

SEP. 23, 1932

APRIL 19, 1936

SEP. 23, 1932 - APRIL 19, 1936



Diary

Thomas H. Raddall

"There is only one success—to be able to spend
your life in your own way." — Christopher
Morley.

Sept. 23, 1932. Friday. (Continued).

from the grave, courteous darkies of the C. N. steamships. At 6 P.M. several niggers came along the decks shouting "Lasst call for dinner!" — just like a railway dining car. We went down and had a good meal, including Manhattan cocktails purchased at 75¢ apiece from the busy wine steward. After dinner we repaired to the lounge and danced to the tune of an electric phonograph. There wasn't much motion to the boat — though possibly our trips from Bermuda to Boston had hardened our feelings in that regard — yet there were comparatively few people about, and only one other couple dancing. Some of the nigger stewards started a horse-race game in the smoker, selling tickets at 25¢ and rattling the dice merrily, but the game perished for lack of interest within an hour.

The weather was mild and the night bright with stars. We turned in at 11 P.M.

Saturday, Sept. 24/32. Daylight found us anchored inside Cape Torrey. Noisy early risers clattering about the deck outside our cabin rendered further sleep impossible. We went on deck into the brisk air of a Canadian fall morning and watched the "Evangeline" steam up the harbour along the serried spar buoys in the narrow channel. Yarmouth from the water is a lovely place. At 6 A.M. we were alongside the dock and the passengers poured

ashore amid a horde of scrambling tip-hunting
nigger stewards, who raised a hubbub and con-
fusion more appropriate to an oriental bazaar
than a modern Yankee steamship. The Canadian
Customs rummaged our baggage, questioned me
sharply about my new tennis racquet (purchased
in Halifax two weeks ago) and finally parsed
us with barely time to board the train which
lay on the wharf siding. The train pulled over
to Yarmouth station, where I purchased tickets
for Liverpool, about 7.45. At 8 A.M. we
were puffing eastward past the dyked marshes
and narrow harbours of the old Acadian
settlements. In front of us sat a terrible
old frump of a woman, about 60, I should judge,
and running to avoidupois which in the case
of her face had begun to sag lamentably. She
wore a luxuriant and most untidy wig of
glaaming nut brown, and below it on the nape of
her neck was a fristle of white hair. Her face
was daubed with powder and rouge, and the long
nails of her gnarled yellow hands were stained
a bright red, conveying a startling suggestion
of the claws of a carnivorous wild beast. Her
clothes, the detail of which escaped me, were ready-
made and chosen without art. Her baggage was
a variety of suitcases and club-bags, scattered over
the rack, seat and floor. From one of the club-
bags came a faint wail and a vigorous scratching
(it was some time before I tracked the sound to
its source) and, as the conductor appeared at the
head of the car to examine tickets, we ^{WERE} astonished
to perceive the old lady opening the bag, yanking
out a huge Persian car, giving it a hefty

cuff or two, and stuffing it hurriedly back into the bag. The cat subsided, and the conductor passed on without suspicion. This homeric treatment was repeated whenever the animal became restless enough to howl. At 11.45, we got off at Lockport and snatched a bowl of the jushly & famous fish chowder during the train's ten-minute halt.

Promptly at noon the old lady provided dinner for her pet, opening an odorous can of salmon. A sudden appearance of the conductor caused another "hey presto" disappearance of the cat into the black depths of the club-bag, and the half-devoured can of salmon fell to the floor and shot a stream of smelly juice over my club-bag.

I was ingallant enough to hope that the cat would be discovered and condemned very properly to the baggage car, but when we got off at Liverpool at 1.30 the cat was still in the bag and the old lady was contentedly reading a newspaper through two pairs of horn-rimmed spectacles.

And so ended our 1932 vacation.

Impressions of the trip

My afternoon in Cambridge military library, Halifax, searching for data on official war photographs; and the three pompous officers (ribboned, belted, and spurred - a major and two, colonels) who spent the entire afternoon discussing the colour and style of certain new window curtains for the reading room, like a trio of old maids in a country parsonage.

"Sobers", (short for "Sobersides") the ever-smiling deck steward of the Colborne, surely the most

pleasant, most obliging and most efficient darkie steward in the Canadian National Steamships.

Little dark eyed Miss Lariviere, the young Montreal artist, with her cigarettes and sophisticated mannerisms. Just a nice kid taking art - and herself - very seriously indeed.

Brown, ~~or~~ grey-haired, saturnine Mr. Hadley, the whimsical St. Vincent planter, and his comments on (a) People who play shuffleboard in the morning, (b) The state of the Montreal molasses market, and (c) The monotony of chicken dinners in the West Indies.

"Walt" Hunter describing the rites of Mohammedan worship as he had observed them in a mosque in Demerara. "Then - unless you break WAZOO - then, well, then you're kinda pure"

The little red West Indian "Joseph" ants which infested the "Colborne" and seemed to thrive on chocolates and silk stockings.

The well-remembered heat and stuffiness of shipboard toilets and bathrooms.

The young Trinidad negro passenger, who spoke with the accent of a cultured English gentleman.

The patient short-legged Ayrshire cattle enroute for Bermuda on "Colborne's" fore deck, and the amusement over my remark that they made good "sailors" because "their centre of gravity

is so near the deck."

The paradox of Canadian cabbages enroute (under canvas on Colborne's fore deck) for Bermuda — the far-famed home of fresh vegetables. (Occasioned, as we learned, by the fact that the Canadian growing season — June-July-August — corresponds to Bermuda's dry season, in which there is no crop.)

Friend wife's ill-advised mixture of Mother's Milk's Seasick Remedy (ah, those nasty pink and white capsules!) and lemon juice, and the sad results.

The sticky moist heat of the Gulf Stream, the flying fish and clumps of gulf-weed, and the low ceiling of woolly heat-clouds.

The discovery that the two white men who directed the swarming negro stvedores of Bermuda were both Nova Scotians.

The pet turtle — "Aloe Gin" — of the New Windsor Hotel, with some tourists' initials cut deep in the shell.

The high-faluting names of the darkie hotel waiters; Clarence, for instance, and Algernon.

The lean stray cats of Bermuda, blind, halt and lame, which haunted the palm garden of the hotel; and the hungry kitten which devoured a two-inch wasp, getting

sharply stung in the process. (Pugay leaped square-footed into the air when the sting went home, but gulped the insect down.)

The shoe-shine parlour across the street from the hotel and its signboard: —

SAM'S SHOE SHINE

ALSO DYED

(I used to patronise Sam's place, to the open chagrin of "Clarence" the Windsor palm garden waiter, who maintained a shoe-shining chair by the hotel door. "Clarence" used to sit in his own chair and gaze across the street at me in melancholy reproach.)

Dancing in flannel trousers and sport shirt in the Windsor palm garden and being informed by a nigger waiter that I "couldn't dance without a coat".

The bottles of iced German beer, whose label bore a buxom fraulein carrying three foaming steins in each hand.

The darkie labourers who hustled into knee or hip length rubber boots at the first sign of a shower, though the rain never lasts long and runs off at once without so much as a puddle.

The "Penny, lady? Penny?" of the pickaninnies when smiled on by friend wife.

The fact that visiting males went about bareheaded, while local whites invariably wore

hats, usually the formidable-looking pith helmet.

Being sent to interview the secretary of the Hamilton tennis club with regard to playing privileges, ("Go to Gosling Brothers, on Front Street," said the Visitors Service Bureau, "and ask for Captain Greig") and finding the gentlemen serving busily behind the counter of a waterfront wineshop.

The black waitress in the "Goody Shoppe" who spoke with a cockney accent.

The Bermuda Railway, with its stink of diesel-fumes and its inevitable tooting of whistles, clanging of bells and general hubbub.

The pink sand (as advertised) of Elba Beach and the corpse-like sunbathers; the little sun-blackened man who wore a Gunga Din costume plus coloured glasses and (ye gods!) a pith helmet, and whom for no particular reason we named "Doug Fairbanks"; the frisky young bride who didn't go near the water" but lay on the sand all afternoon in a one-piece bathing suit, waving a pair of charming legs in the air; the lovely blond girl with the lame foot and raucous voice; the embarrassed man who stepped into the wrong dressing-cubicle and fled amid a crescendo of feminine screams; the quartet of giggling, buttock-slapping young New Yorkers and the prize conversation: - HE - "You're a hibbiscuss"
SHE - "WAZZAT?"
HE (naguely) "It's a flower."

The little clump of paw-paw trees amid a hibiscus hedge, where the Warwick road turns off to Calva Beach.

The wayside tavern with the hanging sign: - "VOLUNTEER INN"

The shoe-shine boy who boasted of his prowess with the dice, and spoke regretfully of the days when he made "thutty or fautty dollars a week" - in tips - as a bell-hop at the Hamilton Hotel.

The "singer" crickets who set up a piercing din in Bermudian trees all day, and give place at night to the tree-climbing toads, who "peep" away till morning.

The schoolhouse on the Warwick road with the black clumps of smiling woolly heads in each window.

The lighthouse keeper on Gibbs Hill, with his shilling-a-head graft, and his sing-song guide spiel, including the "terrible ~~strain~~ strain" of being in the steel lighthouse during a mild hurricane which visited the island some years ago; and the temptations to tell him about a wooden Nova Scotia lighthouse in a nor'east blizzard.

The lovely square-rigged yacht, a replica of the old tea clippers, anchored in

Granaway Deep; and the familiar funnels of the "Aquitania", anchored in Five Fathom Hole with 1000 tourists aboard, unable to put them ashore on account of a NE gale and sea.

The fight between the crab and giant lobster in the Harrington Sound aquarium.

The "tommies" of the Northumberland Regt. in khaki shirts, shorts and pith helmets, looking as if they'd just stepped out of a Kipling story.

The spirit of Bermuda, as shown by certain darkie fishermen who found a small whale stranded on the reef and towed it to the mainland, hauled it ashore, pitched a tent over it, charged admission to curious tourists, and took in over three hundred dollars in a week.

The peculiar dancing posture of Bermudian young ladies, involving the use of the gentleman's chest as a pillow and with the "bottom" thrust well out; and our theory that this accounted for the well-developed "sterns" on comparatively young Bermudian ladies.

The mangroves at the end of the harbour (Crow Lane), Hamilton.

The little bird-like hotel clerk ("Yes, sir, I'm a Connecticut boy, born 'n bred") and his two interesting disclosures: - (1.) That there is plenty of violent crime in Bermuda, but that it is all

withheld from the press for the sake of the tourist business, and (2.) that the deadly malady of Bermuda is Bright's Disease, (rendered virulent by excessive drinking), which is also never mentioned in the public print.

The consistent high winds of Bermuda, cool and (when bathing) even chilly when from the north, and hot and humid when from the south, and the consequent continual swell off the islands. And the three quotations that come to mind: -

SHAKESPEARE (in "The Tempest") — "Thou call'st me up at midnight to fetch dew,
From the still-bexed Bermoothes" —

MARK TWAIN (on his trip to Bermuda), — "Ah well, you have to go through hell to get to heaven"

OLGA SEA MAKIM — "If Bermuda lets you pass,
Then look out for Hatteras"

The Hamilton Hotel dance orchestra giving (without instruments, and in dumb-show) their imitation of a crowd in a New York subway train; also their burlesque of the "Rumba".

The disconsolate, wandering darkie waiter in the Hamilton grill, who came to our table five times and asked hopefully — "Pawdon, seh, but did you order two ryes?"

The cheerful insults hurled at every passing cab-drivers by darkie children throughout

the island, and the complete indifference of the cab drivers.

The absence of dirt or litter of any kind, not only in the town, but along the thickly travelled island roads.

The sign in our hotel room: -

PLEASE DO NOT THROW REFUSE FROM THE WINDOW, AS DRINKING WATER IS CAUGHT FROM THE VERANDAH ROOF BELOW.

The smartness, cleanliness, and comfort of the "Lady Drake"; the big painting of Sir Francis Drake on the landing between B and C deck; the wonderful streams of chilled fresh air pouring into one's cabin from the punkah vents; the peckaniny passenger with the yellow beret and red hair-ribbon; the lady who tried (unsuccessfully) to buy a pair of silk bloomers in Hamilton just ten minutes before sailing time; the lady who rushed up to the purser's office with a letter to mail, after the lines had been cast off; the glimpse of Miss Pariviere waving farewell on the wharf; the tangle of coloured streamers breaking away as the ship left the wharf; the pale ladies who had been seasick all the way north from St. Kitts, sitting with their backs to the smooth water of Hamilton Harbour and staring rigidly at the white bulkhead.

The ship's siren sounding "Lifebelt Practice"; the scramble below for lifebelts; the hurried putting on and assembly at No. 4 lifeboat station; the voice booming from the bridge via loud-speakers on the assembly deck to inform us that "THIS IS MERELY

A ROO-TOON — HERRRUMPH! — A ROUTINE PROCEDURE;
the lady with the pimples and black ribboned glasses
— who took our picture, lifebelts and all, and cut off
our heads without benefit of clergy in the process.

The lady (the same lady, in fact) who
sat in a deck chair writing long epistles to
"My Own Dear Darling Jakey".

The tastefully chosen books of the ship's
library; a small collection containing something
good of everything, a miracle of selection.

The large fresco painted on the
bulkhead of the garden lounge of the "Lady
Drake", depicting a typical Maritime Province
landscape. (My guest was "Bras O'Or")

The tiny marmosets eating peanuts
in a cage on the Bermuda pier.

The strong faced lady from Ottawa,
whom Outerbridge believed to be a man in a wig.

The movement of "Lady Drake" in a
head sea: — Roll to port, plunge of bow, hoist
of stern, (screws racing and shaking entire ship),
roll to starboard, rise of bow, sinking of stern.
Well calculated to test the strongest turning.

The strong figure and full, handsome features
of Captain Cameron, the "sea-going banker".

Chief officer Roach, describing how
certain Canadian citizens (including, to my own

Knowledge, Mr. W. A. Black, the "patriotic" conservative M.P. for Halifax) had chartered cheap Scandinavian bottoms to compete with the Canadian National Steamships on the West Indies route, and how by cut throat rates they had already taken away most of the trade which C. N. S. had built up.

The hair-raising dash in a taxi through the rushing traffic of crooked Boston streets.

The strange regions on the tortuous journey to Canal Street — the soup-lines — the "Temporary Home for Women" — the half mile past Faneuil Hall, dodging a barrage of vegetables and sides of meat flung from shop doorways to waiting trucks.

The tame grey squirrels on Boston Common; the seedy-looking people on benches; the mosquito that selected me — of all the throng on the Common — for a morning repast.

The bored clerks in the Eastern Steamships Co.'s office and baggage room; the baggage fool who checked my trunk through to Yarmouth OK but left my hand-baggage in the wharf check-room, whence I rescued it at the last minute; the short brunette who, being rather exhilarated, (presumably from experiments with the wine list) applauded our dancing with loud cries of "AND HOW!", and was eventually seen nestling close between two travelling salesman in the smoking room.

The wonderful "Fall" tang of the morning

ait at Yarmouth.

The leather coat I packed all the way to Bermuda & back - and didn't wear. And the new tennis racquet I bought in Halifax for the trip - and didn't use.

The elaborate questionnaire of the U.S. Immigration officials, which demanded to know (among other astonishing things) if I had: -
"EVER BEEN AN INMATE OF A LUNATIC ASYLUM?" -
and: - "ARE YOU AN ANARCHIST?"

The purser's story of the man who made the cheapest tour of the West Indies. He stowed away on a Canadian steamer bound south from Montreal, and revealed himself as "a native of Trinidad."

The ship dropped him off at Trinidad. He told the Trinidad authorities he was a native of Guadeloupe, and they shipped him thither as an undesirable.

He told the French at Guadeloupe that he came from the island of St. Eustatius, and they shipped him to that place. To the Dutch at St. Eustatius he claimed he was a Porto Rican, and away he was shipped again. At Porto Rico he was "born in St. Kitts", and off he went again. Finally, to cut a long story short, he was shipped away for some new island or other aboard the very ship he'd first stowed away on - a fact which upset his marvellous plans. The hard-hearted Canuck skipper "caught on" to the little game. He dropped the enterprising "tourist" ashore at a sparsely-inhabited island where there aren't no ten commandments, not calling steamers, etc.
"I guess he's there yet" said the purser.

Saturday, Oct. 1/32. The newspaper industry has made a further descent into the doldrums. Prices have been slashed all round in the merry war now raging between the various mills, and today we are advised that wages and salaries are to be cut again as from this date. This cut is to be made on a sliding scale, at the discretion of the Big Three (Jones - Waters - Ratchford) & nobody knows yet how much he will get.

Sunday, Oct. 2/32. A warm, still day. More like August than October. Edith & I hiked back to Herring Cove Brook this afternoon and fried bacon and eggs for supper there, not far from the fire ^{ashes} ~~ashes~~ left by Brent & myself last Feb. 7th. We saw a solitary partridge, but once again I was impressed with the curious absence of game in the Herring Cove Brook woods. Not so much as a rabbit or squirrel.

Wednesday, Oct. 5/32. Reductions of \$6⁰⁰ to 8⁰⁰ per ton are being granted our customers, retro-active to Aug 1st. This means a gross price of \$43⁰⁰ per ton, to our big American customers, F. O. B. New York. Freight by our steamer "Markland" costing \$31⁰⁰ or more, this means a net return of less than \$40⁰⁰ per ton. Incidentally we have been selling large quantities to Gilman Paper Co. all summer, delivered on dock at Philadelphia at \$40⁰⁰.

Saturday, Oct. 8/32. A lovely crisp Fall day. Edith & myself to Herring Cove Brook by the familiar Great Hill road and thence by new and devious trails to a spot on the brook about a mile above Sam's Bridge. Bacon & eggs again (Edith scalding her foot with coffee from the thermo). Hardwood foliage is now a riot of colour. Home at 6 P.M.

Saturday, Oct. 15/32. Edith & myself to Herring Cove Lake; striking back to Great Hill, thence west along the ridge by a good trail to Moose Hill (Andrew Kinney's back yard, in fact) and thence along the Moose Hill road to the dam. The woods are still a riot of colour, and the lake was calm and lovely in the glow of sunset. Home by way of Moose Hill and the main highway.

Thursday, Oct. 20/32. Here are the net results of "Jonesie's joy-ride" to England last spring. (See Century of May 10/32.) Col Jones and his tried-and-true drinking pal, Jack McKee, of Royal Securities, Halifax, went to England on the Murray Paper Co's expense. They also had a flying sojourn in gay Paris. The object was "to get new business". They got it - in the shape of a paltry one hundred-ton order from a Scottish company - John F. Ritchie Co., of Edinburgh. And this is how we fared on the new business: -

Cost, including overhead, 101.457 short tons @ \$35 ⁰⁰	-	\$ 3,550.30
Freight per S. Perynas to Halifax, 101.4 ST. @ \$1 ⁰⁰	-	101.40
Discharging at Halifax, 100 tons @ 50 ⁰⁰	-	50.00
Wharfage, Halifax	-	20.93
Miscellaneous, Halifax		100.00
Freight to London, England, per \$5 "London Corporation"		1,124.11
Total cost C. I. F. London		\$ 4,946.74

Sold at £11/10/0 per long ton = £1041/10/8		
£1041/10/8 @ current rate exchange - *3.65		3,806.47
Loss on shipment		\$ 1,140.27
Loss per ton		\$ 11.24

— And if the cost of "Jonesie's joyride" be added — another \$2,000 — the result is pretty well tragic.

Oct 22. Saturday. Today we shipped 2500 tons of paper to San Diego and San Francisco, per the Danish motorship Lundby — consigned, I understand, to Scripps-Howard newspapers at $\$140^{00}$ per ton, C.I.F.

The marine freight & insurance is 5^{00}

This additional "new business" is, I suppose, the result of entertaining Mr. Roy Howard and friends on an extensive hunting trip this month, in the Lake Rossignol region.

Tuesday, Oct 25/32. "Dannie" McKay, M.P.P. for Queens, local tailor, and President of the King Pressure mining company, created a sensation today by announcing that the miners had (a) reached the 400-foot level, (b) found it to be 9 feet wide there, and (c) that a shot fired in the lead at 400 feet gave ore samples that assayed as high as 50 percent gold! Those who bought shares are looking very cheerful now and wagging "I-told-you-so's" at me. (I have been an unsparring critic of the mine & its promotion methods) My own prophecy is that we shall shortly hear of another issue of stock to the dear old credulous public, as there is no crushing or smelting machinery, and funds must be raised for that purpose.

There seems to be no lack of investors in a gold mine. In spite of the most depressed times in modern memory, the King Pressure ^{Company's} have bored and blasted and shafted — and supported a large and varying number of salesmen — for nearly four years with money raised week after week in Western Nova Scotia. Only yesterday Frank V. Stimpson of Caldonia blew into our office, announcing that he owned a gold claim at West Caldonia. He had formed a company with a "capital" of 1500 "units" — each unit selling at 5^{00} — & wanted us to invest. He produced a list of 60 or 70 names, mostly Queens County people, who have taken up to five units each. We didn't invest.

Saturday, Oct. 29/32. A sunny day, with a howling westerly gale which has ripped the autumn leaves from the trees in one fell swoop. Yesterday the ridge behind Liverpool (as viewed from our office) was still a brave carpet of crimson, brown, and gold.

At noon today the ridge was brown, plain and unrelieved, as though a giant mop had wiped the colours from a dull drawing board. At 11 AM Roy Gordon & myself drove to N^o 11 dam. We had shot guns and an eye for partridge. We started along the trail from N^o 1 to Kempton Brook, finding the hardwoods along the ridges bare and the ground rustling deep with leaves. We got astray after two miles or so, and after some hectic wandering in a wilderness of rocks and wind-felled trees, came out on Kempton Brook in a swamp. We had, in that nightmare of travel, come upon a beautiful buck deer with a solitary partridge roosting almost at its feet. Such was our anxiety about the trail that we let the deer trot away. The partridge (being easy to carry), Gordon shot. At 5 P.M. with the shades of night falling fast, and Gordon talking (ironically - for I had been the guide) of spending the night in the woods, we came upon the trail in an old boulder strewn watercourse. We followed it to the old bridge across the brook, to "make sure". Gordon then wanted to keep on along the familiar trail to N^o 3, which would have meant a tremendously "long way round", but I stood firmly for heading back to N^o 11. Gordon gave in, cheerfully commenting from time to time along the route - "This would be a good camp for the night" - or - "Here's a nice supply of firewood" - but this time I vindicated my reputation. We were back at N^o 1 at exactly 6 P.M., crossing the dam in the gathering darkness. We came upon 3 does in the highway just below N^o 1, and a young buck stood frozen in the glare of our headlights within sight of the houses at Big Falls.

Friday Nov. 4, 1932.

I went to Halifax by train. The conductor was Bill Robinson, former conductor of the cancelled Liverpool shunting crew. Bill has to live in Halifax now and finds it very expensive and uncomfortable, a theme which he poured into my ear all the way to Halifax.

Saturday Nov. 5/32.

Spent an interesting morning discussing Indian arrowheads, also the Norse voyages to America, with Harry Peis of the Provincial Museum. Bought a second-hand military pack-sack in Bert Patson's ("From a needle to an anchor") junk store on Water Street, price \$1.50, and had the straps fixed by a harness-maker on Argyle Street, price 50¢.

Sunday Nov. 6/32.

A splendid Indian Summer day with balmy air and warm sunshine. This afternoon I walked around the North-West Arm to the Dingle, then through the woods along Sir Sandford Fleming's old pipe line to Frog Pond and on to the Jollimore Village road; then northward to the shore highway and back to the Arm Bridge; then along the Dutch Village Road to Fairview, stopping enroute for a peep at "Poor Pat's" tombstone in Mount Olivet cemetery; then along Robie Street & Windsor Street past the C.N.R. Roundhouse, and home. And what a supper I ate!

Monday Nov. 7/32.

Spent this day searching in Dalhousie University library and in the Legislative Building Library for information re the Norse voyages. Terrific rain all day. I met Edna Clancy, who is now teaching at Chelucto school, a conferee of our old terror, Miss Eva C. Pye.

Thursday Nov. 10/32. This evening the Legion held its Annual Armistice Dinner in the Masonic Hall. Fifty men sat down at 7:45 P.M. I had hung all the flags from the "Markland's" signal locker around the walls, and Col. Jones' daughter Phyllis (Mrs. J. Ross Byrne) had decorated the tables with tricolored tissue paper and sundry squads of tin soldiers etc. In the absence of Col. Jones, Capt. Edward Ringler M.C. (of Mattanoh) occupied the chair, and I acted as toastmaster.

We had the usual toasts; a telegram from Col. Jones was read; and between the speeches Garin Breed rendered his usual excellent music, piano & vocal. "Jerry" Girard had undertaken the catering, which was done in good style with the aid of his stewards of the "Markland". Jerry pushed around the punch - potent stuff - a little too liberally, with the result that some of the boys got pretty tipsy; so I called for "The King" at 10 P.M., to have the occasion from degenerating into something maudlin. Everybody seemed to have a good time. I collected my wife & went on to the Armistice Ball in the Town Hall, where a good crowd was dancing. We left at 1 A.M. in pouring rain, & took of taxi home.

Friday Nov. 11/32. An impressive service was held at the "Soldiers" Monument from 10:30 - 11:15 A.M. All the school children, the boy scouts, & two or three hundred citizens attended. The war veterans also took part, though only 30 men fell in for the parade, which was rather a poor showing.

Sunday Nov. 13/32. My birthday. Edith & I spent the afternoon hiking through the woods to Moose Hill and back.

Sunday

November 20/32.

Saturday

Roy Gordon & myself
to the Indian Gardens in Roy's car. A grey day
with a raw wind off the lake. We spent the after-
noon searching for Indian relics in the old camp area,
partly exposed once more by the fall of water in the
storage dam at No. 1. "Pete" Craft saw us and came
out with a hoe and a story of having opened an
Indian grave last year - "fifteen foot deep and walled
up nice with rocks". As the Indians hadn't the
tools of ambition to make such graves, I thought "Pete's"
hoe of much more value than his yarn. With the
hoe I turned over a lot of turf on the top of the
hillock said to have marked the old Indian burial
ground, & formerly occupied by Mr. Ernest Huskins'
logging shack. I found two broken arrowheads,
interesting because they had been neatly manufactured from
gasper, very unlike the crude white-quartz ones we
have found hitherto. I found also a tomahawk or
club head, crudely fashioned from a solid crystal of
white quartz, with a groove in the left side for a
handle. The soil on the hillock is only about five inches
deep, underlaid by a mass of loose sandstone pebbles.

Crossing the river in a canoe we also searched
the mound formerly occupied by the MacLeod Pulp Co's
hunting lodge. The site appears to have held the
camp of a neolithic arrow-maker, and (owing to
the removal of soil by water action during the
high-level months) we have found several good
arrow-heads and a multitude of partly fashioned quartz
chips oddly mingled with the broken bottle-glass and
other debris of our own times. I found here, among
the quartz chips, some fragments of crude pottery, which
may or may not have been Indian. I shall take the
fragments to Halifax at the first opportunity, for expert opinion.

Wednesday Nov. 23/32. Our extending paper trade has been curiously illustrated in ultra-modern fashion by two Mersey Paper Co. representatives. In September there was trouble over quality with the Gleaner Company of Kingston, Jamaica. J. A. MacWilliam went to Boston by rail & boat, took a plane from Boston to New York, & then flew to Jamaica in one of the huge seaplanes of Pan-American airways, stopping at Jacksonville, Florida, and Cienfuegos, Cuba, enroute. He spent 4 days in Kingston & then caught a return plane. Today Capt. J. H. MacDonald returned from a much longer trip, in connection with the paper we shipped to San Diego. He flew from Boston to New York, then transferred to a trans-continental plane, arriving in San Francisco just 27 hours after leaving New York. He flew to San Diego in another plane, completed his business, and returned over the same route. These are hustling days in the paper business!

Sunday Nov. 27/32. Last night we had the first real snowfall of the season, a miniature blizzard followed by freezing temperature. Today was cold, though the sun shone bravely & the sky was a robin's-egg-blue, without a fleck of cloud. Edith & myself hiked to "Sam's Bridge" on Herring Cove Brook in the afternoon, cooked our supper over a fire in the woods, & arrived home at dark - 6 P.M.

~~Friday~~ THURSDAY. Dec. 1/32. Tonight a cast of local amateurs put on Frederick Isham's play "Three Live Ghosts" in the Trinity Hall. I had the part of "Jimmy Subbins". We have been practising for five weeks under the direction of

Savin Breed, and the proceeds are to aid the Victorian Order of Nurses program - a Kiwanis Club charity. The hall was packed to the doors and everybody seemed to enjoy it.

Friday, Dec. 2/32. Our second performance went off very well tonight before another full house. After the show, Bill Silvers took some flashlight photographs, & then we all adjourned to the home of "Ted" Kloss, president of the local Kiwanis Club, where we had some music and refreshments. We presented Breed with leather set - bill fold, key-chain, and cigarette case, as a memento of the event, and he responded with a witty little speech. The gross takings of our show were \$300.00, and as the expenses were small, it will be a nice boost for the V. O. N. fund.

Sunday, Dec. 4/32. Lovely sunny day. Gordon & I drove to Indian Gardens this morning. We have some notion of buying the old MacLeod hunting lodge there for a week-end camp. Inspectors today disclosed much wanton damage, and that doors, windows, etc. were being removed to adorn the shacks from N^o 1, to N^o 3. The barn of Peter's old establishment had actually been partly demolished and the material removed, and we found a tramp living in the one habitable room of Peter's house. We hiked over the old trail to Rempton Lake and found Jim Buchanan's boat frozen into the ice at our old landing there. (The lake froze over in the cold snap of a week ago; the high winds have since broken up the ice in the main lake and rafted the pieces into the coves.) Landing Cove was frozen with a

good inch of ice, and after baling out the boat (more ice than water; a chilly job!) we had a hard job to push the craft out to "open sea". This we accomplished, ice breaker fashion, by standing in the stern & poling along; the raised bow and flat bottom of the boat slid up over the ice and then the weighted stern crushed it under.

At the mouth of Cranberry Brook, on the west side, we found Jim's camp, newly built this year. It is a roomy affair of pine lumber covered with canvas, and well equipped with the necessaries of camp life. We ate a belated dinner therein (Gordon had Jim's key) at 3 P.M. and loafed awhile beside the stove. It is an ideal campsite, having a lovely view N and W over the lake, and the shack is invisible from the water due to a protecting fringe of trees left on the shore. Returning to the Landing Cove we beached and upturned the boat - a heavy brute - and arrived back at the Gardens at dark. Noticed Brent Smith's car parked at N^o 3; he and J. A. Parker are still spending weekends at that Eagle Lake camp.

Memory for the day: - Standing in the dusk at Landing Cove looking down Kempton Lake. The sky had a lead colour, with wisps of wind-riddled cloud drifting across the rising moon, and a keen wind from the east whistling across the grey water. The countless fragments of ice driven into the cove by the wind were tinkling with the rise and fall of the waves. Tinkling like a million little glass shells. It was most musical; but in that searing wind and under that gloomy sky we found the tinkling harsh and wintry and inhospitable. It was like the Voice of Adversity itself, bleak and somehow merciless.

Thursday, Dec. 8/32. Tonight our amateur play-company drove to Mill Village and staged "Three Live Ghosts" in the village hall for the benefit of the local church. The hall is small, heated with a stove, and illuminated with oil lamps. The dressing rooms were too small for comfort, so we put on make-up, etc., at Creed's house. Arriving at the hall, we found the place full, and were obliged to get in by means of a rickety ladder placed against an open back-stage window. The height was about twelve feet, and the whole thing was so reminiscent of a hayloft that the inevitable humorist (Jordan Smith) made the inevitable remark about "barnstorming" theatricals. The show went well, to the illumination of a row of oil lamp footlights, and as the place was filled, the church realized a neat sum for the evening. Afterward we adjourned to Gavin Creed's house for refreshments and a sing-song. At the pipes, Creed was his usual entertaining self, and I sang with my tiny tenor for two solid hours, having a whale of a time. The house is the old Creed homestead, I understand; a lovely rambling old Nova Scotia farmhouse, renovated and modernised unobtrusively with hardwood floors, plumbing, electric light, and central heat, and furnished with exquisite taste. Just the sort of place I'd like to own.

Friday, Dec. 9/32. Tonight we staged our play at West Berlin, again for the benefit of the local church. The hall is a two-story affair with the "theatre" on the second floor. We "made-up" at Mr. Hemeon's house & then walked in the frosty moonlight down to the hall, filing through the assembled crowd to the back-stage. Oil lamp footlights, again. Jordan Smith had brought along a "crock" of whiskey and the company went through their parts with remarkable vivacity.

A number of funny things happened. A little boy who appeared to lack parental control, spent most of the evening peering over the footlights, pointing alternately to Ross Byrne and myself, and shouting "Dadda!" in a very loud voice. In Act 2, when I was in the act of pushing the highly decorated "pram" off-stage, I discovered that the doorway was too narrow — a predicament unforeseen by the stage manager. The doorway led into one of the dressing-rooms, and from within, many willing hands seized the fore end of the "pram" in a praiseworthy effort to get it "off". By this time I'd made up my mind to "go action" on the pram and stow it somewhere else, and accordingly I pulled back. But the willing idiots in the dressing room hung on with might and main. It became a tug-of-war, and in the struggle the curtain across the offending doorway was hurled aside, revealing to the astonished audience a group of five or six members of the cast hanging onto the fore end of the pram and laughing their heads off. By the time I got the pram stowed elsewhere, nonchalance had vanished to the winds, and I resumed my "lines" in a voice shaking with laughter. Jordan Smith, my sole companion on the stage at the time, laughed outright, and the audience joined in with gusto.

We were glad when our time came to stagger off-stage, where we collapsed in tears of laughter. At the close of Act 2, Briggs of Scotland Yard (Ross Byrne) was supposed to suddenly perceive that the "jewels" were gone. He was to stand aghast as the curtain thundered down.

Unfortunately, the boy in charge of the curtain forgot to lower away at the critical moment, and we were left registering "aghast-ness" like a lot of frozen dummies. There was a horrible pause, then the following impromptu lines:—

BYRNE — "WHY, THEY'RE GONE!" ("GONE" being the cue for curtain)

(No curtain)

MYSELF — "WHAT! YOU SAY THEY'RE GONE?"

(Still no curtain)

BYRNE — "THAT'S WHAT I SAID! GONE!"

(And still no curtain)

EVERYBODY (IN ASSORTED TONES) "GONE? WHAT? ARE THEY GONE? GONE?"

(And still no curtain)

BYRNE (IN A HOPELESS VOICE) "Y.E.S.! THEY'RE GONE"

— And, the curtain-boy recognising his cue at last, lowered away amid thunderous applause, not only from the audience, but from the shaking, weeping maniacs on the stage.

By this time the entire cast was in a mood for laughing riotously, and it became an increasing effort to keep a straight face. We managed well, however, though the show came horribly near disaster in the scene where Briggs and Benson, the two detectives, were on the stage alone. The following took place:—

BENSON (GEORGE MURHALL) came on the stage, caught Byrne's eye, and straightaway began to shake visibly.

BENSON — "I C-C-C-CANT FIND TH- THEM ANYWHERE, S-S-S-SIR"

There was a horrible pause. Both of them shaking with inward laughter, afraid to look at each other, and afraid to speak another line for fear of bursting into tears. Finally, after what seemed like years, Byrne decided that the best thing to do was to get George off the stage again as quickly as possible. And so

BRIGGS (ROSS BYRNE) — "B-B-B-BENSON, Y-Y-YOU'D BETTER C-C-C-CALL THE - V-V-V-VAN!"

And Benson staggered off to roll on the dressing room floor.

After the show, the good ladies of West Berlin gave us a feed in the dining room of the hall, with a luscious lobster chowder as the puce-de-resistance. The dining-room comprised the ground floor and was entirely unheated, and lit by two small oil-lamps. Great gusts of vapour arose from our breaths and from the hot bowls

of chowder, and through the wide doorway we could see the frosty stars. The board was groaning with the hospitality for which the West Berlin folk are famous - cakes with white icing, with chocolate icing, with red icing, with great avalanches of whipped cream; pies of every known variety; stacks of sandwiches; biscuits; and last but not most delicious (in the reverse order of my writing of course) the steaming bowls of chowder. The good ladies fairly plied us with food, and Jordan Smith ate five full bowls of chowder - which must be an all-time record. We made little speeches of thanks, sang a little, and departed. The best "feed" I ever had, and certainly the most laughter at one time. I have been slobbering with laughter all the time I have been penning this entry.

Sunday, Dec 10/32. At last Gordon & I have been invited to visit the quietly constructed hunting lodge at Eagle Lake, belonging to Smith & Parker! Smith drove us there this morning in his car - or rather, as far as N^o 3 dam. We hiked up over the old trail and reached the camp about 11 A.M. A bleak grey day with a keen north wind, and the temperature at just 12° above zero. The lake was freezing over. There was a light fall of snow on the ground - just enough to render the rocks very slippery to my leather boots. Leaving Gordon & Smith to prepare dinner I crossed the old dam and passed around the foot of the lake to our old tenting ground, where I searched for my knife, lost there on Aug 27th. No success. On the return track I was much surprised to find that a large wild-cat had passed down along the swamp edge, parallel with my trail, and that it had actually crouched on the old logs of the wing dam watching me pass. The tracks were fresh and plain

in the snow. Had I glanced up as I went along the trail below the old wing dam, I'd have had the shock of my life, for the big cat had squatted there slightly above my head and not five feet from it.

When I told this to Gordon he was wild, cursing himself because he'd forgotten to bring his dog. He has been packing a revolver at his hip ever since our adventure (or near-adventure) with the wild-cat of this same spot on Sept. 26, 1931. He thinks it is the same cat, judging from the size of its tracks, and says it must have a den nearby.

After dinner at the "Hotel Smith-Parker", we took an old trail down the ridge along the west side of the lake as far as the area burned in a small forest fire last May 12th, hoping to find some rabbits along the edge of the burn. We ^{SAW} tracks of moose, deer, and rabbits but laid eyes only upon one solitary bunny, who skipped away before Gordon could get his revolver into action. We had a hearty supper at the camp, and a smoke. Smith & Parker took six months to build it, of pine logs hewn square on the inside. The logs were relics of an old logging operation, and had been on the lake bottom in shallow depths for 20 years. Most of the equipment we recognized as coming from the old Indian Gardens hunting lodge, belonging to the Machod Company - of which Parker is still manager.

We left the camp after moonrise, and the hike out to Big Falls was simply beautiful. The dark woods and the gleaming snow under a flood of silver moonlight; the austere gleam of frosty stars; the deep mysterious hush, broken only by the creak of snow under our boots - these alone were well worth the trip. On rare occasions like this, I get my nearest approach to piety. The musty religion of our pulpit-thumping parsons leaves me more and more indifferent as I grow older. But in things like this moonlit trail I can see the beauty of God. Perhaps I am a pagan. I demand an Image.

Saturday, Dec. 17/32. Went to Big Falls with Brent Smith & J. A. Parker this afternoon in Smith's car. A clear crisp day, temperature about 10° above zero, and a light snow still on the ground from last week. Hiked to the shack at Eagle Lake & found the lake covered with a 3 inch surface of ice. We chopped a few holes in the ice below the shack and fished - unsuccessfully - for trout. About sundown I crossed on the ice to the scene of my wild-cat episode, armed this time with my trusty Webley .455 strapped on my hip. Found some old tracks but no recent sign of "The Wildcat". After supper we amused ourselves trying to "hoot up" owls; we obtained ready answers from several slow deep-voiced old birds, but they would not come to the call as they so readily do in the milder seasons of the year. We played three-handed bridge by lantern light until 11 P.M. and turned in. The stove was so hot, and the shack is caulked so tightly, that the air became unbearable, in spite of severe temperature outside, and at last Parker got up and opened the door. The result was a fairly arctic atmosphere around our beds toward morning. All night our sleep was made uneasy by the cracking frost-sounds, especially those hollow, rumbling, cannon-thunders of the lake ice as it cracked from side to side in the increasing pressure. Also, a wood-mouse (reported Brent, the wakeful) came through the open doorway and skittered about the floor until our morning stir drove it forth.

Sunday, Dec. 18/32. Morning showed us a light powdery snow falling. Just a breath of wind, at SSE. As we performed morning ablutions in the ice-hole (it had frozen hard over in the night and had to be chopped out afresh) we heard a steamer whistle, astoundingly clear, from southward. We decided it was the "Mabland" docking at Liverpool, 15 miles south of us in a straight line.

Surely this is an acoustical phenomenon. In the forenoon we hunted for rabbits along the west ridge of Eagle Lake, as far as the Longlake outlet, then returned to the shack for dinner, hiking over the ice on Eagle Lake. After dinner we repeated the performance, this time along the East Ridge of the lake as far as the Haunted Bog. Rabbits were scarce. We saw several partridge and crossed many fresh tracks of deer in the snow which fell this morning. Hiked out to Big Falls at 5 P.M. with a wonderful crimson sunset glowing at our backs.

Monday Dec. 19/32 At the mill this morning we asked Capt. Coopelin of S's Markland, if his ship had sounded a series of long-and-short whistles as she docked yesterday morning at about 9 o'clock. He confirmed this, stating that the ship had been signalling to the Keeper of the Western Head fog alarm by means of seven blasts. He was surprised at our story of hearing the siren clearly 15 miles inland; says that he would have guessed four miles to be the limit of a siren's range.

Wednesday Dec. 21, 1932 Roy Gordon & I went to Caldonia (in his car) leaving Liverpool at 8:30 A.M. Roads in wonderful condition, an inch or so of snow. We stopped at the "Haunted House" at Eight Mile, while Gordon investigated an apparent trespass on his nearby woodlot. I had a look at the house: it was kept in good repair until a few years ago by a weird madman from Maine who suspected everybody of being a "pursuer" from Maine. (He used to carry a gun every time he went outdoors; boarded up all the windows; cut down all the apple-trees in the orchard, so the "pursuers" could not hide in the branches; challenged every motorist who happened to stop outside his place; and generally conducted himself and his affairs in a state of siege.) The madman went away, about 1926, as mysteriously as he came, and since then the

(His name was Geldert.)

lonely old wayside house has been a roost for rats and passing hobs. All the doors and windows are gone — no doubt to grace some of the lumber camps beyond Eight Mile; the roof leaks; the floors sag; passing teamsters have knocked away the plaster, & torn out the laths to provide kindling for their wayside fires; no vestige of furniture remains; stained rags of wallpaper hang in dejected strips, stirring in the cold breeze; the snow makes a carpet on each floor and provides the chill atmosphere of an ice-box — or a haunted house.

Scrawled in pencil across the one remaining plaster wall is this: — "THE PEOPLE WHO DESTROYED THIS HOUSE WILL SOME DAY COME TO WANT" — like a curse, written by whom? The ghost of the old madman perhaps.

Arriving at Caledonia about 10 A.M. we paid off a bunch of Moberly Paper Co. lumberjacks in the little sample-room of the Alton House. Unlike last Dec. 19th (1931) nothing occurred to mar the even tenor of the pay-off. A hearty dinner at Ernest Compton's hospitable board. Called on George Banks faintly to pay our respects. Althea Banks (whom we dragged from the Bathroom by force — she was scrubbing paint in there, in an old skimpy dress & wouldn't come out to be seen) has become a mighty pretty girl, with the unusual accompaniments of brains and personality. Harold Yerge prophesied that there would be an election in Nova Scotia next June 25th; that W. G. Ernest will give up his Federal seat & run in Queens County with prospects of the provincial attorney-generalship; that Premier Harrington would go back to power with a good majority; that the Tories would carry: — all of Cape Breton, Pictou, Cumberland, Hants, Kings, Annapolis, 3 of 5 Halifax seats, and Queens County. Gordon wanted him to make it a \$5 bet but Yerge wouldn't back it up.

On the road home we stopped to hunt rabbits at 18 Mile. No luck, although I emptied my faithful ^{REVOLVER} at one bunny, and Gordon knocked a handful of feathers off an owl, perched in an oak by the roadside. Home at 6 P.M. An interesting day.

Saturday, Dec. 24, 1932. We are to have a white Christmas; two or three inches of snow fell early this week and the weather has kept moderately cold. I laid in a holiday supply of whiskey, gin and madeira at the gov't shop, which I found deserted at 1 P.M. - unusual for Xmas Eve business. This afternoon having sampled my purchases thoroughly, I went over town, ran into a fellow named Davis. He had a bottle of gin, some sort of cheap stuff, and insisted on my imbibing heavily thereof (under cover of an innocuous order of ginger ale in Madden's tea room) with the result that I went home "three sheets in the wind" and later was very, very sick. I am inordinately proud of my ability to "carry" liquor like a gentleman, but in this case I must solace my pride with the poor comfort that it was quality, not quantity, which put me out.

Sunday, Christmas Day. Rain all day, & our white Xmas has turned to a muddied one after all. We spent the day quietly and comfortably indoors.

Monday, Dec. 26, 1932. The annual gathering of the Junlap - Freeman clan took place at Milton today, with the usual wonderful dinner; "cut-throat" forty-fixes with Hugh Hector, Ralph & "Arkie" Rector; and the distribution of Christmas gifts.

Saturday, Dec. 31, 1932. S.W. gale with mist and rain squalls. "Brent" suggested a trip to Eagle Lake, and we left town bound thither in his car at 3 P.M., amid wifely assurances that we were "completely mad". The road was a quagmire and we arrived at Big Falls with the "chess" plastered with mud. We shouldered our packs in a driving rain & trudged across the dam to the Eagle Lake trail. Hard by the Long Lake fork we were startled by a movement

in the thicket, & dropping to our hands & knees found ourselves staring into the whiskered face of a very angry wildcat.

Brent let drive a flurried shot from his rifle & nicked the big cat in the mouth. "Russie" jumped, swore and spat - and then a significant metallic clank revealed a steel trap firmly clamped to its hind foot. Gordon killed it with a well-aimed revolver shot between the glaring green eyes. It had sprung a trap (set further up the trail with a skinned porcupine for bait, part of the trap-line of a Milton Indian named Sam Glode) and succeeded in dragging the trap and attached pole away into the thicket. We hung the furry corpse in a tree beside the trap-site. Sam will get \$2.00 bounty and a dollar or two for the skin.

Near the camp we encountered game again, two deer in a clearing beside the trail; they galloped away into the dusk. At camp we soon dried ourselves by the roaring stove and spent a comfortable evening at bridge.

About 11 P.M. Parker & myself went out for a look at the weather, yelling back into the shack that "the moon was out and the wind shifting". Our voices startled some deer (probably the two we saw on the way up) which had crept close to the attraction of our lighted windows.

They left in a drumming rush, and taking the lake ice for it immediately got into difficulties. The ice, rotten with a week of soft weather, gave way, and there was a tremendous crashing and splashing there in the dark. They finally scrambled ashore and huddled away in the distance. We turned in, with the wind blowing hard at North, and temperature dropping rapidly.

Sunday, Jan. 1, 1933. We awoke in the grey dawn to find our windows thick with frost, and the stove dead, and a zero temperature, outside. The wind, still blowing a frigid gale at North, had broken up all the old lake ice in

the night and blown ^{it} into the southerly bays. We separated after breakfast - Parker, Gordon & Brent to hunt rabbits by the river, and myself to explore the Long Lake trail. I found the trail forking after a mile and followed the S.W. fork to the old camp at the foot of Eagle Lake. I retraced my steps and followed the Long Lake fork for a mile, finding it very distinct and apparently travelled to some extent - probably by the Indian trappers. We rendezvoused at camp about 1 P.M. for dinner, followed by a lazy hour or two of smoking, during which Gordon ventured outside & shot a rabbit behind the camp with his pistol. Hiked out to Big Falls at dark, and found trouble awaiting us. The car, splattered with mud & water yesterday, had frozen up pretty thoroughly. Also one tire was flat! Followed 1 1/2 hours of work in the bitter cold. The flat tire and rim had to be hammered off, by each man taking a turn at lying on his back under the car. With a good tire on, we found other, greater troubles. The engine could be turned over by hand, only by terrific exertion; the automatic starter gear had frozen; the emergency brake had frozen to the drums. We managed, after an eternity of fruitless pulling and shoving, and fumbling with frozen fingers, to jar the brakes clear. Starting the engine proved hopeless, until Gordon summoned Lou Johnson of the power plant staff. He towed our old bus with the power plant truck, (engine "in gear" and Brent playing "choke" furiously) until we "got going". Lou proved a friend in need, for we were frozen and disgusted when he came along. Home to a related New Year dinner with wife, her sister Marie & my sister Hilda, who arrived from Halifax by train on Saturday.

Thursday, Jan. 5/32. A lovely, mild, sunny day with blue skies & fleecy white clouds. No wind. No snow on ground, frost all out, and roads actually beginning to dry up. Weather has been mild & foggy ever since the cold snap last Sunday.

Saturday, Jan 7, 1933. Col. Jones gave his annual "President's Party" to the mill staff, tonight in the Masonic Hall. About 55 men present. Buffet supper commenced at 7 P.M. after a liberal distribution of rum punch. Huge trays of oysters. Everybody had brought an oyster knife along per request, and the shells flew thick and fast. Beer was served with this "course". Then came boiled lobster, served au naturel, and washed down with that lovely white wine, Sauterne. Rolls, sliced ham - carved on the spot - three varieties of fine cheese in various stages of decomposition (I am no cheese gourmand!) - tarts, buns, cakes and coffee. A wonderful "feed" to which the company did more than justice. After eating, the bunch dispersed to various tables for play according to taste. Roulette, Crown and Anchor, Poker, Bridge, and an ingenious spinning-disc affair which dispensed pocket hands in lieu of numbers. Son Kelso and Morvray Jones had mouth-organs, with which they dispensed "They've cut down the old pine tree" and other jiggy tunes, to which "Bill" Tutty and "Fern" MacMillan danced buck-and-wings in the best Cape Breton style. Some of the boys got pretty tight and started waltzing together with far more energy than grace. "Mac" Hall, gloriously "lit", indulged in boozey horse-play - upsetting card players out of chairs, etc., until he met his Waterloo at the hands of "Gil" Winters. "Gil" had arrived at the ugly stage of inebriation; he is the fire-and-pdce chief at Mersey Mills, a powerful man in more ways than one. He smote "Mac" a blow which drove that horse-plays' five or six feet and was about to follow it up - shouting "I'll kill the bastard" when Jonesie stepped between. I grabbed Gil and dragged him off into a corner. Nobody seemed to feel sorry for "Mac". We had a sing-song. Jonesie led in "Alouette" and sang his "sawmill song". Ernie Hayers followed with a gem that proved the hit of the evening. He was pretty

well "wined, beered & punched", a short thickset man with a round jovial face, red as a Harvard banner, & fairly sweating off booze.

It had only one verse, & went as follows: -

"MY OLD MAN'S A FIREMAN. NOW WHADAYA THINK (hic!) O' THAT?"

'E WEARS (hic!) GORBLIMEY TROUSERS, AN' A LIL GORBLIMEY 'AT.

'E WEARS A BLEEKIN' SWEAT-RAG, AROUND 'IS BLOODY FROAT.

O MY OLD MAN'S A (hic!) FIREMAN, ON A LIL GORBLIMEY (hic!) BOAT"

The inevitable quartet made a chorus of it, and sang it again and again.

Jonesie & I rendered a couple of sea shanties - "Sacramento" and "Rolling down to Rio", with the gang roaring in on the choruses.

For the rest there was everything from "Annie Laurie" to (sung without reverence)

"Washed in the blood of the Lamb." They formed a ring about Jonesie & sang "For he's a jolly good fellow" several times.

Col. Jones responded with a speech, broaching a subject that - to my imaginative eye at least - had been on his mind all evening: - the hard times to come. "1933," said

Jonesie, "will be the hardest period we have yet known." He went on elaborating on this theme, referred frequently to the need for "further sacrifices" which we must make "regdly & cheerfully", and generally warned all hands that the year thus cheerfully begun was to bring grief before long.

To the more sober members of the company this was obviously a smooth preparation for further pay-cuts.

"Auld acquaintance" and "Home Sweet Home" broke up the party at midnight. Jonesie didn't take a drink all evening, to my knowledge, and he was engaged in earnest tete-a-tete in a corner for the large part of the evening with Leo Kelly, tall rangy boss machine-tender who is a leading spirit among the papermakers.

Noteworthy incident: One of the three varieties of cheese was a "faké" one composed of soap, punctured with authentic holes, & highly flavoured with pepper and horse-radish. Many were the victims. One of them was my friend J. Austin Parker, who had bobbed quietly (he is a quiet man) a few minutes before that he'd "nust been drunk in his life". Fortified with drinks of

rum punch, beer, Sauterne, and whiskey & soda - a powerful mixture - Parker bore down on the refreshment table and helped himself to a large piece of "cheese". He chewed it up and swallowed it, but shortly afterwards was violently sick. The following conversation took place some time afterward: -

PARKER - "Phu! That Swiss cheese certainly was hot stuff!"

BILL SILVUS - "Cheese nothing! That was plain ordinary soap."

PARKER - "Oh no Bill. That was cheese all right"

BILL "Well, maybe so. But I was blowing bubbles for half an hour after I tried it!"

Monday Jan. 9/33 Jonesie was discussing the party this a.m. with Waters & Ratchford in my hearing. Reference was made to "Mac" Hall's escapade. Jonesie said, "I've stood all I'm going to, from that boy I'm through with him."

Mac Hall is a tall good-looking fellow of thirty, a lion with the women and "a-lyin'" usually to the men. A loud-voiced, booze-loving, money-borrowing scapegrace, with no love of work and no particular ambition. He is second-in-command to J. A. McWilliam in the Sales Office. McWilliam, though a good worker and a gentleman, shares "Mac's" taste for liquor, and has been involved in several booze scrapes himself. He spends much of his time, in New York & elsewhere, supposedly smoothing out difficulties with our customers, and actually on glorified sprees. Sent to N.Y. on a business errand a month or two ago, he got so paralyzed-drunk that some of the Newspaper and Magazine Corp. men (one of my biggest customers) had to call a doctor to McWilliam's hotel. It took the doctor an hour to bring McWilliam to life. Poor business for the Mercury Paper Co. We are wondering if Jonesie will ever realise the state of affairs in this vital part of the Mersey organisation.

Friday, Jan. 13/33 Last Christmas Eve the Mersey Paper Co. shipped a cargo of newsprint to New Zealand. The Halifax newspapers in their New Year editions talked

expansively of this "tangible proof of the new business resulting from the Empire Trade agreements of last summer", though as a matter of fact this newspaper trade with Australia and New Zealand has been going on for several years, and Mersey cut in on it by cutting prices. We shipped a six months supply for about all the Zealand newspapers, and it will be stored at various N.Z. ports to be withdrawn as wanted. The paper was shipped in the Danish motorship "Stensby" at the low freight of 28/6 d. (Sterling) per short ton, which is \$5.70 (Canadian) at present exchange. The cargo was 3,663 short tons, sold at £11/6/6 (Sterling) per (short) ton. At current sterling exchange this is ————— \$45.07 per ton

COST

Mill cost (1932 average) F.O.B. Mersey wharf	-	\$ 32.00
Storing & dunnage, Mersey	-	.75
Marine Freight	-	5.70
Storing, handling & storage, New Zealand (estimate)	-	2.50
Agents commission. (5%)	-	2.25
		<u>43.20</u>
Net Profit		\$ 1.87 per ton
Net Profit on cargo	-	\$ 6849.81

As Capt. J. H. V. MacDonald, Mersey's marine superintendent, has gone to N. Zealand (flying from New York to San Francisco enroute) and will return via Australia, Suez and London — a little trip which will cost \$2,000 or \$3,000 — the realised profit on this six months' supply of N.Z. paper will be pretty small.

The above cheap freight to N.Z. contrasts sharply with the \$7.00 per ton we pay Pickford & Black of Halifax to transport paper to Jamaica, less than one third the distance. Incidentally we have lost the Jamaica business except for the winter months when the St. Lawrence is frozen. Upper Canadian competitors (Price Brothers and International Paper Co.) have stepped in and contracted the bulk of the requirements. (This customer was "The Island" of Kingston, Jamaica.

Saturday, Jan. 21, 1933. Parker, Gordon, Smith & I went to Big Falls today in Smith's car. Frigid weather, wind at N, ground bare. Hiked to Eagle Lake by direct compass course through the woods, but found it very little shorter than the trail. Eagle Lake frozen over during the past two days of frost and strong enough to walk on. Placed bridge by lantern light & turned in. Beautiful starry night with stark calm and severe frost. All night the lake ice boomed and "ripped" as pressure cracks ran from side to side.

Sunday, Jan. 22, 1933. Gordon turned out at daylight to "put the porridge on" (He betrays his Highland ancestry in ways like this). Going down to the lake to break the ice in our water-hole, he perceived a dim form scuttling over the ice. He dashed madly into camp yelling "The biggest otter I ever saw", seized Parker's rifle and began pumping wild shots into the half-light of morning. Brent & Parker dashed from their sleeping bags into the frigid air & stood in their underwear to gape and shiver.

I was the only lazy soul who stuck to his bed and dammed all otters. They came in, & argued the rest of the day over the identity of the mysterious animal. Gordon said "Otter"; Parker said "Fisher"; Smith said "Wildcat". We saw the claw-marks in the ice later (for Gordon's shots had apparently been close enough to scare the thing badly) and they gave no clue except that the ice scratches were four to six feet apart. Some leaps!

We hiked out at noon. Beautiful sunny day.

Thursday, Jan. 26/32 The Historical Society was addressed tonight by H. Leander D'Entremont of Pubnico, who is famous throughout the Maritimes as the historian of the Acadians. He is a little old man of about 67, with a large, long skull sparsely covered with grey hair, a large Roman nose, mouth sunken due to ill-fitting false teeth, and a sharp chin. He wore large horn-rimmed spectacles. His voice is not strong,

and his (typically French) manner of emphasizing the last syllable of every word, made his talk a little difficult to follow.

A most interesting old gentleman, a plasterer and paperhanger by trade, he informed me; and fairly burning with pride of his ancestry and with zeal for this subject. He told us simply that he was "poor as a church mouse", and we paid him \$15.00 to cover his travelling expenses, which he accepted with obvious pleasure. He felt niggards, but our funds are low.

Tonight, after the meeting, I was visited by H. Harris Miller of Miller Brothers, Halifax. He sold me a used "Dominion" piano & bench for \$165.00 to be paid for in seven months. Our fine weather of the past week gave place this afternoon to a roaring easterly gale which covered the sky with grey scud and whistled round the houses all night.

Friday, Jan. 27/33. The gale shifted NE and became a blizzard toward daylight. A terrific sea was running fair into the harbour all day and the tide this morning was alarmingly high. At high tide, 9:30 AM, water was washing into the mill yard, in two places, and completely covered the railway tracks in our paper loading shed. The pulpwood in our boom, jamming the cove from sea-bottom to a height of 5 to 7 feet above tide level, and which we had considered wedged too tightly for any movement, was swirling madly around in the tremendous undertow like so much porridge stirred by a giant, invisible spoon. A lot of it spewed out of the boom into the harbour but I don't think the loss very great. The chief worry for Mersy was their steamer "Marblehead", which was at the pier, loaded & ready to sail when the storm broke. Impossible for her to get around the pier-end to the open roadstead, so she heaved and strained at the wharf all day, snapping 8-inch hawpsers like so much string and pulling one samson-post clean

out of the wharf.

Saturday, Jan. 28, 1933. Blizzard continued all day at NE with undiminished violence. Huge seas beating on the shore. At Fort Point the seas are washing up into the park and each low tide reveals a deposit of rocks varying in size from a marble to a football, flung up into the grass forty feet from normal tide-mark. Along the waterfront, sheds, boat-houses and various wooden bric-a-brac have been floated away. Mersey wharf staff spent a wild night and day with SS Markland breaking hawsers at almost regular intervals. She has stove in the wharf face to a depth of a foot, crushing the piling like matchwood. Capt. Copelin said at noon that he will "make a run for it" as soon as the wind hauls N, or NW.

At high tide this morning Brooklyn breakwater was submerged, entirely, with seas breaking over it 30 or 40 feet high - an awesome sight. Tonight the snow had given place to sleet and rain. Wind unabated.

Sunday, Jan. 29, 1933. The worst ~~of~~ storm for many years blew itself out this morning and dissolved in sheets of rain. Much of the deep drifted snow is gone tonight. Damage has been severe all along the coast. Wind tonight sprang up again at NE but in diminished force though very strong.

Monday, Jan. 30, 1933. Calm at last. Mild weather with drizzling rain. Slushy underfoot. SS Markland got away on this morning's tide, having been storm-bound for more than 3 days. Great damage was done all along the coast, especially at Lockport & Port Mouton. Railway washed out at Lockport and main line at Summerville Beach, but quickly repaired. Most of the pulpwood which drifted out of

out mill boom during the storm, was washed into the "fathing cove" (Ballast Cove) at Fort Point. A gang under Freeman Tupper was sent there today to salvage the wood, and found it being boldly carried off by swarms of "Whynocks" and other citizens of easy conscience. So determined were they to steal this wood (heavy soggy stuff which won't burn under any persuasion this side of August), that Tupper had to send for the police. This evening the salvaged wood is under guard of a solemn "mountie".

Monday, Feb. 6, 1933. A light snow last night; and frigid weather today provides the first touch of real winter since before Christmas. (Excepting a day or two about Jan. 21st.) There has been sledding in the woods, however since the big blizzard. The rain which melted most of the coast snow did not go far inland,

Monday, Feb. 13, 1933 Excellent skating on the "railway marsh" which was flooded by the high tides of the big storm. Weather continues moderately cold with westerly winds, sunshine, and occasional snow flurries. The coast roads are bare and hard, but there is plenty of snow 20 miles inland. Tonight over the radio we heard President Hoover's valedictory address, spoken to the Lincoln's Birthday dinner of the New York Republican Club. He dealt entirely with the present world depression; declared that the gold standard must be restored by the countries which have abandoned it, and that tariff barriers must be lowered to encourage the resumption of world trade. As a return for these two moves to be made by Europe chiefly, he hinted that the U. S. might proclaim a further moratorium on her war debts. He was emphatic, however, that there could be no cancellation of war debts and that eventually they could — and MUST — be paid.

Wednesday, Feb. 15/33. A serious financial crisis reported in the state of Michigan, whose government has ordered all banks & trust companies to close for 8 days. This eight-day holiday will give the banks a breathing spell & perhaps forestall impending "runs". The situation developed very suddenly in the city of Detroit, due to the shakiness of a big trust company there. Henry Ford, one of the largest depositors, is being denounced as a prime cause of the trouble.

Thursday, Feb. 16/33 Word received today from Miami states that an assassin named Joe Zingara fired 5 shots at President-Elect Roosevelt ~~today~~ yesterday. Roosevelt was unhurt, but four bystanders were wounded; one of them, Mayor Cermak of Chicago, is critically injured.

Friday, Feb. 17/33. Merrill Rauding, just back from a goose shoot at Port Joli, tells me there ^{are} only 100 or so geese sheltering in that harbour. The mysterious disease which swept away the eel-grass all along this seaboard during the past two years, has removed the chief source of food for the geese. The usual wintering myriads have scattered all over the province in search of sustenance, appearing in places where they have rarely if ever been seen. Those shot are found to be poor and scraggy, not worth killing.

Saturday, Feb. 18/33. Hector Dunlap, Ralph Freeman & I went to Roy Gordon's house in Milton for a game of auction bridge, following a Saturday evening practice started three weeks ago. Weather continues mild with fairly cold nights; ice on the streams & lakes, but no snow at all in the coastal area. Incidentally, the "compact" bridge evolved by certain American moguls after the famous Culbertson-Chenz contest last year, has become the most violent craze all over North

America. In Liverpool the women play it all day and the men all night; all conversation turns to the various intricate "conventions" "bids" "calls" etc., and, as new books are put out periodically by the royalty-greedy experts in the U. S. A., there are a thousand theories being expounded by a populace gone mad over cards. A subsidiary craze, an old one revived perhaps as an antidote to bridge; is jigsaw puzzles, which are selling "like hotcakes" at the novelty stores.

Monday, Feb. 20, 1933. Frank J. A. Barnjum died today in Paris of influenza. He had become quite a globe-trotter during his last five or six years. He was a strange man, who had made a fortune in shady timber deals and had since developed an overweening air of righteousness — for public purposes. His flair for women went hand in hand with a puritan attitude toward tobacco and liquor; he spent money prodigally on his two hobbies — ladies, and "Save the Forest" propaganda — but dressed shabbily. His personal vanity was immense, ^{it was} the driving force behind his expensive forest propaganda, which kept his name and photograph prominently before the Canadian public for 15 years — but at heart I think he had a large measure of sincere love for the forests.

Tuesday, Feb. 21/33. A young man named Rhodenizet was shot in the stomach last night while burgling George Clement's store at Port Medway. He was shot by Theodore Clement, 18-year son of the proprietor, who had been sleeping in the rear of the store. This store has been burgled several times during the past three years. The incident brings to attention the strange state of affairs existing at Port Medway where a clan of bold thieves, directed by the McConnell family, have held a reign of terror for three years. This clan, owning several serviceable cars (and not afraid

to steal someone else's for a night-raid, abandoning it by the roadside after serving their purpose) has raided stores, lunch-rooms and gasoline stations in a wide area between Mahone and Liverpool for 3 years. One or two of them have been caught redhanded & jailed. The rest have continued the merry game. Stolen goods have been traced to the McConnell district but no witnesses could be persuaded to appear against them and no charges could be substantiated.

They carry firearms & are not afraid to use them, as for instance two years ago when the postmaster at Brooklyn, (Milford Godfrey) disturbed them on a nocturnal visit to his store. A bullet missed Godfrey by a hair's breadth.

About two months ago they stole C. N. Mack's car at Mill Village, drove to Milton under cover of darkness & a howling rainstorm, raided two places there; returned as far as Brooklyn, where the Mack car broke down; nothing loath, they raided a Brooklyn store, broke into four private garages seeking a suitable car for the getaway, found one at last and drove off.

The second car was found abandoned near Port Medway next day, with some of the stolen goods still in it. A young lad of the "clam" was arrested, mainly on suspicion, but nothing came of it. The people of the district are afraid to help the police.

Sunday, Feb. 26, 1933. A grey bleak day with a keen N. E. gale. I hiked over to Herring Cove Brook in the afternoon, thence to Moose Hill & returned through the woods to town, making 10 or 11 miles. The snow has been gone for quite a while, though there is still much ice.

The ground still contains some frost but water is running freely from the swamps & all the brooks are in spate.

Wednesday March 1, 1933. The significant banking incident of Feb. 15th. has given rise to a bank panic all over the United States. Tonight the number of states

which have proclaimed bank "holidays," moratoriums, or other restrictions on bank withdrawals, has risen to twenty. An astonishing situation in a country which holds most of the world's gold. U. S. government said to be considering a "qualified guarantee" of all bank deposits.

Friday, Mar 3/33. A violent storm, which began with drizzling rain on Monday and Tuesday, with rising wind on Wednesday, increased its tempo to hurricane force yesterday. Rain (in torrents) changed to hail and then to a whirling blizzard, which is still raging tonight. Power lines were down all day, and telephone & telegraph communication completely disrupted.

Saturday, March 4/33. The storm blew itself out today, leaving a deep fall of snow which sent lumbermen hustling back to their abandoned logging operations.

President Roosevelt was inaugurated at Washington today and was promptly faced with the astounding American banking situation which reached a dramatic climax today. This morning all New York banks were closed to shut off the rush of people to withdraw their money. The depositors were demanding gold. Thus every bank in the great United States (New York was the last to give in) is now closed under an artificial holiday.

They "may" reopen on Tuesday with a limit of 5% on all withdrawals of deposits.

Tuesday, March 7/33. All U. S. banks remain closed until Thursday. All business there at a standstill. Premier Bennett was given sweeping powers by the Canadian parliament yesterday, to deal "with any situation which may arise," due to troubles across the border, but so far business remains as usual in Canada with all banks open & doing a normal business. Americans in Canada are in

a bewildered whirl, for their currency is worth only 85¢ to 1⁰⁰ Canadian, while 4 days ago it was worth \$1.20; cheques drawn on U.S. banks are refused payment here, & accepted only on a "bill for collection" basis. Some Canadian banks have refused to accept currency of State banks in U.S.A., recognizing Federal Reserve Bank currency only. As our receipts for sales of newsprint are largely in U.S. funds, and as the heavy premium on U.S. funds has been of immense help in these cut-price days — we are apprehensive of harder times if the Canadian dollar climbs to parity.

Fortunately we have sold "futures" in U.S. funds for three months ahead at rates varying from 10% to 20%. This selling of futures has been policy with Mersey Paper Co. for the past year, but during the past two months we have contracted for far more U.S. funds than we shall receive. Did the astute Isaac Walton Killam foresee the American bank panic? One thing is certain: the "Almighty Dollar" has proved no mightier than the pound, mark, franc or lira; and American tourists and import merchants have received an almighty shock.

Thursday, March 9/33. An agonised wire from Boston today: "SENA FUNAS AT ONCE STOP STRANAEA STOP CANNOT EVEN BUY RAILWAY TICKETS STOP — JONES". We all got a smile out of this: we could picture Jonesie fuming around the Copley-Plaza. News today says that U.S. bankers have abandoned the idea of issuing scrip (though scrip issued by merchants is already circulating in many cities) and instead there will be plenty of new Federal Reserve currency, minted at high speed during the past week, available. Thus, the almighty U.S.A., after much high-sounding talk, has actually gone off the gold standard & has actually inflated her currency.

Saturday, March 10/33. Temperature dropped suddenly to zero last night and a howling N W gale made things chilly all day. The river at Millon is frozen over again and there is skating on the Liverpool marsh. There was a series of severe earthquakes in southern California last night, centring about Long Beach & Los Angeles. Extensive damage, & many people injured, but the deaths do not exceed 100 per late estimates. We have newspapers in storage at San Diego and San Francisco but these places were on the fringes of the quake.

Friday, March 17/33. St. Patrick's Day. Cold sunny weather continues, with westerly galls. Banking crisis in U.S.A. over, with hoarded money pouring back into the Banks. U.S. dollar is now at premium of 20% over Canadian, which is a source of amusement in Canada. The answer is, I think, the manipulation of the exchange by means of gold shipments which are made or withheld by Canadian banks in order to fix the rate at something between 10 & 20 percent.

Saturday, March 18/33. Sunny & cold. Hector & I gave Ralph & Roy a terrible trouncing at auction bridge tonight, at Roy's house. For some time I have been suspicious of the war record of W. H. F. ("Jerry") Gerard, who joined the Canadian Legion claiming to have left the Egyptian Army in 1922 with the rank of "Brevet-Major," acting Lt.-Colonel, with the decorations of "Military Cross, Military Medal & Croix-de-Guerre 3rd class". Some of his statements didn't quite "add up right", so I wrote the Egyptian War Office. The Inspector-General of the Egyptian Army (A major-general with the astonishingly apt name of Spinakis) replied stating that Gerard had never served there. The Records Office, Dept of Ngt. Defence, Ottawa, revealed that Gerard served in Canada, England & France as an orderly room clerk with the Lord Strathcona Horse, & that he took his discharge in England in 1919 with the rank of sergeant. We

appointed Capt. Copelin to interview Girard (who is chief steward on the SS Markland) and tell him to "cut out the nonsense". Girard boldly stuck to his guns & produced (with a great air) some letters addressed to himself as "Q/Capt Girard, M.C., M.M., C de B." at various addresses in Egypt & England. Some of them were obvious fakes and the others indicated that he had been employed by the Govt of Palestine in a civil service capacity during the year 1920 and had received notice of dismissal on March 14, 1921 "because it was not desired to employ Englishmen in junior positions". I have written him a letter, in my capacity as chairman of the membership committee of our local Legion, requesting him to adjust his papers, & pointing out that the misuse of military ranks & decorations is a criminal offense.

He has been using personal cards inscribed "Lt. Col. W. H. & Girard, M.C., M.M., C de B." and is fond of inserting social items of himself & family in the local paper using the above rignmarole. What makes things deeper, he has been living on an extravagant scale in Liverpool, finding that merchants were ready to extend credit to so distinguished a man. Girard is a slim man, average height, scanty black and grey hair, long sallow face & restless black eyes. A hail-fellow well-met, voluble man, of no particular education but possessing a certain slick air that might pass for polish under careless scrutiny.

Sunday, March 26/33 Lovely day. Skiked through the woods to Moose Hill, then followed Herring Cove Brook down to Nickerson's Pond, then home. The south slope of Great Hill ridge is bare & muddy, but in the deep woods of the north slope there is plenty of ice and snow.

Monday, March 27/33 A NE blizzard raging all day. Danish motor-ship "Indien", 5000 tons, is at our wharf loading a full cargo of newsprint for our new customer in Australia. Two young Englishmen in her crew, (shipping in Hull, England, 3 weeks ago) jumped ship today and left town hiding in the coal-tender of the west-bound freight. They had evidently made up their minds, & the wild snowstorm today did not change their plans. The Danish captain is an angry man, as there is scant possibility of picking

up other seamen here, due to low wages offered. (Seamen's wages on the "Indien" are 30 Kroner per month, which is a little better than five dollars Canadian at current rates) Also the ship is liable to a fine of \$200 (\$100 per deserter) payable to the Canadian immigration authorities.

The Port Medway robber gang (see entry Feb 21) has been rounded up following the shooting there, and one of them has turned state's evidence, implicating the others in practically the whole series of robberies which have terrorized small shop-keepers along the south shore highway for 3 years.

~~Monday~~ Wednesday, March 29/33. Motorship "Indien" pulled into the stream this afternoon with 4591 tons newsprint on board, together with a complete set of trucks, slings etc for the unloading at Sydney, where Capt. J. H. V. Macdonald will await her. She sailed tonight in a snowstorm. The freight rate is 22/6 d. English per short ton which is \$4.68 Canadian at current exchange. This is very little more than the average yearly cost of transportation to New York by our own steamer "Markland".

Our American customers are feeling the effect of recent financial stagnation there, with the accompanying cutting of advertising. They are unable to pay cash for their obligations and are sending notes at 90 days in full or in part, which seriously affects our banking position. The Bank has advanced about 4 1/2 million dollars to Mersey Paper & is most unwilling to lend any more. We have sold \$80,000 of paper recently to the Philadelphia paper firm, Gilman Paper Co, and have accepted their notes in settlement, for a term of one year, with interest at 6 1/2% payable monthly.

(THE ABOVE AUSTRALIAN PAPER WAS SOLD AT \$44.70 PER SHORT TON - ASSUMING STEERING RATE 1/2 AVERAGE 1/10)

Thursday, April 6/33. After five days of alternate fog, snow and rain, a real Spring day. Wonderful warm sunshining and a bracing westerly wind. I walked back & forth from the mill without a coat. Roads drying fast. Song-sparrows and other spring birds singing cheerfully everywhere. Only I was glum, because I have the usual spring attack of "deep sea blues," & kept wishing myself over the seaward horizon. Further cuts in the newsprint price was said to be anywhere from \$5 to \$10 per ton. The latter means ruin to the mills.

see March 15, 1933

Saturday, April 8/33 An astonishing sequel to my inquiry regarding "Lt.-Col" W. H. Girard. A letter addressed to the Canadian Legion from Malta, & signed "Mrs. Maria Girard" asks information regarding him. She says she is his wife, but has been legally separated from Girard for 14 years, adding rather pathetically "as I am a Roman Catholic I cannot get a divorce". Girard's Canadian "wife" is likewise a Roman Catholic, with a pleasant prospect of purgatory since her "husband" is a bigamist. The real wife had apparently been trying to locate Girard through Ottawa, which could give her no information until our recent inquiries revealed "Jerry's" present whereabouts.

Monday, April 10/33 SERGEANT W. H. Girard today handed in a new set of application papers for Legion membership, omitting all the fancy ranks and decorations, & thus blandly admitting that we had "called his bluff". Today I tipped the scales at 175 lbs, which (allowing 5 or 6 lbs for clothing) is a good 10 lbs too much.

Tuesday, April 11/33 The Mersey Co's controversy with Scott Paper Co. over the Herring Bone Brook diversion has ended in Mersey's agreeing to purchase the Scott lands at the pretty price of One Hundred Thousand Dollars. So Scott wins. (see entry June 1, 1932). Mersey is paying \$5000 cash and giving a mortgage for \$95,000. Tonight I heard (per radio) the speech of George Bernard Shaw in the Metropolitan Opera House, New York. This, the only address Shaw has ever made in America, was made to a packed house of over 5,000 people under the auspices of the Academy of Political Science. He told them, among many things, that "The 100 per cent American is 95 per cent idiot and his conversation, being up in the air, is mostly wind" — "The American people worship a monstrous idol in New York harbour called Liberty. This idol should bear the caption 'Abandon hope all ye who enter here'" — "American finance, manufactures and engineers made possible the Soviet

Russian five-year plan, and thus America may yet prove to be the saviour of the world" — "Cancel the war debts. You went into the war, you overthrew three Kingdoms, you established the American form of government in most of Europe. You got your money's worth" — "Hollywood, the most immoral city on the world" — etc.

His voice was that of an educated Englishman, with good round Irishisms occurring frequently like "PERTICKERLERLY" — "BECUZ" — and even "RECKERNIZE". His American audience applauded mightily and seemed to like him.

Thursday, Apr. 20/33. Bad news for the newspaper business today. A \$5 per ton cut in price AND the W. goes off the Gold Standard — which means we lose the 20% premium we have been getting on our American customers' payments. This is equivalent to a drop of \$11.00 per ton altogether.

Friday, Apr. 21/33. The old logging plant at Rapid Falls pulp mill burned down tonight.

Saturday, Apr. 22/33. Catie & I to Indian Gardens this afternoon with Gordon. Stopped at Mowry Lodge on the way home & picked a huge bunch of mayflowers on the ridge there. Sunny but cold wind. Snowed for an hour this evening.

Sunday, Apr. 23/33. Drove to Bridgewater this a.m. with Ned Hunt & Jim Clements, in Jim's car. Roads very rough in Lunenburg County. We attended a special service at the C. of E. there commemorating the Second Battle of Ypres. Canadian Legion men to the number of 75 or 80 formed up at the Fire Hall & marched to church with the Town Band. Beautiful little church. Rev. Mr. Bullock the parson, is Provincial President of the Canadian Legion. Beautiful day but cold wind.

Wednesday, Apr. 26/33. Went to Halifax by train today. Fog & rain. Adzeary trip. Spent evening in Nova Section Hotel lounge & later at Capitol theatre. Drug business.

Thursday, Apr. 27/33. Fine day with westerly gale. Spent the morning in town.

arranging for an advertising pamphlet for Mersey Paper Co; also had a short chat with Harry Piers & Geo. Mullane at the Museum. Mullane is an interesting old gentleman who writes in the Halifax Mail, under the nom-de-plume of "Occasional". He was a contemporary of the great Joseph Howe & gave us some amusing stories of Howe's wit.

This afternoon Hilda & I walked to Rockingham for a peep at the memorial to D'Anville's fleet, & found the going very hard along the paved road. Hilda's feet blistered.

Friday, Apr. 28/33. Caught the 7 A.M. train back to Liverpool & spent the journey in heated argument with Walter Lovelace over the veracity of the Bible. Walter revealed himself as an earnest student of the scriptures who had read the Good Book 4 times and "got as far as Joshua in the fifth". He produced a Bible from his club-bag to support his arguments against the Darwinian theory & revealed a simple faith which seemed strange & rather touching in a railway station agent. I was, he said with a grave smile, an "infidel".

Sunday, April 30/33. A glorious warm day. Gordon & I walked to Five Rivers from Milton & fished there all day. I had no luck. Gordon got four. This stream is heavily fished, summer and winter. We met no less than six other fishermen, whose catch averaged one trout apiece.

Tuesday, May 2/33. I was a guest at the Kiwanis luncheon today, & gave a short talk on "Repairing the Deep-Sea Cables".

Yesterday Sunday, May 7/33. Mr. & Mrs. Parker, Brent Smith, Edith & myself went to Big Falls this morning. Lovely day. We paddled the punt up-river & caught a few trout at the mouth of Kempton Brook, where we had lunch. In the afternoon we paddled to Eagle Brook, left the punt & walked up the trail to the Smith-Parker camp. A brisk NW gale blowing down lake. We "men" amused ourselves making little sail-boats

and watching them scud away across the lake. Supper at the camp. In the twilight we walked back to the punt, myself fishing down the brook, which is a torrent falling down to the river in a series of beautiful cascades. Home at 8 P.M.

The first forest fire of the season was burning tonight at the mouth of Five Rivers, endangering White Point Lodge for a time.

Tuesday, May 9/33 Today the Mersey Co. reduced its price on nubspoint officially from \$43⁰⁰ to \$38⁰⁰ per ton. Actually we selling some as low as \$30⁰⁰, as "spot tonnage".

Although the U.V. remains off the gold standard, the premium over Canadian dollar is still about 13%. Stock markets have experienced a mild boom since the announcement of U.V. inflation policy. Massey-Harris now at 4³/₈ (1932 low was 2) Canadian Pacific now 15 (1932 low was 9)

Saturday, May 13/33 For several months past I have been working on a proposed memorial to Capt Sylvanus Cobb, pioneer of Liverpool, whose old house still stands, just above the river bank near the railway bridge. A wealthy American named Procter Patterson, owner of a large metal works, & a friend of Col. Jones, offered to donate a bronze plate. The Col. told me to go ahead with arrangements, all expenses to be his. I got the plate, made plans for the stone & site, (got the towns permission to build it in Wolfe Street) etc, but when it came to getting the rough stone moved from Port Joli, & the work of grading & filling on the site, I got no co-operation from the Mersey Co's engineering dept. The mill engineer is, of course, J.H. Mowbray Jones, the Col's eldest son, who suffers from a badly swelled head. He resented the fact that he had not been consulted, & was very much annoyed to "taking orders" from me. The Col. has been absent in the U.V. for some time, and I was in a peculiar predicament. Today I got a long telegram from the Col. demanding to know what progress had been made and urging speed. (The unveiling date is set for July 1, & he has invited Lieut-Governor Covert to officiate). I phoned Mowbray for a "show-down" & was told that

I could expect no help from his engineers unless his father consulted him. I then wired Col. Jones reporting what had been accomplished but said that further progress impossible without cooperation of Mowbray who did not recognize the need for prompt action, & suggested he wire Mowbray giving me carte blanche to use his (Mowbray's) department.

Monday. May 15/33. Mowbray Jones developed a furious interest in the Cobb memorial over the week-end. This morning he sent a tractor & gang of men to Port Joli, equipped with special rig for loading the eight-ton stone. He also has a gang with motor trucks at work on the monument site. It seems that his father, on receipt of my wire, called him up on long distance telephone from New York and gave him a great blowing up. It may do Mowbray some good to find that, though he can (and does) ride rough shod over the Mersey employes, he must still take orders from the Old Man.

Monday. May 22/33. We have had a week of hot days with strong winds of almost ^{gale} force at W and NW. As this is the "danger period" of the year, as regards forest fires, this weather has proved enormously destructive. Fires are raging all over the mainland of N.S. Two days ago a fire started on the railway right of way north of Brooklyn, & swept through to the sea, burning several houses & barns at Beach Meadows enroute. Tonight fires are burning at Shelburne (on a 15 mile front), Sable River, Greenfield, Buckfield, & New Elm, and the whole air is heavy with smoke.

Tuesday. May 23/33. An interesting development of the Cobb memorial business. The old Cobb house (built in 1759) is now owned by J. Snow Henderson, tight-fisted Liverpool hardware merchant, who bought it for a song some years ago. When approached by the Historical Society last year he agreed, grudgingly, to give 10' x 10' of the street frontage for a monument site. Later he regretted this, & suggested we get permission from the town to place the monument on the land north of the Cobb property,

which is a strip 30'-40' feet wide running between the Main Street and the river and is, in fact, the original Wolfe Street against which the Cobb house was built. This we did. In the meantime Henderson found that Col. Jones was financing the monument, and saw a golden opportunity to sell the whole property at a fancy figure. I went to see Henderson tonight with the hope of persuading him to paint the old house & fix up the grounds a bit, as the Lieut. Governor & other distinguished people will be here for the unveiling. The interview was short and sweet:-

MYSELF: - "Good Evening, Mr Henderson. I don't suppose I need to report progress on the Cobb monument - you've seen it yourself"

HENDERSON: - "About time somebody was coming to see me! I made them an offer of 10 feet to put their monument on, free, and they go and put it in Wolfe Street."

MYSELF: - "At your own suggestion, Mr Henderson. The idea was yours."

HENDERSON: - "Well, they have put up a great mound there and ruined my property. They have shut off the view from the house to the Main Street."

MYSELF: - "I don't agree, Mr Henderson. In the first place, the monument is not on the Cobb property at all & so cannot be between the house & Main St. As for the side view from house to street, it has been shut off for years by a fringe of trees and scrub shrubbery, which we are cutting down."

HENDERSON: - "Well they have ruined my property. And I'll tell you what I'm going to do! I'm going to tear the house down sometime in June!"

MYSELF: - "That seems rather foolish. Your property will ^{be} increased in value by this cleaning and the planting of lawn along the Wolfe St. side. You are a descendant of one of Cobb's associates in early Liverpool - isn't there any sentiment in your make-up at all?"

HENDERSON: - "If there ever was, it is gone! I shall tear the house down in June."

I said, "If that is your view, of course, there is nothing more to say" and I took my departure. Henderson's scheme is obvious. He knows that Jones has spent quite a sum on the monument, that the Lieut. Governor - a friend of Jones - has been invited, and that preparations and invitations for the unveiling ceremony are well underway. He knows that Jones is well-to-do. He figures that Jones will buy the property rather than see it torn down just before the unveiling date.

I saw Col. Jones & told the story. Jones was a very angry man. He said - among other things: - "Henderson can't put that over on me! There isn't a man in Liverpool or in Nova Scotia who can put it over on me! I'll tell him to go ahead - tear it down, burn it down, blow it up - anything! I'll see him damned before I'll buy the property! I'll go and tell him, by gad! I'll tell him if he wants war, he can have it! I'll start a rival store, by gad, selling hardware at cut rates! Oh, I'll tell him! I can talk louder and faster than Henderson ever thought of talking!"

It is an amusing business, aside from the tragedy facing the historic old house. Henderson is a grey haired man of medium height and weight, with bold black eye-brows and large protuberant eyes of pale cold blue; a mouth like a vise; a hard, avaricious man who has never been known to give time, money or effort to anything other than his own concerns. Jones is the bold financier and mill executive, with a strong under lying streak of avarice, too.

It will be a battle of Titans. (Or "tight" uns?)

Monday, June 5/33 I have a severe attack of hay fever. The earliest I have ever experienced. Ordinarily it starts in a mild way on June 15, as regular as a calendar, becomes violent by July 1st and fades away about July 15th.

Thursday, June 15/33 Tonight I met George Banks in town. He is editor of the Caledonia Gold-Hunter and an eager candidate for the Conservative nomination in Queens County for the approaching provincial election. George was very drunk, barely

able to stand up. Bob Smith, supt. of highways for Queens County, was with him & plying him with whiskey. Bob left George in my charge for a few minutes, during which George:

(A) Told me that Premier Harrington & Colonel Phinney had asked him to run for election on the Conservative ticket.

(B) Told me that Jim Stewart (J. Mc G. Stewart, prominent corporation lawyer of Halifax & representing the shadow of the Big (Killam) interests behind the present government) was urging Seth Bartling to seek nomination on the Conservative ticket.

(C) Lunched to the side of Timm's store and urinated, in full view of people on Water Street and adjacent houses.

All of which convinced me that George is not at all the proper man for the job. There seem to be good reasons why George has been refused the nomination for the past several elections.

Friday, June 30/33. Lieut. Governor W. H. Covert & Mrs Covert arrived in Liverpool by car this afternoon for the Cobb memorial ceremony tomorrow. With them were their son Bob and daughter Peggy, & the naval A. D. C., Lt. Commander Holms, & Mrs Holms. There was an informal dinner at Mersey Lodge tonight at which were present: His Honour & Mrs Covert, Col. & Mrs. Jones, Miss Peggy Covert, Mr. Mowbray Jones, Mrs & Mrs. Waters, Mr. & Mrs. Ratchford, Mr. & Mrs. Seaborn, Lt. Com. & Mrs. Holms, my wife & myself: - just sixteen in all. His Honour is a tall man, of simple but dignified manner, with white hair & dark brows.

Holms, the A. D. C. proved to be a very decent chap, much travelled, a keen hunter and entertaining talker. His right cheek is disfigured with a great scar, presumably a war wound, extending to his upper lip, which is quite out of shape. Curiously enough it does not detract from his good looks. He is a slim man of about 36; trim, dark hair, rather sallow complexion; keen blue eyes; strong regular teeth, & with a deep pleasant voice. Reminds me of G. C. Taylor of G's "mackerel" "Bennet".

Memorial Is Unveiled

Memory of Capt. Sylvanus Cobb, Pioneer
Liverpool Citizen, is Honored



At the left is a picture of the monument which was unveiled on Saturday, July 1, by His Honor Walter H. Coyett, Lieutenant Governor of Nova Scotia, Sylvanus Cobb, one of the founders of the town of Liverpool on the South Shore of Nova Scotia. The memorial is the gift of Colonel C. H. L. Jones, C. E., V. D., president and general manager of the Merchants' and Manufacturers' Association of the town, by him through the Queens County Historical Society.

Above is a picture of the old Sylvanus Cobb residence at Liverpool, erected in 1759, which is the date of the founding of the town.

Saturday, Dominion Day: Pouring rain last night & early this morning were ill omens for our Cobb memorial unveiling.

Jonesie had appointed me his aide, for the occasion, with the result that my wife & I drove in state to the ceremony in Jonesie's Packard. There were just 3 cars in our little procession, & I was saluted by two red-coated Mounties for the first (& I presume last) time in my life. The sun came out in time for the ceremony & all went well. "Pop" Kempton in his speech referred to me as "our gifted young citizen and writer," which was very nice of him. I suppose I deserved it, because I wrote the illuminated address which Harry Madden presented to His Honour; I also wrote Jonesie's speech, the inscription on the monument, the program and the invitation cards. I also had a large part in preparing the story for the press afterwards, though officially of course, the local correspondents were responsible.

Colorful Ceremony Is Attended By Hundreds

Col. C. H. L. Jones Presents Fine Monument to Town of Liverpool on Dominion Day

LIVERPOOL, N. S., July 1—The historic town of Liverpool was the scene today of a colorful ceremony, graced by the presence of His Honor Lieutenant-Governor Walter H. Covert and Mrs. Covert. At 10.30 this morning the school children assembled in front of the famous old Cobb house, flanked by two troops of boy scouts and a parade of the Canadian Legion. There were also present a large number of Cobb descendants on special invitation of the Queens County Historical Society, and a general concourse of citizens.

The weather during the morning had been dull, but coincident with the arrival of the Lieutenant-Governor's party, the sun burst through the clouds and shone gloriously. It was a colorful scene. In the foreground stood the new memorial, shrouded in flags. On the slope below, in a setting of bright green foliage, stood the old colonial Cobb house, grey with weather and dignified with age. At the foot of the slope rippled the blue water where the Mersey River enters Liverpool Harbor. Before the memorial the school children, with their bright dresses and small union jacks, made a sea of color. Adjacent to them were the patrol flags of the boy scouts, the ensigns of the Canadian Legion, the mariner jacks of the merchant fleet, and the pennants.

A glimpse of naval uniform to the Lieutenant-Governor's party reminded Liverpool folk of the stirring part played by their forefathers in 1775 and 1812 in the war upon the sea. The accidental presence of a swarm of pulpwood logs in the blue water beyond the memorial seemed to typify the forest and the seascapes of Liverpool's wealth since 1775.

GREETED BY MAYOR

As the Lieutenant-Governor's party, consisting of His Honor and Mrs. Covert, Lieut-Commander Holms and Mrs. Holms, Colonel C. H. L. Jones and Mrs. Jones, and Mr. and Mrs. Thomas H. Randall, approached the veiled monument, the Liverpool Band played the National Anthem and O Canada. They were greeted by Mayor H. D. Madden, of Liverpool, Mr. D. W. Mackay, M. L. A., for Queens County, and W. F. Kempton, President of the Queens County Historical Society. Mayor Madden presented His Honor with an illuminated address of welcome.

He said in part: "You have graciously come here today to help us honor the name of Captain Cobb, a pioneer of this town who lived and died in the service of the Empire. The honor of your presence is especially appreciated by the descendants of Captain Cobb, a large number of whom are present for the occasion, and generally by us all."

GOVERNOR REPLIES

His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor replied in a gracious speech. He paid eloquent tribute to the memory of those pioneers whose sturdy courage made possible the settlement of Liverpool and also its maintenance as a colony of the British Crown. He also eulogized the part played by the town of Liverpool in the Great War during which he named scarcely possible that 400 men and women from the small county of Queens went overseas to engage in that great contest. "I desire, ladies and gentlemen, to share with you in mourning the loss and honoring the memory of the 82 who

made the Supreme Sacrifice," he said.

Continuing he said: "We have come here today to assist in doing honor to the memory of the great pioneer, soldier, sailor and patriot, Sylvanus Cobb. The story of his life provides a striking chapter of the history of your early days.

This occasion should not be allowed to pass without my presenting to Col. C. H. L. Jones, the genius of the Mersey Paper Industry, my hearty thanks for his contribution to this event and for his constant efforts to advance the general good of the community."

PRESENTATION

There followed a patriotic chorus rendered by the school-children of Liverpool, during which lovely baskets of flowers were presented to Mrs. Covert and Mrs. C. H. L. Jones by the wife Misses Madden, Kings and Goulden. Mrs. Covert tendered her thanks in a happy little speech. Col. C. H. L. Jones, O. B. E., V. D., the donor of the Cobb Memorial, followed with an address.

He said in part: "We have gathered at this spot today to render tribute to the memory of Captain Sylvanus Cobb. This is also the day when we celebrate the union of our Dominion and its modest entry into the commonwealth of nations which we call the British Empire. The observation of these tributes upon the same day is not a coincidence. Dominion Day was chosen deliberately for the unveiling of the Cobb memorial, because the man we have come to honor was one of those staunch builders of empire upon whose bones the British flag is stayed.

HUMAN BEDROCK

"The building of a province, the welding of a dominion, the creation of an empire—none of these can come from the mere accident of time and circumstance. Down at the foundation of the towering edifices of State there is always the human bedrock, upon which it grew and stood. There must of course be great captains in that foundation; we could not have built the mightiest empire in history without a Drake, a Clive, a Nelson, a Wolfe or a Coo Rhodes; but the strength of our foundation, has ever been the should of humble men and women, cemented with the mortar of steadfast courage and simple faith.

"Such a man was Captain Sylvanus Cobb. His life was but a single thread of the fabric of British Canada, but it was a bright thread and a strong thread, and it was woven into the most vital portion of that fabric—the part in which Nova Scotia became the secure foothold of British conquest and which led to the possession of Canada itself."

HOW PLAN ORIGINATED

Explaining how the plan to erect the memorial originated, Col. Jones said: "Some time ago Mr. Proctor Patterson, of Cleveland, Ohio, was a guest at my home. He was immensely interested in our historic town. Liverpool and wanted to do something to help call the attention of our various points of interest. I suggested a memorial to Sylvanus Cobb, adjacent to the wonderful old Cobb house, and told him that if he would provide a suitable plate I would see that a proper monument was erected."

"The result is the memorial now before you.

Among the many others who have assisted me in matters connected with the memorial I should particularly like to mention Mr. Harry Madden, Mayor of our Town, who

has given enthusiastic assistance throughout, and Captain and Mrs. F. S. Inness, whose generous and public-spirited donation of the adjacent land has given the memorial a proper setting.

HAPPY OCCASION

"We are particularly happy today, in the presence of His Honor, the Lieutenant-Governor of Nova Scotia at this unveiling ceremony. His presence is an honor and a pleasure to us all, and it is remarkably appropriate as well, because our monument commemorates a man who served faithfully under Governors Mascarene, Cornwallis and Lawrence, the performed his most outstanding service under General Monckton, the first Lieutenant-Governor of Nova Scotia.

It is my very great pleasure to present this memorial to Captain Sylvanus Cobb, to the Queens County Historical Society for conveyance to the Town of Liverpool," he said in conclusion.

In a brief address, W. F. Kempton, President of the Queens County Historical Society, accepted the memorial for the Society, pointing out that Colonel Jones had been the founder of the Society in 1929 and had remained its strong patron since. Mr. Kempton outlined the work of the Society and mentioned particularly the labors of Miss Jane E. Mullins and the gifted young writer, Thomas H. Randall. A special feature of the Cobb memorial he said, was the splendid gift of Captain and Mrs. F. S. Inness, who had donated the land running between the river and Main Street, upon the north side of the monument. It was his great pleasure to convey the Cobb memorial and adjoining land to the Town of Liverpool in perpetuity as a park.

"JACK" IS HOISTED

Mayor Madden then accepted on behalf of the town.

As His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor pulled the unveiling cord, the covers flung far away, and the Union Jack was hoisted on the flagstaff. The monument is a granite monolith in the natural state, from the hills of Queens County, bearing a bronze plate setting forth the brief life story of Captain Sylvanus Cobb. The Liverpool Band played the National Anthem, the march at the monument was unveiled, and the ceremony came to a close with the Nova Anthem.

From the Cobb memorial the Lieutenant-Governor and party proceeded to the grounds of Liverpool Academy, pausing on the way to inspect the Boy Scouts and compliment them upon their smart appearance. At the school grounds the children assembled about the new flagstaff donated by Mr. B. S. Millett. Here a short ceremony took place under the chairmanship of Colonel Jones. After the singing of "The Maple Leaf" by the school, His Honour broke out the first flag upon the new staff and gave a brief informal talk to the assembled children.

SALUTE IS GIVEN.

The children then gave the salute and sang "We'll Never Let the Old Flag Fall." There were short happy speeches of presentation and acceptance by Mr. Millett and Mr. M. O. Maxner, and they were followed by Colonel Jones who complimented the donor upon his gift and Mr. Maxner, capable principal of the Liverpool Academy, upon the excellent impression given by the school children. The ceremony closed with the National Anthem.



HON. W. H. COVERT - LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR of Nova Scotia, who unveiled the memorial to Captain Sylvanus Cobb at Liverpool Saturday.

Tuesday July 4/33. A lovely summer day. Brent Smith, Ned Hunt, Ned Smith & myself drove to Charleston to attend the funeral of a war veteran named Kaus. We took along a flag to cover the coffin, & Ned had his capnet. The house was a humble one on what is called the "Old Back Road", & the dead man, I gathered, had been killed in an accident in the U.S.. A little grey Baptist parson named Petch conducted a very long-winded service at the house, while the "funeral director and undertaker" - Edgar Wright of Liverpool - fumed & swore outside. "Why," demanded Edgar "don't they all do like the C. of E. - read the Burial Service and quit." There was a gathering of weeping women, and of tall sunburned men with big hands and unkempt hair, awkward in "store clothes". The weeping seemed to be conducted in a rather determined manner, like that of Irish Keeners, which seemed rather incongruous; the dead man, I was told, had been a cranky fellow, and he had been out of the place for years. At the grave, Ned blew the Last Post, and the Keeners promptly drowned the beautiful notes of the call in one tremendous final howl. It was a strange business to me and to the rest of our party.

Saturday July 8/33. Edith & myself went to Deep Brook this afternoon with Gordon in his new Chevrolet. Lovely drive all the way through to Annapolis Basin. There is a six-mile stretch of the old, narrow highway just past Maitland, but this is now in process of being widened & the Annapolis - Liverpool highway will then be complete.

We planned to spend the weekend in a tent on the farm home of Frances Henshaw, a college friend of Edith's, but heavy rain compelled Gordon & myself to stay at the McFellan farmhouse. The girls are sleeping in a shack by the shore.

Sunday July 9/33. Torrential rain all day & night. We stayed in the farmhouse. Mr. & Mrs. McFellan are the personification of hospitality, & as Mr. Mac turned out to

be a hunter of many years' experience, we had an exhaustless topic. McEllan has hunted a lot with the Bear River Indians and had many interesting things to tell of them. Gordon's car was somewhat damaged this evening when he was involved in a collision while driving Mrs. McEllan into Bear River. Caused by faulty vision owing to the terrific downpour. The McEllan household is a lively one. In addition to just three selves and the old folks there are:- Bruce, a son; a humorous fellow of 25 or so, home out of work after some years in the U.S. as a male nurse; Frances and her noisy youngsters Peter and Patty; Ruth, another daughter, who is a governess, and her two charges, Stewart and Janet Dillon, children of wealthy American parents; and the "hired girl" who is treated as one of the family. The farm is on a slope running down to the Annapolis Basin, with a simply lovely outlook toward the North Mountain & Digby Gap. Tonight the rain nearly drowned the girls in the shore cabin, which leaked badly.

Monday July 10/33 Returned to Liverpool N.S. bringing Francis with us for a short visit. The skies were clearing slowly & the sun shone most of the way. All the brooks & rivers are in spate. It was a tremendous rain.

Wednesday July 12/33 I sold my 100 shares of Massey-Harris stock at 10 today. I bought it November 23, 1931 at 5, so have just doubled my money. Annual business meeting of the Canadian Legion tonight. I was elected First Vice-President for the second time.

Thursday July 13/33 This afternoon Gordon, Edith & I went to Deep Brook, taking Frances Henshaw home, in a borrowed Ford. Lovely drive. Picnic tea beside a lake near Maitland. We took a six-pound salmon, freshly caught at Mutton this morning, over as a little present for the McKennans, who reciprocated with a lot of fresh vegetables. Had a flat tire in the woods near Kempt, just at

duck. There was no wrench in the tool kit of the Ford, so I tramped back a mile to the farm of one Dowling & borrowed some ancient wagon spanners. A futile errand. I returned to find a Mounted Police car beside ours & an obliging Mountie just tightening the last nut on the spare tire. Home at 11 P.M.

Friday July 14/33. A large bunch of sweet peas donated by our friends at Deep Brook nearly proved the end of me. A terrific attack of hay-fever - the worst I ever had in my life - and coming on top of six weeks of intermittent misery it seemed the last straw. My nerves are in a state where I can't stand much more of it. If I ever take my own life it will be in the hay-fever season. I can't stand it "like I used to." Perhaps I am getting old.

Saturday July 15/33. Dalhousie University tennis team played Liverpool this afternoon & won 7-6. Edith & Barbara Murphy suffered defeat after a long endurance contest with two hoarse red-haired women from Halifax, (Webster girls; one, I think wife of Carl Bethune). The event of the day was the singles between McLennan of Dalhousie, and Peter Aitken (son of Lord Beausbrook). McLennan was, I think, 1931 singles champion of Nova Scotia. The Hon. Peter was on the Oxford tennis team & has beaten some good men. He is a red-haired, pudgy youngster, lazy, good-natured, and fond of beer, & is at present supposed to be studying the manufacture of newsprint at our mill by actually working as a labourer in each department. He is as lazy about his tennis as everything else, has played just 5 times this summer, & actually came up to the court today after consuming 2 quarts of beer. Yet, in a most exciting battle, he defeated McLennan to the tune of 9-7, 6-3.

Saturday July 22/33. Gordon Smith & myself went to Big Falls this evening in Smith's car, crossed N° 3 point in a punt, & hiked up the trail to the Smith-Parker camp. The expedition was Smith's idea. The weather was hot, overcast and muggy - as it has

been all summer - and the mosquitoes were a plague. They were so bad that we dared not light a lamp, and we actually had to build a "smudge" fire on the stove with chips and turf and green branches. All night long they sang and bit & there was no sleep for any except Gordon - who can sleep through anything.

Sunday July 23/33. Overcast with scattered showers. We were up at 5 AM, for the first streak of daylight aroused the mosquito population of Eagle Lake, and what we had suffered in the night was as nothing to the day. Out in the lake was the only breeze and refuge, so went around it in the canoe all day. Gordon & I swam in the afternoon. Water very warm. Left for home after tea & got out in about 1 1/2 hours from camp.

Friday July 28/33. Provincial election campaign now in full swing. Premier Harrington promising many things, including Old Age Pensions, which will add to the heavy tax burden. Liberals have made abolition of the R.C.M.R. a plank in their platform at the insistence of S. B. McCurdy's "Halifax Chronicle", which seems unfortunate: there has been a howl against the "Mounties" by a noisy minority, but I think the mass of the people are satisfied with the police. There have been some amazing scenes in Halifax re the new Election Act, as thousands of names were left off the election lists and 3 registrars were "expected" to get such voters on the lists as were prepared to appear personally in the scant 3 days allotted. The Liberal leader, Angus McDonald, succeeded in getting a court order compelling the appointment of more registrars, and there was a scene in the courtroom as McDonald read the judge's decision aloud to a great gathering of people. The Chronicle hails him as a new Joseph Howe. J. R. Gordon tells me it is quite true that "dirty work" was done re the City election lists. His son Fred got a job in the Highway Board office not long ago, as a typist, and says he has been

doing nothing but type voters lists from which every name suspected of being Liberal was deleted. Such prominent Liberals as Peter Jack and F. B. McCurdy were "dropped" from the City lists. The keynote of the Conservative campaign has been an insistence that Nova Scotia remains prosperous in spite of the depression. Col. Jones called me into his office the other day, shut all the doors, & asked me if I was "still a good Conservative?" I replied that I was fed up with politics & didn't want anything more to do with them. "I don't want to interfere with ^{your} principles," said Jones, "but I think Harrington has done a good job and ought to be returned to power. Now I want you to write a series of articles showing how prosperous things are here in Queens County, etc." I have written several of these Pollyanna things for the Halifax Herald & find it very distasteful. I am getting no time to do any literary work for myself and have degenerated in the past two years to a mere hack writer for Colonel Jones. — who has never paid me a cent for the work.

Tuesday Aug 8/33. Dr. Clyde S. Hennigar, Liverpool doctor, who has been in ill-health for several years, committed suicide on the road to Halifax today. He had made careful preparations, getting young Frank Hebb, of Halifax, to take over his practice a week or two ago. He asked Frank to drive him to Halifax & while passing through the woods beyond Bridgewater asked that the car be stopped while he went into the woods for a few minutes. He stepped into the woods & severed his jugular vein accurately with a stiletto. Frank became alarmed at the long delay and found Hennigar dead.

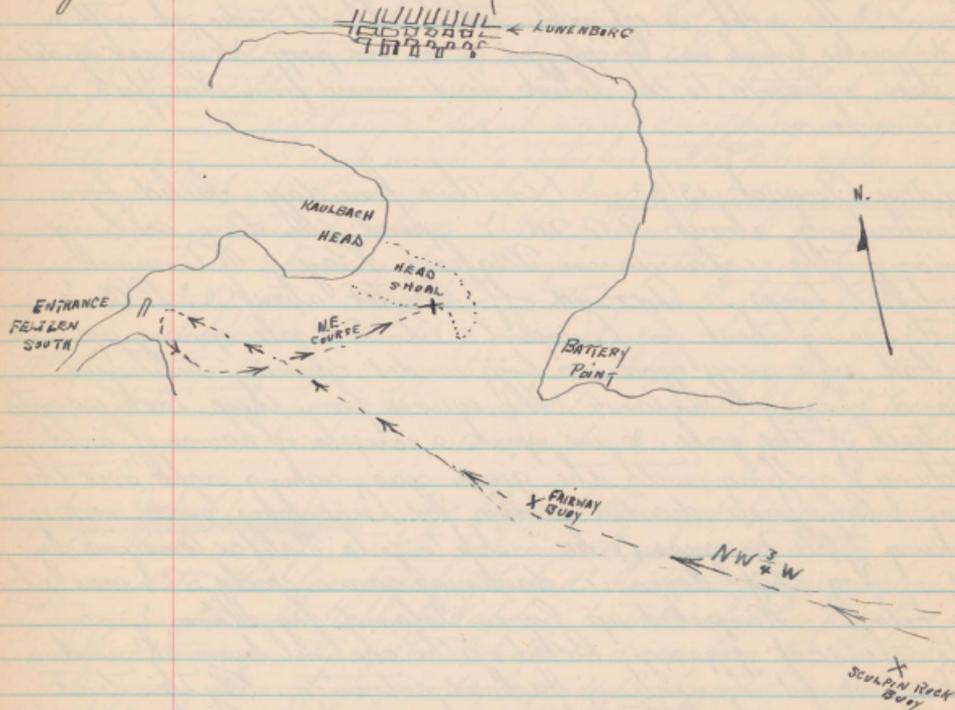
Saturday Aug. 12/33. Col. Jones invited me to join him on a week-end cruise in the Mersey Co's yacht "Cwenishe". The other members of the party were George McClean, & son Jack, Mowbray Jones, & Bob Cassaigne. We sailed out of Liverpool

at 3 P.M. & sailed for Liverpool Lunenburg, under canvas most of the way. A lovely afternoon. We got into Lunenburg after dark & tied up at the Lunenburg Outfitting Co's wharf. We took a stroll up through the streets which were jammed with a Saturday night shopping crowd, but soon returned aboard. The yacht is equipped with a splendid radio set, with a loud-speaker which can be plugged in on the poop. So we sat under the stars & listened to the latest dance music from New York, until the sma' hours.

Sunday, August, 13/33. Another fine day. Sailed from Lunenburg about 9 A.M. & spent the day sailing among the islands in Mahone Bay. A most beautiful trip. Arrived off Chester about 3 P.M. & then swung about for Liverpool. A SW gale sprang up and we had some very good sailing under canvas, until we cleared Hancock Island. The course from there took us into the teeth of the gale & we spent a couple of hours of wild pitching & rolling, with the green seas coming right over the bow. Capt. Jones decided to run for Lunenburg, as we were making little progress, & he wishes to go to Halifax tomorrow by cat. Fog shut down & darkness came early. I was at the helm. We picked up Cross Island fog alarm & ran into the east passage. Picked up the channel buoy OK and set course for Lunenburg Harbour entrance. By this time visibility was absolutely nil; we plugged along at 6 knots with the Diesel, & sounded our little fog-horn regularly. When we had run down our distance we could see neither the fairway buoy's white occulting light, nor the red beam of Battery Point.

We sounded our fog-horn, in hopes of getting an answer from Battery Point, but without result. Capt. & Strom became very anxious. I kept the same course (NW $\frac{3}{4}$ W) & the engines were put onto half speed. We had gone very little further when the look-out yelled "Land ahead!" & I put the helm hard to port. A great

bulk of land was looming out of the darkness on the starboard bow. Argument arose. Lieut. McLearn (who was rather drunk) & Meisner, our "Dutch" cook, (who sailed out of Lunenburg for many years) maintained that it was Battery Point. Strum thought it looked more like Kaulbach Head.



(Strum, it turned out, was right. But it was just a black shadow & positive identification impossible). Strum decided to go about, & in doing so we ran down a red spar buoy. Actually, this red spar was marking the entrance to Feltzen South, but Strum could find no red spar marked on his chart. He sounded & got 4 fathoms. Strum wanted to anchor & wait for clear weather or daylight. (which was the wise, seamanly thing to do.) Col. Jones, however, insisted that we

"must get into Lunenburg tonight". Strom then told me to steer N.E. & we started off at half speed. After ten or fifteen minutes the lookout saw the loom of Haulbach Head again, very suddenly as before, and I threw the helm hard over to starboard, but it was too late. The ship bumped two or three times while Strom was telegraphing "Stop" to the engines & we finished up hard aground. This was about 8.30 P.M. The ship's head was about E. when she finally brought up. We lowered the dinghy & Strom sounded around the ship finding that we had struck the edge of a shoal. After half an hour the fog lifted suddenly & we found ourselves on the Head Shoal about 200 yards west of the fairway. Strom got a Kedge anchor out to southward from the bow. The wind remained strong at S.W., and fortunately the tide was just on the flow. We made several attempts to get off before we finally floated clear with a parting "bump" about 11 P.M. There was no damage apparent, though we had been pounding rather heavily for over two hours. We sailed into our Saturday night berth and tied up. We all sat up in the mess-room, holding wassail till 2 A.M., when we turned in.

Monday, Aug. 14/33. Col. Jones left for Halifax by car at 8.30 A.M. We sailed from Lunenburg shortly afterward. I came in for a lot of Ridding, having been at the helm when we got aground last night, but I took the helm again & kept it to within 3 miles of Liverpool. We ran into dense fog at the mouth of Lunenburg Harbour but picked up the L'Anse buoy close on the starboard, then the Port Midway buoy, also close to starboard, so my reputation as helmsman was saved. Arrived at Liverpool 3 P.M. A most interesting trip.

Thursday, Aug. 17/33. Edith & I moved to Summerville, where we have taken Hector McLeod's cottage "C-Spray" for two weeks. Mother & Hilda join us at Summerville tomorrow.

Tuesday Aug. 22/33. Provincial election today. We got a drink into town & polled our votes for Seth Bartling the Conservative candidate. The results of the selection were simply a land-slide for the Liberals. Seth Bartling was elected in Queens by a scant majority of 100. (Ardent liberals had conceded him a majority of 300!) The standing of the full 30 seats becomes: Liberal - 24, Cons - 6.

The Government though it had many sins upon its head, had followed a vigorous policy & introduced much new social legislation; but the depression proved an inveterate enemy. It deserved a better fate.

Incidentally, if any one thing contributed more to the Government's defeat than the hard times, it was a series of well-drawn & very clever cartoons appearing in the Halifax Chronicle. They were by a young fellow named R. W. Chambers, & were the talk of the Province. Premier Harrington even mentioned them in terms of humorous admiration in his campaign speeches. The Mersey Mill, the establishment of which had been a trump card of the government in two elections, became the particular target of the Liberal press. It was urged that the notorious Bill 151 was put through to create a pulpwood monopoly for Mersey. Jonesie, rather lost his head, & wrote some fiery denials to the papers, part of which I had to draft for him, being called in from my vacation for the purpose. He also displayed a marked conservative bias as the Chronicle returned to the attack which was very unwise, I thought.

He called me into town again on the day before election to help draft a last minute manifesto to be signed by Seth Bartling. He had some balded-dash written, which I was to "fix up" & turn over

to the young lawyer, Gerald Stewart, who is Seth's campaign manager. I went to Stewart's office & in an hour we copped up a dodger on general lines, scrapping Jonesie's stuff entirely, & I then returned to Summerville. I don't think Jonesie was altogether pleased.

Tuesday, Aug 29/33. Jonesie sent for me again. Some vacation! I had to follow him around the White Point golf course while he outlined a speech for me to prepare. He is to address the annual convention of the Union of N.V. Municipalities in Liverpool tomorrow. He plays a terrible game of golf & we spent most of the time tramping about in the rocks and puddles of the "rough".

Thursday, Aug 31/33. The end of a hell of a vacation. The rain poured & solid days out of the fourteen, & on the fine days I was usually trotting after Jonesie. He has raised my salary to the old pro-cut stage & promised more "when things pick up." Says he appreciates the work I am doing for him.

The bright spot in an otherwise dull fortnight was my discovery of old "Mike" Mo-ko-ne & his squaw living in a board- & star paper shack near the bank of Broad River. With them for a few days was Chief William (Benoit) Paul, of Shubencaddie, who is making a tour of the province on foot, begging his way from place to place, calling on his people. I used to go up there on wet days, taking along some tobacco and canned food for gifts, & get them talking about MicMac legends, place-names etc. Both men were very intelligent. The squaw, a hideous little brown wisp, blind in one eye, & evidently far gone with T.B., usually pattered about muttering in MicMac and coughing gruesomely. "Mike" is a squat

man, stoop-shouldered & bent-kneed, a scant five feet in height. He told me his ^{grand} father was an Irishman & that he is a brother to the "McEwan Indians of Regt River."

"Chief" Paul is a pure blood "Mac Mac". Six feet tall, gaunt & very ugly. His hair is thin, as much white as black. His eyes are small & very deeply set. His nose is flat with great flaring nostrils. His mouth is hidden by a long fringe of black and grey moustache, which follows the line of his upper lip & droops at the corners. High cheekbones & very hollow cheeks. He claimed to be one of the few Indians in the province who could - and had - built bark canoes after the ancient methods.

Saturday, Sept. 2/33. Fine hot day. To Eagle Lake with Austin Parker & wife Mildred Parker, Gladys Parker, Brent Smith & Ben Alexander. There was a lot of duffle and we had to make two perspiring trips on the up - full portage from N^o 3 pond-head to Eagle Lake. This night was wonderful. Bright moonlight, warm, & so calm that we could plainly hear a small gramophone at the camp ^{where} we sat in a canoe at the south end of the lake - over a mile away. The beavers were swimming out of their lodge on Haunted Bog & slapping their tails as the canoe drove them under. The women occupied the cabin & we males slept in a tent outside, and Ben Alexander snored all night.

Sunday, Sept. 3/33. Another hot day spent in paddling the canoes about the lake and swimming. Ralph Johnson & wife, Bob Parnell & wife, joined the party this afternoon. There was much dancing & noisy fun. That sort of thing is very well for a time & in the proper setting, but I wearied of it tonight. Eagle Lake by moonlight seemed profaned by this cackling female laughter and inane horse-play & jangling nigger tunes.

Monday (Labour Day) Sept 4/33. Rain. Lots of it. Also some wind. The ladies vetoed the return voyage across the river in punt & canoe, & elected to walk out the trail to N^o 3. As the one male who hadn't left a car at the boat landing & who did know the trail, I guided the party out. The rain poured, the track was waist high & very wet, & we were a bedraggled lot when we finally got to the cars.

I received a cheque from Blackwood's Magazine for 18 guineas, for my short story "Le, the poor Indian". Blackwood's changed the title to "It fo' tab". The "honorarium", as Mr. George Wm. Blackwood calls it, worked out at \$89⁰⁰ at current exchange. He wants to see more of my work.

I saw the famous Colleen Moore, screen actress, last week. She is a guest aboard the palatial yacht "Thalia", whose owner, Thomas Howell, is tuna fishing off Liverpool. Colleen paid a visit to the Mercury office. Slim, petite, with a small pale baby face. Very quiet in clothes & manner. When I saw her, she was ^{was} emerging from Jonesie's office where Waters had been showing Jonesie's collection of sea paintings, models & curios, and she was yawning widely and making no effort to conceal it. I wonder what Jonesie would have thought of it.

Saturday Sept. 16/33. To Eagle Lake this afternoon with Parker, Gordon & Smith. A storm brewing in the south-east. The lake & brook remain high - a tribute to our wet summer. We found a nest of wood-mice between the window and shutter; they had collected a lot of paper, grass, moss & string, chewed it almost to fibre, & made a very snug retreat. After we lit a lantern in the shack we could watch them through the glass, & they proved very tame. Gordon pleaded for their lives, so we blew pepper into the nest. They seemed to like it, so we drove them out with noise & alarm, & filled

their entry with soap. Tonight we paddled the canoes down-lake to the "Haunted Bog," & sat upon a flat rock there freezing in the chill dusk, while Gordon tried to call up a moose. No success.

Sunday Sept. 17/33. Rain all day with intermittent gusts of mist, driven in from seaward by a rising easterly wind. We lounged about the shack all day, playing bridge, throwing darts at a target, & eating prodigiously. The event of the day occurred when Gordon "kidded" Parker about his lack of skill with the darts. Says Parker, "Bet you won't put your watch up." Says Gordon, "You're on." He hung his watch on a nail & gave Parker three darts at twenty feet. Parker missed with all, though one came less than an inch from the watch.

By 4 P.M. it was blowing a whole gale, with squalls of heavy rain, so we got an early tea & started down the trail. We reached the punt at dusk, & found the "seas" from the big pond rolling right into the usually-peaceful flowage. Each man had a paddle so we soon got down the brook & into the pond itself. The gale was blowing NE, right in our teeth, & the waves ran high. The punt had four inches of freeboard, but by paddling like hell & sitting well back to raise the bow, we got across all right. A terrific squall struck us in mid-pond, with sheets of rain driven into our faces until we were breathless, & it looked as if we weren't going to make it. However, we got across just as the punt was about the swamp. It was then pitch dark, & we were soaked to the skin, chiefly by the waves & spray. We travelled a good $\frac{3}{4}$ mile in the worst gale of the season, aboard a shallow home-made punt, & looking back on it, I think we were four damned fools.

Monday, Sept. 18/33. The gale hauled to N.W. today and blew great guns until night-fall. Mowbray Jones' yacht "Lady Betty" went adrift and pounded to pieces on Gamble's Point; he salvaged the mast and sails & left the rest to the Sandy Cove people for firewood. There has been great damage right down the coast as far as Cape Hatteras. The Annapolis Valley's record apple crop escaped unscathed.

Wednesday, Sept. 20/33 Col. Jones entertained over 150 Legionaries from Queens and Lunenburg counties at a barbecue at White Point. A whole ox was roasted over a hardwood fire during the afternoon, & there were shot-putting & horse-shoe-pitching contests. Supper at 6, eaten on the sand, each man with a quart of beer and a tin plate heaped with roast beef (it was delicious), corn-on-the-cob, cheese, rolls & butter. The Lunenburg contingent were in their usual jocular condition, & there seemed to be no dearth of freshwater anywhere. Colonel Charlie Miller, of the Lunenburg "Progress-Enterprise", read "I love my sergeant" every few minutes, always to great applause. Col. Ford made a nice little speech, & so did Jonesie. The weather was perfect, sunny, with a warm south wind; a rare day in the long, wet season. Everyone had a good time.

Monday, Sep. 25/33 I had to pay off the European crew of the company's recent purchase, *s/s Liverpool River*, today. They are being sent back to Antwerp, to make way for a native born crew, and were far from pleased when I boarded the ship at the southern Salvage Co's wharf with their final pay. They included several Latvians (squat, blond, fair squat-headed men, more of the Teutonic than the Moscovite), a Dutchman, a Belgian, & an Englishman, and their spokesman was a tall, high-cheeked Cossack named Chakine, "from R-r-r-r-rostov on the Don!"

The Cossack proved to be quite a sea-lawyer & we were a long time getting things settled. Rover is a dark and dirty little iron box, full of narrow passages and companion ways, with iron ladders leaping out at you in unexpected places. The company got her for \$28,000, so I suppose she's a bargain. They intend her for pulpwood carriage, but she has just returned from a trip to the U.S. with baled screenings, returning with coal from Newport News.

Sunday, Oct. 8/33 Rain, which commenced on the 4th, fell steadily & culminated in a terrific gale & downpour yesterday & today. Roads have been washed out all over the province; all streams are in flood. The heaviest rainfall in years, & a fitting climax to a wet summer & fall.

Tuesday, Oct 10/33. Today I bought a 1930 sport coupe Ford car, from Nelson Greenleaf, for \$240.00. He has taken very good care of it & the car is in very good shape. Its mileage is 17,600.

Sunday, Oct 15/33 To Eagle Lake camp - "Geetpoo Lodge" - ship morning with the Parker's Johnsons, Brett Smith & Ben Alexander. Lovely day - the first real fine day for weeks. Parker & I rigged a sackcloth sail for the canoe & sailed around the lake. The hardwoods are now in full colour, but the violent gales of the past few weeks have stripped the leaves from many of the trees.

Monday, Oct 23/33. Shirley Eimer, local commercial traveller, has been missing since Saturday morning, when he went out in his high-speed motor boat intending to shoot ducks off Pudding Tan Island. He was a powerful swimmer, winner of several long distance swimming races. Police, boy scouts & citizens have been searching the shore without success, and a fleet of fishing & coastguard vessels, assisted by a seaplane from Halifax, have combed the sea pretty well for fifty miles.

Tuesday, Oct 24/33 Mac Hall, who clears all parcels coming from the U.S. by s/s Markland through the customs, called me into his office & shut the door mysteriously. "This is what the well-dressed fat man will wear this season", he said, and produced an elastic girdle, faced in pink silk, and containing various adjusting laces, straps & buckles. It was a "corset" for Jonesie. I have long suspected that Jonesie wore some such affair, especially when he appeared in uniform, & here's the proof. It was astonishingly like the feminine corset, and Mac waxed very ribald on the subject. Jonesie's ears must have burned. The portly Colonel is far present in Washington, where the newspaper industry is being discussed by N. R. A. officials.

Saturday Oct 28/33 Eisnor's motor boat drifted ashore, bottom up, at Mosher's Island, Lake. A dead duck, an oil can were wedged in the bow. Terrific N.E. gale now raging, with sheets of rain.

Sunday Oct 29/33 The storm equals that of Oct 8th in violence. Torrential rain. Gordon phoned me at 9 A.M. saying that someone had phoned him requesting that he go up to Eagle Lake, "two men had got lost from a hunting party up there." Gordon, his son & I drove up to Big Falls. Still raining, with alternate squalls of snow & sleet. The brooks were in flood again & flooding across the road in places up to the running board of the car, gouging deep furrows through the road-bed. At the staff-house of No. 3 power plant we found Burke Douglas & Brent Smith, in bed. They had gone down Eagle Lake yesterday morning, left their canoe at the ~~foot~~ south end of the lake, & struck ~~again~~ across to Long Lake, hunting for deer. Returning, they got astray & worked up into the plateau which Brent & I crossed on the afternoon of April 3, 1932. There they differed over the right course, each having his own way for a time, with the result that they travelled three sides of a wide circle and were overtaken by darkness and a howling nor'easter. They had to crouch down where they were, exposed to the blast. They succeeded in getting a small fire started & kept it going under the lee of a boulder all night by herculean labours in the rain & dark with a small hatchet. Burke was exhausted by the tramp, but more warmly clad than Brent, who wore only a shirt and thin drill breeches. Daylight came about 6 A.M. and they started off again, stiff with cold & wet, tired & hungry. They came across the Long Lake trail & followed it to the Eagle Lake trail, then out to Big Falls. They collapsed in the staffhouse. Bert Anderson & the boys there carried them upstairs, stuck them under hot showers, gave them oym and milk, & put them to bed. Gordon, Fred & I pushed on to Eagle Lake to relieve the anxiety of Parker, Ralph Johnson & Maurice Russell, who comprised the rest of the hunting party. They were a worried trio when we arrived; Parker & Johnson were just starting out to Big Falls to phone Gordon & myself for help. They had gone down the lake in their

canoe this morning, & discovered Brent's canoe in the grass at Haunted Bog. We helped them pack up. Parker & Russell went back to Kempton Brook to fetch the carcass of a deer which Johnson shot there yesterday. Gordon, Johnson, Fred & I went down Eagle Lake in the canoe (in order to bring Brent's canoe back to camp. A howling gale blowing. The canoe was overloaded, for weather like this but by hugging the lee shore we got down to within 100 yards of the Haunted Bog. There we had to risk the full force of the blast & the waves proved too much for us. Three successive waves swept into the canoe (Fred & I were sitting on the bottom!) & we just reached shore as our faithful craft swamped. Johnson & I brought Brent's canoe back to camp, a tough pull against the wind. Out at Big Falls carrying half a deer carcass on my back, & Parker's rifle, at dark. We fell over a deer at the very end of the dam there in the darkness, but didn't fire at it. Found Brent & Burke dressed & pretty well recovered, & able to drive their cars home. An experience they won't forget in a hurry. Got home alright though the brooks were still washing out the road, at about 8 P.M.

Saturday, Nov. 4/33. This afternoon drove to Caledonia. Sunny, but very cold with high N.E. wind. Talked with Walter Scott & Clark Murray. Edith & her brother Berence were with me. Drove in the old Indian Garden road and fried sausage & eggs at 5 P.M. in "Pete" Croft's old shack at Bear Hole. The ancient peace & dignity of the hardwood groves are gone. Motor trucks are hauling the birch & maple away for firewood, and the woodcutters have ravaged everything. A discarded wheel, from a motor truck, lying in the "Bear Hole" itself, amid a litter of tins, was like a symbol of decadence.

Sunday, Nov 5/33. Fine, cold & windy. Today I changed the oil in my car to "winter" type, & had a gallon of anti-freeze placed in the radiator. Drove to Shelburne this afternoon, taking the shore road through Altondale one way, & returning

through the Nine Mile Woods. Shelburne is a pretty town, but sprawling inadequately as it does over the broad streets laid out by the optimists of 1783 it seemed to me like a small, freckle-checked boy shuffling in the great shoes of a giant. We stopped at Hill Top Inn, near Port Joli, for one of the justly celebrated chicken suppers. The place was formerly called the Mountain House & was a relay station in the good old stage-coaching days. It is now owned by a retired merchant named F. St. Herman, whose wife's cookery is the chief attraction. We ate in a large, hideous dining room, wall-papered in a heavy crimson-and-gilt effect in Persian rug designs, a hang-over from the 1880's when the present house was built, I should judge. We had vegetable soup, roast chicken with cranberry sauce & mustard pickles, mashed potatoes & diced carrots, cocoa-nut pie under nearly two-inches of heavy whipped cream, doughnuts & tea. All in vast quantities. We were hungry & late if all. It was magnificent. The price was 75¢ each. Home at 8 P.M.

Thursday, Nov. 9/33 Peter Aitken, son of Lord Beaverbrook, (see entry of July 15/33) gave a farewell party to about 20 of us tonight. He hired the Masonic Hall & installed a huge enamelled stew pot for a punch-bowl. The Liverpool dance orchestra was in attendance. The punch-bowl was kept filled with a wicked mixture of rum and fruit juice, & Peter spent the evening wandering about the hall waving his personal mug (a copper stein given away with every tube of somebody's shaving cream, at Bishop's drug store) in one hand, and a punch ladle in the other, with which he kept the glasses filled. The party became a spree by 10 P.M. & by 11 o'clock the drunks were being carried away to their homes in a steady (?) line. I succumbed about midnight, at which hour the Hon. Peter was in fine fettle, rushing about the room, calling everybody "you bloody bastard", hurling tumblers about, etc. Mac Hall took me home, and I was very sick. The party faded out completely about 1 A.M., I understand. Peter sails for New York tomorrow.

Saturday, Nov. 11/33. Remembrance Day. As the "holiday" fell on their best shop day, the patriotic merchants of Liverpool refused to close their stores. As a concession to public sentiment they closed "Saturday morning only". The memorial service at the Soldiers' Monument was conducted in a bitter north wind, with flurries of snow whipping the faces of the audience. Tonight in the Mersey Hotel we held our Armistice Dinner, the arranging of which (together with all the arrangements of Flanders wreath sales, Poppy sales, the Memorial service, etc) had fallen to me, as usual. We had a six-piece orchestra providing music during dinner, & the room was hung with flags & copies of Baarnfather's cartoons. The chief speaker was W. G. Ernst, M.P., who arrived late & insisted on drinking himself into semi-intoxication before venturing in to dinner, thereby delaying the whole proceedings. When the time arrived for him to speak, he admitted that he had prepared nothing on his subject ("Canada and the Empire") and gave as poor a sample of oratory as I have listened to in many moons. He had the grace to apologize but made things worse by pointed reference to the quality of our punch, stating that he could "only make a wishy-washy speech on a wishy-washy drink".

(Due to the disgraceful drunken tone of our last Armistice Dinner I had seen to it that the punch was very mild indeed) Ernst has been hitting the booze pretty hard, I hear, & has lost ~~some~~ much of that quick, clean alertness which made him so popular in the constituency of Queens-Lanenburg. We missed Creed sadly at the piano after dinner. The orchestra lady knew none of our songs, and the men sat woodenly, tune-less, when Ernst & myself started a few of the old favorites. The affair was over at 10.30 P.M. and I was glad. The last half-hour had been agony. The boys "kidded" me about the quality of the punch & blamed the slowness of the after-dinner period on the lack of stimulant. This was quite true. But how was I to know that this year they would arrive as sober as judges, while last year every man arrived three sheets in the wind? I am disgusted, for I had worked hard & schemed mightily for the success of the dinner, and as usual received much complaint and no thanks.

Friday, Nov. 17/33. Today I made a loan to D. W. Mackay (ex-mayor, ex-M.P.P.) of \$500⁰⁰. He gave me his note for a similar amount, running for one year, with interest at 6%. He also gave me 2000 shares of stock in United Goldfields of Nova Scotia, owners of the King Vissure. The agreement is that, on Nov. 17/34, I may keep the stock as payment of the debt; or at my option I may demand payment of the note and surrender the stock.

Danny wants the money very badly at present, to pay off certain pressing debts of United Goldfields. The provincial government is financing a mill on the property, to the tune of \$50,000, and production is expected to commence next February. The mine, of course, remains a gamble; but if the Minister of Mines is satisfied to risk \$50,000 of provincial govt. money on the property, there appears to be nothing "wildcat" about it. Danny is a little slim grey man with dark eyebrows, myopic blue eyes and a mouthful of tobacco-stained & broken teeth. About 55 or 60 years old, I should judge. A tailor, he went into politics in 1925, as M.H.A. for Queens he didn't have much to say in the House, but appeared on numerous committees & was probably a better man than the average member of that august body. He invested heavily in King Vissure from the first, & has since "put his shirt" on it, with the result that he is its President and leading spirit. When he talks about his mine, his eyes light up with fanaticism. Townspeople call him a fool for his investment of a snug lifetime's savings in a gold mine, but no-one can talk to him five minutes & doubt his sincerity. The man has worn himself out in the work of keeping his company alive, has let politics and his tailoring business go pretty well to hell.

He talks of another Hollinger mine, etc., & is a little mad, I think. I believe he is entirely honest, & that is my chief security for the loan. The gold stock may or may not be worth a hoop.

Weather this month continued wild, with continuous gales and rains, until this week, when a cold snap brought snow and steady crisp temperature between freezing point & zero. This morning it was 12° above zero.

Saturday Nov. 18/33. To "Geet-Poo Lodge" with Parker, Smith & Bob Parnell this afternoon. Cold & calm, with an inch or two of snow still on the ground. Parker took along a theodolite andstadia rod, intending to survey the trail & map it properly. After an enormous supper of baked beans & sautes, Krout, we sat down to play auction bridge, Parker & I against the others, and played until 1:15 Sunday morning. Helwon by 2,000 points.

Sunday Nov. 19/33. An energetic morning. Parker & Smith went off with the transit, surveying. Bob took his shot-gun in search of rabbits. I took the axe and ruffled firewood, including a tough old oak that was heavy logging to camp. The woods remained as still as death, not a breath of air. Heavy overcast, lead-coloured sky. We hiked out in the late afternoon & were home shortly after dark.

Friday, Dec. 1/33. Mt. Roosevelt's inflation policy has driven the U.V. dollar to a discount of 2% under Canadian. This seriously affects Mersey paper earnings, as we have enjoyed exchange premiums ranging from 10 to 20 percent for two years & more. We sold "futures" extending into 1934 at rates averaging 2%, so are still making a little on our U.V. receipts. On the other hand, sterling has risen to something like \$5.10 (Canadian), and our Australian & New Zealand shipments (payable in sterling) are yielding unforeseen profit. We had quoted prices at a time when sterling was worth about \$4.00 Canadian. Due to the sudden boom in the British lumber market, there is renewed activity in the N.V. woods, with resultant competition for our pulpwood buyers. We have had to raise our prices 50¢ to \$1.00 per cord, and there is still danger of a shortage by January. We have been getting wood in some cases as low as \$3.50 per cord loaded on cars at sidings, which was dirt-cheap. The apple crop of the Valley, a record one, is fetching record prices in England, with sterling at its present dizzy height! The one dull spot in the N.V. scene remains the coal industry, which is in a parlous state, in spite of unusually heavy shipments up the St. Lawrence during the past season.

Wednesday, Dec. 13/33 Third successive day of freezing weather, with temperatures as low as zero and strong north winds. Roads are sheets of ice & driving a car to the mill & home again is an adventure in itself. The Brooklyn Amateur Players have called me in to direct a play they are getting up. A trashy little comedy called "When a Fellet needs a Friend". The play is billed for the 18th & my "call" is a sort of eleventh-hour Macedonian cry. Not much can be done, but I am doing my best. Changed the title to "Too Many Wives", for a start. "Mlle. Beaux-yeux-verts" has a part in it.

Friday, Dec. 15/33. Temperature dropped to eleven below zero last night which must be a record here for pre-Christmas weather. There has been a severe cold wave all over the northern hemisphere, the Thames frozen over, etc. My car was so "stiff" this morning that I couldn't get it started. A telegram to the company this morning reported the death of Tom Hayhurst in an automobile accident in Philadelphia where the "Markland" is discharging newsprint. It was a great shock to all of us. Tom was a merry Yorkshireman, a squat red-cheeked man with crisp grey hair & the image of John Bull. He was a good marine engineer with a gift for painting which he made full use of. His pictures of ships in oils are hung all around Genesis's office & home. He did an oil of the racing schooner "Bluenose" for me though it was a rather poor sample of his work. He did the illustrations for "Saga of the Rover" & was finishing those for the "Saga of Markland" at the time of his death. His last work was a painting of the privateers "Rover" & "Liverpool Packet", for Genesis's personal Christmas card. An Englishman of the finest type whom we shall miss.

Wednesday, Dec 20/33 Gordon & I went to Caledonia this morning to pay off the lumberjacks coming out of the Rossignol camps for Xmas. Wintery weather is

still with us, - eighteen inches of snow - but due to the great traffic on the 1 1/2" pool - Caledonia road, mostly trucks hauling pulpwood day & night - there is a well-beaten track along the whole ~~the~~ road. Along this track a speed of 40 M.P.H. is possible, but a swerve into the snow on either side means trouble. The morning was sunny, and as the trees & undergrowth were weighted with snow, the scenery was magnificent. Only it seemed a bit ungainly to be rolling along in a car through a sort of perpetual Xmas card. Four times we got off the track and into trouble, with the wheels spinning uselessly in the roadside drifts. Twice a truck crew happened along and gave us a hand, and once we got a gang from the lumber camp at Nine Mile to dig us out. The fourth time I had to do all the shoving; the car had swerved almost into the ditch, with the rear wheels wallowing in deep snow, and I had to stand in front heaving up on the right end of the bumper as Gordon put the engine "ahead". The results were successful beyond our hopes, the car leaped ahead & knocked me flat & came within a hair's-breadth of running over me. Gordon slammed on the brakes & came scrambling from the car, all of a dither.

I was back on my feet by the time he got to me, & told him that I had merely slipped, without danger, though as a matter of fact the bumper had fetched me a healthy wallop as I fell, and the front wheel was actually touching my right shoulder when the car stopped. I got off lightly with a yolk & a lot of snow down my neck & up my sleeves. We reached Caledonia at 10:45, having started about 8:15. The little shanty where I was to pay off, was jammed with bearded men in mackinaws & woolen caps, 130 of them in all, some inside & the rest fighting for admission. In the village street stood various types of motor transport

waiting to take them to the railway station at New Germany. (The Caledonia train runs only 3 days a week)

There were several motor-cars, but the popular transport was the motor-trucks, each bearing a crude tarp effect over the body, of boards & canvas, to screen the passengers from the winter wind, and with plenty of straw to sit on.

Some enterprising bootlegger had appeared on the scene with a potent brand of wildcat rum early in the day, and the men were in all stages of alcoholism from the "merely happy" to the "fighting mad." This mob surged about us, jostling our writing elbows & breathing down our necks, as we checked their time orders, & made out the cheques. The process was necessarily a slow one, further hindered by the crowd itself, & the men were all impatient audibly. They cursed the Mercury Paper Co. in general & particular. The Co. is unpopular for its low pay, paid on a piece-work basis, and for its grudging "scale" of the wood. The wages are certainly the lowest paid in Nova Scotia lumber camps for many years, though this is not confined to the Mercury Co. They pay:-

Pulpwood cutters	-	1.50 per cord, less 75¢ per day board.
Blacksmiths	-	2.50 per day and found.
General labour	-	1.00 " " " "
Cooks	-	60.00 per month and found
Teamsters	-	30.00 " " " "

Pulpwood cutters produce about $1\frac{1}{2}$ cords per day, though a good woodsman may average 2 or $2\frac{1}{2}$. From what I hear from one of our own scalers, the measure given cutters for their wood is far from generous, & in some individual scalers' cases the measure is really "crooked." Thus, Bob Mackinnon, who took over the scaler's duties at Camp 7 (Sobatic Lake) some time ago, told me there

were actually 6,500 cords piled at his camp when he took over, for which the cutters had been paid 5600 cords @ 1.50.

This was sheer robbery, which the Company certainly would not countenance. Bob had been giving a true scale since he took on the job & says the men soon remarked on the increased measure they were getting.

For these and probably other reasons our lot in Caledonia was a hard one. We were the outward & visible signs of the distant & invisible Company. I was dressed in woods rig - khaki shirt, sweater, breeches, wool socks and hobnailed leggings - and as I am fairly husky, was addressed more than once as "Say, Big Fellow, where do I sign this paper, etc". For this reason, perhaps, no insult was cast upon me - I can see no other. On the other hand Gordon, who is rather like an excitable little terrier, came in for a lot. He so far forgot the ancient rule of "Never start any-thing you can't finish" as to tell one noisy lumberjack to "Shut up or you'll be put out". The N.H. promptly & vociferously demanded "Who was going to put him out?" and as he was an able customer of 1250 pounds or so, the question had point. Also he was encouraged by similar yells from the crowd. Gordon, of course, put on the soft pedal, but the situation was tense for quite a time. It was evident that I would have to step in if the N.H. struck Gordon & that this would bring the whole wild mob upon us. However, the N.H. soon became involved with another N.H. & the situation was solved. The fight surged out into the street, where friends of the contestants joined in, and the peaceful village was treated to the spectacle of ten or fifteen whiskered lunatics engaged in a bloody, free-for-all in the snow, amid the whoops and cheers of the rest. With this escaped excess energy, the crowd returned to the pay-shack and we proceeded in a more orderly fashion. The stove had

been neglected & the fire went out. The door remained wide open, wedged against the wall by the jammed men - and I wrote cheques until 2 P.M. while my body stiffened into a cramp, and my fingers in the freezing atmosphere nearly froze to the pen. The lumberjacks departed in their respective trucks, with much yelling, brawling, & howling bawdy songs. A strange silence fell at once. There was only the scuffled snow, spattered with tobacco-juice and a few bright spots of blood, to mark the Passage of the Boors. Christmas!

We sat down to a belated dinner at Ernie Kempton's hotel - rice soup, roast chicken and "all the fixin's", and raisin pie - and ate like famished wolves. Bob Mackinnon appeared wanting a drive to Liverpool. He was very drunk on wildcat rum and more than a little sick. We left him in the hotel to simmer a while, & went to call on George Banks, whom we found busy manufacturing Amas cards on his little antiquated printing press. One of his daughters was sitting up type for next Friday's "Gold Hunter", an instalment of a serial story which she was taking (without permission of the copyright owners) from a novel propped in front of her. It was odd to see a girl's shapely fingers plucking at the filthy old type & getting infamously black in the process. About 4 P.M. we started for home, with Bob wedged between us. It was full dark by 5 P.M. with a slim moon & some stars, and the snow sparkling in the beam of the headlights. We skidded off the road three times in the dark, but succeeded in man-handling the car back into the track again. Home about 6.30 P.M. A big day.

Saturday, Dec. 23/33. My wife & I caught the 6 A.M. train for Halifax. On board I discovered young Dr. Frank Hell, also "Peky" Nichols of the Mercy staff, & we three talked nonsense all the way to Halifax, to the mild astonishment of a young

Salvation Army fellow who happened to be sitting with us. The scenery along the way was really marvellous, - ice & snow and sunshine. Arrived at Halifax about noon. Tonight saw the talking picture "Alice in Wonderland" at the Casino. It followed the book pretty faithfully.

(We went down to the docks to see Mrs. Taylor host aboard "Montclare" & said goodby.)
Sunday Dec. 24/33 This afternoon I walked to the South End & through Point Pleasant Park. Gangs of unemployed men have been working there recently, cutting out dead trees, etc, and there was fair walking in spite of the snow. The park is always loveliest in winter I think.

At St. Matthias church tonight with Mother.
Christmas Day Went to a picture show at the Capitol theatre this afternoon, & walked home up the icy slopes in the teeth of a bitter north wind, getting a fierce appetite for dinner. We had a quiet time & so quiet that Muggins giggled at the picture of us four eating steadily & solemnly, with gaudy paper hats on our heads.

The centre piece of the table cover was a linen circle, having maple leaves painted about the circumference, and "Eighth Canadian Battalion Good Luck & Best Wishes" embroidered neatly in the centre. It is a beautiful piece of work, made by the sister of an 8th Battalion officer, & it last appeared on the table in France, Xmas, 1916, at the Battalion dinner.

Today we heard radio greetings passed around the world by the various British lands, followed by a short address of greeting by King George. Tonight I saw a hockey game between the Halifax "Wolverines" and Charlottetown "Abequits" which ended in a 3-2 victory for the Wolves. It was an exciting affair, though there were no fisticuffs and few penalties.

Tuesday Dec 26/33 Caught the 5 P.M. train for P. pool. Other passengers were Emma Dickie, "Wicky" McKuire,

"Nicky" Nichols, & "Mac" Hall, who was brought aboard by his brothers in an alcoholic stupor from which he did not emerge till we reached Bridgewater. There we went into the station restaurant for coffee & sandwiches. Mac had some coffee, but his stomach revolted & he staggered forth into the blinding snowstorm, followed by the reluctant "Nicky". When "Nicky" returned, he was very indignant. "I followed the blighter up hill and down dale in this damned snow," announced "Nicky", "and finally into some sort of a stable. What does Mac think he is - the Star of Bethlehem?"

The train conductor (Bill Robinson of Liverpool) got "quietly drunk" as we neared Bridgewater & insisted on seeing "Nicky's" ticket, which he punched very thoroughly & solemnly. The result was that when the relief conductor came aboard at Bridgewater & demanded a show of tickets all round, "Nicky's" resembled something the mice had been at. The conductor was a short grim individual. He announced, "This ticket's been punched in six places" and stared suspiciously from the ticket to "Nicky" & back again for at least five minutes. "Nicky" who thinks that conductors have no sense of humour, & also has all the Englishman's horror of being put off a train, fairly sweated blood. The conductor gave one or two grim glances at the swirling snowstorm outside - giving "Nicky" a mild type of heart failure each time - and finally grumbled off. There were other incidents.

We had a merry journey, all in all. Home at 9 P.M. & it was a very cold place indeed, with the furnace dead & cold, & all the water taps frozen.

Sunday, Dec 31/33. We have had a week of severe weather, with temperatures down to 15° below zero at night and rising to one or two degrees above zero about mid day. The harbours of Yarmouth, Shelburne & other ports have frozen over. The newspapers say it is the coldest snap in 20 years.

Getting my car started on these mornings is a labour indeed. I have to pour boiling water over the choke, carburettor & exhaust manifold & then jump into the car & shove on the self-starter before the water freezes again. The oil in the gears and crank case gets so "stiff" from cold that the starter is barely able to turn the engine over. I have a glycerine "anti-freeze" solution in my radiator, so don't have to worry on that score. I take a quart of boiling water in my thermos flask, to enable me to start the car again when I want to come home.

Garages and plumbers have been doing a thriving business this week, between frozy cars and frozen water pipes. We have about 8 inches of snow along the coast, but inland there is 2 to 3 feet on the level, with great drifts in places. Mersey Paper Co. used a tractor and engw-plough to clear the Annapolis Road as far as the Greenfield road, chiefly to enable trucks to continue hauling pulpwood from their camp at Nine Mile. (Pulpwood supply at the mill is dangerously low.) They then shipped tractor and plough by rail to Weymouth, where roads have been blocked with snow for 3 weeks, and pulpwood operations at a standstill.

The year finished in an orgy of office work, worse than ever before. I have been working at fever pitch, day and night, since Tuesday.

Wednesday Jan. 3/34 Old Miss Janet Mullins is dying of some sort of cancerous trouble. She sent word by Doc Ford today asking me to come and see her. I went up, after work this afternoon. The old lady was sitting in bed, propped up with pillows, with a red sweater pinned high about her neck; looking very much her usual self - thin, yellow cheeks, pointed chin, black brows & lively brown eyes, thin grey hair carefully brushed into a sort of Queen Alexandra coiffure. She has been without food of any sort for seven days, but her voice is firm

and clear, and the grip she gave me with her left hand was surprisingly strong. She knows that she is dying (the doc gives her a few more days at the outside) and tells me that she has been holding a sort of pleasant levee for all her friends - taking leave of them as calmly and cheerfully as someone going away for a long holiday. Today she said goodbye to all her darkie neighbours & insisted on having them in, despite the doctor's orders. The black folk have partly supported the frail old spinster for years, eking out her pitiful teacher's pension with their gifts of vegetables etc.

She then reminisced about her acquaintance with myself, our researches into the early history of Westpool, the romance of the privateers etc., and said "You have been a favorite of mine ever since you first came here to this house. I have regarded you almost like a son - you don't mind, do you? How proud your mother & sister must be of you. You have wonderful gifts - brains, good looks, charm - and charm is the greatest, people like you. That is a great thing. I have seen the faces of everyone at the Historical Society brighten up when you came into the room."

I said, "You mustn't flatter me, Miss Mullins." She gave one of her quick nods. "You have a cool head. Not to be turned by compliment. Truth told, to a cool head isn't flattery. You'll keep on with the Historical Society, won't you? I am leaving everything to the Society; its worth only a few hundreds but that will something for them to start their building campaign on." We talked about the future of the Society - she very calm, and myself muttering inane things, groping desperately for things to say, avoiding her eyes because I was afraid of tears in mine. At last she gave me her hand & said "Goodbye, my dear boy. You will never know how much your acquaintance has meant to me, in these last few years of my life." And I went out.

(Note: Doc Ford's diagnosis was absurdly wrong. The old lady recovered & lived until 1956!)

Tuesday Jan. 9/34 Today we finished loading 4657 tons (of 2000 lbs) of newsprint aboard s/s Deebank for Australia. The Deebank is the biggest ship ever to dock at Mersey. The freight is 22/9 per short gross ton, which at \$5.06 to the £ sterling, works out at \$5.75 per short ton. The freight is payable at Furness-Withy's office in New York within 24 hours of the signing of the bills of lading. Deebank carries a big crew — 56 men including the captain — and 42 of them are Chinese. We had to post a bond of \$1,000 per chink with the Immigration Dept, and the insurance premium was \$5.00 per \$1,000 — \$240.00 in all, which seemed an expensive item. We charged it to the shipowners, of course. The captain also had to furnish a photograph of every chink on board.

We paid bonuses of \$75.00 to the captain, and \$25.00 to the chief officer, to ensure their interest in the cargo until discharge. (We neglected to grease the palms of these officers on our last shipment, by s/s Indien, and they made quite a lot of trouble for us in Australia). The captain is a stocky Belfaster named John Robertson, with straight black hair and fresh complexion. He told Copelin that he planned to retire in a year or two. As he appeared to be no more than 40, I was surprised at this, but Copelin says that these skippers of big tramps make big money "on the side", in the way of bonuses, grafts, commission on ships supplies (which they buy themselves) etc. This explains why "Cliff" Millard, local laundryman, turned in his laundry bill and also a bill for \$500.00 of "meat, fish & vegetables" duly OK'd by Captain Robertson.

Monday Jan. 15/34 J. A. McWilliam, head of our Shipping Dept, died suddenly in a Halifax hotel tonight. He had been on a business trip to Sydney & New Glasgow, where he indulged in one of his "drinks". This brought on a heart attack. He started from New Glasgow on Saturday

morning - the time he had been ordered to report back to Liverpool - chartering a plane in the effort to make up lost time. He was very ill by the time the plane got to Halifax, & he died in the Lord Nelson hotel from a blood clot in the lung - "pulmonary embolism". The doctor blamed over-indulgence. He leaves a wife & six children utterly dependent - no savings & no life insurance.

JAN. 16 -> "Mac" Hall, his second-in-command, takes charge of the Sales & Shipping Dept. - to the disgust of us all, especially those who will work under him. A little brief authority has always swelled Mac's head and vocal cords.

See my entry of Jan 9, 1933 - almost one year ago exactly.

Friday Jan 19/34 Mac William's funeral took place today in a blinding snowstorm. There was a service at the United Church, attended by the Legion & a large number of other friends. Rev. Mr. Porter, overwhelmed at finding all the big guns of Mersey Tapes in his kirk, turned the funeral oration into a chant of praise; ^{in memory:} and the Rev. Mr. Bird of Brooklyn, a smug man with the jaw and build of a prize-fighter, wept bitterly throughout his prayers. Bird scarcely knew Mac William by sight, and there was something theatrical & distasteful about his keeping. The grave was in the old Congregational cemetery, high up on the ridge. The ceremony at the graveside was brief. Porter gave a brief funeral prayer, Ned Hunt sounded Last Post, & we Legionaries filed past the grave dropping our poppies on the coffin. Mac's widow & oldest girls drove to the cemetery & watched the simple rite from a car, but I think it was all hidden from them in the whirl of snow.

Saturday Jan 20/34 Another winter day, sunny but cold. The Rossignol Lake system is frozen so deep that one or two venturers from the Power Station have driven their ~~camp~~ cars from No. 1 dam to Lowe's Landing over the ice.

Sunday Jan. 21/34 Temperature last night 12° below zero. Bitter cold all day today but sunny with clear blue skies. Gordon & I drove to the site of Camp 7, on the river road arriving at 2 P.M. The Power Commission keep the road open, with their snow plough and the going is wonderfully smooth. Gordon brought his dog along, hoping to trap a wild-cat. We had revolvers, & wore snow shoes. There is about 3 feet of snow in the woods, with a hard crust, lightly covered with new snow - ideal snowshoeing. We crossed the river on the ice & ranged the western ridge all afternoon without success, though we found several stale cat tracks. We walked up on no less than five deer, in various places - the poor devils have hard going in the snow & are at the mercy of a man on snow shoes. Back at the car, about half past four & promptly got in trouble when the fore & hind right wheels, buried themselves in the snow. Gordon had parked it with the left wheels resting on the hard ice of the road & the right wheels on the crust of a snow-drift. Our efforts to extricate it merely sagged the car over to a steep angle. It was then dusk & the temperature dropping fast, so I started to walk the five miles to N^o 3 Power Station. After three miles a car came along - Perry Phalen & Charlie Wolfe driving "Pete" Croft to town for medical attention. With their combined efforts we got off upon the road. Home about 7:30, hungry & frozen stiff.

Monday Jan. 22/34 Temperature last night dropped to 25° below zero in Liverpool - 30° below at the Power Development. There was a scum of ice across the harbour from the breakwaters to the "Wharf Rocks" which the early-sailing fishing boats shattered. Shortage of wood becoming acute at the mill. Today an attempt was made to get some wood out of the booms in Brooklyn Cove, but freezing conditions prevented.

Tuesday Jan. 23/34 Temperature 5° below at 8 A.M. rising to 35° above, in two hours — a shocking but pleasant change. To the movies tonight, to see Charles Laughton in "The Private Life of Henry the Eighth". Very good.

Thursday Jan. 25/34 Historical Society tonight. I read part of my paper on the Horse trails to Nova Scotia & exhibited Haghurst's excellent drawings. Present was Grace Macleod Rogers, author of "Sales from the Land of Evangeline" and "Jan of Half-Way House". A lady of about sixty, I should guess, on the stout side, with a lined face animated by a pair of rich brown eyes. There is a slight cast in one eye which does not detract from its beauty. A loquacious person, inclined to be a bit "arty" — she talks in a literary manner, with frequent drifts into poetry — but a clever & interesting woman for a' that. She told me, "I wrote the 'Sales' when I was a girl, but marriage stopped my pen. A mother is too busy. But my four sons are my real poems, after all".

My mad tongue was tempted to accuse her of plagiarizing the Mother of the Grackles, but nobly refrained. In private life the author is Mrs. Wyckoff Rogers, of Amherst.

Saturday Jan. 27/34 Walked over the Great Hill ridge to Herring Cove Brook this p.m. Took my snowshoes but found the crust hard enough to bear my moccasins, except near the brook.

Monday Jan. 29/33 Ralph Williams, skipper of the "Rever", back from Foxburg with a load of coal, after a hectic trip. Says there is an ice-field all along the coast from Halifax to Sydney, extending as far as 40 miles from shore in some places, all heavy ice, freezing into a solid sheet in the zero snaps. The west coast of Cape Breton, about Ingonish, has been isolated for many weeks: — roads impassible with snow, and harbours frozen. Word came out by a messenger that the whole

district was in danger of starvation. The Halifax Herald chartered a plane in Sydney which flew to Ingonish, to find the inhabitants down to starvation, many having been forced to slaughter their milk cows both from lack of hay and need of the meat. Many of the people are suffering from a strange deficiency disease called "impetigo". The ice-breaker "Montcalm" was promptly ordered to Ingonish with relief supplies & is there now unloading at the edge of the ice-barrier off the harbour. The roads along the Annapolis Valley & Digby County remain blocked with heavy snow. Lumbering operations on that side are seriously hampered. In Queens County there is about three feet of snow and the main highways have been kept open to motor traffic.

Saturday, Feb 10/34 The "most severe winter in 60 years" according to old-timers, continues. Temperature this week seldom got above 20°, with frequent descents below zero. Last night, it was 20° below zero in Liverpool & my water pipes froze for the first time, in spite of a hot furnace fire. Fogging conditions have been so good in Queens County, that our operations at Kossignol are practically completed for the season, and Seaborn is closing the camps next week. The fishing boats are a frosty picture these days as they come into Rickerson's wharf, crusted mast high with ice. The severe weather has driven many wild duck to shelter in the harbour, and Roger Inness tells me over 300 have been shot in the small patch of open water above town bridge. The revival of business seems to be here at last - not in the Pollyanna reports that our politicians and bankers have issued in a continual stream ever since the 1929 crash - but in the greatly increased railway traffic, a much better barometer. The long silence of our local freight yard is shattered day & night by shunting freight trains & their whistles & bells.

Monday, Feb. 12/34. The King fissure mine crushed its first ore today. No details available owing to snow-blocked roads.

J. A. McWilliam's job at Mersey has been filled by LeRoy H. Shipman, an old Abitibi man. So "Mac" Hall's dreams and bombastic behaviour have collapsed together.

Saturday, Feb. 17/34. Intermittent snowstorms, with thermometers dropping below zero every night, all this week. Albert King of the Belgians, was killed while mountain-climbing alone near Namur today. He slipped, and fell forty feet.

Saturday, Feb. 24/34. Milder weather this week, with two violent easterly gales and rain. There are still plenty of ice and snow, and a howling NW gale today with a temperature of 10° above zero, has brought winter back in full force.

Tonight Col. Jones staged his annual party to the staff, in defiance of Lent. Economy was the keynote. There were the whiskey, the Sauterne, the oysters, lobsters and odiferous cheeses of yester-year. Tonight we had rum punch and beer, clam chowder and baked beans. Jones's speech was in his usual rambling style & on a gloomier note than last year. The world was full of turmoil. War was about to break out in Europe, in which we might become involved. The United States had decreed, under its mighty N.R.A., that American papers must patronize American newspaper mills - to the detriment of Canadian industry. Also, American funds - on which Mersey had gained an average of 107% in exchange during 1933 - were now worth less than Canadian.

If Mersey was to survive, there must be still more stringent economy in its operation. And so on. The gathering listened in dumb silence. Jones' own extravagance is a by-word in the mill, and his own poor example robs these economy harangues of all their point. The party went on to cards & song. We had many verses of "Alouette". Jonesie & I sang several sea chantees.

The best fun of the evening was a fake pack of cards which

was dexterously introduced into a solemn group of poker players. (Pop Rempton, Parlaester, Kloss, Waters, Dempsey & others)

The pack contained no less than 23 "ten of spades" cards, and its effect upon the all-unsuspecting players was electric. Bidding rose to dizzy heights (Pop Rempton sitting tight with four "tens" in his hand, & Kloss with five) and when Pop showed his hand there was something close to a riot. All of them took it in good part except "Pop", who became very angry & demanded his money back.

The party began to break up about 10 o'clock. Perhaps Jonesie's gloomy oratory had been too much for it.

Yesterday we finished loading another cargo for New Zealand, aboard the British tramp "Antonia". She is a dirty tub, coal-burning, with insufficient bunker space for the full trip across the Pacific, necessitating storage of coal on deck - a messy situation for a newsprint cargo.

Our Pacific market has become very important in view of the depreciation of U.S. dollars & the rise of sterling. B. J. Ball, our energetic representative, has formed a Mersey Paper Company New Zealand Ltd and a "ditto" Australia Ltd, to handle the business, & has secured an increased tonnage in Australia over last year.

Sunday, March 4/34 Lovely day with hot sun, & water running everywhere. Our third successive mild day. A two-seater light aeroplane equipped with skis landed on the river ice this afternoon at the foot of Mersey avenue. A "barn-storming" pilot from New Glasgow; his ship a gaudy light blue with yellow wings. A crowd soon gathered and he was busy until 5 P.M. taking people up for 5 minute trips at 2⁰⁰ a trip. The ice with its 3 inch covering of slush made an excellent runway. Edith & I walked to Milton & back & found it very warm. I walked most of the way carrying my hat and coat.

Sunday March 10/34 Harshest snowstorm of the winter started last night & raged till noon. Took me two hours to shovel out my path & driveway. This afternoon I finished my short story "The lay-off at Duncan's", based on the incidents of last Dec. 20th. I think it is the best piece of writing I have done.

Friday March 16/34 Succession of fine days with warm sun has removed most of the heavy snowfall of the tenth. Shortly after midnight there was an earthquake shock lasting a few seconds & shaking the house perceptibly, accompanied by a low rumble as of distant thunder.

Saturday March 17/34 Last night's quake seems to have affected the Queens-Lunenburg area but nowhere else as far as we can judge from newspaper reports. No damage reported. This afternoon I hiked to Herring Cove Brook. The day was hot and cloudless & the seaward slope of Great Hill ridge was a mass of slush, with mud in the bare places. In the timber on the north slope & all down the brook valley, the conditions were very different - 2 to 4 feet of good snow, soft to the depth of an inch or so on top. I put on my snowshoes after crossing the crest and found the going splendid. Truly the best snow-shoeing I have ever experienced. Home at 5 P.M.

Sunday, Mar. 18/34 Another lovely day. Walked out along the railway as far as White Point crossing. Called in to see Miss Mullins on the way back as I do every Sunday. The old lady is not only living, in defiance of Doc Ford's gloomy predictions, but seems likely to recover. The conversation ranged between botany and bicycles (she was a keen cyclist thirty years ago, though the very thought seems strange) and she said one very curious thing. She had asked about my boyhood and I had told

of my early days at Lythe; then, very suddenly: - "What have you going to do with the latter part of your life? You will soon be at the half way mark" I said, "That is what I'm wondering myself. I seem to be drifting at present. But I don't think I shall live to be very old." She nodded, as though I had taken words from her mouth and said, "I'll tell you something. You may not believe it. But there will be another War in your life. And that will be the end." She then turned quickly to another subject. I am still wondering. Miss Mullins is psychic. Another was in my time seems unthinkable, yet it's strange that she should have put in words a vague thought that I have had from childhood. My first venture away from home was on a ship, called "Was Karma". Was that an omen? (Karma = "Fate")

Friday Mar 23/34 A bit of cross talk in the House of Assembly at Halifax reveals the interesting fact that money was advanced for the development of King Tissue mine from the public treasury against the advice of the Mines Advisory Board. If the present govt means to withdraw its support, it will mean the end of Mackay's pipe dream, for I am convinced he is at the end of his tether, financially. The report quoted, is in such violent contrast to the very "government" reports quoted by Mackay, that it appears S.W. is a bit of a crook. This is rather disconcerting as I loaned him \$500 on Nov. 17/33, chiefly because I believed him honest. It now appears to me that Mackay has everything at stake in the mine and it's failure means his own failure, with nothing to back up his note due me. This is the result of my first departure from the rigid rule I made for my future life, on December 28th, 1919.!

Minister of Mines, though he had had the whole report before him, had stopped after reading an extract concerning the United Gold Fields of Nova Scotia. The Minister had quoted: "These slag heaps are small lenses and therefore the ore bodies or shoots depending on them are small, too small to justify mining. Further development work cannot be expected to show better results and for this reason we do not recommend assistance in further developing the mine". The Opposition Leader, amid interruptions from the Government benches, continued, asserting that the Minister had not read the next paragraph which stated:

DID NOT READ IT

"THERE is a possibility that the ore body exposed at the 385 foot level might be worth extracting as salvage. To do this it would be necessary to erect a small mill on the property. If it can be demonstrated that the extraction and milling of this parcel of developed ore is profitable we would recommend a loan of \$12,000 for this purpose and for the installation of a semi-portable mill for treating the ore."

The recommendation which the Minister of Mines had not read was very definite, said Hon. Mr. Harrington. In addition Dr. E. B. Faribault, one of the greatest mining experts and more familiar than anyone else with gold properties in Nova Scotia, had been consulted.

Good Friday; Mar. 30/34 Lovely warm day. A mill holiday, so Smith, Barker, Gordon & I went to Eagle Lake for the day. The roads are bare and bad, full of deep ruts, and the frost coming out of the ground; Brent Smith's old Chev. made heavy weather of it. The hike from Big Falls to Eagle Lake proved prodigious as we hadn't brought snowshoes & there was 1-3 feet of snow in the timber. The first mile — all up hill, & each man sinking to his hips at every second or third step — was particularly bad. Arrived at the camp at 10:30 A.M. & found the lake still covered with ice, which Gordon crossed without mishap. A huge dinner of sausages, sauer kraut & potatoes. We sprawled in the sun on the verandah and revelled in the hot bite of it after five wintry months. The lake ice softened so much during the day that at 4 P.M. it was unsafe to walk on.

Home at 6 P.M. One curious thing: the old hunting lodge at Indian Gardens, in which I spent my honeymoon, is now part of the Powet Commission village at Red Falls. It was put on skids, & hauled across the ice to N^o. 1, then down the river road. When we perceived it squatting beside the road at N^o. 2 we couldn't believe our eyes.

Easter Monday, April 2/34 I was a guest today at the Kiwanis luncheon. Dr. Moore of King's College spoke on "The Plight of Youth," pointing out that it is nearly 20 years since the outbreak of the Great War, & "a generation has grown up in our midst that has never known a normal world." He is a first-rate speaker who employs the tricks of oratory to excellent advantage — hunching his great shoulders with a deep intake of breath, prelude to a fiery outburst — taking a step or two toward his hearers when on the confidential, low-voiced note — stepping back again & flinging his arms wide as he hurls an oratorical question, etc. The high note of the luncheon, however, was the speech of "Pop" Tempton in presenting a gift to Mowbray Jones, who is to be married in a few days. Mowbray is the favourite

son of Col. Jones, who made him Chief Engineer of the Mersey Paper Co. in 1928. Mowbray was then 23, just out of college, and his career has been one of many mistakes due partly to lack of mature judgement and partly to his own contempt for the contrary opinions of others. Mowbray is, a clever boy, a hard worker, a conceited puppy, and the world's greatest snob - detested by most of the Mersey organisation and by all of the townspeople. "Pop" in his usual long-winded school-master fashion began with "There are the Latin words, Mater and Pater, which have given us, through many changes, Matrimony and Patrimony. Matrimony from "Mother", Patrimony from "Father". Our friend Mowbray is going to be blessed with both of these derivatives. He's going to get the Matrimony for himself - but the Patrimony will still come from Father!" There was a roar of laughter and applause, & gleeful nudges at everybody's ribs. Mowbray turned red & smiled in a rather sickly manner.

Colonel Jones stared at the wall, unsmiling, like a Buddha in spectacles. The joke was in poor taste, of course, but so arrow-true that it delighted everybody except Pater and Silus. Tonight I commenced taking inoculation treatment against Hay fever, from Doc. Wickwire. The inoculations are to continue for two months at four-days intervals, with increasing doses.

Monday, April 9/34 Bert Feinot, a cook in one of the camps at Rossignol was drowned today. He had been trapping beavers all winter, strictly against the law, on a small lake. The ice is now pretty rotten, but Feinot strapped on his snowshoes & went to visit his trap. (There is still plenty of snow in the backwoods.) The camp missed him at supper time, and the hungry crew searched for him, finding his snowshoe trail and tracking it to a great hole in the ice, twelve feet across.

The man had put up a terrific struggle to get out. He had succeeded in getting his snowshoes and one moccasin off - a miracle in itself - but exhaustion claimed him at last.

Saturday, April 14/34. A terrific three-day easterly gale came to a climax today in a veritable cloudburst. The ice in the big lakes broke up & disappeared, ground to slush in the churning water. We had made up a small pool on the date of breakup, which Gordon won. His guess was the 15th. There is a flood in the river, especially in the Caledonia section.

Sunday, April 15/34. Drove to Lower Great Brook & spent the afternoon loafing in the sun, which was gloriously hot. Plenty of mayflowers in bloom.

Monday, April 23/34. I have finished the manuscript etc. of "The Markland Sagas" & had some correspondence with the printers. Upon the title page appears: - "By C. H. Jones & J. H. Raddall." Jessie objected to this, saying, "The Rudos is yours." But I insisted that the idea of the project was his & therefore he should appear as co-author. He then assented. I think he was rather pleased.

Sunday, April 29/34. A lovely day, though the N.W. wind was chilly in the open. I drove to N^o 1, Power Dam, arriving there at 10/45 A.M. The lake is still very high, & I had to make a wide detour around flowage to reach the old Indian Gardens - Kempton Lake trail. I took the West Brook branch, and fried bacon & eggs for my dinner at the junction of the "Oneys Falls - West Brook Meadows - Kempton Lake trails", at 12/1 P.M. Reached West Brook @ 2/15 & found water everywhere through the woods due to

the high level at N^o 1 dam. Toney's Falls has ceased to exist, and the water is backed up to within 100 yards of the first meadow on West Brook. I had a devil of a scramble around the flowage; ^{SPACE} water has an uncomfortable habit of wandering far into the woods in unexpected places, and the surrounding high land is very rough. I reached the first meadow about 3 P. M. & fished without success below the old log dam until 4, when I packed up my rod & headed for home. Had my tea in the gravel pit at N^o 1 at 6:15.

Wednesday, May 2/34. Clouds - financial - are looming on the Mersey horizon. We are supposed to pay off 10,000 a month against the \$3,000,000 loan of the Royal Bank. We skipped these payments in Feb. & March. Then the local manager observed Mersey's purchase of the Murphy house (for Frank Dempsey, boss paper-maker) also building operations on a new expensive house for newly-wed Mowbray Jones. These operations were undertaken without consulting the Bank, so the local manager wrote a sharp letter, saying that the Bank refused to advance money for these items, and further, if the Mersey directors approved these disbursements (which they haven't!) the directors will have to produce the funds. He also asked some embarrassing questions about collateral, which is barely enough to cover the Bank loan of 700,000 to 1,000,000 under Section 88 of the Bank Act. Mersey is beginning to feel the pinch of low prices, at last. In spite of this, money is being freely spent, and \$150,000 of new equipment has been ordered. The dam at Nickerson's Pond, built in 1929, will have to be replaced soon - a \$30,000 to \$50,000 item. And Millers are pressing for payment of their timberland mortgage, of which half a million is still outstanding. Mersey owes the Govt about \$250,000 for power, & this item was recently the target of severe criticism in the Legislature. The picture

is far from rosy, & it looks as if Mr. Kellam will have to find some money somewhere. Jonesie is hastening homeward from New York, firing off telegrams every hour, demanding statements on every phase of the situation. One was, "How much interest have we paid Royal Bank since 1928?" I dug this information out today & found that we'd paid \$1,065,000⁰⁰ in loan interest, overdraft interest and discount on notes - a sweet item when considered in a lump.

Sunday, May 6/34 Drove to Chelsea this morning in Ralph Johnson's car. Mr. Elijah Henley, one of Morse's pulpwood contractors and a local P.O. Bah, kindly provided us with a boat & sent along one of his sons for guide. We left the ladies near Henley's sawmill on Molega Lake & rowed along the lake shore to the Beaver Tail bay. Fishing proved poor; we got just two small trout apiece. It was a lovely hot day with a fresh wind. Tea at the sawmill, cookhouse & then home. Young Henley told me that there was ^{one} an Indian camp near this mill, & that he had seen "wiquams and all kind o' things" cut into a large flat rock in the lake near the old camp site.

Saturday, May 12/34 The paper-makers made a demand for increased wages yesterday. The outcome of their meeting ^{with Mr. Jones} is unknown, but it is rumoured that Jones gave them a flat refusal. The paper-makers are to meet a Union official (from the U.S.) in Town Hall tomorrow to decide whether or not they will go to work on Monday morning. Tonight Hector, Ralph Kay & I had our final bout of auction bridge for the season. Hector & I won. Our total "profit" for the season is slightly over 500, a narrow margin of victory. Last year it was nearly 3000.

Monday May 14/34. The papermakers came to work today prepared to strike at noon. Yesterday was spent in long conferences in the Town Hall, and at the mill offices with Col. Jones. Jones is said to have told them (a) To "go ahead & strike" (b) that he could fill their places with non-union men by Saturday. Actually, he had decided, in a conference with Waters, Ratchford & Parker, to switch orders for paper to the Doncona Paper Co. (which is controlled by Kellam) and let the paper makers strike away.

It was a complete surprise therefore, when a notice appeared on the bulletin board this morning:-

"Notwithstanding the fact that the Company is in serious financial difficulty, it has been decided to increase the wages of all employees by 10%, effective May 16th"

Saturday May 19/34. This afternoon I drove to Big Falls & walked from there to Kempton Brook. While crossing Eagle Lake dam I heard a shot and came upon John Francis, Indian, shooting minnows with a .22 calibre rifle. He explained that he'd been fishing Eagle Brook without success & thought minnows might prove more attractive. ~~minnow~~ bait. As he had no dip net, he was firing at minnows in the shallows, and he had a pocketful of them. Due to the refraction of light in the water, none of the fish were actually killed by the bullet. The explosion seemed to ~~die~~ the trick, even in water a foot deep. It was a novel and expensive way of getting bait. I arrived at Kempton Brook about 3 P.M. and fished till 5. I hooked six fish but succeeded in landing only 2 of them. The trout were feeding all along the brook despite the fact that it was broad afternoon & the sun hot. Blackflies were a plague. Patent anti-fly dope saved

my face and hands, but the flies got through the opening in my shirt and trousers and bit me freely.

There was a 3-inch rip in the knee of my trousers which admitted the hungry pests freely, & tonight in my hot tub I counted no less than 24 bites around my knee & calf.

I started for home at 5, & missed the place where the trail crosses Kempton Brook, spending an hour and half wandering through the swampy, tree-fallen wilderness on the north side of the brook. I fell in the brook, hip deep, three times. At last I waded the brook and soon found the trail on the dry ground southward - what I should have done in the first place. Tea at Gect-poo Camp at 7:30. Home at 9.

Sunday May 20/34 Lovely sunny day, but with a chill S.E. wind. Drove to Martins Point Lunenburg County, this morning. Had a picnic lunch at a delightful spot, beside the river near there. After lunch Colin Faorne, fisherman, took us to the far famed Oak Island in his motor-boat. We landed on the beach at the north-east end. Nearly all of the fine oak trees which formerly covered this end of the island are gone. Three of them stand majestically on the N.E. point. More are hard to find. The main body of the island is heavily wooded in spruce & fir, and on this portion are 3 or 4 farms - all abandoned save one. The lone survivor is an old man named Dauphincel. The N.E. knoll is almost separated from the main island by a strip of marsh almost at tide-level, and is largely pasture land, the remains of a farm established there by one Smith, and his successor Graves, many years ago. The tumbled cellar-walls of the old farmhouse, surrounded by ragged apple trees, form the centre of treasure-hunting activities. The long slope from the

farmhouse site, down to the lovely south cove is an amazing sight - like an old battle ground. Pits, trenches and rubble heaps, many of them sunken in & covered with thick turf, all over the slope. Two trenches have been dug from the beach to a point well up the slope, probably part of drainage schemes, and there are several great craters full of drainage water, carefully fenced about by old Dauphinee, fearful for his cattle.

The piece-de-resistance is the great shaft, 165 feet deep, sunk by the last expedition of 1931. It is hard by the old farm cellar and directly on the site of a great oak tree, upon which a ship's block, fastened in ancient days, gave rise to all the treasure theories. At 35 feet the diggers came to sea level; with the aid of electric pumps they pushed down another 130 feet, & without success.

The whole hill is composed of sand, gravel and clay, intermixed with small granite boulders; easy digging, but hard stuff to keep in situ. Every inch of the shaft had to be boarded in with 6" x 6" lumber. Dauphinee says they used 75,000 board feet of lumber before they quit.

The latest expedition is now arriving. We found a British Columbian named Nixon, & a young American engineer, running about with steel tapes and a map. It seems that one Blair, now resident in Amherst, owns the lease of the east Knoll, supplies a "map" of the location of the treasure, and of course, makes a very good thing of the whole business. Armed with Blair's "map" these two spent a busy afternoon under our eyes. After some difficulty, they located a granite boulder on the crest of the Knoll, in which a cross had been cold-chiselled. From this they ran off distances according to directions on the "map", which brought them to a spot ten feet east of the 1931 tunnel. Nixon hailed this as proof that the previous

expedition had not followed the "map". The young Yankee was not so sure. "The guy that made this map," he said, "musta been a plumber. Nothing on it fits together."

I comforted them with the assurance that "If you never find the treasure, at least you've had a nice camping trip."

The island is lovely indeed; and the view over the bay from the "treasure slope" - where the white bell-tents of the fortune hunters are pitched - is one to dream about.

We returned to the mainland about 4 P.M. & came home by way of Bridgewater, Conguwall, Crouse-down, Petite Riviere & Jogler's Cove. The main roads are good, but we found the by-roads terrible; rutted, stony and full of frost-holes.

Wednesday May 23/34 Today is an office holiday, so after work today Brent Smith, his father, Roy Gordon, young Jimmie McMaster & myself went to the Eagle Lake camp.

Thursday, Empire Day At 5 A.M. we were up and about with the sunrise. A lovely hot day. By seven we had washed out breakfast dishes. Old Smith decided to stay behind with Jimmie, who was delighted with the perch-fishing there. Brent, Roy & I pushed on down Eagle Lake in the canoe. Blackflies were in swarms, it was soon apparent that brook-fishing would be a feat of endurance rather than sport. We therefore spent a lazy morning exploring the islands in Long Lake. On one small bare rock about fifteen feet square we found three gull-nests of dry grass, each containing three large speckled eggs; a duck's nest, cunningly concealed beneath a bush of ground juniper, and half a dozen swallow's nests of mud plastered into the cracks of the rock. Three very strange types to be leaf-fellows.

As we were gliding along a heavily timbered shore we heard a clamour of ravens, & on investigation discovered a raven's

nest, a bundle of sticks, built on the top of a thirty-foot dead snag. Brent boldly shinned up a near-by spruce & got a good look into the nest, which held two young ravens. Roy, who hates all crows and ravens, was for saddling the nest with the .45 automatic he had in his belt, but Brent's softer heart prevailed.

At the foot of Long Lake, we put our rods together and fished up the brook without success, repeating our experience of May 8/32. The brook should contain trout. It doesn't. We paddled up Long Lake after lunch, & Roy & I left the canoe there, walking across the old portage to Kempton Lake. Roy took the lead and got adrift. We did a lot of hot wandering before arriving on Kempton Brook at the first stillwater. Blackflies were in hungry hordes & the trout were not biting. After 20 minutes we gave it up & swung away over the trail to camp. Brent brought the canoe around from Long Lake. A heavy supper at 6 P.M. Home at eight.

Saturday, June 2/37. An amusing interview with Jonesie this morning. He leaves for New York on business this afternoon, & I had to take his travel-money over to his house. The maid roused him out of bed & he staggered down to the library with a dressing gown thrown over his pajamas, as drunk as a fiddler's pup. He explained that he'd been on a party with "Charlie" Taylor & others (Yankees who have a salmon fishing lodge on the Medway) the night before, & had taken "two drinks to this one for the honour of Nova Scotia and Canada". For nearly an hour he babbled on, damning his family & getting maudlin over his love for books, reciting a risque limerick etc. I had to wrestle mightily to keep from laughing at him, though my reserve failed once or twice. Among other things he told me that he was going to buy the old Cobb house, with several adjacent lots, & turn it over to the Town of Liverpool as a park. He would also convert the interior of the old house into a museum & library & on his death he would

leave all his books to the said library. He also appointed me chairman of the library committee then & there. In Vino Veritas, I hope, for the sake of Liverpool. Jonesie has the beginnings of a very good library.

At 11:30 A.M. Edith & I started in my Ford for Annapolis. We had a picnic lunch at the roadside beyond Mattland & arrived at Annapolis about 3 P.M. Went through the fort & found the contents very interesting, though I think they have seriously neglected the Indians in their collection. Passing on down the Valley, we detoured at Bridgetown to see Clarence & the other farms under the North Mountain as far as Middleton. Though tomorrow is Apple Blossom Sunday officially, the best of the bloom is gone, stripped from the trees by high winds. From Aylesford to Kentville the rough road was a torture, full of "washboard", in violent contrast to the conditions as far as Aylesford. Arrived in Kentville about 6 P.M. & found the place very gay with bunting & fairly crawling with cars, trucks and people. We stayed with the Wlags Smiths, who have a lovely little flat, very tastefully furnished, just off the Main Street. Tonight we saw the Kentville pageant, staged in the Park before one or two thousand people. The history of the Valley, from Glooskap to the present day, beautifully portrayed by people in correct costume, speaking their lines with the aid of a microphone and loud-speaking apparatus. Allegory of the apple industry, Spring Breeze, Sun, Trees, Blossoms, etc., very charmingly done by children in coloured costumes with excellent lighting effects. A really good show and a credit to all concerned.

Sunday, June 3/37. A lovely hot day. We drove all morning through various by-roads toward Blomidon. The soil here is (as the Valley folk say) "later", with the result that we found orchards in full bloom. The

air was rich with their perfume. Picnic lunch at the Look-Off on Blomidon, with a view surely the most lovely in the world. In the afternoon we went to Grand Pre, where a special service was to be held.

The roads were jammed with cars and trucks full of people, and the red Valley dust hung over all in a gritty cloud. It took nearly an hour to make the last mile, under the traffic directions of various Mounted Police, handsome men sweating in red jackets & tight breeches. The little park was over-run with a milling human herd. Upon the church steps sat a crowd of dignitaries & Premier Macdonald was making a speech. The stone background of the church created a curious acoustical effect, by which the speaker's voice was lost to all but the people immediately in front. We had the strange impression of watching an old-fashioned "silent" news-reel. The old well was so completely screened by a crowd of ice-cream-lapping trippers as to be invisible.

And Evangeline herself was of use only as a background for snapshots of little Willie and Aunt Maria. Jack Mosher & myself were a little surprised to find that the famous "big feet" of the figure were encased in gargantuan boots, and not sabots as we'd expected.

It was impossible to capture any of the romance of the spot in that mob & I was glad to get away but of it. I should like to be there some time at evening in the Fall or perhaps on a dark spring morning with a grey rain falling over the marshes.

We left Kentville for home via New Ross at 9 P.M. and arrived in Liverpool about 10.45. Narrowly escaped accident twice while trying to make up lost time on the "home stretch" between Bridgewater & Liverpool. Skidded badly in the gravel on two sharp corners and made it with two wheels on the road & two hanging over the ditch!

Saturday June 16/34. I commenced a week's holiday by driving with Edith to Halifax.

Sunday June 17/34. Drove to Portuguese Cove via Purcell's Cove, York Redoubt & Herring Cove, over an execrable road which hasn't altered a whit since 1922. The old wireless station and signal tower are derelict & forlorn, abandoned for ten years, with boarded-up windows, sagging frames and roofs, and with most of the paint peeled off. The tall mast still stands, with the aerial remnants dangling from the spreaders. The steep little path, the lovely view across the village and sea were unchanged. The wreck of the *Petitia* has been removed from the village scene, that is all. The houses of the fishermen appear the same, small poverty-haunted hovels, and I suppose will always be the same. I went in to see old Mrs. Purcell, who did not know me, at first, likewise "Bos" Purcell & the youngest son Roy. The stuffy little house was full of memories of Olive (I mentioned her name gently and the old lady wept) and I could almost fancy the ghost of myself standing in the shadowy parlour - the blinds were drawn as usual - just ashore from the bitterness of Sable Island, with a thousand dollars & my nineteen years & the world at my feet.

I drove on to Sambro via Ketch Harbour & thence back to the city. I have wanted to visit these old scenes ever since I left them, & now that I've seen them again I am satisfied. To go again would be merely morbid.

June 18-22. A pleasant week at home with drives in my little Ford around the Basin via Waverley to Dartmouth, to Hammond's Plain via Garney Lake, and to the justly famous Pegg's Cove by way of Shag Harbour and Dover. One afternoon I drove Mother & Edith to Waverley & we had dinner at Green Acres, a charming place of trees and lawns, over-

looking the lake. Also visited Africville, which is the same collection of stinking hovels. Richmond is gradually being built up again, but there are many open fields where the houses were before The Explosion, & we could see plenty of tumbled-in cellars, green with grass, as though it all happened a hundred years ago. The Halifax Relief Commission did a splendid job in the re-housing settlement facing Fort Needham, a miniature Elizabethan village, but the place has a tinge of squalor now, with unkempt lawns, and untidy squares. I wonder if this isn't a reproach upon those excellent gentlemen who are now urging the re-housing of the slum-dwellers on Grafton, Market, Water & other streets.

The slum-dweller makes his own slum, I fear.

Sunday June 27/34. Drove back to Liverpool at a leisurely pace this afternoon, in brilliant sunshine, pausing for a brief glance at Chester on the way.

Friday June 29/34. "Moved house" today. Have leased for one year the house belonging to Mr. Drying Corkum on Park Street, as our bungalow offered rather cramped quarters, and Edith is expecting a baby in the late fall. The day was hot, with a promise of thunder-showers, & I decided to move now rather than risk rain on the morrow.

Sunday June 30/34. My exertions in the terrific heat yesterday brought on a sharp attack of hay fever, the first I have experienced this year.

Monday July 2/34. Dominion Day. The Band & Leungdon Legion put on a joint garden party tonight with great success. Weather continues hot & cloudless, with refreshing westerly winds in the daytime.

Wednesday, July 11/34. The long "spell" of fine weather continues unbroken with hot clear days & cool nights. Shortly after midnight the old pulp mill at Rapid Falls burst into flames & burned to the ground. Incendiary, of course. Parker had been prosecuting certain of the novel-dwellers there for stealing parts of the machinery.

Sunday, July 15/34. Still we have hot, cloudless weather with light S.W. and W. winds. Went to Eagle Lake today with Brent & his father. We donned bathing suits & worked, stripped to the waist, in the hot sun all day, building a wharf (the lake is very low) and digging a well. Remarkable luck with the well, as the camp site is very stony and very dry. We struck hard white clay about 8 inches below the loam and at less than four feet got a good spring of ice cold water flowing into the hole. A good day's work.

Wednesday, July 25/34. Rain tonight made a break in the longest period of fine weather in local memory. Not a heavy rain, at that. There is a drought all over the continent, with cattle perishing and crops burning up.

Saturday, July 29/34. To Eagle Lake this p.m. with Parker & Brent. Hot, muggy weather. We took lumber to build a well-curb and a "porry", and lugged it up the trail to camp in three sweating trips. Hard labour all afternoon, with the worry of amateur carpentry and the supreme joy of driving nails. Enormous supper of fried sausages & rolls. After tea we tackled a hornet's nest which had been built between the shutter and the north window. The hornets had proved a nuisance.

in such intimate quarters, infesting our grub & so on. Parker had a "flick" gun which only made them mad. After allowing a decent interval we resolved on desperate measures. I placed a ladder against the camp & mounted level with the nest. I pulled a paper bag up over the nest with a single swoop, & at the same time Parker sheared it from its moorings with a flat chip. I then had a bag full of very angry hornets, which I thrust into the fire. The blood was done, & nobody stung. It made a good peg to hang an evening chat on, with a single lamp lit, each man sprawled naked on a cot with his glass of beer & his (Brent excepted) corn-cob pipe, and a hot south-west wind blowing vapour up the dark lake and into our doorway. No mosquitoes, GOTT SEI DANKE.

I think this is the part of our woods' excursions that most appeals to me. The exercise, the mere being in the woods, the hearty meals, the magic freedom of mind and body (for I've found you can take the clothes off your mind as well as your carcass) — all these are part of the joy of it; but this hour around the lamp before bedtime, with the sweet incense of tobacco and the good comfortable bust of man-talk — I know I shall remember it with pleasure as long as I live, if it be a hundred years.

Sunday, July 30/34. A hot moist day (91° in the shade). I've completed our construction work this morning. Parker had to leave, after dinner. Brent & I took a canoe down the lake & becoming drowsy with the heat, lay down and slept, letting the canoe drift. Going down trail to the river in the cool of the evening we surprised a pair of deer beside the brook & got a very good look at one of them.

Aug 1/34. A few days ago Jonesie introduced me to J. Morris Longstreth, who is compiling material for a book on Nova Scotia. I took him around Liverpool & Milton, pointing out the various places of interest, & afterward had a very interesting chat with him over a glass of whiskey at the Mersey Hotel. Today I received an autographed copy of his book "The Silent Force", a history of the Canadian Mounted Police.

Tuesday Aug 7/34. Fine weather following a week of fog and showers. Premier Ramsay MacDonald of Great Britain leaves Sydney today in H.M.S. "Dragon" after a holiday tour in Nova Scotia. When he arrived at Digby he was greeted by our own Premier Angus P. McDonald in Gaelic - AND COULDN'T UNDERSTAND A WORD! The Toronto Globe in an amusing comment, quotes the Scottish blood of Nova Scotia as saying: "A MacDonald - and hasn't the Gaelic? Why the man's very little better than an Englishman."

Wednesday Aug 8/34. Tuna are very plentiful off Liverpool, and Joe Penny has developed a lucrative business of taking American tourists out to catch the big fish with harpoons. The wealthy American Thomas Howell, who brought the film actress Colleen Moore as his guest last year, is here again with his trim little motor-yacht "Thalia". He succeeded in catching a 792-lb tuna on rod and line after a 62-hour battle that began near Mersey Point & finished off the Lahave Bank. He is very enthusiastic, swears Liverpool is the place for a vacation, & is presenting the stuffed corpse of his tuna to the Town of Liverpool.

Wednesday Aug. 15/34 Drove to North Brookfield today to attend the annual region picnic, at the Gates farm, overlooking Lake Hopewell. A most lovely spot. The uncertainty of weather rendered the attendance small - little over 100 people - and a heavy downpour in the afternoon dampened the festive spirit. However, we got through most of our sports program (for which Jonesie donated very nice prizes) and I think everybody got some fun out of the day.

Thursday Aug 16/34 Moved my residence to Summerville, where we are sharing a bungalow with the Ralph Johnsons for a fortnight.

Aug 18 - 25 The second week of my vacation, during which I stayed at Summerville, sun-bathed, built sand-castles, & renewed my friendship with old Mike McKony, the Indian. My sister Kelda came down for a week; & the Johnsons had Elizabeth "Tibby" Ross, and Ester Welsford, both bright and good company. The Austin Parkers had a bungalow there at the same time, and we had several parties, including a clam-bake and a corn-boil. Weather good, on the whole, but the sea water was cold throughout our stay - something unusual for August. Lovely sunsets and wonderful moonlit nights.

Monday, Aug 27/34 Came in from the beach to work this morning, rising in the chilly air of 6.30. Tonight spent in town. Saw George Arliss in "The House of Rothschild" at the "talkies" - a splendid performance.

Sept 3/34 Labour Day. A mill holiday. Lovely weather. Drove to Bridgewater along the shore, stopping to examine the site of De Kazilly's fort at Lahave. A high tea in B. water at Rafuse Cafe, which was recommended by a passing citizen, & which turned out to be a frowzy place. Food, not bad. Afterward drove to Lunenburg & saw the talkie "Operator Thirteen" from Robert W. Chambers' novel. An uncomfortable little theatre, with an ungraded floor and stiff little seats which kept you sitting bolt upright without room for your knees. Home at 11 P.M.

Sept 2/34. My story "The Pay-off at Duncan's," based on the incidents of last December 20th., appears in this month's "Blackwood's Magazine." I received a check for 22 guineas for it, which comes to the very acceptable sum of \$115.38 at present exchange. An article on Liverpool, under the title of "Ojomkegea" has appeared in "Port and Province," a little magazine published in Halifax by John S. Scott.

Tuesday Sept 4/34. Today I was the speaker at the weekly Kwanis luncheon, my subject, "Sable Island." This is the third time I've spoken before them. I said I didn't know which to admire most - their hospitality or their fortitude.

Monday Sept 10/34. Continued drought is giving the Mersey mill considerable anxiety for its fresh water supply, which is derived from Herring Cove Brook & its two small lakes. Mowbray Jones had a brain wave. He has installed an electric pump at Seven Mile Lake & is pumping water through a short pipe line over the height of land into

the Herring Cove watershed. It looked like a good scheme on the map but in practice it is fatuous. The water, which is only a small flow anyway, is being poured over the long bare flank of the ridge, & is being sucked up by the thirsty soil. A right-of-way had to be cut through timberland of the Medway pulp mill, in order to bring electricity to the pump site; all this was done without consulting the Medway people at all, & as the diversion of water brings up the old controversial question of riparian rights, the Medway people are putting up a loud howl. The policy of "Do it first and fight about it afterwards" has cost the Mersey people a lot of money, but they never seem to learn.

Sunday, Sept. 16/34. Spent the afternoon with Roy Gordon searching for Indian relics at the Gardens. We used a canoe & investigated both shores, but found the water too high to get at the best ground. I found an arrow-head and a broken stone "gauge". Mrs. Gordon & Edith were with us, & we all had picnic tea at Third Stillwater Falls, a lovely spot.

Thursday, Sept. 20/34. This afternoon attended the funeral service for Bill Silver who died of some strange gland trouble, called "Hodgkins disease" after a long and painful illness. The international yacht races are in full swing at Newport & public interest is enormous, for J. O. P. M. Sopwith's "Endeavour" seems to be a far superior craft to the American "Rainbow". Jonesie is there in the "Awenische" with a few bosom pals and a lazarette full of liquor.

Friday Sept 21/34. The Lindbergh Kidnapping case is solved, after almost 3 years with the arrest of a German named Hauptman, in New York.

Saturday Sept 22/34. Hector Dunlap, Roy Gordon "Ike" Smart & I went to the Kopper today for a week-end trip. We had big clumsy rivet-boat, driven by a 6 h.p. Johnson outboard motor, which gave us much trouble. A connecting pin in the drive-shaft coupling gave way, & we had to manufacture two from nails found in the boat. There was a strong S.E. wind, so we hoisted our tent with an oar for mast & a pike-pole for boom, & sailed handsomely to our destination. We arrived in the flowage at Mullin's Meadow about dusk, & succeeded in getting through the dead trees almost to the foot of the old hunting trail to Northeast Bay. We found a good camp-site under a big pine, where a party of "sports" had stayed last year. Leaving table, fireplace & tent-poles for our convenience. An enormous meal at 8:30 P.M., consisted chiefly of a huge T-bone steak per man, sizzled on each side and gulped down practically raw. A lovely moonlit night. A cow-moose bawled loudly just across the flooded meadow, & a deer crept down to our tent in the small hours & woke Gordon & me with an indignant "phweel!"

Sunday Sept 23/34. Rain all morning. We lay comfortably in our big tent, while "Ike" entertained us enormously from his endless fund of anecdote. He was brought up among the West Caledonia Irishmen & his stories of those Hibernians, rendered perfectly in the local idiom, were the most humorous I've read or heard for years. In the afternoon we manufactured from nails a supply of pins for the

engine, which lasted as far as First Lake. We had to go ashore there & dig some nails from a tree to make more pins. Arrived at N^o 11 about 4:30, & spent an hour searching for Indian relics with some success. We found several fragments of pottery, a spear head, a leaf shaped scraping tool, a stone net-sinker, a broken stone gouge & about a dozen arrow-heads.

Tuesday, Sep 25/34. The international yacht races between J.O.M. Soper's "Endeavour" and the American "Rainbow" came to a squally end today. Endeavour took the first two handsomely, but Rainbow carried off the next four; chiefly due to Soper's poor handling of his boat. Critics, both Canadian & American, agree that Endeavour is the faster boat and that Rainbow had the smarter crew. Soper, while acknowledging his own blunders, protested against Vanderbilt's tactics on Rainbow, which interfered on several occasions with Endeavour's sailing contrary to rules. The race committee threw Soper's protest out on a technicality, & Soper, very bitter has withdrawn his protest. He left at the end of the last race & is sailing for home, announcing that he will never challenge for the America's cup again.

Saturday, Sept 29/34. Parker, Smith, Gordon, Dunlap & I set sail from Number One this afternoon in a large cabin motor boat belonging to Sherman Anderson. It is a veritable Ark, driven by two Chevrolet automobile engines, & capable of ten or twelve knots. We towed our canoe astern, but encountered a strong beam wind & sea in Second Lake which nearly swamped it, & we were obliged to haul it aboard & stow it on the cabin roof. We turned south-

west after reaching Lake Rossignol, passed through the ~~dragnet~~ (or rather over it, since it is under fifteen feet of storage water) and arrived at Coadie's Brook about dusk. Deep water over the old meadows on Coadie's Brook enabled us to take the motor-boat up nearly two miles, where we moored it to a tree in the flowage, & took to the canoe. The timberland on both sides of the brook is in a horrible mess, for the storage water this spring flooded the whole area & killed all vegetation. We found bits of driftwood roosting in the forlorn branches of dead trees eight feet above ground, & the soil turned to a black & greasy slime. At the junction of Conway Brook with Coadie's Brook we found a Knoll of green trees, an island in the wilderness of flowage, & we pitched our tent there. Two deer, a doe and big buck with beautiful antlers, were drinking from a stagnant pool in Conway Brook & fled at our approach. Shortly after our arrival the rain commenced a steady cloudbout, & we turned in at 9 P.M.

Sunday Sept. 30/34 A long day which began at midnight, when Parker aroused the gang with unusual profanity & the flitting gleam of his flashlight. The rain was coming down in sheets - harder than I ever saw it except in the tropics - and the old tent was leaking like a basket. We had a laugh at Parker's expense, but soon found ourselves in much the same mess. I pulled the canvas flap of my sleeping bag over my head & "let it rain". But we got little sleep. Toward morning the wind sprang up & increased to a howling gale which threatened to blow the tent away. Daylight revealed Conway Brook risen to a boiling torrent. Our mugs & pots, standing outdoors

exposed to the sky held exactly 3 inches of rain water in each. The wind continued unabated. It was apparently "all set" for a long blow, & as the clumsy motor-boat would never live in the waters of Rossignol under such a blast, we resigned ourselves to a long hungry stay. We went on rations at once, with a breakfast at seven & a resolve not to eat again until night. However, the wind dropped very suddenly & completely about 3 P.M., so we had a big meal & ferried our gear back to the motor boat.

Knowing (a bit too late) that the Ark was a glutton for gasoline, we sounded the fuel tank & found about three inches. We started off, using one engine. I took the steering wheel & laid the straightest course possible. (We sailed right over Frankenburg's old camp at Scheecht.)

We got through the Hopper in fine style, held our breath all the way down Second Lake, & the engine finally snorted, & died just as we entered First Lake. We got the canoe overboard, & Gordon & Smyth commenced to tow the Ark therewith. A brisk wind sprang up about this time from the N.W., so Parker & I rigged the big tent for a sail. (Parker steadying the pike-pole mast, & myself sitting on the pike-pole boom to keep the sail-foot down. It blew pretty briskly, & nearly knocked me off the cabin roof, sail & all, a couple of times, but the Ark sailed along famously & we made it straight to the mooring at Number One - over two miles - without having to tack. Home at 7:30 P.M.

Sunday, Oct 7/34 Mother is staying with us for a few days. I attended service at the C. of G. with her this morning - a rare event for me. (The outward & visible forms of worship seem more and more

stupid to me.) A lovely sunny day, with a gale out of the S.W., and a heavy easterly sea running. Drove around Western Head, where the surf was magnificent. At one time in the afternoon, the high flung spray of each wave, caught the sun's rays in a glorious rainbow effect. Sometimes it was like a flame streaming from the crest of each roller, and clinging to it, as the ridge of green water sped toward the rocks. We sat on a little cliff about forty feet above the sea, with the flung spray dabbing our faces. Afterwards went around the other headland - Brooklyn, Fralic's Cove, Beach Meadows - where the surf was heavy but more restrained. At Western Head we picked some fine big mushrooms I had a plate of them, fried in butter, with my supper, despite the warnings of "friends & relatives". I am still living at present - nearly two hours after eating.

Monday Oct. 8/34. Thanksgiving Day. Mother, Edith & I had a first-rate dinner at the Elmwood Hotel. Gordon Ratchford & Smith are out of the woods with a wild tale of big game up at Conway Brook where we camped last week. Gordon "called" no less than four bull moose out into the open, two of the bulls had a fight, and one old monarch came swinging down to within six feet of the boys. Cameras clicked busily. But the supreme adventure was reserved for Ike Smart & Smith, who walked into four bears - a mother & three half-grown cubs - on the Dunraven Bog. The boys spent an uneasy five minutes, but finally Mama Bear hustled her family up a pine tree.

Saturday Oct 13/34. Drove to Halifax this afternoon with young Terence Freeman as passenger. His first visit to the big city. Took in the show at the Casino - a Papir Dine story, "The Dragon Murder Case". Morris Longstrech phoned asking me to come & see him. He is at the Dennis Apartments, opposite the Province Building. His book on Nova Scotia is well under way, & he expects to have it finished by December 15th. We sat & talked & drank whiskey until 1 A.M. when - in spite of his remonstrances ("I'm drunk, & so are you, and you'd better not try to drive that car home tonight") I got into my faithful chariot & drove home. I've got a pretty good head for booze as long as I don't mix the drinks.

Sunday Oct 14/34. A bleak grey day, with light showers of very cold rain, a few snow flurries, and momentary flashes of sunshine. Took Terence for a drive in the morning & showed him the city. This afternoon I picked up Longstrech & we went for a hike through Point Pleasant Park. Sat in the lee of Point Pleasant Battery and watched a two masted schooner beating up harbour in the teeth of a keen wind. Longstrech is a quiet drawling fellow, very modest about his many books, very well read, and one of the most sensual men I ever met. He should have lived in ancient Rome. I said as much, and he agreed. At six P.M. Terence & I started for home. An uncomfortable drive; the road crowded with cars & people walking to church, very dark & cold. Got off the main road after leaving Chester & went 4 miles up the Windy Road by mistake. Home at 9.45.

Wednesday Oct 24/34 A great ado burst upon the
Mersey office, Jonesie arriving from Montreal in a great
sweat, and ringing all his buzzers abonce. Seeds, mortgages,
sales contracts, account books etc are being overhauled
in a frenzy, and two men from England will arrive
to audit our books, on Saturday. Ratchford says he
doesn't know what its all about, but thinks that
Kilham has interested some English capital in the
First Mortgage Bonds (\$5,000,000) now held by the Royal
Bank as collateral for a three million loan. Kilham
is in England now. Office rumour says that
"new capital" is entering the business and that
the long-awaited (and oft-rumoured) third paper
machine is to be installed. Another interesting
development is that an American firm is about
to erect a small yeast factory on a site adjoining
the mill, and will use the by-product from our
sulphite plant.

Thursday Oct 25/34 Parker, Smith, Burke Douglas
& Frank Freeman arrived home from a week's
hunting at Eagle Lake. They got two deer and
a wild-cat, in spite of rainy weather.

Friday Oct 26/34 My book "Saga of the
Markland Sagas" has arrived from the printers,
after a year's study & work. Jonesie appears as
co-author, at my own suggestion. The
Layette Printing Co. of Montreal, have done a
great job on it. Much better than "Saga of the
Rovers".

Wednesday Nov. 7/34 The last of our hurricane and-
stors left today. They worked day & night for ten

days and finally put in a session lasting until 3 A.M. which included 47 minutes on the trans-Atlantic phone to England. Office rumour says that the English firm of Rowater & Sons, who have been trying to buy the Price Bros. mills in Quebec, and now considering purchase of Mersey.

(Note: Killam's price was considered too high. Rowater eventually bought the mill for a huge price in 1956.)

Friday Nov. 9/34 At the request of the High School Club, I spoke to them this afternoon on the subject of Remembrance Day. I'd expected to see twenty or thirty of the oldest students, but found the Oddfellows' Hall full of kids. They were very attentive, which surprised me somewhat, and I was probably due to the presence of two or three teachers, but I think I should have used "suffer little children" for my text; I am sure they did.

Sunday Nov. 11/34 Poring rain. The Remembrance Day service was held in the Astor Theatre. The padres of the town were seated in a solemn row on the platform, the Liverpool Band was present in uniform, and a splendid turnout of Legion men - fifteen, including Jonesie (wearing all his medals). A couple of hundred citizens were scattered over the body of the theatre, with thirty or forty school kids. As the worthy padres take turns with the annual oration, the principal speech fell to "Captain" Gerard, the local Salvation Army Ofc. He is a gayety young man with large teeth (badly in need of a brush and paste), a pair of spectacles, and a sketchy knowledge of grammar. He couldn't talk about the War, because he didn't know anything about it, so he gave us the typical, street-corner, hell's-fire-and-come-to-Jesus harangue. The only thing he left

out were the smack of the tambourine and the beefy dame in coal-scuttle bonnet passing the plate.

Monday Nov. 12/34. Armistice Dinner tonight, under new management. (I withdrew from the job, having organised every dinner since 1930.) The Mersley Hotel served a good dinner but the place was innocent of decoration, there was no provision for dinner music, and a hasty attempt to get speakers at the eleventh hour had resulted in an impromptu address by Rev. Geo. Beck in very poor form, and a long meandering harangue by Jones, who was somewhat drunk. He was wearing his medals again, one of very few in the room to do so, and referred to them with heavy humour as "my hardware". Dinner was hustled through, the Silent Toast, & the King were traipsies no more, and the whole gathering poured forth to the Town Hall to indulge in cards and wine. A heavy supply of punch, consisting largely of Catawba wine and rum, sufficed to make this gathering a noisy one, and finally a drunken one. I left early. I could not see the true Remembrance spirit in any of this year's celebrations.

Thursday. Nov. 22/34. Edith gave birth to a son, at 1 a.m. Both are doing well. Doc' McKewen was in attendance, and both Jean and Verna Dunlop were assisting. Edith had a much easier time than her first confinement, and a new anaesthetic, which makes the patient "drunk" was a great boon. I can't help thinking that with proper nurses & a doctor willing to make use of a new idea, things might have been different on that other miserable occasion. Our son's chief

facial characteristic is an extensive "jug" nose. He's no beauty, but I'm not worried over that. I'm curious to know what he's got inside his head, and I'll have to wait a long time to find out. His hands are large and strong. That is an excellent point. If his head is as good as his hands, he's alright; he'll sail through the world with that snub nose high in air, & it will take a good man to put him down.

Saturday Dec. 1/34. Mild weather continues, with steady rain. Temperature 62° at 10 A. M. Grace Johnson sent over a bunch of pansies, just picked from her garden. Curiously enough, the roads are still good. Our son has gained 9 ounces since birth. His vocal powers are astonishing, and our sleep has become a sketchy business of naps snatched whenever opportunity occurs, which reminds me of seafaring days.

Sunday Dec. 2/34. To Eagle Lake this morning with Brent Gordon & two dogs. We separated at the Long Lake trail, Gordon pushing on to the camp, & Brent & myself hiking over to Long Lake. We spent a couple of hours clearing out the old trail there & returned to camp by the east shore of Eagle Lake at 4 P. M. Supper of baked beans & out to Big Falls at dark.

Friday Dec. 14/34 A sensational rum smuggling case was sprung on the public today, when the Mounted Police made public a long list of names and announced that these men will be "invited" to attend a grand mass trial in Montreal. The men are scattered over Eastern Canada,

St. Pierre, Miquelon, and Newfoundland; thirty-five are Nova Scotians, principally residents of Riversport and Halifax. Herbert East, who is said locally to have made a fortune at the game during the past fifteen years, was the only Liverpool man on the list. The police allege a great smuggling ring, owning cars, trucks, ships & fast motor boats; they have been doing a lot of quiet investigation, principally into bank accounts, so that the accused are between a customs Scylla and an income tax Charybdis. Attempts to clean up the rum smuggling racket have failed in the past, because the "high-ups" were invariably men with political pull. (The Ross Byrne case of Jan. 1931)

Saturday, Dec. 15/34 Thermometer 3° above zero this evening, marking the eighth day of cold weather. Six inches of snow gives everything a "Christmas" appearance. Hector Dunlap told me tonight that his firm, Thompson Bros, were on the now-famous police "black-list". They were tipped off by Mr Lockward, the Royal Bank manager, and succeeded in having the business hushed up as far as they are concerned before the names were made public. They had made a lot of money in outfitting rum-runners with high-speed diesels etc.

(OMITTED FROM DEC. 4TH) D. W. Mackay paid his note for \$500.00, borrowed last Nov. 17th. (1933) I had been hounding him for settlement the last two weeks. He stalled me off with promises, including two appointments for payment of the note, which he failed to keep. At last I threatened suit for payment, and he paid up in a hurry. I have my doubts about the success of his gold mine, in which he has sunk most of his money.

Thursday Dec 20/34. Jones authorized the Mercy Co to pay me \$250.00 for my services in connection with "The Markland Sagas". It was a much more satisfactory award than the \$100 he paid for "Saga of the Rover". He said "my one regret is that you are not receiving all the credit". But he's getting a big thrill out of his "co-authorship", and I am satisfied.

Construction of a yeast factory on property adjoining the mill was commenced today. A subsidiary of Best Foods Inc, an American concern, is behind the job, & they will erect an \$80,000 plant, which will use a by-product of our sulphate plant as part of its raw material.

Sunday, Dec 23/34. A bright cold day, with no snow on the ground. The Kiwanis Club presented toys to 200 poor children of the town this afternoon, following a custom established last year. A huge Christmas tree was erected at the Parade. At 2:30 P.M. Santa Claus arrived in state. First came a man mounted, bareback, on a great Percheron horse, followed by the town band (fingers blue on the chilly instruments) playing "Jingle Bells" valiantly. Santa Claus had to dispense with a sleigh, owing to lack of snow, but he had a marvellous team of reindeer. Three pairs of huge oxen, with great sets of moose-horns (trophies of various proud hunters, donated for the occasion) lashed firmly above their own, drew the Christmas chariot. The patient beasts were also well decorated with coloured ribbons and tissue paper, and were accompanied by six teamsters in red hunting shirts. Santa Claus was a roly-poly figure in authentic costume, who turned out to be the Sheriff, D. C. Mulhall, only on very careful inspection. The driver was none other than Colonel

Jones, in a fur-collared leather flying-coat and a Highland Bonnet complete with the hackle. They were followed by a huge procession of cars. Arrived at the tree, business was commenced at once, the children filing past Santa Claus making their requests & receiving each a toy of some sort, the business being conducted very efficiently by means of special roped-off corridors in the crowd.

It was a pleasant affair and the pleasure was divided evenly between the kids, their parents, and the crowd of spectators. No one enjoyed it more than Santa Claus, the genial "D.C.", who is in his element in affairs of this kind.

Tuesday Christmas Day. This morning I enjoyed the great Empire broadcast with its lightning rignettes of British citizenry in many parts of the world. — a Tasmanian fisherman; an officer in a fort (and ah, the thrill of the bugles!) in the Khyber Pass; a Quebec lumber camp (singing "En roulant, ma boule and "Vive la Canadienne" right merrily); the resident of a chalet on Grouse Mountain, overlooking Vancouver; the toll-keeper on the Liverpool-Birkenhead tunnel; a Nova Scotian fisherman; a New Zealand farm^{er}; a children's skating party at Winnipeg; a farm near Capetown; a tea-planter of Ceylon; a toll-keeper on the great bridge at Sydney, N.S.W.; a hockey game at Toronto; a fisherman of the Aran Islands; the Acting Resident of Southern Rhodesia; a speaker in Scotland, with a message in Gaelic; a speaker from Wales, with a message in Cymric, and finally a shepherd in the Devonshire hills. The King's voice followed, very clear, with a short but pithy message, including a special greeting to India, which will so soon become a member of the one family.

At noon I drove Edith & the baby to Milton for the annual family Christmas dinner. Hector & Marion were absent this year, of course. A fine cold day; no snow, but the river is frozen, and there is plenty of skating.

Saturday, Dec 29/34 Went to Eagle Lake this afternoon in a howling snowstorm. A mad idea, of course, but we'd always wanted to spend a night in the camp in a snowstorm. Parker, Smith, Gordon & I. We played cards till late, and turned in with the door open for ventilation, the wind having dropped.

Sunday, Dec 30/34 The weather turned very cold in the night, & we were awakened about 4 A.M. by the dog, who had gone to sleep on the floor, where the cold air was like a knife. He simply sat back on his haunches & let out a bitter wolf-howl, very weird in the darkness. Gordon took him on his bed & all was well again. The woods were beautiful beyond description today. All the trees and bushes weighed down with snow. It was about knee-deep. We cut a good pile of firewood and left camp about 1 P.M. walking down the trail to the river & then taking the river ice to Big Falls. I carried the gramophone & records most of the way. (Parker is giving a New Year Eve party & wants some dance music). On the ice, among the dead tree-tops of the flowage, we came upon eight or ten deer nibbling moss and fungus. They seemed very tame, not seeming to mind the dog very much. We got the camp going, & made the trip to Liverpool in the wake of a big truck.

New Years Eve. A merry party at the Parkers, eighteen in all. Plenty of Cape Cod cocktails, not to mention rum and gin. Lots of noise and fun till 2 a m.

New Year's Day 1935. A quiet day, with continued cold and N.W. wind. I walked almost to Milton in the afternoon. The Freemans & Aunt Marie came down in the evening for dinner.

Tuesday Jan 2/35. Plentiful praise is coming in from book reviewers & others to whom Jonesie sent copies of "The Markland Sagas". Two N.Y. publishing houses have written suggesting publication, but Jonesie thinks the sale would be small and that the book will retain much more prestige as a private edition. The Company paid me, so I cannot object.

Friday Jan 4/35. Weather has remained cold with almost continuous northerly gales since Christmas, and tonight the thermometer dropped to 4° below in Liverpool, and 10° below in Milton.

Jonesie had decided to promote J.N.V. Macdonald to be a sort of travelling "contact" man, and as a preliminary and holiday they both leave today for a motor tour of the Southern States.

Tuesday Jan 29/35 Real wintry weather all this month with thermometer dropping to 10° and 15° below zero on some nights. The bold attempt of Canadian International Paper Co. to raise the price of newsprint $\$2.50$ per ton ($\$5.00$ after June 30/35), has proved a fizzle. All Canadian companies, led by International, had announced the higher price for 1935, and started billing 1935 shipments at

the increased price. But the prospective rise in price for 1935 was made a mighty selling argument in December, 1934, with all the newspaper companies trying to get rid of their 1934 stocks at prices in some cases lower, even, than the 1934 level. The first result was that newspapers were stocked six months ahead with cheap paper; the second was that the newspapers refused to buy paper at the new price for 1935; and the third result is that the mills have capitulated, agreeing to return to the 1934 price, and — to make the newspapers' triumph complete — agreeing to "take back" the big stocks sold in December, 1934, & thus assuming storage charges that newspapers would otherwise have paid.

Wednesday, Feb. 13/35. This day completes two weeks of wonderful weather. Bright sunshine, no wind, and temperature seldom dropping below zero. The road to Brooklyn is completely bare, and we have been driving cars without the aid of chains for ten days.

Tonight I went on board the *s/s Fiscus*, a big tramp steamer now loading paper about wharf for New Zealand, & spent a pleasant three hours with the skipper, a little Welshman from Holyhead named Ebenezer Williams. Capt. Chas. Copelin was with us also, Captain Ralph Williams of the "Liverpool Row". Over a bottle of excellent Cognac, the talk ranged from ships to gushka girls & back again to ships, and before we realised it the little Welshman was telling us the "inside" story of the famous "Baralong" case, which so agitated the German Govt & U. S. Govt in 1916. Williams was chief officer of the "Kicosian" at the time, & it was he who shot the German boarding officer five times through the body with a revolver. He said it was the "Kicosian's" firemen who killed the eight sailors of the German party, surprising them

in the stokehold & battering their heads in with spanners and slice bars, & stuffing the bodies into the fires.

Williams & his fellow officers got a great wiggling from the Admiralty for the affair, but they were kept ashore in England for seventeen months on full pay afterward. The only stipulation was an oath of secrecy, from which the Admiralty absolved them. Williams is a little insignificant man, with a sun-wrinkled weather-beaten face, a long bald head with fringes of black hair, a pair of keen grey eyes & a long pointed nose. The scar left by the German officers' signet ring is etched deeply into the bridge of Williams' nose. Copelin said the moral of the story was: - "If you value your life, don't steal a Welshman's overcoat."

Friday. March 1/35. Confined to the house with 'flu. Should have stayed home yesterday & the day before, but there was too much work to do. Today makes the first break in an attendance record unbeaten on the Mersey staff - six years without missing a day on account of sickness. Today is cold but sunny. The latter half of February was very mild, with some weird rain-sleet-freeze-snow storms which made a terrible mess of the streets.

Sunday. March. 10/35. Walked out to Western Head today, my first decent walk since the 'flu struck me two weeks ago. Beautiful sunshine but a cold breeze. Weather has been uniformly cold since the first of the month, with plenty of snow & ice everywhere. My story "The Proselyting of Mo-Ke-ne" appears in Blackwood's this month. I got £30 for it.

Sunday. Mar. 17/35. A wonderful spring day. Snow & ice are disappearing fast from the open spaces. I drove Edith & the baby to her home in Milton. We

left Tommy there, & walked up to the ruins of Rapid Falls pulp mill. The streets are a mixture of mud & slush, & the sun obliged me to remove my trench-coat and hat before I got far. The remains of the old mill are a sad mess of charred timbers & rusting machinery. Only the brick boiler-house and the tall brick chimney remain to tell the tale; & as we watched, a loose sheet of galvanized iron on the roof set up a clamour in the wind, like a rattle of ghostly bones.

Tuesday, March 26/35. We have had a week of clear sunny weather, windy & cold, with a few snow flurries. The ice has disappeared entirely from the Brooklyn road, but still hangs on grimly in the woods & in the shade of firs & pines. Today I bought (through the Bank of N. Y.) 200 shares of C.P.R. for $9\frac{7}{8}$. Originally I planned to get enough to balance the 40 shares I bought at $18\frac{1}{2}$ in 1931, but it looked like an opportunity for reasonable speculation, so I got more.

Monday, April 15/35. Jonesie & his wife have left on a two-month trip to South America, in search of new business for Messy. I hope the results are better than those of his English and Cuban and Floridan trips. His English trip resulted in one small order, on which we lost heavily. His Cuban trip resulted in some precarious business with the here-today & gone-tomorrow newspapers of Havana, which change ownership and name every few weeks along with the mercurial enthusiasms of the populace. The margin of profit is small, and is eaten up in telegrams to & from Luis Rios, our agent in Havana. The Floridan trip, in company with G.H. MacDonald (whom Maurice Russell calls our new Ambassador-at-Large) resulted in exactly no business. The trip cost \$4000.00.

Tuesday, Apr. 16 '35. Jongethro's book, "Lo Nova Scotia," is now on sale. He gives a paraphrase of my "Ogumbeia" article as his chapter on Liverpool. The flurry of last October regarding a possible sale of the Messers mill to English interests, seems to have died away. Our monthly balance sheets are now showing regular red ink entries in the Profit & Loss account. Before Jonesie left for South America he sent a pointed warning to all department heads, telling them to advise their men against "any commitments for new cars, etc" in the coming six months. This is taken to mean a possible shut-down of the mill this summer. Jonesie has been shooting such warnings at annual staff parties for five years, so it's a case of "Wolf!! Wolf!!" again. The men are buying new cars, regardless. The craze for automobiles has broken out like a rash here. The car dealers are doing the best business since 1929.

Monday, Apr. 22/35. The Best Yeast Corp started making yeast today. They built their plant in record time, and seem to be a very keen firm.

Saturday, May 4/35. Parker & Smith pulled a nice trick on me. The mayor had asked the Legion to organize some sort of celebration for the evening of May 6th, the Jubilee Day of King George & Queen Mary, and Parker & Smith agreed with me that we should do something. Today - the day we should have been getting fuel for a bonfire at Fort Point - they started for Shelburne River on a fishing trip, Parker saying "To hell with the bonfire" in response to my protest. I went ahead alone, making inquiries everywhere for fuel etc, & enticed the useful aid of the Boy

Scouts in the work. Am also organizing a torchlight parade among the boys. I drew up a simple design for a torch (a tin can fastened to a four-foot stick; rags soaked in kerosene to be placed in the can) and got Murray, the principal of schools, as well as the local scoutmasters, interested in the idea.

Monday May 6, '35. Jubilee Day. A meeting was held in the Town Hall, at which the following people were awarded King's silver medals: - Col. Jones Cas, President of the local Legion. He had heard somewhere that five important decorations were to be awarded to men prominent in Legion work, and had been pulling wires in all directions - even to ordering Brent Smith, our Secretary & Treasurer, to write Legion headquarters pointing out what wonderful work had been doing for returned men. Jones's efforts on behalf of returned men have been so meagre that we have been unable to get jobs in the mill for our unemployed members. When he found out that the ordinary silver medal was all he'd get, he sailed for South America without waiting for it.) Medals went to: - Anna McKenzie, local Victorian Order nurse. (A worthy recipient. Also worthy.)
Anny Hendry, secretary of the F.O.^{N.} here. Also worthy.
R.V. Milleth, chairman of the Boy Scouts committee. Not so worthy.
Miss Georgina Harrington, oldest school teacher in Liverpool. A good choice.

In the afternoon it began to rain hard, so, after conferring with Marget More, I postponed the bonfire etc. to tomorrow. Mowbray Jones, favorite son of Jonesie, who is - through his father's benevolence - Assistant General Manager of Mersey - called me on the phone this evening, demanding to know why the thing was postponed, as the weather had cleared. I tried to point out that the various organizations involved had been advised of the postponement & that it was impossible to go ahead with it on such short notice. He hung up,

expressing his dissatisfaction, as if he were addressing an underling in his (Engineering) department at the mill. What annoyed me was the fact that I asked him previously for the use of a Company motor-truck to collect fuel for the bonfire, only to be told that "this sort of thing was very costly" to the company, and that I could have the use of a truck on condition that the driver forfeited his day's pay. I hired a truck "outside", needless to say.

Tuesday, May 7/35. This celebration business is getting on my nerves. Plans were all made to go ahead with it tonight. Then a heavy rain at the last minute. I spent all afternoon working at the erection of the bonfire material with Herb Smith & Dan Winters, Legion men. I also made two rocket chutes.

Wednesday, May 8/35. Fine weather at last. The kids (about a hundred, of all ages) gathered at the school grounds shortly after 8 P.M. and marched down along Main Street behind the band. The tin-can torches flared beautifully, and it made quite an impressive sight as they marched across the beach and flung their torches into the assembled bonfire, lighting it and getting rid of the torches (an important consideration in a wooden town!) in one fell swoop. The bonfire, (packing cases, empty oil casks and tar barrels, covered with a whole truckload of brush) burned as if no rain had fallen for a month. I was posted on the "off" side of the bonfire with fifty dollars' worth of fireworks, and as the flames began to subside I began a one-man firework display, firing off rockets from both chutes as fast as I could light them. I was immediately beset by an army of kids who got in the way and seemed to have no fear of the fireworks at all. If one of the rockets

had taken a wrong course there would have been casualties galore. The Boy Scouts tried to help, but they were overwhelmed by the mob of youngsters, whom the excitement had whipped to frenzy.

When I started setting off Roman candles, Fountains etc, a new trouble presented itself. The Kids tried to pick them up. The Scouts fought manfully to prevent it, and I laid out with both hands, blowing east and west. We managed pretty well but finally one young fool snatched up a "Fountain" and it exploded just as I was grabbing for it. One of the colored fire-balls struck a kid in the face (without serious injury, Gott sei Dank) another got in a boy's cap and set it afire, I got a burnt wrist, and the villain of the piece a burnt hand. Nothing serious, but it sobered them a bit. All went off very well. A huge crowd witnessed the display (but not the kid antics) from the Park, and the W.B.A. dispensed patriotic music from a temporary bandstand.

Saturday, May 11/35. This afternoon Gordon, Parker, Smith, Madrice Russell & I went to the Mercury camp at Shelburne River, via motor boat from Indian Gardens. Camp One - the base - is built just beyond the flowage of what used to be Trout Brook. We had a mighty supper in the camp mess hall & played forty-five in the camp office until nearly midnight. They had a radio, a very efficient little thing, operated from batteries, and it seemed very strange to hear dance music pealing forth in that wilderness. The camp is built of peeled logs, covered outside with discarded canvas from the mill, and presents the appearance of a number of marquee tents. Frank Whynot, the "Butch" timberkeeper offered me his bunk in

the office, which I refused, taking a spare "upper" over his. He filled the stove with hardwood logs and turned in. I woke, after half an hour, in a bath of perspiration. The heat in that little building was terrific and in my bunk (about two feet from the roof) it was like a Turkish bath. I managed to open a small window near my head, but it merely created a draft of warm air in my direction; so I climbed down, put on my lumberman's rubbers & sallied forth in my pajamas to the camp hospital, where Maurice Russell had wisely decided to sleep. It was pouring rain. I stumbled into the hospital, dragging Parker's sleeping bag, & promptly fell over Brent Smith, who had valiantly decided to sleep outdoors & had taken refuge on the hospital floor when the rain commenced. I found an empty bunk & got about two hours sleep before Gordon aroused us at 5:30, pounding on the hospital door with a stick in poor imitation of a woodpecker.

Sunday, May 12 '35. After breakfast we divided our party. Maurice Russell & I had made plans to go to Kescawess Brook in the motor boat. Gordon & Smith decided to fish the Burne River. Parker came with Russell & I, after his usual careful deliberation. The trip across Rossignol, up Kejumkujik River & then Kescawess Brook, was an excursion in itself. We had a fast motor boat in charge of a young Indian, Frank Globe (son of Mike, the hereditary chief of the Mutton Indians) and we towed a battered old canoe astern. We found the Kejumkujik River barred by three booms. We untied the first & got around the end of it. The others we "jumped". Globe simply pointed the boat at the small end of a boom-log & went at it full speed. There was a terrific thump which must have put a terrific strain on the boat, then the log sank under the weight of

the boat & she slithered over. The log rose to the surface behind us & the unfortunate canoe was hauled over it willy-nilly. As we jumped the second boom, the log rolled, bringing the toggle of the boom-chain to the surface just as the canoe was about to strike in turn. The force of the collision drove the toggle right through the bottom of the canoe & made a nasty hole.

The flowage from Rossignol extends about a mile up Rescauers Brook & we went in there in the motor boat, following the winding course of the submerged brook among the trees. Finally we tied the boat to the bank just below the first running water, hauled the sinking canoe ashore & emptied it. The Indian mended the hole very simply by folding his neckerchief over it and placing a 15 lb. rock on top of it. Water seeped in slowly, of course, necessitating hauling the canoe ashore every half hour to empty it, but it suited our purpose very well. The brook is in spate, a good stream with a uniform width of twenty feet or so, rushing down over a long steep slope. There are no real "holes" in it & fishing must be done right in the rapid water. Parker & Russell fished along the bank, and Glode & I took the canoe up about a mile, to the toll-road bridge. We arrived there about 10:30 A.M. & had exactly one fish, a small trout I caught from the canoe on the way up. We were unanimous in declaring that "there isn't a fish in the damned brook." We had been using worm-bait and flies. We decided to use minnow-bait (live) on the way back to the boat, intending to go back to the Shelburne River in time for an afternoon's fishing there. But it seemed that minnows were what the trout had been waiting for. Parker & I pulled fifteen trout out of one small eddy, & when I got sixteen myself I went back to the boat satisfied. It was then only 2 P.M. My catch weighed just ten pounds,

the legal limit for a day's catch. The biggest weighed $1\frac{1}{2}$ lb. Parker caught eight and Russell seven, all averaging about $\frac{3}{4}$ lb each. It was the best fishing I've seen for years, as they were all caught in a short time in two or three eddies in the lower part of the brook. We stopped to clean out fish & then headed for the camp, repeating our boom-jumping tactics, & arrived in the mess-hall at 5:30.

Gordon had fished Pollard Falls & got only one trout, but Smith had pulled out ten from a hole further up & come back to camp satisfied. I think if we'd been "fish-hogs" we could have taken home a record catch. As it was, we had forty-two very nice fish and a feeling of enormous virtue. We left camp at 6:30 in the boom-jumping motorboat & were at Indian Gardens by 8 P.M. I gave the Indian my hunting-knife, as he had done a lot for us, and he was enormously pleased. He is a pure-blood, very grave and level-headed, with all the Micmac heritage of skill with water craft.

Thursday, May 16/35 Parbalaster, Mersey's mechanical superintendent, at Channel Islander, discharged for drunkenness. He was a tall fleshy man of ugly gnannet, an old employee of Jones at Spanish River & other Ontario mills, and he had been "getting away" with drunkenness on duty for several years on the strength of that old acquaintance. Mustering courage to "fire" Parbalaster seems to have filled R. J. Waters & Mowbray Jones with zeal, for today they weeded out thirteen men from the mill payroll and cut down on the time of several others. Rumours are a-gog among the mill personnel, the chief one being that Mersey will be shut down two months this summer. Most of us have cynical smiles. We have heard this "economy" wolf cry too many times.

Saturday, May 18/35 Drove to Broad River in my
car, with Brent Smith, for a week-end's fishing at
the Devil's Tunnel camp, seven miles up stream.
Thad Mehlman who has a key to the camp, met
us at the highway & went in with us. The camp
is just one hour & forty minutes' steady hiking
over the worst, toll-road in the country. We
arrived at the camp about 4.30 P.M. Had our
tea & then pushed up river in a canoe & fished
till dark. I caught one trout only, but Smith
& Mehlman struck a good pool about dusk and
pulled out a dozen beauties. Returning to the
camp we found no less than six other men.
Three of them were friends of Thad's, whom he
had offered to accommodate for the night. The
others were a trio of young fellows sent in by
the White Point Beach Company, who own the camp
& apparently didn't know that Thad was using
it. This created a problem as there were six
cots, six mattresses and exactly four double-blankets.
There was no oil for the lantern, so we played forty-
fives on the grub-chest until our candle-stub
expired & then went to "bed". Six cots Four cots
were placed side by side and three of the double blankets
stretched full length across them. Six men slept
in that. Brent, myself & a young fellow of the White
Point trio, occupied two cots and the other blankets.
It was highly uncomfortable, so we talked in the
darkness for a long time. The crowd were rather
inarticulate, the interesting exception being a huge
blond gorilla named Afan Pangille, keeper of
the lighthouse on Little Hope. He had huge
hands, and wrists like peavy stocks, and a rather
bloated bovine face. He must have been a mag-

nificent specimen before he put on flesh enough to weigh (he told us) 250 pounds. The thin thread of our conversation in the darkness had turned to the War, & the part the Belgians played in the early days of it. I said they didn't put up half the fight they might have, & quoted Ludendorff's single-handed capture of the Liège citadel when a mistaken chauffeur drove him to the gate of it.

Brent Smith took issue & then the great voice of Langille came booming across the dark, talking of the effects of German bombardment on the Belgian forts, in a familiar and experienced vein.

It developed that he had gone overseas as a Canadian infantryman in 1915, had seen every battle in which the Canadians engaged & was wounded "while rushin' a pill-box 'tuf Zonnebeke in Seventeen".

His division (the Second) was quartered about Namur after the Armistice, and he had been curious enough to make a survey of the Namur forts in off-duty hours, to see just what had happened to them. They were, he said, "blown to hell" and beyond hope of defence, though he admitted the garrison probably blew up what was left of the forts when they evacuated the place.

Had Mehlman managed to get to sleep & promptly commenced the terrific shoring and choking sounds which drove me nearly mad on the night of May 28, 1932. Sleep was beyond hope, Smith got up & sat beside the stove all night, & the rest of us lay in discomfort until morning.

Sunday May 19/35. Our large party scattered in all directions after a 5 A.M. breakfast. I walked over to Indian Loby brook & caught one trout in two hours.

fishing. I came upon a calf moose beside one of the pools, & he seemed very tame. Rain came down & I was soaked. I managed to get a fire going, which made things bearable. The temperature was quite low; my breath hung in visible puffs, and when I returned to camp disgusted about 9.45 A.M. the precipitation changed to hail, rattling on the camp roof like bullets. I was fed up with fishing by that time; Smith came in at noon, having taken a canoe three miles up river in the teeth of wind rain & hail, without adding much to his catch.

At 2 P.M. we left for home & were out on the main highway by 4 P.M. A poor trip.

Tuesday May 28/35. A burning hot day, in spite of a stiff westerly wind. Our first really warm weather. Spring has been very late, & the north & west shores of Cape Breton are still blocked with drift ice. ^{about} ^{noon} A fire started in the woods about $\frac{1}{2}$ mile west of the Liverpool railway bridge & in the afternoon swept down upon the Liverpool-Milton highway. The fire-ranger's crews, the town fire dept., & scores of volunteers put up a stiff battle at the road & succeeded in saving the houses between Liverpool & Milton with exception of the old Church of England & a fovel belonging to George Westover, which burned. The fire jumped the river & set the bush burning towards Hill's Grove on the east side, but the Mersy Paper Co's pump crew were there, anticipating such an emergency, & the pine grove was saved. Whynock Town got a bad scare & another black desert has been added to the local landscape. I got too near the fire front with my car on the west Milton road, with no place to turn, and had to run the gauntlet for nearly half a mile towards Milton, going like hell through the dense smoke & trusting to luck. Luck was on the job.

Saturday, June 1/35. Drove to Low's Landing with Roy Gordon in my car. Fine warm day inland, but Reservoir still shrouding in icy fog and steam heat on at the office. Gordon was confident we could find shelter for the night at Low's Landing, either at Elton Smith's camp or in Phil Moore's former sporting lodge, now occupied by old Dennis Scott. Arriving there after 4 P.M. we found the place deserted except for a vicious dog standing guard outside Scott's place. The camps, about a dozen in all, were moved back to their present site when the Mersey dam raised the level of Lake Rossignol. They were all padlocked or boarded up, & most of them had not been entered for years, judging from appearances. Low's Landing was swarming with blackflies. I never saw them so thick, and the vicious manner of the lone dog inhabitant was, I think, due largely to the torture of the flies. We succeeded in "making friends" with him, though he refused to take food from us. We lit a fire & ate beans with crude whittled spoons, myself drinking tea from an old tin can. At dusk, as we debated whether to sleep on the porch of Smith's camp or drive back as far as Caledonia, the large diesel-boat of the Mersey Paper Co. appeared, with a load of men coming out from the Shelburne River camps. Edsie Long, the camp boss, was aboard, and showed us where Scott hid his keys. Dark found us in Scott's shack, listening to rain on the roof. Gordon elected to sleep in Scott's bed. There was another cot in the room, apparently used by Mrs. Scott, for it had clean sheets & a pillow case, which I declined, picturing the old lady's dismay ("Who's been sleeping in my bed," said the old lady bear?) I found a cot in another room, & after a reassuring search of the blankets with Gordon's flashlight, went to sleep. I was rudely awakened at midnight by a wild shout from Gordon. The wolf, aroused from fly-bitten dreams downstairs, also set up a tremendous barking. I shouted "What's the matter?" Gordon howled, "My bed's full of fleas!" He found a spray-gun in the room and presently I heard him in

furious action, spraying his blankets with Fly-Tox. His exclamations, and the furious "Wheest - Wheest!" of the spray-gun sent me into fits of laughter. Three times in the night the whole performance was repeated and by morning he was a thoroughly flea-bitten man. By good luck I (whose horror of fleas is even greater than Gordon's) had chosen the one, tenant-less bed. In the morning at breakfast he felt another bite & delayed our expedition another half-hour by stripping to the buff & spraying "Fly-Tox" all over himself & his clothes. He stank to high heaven of the stuff as we tramped over the tote-road to Kejumkujik River & thence over the log bridge to Pescawess Brook. Arrived at the brook we found the sun burning hot, without a cloud in the sky, very poor fishing conditions, and so did little fishing after all. Suckers (Gordon caught one on an artificial fly, an unheard-of thing) and perch swallowed our hooks with monotonous regularity, but the trout were reluctant. We caught seven trout, of which my score was four. Left the brook about five pm. & were home at seven. The road to Low's Landing is very bad in places. We saw four deer, three of them standing by the log-bridge over Pescawess Brook. The blackflies were bad.

Saturday, June 8/35 This afternoon drove to Post Joli with Roy Gordon, picking up Rev. George W. Beck of Post Manitoba enroute. Beck is interested, like ourselves, in Indian relics, & thought he had located an ancient kitchen midden at Paek's Brook, a small spring flowing into the west side of Post Joli about 3 miles from the main road. We walked there, armed with pick & shovel. This section was burned over in a bad forest fire some years ago, and the very soil was burned off the rocks in many places. The result is a tangled wilderness of fallen trees and barren rocks, interspersed with ~~fallen~~ young wire-birch

and maples. About 200 or 250 yards inland from the mouth of Jack's Brook we came upon two low mounds, one on each side of the tiny stream. Each mound was roughly circular and perhaps 50 or 60 feet in diameter, and each supported a growth of small white birch.

The roots of falling trees, killed in the forest fire, had brought a number of clam-shells to the surface & to Beck's questing eye. We dug, and found the mounds to consist of an enormous quantity of clam-shells, interspersed with bones of ducks and geese, moose or deer, and of smaller animals such as squirrels and porcupines. There were several jawbones, with teeth, of these smaller animals.

We hunted diligently for arrowheads etc (much hampered by roots) without success, though I found a fragment of the typical MicMac pottery. On the top of the mounds the soil was not more than an inch or two, but at the edge we found clamshells buried under a foot of black soil. The soil was mixed lightly through the clam shells on the top of the mounds, and the tree whose roots had brought up the first shells to view, was over a hundred years old. The shells went down a distance of two or three feet. Beneath them was a thin layer of black soil, and then sand.

The lateness of our arrival & the need for getting back fairly early did not permit a systematic "dig" but we saw enough to whet our appetites.

The site in the old days, must have been well hidden in the original forest, and the great age of the midden was clearly indicated by the black soil composed of forest humus, which was scattered through the shells and in such of thick layers on top of them at the edges. We had a picnic tea on the shore & walked to the road along the beach. A hot lovely day.

Sunday, June 9/35. My wedding anniversary. This afternoon we "parked" the baby (with his grandmother) & drove to the Kejumkujik landing at the mouth of Maitland River. An old guide named Fred Rogers took us down the lake in his motorboat to view the famous Indian petroglyphs, but the rocks are partly covered with water at present, and the petroglyphs have been obliterated by dozens of "Jacks" and "Ladies" and "Mamies" scratching autographs and dates in the stone. Miserable vandals. A tall military-looking gentleman, with two ladies & a youth in his party, crossed to the Kejumkujik Club in our motorboat. He introduced himself as Colonel Eaton, curator of the Fort Anne museum. The busy season of the clubhouse is still ahead and we found the place deserted of all life except the staff and a horde of hungry mosquitoes. We had dinner of cold tongue, cold roast beef, fried potatoes, tinned peaches & cake, with delicious hot rolls, eaten in solitary state in the big dining room. The place has a "has-been" get, most evident in the decrepitude of the verandah and the tennis court. There is a superb view from the clubhouse verandah, but the thick growth of hardwoods about the hill could be thinned to advantage. Old Rogers insisted on showing us his own "tourist cabins" at the landing on our return journey, saying that they were for rent at \$1 and \$2 per diem. They looked a bit grubby to me.

Sunday, June 16/35. This afternoon (having "parked" the baby at Mutton) we drove to Mill Village & called at "Poulachrei" the lovely home of old Mrs. & Mrs. Frank Gerard. There is a large colonial house, painted white, with green shutters, in an perfect

situation on the river bank. The old gentleman showed me over his estate, in which he takes immense pride. There are good lawns, neatly terraced, bordered with hawthorn hedge and dotted with flower beds. He is a confirmed tree-planter, and the correct site is inevitably planted with maple, oak or ash. There was even a Chinese maple, a pretty thing with fretted red leaves, contributed by a daughter living in Shanghai. He has a small kitchen garden beside the barn; and beyond a little swamp (thick with cranberry plants and blue violets) is a large plantation of every sort of vegetable as well as many fruit trees. Probably the most interesting thing was his water supply. A brook, the outflow of Smelt Lake, runs past his property, a good clear stream. He built a little rock dam, installed a hydraulic ram, & gets all his household water pumped into a tank in the house attic, using the power of the water itself. The house is furnished most tastefully; a large bright living-room, where Mr. Gerrard keeps his beloved books. He brought out his prized "Noctes Ambrosianae" to show me. We had whiskey over the books. (Strathpey Whiskey - from his Highland home. He will drink no other) signed our names in the visitors book among many more distinguished. (I noticed the Rev. George's) & drove on our way. A splendid couple, interesting, hospitable and in every way admirable. No wonder his visitors call him "The Laird o' Poolgchoe"; he is the fine old Highland laird to the life.

We stopped at the Blue Ledge Inn, at Petite Riviere, a pretty little fjord tea room, and discovered that we were the first guests of the season. We ordered dinner & were served a feast for the gods - fruit cocktail, soup, delicious fresh boiled salmon with green peas, potatoes,

and candied carrots, lemon soufflé, a huge angel-cake and coffee. A tremendous meal, very daintily served by a cross-eyed maid named Dora. The price was one dollar each and well worth it. The tea-room was adorned with an astonishing array of bric-a-brac ranging from ancient daguerro-types of heavy Victorians to posters of the Chemin de Fer de Paris à Orléans; cuckoo-clocks to oil paintings of three-masted schooners looking very unruffled in tremendous seas; bird-cages (one only was tenanted by a silent canary) to Japanese lanterns. The hostess was very nice (a Mrs. Bowman of Lust, of Bridgewater) & asked us to recommend the place to our friends, which we promised to do. When the rumour of her angel-cake gets abroad, she'll not lack customers, its certain. Lovely drive homeward by the shore road through Broad Cove & Fogler's Cove, just as the sun set.

Tuesday June 18/35 Commencing a week's holiday, drove to Halifax this p.m. with Edith, leaving Thomas Jr. in the care of Grandma Freeman.

June 19-23. A pleasant week in spite of three wet days. Had interesting motor trips to Windsor, also to Musquodochow by the Old Guysboro Road. All the main roads out of Halifax are being widened, raised, curves eliminated, etc. in preparation for the new "permanent" paving, so that travel on them at present is very uncomfortable. We found the by-roads just as good or better, with scenery unspoiled by advertising signs & the ubiquitous refreshment stands. Talked with Harry Siers, curator of the Provincial Museum, who had high praise for "The Markland Eggos"; and R. V. Harris R.C. phoned me requesting that I address the Kiwanis Club on the subject of the Norsemen. I put him off until August.

July 5/35 Received cheque for £ 31-10-0, for my story
"North", which appears in this month's "Blackwood". The
tale was told me by Doctor John C. Wickwire and is entirely
fact.

July 14/35 Sunday. Culminating a week of hot humid
weather, today was a "scorch". Our Park Street neigh-
bours, the Johnsons, the Parkers, Hazel (Cushing) Winters,
Brent Smith & myself, all went to Port Joli for
the day. Arriving at Port Joli government wharf about
9 A.M. we hired a young fisherman to take us over
to Jack's Brook, on the West Shore, in his motor-boat.

The tide was well over an hour past high water, and
as the harbour is very shallow and our boat heavy-
laden, we had to wade, about 200 feet to shore,
in knee-high water, which gave the ladies a chance
to squeal. Leaving the ladies & kids comfortably
parked in a little glade overlooking the beach, we
males withdrew to the ancient shell-heaps explored by
Gordon, Beck & myself on June 8th. We put in most of the
day there, shovelling the debris of shells & bones aside
& searching carefully for evidence of human handiwork. Our
finds were few, considering the work involved, but we got
seven or eight fragments of pottery, some plain, some
marked with "rocking-stamp", and one curious arrow-
head made from a shark's tooth highly polished.

As the tide came in, over the flats in the late
afternoon we bathed, the water just cool enough to
be refreshing. For tea we had freshly-diced clams
in addition to our provisions. Boiled in sea water,
the clams were delicious. Our boatman came for
us at 7 P.M. on the full tide & we all got aboard
dry-shod. All that is, except Ralph & I who pushed
the boat off. A wonderful outing.

Thursday, July 18/35. A stout little schooner, brand new, beat up the harbour this afternoon in the hot S-W wind. I went down to the wharf this evening for a close look at her & talked with her skipper-owner, a sturdy brown man of about 35 named Fiander, from Fortune Bay, Newfoundland. She is the "Mary Kemp", 67 tons, two masts, knockabout rig, & is one of the many schooners now being built in Newfoundland under the Commission's plan, to put the Ancient Colony on her feet. Her materials are of the best, including 8" x 8" Umbers and a hard pine deck. This is her maiden voyage & as she was completed too late for the fishing season, Fiander is engaged in freighting birch plank (destined to be built into new vessels also) from Liverpool to Placentia. McClearn's of Liverpool, who have been squaring hardwood plank all spring & summer, are shipping this cargo & seem to have a very nice contract. Fiander is very proud of his boat and says that the new Commission government is popular and is undoubtedly "gettin' the country straightened around".

Sunday, July 28/35. Another splendid day at Port Joli, with the same crowd as on the 14th. Once more our progress in the shell heap was slow, & we got about 15 fragments of pottery, a crude flint arrowhead & a quantity of flint chippings.

Saturday, Aug 3/35. To Bill's Point, Port L'Herbert, with Rev. George Beck & son, in my car. Beck had located an Indian camp site there. The fishermen had stovelled it over pretty well, since his discovery, in search of arrowheads, of which they found several. We got several small flint tools of the scraper sort, & a piece or two of pottery.

Saturday Aug 10/35. Drove up to Halifax this afternoon, to spend the week end. I have agreed to address the Kewanis Club on Monday. Hot day.

Sunday. Another hot day. Drove to Dartmouth by way of the paved highways around the Basin this afternoon, returning, by way of the old road, which follows the west of the lakes as far as Waverley. This latter bit was rocky & uninteresting. To-night Edith & I strolled to the Gardens & sat until nearly 10 P.M. The flowers & shrubs are lovelier than ever & the effects attained by judicious coloured floodlights add very much to their appearance after nightfall.

Monday Aug 12/35. Luncheon with the Kewanis Club in the Nova Scotian Hotel. About 40 present, including Premier Angus MacDonald and Doctor Murray Logan, one of his bright young men. I felt very inadequate getting up to speak before such critical company, but fortunately was able to summon my own very deep interest in the subject ("Nova Scotia and the Norsemen") and forget about the audience. Spoke for thirty minutes and sat down, but was promptly called upon to explain the details of a model long ship (Jensie's - the pride of his life) which I had brought from Liverpool to display. After "The King", several came to my table to shake hands & say kind words, including an old acquaintance, Walter Stech; and Premier Angus & Murray Logan wanted to see me and press me with questions concerning my subject for half an hour or more further. They seemed genuinely interested in the subject (Logan quoting

Saturday Aug 10/35 Drove up to Halifax this afternoon to spend the week end. I have agreed to address the Kiwanis Club on Monday. Hot day.

Sunday. Another hot day. Drove to Dartmouth by way of the paved highway around the Basin this afternoon, returning following the old road, which is not as Waverley.

Is Speaker



THOMAS RADDALL

THOMAS RADDALL, well known author, was the speaker at the Gyro club luncheon yesterday.

Thomas H. Raddall Is Club Speaker

Early Norse adventurers such as Lief and Thorbert Ericson, sons of Eric the Red, lacked the "vision of colonization and of empire," and "the people who might have colonized Nova Scotia," or "Markland" as they called it, remained in the Greenland ice and perished. If Eric the Red, a "more fiery spirit," had come out instead he would have convinced his countrymen who settled in Greenland that their salvation lay in coming to Markland. As it was, a superstition that an accident which befel him before sailing meant possible disaster prevented him from coming out. In these concluding sentences of an address to the Kiwanis Club yesterday on the theme "The Norsemen in Nova Scotia" did Thomas H. Raddall of the staff of the Mersey Paper Co., Ltd., Liverpool, sum up a thrilling saga of the exploits of the early Norse explorers. President W. W. Barry introduced the speaker in the unavoidable absence of J. E. Gouid. Mr. Raddall in association with Col. C. H. L. Jones and Mr. Hayhurst published "The Markland Sagas" a year ago.

One-third of these early Norse sailors were of Irish blood due to the fact that a great many of the Irish people were slaves to the Norsemen, the speaker said. The Norse colony in Greenland lasted 400 years, the land, a very unprofitable territory, being so named in order to attract settlers. At the end of this period the people mysteriously disappeared, it being thought they might have mingled with the Eskimos further north.

The Norsemen, hard though they were nevertheless were very much afraid of the savages they encountered in Nova Scotia, they reminded them of their old mythological gods. For 300 years, the Norsemen continued to make excursions to Nova Scotia for timber.

Days Of Norsemen Told In Lecture

MEMBERS of the Kiwanis Club at the weekly luncheon yesterday at the Nova Scotian hotel were taken back, through the medium of an interesting address, to the days of the Norsemen, who braved the angry Atlantic to seek undiscovered lands. The speaker was Thomas H. Raddall who, recently, in a joint connection, published a book on "The Markland Sagas" and his topic yesterday was "The Norsemen of Nova Scotia". President W. W. Barry was chairman.

explain the details of the pride of his life. Liverpool to day came to my table words, including an old acquaintance, and Premier Angus & Murray Logan wanted to see me and press me with questions concerning my subject for half an hour or more further. They seemed genuinely interested in the subject (Logan quoting

verification from my book) and I wondered just why Jonesie & I have been trying to interest the Minister of Highways (A. V. MacMillan, who is in charge of the government's effort to attract tourists to the Province) in the creation of a Norse Memorial, preferably at Yarmouth, commemorating the old Norse connection with Nova Scotia. The League of Norsemen in Canada and their sister organization in the U.S., have written Jonesie & me, urging that this be done soon. Creation of such a "shrine", with proper propaganda, which would be certain to attract large numbers of the blood-proud Scandinavians of this continent.

MacMillan (influenced by the chilly dissent of D. G. Harvey, the Provincial archivist) has been rather hard to convince. But in view of this unexpected interest of Premier Mac and Loggan, perhaps we have succeeded better than we knew.

MacDonald is tall, grave, with close-cropped greyish hair and keen grey eyes, and sensitive oval face, the features of a dreamer, in which the eyes present an active contrast. He is pleasant and even mannered to the point of suavity; a good mixer, yet one who appears always conscious of the dignity of his position.

I had written him concerning the famous incident of a few years ago when he greeted (in the Gaelic) Premier Angus Ramsay MacDonald, who "hasn't a word of it".

The newspaper men, delighted, had given some humorous versions of it. Premier Angus wrote me, explaining how he came to utter the Gaelic greeting, knowing beforehand that Ramsay had no Gaelic. This correspondence (a single exchange of letters) took place last winter, & I thought he would have forgotten it and the unheard-of author who started it. But today, after half-

an hour's earnest discussion of the Norsemen, he said (elaborately casual) "Did you get my letter last spring? I'm wondering if the typist gave the Gaelic salutation of mine correctly", and without waiting for an answer took out a blue pencil and wrote "Ciad Mille Fáille" on one of my papers. I told him that, owing to the unavoidable delay of his letter in reply to my request for information, I had sent my manuscript in to "Blackwoods" but assured him that I had described the incident correctly in few words. He seemed pleased. (The incident appears in my story "The Red Pipes of Dufferin Creek", which comes out in the September "Maga".)

Started for home at 2.45 (Halifax "Daylight" time — 1.45 by Liverpool time) and had a good drive home. Sky overcast, occasional showers — enough to lay the eternal dust, & not much traffic on the roads except a cavalcade of Yankee cars around Chester. Home in 3½ hours with comfort.

Saturday, August 17/35 Parker, Gordon, Smith & I went to Port LeFebvre this afternoon, picking up Rev. George Beck & his boy at Port Mouton. At Port LeFebvre, Harry Nickerson joined the party & we went down harbour & across to Limber Island Cove. (The tide forced us to leave the big motor-boat at Dry Point, & we rowed the odd mile in two small boats under a terrific sun — very hot work against the ebb.) On a knoll at the east side of the V.I. Brook mouth we investigated a shell heap which Beck had discovered. Traces of a prehistoric camp of some size, with the usual clam-shell and black humus, thin layers of ashes, with many bones of birds, beasts & fish, some burned. We found four arrowheads, several pieces of pottery (tempered with broken shell — our first encounter with this type) and I got a lance-point about 6 inches long, of bone ground to a point.

The cove is practically dry at low tide but after a picnic tea, the tide came in very rapidly, and we bathed in four feet or so of marvellously warm water. Mosquitoes, "no-see-unis" and a green-headed "horse" fly, proved a plague to our bare hides (three of us bathing in the raw) and we had to hustle into our clothes without benefit of towel to avoid being eaten alive. It was dark when we rowed back to Dry Point & the motor-boat, and Beck, at the wheel of the deep fishing-boat, later missed the channel in the mist, and we ran upon a reef somewhere off the north shore. The boat gave a terrific lurch and finally fetched up, without apparent damage, but held fore and aft. The rapid surge past the boat told us that the tide was still on the flow, so we waited patiently for half an hour and floated clear. Home at 10 P.M.

Sunday, August 18/35. Another burning day. Edith, her sister Marie, & Marie's guest, Elsie MacLeod ^{AND TERENCE} went with me to Port LeBellet for a picnic. We staid in the shade of the spruce slump on Bill's Point, and (having warned the others not to bathe until the tide filled the little cove, where bathing would be safe) I went to the head of the cove & rummaged in the old camp-site visited by Beck & myself on the 3rd. The tide had been on the ebb for some time & the cove was bare sand and mud, with the deep channel (clearly marked by a red buoy) just beyond. I was disturbed at my work with sudden shouts from the direction of the channel & looked up to see Edith, Elsie & Terence in bathing suits, at the water's edge & no sign of Marie. At first I thought the yelling was all in fun, but detected a note of alarm in the chorus, and began to run down the floor of the cove (pipe in mouth & swearing) towards them. Fortunately I was in my bathing suit, though I had my heavy oxfords on; and the mud-sand,

hard in places, soft to ankle-depth in others, made a poor race-course. I had to cover roughly 150 yards before I came to them on the edge of the channel & saw Marie well out in the deep water struggling to keep afloat. (An astonishing thing, for she can't swim a stroke.) She had waded out intending to bathe and had stepped off into the deep water - twenty feet, Harry Nickerson told me yesterday. She had the good sense to keep her lungs full of air and made no attempt to yell, and was lying on her back. She kept going under and then struggling to the surface with frantic arm-movements that happened to be something of a back-hand stroke. She must have been doing this for several minutes by the time I arrived. The ebb-tide was at its last and strongest, sweeping along at a good four or five knots & bending the channel buoy - a red spar - over at an acute angle. Fortunately she hadn't drifted into the sweep of it & was not more than thirty feet from the bank. (Another ten feet of drifting & she'd have gone down the channel at 4 or 5 knots.) I reached her in a few strokes & was promptly seized about the neck. It was a dilemma. If I attempted to break her hold & get her into a more practicable position, we would probably have drifted into the full stream of the channel and been carried an uncertain distance down the harbour before gaining the shore. I had to make a quick decision & decided to try for the bank as we were. Fortunately Marie is very small (about 100 lbs.) and lay very motionless with arms about my neck, moaning a little. I struck out with a desperate breast stroke, keeping an anxious eye on the buoy to see if I was making progress, and after a minute found that the buoy was receding slowly. The rest was easy. It was probably the clumsiest rescue ever performed, & the only thing in its favour was that it worked. Marie collapsed as

we got on our feet in the shallow water & I carried her up to the land & laid her in the sun to dry. She had taken in only a slight amount of water, which ran out through her nose. Our picnic was somewhat sobered by the event, though Marie was cheerful enough. A mile is as good as a mile. I got no arrowheads.

Saturday, Aug. 24/35. The situation in Europe seems serious, with Mussolini intent upon the conquest of Ethiopia & defying other nations (notably - solely, in fact - Britain) to interfere. Mussolini voices his dreams of another Roman Empire, forgetting that the Roman soldier & the modern Italian are two very different people. The defiance, coming from a race of soldiers, like the Germans, would be less rankling than similar behaviour of the Italians, whose record in the Great War was hardly that of an invincible army. But the grass is green on the graves of Caporetto.

Sunday, Aug. 25/35. A dull cold day of grey skies and drizzle, very different from the hot blast of perfect August weather to date. This morning I drove, alone, to the head of Fort Le Kebek, & walked in the old trail to Timber Island Lake, thence across country a mile or so (terribly rough) to the mouth of the brook, which I reached about noon. It started to rain just as I threw down my pack, & as firewood was scarce and wet, it was 1.30 before I had my sausages fried & eaten. By that time the rain was coming down steadily. I dug in the old Indian camp site for two hours, finding a piece of turtle shell and a piece of copper, about eight inches deep. The copper is of about the thickness of the large Canadian cent piece, & roughly the same size. It appears to be a lump of raw copper, battered flat.

About 3:30, being thoroughly wet, I started for home in a heavy rain. The going was up-hill & covered with breast-high huckleberry bushes and dense growth of young hardwood, and my progress through them was more like swimming than walking. I was glad to get my feet on the trail, and a cold wind searched my wet clothes all the way out to the highway. Home at 6 P.M.

Saturday Aug 31 - Monday Sept 1. A lively week-end at Eagle Lake with Austin & Edwin Parker, Ben Alexander, Brent Smith, Burke Douglas and Edith & Marion Luppert, Kay Clements, Mrs. A. Parker, Mrs Douglas & my wife. The ladies occupied the cabin & we males slept in tents. Perfect weather.

Tuesday Sept 17 - Monday Sept 23. Edith & I spent this period at Parker's camp, Eagle Lake, using up the remainder of my annual two weeks' vacation. The weather was warm & sunny with south winds, an unexpected blessing at this time of year, & one could bathe in the lake with pleasure. The hardwood leaves are just turning, though the swamp maples are in full red. We saw plenty of ducks & partridges but no larger game. On Saturday the 21st the Parkers, the Johnsons & Brent Smith came up for the week-end & we spent Sunday on an expedition to Long Lake. The brook between Eagle Lake & Long Lake is very low & we had to carry the canoes much of the way. The cranberries at Long Lake proved scarce, though our party got about 2 bushels in all, & the place had been visited by other berry-hunters previously. This expedition was the only strenuous part of our week, the rest a very lazy business of

sunning oneself in front of the shack, & chopping some occasional firewood. For the evenings (and out one wet day) we had a rich choice of reading matter, the camp being equipped with the little blue-book library published by one Caldwellman - Julius of Girard Kansas. Everything from Mark Twain to Tolstoy, Bech Slepe to Marco Polo, "How to Become a Public Speaker", and "Botany for Beginners". Edith spent uneasy nights because I insisted on ventilation, and the busy wood-mice skittered in and out. This business of mouse-fear is a real phobia, with her, the presence (real or suspected) of a mouse producing a condition nothing less than insanity. I have often observed her reaction to mice with curiosity (not unmixed with contempt) and am convinced that it is a form of madness. She would have sealed the shack hermetically & suffocated herself (and me) cheerfully so long as she thought she was keeping the mice away. For this reason the trip did not prove as pleasant as she anticipated. For me it was flawless.

Thursday, Oct 3/35 The Italians attacked Ethiopian troops today, crossing the border in several places, bombing Adowa (city of fateful memories) & inflicting heavy losses on their ill-led & ill-armed foes. The stock markets reacted nervously on receipt of the news, & wheat prices soared over the dollar mark. This has a curious effect on the Canadian election now "going strong". One of the chief liberal criticisms is the government's "gamble in wheat", which, by paying Canadian farmers more than the world price, has resulted in government ownership of a huge quantity of wheat. Today, with wheat over the dollar mark, and

every rumble of the Europe-African war sending the price a fraction higher, the Canadian government is in a much different position. Just what effect this prospect of revived prosperity for the wheat farmers will have on the Bennett government's chances for re-election, remains to be seen.

J. M. Ratchford, Treasurer of Mersey Paper Co and my boss, who was dragged into the army in the dying months of the last war by the conscription Act, & saw no active service, said to me today. "This war over there is a great thing for us paper manufacturers. The American people are going to start buying newspapers again right & left, & that means demand for newsprint & a better price. I hope the Italians & Ethiopians go to it as hard as they can & keep it up as long as possible. But - our people should keep out of it."

Monday Oct 7/35 I received cheque for £30 in payment for my story "The Kid King of Dipped Creek", which appeared in this month's Blackwood's Magazine.

Saturday Oct 12/35 The European news continues grave. Forty nine nations of the League have voted economic boycott against Italy. Britain is massing a powerful fleet in the Mediterranean and reinforcing the garrisons of Malta and Egypt. War news consists of conflicting accounts, both Italians and Ethiopians claiming victories. Adowa is in Italian hands.

The Canadian general election campaign comes to a close tonight. It has been hectic, with the radio, newspapers, pamphlets and signboards all in excessive use. Both Liberals & Conservatives confidently expect victory, as also Mr. Stevens with his brand-new Reconstruction Party. Opinion in the street is that the result will

be a deadlock, with no party able to assume the reins without a political alliance with one of the others.

Monday Oct 14/35. A fine warm day for the Dominion balloting. I voted for W. Kinley the Liberal candidate. Mr. Conroy's behaviour about Armistice Dinner two years ago is still too vivid for my usual Conservative vote.

Voting was heavily against the govt everywhere. The Liberals under the artful McKenzie King making a tremendous sweep. Final results: - Liberal 168 seats; Independent Liberal 4; Conservative 41; Social Credit (exponents of Aberhardt's weird perpetual-motion financial scheme) 15; C.C.F.

Reconstruction & - Stevens himself, a lovely cuss! Liquor was distributed freely by the workers of both parties and the streets of every town were filled until the small hours with noisy celebrants. In Liverpool there were several fights, chiefly between niggers and whites & reflecting the curious racial antagonism aroused all over North America by the Italo-Ethiopian conflict, and by the defeat the other day of Max Baer, late heavy weight boxing champion by a negro named Joe Louis. The Liverpool niggers are particularly pugnacious, having the example before their eyes of "Tiger" Terence Warrington, a local nigger who has achieved some fame in provincial boxing circles. Warrington himself is sober and rather quiet, but his coloured friends are neither. Last night's casualties were chiefly niggers, so the white race is one or two up.

MR. T. H. RADDALL REACHES TOP OF LADDER SAYS N. S. PAPER

In the last issue of Blackwoods' Magazine, that great and select British monthly, there is a story entitled "The Pied Piper of Dipper Creek" by T. H. Raddall. This is the second story by the same writer in this publication. Both stories are laid in Nova Scotia. The first had to do with an Indian legend of the Mersey and the hydro-development. The latter story and a delightful one, "has Dipper Creek in the hinterland of Lunenburg as its scene of action where there is introduced among the people of Hanoverian descent a real Cape Breton Highlander. Scottish characters from Pictou and Antigonish are also mixed up with those of German extraction all in a fascinating and amusing blending.

Whoever the author, it was apparent that he knew Nova Scotia and its people and as a story writer he had gone over the top with some thing to spare for the acceptance for Blackwoods implies that the

author has won the highest place in story writing.

Curious as to the author, we applied to a friend who turns out to be a mutual one and he writes:

"Thomas H. Raddall, Liverpool, N. S., is the author of the recent story appearing in Blackwoods Magazine. His father now dead, was a captain in the British army and at one time stationed at Halifax. Tom was born and bred in Nova Scotia. He has been with the Mersey Paper Co. Ltd., since its inception as cashier. I may add that he is a mighty fine chap in every sense of the word".

Nova Scotia literateurs may well uncover to Mr. Raddall, he has reached a place coveted by all who put pen to paper. He has unquestionably added a touch of prominence to this little province and all who read his pleasing stories will be glad to acknowledge him as a native son.—Eastern Chronicle.

This effusion appeared in the Liverpool Advance Nov. 6/35, copied apparently from the New Glasgow "Eastern Chronicle".

Very flattering, but hardly the truth, with all due respect to Blackwoods. The top of the ladder is still shrouded in distant clouds as far as I am concerned.

The clipping below is from the Halifax Herald of Nov. 14th. Characteristic Mrs. A. W. Kellam has surplus funds to invest, in spite of his several millions tied up in the Mercury paper mill

THE Western Nova Scotia Electric Company, which supplied Port Maitland, Tusket and the town of Yarmouth, and is perhaps even larger as the territory, when the move is included, is slightly more populous, has changed hands, as has the Lunenburg Company Limited, serving Lunenburg and vicinity, and the Milton Hydro Electric Co., Ltd., which has customers in Brooklyn and Milton, in the same way.

The Royal Securities group already had heavy interests in the Nova Scotia Light and Power Company serving Halifax, and in the subsidiary corporations distributing electricity to the towns of Antigonish, Chester, the Avon, Pictou and Lunenburg. The latter of these sells electricity in the lower end of the Annapolis Valley, part of which is distributed through publicly-owned systems.

INDEPENDENT SYSTEMS

THE plants at Oxford and at Spindville, the latter the Edison Electric Company, also are said to be controlled by the Royal Securities—Nova Scotia Light and Power group.

ELECTRIC systems in Nova Scotia worth hundreds of thousands of dollars are understood to have passed from the control of Associated Gas and Electric Company subsidiaries to that of the Royal Securities group, already the largest single factor in the power business in this province. No definite statement could be secured from those who have been conducting the negotiations but the information came from an authoritative source.

Properties, said to have changed hands, include the Annapolis Valley Electric Company, which serves Middleton and the surrounding territory as far westward as Digby—Digby town and vicinity are served by a publicly owned power board. This company, according to those associated with the power business, had a book value of \$300,000. It is undergoing survey at present for rate-making purposes.

Sunday, Nov. 17/35. A bitter northeast gale sweeping in off the North Atlantic today, brought an end to the mildest Fall I can remember. I lit my furnace this morning, for up-to-date our kitchen range and a fire in the living room have provided heat enough.

Monday, Nov. 18/35. I sold my C.P.R. shares today on the strength of the noon radio broadcast figure of 12 $\frac{1}{4}$. I got 12 $\frac{1}{4}$ for 120 shares & 12 $\frac{1}{2}$ for the other 120. I bought 40 shares of this originally four years ago @ 18 $\frac{1}{2}$; and last April I added 200 shares at the low market price of 9 $\frac{1}{2}$. So I get a profit of about \$150 ^{before} ~~after~~ brokerage etc.

Saturday, Nov. 23/35. Today I wrote Irving Corkum, owner of the house I am now renting, expressing my desire to take up the option to purchase for \$4000, which option, was included in the lease. I have been paying \$35 per month rent.

Wednesday, Dec. 4/35. A curious situation has arisen at Geneva. A month ago, the inclusion of oil in the sanctions against Italy was moved by Dr. W. A. Riddell, the Canadian representative at the League of Nations, and approved by the Committee of Eighteen. The newspapers freely referred to the motion as "Canada's motion", and the United States very decently began to discourage the "excessive" shipments of oil now going to Italy, presumably as a result of Canada's initiative, although the U.S. does not belong to the League. An embargo on oil is the thing most dreaded by Mussolini & his warriors, and Italy issued threats of war against the nations which imposed it. The League presented a firm front until now, when Mr. LaPointe, acting Premier in

the convenient absence of Mr. Mackenzie King, issues an extraordinary statement, saying that "Doctor Riddell spoke entirely upon his own initiative, and without the consent of the Canadian government."

The news created a furor in Geneva, and the United States government was prompt to follow with an announcement, that it would not interfere in the movement of American oil to Italy. Mussolini's press is jubilant, predicting the complete failure of sanctions. This bombshell (with Mr. King's obvious consent) a full month after Dr. Riddell made the now famous motion, comes from the French-Canadian acting-premier. And now it is reported that Dr. Riddell is "to leave shortly for Santiago, to attend a Labour conference" and that Senator Dandurand, a French-Canadian, is to take his place as Canada's spokesman at Geneva.

Canada's foreign policy is thus being openly dictated by anti-Imperialist politicians of Quebec. There is a wave of indignation all over the country.

Wednesday, Dec. 11/35 Irving G. Cookum, owner of the house I inhabit, came to see me tonight and we completed arrangements for the transfer of the property.

The Eastern Canada Savings & Loan people have a mortgage of about \$1275.00 on the place, which must be released before title is clear. Tonight I gave Cookum a cheque for \$2000.00 as a payment on account of purchase price. It is understood that he will pay off the mortgage out of this, & that upon receipt of the mortgage release and deed I shall pay over the remaining \$2000 of the purchase money. To do this I shall have to borrow from the

Bank on the strength of one or two bonds I hold. I spoke to Mr. Sainthill, manager of the Bank of Nova Scotia, about such a loan & was welcomed with open arms. He said (replying to my comment that "this attitude of the Bank is pleasantly strange") that all the Banks are filled with depositors' money & bankers are at their wits' end to find borrowers for it. Times have changed.

Coorkum is literally a "horse marine". When I first met him in 1929 he was owner and master of a three-masted schooner, discharging a cargo of alum, at the Mersey wharf; a handsome fellow, six feet, blue eyes, black hair, oval face, very long thick eyelashes & good teeth, then about 26 or 27. When the Great Depression tied up his wingjammed he sold her for a song and enlisted in the R.C.M.P. He is now a constable in the Yarmouth detachment, looking forward to a transfer to the West, where he says "Police work is better". He went up into the attic to resurrect his charts and other marine impedimenta, saying (rather sadly, I thought) that he would, in all probability never use them again, "but maybe — if times get better" —

Friday Dec. 13/35. Said to be an unlucky day for new ventures. (I was born on a Friday the 13th!) Abjuring superstition, I installed today a new stove. It has an electric oven and four electric top plates. There is a compartment at the side for the combustion of ordinary fuel, necessary for the chill spring & fall days when the furnace rises too much heat for comfort. In this compartment I had two patent oil-burners installed, one of them surrounded by a brass coil for water-heating.

Tuesday, Dec. 17/35. Today I borrowed \$1400.00 from the Bank of Nova Scotia on a demand note at 6%, secured by industrial bonds to the value of \$1500.00.

I then handed the Bank as agent for J. G. Corkum, a cheque in his favour for \$2,000, final payment on the Park Street property I am buying from him, & received deed in return. The Registrar of Deeds informed me she had recorded a mortgage release from Eastern Canada Savings & Loan to J. G. Corkum, this morning. So I am now a property holder in the town of Liverpool.

Saturday, Dec. 21/35 Drove to Milton this afternoon to get a Christmas tree, & on the way stopped to present Henry White, one of our old pulp mill employees, with a decent suit of clothes, a quart of Oland's ale, and an order on a store for five dollars. He has a maimed arm & has had no work since the old mill closed down. He was out of luck altogether two months ago, but Mont Martin's family (also in poor circumstances) took him in. I visited him at that time & gave him boots, underclothes & an overcoat, also a store order which he promptly invested in groceries for the Martin family. They live in one of the ancient dwellings erected for the pulp mill employees thirty years ago, a miserable four-room shack, which has of course had no repairs for the past six years. It is an unpainted box, resting drunkenly on rotted sills, and it houses Martin, his wife, four or five children, and Henry. Martin came out & asked me if I would like "a little fry of moose-meat", a simple-hearted offer which I could not refuse, though it is against the law. He gave me a generous parcel of meat & told me he had, after a long hunt, killed a three-year bull and a "farrow" cow, close

by the road at Nine Mile, a day or two ago. He got
a former bootlegger, one Aulenbach, (now engaged in
the honest business of cutting firewood on lands up-river
without the formality of owner's consent) to haul the
meat at night to his home, Aulenbach taking one
carcass in payment. Henry helped me find
a suitable tree, in a heavy snowstorm which became
a regular blizzard by dark.

Christmas Day: A cold white day with snow
flurries and grey skies. Edith & I went to
a cocktail party at Col. Jones house, about noon.
Ross Byrne presided generously over a huge punch
bowl, and a buffet was laden with caviar, anchovies
and all sorts of hors d'oeuvres. Some of the members of
our gilded staff made full use of the free booze, in
their usual manner. So did their "ladies", & we spent
an amusing hour watching the antics. The climax was
brought about by our Treasurer's wife, who spotted Jonesie
standing perilously near the mistletoe & rushed over, kissing
him in a very moist manner. This was the signal for
a stampede, & the Colonel found himself running a
one-man game of "Post Office". The Jones family looked
on, with polite smiles. Austin Parker, encountering
Mrs. Mowbray Jones, in the far end of the big drawing
room, told her she was "missing all the fun". She
said, very quickly and brightly, "I don't think it very
funny", which probably signified up the Jones opinion.
It always tickles my churlish humor to see how
far the manners of certain Mersey nabobs and their
queens fall short of the high satiric positions they
enjoy, and I have noticed that a hospitable supply
of firewater is sure to bring forth a demonstration.
At 3 P.M. The Freemans and

Dunlops came to dinner (Janice scandalized because Uncle Hugh had called on Col. Jones without an invitation, though I fancy Janice hailed him with relief after some of his earlier guests!) We sat down, 12 at table, and demolished a large turkey & "all the fixin's". After dinner the general distribution of gifts, with all the accompanying fun and felicitation. In the evening I called Halifax on the phone & talked to Mum, who had spent the day quietly with Hilda.

Yesterday I received a very nice letter from Mrs. Blackwood, accepting my story "Champeen Boat" and enclosing a cheque for 24 guineas in payment for "Winter's Tale" which appears in the January number.

Sunday, Dec 29/35 Tommy walked today for the first time, a great event.

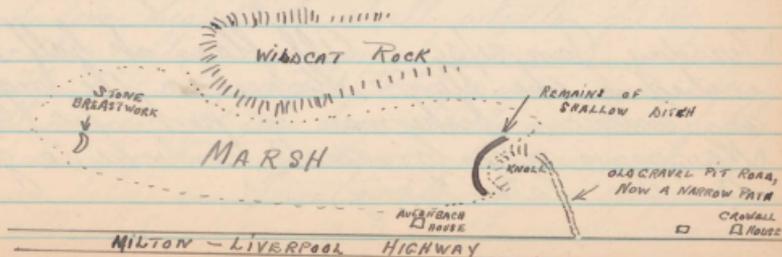
Saturday Jan 4/36 Fine warm day, the first mild day in three weeks. This pm. Parker, Gordon, Smith & myself to Big Falls. Road bare & muddy, very little snow left in the woods. Parker & Gordon walked up the river ice to the old canoe landing, thence up the hill to the camp. "Simmie", Gordon's colie, got foul of a porcupine enroute & they spent a busy half hour pulling quills out of his nose. Gordon is always boasting about the intelligence of "Simmie" but, knowing that the dog has had at least six similar adventures, I consider him rather stupid. Smith & I went up the trail & got to camp at Eagle Lake early in the afternoon. We took the cross-cut saw and felled a dead beech near the shack, carried it there in chunks & split it up. All evening Gordon & I played

contract bridge against the others, winning by a large majority, which tickled Gordon very much. Smith & Parker are earnest students of the Culbertson System & are really excellent players. Gordon & I know little about contract bridge, and care less, but we got good cards against which the Culbertson system was of no avail.

Sunday, Jan. 5/36. Gordon was up at dawn (having kept the rest of us awake all night with his snoring) making such an infernal racket that we all got up, which was what he wanted. He wanted to go down the lake over the ice, and hunt rabbits in the old burn at the SW end, but just as we finished ^{BREAKFAST} rain began falling heavily & all hunting was off. We played bridge all day, Gordon & I winning consistently. There was a sharp thunderstorm in the p.m. It was so unusual, & the thunder seemed to shake the earth perceptibly, so that Parker insisted at first it was an earthquake. In the late afternoon the rain ceased & we started for home. Gordon insisted on the river ice, though Smith & I doubted its safety after the thaw. Parker said nothing, & Gordon's taunts made us swallow our objections. The water gates had been hoisted at the upper dam last night, so that the ice had dropped four feet or more with the receding water on our section of the river. It was caved into steep gutters, full of rain water, & treacherous to the feet. There is nothing more slippery than ice with an inch or more of water on it, & this stuff was like walking over an endless number of greased roofs. Part of the way we walked outside of the boom where the ice was a scant two inches, and rotted dark with the rain,

& Gordon went through, saving himself a wetting by a quick jump. This sobered his bravado a bit & we went nearer the shore for the rest of the way. A stupid thing from start to finish, for what we saved in distance we lost in the painful exertion of walking on that slippery washboard. By poetic justice, Gordon was the only man to suffer, getting painful cramps in his calf muscles towards the finish. Home at 5:30.

Saturday, Jan. 11/36 This p.m. Brent Smith, his father & myself examined the marsh between Wild Cat Rock and the highway, said by Smith Senior to be the site of a rifle range, used by the Liverpool Militia at the time of the Fenian Raids. (He was told this in his youth by a Wm. Dexter, one of the militia.) We found a low stone breastwork near the west end of the marsh, about ~~ten~~^{ten} feet long, slightly curved, with the convex side facing east along the length of the flat. Judging from the stones beside it, we gathered that the breastwork was originally 4 feet high & roughly 2 feet or less thick, composed of larger & small field stones. This apparently was the "butt" for a single target, the breastwork sheltering the mark. Roughly 200 yds to the eastward is a low knoll, with the shallow traces of a ditch in the bog in front of it. If this was the firing stand, it was a deuced long shot for smooth-bore muskets.



Sunday Jan. 19/36 Sudden illness of the King is causing grave anxiety all over the world. His chief physician, Lord Dawson of Penn, expressed to a friend that there was no hope for His Majesty.

Monday Jan. 20/36 Shortly after 8 P.M. word was broadcast by radio that King George was dead at Sandringham of a bronchial illness. (Somewhere about midnight British time). American radio commentators without exception paid remarkable tributes to the dead King & to the Prince of Wales. Everybody is filled, I think, with a sense of personal loss. His simplicity, his piety and his honest care for the welfare of his people had endeared the late King to the whole world.

With him passes an era, just as the Victorian era passed with his grandmother. The world-shattering War; the long, bitter struggle with depression which followed it; the new status of the Empire as a commonwealth of free peoples — including the practically republican Free State — are all momentous events and affairs of the late King's reign which make it an epoch of our history.

The new King will take the reigning title of Edward the Eighth, it is said. He has a queer mixture of sober and flighty qualities, and I wonder what sort of King he will make.

Tuesday Jan. 21/36 All flags at half-mast, including the stars & stripes in the rigging of an American fisherman in port for shelter. Newspapers, radio broadcasts, continue to give tributes to the late King.

WAR RISKS CLAUSE. When and so long as a state of war exists and/or so long as any control over the use or movements of the vessel is exercised by any Government or other Authorities and/or the insulated or other space of the vessel is requisitioned or controlled, the Carrier and/or his Agents and/or the Master may (if in his or their uncontrolled discretion he or they think it advisable) at any time before or after the commencement of the voyage alter or vary or depart from the proposed or advertised or agreed or customary route, place or place, without being liable for any loss or damage whatsoever or directly or indirectly sustained by the owner of the goods. The ship in addition to any liberties expressed or implied herein, shall have the liberty to comply with any orders or directions as to departure, arrival, routes, ports of call, stoppages, transshipments, discharge or destination, or any other business given by any Government or any Department thereof, or any court, or any other authority, and the liability of any Government or any Department thereof, or any court, or any other authority or person involved, under the terms of the War Risks Clause on the ship the right to give an order or orders, and if by reason of and in compliance with any such order or orders, anything is done or not done, the same shall not constitute a deviation. The vessel is to be so carried on-board, equipped, manned or worked, and may sail armed or unarmed.

The carrier in addition to any liberties expressed or implied herein shall, in the event of the maintenance or existence of war, hostilities or marine operations between any nations, cessation or prohibition of intercourse, communication or observation between any nations, suspension of postal or passenger traffic by any Government or the Government of the League of Nations, and of orders issued by any Government in consequence of or connected with any of the above matters, have the rights and liberties as set out above. Anything done or not done by reason of or in compliance with these Clauses is within the contract of carriage, and the tender of the goods and/or the cargoes thereof shall pay the full freight stipulated herein if not properly and if repaid the shipowner shall be entitled to retain the same.

Jan 22/36 The above is a clause we are inserting in our bills of lading for S.S. Liverpool Road, which is loading newspaper for Havana and will go on time charter there. She will trade between Cuba, other West Indian islands, & Gulf of Mexico ports.

The clause reflects the general feeling that British faith in the League of Nations policy will eventually lead to war with Italy.

Tuesday Jan. 28/36 A public holiday in Bangda, by proclamation, this being the day of King George's funeral. Radio broadcast of the ceremonies at Windsor Castle came in wonderfully clearly. The piping, playing the lament, the various commands to the troops, the roar of the minute guns, the tramp of feet, clatter of hoofs. The King was buried with full honours as an Admiral of the Fleet, and we heard the shrill whistles of the bosuns as the coffin was piped along and the chapel. Then a dirge from the pipers and the clear shrill voices of the boy choristers. Wonderfully impressive, even over the radio. A memorial service was held in Trinity Church, Liverpool, which I attended. In spite of the worst blizzard

of the winter (which started Saturday evening & is still raging at 10 P.M.) the church was crowded to the doors. It was a joint service of all the Protestant congregations. Very strange to see a Salvation Army uniform at the lectern. And most strange to see the Rev. MacWilliam, tall grim-visaged Scot, entering the church with the choral procession, behind the glittering brass crucifix borne by a cross-bearer, — an outrage to all his Covenanted principles.

Saturday, Feb. 1/36. Steady cold weather continues, with the thermometer wavering between zero and 20° above.

A sunny day but cold, with a keen NW wind. Parker, Gordon, Smith & I drove up-river (the river road has been snow-ploughed, also the highway to ^{St. John's} ~~Salisbury~~) and stopped to hunt rabbits this afternoon. We wore snowshoes — snow is very deep in the woods — & the others had rifles. My weapon was a camera. The woods were beautiful, every branch weighted with last Tuesday's snow, which had frozen to the trees in the succeeding low temperatures. Rabbits were scarce but we all enjoyed our three-hour hike. On the way home we picked up Bob Mackinnon, tramping to Liverpool from Herring Cove Lake, where Ted Foster has a survey party mapping contours. He said they had a mighty cold job, since most of their theodolite work has been done on the lake ice, so far, where the bitter winds have a full sweep. He told us an amusing yarn of Foster (a tall man of fifty, very blasphemous, who was a captain in a Canadian ammunition column in the War.) Foster's snow-shoe caught in a twig of brushwood, ~~threw~~ throwing him heavily forward into deep snow, from which he emerged looking like a snow-man. He took off his fur hat,

exposing his bald head to the Kan air for a silent minute, and then said in a tone of surprising reverence —
"I don't mind your brushwood, God. But why don't you grow it on the trees, for Jesus' sake. Amen."

Sunday Feb 2/36. A real winter day with pale sunshine dodging through the clouds here and there, temperature 8 degrees above zero, & a howling N.W. ~~gale~~ gale. Drove to Big Falls this morning in Beent Smith's car. Parker & Smith had skis, but I wore my faithful bear-paw snowshoes. By the time we got out of the car at N°3, the wind was terrific, & our exposed passage along the dam was a *via dolorosa* in truth. In the woods there was more or less shelter & our exercise kept us well warmed. Parker is a firm believer in the superiority of the ski for woods travel, but I had no trouble in leaving the skiers behind especially on the up-grades. Snow had drifted deeply over the trail & it was difficult to follow; finally I missed it somewhere above the N. E. end of Eagle Lake. I tramped out to the lake & walked up to the camp over the ice. This was a bitter experience. The wind howled across the ice, sweeping hard sand-like snow before it, & in places there were deep drifts & then wide stretches of very slippery ice. I removed my snowshoes when I came to the first bare ice, but found that my moccasins gave me little better footing in the howling wind. I reached camp half an hour ahead of the skiers. They followed my tracks faithfully, but "spied" at the prospect of the lake ice in that wind, and came to camp via the timber fringe of the

lake shore - a tangled wilderness & very bad going for skis. The log shack was like an ice-box but we got a hot fire going & presently sat down to a mighty meal of fried sausages & eggs, rolls & mince pie. We left at 4 P.M. missed the trail again close to the point where I lost it in the morning, but soon picked it up farther on by circling. Reached the car without incident & got down as far as Potanoc Corner. There the road was blocked for 100 yards by a three-foot drift. The car actually roode up on it for ten or fifteen yards and then stuck, the driving wheels gouging a deep hole in which they sank, the front wheels remaining perched on the top of the drift. It was dusk, and the fierce wind was sweeping up over the bare flank of the slope from the river, bringing more "sandy" snow to imprison the car. We got shovels, & set to work, with the help of three or four young fellows from nearby houses. My snow-shoes were put into service as shovels - another argument against the ski! It was a race, to see if we could dig a passage ^{faster} ~~fast~~ than the snow could fill it in, & we won after an hour's back-breaking work. We stopped the car on the hill beyond this drift & returned borrowed shovels & thanked our helpers. A hundred yards beyond the crest of the hill we stuck again, & repeated our tactics exactly, beginning with shovel-borrowing & ending with "All right, boys, Heave!" And two or three hundred yards further we stuck another drift. This time the car (going fast) lurched off to the left & ended up with its left wheels in a depth which, presumably

was the ditch. Again shovel-borrowing, scooping, pushing. The moon came out & made the snow look colder than ever, & the temperature was falling so that one didn't care to rest his labours. The cold, & the incessant blast of snow in the face, made my head ache blindingly. By this time we were ready for any tactics, & so as the car pulled out of this drift we shouted "Step on it, Brent!" & Brent stepped on it. It worked. We struck a half dozen more drifts & went right on over the heavy snow by sheer momentum. The old car performed some strange antics but we got through to Milton lower bridge. From there to town we had no trouble at all. Parker said, "and we went hiking for exercise!"

Saturday, Feb. 1/36. All paper sales since the first of the year have been billed out at \$39.00 per ton, an increase of \$1.00 over the past two years. The American newspapers are hoping for a break in the solid front of Canadian mills, such as occurred last year; but consumption of newsprint in the U.S. has regained its pre-depression figure, and the mills are confidently predicting a further rise of price in 1937. Col. Jones and "Captain" MacDonald (he was captain of a rum-running schooner at one time, rumour saith) out "ambassador (at large)", are having their usual jaunt to Florida & Cuba, taking along Payson, the Col's chauffeur, and the new \$5000 car purchased by the Company for its President. Before he left, Jones ordered me to start work on another joint-authorship book, to describe the history, geography, ethnology, cooking etc., of Nova Scotia!

Saturday Feb. 22/36 Our steady winter weather continues with another blizzard today. The interior of the continent has been suffering from the long period of severe weather, & we have had a curious sign of it in the visitation of a large number of tiny saw-whet owls. They have appeared about the settlements in search of food, I suppose, and several have been seen dead in the streets.

The Italians, in a last effort before the annual rains, have succeeded in pronouncing the Ethiopians soundly on both Eritrean and Somaliland fronts. Emperor Haile Selassie is said to be suing secretly for peace. In the meantime Mussolini continues bombastic in all public utterance, & his successful flouting of the League of Nations has aroused the hopes of Germany. Herr Hitler is now hinting broadly that his country must have its colonies returned, and is conducting open negotiations for an alliance with Italy. It was inevitable that the two dictators, conducting their affairs in so similar a manner, should get together in the face of Europe. France is dithering on the fence, anxious to retain England's alliance but fearful of offending Italy. Russia, with whom France is negotiating for a mutual defence pact, is much absorbed with Japanese aggression in North China. In fact the nations are busy chasing each other's tails in a fruitless circle, afraid of each other and often of themselves.

In England, the First Lord of the Admiralty has admitted in the House that the British fleet was moved from Malta to Alexandria because there was "imminent danger of attack by Italian air forces" which must have caused Mussolini to smile in satisfaction.

Sunday Feb. 23/36. Parker, Gordon, Smith & I to Big Falls in Parker's car this morning. Lovely winter day, bright sunshine & cold wind, temperature about 6° above zero at 8 a.m. Enroute we came upon Lou Johnston (one of the power house staff) badly ditched, & helped get him out. The road is furrowed with icy ruts, with bunches of new light snow concealing them, & the going is consequently very treacherous. Gordon & I had snowshoes, Parker & Smith wore skis. About 2 miles from Eagle Lake, Smith announced "My gosh, I forgot the Keys to the camp!" I was for strapping back to Big Falls for a kettle, some tea, & four mugs, but was overruled. The result was a most primitive meal in the shelter of the shack wall. We got a fire going (I had a hunting knife), & toasted sausages on sticks. We burrowed through the snow to get an old tin can, in which we boiled eggs, and Parker found three old gin bottles from which we drank water. After "dinner" Parker & Smith went down over the lake ice to an inviting slope and practiced ski-jumping. Finally Smith came a terrible cropper on the ice & ski-jumping was off. The wind was at north, & on the camp verandah the sun was beating with surprising warmth. We lay there & smoked for two hours, enjoying the sunshine, while our newly-cut water hole in the lake ice froze over - less than thirty feet away. Started for home about 3 P.M., the snow exactly right for good snowshoeing & very good for the skis. Woods were simply beautiful, all trees weighted with snow & sparkling in the bright sunshine. Tonight my face is red and hot - actually sun-burned. In February!

Sunday March, 1936. Beautiful day, temperature about 20° with intermittent cloud & sunshine. This A.M. Parker, Gordon Smith & I to Big Falls by car.

In spite of soft weather for two or three days last week there is still plenty of snow in the woods. There was a crust of the annoying type - not quite hard enough to bear a man's weight and too hard for comfortable snowshoeing - but towards noon the sun had softened it nicely. We cut through the woods direct from Big Falls & thereby saved much of the usual journey, for the trail is in the shape of a bow. With good snowshoeing, a trail means nothing for one can go anywhere. We worked up an appetite for dinner by felling an oak and a big dead pine some distance southward of the camp & hauling the logs over the lake ice to the shack. After a stout meal of bacon & eggs, etc. Gordon (whose 45 years are beginning to "slow" him a little) elected to stay in camp for the afternoon.

Parker Smith & I went down the lake ice about 1/2 mile, then put on our snowshoes & tramped N.W. to Kempton Brook. We arrived on the brook at the old "Square Camp" site after 25 minutes; then went up to Kempton Lake by the faintly defined trail. The brook is entirely open, but Kempton Lake (like Eagle Lake) retains a solid coat of ice. We left this point at 4 P.M. travelling ^{EAST} through a gently rising country covered with sparse thickets & awkward for snowshoes.

However an hour of this brought us back to our starting point on Eagle Lake. We had tea at the camp & hiked across country to Big Falls under the light of a first-quarter moon. During the day we found many tracks of moose and

deer, a few rabbits & two wild-cat tracks. The moose tracks were dabbled with blood-spots in places, where the snow-crust had cut their plunging shins. Moose are beginning to scratch off their tick-infested winter coats. We found one tuft of moose hair - less than a handful - with twenty or thirty dead ticks lying on the snow about it.

As we came over the slope at Big Falls in the frosty moonlight, & the brilliant lights of the power station burst up at us like a silent barrage of star-shells, we came upon the fresh track of a moose within 100 yards of the dam; & saw one place where he had stood gaping at the electric constellations until the approaching "plosh-plosh" of our snowshoes drove him away from his star-gazing. I wonder what he thought of it.

Tuesday March 3/36. "Captain" J. H. V. MacDonald back from his southern trip, which included two weeks in Havana, mostly spent in golfing & sight-seeing - at least, that was the way it sounded to our jealous ears. He reports order restored in Cuba under the dictator Fulgencio Batista, erst-while sergeant of the Cuban army. He has built new barracks & arranged more liberal pay & better food for his troops & consequently retains the complete confidence of the army. Batista appears to be an able fellow with sound ideas about government, & MacDonald reports a feeling of confidence everywhere about Havana. We have shipped a cargo of newsprint there by our small steamer "Liverpool Rover", to be sold on consignment by Luis Rios

Friday, March 6, 1936. I received 30 guineas from Blackwoods for my story "Champlen Liar," which was based upon the occasion when John Francis, Mutton Indian, won the Liar's Contest at the Guides' Meet some years ago. Since sterling is worth nearly \$5.00, this netted me \$156.38, a useful addition to my funds. I made a payment of \$300 on my loan from the Bank of Nova Scotia.

Monday, March 9/36. German troops have marched into the Rhineland zone, which was de-militarized under the Treaty of Versailles, and Europe is agog. France is moving troops to the frontier and demanding "sanctions" against Germany similar to those now being half-heartedly applied against Italy. The shrewd reasoning behind Mussolini's bellicose attitude is becoming apparent. It is generally declared that a secret alliance between Japan, Italy and Germany - the three important land-hungry nations - has been in existence for some time.

Friday, March 13/36. Mild weather, uninterrupted since last Sunday, has melted the winter snow & raised the rivers & brooks to a flood - a condition which appears to be general all along the Atlantic seaboard. The frost is coming out of the ground rapidly, and roads are in a fearful state.

Saturday, March 14/36. The Golden Book people have included my story "Winter's Tale" (re-printed from Blackwoods) in their Fiction Parade for March. "The month's best stories," they say, which is very flattering, since I am in such prominent company as Ernest Hemingway, George A. Birmingham, Morley Callaghan & others.

Sunday, March 15/36. Drove to Broad River along the shore route, in Brent Smith's car this morning, the party including Brent, Parker, myself & Brent's dog "Red", a mongrel with chow & collie antecedents. We hiked up the east side of Broad River along the tote road & had our dinner on the bank of the east branch near Martin's Brook. In the afternoon we walked down the east branch to a great outcrop of rusty slate (called Iron Rock by the lumbermen) from which there are lovely views of the river. At this point we heard an excited "Yipe!" from the dog, & on investigation found that he had treed a large wild-cat. The tree was a big pine, and the cat sat watching us from a branch twenty-five feet up. Parker & Smith circled the tree, trying to get snapshots with their cameras, for none of us had ever seen a treed wild-cat. They got one or two snaps, but the cat was partly hidden by the many branches. Emboldened by the cat's serene stare, I started to climb the tree. About ten feet below the cat, I swung out for Parker to pass up his camera, hoping to get a close picture of his Serene Malvolence, but by this time the cat decided I was bad medicine. He made a magnificent spring, landed in a heap a good thirty feet from the foot of the tree, & was on his feet & away like lightning. The dog gave chase but returned after five minutes very much out of breath.

In a fir thicket at the foot of the tree we discovered the carcass of a full-grown deer. The cat had torn off the hair about the belly and gnawed a hole in to the guts. The meat was firm and unspoiled, & we judged it had been killed a week before. It was lying on a patch of snow-ice,

the remains of a big drift, which will preserve the meat for another week unless the weather gets very warm. There was no sign of a wound about the throat, said to be the target of a wild-cat when attacking deer, & we argued all the way home about it. Parker thought the deer had been shot & had crawled into the thicket to die. Brent & I considered that the deer had entered the thicket in a snowstorm seeking shelter, had lain in the snow, & had been seized firmly there by the big cat & possibly his mate. A mild dull day. Patches of snow, shank-deep in the woods & on the shady slopes of ridges. Plenty of ice along the tote road, but getting very rotten. Roads bad. We had to get out & push in one place, & the car was dragging its running boards many times.

Saturday March 28/36 Jimmy is in the throes of teething, which I mean that he wakes up & howls mightily at intervals between 6 P.M. and 6 A.M. — when he wakes for the day. Sitting grimly over my typewriter, trying to grope for a neat phrase, with a kid roaring twenty feet away — this has been my evening pastime for two weeks. Also, since I am a poor sleeper, I have averaged 5 or 6 hours sleep per night. At one time in my life I thought that was a generous allowance, but nowadays it seems far from enough. After a bad night, the day in the office is a long agony, and I find myself making stupid mistakes, which is bad business for a cashier. Sometimes I think I must give up writing or working for Messy Paper Co — or go mad.

Curiously enough, despite strenuous exercise, long working hours, & a minimum of sleep, I am not losing weight. I weigh 183 lbs in my clothes — which means I'm 45 lbs over-weight. But somehow I feel "used-up". The past three years seem to have aged me a lot in body & mind. Especially in mind.

Tuesday March 31/36 So ends a most remarkable March. With the exception of three days of frosty weather at the beginning, the month was very mild & sunny; two or three ^{rain} ~~snow~~ storms but no snow at all. Twenty eight of the thirty one days were fine. Temperatures averaged 55° in the shade at noon, dropping to 40° at night, rarely dropping to freezing point. Winds were southerly, S.W. predominating. The unprecedented mildness is general all along the Atlantic coast as far as Newfoundland, and there have been enormously expensive floods in the Eastern States — over 200,000 people homeless at one period. The winter had been severe all over the continent (except Nova Scotia, where we enjoyed consistent weather with temperatures hovering between zero & freezing point) and the great accumulation of ice & snow going out so suddenly, produced flood conditions at once. Harold Ferge, our woods operations man, remarked that the lumbermen were grateful for the long period of steady frost "but the thaw sure caught us flat-footed." The snow just faded away an' left us standin' on the ground lookin' at each other."!

One curious result of this swift transition from deep winter to late spring is that the maple sap industry is out of luck. Lack of frosty nights seems to affect the quantity & quality of the sap.

Saturday April 4/36. Parker, Smith & I to camp at Eagle Lake this afternoon, taking the punt up through the flowage to the brook trail. Came upon a deer lying 20 feet from trail, which arose in leisurely fashion & went away from us in graceful leaps. After supper we took chain & compass and ran a survey line around the knoll on which the camp is built. Parker wants to get a deed of it from the MacLeod Company.

Sunday, April 5/36. Forever sunny day. At 8 A.M. we left camp in Parker's absurd little cigar-shaped boat, hoisted the sail, & got to the foot of Eagle Lake without using oars much. Hiked over the trail to Long Lake. Arrived at the foot of Long Lake at 10.30, where we found a merganser with a very large rusty-coloured hood, sitting upon a rock with what appeared to be an ordinary shell duck, a curious pair. Pushing S.E. along the old Long Lake - Mutton trail for 40 minutes we came to a steep hardwood ridge on the west of the trail & climbed it. Smith skinned up a tall pine on the crest, from which he could see the east bay of Long Lake bearing 330° , & the depression of Eagle Lake lying a point E. of North. Undoubtedly this is the hill which is so prominent from the camp. We travelled down the S.E. slope of this hill for some distance & then picked up a faint trail leading back into the main trail. There was a birch blazed opposite the junction, & "H.K." cut into the wood - the log mark of the old Harlow & Kempton lumber firm. About 1 p.m. came to the old tote camp opposite Bon Mature Lake. We were ready for dinner there, but since the woods are getting very dry & there was no water to douse our fire properly, we travelled on to a small brook $\frac{1}{4}$ mile beyond, & dined. Left again at 1.45 P.M. & within $\frac{1}{4}$ mile came upon a small barren hill in which the trail is mixed up with a maze of game trails. Smith & I recognized it as the place where we went astray on March 21, 1932. Parker had a fishing rod & was anxious to try his luck in the East Branch of Broad River, so at this point we left the trail and hiked west to the edge of Knowles Meadow. The bogs are full of water, so we were obliged to skirt the open, travelling through a fearful mess of timber swamp. After an hour of this we came out on Duck Pond. Here

Parker took to the wet meadow, but I'd had enough of it, & having located a faint trail leading up into dry country towards the main trail, I decided to travel back to Long Lake by that route. Smith was anxious to keep in touch with Parker & insisted on me waiting there for half an hour, though I pointed out that Parker was heading N.E. along the meadow intending to strike the trail somewhere near the big hardwood hill. Finally Smith agreed to our departure. Our trail brought us to the main trail in 15 minutes & from then on we reversed our steps of the morning. We caught up with Parker at the Long Lake brook, he giving us a glowing account of his "short cut" through the swamp & we declaring that if we had not wasted half an hour waiting for him at Duck Pond we would have beaten him to Long Lake by just that much, in spite of the fact that the trail covers a circuitous route. Arrived at the boat 5 P.M. I rowed up the lake to camp. We hoisted the sail but there was barely enough wind to fill it. An enormous supper of tinned beans. Left camp after nightfall, our steps lighted by a full moon. A lovely windless night, full of stars. The bare skeletons of trees in the flogage seemed more ghostly than ever in the moonlight.

An enjoyed week end. In all our travels we encountered no sign of snow or ice except a deep pile at the foot of Long Lake, where the Eagle Lake trail emerges. This must have been a mighty drift a month ago. Mayflowers are in bloom everywhere.

Thursday, April 9/36 A general meeting of property-owning taxpayers in the Town Hall tonight, to vote on the question of a new junior High School. The subject has been debated hotly for several weeks. Undoubtedly the need for additional school accommodation is

very great. Unfortunately, due to a policy of letting off the Mersey Taper Co & other new builders with slight assessment, the burden of taxation on the old town property is becoming severe. Pre-paper-mill residents have seen their taxes doubled since the building of Mersey mills, as the influx of population has necessitated much expenditure on water & sewage systems, schools etc. There is a natural feeling of resentment against "the mill people", who undoubtedly have insisted on most of the new expenditure, & who pay less than their share of taxes. The result was a vote against the new school of roughly 2 to 1. The Mersey company with its usual absence of tact, aroused the antagonism of townspeople by instructing all employees on the property tax roll to be present at the meeting & the vote for the school. This annoyed the men (including me) & aroused the town. The proposed school would have cost \$58000, and the architect was to be Leslie Fourn of Wolfville, whose daughter married Colonel Jones' son Kingsford a couple of years ago.

Easter Monday April 13/36 We paid for our fine March with a wintry Easter. A week of bleak winds brought on a blizzard which, began Saturday night, continued all Sunday (to the moans of the females "all dressed up & no place to go") & blew itself out this morning. The snow was fine stuff, hard-driven by an easterly gale; & as the wind worked around SE to SW it turned to fine rain. We stoked out furnace at full blast for the first time since February. Mother came down by train from Halifax on Thursday and returns home

tomorrow. The first steamer from "outside" reached Montreal today, reporting the Gulf entirely free of ice — the earliest opening of navigation since 1902.

Saturday April 18/36. I put in a strenuous afternoon with pick, shovel and crowbar in the back yard which is in the natural state — formerly a bit of scrub land. It is a mass of boulders interspersed with a few inches of black soil. I am shovelling the soil into a heap, for I am told that real loam cannot be obtained hereabouts except at fabulous prices. I hope to level the area roughly and then purchase enough loam to fill and make a lawn. Tommy was left at the back of the house to play, but I became absorbed in my job, and our son and his tricycle crossed the road and down the street two or three hundred yards, where one of our neighbours arrested him and brought him home. He spent the rest of the afternoon safely moored to a tree with our "fire escape" — a 25 ft length of rope which I keep in a cupboard upstairs for emergencies.

Sunday April 19/36. An April day in truth; black clouds playing tag across a sunny sky, with a N.W. wind & occasional showers. Parker, Smith, Ralph Johnson & I drove to the mouth of Broad River, where we left the car & walked up the east bank. I had brought no fishing tackle, for I am skeptical of April fishing, but the others fished diligently. At Martin's Brook we separated, Johnson & I having our dinner while Parker & Smith pushed on to the Long Stillwater. J. & I went up as far as the Crooked Stillwater & J. fished below the

ruins of an old logging dam there without success. We walked out to the car & sat there waiting for the loggards from 5 P.M. to 7, when we "thumbed" a ride to Liverpool. Our Jehu introduced himself as Hugh Bell of Halifax & said he had been to Shelburne to look after his yacht. He proved to be an angling enthusiast & insisted on stopping the car while he pulled a marvellous outfit of fishing tackle from his baggage & demonstrated the art of "midge-fishing". Surprisingly we forgot our lures & sat there enthralled while he opened a tin of "mucilin", rubbed some delicately upon a fine gut leader and explained at great length the intricacies of impaling a May-fly upon the tiny hook, & then the procedure of casting, striking, playing and landing an imaginary trout.

With the guilty knowledge of worms and minnow bait in our knapsacks - whose conditioes! - we were shamefaced & silent. It was then full dark but I honestly believe that if we had been anywhere near a brook this astonishing man would have insisted upon a full dress rehearsal.

On reaching home we heard via radio that contact had been established with three men who have been entombed in an old gold mine at Moose River, N.V. for seven days. They are a Toronto doctor, & Toronto barrister & a mine employe. Rescue operations have been delayed by care-ins, but a diamond drill has penetrated into the passage where the men are imprisoned, and the drill hole is being used for the exchange of assurances and to pass hot soups, etc. to the prisoners. They report water rising very fast in the mine and it is literally a race with death. A new shaft is being drilled & dug through solid rock to the mine slope.

