Diary of
Thomas H. Raddall Jr.
Wireless Officer
Partridge Island—Located one half mile beyond the tip of the peninsula of West Saint John. The world's first steam foghorn was installed here, and was invented by Robert Foulis, a Saint John man. Many Irish immigrants died there in 1847 of cholera. About fifteen years ago a monument was erected there to their memory, subscribed by Irish descendants in Saint John.

August 30, 1918. Signed up for a course in wireless telegraphy at Halifax. Chief instructor was Lieut. Rushbrook, R.C.N. I put in my age as 18 though I was born in 1903; got away with it, and passed examinations at the Dockyard, Halifax. Written exam had to be sent to Ottawa, with birth certificate. Ottawa discovered the fib then and refused to grant a first-class certificate; gave me a second-class, with a letter showing that I had passed 1st class exam. Marks 95 out of a possible 100) and informing me that at age 18 I must present myself once again before the R.C.N. examining office if I wished to qualify for a 1st-class ticket. In the meantime I was to report for duty as a second-class operator.
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May 29. Returned to Halifax from Partridges Island, where I completed a month of apprentice duty, and joined H.M.S. War Karma at New Terminals. Moved into stream at 1 pm, and sailed 7:15 pm. Sent a msg. to mother at 10:45 and turned in.

May 30. On watch 4 a.m. feeling seasick. Our destination said to be Bordeaux or Manchester.


June 2. Light meal this am. the first since we sailed. Feel better. Making 12 knots this evening. Normal speed 9.

June 3. Agatania M.S.U. tells Cape Race Y.C.C. that Austria gave in to the Peace Terms. Sea rising. Rolling badly. Sold pair skating boots to the steward for 15/- Oh watch at 11 p.m. very homesick but no longer seasick.

June 4. Chatting with Latchmore, Coles & Brophy (2nd mate, chief steward & 2nd "gingerbread") all p.m. The wireless room being the ship's reading and social activity room.
June 6. 12:15 a.m. Just finished my midnight lunch. Have to run along the narrow deck to the gallery in inky darkness, to the great detriment of one's shins and toes. 8 p.m. Sky clouded very quickly and a terrific rainstorm in progress. Sea rising fast. Our position is Lat. 47:15 N., Long. 34:00 W. Spoke Y R to the Lord Kelvin, Halifax cableship. 11 p.m. Very heavy beam sea. Half our forward deck cargo of lumber gone, giving us a list. Storeroom flooded again. Stewards busy salvaging perishable grub. Huge sea poured down engine room skylight, scalding a fireman with steam which filled stokehold. Terrific din. Chief engineer thought we were mined and stopped engines, causing ship to lose steering way and leaving her to the mercy of the heavy seas for several minutes. Portholes smashed, alleyways awash, bridge damaged. Wilson, my fellow-operator woke up in a hurry and jumped into the alleyway to see what was wrong, plunging both bare feet into six inches of icy North Atlantic water. He howled and skipped like a real dancing Dervish.
June 6. 10 am. Sun shining and sea going down. Steward confides in his best "hush" manner that we are not bound for Manchester. Refuses to say where we are bound. Pantry gossip, and therefore all bilge.

8 pm. Wilson insists on taking my watch till midnight as he wants to copy Goshu.

June 7. 1 pm. Dull and wet. Latchmore spinning his yarns at lunch today. The further we go the taller they get. 4 pm. Boat drill. Four toots on the siren and everyone scrambles for the upper deck. My place is in bow of the port lifeboat, said to hold 35 persons. I have my doubts.

June 8. Spoke to Keemun. Paintwork being scrubbed and brass-work polished. Expect to be off Browhead in two days' time. 5 pm. Note from bridge says "Passenger ship offing westbound. Any news?" Called 62 and discovered him to be a Yank and got some items of the day.

June 9. Fine weather. Four ships sighted today. We are nearing the congested lanes which converge off Browhead. Speed 6 knots.
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June 10. Another beastly day. Rain and wind. Investigated lead-in and found downleads loose at Bradfield head. Tightened them with some difficulty since I had to shin up the Bradfield housing and embrace it tenderly every time we rolled to starboard.

6:15 p.m. Orders via Valencia: G 6 K "Proceed Manchester by normal peace time route."

June 11. 9:30 A.M. Land ho! Fastnet Light on the port bow, perched like a white fings on a sugar-loaf rocks; it confirmed our orders with a tiny flutter of flags. 11:30 A.M. Steaming along the Irish coast, which is wrapped in fog. Swarms of gulls following astern. This was the U-Boat Hunting Ground in the war. The Lusitania and Salaba were sunk here.

10:45 p.m. Working Fishguard with msg. from 2nd. mate to his girl. 11 p.m. Just got a d.f. bearing from barnsore Head station. Transmitted "Vs" five minutes and got it o.k. Crossing Irish Sea.

June 12. 2 p.m. The bold cliffs of Holyhead appeared like magic out of the mist. Skirting the rugged coast which...
is still partly obscured by mist.

8:15 P.M. Passed first lightship. Lights of Liverpool in distance. 10 P.M. Steaming up Liverpool Harbor— an endless chain of lights. Beautiful. Bag alongside; her crew asking for tobacco, sugar and jam; claim these commodities still scarce.


Just passed Port Sunlight, model town of Sunlight Soap Co., and entered first lock of Manchester Ship Canal.

June 13.

7 A.M. Steaming up canal, assisted by two tugs. Our lone mast has been "telecoped" in order that we won't scrape the bridges, so no more weary watches till we return to salt water. 8 A.M. In the last lock. Water in canal very stagnant & our propeller is stirring up a foul stench.

Sneaked ashore this P.M. I took in a sort of air outside the dock gate. My first step on English soil since May 3, 1919, when we sailed for Canada and a brand new world. Was severely scolded by the skipper for going ashore.
(a) without leave (b) before passing quarantine.
6:30 pm. Went ashore with Walter Hunter (skipper’s son) “Skin” Wilson, Billy Coles, and Jack Haines (?) Jack is an English ne’er-do-well whose family bought him a one-way ticket to Canada and washed their hands of him. He worked his way back with us, so I guess the family is due for a joyful surprise. We dined at the St. James Café on Oxford St., where the waitress did us the immense favor of getting us a spoonful of sugar apiece. (Saccharine, a sugar substitute, is still provided at most cafés.) We had ham, fried potatoes and tea, the cost being three shillings for each of us.

June 14
Strolling in Salford this am. It is the dock district, a city in itself, 3 miles from Manchester proper. All women in shawls instead of hats & a few wearing clogs. This pm. “Skin” & I visited Bellevue Park, an amusement resort. Ninepence admission. Zoo. Open-air dance floor. Figure 8 toboggan chute. Steamer sailed about lake. Sampled ‘em all. Tea one shilling, four pence. At night
June 15

A grand play representing a French village being stormed by English troops. Shellfire effects with fireworks. About 300 soldiers took part. Wonderfully realistic.

Visited Peel Park & museum therein. River Irwell runs through park. Sometimes overflows and floods countryside. Pillar in center park bears marks showing height of water in various floods. Tonight went to Heaton Park, in country outside Manchester. Fine area of open fields donated by Lord Heaton whose Hall crowns ridge in center park. River Irwell flows through park in several beautiful curves. Walked back into Manchester through Jewish quarter, appropriately named Cheetham Hill.

June 16

Changed some Canadian money into pounds, shillings and pence at a book's Tourist Agency. Rate of exchange pure robbery. Visited a "picture palace." Very nice, but had seen the pictures months ago in Halifax.

June 17

Became "pally" with a pretty Irish girl in Woolworth's Cafe. Bridget (Bridie) Maloney, 23, red hair, peach skin and 14 karat brogue. Told her I was 21.
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June 18. This pm. visited art gallery on Oxford Road. Wilson's brother, a corporal in Canadian Engineers, came down from Ripon camp on three days leave. A bigger ass than Wilson if possible. At the Hippodrome with Bridie tonight. Movies on Market St. with Bridie.
June 19.
June 22. On board all day. This pm. in Plattfields Park with Bridie. Aerodrome in one part. Boating on the lake. "Curfew" bell at 9:30 wakens all out of park.
June 24. Had a passport photo taken. At a pierrot show called the "Quaints," at Kusholme with Bridie tonight.

June 25. Lunch in Woolworth's. At Bridie's "digs" this evening in Longsight. A musical evening & lots of fun.

June 26. In the city this am. with the Old Man. Went to Cook's and sent off my passport application. War Karma is ordered to Cardiff to load munitions for North Russia and the Skippers, Leblond, Brophy, Walter, Wilson & myself are to proceed London in a day or two for orders. Our night watchman staggered aboard this p.m. full to the gills, and huskily complained that he'd been "squeezed between two wagons." So Wilson took the job for tonight.

June 27. Ship moved to drydock this am. Two propeller blades were lost on way from Halifax. Some distance from town. At movies in Longsight with Bridie this p.m.

June 28. Peace terms finally signed by Germans. Big celebration a-shore. Fireworks, parades, immense crowds. Returned aboard 1:30 a.m.
June 29. In Longsight again this pm. Missed last car to docks & had to foot it. Very fortunate in meeting a chap in the same plight who knew all the short cuts. Aboard cold & hungry at 1 a.m.

June 30. Sick all day. Slight attack of flu I guess. Or hay fever. Billy Coles' wife (who has come up from Cardiff) very kind, brought tea, pie & strawberries. Felt better this pm. I took in "Fancy Fair" at the Palace. Splendid luck with buses afterward, caught last car to Exchange, and last car from there to Pendleton.

July 1. Dominion Day. Dined in Lewis' cafe. Bade farewell to War Karma. Taxi got us to station just in time to catch the Midland train for London at exactly midnight.

July 2. Sleep impossible in these cramped compartments. Bought some very stale pork pies at Reading & gave to some "broke" Sommies returning to the Rhine from leave. Arrived St. Valéras station 6:30 am. Went to Furness Withy office near Bank of England. Skipper, Leblanc, Brophy, & Walter ordered to Prince George at
1919

Southampton, and Old Man endeavoring get us transferred same ship. Wilson & I reported at Marconi House in Strand for orders. Ordered to "H.M. Transport Prince George", now lying at Southampton. Intense delight. Drew £5 there. Quartered at Imperial Hotel, Russell Square, sharing room with Walter. July 3

Shopping with Brophy in Tottenham Court Road this p.m. Tonight took tube Euston to West Hampstead and called on Aunt Jess. She much surprised. Returned at 11:30 p.m.

July 4

Left for Southampton at noon, arriving at 2:30 p.m. Got a late lunch in a canteen on the pier. Prince George & Prince Arthur, sister ships, have been running across Channel during the war. Two funnels with slight rake; long and narrow. Speed 20 knots. Wireless: old 1½ Kw. fixed gap, ten inch coil emergency. Strolled thru Bittern Park this p.m. Street leading to it is a long avenue of trees. Many Yank soldiers & sailors here. Town beflagged in honor their national holiday.
July 5. Signed on this am. after much red tape supplied by local Marconi also Union Castle Line office. Lunch in Silver Grid on East Street where conversation with femme wearing maple leaf brooch led to mutual introductions. Edith Aisthorpe, of Toronto, presence in England unexplained. Sunday. On the pier this p.m., watching the world go by and entertained by a first-class military band. This p.m. Walt & I took the chief steward, a native, for guide and strolled from Millbrook thru pretty hawthorn-bordered lanes to Shirley, a suburb.

July 7. Getting off expense accounts for the Old Man this am. Got a leave ticket from first officer (sticklers for etiquette these R.N.R. officers) and spent evening with the Girl from Toronto.


July 9. Ironing some clothes this am. with Walter's electric iron. On the pier this p.m. Our last evening in "Blighty."
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July 10. Spent the a.m. sitting in the Avenue. 5 P.M. Leaving wharf amid thunderous chorus of "Goodbye--ee" from crowd on quay. 5.30 P.M. Pass Ketley Hospital. 6.45 P.M. Passing Portsmouth fortifications. Fort-Norman on port beam. 

July 11. Glorious weather. Prince Arthur's officers have let us that they get to Boston first. They left 10 minutes after us but dropped astern several miles during night. "Old Man" dropped in to know "Why can't you fellows get Paris? My other operator"--etc. What a lot one hears of the Other Operator!

July 12. 1 A.M. On watch, straining ears for airship R. 34, which is on way back from U.S. 8 P.M. Long spell ashore robbed me of my seglegs, for dm. miserably seasick.

July 13. Sunday. Wilson picked up signals that R. 34 across o.k. Prince Arthur passed us yesterday but we are leaving her astern again. Feel better today. An exhausted carrier pigeon came aboard. Number on one leg, empty band on other. It rested several hours and then flew eastward.
July 14. 4 A.M. On watch. First Officer LeBlanc dropped in for chat. His home is on Artz Dr., Halifax. 1 P.M. Very hot weather. Position Lat. 42°40' N., Long. 15°06' W. Short of water and all hands rationed.

"Here you are, sir: here's yer water allowance. Yer can wash in it or drink it, just's ya please" — thus my cockney steward, setting a quart pitcher in my cabin rack. Well, cleanliness maybe next to godliness, but it's hot as Hell and I'm dry, so here goes.

Another hot cloudless day. Boat drill at 4 p.m. Am appointed to boat No. 2. Jumping about in a heavy cork life-belt under this sun is no picnic. 8 P.M. Unable raise Sayal Radio Station. Leaning over the rail tonight watching the moonlit water slipping past, with Walter, who became very sentimental.

July 15. 3 A.M. Land No. 4. 4:30 A.M. Sailing among the Azores Islands, which rise sheer out of water like verdant Gibraltars. 5:15 A.M. About 4 miles from Sayal. Prince Arthur, way behind, is just arrived off Horta Brusco. 6 A.M. At
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anchor off Horta, which is a small bay shadowed by Monte Pico. Horta is scattered over the slope of Faial Island, white houses against bright green vineyards. A large church with two white domes, bears the date 1789, and overlooks the town. Just below it is the barracks, occupied by a detachment from Lisbon which upholds the authority of the Portuguese governor. It is also upheld by a rather shabby gunboat which has stuck on a sandbank ashore, and rather resembles a sick old crocodile which has crawled up the bank to die.

Wine is 75¢ (975 reis) per bottle, and the "buenas señoritas" are many and eager, so the shore leave men are making the most of it. Walt got a drive around the island in a "flivver" this p.m. Canaries and cane furniture are steadily trickling up the gangways in the hands of souvenir hunters, and a number of bumboats alongside are doing a big business in lace, wine, canes, grasswork, strong Acores cigars & cigarettes. 7 PM Pulling out, having replenished our bunkers & water tanks. Coal was brought out to the ship.
in barges and transferred in baskets to the bunkers by swarms of jabbering Portugese. coal also piled amidships along promenade deck, as our bunker space is limited. 10 P.M. The lights of Horta twinkling farewell. A perfect night, warm, voluptuous, a big moon peeping over the black bulk of São Miguel, and the faint music of the military band drifting over the water. Walt wailing sentimental again. A señorita this time. Little London Lady forgotten.

July 17
1 P.M. Corvo, most westerly of Azores, dropping astern. Very hot, pitch bubbling between deck planks. Sea like glass.

July 18
Practising semaphore with Walter.
Hot, despite head breeze. 5:30 P.M. S.S. Yellowstone reports floating mine Lat 41°07' North. Long 46°10' West—right in our course

July 19
Another blistering day. Fire in one bunker. Spontaneous combustion. trimmers busy removing coal in order yet at fire.

July 20
Fire extinguished this a.m. 6 P.M. Wind x sea rising fast. Seas sweeping lower deck. Saloon portholes on starboard cracked by heavy sea during dinner. Nearing Gulf Stream. Patches weed floating past.
July 21. 1 P.M. Wind & sea have abated. Passing thru Gulf Stream. Much sea weed, and many schools flying fish.


July 23. 7 A.M. Picked up Table Island working W.C.S. Like a voice from home. 11 A.M. Dense fog. Boiler trouble compels slack speed, which is just as well, perhaps. A little friction becoming evident between our War Farmers, fellows & the original officers of the Prince George, who are all K.N. Reserve and rather resent presence of Canadian merchant marine officers, culminated today in LeBlanc telling chief officer to go to Hell. Chief complained to bluff old Hunter, who also told him to go there. Much glee in our crowd. “From the merchant marine in naval togs may the good Lord deliver us.” 5 P.M. gross bearings from Canso & Chebucto Head check with Skipper’s reckoning so close that he says “The lines crossed between the funnels,” and is very pleased both with the direction-finders and himself.
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July 24. Still in fog. Horn blowing steadily and sounding at intervals. 8:30 A.M. Prince Arthur broke her long silence to get a bearing from D.F. stations.

July 25. Lightning storm took place of fog at 3 A.M. 5 A.M. 15 miles from entrance Boston Harbor. 7 A.M. Picked up pilot and tied up in East Boston at eight—just a half hour behind the Prince Arthur, whose officers proceeded to collect bets & chaff us. This pm. crossed by ferry to Boston proper & took a band concert on the common.

July 26. Walked I took in the Fogg Museum of Art this morning in Cambridge. While at a cafe for lunch met a chap connected with Harvard who very kindly took us over the university buildings. He then inspected the big naval radio school, built on the campus during the war. Wonderfully well equipped. In one room enjoyed the sensation of 100,000 volts passing thru my body by way of a pipe held to a large spark gap. Frequency (150,000) high enough to be safe, though I got "prickles" in the arm and the wooden stool under my feet commenced to smoke. Movies tonight.
July 27.
Hall & I to Bunker Hill this am. Monument is on Breed's Hill in Charlestown, & not as impressive as I'd been led to expect. This pm. in the beautiful Public Gardens, where some members of the famous "Rainbow Division" (just returned from the war) having settled that the "Yanks won the war." fell to quarrelling over which particular regiment won it. Tonight attended an open air service outside St. Paul's Episcopal church.

July 28.
Expect to leave Prince George, which will lay up for extensive repair. Movies tonight. Shopping in East Boston this am.

July 29.
This pm. took the narrow-gauge railroad to Revere Beach, a summer resort, which was full off hot dog stands and Jews. Returned midnight. Got railway tickets from Furness. With office & had baggage passed by customs. Wilson, Brophy & I returning Halifax.
Left Boston 7 p.m.

July 30.
7 A.M. Turned out at Vanceboro for customs inspection. Breakfast at McAdam Junction. 8 A.M. Arrived Halifax 11:15 A.M., for two weeks leave.
Aug. 15.

Ordered to ss Watuka at Pictou, which is commanded by Capt. Meikle, known as the "worst skipper on the Western Ocean." He is a survival of sailing ship days, a real old buck, believing in type. Pleasant prospect. Left home 6:40 A.M. Delayed 2 hours by wreck on main line. Arrived Pictou 1:30 P.M. and reported to Meikle, who demanded my certificate & my age. When I said "sixteen," he fairly exploded & said the Marconi outfit had a hell of a nerve sending him a kid to run the wireless, & so on. A pleasant welcome.

Watuka is a typical tramp, one funnel, built at New Glasgow. Wireless outfit is ½ kw. cabinet type. Ship is in drydock having anti-rolling shocks installed.

Aug. 16.

Checking my supplies & generally overhauling gear. Masts are being shortened & aerial barely clears funnel top. Pointed out this disadvantage to Capt., who promised instal collapsible topmast to raise aerial. Don't think much of my fellow officers from first acquaintance. Just about the sort of crowd I'd expect to find sailing under Meikle, and a very different bunch from the happy-go-lucky War Karma.
Aug. 17. At St. Andrew’s (Presbyterian) this morning. This evening strolling along the shore with Mary Dalton, a fair Pictorian.

Aug. 18. Strolling this evening with Ethel Simmons, another fair Pictorian, as far as an old quarry outside the town.

Aug. 19. Ship moved across harbor to Pictou Landing to load bunkers and pigeon ballast. A summer resort including a big camp of young ladies.

Aug. 20. Strolled to Rustico, another summer resort, near the Landing. This pm (about midnight to be precise) the young ladies of the camp invaded the ship on a tour of inspection. They pushed the watchman aside and scattered over the ship, opening all doors. I had turned in, and was awakened by three tittering females who flung open my door and demanded to “see the wireless.” Some of them burst into the captain’s cabin, to be greeted by an enraged bellow from Muckle, who was in his pajamas reading. Some fun.

Aug. 21. Muckle nearly devoured the watchman this am, but off four feet off my aerial down leads to make them taut. This evening
went for a bathe with four Trenton girls from the camp. Got a fellow to take us in his motor boat to the lighthouse, where is a first class beach. Beautiful moonlit night.

Aug. 22. 10:30 AM. Sailed for Newcastle to load lumber. 4:30 P.M. coast of P.E.I. on starboard quarter. Captain raving all day because unable establish communication Cape Beal, says. Marconi people must send engineer to overhaul apparatus.

Aug. 23. 9:30 AM. Entered Miramichi River. 10:30 AM. Passing Chatham. 11:15 AM. Tied up at a lumber mill opposite Newcastle. Wrote Gray at Halifax re skippers demand. Spent afternoon in big radio station here built by Poulsen Co. for transatlantic work. Immense aerial system; one big mast of steel lattice, with wires radiating to six smaller ones. Marconi Co. has taken it over & their Mr. Murphy is here to look after their interests; Poulsen Co. being represented by Mr. Jackson.


Aug. 25. Wire from Gray this am. says
"Victor & Cape Bear stations shut, so impossible to communicate with, but better get Murphy to overhaul set to satisfy captain."

Aug. 26. Installed D.P. switch in receiving gear. This pm. Murphy & Jackson came aboard & tested set. Found everything O.K., but informed captain that with such short masts & low aerial, range of set not more than 80 miles. Incred Montreal for diagram of tuner wiring & arranged for a ship further up to give me some signs as she goes out.

Aug. 27. Big time in Newcastle today. Peace Day. Returned soldiers en masse. Fair, bands, parade & fireworks at night. Local band played "I'm forever blowing bubbles" alternately with another tune, all day & evening. Nataka's boat came third in race, which was won by a Norweigan crew.

Aug. 28. & 29. Spent both days exploring the countryside. The town is absolutely dead.

Aug. 30. Received diagram from Montreal & tested wiring of tuner.

Aug. 31. Sick all day. Ashore this pm. for a walk. Made acquaintance of Marguerite Oughlan, whose home is near the ship.
1919

Sept. 1. Spent evening in Marquerite's home, a sing song with one or two from the ship.

Sept. 2. 4 A.M. Pulling out for Sydney. 1:30 P.M. Dropped pilot at mouth of river. Skipper continues worrying about the wireless. Turned in with phones on listening for NAA.

Sept. 3. 4 A.M. Skipper woke me up & wanted me to call Cape Ray, which is shut. Told him. He insisted. Called VCR till 5 A.M. without result. 1 P.M. VCO comes thumping in. Hurrah! My gear is functioning. But my range is woefully small.

Sept. 4. Moved to coal wharf 5 p.m. & commenced loading bunkers. Katho, operator on War Witch came aboard for a chin-chin. Capt. Hunter is now his skipper. Saw Harold Dockrill while ashore tonight.

Sept. 5. Our Maltese steward sobering up today after a hectic night. He came aboard in the small hours, wearing an outside Derby hat, and busied himself with the newly arrived stores. These he carefully stowed in Meikle's chart room, that sanctum sanctorum. Then he went all around the
ship, carefully shielding a lighted candle, looking for the key to his cabin. The cabin was unlocked anyhow, but since he couldn't find his key he withdrew to the saloon and dropping himself in the table cloth, went to sleep on the hard mahogany. The Old Man found him there this am. & woke him with a loud bellow of rage.

11 A.M. Pulling out for Manchester. Heard VCO tell VCF that Sable Island station burned down last night.


Sept. 7. 4 A.M. Awakened by Meikle with a trivial msg to send. Asked him why turn me out for a msg that could easily wait till morning. Ructions.

6 P.M. Friction all day with Meikle who must like it, for he lets me share the lonely grandeur of the saloon, compelling all other officers to eat in engineers' mess. Which doesn't give 'em very cordial feeling for me.
Sept. 8. Meikle stumped into the saloon for breakfast as black as thunder and took up the cudgels again. He cursed wireless and the man who invented it, he cursed the whole breed of wireless operators, and he cursed me personally at great length without once repeating himself. I talked back; and the war raged merrily. Finally he announced that I would be discharged at Liverpool. (Good!) "Incapable and unsubordinate, eh? Well, I stood more than most fellows would, at that.

5:30 A.M. A silent supper table but for one remark to me: "The aerial needs replacing." I made no answer.

Sept. 9. A freezing cold morning. I donned heavy clothing ready for a job at the aerial, but decided it didn’t need fixing.

2 P.M. Thrice master on port beam west bound. Got a snap of her. 3 P.M. Steam heat at last, and it feels mighty good.

Sept. 10. Noon. Spoke L.S. Stavangerfjord, who just crossed our stern bound for Norway. 5:30 P.M. Hostilities resumed with the Old Man, who wanted to know...
why I hadn't strung a new aerial. I told him I considered it o.k. as did Jackson the resident engineer at Newcastle who had overhauled it. Meikle went off with a bang, announcing among other things that "Jackson knows as much about wireless as you do, and that's damned little!" I pointed out that the wireless gear, including the aerial, was property of the Marconi company and none of his business. He stomped off, vowing he'd show me "where the Marconi boat belongs."

1030 Working MRRH up Elysia bound for Boston.

Sept. 11. One week out. Heavy swell.

The Maltese steward, who trembles at Meikle's frown, and has a hard time at Meikle's hands, has been pouring out his troubles to me. Likewise the first mate, a sad-looking elderly cockney with watery blue eyes. Meikle called him a "dodderin' old fool" this morning, before some of the crew, and it galls him to the marrow. "Me, Me," he said that to me.
Me, oo's got a master's ticket same as 'im."

10 A.M. Passing a big barque with all sail set. A very pretty sight. Meikle still in his black mood, raising hell with the crew today & giving us fellers amidships a rest.

Sept. 13.

Overhauled transmitter this a.m. Put oil in main condenser & tightened connection bolts on condenser & jiggers.

Noon. Two smudges on horizon astern called O.2 but no answer. 4 P.M. Large single-funnelled passenger passing bound west.

5.30 P.M. Meikle spoke to me for the first time since our row on the 10th. Wanted to know if I'd heard the passenger boat working. Told him "No."

Whereupon he unreeled fifty fathoms of the usual bilge about "inefficiency," etc. Suggested to him that ship could get a higher-powered set with better receiving gear if the owners would part with a little money. He raved, ending up with "and ye can pack yer baggage when we git in." I thanked him very politely.

11.45 P.M. Awakened by
1919

the first mate who said a passing ship was signalling us with flash lamp. "I called C2 and was answered by P1UU sp Randwijk and Hampton Roads from Rotterdam. He wanted to know if we'd seen any ice. Gave him my last ice report, which was T.C.E.'s of the 10th. Had great difficulty in working him even at that short distance, due to my very punk crystals.

Sept. 14 Sunday. Fixed the morse flash lamp for first mate, who was unable to use it last night. 9 P.M. Worked W3XVC sp Monmouth, a Yank, bound New York from Manchester in ballast. Gave him my latest American news & T.C.E. ice report. Received 3 mine warnings from him. Again immense trouble with crystals.

Sept. 15 11 P.M. Passed two big cramps bound West. Spoke one, US St. Patrick from Manchester, which seems a popular port these days.

Sept. 16 Passed Fastnet 2.30 P.M. Sea rough & sky very hazy. Sailed all day get G.C.K. Valentina without success.
Skipped mad as a hornet, cursing into his grey stubble of beard, & the lid of his dud eye drooping over onto the cheek. A pretty sight. I spoke K E K P ss Lake Furlough bound Hampton Roads from Liverpool. He called G C X but couldn't raise them either, so was unable to send the charming message Meikle had filed:
"Passed Fattley 2 P.M. Sending this thru another steamer. My operator cannot get any stations. Something wrong with his apparatus which he cannot find."
I was going to refuse to send it but decided I'd better, but the Yank wasn't in touch with G C X so that's that. Love K E K P a mine warning and some American news.

Sept. 14
7 A.M. Passed Barnsore Head.
Mate dug me out to get a bearing from barnsore. Got it, also data on other DF as follows. Lizard BYV, Amluch BXV, and Barnsore BYZ all on 450 metres.
8 A.M. Passed Tuskar Rock. 11 A.M.
Sent message from Meikle to agents asking instructions, also one from myself to
Gray, advising state of affairs. Couldn’t
hear Fishguard (GRL) at all, so Barnsor
replied R and K from him.

10 P.M. Picking up pilot, 30 miles off
North West light, also six other pilots
from outbound steamers who wish to
return to Liverpool and are sleeping
in the saloon.

Sept. 18

6 A.M. In first lock of the
Manchester Canal, hung up by the
"collapsible" topmast which is reluctant
to collapse. Maltese steward is stewed
to the gills; he found Meikle’s stock of
boozes in the bathroom and couldn’t
resist the temptation. 10:30 A.M. Sailing
along the canal. Just took snaps of a
big viaduct & a novel "swing" ferry.

Another little skirmish with Meikle
who observed me chatting with George Shaw,
a young Scot in the crew, and objected.
"If you wanna yarn with sailors & firemen,
go forward & live with ‘em!" etc. Entered
Betchford lock at 1 P.M. & changed to
"daylight-saving" time. 3:30 P.M. In
Bredam lock which smells even worse
1919

than the rest of the canal. Raining.
4:30 P.M. In Barton Lock, Manchester
in sight. 5:30 P.M. Entered Barton Lock;
the last on the canal. Our next move is
to the dock. 6:15 P.M. Tied up near
the familiar drydock. No. 9 dock & others
are filled with ships with lumber cargoes
from Scandinavia as well as Canada &
U.S. Went ashore & got $10 changed to
£2 with aid of a "bobby" who kindly hunted
up a money changer. Called on Bridie
who was much surprised to see me back
so soon.

Sept. 19.

 customs inspectors ransacked my
cabin but found nothing more taxable
than the cabin clock. Marconi inspector
aboard to overhaul my gear in response
complaint lodged by Capt. Meikle. He
agreed after complete test that my
crystals were sole cause for worry. I gave
him a requisition for new crystals. I also
gave him the history of Meikle's interference
with my duties & his conduct in general,
which the inspector took down in writing.
He insists, however, that I must not
1919
leave the ship without orders from Ardon, & says that Muckle cannot discharge me of his own volition. I'm disappointed, for I'd planned to beat it for London & await orders from Ardon. Went ashore & ordered a uniform from a tailor near the dock. Bought a pair of boots for thirty shillings. This evening took in the Electric Theatre a movie on Oxford St. A cold night.

Sept. 20. Aboard all day. No further word from Muckle re. my discharge. Sea at Lyons Cafe, uptown.

Sept. 21. Peel Park this am. Heaton Park this p.m. A beautiful Sunday. Hackett & Gillis the second engineers have two "ladies" in their cabin tonight. A very boisterous party.

Sept. 22. Sea in Woolworth's Cafe & movies in Piccadilly with Bridie tonight.

Sept. 23. Reading room in Peel Park this am. Bought some technical books to study, uptown this p.m. Tonight took in a musical comedy, the Whirl of Today, at the Palace. Got a fitting of my uniform. It is to be ready tomorrow.
1919

Sept. 24.

Slept all morning. At lunch was astounded find Meikle in jovial mood.
Said me I ought to be ashamed of myself sleeping "all day!" A young man like me! What had I been doing the night before, eh? - with a sly grin.
I can't understand it. Got my uniform this pm; coat, pants, vest, cap & two cap covers for £9-3s. Since my uniform allowance is $50, I'm doing pretty well.

 Called forth in full array tonight I took in the Grosvenor, on Oxford St.

Hell to pay. Meikle wild again.

My msg. to Gray evidently started something, for the owners called Meikle bawling him out & pointing out among other things that "if wireless operator leaves ship your orders we will have to provide first class passage for him back to port of signing on." Haa! Haa! The Old Man is sore. But when he gets that notice from the Marconi people re my complaint. "Hell blow up. Spontaneous combustion."

Moves in Ardwick Green tonight.

1919

Letter from Mother this am. She sails for England Oct. 17th.

Little argument with Hackett, who chose to poke fun at my brass buttons & braid in a very "nasty" manner. Engineer's Mess hasn't approved of me since I came aboard, anyway, and my new uniform seems to dazzle 'em. Good!

At Queen's, a new move in longshot with Brodie tonight. Rumours abroad of a big railway strike.

Sept. 27.

Strike on this morning. Great excitement. War with Meikle resumed at teatime when he announced that I'd cracked both portholes in my cabin. "Too damn lazy to turn up both screws!" Told him they were cracked when I came aboard.

Language. Lots of it. Fell back on my now established policy of eating with great gusto and smiling broadly while he raved.

Finally: "What you grinnin' at?"—very abruptly. Thomas:—"Who, me?"

Meikle:—"Yes, you!". Thomas:—"Just thought of something funny." Silence thereafter.

Uptown tonight and
had a late supper in Lyons Cafe, where my table mate introduced himself as Ben Linz, late of H.M.S. Cornwall. Introduced him to Bridie & girl friend later & spent a hilarious hour or two. A good fellow.

Sept. 28. Sunday. Stowell Memorial church in Salford this am. This pm walked to Platt, a suburb on the London road, & watched the streams of motor lorry traffic with which the government is fighting the strikers. All trucks guarded by armed Sommies. Noticed a truck of "News of the World" from London. Food prices are shooting up, and the old wartime rationing machinery is being put into effect.

Sept. 29. 7:30 AM Moved from Trafford Wharf to No. 9 dock, ready to unload. Went aboard as Schenectady, a Yankee in same dock. Operator is French-Canadian. Gets $125.00 per month. Gear is 2 K.W. navy type, by Wireless Specialty Apparatus Co., with main quenched gap & emergency rotary. Schenectady is from Savannah with cotton. At Bellevue tonight but found it dull. Public seems to be strongly against strikers.
1919

Sept. 30
In town all day. Lunch at Woolworths. Boating on the lake at Platt this afternoon. Tea at Lyons.
Great excitement over strike continues. Main roads choked with motor traffic. Avro Co. is running air service between Southport & Manchester for benefit of marooned holiday makers at £5. a head.

Oct. 1
Aboard all day. Regent Theatre in Salford tonight. Good show. A rotten seat.

Oct. 2
Aboard all morning. Tea at Lockharts. Hippodrome tonight, where Clarice Mayne & others performed.

Oct. 3
Movies in Rylsholme tonight.

Oct. 4
Ashore with Schenectady operator tonight. Took in a fair near Salford. Got in tow of two fair vans who asked us to see 'em home. We did. "Homee" proved to be in darkest Weaste, a slum quarter. Asked us to stay all night. We agreed, but beat it when they went to "see about the rooms." Not that kind of a boy. Later, in a fish & chip & beer joint, made acquaintance of Nellie Hargreaves; Brunette, frosty face. Made date for Monday night.
Oct. 5. Stowell Church this morning. Harvest Festival service. Tea at Bredies new home near Hyde, 6 miles out of Manchester. Strike broken. Tonight met Nellie Hargreaves per date and took her to the Langworthy, a movie in Seedley, overruling her desire to stroll through dark backlots in - Breaste! Fear that her morals are not all that they might be.


Oct. 8. Langworthy Movie tonight with Nellie H. again, who still thinks roamin' in the gloamin' has it all over the pictures.

Oct. 9. Wrote Marconi inspector re crystals. Met Nellie H. unexpectedly this morning and got a little surprise. She was coming from the Ship Hotel, a sailors' hangout near the dock gate; she looked a little bleary, she smelt very beery, and she'd a bottle of gin under her arm. Now! Exit Nellie.

Joe Bell, of New Glasgow, is aboard as a passenger to Canada. A very decent chap.
Saw a film of Life of Nelson at the Alexandra, Salford. On Cross Lane met Sammy Pierpoint, obliging second steward of Wav Karma. Sailing tomorrow.

Oct. 11

8 a.m. Started down coal sta to Mode Wheel Lock & commenced coaling there at ten. Coal trucks are lifted bodily from railway, by a huge crane, and swung over the bunker where the hinged bottom is tripped. Joe Bell has word of serious illness of his fiancée at Glasgow, & is returning there at once.

Oct. 12

Sunday. Am dead broke. Large numbers of femmes aboard tonight, skipper being away on business for a day or so. Much singing & dancing & playing chase around the ship very scantily clad. A noisy night.


Met Sammy Pierpoint again & went to the Regent with him this afternoon. He treated me to everything & insisted on lending me some money. Joe Bell wired that he would not be sailing with us. Meekle dumped his trunk into an old shack by the tracks, where I rescued it & paid a sailor 2/6d. to take it to Weaste station. Paid transportation on it to Glasgow, 6/6d.
1919

Oct 14.

5 A.M. Heading down canal.
As Manchester Brigade, coming up, swiped our stern on one of the bends and bent one or two plates. Nothing serious. 4:30 P.M. In the entrance lock. Miserable weather, rain & hail.
5:10 P.M. Anchored off Liverpool. Had a go at the steward for neglecting to clean my cabin.
A hatchet-faced, mean-looking bird with a cast in one eye, he is a new man this trip. He's been boozing all day & became very surly when I took him to task; listened to me very attentively and then asked "Do d'ya think you are, hey? Jesus Christ?" Gave him to understand that I am the Devil Himself.

Oct 15.

At anchor all day. Thick fog.
Presume we are awaiting orders. Steward gave my cabin the best overhauling it's had since the Watuka left the stocks. I changed wiring on my crystal battery this p.m. Picked up G.L.V working ships. Good signs.

Oct 16.

7:30 A.M. Pulling out. Engineers report coal very poor. 4 P.M. After crawling along all day, Meikle decided to put back for better coal. 8:30 P.M. Exchanged O.R.U with G.L.V. Arrived Liverpool 11 P.M.
Oct. 17. Anchored off steel pleasure boat at New Brighton. 5 P.M. Moving up the Mersey. 7:30 P.M. Through first lock, waiting for the morning tide.

Oct. 18. 8 A.M. Starting up canal. Arrived 5:30 P.M. Went ashore & wired Aunt Jess for £1. It's hell to be broke. 11:30 P.M. Went to S.P.O. and got the money, which Aunt must have wired right away. Spent rest of evening with Bridie at Hyde.

Oct. 19. Stowell Church this morning. Rest of day with Bridie.


Oct. 23. Received big bunch mail including back pay. Movies in Salford tonight.

Oct. 24. 8 A.M. Heading down canal. 3 P.M. Arrived Partington for new coal. 8 P.M. Coaling commenced, and proceeded all night.
Oct. 25.
8 A.M. Sailed for Wabana, Newfoundland. Aunt Jess’ letter says Mother sailed Oct. 22nd. So we will pass in mid-ocean. S.S. Barmania pulled out from her dock as we left Liverpool, & soon left us behind.

Sunday. Making 9 knots. Am slightly seasick. Lost my seabags; ashore so much. 11 P.M. Cape Clear & Fastnet lights on starboard quarter. Au revoir, Blighty!

Oct. 27.
Heavy swell causing much rolling & pitching, as we are in ballast. 7:20 P.M. G.C.K. warned all ships look out for motor auxiliary Albert in distress Lat. 56° 20' N. Long. 26° 20' W. Short of provisions and fuel. Mate lost overboard, captain has broken leg. Evidently bad weather ahead.

Oct. 28.
Nothing to report. Not even a scrap with Meikle who has ignored me since the little episode of Sept. 27th.

Oct. 29.
Head breeze. Sky dull. Spoke Y.F.G. of Ariana bound London from St. John’s. He reports “Rotten weather” since leaving, and says “Digby” is not far astern having left shortly after him.
Oct. 30

1919

Terrific gale sprang up this am. 10 P.M. Very heavy seas, ships tossing like a cork. Racket is tremendous, every part of the Natuka groaning, the wind howling, seas thundering across decks, drawers sliding in & out, chairs falling.

Heard MNG Digby this afternoon but that's all. Tried to hold on him tonight but terrible din makes reception of signs impossible.

Oct. 31

Spent a sleepless night. Unable stay bunk as was nearly hurled out onto floor several times. Heavy southerly gale dead on our beam all day. Weather moderating. 10 P.M.

Nov. 1

Calm today with heavy swell. Rain. Picked up conversation between two Yanks. One said: "Operators scarce. Twenty ships held up in Phila. for want of 'em. offering $150/- per month." Sounds, good.

Nov. 2

Beautiful weather. Dutch s/s Pollux passed us 1 P.M. bound east.

Nov. 3

Passed s/s Wyndebook this a.m. bound Leith from Sydney N.S. Exchanged couple mgs. He reports heavy N and NW gales; had to leave to 50 hours off Cape Race.
7 P.M. Kicked up VCE. 300 miles.

Nov. 4. Good weather. Nothing to report, except that Capt. Meikle (who still ignores me) is looking more youthful since we left England. Those scant grey locks and stubbly beard are turning a beautiful golden brown. Mystery.

Nov. 5. Long armistice broken. Skipper turned me out at half past midnight to get in touch with VCE. Did so. He said "Why in Hell didn't I get Cape Race before?" and ye gods! "I needn't bother now!" 1 A.M. Land Ho! Lighthouse on port bow. 7 A.M. Tied up at Natano; under a huge cliff. Brisk snowstorm in progress. The town & mines are on the north side of Bell Island, which ships cannot approach; so the iron ore is hauled 2½ miles across the island to the south side where it is dumped into chutes over the cliff and into the ship below. The ore tracks are on an immense endless steel cable, so that a constant string of loaded trucks is heading south and a string of empties heading north. The island is a bleak table of barrens & swamps, with
scattered patches of conifers and dotted with weatherbeaten houses. Wabana town, where I spent the evening, is a long, long street with several shops and some fair houses. The "movie" is an enlarged barn with planks laid across chairs for seating. For heating, there are three great stoves which are kept red hot by nearby patrons, who must love being pasted. The rest of the crowd freezes. The pictures are old as the hills and the "kid that handles the music box" has a lot to learn. And over everything and everyone the all-pervading ore dust! Red streaks of it everywhere.

Nov. 6. Finished loading last night. It took two hours only, to give us a cargo as the ore comes aboard in a steady stream. Capt. McInley also loaded — with John Brabbe whiskey. He & a local colony were aboard boozing all day & in very jovial mood. We are waiting for present heavy gale to moderate before sailing.

Nov. 7. Crossed the swamps to Wabana
1919

Tonight amid heavy wind & rain & took in the movies. Met a dapper young Syran who introduced himself as Michael Andreas of North Sydney. Aboard very wet, at midnight Ashore tonight with Andreas at his sisters house. Her husband (name of Gosine) runs a little dry goods store. He regaled us all evening with selections from the Bible and general religious discourse.

Nov. 8

Nov. 9. Sunday. Left Habana 10 A.M. Great waves dashing against the cliffs on all sides of Conception Bay make wonderful display. Passed Cape Race 8 P.M. VCE working MNL & ESQ with regard of Polarland which sent our SOS this morning. They searching for survivors.

Fine day. Heavy sea running. Picked up VCO 5:30 P.M. Heard yBZ of Maskinonge.

Nov. 10

Nov. 11. Passed C.B.S. Aranmore this am. bound from Sydney to hunt for survivors of Polarland which capsized during gale of 8th in Lat. 44°25' N, Long. 57°50' W. about 120 miles off Scatarie. Mackay, Bennett & Kanawha are also searching. 11 A.M. Arrived North Sydney. Spent afternoon in wireless station with Moffatt and Hicknott who persuaded me
1919

to join the new radio branch of the
Telegraphers’ Union. “Deevie” Ross is
secretary to the branch at present.
Sent Clunt Jess the money I borrowed.

Nov. 12. Loading coal, hay and dynamite
for Habana. Saw “Nothing but the Truth”
at the Strand tonight. Very funny.

Nov. 13. My sixteenth birthday. Took
ferry to Sydney & bought Xmas present
for Mother.

Nov. 14. Purchased presents for the girls,
including big walking doll & taddy bear
for Hilda. M'ax, the donkeyman, pointed
out the dive where Mac Donald, an
operator from North Sydney cable office
was murdered last winter. Mac’s body
was found in the woods next day. Tonight
in the spirit of adventure I went inside
& struck up acquaintance with Francis
Andreas, owner of the joint, and reputed
murderer of Mac. Had a beer alone
with him in the room where the deed
was done. Ugh!

Nov. 15. Noon. Moved into stream. 2:30 P.M.
Sailed for Habana again.
Nov. 16. 3:30 P.M. Had a chat with Batho on War Witch, X XR, whose skipper is old Capt. Hunter & has Walter aboard. Walk has heard from the Manchester lady who got sore at him. War Witch sails for Italy next month.

Nov. 17. 6 A.M. Passing Cape Race.
Passed St. John's at noon, a narrow crevice in the cliff wall permitting a glimpse of the city. Wonderful weather. Entered Conception Bay 3 P.M. & tied up at Nabana at 4:45 P.M. Crossed the island to town (which is now a sheet of semi-frozen mud) & took in the movies.

Nov. 18. Walked over to the Dominion pier this morning, where Mackinonge is loading. Going down the cliff in one "skip", I passed Wilson who was coming up in the other. He disappeared & I returned aboard. Mackinonge sailed at noon.

Nov. 19. Gale coming up during night rendered pier untenable, and this morning we are anchored to leeward of a small island in the bay. 10 P.M. Wind still strong.

Nov. 20. Terrific gale all day. Our anchors holding well.
1919
Nov. 21. Calm. Shifted back to 6 pier at 4 A.M. Bought some Newfoundland stamps for my collection & hiked over the southwest portion of the island. Some farming done here, this being the leeward side. Very bleak & dreary, though.
Saw an oilwell in one man's back yard. Driling up through the soil & forming a pool. The owner had destilled some of it & used it to light a lamp, but had failed to interest the steel co. in it.

Nov. 22. Aboard all day. Finished loading ore at 5 P.M. Sailing mañana.

Nov. 23. 7 A.M. Pulling out passed St. John's 10:15 A.M. Fog coming up noon.
Skirmish with Melville at tea table. He wants to know everything I hear over the wires. A tall order. Told him that traffic not addressed to him is none of his business but that I will give him a daily report of ships heard & their noon positions. He didn't seem very pleased.

Nov. 24. Heavy sea running, and Catuka rolling heavily. Took up a report of ships heard to skipper, who growled that
he wanted a copy of the correspondence
between those ships. Told him impossible
The mystery of Skipper Mickle's
rejuvenation, which I remarked on Nov. 4th,
is solved. This morning I found a packet
of hair dye in the bathroom. "Cherchez la
femme!" 10 A.M. Entered harbour, passing
Lsp MacKinnonie found out in entrance, and
tied up at North Sydney ore pier at 1:20 P.M.
Took ferry to Sydney this afternoon
and deposited $50 in Bank of Montreal for
transfer to Halifax branch. Met Capt
Peters of cableship Tyrian, an old friend,
who sails tonight. Letter from Gray at
Halifax headquarters says my pay to be
at new schedule rate as from Nov. 1st.

Nov. 26
Spent afternoon in North Sydney
station chatting with Moffatt, chief operator.
Hattaka loading coal. Several our crew in
durance vile tonight “drunk & disorderly.”

Nov. 27
In stream all day. Blinding
snowstorm in progress.

Nov. 28
4 A.M. Sailed for Halifax.
Passed Scatari 10 A.M. Pain in my
stomach again. No breakfast. Captain
1919

Meikle very solicitous — a surprise. 7:15 P.M. Exchanged signals with Camperdown V.C.S. Skipper didn't wanna send no messages.

Nov. 29. Splendid weather. Picked up pilot entrance Halifax harbour at 9:00 a.m. & tied up at New Terminals at 10:30. Ashore all afternoon, calling on Messrs. Allen, Peters and Foote. Saw Gray, who regretted that he cannot relieve me from Watuka at present but assured me that I will not be on her indefinitely. He says he made complaint to Scollard Co. re Capt. Meikle's attitude toward myself but was totally ignored. Took Mr. Berringer to the Majestic tonight to see "The Bishops Carriage." A good show.

Nov. 30

Sunday. At St. Matthias this morning & met Messrs. Perry & Allain, also Dick Connell who is back from France & didn't know me in uniform. Spent day with Higgins family who were very hospitable. Saw Jutty Fraser & the rest of the fellows except Edge Allen who is up country on a farm. Called on
the Bakers tonight and made a terrible "break." Discussing ships and men with Capt. Baker (skipper of the Canadian Sealer) and narrated some humorous stories of MacBride, my boozey predecessor on the Watuka. Noticed Baker's absorbed look & discovered later that MacBride is now operator of his ship, recently transferred.

Dec. 1.

Expected be unloaded this p.m.

Bought stamps for my collection from a local dealer. Gray aboard this afternoon & inspected set. Sailed 3 P.M.

8:20 P.M. VCS broadcast:— "Unknown ship in distress Lat. 44° 54' N. Long. 61° 39' W." I spoke KIQP, U.S.S. Lake Wackler who said he was standing by distressed ship, but prevented from rendering help owing to heavy seas. Later 10:20 P.M. he reported "Lost sight of distressed ship." We passed the position tonight but no sign either of SOS or KIQP.

Dec. 2.

VAX and myself calling KIQP for news of distressed ship. 9 A.M. KIQP reports "Still searching." 35 Manchester Brigade & several U.S. ships are in his
vicinity, so we are keeping out course.
3 P.M. Arrived North Sydney. I bought a warm overcoat — what needed.

Dec. 3.

I visited the Brazilian ship Joazuro, recently ashore at Glace Bay & now lying alongside Natuska. With aid of my high school French & much gestication I managed a chat with the "premier telegraphista" who introduced himself as Very do Brasil Salgada. He was very polite, showed me his outfit — a mixed French & American set with non-synchronous gap on a very efficient upright type motor-generator. The "segundo telegrafista" remembered A.A. Spear, my old instructor at the Canadian School of Telegraphy. He made 4 trips from Rio to Manaus as Spear's second, years ago. Exchanged snapshots with the "premier", and got some Brazilian stamps from "premier mechanician". Had coffee & biscuits with the rest of the officers in the saloon. Excellent coffee.

Many of the officers (and there was a surprising number) are of mixed Spanish.
and negro blood, evidenced by kinky hair & thick lips, and there seemed to be some ill-feeling between them and the officers of white pure blood.

Dec. 4.

Mailed parcels to Mother & Nell. Met Capt. Peters ashore again. Tonight I asked the Brazilian operators to the theatre. I guess they thought they were going to something grand, for they could not conceal disappointment at finding themselves in a movie show. Their shore-going uniforms are the gaudiest outfits imaginable; loaded with brass buttons and masses of gold braid, they made my own wavy bands & stars fade into insignificance. From there we went to a dance-hall, where we found most of the other Brazilians tripping the light fantastic. My friends joined in, & proved to be wonderful dancers. I don't know how so stayed on the sidelines.

Dec. 5.

Capt. Mickle assaulted by one of our sailors in the shipping office this morning. Prompt & energetic action by shipping master and chief engineer Harvey saved Mickle from being beaten to a
1919.
pulp. The sailor beat it back to the
ship to get his dunnage, a hurried passing
of the hat provided funds for him, and
he shipped for parts unknown just
a few minutes before the police arrived.

Noon. Casting off. Skim ice on the
harbour. Sea like glass & weather won-
derful. Water dotted with patches of light
ice. 10 P.M. Heard XXR War Witch
working VC. Won 15 cents off Chief
steward at ha'penny nap tonight.

Dec. 6.
Meikle's sojourn in the shipping
office was a failure on more than
one count, for he shipped a very poor
"black squad." Their best effort was 6½
knots & we crawled NE all day with
heavy beam sea and furious snow squalls

Dec. 7.
5 A.M. called YAZ for radio
bearing, which he unable give account "night
variations." 7 A.M. Bearing OK. from
YAZ. 8 A.M. Land on port bow. Sunny
weather, sea still high. 11 A.M. Passed
cape Race very close & got snapshots.
1 P.M. KINX, Yankee 8s Eli (?) sent
out SOS. 8½ Dominion & Dutch 8s Bijndam
1919

going her assistance. Spoke to Sheba bound Sydney from Hearts Content 9 P.M. Docked at St. John's in dense snowstorm.

Dec. 8.

Watuka shifted to discharge pier this A.M. Wonderful day. Went ashore & got snapshots of the ship, harbor, colonial building, etc. Struck up acquaintance with a fair damsel, Isabel Dunne, of Hayward Avenue, slim and dark, with "come-hither" eyes. She is a hiker like myself, so tonight we took a brisk walk along the Quidi Vidi road.

Dec. 9

Visited the Cabot Memorial tower this afternoon, taking the same route as the Carthaginian party in May, 1913. A steep climb in teeth of strong wind. Met Burke, former 2nd. mate, who left us in North Sydney last trip. Gave him copies of the Newcastle snaps. He is now a pilot here. Theatre tonight with Isabel, also Prince and Mona Dooly.

Dec. 10

Mailed Xmas card to Mother. Majestic theatre tonight with Isabel. Pouring rain all day.
1919

Dec. 11. Driving snowstorm this morning, and bitter cold wind blowing tonight. Meikle out of sorts all day. His eye is troubling him, and his spirit seems gone. That sailor certainly packed a wallop. "Saying Goodnight" to Isabel took just as long as usual, and as the snow was deep and the wind icy, I was nearly frozen when I returned aboard.


Dec. 13. 8 A.M. Pulling out. A clear, cold morning. Rolling heavily. No cargo or ballast.


Dec. 15. Capt Meikle is leaving the ship to get hospital treatment for his eye. Peter first mate, whom we shipped in Halifax last trip.
will take command. Made acquaintance of Marguerite Hacala of Miquelon, small, slight, and blond; and speaks with the most entrancing French accent.

Dec. 16. Damn the bosun. He forgot to lower the aerial when loading commenced today, and the crane-table came in contact with the aerial. With the result that when I came aboard from a trip to town, the post-horizonal wire was frayed clean thru. Told the pier boss to send his electrician to fix it, since it was his neglect as well as the bosun's which caused the trouble. Which he did.

Visited by Capt. Peters & Ope. McDonald of Lyrian. Showed them my outfit.

Ashore in Andreas café all evening. Returning aboard, met chief steward Worsh uproariously drunk, wrestling merrily with cook and messroom boy. Prince & I joined in & we got Worsh aboard. Oh! Worsh sang lustily, until the messroom got musical; the cook got out his mandolin, and the night was hideous with all the sea-songs from "Blow."
1919

boys, blow for California-o to "When the sunset turns the ocean's blue to
gold." Very funny.


Received letter from Mother, also my salary at the new increased rate.

A Strand tonight with Marguerite.

Mike Andreas asked me to take a Xmas parcel to his brother-in-law at Havana. Told him O.K.

Dec. 18. Andreas bought an immense parcel aboard this am. Noon, sailed for Havana with coal and general
cargo. Sunny weather but cold.

Dec. 19. Intermitent snow-squalls this morning. 9 A.M. sighted a dismasted
schooner on port bow, nearly a mass
of ice; reversed ensign flying from stern.

10 A.M. Worked to leeward of wreck
as near as rough sea & high wind would
permit, and hailed her. Some figures
crawled out of the stern somewhere and shouted "We're sinking. Take us off." Their
dories were, apparently gone. He lowered a
1919

A boat from or pulling & hacking to much
A volunteered tremendous
sea nearly smashed boat against our
side but wonderful work by third
mate (a Newfoundland) with steering
oar, averted catastrophe. Took off
drew of fire and succeed in swingin
boat back aboard by a miracle. As
they drew alongside and realized that
only split seconds separated the chance
of getting aboard and the chance of
being dashed to pieces against Watuka's
quarter, the men with one accord looked
up to a little knot of us standing at
the davits — and I shall never
forget that sight. "Stark fear in a grown
man's face is not a pretty thing."

The schooner was Gertrude off Fortune
Bay bound Sydney to Fortune with coal.
Dismasted in a squall off St. Pierre on
the 17th at daylight, they had drifted
at mercy of waves which swept boats
away, smashed rudder post, started seams,
and flooded their galley. They had been
1919

without food for two days. Position of derelict is Lat. 46° 24' N. Long. 55° 39' W. which I reported to V.C.E. Resumed course at noon.

Dec. 20

Blizzard this morning at 5 P.M. Fierce SE gale with hail; unable enter Conception Bay account storm, we put to sea to ride it out. High seas and water freezing wherever it falls. Two sailors hurt one rather badly by falling on treacherous decks. A wild night.

Dec. 21

Ship a mass of ice which gives us a considerable list to port. Making for Bell Island; heavy sea sweeping decks.

3 P.M. Arrived safe at Bell Island overdue but OK. Godine came aboard for the parcel from Andreas but was nabbed while taking it ashore by customs.

Hell to pay. The customs opened the Andreas parcel and found it to contain clothing, boots, jewelry etc. to the value of $500.!! Some items present, I'll say. Ashore with Prince "I walked the 4 miles to Wakana over the snow crust. The snow is very deep."
1919.

Dec. 23. Still more trouble. The customs constitute my bringing the parcel to Habana as "smuggling" for which the customs officer cheerfully informed me there is a heavy fine. I pointed out that I was merely the innocent carrier and that Gosine did the smuggling, for he came aboard, got the parcel and took it ashore. A very hair-splitting defense, but the customs man seemed to be favorably impressed, so it may work.

Dec. 24. Assisting Survey print some snaps this morning. Customs have exonerated me from blame re the smuggling. Gosine keeps a small general store and it was a scheme to ship him some goods "duty free." Serves me right for hanging around that Andreas dive at North Sydney. Christmas Eve:—my first away from home. Pouring rain. Very homesick!

Dec. 25. Christmas Day. Cold but sunny. 8 A.M. Pulling out for North Sydney. The little fishing villages, with the wood-smoke curling from the chimneys, and
1919

the background of snowbound landscape, look like Xmas card illustrations. Turkey and plum pudding for dinner. Lots of grog. But no one said "Merry Christmas"

Dec. 26. Gale sprang up last night & became a furious blizzard. Heavy beam sea this morning & Natuka is fairly wallowing. Sick all day. Too much dinner yesterday.

Dec. 27. 8 A.M. Land on port bow. 11 A.M. Arrived North Sydney. No mail. Strolling on the shore road with Marguerite this evening.

Dec. 28. Sunday. A row over the Habana parcel with Capt. Pearl. Seems that Andreas also gave a parcel to Max the donkeyman for Gosine at Habana. The customs nabbed it, too. And Max swore that I had ordered him to stow it "forard" for me, that he didn't know where it was from or where it was going. I got mad & gave Max a bawling out. But Capt. Pearl intervened, said it was obvious that I'd been trying to smuggle, had been well paid for it; and that the favors of Gosine's girl was no doubt part of the price!! We had an awful
row, but he refused to hear me.
Tramped nearly to Sydney Mines this afternoon, walking off my righteous wrath. During which I evolved this:

The world is full of people trying to advance their own interest at some other fellow's expense. Therefore, I must trust nobody, ever, anyway, anywhere.
Attended C. of. E. service tonight. The old hymns made me very homesick again.

Dec. 29.

Captain Peddy's bad temper yesterday has been explained. He has been "ired" and leaves tomorrow. Reasons not exactly known but something to do with the loss of his last ship, which he piled up off Victo (his home town) in broad daylight. Movies tonight with Marguerite.

Sick again this morning. New galley & steward staff aboard, all St. Pierre Frenchmen & not very pleased with the new job apparently. English steward, cook & messroom boy left on train tonight for "Blighty," very hilarious. Spent the evening Bob-sleighing with Marguerite & others on station hill.
1919 Dec 31

Captain (Big Dan) McDonald aboard. Our new skipper, late of C. G. S. Aranmore. The breakfast table was barren this morning & search revealed the uncomfortable fact that our French cook, steward & messroom boy had deserted in the night. So we got all our meals in Mader's Restaurant today. Mail from home today. Answered it.

Had a snowball fight tonight with some fellows and girls ashore, and was victorious. The town is very much alive and as sparkling. Midnight! At eight bells struck, our seven-cord was tied down and all other ships did likewise. Terrific din, with bells, gongs, auto horns, fireworks & so on. Farewell 1919. My first year as a man, on my own feet. Left the School of Telegraphy for Partridge Island on April 11th, 1919, and from there to War Farm & Prince George I was as happy as a boy could be. Watuka has not been a happy ship, but it's been interesting anyway. Sometimes uncomfortably so!
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Jan. 1. Still getting meals ashore. Made acquaintance of Bert Harris, formerly operator on Aranmore but now on govt. icebreaker Montcalm. An old-timer famous throughout the service for his booze capacity, and ability to sober up by sheer will power. He took me with him to the home of a fellow whose life he saved when Aranmore was wrecked on Labrador coast. The grateful parents made us very welcome. A pity Bert's breath smelt so strong!


Jan. 3. Shipped a sea through my open port just after arising this am. My bunk was flooded. Watuka rolling heavily & has considerable list to starboard. Ship's compass working rather erratically caused skipper some uneasiness. Tried get D.F. bearings from V.A.Z. tonight but...
1920


Jan. 5.  Discharging our cargo of coal at East End Docks.  SS Henry Clay a big Yank freighter came alongside & is taking bunkers.  She towers over Watuka like a big whale, carries crew of 150 including 3 wireless men.  Attended Majestic tonight with Isabel.

Jan. 6.  Ship moved to Union Coal wharf and took all day owing to ice jam in west end docks.  Took Isabel to casino tonight to see Jimmy Evans show from the Gaiety, Halifax.  Pretty crude stuff.  A snowstorm in progress when we left.

Jan. 7.  Shopping this afternoon.  Sailed 4.15 P.M. leaving one sailor behind.  10 P.M. Passing Cape Race.  A wonderful night.  Sea like glass.  Weather mild and clear.  And a big moon.
Jan. 8.

Making 11 knots. Capt. McDonald leaves us in North Sydney for a better job. Am sorry, for he's a prince. Rumor says Meikle is coming back, & many of crowd are quitting when we arrive. Wish I could get a transfer. Had a bellyful of both Meikle & Watuka.

Jan. 9.

3 A.M. Skipper woke me to get a bearing from Canoe VAX, but unable raise VAX. Working VCO at 5:30 A.M. I received orders to report at North Sydney station for duty. Hurrah!

9 A.M. Arrived North Sydney, & was soon boarded by my relief, Dennett, late of D.F. service and hungry for a whiff of salt spray. I reported to Moffatt, 0. in C. at VCO & went on duty at midnight with "Geordie" Raines. The wireless station was on boat hill, outside the town.

Jan. 10.

Moved my dunnage to Albert Hotel, where I will share a room with Raines. Most of the local cable staff stay here. Bought a suit of grey "civvies", $40. Went on watch at midnight, a strenuous business, as the hill is steep and snow is very deep.
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Jan. 11
Off watch 7 A.M. At Presbyterian Church with Raine. Spent afternoon with Dennett, who doesn't like cramped quarters on Watuka any too well. Looked in Raine's watch 6 p.m. to midnight as he wanted to spend evening with his girl. Raine relieved me at midnight, but as I found the hotel locked tight and deaf to all noise, I had to return to the wireless station & slept there all night.

Jan. 12
Bought Dennett's bridge coat for $10. A bargain. Received notice from Halifax that S.S. Hochelaga leaving Louisburg shortly for the Black Sea will need extra operator, which will be me.

Jan. 13
Some wild poker this afternoon in the hotel. These cable men get big money & sink it into booze & cards.

Jan. 14
Raine & I changed to a larger & warmer room today. Received Xmas parcel from home. In watch midnight.

Jan. 15
Visited Montcalm this morning & found Harris in bunk. Wireless quarters large & comfortable, include private bath.
which I call bloated luxury. Much amusement at teatime by members of Marjorie Adams-Wilmot Young theatrical troupe, a barnstorming outfit now at the local theatre. Their table manners were of stone age type; and language — !

Jan. 16. Off watch 7 A.M. Met Harris tonight & went with him to Vatcher's again where we were once again treated royally. Harris was sober.

Jan. 17. 4:15 A.M. Yankee s/b Guildford. KEMF sent out SOS, 135 miles South of Halifax. A 'ham' operator, or maybe the poor chap is nervous. VCU handled the business. QRM very bad here. At lunch met Mr. Martin, former W. U. ops, who used give me Morse practice at School of Telegraphy. He is now a teacher at St. Pat's, Halifax. On watch again 7 P.M. after struggle up hill in a furious blizzard.

Jan. 19

Dave Lewis of 515 Mogle took Raines watch last night. A risky stunt. Raines is a reckless beggar. And love is a wonderful thing. Bitter weather, 20 below zero and blowing a half-gale. Froze my right ear on way to hotel this morning. Didn't notice it until I entered hotel, when old Duncan & couple cable opers rushed me outside & jammed ear full of snow. "Shoved" it out by means of snowball against ear. A cold miserable job.

On watch midnight. Earphones painful as my right ear. Very sore and swelled to three times normal size.

Jan. 20

Warmer today, mercury hovering between 5 above and 9 below zero. Met "Teddy" Small of Halifax, late Captain, 85th Batt., who is now in business at Sydney. Climbed hill tonight in teeth of another wild snowstorm & nearly lost my way.

Jan. 21

Spent afternoon with Joe Cavanagh, who is a cable opers but a radio fan. He has a weird receiver consisting merely of phone across a carborundum crystal, one side of crystal connected to electric light wiring
1920

and no earth. Hearvco with it. A miracle, I say. Had some fun this afternoon. Argument between Moffatt, the O-in-C, a religious fanatic, and Hickmott, 2nd ops., who is an atheist. Another blizzard tonight. Hellish weather. Blundered uphill from drift to drift and arrived at station soaked to skin.

Jan. 22

Hickmott phoned hotel this a.m. saying Hochelaga due Louisburg from St. John's on Friday morning. Took in the Wilmot Young show tonight. "East Lynne" jazzed up so its author wouldn't know it. Very funny, especially when far, far, and forty Marjorie as the loving young wife sang "Then you'll remember me in a very cracked voice."

Jan. 23

Off watch 7 A.M. Packed my dunnage & drew $20 from Moffatt against travelling expense to Louisburg. Joe Cavandish came to station & saw me aboard the 9 p.m. train. Arrived Sydney 9:30 P.M. & secured room at Victoria Hotel after much search. Most hotels apparently full up.
Jan. 24

Caught 8 A.M. train for Louisburg. Bitter cold. Uncomfortable trip, as cars not heated. Sidetracked at Nara for an hour, with freezing wind blowing right off the ice packed bay & whistling through cars. Just to let a coral train go by! Arrived Louisburg 11 A.M. and hired sleigh for drive to ship which is some distance from railway station. A cold drive, 25 below zero!, and I stumbled aboard nearly frozen. Ours. Darling & Sodero poured cognac and grub into me and I soon felt warmer. Movies tonight with Sodero who was very drunk. Walked him along the road to Marconi towers in effort get him sober but gave up halfway. Had frightful job getting him back aboard, he becoming very dull & stupid & insisting on laying down in snow at intervals, "to sleep." A lonely road, right, deep snow, zero temperature. Got him aboard about midnight having fairly dragged him several miles. A wild experience.
January 25.

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Sunday. Some excitement this am. when a small boy fell off the pier & disappeared between two of the ice cakes. Our bosun fished him out with a boat hook. Temperature 2° below zero. He took him aboard, rolled him in hot blankets & dried his clothes & at noon he walked ashore none the worse. Visited Italian steamer at our pier taking bunkers. Lodero & I didn't know any Italian & the dagoes' English was sketchy, but we got along fine especially after they produced some cognac. A corkscrew is, in my opinion, the international password.

3 P.M. Sailed for Halifax. Ice pack as far as eye can see, but we are forging ahead at 15 knots. 8 P.M. Still in ice field.

January 26.

Sunny morning but bitterly cold.

Noon. Entered Halifax harbour & anchored in stream. Harbor full of slot ice. Darling & I had a hard got getting our aerial lowered & stowed, as ropes & blocks were a mass of ice.

January 27.

Docked at noon. Made a couple of courtesy calls ashore. Tonight got in tow of Edgell Allen & with him visited several old friends. Took in second show at Casino & ate at The Fountain afterward.
Jan. 28

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Met Art Baker at Y.M.C.A. & had quite a powwow. Tea at Allen's, afterward sallied forth with Edge again. Visited Katie's (Madame Gliska's) dancing class at Emmet Hall, where Daisy Allum asked me to call on her people.

Jan. 29


Jan. 30

New orders. Hochelaga going on coastal work requires only one op., so Darling is staying. Soder has resigned, going to try railroad telegraphy in the West. I am to leave Hochelaga at Louisburg & return North Sydney. Gordon, "Soup" Oxley & "Edge" Allen aboard this p.m. to see wireless gear. Tonight took Edge & Gordon to the Strand.

Jan. 31

Never orders. Gray advised cableship Mackay-Bennett short an op., & ordered me to his. Boarded MMB & found chief electrician Higginson still awaiting definite instructions.
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to sign on new ops. So shifted my dunnage to Acadian Hotel, as Hochelaga sails tonight.
Froze both ears on way to Higgins' for tea. Some luck. Temperature 20° below zero.

Feb. 1. Dinner with Higgins. This afternoon saw Oxford St. Methodist church burned to the ground. Attended St. Matthias tonight with Claud Burbridge, later calling on Swiftly Fraser.

Feb. 2. Still more orders. MMB still waiting instructions so I'm off to Pictou. Caught 5:30 p.m. train, changing at Hellarton, & arrived Pictou 11:30 p.m. Lively trip; Pictou hockey team returning victorious from Hellarton, very drunk & very musical, to the great alarm of a bunch of Indians in second class. Indians included big squaw chewing tobacco, who could spit straight into the stove every time. Got a room at Wallace Hotel & turned in.

Feb. 3. Reported to McCormick, O-in-c., this morning. Cauchon, who is leaving, advised me take his room at boarding house near VCU, which I did. My fellow ops are McMasters, Allen late of H. M. S. Iron Duke, and Freddy Hughes who was at VCU Cape Table when I was
1920

at Partridge Island, VCV. Went on watch 8 P.M., remained all night. A quiet watch, as this station has little or no ship traffic but worked VCN Magdalen Islands via VCP Cape Bear, during the day.

Feb. 4.

A dull day. Went up to the shack at 9:30 p.m. to visit Freddie & found him absent. Put on phones till Freddie turned up at 10:45 p.m. His excuse was that he "went to his boarding house for a book and fell asleep." Huh! Love is a wonderful thing. Good thing for him McCormack didn't pop in.

Feb. 5.

Off watch 8 a.m. Slept till 4 p.m. when I turned out for a stroll with McMaster. Western Union opns. Myrtle McLean & Miss Hudson hoaxed McCormick tonight with long message for Grindstone I'd. signed Mrs. Cloquin delivered by phone in strong French accent.

Feb. 6.

Heavy rain. Hush, kneedup everywhere. Received parcel from Aunt Ly containing a Xmas pudding & cigarettes, which I passed around. Freddy Hughes nearly swallowed the lucky serpice in the pudding. Went on watch 8 P.M. & got soaked on way.
Feb. 16. Left Pictou 2 p.m. and arrived Halifax 8 p.m., where Gray met me at station & told me to board S/S Mackay-Bennet at once. She sails tomorrow morning. Reported aboard MMB and was signed on. A good ship. Officers mostly English & apparently a good bunch. Spent evening at Toote's.

Feb. 17. Noon. Pulling out. Taylor, second electrician, who also operates wireless, explained set. It is an American 2 KW panel type with Leyden jars, quenched & rotary sparks. Receiver has crystal detector for general use and Audion detector & amplifier for weak sigs.

Very seasick. Weather rough.

Feb. 18. Arrived off cable grounds about noon. We are to repair the D.U.S. cable from Halifax to Rye Beach. Picked up cable late in afternoon & men worked on splice all night.


Feb. 20. Sealegs came back today. I ate some records meals. Sea still rough.
Feb. 21
Off watch 4 a.m. Weather clear & fine. Picked up cable off Cape Table this p.m. Taylor expounding Napierian logarithms to me at my request tonight. Heavy stuff.

Feb. 22
Off watch 4 a.m. Doc. woke me in time for lunch. Higginson, chief electrician, who gets all night in bed, wanted me to know if I was "taking a rest cure." He lent me Bucher's "Vacuum Tubes to study. Sunday.

Feb. 23
Wkg. Darling on CHF Hochelaga today. Am getting lots instruction. Taylor on logarithms & their uses, and Higginson on the heterodyne circuit. I need all the instruction I can get, for I'm woefully ignorant compared with those fellows.

Feb. 24
Sable Island VCT sent out QST as follows: "All ships controlled by Canadian Marconi Co. are to listen on 2750 metres from 1100 to 1130 and 2000 to 2030 GMT each night for Chelmsford telephone test, reporting results to H.O., Montreal."

Feb. 25
Weather continues too rough for cable work. And glass is falling.

Feb. 26
Heavy weather. No signs from Chelmsford.
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Feb. 27
0500 G.M.T. picked up SOS of WJEI, S/S Plainfield, leaking badly & sinking in Lat. 29°15' N, Long. 73°40' W. Notified bridge. WJEI is 800 miles from us.
0520 G.M.T. Another Yankee, KIFC reports he is heading assistance WJEI and is 5 hours steam from him.
Heavy weather continues. Decks always awash.

Feb. 28.
Sea moderating slowly. Very cold, occasional snow. Spent this p.m. tidying mess created by ink bottles upset over wireless room desk during the bad weather.

Feb. 29.
Copied NAH press on 1800 metres at 0800 G.M.T. cable picked up this morning at the second break. Testing reveals a "fault" between this & the next break.

March 1
0725 G.M.T. Chebucto Head YAV called QST: "S/S Bohemian on rocks S.40. E of Sambro Light needs immediate assistance."
0727. Bohemian says "Am ashore near the Blind Sister buoy. We are two days steam from him & therefore useless. 0735 Bohemian MEL repeats SOS and "need immediate help for passengers." Camperdown VCS tells MEL, qv, ships in Halifax leaving for
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his assistance. 0757. MEL says "We are pounding heavily on rocks." 0760. VCS tells MEL "B. G. S. Montcalm and tugs proceeding your aid." MEL wireless out of action now. Passengers taken off tonight with great difficulty but crew still aboard in a precarious position.

Mar. 2.

MEL broke in two & sank. 7 men lost. YRC Lord Kelvin stopped to help but unable to do anything account rough sea. Higginson & I cobbling this afternoon. Putting rubber heels on our boots with aid of Chatterton's compound. Good old Chattertons.

Mar. 3.

Splendid weather. Picked up cable at "fault" discovered Feb. 29. Caused by Teredo worm, which had eaten away two inches of insulation, exposing two inches of the copper wire.

Mar. 4.

Staff at Sable Island VCT have "struck" and are dickeriong with trawler Baleine to take them ashore. O in C at VCS persuading them to stay. They want relief immediately and will handle no paid traffic until relieved. Some mixup!

Clear cold weather with smooth sea. Higginson & I firing at bottles towed astern this p.m. Used his Mauser rifle. A beauty.
Arlington N.A.A. broadcasted grave storm warning: "Worst storm of season now over Northern States & moving rapidly east."
2 P.M. Sea rough as usual but glorious sun and little wind.
10 P.M. Wind & sea rising fast. Glass dropping in appalling manner.
11 A.M. Wind and sea very high. Decks awash. Everything battered tight.
1 P.M. Terrific seas running. During lunch, ship took terrific dive upsetting everything on the table including a big dish of preserved loganberries which landed in Capt. Stewart's lap. Some mess. Dr. Knapp made hurried exit account mal-de-mer.
1745 G.M.T. KIPC sent out S.O.S. On fire off the Azores. QRM very bad.
Mar. 7.
Sunday. Storm now at hurricane height. Terrific wind and tremendous sea. We are running before it for dear life.
0540 G.M.T. Yankee S/P Guilford sent out S.O.S leaking badly. 12 E. magnetic from Nantucket shoal light. 0610 G.M.T. KEMF says "Require help within 1½ hours. Water gaining rapidly. No lights." U.S.S. Dale, Nov. and E.O.V are
going his assistance.

0800 G.M.T. Another SOS. Yankee s/s Lake Ellathorp KOFM broken down and drifting onto Table Island with hurricane, position Lat. 43°30' N., Long. 61°30' W. Advised bridge who said we are 230 from KOFM and unable assist him. Skipper says "Lucky if we stay afloat ourselves." MCF is 135 miles from KOFM and G11 is 180, but no one able to assist him in this weather. Hard luck.

1800 S/S Guilford KEMF crew taken off and ship abandoned Lat. 40°40' N., Long. 62°40' W.

1915. KOFM tells Table Island VCT "Expect hit island about 7 p.m. What sort of bathing beach is it anyway?" A cheerful beggar!

VCT says "You are in sight. Life-saving crews waiting on beach." KOFM says "Wind shifting we are now drifting along shore."

Midnight. KOFM drifting clear of island. By mercy of God, storm center passed them as they were about to beach and opposite wind sprang up. An exciting watch.

Mar. 8. s/s Maplemore has taken KOFM in tow. A nice piece of salvage if they can make it into Halifax. 1:30 P.M. Received orders
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via VCS proceed New York at once repair cable there, dropping present job. Weather fineing fast and sea dropping a little.

Mar. 9.

KOFM broke his towline this a.m. but now underway again. Glorious weather. Noon position Lat 40°53' N, Long. 67°02' W.

Mar. 10.

9 P.M. Glare of New York in the sky visible far out at sea. 11 p.m. picked up pilot & steaming up Ambrose Channel. 12:30. Anchored in Gravesend Bay.

Mar. 11

7 A.M. Moved up to quarantine where doctor passed crew ok. Lighter alongside with cable for new job. We are lying off Tompkinsville, Staten Island. 1 P.M. Up anchor, bound for Sandy Hook where we will repair the S. America cable. 3:20 p.m. picked up cable. Quick work. 10 p.m. Still picking up cable, which is in bad shape apparently scraped by an anchor, broken several places, and full of "faults."

Mar. 12.

1 P.M. Hooked New York end of break & picked up south through succession of faults to break about 3 miles from our cut. 2 P.M. Storm warnings broadcasted & we are standing by for bad weather.
Mar. 13. 9.30 A.M. Hooked cable again. 2 P.M. Hope to for terrific storm which sprung up very suddenly. Fortunately we are under the lee of the land, and not much sea. 10 P.M. Skipper says storm has reached tornado proportions but thinks it will drop suddenly in the morning.


Mar. 15. Noon. Dropped final splice and passed Ambrose Lightship 2.15 p.m. inward bound. 4 P.M. Tied up at Tomkinesisville.

Mar. 16. Taylor & I ashore all day seeing the Big Town. At the Capitol tonight A movie de luxe. Seats $2.75.

March 18. Ashore all morning, buying valve equipment for our receiving gear. Also called at commercial cable office off Wall Street. 2 P.M. Pulling out. We will repair the Guantanamo cable & then return to the D.U.S. repair. Midnight: Cable up. Standing by our buoys.

Mar. 19. Hooked up our new 4-step amplifier. A very mixed affair. Audion detector: 2 VT's, 1 Western Electric (U.S. signal corps) and 1 "Q". Works fine. Heavy weather. Intermittent snow.

Mar. 20. 0800 G.M.T. Enjoyed Western Electric broadcast of music etc. on short wave. Sea very high. Decks continuously awash.

Mar. 21. Sunday. This afternoon Higginson rigged a one-step amplifier on the honeycomb coils we bought in N.Y. Picked up French & German long wave stns. Higginson very dissatisfied with results and had to restrained from throwing the whole caboodle overboard. 10 P.M. Sea & wind going down.

Mar. 22. Target practice off the poop today with Higginson's Mauser & Taylor's Winchester. Dumped 2 miles of damaged Guantanamo cable this p.m. 8 P.M. Picked up the D.U.S. cable. Smart work. Taylor called me on deck to
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Mar. 23

see the most wonderful Northern Lights in my experience. A beautiful night.

Splendid weather. Picking up faulty cable all day. It was laid badly by the Lord Kelvin. All kinks. 4 p.m. More orders. "Proceed repair Halifax Canso cable." Buoyed the ends and started again.

Mar. 24

Another fine day. Picked up cable on our latest job this morning & finished job at 9 p.m. Good work. Break caused by anchor. Heading back to D.U.S. repair again.

Mar. 25

Rain & fog today. Hunted all day for our D.U.S. mark buoys but unable find them in fog.

Mar. 26

Still more fog. S/S Sicilian near us, somewhere, bound for St. John N.B. 2040 G.M.T. or 4:30 p.m. ship time. Higginson got a message from V.C.S. ordering us return to Halifax. Hurrah!

Mar. 27

11 a.m. Hose-to off Sambro Lightship. Dumping old cable. 1 p.m. Tied up at Halifax. Took Edge Allen to the Casino tonight. Afterward to the Silver Grill, a pretty hot cafe-dance-chopsuey joint. Edg's folks have the measles.

March 29. Looked up Charlie Peach tonight at the School of Telegraphy where he's taking the wireless course. Took him aboard MMB and showed him our gear.

March 30. S.S. Saxonia arrived at Pier Two, next us. She has a lot of English girls aboard, coming out as domestics.

March 31. Spent the evening at Y.W.C.A. girls club, it being "Gentlemen's Night."

April 1. Helping Taylor copy D.U.S. repair sheets all day. Called on Mrs. Berringer tonight & was entertained with violin music by her man, to her accompaniment. A stupid evening. Aboard at 11 p.m.

April 1. Fools Day. Higginson Jr. (Harold) leaves the ship today so we gave a farewell party with the aid of two cases of champagne. Higginson Jr., Higginson Sr. (Frank), Smith, Taylor & I all in the purser's cabin. Higginson made a little speech and we all got very drunk. I had six tumblers of champagne before things got hazy and I recollect getting
into a row with Smith and knocking him down before the others separated us. Harold K. put me to bed, where I was horribly sick. This took place during afternoon. At 9 p.m. I awoke, fairly sober but with a splitting headache, woke up Taylor who was ditto, and we walked the streets till we felt better, which was midnight. Fool’s Day is right.

April 2. Still a little groggy this a.m. so took a long walk out to the North West Arm. The village of Armdale has grown amazingly since advent of the Simpson plant. Strand tonight with Charlie Peach & listening in on MMB afterward.

April 3. Aboard all day. Tonight, being a bear for punishment, called on Win. Berringer & spent another stupid evening.

April 4. Strolling in Dr. Pleasant with Charlie Peach, watching the Easter Sunday parade. A lovely day. At St. Matthias tonight saw "Abbie" Cummins who nailed me for a talk to the Choir Club on radio tomorrow night.

April 5. We moved alongside S/S Comino to take cable which she brought from London. Tonight went up to St. Matthias hall,
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and spoke to the choir club on "Wireless". Later returned aboard & tested the new cable for D.R. until midnight, as Taylor wanted to meet his girl on Ocean Limited.

April 6. Operators of S.S. Lunina visited us today & saw our gear. Theirs is a 1/2 KW. English set, which sparks like the devil between jiggar secondary wires & the plate on which it slides. Looked in at Girls club tonight & found it dull, so returned aboard.

April 7. Cold, with heavy snow. Talking to Batho, late of War Witch xxx, who is now Asst. Supt. here. Stayed aboard tonight, playing Victrola with Trigoff.

April 8. Working with Taylor on the 1919 inventories all day. Had Charlie Peach aboard tonight giving him examination dope, as he goes up to the Navy Yard soon.

April 9. Accompanied Batho aboard one of the new French wooden steamers which were built on this side and are awaiting fine weather before venturing across. Wireless was a 1/2 KW, S.F.R. set, with open quenched gap, direct coupled pancake jigger, pancake A.T.I., & tiny oil immersed condenser. A very diminutive outfit. Batho is fitting 'em all with
P. A. for emergency. The French ops. didn't seem to know much about his set. He had rough seaman's dress, large wooden sabots, and a pretty taste in women judging by the photos on his cabin wall.

April 10. This p.m. Taylor & I called on Doc Knippel at the Infirmary where he was under operation for appendicitis a few days ago. Very thin & very disagreeable. Tonight I went to Ackers with Peachie & Lorne Jackson. Some show. Later met Ruby Hollet in the Fountain & was invited to her home. Promised to call sometime, & returned aboard.

April 11. Sunday. Tramped Pt. Pleasant park all p.m. & attended St. Matthias tonight, later calling at Allen's, Higgins & Knodells, where I found Len & Claude Burbridge & Swiftly Fraser.

April 12. Casino tonight with Taylor, with refreshments at the Fountain.


April 14. Noon. Ship moved to Halifax shipyards where her twin screws will be overhauled. French wooden s/s Fenestranda in drydock with us. The shipyard is a very lively spot, as
April 16. Casino tonight with Taylor, with refreshments at the Green Lantern.
April 16. Little tiff with Doc at lunch. He's with us again. I was discussing something with Talmage, and Doc kept butting into the conversation. Finally I told him to keep quiet. He went to Taylor and complained. Taylor gave me an official reproof and a private word of sympathy.
Tonight called at Ruby Hollets, Shirley St. and spent a very pleasant evening.
April 17. Put a new Leyden jar in the transmitting condenser rack today. Tonight saw a Canadian picture at the Orpheus, with Wallace Reid as the Canadian hero.
April 18. Sunday. Furious snowstorm this morning. Rushbrook (former wireless examiner at Navvagh) and "Red" Heath, of cableship Lord Kelvin, were guests at lunch today. Tonight went up to St. Matthias in a howling blizzard, spending rest of evening at Knodell's.
April 19. 8 A.M. Our repairs complete. Leaving drydock for our wharf. Talking to Letts, a former Cape Race Y.C.E. op, who has taken
1920

Gray's place as Supt. here. Spent evening at Claude Burbridge's home.

April 20. Some difficulty charging our battery today. It was so low as to offer no resistance at all to the charging current, & the overload release kept tripping. So we connected the parallel rheostats in series until batteries had a little voltage. Spent night at Higgin's place.


April 22. Ms. Withers, of St. John's cable office, is aboard. He will make a trip with us to study ocean repairs. A good scout.

April 23. Norman Cavell of S/S Digby came aboard today. He just joined her this trip, after leave at Kalmur. At casino with him tonight. Refreshments at the Fountain.


April 25. Sunday. Cavell aboard for dinner tonight. Later went to St. Matthias & afterwards
April 26. Very cold. Ship's stores & bunkers are coming aboard. We will be moving soon.

Doc Knippel still riding his gnudge, told Skipper I had guest to dinner (Cavell) without permission. As I had Taylor's o.k. the laugh is on Doc. Eva Knodell's tonight with "Burt & Swifty". Cavell & his senior ops. aboard to see our set tonight. They were very much impressed, as they use the old 1/2 KW rotary & have no valve receiver. Aboard all evening.

April 27. Cold & dull. Orpheus tonight with Cavell, & saw screen version of "The Admirable Brighton". Returned aboard in heavy rain. Civic election results in Halifax tonight. Mayor Parker re-elected over Dr. Hawkins.

April 28. A warm day at last. Norman Cavell & I saw "A pair of silk stockings" at Majestic tonight. A good play well played. Refreshments in Green Lantern later, where saw "Skin" Wilson with a girl. Bade farewell to Cavell on Water St, as we sail tomorrow for cable repair in mid-Atlantic.
April 30.

Raining. Cast off at 5 P.M., U.S.T.
Manoa KOQK, pulling out just ahead of us.
On watch 8 P.M. Copied NAA press.

May 1.

Splendid weather. Digby leaves
Halifax today. Noon position, Lat. 44°36 North,
Long. 59°36 West.

May 2.

Sunday. Heavy head wind & sea.
Got touch of mal-de-mer & ate nothing all
day. Eavell called up from MNC and wished
"bon voyage." I reciprocated. He arrives St.
John's 10 P.M. Our noon posn: Lat. 44°40 N,
Long. 54°41 W.

May 3.

Recovered my sealegs today. Sea
gong down. Heavy static tonight rendered
NAA reception impossible. Noon. Lat. 45°35 N,
Long. 52°53 W.

May 4.

11:30 Steaming through a flock
of big, ugly-looking icebergs. Movement of
ice from North reported heavy this spring.
Noon posn. Lat 46°30 N, Long 47°52 W.
3 P.M. Radio from St. John's via VCE advises
that ice has snapped a main cable off there.
We are now heading for St. John's.

May 5.

Very rough weather. Ship making
little progress. Noon. Lat. 46°52 N, Long. 49°56 W.
May 6. 6 a.m. Arrived at Buckold's Bore, St. John's, where main cables land. A big ice berg is aground on cable in 300 feet of water. 11 a.m. Some excitement. Steamed alongside berg & attempted pull cable from under it. No success, so we laid a new piece around the berg.

May 7. Finished repair this morning and put into St. John's to stand by till the berg moves away. Ashore 4 p.m. Sea at Woods. Met Isabel & Anna in the Majestic. Caught last look back to ship very nearly at 11 p.m.

May 8. Ship moved to wharf. Ashore all afternoon with Isabel on Quidi Vidi road. Squabbled, because I found letter from another fellow in her pocket. She tore it up & said he was nothing to her, but I demanded she give me all my letters tonight. 11 p.m. Got my letters from Isabel but decided I was acting in a foolish manner, so we 'kissed & made up'.

May 9. Sunday. Miss Rosalind came in. Her ops came aboard for a chin. At St. Thomas 6 of 8 tonight, afterwards called for Isabel & strolled to "lovers lane" at Rennie's River. A most romantic spot.
May 10. Raining. Skipper says berg has capsized and will soon float away. Secretary of the city club advised us that "Officers C.S. Mackay-Bennet are extended full privilege of club during stay in port." Majestic tonight with Isabel.

May 11. No change in position of berg today. With Isabel tonight to St. Patrick's Hall; a cheap movie and a miserable dump.

May 12. Visited cops. on s/s Rosalind today. Local longshoremen struck for more wages. Majestic tonight with Isabel.

May 13. Withers showed me around the cable office here this afternoon. Later we ascended Signal Hill & found that the berg has moved seaward & is obviously adrift. Strolled to Bennie's River tonight with Isabel.

May 14. Noon. Pulling out. I'm in love and how I hate to leave. Passed sealing steamer Thetis 1 P.M. 8:30 P.M. Exchanged ice warnings with s/s Alconda YSL, which is bound St. John's from Sydney. NAA signals loud on lone crystal detector tonight.

May 15. Splendid weather. We are heading for Sydney to replenish our bunkers.
May 16. Sunday. 9 A.M. Tied up at Whitney Pier, where Eddy Turner's ship, S.S. Tutter Court, is also coaling. Eddy & his junior ops. came aboard. Whitney Pier is a squalid suburb of Sydney — coke ovens, blast furnaces, slag dumps, dago settlements.

May 17. 4 P.M. Finished coaling & moved into stream off North Sydney. Ashore with Mr. Withers at Strand tonight. Caught last boat back aboard 11 P.M.

May 18. We were also ashore this morning to witness launching of new concrete ship "Permanencia" which is being built by enterprising merchants of North Sydney. But a hitch occurred & no launching took place. Sailed at noon. Smooth sea, beautiful day. Met Amy Moulton ashore this p.m. Her drug store burned down two weeks ago.

May 19. Heard Eddy Turner w/kg. on CHZ tonight. Picked up SOS of French Trawler Jeanne FJH, ashore on Diamante Bank, St. Pierre. Informed VCE, who broadcast SOS. A blanket of silence fell over the ocean as the dread signal relayed down the coast. Even New York NAH ordered stations his neighborhood to "Q RX for SOS".
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After an hour of silence, FHT said he was within easy reach of shore; so told VCE to resume traffic & business was as usual.

May 20. Skipper shifted our course further south on advice of ice patrol, as ice field is bad this year. Now in foggiest part of North Atlantic. (30% days with fog)
Strong signs from Polhui MPD tonight but static interfered reception. Copied NAA press OK.
Noon Lat 45.31 N., Long 51.35 W. Dense fog

May 21. Heavy swell & dense fog. Switched in another 2-step amplifies this afternoon and VCE was deafening at 300 miles. Tonight relaying from LGR to VCE & missed MPD press. Copied Arlington NAA OK. Signs very strong.
Noon Lat 45.01 N., Long 48.08 W.

Noon Lat 45.37 N., Long 44.29 W.

Copied MPD press tonight. NAA too weak to drown static & impossible. Copy.
Noon. Lat 47.34 N., Long 40.40 W.
May 24.

Victoria Day. Splendid weather. Got Eiffel Tower (FL) time sigs. today for "basey" Leblanc, navigating officer. FL has a high clear note very much like Arlington. Worked vce 600 miles. Noon posn Lat. 49.07 N, Long. 35.34 W. Poldhu sigs. splendid tonight. He has a coarse low frequency spark, harder to read than FL and NAA.

May 25.

Fine & clear. Spoke s/s Digby MNC this a.m. but Cavell has left her.

10 A.M. Arrived at "cable ground," Lat. 50.20 N, Long. 30.40 W. 2 P.M. Streamed our mark buoy, now grappling. 4 P.M. Grappling 3.7 miles from buoy. Got cable to surface at midnight & found we had the "dead end."

May 26.

Fine & clear. Grappled all day without success. Spoke s/s Schenectady WJ11 & chatted awhile on 450 metres with her ops, who I met in Manchester last year. His ship bound to Manchester from Savannah now. Frank Higginson overheard part of said chat & "tattled" to Taylor who razzed me for the breach of regulations. Frank is operator-purser. He is also an overfed English pig with an ingrowing belief in his own importance.
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May 27
Hooked cable this morning & had it aboard this afternoon. Spliced it to new cable in tank & commenced pay out; got in touch with Waterville on the Ireland end O.K. Sea getting choppy. 6 P.M. Cable snapped, probably by hearing of ship. 10 P.M. Hope to for bad weather.

May 28
Too rough for grappling. Placed mark buoys over ends of new break. Relayed msg. from S.S. Grampian MRN to Valentia, Ireland, G.C.K.

Smith, chief steward, got up a sweepstake on the Derby at fifty cents a ticket, while in the betting mood wagered a dinner for us all at the Queen Hotel if we are not back in Halifax before June 20th.

May 29
Dense fog & heavy swell. An ex-German passenger ship, G.C.T.M., working G.C.K at 1250 miles. Jamming the whole ocean with his damned Telefunken spark. We are working G.C.K every night, but unable raise V.C.E. though he is nearest.

May 30
Our quenched gap giving trouble. Only getting 1 1/2 KW out of set with 11 gaps connected. Dismantled it & found all gaps leaking air, & plates badly blackened. Polished plates and
May 31.
     Dense fog & heavy swell. Our good "sawbones" Doc. Knippel announced he is leaving ship when we return Halifax. He's become very unpopular with everyone. Spoke to Maskinonge YBE bound Sydney from Rotterdam.

June 1.
     Windy sea rising this morning. Noon. High seas, rolling heavily. No cable work since 27th May & weather getting worse. GCK answered my first call tonight, got my msg. ok. and no QR M.!!

June 2.
     Derby Day. Weather getting steadily worse. Rolling heavily. Rolled Jerry's conservatory loose last night; an avalanche of flowerpots crashing down outside my door, rolling to & fro, breaking, & making an infernal din generally. Unable raise GCK tonight nor VCE, though his sigs were very loud. Derby result via MPD: Spion Kop the winner.

June 3.
     Rough sea but glorious sunshine. We are 17 days out from Sydney, leaving 18 more days fuel. We are two weeks run from Sydney so will have to leave grounds soon.
     Got in touch with SP Adriatic which has as passenger Mr. Ward, general manager.
of commercial cable co. Skippers sent him msg proposing MMB return Sydney by June 8th if weather unchanged.

June 4.
Heavy swell, rolling heavily.
Beautiful overhead. Chatting today with GNA S/S Kamarina, whose ops, F.O. Streeter was opt on MMB during war. Ward replied skipper’s msg, saying we must hang on & make for Fayal or Queenstown if fuel runs low. Worked on tonight with skipper’s msg asking coal prices in St. John’s, Queenstown & Fayal. Hissig’s loud.

June 5.
Heavy rain. Resumed grappling, in spite of high sea, this morning & hooked cable at 4 p.m. S/S Tunisian passed us at noon, very close; her passengers lining the rails. Got cable aboard & tested to break, but it parted owing to hearing of ship in heavy sea.

June 6.
Sunday. Cold & dull with sea unabated. Capt. Stewart swears ship never rolled so badly before. S.W.V. at Waterville advised coal price prohibitive at Azores, very high at Queenstown, fairly cheap in St. John’s.

June 7.
Sea better & weather improved. Dropped hook 12:30. Hooked cable 3:45 p.m.
June 8.
8 P.M. Cable at bow. Sound to be a stray piece of abandoned cable! Hard luck! Swell too heavy for cable work.
A big sunfish cruising alongside today. Purser potted at it with his mauser but unsuccessful.

June 9.
1 A.M. Worked vce & got msg. from him ordering us to St. John's. First touch with vce since arrival on grounds. Stewart decided on one more try before leaving.

June 10.
Sashed 3rd finger right hand when I caught it in electric fan. 1 P.M. Heading for St. John's. Wind & sea rising fast.
2 P.M. Picked up lamps from eastern mark buoy.
8 P.M. Picked up lamps from western mark buoy.
10 P.M. Full speed for St. John's. Gale blowing.

June 11.
A beautiful day. Firing at bottles towed astern with Taylor's Bolt .22 this afternoon.
Tonight worked vce through terrific jamming.
Noon. Lat. 50°.12 N., Long. 33°.58 W.

June 12.
Dense fog. Tried raise vce all day without success. 75 Victorian MVN passed
us somewhere in the fog bound east.
Noon. Lat. 49°41' N, Long. 39°28' W.
Skt MPD OK. tonight thru bad static.

June 13.
Sea & wind rising. Exchanged msg with
MVN this morning. Fog lifted for a moment &
revealed 3/5 Canadian Ranger bound east, about
4 miles away. 2 P.M. Furious storm sprang
up. Sea became very high & ship tossing &
pitching. Withers seasick again. 10 P.M. Hope
for worst gale I've yet seen. Unable sleep
tonight owing possibility of pitching out of bunk
recurring every few minutes. Lat. 48°55' N, Long. 45°11' W.

June 14.
Sale somewhat abated this morning.
Very cold. 2 P.M. Wind & sea rising again.
4 P.M. Fierce SW gale, sea high, ship acting
like a mad broncho. And dense fog.
Noon. Lat. 48°27' N, Long. 48°10' W.

June 15.
10 A.M. Passed iceberg. Sea
smoother. Sun came through fog at noon
& shone gloriously. 2 P.M. Arrived St. John's.
And oh, the joy of a firm footing, a haircut
and a real shampoo. Called on Isabel but
she was out. With my "rival" no doubt. Met
Mona Doody & pal Mary & strolled part
way home with them.
June 16.  This p.m. the girls in a biscuit factory above the ship, commenced signalling to us. Taylor, Leblanc, Salsman, Gagnon & I got our glasses to read the signs which they scrawled on pieces of cardboard. Some of the remarks very funny. Most of them were dates to meet us "Outside the Fire Station at 7:30 P.M."

Tonight took Isabel to Majestic.

June 17.  Another fine day. S/S Digby came in.
Went aboard & was told Carell left her in Liverpool last trip. Tonight saw a soccer match between Irish Society & H.M.S. Briton. Later took in the Queen, a movie hovel on Water St. Ugh!

June 18.  Ashore all morning shopping for small bore rubber tubing for gas buoy-lamps.
Met Mona Doody & Mary Larkin & saw them home. Saw my true love Isabel with a Yank of S/S Susquehanna. Wow!

June 19.  11 A.M. Pulling out. Dense fog & very cold. I don't feel so bad about leaving this time. 8:30 P.M. Passed berg & two growlers, & reported their poise to V.C.E.

June 20.  Sunday. Rain this morning turning to bright sunshine at noon. Weather getting warmer as we near Gulf Stream. Noon
position Lat. 48° 43' N., Long. 48° 01' W.
MPD sign too weak tonight but NAA good.
June 21.
Warm, bright sunshine, sea smooth,
strong NW wind. Noon Lat. 49° 40' North,
Long. 42° 25' West. Working Cape Race
this afternoon at 510 miles. Our normal
daylight range 400 miles. Got MPD and FL
tonight OK despite bad static.
June 22.
Another wonderful day. A large
school of porpoise gave us a five minute
display of aquatic antics this morning.
Noon Lat. 49° 59' N., Long. 36° 41' W.
June 23.
Overcast sky. Sea smooth.
Sighted mark buoy B 2 at 11.40 A.M. Swell
rising so no cable work. English wireless
ops, who have been on strike since June 15,
now adopting strong methods. Refusing to sail
if in port. Ops at sea notified not to
transmit or receive any paid messages. Ops.
venturing to send paid stuff are promptly
"noted" and reprimanded by striking ops. on
other ships. Our buoy positions are:
B 3, Lat. 50° 21' N., Long. 30° 28½ W.; B 2, Lat.
50° 21½ N., Long. 31° 4½ W.
Worked Valentina GCK tonight OK.
June 24. Dense fog, occasional rain, and heavy swell. Standing by B2. S/S Scandinavian passed in fog near us bound for Southampton and Antwerp. English ops. were notified today that strike is off pending investigation.

June 25. Dense fog. Sea smooth. Started grappling this morning and had cable at bow 2 P.M. Tested OK to Waterville this afternoon and buoyed end 6.30 P.M. Proceeded to grapple St. John's end and got a shock; for British steamer Willkens GRD suddenly popped out of fog dead abeam. Both of us altered course & cleared OK. A narrow shave.


June 27. Sunday. 4 A.M. Grappling again. Hooked cable 5.45 A.M. Cable at bows 7.30 A.M. Still another short piece! Noon. Wind & sea
rising, glass dropping. 1 P.M. Gale in progress, rough sea, sky black as night.
Heard s/s Olympic MkC. This is her first trip since refitting for oil fuel. Polahu press
reports s/s Aquitania making her trials with oil fuel. 6 P.M. Have to decks awash.
Worked GCK tonight ok.

June 28. Heavy weather all day. Worked
GCK tonight in fierce QRM tonight.

June 29. Heavy weather continues. Heavy
rain at intervals. Took up B2 today. It is
no longer necessary as we streamed a buoy
on Sunday to mark the new western end
of break. Heard Eddie Turner working,
on CHZ s/s Surer Court.
Worked GCK tonight ok.

June 30. Heavy weather all day. Glass rising.
French s/s La Lorraine, FTL, near us
bound west. We broke our gramophone
spring tonight so no more music this trip.
Sterling exchange today per wireless press,
Worked GCK tonight ok.

July 1. Weather moderating fast. Commenced
grappling 9:30 A.M. 10:30 A.M. Spoke
1920

s//Stavangerfjord 2FS bound east, also
s//Manchester Brigade EKW (which collided
with Watuska last Fall) 1:30 Pulled up hook,
but cable parted enroute. 4:30P.M. Grappling
again. 11 P.M. Pulled up hook. No luck.
Break is getting wider as we break these
pieces off and we will soon need more
new cable than we have aboard.

Worked GCK ok. tonight.

July 2.  Dropped hook again this morning.
Pulled up at 6 A.M. & found two rocks
jammed on grapnel but no cable. Dense
fog. Hunting for B3. 8:45 A.M. Came
on B3 dead ahead. Dropped hook at
noon, grappled till 9:20 P.M. without success.
And lost sight of B3 again!

July 3.  Spent the day searching in fog for
B3 without success. Bhauncey, third engineer,
operated on our gramophone spinning and we
have music once more.

July 4.  The "Glorious Fourth". For the benefit
of our Yankee doctor we festooned the saloon
with huge Union Jacks. Fine weather.
s//Lord Antrim, ZDM ("Paddy" Smee's old
ship) passed us in sight this morning
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bound Rotterdam from Montreal.
This p.m. we streamed M.B.5 in Lat. 
50°17' N, Long. 31°41' W, about 15 knots 
further west of B 3. Commenced grappling.
Pulled up hook at 2 A.M. No luck; tore another mile or so off the cable. 
Paid out hook again 3:45 A.M. Pulled up at 1:30 P.M. with another short piece.
Skipper wirelessed owners suggesting we return 
Halifax for more cable & lay entirely new 
section, cutting out old 1885 stuff.
A little friction with Taylor tonight over 
my method calling GCK. Submitted to his superior 
judgement and did not get GCK tonight.

July 6
Noon. Arrived at B 3 and picked it up. 5:30 P.M. Commenced grappling.
Worked GCK (my method) tonight. Received msg from Ward ordering us to proceed London 
for new cable.

July 7
1 A.M. Pulled up grapnel. No luck.
Took B 2 aboard. 5:45 P.M. Arrived at our moored end & found it chafed through 
on bottom. Grappled at once for Waterville 
end again. No luck. Couldn't get GCK 
tonight but worked Lands End. GCK ok.
1920
July 8. 3.45 A.M. Hooked cable. Strain 8 to 10 tons. 6.30 A.M. Cable at bows. 10 A.M. Commenced paying out splice & new cable. Noon. Old cable parted! 5.45 P.M. Pulled up the 5 miles of new cable laid and found it ruined by kinks. And worth $2000.00 per mile! 7.10 P.M. Grappling again. 10 P.M. Pulled up hook & stood by for bad weather. A hoodoo day.

July 9. Rough weather all day. Bright sunshine this afternoon but sea too rough for cable work.

July 10. 5 A.M. Commenced dragging. 7.30 A.M. Cable hooked. Weather dull & threatening. 9.45 A.M. Cable at bows. 10.10 A.M. Tested through to Waterville ok. 12.20 A.M. Spliced on new cable & commenced paying out eastward. Gale coming on. 2.30 P.M. Paying out at 7 knots. 2.35 P.M. Man overboard! Deluchrey, a Dartmouth seaman, slipped while taking in bow screens. Leland & I dashed onto the poop & threw him a life preserver as we passed him. He shouted "My leg is gone", but continued swimming desperately in the rough sea.
1920

Lowered starboard whaleboat in exactly 3 minutes (while ship still under way) under Hugh, bosun, & reached Deluchrey just as he threw up his hands. Got him aboard & found that his leg nearly severed by cable as he fell, ribs crushed, apparently dead. 3:30 P.M. Doc. Knappel who has been working feverishly on Deluchrey pronounced him dead. Bleed to death in the water. Paying out resumed. Lat. 50° 23' N, Long. 31° 15' W.

July 11.

Sunday. Storm abated. Sky dull. 10:30 A.M. Ship stopped half an hour while poor Deluchrey consigned to the deep, in his canvas shroud weighted with fire-bass. New end was temporarily buoyed at 1 A.M., having laid 58 6 Knots new cable. 1:45 P.M. Picked up B 2 and proceeded east to buoy off new end. 5:15 P.M. B 2 planted again. Tonight ½ Bradavon, X 16, called. C S T wanted medical advice re treatment his sick skipper. Our worthy doc. unable recognise symptoms, but U.S.S. Pocohontas, Nov. gave advice re treatment.

July 12.

Pushing east for London via Plymouth all day. Tonight mag. via GCK says Main 3 broken, 16 miles from Waterville. Noon Lat. 50° 20' N, Long 29° 25' W.
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July 13. Beautiful day. Dumped some old cable this a.m. Worked GCK full daylight at 630 miles, & busy all day relaying for other ships including Olympic MKC. Noon. Lat. 50.18 N., Long. 23.48 W.; expect arrive at Main 3 break Thursday 8 P.M.—two days steaming. Making 9 knots. A wonderful summer day, hot sun, cool breeze, calm sea.

July 14. 5 A.M. Now 340 miles from GCK, whose sigs. very loud. Turning over cable in tanks for new job. Beautiful day, turning suddenly this afternoon to black sky and rain. Noon. Lat. 50.53 N., Long. 17.33 W., about 286 knots from Waterville. Crew busy scrubbing, polishing & painting ready for London. Another wonderful day. Cool breeze. 4:30 P.M. Land No. 1 Skellig rocks on port bow. Great pinnacles of rock with two tiny lighthouses. Swell too heavy for cable work and fuel low, so headed away for Plymouth. 11:15 P.M. Passing Fastnet. Clear starlit night.

July 15.

July 16. 4 A.M. Now 125 miles N.W. of land's End, G.L.D. Fog & rain. Cableship Telepsia leaves Plymouth for Waterville this a.m.
Gale sprung up this afternoon & developed into very heavy weather by night. Lighted Land's End 6 P.M. Felonia passed us 6:30 P.M. bound Waterville. 9 P.M. Passing Lizard lighthouse & entering the Channel which is crowded. Ships lights everywhere.

July 17

6 A.M. Entering Plymouth Sound. 7:30 A.M. Anchored in the Sound about a mile off the Hoe. Barges with coal arrived alongside promptly & bunkering commenced immediately. Taylor left for London. Salsman & I ashore this afternoon, listening to a band on the Hoe. Sea in a Union St. café. Salsman disappeared. A femme. I took in the show at the Palace, where George Graves was providing the comedy. Made acquaintance of two femmes who seemed to know quite a lot about Canadians. One of them escorted me to the Barbican, the old stone quay from which the Pilgrim Fathers embarked, and from which the Mackay-Bennetts last leave boat had just pulled away. Had to bribe local boatman to put me aboard for exactly 1/1d.
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4 P.M. Pulling out. Would like stay here awhile. A very pretty town and harbour.

July 19.
4.30 A.M. Off St. Catherines Pt, Isle of Wight. A 3 knot current against us.
11 A.M. Steering transmission gear broke down and we nearly rammed another ship. Now using wheel aft.
Noon. Abeam Beachy Head.
3 P.M. One German battleship and two destroyers very rusty and battered, passed us bound west in tow German tugs. British destroyer Vancouver escorting.
4 P.M. Picked up pilot off Dungeness. 6 P.M. Passing the old chalk cliffs of Dover.
7 P.M. Anchored off Kingsdown repairing steering transmission.
Mother & girls are living here somewhere.
8.45 P.M. Sunset. Leaving the Downs.
10 P.M. Passed Ramsgate, brilliantly lit.

July 20.
7 A.M. Anchored in Thames at Tilbury, under shadow of Tilbury Hotel. Waiting.
1920

for tide to go up river. 1:30 P.M. Heading for Woolwich. 3 P.M. Arrived off Siemens Cable Works, Woolwich. Capt. Gardiner (former skipper, now representing owners here) came aboard.

6 P.M. Got leave from Capt. Stewart & caught train for London. Took train from there for Walmer where I arrived midnight and after much wandering, located Aunt Lie’s house. Spent the night there.

July 21. Drove over to Kingsdown in Uncle George’s Ford & gave Mother & the girls a surprise. They thought I was on the other side still. About a year since I last saw them.

22. Saw the Kings yacht Britannia win the race off Deal today. Course lay around Goodwin Sands. Kingsdown a pretty little place but dead as a doornail.

23. Drove over to Ware, near Canterbury. Saw Grandfather & Grandmother Pettitt and assorted uncles & cousins. Quite a large farm. A beautiful countryside. The heart of Kent.

24. Mother suggested an excursion to London. So we packed up, left Deal on
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the S.C. & C. train shortly after dinner.
I arrived in Victoria Station, London, in
time for tea. Went to Aunt Jess' flat
in West Hampstead. I returned to
Woolwich & slept aboard.

July 25.

Sunday. And rain. Went up
to West Hampstead & had a look at
bricklewood Aerodrome. Also several bone-
yards. Very dull.

July 26.

Overhauled the Tower of London,
saw the Crown Jewels, etc. Lunch in a café.
British Museum this afternoon. Booked
seats for Chu-ehin-Chow at His
Majesty's Theatre & took Mother & the
girls. A wonderful show.

July 27.

Saw Nell to the Criterion this
afternoon to see "Lord Richard in the pantry"
with Cyril Maude in the title role. A first
rate comedy.

Tonight saw "Oh Susannah" at
the Hippodrome, Golders Green. Wire from
Taylor ordering me return tomorrow morning.

July 28.

Aboard this a.m. Time of sailing
uncertain. Saw an interesting play at
the Woolwich Hippodrome tonight.
July 29.
2 P.M. Casting off. A wonderful day. 4.30 P.M. Passing Southend, a pretty watering place, with the inevitable pier. Crowds of bathers. 9 P.M. Dropped pilot off Deal.

July 30.
3.30 A.M. Passed Beachy Head. Rough weather all day.

July 31.
We were slowed down all night account heavy fog, which cleared at 8 A.M. showed us to be off Plymouth Sound. Steamed in & commenced coaling. Paying off two firemen shipped in London who were found to be rotten with venereal disease. No shore leave. 8.45 P.M. Up Anchor and away.

Aug. 1.
Rough sea. We have a capacity load of new cable & are low in the water, so shipping continuous seas over weather side. Taylor says we are to have another crack at cable off Waterville, Ireland. 11 P.M. Fastnet Light ahead.

Aug. 2.
6 A.M. Off Skellig rocks. 10.30 A.M. On cable grounds. Heavy swell so no work. Spent afternoon basking in the sunshine on the poop with Taylor.

Aug. 3.
Sunny sky but heavy swell. Skipper wirelessed headquarters suggesting that we proceed
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mid ocean repair as good working weather there uncertain after August.
1230 P.M. S.S Canadian Seguenz passed close abeam.
4 P.M. Orders via GCK proceed mid-ocean repair. Commenced pulling up our mark buoy.
5 P.M. Buoy up and setting west. Rough sea.

Aug. 4.
Heavy sea. Some trouble with our receiving gear. Our one & only DeForest Audistoan gave up the ghost & we replaced it with a V.T. Comparative efficiency is nil.
Tonight we devised a method of catching rats in the saloon. Taylor & the purser caught four in a few minutes.

Aug. 5.
Fine weather. Noon Lat. 51°05' N., Long. 26°04' W., just 598 miles from GCK and 248 from the repair job. Ship's run last 24 hours — 208 knots. Wireless press tonight says big cable ship Bolonia in trouble over the Barbados - Miami cable which she is laying. U.S. Navy has orders prevent her from landing shore end at Miami.
Worked GCK tonight at 680 miles. ORM fierce.
Aug. 7
2:30 P.M. Arrived at the job, and
streamed B 7 to replace MB gone adrift in
our absence. Noon Lat. 50.32 N., Long. 31.26 W.
Static rendered communication with GCK impossible
tonight at 860 miles. He answered our call but
was unable do any business.

Aug. 8
1920
Dad killed at Amiens two years ago today. Beautiful smooth sea.
Arrived our western position 3 A.M. and
streamed MB 8. 12:25 P.M. Paid out
grapnel. 4:30 P.M. Cable hooked, commenced
hauling up. 7:10 P.M. Grapnel swivel broke
9:15 P.M. Paying out grapnel again.
A terrible watch tonight. ORM X ORN both
terrific. Got in touch GCK, who had the
for us but couldn't get it. Taylor came on
midnight and got GCK OK in small hours
when things quieted down.

Aug. 9
1:30 A.M. Cable hooked. 4 A.M. Still
1100 fms. grapnel rope out. 7:10 A.M. Cable
at bow. Spooled to our new stuff and started
paying out 11:30 A.M. 12:40 P.M. Crash!
Brake lining on paying-out machine aft, flew
to pieces, jammed drum; cable snapped under
terrific strain. 7 miles had been paid out.
1920

1 P.M. Commenced pulling up the seven miles. Gale sprang up. Picked up to our splice & cut adrift. Standing by MB. 8 for gale.

Aug 10. Heavy weather all day. Sp baronia MRA, near us adjusting his new spark. He has the new radio communication Co. "Polar" set. Worked 6CK tonight ok. A clear line, his sign loud enough to read with 'phones lying on table.

Aug 11. Fine day. 8 A.M. Paid out grapnel. Worked sp Edouard Jeromee, FZ5, this morning. French cable ship known as "Teddy Jerry". Noon Lat 50.07 N, Long 34.00 W. 5:35 P.M. Cable at bow, spliced to new stuff. At 9:55 P.M. commenced paying out using the picking-up machine, forward, which makes a hellish row. I may break down any time. Tonight spoke both Valenta 6CK and cape Race VCE. MPD sign weak tonight.

Aug 12. 8 A.M. 15 miles paid out and all going well. Have we really come to the end of our bad luck? Dense fog. 10:20 A.M. Mark Buoy on starboard beam. Some navigation. 3 P.M. Buoyed off new end.
Aug. 13. Friday the 13th. A lucky day, for we dropped final splice on Main 2 repair at 0030 A.M. Wonderful weather.
6:15 A.M. Pulled up M.B. 7, now heading west for M.B. 8. 5:30 P.M. M.B. 8 aband.
8 P.M. Heading east for Waterville to repair Main 3, which Telconia didn't complete.
Noon Lat. 50° 11' N., Long. 33° 31' W.
In touch with both GCK & VCE tonight but heavy static made communication impossible.
Splendid weather continues.

Aug. 14. 5/8 Canadian Aviator near us 1nd. Montreal to Liverpool. Noon Lat. 50° 42' N., Long. 30° 00' W.
Heavy static again prevented communication with shore tonight, although Cape Ushant FFU was very loud & clear. Foldhu, MPD, press OK.

Aug. 15. Still wonderful weather. 9 A.M. Picked up fair sigs. from GCK. Noon Lat. 51° 14' N.,
Long. 24° 36' W. - 550 miles from GCK.
9 P.M. Worked GCK in terrific jamming, also heard VCE. Worked Brazilian battleship Sao
Paulo, SNP, bound Portsmouth with extra
1920

Sailsman. Got in tow with pair femmes. Took them to the Hoe & sat on a bench under shadow of Drake Monument until it commenced to rain. Very dumb femmes. (Mine had never heard of Marconi!)


Aug. 25. Bunch navigation warnings from GNF. Includes several floating mines, one right in our course. Skipper posted lookout. Noon. Passed floating mine near Owers L.Y. 9 P.M. Picked up pilot off Dungeness. 11 P.M. Passing Deal, a blaze of lights.

Aug. 26. 4:40 A.M. Anchored off Mouse L.Y. 6:10 A.M. Off again to catch the tide up Thames. 7 A.M. Passed Southend. 11:45 A.M. Laid up to buoys in West India dock, Limehouse Basin. Went up to Aunt Jess tonight & slept there, as she thought I shouldn't return through Limehouse after dark.
1920

Aug. 27. Returned aboard 9:30 A.M., and got four days leave from Taylor, $8 from the purses, & a ticket on the S.S. & G. for Canterbury. Wired Pettitt to meet me. Arrived Canterbury 6:30 P.M. & caught a bus to Ash, where Renee & Win were waiting with bikes.

Aug. 28. Biked into Sandwich today with Uncle Albert & Aunt Elsie. Wonderful roads and beautiful scenery. Passed Richborough, the famous "mystery" wartime port which was built in the marshes near Sandwich & through which hordes of troops passed during the war. It is now a city of the dead. Not a soul in acres of buildings but the watchmen. Sandwich a quaint old town with very narrow twisty streets.

Aug. 29. Sunday. Touring the district all day. A beautiful, untouched countryside in the heart of Kent. Thatch-roofs on all farm buildings. Received wire from Taylor ordering me report aboard tomorrow.

Aug. 30. Left Ware 2 P.M., caught bus to Sandwich & boarded train with Nell, who
1920

Aug. 31. Went up & called on the Smiths at Kensal Rise this afternoon. Mrs. Smith hadn't seen me since I was 9 years old but knew me at once. George & I took in "French Leave" at the Globe Theatre, a lively farce. Frequent trips to the bar. A large evening. Slept at Kensal Rise.

Sept. 1. George & I paid a visit to Mme. Tussaud's famous waxworks this morning, & had a particularly hilarious time in the Chamber of Horrors. Called on Uncle Frank at Dulwich tonight. He was attending a lodge meeting. Tress knew me at once. Slept on board.

Sept. 2. Dulwich again. Frank off on a rabbit shoot. Slept there.

Sept. 3. Horniman's Museum today with Tress, who introduced me to Dorothy Myers, a neighbor. Took Dorothy to the Apollo tonight. How called "Cherry".

1920
Sept 5. Sunday. Inspected Frank’s “War Allotment” garden & helped him pick beans. This afternoon took bus to Finchley Park with Frank & called on some of Dad’s relatives, including Jack and Harry Kellinger & Aunt Best. Tea there. Returned to Dulwich via tube. Frank is good fun.

Sept 6. Reported aboard this morning. Leaving early tomorrow. Called on George Smith this afternoon. Tea there. Later took bus to London & spent an interesting evening strolling amid the madding crowd. Adventure with a policewoman in Trafalgar Square. Took leave of George at midnight, when all trains, trams & busses to Woolwich had stopped. Fortune threw me in with an artilleryman also bound for Woolwich. He knew the ropes, & by catching “last busses” by most amazing luck over a very circuitous route, we got to Woolwich O.K. A big night.

Sept 7. Cast off, 9 A.M. & dropping down river with the tide, passed Gravesend 10 A.M. Passed Deal & Dover 5 P.M. & dropped pilot near Dover at 5:30.
1920


Sept. 9. Another sunny day. Ashore all day. Plymouth is gaily decorated for the "Mayflower" celebration. Returned aboard 16:45 P.M. in Fox's motor boat.

Sept. 10. Wonderful weather continues. No shore leave, which is a source of grief to me. Some of the engineers started fishing for mackerel overside, & struck a school. They "handlined" a barrel full in very short time. Rumored that we are to proceed Weston-super-Mare for cable work, & that we will be engaged on this side for several months.

7 P.M. Skipper, purser, & Taylor returned aboard. Anchor weighed. Heading for another job at Waterville, Ireland.

Sept. 11. 2:30 A.M. Passed Lizard. Sea getting up. 10 A.M. (B.S.T.) picked up Chelmsford radio calling Marconi's yacht Elettra. Also at 11 and 12 o'clock. Voice very distinct. (250 miles from us.)

Noon. Lat. 50°22'N., Long. 6°48'W.
1920

Sept. 12  Sunday  6 A.M. Fastnet abeam.  
10 A.M. Off Gull Rock, heavy sea, ship rolling heavily. 10:45 (G.M.T.) picked up Voldhu radio telephone. "Mary had a little lamb," and other cryptic expressions.
Noon Off Ballinskelligs, 1/2 miles from job. Too much swell today for cable work. 7.05 P.M. Buoy lighted and streamed.

Sept. 13  7.15 A.M. commenced grappling. 
Fine day. Still considerable swell.  
10.10 A.M. Cable at bow. O.K. to Waterville. Picked up all afternoon toward "fault" which proved to be 30 miles from Waterville instead of 14 as reported to us. Buoyed both ends.

Sept. 14  S.S. W. gale all day. Decks awash and rolling prodigiously. No work.

Sept. 15  High sea. Cruised between Gull Rock and Ballinskellig all day. Wind lulled during day but sprang up anew at 11 P.M. & blew all night.

Sept. 16  Heavy swell, high wind, rainsqualls. Skippers would like to put in Berehaven or Valentia till sea subsides, but owing to Sinn Fein troubles ashore thinks we
1920

are better off out here. "A rough sea
berth is better than a bullet in the back."

Sept. 17. Heavy weather with rain squalls
all day. G.C.K closed all day and naval
radio at Corkbeg, ByQ, looking after his
traffic. No reason given.

Sept. 18. Blowing a full gale all day
but easing up towards midnight. Captain
Stewart talks of coaling at Cardiff in ten
days time. Working up Sachem, M.O.L., tonight.
Purser's wife aboard her, bound for Halifax.

Sept. 19. Sunday. A fine day at last.
Started work this morning. 5:30 P.M. cable
hooked. Terrific strain for shallow water (ten tons)
6 P.M. cable snapped at bow
7:15 cable at bow again & picked up all night
toward fault.

Sept. 20. Another fine day. Finished splice
at 8:30 A.M. & commenced paying out west.
Picked up Newfoundland end this afternoon.

Sept. 21. Dropped final splice early this A.M.
8 A.M. Heading for Waterville to get mail.
10 A.M. Anchored off Waterville. Fellow from
cable station brought our mail. Noon. Leaving
for Halifax. At last!
1920

Sept. 22. Rough weather. Only making 1 knot, access poor fuel. 202 miles west GCK at noon. Lat. 51.51 N, Long. 15.50 W.


Sept. 24. Rough weather. Trouble with second step in our amplifier. Can just hear GCK on his high power, not at all on his low power. Noon 560 miles west GCK. Lat. 51.58 N, Long. 24.51 W.

Chatted a while with Norman Cavell on s/s Leading EXK bound New York to Limerick. Tonight unable raise GCK so gave my business to Oporto, PQP. 1200 miles from us.

Sept. 25. Rough weather. Worked cableship Minia GUQ, who reports “continuous gales and heavy swell; returning London.” Noon. Lat. 51.39 N, Long. 29.04 W, 710 miles west GCK. Making slow progress. Spoke Cavell on EXK again, his noon posn Lat 50.40 N, Long. 28.05 W. Worked GCK ok tonight & took 2 mags from him for the Minia. Distance from GCK 850 miles.
1920

Hailstorm this morning. Noon Lat. 51° 08' N., Long. 33° 41' W., 900 miles west of GCK, 809 miles east VCE. Heavy seas breaking over wireless cabin tonight. Worked GCK OK at about 1,000 miles.

Sept. 27. Terrific rolling last night made sleep impossible. Speed this morning, 5 knots! Picked up good signs from VCE at 110 A.M. Noon Lat. 50° 21' N., Long. 37° 31' W., 1,052 miles west GCK. Occasionally heavy rain squalls. 6 P.M. Terrific gale blowing. Furious hail storms at intervals. Heavy seas breaking over ship. Worked GCK at 1200 miles tonight under difficulties, as terrific rolling & plunging of ship upset my chair, log, message pads and finally rolled valve apparatus box off shelf onto my devoted head! A wild night.

Sept. 28. Gale raging unabated all morning. Tor'sle flooded, also some of officers' cabins in port & starboard alleyways. Everything battened tight. Noon Lat. 50° 08' N., Long. 41° 05' W. Glass rising, weather improving. Spoke cableship Stephan, GBWL, former
1920


Sept. 29.

Rough weather. Unable raise VCE all day. Noon Lat. 49.12 N. Long. 44.43 W., 366 miles east VCE. Skipper intends write authorities complaining poor service from VCE. 9 P.M. At last VCE calls MMB - "K" (Go ahead). Just 45 minutes since my last call.

Sept. 30.

Sea subsided somewhat. And the wind gave way to a real Newfoundland fog. 200 miles east VCE at noon. Working him throughout day. Sounding taken this afternoon showed us to be just on the edge of the Banks. Last M.P.D tonight. Sigs. too faint.

Oct. 1.

Dense fog all day. Good sgs from Arlington NAA this morning. Cape Race D.F. station, VAZ, has changed to 800 metres from 600. All D.F. work on 800 metres now, under new regulations.
1920
Noon Lat 46°39' N, Long 52°29' W, just 18 miles east V.C.E. Heard Halifax, V.C.S.
tonight. An old familiar sound.
Oct. 2
Bright sunshine. Noon Lat. 45°48' N, Long 56°30' W, 170 miles west V.C.E.
Spoke North Sydney, V.C.O. & chatted with Moffatt there. Hickmott has transferred
to Three Rivers, but Rainey & Young still at V.C.O. Spoke & Rosalind bound
St. John's to Halifax.
Oct. 3
Sunday. Dizzling rain this a.m.
turned to fine weather at noon. At 2100
G.M.T. we passed a waterlogged barge in
Lat. 44°52'18" N, Long 61°44'30" W, & reported
it to Marine & Fisheries, Halifax as a
menace to navigation.
Oct. 4
8 A.M. Passing Halifax pilot
ship. 11 A.M. Tied up at last. A little
over five months since we left for that
"little job in mid-ocean." Today begins the
big carnival week & I stepped ashore
just in time to see the grand parade.
Drew my pay checks at division office &
banked $200. Sea at Higgins. Saw Allens,
Footes, Knedells, & had sing-song at Pearl Parker's.
Oct. 5. Settled my wine & advances bill this morning, which Purser computed at $108.40. Visited by Charlie Peach, now opt. on Lord Kelvin, YRC. Saw "Abby" buming this afternoon. Sea at Higgins, & took in the Majestic show with Gordon. Slept aboard.

Oct. 6. Went to Simpson's & ordered a coat for Mother at $50, to be delivered at Higgins. Evening at Higgins. Visited Abby on way back to ship.

Oct. 7. At Higgins all afternoon. Simpson failed deliver coat, so will try elsewhere. On citadel tonight with Gordon & kids watching the Carnaval fireworks.

Oct. 8. Took my old bridge coat to M. E. Giffin, tailor, to be converted to a "civvy" type. Also my new navy raincoat to be shortened.

Oct. 9. Bought coat for Mother at Byalin's, $52.

Oct. 10. Sunday. Service at St. Matthew's this morning. Dinner at Higgins. Sea with Mrs. Allen, later calling on Daisy Soot. Aboard 11 P.M.
Oct. 11. "Delawana" won the schooner race today. Another repair job scheduled for MMB, Taylor tells me. Posted Mother's coat to England, postage $1.08.

Schooner came into next dock with an eleven-foot shark aboard, caught off Chebucto Head. Took Daisy Foote to see "Cave Girl" at the Majestic tonight.

Oct. 12. Working all day, getting ready for sea. Signed new articles. Got my converted coat from tailor, $9.00. Called on Ruby Hollett but found nobody home, so spent evening at Higgins'.

Oct. 13. Casino tonight with Daisy Foote. Her father asked me get him some whiskey from ship's stores.

Oct. 14. This afternoon delivered some whiskey to Foote, at cost to me -$2.50 per quart. Don't like the idea much, as it makes my wine bill look big, with resultant sarcasm from purses. Tea with Daisy & spent evening with her at "Dot" Mills, Brunswick St.

Oct. 16.  Have to all day for N. W. gale. Have a very nasty cold, so has Taylor, while Moore, 4th engineer, laid up with one. Sort of mild 'flu.


Oct. 18.  Bright sunshine but high wind & heavy sea. Captain Stewart laid up with attack of some internal disorder. Noon. Arrived on cable ground Lat. 43.55 N., Long. 55.56 W. We are to repair the St. John's—Far Rockaway cable.


Oct. 21.  Rough weather, beginning to moderate towards night.

very much. 11 P.M. Insult to injury; YCE broadcasts warning heavy gale from W., shifting to N. W. !!!!

Oct. 23

Rough weather. Got Doc Knuppel's goat unexpectedly at lunch today. Discussion round the board was on mysterious disappearance of U.S.N. Cyclops in 1914. I mentioned the theory of the German-American crew & the attempt to reach Germany with manganese. Forgot Doc was German-American. He complained to skipper later that I had made insulting remarks. Stewart laughed at him.

Oct. 24

Sunday. Tenth successive day of bad weather. Windy, sea moderating towards night. Tonight picked up telephone signs on 600 metres. Jamming bad. Boston & Montreal mentioned in conversation. Later a voice called "Boston" & went on to say that he was 5$-something, "125 miles from Boston. QRF Norfolk."

Oct. 25

Started work this morning & pulled up a short piece. By this time sea & wind were getting up fast so work abandoned for the day. Taylor says new second electrician will join us next trip. Taylor has been holding
1920

down the work alone since Higginson left. I was loaned to the ship by Marconi Co, until such time as they could train the new electrician to handle the wireless, so I presume I shall not be on MMB much longer.


Arlington, NAA, press tonight announced death of MacSwiney at Brixton prison. He was on hunger strike when we were at Waterville so must have got pretty ravenous toward the end. Chauncey says: “Won't it be Hell for him, alright, Shovelin' the furnaces on an empty stomach!”

Oct. 27. Grappling all day without success. Capt. Stewart says cable is rotten that hook tears right through it. Intermittent fog.

Oct. 28. Another fruitless day. Also we have lost our mark buoy hence fog. Copied MPD & NAA tonight o.k.

Oct. 29. Searching in fog for mark buoy until 6 p.m., when fog suddenly cleared before
1920

Oct 30

A heavy squall, which developed into a gale by midnight. M.P.D.Y.N.A.A press again OK.

Gale died suddenly early this morning & we found our mark buoy OK. Grappled all day, but no luck. Arlington & Voldhu press again tonight.

Oct 31

Sunday. Standing by for heavy gale with intermittent rainpours. 6 P.M. Running before gale. Sea high. Arlington tonight says American "Esperanto" won the International Fishing Schooners Race at Halifax, easily beating Canadian "Delavara".

Gale subsided. A beautiful day.

Grappeling all day. 5 P.M. British tanker "Crisflamme" passed us bound Norfolk from Greenock where she was recently completed. Has new Marconi wireless gear, with quenched gap, has small set installed in one of the lifeboats which he uses for emergency.

4 P.M. Cable at bower tested OK to Sars Rockaway, New York. Gale sprang up again so end was buoyed off.

Nov 1

Heavy weather all day. Cold. D.C. Knippel seasick. U.S. Presidential election in progress & we got reports every hour from
1920

Arlington, N.A.A. Republican candidate Harding seems to have won everywhere.

Nov. 3.
Resumed work this morning. Spliced new cable to Far Rockaway end at 9 a.m. and paid out 40 miles, to cut out rotten section of cable. Arrived at Newfoundland buoy 3 p.m. Dropped final splice 8.30 p.m. Dale sprang up again, so unable pick up our buoys.

Nov. 4.
Heavy rain & intermittent fog all day. Unable find buoys. 11 p.m. Weather cleared & star sights obtained. Got Poldhu MPD tonight on crystal detector.

Nov. 5.
Beautiful weather. 9 a.m. Picked up mark buoy No. 1. 3 p.m. Sighted buoy No. 2, & picked it up. 4 p.m. Heading for Halifax. Got Poldhu MPD, Paris E. & Arlington N.A.A. tonight ok.

Nov. 6.
Dull weather. Noon Sat. 44 17 N. Long. 59 44 W., 172 miles east Halifax. 10 p.m. Heavy weather, decks awash. MPD ok tonight. Heard FWA de PWD on 2500 metres.

Nov. 7.
Sunday 10.30 a.m. Arrived Halifax. Snow on grass, ground, weather cold.
1920


Nov. 9. Went with "Edge" Allen to a "get-together" party of old pupils at Chebucto School, & met many of the old gang.

Nov. 10. Supr. Letts aboard this morning trying fit us up with 800 metre attachment for S.S. work. With Daisy S. to casino tonight & refreshments at the Fountain.

Nov. 11. Armistice Day. Bought suit of grey mufti at Clayton's, #45.00. Also pair boots at Larsen's, #7.50. Evening at Dresden Row with Daisy S.

Nov. 12. One of our sailors drowned in the early hours. Fell between ship's wharf. Met Eddy Turner, my "side-kick" at training school, who is on his way from Sydney to Newport News, where he joins a new ship. Evening with Daisy S. at her friend "Lot" Mills home. Not her fiancé are a pair of idiots. Very stupid evening.

Nov. 14 Sunday. At St. Matthias with Daisy this morning, loa[C]king comfortably at her home all afternoon. Tea there.

Nov. 15 Aboard all day. S.S. Bolingbroke arrived Pier 2 opposite us, to load apples.

Nov. 16 Spent afternoon with Taylor, at Phiney's music store, choosing a bunch of new records for the ship's gramophone.

Nov. 17 Aboard all day. Raining hard.

Our funnel is to be replaced; present one very shaky.

Nov. 18 Capt. Stewart collapsed on Water St. while walking with Taylor, who put him in a taxi & rushed to the hospital. He was operated on this afternoon. Our own beloved Doc told Stewart there wasn't a thing wrong with him, though Stewart has been under the weather since Oct. 18. Took Daisy F. to see "Three Faces East" at the Majestic.
1920

Nov. 19. Funnel dismantled today, so galley is out of commission, & we are eating ashore on an allowance of $2.50 per day. "Living the life of Riley."

Nov. 20. Discussing purchase of one of his Duncan St. houses with Higgins Sr. Evening with Daisy F.

Nov. 21. Sunday. St. Matthias this morning. Dinner at Higgins'. Walked to Fairview this afternoon with Daisy F. Sea with her.

Nov. 22. Looked over No. 71 Duncan St with Higgins Sr. Wrote Mother re difficultly renting house here & suggesting purchase Higgins' house. Evening with Daisy F. Toote pipe is sick.

Nov. 23. Attended business meeting of Chebucto Graduates Asso'n in the school, with Edge. Pouring rain. Only a dozen turned up. Wandering around the classrooms after the meeting, Edge & I got locked in the school, & had to climb out a window & down a drain pipe. Arrived aboard soaking wet.

Nov. 25. Pitch, new electrician, aboard. Called on Cap'n & Mrs. Peters after tea. Rest of evening at Higgins. Returned aboard 11.30 P.M., found Taylor & Pitch "domesticating" with gramophone in full blast.

Nov. 26. Tea in Mader's cafe with Pitch. Evening at Lovett's with Daisy S.

Nov. 27. Met Frodor, former 2nd opn. on Hochelaga. He failed in exams, so Marconi Co. has dispensed with his services (under new ruling that all opns. must pass 1st class exams). He's going to Medicine Hat to take a C.P.R. telegraph job.

With Gordon to the Casino tonight.

Nov. 28. Sunday. St. Matthias this morning.

Dinner at Higgins. Tea at Footis. Tonight attended the initial meeting of the British Empire Alliance, an organization formed to counteract the disloyal influence of the "Self Determination for Ireland League," an order formed among Halifax Catholics with Sinn Feinn sympathies. The Orpheus Theatre was filled to overflowing with prospective members of the Alliance. The enthusiasm was wonderful. Speakers included Lt.-Col. Hayes.
who is president of the Charitable Irish Society but an opponent of the S.D.S.I. Passing of hats for contributions to the support of the Alliance brought forth a snowstorm of money, cheques & pledges. I pledged $10.00.

Nov. 29

Sent my $10.00 to the B & E Alliance at 319 Barrington St. Bought a revolver, Smith & Wesson, .32 calibre, in a "second-hand" store on Water St. - price $15.00. Bought Christmas presents; doll for Hilda, $12.00; headbag for Mother, $25.00; sewing basket for Nell, $16.50.

Nov. 30

Bought a writing case for Win & mailed it with the other gifts, to England. Met Carrie Tilmann, who is now married to a returned soldier & leaves tomorrow for Northern Ontario to join him.

Taylor drove Petch & I out to Lower Sackville in his car - "just to give the old bus a run". Very cold.

Dec. 1

Aboard all day. Tonight Petch & I took in the 7:30 show at the Imperial & the 9:00 show at the Orpheus. "Soda's" in Kenley's drug store afterward.
1920


Dec. 4. Spent afternoon aboard, playing gramophone & eating Taylor's chocolates. Taylor's "lady friend" is one of the Moir girls & they give him wonderful boxes of "experiment" chocolates from Moir's laboratory. Evening with Daisy F.


Dec. 6. Doc Knippel paid off this morning, "services no longer required."
1920

Took my revolver to Egan, gunsmith on Water St., to have wabbly barrel fixed. Delivered another bottle of Dawson's Whiskey to Papa Foote. Evening at Higgen's, mostly wrestling with Ethel Fox.

Dec. 7

Met "Skin" Wilson & his skipper, who is my old neighbor, Captain Baker. Evening with Daisy F.

Dec. 8

Purser paid me balance of my "shore feeding" allowance, as we are now eating aboard again. Aboard all evening, writing letters. Ashore, late, with Taylor & Pitch for a feed at Mack's. Paid purser my "slopchest" bill, which was $25.50. Mostly for whiskey.

Dec. 9

Got my revolver from Egan. Charge for repairs, 50¢. Bought box of ammunition, $1.15. Evening with Daisy F.

Dec. 10

Bought pair gloves 3¢. Sent in a wine card for 2 bottles whisky, but Smith, chief steward, says all booze sealed up by customs till further notice. Attended meeting of British Empire Alliance at the School for the Blind. Howling blizzard rendered audience smaller than the first
1920

Dec. 11. Aboard all afternoon with Taylor & Petch, playing the gramophone. Tea at Higgins. Evening with Daisy F.


Dec. 13. Tea with Capt. & Mrs. Peters, looking into Footes later. Returning aboard found Petch, very much undressed, doing gymnastics. He has the physical culture craze. A good way to kill a dying evening though, so I stripped & did likewise.


Dec. 15. C.S. Lord Kelvin arrived in steam this morning, but unable dock owing high wind. Writing letters aboard tonight.
1920
Dec. 16. Leblanc, navigating officer, & Salzman, third mate, left today for posts in the Great Merchant Marine. Replaced by Fleming & Shears, young Scots just out of the Royal Navy. Evening with Daisy J.
Dec. 18. C.S. Lord Kelvin sailed today. Spent afternoon chatting with Fleming & the Irish doctor of St. Sachem. Fleming got foul of "Bella Coota" in St. John's & she mentioned "the wireless operator off the Mackay-Bennett" as one of her acquaintances.
Dec. 20. Storekeeper told me my last card (for 2 bottles whisky) lost. Gave him another. Delivered a bottle of Scotch to Supt. Letts.
Dec. 21.
Orpheus tonight with Taylor & Petch.

New Canadian Navy, consisting of destroyers Patriot & two other units, all donated by Royal Navy, arrived in port amid much gunfire at 7:20 A.M. H.M.S. Lord Kelvin returned to port today.

Received bundle of magazines from mother.

Walked through Pt. Pleasant Park today and evening with Daisy F.

Letter from Mother, agrees my suggestion re purchase house. Saw Higgins & made arrangements to purchase. I am to deposit $500.00 his credit at Royal Bank of Canada Jan. 1st to close deal. Tea at Higgins'. Aboard 8 P.M. & spent evening trying tune in Letts' radio phone with which he is broadcasting. His wave-length too low for our equipment. No luck.

Dec. 22.

Christmas tie from Hilda this morning, also letter from Elsie Sanderson, North Shields. Got my uniform jacket from Leary, dry cleaner, who charged $1.50.

Evening with Daisy F.

Dec. 23.

Awakened 7 A.M. by commotion ashore & found big fire in Wood Bros.

Christmas Eve. Festive evening aboard. Booze flowing freely. Turned in at 2 a.m., very happy and very, very drunk.

Dec. 25

Christmas Day. Spent it with Daisy F. Gave her box chocolates. She gave me a silk scarf. Snow fell this morning & gave things a very "Christmassy" appearance.

Dec. 26

Sunday. Very cold. 7° below zero at 8 a.m. St. Matthias with Daisy F. this morning. Spent day with her. Evening at Higgins', where Capt. Higgins of U.S. Army is spending vacation.

Dec. 27

Received gift parcels from Nell & Mother with very acceptable contents. Took ferry to the Tower with Pitch this afternoon & hiked round Nor'West Arm back to ship. Quite a trip. Evening aboard. Snowstorm in progress.

Dec. 28

Weather finer & mild. Snow
1920

Dec. 29  


Evening with Daisy J.

Dec. 30.  

Snowing. Evening with Gordon.

Dec. 31.

Paid my "slop chest" account, $14.20. Think it includes 2 bottles whisky too many. A card supposedly destroyed Dec. 20th, for which I gave a duplicate. But chief steward had all the cards there, signed by me, so nothing to do but pay up like a gentleman & damn him mentally for a "sneakin' petty crook". 

New Years Eve. A little drinking party aft included Taylor, Shears, Fleming, Gagnon, Pitch & a couple of others. I stayed out of it. It ended in a pure old carousel. They wanted to "see the old year out" but when the hour of midnight arrived, they were sprawled around the floor of the saloon, unable to see the New Year or anything else.
Jan. 1st: Thick heads aft this morning.  
Spent the day at Higgins', proceeding with them after tea to J. B. Rogers', Agricola St., where we spent a merry evening. Captain Adams of C.S. Lord Kelvin, killed this afternoon when train struck car at Bedford crossing.

Tea at Lovett's with Daisy F. Raining.

Jan. 3: Bought small lampshade, 90c, to replace one broken while "skylarking" at Higgins' yesterday. Cards at Higgins tonight.

Jan. 4: Wire from H.R. to chief officer Livingston: "How soon could you sail for Havana?" Reply: "Can sail Jan. 7th with Captain Stewart." Hurrah!  
Evening with Daisy F. at Casino.

Jan. 5: Hopes dashed. Wire today says "lease preparations pending further orders." Higgins cashed my $500.00 cheque yesterday.  
Evening at Higgins, where Clara Rogers made eyes at the dashing Captain Higgins, U.S. Army, who just arrived on leave from Savannah. Quite a change of climate.
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Jan. 6. Blizzard raged all last night and most of today. Streets piled deep in snow. Tram service blocked. New rumour aboard gives Kingston, Jamaica, as our proposed southern destination. Evening with Daisy J.

Jan. 7. Received cigarettes from Auntie L. Bought some ties & leather collar bag. Saw Treasure Island picture, at the casino tonight with Fitch. Cold.

Jan. 8. Snow this morning, turning to heavy rain. Aboard all evening.

Jan. 9. Sunday. Cold. Ice everywhere. St. Matthias with Daisy J. this morning. Dinner at Higgins, where another expedition to Rogers' was proposed. Phoned D. and cancelled date for tonight. She very peevish.

Jan. 10. Sage, the jointer, a general handy man electrically, gave a false alarm today, reporting main battery in distress and one cell burst by freezing. We investigated and found that a barrel of distilled water had leaked over battery shelf. Evening with Daisy J. Toote père leaves tomorrow to inspect his gold mining property at Chezzetoook.
Jan. 11. Aboard all day. Studying tonight. Chauzy had a couple of femmes aboard, to whom I showed the mysteries of the wireless room.


Jan. 15. Raining. Rumor says we sail Jan. 19th. destination unknown. Wonder if I will go along: Fitch being proficient enough now, to take a night watch.

Evening with Daisy F.

Jan. 16. Sunday. Got up too late for church this a.m. Spent day at Higgins'. Took Daisy F. to church tonight. Later took her to Higgins’ I had a merry evening.

Jan. 17. Rumor confirmed. We sail Jan. 19th for our old battlefield—Cape Sable—for another tussle with the Canso—Rockport. Understand that Fitch’s Brinkman (purser) will be expected to pass second-class.
At left: Officers of the C/S John W. Mackay (1925-6) pose with the Captain’s lady at a party. Standing are Captain and Mrs. F. H. Larnder; T. N. Heap, C. F. Hunter, R. L. Latcham—Hanrahan, and J. P. Petch. The late Messrs. Heap and Petch became system cableship captains; Captain C. F. Hunter is now retired after 40 years with the system. Ronald L. Latcham is in the executive department at New York Headquarters, 67 Broad Street.
1921

wireless exams. in two months' time, as they've been studying up since they came aboard. So they will be able to return me to the Marconi Co. about March 17th.

Jan. 18. 7/Saxonia arrived at Pier 2 this morning with a port list. Said au revoir to Daisy F. & the Higgins' tonight.


Jan. 20. High wind & sea. Relieved from pitching, 8 A.M., he being violently seasick. Felt a twinge of mal-de-mer at teatime so skipped that meal. While getting lunch at midnight on watch, a heavy lurch threw me off my feet. I upset a mug of hot cocoa over myself besides suffering a bruise on the place where I sit.

Jan. 21. Sea going down, but not enough for cable work. Weather warm. Got two cross bearings from D. & F. stations VAVVYAT.
1921


Jan. 23. Sunday. Heavy rain. Sea continues smooth. 2 P.M. Hooked end at last, after 5 unsuccessful drives. 5 P.M. Buoyed end.

Jan. 24. Snowed hard during night; wind got up & developed into a tearing gale by morning. High seas, intermittent snow, very cold all day. Picked up Rodaku MPD, good signs tonight & copied until NAA jammed.


Jan. 26. 5 P.M. Gale slackening force. 8 P.M. Weather moderating fast. Got a bearing from Chebucto Head, YAV, on 600 metres.

Jan. 27. Beautiful day. Sea smooth. Grappled successfully, picked up buoyed bunsen end. Dropped final splice 5 P.M.

Jan. 28. 8 A.M. Splendid weather. Hunting our three buoys, which are adrift.
Jan. 29.

Noon: Heading for Halifax. One buoy abandoned.

9 A.M. Passing Camperdown.


Evening playing cards at Higgins.

Starboard bunker on fire. Trimming coal to port bunker, giving us a port list.

Too late for church. Dinner at Higgins. Strolling with Edge, met Supt. Letts who was just returning from Maker's Hospital, Coburg Road, where Batho (former opt. of War Witch, now Asst. Supt.) is recovering from an attack of pneumonia. Called at the hospital & chatted with Batho, who says he will be out in ten days.—"I've gotta get out: this joint costs $6 a day!"

Sea at Rodgers & spent evening there.

Jan. 30.

Fire in bunker extinguished this morning. Took a couple of snapshots in Point Pleasant Park. Evening aboard studying. Total prohibition comes into force tomorrow, so Fleming, Shearer, Gagnon, & Brinkman staged a booze party in
the saloon, & made the night hideous till
5 A.M.

Feb. 1. Met old Muckle ashore this
morning. He didn't recognise me. He's
commander of the "Volwenda" now.
Evening at Lovett's with Daisy S.

Feb. 2. Loading cable from sheds
all day. Our 800 metre radio attach-
ment arrived: consists of a large extra
A.T.1. and a new jagger primary. We
sail Feb. 4th, so no time to install it.
Orpheus, alone, tonight.

Feb. 3. Snowing again. Letts says
Baths had a relapse. Called at Higgins'
tonight returning aboard 9 P.M.

Feb. 4. Cold & clear. Purchased reading
matter at Globe's bookstore, Barrington St.
Sailed at noon. Sea smooth.

on grounds at noon, Lat. 41.19 N, Long. 64.59 W.
My new cabin is very poky & stuffy, &
is right over one of the screws. Below the
waterline so no ventilation. Vibration &
bad air make it a very poor sub. for
the cabin I just vacated.
Feb. 6.
Sunday. Rough sea, heavy rain & rising wind all day. Gale going strong. Lifeboat on port deck nearly carried away during the night. Took some snapshots. Picked up loud sigs. from 1×6 and KQG (?) the latter very weak. “My name is Martin” says 1×6. “Yes,” says other fellow, “I met you about 2 years ago. Long conversation. “Green Harbor” (?) mentioned several times.

Feb. 7.
Wind lulled this morning, but high sea running. Very cold. Picked up radioophone at 11:45 A.M. Sigs. weak. Wind sprang up with new violence this afternoon. 7 P.M. Picked up SOS relayed by VCU: - “Belgian S/S Bombardier sinking Lat. 40° 34’ N, Long. 54° 55’ W. British S/S Dominion going his assistance will reach him in fourteen hours. No further word.

Feb. 8.
Sea & wind dropping all day. Sunny but cold. VAL advises S/S Bombardier abandoned and crew safe.

Feb. 9.

Feb. 10.
Sky overcast, sea choppy. Picked up cable at noon but it parted at 4 p.m. Wind getting up. Shore stations broadcasting gale warnings. Midnight, hope to.

Feb. 11. Heavy gale, wind actually warm, temperature like summer on deck. Amused ourselves today arguing about the behavior of a bottle dropped from moving train:—would it fall straight down or travel in the direction of the train? If so how far. Assuming train went 60 M.P.H., bottle was dropped from window 10 feet A.G.L., we found that bottle would travel 69 1/2 feet before touching earth. Formula is:—

\[ T = \frac{N^2S}{N^2 - g} \]

where \( T \) is time elapsed before touching earth, \( S \) is distance fallen, \( N \) is gravity.


Feb. 13. Wind & sea smooth. Lowered grapnel 8 A.M. & hooked cable 10 A.M. Cable at bow, 2:30 P.M., O.K. to Fort Rockaway. 6 P.M. Buoying off. NAA reports floating mine Lat. 37° 35' N., Long. 64° 36' W.
Feb. 14. Sunny weather. Spirited debate with Pitch over cable versus wireless as a medium for trans-ocean telegraph. Pitch says wireless will never be serious rival of cable companies, while I point out that wireless gives just as good service for less money, not having the expensive submarine wires to maintain. Time will tell.

4 P.M. Wind sprung up & rose to gale proportions in a short time, so grapnel hauled aboard.

Feb. 15. Terrific rolling & pitching all night; worst in my experience. No sleep as one had to hang grimly to the bunk or risk being hurled out bodily. Heavy seas kept deck awash all day. Weather screens on poop torn to ribbons.

10 P.M. Wind dropping but sea still high.

Feb. 16. Fine weather but sea too high for cable work. Worked out capacity of a standard Marconi earth arrester as 0004091 Mfd.

6 P.M. Wind up again, blowing gale from S.W., very warm & moist.

Feb. 17. Heavy S and SW gales all day with very high sea. Sky cleared tonight.
1921
Feb. 18. Fine weather, but wind & sea still too high for cable work. Our mark buoy shifted NE. during night & skipper reports strong current here (Gulf Stream?). S/S Meissonier, Belgian, passed us 11 P.M. bound Antwerp to Hampton Roads.

Feb. 19. Commenced cable work this morning. Cable hooked 2 P.M. & at bow 6 P.M. Proved to be a short end! See sketch:

![Sketch of cable work](image)

(Sketch is NOT drawn to scale)

We joined the two buoys with a new piece but found to our disgust that the Far Rockaway end had frayed through 2 miles from the buoy. Some luck! Arlington, NAA, forecasts NE gales shifting to NW.

Feb. 20. Sky overcast. Noon, standing by for heavy gale. Some fun this afternoon teasing "Denby" Moore, 5th engineer, who wrote a book "Telephone Wiring" and paid...
a printer to turn out one copy of it. It has limp leather covers and his name in large gilt letters on the front.

Midnight. Another warm, moist gale blowing.

Feb. 21. No sleep again. Last night, terrific movement of the old tent,unscrewing, etc. Propellers of my electric fan came adrift and whipped out of the darkness onto my face. 8 A.M. Wind shifted to NW and we are now freezing in a wintry gale instead of sweating in a warm one. 10 P.M. Gale lullled.


Feb. 24. Wind and sea and rain all day. Very depressing weather.

Feb. 25. Cold and overcast, with heavy swell. Heard 5/5 Canadian Sailor, XVII (Capt. Baker) bound Baltimore to Halifax. Sounded like "Skin" Wilson's jerky list at the key.

Feb. 27. Sunday. Another gale in progress. 8 A.M. Brazilian s/s Barambu passed us on port side & reported a "drifting buoy" with position thereof I called him & told him it was our mark buoy A.1. French Liner, s/s La Savoie FTS passed us quite close this afternoon.

Feb. 28. Violent gale all day. Spoke s/s Canadian Fisher, YGBM, bound Halifax. Her chief officer is our old friend Leblanc, who sent a message to Gagnon.

Mar. 1. No sleep again. My cabin very poky & stuffy. Bright sun all day, but too much swell for cable work. 6 P.M. Rain.

Mar. 2. Fine weather. 8 A.M. Lowered hook. 4 P.M. No luck. Pushed further on & lowered hook again at 6 P.M.

Mar. 3. Glorious weather. Hooked cable in small hours but it parted 300 ft. from surface. 8 A.M. Lowered hook again. Hooked Far Rockaway end but it parted at 1 P.M. s/s Port Curtis passed us.
very close at sundown. We leave grounds tomorrow for Halifax to replenish supplies. Dull morning. Sea smooth with long swell. Picked up one buoy & removed lights from another. 3 P.M. Heading for Halifax. Sincerely hope this is my last trip on the Mackay-Bennett. Getting fed up on this kind of sea-going & my new cubby-hole-cabin fairly gives me the horrors. Midnight. Head wind, sea choppy.

Mar. 5. Beautiful weather, getting noticeably colder as we move north & near the shore. 11 P.M. Off Chebucto Head. Slept up at half past midnight. Very cold.


Mar. 8. Stella handed me my cap with badge affixed. The badge is new Marconi one, a hideous affair, very large and
very gaudy. Spent part evening at Toote's, part at Higgins. Returning aboard at 10 P.M., found all officers ashore except Shearer who had a girl in his cabin. Lady seemed to object to his attentions for she commenced to yell lustily. Pitch had come aboard just behind me and responding gallantly to the S.O.S. signals as all good wireless ops. should, we bore down on Shearer's cabin. Lady immediately ceased distress calls, and after a considerable silence she & Shearer emerged and went ashore. Which goes to show that women are peculiar & that Sir Galahad would have poor pickings these days.

Got my uniform allowance, $50.00, this morning from Letts. Pitch & I, under Taylor's direction assembled the 800 metre "gadget". An awful job, as the attachment very poorly made & most of the parts didn't fit our apparatus. Tonight took Gordon to Majestic Theatre, where stock company, including Edna Preston, were putting on a musical comedy "The Talk of New York." Musical stuff
1921

being a new venture from stock, & not one of 'em being able to sing worth a cent, it was a flop. The chorus was local talent, three of them being North End acquaintances, & they could neither sing nor dance. Much more comedy than the players meant it to be.

Mar. 10. Colton, from the Navy Yard, aboard tuning the 800 metre wave. Brinkman, purser, passed his radio exam today, so presume my services not needed much longer. Evening at Knodell & Higgins.

Mar. 11. Pitch told me, entre nous, that Taylor had notified Marconi Co. that I would be returned to their service in another month. Opheus this evening.

Mar. 12. Pitch & I shopping this morning for gramophone records.


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"Stephan" homeward bound from her Havana - Miami job. Noon posn. Lat. 42.01 North, Long. 66.09 West. Expect arrive Nantucket Shoals tomorrow for repair job there.


Sea continues smooth. Intermittent sunshine & fog. 6 P.M. On the job, just 40 miles from Nantucket Lightship. Noon Lat. 40.01 N., Long. 69.27 W.

Obscure weather. Skipper waiting take observations. Noon posn. Lat. 39.52 N., Long. 69.44 W.

5 P.M. Commenced dragging. Clear & warm. 10 P.M. Picked up SOS of U.S. Army Transport "Madawaska" NEE, hit in collision with S/S Invincible wcii in Lat. 39.30 N., Long. 73.59 W.

We are 200 miles from him. wcii is apparently undamaged & standing by.

10:45 P.M. NEE to New York NAH. - "Here Madawaska rammed by S/S Invincible at 9:37 P.M. Number One hold full water. No immediate danger. Have all my boats swung out. Will transfer passengers to wcii at daylight."
1921

Mar. 16: Cable hooked in the night but proved to be a short end. Standing by in dense fog all day. Tonight sky cleared except for bank of fog on horizon. There was a severe lightning storm some distance from us. No thunder. The fog bank reflected the swifthy flashing lightning creating the curious illusion of a naval battle far away in the darkness. Atmospherics rendered reception impossible.

Mar. 17: Beautiful sunny morning with freshening wind. Spoke C.S. "Edouard Jerome" homeward bound from New York & asked M. Michel present my regards to "votre fille Suzanne; voici un compagnon de l'école." To which he replied, "Je ferai le comission avec plaisir." Nantucket Shoals Lighthouse, NLA, called up this p.m. Feeling chatty. Capt. is a Vermonter. Asked for my address & said he would write me when he got ashore, sometime in June. Hooked cable 5 p.m.: Another short end.

Mar. 18: Bright sun, but high wind all day, which rendered cable
1921

work impossible. Walking poop with Pitch all afternoon. Very cold.

Mar. 19.

Glorious weather. Sea like glass. Dragging all day without success. Hooked cable shortly before midnight.

Mar. 20

Sunday. 10 A.M. Dropped final splice Nantucket repair & pushing east to the job we left. Wind getting up all day & heavy sea running by 3 P.M. when Norwegian s/s Kelfjord passed us, making heavy weather of it.

Mar. 21

Heavy sea running. Arrived on George's Shoal repair job at 10:30 A.M. Unable to find out mark buoys owing fog. 4:30 P.M. Ship fog horn blowing near us. Sails all day, with heavy seas sweeping the decks and making one's journeys to & from the radio shack rather hazardous. Found eastern buoy.

Mar. 22

3:30 P.M. Big U.S. warship abeam bound west. Weather moderating at midnight.

Mar. 23

Beautiful weather with calm sea. Perfect cable repair weather — and the Old Man spent the day hunting the lost western buoy. 10 P.M. Dragging at last.
1921. Mar. 24. Cable hooked this morning but parted 13 fms. from surface. Calm weather. U.S. Navy armed tanker Ramapo, a big fellow, passed bound N.Y. from Brest, also White Star Liner Celtic, both fairly close.

Had "words" with purser Brinkman, a loudmouthed bozo with a permanent thirst and an exaggerated idea of his own importance. Told him quit prying into drawers in wireless room & he was very annoyed. Called me a "small boy." Told him I was worth ten of him & offered to back it up with my fists as soon as we get into a port.

6 P.M. Cable at bow, tested ok. to Far Rockaway. 9 P.M. Paying out.

Mar. 25. Hot Cross Buns for breakfast.

Another skirmish with Brinkman who couldn't bother to look for NAA press (which came in my watch) so told Skipper I hadn't copied it. I produced it and there were ructions. A great life.

Heavy gale all day, with intermittent heavy downpours of rain.
Mar. 26. Fine day but heavy swell. No cable work. This afternoon we had a little target practice, towing a whiskey bottle by a long cord astern. Taylor used his .22 Colt automatic, Capt. Stewart and myself used .32 Smith & Wesson revolvers. Tonight worked up Canadian Fisher VGBM, who has burst a high pressure cylinder in Lat. 37° N., Long. 69° W.

Mar. 27. Easter Sunday. Completed our work of Feb. 13th & 19th this morning, & spent the day picking up buoys.


Mar. 29. Wind sprung up & reached terrific force this afternoon. Skipper & I were drenched by wave which broke over the poop. Press dispatches tonight say 80 mile gale swept N. Y. yesterday. This is evidently the gale.

Mar. 30. Heavy sea & wind moderating steadily. Humbled across our last buoy this morning, 23 miles adrift.
1921
Mar. 31. Lowered grapnel at noon, but no luck. 4 P.M. Up grapnel owing to increasing wind. Cape Sable, N.S., V.C.U., out of commission several hours today repairing defective receiving gear.


April 2. Heavy weather. Sun appeared this afternoon & wind subsided slowly.

April 3. Gale sprung up again this morning & blew all day. Press reports tonight say British miners on strike again. They seem to detest work.

April 4. Fine weather at last. Dragging all morning & hooked cable shortly after dinner. 5 P.M. Cable at bow and off to Far Rockaway. Midnight. Buoying off. Wind this morning but calm by mid afternoon when grapnel lowered.

April 5. Fine & warm. Picked up from V.C.U. & others that Imperial Oil tanker Impoco, Z.E.U., struck Blonde Rock at 7 A.M. & sent out SOS. This was in Mr. Brinkman's watch, he shows no record of it in his log. Which means he was asleep on duty.
1921

April 6. Cable hooked 9.30 last night, & final splice dropped 9.30 this morning. 10 A.M. Heading for Halifax. Think this is my last trip on MMB. Heavy weather all day.

April 7. Glorious weather, but making poor time; passed s/s Canadian Spinner off Chebucto Head, bound out. Tied up at wharf, Halifax, 5.30 P.M.

April 8. Taylor notified Marconi office that I could now be returned to their service. Supt. Letts told me with apologetic air that I would be transferred to Table Island. Ye gods! I kicked, but he was adamant though very nice about it, pointing out that VCT is a busy station, requiring best operators, etc. Met Capt. Baker of s/s Canadian. Sailor who wants an operator & says he will get Letts transfer me to his ship. Bought a cabin trunk. Evening at casino theatre. Met Beatrice Selig, who ordered me attend a "rubber" social at St. Matthias on the 12th. I promised I’d go.
1921
April 9. Signed off S/S Mackay-Bennett at noon, & moved my stuff to Acadia Hotel, Granville St. Letts insists I am only competent opr. available for shore station work, so to Table Island I must go despite Capt. Baker's request. Called on Higgins family. Later went Orpheus theatre.

April 10. Sunday. St. Matthias this morning. Spent day with Higgins. Returned to hotel 10 P.M. & found a merry party in drawing room. Emily Gardiner (Pil Emily of Western Union) introduced me. Gang included "Sav" Noonan of C.S. Lord Kelvin (whose sisters I met in Pictou), bunch of players from Ackers theatre, & others. Pianos, banjos, ukuleles, mandolins. Playing & singing till 1 A.M.

April 11. Took in Ackers this evening & saw the merry guests of the Acadia Hotel in their full war paint. Some show. Supper with Billie Collins of the show, at Mader's after the performance.

April 12. Tea with Capt. & Mrs. Peters. At social, St. Matthias hall, a very dull evening. Saw Bee Fellig home. She's as
crazy as ever, but in another way, having acquired religious mania since I knew her last.

April 13. Made out power of attorney so Mother can draw on my bank account. Sea at Higgins. Bade farewell to Allen's & Bootes. Took in Orpheus, later.

April 14. Ordered S. Cunard Co. deliver 1 ton soft coal at 71 Duncan St. on or after May 1st. Met Hilda Smardon this afternoon & took her to the Strand this evening. Met Daisy F, also with a fellow. MIM!

April 15. Called on my old school teacher Miss Emma Speakston. Harold Speakston's fiancée, a very pretty English girl, is staying there. Took in Ackers show tonight, alone.

April 16. Two front teeth filled by dentist (Dr. Faulkner, Göttingen Street). Very painful. Fainted for first time in my life. Bee Selig phoned the hotel & invited me to a little gathering at her home tonight. Spent a merry evening there & escorted
1921

April 17. Sunday. St. Matthias tonight. Left Brough to the Ferry afterward. A very charming Dartmouth girl. Farewell to Higgins family. Returned to hotel, where 15 or 20 were busy with a medley of instruments singing till the small hours. Then supper at Mader's cafe.

April 18. Crossed to Dartmouth & boarded the C.G.S. Lady Laurier to see Bert Harris. Some other fellows blew in & we finished two bottles of rum. Had tea aboard with Bert. Took in Ackers show with him & had a wonderful time, especially when the "prima donna" sang "Kiss me again" and stopped abreast of us (we were in the front row) and held out her arms to Bert over the footlights. He let out a blood-curdling whoop and leaping to his feet tried to pass her two of the new shiny coppers à la Amerique which are now in circulation. Later met op. from 35 Canadian Gunner & another op. An uproarious evening. Supper at Maders.
1921

April 19. Butho passed me a list of stuff to get for the boys at Table Island. Mostly smoking supplies. Met Hilda Smardon again and took her to the Casino. Saw Janbon, former op. of the Minea there.

April 20. Boarded C.S.S. Dollard at Marine & Fisheries wharf to inquire when she sails for Table Island. Sea aboard with Hawkes, her op. He says we sail 22nd. Came up town with him, gathering Charlie Peach of C.S. Lord Kelvin and Davison of H.H. Canadian Warrior, enroute. Decided Bert Harris of C.S. Lady Lavare would be an addition to the party so went to his favorite hangout. This is a liquor dive on the top floor of a Granville St. business block, kept by "One-Eye" Charlie Dace. Sent Hawkes in to investigate. He came flying down the stairs, with his revolver in his hand saying there was a "dead man on the stairs". So, thinking of the police, we told him to throw the gun away or...
April 21.

Bade Mrs. Hartlin, manager of the hotel, a fond farewell and took taxi across the harbor to the Dollard. Taxi fare $4.50. Robbery. Took in Ackers this afternoon with Charlie Peach. Sea on his ship Orpheus in the evening. Bade him "SK" and left Halifax at 11 P.M. on the Dartmouth ferry. I will not set foot there for a year or more. Seems like a lifetime.
April 22.

C.S. S. Dollard left Dartmouth
for Sable Island, 11 A.M. I had the
cabin usually occupied by the Supt. of
Lighthouses, so travelled de luxe. Spent
the day in the wireless cabin with
Hawkes. Splendid weather.

April 23.

9 A.M. Off Sable Island
Waiting for island crew to come
off with surf boats. 12:30 P.M., landed
in first boat after a thrilling "ride"
across the bar on the crest of a wave.
Chief "Mike" Walsh & ops. Williams met
me on the beach. Carried my grips a
mile over the sand dunes to the wireless
station, which is a long bungalow containing
engine room, operating room, bathroom & three
bedrooms for operators, and apartment
for chief ops. Other ops are Butler
& Cope. Cook is a Pettipas from Portug-
esian love. A good crowd. Butler
offered take my watch if I felt tired,
but felt fine and went on watch midnight.

April 24.

Sunday. Off watch 8 A.M.

Slept till 3 P.M. On watch again at
6 P.M. Cope is now chief ops, taking
place of Walsh, who left on Dollard on leave. I strained my back starting the Lister gasoline engine which supplies our power, an unaccustomed exercise, and am bent nearly double.

We are part of a network here comprising North Sydney VCO: Cape Race VCE: Cape Ray VCR: Grindstone Sd. VCN: Cape Bear VCP: Cape Sable VCU: Sable Sd. VCT: all of which, except Cape Race, are controlled by camperdown VCS (Halifax). Cape Race is responsible only to Head Office, Montreal.

Apparatus here is a medley of stuff, power 2 KW, of surprising efficiency. Synchronous rotary spark. Umbrella aerial supported by 165 foot mast consisting of 3 white pine spars shackled together.

Watches are: Midnight - 8 a.m. 8 a.m. - Noon: Noon - 6 p.m. 6 p.m. - Midnight

Population of island consists of 20 men, including myself, all connected with wireless, lighthouse or lifesaving service. Women & children bring total to 40, scattered along the 26 mile length of the island, at various posts.
Telephone line connects all lifesaving posts and lighthouses. Men patrol beaches every day there is fog, in case of castaways. They use the Sable Island ponies, several of which have been caught and tamed for this purpose also for hauling lifeboat back & forth.

SABLE ISLAND
PATROL TICKET

Date ____________________________

Station No. ____________________________

A. M. ____________________________

P. M. ____________________________

Patrolman ____________________________

The island is just a big sandbar, devoid of trees or bushes, its surface a maze of dunes and gullies with here & there a small lake of brackish water.
April 26. Pony team hauled my trunk up from Main Station today, also our stores for the next 3 months. Cope getting worried over large sore on his lip which he thinks is a pipe cancer.

April 27. Butler & I put up a pair of driftwood goalposts, as we have a football. "Bill" Williams left today on pony-back for a visit to Station No. 3 kept by a lifesaver named Walter Blank. It is eight miles from here. Having resolved to quit smoking and having brought no tobacco with me with that in mind, I burned my pipe today to the great horror of the crew who solemnly assure me I will "go crazy here without a pipe."

April 29. Cope has worried himself over his lip "cancer" until his half crazed and the rest of the bunch became equally worked up until they followed my example of the 27th and with one accord burned their pipes!! They kept the tobacco to make cigarettes of it.

April 30. Am spending my hours off-watch, these days, in exploring those parts of
May 1. Sunday. Sore on Lope's lip looks better and ops. wish they hadn't burnt pipes. Bill Williams and myself took a stroll along south beach today and found large number rolls kraft wrapping paper cast ashore. I picked out a good one and brought it back to station to dry out.

May 2. This afternoon Bill and I rowed across the lagoon in our dory (which was conveniently cast up on the beach prior to my arrival) and walked along south bar about 2 miles toward West lighthouse. Came upon 200 seals sunning themselves well up on the sand and killed a large female with staves from a heavy cask nearby. Amazed to find that these big creatures can be killed so easily. A blow on side of head did the trick. Skinned her with my jackknife and made breakfast out of her.
1921

dragged the skin, with its heavy sub-layer of fat, 2 miles to the dory—no mean task in this loose sand.

May 3.

Scraping blubber from sealskin.

May 5.

Finished cleaning my sealskin.

Some difficulty with flippers and head.

Stretched in a driftwood frame with lengths of marlin. Cope gave us a violin recital tonight. He is a wonderful violinist but leans toward the sad & haunting tunes. The violin is a melancholy instrument anyway. Rain all day.

May 6.

Rain again. Banjo VAX kicked about us using 800 metre wave when working VCE so we spent the day trying to rig up a 1000 metre wave with an extra A.T.I. and an addition to jigger primary. Radiation very poor.

May 7.

Blank, from No. 3 lifesaving station called today on ponyback.

Succeeded in raising VCE on 920 metres & will use this wave henceforth.

May 9.

Yesterday & today we were trading. Butler sold his gramophone to Cope for $45.00; two suits' clothes were swapped.
1921

"swapped" my suit of grey "musti" and my navy trenchcoat for his khaki raglan, camera case and $50 cash.

Visited main lifesaving station today with Cope. Heavy snowfall tonight.

May 10. Cope had 60 gramophone records hauled from main station. They belong to Campbell, the absent "governor" of the Island, who gave Cope leave to use them.

May 11. These seals are invulnerable to bullets according to the islanders. Bell and I set out to prove it today and are pretty well convinced. We took the usual clubs and I had my .32 calibre Smith & Wesson revolver. We hailed the dory westward along the lagoon, past the main station, to where the seals usually gather. We disturbed a big herd of the "lagoon" seals which slipped into the lagoon at a warning grunt from the sentinel before we got a chance at them. But we caught a glimpse of something lying on the seaward slope of the beach, wormed our way on our bellies
for some distance, and then leaped to our feet for the attack. We got a big surprise, for our quarry proved to be ten big "hood" seals instead of the much smaller lagoon seals. Formidable beggars. Bill dashed between them and the water and I opened fire on a big brute lying well up the beach. They all headed around Bill for the sea, but I emptied my revolver into the necks and shoulders of the big fellow before he got far. It made him furious and he bled profusely, but it didn't hinder his activity one bit. He made a furious rush at Bill, who was still valiantly barring retreat, and snarled so fiercely as to compel Bill to drop his club and skip for safety. I made a rush at him from behind but as I drew abreast of his hind flippers he made a prodigious flop into the sea, and swam away. So we returned empty-handed. I feel very conceited over my good shooting, as the seal was moving at an incredible speed despite the flippety-flappety gait.
May 12. Mother & the girls sail from England today on the Saxonia.

May 13. Friday. No bad luck, though. Sold my telescope to Butler for $7.00 and a white sealskin. He owes the seven bucks.

May 18. Bill & I had a dip in the lagoon today. Too cold for comfort. Don Johnson, of lifesaving staff, called on pony back with a pup seal he caught on the beach. A cute little animal with big eyes and lots of energy, he bawled disapproval of his kidnapping throughout his visit. Got snapshots of it.

Washed my accumulated linen, and found the job very uncongenial. And I've got to do it for a year!

May 20. Schooner Esperanto fishing very close to south beach, where Bill & I watched her this afternoon. 20 dories out handlining from her.

May 21. Cope examined base of mast today & found it badly rotted. Thinks new one may be necessary.

May 23. Pouring rain all day. Monotony, thy name is Table Island.
1921

No fire in office since May 21, as Butler is incessantly snoozing on his night watch & letting fire go out. As we use hard coal, lighting it is a matter of difficulty, so we’re letting it go till Butler lights it again.

May 24.

Cold, damp weather. Getting on the nerves. Butler told Bill that I let the fire out. I promptly told Butler he was a damn liar. War in the air.

May 27.

Still cold, dull weather. Wind southerly during daytime, shifting north east at night. Butler paid me 75¢ he owes me, and I bought two white sealskins from Cope for 12¢.

May 28.

Rain all day. VE& working Saxonia MSA today. Butler left, by pony, to visit No. 3. All dressed up.

This is mating time among the wild ponies, and we are regaled daily with fierce battles between rival stallions.

May 29.

Today Bill & I visited a gull “colony” to steal eggs. The gulls (islanders call them “steerins”) seem to select
1921

A portion of the beach above sea-level & lay eggs in little hollows in the sand. The nests are hither & yon, and the parent birds let the sun do the hatching for them. They are very fierce in defense of their eggs & Bill had to wield a long stick overhead while I robbed the nests. We got six dozen, big spotted eggs and hauled them in triumph to our skeptical cook. He served them up as an omelet for tea, but they proved tasteless, rather like eating putty, so weren't eaten.

May 30.

Tragedy in our midst. Two spars protuding from the water between the wireless station & West Light, told a grim story of a vessel driven ashore in the night. Schooner Elsie II was leaving vicinity of wreck but did not respond to signals beyond dipping her flag. Lifeboat put off from Main Station & found vessel sunk with all sails set and all dories lashed to deck. A dory was pulled up with long boat-hook & had the name Esperanto painted on stem. To the swift Yankee fisherman, which won the
1921

Halifax Herald cup last year, has met an untimely end. She apparently struck submerged wreck of S/S Virginia (?) while beating round West bar, and either sank with all hands or transferred crew to Elsie II which was fishing in her company yesterday. Halifax Herald got hold of news & wired VCS for particulars.

May 31.

Nothing came ashore from Esperanto yet. Naugle, acting lifeboat cox'n, temporary "super" of island got drunk today from flotsam rum, together with his worthy crew, and came to the wireless station looking for trouble. Naugle accused us of tapping the island phone wire in order overhear conversations between lifesaving stations, set his men to work digging up the poles & moving them about 100 yards away from our buildings. A most amusing performance. We were rather scared when the row started, & war was in the air for some time, but the sheer idiocy of the whole business, and Cope's droll Irish comments on the work as it progressed.
1921

saved the day. Cope tells me there is a lot of this rum cached about the island. It came ashore in drums from a wreck, before I arrived here.

June 1. Walked to West Light this morning along south bar. Climbed old light which is now at mercy of sea at high tide, and was replaced some years ago by the steel one further inland. Spoke /s/ Saxonia, / by courtesy her ops. exchanged conversations with Mother. Wired Messrs. Peters & Higgins that Mother & girls arrive Piet 2. Halifax at 8 A.M. June 2 nd.

June 2. Beautiful weather. Story from Esperanto came ashore on north beach today. Also a hatch cover. Beaches being patrolled in case bodies come ashore.

June 4. Rain. Cook Pettipas gave me a "jailbird" haircut yesterday and everyone is highly amused.

June 5. Sunday. Just for a change I donned my natty ship uniform, complete with wing collar & white shirt & went for a stroll along north beach as if it
1921

were Piccadilly. Cope, Pettipas & Bill while walking along the beach this evening found a young seal with hind flippers apparently paralysed. So they killed it and buried it with solemn rites, out of the way of the gulls.

June 6. Camperdown vcs reports crew of Esperanto arrived in Halifax aboard Elsie II. All well. Good.

June 7. Butler’s pet seal which he has been trying to rear on Carnation milk gave up the ghost today. Starved to death. Doug, Pettipas & I to West Light tonight. Washed some of my clothes on night watch. As a washlady I am a failure, for I scrub the linen to shreds without getting it very clean. This afternoon I started to walk to No. 2. lifesaving station, kept by Walter Blank, 9 miles from wireless station. Got as far as No. 13, an old deserted, ghostly building buried in sand to the eaves, and turned back, appeasing hunger with cranberries en route.

June 11. Caught a young duckling this afternoon. Cute, but very loudsy!
1921

I let him go, pronto! Found a plover's nest with young.

"Uncle" old carpenter from Main Station, visited us today, Sunday. He doesn't care much for the island or his mates, the lifesavers. They tease the poor old fellow a lot. He is a Channel Islander, & pines for his native Guernsey.

June 12.

Very heavy surf. Seas washing clear across south beach into lagoon.

June 14. Lightning storm this morning.
Atmospherics bad on wire all day. Amused myself making a model ship to sail on the lagoon. Back to childhood!

June 15. Found several duck's nests.
Also a dead pony in a sand-gulch just south of wireless station. Very ripe.
Completed boat, calling it "Elenor Maersk," after a squarehead ship I worked while on watch today. It sails the lake rather awkwardly. Too much canvas for size of rudder.

June 16. Friction increasing in our little family. Bill & I against course &
1921

Butler. Butler leaves the island next boat, and Cope soft-soaping him in order that Halifax Supt. will hear a good account of "O. In. C. Table Island". War with Cope. My night watch. Engine behaved erratically; finally refused to start, but I worked VCO x VCS O.K. on emergency set. A quiet line all night, so did not turn out Cope, simply writing "Unable start engine. Used P.A." in log. Cope accused me of trying to reflect on his efficiency as C.S.O. by failing to call him & making above log entry. Gratitude.

June 17.

June 18.

Heavy rain. Cope got his sleep ruined tonight so maybe he's happy now. He repacked the little pump which forces lubricating oil into engine bearings, and in replacing pump, broke feed pipe from oil reservoir. He had to stay up all night working at it, and finally used rubber tube from Bill's dory engine. He also soldered internal connections of aerial tuning condenser.

June 19.

A strange craft arrived at Esperanto spars, 11 A.M. At 3 P.M.
1921

A party came ashore, announced themselves as from the salvage motorship Fabia and introduced themselves as Roy Atkinson, correspondent of the Boston Post, Ben Attwell representing United Press, Associated Press, and Halifax Herald, also Maloney, Sliett, and Anderson of Fabia's crew. Anderson, a Swede, is chief rigger for Gordon Pew fisheries, Gloucester. It seems that Mr. Abbot of Gloucester, Me., has bought out insurance rights in the Esperanto, and with financial assistance of Boston Post, has fitted out an expedition to raise the wreck. The idea being to race Esperanto again in the contest next Fall. They have chartered the Fabia, which has 10 Saliets pontoons for raising the wreck. The pontoons are a new and untried invention. Atkinson and Attwell sent 261 words of press to their papers, and had a late lunch with us for which they were very grateful. They then returned aboard. It was wonderful to see a new face and hear a new voice.
1921

June 20. Heavy rain & SW wind all day. Fabia rolling heavily some distance from wreck. Bill & I pretty busy as sp Paris FGG, a new boat, buzzed about 80 long messages at us, mostly in French & German. Whiteford, my opposite number at vcs, sending chronic more but receiving very well.

June 21. Beautiful day. Light SW to W winds. Butler went aboard Fabia in the island surfboat & bummed a bunch of tobacco, sharing the spoils with Cope. Talking to Mike Walsh at vcs, who returns here as O.S.C. on next boat. He says boat due to leave in ten or twelve days.

June 22. Hot weather. Fabia's crack diver, Jack Gardner, examined wreck yesterday & reported several small holes in port side. As she lies on starboard side, he couldn't say condition there. Heavy surf today prevents landing from Fabia. Bill & I spent the hot afternoon spearing flatfish from the dory, in lagoon. They were scarce & our spears are poor, but we got fifteen.
June 23. Our flatfish served up for dinner proved a welcome change of diet. Fog all day. Heavy thunderstorm 8 P.M. Bill had words with Cope today over Butler. Cope had championed Butler's sense of duty, which Bill cast aspersions on. So Bill told Cope of Butler sleeping 3 hours of his watch on night of June 21st, also of 3 mgs copied by Butler in 2 days which proved subsequently to be incorrect. One mg. was in code and Butler had 11 groups wrong.


June 26. Sunny Sabbath. No news from Fabia since 21st owing poor landing conditions. I found some gull eggs this afternoon on point of hatching. The "chicks" were pecking their way out of shells. I helped one out. He was just a blob of meat with great beak & googly eyes.

June 27. 10 A.M. Esperanto's bow came out of water on 4 Salier pontoons. Great excitement on Fabia. Atkinson &
1921

Atwell hurried ashore. They landed in a gull colony and were rash enough to kidnap a couple of newly hatched "chicks," and had to beat off a vengeful flock of gulls all the way to our station. They sent 1300 words of press.

June 28.

Esperanto disappeared again today. Pontoons under bow slipped out.

June 29.

Butler comfortably eating breakfast at 8:05 when he should relieve me sharp 8, as I was on since midnight.

Butler: "When I am called at 7:30 I will relieve you at 8, & no other time."

Me: "I'll call you any time I please & you'll relieve me on time."

Cope present, but said nothing.

June 30.

Esperanto stern now out of water. Bill, "Uncle" & I tried stabbing flatfish in lagoon but only got five.

July 1.

Rain all day. Friction with Butler came to a head when for the umpteenth time he let office fire out & failed relight it. Night watches here are chilly vigils without a fire, even at this time of year. I was to go on watch.
1921

At midnight, so gave Butler till then to light the fire. I promised him a thrashing if there was no fire when I went on watch. Which was big talk. He is bigger than I, but I think I can lick him. He lit the fire. So I called it quits & shook hands with him.

July 2. Atkinson, Andersen & Captain McLuish of S Fabra came ashore today, pretty well fed-up with the expedition. They have raised Esperanto to surface 3 times, but pontoons slipped at critical moment every time. Atkinson stayed the night with us, glad of a solid footing & a hot bath. Capt. McLuish went on to visit No. 5, where Walter Blank, his old schoolmate, keeps watch. Heavy rain & fog.

July 3. McLuish arrived on horseback this morning, his huge weight bowing the pony's back & presenting a ludicrous spectacle. The pony was pretty badly
1921

Blown x spreading his feet well apart: “A game lil hawse,” says McLursh.

“When I got aboard ‘smornin’ he turned his head & gave me a long sad look, but he got me here. Hadda slide off & walk sometimes to let him get his wind; and had a plaguey job gettin’ aboard again; but here I am.” Atkinson stayed with us again tonight. Doesn’t care much for Fabia.

July 4. Beautiful day but bad surf keeps our visitors ashore. Doug & I gathering wild strawberries, which are plentiful, go very nicely with tinned cream. Atkinson slept at Main Station tonight so as to be there when boat puts off.

July 5. Atkinson got away alright: called me on ’phone just before leaving & wished me good luck.

July 6. Bill spent day aboard Fabia & reports everybody fed up with trip.


July 11. Mike at VCS says boat sails for here. July 25th. We are bathing in the lagoon all day everyday when off watch.
July 12. Out for a dip with Butler. After a few unsuccessful efforts I managed to swim a few strokes. Wonderful dense fog.

July 15. Fog since July 10th. Am now able to swim two dory lengths. Visited Main Station with Butler. Lifeboat house is decorated with nameplates of dozens of wrecked ships. One of the crew, Albert Savoy, makes ingenious photo-frames from driftwood and sea-shells. Had a glass of fresh milk and some of their cockney cook’s famous lemon pie. He hails me like a brother, as the boys told him I am English & I always talk to him in the broadest cockney I can muster.

July 16. Fog cleared for brief interval. Wreck still there but Fabia gone. Simpson at VOS says Bill is to be sent to Louisburg, Butler to be fired, Whiteford to come here, according gossip he hears. Bill, on watch, saw a ghost tonight. Claims a white figure passed along boardwalk outside operating room. Cope, Doug, & Butler in room with him at time, all got in a sweat about it. I went on watch midnight, assuring them (myself) that Bill’s ghost was his own shadow on the fog outside. But I kept my loaded revolver on the instrument table at my hand all night!!
1921

July 18
In great distress from hay fever since yesterday. Main Stn. cook prescribes Minards Liniment. Ye gods!

July 19
C.G.S. "Lady Lawrie" VDF called up today, bound Sydney. Bert Harris at key. Told him give my love to Amy Moulton. He says coming to VCT next month.
Sent Nellie congrats on her 20th birthday.

July 20
Butler & I plugged up old VCT gas tank & used it for an aquatic broncho in the lagoon. Can now swim 25 feet.

July 22
Heavy surf. Esperanto breaking up. Sparrow and timber drifting ashore.

July 26
Hot days; we are in the water every spare minute. Grub getting scarce.
Living mainly on salt beef & beans.

July 29
Cope wired ashore informing Lotts of our food shortage. No vegetables and no meat except tinned mutton.

July 31
Cope came into wireless room with a chip on his shoulder, during my watch, & declared that I ran engine unnecessarily. Hinted that I was too lazy to shut engine down during quiet periods. I showed my log and asked him point
Aug. 1.

Lett's wired that boat leaves first of next week. Blank sent up a brace of chickens, some "murphies", turnips & eggs from No. 3. A welcome addition to the larder.

Aug. 3.

Swimming as usual. We found a deep pool in the lagoon about a mile west of our station, & rigged up a springboard. Butler bought my uniform for $60, apparently intending to dazzle feminine eyes when he gets ashore.

Aug. 5.

Much fuss on wire over Premiers Meighen, who arrives Halifax tomorrow on 3/ Carmania MAA. Gathering driftwood for a raft to assist our water stunts.
1921

Aug. 6. This afternoon we towed our raft material to the swimming pool, with the dory, assembled it & moored it in the pool.

Aug. 8. Three years ago Dad killed in the German lines at Amiens. Missed Mother expressing solemn thoughts.


Aug. 10. VDF arrived off island shortly before daylight, landed passengers & supplies O.K. Mike Walsh & his bride, Jack Lynch (cox'n. of lifeboat) & his bride among passengers. I got an immense quantity of books, magazines, chocolates etc; friends & relatives have been most kind, especially my dearest & best of mothers. It was hard to see Butler jauntily stepping into the boat for VDF and the mainland, while we must stay on for a seeming lifetime. Hot weather. Mike had a piano with him, we got it ashore & up the sand to the house with much labor. Some cattle brought ashore at Main Station in boats. I met J.M. Campbell, retired "governor", who is down here getting his stuff. Mike had some brandy and Lynch had some rum, and we drank the health of the brid's till the "wee sma' hoots".
Aug. 11. Mrs. Walsh is now cook, replacing Doug. Pettipas, who went ashore with Butler. The grub tastes better, with all due respect to Doug. Our stores up from Main Station by wagon along beach; wired thanks to Mother, Nell, Gordon & Ella Josie.

Aug. 15. Hot days. In the water every available minute. Evenings spent in Mike's quarters at the piano, cope with his violin.

Aug. 16. Created some excitement. Went for a swim at 3 P.M. Water rough so didn't stay in very long, & went for a tour of inspection along beach, partially dressed. Mrs. Mike became alarmed when I failed to appear at 4 P.M., & sent cope look for me. Cope found my bathing suit & items of clothing at the edge of the pool, no sign of me, feared the worst, gave the alarm. Two Naugle boys & Carmichael, a lifesaver, rode down the island in hopes that I might have strolled that way. They came on me & told me of the stir I'd created.

Aug. 17. Cope & Mike shot 3 ducks today, the first of the season. Bluepoints.

Aug. 18. Butler on at 6CS, & Bill roasted him the whole watch. Trouble with our magnets.

Aug. 20. Bill went duck shooting. He approached a small lake, crept at some pains
Aug. 21.

Some time ago we discovered a small shaft in the sand at the edge of a small lake, a mile eastward of the station. Visions of Capt. Kidd have filled our minds ever since, and today we went there with picks & shovels. Mike & Mrs. Mike, Bill & myself. Drained water from hole with bucket, after digging a little, struck a wooden box. High Hopes. Box proved to be empty and had "Imperial Oil Co., Made in Canada" stamped on it. History doesn't record Capt. Kidd using gasoline boat so we drew a blank. Probably put there to prevent sand from filling up a water hole; fishermen often come ashore to fill their water butts.

Aug. 23.

Bill, Mike & I, duck hunting this evening. Got two. Had a narrow escape. We were walking in file, just at dusk, Mike in lead. A duck broke cover from the bog, almost at my feet. Mike swerved toward me, his gun went off accidentally, & the shot thrashed the water on my port quarter. Phew!

Getting fed up on roast duck. Too much of a good thing. ½ city of Brunswick ashore at Sambro & breaking up fast. Looking over Mike’s album, found snapshot of Ethel Simmons, Pictou. She must like wireless men.

Aug. 31.

Started work on our mast base with cement sent down on boat. Scheme is to build a concrete base up over rotten part. Blank, Lynch, Horne & Pye hired to assist, but Horne withdrew his own services also Pye’s (his assistant at West Light) “cause me and Walter Blank ain’t good friends”. Seems that Horne wanted to do the concrete work, also painting of our building; we to supply concrete & paint, he to get $150 for his labor. But rather than share the work he’d take none.

Sept. 1.

½ Empress of India, GCNV, returning from a tourist cruise to Iceland & other places, pasting us with ice all day. Hot weather.

Sept. 2.

Breaking up concrete in foundation of old VCT station, as no rock on island for cement. Hard work. Bill wired ashore asking for relief on next steamer.

Sept. 5.

Completed work on base of mast today. I inscribed the wet concrete thus:
Sept. 6. Blank & Lynch painting our station, white with green trim. They report big swordfish ashore near No. 2.

Sept. 8. Hot weather. Bill and I swam out “where the breakers roar” on north side of island, against advice of lifesavers whose reasons ranged from whirlpools & undertows to man-eating sharks. Had an exhilarating swim way out on the bar, accompanied by a seal who became very curious, venturing within five feet of us at times.

Sept. 9. A breakfast table mystery. Mike’s Friend Wife, devout Catholics both, eating ham. And today is Friday! S/S Paris, FGG, missed us & gave VCU 850 paid words and the busiest day of his life. Spoke Lord Kelvin YRC Ind. Halifax. “Reachie” says three
Sept. 10  Bill walked to No. 3 for a visit.
Main engine belt broke. Poor quality. Had to fall back on old one, which is filled with belt dressing.

Sept. 11  S/S Latvia, 040, a big two funnell passenger, passed Island very close bound Halifax. Bill returned from Blank's with evil-smelling "sword," taken from a stranded swordfish. Cope decided wire ashore for relief next boat.

Sept. 12  Cope sold his gramophone and records to Mike for $25. Mike bought Bill's typewriter for $60. Bill gave me his boots and skates as he'll not be here this winter.

Sept. 13  Cope complains of Butler's "snottiness" on the wire, Butler being his opposite number at V.C.S. Considering his role as Butler's wet nurse some weeks ago, the situation is not without humor. Cope talks of leaving the service (that favorite topic where radio men gather together) and thinks he would make a good salesman, having the Irish gift of the tongue. Automobiles, he thinks, would be his line as he savvies gas engines pretty well.
1921

were Butler's at v.c.s. He had a habit of snoozing on night duty while here, faking his log entries for elapsed time. And we got good service from v.c.s till Butler took a watch there. I don't reply Mike's v.c.cope returned from No. 3.

Sept. 20

Westerly wind of past four days changed to northerly gale that freezes the very marrow. Bill & I walked to the Headland, on south beach four miles east of station. Several wrecks discernible there, tide being low, most prominent being boiler & sternpost of S.S. Connolly, ship which strewed beaches with rolls of wrapping paper. Struck inland to a patch of blackberries & had a glorious feed.

Sept. 21

Mike & I made a long trip afoot to recover dory, which had drifted down lagoon to Main Station. Lagoon, which partially dries out in summer, now in two parts. Dried up in middle.

Sept. 22

Young Everett Gregoire rode here from East Light, 19 miles, saying his mother seriously ill needs medical attention. We wired C. H. Harvey, Marine & Fisheries


Sept. 25. We painted interior operating room, changing walls from sombre brown to bright green. Stained the woodwork. Son Johnson, next-do-well son of a Marine & Fisheries official & at present a lifesaver here at $35.00 a month, transferred to assist at East Light. Little Milly Gregoire better watch her step.
Sept. 27. Whiteford had a vacation last night, if he was on at 8 o'clock. Had to get VAV to QSP him after calling 2 hours. Spoke s/s Latvia OYO, who broke off working GCK (Valencia, Ireland) to answer me and said "ORB 1400 miles.

Sept. 28. Working s/s Bayern DBB, the first German passenger boat in these waters since 1914. Good operators.

Sept. 29 s/s Paris FGG pasting it in today. Slipped me 1000 paid words this A.M. Astounded the lifesavers today by grasping aerial lead while hope transmitting. No sensation at all on 300 metres, some "pins & needles" on 600 metres, & quite a jar on 800 metres. Used my bare hand so had to make & break contact quickly to avoid spark jumping to fingers. They expected see me drop dead. Bill & I had a good swim at the pool today.

Sept. 30 4 A.M. On watch. VAX says s/s Baleine VBX (Capt. Purcell's ship) struck reef at Cape Hogan & now beached at Cape Argus, Canso Strait. Crew safe. Blank here today from No. 3 with brace of plump rabbits.
Oct. 1. Gordon Day, Blank's assistant, here today. He aspires to be a wireless operator, has a little receiver at No. 3. Loose-coupler, galena detector, Brown 'phones, picks up plenty ship signs.


Oct. 3. Spent most of afternoon under station with Mike, working on the sewage pipes. An unpleasant job. We installed a flushbowl in operators bathroom, connected it up. S/s Carmania, MAA, raising Hell with VCS for failure answer calls. MAA stuff sent via VCT delayed 2 hours for same reason. MAA guilty of breach regulations, as he worked VCS over our heads at 450 miles this morning, but his kick re delay on stuff sent via our station is timely.

Oct. 4. Spliced up a new belt, using fish glue. VCS running spark disc off batteries gets higher note but weaker sigs.

Oct. 5. Mike & I connected up the
1921

spare tuner, in place of one we've been using. Get better sags & wider tuning range. Cope rather miffed as this is apparatus he condemned as "worn out."

8:30 P.M. Cyclone swept upon us like a bolt from the blue. It took our big coal box, upset the coal, & dumped box into chicken coop along with a heavy puncheon from mast base 60 feet away. Bill went out to investigate & was unable keep his footing. 9 P.M. I crawled out a lee-side window to find how Mike & wife faring. All OK there. Nearly blinded by sand driven with cutting force, and drenched by torrential rain.

Midnight: Bill & I hauled a bag of coal from storehouse. Some job in this wind.

Oct. 6

5 A.M. Daylight. Our mast still standing. Huge seas breaking across south beach into lagoon. Our dory was lifted from lagoon & blown inland 100 yards where it dropped, smashed beyond repair.

Wind still strong. We have a scheme to avoid hand-pumping the water tank, a job at which the night operator
slogs 45 minutes nightly. We have a small centrifugal pump from the "Connolly" wreck & propose connecting it between the sandpoints and tank. Today we drove anchor-bolts into the concrete engine base & tightened them with molten lead; Bill scalding his hand in the process.

Oct. 8. Today we connected our pump to the engine & "let 'er go" at about 1900 R.P.M. Hopes dashed. The pump wouldn't suck water at all, though it would throw water to a fair height. In the meantime "Governor" Naugle arrived, full of rum, on another of his tantrums. He swore we were wiring complaints to the Marine & Fisheries re this work and announced that he intended building a fence around the wireless station beyond which we would be forbidden to go. Mike promptly wired Harvey in protest. Harvey sent a hot wire to Naugle telling him "hands off." And that's that.

Oct. 9. I came upon a lame colt today. She let me catch her by the mane & became quite docile after much stroking.
Oct. 10. Bill to Blank's last night, returning this morning. Life savers have commenced gathering cranberries for shipment on next steamer.

Oct. 11. Mike & Bill repaired our henhouse roof with some assistance from myself.

Oct. 13. S/S Royal, AU V, went ashore on Nfld. coast, sent out S.O.S giving position as Srepassey Bay. Lord Kelvin & others unable find her there. Mike & Bill got a black duck & a blue-point duck.

Oct. 14. Further investigation of our water supply elicited the fact that one of our sandpoints was giving no water. These points suck water from the sand at a depth of 22 feet. We moved each pipe upward a few inches & succeeded in getting a good stream from both points.

Oct. 15. On watch midnight to 8 A.M. Then walked 9 miles to No. 3, making it along lagoon shore in 2 hours carrying a bundle of skins. Blank's youngest kids, 3 tiny tots came out a mile on pony back to meet. They ride like centaurs. No. 3 is quite a ranch, nestling in the cup of some
1921

Big sand dunes at the eastern end of the lagoon. Battle, tame ponies, sheep and three dogs. Almost every hollow in the sand is filled with water and there are myriads of wild duck in these small lakes. On an island in one lake Blank breeds rabbits. I took one of his ponies and made an extensive tour. Listened in on Day's set for a while. He has a 300 foot aerial slung from lookout tower to house. Spent evening playing forty-fives with Day against Blank and his daughter Stella. As cope says, "The chief virtue of No. 3 is that you can't see the wireless station from there."


Oct. 17. Much doing at Halifax today over 2nd schooner race. Gov't. cable steamer Syrian reported progress of race via VCS. Schooners arrived at post in following order: Bluenose, Delawana, Corkum, Independence, Alcala and Canadia. Mike & I to Main Station. I found interesting collection of
relics there in rocket house. Several flint-lock "Tower" muskets with long three-cornered bayonets, sundry human bones and skulls. The lifesavers have stolen or destroyed the best of the relics including several old pistols.

Wrote a ghost story of the "Singing Frenchman," island spook, to send to Halifax Atlantic Leader by next boat. Terrific sea on south beach, which is littered with broken dories and odds and ends of fishing tackle. Found a small bayonet-socket lamp of type used on standard Marconi ship battery chargers, bobbing in the surf. Tonight s/s Felix Taussig, KXZ, passed close to the island & complained of erratic timing of West Light. Wanted information re official timing. We had no information ourselves so got it from D.F. station at Cano, VAX. Later we "tapped" the lifesaving station phone line & got "Governor" Naugle who confirmed VAX.

Oct. 20. Mag today says steamer leaves for island Oct. 27th. Gordon Day picked a bag of cranberries at No. 3 for me, which I boxed up to send ashore. Whiteford did a fool
1921

stunt at vcs today. Msg. to Naugle as sent by Whiteford said "Tell Blank wife is ill". Should have read "Wife is well". Blank was getting ready to leave island on next boat, bag & baggage when msg. corrected. Spoke cableship Edouard Jeremiah, FZJ, & exchanged compliments with M. Michel who gave me his house number in Halifax & asked me to tell his family he was well. I wired a S.H. to Suzanne M. to that effect.

Oct. 21.

Rain. "Governor" Naugle sent up his list of "stores required" to be wired to Marine & Fisheries, Halifax. His spelling is weird & wonderful. Spent afternoon painting addresses on various cases for next boat.

Oct. 22.

harbor at 1:15 P.M., 4 miles ahead of the Yankee, covering course in 4½ hours.

Oct. 23. Sunday. Bill sallied forth all dressed up for a farewell visit to No. 3 this morning. I followed after dinner. Got a bad scare when halfway, as sky became black as night & terrific rainpour commenced. I was on the south bar without shelter of any kind: but fortunately only got a few drops, though rain fell heavily half a mile on either side of where I stood. Made the 9 miles in exactly 2 hours. Stayed till 8 P.M. playing cards with Blank, Stella & Bill. I rode back through driving rain and inky darkness, trusting to the pony to find the best footing. To add to my troubles, he became very fractious and tried to turn back, and I had to fight his efforts with whip & heel the whole way. Arrived at wireless station 10 P.M., fastened bridle & stirrups firmly to the saddle, gave the pony a smart slap, and he headed back for his warm stable at No. 3 through the Egyptian darkness & rain.
Oct. 24
Bluenose won schooner race again, finishing over a mile ahead Elsie V.
Msg. from Letts, sup't, caused some consternation. Bill & Cope are to be relieved and only one op's sent here, so Mike will have to keep a watch. It will be lonesome with only two of us in the ops. side of the house. Mike decided not buy Cope's gramophone, so I took it for 25- on condition he sends new screw for needle arm from Halifax. I wired Mother deposit $25- to Cope's credit at Merchants Bank.

Oct. 25.
Msg. today says Simpson coming here from Cape Sable V.C.U. Steamer arrives 27th. Lifesaving crews instructed catch 50 wild ponies for shipment to Halifax. Gale and heavy surf.

High wind with driving sleet & occasional snow flurries. Three team loads stuff to Main Station, including Bill & Cope's gear. Heavy surf on north beach.

Oct. 27.
Pony "round-up" started early this morning. Eight fellows on pony back chasing the wild herds to the concealed corral in the dunes. An
exciting business. They caught 60 here, \( \text{V} \) Blank got a similar number at No. 3. They are seething back \& forth in the corral, biting \& kicking each other. Lady Laurier \( \text{VDF} \) left Halifax at noon. Mike \& I overhauled Main Station phone at Naugle's request; \( \text{VDF} \) found lightning arrester short-circuiting.

Oct. 28.

\( \text{VDF} \) off island 2 A.M. \( \text{V} \) stayed till 8 A.M., when it became apparent landing conditions poor. Northwest gale. Ponies in corral at No. 3 escaped during night, breaking down the rail fence in a wild stampede.

Oct. 29.

Hurricane from N.W., blowing 62 M.P.H. \( \text{V} \) increasing in violence. Terrific surf, \( \text{V} \) sand driving along island in great clouds. S\(P\) Barmania, MAA, reports her barometer 28.41 !!

Oct. 30.

2.30 A.M. Spoke \( \text{VRC} \) 3nd S\(F\) \& got a d.h. from him also one from Nell. High wind \& terrific surf have torn away a noticeable section of the north shore of island. Beach is strewn with wreckage, including a red conical buoy 14 feet long with black numerals 10. Ponies in corral now docile with hunger \& today would come \& eat bunches of grass from my hand.

Oct. 31.

Sunny, but strong N.W. winds.
1921
Lawier still at Whitehead. s/s Olympic, MKC, lost his aerial in storm. When he got it up, he called ZNG to take MKC stuff from us while he went on C.W. We gave our tlf. to ZNG at 8 a.m. Later MKC came on 600 metres & called VCU without clearing ZNG. VCU gave him duplicates of our stuff sent via ZNG. We claimed delivery. VCU sore. Mike took a fancy to a fine looking pony (except for a walley eye) in the corral & wired Harvey to ask for it. Harvey wired back a price of $50=-!

Nov. 1.
VDF left for here at 4 a.m. A beautiful day but landing conditions still doubtful. 1:45 p.m. VDF off Main Stn. Bill & Cope dashed away, wild with excitement, like kids out of school. Naugle's crew got a boat launched after three failures & got aboard VDF. 3:40 p.m. VDF says "Send man to look after West light. Boat cannot return shore." Surf worse. 4 p.m. Naugle's boat got ashore with mail. Mike loafed on beach all day with Bill & Cope, leaving me in sole charge from 8 a.m. to 6 p.m. I have to go on again at midnight! Bill & Cope returned to station to spend night. VDF lying off island.

Nov. 2.
5 a.m. Stiff ESE breeze. Cope & Bill left in inky darkness for Main Stn. May my time come soon! 9 a.m. Simpson arrived at station.
1921

Says stores being unloaded although sea bad. Mike again spent day loafing on beach in full uniform, got drunk with Naugle, Gregoire & a few more choice ones. Naugle very affable. He & Blank had a row over who was to steer island boat, ended in complete deadlock; island boat didn't leave beach & VAF boats had do all the work. Cope & Bill got aboard OK.

Nov. 3. VAF put back Whitehead account rising wind. Watches changed from old schedule to straight 4 hrs on, 8 off, Mike reserving the 8-12 trick for himself. Simpson is an old-timer, queer, nervous. Everything seems upside down and generally rotten.

Nov. 4. Bill & Cope got ashore at Whitehead.

Nov. 5. VAF arrived Sydney for bunkers.

Nov. 6. Simpson rigged up his two-step valve amplifier. Rain & hail all day.

Nov. 7. Fed up. Mugs from Mother & Bill.

Nov. 8. Naugle's crowd rounded up more ponies.

Nov. 9. Bill on duty at VCS, says took 1st class exams at navy yard & thinks got through OK. Cope on leave, will report at VCS, so Butler, Bill & he will be together again. Whiteford fired, leaves VCS today for Lynn Mass, where he joins his buddy Thickett who was also fired. VAF left Sydney noon for island direct.
1921

Nov. 10. VDF changed course to White Head account gale. Mike got message saying storm had swept his father's home in Nfld, destroying all fishing gear and summer's catch of fish. His people financially smashed.

Nov. 11. VDF off island. Loaded 50 barrels cranberries and 41 ponies by noon, when rising surf stopped work. Ponies loaded 3 to a boat, with feet lashed together, like meal sacks. Exciting work. VDF headed for Halifax. Rest of ponies turned loose.

Nov. 13. Eighteen years old today. Meg. from Mother wishing happy birthday. I shared birthday cake which came on boat, with Simpson.

Nov. 15 - 21. Rain or fog every day. Monotony.

Nov. 22. Jack Lynch gave us his dog, a water spaniel. We christened him Sparks.

Nov. 25. Lakes frozen. Bitter cold. Heavy snow storm from north west.


Nov. 27. Snow again. Only heat in our side house is stove in operating room. Brrrr!

Nov. 28. E.N.E. gale with sleet. Mrs. Mike seems have jealous fits over the dog & is very spiteful to poor Sparks. Don't know why. Mike himself is apt to be cruel, so dog sneaks round our quarters often.
1921
Dec. 1. Mag. from Mother via v.c.s.
Dec. 2. Bill says "Passed exams. OK. Average 85."
Dec. 5. Terrific blizzard blowing 4 A.M.

Force 72 M.P.H., changing at 10:30 A.M. to "glitter storm. Ice gathered around wires & ropes, until aerial wires were 2 inches in diameter and field ropes 4 inches. Whole aerial crashed to earth at 11 A.M., leaving spreader afloat. All inter-station phone wires down. No repair work till storm subsides.

Dec. 6. Beautiful day. Made entire new aerial. Each downlead 190 feet, each field 143 feet. Aerial completed & hoisted at 2 P.M., after four hours work. Hard work for three men, climbing poles & hauling heavy aerial to top of mast.


Dec. 10. War. Mike claims dog is his & beats poor Sparks when he leaves their side of house. Yesterday I took walk along beach, and Sparks came along with me. Simpson told Mike, & when I returned Mike beat the dog unmercifully. I interfered & told him to try beating something his own size. He took dog back his quarters. I told Simpson my opinion of little-tales & promised him a licking before I leave island. He very sarcastic.

Dec. 12. Terrific gale. Seas breaking
1921

across neck of island between Main Stn. & West Light. Ships having rough time. MKC, VEA & others' aerials carried away. Cape Race landline out of commission.

Dec. 13
South bar broke and huge seas poured into lagoon. No. 3 station flooded. Masses of wreckage & seaweed deposited just behind our store shed by receding water.

Dec. 14
Meg. from Mother says my story in Atlantic Leader, Sunday, Dec. 11th.

Dec. 15
Day. I drove to No. 2 in wagon, Lynch being ashore with child. Cooked a meal, played gramophone & had regular picnic. Lynch living at Main Stn. Walked back 4 miles to VCT. Cold.

Dec. 17
Got a pony at Main station & rode to No. 3 for dinner, returning 4 P.M., having covered 18 miles on pony and 2 miles on foot.

Dec. 21
Naugle sent up one of Esperanto's dories for our use. Worked TEB, Holland-America liner, tonight at 1500 miles in spite bad x's.

Dec. 23
At Main Stn tonight playing cards. Swapped some phonograph records with Lynch.

Dec. 24
Shaw & fog. Sfc. held up all day by ships getting D.F. bearings. Christmas Eve at lifesaving station, everybody happy — full of home-brewed barley beer — a potent fluid. MacNamara & I the only abstainers.
Mad ushering sundry revellers to bed. Went on watch 8 P.M. Gordon day up for Christmas. Line quiet; so started little card game with him while listening in. Mike Walsh appeared & raised a howl about breaking rules so had to desist. Day looked very surprised.

Christmas Day. Cold & snowing.

Had my Christmas dinner at lifesaving station, where each guest had a whole roast chicken with corn, spuds, & beets. Better than wireless station menu of warmed up tinned mutton. Rode back to stand my afternoon watch & returned on pony to lifesaving station at 4 P.M. Sea there. A big day.


Lady Laurier left Halifax this morning with our Christmas mail & supplies.

VDF off island daybreak, but easterly gale sent her back to Whitehead after landing part of mail. I got letters from Suzanne Michel & Bill. Snow.

Heavy gale & sea tearing more of north shore away. Wind died to a whisper at midnight & let 1921 pass peacefully away. A year of few pleasures. I spent 68 days of the first 3 months at sea, & the closing week of the fourth month started my exile on this corner of Hell. Four more months to serve.
Jan. 4

NW gales with snow. VAF sheltering at Country Harbor. High words with Simpson tonight over his habit of relieving me late resulted in fracas in operating room, with sad results to store, instruments, and my nose which bled profusely. Postponed fight till tomorrow.

Jan. 5

This morning Simpson & I repaired to a hollow in the dunes along north beach to fight it out. He is 30 & styles himself a tough guy with a long & lurid experience ashore & afloat; while I'm 18 and not particularly tough, so I expected a hard row to hoe. But I got a surprise. He was game enough but couldn't fight at all; his style consisting of headlong rushes, head down, eyes shut, and both fists going like pistons. I found these easy to dodge & tore into him like a wildcat every time. Shit him with everything I had, for ten minutes, the pent-up ire of weeks behind every blow, and at the end of that time he had only landed one blow while his face was a pulp. His left eyelid was cut open for an inch & bleeding horribly. I quit. We shook hands. I've been wanting to hammer him for a long time, but now that it's done I don't feel very triumphant. In fact I almost believe I'm ashamed of myself.

Jan. 6

Perfect landing conditions all day.
and Capt. Travis loaing at Whitehead! Simpson's face a terrible sight, left eye in bandage, right eye swollen and purple, nose swelled, mouth gashed. He told Walsh he'd fallen, face down, against a buoy on the beach. Walsh said "You look like a horse had kicked you."

Jan. 9. Skating on lagoon. Ice very rough. Myriads small fish frozen in the ice. VDF finished coaling 6 P.M.
Jan. 10. VDF back at Whitehead. S.E. gale.
Jan. 12. Terrific surf booming, both beaches, causing objects in house to vibrate visibly.
Jan. 14. VDF started for island but turned back on learning weather conditions.
Jan. 15. VDF arrived 4 P.M. & unloaded far into night. Ideal conditions on beach. Bright moonlight. I helped unload boats. Hard, wet work.
Jan. 16. Carried my Christmas box from beach on my shoulder. Prodigious quantities fruit, nuts, chocolates etc. Wished thanks to Mrs. Higgins & Mother.
Jan. 20. Tuned in on WGY, broadcasting str., at Roselle (?) Park, N.J. Particularly admired female voice singing "Somewhere a voice is calling" (very appropriate) and "End of a perfect day". Listeners asked report results to Radio Corp America 326 Broadway.
Jan. 22
Blizzard raging since yesterday. Suffering from intense cold owing no heating arrangement for our quarters. Norwegian s/s Mod sent out SOS calls last night & sank today. British s/s Melmore Head picked up 25 survivors. One boat with 8 men missing, schooner Asquith & Nfld vessel foundered. Our water system frozen from tank to taps. 2° below zero.

Jan. 26
Storm just over. Glad to get out for a walk after being shut in four days.

Jan. 29
Walked to West Light, where Gregoire & Horn were cleaning gear. Motor on blink & light has to be turned by hand.

Feb. 3
Walked to No. 13, the "haunted station," five miles, this morning. Found lifebelt just washed ashore, strings knotted and broken.

Feb. 7
Horne & assistant, West Light, ill. Naugle wired for medical advice. Walked to Main Stn where Don Johnson told me, very incoherently, that I am not welcome there, that Simpson is only visitor they want, that I must apologise for calling his "girl" a child or he'd hold a grudge against me. Seemed to be drunk. Wanted to fight. His "girl" is 15 year old Milly Gregoire. I refused apologise. Guess Simpson has been working some mischief among the crew there. He's down there nearly every night.
Feb. 8. Terrific blizzard reaching 80 M.P.H.
Feb. 9. Home recovering. Mysterious disease at West Light probably too much bad beer.
Feb. 11. Understand Don Johnson got word of a fistic encounter with Lynch. Seems to be running amok but picked a Tartar this time.
Feb. 16. Had engine apart today for overhaul. Cleaned parts with kerosene, ground the valves, replaced packing. Walsh decided go ashore with wife next boat; wired VCS asking Bill come here as O.I.C.
Feb. 17. Mag. from Letto says if Walsh goes ashore he must pay his own expenses also those of his relief. Guess Mrs. Mike is expecting a baby & demands that Mike come ashore with her.
Feb. 18. Zero weather. Stop ice extends 100 yards all around island. Wired my request for relief next boat. Trawler also large iceberg close to island.
Feb. 19. S/S Carrigan Head asked us test his new automatic alarm. I made dashes at certain intervals. He said "Bell rings O.K. QRB 160 miles."
Feb. 21
My old ship $S Watuka caught in ice off Cape Race. Norwegian $S Siesmo caught also, in Lat. 46°52' N, Long. 48°28' W, short of food & drifting southeast. $S Rosalind going her assistance.

Feb. 28.
Solder. Copied press, in French, going to RCN from RCO, & translated for benefit of Mike. Sterling exchange down. Pound is 454 Canadian.

Mar. 2.
Severe cold. Macnamara, from lifesaving station searching for 3 lost yearling cattle, found them in a hollow in pitiable condition. One frozen to death. Noon. Norwegian $S Gronofoo, AQV, sent SOS calls, sinking in Lat. 47°48' N, Long. 41°24' W. Lifeboats smashed. $S Estonia, Oii, 45 miles away, rushed to aid, but AQV sank with all hands apparently.

Mar. 4.
Simpson returned from his daily visit to Main Stn, sick. A peculiar combination of nausea & diarrhoea. Asked me to do his watch. Suspect too much of lifesavers' beef.

Mar. 7.
Mike, Horn, Gregoir, Pye, Mason, the cockney cook, all bidding for my gramophone now that I'm going ashore. Best offer so far 30c.

Mar. 8.
Simpson's "blood-brothers" at Main Station sent me an extra-ordinary note by Jack Lynch today, daring me to venture near
their abode on pain of getting my eyes blacked. I asked Simpson what was the big idea but he professed ignorance. Must go there tomorrow.

Mar. 9. Went to Main Str. this morning armed with short length of G.I. pipe in case of need. Entered lifesavers' quarters. They looked very surprised but didn't offer any hostility. Don Johnson, sweeping floor, didn't have a word to say. I told Macnamara to get me a book I'd lent him, which he did, wrapping it and tying it very carefully. As I went out the door he asked what I was sore about.

Now, what was the big idea?

Mar. 12. Sunday. Bright sun but piercing wind. Don Johnson called up on phone, very affable, wanted buy gramophone. Told him it is sold. 2320 G.M.T. saw ball of fire fall into sea NNE station. Meteorite?


Mar. 14. Walked to within 2 1/2 miles of No. 3. and back this morning. A total hike of 13 miles. Msg from Letts says Canco D.F. complaining of our broad wave. He opened jigger coupling wide as it would go, reducing radiation from 8 amps to 1/2 amps, obliging us to short circuit
Earth-sh. VAX said wave stil too broad. We then inserted short wave condenser in aerial plus one extra coil of A.T.I. VAX said "sigs sharper but wave stil too broad." We could do no more. VCS said we must not radiate less than 3 amps so we closed jumper coupling until 4 amp. registered.

Mar. 16.

We lowered aerial this morning and cut 12 feet of each field wire, speeded up engine to 460 revs. & filed spark studs. VCS and VAX say wave improved. Sold gramophone to Lynch, taking his note for $35. He took the machine away.

Mar. 17.

Lifesavers on ponyback rounded up some wild herds so Lynch could pick one out. He got a nice stallion. Snow today.

Mar. 19.

Snow yesterday & today. Naugle says severe weather killing off wild ponies. Says 15 carcasses strewn around his station buildings. I was out on ice on lagoon today. Still solid.

Mar. 22.

Mike & wife drove to No. 3, leaving me in charge. I served dinner & did his watch. They returned with news that Mrs. Blank has a new baby.

Mar. 24.

Rain yda., fair today. Many British ships asking us to test their automatic alarm. To call them, one makes 4 sec. dashes for 1 minute, this combination ringing a bell in the wireless room of ship.
March 25

Broadcast concerts from Schenectady, WGY, received on Simpson's short wave outfit, are a source of pleasure these dull evenings. Our dog growls at the strange voice in the room. See in lagoon melting fast.

April 3.

Cold N.W. gale. Mag to VCS today orders Harvey Taylor relieve Raddall, Table Island, April 25.

Mike & I received orders proceed Halifax on that date. Mike coming from VCS to relieve Simpson, says he should be O.1. C. Butler is leaving the service.

April 4.

Picked up pieces of lobster claw on beach, 12 inches long. Bill has bought a motorboat at VCS.

April 6.

Large ice field arrived, extending far as eye can reach northward. Some reports ice piling up "mountains high" on west bar. Some seals on the floes.

April 9.

Southerly wind moved ice off shore & whole field disappeared eastward.

April 13.

Wired Letts requesting leave when I get ashore. He wired refusal but will allow me time enough in Halifax to take my exams!

April 14.

Asked Butler, VCS, to ascertain if I could have his room at boarding place. He said it would be O.K. Mike then wired VCS but was unable find anyone to take him & his wife.

April 18.

Mike seems be looking for war. He blew into our quarters noticing some sand on floor, posted
notice in operating room addressed "Staff. VCT." "Office must be swept daily also hall. Rooms must be swept weekly." Signed "O.J.C. Simpson & I sweep the place regularly but sand drifts in as fast as we sweep. So I didn't sweep either office or hall today to show my independence. Decorated the offensive notice with a few appropriate remarks. Mike then wanted me clean up spare room so he could paint it. I refused.


Apl. 20. Naugle wired his stores list, also requested book within week or ten days owing Katie Walsh's condition.

Apl. 22. Butler ordered to VCN from VCS today. Got an old bayonet, which fits flintlocks at Main Stn.

It bears numerals 52: also 24 surmounted by crown. Makers name "Woolley Beakin". Cleaned rust off it.

Apl. 23. Blizzard all day. One year here today.

Apl. 24. Rain & N.E. gale. Mag to Naugle advises that Mr. Harold Henry coming here as permanent "governor". VCF ordered return HFX by noon 26th allow crew to vote in election.

Mag fm. H.O. advises our exact position 45° 56' North, 60° 1' West, which puts us in woods back of Louisburg! Later corrected to 43° 56' 20" N, 60° 1' 40" W. Part of
our aerial carried away by 60 M.P.H. wind. Rain.
V.D.F. got msg "Urgent you proceed to Island. Take off woman."

Apr. 25. Packing up. Hurrah! Mike says he didn't mean to be offensive with his little notice.

Apr. 26. Wore my "glad rags" today for first time since August, when I had 'em on one day. Felt very tight & uncomfortable. Repaired aerial today.

Apr. 28. Westerly gale. Simpson's carefully built jetty in lagoon washed away. V.D.F. left Halifax 2:20 P.M. 8:30 P.M. V.D.F. says be off island daybreak. Blank up from No. 3 with eggs, staying the night. I bade farewell to Hodder & Geo. Rainie at vco tonight.

Apr. 29. V.D.F. hung off island all day waiting better landing conditions. 7:30 P.M. Unloading commenced. Batho, representing Marconi, and Harry Coade, representing D.F. service came ashore & commenced tuning transmitter to comply V.A.X. requirements. My last watch tonight.

Apr. 30. 2 A.M. Batho & Coade finished. A hard job as our stuff consists mostly of non-variable units. 8 A.M. Staylor, cope & young Purcell the cook arrived plus musical instruments & impediments. I headed for Main Stn. on foot, 9:30 A.M., saw my trunk aboard, got aboard safe and only slightly wet at 10:30 A.M. Landing getting bad. Chief steward showed me to a stateroom & I nearly kissed him. Mike & wife
aboard o.k. Gregoir, Gleary & Mackenzie of East Light staff, who were helping unload at Main Station, came aboard, full of barley beer & very jovial.

Noon: steaming for East Light. 2 P.M. Off East light; dumped off coal, oil & the three musketeers, and then headed west. Farewell Table Island. I wish I could put into this ink one half of the joy with which I watched that long strip of sand disappear below the horizon.

May 1.

Arrived 7 A.M. at Dartmouth. Drove over to Halifax with Coade & Batho who acted in absurd manner, seizing my arms and coat collar every time the taxi passed a pretty girl. Spent the day getting various necessaries. Took my Morse test at navy yard from Bennett who was kind enough to say "If they all sent like you, we'd have no trouble." It was good to see Mother & the girls again, & I feel very bitter about Lett's refusal. Grant leave. I report Camperdown, H.C.S., tomorrow.

May 2.

Saw Letts, whose success as radio lecturer & experimenter had sadly swelled his head. His attitude toward Mike & I was condescending to the extreme so I made my interview short & sweet. My mind is now made up: -- This game is not for me. Left home at 2 P.M. on "Dinny" Purcell's rattletrap
1922

wagon & arrived vcs after a beautiful drive at 4 P.M.

May 3. This place is dead. Am doing night-watches as my landline is very rusty. Mike's wife arrived via Bill's motorboat. Bill, comfortably drunk, announced making the trip in 1 hour 3 minutes, narrowly missing Dartmouth ferry enroute.

May 16. Monotony. Local idea of big time is gazing over wharf at the tide. Make trips on foot to Duncan's Cove, Ketch Harbor and Sambro for sake of variety. Awful roads.

May 17. Up to the city in Bres. Purcell's motorboat. Met Clara Rogers, also Dr. Elliot who is now permanent medic on MacKay-Bennet. Head sea on way back & got soaked.

May 23. Bill ordered to Louisburg. Bought his typewriter for $40. He reports G.B. on 31st.

May 26. Yesterday I sent a drawing to the N.Y. museum of an old badge dug up by Owen Purcell. Harry Perry, curator, replied saying it is cross-belt plate of the 17th Foot, which came to Halifax from New York in Oct. 1783 and remained till July 1786. He asked me get Purcell to donate badge to museum, which I did.

June 1. Letts announced 15% cut in salaries all round. This has been under
June 5. Mrs. Walsh who is staying at chief opis house, seized with pain. Doctors & nurses flying around. Indus cursing Walsh for not taking wife to maternity hospital. Had first swim of season in lake with military signallers. 4:30 P.M. Boy born to Mrs. Walsh after strenuous operation, according to Mike, who has fortified himself with booze & reached the weeping stage. Child's heart beat 2 hours but it did not breathe & died. Dr. Miller says case should been referred to hospital.

June 7. Official announcement of 15% cut following Letts' verbal one. This is general throughout the service. I decided to quit July 1.

June 14.Filed resignation with Indus, to be effective July 1st. Told Cope, YCT, who said, "Will be sorry lose your good service, old man." He is my opposite number there.

June 21. Drove to Sambro Picnic with the scallions & Monica Bowers. Met Mary Twohig, an old acquaintance of a party at Rogers. Splendid time. Walked back to VCS, 8 miles, & arrived at 3 A.M.

June 22. Referendum being taken by Telegraphers Union, to reject or accept proposed salary cut.

June 25. Letts called on phone, wanted know
my reasons for leaving, asked me to stay as ops. scarce, also Indar will be unable get his long overdue leave if I quit. Told him I'd stay till July 31st for Indar's benefit, but would positively quit on that date.

July 10
Olive Purcell arrived home for summer. Nice. Teaching me to dance. Champion here from Cape Bear, VCP, which has been closed. A nice agreeable sort of chap but a poor operator. Paradise — à deux!

July 11-19
Letts notified Walsh that boat leaves for Table Island in two weeks. Cope decided return VCS.

July 14
Wrote Maritime Business college, Halifax for information. Think I'll take a course there & try the business world.

Aug. 1
Left Caperdown — and the wireless service — this morning in "Sin" Purcell's team. A farewell party at military signal station last night, where I drank too much and made an idiotic speech. I'm going to have a good vacation and then study at Maritime Business college.

Sept. 12
Just back in Halifax from a week with the Higgins' on their fruit farm.
1922
near Bridgetown. Wonderful scenery, wonderful weather, wonderful time.

Sept. 14, 1923
Started course at Maritime.

April 15
Left college & waiting till end month to take exams.

May 14
Kaulbach offered two jobs. With Cape Breton Electric, at Sydney, and Macleod Pulp Co. at Liverpool. He advised me take Macleod job.

May 15
Caught 6 A.M. train to Liverpool & commenced my new duties as bookkeeper to Macleod Pulp & Paper Co. Ltd.