthquake.

SUNDAY, OCT 29/89 Another fine day. Dined at Hunts Point with son Tom, Pamela, Tom 3rd & Cathy. Tom 3rd took me there & back. I learn that my old friend & woods companion Hector Dunlop was taken to the hospital tonight, placed under an oxygen tent & given a blood transfusion. If he lives he will be 90 this December.

MONDAY, OCT 30/89 Fine again. John Leef MPP dropped in for a chat.

TUESDAY, OCT 31/89 " " Hallowen. For the first time I locked my door, drew all the window drapes, & ignored the treat-or-trickies. I can't go along with that drafty business any more. They did no damage tonight.

SATURDAY, NOV 4/89 Cold, dark & damp. I dined at Hunts Point with son Tom, Pamela, Gary & Debby Kempton & my great-grandson Matthew Kempton, Tom 3rd & Cathy. A gourmet meal - roast pheasant, baked potatoes, broccoli, squash, with Pam's wine sauce. Son Tom had a successful pheasant hunt in the Valley, on the first two days of the season, despite great numbers of hunters. I learn that Hector Dunlop has recovered under the hospital treatment & will return home shortly.

THURSDAY, NOV 9/89 Rain. Mailed cheque for \$1,000.00 to Zion Church, my annual donation for local expenses. Also one for \$1,000.00 to the V.O. Nurses, Queens Branch, for local expenses. Son Tom tells me there will be a family gathering here this weekend to celebrate my 86th birthday.

SATURDAY, NOV 11/89 Rain for Remembrance Day. On TV I watched the ceremonies at Ottawa, & when the bugles blew Last Post I sat with tears running

Symposium to honour Raddall

WOLFVILLE — Acadia University has announced the establishment of the Thomas H. Raddall Symposium in Atlantic Literature.

The symposium, which will honour the literary accomplishments of Nova Scotian writer Thomas Raddall, will begin in

1990, and each year will bring together outstanding Atlantic Canadian writers and scholars.

"The first symposium, which will take place in 1990, will be entirely devoted to the life and work of Raddall," said Dr. Alan Young, head of Acadia's Department of English and chairman of

the first symposium.

"He (Raddall) is one of the most widely read Atlantic Canadian authors and his works have not received the critical attention that they deserve," he said.

Thomas Raddall is the author of 25 books, 50 articles and more than 70 short stories.

down my face, thinking of all the young men lost in the war of my time, & in particular the sufferings of my own father & mother.

Bill & Francie Dennis arrived from Moncton this afternoon & took me to Hunts Point for dinner with Tom & Pamela, Blair, Tom III & Cathy. Pam had baked a birthday cake, & all in all it was quite an occasion, if a little premature. Bill & Francie stayed at Hunts Point for the night, & Tom III dropped me off in Liverpool.

MONDAY, Nov. 13, 1989 My 86th birthday. Jack Dyson of the Canadian Legion came with the customary birthday cake, the icing inscribed with my name, & took a photograph for the local paper.

TUESDAY, Nov. 14/89 Mrs Bagley did her usual cleaning chores & visited Hector Dunlop in the hospital. She found him quite cheerful although it is now obvious that he will never be able to go home again.

FRIDAY, Nov. 17/89 The weather continues with cool nights & mild days, record high temps. for this time of year. Mrs. Renée Wainberg phoned from Hfx. Her Angels Show are coming tomorrow at 1 p.m., bringing with them the materials for a gourmet luncheon.

SATURDAY, Nov. 18/89 My visitors arrived promptly at 1 & hustled about my kitchen. Aperitif served with an Australian white wine. The main dish had a fancy French name, a huge meat pie, with enough left over to furnish 5 more meals. Dessert was a cream cake - too much - but the ladies were insistent. I felt stuffed for hours, but it was all very pleasant. They washed the dishes & left about 4:30 p.m., promising to come again.

SUNDAY, Nov. 19/89 After a chilly night a medley of sun & clouds with a few whiffs of snow - the first of the season. Thus I enter my 87th winter.

TUESDAY, Nov. 21/89 A huge blizzard in New England, New Brunswick, & the northern & Fundy parts of N.S. - winter opening with a bang. Here on the south shore we got an icy gale but very little snow.

THURSDAY, Nov. 23/89 Another blizzard began this morning & this time we got it, at least 8 inches of snow at a temp of 24° F.

Friday, Nov. 24/89 Sunny & cold. Shane came & shoveled my driveway etc. Paid him \$25.00. Son Tom & Pamela arrived from Hfx., where Tom had surgery for a torn ligament in his right hand. He will be unable to practise dentistry for about 6 weeks.

SUNDAY, Nov. 26/89 Rain, snow, glints of sun. Dined at Hunts Point with son Tom, Pam & Tom III. Son Tom's right hand is in a cast. The surgeon at T. B. Hospital, a specialist, has to open the hand & wrist. Tom III took me back & forth.

Monday, Nov. 27/89 Some dreary weather. Leslie Choate phoned to say that all my books are selling well. Suggests a new edition of "Wings of Night" if rights are open.

TUESDAY, Nov. 28/89 A sudden thaw of warm rain removed nearly all of the snow, but tonight the sharp temperatures are back.

FRIDAY, DEC 1, 1989 2 or 3 inches of snow in the night. Shane cleared my driveway etc in less than 30 minutes but I paid him the usual \$25. Bothered all morning by one of my persistent nose-bleds, always in the right nostril.

SUNDAY, DEC 3/89 Rain at 50° F. took off the snow. Tom III & Cathy took me to Hunts Point for dinner with son Tom & Pamela. A feast of boiled lobsters with muffins & butter. My hands are so feeble now that young Tom had to crack the lobster for me.

The temp. dropped suddenly & when we drove to Liverpool the road was slippery & dangerous. Very cold tonight.

MONDAY, DEC 4/89 A blizzard snared the Maritimes, tying up all traffic, closing schools etc. As usual our strip of the south shore escaped the worst of it. Coney Hartling phoned from Trenton. Weather permitting, he will come here before Xmas with another gift of revision etc. I am writing Xmas cards as best I can. Hector Dunlop is home again. His son Jack gave quite a party in celebration of his 90th birthday. Tom & Pamela were there.

TUESDAY, DEC 12/89 Helen Brighten died today in Dartmouth at the age of 90.

She was a frequent caller at our house years ago, & I was able to help her in collecting sea songs from old Will Smith, and "here" beliefs from Alma Joudrey.

Our bitter winter weather continues & I am glad to have my electric blanket 2 nights.

SATURDAY, DEC 16/89 Snowed about 3". Card from Wendy Johnson. She says her documentary film of my life & works is about finished. She will let me know when & where the National Film Board will "air" it.

SUNDAY, DEC 17/89 Light snow flurries & a flash or two of sunshine, the usual good weather for Tom & Pamela's pre-Christmas cocktail party, which began at 12:30. Dr. Frank Bell picked up Dr. John Wickwire, Austin Parker & myself, took us there & brought us back. About 90 people. Enjoyed chatting with old friends. Home about 3:30.

MONDAY, DEC 18/89 Same weather. Gordon Romkey, Col. Hebb, & other veterans of the West Novas in War Two, came over from Lunenburg this afternoon with their usual big basket of goodies, liquid & solid, & we had a pleasant chat.

WEDNESDAY, DEC 20/89 About 3" of snow fell in the night. Shane came & cleared my driveway etc. Paid him \$25. Wendy Johnson phoned from N.Y. She has engaged veteran CBC announcer Don Tremain to do the "voice-over" parts. She had some questions about my short story "Jamboree", etc.

THURSDAY, DEC 21/89 Still bitter weather. Another 3 or 4" of snow in the night. Shane cleared it off this morning. Paid him another \$25.00. An expensive winter at this rate! A delegation from the local branch, Canadian Legion, came with greetings from my comrades, & a large amount of assorted fruit.

SATURDAY, DEC 23/89 Same weather. Tonight the temp. was 2° below zero Fahrenheit. The weather people say the northern half of the continent is experiencing the coldest winter in more than a century. I seem to remember temps. as low as 20° below zero Fahrenheit here on the

South Shore long ago, but they only lasted 2 days or so.

I have received 35 Xmas cards.

SUNDAY, DEC 24, 1989 A bright cold day for Christmas Eve. At 5 pm. Son Tom, Pamela, Tom III, Glary & Debby & my great-grandson Matthew arrived with a big pot of lobster chowder & various other goodies for our customary lobster feast. I provided the wine. A cheerful occasion & we did justice to the food.

MONDAY, DEC 25/89 Another bright cold day. Son Tom took me to Hunts Point at noon. His right hand is out of the cast & recovering slowly. After a round of drinks Pamela served an old-fashioned Xmas dinner — shrimp cocktail, roast turkey etc, & plum pudding for dessert. Tom III presented me with a dozen packages of lobster meat, frozen, so that whenever I choose I can simply thaw out one or two. Little Matthew can now walk about & kept us amused. Tom III took me home at 2:30 on his way to Bath's home near New Germany. The asphalt roads are clear & dry. My presents include a big parcel of books from Bill & Francie, who are spending Xmas with their daughter in Toronto.

THURSDAY, DEC 28/89 Another 3" of snow last night & this morning, turning a bit slushy but threatening to freeze tonight. Shane cleared my driveway etc. Paid him \$25.00.

SATURDAY, DEC 30/89 Temp. 5° below zero F. this morning. Corey Hartling came from Trenton this morning with another wonderful array of frozen venison, trout, smelts, etc. Very kind of him.

As the year closes I follow the foreign news with the deepest interest, as always. I do not attempt to record even the gist of it, with my lame & awkward fingers, but I realize that the world I know has changed utterly & is still changing every day.

SUNDAY, DEC 31/89 Tom & Pam are dining & dancing at White Point Lodge this evening, so I dined at home on one of Corey's rabbit pies. The weather played a dirty trick. After days & nights of bitter temps. the thermometer went up to 50° F. with torrents of rain, making dangerous driving for the New Year's Eve revelers. Here in P'town things were quiet. A few pops from guns or fireworks downtown & that was all.

MONDAY, JAN 1, 1990 The thaw continued all day & most of the snow has gone. On TV I enjoyed the Rose Parade at Pasadena, Cal.

THURSDAY, JAN 4/90 Moderately cold, threatening rain. Today's Chronicle-Herald has an announcement from James Lorimer. Owing to financial losses he is discontinuing publication of the monthly magazine "Atlantic Insight" & offering it for sale. A purchaser is unlikely. Under Lorimer the magazine lived up to its title & was very good, & I'm sorry to see it go.

FRIDAY, JAN 5/90 Rain, turning frosty tonight. Dave Randall looked in to say that he has been promoted to the Halifax P.O. & is already working there. He & his wife have been good friends & neighbours & I shall miss them.

SUNDAY, JAN 7/90 Moderately cold. Dined at Hunts Point with son Tom, Pamela & Tom III, who took me there & back.

WEDNESDAY, JAN 10/90 The real January thaw came today with torrents of rain at 40° F., taking away the snow.

SUNDAY, JAN 14/90 Snow in the night, just enough to whiten the ground. Bitter cold with strong NW wind. Dined at Hunts Point with Tom, Pam & Tom III, who took me back & forth.

MONDAY, JAN 15/90 Cold & sunny. Mrs. Helen Haslam phoned from Florida for a chat. She & husband are at Sarasota on the Gulf coast where the weather is pleasant, very different from the Atlantic side, where frost has destroyed the citrus crops, etc. The cold seems to be everywhere — snow in Los Angeles & in Alabama etc. Robin Humeon brought a carton of my books for autographs.

THURSDAY, JAN 18/90 A great thaw. Today the temp. got up to 50° F with a light drizzle. The snow has vanished. Ron Vénot the barker came this evening & trimmed what is left of my white hair. Dr. John Wickwire came in for a chat.

FRIDAY, JAN 19/90 The hard winter came back last night with frigid temps.

Mrs. Warberg phoned for a chat. She hopes to get here & cook another gourmet meal for me some time in February.

SUNDAY, JAN 21/90 An unpredicted snowstorm began about 3 p.m. & continued all evening. I dined with Tom & Pam at Hunts Point, a gourmet meal, roast pheasant with Pam's special wine sauce, wild rice etc. Tom took me back & forth, driving slowly in the storm.

MONDAY, JAN 22/90 Shane came at 7 a.m. & shoveled my paths etc. About 3 inches. Paid him \$25.00. Tax assessments are being raised all over N.S. in accordance with the general schedule. Mine is raised from \$50,200 to \$58,200.

TUESDAY, JAN 23/90 Some more snow in the night. Shane cleared my driveway etc at 8 a.m. Paid him \$25. Mrs. Bagley did her usual cleaning chores. Paid her \$20.00. Pamela did some banking for me & brought my mail.

THURSDAY, JAN 25/90 Another thaw. Rain all day & night.

FRIDAY, JAN 26/90 I arose at 7:30 to find the rain still falling & the temp. 50° F. actually warmer than some parts of Florida at this time. On TV I am enjoying tennis in the Australian Open at Melbourne.

SATURDAY, JAN 27/90 Pleasant day, sunny at 40° F. So Tom fetched a supply of wine for me.

SUNDAY, JAN 28/90 Marvellous weather. Sunny with a light S breeze. My outdoor thermometer, in the shade on the north side, showed 48° F. in mid-afternoon. In the sun on the south side it must have been 55°. Everybody out strolling, kids playing, etc. I could only envy them — & do my weekly laundry chores.

Dined at Hunts Point with son Tom, Pamela, Tom III & Cathy, who took me there & back.

TUESDAY, JAN 30/90 A violent snowstorm began at 1 a.m., changing to cold rain in the night, a fine mess this morning. Mrs. Bagley came at 7:30 & worked till 10. Paid her \$25.00. Shane came with his motor-plow & cleared my driveway etc. Paid him \$25.00.

THURSDAY, FEB 1, 1990 Just after awaking this morning, setting on the edge of the bed, I blew my nose & started another hemorrhage of my right nostril. Blood gushed forth, spattering the bedsheet & the floor. I made my way to the bathroom & tried as usual to stop the flow by plugging the nostril with bits of paper towel. No good. At last I simply held my head over the wash basin, removed the plugs, & let the blood run freely. After a long time the flow slowed down & then ceased. The basic trouble is in the sinus on that side, which gives a perpetual trickle of greyish green mucus. Nose bleeds are so common that I don't like to bother my doctor about mine.

SATURDAY, FEB 3/90 Bitter cold. My woes increase. During the night a water leak began in the pipe over my hot water tank & spread a pool over the cellar floor in front of the laundry machines. As usual it was impossible to get a plumber on a Saturday. However, my plumber Clyde Martin turned up at 5:30 & fixed the leak temporarily.

SUNDAY, FEB 4/90 Mopped up the water on the cellar floor & did my laundry chores. Weather bureau forecast a snowstorm, which began about 3 pm. I told son Tom not to call for me & made my supper at home.

MONDAY, FEB 5/90 Still bitter cold. The storm dumped about 4" of snow. Shane came at 6 am & dug me out. Paid him \$25.00. Sunny day.

TUESDAY, FEB 6/90 Same weather. Mrs. Bagley came at 7:30 a.m. & worked till 10. She got the bloodstains out of my bedding & the adjacent carpet (as well as her usual chores) by diligence & ingenuity. I am lucky to have her. Paid her \$25.

THURSDAY, FEB 8/90 Lovely day. Sunny, calm, temps up to 50° F in the shade. Dr. Frank Bell came in at my request to check my condition. He prescribed some anti-biotic pills for the sinus infection. My heart is satisfactory with the implanted pace-maker still ticking properly.

FRIDAY, FEB 9/90 Another springlike day. Pamela brought my mail & the pills.

SATURDAY, FEB 10/90 Pouring rain at 50° F all night & all day. Much flooding of cellars, including mine.

SUNDAY, FEB 11/90 Weather bright & calm, temp 40° F. Tom & Pam entertaining several young people today so I dined at home.

WEDNESDAY, FEB 14/90 At 9 pm. I took a bath or rather the bath took me. Due to lack of space it is short & narrow. Adequate for my needs until now. But long confinement to an armchair has broadened my backside & added to my belly, & tonight when I tried to turn from a sitting posture to hands-and-knees I found that I couldn't make it. For an hour or two I struggled & finally had to admit that I was stuck. By that time I was utterly exhausted & had to sit there & wait for Tom to arrive next morning with the mail. By that time I had been there 13 hours. I had managed to drain off the bath water. Tom sent for Dr. Frank Bell & the ambulance & they took me to the hospital about 11 a.m. Thursday. Except for the intense pain in my wrenched back the situation in my bath tub was ludicrous.

SUNDAY, FEB 18/90 A bright cold morning. Tom took me home this morning. During

my stay I was thoroughly examined by x-ray, also urinalysis, blood test, heart & lungs, prostate gland, etc. My heart pacemaker is still working well, otherwise I would have perished from my struggles in the tub.

TUESDAY, FEB 20, 1990 Sunny but bitter cold, with a N.W. gale. Mrs Bagley came at 8 a.m. & worked till 10. Paid her \$25. I seem to have lost several pounds weight during my long battle with the tub.

SATURDAY, FEB 24/90 Son Tom came this morning & installed the various bath attachments he had ordered for me, including a clamped handbar on the tub side for pulling myself upright etc; a chair of special material in which I can sit & perform ablutions; a new special padded seat for the toilet bowl. I used them tonight & they worked well although I have much to learn about this method of bathing. A snowstorm tonight.

SUNDAY, FEB 25/90 Very cold & overcast with a few spots of sunshine about noon.

Shane came & shoveled me out. I owed him for one job done while I was in hospital, so paid him \$50.00. Should have mentioned on Saturday that the telephone company on Tom's orders installed an extra line to my bedside & placed an elaborate machine there for making & answering calls. Its operation is too intricate for my old head & therefore useless to me. I am on the verge of a nervous collapse & wish I was dead.

WEDNESDAY, FEB 28/90 Son Tom took me to his office for some badly needed dental work. I have not been able to bite and chew properly for some time.

Murphy's Law - "If anything can go wrong, it will." I am going through the whole Murphy catalogue. Outside, the bitter cold continues, especially at night.

SUNDAY, MAR 11/90 Sunny & mild. Grandson Tom III picked me up at 5 p.m. & took me to see his newly purchased plot of land on the shore of Liverpool Bay this side of Moose Harbor. It has a fine view of the bay & he intends to build a house there next year. He & Kathy are getting married this spring & for the present they will live in his rented house at Dipper Creek, near Brooklyn.

Dined at Hunter's Point with son Tom, Pamela & Tom III. The fare was delicious lobster Newburg.

TUESDAY, MAR 13/90 Overcast & mild. Corey Hartling came this morning in 3 hours from Trenton with another batch of venison & trout, taken & frozen last fall. Later on I passed this to Mrs Bagley. She came this morning at 7:30 & worked till 10:30, doing my laundry as well as her usual cleaning chores, putting out the garbage bags etc, & waiting on me hand & foot. I paid her \$40.00. I wrote a letter to the Bank of Nova Scotia giving permission to son Tom and/or Pamela to have access to my two safety deposit boxes there.

This is preliminary to the transfer of all my stock & bond certificates to the care of Burns Fry, the financial firm at Halifax, who will administer them & furnish me with a monthly statement of account. Pamela has done the same thing with

her large inheritance from her mother, & finds it very satisfactory.

THURSDAY, MARCH 15, 1990 Freezing rain, then drizzle. Son Tom looked in this morning on his way to Hfr with Pamela, returning on Saturday.

Ken Maher of Granville Ferry, with my permission, has written a dramatization of "Blind MacNair" & sent me a copy. It is very good. But it will be difficult to stage, with so much singing of old ballads & chanties.

Sears man Perry came from Bridgewater today & fixed my TV, which has been out of order since last Friday, one more item in Murphy's Law!

SUNDAY, MAR 18/90 Rain. Tom III took me to Hunts Point for dinner with son Tom, Pamela & himself. Son Tom reported on his trip to Hfr. He took along my various investment securities & turned them over to John Oyler of Burns Fry, who gave receipts. All of them go to Burns Fry H.Q. in Toronto for reclassification before returning to Hfr, so I shall not get my first statement for about a month.

MONDAY, MAR 19/90 Sunny & warm. Tom III came to get my car going. It had been sitting in my garage since Oct 23 so I expected some difficulty, but the engine started at the first spin. This afternoon I drove to the Seaside Restaurant at Hunts Point & got a couple of hamburgers & a pot of cole-slaw for my supper.

TUESDAY, MAR 20/90 Overcast. Heavy rain tonight. Shane raked up & removed last Fall's leaves, also the winter's accumulation of fallen branches etc. Paid him \$25.

THURSDAY, MAR 22/90 Sunny & warm. This afternoon ~~Jean~~^{Jean} Morgan & Jean Brown, of the Thomas Raddall Library, motored from Hfr. They returned the 1951 charcoal drawing of me by Karl Gorlitz which, magnified several times, is now a feature of the library. They also brought a video-tape of the library opening, & the various speakers, a fine book of still photos of them, & various other memorabilia.

FRIDAY, MAR 23/90 Overcast & chilly, with a roaring NW gale. Drove to the Seaside restaurant & got hamburgers & cole slaw for my supper.

SATURDAY, MAR 24/90 Sunny but cold. Son Tom got a new supply of wine for me. Noticed the frost robin on my lawn. Median date over many years is March 21.

SUNDAY, MAR 25/90 I have a wretched cold, picked up I suppose at the Seaside place last Friday. Dined with Tom, Pamela & Tom III, who took me this & back. Son Tom ran the video-tape of the proceedings at the opening of the new library in Hfr. Very interesting.

MONDAY, MAR 26/90 Bob Stafford, my income tax accountant, came & made copies of my cash book etc for 1989, & took away my file of vouchers etc.

TUESDAY, MAR 27/90 Intense cold weather continues, especially at night. Mrs Bagley came at 8 a.m. & worked till 11, doing the laundry as well as all the other chores & waiting on me hand & foot. Paid her \$40.

THURSDAY, MAR 29/90 About 2" of snow fell in the night. Shane came & cleared my driveway etc. Paid him \$25.

SATURDAY, MAR 31/90 March goes out with snow, then freezing rain, then drizzle. Son Tom came with the mail, & shovelled out my front walk.

SUNDAY, APR. 1/90 A dreary day of drizzle & fog, not melting the snow much. This morning the clocks go forward one hour for Daylight time.

THURSDAY, APR. 5/90 Some sunny breaks after days of cold rain & drizzle. Tom & Pam flew to Boston today, returning Saturday. This afternoon I drove to the Seaside restaurant & got hamburgers & cole slaw for my supper.

SUNDAY, APR. 8/90 A new & excruciating pain developed suddenly in my already painful right hip & lower back. My doctor Frank Bell is out of town so I must put up with it. Dined at Hunts Point with son Tom, Pamela, Tom II & Cathy, who took me back & forth. An inch of snow fell in the night, melting on asphalt, hanging on to lawns etc.

TUESDAY, APR. 10/90 Mrs. Bagley came at 7:30 & worked till 10. Paid her \$40.

I am taking Aracine tablets to ease the new pain in right hip & leg. Suspect it is sciatica, from which my father suffered.

THURSDAY, APR. 12/90 Sunny & cool. Drove to the Seaside Restaurant & got food for supper. Mrs. Renée Wainberg phoned to wish me a happy Easter & to chat about her sojourn in New Orleans during the past month or so. Received a statement from Burns Fry. They have converted my large holdings of Canada Savings Bonds to more profitable items. At present market value my investments are now worth \$661,000.

SATURDAY, APR. 14/90 Sunny but cold. Instead of the customary Sunday dinner the Hunts Point Raddalls gave a feast of boiled lobsters today & invited the whole clan.

Blair, the blarney Kempsons & my great-grandson Matthew, Tom II & Cathy, plus Gladys, Pam's mother long time housekeeper - companion. Nine adults in all, & we demolished two lobsters (1 lb. apiece). Phew! I learn that Gregory Dennis' girl (Robin ^{Smythe}) with whom he has been working on A.T.V. news, Halifax, has gone to Toronto to take a very lucrative news post with Global TV network, & Greg intends to follow her hoping to pick up a post with Global. Thus with one exception all of my daughter's family will be in Toronto. Exception is her son Terry Dennis, who lives in St. John N.B.

WEDNESDAY, APR. 18/90 Sunny & warm. Drove to Seaside Restaurant & got their platter of mixed sea food for my supper.

FRIDAY, APR. 20/90 Sunny & warm. Tom & Pamela did various shopping for me including a renewed supply of wine.

SUNDAY, APR. 22/90 Dined with Tom & Pamela on roast black duck, shot by Blair in December, with Pam's special wine sauce, wild rice, etc.

TUESDAY, APR. 24/90 Sunny but cool. Mrs. Bagley came as usual & did all the chores. Paid her \$40. Bob Stafford, my income tax expert, came with my paper for 1989. Gross income was about \$60,000, due to increased dividends, increased professional income, etc. As the result I owe \$3,500.

FRIDAY, APR. 27/90 Shane spread a 40-lb sack of Hess N' Feed over my lawn, front, sides & back. Paid him \$25.

SUNDAY, APR 29, 1990 Sunny & hot. Dined at Hants Point with Pam & son Tom. Boiled lobster with hot rolls & butter-dip. Dessert my favorite rais pie. A feast. Tom very pleased with his new Audi car, a very sophisticated machine, cost \$4,000. He had the old one for 8 years.

THURSDAY, MAY 3/90 Sunny & warm. Mrs Bagley came at 7 a.m. & began her spring cleaning chores. (She did her ordinary chores on Tuesday). She worked till 11:30 & got 3 bedrooms & the bathroom done. Paid her \$40.

SATURDAY, MAY 5/90 Letter from Writers' Federation of N.S. In cooperation with the Writers' Development Trust in Toronto they are establishing an award for writers in the Atlantic provinces with published books. The first award will be in June 1991. They wish to name the award The Thomas Raddall Award for Fiction, "in honour of the writer who has brought most acclaim to this region from his work." I shall give my permission of course.

SUNDAY, MAY 6/90 Rain all night & clearing in afternoon. Tom & Pam are on H.P. so I dined at home.

MONDAY, MAY 7/90 Sunny & warm after a cold night. Drove to the seaside restaurant at Hants Point & brought home their seafood platter for my supper.

Dan Petrie phoned at noon. He has completed his script for *The Nymph & The Lamp* & is sending copies to me & to actress Glen Close for perusal & comment. Expects to call on me here about May 26 for personal discussion.

SATURDAY, MAY 12/90 Sunny & warm. Phene mowed my lawn. The first mowing of the season. Paid him \$25.

SUNDAY, MAY 13/90 Rain. Dined at Hants Point with Tom, Pam & Tom III. Tom III just back from a week in Bermuda with Kathy. Tom & Pam leave on the 19th for a week in Bermuda themselves.

MONDAY, MAY 14/90 Received Petrie's bulky script with a covering letter by Jon Stein. It is a disappointment, ending in a lame & inapt conclusion. I can only hope that Glen Close will have a lot to say about that, having read & liked my book.

TUESDAY, MAY 15/90 Phone call from my daughter Frances Dennis. She & Bill were in Alabama recently & chatted with John & Carol Parsley, also with my sister Nellie, who is nearly 80. The Parsleys are coming to this place near Mahone this summer & Nellie plans to fly up & join them.

Dr. John Wickwire came in for a chat. My neighbour Erik Anderson is in hospital here receiving treatment for emphysema.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 16/90 Wet. Mrs Bagley came at 7:30 a.m. & completed her spring cleaning of the upstairs rooms by 11. Paid her \$40.

THURSDAY, MAY 17/90 Mild. Open-&-shut sky. The swifts are back in my fireplace chimney after their winter in Peru. Over many years the average date of arrival here is May 21.

FRIDAY, MAY 18/90 Wet. Phone call from Dan Petrie in Toronto asking my opinion of his script & I told him bluntly. He will come here next Monday morning to talk it over with me.

MONDAY, MAY 21/90 Damp & cool. Petrie arrived at 10 a.m. & we went over his script. He was very

receptive, adopting many of my suggestions. Says Glen Close wants to do the film in the spring of 1991. He hopes to get Sean Connery to play Matthew. At present Close is in London playing Gertrude in Hamlet. He left for N.Y. at 1 p.m. to catch a plane for Toronto.

Shane came & mowed my lawns.

SUNDAY, May 27, 1990 Dined with Tom & Pam, both well tanned & pleased with their holiday in Bermuda. Bird note: the yellow warblers are back at their old stand, the deutzia shrub in the sheltered nook between sun porch & dining room, but this time building a new nest, higher up. (Average date of their first appearance, over many years, is May 22)

MONDAY, May 28/90 Very hot, after much cold & wet weather. My nephew Greg Dennis dropped in for a chat before returning to Toronto. Rigged up my big electric fan.

TUESDAY JUNE 5/90 Wet & cold again. Mrs. Renée Wainberg phoned from Halifax. She & Angela Shaw are coming here on Saturday bringing with them a delicious meal, as they did last year.

SATURDAY JUNE 9/90 Mostly overcast. Anniversary of my wedding to Edith in 1927. At 9 a.m. son ^{Tony} took me to his office for some dental work. At 1 p.m. the ladies arrived, took charge of the kitchen, & then served a delicious but calorie-laden meal of quiche Lorraine, chocolate cake, etc., with a French wine. Mrs. Wainberg is a charming person of (at a wild guess) 65, henna hair, much travelled, fluent in 6 languages. Angela Shaw is tall, blonde, 35-ish, much travelled, long employed by CBC, now laid off with 500 others in a recent economy budget slash. Altogether an interesting afternoon. They left at 4.

FRIDAY, JUNE 22/90 Warm & mostly overcast. Shane came & mowed my lawns, & replaced my cracked plastic bird bath with a new one. Paid him \$35.

SUNDAY, JUNE 24/90 Terribly sore & swollen throat, perpetual dry cough. Dined with Tom & Pamela. Tom phoned Dr. Frank Bell about my throat.

MONDAY, JUNE 25/90 Bell came this morning, examined my throat, checked my lungs & prescribed anti-biotic pills, which I am to take 3 times a day. My voice is down to a painful whisper.

SUNDAY, JULY 1/90 Sunny & moderately warm. The warblers have raised their brood & gone. My weigelia shrubs in full scarlet bloom. Tom & Pam are dining out today so I remained at home. The pills are working & my voice is slowly recovering.

SUNDAY, JULY 8/90 Sunny & warm. Dined at Hunts Point with Tom, Pam, Blair, Tom 3rd & Kathy.

TUESDAY, JULY 10/90 Fine & warm. Corey Hartling came from Trenton with a parcel of frozen trout. Shane mowed my lawns. Pamela cashed a cheque for me. Old friend Hector Dunlop is very low, wants to die. To do I. Among other troubles I now have to empty my bladder every hour or so, keeping a urinal in my study & one beside my bed at night. Son Tom thinks it is due to a swollen prostate gland.

SUNDAY, JULY 15/90 Very hot. Dined with Tom & Pam at Hunts Point. Wendy Johnson has phoned Tom to say that her documentary film on my life & work will be aired in the Maritimes next September. She is coming here this summer to give me a private showing.

TUESDAY, JULY 17, 1990 Very hot. Daughter Frances phoned to say she will be coming to her rented cabin at Hunts Point on the 27th.

SUNDAY JULY 22/90 Heat wave continues. This afternoon Wendy Johnson & husband Stan came to Tom's place & showed the film of my life & works which Wendy made as a documentary for the National Film Board. It will be shown on CBC in the Maritimes on Sep. 14. Tom III & Cathy were there, also Blair. Afterwards we dined together & chatted till about 9 p.m. when the Johnsons left for Tiff & Tom III took me home.

FRIDAY, JULY 27/90 Rain & fog. I can drive my car no longer with safety, so I am giving it to grandson Blair. He is delighted. I bought the Pontiac 4-door sedan new in July '83 & have driven it very little in summer, never in winter.

SATURDAY, JULY 28/90 Weather clearing. Bill & Francie Dennis dropped in on their way to their rented cottage at Hunts Point. John Lefèvre came in for a chat. The Province is laying out a public park at Sandy Bay, on the low promontory between Port Joli & Port L'Herbet. It will contain camping places etc. Ask permission to name it after me. Granted, of course, although people will continue to call it Sandy Bay.

MONDAY, JULY 30/90 Bill & Francie dined with me, bringing with them a fish-&-chips dinner from the restaurant at Hunts Point, plus ~~potato~~ salad, pecan pie etc. A feast.

WEDNESDAY, AUG 1/90 John & Carol Paisley came from Mahone with my sister Nellie at noon today, bringing a fried chicken dinner with potato salad etc. Nellie looks remarkably well at nearly 90, although her mind is a bit vague. It was wonderful to see her again.

Son Tom came in for a chat afterwards. We all kept things on a cheerful note although it was clear that Nellie & I would never see each other again. They left for Mahone about 3 p.m.

THURSDAY, AUG 9/90 Anniversary of my father's death outside Amiens in 1918. All last night I dreamed of him and the battle, knowing the scene.

WEDNESDAY, AUG 22/90 Wendy Johnson & small son "Josh" came to talk about Indian relics, in which he is interested. My son Tom fetched some of mine from the Quebec Co. Museum & I told Josh what I could.

WEDESDAY, SEP 5/90 Dawn Downton of the Tiff branch, Writers Federation of Canada, came today to do an interview in connection with the prize for Maritime author, which is to be named after me. Leslie Lohreyce did the interview. I forgot the name of the camera man. Very pleasant & competent people.

THURSDAY, SEP 13/90 My old friend & woods companion Hector Dunlop died today at his home at 84. He had been comatose for many days, wasted to a skeleton. He was a cousin of my wife's. Funeral on Saturday.

FRIDAY, SEP 21/90 The Raddall Symposium opened at Acadia today. At Acadia's invitation my son Tom & Pamela went there today to witness the proceedings.

SUNDAY, SEP 23/90 Dan Petrie phoned to report progress on *The Nymph*. Glen Close likes his script & is eager to play the part next spring. He has engaged an actor named Nick Moreltrie to play Matthew. Moreltrie

is a big man with long blond hair, ideal for the part.

SUNDAY, SEP 30, 1990 Tom & Pam are in Boston so I dined at home.

MONDAY, OCT 1/90 Mailed my annual donation to the local V.O.N. & Zion Church, \$1,000 each.

SATURDAY, OCT 6/90 Shane mowed the lawns today for the last time of the season. Son Tom is away on business somewhere but the rest of the Raddall clan are gathered at Shants Point for the Thanksgiving weekend & this evening I dined with them - Pam, Tom III & Cathy, Blair, Barry & Debby Kempton & my great-grandson Matthew.

SUNDAY, OCT 7/90 I was going upstairs at 8 p.m. to take a bath & had a repetition of my experience of May 20, 1987, an attack of vertigo just when I reached the point when the stairs make a sharp turn left. Result, a fall backwards down the whole flight with much more serious results. Fortunately I had my Medicade "beep" in my pocket & was able to summon aid. It came promptly. An ambulance took me to the hospital, bleeding from a dozen cuts & contusions & with severe pain in right shoulder & leg. The duty doctor, Doucet, had to make 6 stitches in my scalp & 1 in my right nostril. No bones broken but a severe black-eye. After treatment Pamela & Blair took me home, where Pamela stayed the night in case of need. I was provided with Tylenol tablets to dull the pain but spent a restless night with my whole head swathed in bandages plus my left hand.

These attacks of vertigo never last more than 5 or 6 seconds & often come when I am safely in my chair. It's simply my bad luck to be caught twice at the top of the stairs.

WEDNESDAY, OCT 10/90 Son Tom took me to his office for some urgent dental work. While there Dr. Gary Morash removed the stitches from my scalp & nose. My other bruises & scrapes are slowly healing but my right shoulder & leg are still badly bruised & painful.

WEDNESDAY, OCT 30/90 This afternoon Tom III took me on a tour of the golf course in a motor-cart. Many changes & improvements since I joined the club in 1947. Despite a cold wind I enjoyed the trip immensely.

This is Halloween, & for the first time I locked my doors & turned off my porch simply didn't feel up to it. However all passed quietly.

THURSDAY, NOV 8/90 I awoke to find a dusting of snow falling & melting, the first of the winter here in Liverpool. Unwelcome sight.

WEDNESDAY, NOV 14/90 Hugh MacLellan died today at his home near Montreal aged 83. He is to be buried in Camp Hill cemetery, Halifax. Although inclined to be didactic, a natural reflection of his scholastic background, I consider him a far better writer than the much-touted Callaghan. I liked him personally & we conducted an irregular correspondence for years.

SATURDAY, NOV 10/90 Daughter Frances & husband Bill Dennis arrived from Moncton at noon for a preview of my 87th birthday, bringing a fine meal of lobster Newburg, flowers, a bottle of champagne, etc. They left for home with a stop at Mahone about 3:30.

Mrs Renée Wainberg phoned from Hfx. She will call again in 10 days' time.

- Heavy rain & another wild sea gale began about 6 p.m. & continued all night.

CHRONICLE-HERALD

SEP 28, 1980

Close to shoot in Nova Scotia

Glenn Close is committed to star in Paragon Entertainment's Sable Island, a feature film based on Thomas Raddall's novel *The Nymph and The Lamp*.

Contrary to earlier reports, Ms. Close is associated in the development of Sable Island, being produced by Paragon Entertainment's Jon Slan and John Starke.

TUESDAY, Nov. 13, 1990

Overcast & cold for my 87th birthday. Pamela ran some errands for me. Jack Tyson & a lady member of the Canadian Legion came with the customary birthday cake & stayed for a chat. Renée Wainberg phoned birthday greetings.

Son Tom attended a ceremony in the new regional high school dedicating the library to me.

FRIDAY, Nov. 23/90 Woke suddenly at 4 a.m. to find blood streaming from my right nostril & the pillow soaked. I used to have these hemorrhages frequently but not for a long time. It is always the right nostril, never the left. After a long mopping & wiping I finally got it stopped, lying on my back. The bed is a mess. My life nowadays is just one damned thing after another.

SUNDAY, Nov. 25/90 Rain. Dined at Hunt's Point with son Tom, Pamela, & Tom III.

Tom III & Cathy have set their wedding day at August 10/91 & are already making guest lists etc. It will be quite a task. Frank Jack of the T.S.F. furnace service tells me that my furnace (nearly 40 years old) is almost falling apart. His firm will replace it with a much more efficient modern one for about \$2,100. I said I'd think about it.

TUESDAY, Nov. 27/90 Mrs Bagley tackled my bed-mess cheerfully & washed up the worst of it. I notified Frank Jack that I was accepting his offer. He will tell me soon when his firm can make the transition. It will take about 4 hours from start to finish.

FRIDAY, DEC. 7/90 Fine & mild. This afternoon Blair Henshaw (Lands & Forests) "Chuck" MacNeil (cabinet minister) John Leef (ditto), Wallace Clarke (old friend) & a cameraman came to thank me formally for allowing them to use my name for the new seaside park at Port Joli. They presented me with a beautiful silver letter-opener suitably engraved.

THURSDAY, DEC. 13/90 Mrs Renée Wainberg and Beverly Richard came at 1 p.m. with a delicious luncheon. Beverly is a descendant of French musherman Richard, captured in "La Turbieuse" & long a prisoner at Boston. I encountered his name in my research for "Hangman's Beach" & we had an interesting chat.

THURSDAY, DEC. 20/90 The West Nova Memory Association (Bridgewater - Lunenburg) sent their usual big basket of Christmas cheer, all sorts of goodies from grapes to wine.

SATURDAY, DEC. 22/90 Very mild, no snow to be seen. Kean & Boyd, West Nova members of local Legion branch No. 38, brought greetings from the branch & a fine packet of fresh fruit.

SUNDAY, DEC. 23/90 Tom & Pam gave their big Xmas party today. I begged off & dined at home. John Leef brought a large sample of Nancy's confectionery.

MONDAY, Dec. 24/90 Rain every day. Mrs Bagley came & did her usual weekly chores. I gave her all of the accumulated fruit, confectionery, etc., which unfortunately I cannot eat. Also gave her \$100 as a Xmas gift. In the afternoon Pamela brought a generous potfull of lobster chowder, so did I could have the Xmas Eve ritual of my wife's family.

TUESDAY, XMAS DAY/90 Dined with son Tom, Pamela, Debby & Blay & great-grandson Matthew, Blair & Tom III. Roast Turkey, plum pudding etc. Son Tom took me there & brought me back about 3 p.m.

THURSDAY, DEC. 27/90

Very cold but no snow. Frank Jack & helpers came at 8 a.m. & worked all day at switching furnaces. By night they had the old one torn down & the new one going. It is only about one-fifth of the other's size but much more efficient in all ways. Frank had to disconnect my hot-water tank all day so no shave or wash.

FRIDAY, DEC 28/90 The furnace men hauled the old one away & set up the new one in its blue cabinet, a neat & smart looking job. I am delighted.

SUNDAY, DEC 30/90 Still no snow. Dined at Hunts Point with Tom & Pamela. Tom doubts Dan Petrie's ability to finance the film he calls "Sable Island", especially in this time of business depression at home & the prospect of war in the Persian Gulf. Obviously Glenn Close & partner Mel Gibson will demand a large sum of cash in hand before setting out for Nova Scotia next spring, & where is Petrie to get it?

Tom thinks Petrie has been putting up a big bluff & the whole proposal will end in nothing at all. It will be no loss to me because I sold the performing rights to Jon Shan Enterprises several years ago.

MONDAY, DEC. 31/90 Mild & damp. Mrs. Bagley came & did her usual chores this morning. I told her some good news. If she is still in my employ at the time of my death, which cannot be far off now, my estate will pay her \$30,000. My son Tom has agreed to this, as she thoroughly deserves it.

THURSDAY, JAN. 3/91 Frank Jack came today with the bill of F.J.F. BURNER Service for removing my 40-year-old furnace & installing the new one. It was \$2100, considerably more than I had expected, but well worth it. For tax purposes Jack asked me to date my cheque Dec 28/90.

I have received no remittance from Leslie Bhoyra for 1990 royalties, the first time he has failed.

SATURDAY, JAN. 5/91 My old Mersey Paper Co. acquaintance J.H. Mowbray Jones died today at 85 in his Halifax penthouse apartment, where he had been an invalid for seven years, attended by nurses day & night. He was a son of Col. G.H.L. Jones, the original President of Mersey Paper in 1929. He will be buried on Tuesday alongside his late wife in the little cemetery at White Point, alongside of the golf course.

SUNDAY, JAN. 6/91 Still no snow to amount to anything. Dined at Hunts Point with Tom & Pamela. Tom derides my old frugal habit of drinking cheap Canadian wines & says that from now on I must have Harry's Bristol cream & sherry etc. An interesting change. I must admit.

WEDNESDAY, JAN 9/91 Mild after a spell of bitter cold. Gordon Romkey, Col. J.A. Hall & another old West Nova came from Bridgewater this afternoon for a chat. Very kind of them & I enjoyed it. They promise to do this every year. The ground is bare of snow.

SATURDAY, JAN 12/91 The first snowstorm of the winter began last night & ended about 5 p.m. Michael Hupman came & dug me out. Paid him \$25.00.

SUNDAY, JAN 13/91 Overcast & very cold. Dined with the Raddalls at Hunts Point. Tom III & Cathy, who took me there & brought me back, also brought me a fine lobster chowder.

WEDNESDAY, JAN. 16, 1991 War! It began tonight with large Allied air raids on Iraqi targets in and around Baghdad.

FRIDAY, JAN. 18/91 Wendy Johnson came this morning for a chat. She & husband leave for Fredericton shortly, having got there with ~~the~~ a pirate FM station.

WEDNESDAY, FEB 20/91 Bill Connolly came & installed new heating elements in my electric oven, now 25 years old. Bob Stafford, my income tax accountant, came & took away for copying my 1990 file & various pertinent cashbooks & notebooks. The weather today is very mild & damp. Hardly a vestige of snow remains. So far the winter has been one of violent contrasts, swinging from bitter cold to mild like today, with little snow on the brush shore. Glad that I installed the new furnace when I did.

Wednesday Jan 16 1991 Met with Tony at our office
but they were not available. They were to be in
Tucson for the Big Plan meeting but the flight was
delayed so they didn't get in until about 10 AM.
WENDELL FORD: Bill, how many people do you have right
now? 15 would be sufficient. But I offer you 18 because of the
time it will take to get the new people up to speed.
LAWRENCE LARSON: I think that's fine. I think that's fine.
TONY: I think that's fine.



Dear Sirs
from Dr. J. R. 19. 1985
of Thomas H. Fawcett &

