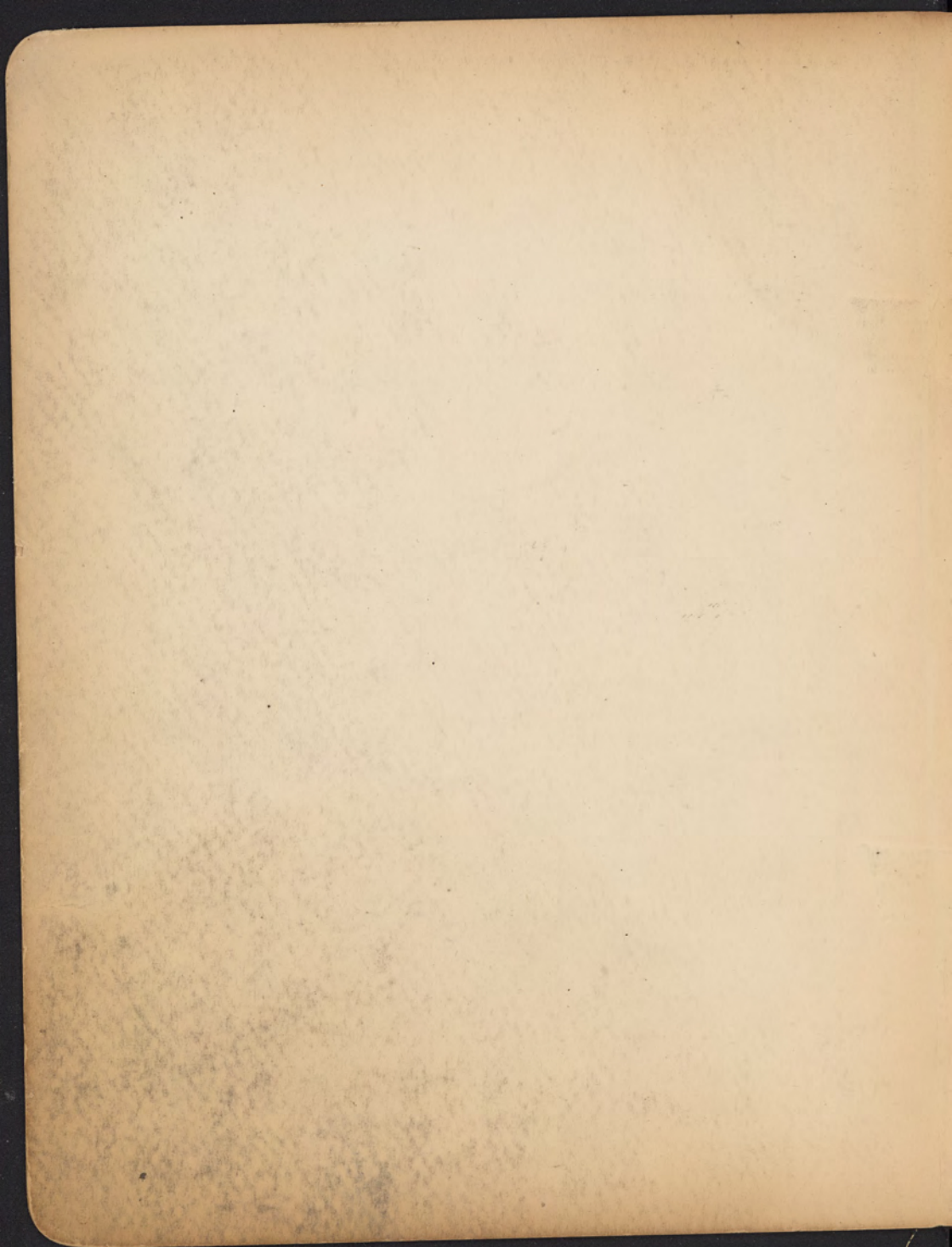


MAY 29, 1919 - MAY 15, 1923



Diary
of
Thomas H. Raddall Jr.
Wireless Officer

Law

J. C. A.
Co.

1940

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 exams had to be sent to Ottawa, with birth certificate. Ottawa discovered the fib then & 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 officer, if I wished to qualify for a 1st class ticket. In the meantime I was to report for duty as a second-class operator.

"NAR KARMA" was an iron steamer built on the St. Lawrence in 1918 for the British Maritime Board.

- 1919.
- May 29. Returned to Halifax ^{on May 10} from Partridge Island, where I completed a month of "apprentice" duty, and joined ~~ss~~ ^{on May 17} War Karma [^] at New Terminals. Moved into stateroom 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 1. Rough weather since leaving. Store-room flooded. Still seasick.
- June 2. Light meal this am., the first since we sailed. Feel better. Making 12 knots this evening. Normal speed 9.
- June 3. Argentina M. S. U. tells Cape Race V. C. C. that Austria gave in to the Peace Terms. Sea rising. Rolling badly. Sold pair skating boots to the steward for 15/-. On watch at 11 pm. very homesick but no longer seasick.
- June 4. Chatting with Latchmore, Coles & Brophy, (2nd mate, chief steward & 2nd "gingerbeer") all p.m. The wireless room being the ship's reading and social activity room.

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June 5. 12:15 am. Just finished my midnight lunch. Have to run along the narrow deck to the galley in inky darkness, to the great detriment of one's shins and toes. 8 pm. 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 pm. 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 Derrish.

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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 Goldku.

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 Sp Keemun. Paintwork being scrubbed and brass-work polished. Expect be off Browhead in two days' time. 8 pm. Note from bridge says "Passenger ship offing westbound. Any news?" Called C2 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 down-leads 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 pm. Orders via Valencia G.C.K. "Proceed Manchester by normal peace time route."

June 11.

9:30 AM. Land-ho! Fastnet Light on the port bow, perched like a white finger on a sugar-loaf rock, it confirmed our orders with a tiny flutter of flags. 11:30 am.

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 Falaba were sunk here.

10:45 PM. Working Fishguard with msg. from 2nd. mate to his girl. 11 P.M. Just got a d. f. bearing from Carnsore Head station. Transmitted "v's" 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

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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. Tug alongside; her crew, asking for tobacco, sugar and jam, claim these commodities still scarce.

Wilson traded a packet tobacco for today's newspaper. Gross profiteering. Midnight! - Just passed Port Sunlight, model town of Sunlight Soap Co., and entered first lock of Manchester Ship Canal

June 13

7 Am. Steaming up canal, assisted by two tugs. Our lone mast has been "telescoped" in order that we won't scrape the bridges, so no more weary watches till we return to salt water. 8 Am. In the last lock. Water in canal very stagnant & our propeller is stirring up a foul stench. Sneaked ashore this pm. & took in a sort of fair outside the dock gate. My first step on English soil since May 3, 191~~2~~³, when we sailed for Canada and a brand new world. Was severely scolded by the skipper for going ashore

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(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
nèer-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 suppered
at the St. James Cafe 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 cafes) 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 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

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

June 15

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 Cheatham Hill.

June 16.

Changed some Canadian money into pounds, shillings and pence at a Cook'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 Woodworth'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.
- June 19. Movies on Market St. with Bridie.
- June 20. Bought navy "trenchcoat," seventy-five shillings. Sold old one for 15 shillings
Took Bridie to the Palace. A splendid show.
- June 21. Shopping in Salford this am. Cards to Abbie Gunning, Mother, Gordon Higgins and Eva Knodell. Spent evening in Peel Park watching games of bowls.
- 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 warns all out of park.
- June 23. Pouring rain. Ashore with Walter this evening. Populace celebrating order for demobilisation of troops. Great crowds in St. Peter Square in front cathedral.
Wounded Tommies & girls everywhere, women dancing, bands, trucks etc. Grabbed two girls and paraded too. Back aboard 2 am.

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- June 24. Had a passport photo taken. At a pierrot show called the "Quaints", at Rusholme 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 Skipper, Leblanc, Brophy, Walter, Wilson & myself are to proceed London in a day or two for orders. Our night watchman staggered aboard this pm., 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 pm.
- June 28. Peace terms finally signed by Germans. Big celebration ashore. Fireworks, parades, immense crowds. Returned aboard 1:30 am.

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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 am.

June 30

Sick all day. Night 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. & 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" Tommies returning to the Rhine from leave. Arrived St. Pancras 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, Russel Square, sharing room with Walter.

July 3

Shopping with Brophy in Tottenham Court Road this p.m. Tonight took tube Custon 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 Bitterne 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.

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- 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.
- July 6. Sunday. On the pier this p.m., watching the world go by and entertained by a first-class military band. This pm. 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 8. Letter to Albie bumming this am. Operator from Prince Arthur aboard Norman Cavell from Walmes. Knows Aunt Lie.
- 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 am. sitting in the Avenue. 5 P.M. Leaving wharf amid thunderous chorus of "Goodbye-ee" from crowd on quay. 5:30 P.M. Pass Netley Hospital. 6:45 P.M. Passing Portsmouth fortifications. Fort Norman on port beam.

July 11.

Glorious weather. Prince Arthur's officers have bet 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 sealegs, for am 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.

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July 14.

4 AM. On watch. First Officer Leblanc dropped in, for chat. His home is on Artz St., Halifax. 1 P.M. Very hot weather. Position Lat. 42.40 N., Long. 15.06 W. Short of water and all hands rationed.

"Here y'are, sir: 'ere'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.

July 15.

Another hot cloudless day. Boat drill at 4 pm. 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 Fayal Radio Station. Leaning over the rail tonight watching the moonlit water slipping past, with Walter, who became very sentimental.

July 16.

3 AM. Land Ho! 4.30 AM. Sailing among the Azores Islands, which rise sheer out of water like verdant Gibaltars. 5.15 AM. About 4 miles from Fayal. Prince Arthur, way behind, is just arrived off Hera Cross. 6 AM. At

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anchor off Horta, which is a small bay shadowed by Monte Pido. Horta is scattered over the slope of Fajal 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 in shore, 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 fliover 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 Azores cigars & cigarettes. 9 P.M. Pulling out, having replenished our bunkers & water tanks. Coal was brought out to the ship

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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 San Miguel, and the faint music of the military band drifting over the water. Walt waxing 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. 8:30 P.M. sp 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 get at fire.

July 20.

Fire extinguished this am. 6 P.M. Wind & sea rising fast. Seas sweeping lower deck. Saloon portholes on starboard cracked by heavy sea during dinner. Nearing Gulf Stream. Patches weed floating past.

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July 21.

1 P.M. Wind & sea have abated.

Passing thru Gulf Stream. Much seaweed, and many schools flying fish.

July 22.

Warm. Glassy sea. Out of touch with Prince Arthur since leaving Horta, & suspect they're stealing a march on us.

July 23

4 A.M. Picked up Sables Island working V.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 Karma fellows, & the original officers of the Prince George, who are all R.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 marines in naval togs may the good Lord deliver us."

5 P.M. Cross 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 AM. Prince Arthur broke her long silence to get a bearing from D.F. stations

July 25.

Lightning storm took place of fog at 3 AM. 5 AM. 15 miles from entrance Boston Harbor. 7 AM. 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 ⁱⁿ a band concert on the Common.

July 26.

Walt & 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. We 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.

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July 27.

Walt & 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 quarreling 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 repairs. Movies tonight.

July 29

Shopping in East Boston this am. This pm. took the narrow-gauge railroad to Revere Beach, a summer resort, which was full off "hot dog" stands and Jews. Returned midnight.

July 30

Got railway tickets from Furness Withy office & had baggage passed by customs. Wilson, Brophy & I returning Halifax. Left Boston 7 pm.

July 31

7 am. Turned out at Fanebora for customs inspection. Breakfast at McAdam Junction. 8 am. Arrived Halifax 11.15 P.M., for two weeks leave.

1919

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 bucko, belaying pin type. Pleasant prospect. Left home 6:40 A.M. Delayed 2 hours by wreck on main line. Arrived *Pictou* 1:30 pm and reported to Meikle, who demanded my certificate & my age. When I said "Sixteen, Sir" 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 $\frac{1}{2}$ kw. cabinet type. Ship is in drydock having anti-rolling chocks 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*.

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- 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 pig iron 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 femmes who flung open my door & demanded to "see the wireless." Some of them burst into the captain's cabin, to be greeted by an enraged bellow from Mickle, who was in his pajamas reading. Some fun.
- Aug. 21. Mickle nearly devoured the watchman this am. Cut off four feet of my aerial down leads to make them taut. This evening

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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 A.M. 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 Bear, says Marconi people must send engineer to overhaul apparatus.

Aug. 23. 9:30 A.M. Entered Miramichi River. 10:30 A.M. Passing Chatham. 11:15 A.M. 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. 24. Strolled down river to French Fort Cove this afternoon. A beautiful wooded inlet from the Miramichi.

Aug. 25. Wire from Gray this am. says

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"Pictou & Cape Bear stations shut, so impossible to communicate them, 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. I wired Montreal for diagram of tuner wiring & arranged for a ship further up to give me some sigs. 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. Wataka's boat came third in race, which was won by a Norwegian crew.

Aug. 28.

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 Coughlan, 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. 9 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.
6 P.M. Anchored in stream at North Sydney.
- Sept. 4. Moved to coal wharf 5 p.m. & commenced loading bunkers. Batho, operator on War Watch came aboard for a chin-chin. Capt. Hunter is now his skipper. Saw Harold Dockrill while ashore tonight.
- Sept. 5. Our Mattese 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

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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 wrapping himself in the table cloth, went to sleep on the hard mahogany. The Old Man found him there this a.m. & woke him with a loud bellow of rage.

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

Sept. 6.

Pains in my "tummy" today. Passed St. Pierre this a.m. Working VCE at midnight, getting ice report and msg for the Skipper.

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..

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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 insubordinate," 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. Three 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 F S Stavangerfiord, who just crossed our stern bound for Norway. 5:30 P.M. Hostilities resumed with the Old Man, who wanted to know

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why I hadn't strung a new aerial. 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 stumped off, vowing he'd show me "where the Marconi Co. belongs".

10.30 Working MRH ~~at~~ 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, 'e said that to me.

1919

Sept. 12. Me, oo's got a master's ticket same as 'im!'
10 A.M. Passing a big barge 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 & jigger.

Noon. Two smudges on horizon astern.
called C. Q. 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

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the first mate who said a passing ship was signalling us with flash lamp. I called CQ and was answered by P1UU sp Randwijk bnd Hampton Roads, from Rotterdam. He wanted to know if we'd seen any ice. Gave him my last ice report, which was V.C.E.'s of the 6th. Had great difficulty in working him even at that short distance, due to my very punk crystals.

Sept. 14

Sunday. Fixed the morise flash lamp for first mate, who was unable use it last night. 9 P.M. Worked WX00 sp Monmouth, a Yank, bound New York from Manchester in ballast. Gave him my latest American news & V.C.E. ice report. Received 3 mine warnings from him. Again immense trouble with crystals.

Sept. 15

1 P.M. Passed two big tramps bound West. Spoke one, sp St. Patrick from Manchester, which seems a popular port these days.

Sept. 16

Passed Fastnet 2.30 P.M. Sea rough & sky very hazy. Tried all day get G.C.K. Valentia without success.

1919

Skipper 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 KFKP to Lake Furlough bound Hampton Roads from Liverpool. He called G. C. K. but couldn't raise them either, so was unable to send the charming message Meikle had filed:-

"Passed Fastnet 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. K. so that's that!

Gave KFKP a mine warning and some American news.

Sept. 17.

7 A.M. Passed Carnsore Head.

Mate dug me out to get a bearing from Carnsore. Got it; also data on other DF as follows. Lizard BVY, Amlwch BXV, and Carnsore BVZ 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

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Gray, advising state of affairs. Couldn't hear Fishguard (GRL) at all, so Carnsore relayed 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. Mattese steward is stewed to the gills; he found Meikle's stock of booze 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 farrard & live with 'em!" etc. Entered Latchford lock at 1 P.M. & changed to "daylight-saving" time. 3.30 P.M. In Inslam Lock which smells even worse

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than the rest of the canal. Raining.
4:30 P.M. In Barton Lock. Manchester
in sight. 5:30 P.M. Entered ^{made a wheel} ~~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 "lobby" 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

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leave the ship without orders from Arcon, & says that Meikle cannot discharge me of his own volition. I'm disappointed, for I'd planned to beat it for London & await orders from Arcon.

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 Meikle re my discharge. Tea 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. Tea 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.

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Sept. 24.

Slept all morning. At lunch was astounded find Meikle in jovial mood. Told 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. Can't understand it. Got my uniform this p.m.; coat, pants, vest, cap & two cap-covers for £9-3s. Since my uniform allowance is \$50⁰⁰, I'm doing pretty well.

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

Sept. 25.

Hell to pay. Meikle wild again. My msg. to Gray evidently started something, for the owners cabled 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". Ha-ha. The Old Man is sore. But when he gets that notice from the Marconi people re my complaint. Hell blow up. Spontaneous combustion.

Movies in Ardwick Green tonight.

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Sept. 26.

Letter from Mother this a.m. 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. Engineers' Mess hasn't approved of me since I came aboard, anyway, and my new uniform seems to dazzle 'em. Good!

At Queens, a new movie in Longsight with Bridie tonight. Rumours a-broad of a big railway strike.

Sept. 27.

Strike on this morning. Great excitement. War with Mickle 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. Tell 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?"

Mickle: — "Yes, you!" Thomas: — "Just thought of something funny." Silence thereafter. Uptown tonight and

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had a late supper in Lyons cafe, where my table mate introduced himself as Ben Ling, 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 a.m. 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 Tommies. 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 ss Schenectady, a Yankee in same dock. Operator is French Canadian. Gets \$125⁰⁰ 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.

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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 services 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. Wotten seat.

Oct. 2

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

Oct. 3

Movies in Rusholme tonight.

Oct. 4

Ashore with Schenectady operator tonight. Took in a fair near Salford. Got in tow of two fair ^{Jones} who asked us to see 'em home. We did. "Homee" proved to be in darkest Waste, 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. Curly hair. Made date for Monday night.

1919

Oct. 5

Stowell Church this morning. Harvest Festival service. Tea at Boidies new home near Hyde, 6 miles out of Manchester.

Oct. 6

Strike broken. Tonight met Nellie Hargreaves per date & took her to the Langworthy, a movie in Seedley, overruling her desire to stroll through dark backlots in — Weaste! Fear that her morals are not all that they might be.

Oct. 7

Tea in Woolworth's. Movie on Market St. and Hippodrome for second show. A busy night.

Oct. 8

Movies on Oxford St. tonight. Big crowd.

Oct. 9

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

Oct. 10

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 War Karma. Sailing tomorrow.

Oct. 11

8 A.M. Started down canal to Mode Wheel Lock & commenced coaling there at ten. Coal trucks are lifted bodily from railway, by a huge crane, and swung over the bunkers, 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.

Oct. 13

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. Meikle dumped his trunk into an old shack by the tracks, where I rescued it & paid a sailor 2/6d. to take it to Waste Station. Paid transportation on it to Glasgow, 6/6d.

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Oct. 14.

5 A.M. Heading down canal. Sp 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 scoop with 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 pm. Picked up GLV working ships. Good sigs.

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 Q.R.U. with GLV. Arrived Liverpool 11 P.M.

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- Oct. 17. Anchored off steel pleasure tower at New Brighton. 5 P.M. Moving up the Mersey. 7.30 P.M. Through first (Eastham) 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 G.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. 20. Ship moved from No. 7 dock to Salford quay. Movies in Sedley tonight.
- Oct. 21. Movies in Salford tonight.
- Oct. 22. Met Sammy Pierpoint, & repaid the cash he loaned. Took him to the Alexandra, in Salford, tonight.
- 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.

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- Oct. 25. 8 A.M. Sailed for Nabana, Newfoundland. Aunt Jess' letter says Mother sailed Oct. 22nd. So we will pass in mid-ocean. sp Germania pulled out from her dock as we left Liverpool, & soon left us behind.
- Oct. 26. 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. GCK 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. sp Ariano bound London from St. John's. He reports "Rotten weather" since leaving, and says "Digby" is not far astern having left shortly after him.

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Oct. 30.

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

Heard M.V.G. Digby, this afternoon but that's all. Tried to get hold of him tonight but terrible din makes reception of sigs. impossible.

Oct. 31

Spent a sleepless night. Unwieldy 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 \$150⁰⁰ per month." Sounds good.

Nov. 2

Beautiful weather. Dutch sps Pollux passed us 1 p.m. bound east.

Nov. 3.

Passed sps Myristbrook this am, bound Leith from Sydney N.S. Exchanged couple msgs. He reports heavy N and NW gales; had to heave to 50 hours off Cape Race.

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7 P.M. Picked up VCE. 300 miles.

Nov. 4.

Good weather. Nothing to report, except that Capt. Mickle (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 Nabana 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

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scattered patches of conifers and dotted with weatherbeaten houses. Wabarna 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} roasted. 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 & everyone the all-pervading ore dust! Red streaks of it everywhere.

Saw a squad of boys drilling in the Church Lads Brigade Hall. A smart outfit, too.

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. Meikle also loaded — with John Crabbe whiskey. He & a local citizen 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

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Tonight amid heavy wind & rain & took in the movies. Met a dapper young Syrian who introduced himself as Michael Andreas of North Sydney. Aboard, very wet, at midnight.

Nov. 8.

Ashore tonight with Andreas at his sister's 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. 9.

Sunday. Left Wabana 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 and ESQ with regard to Polarland which sent out SOS this morning. They searching for survivors.

Nov. 10

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

Nov. 11.

Passed C. G. 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 Hickmott who persuaded me

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to join the new radio branch off the Telegraphers' Union. "Deevie" Ross is secretary to the branch at present. Sent Aunt 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 & teddy bear for Hilda. Max, the donkeyman pointed out the dive where MacDonald, 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.

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Nov. 16.

3.30 P.M. Had a chat with Baths on War Witch, X.R., whose skipper is old Capt. Hunter & has Walter aboard. Walt 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 Wabana 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 the Maskinonge is loading. Going down the cliff in one "skip", I passed Wilson who was coming up in the other. He disappeared & I returned aboard. Maskinonge 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.

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Nov. 21

calm. Shifted back to pier at 7 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 backyard. Seeping up through the soil & forming a pool. The owner had distilled some of it & used it to light a lamp but had failed to interest the Steel Cos. 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 Mickle at teatatable. 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 Watuka rolling heavily. Took up a report of ships heard, to skipper, who growled that

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he wanted a copy of the correspondence between those ships. Told him impossible

Nov. 25.

The mystery of Skipper Meikle'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 sp Maskinonge bound out in entrance, and tied up at North Sydney ore pier at 1.20 P.M.

Took ferry to Sydney this afternoon & deposited \$50⁰⁰ 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. Natuka 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 Scatarie 10 A.M. Pains in my stomach again. No breakfast. Captain

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Meikle very solicitous - a surprise.
7:15 P.M. Exchanged signals with
Camperdown VCS. Skipper didn't "wanna
send no messages."

Nov. 29.

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

Nov. 30

Sunday. At St. Matthias this
morning & met Messrs. Perry & Allam,
also Dick Bonnell who is back from
France & didn't know me in uniform.
Spent day with Higgins family who
were very hospitable. Saw Subj. Fraser
& the rest of the fellows except "Edge" Allen
who is up country on a farm. Called on

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the Bakers tonight and made a terrible "break." Discussing ships and men with Capt. Baker (skipper of sp Canadian Sealer) and narrated some humorous stories of MacBride, my boozy predecessor on the Watuka. Noticed Baker's absorbed look & discovered later that MacBride is now operator of his ship, recently transferred.

Dec. 1.

Expected to 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 Tackler 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 AM. KIQP reports "Still searching." sp Manchester Brigade & several U.S. ships are in his

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vicinity, so we are keeping our course.

3 P.M. Arrived North Sydney. I bought a warm overcoat - much needed.

Dec. 3.

I visited the Brazilian s/s Joazeiro, recently ashore at Glace Bay & now lying alongside Waturka. With aid of my high school French & much gesticulation I managed a chat with the "premero telegraphista", who introduced himself as Pery 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 "premero", and got some Brazilian stamps from "premero mechanician". Had coffee & biscuits with the rest of the officers in the saloon. Excellent coffee.

Many of the officers (and there are a surprising number) are of mixed ^{Portuguese} Spanish

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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. Guess they thought they were going to something grand, for they could not conceal disappointment at finding themselves in a movie show. Their shoregoing 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. Meikle assaulted by one of our sailors in the shipping office this morning. Prompt & energetic action by shipping master and chief engineer Tarvey saved Meikle from being beaten to a

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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 skipped for parts unknown just a few minutes before the police arrived.

Noon. Casting off. Skim ice, on the harbour. Sea like glass & weather wonderful. Water dotted with patches of light ice. 10 P.M. Heard X R War, Dutch working VCO. 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 $6\frac{1}{2}$ knots & we crawled NE all day with heavy beam sea and furious snow squalls.

Dec 7.

5 AM. called VAZ for radio bearing, which he unable give account "night variations". 7 AM. Bearing O.K. from VAZ. 8 AM. Land on port bow. Sunny weather, sea still high. 11 AM. Passed Cape Race very close & got snapshots. 1 P.M. KINX, Yankee sp Eli (?) sent out SOS. sps Dominion & Dutch sps Bijndam

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going her assistance. Spoke sp Sheba bound Sydney from Heart's content. 9 P.M. Docked at St. John's in dense snowstorm.

Dec. 8.

Wataka 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 Luidi Vidi road.

Dec. 9

Visited the Cabot Memorial tower this afternoon, taking the same route as the Carthagina 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 Dooddy.

Dec. 10

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

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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. 12.

Very cold. Aboard all day reading Arnold Bennetts "Peggy Lady" & some Kipling, loaned by the chief "gingerbread," a regular guy. At Majestic tonight with Prince and the girls. Heavy snowstorm. Some climate.

Dec. 13.

8 A.M. Pulling out. A clear, cold morning. Rolling heavily. No cargo or ballast. 11 P.M. Ran into thick fog.

Dec. 14.

Thick fog all day. No "sigs," so investigated. Found one lead in adrift and wrapped ^{around} the binnacle. Damn the boatswain!

Dec. 15.

Half-speed all last night. Rolling heavily. 11:30 A.M. Tying up North Sydney. Capt Meikle is leaving the ship to get hospital treatment for his eye. Pearl first mate, whom we shipped in Halifax last trip

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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 cable came in contact with the aerial. With the result that when I came aboard from a trip to town, the port horizontal 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 & Ops. McDonald of Tyrian. Showed them my outfit.

Ashore in Andreas cafe' 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 o.k. Worsh sang lustily, until the mess-room got musical; the cook got out his mandolin, and the night was hideous with all the sea-songs from "Blow,

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

Dec. 17.

Aboard Tyrian today & inspected McDonald's $\frac{1}{2}$ K.W. Isst.

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

At Strand tonight with Marguerite.

Mike Andreas asked me to take a Xmas parcel to his brother-in-law at Nabana. Told him o.k.

Dec. 18.

Andreas brought an immense parcel aboard this am. Noon. Sailed for Nabana with coal and general cargo. Sunny weather but cold.

Dec. 19.

Intermittent 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. We lowered a

1919

Rescued by Steamer.

The Marine Dept received the following message Saturday from Cape Race:—S.S. Watuka reports she picked up the crew of the schooner Gertrude of Fortune Bay. The vessel was abandoned in a sinking condition in lat. 46.24 N. long. 55.39 W. The Gertrude belonged to Daniel Hickey of Fortune.

Dec. 19, 1919

a boat from our
pulling & hacking
A volunteer
ter much
and falls.
Tremendous
sea nearly smashed boat against our
side but wonderful work by third
mate (a Newfoundlander) with steering
oar, averted catastrophe. Took off
crew of fire and succeeded in swinging
boat back aboard by a miracle. As
they drew alongside and realised 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 of 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

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ing, Ltd.

a boat from our port side, after much pulling & hacking at icy ropes and falls.

A volunteer boat's crew. Tremendous sea nearly smashed boat against our side but wonderful work by third mate (a Newfoundlander) with steering oar, averted catastrophe. Took off crew of five and succeeded in swinging boat back aboard by a miracle. As they drew alongside and realised that only split seconds separated the chance of getting aboard and the chance of being dashed to pieces against Wataka'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 of Fortune Bay bound Sydney to Fortune with coal. Demasted 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

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without food for two days. Position of derelict is Lat. 46.24 N., Long. 55.39 W. which I reported to VCE. Resumed course at noon.

Dec. 20

Blizzard this morning & p.m. 5 P.M. Fierce SE gale with hail; unable enter Conception Bay account storm, & we put to sea to ride it out. High seas & 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 o.k. Gosine came aboard for the "parcel" from Andreas but was nabbed while taking it ashore by customs.

Dec. 22.

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

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Dec. 23.

Still more trouble. The customs constitute my bringing the parcel to Wabana 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 hairsplitting defense, but the customs man seemed to be favorably impressed, so it may work.

Dec. 24.

Assisting Turvey 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

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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 & Wataka is fairly wallowing. Sick all day. Too much dinner yesterday.

Dec. 27.

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

Dec. 28.

Sunday. A row over the Wabana parcel with Capt. Pearl. Seems that Andreas also gave a parcel to Max the donkeyman, for Gosine at Wabana. The customs nabbed it, too. And Max swore that I had ordered him to stow it "forrard" 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

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

Dec. 30.

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.

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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 a sparkle. Midnight. As eight bells struck, our siren-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. I left the School of Telegraphy for Partridge Island on April 11th, 1919; and from there to War Farma & 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 gov't. 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. 2.

Visited Ed. Hodgson, opt. on Canadian Settler, Gov't. ship in next dock. A west coast man. Has a 2 K.W cabinet set, & room enough in his shack to hold three of mine. Wātuka whistled for me at 3.30 P.M. and I returned aboard. Sailed 4 P.M. for St. Johns. Worked Harris on Montcalm tonight.

Jan. 3.

Shipped a sea through my open port just after arising this a.m. My bunk was flooded. Wātuka rolling heavily & has considerable list to starboard. Ship's compass working rather erratically caused skipper some uneasiness. I tried get D.F. bearings from VAZ tonight but

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they reported "Night variations - unable
give accurate bearings".

Jan. 4. 8. A.M. Passing Cape Race.
Clear, cold weather. 4. P.M. Arrived
St. John's. Attended St. Thomas. C. of
E. tonight, arriving rather late. Deep
snow everywhere and very cold.

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

Attended Maritime 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.

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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 bellyfull of both Meikle & Watuka.

Jan. 9.

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

9 A.M. Arrived North Sydney, & was soon boarded by my relief, Bennett, late of D.F. service and hungry for a whiff of salt spray. I reported to Moffatt, O. in C. at VCO & went on duty at midnight with "Geordie" Raines. { The junction 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 "cirvies", \$40⁰⁰. 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 Wauka any too well. Look^d Raine's watch 6 pm. to midnight as he wanted 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 \$10⁰⁰. A bargain. Received notice from Halifax that ss 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.

A pretty swift bunch.

Jan. 14.

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

Jan. 15.

Visited Montcalm this morning & found Harris in bunk. Wireless quarters large & comfortable, include private bath

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which I call bloated luxury.

Much amusement at teatime by members of Marjie 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 Patcher's again where we were once again treated royally. Harris was sober.

Jan. 17.

4:15 AM. Yankee s/s Guildford KEMF sent out SOS, 135 miles South of Halifax. A "ham" operator, or maybe the poor chap is nervous. VCU handled the business. ORM 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. 18.

Sunday. Terribly cold. Went aboard Meigle with Joe Cavanagh and Raine. She carries 2 KW standard cabinet set. Church tonight. Sermon poor; music good.

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Jan. 19

Dave Lewis of s/s Maple took Raine's watch last night. A risky stunt. Raine 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 ops. rushed me outside & jammed car full of snow. Thawed 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 op but a radio fan. He has a weird receiver consisting merely of phones across a carborundum crystal, one side of crystal connected to electric light wiring

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and no earth. Hears VCO with it. A miracle, I say. Had some fun this afternoon. Argument between Moffatt, the O-in-C, a religious fanatic, and Hickmott, 2nd. opt., who is an atheist. Another blizzard tonight. Hellish weather. Floundered 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 fat-fair-and-forty Marjie 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 \$20⁰⁰ from Moffatt against travelling expense to Louisburg. Joe Cavanagh 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.

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Jan. 24

Caught 8 a.m. train for Louis-
burg. Bitter cold. Uncomfortable trip,
as cars not heated. Sidetracked at Mira
for an hour, with freezing wind blowing
right off the ice packed bay & whistling
through cars. Just to let a coal train
go by! Arrived Louisburg 11 a.m. and
hired sleigh for drive to ship which is
some distance from railway stn. A
cold drive, 25 below zero, and I stumbled
aboard nearly frozen. Opro. 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 lying down
in snow at intervals, "to sleep". A
lonely road, night, deep snow, zero temper-
ature. Got him aboard about midnight
having fairly dragged him several miles.
A wild experience.

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Jan. 25.

Sunday. Some excitement this a.m. 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. We 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. Sodero & I didn't know any Italian & the daques' 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.

Jan. 26.

Sunny morning but bitterly cold. Noon. Entered Halifax harbour & anchored in stream. Harbor full of slot ice. Darling & I had a hard job getting our aerial lowered & stowed, as ropes and blocks were a mass of ice.

Jan. 27.

Docked at noon. Made a couple of courtesy calls ashore. Tonight, got in town of Edge Allen & with him visited several old friends. Took in second show at Casino & ate at the Fountain afterward.

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Jan. 28.

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 Allaum asked me to call on her people.

Jan. 29.

Called on Allaums. Very dull, so escaped with Daisy & took in basketball game at Y.M.C.A. Hut, Barrington St., between teams of high-school girls.

Tea at Allens & afterward a Burns concert at Park St. Presbyterian Kirk. Bagpipes, Annie Laurie, and a' that. Slept at Higgins.

Jan. 30

New orders. Hochelaga going on coastal work requires only one ops., so Darling is staying. Sodero 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

Newer orders. Gray advised cables ship Mackay-Bennett short an ops., & ordered me to her. 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 Swiftj Fraser.

Feb. 2.

Still more orders. MMB still waiting instructions so I'm off to Pictou. Caught 5:30 p.m. train, changing at Stellarton, & arrived Pictou 11:30 p.m. Lively trip; Pictou hockey team returning victorious from Stellarton, 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 VCO, which I did. My fellow ops are McMasters, Allen late of H. M. S. Iron Duke, and Freddy Hughes who was at VCU Cape Sable when I was

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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 ops., Myrtle McLean & Miss Hudson hoaxed McCormick tonight with long message for Grindstone Id. signed Mrs. Cloquin & delivered by phone in strong French accent.

Feb. 6.

Heavy rain. Slush kneedup everywhere. Received parcel from Aunt Ly containing a Xmas pudding & cigarettes, which I passed around. Freddy Hughes nearly swallowed the lucky sixpence in the pudding. Went on watch 8 P.M. & got soaked on way.

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Feb. 7.

An SOS this morning. Steamer ashore at Burnt Island off Port Clyde. Met Mary Dalton & Ethel Simmons in town & had a hard time getting away. They still know me as "Jack Hart". Allen & I at the movies tonight with the boobin girls, friends of his.

Feb. 8.

At C. of E. service this a.m.. Allen is in strong there; takes up collection & sings in the choir. Took McMaster's watch tonight so he could take his girl to church. McCormick dropped in & lied wonderfully about his experiences in the R.A.F. in France, until 10:30 p.m.

Feb. 9.

McCormick & Allen provided some fun this p.m. learning to skate under the mast, where is a good sheet of ice. Took Freddie Hughes' watch tonight as he wanted to attend a meeting at his lodge.

Feb. 10.

Fancy dress ice carnival tonight at Pictou rink. McCormick & Allen went in uniform. Mac fell during the grand parade around the rink & half the crowd had skated over him before he could be rescued. Only slightly bruised but very profane.

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Feb. 11

Skating all afternoon with bunch of femmes who are daily visitors to our ice sheet. Took Allen's watch tonight as he had a heavy date.

Feb. 12.

Skating again today. Movies with Allen tonight. Bought a pie. (Our landlady is Mrs. McKenzie and at mealtimes she lives up to that good old Highland name. Hence surreptitious feeds in our rooms at night.)

Feb. 13.

Friday. An unlucky day according to superstition. Opt. Newburg arrived today from Philadelphia where he was left in hospital by his ship. A west coast man. Allen leaves tomorrow for New York to join an oil tanker, the Imperial. Blizzard tonight.

Feb. 14.

Skating with McCormick in the rink this p.m. More orders. I am to leave Monday for Halifax. Ship ahoy!

Feb. 15.

C. of C. service this a.m. with Newburg. Terrific gale sprang up at noon, & increased to hurricane force at midnight, when light wires came down & drove us to oil lamps. VAX canoe D. F. reports his N and S aerial is down. My last watch at VCO. Leaving tomorrow for ship duty.

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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 Foose'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. 19.

Heavy S. gale. Very rough. Am very seasick but so is skipper & Doc. Knippel. Capt. Stewart told me he met Dad in 1915. He says ship has a month's work here as cable in very bad condition. Five breaks.

Feb. 20

Sealegs came back today. I ate some records meals. Sea still rough.

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Feb. 21

Off watch 4 a.m. Weather clear & fine. Picked up cable off Cape Sable 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 know if I was "taking a rest cure." He lent me Bucher's "Vacuum Tubes" to study. Sunday.

Feb. 23

Wkg. Darling on CHR 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 YCT 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 G.M.T. 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 sigs. from Chelmsford.

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Feb. 27

0500 G.M.T. picked up SOS of WJEL, s/s Plainfield, leaking badly & sinking in Lat. 29.15 N., Long. 73.40 W.. Notified bridge. WJEL is 800 miles from us.

0520 G.M.T. Another Yankee, KIFC reports he is heading assistance WJEL 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.
~~Feb. 30~~

0725 G.M.T. Chebucto Head YAV called QST: "s/s Bohemian on rocks S.W.O.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, gov't. ships in Halifax leaving for

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his assistance. 0757. MEL says "We are pounding heavily on rocks." 0760. VCS tells MEL "C. 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. VRC 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 Chatterton's.

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 dickering with trawler Baline 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.

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Mar. 5.

Arlington NAA 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.

Mar. 6.

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. Doc. Knippel made hurried exit account mal-de-mer.

1745 G.M.T. KIPC sent out SOS. 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 sp Guilford ^{KEMF} sent out SOS 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 EOY are

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going his assistance.

0800 G.M.T. Another SOS. Yankee s/s Lake Ellathorp KOFM broken down and drifting onto Sable 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 Gii 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. 69.40 W.

1915. KOFM tells Sable 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-savings 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 "fining" 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 o.k.. Lighter alongside with cable for new job. We are lying off Tomkinsville, 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 broadcast & we are standing by for bad weather.

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Mar. 13.

9.30 a.m. Hooked cable again.

2 P.M. Hove to for terrific storm which sprang 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. 14.

Sunday. 1.30 a.m. Picked up 505 of sk Ysundai, off Frying Pan Shoals. s/s Limon going her aid. High wind all day but sea moderate.

Mar. 15.

Noon. Dropped final splice and passed Ambrose Lightship 2.15 p.m. inward bound. 7 P.M. Tied up at Tomkinsville.

Mar. 16.

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

Mar. 17.

Taylor & I ashore again. Tea at the Lakewood Cafe. Secured orchestra seats for \$ 4.85 each at the Winter Garden theatre. The Passing Show of 1919. Great! Then to Churchill's cabaret on opposite side of Broadway. Wonderful chicken fricassée. Apache dancing and a lady with pink toes. Back aboard 1.30 a.m.

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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.

Guantanamo

Mar. 19.

Hooked up our new 4 step amplifier. A very mixed affair. Audiotron 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 be restrained from hearing 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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see the most wonderful Northern Lights in my experience. A beautiful night.

Mar. 23

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. 5/5 Sicilian near us, somewhere, bound for St. John N. B. 2040 G.M.T. at 4:30 p.m. ship time, Higginson got a message from VCS ordering us return to Halifax. Hurrah!

Mar. 27

11 am. Hove-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. Edgie's folks have the measles.

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Mar. 28.

Sunday. Aboard all day. At St. Matthias tonight, calling on Higgins' and Knodell's. With Burbridge boys & "Swiftly" Fraser.

Mar. 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.

Mar. 30

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

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

Mar. 31.

Helping Taylor copy D. U. S. repair sheets all day. Called on Win. 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

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into a row with Smith and knocking him down before the others separated us. Harold H. 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. Fools 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. Stranded 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 Pt. 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 meet his girl on Ocean Limited.

April 6.

Operators of s/s Gomino visited us today & saw our gear. Theirs is a $\frac{1}{2}$ KW. English set, which sparkes like the devil between jigger secondary wires & the plate on which it slides. Looked in at Girls club tonight & found it dull, so returned aboard.

April 7.

bold, with heavy snow. Talking to Batho, late of War Witch X.R., who is now Asst. Supt. here. Stayed aboard tonight, playing Victrola with Gagnon.

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 $\frac{1}{2}$ 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

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P.A. for emergency. The French ops., didn't seem to know much about his set. He had rough seamen'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 & Knodell's, where I found Len. & Claude Burbridge & "Swiftly" Fraser.

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

April 13. Testing cable in shed tanks today. Called at Girls Club but soon returned aboard.

April 14. Noon. Ship moved to Halifax Shipyards, where her twin screws will be overhauled. French wooden s/s Fenestrance in drydock with us. The shipyard is a very busy spot, as

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four steamers are on the stocks. Being built for the Gov't. Merchant Marine.

April 15. 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 Salzman, & Doc kept butting into the conversation. Finally I told him to keep quiet. He went to Taylor & complained. Taylor gave me an official reproof & a private word of sympathy. Tonight called at Ruby Hollet's, Shirley St. & 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 Navyard) 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, VCE, opt, who has taken

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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 Higgins's place.

April 21. s/s "Natuka" arrived at Pier 2 from Jamaica. Capt. Meikle aboard again, also "Doc" Summers former chief engineer. Met Bennett & Turvey ashore. Aboard tonight.

April 22. Mr. 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 Walmet. At Casino with him tonight. Refreshments at the Fountain.

April 24. Snow all afternoon. With Cavell to Imperial movie tonight, afterwards to Green Lantern where saw Art. Baker, Ferner Ross, and Harry Allaum.

April 25. Sunday. Cavell aboard for dinner tonight. Later went to St. Matthias & afterwards

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to Knodell's where I introduced Cavell to Eva. On way back to ship, about midnight, had some supper in a rather shady "chink" cafe.

April 26. Very cold. Ship's stores & bunkers are coming aboard. We will be moving soon.

Doc Knippel still riding his grudge, told Skipper I had guest to dinner (Cavell) without permission. As I had Taylor's ok. the laugh is on Doc. Eva Knodell's tonight with "Burb" & "Swiftly."

April 27. Cavell & his senior ops. aboard to see our set tonight. They were very much impressed, as they use the old 1 1/2 KW rotary & have no valve receiver. Aboard all evening.

April 28. Cold & dull. Orpheus tonight with Cavell, & saw screen version of "The Admirable Crichton". Returned aboard in heavy rain. Civic election results in Halifax tonight. Mayor Parker re-elected over Dr. Hawkins.

April 29. 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.

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- April 30. Raining. Cast off at 5 P.M., U.S.S. 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. Cavell called up from MNO 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 going 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.

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May 6.

6 A.M. Arrived at buckold's Cove, 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. Tea at Woods. Met Isabel & Anna in the Maystic. Caught last boat back to ship very neatly 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 that 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. s/s Rosalind came in. Her op's came aboard for a chin. At St. Thomas C. of C. tonight, afterwards called for Isabel & strolled to "lovers lane" at Rennie's River. A most romantic spot.

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- 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 opers. on sp 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 Rennie'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 sp 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.

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May 16.

Sunday. 9. A.M. Tied up at Whitney Pier, where Eddy Turner's ship, s/s Turret Court, is also coaling. Eddy & his junior opt. 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 wkg. on CHZ tonight. Picked up SOS of French trawler Jeanne FHJ, 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 "QRX for SOS".

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After an hour of silence, FHJ 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 sigs. from Poldhu MPD tonight but static interfered reception. Copied NAA press o.k.
Noon. Lat. 45.31 N., Long. 51.35 W.. Dense fog.

May 21.

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

May 22

Smooth sea today. Copied MPD tonight with 'phones on table. Then NAA broke in. Both very loud. Static bad.
Noon. Lat. 45.37 N., Long. 44.29 W.

May 23.

Sunday. Withers on deck for first time since leaving Sydney. Seasick.
Copied MPD press tonight. NAA too weak to drown static & impossible copy.
Noon. Lat. 47.34 N., Long. 40.40 W.

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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 pos'n. 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 MNG 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 out 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 WJIV & 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 prig 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 heaving of ship.
10 P.M. Hove-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, GCK.

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, GCTM, working GCK at 1250 miles. Jamming the whole ocean with his damned Telefunken spark. We are working GCK every night, but unable raise VCE though he is nearest.

May. 30.

Our quenched gap giving trouble. Only getting $1\frac{1}{2}$ KW out of set with 11 gaps connected. Dismantled it & found all gaps leaking air, & plates badly blackened. Polished plates and

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renewed gaskets. Spark note now good.

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 w/ Maskinonge VBE bound Sydney from Rotterdam.

June 1.

Wind & 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. o.k. and no QRM. !!

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 Mrs. Ward, general manager

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of Commercial Cable Co.. Skipper sent him msg proposing MMB^{begin} return Sydney by June 8th. if weather unchanged.

June 4. Heavy swell, rolling heavily. Beautiful overhead. Chatting today with GNA s/s Kamarima, whose ops., F.O. Stredder was ops. on MMB during war. Ward replied skipper's msg. saying we must hang on & make for Fayal or Queenstown if fuel runs low. Worked GCK tonight, with skipper's msg. asking coal prices in St. John's, Queenstown & Fayal. His sigs. 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 heaving 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.

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8 P.M. Cable at bow. Found to be a stray piece of abandoned cable! Hard luck!

June 8. 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. Dropped hook 9 A.M. & grappled. Splendid weather. Noon. No luck. Pulled up hook, & standing by for heavy swell again.

June 10. Gashed 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 Taylors Colt .22 this afternoon. Tonight worked GCK through terrific jamming. Noon. Lat. 50.12 N., Long. 33.58 W.

June 12. Dense fog. Tried raise VCE all day without success. \$s Victorian MVN passed

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us somewhere in the fog bound east.

Noon. Lat. 49.41 N., Long. 39.28 W.

Got MPD O.K. tonight thru bad static.

June 13. Sea & wind rising. Exchanged msg with MVN this morning. Fog lifted for a moment & revealed s/s Canadian Ranger bound east, about $\frac{1}{4}$ mile away. 2 P.M. Furious storm sprang up. Sea became very high & ship tossing & pitching. Withers seasick again. 10 P.M. Hove to 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. Gale 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.

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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 pastboard. 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-lanaps. 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 posn. to VCE.

June 20.

Sunday. Rain this morning turning to bright sunshine at noon. Weather getting warmer as we near Gulf Stream. Noon

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position Lat. 48.43 N., Long. 48.01 W.
MPD sigs 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 B2 at 11.40 A.M.. Swell rising so no cable work. English wireless oprs., who have been on strike since June 15, now adopting strong methods. Refusing to sail if in port. Oprs at sea notified not to transmit or receive any paid messages. Oprs. venturing to send paid stuff are promptly "noted" and reprimanded by striking oprs. on other ships. Our buoy positions are:—
B3, Lat. 50.21 N., Long. 30.28½ W.; B2, Lat. 50.21½ N., Long. 31.4½ W.

Worked Valentia GCK tonight ok.

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June 24.

Dense fog, occasional rain, and heavy swell. Standing by B 2.

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 o.k. 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 o.k. A narrow shave.

June 26.

8 A.M. Arrived at B 2 & grappled for St. John's end. Weather fine & clear.

4 P.M. Cable at bows; a short piece about half a knot long. Cable here seems rotten & breaks from its own weight when being hauled to surface. Resumed grappling!

Midnight. Cable at bows. Another short piece.

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

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rising, glass dropping. 1 P.M. Gale in progress, rough sea, sky black as night.

Heard s/s Olympic M.K.C. This is her first trip since refitting for oil fuel. Polaku press reports s/s Aquitania making her trials with oil fuel. 6 P.M. Hove to. Decks awash.

Worked GCK tonight o.k.

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 C H Z, s/s Surret Court.

Worked GCK tonight o.k.

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, Montreal 4.48 $\frac{3}{4}$, New York 3.96 $\frac{1}{2}$.

Worked GCK tonight o.k.

July 1. Weather moderating fast. Commenced grappling 9.30 A.M. 10.30 A.M. Spoke

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s/s Stavangerfjord LFS bound east, also
s/s Manchester Brigade EKW (which collided
with Watuka last Fall) 1:30 Pulled up hook,
but cable parted enroute. 4:30 P.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 B 3. 8:45 A.M. Came
on B.3 dead ahead. Dropped hook at
noon, grappled till 9:20 P.M. without success.
And lost sight of B 3 again!

July 3. Spent the day searching in fog for
B 3 without success. Chauncey, third engineer,
operated on our gramophone spring 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/s Lord Antrim, ZDM ("Paddy" Smeel'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. 31.47 ^W, about 15 knots further west of B 3. Commenced grappling.

July 5

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, GLD 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 O.K. 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. Leblanc & 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 Hughes bosun, & reached Deluckrey 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. Knippel who has been working feverishly on Deluckrey pronounced him dead. Bled 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 Deluckrey consigned to the deep, in his canvas shroud weighted with fire-bars. New-end was temporarily buoyed at 1 A.M., having laid 58.6 knots new cable.

1:45 P.M. Picked up B2 and proceeded east to buoy off new end. 5:15 P.M. B.2 planted again. Tonight s/s Bradavon, X L G, called QST wanted medical advice re treatment his sick skipper. Our worthy doc. unable recognise symptoms, but U.S.S. Pocahontas, NOV, gave advice re treatment.

July 12.

Pushing east for London via Plymouth all day. Tonight msg. via GCK says Main 3 broken, 16 miles from Waterville. Noon Lat. 50.20 N., Long. 29.25 W.

1920

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.

July 15.

Another wonderful day. Cool breeze. 4.30 P.M. Land Ho! 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 16.

4 A.M. Now 125 miles N.W. of Land's End, G.L.D. Fog & rain. Cables ship Telconia leaves Plymouth for Waterville this a.m.

Gale sprung up this afternoon & developed into very heavy weather by night.

Sighted Land's End 6 P.M. Telconia 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. Salesman & I ashore this afternoon, listening to a band on the Hoe. Tea in a Union St. cafe. Salesman disappeared. A "femme". I took in the show at the Palace, where George Graves was providing the ~~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-Bennett's last leave boat had just pulled away. Had to bribe local boatman to put me aboard for exactly 1/1d.

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July 18.

Sunday. No shore leave. Skipper ashore getting cook, engineer, & several sailors out of clink. Drunk & resisting the cops.
4 P.M. Pulling out. Would like stay here awhile. A very pretty town and harbour.
Midnight. Abeam Portland light.

July 19.

4.30 A.M. Off St. Catherine's 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.
11 P.M. Rounding North Foreland, Margate lights on port bow. Midnight. Near Reculvers. Off watch.
July 20. 7 A.M. Anchored in Thames at Tilbury, under shadow of Tilbury Hotel. Waiting

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for tide to go up river. 1:30 P.M. Heading for Woolwich. 3 P.M. Arrived off Siemens Cable Works, Woolwich. Capt. Lardner, (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.E. & C. train shortly after dinner & 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 cafe. British Museum this afternoon. Booked seats for Chu - Chin - Chow at His Majesty's Theatre & took Mother & the girls. A wonderful show.

July 27. Took 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.

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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. sp Canadian Seignets 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 tugging west. Rough sea.

Aug. 4. Rough sea & strong head wind. Making 7 knots. Noon. Lat 51.31 North, Long 15.25 West.

Aug. 5. Heavy sea. Some trouble with our receiving gear. Our one & only DeForest "Audiotron" 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. 6. 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 cableship Colonia 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. Φ RM fierce.

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Aug. 7.

2:30 P.M. Arrived at "the job," and streamed B 7 to replace M.B. 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 to do any business.

Aug. 8.

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. QRM & QRN both terrific. Got in touch GCK, who had t/c 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. Spliced to our new stuff & 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.

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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. s/s baronia MRA, near us adjusting his new spark. He has the new Radio Communication Co. "Polar" set. Worked GCK tonight ok. A clear "line", his sigs. loud enough to read with 'phones lying on table.

Aug. 11.

Fine day. 8 A.M. Paid out grapnel. Worked s/s Edouard Jerames, FZJ, 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 & may break down any time.

Tonight spoke both Valentia GCK and Cape Race VCE. MPD sigs weak tonight.

Aug. 12.

8 A.M. 65 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.

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4 P.M. Picked up Waterville cable buoy.

8:15 P.M. Picked up Newfoundland cable buoy.
Sea like glass all day and no wind.

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 aboard.

8 P.M. Heading east for Waterville to repair Main 3, which Telconia didn't complete.

Noon Lat. 50°11' N., Long. 33°37' W.

In touch with both GCK & VCE tonight but heavy static made communication impossible.

Aug. 14.

Splendid weather continues.

s/s Canadian Aviator near us bnd. 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. Poldhu, MPD, press O.K.

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

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ratings to take over warships purchased from British navy.

Aug. 16.

Another beautiful day.

Dissembled our lead-in insulator today, & reversed the bradfield tube which had been punctured at the gland.

Noon. Lat. 51.34 N., Long. 18.50 W.

335 miles from GCK.

Aug. 17.

Fresh wind & choppy sea.

Noon. Lat 51.30 N., Long. 12.54 W., day's run 222½, speed 9.7 knots.

5 P.M. Arrived off Waterville repair & streamed MBI. Wind too fresh for work.

Midnight. High wind & heavy rain.

Aug. 18.

Bright sunshine but cold

northerly wind. Sea rough, ship rolling heavily for first time in a week. A record!

Aug. 19.

Fine day. 1:15 P.M. Paid out

grapnel. 4:45 P.M. Cable at bow. OK to Newfoundland. 10 P.M. Dragging for Waterville end. No luck.

Aug. 20.

5:20 A.M. Paid out grapnel & dragged

all morning. No luck. Skipper swears cable has moved! 11 A.M. cable hooked & at bow. OK to Waterville. Commenced paying

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out at 1 P.M. 5 P.M. Finished paying out & picked up Newfoundland buoy.

7:55 P.M. Dropped final splice. Hurrah! We have completed the work which we sailed to accomplish on April 30th., and it has been a long & arduous summer with a persistent little "jinx" firmly seated on the masthead right straight through. Taylor put "End of a Perfect Day" on the gramophone tonight, & there was a celebration.

Aug. 21. 5:30 A.M. Fastnet Light abeam. We are to take a load of cable at London & return to Halifax. 8:30 A.M. Leaving Galley Head astern. 10:15 (G.M.T) Listening to Poldhu MPD working ICCM (Marconi's yacht, Elettra, which is in the Adriatic). Phone and CW. Songs in Italian & news from the Daily Mirror.

10 P.M. In the Channel.

Aug. 22. 3 A.M. Lizard abeam. 8:30 A.M. Entered Plymouth Sound. Ashore on the Hoe all afternoon. Sunday. Crowds of people

Aug. 23. Beautiful day. Livingstone, chief officer, ordered no boat service to shore until evening. So aboard all day. Ashore tonight with

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Salsman. 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. 24. Ashore all morning. Bought a uniform cap, atlas & some collars. Lunch in a cafe on Union St. Aboard 2 P.M. Sailed for London 7.45 P.M. Taylor loath to leave, having become greatly enamored of "Kitty" a beautiful barmaid from the famous Globe.

Aug. 25. Bunch navigation warnings from G.N.F. 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. Tied 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.

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Aug. 27.

Returned aboard 9.30 A.M., and got four days leave from Taylor, £8 from the purser, & a ticket on the S. E. & C. 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

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went as far as Deal. Arrived aboard ship, now at Woolwich, 7 P.M.

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. Show called "Cherry"

Sept. 4.

Mooned about Dulwich all day. Movies at the "Tower" in Peckham Rye tonight. Still staying with Frank.

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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 Killinger & Aunt Bess. 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 maddening 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.

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Sept. 8.

A beautiful day. Sea like glass. Noon. Off Portland Bill.

8:15 P.M. Anchored in Plymouth Sound.

Sept. 9.

Another sunny day. Ashore all day. Plymouth is gaily decorated for the "Mayflower" celebration. Returned aboard 10:45 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.S.) 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.

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- 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 "Goldhu" radio telephone, "Mary had a little lamb," and other cryptic expressions. Noon Off Ballinskelligs, $7\frac{1}{2}$ 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 & rolling prodigiously. No work.
- Sept. 15. High sea. Cruised between Gull Rock & Ballinskellig all day. Wind lulled during day but sprang up anew at 11 P.M. & blew all night.
- Sept. 16. Heavy swell, high wind, rain squalls. Skipper would like to put in Berhaven or Valentia till sea subsides, but owing to Sinn Fein troubles ashore thinks we

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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. GCK 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 sp Sackem, MOL, 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!

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Sept. 22. Rough weather. Only making 7 knots account poor fuel. 202 miles west GCK at noon., Lat. 51.51 N., Long. 15.50 W.

Sept. 23. Rough weather. Occasional rain. Noon 373 miles west Waterville. Worked cableship Faraday GTP, bound London.

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 sp Reading 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 msgs from him for the Minia. Distance from GCK, 850 miles.

1920

Sept. 26.

Rough weather. Very cold. 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 o.k. at about 1,000 miles.

Sept. 27.

Terrific rolling last night made sleep impossible. Speed this morning, 5 knots! Picked up good sigs. from VCE at 10 A.M. Noon. Lat. 50.21 N., Long. 37.37 W., 1052 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. Fo'c'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

German boat. Stephan bound to London. Been laying Pernambuco - Barbados cable. Copied MPD press tonight as usual, but static bad & fading sigs. Unable raise VCE though only 400 miles from him. Out of touch with GCK now.

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. Lost MPD tonight. Sigs. too faint.

Oct. 1. Dense fog all day. Good sigs. 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.

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Noon Lat. 46.39 N., Long. 52.29 W., just 18 miles east VCE. Heard Halifax, VCS, tonight. An old familiar sound.

Oct. 2. Bright sunshine. Noon Lat. 45.48 N., Long. 56.30 W., 170 miles west VCE. Spoke North Sydney, VCO & chatted with Moffatt there. Hickmott has transferred to Three Rivers, but Raine & Young still at VCO. Spoke sp Rosalind bound St. John's to Halifax.

Oct. 3. Sunday. Drizzling 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 midocean". 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~~00~~. Tea at Higgins. Saw Allens, Footes, Knodells, & had sing-song at Pearl Parker's.

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- Oct. 5. Settled my wine & advances bill this morning, which Purser computed at \$108.40. Visited by Charlie Peach, now ops. on Lord Kelvin, YRC. Saw "Abby" Cumming this afternoon. Tea at Higgins, & took in the Majestic show with Gordon.
Slept aboard.
- Oct. 6. Went to Simpson's & ordered a coat for Mother at \$50⁰⁰, 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 Carnival fireworks.
- Oct. 8. Took my old bridge-coat to M & E Giffin, tailor, to be converted to a "cirvy" type. Also my new navy raincoat to be shortened.
- Oct. 9. Bought coat for Mother at Byalin's, \$52⁰⁰.
- Oct. 10. Sunday. Service at St. Matthias this morning. Dinner at Higgins. Tea with Mrs. Allen, later calling on Daisy Foote. Aboard 11 P.M.

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- 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 Taylor, \$9⁰⁰. 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 pursers. Tea with Daisy & spent evening with her at "Dot" Mills', Brunswick St.
- Oct. 15. Noon. Sailed for repair job about 400 miles east Halifax. Struck rough weather outside harbor.

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- Oct. 16. Hove-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. 17. Sunday. Lying close under lee of Sable Island. Rough weather. Noon. Heading eastward. Sea breaking over decks continuously.
- 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. 19. Heavy weather continued. Ship taking seas badly account being low in water. Tanks full of new cable.
- Oct. 20. Very rough weather. Heard Lord Kelvin, YRC, tonight.
- Oct. 21. Rough weather, beginning to moderate towards night.
- Oct. 22. Sea & wind going strong again today. Rolling heavily. Leblanc & Livingstone declared Doc Knippel to be the "jinx", which seemed to annoy him

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

Oct. 23

Rough weather. Got Doc Knippel's
goat unexpectedly at lunch today. Discussion
round the board was on mysterious disappearance
off U.S.V. 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. Wind & sea moderating towards
night. Tonight picked up telephone sigs. on
600 metres. Jamming bad. Boston & Montreal
mentioned in conversation. Later a voice
called "Boston" & went on to say that he
was sp-something- "125 miles from Boston.
Q R F 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

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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.

Oct. 26.

Weather moderated. Working this morning. Picked up & buoyed St. John's end. Wireless phone on 600 metres again tonight. Apparently between stations I.X.G. & K.Q.O. 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, shovellin' the furnaces on an empty stomach!"

Oct. 27.

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

Oct. 28.

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

Oct. 29

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

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Oct 30 a heavy squall, which developed into a gale by midnight. MPDY NAA press again o.k. Gale died suddenly early this morning & we found our mark buoy o.k. Grappled all day, but no luck. Arlington & Poldhu 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 Schooner Race at Halifax, easily beating Canadian "Delawana".

Nov. 1. Gale subsided. A beautiful day. Grappling all day. 5 P.M. British tanker Oriflamme 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. 7 P.M. Cable at bows & tested o.k. to Far Rockaway, New York. Gale sprang up again so end was buoyed off.

Nov. 2. Heavy weather all day. Cold. Doc Knippel seasick. U.S. Presidential election in progress, & we got reports every hour from

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Arlington, NAA. 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. Gale 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 FZ, & Arlington NAA tonight O.K.

Nov. 6. Dull weather Noon Lat $44^{\circ} 17' N.$, Long $59^{\circ} 44' W.$, 172 miles east Halifax. 10 P.M. Heavy weather, decks awash. MPD O.K. tonight. Heard "PWA de PWD" on 2800 metres.

Nov. 7. Sunday. 10.30 A.M. Arrived Halifax. Snow on ~~ice~~ ground & weather cold.

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Called on Higgins'. Tea with Daisy F. & spent evening with her at Lovett's.

Nov. 8.

Mail from England today. Letters from Mother & Nell. Tea with Daisy & to Casino afterward.

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

Supt. Letts aboard this morning trying fit us up with 800 metre attachment for S.F. work. With Daisy F. 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 F.

Nov. 12.

One of our sailors drowned in the early hours. Fell between ship & 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 F. at her friend "Dot" Mills home. Dot & her fiancé are a pair of idiots. Very stupid evening.

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Nov. 13

My birthday. Seventeen years old, actually, and twenty years old according to the wireless office records. Tea at Higgins. Evening with Daisy F. "minding house". Very pleasant.

Nov. 14

Sunday. At St. Matthias with Daisy this morning, loafing comfortably at her home all afternoon. Tea there.

Nov. 15

Aboard all day. *ss* Bolingbroke arrived Pier 2 opposite us, to load apples.

Nov. 16

Spent afternoon with Taylor, at Phinney'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" had 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.

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- 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 St.
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 St. Wrote Mother re difficulty renting house here & suggesting purchase Higgins' house.
Evening with Daisy F. Foote pipe is sick.
- Nov. 23. Attended business meeting of Chebucto Graduates Assoc'n in the school, with Edge. Pouring rain. Only a dozen turned up. Wand'ring 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. 24. Evening at Higgins with Daisy F. Charlie Fulton blew in with his latest bit of fluff.
An uproarious evening.

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Nov. 25.

Petch, new electrician, aboard. Called on Capt. & Mrs. Peters after tea. Rest of evening at Higgins'. Returned aboard 11:30 P.M. & found Taylor & Petch "domesticating" with gramophone in full blast.

Nov. 26.

Tea in Mader's cafe with Petch. Evening at Lovett's with Daisy F.

Nov. 27.

Met Sodero, former 2nd op. on Hochelaga. He failed in exams, so Marconi Co. has dispensed with his services (under new ruling that all ops. 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 Footie's. Tonight attended the initial meeting of the British Empire Alliance, an organisation 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

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who is president of the Charitable Irish Society but an opponent of the S. D. S. L. Passing of hats for contributions to the support of the Alliance brought forth a snowstorm of money, cheques & pledges. I pledged \$10⁰⁰.

Nov. 29. Sent my \$10⁰⁰ to the B. C. Alliance at 319 Barrington St. Bought a revolver, Smith & Wesson; 32 calibre, in a "second-hand" store on Water St. — price \$15⁰⁰. Bought Christmas presents; doll for Hilda, \$12⁰⁰; haddbag for Mother, \$25⁰⁰; sewing basket for Nell, \$16.50.

Nov. 30 Bought a writing case for Win, & mailed it with the other gifts, to England. Met Carrie Tilman, 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 Kinley's drug store afterward.

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- Dec. 2 Doc Knippel back aboard, after a vacation trip to New York. Capt. Stewart now much improved in health & doesn't think much of Doc's ability. Carpenters installed a new aerial lead-in today. Rain this morning, snowstorm tonight. Evening with Daisy F. Am supplying Papa Foote with whiskey, greatly to Mama Foote's disgust. He has an awful thirst.
- Dec. 3 Cold. Met Charlie Peach of Lord Kelvin, YRC, who sails tomorrow on a cable repair.
- 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 Moirs' laboratory. Evening with Daisy F.
- Dec. 5. St. Matthias church this morning. Dinner at Higgins'. Tea at Foote's. Evening at Lovetts with Daisy F. Papa Foote paid me for 3 bottles of Dawson's Scotch, \$7.50.
- Dec. 6 Doc Knippel paid off this morning, "services no longer required".

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

Dec. 7

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

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 & Petch for a feed at Mader'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 J.

Dec. 10

Bought pair gloves \$3.⁰⁰. Sent in a wine card for 2 bottles whiskey, 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

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- meeting, but enthusiasm running high as ever.
- Dec. 11 Aboard all afternoon with Taylor & Petch, playing the gramophone. Sea at Higgins'. Evening with Daisy F.
- Dec. 12 Sunday St. Matthias this morning. Dinner at Higgins'. Sea at Foot's. Evening at Lovett's with Daisy. Getting tired of our long stay in port. Since a wireless operator has absolutely nothing to do, in port, things get very monotonous.
- Dec. 13. Sea with Capt. & Mrs. Peters, looking into Foot's later. Returning aboard found Petch, very much undressed, doing gymnastics. He has the physical culture craze. A good way to kill a drying evening though, so I stripped & did likewise.
- Dec. 14. Delivered 2 bottles Scotch to Supt. Letts. Am becoming quite a bootlegger. Sea at Foot's. Took Daisy F. to see "Charley's Aunt" very well played, at the Majestic. Leading lady, Edna Preston.
- Dec. 15. C. S. Lord Kelvin arrived in stream this morning, but unable dock owing high wind. Writing letters aboard tonight.

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Dec. 16. Leblanc, navigating officer, & Salesman, third mate, left today for posts in the Gov't. Merchant Marine. Replaced by Fleming & Shearer, young Scots just out of the Royal Navy. Evening with Daisy J.

Dec. 17. Aboard all day. Orpheus tonight with Petch & Taylor. Later physical culture stuff in the saloon. Attained dizzy height of 16 "press-ups".

Dec. 18. C. & Lord Kelvin sailed today. Spent afternoon chatting with Fleming & the Irish doctor of Sp. Sackem. Fleming got foul of "Bella Coola" in St. John's & she mentioned "the wireless operator off the Mackay-Bennett" as one of her acquaintances.

Dec. 19. Sunday. Same old round. St. Matthias this morning. Dinner at Higgins'. Walked round North West Arm to the Tower with Daisy J., taking ferry back to Halifax side. Fine & cold. Splendid walking. Tea at Footie's. Evening at Lovett's watching the Lauders play cards.

Dec. 20. Storekeeper told me my last card (for 2 bottles whisky) lost. Gave him another. Delivered a bottle of Scotch to Supt. Letts.

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Orpheus tonight with Taylor & Petch.

Dec. 21.

New Canadian Navy, consisting of destroyer Patriot & two other units, all donated by Royal Navy, arrived in port amid much gunfire at 7.20 A.M.

C.S. Lord Kelvin returned to port today.

Received bundle magazines from mother.

Walked through Pt. Pleasant Park this afternoon. Evening with Daisy F.

Dec. 22.

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. 23.

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. 24

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

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building between Granville & Hollis Streets. Fire spread & burnt out Woods, Gates Music Store ("Subby" Gates' father), Maritime Rubber Co., De Nigris fur store, and scorched Bank of Commerce & Bank of Nova Scotia. 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 Petch this afternoon & hiked round Nor' West Arm back to ship. Quite a trip. Evening aboard. Snow storm in progress.

Dec. 28. Weather fine & mild. Snow

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melting fast. Evening at Foot's.
Dec. 29 False alarm today. Orders from headquarters gave 48 hours notice to sail for Fayal, Azores Island. Some busy ship for a while. Orders cancelled later. Hustled round & gave J. S. Higgins cheque for \$500⁰⁰ dated Jan 1st. 1921.

Evening with Daisy S.

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, Shearer, Fleming, Gagnon, Petch, & a couple of others. I stayed out of it. It ended in a pure old carousal. 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.

1921

Jan. 1st.

Thick heads aft this morning. Spent the day at Higgins', proceeding with them after tea to J. H. 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.

Jan. 2.

Sunday. St. Matthias Church this morning. Dinner with Higgins. Tea at Lovett's with Daisy F. Raining.

Jan. 3.

Bought small lampshade, 90¢, to replace one broken while "skylarking" at Higgins' yesterday. Cards at Higgins tonight.

Jan. 4.

Wire from H. Q. 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 "cease preparations pending further orders." Higgins cashed my \$500⁰⁰ 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 & 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 F.

Jan. 7.

Received cigarettes from Aunt Lie. Bought some ties & leather collar bag. Saw "Treasure Island" picture, at the Casino tonight with Petch. Cold.

Jan. 8.

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

Jan. 9.

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

Jan. 10.

Sage, the joiner, & general handy man electrically, gave a false alarm today, reporting main battery in distress and one cell burst by freezing. We investigated & found that a carboy of distilled water had leaked over battery shelf. Evening with Daisy F. Foote père leaves tomorrow to inspect his gold mining property at Chezsetcook.

1921

- Jan. 11. Aboard all day. Studying tonight. Chauncey had a couple of femmes aboard, to whom I showed the mysteries of the wireless room.
- Jan. 12. Heard from Eddy Turner. He is now on the Prince George, running from Yarmouth to Boston. Casino with Daisy tonight.
- Jan. 13. Aboard all day & evening, studying Rupert Stanley's textbook on wireless. Cold.
- Jan. 14. Weather getting milder. Looked in on Higgins' tonight but didn't stay long.
- Jan. 15. Raining. Rumor says we sail Jan. 19th. destination unknown. Wonder if I will go along: Petch 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 & had a merry evening.
- Jan. 17. Rumor confirmed. We sail Jan. 19th. for our old battlefield - Cape Sable - for another tussle with the Ganso - Rockport. Understand that Petch & Brinkman (purser) will be expected to pass second-class

1921

wireless exams. in two months' time, as they've been studying up since they came

Ja
Ja
← J. J. Peter, and man

At left: Officers of the C/S John W. Mackay (1925-6) pose with the Captain's lady at a party. Seated are Captain and Mrs. F. H. Larnard; standing, left to right, are: P. N. Heap, C. F. Hunter, R. L. Loughran, — Hanrahan, and J. P. Peitch. The late Messrs. Heap and Peitch 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.

(1964)



They will be able to return
reconi Co. about March 11th.
Empire "movie" tonight. A hotel
sonia arrived at Pier 2
th a port list. Said au
F. & the Higgins' tonight.
A.M. Off at last. Zero
od, young Elliot, just out
with us. Message via VCS
break in Lat. 42.27 N., Long.
ther fine. Sea choppy.
wind & sea. Relieved
e being violently seasick.
of mal-de-mer at teatime,
ped that meal. While
& midnight, on watch,
threw me off my feet
ug of hot cocoa over
suffering a bruise on the
F sit.

Jan. 21.

Sea going down, but not enough
for cable work. Weather warm. Got two
cross bearings from D. F. stations VAVYVAX.
on 606 meters.

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. Took in the Empire movie tonight. A hotel s/s Saxonia arrived at Pier 2 this morning with a port list. Said au revoir to Daisy F. & the Higgins' tonight.

Jan. 19. 11:35 A.M. Off at last. Zero weather. New doc., young Elliot, just out of Dalhousie, with us. Message via VCS definitely places break in Lat. 42.27 N., Long. 66.40 W. Weather fine. Sea choppy.

Jan. 20. High wind & sea. Relieved Petch, 8 A.M., he being violently seasick. Felt a twinge of mal-de-mer at teatime, myself, 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 VAVYVAX. on 600 meters.

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Jan. 22.

Beautiful day. Sea smooth. Grappled all day without success.

Talking to Doc. Elliot all afternoon.

8 P.M. Pushing south for another drag.

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 Poldku MPD, good sigs. tonight & copied until NAA jammed.

Jan. 25.

Gale raged all day. Decks coated with ice & snow. Heard Yankee s/s Blue Point say "Galley flooded. Food spoilt. Fires out. Men on board here, who never think of God, prayed"!

Jan. 26.

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

Jan. 27.

Beautiful day. Sea smooth. Grappled successfully, picked up & buoyed banso end. Dropped final splice 5 P.M.

Jan. 28.

8 A.M. Splendid weather. Hunting out three buoys, which are adrift.

Noon: Heading for Halifax. One buoy abandoned.

Jan. 29.

9 A.M. Passing Camperdown.

11 A.M. Tied up. s/s Canadian Voyagers arrived just ahead of us. Letters from Mother & Win. Met "Edge" Allen ashore. Evening playing cards at Higgins'.

Jan. 30.

Starboard bunker on fire. Transferring 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 Mader's Hospital, Coburg Road, where Batho (former opr. s/s 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 \$6⁰⁰ a day!"

Tea at Rodgers & spent evening there.

Jan. 31.

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

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the saloon, & made the night hideous till 5 A.M.

- Feb. 1. Met old Mickle ashore this morning. He didn't recognise me. He's commander of the "Volunda" now. Evening at Lovetts with Daisy F.
- Feb. 2. Loading cable from sheds all day. Our 800 metre radio attachment arrived: consists of a large extra A.T. 1. and a new jigger primary. We sail Feb. 4th. so no time to instal it. Orpheus, alone, tonight.
- Feb. 3. Snowing again. Letts says Batho had a relapse. Called at Higgins' tonight, returning aboard 9 P.M.
- Feb. 4. Cold & clear. Purchased reading matter at Glub's bookstore, Barrington St. Sailed at noon. Sea smooth.
- Feb. 5. Bright & sunny. 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.

1921.

Feb. 6.

Sunday. Rough sea, heavy rain & rising wind all day.

Feb. 7.

Gale going strong. Lifeboat on port deck nearly carried away during the night. Took some snapshots. Picked up loud sigs. from 1x6 and KQG (?) the latter very weak. "My name is Martin" says 1x6. "Yes," says other fellow, "I met you about 2 years ago. Long conversation. "Green Harbor" (?) mentioned several times.

Feb. 8.

Wind lulled this morning, but high sea running. Very cold. Picked up radiophone 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. 9.

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

Feb. 10.

Hook down this morning

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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, hove 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 $69\frac{1}{2}$ feet before touching earth. Formula is: -
$$T = \frac{N^2 S}{N - G}$$
 where T is time elapsed before touching earth, S is distance fallen & G is gravity.

Feb. 12.

Furious gale now blowing from cold quarter, high sea & snow. Glass rising at noon. Midnight, weather moderating fast.

Feb. 13.

Wind & sea smooth. Lowered grapnel 8 A.M. & hooked cable 10 A.M.. Cable at bow, 2.30 P.M., A.K. to Far Rockaway. 6 P.M. Buoying off. NAA reports floating mine Lat. 37.35 N., Long. 64.36. W.

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Feb. 14.

Sunny weather. Spirited debate with Petch over cable versus wireless as a medium for trans-ocean telegraph. Petch 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 sprang 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.

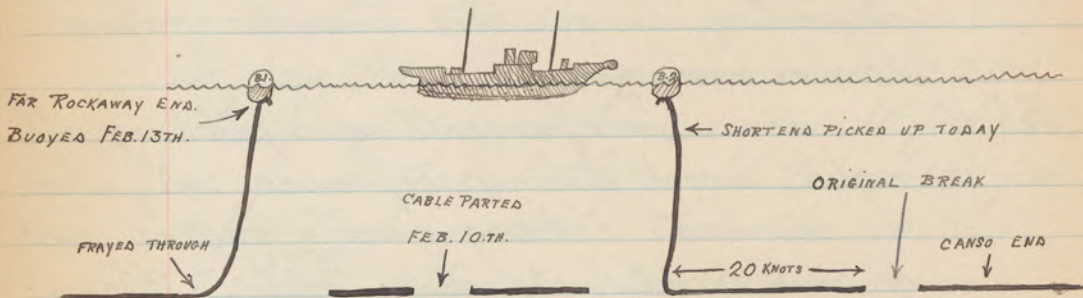
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Feb. 18.

Fine weather, but wind & sea still too high for cable work. Our mark buoy shifted N.E. 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 is NOT drawn to scale)

We joined the two buoys with a new piece & then 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 "Dinty" Moore, 5th engineer, who wrote a book "Telephone Wiring" and paid

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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 tub, screws racing, etc. Propeller of my electric fan came adrift & whizzed 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 lulled.

Feb. 22. Overcast. Glass falling and sea rising all day. Midnight: wind lulled once more. No sleep tonight.

Feb. 23. Bright & sunny but wind & sea continued rough. Feel rather unwell. Midnight: Sky overcast.

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

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

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Feb. 26.

Beautiful weather. Noon: Lowered grapnel; dragging all day. 9 P.M. Hauled up hook with short length of rotten cable.

Feb. 27.

Sunday. Another gale in progress. 8 A.M. Brazilian s/s Caxambu 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, VGBM, 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 fm. 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.

Mar. 4. Dull morning. Sea smooth with long swell. Picked up one buoy & removed lights from another. 3 P.M. Heading for Halifax. Fervently 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. Tid up at half-past midnight. Very cold.

Mar. 6. Sunday. Weather turned mild. Rain all day. Lunch aboard. Evening at Higgins'.

Mar. 7. Got my new made-in-England uniform from Customs. Bought new cap for \$5⁰⁰ & got Stella P. in Marshall's Stationery store, to sew badge on. Annie Blackie is new stenog. in Marconi office. Evening playing cards at Higgins.

Mar. 8. Stella handed me my cap with badge affixed. The badge is new Marconi one, a hideous affair, very large and

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very gaudy. Spent part evening at Footes, 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. Petch had come aboard just behind me, and responding gallantly to the SOS 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.

Mar. 9.

Got my uniform allowance, \$50⁰⁰, this morning from Letts. Petch & 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, ~~was~~ were putting on a musical comedy "The Talk of New York". Musical stuff

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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's & Higgins'.
- Mar. 11. Petch told me, *entre nous*, that Taylor had notified Marconi Co. that I would be returned to their service in another month. *Cepheus* this evening.
- Mar. 12. Petch & I shopping this morning for gramophone records. Noon. Sailed for the old battle ground. French cableship *Edouard Jeramec* (the "Tiddy Jerry") sailed at same time. Sea smooth. Dense fog.
- Mar. 13. Sunday. Smooth sea & fog. Brinkman taking Petch's watch and Petch taking Taylor's. Spoke cableship

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

Mar. 14.

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.

Mar. 15.

Obscure weather. Skipper waiting take observations. Noon pos'n. 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.

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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 swiftly flashing lightning creating the curious illusion of a naval battle far away in the darkness. Atmospheric conditions 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 ferais la commission avec plaisir." Nantucket Shoals Lightship, N.L.A., called up this p.m., feeling chatty. Op. 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 ~~the~~ cable

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work impossible. Walking poop with Petch 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 Pantucket repair & pushing east to the job we left. Wind getting up all day & heavy sea running by 3 P.M., when Norwegian s/s Kolffar 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 find our mark buoys owing fog. 4:30 P.M. Ship fog-horn blowing near us.

Mar. 22. Gale all day, with heavy seas sweeping the decks and making one's journeys to & from the radio shack rather hazardous. Found eastern buoy. 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.

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Mar. 24.

Cable hooked this morning but parted 73 fms. from surface. Calm weather. U. S. Navy armed tanker Kamapo, 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.

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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 & myself used .32 Smith & Wesson revolvers. Tonight worked sp 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. 28.

Fine weather. Heading for original break. sp Vincennes Bridge bnd. N.Y. from Briham and sp Montauk bnd. London from N.Y., passed in sight this morning, both Yanks.

Mar. 29.

Wind sprang 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. Stumbled across our lost buoy this morning, 23 miles adrift.

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Mar. 31 Lowered grapnel at noon, but no luck. 4 P.M. Up grapnel owing to increasing wind. Cape Sable, N.S., VCU, out of commission several hours today repairing defective receiving gear.

April 1. High wind & sea with heavy rain. No April Fool tricks. A miracle.

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

April 3. Gale sprang 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. 8 P.M. cable at bow and ok. to Far Rockaway. Midnight: Buoying off.

April 5. Wind this morning but calm by mid afternoon, when grapnel lowered. Fine & warm. Picked up from VCU & others that Imperial Oil tanker Impoco, ZEU, 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.

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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 Sable 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.

I met Capt. Baker of s/s Canadian Sailor who wants an operator & says he will get Letts transfer me to his ship.

I 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.

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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 Sable 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 Gardner, (Lil Emily of Western Union) introduced me. Gang included "Gar" Noonan of C.S. Lord Kelvin, (whose sisters I met in Pictou), bunch of players from Acker's theatre, & others. Piano, banjos, ukuleles, mandolins. Playing & singing till 1 A.M.

April 11.

Took in Acker's 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 Maders after the performance.

April 12.

Tea with Capt. & Mrs. Peters. At social, St. Matthias hall, a very dull evening. Saw Bee Selig home. She's as

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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. Tea at Higgins. Bade farewell to Allens & Footes. 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 Theakston. Harold Theakston'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

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"Dot" Brough to the Ferry afterward.
A very charming Dartmouth girl.

April 17. Sunday. St. Matthias tonight.

Bade 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
aboard 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 ops. from sp
Canadian Gunner & another ops. An
uproarious evening. Supper at Maders.

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April 19.

Batho passed me a list of stuff to get for the boys at Sable Island. Mostly smoking supplies. Met Hilda Smardon again and took her to the Casino. Saw Sanborn, former ops. of the Minea there.

April 20.

Boarded C. G. S. Dollard at Marine & Fisheries wharf to inquire when she sails for Sable Island. Sea aboard with Hawkes, her ops. He says we sail 22nd. Came up town with him, gathering Charlie Peach of C.S. Lord Kelvin and Davison of sp Canadian Warrior, enroute. Decided Bert Harris of C.G.S. Lady Laurier 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 Dane. 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

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"beat it." He beat it. Charlie Peach stayed on the sidewalk to keep watch, and Davison & I went upstairs to see what we could see. We found a man lying in a pool of blood on the second landing. It wasn't Bert. Looked like this fellow had fallen down a flight of stairs & landed on his face, which was badly cut. He reeked of bad booze and was breathing o.k. so we propped him right side up & left him. We took in the Strand & had a merry evening. Talking with Davison later in my room. A very decent chap.

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. Tea 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.

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April 22.

C. G. 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 & opr. 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 opr. Other oprs. are Butler & Cope. Cook is a Pettipas from Portuguese Cove. 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 opr, taking

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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 Id. VCN: Cape Bear VCP: Cape Sable VCU: Sable Id. 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.

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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

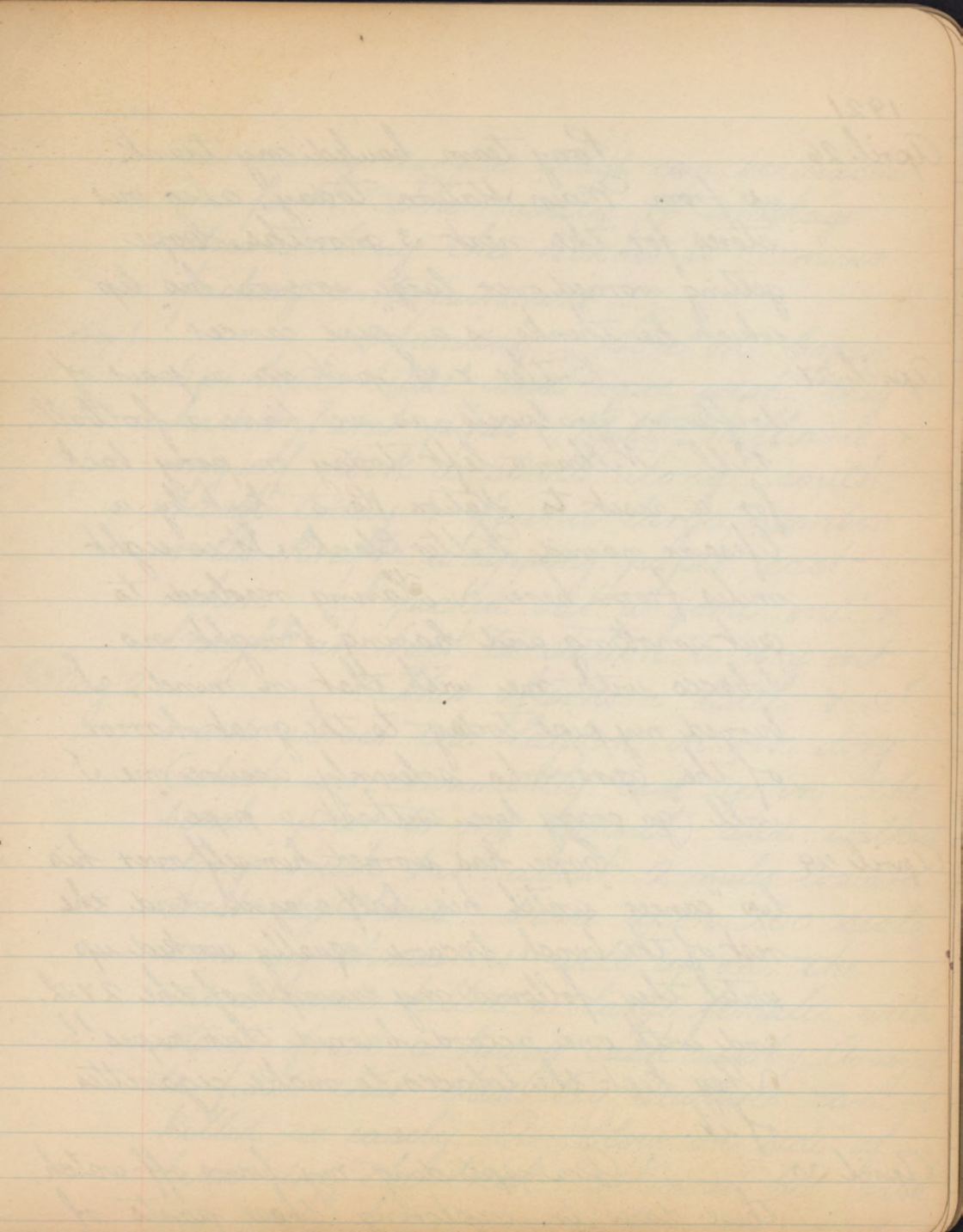
Station No.

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.



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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 ops. who solemnly assure me I will "go crazy here without a pipe".

April 29.

Cope has worried himself over his lip "cancer" until he's 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 these parts of

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our sandy domain which can be reached on foot. The variety of wreckage strewn along the beaches is a never-failing entertainment.

May 1.

Sunday. Sore on Gope's lip looks better and ops. wish they hadn't burnt pipes. Bill Williams & myself took a stroll along south beach today & found large number rolls Kraft wrapping paper cast ashore. I picked out a good one & brought it back to station to dry out.

May 2.

This afternoon Bill & 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 sackknife a messy business and

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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. Canso VAX kicked about us using 800 metre wave when working VCE so we spent the day trying rig up a 1000 metre wave with an extra A.T.I. and an addition to jigget 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 \$45⁰⁰; two suits clothes were swapped. I

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"swapped" my suit of grey "mufti" and my navy trenchcoat for his khaki raglan, camera case and \$50⁰⁰ cash.

May 10. Visited main lifesaving station today with Lope. Heavy snowfall tonight! Lope had 60 gramophone records hauled from main station. They belong to Campbell, the absent "governor" of the Island, who gave Lope leave to use them.

May 11. These seals are invulnerable to bullets according to the islanders. Bill & I set out to prove it today & are pretty well convinced. We took the usual clubs and I had my .32 calibre Smith & Wesson revolver. We sailed 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

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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 & 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 neck & 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 abeam of his hind flippers he made a prodigious flop into the sea, and swam away. So we returned emptyhanded.

I feel very conceited over my good shooting, as the seal was moving at an incredible speed despite the flippety-floppety gait.

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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, monotony, thy name is Sable Island.

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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 \$7⁰⁰ he owes me, and I bought two white sealskins from Cope for \$12⁰⁰.

May 28. Rain all day. VCE 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

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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 protruding 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 boathook & had the name "Esperanto" painted on stem. So the swift Yankee fisherman, which won the

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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 "supt." 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 peered 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,

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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/s Saxonia, & by courtesy her opt. exchanged conversations with Mother. Wired Messrs. Peters & Higgins that Mother & girls arrive Pier 2, Halifax at 8 A.M. June 2nd.

June 2.

Beautiful weather. Dory 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

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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.

June 8. 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 enroute.

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

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

June 12.

"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 13.

Fog. Bill & I visited seal rookery on south beach today. Very heavy surf. Seas washing clear across south beach into lagoon.

June 14

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

June 15.

Found several ducks' 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 Cope &

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. Sable Island".

June 17.

War with Cope. My night watch. Engine behaved erratically & finally refused to start, but I worked VCO & 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 O.S.C. by failing to call him & making above log entry. Gratitude.

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 condensers.

June 19.

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

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a party came ashore, announced themselves as from the salvage motorship Fabia & introduced themselves as Roy Atkinson, correspondent of the Boston Post, Ben Attwell representing United Press, Associated Press & Halifax Herald, also Maloney bluet & Anderson of Fabia's crew.

(GORTON)

Anderson, a Swede, is chief rigger for Gordon Pew fisheries, Gloucester. It seems that a Mr. Abbot of Gloucester Me., has bought out insurance rights in the Esperanto, & with financial assistance of Boston Post, has fitted out this 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 Saliger pontoons for raising the wreck.

The pontoons are a new & untried invention. Atkinson & 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.

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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 morse 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. I. 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.

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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 msgs. copied by Butler in 2 days, which proved subsequently to be incorrect. One msg. was in code and Butler had 11 groups wrong.

June 24

Strong westerly gale capsized my little "Elinor Maersk" and she sank in mid-lake. And thick fog.

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 Saliger pontoons. Great excitement on Fabia. Atkinson &

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Atwell hurried ashore. They landed in a gull colony & 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 War. 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

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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. Cope butted into the argument this morning threatening to report to Supt. Letts if I laid a finger on Butler. Told him go ahead, but events turned out peacefully.

July 2.

Atkinson, Andersen & Captain McCluish of *s* Fabia 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. McCluish went on to visit No. 3, where Walter Blank, his old schoolmate, keeps watch. Heavy rain & fog.

July 3.

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

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blown & spreading his feet well apart:

"A game lil' hawse," says McEush.

"When I got aboard 'smornin' he turned his head & give me a long sad look, but he got me here. Hadda slide off & walk sometimes to let him git his wind; and had a plaguey job gittin' aboard agin; 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 9. Momentary glimpse of Esperanto coming to top & pontoons slipping again. Fog shut down.

July 11. Mike at VCS says boat sails for here July 25th. We are bathing in the lagoon all day every day when off watch.

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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 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 & 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 VCS 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 Bills ghost was his own shadow on the fog outside. But I kept my loaded revolver on the instrument table at my hand all night !!

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July 18

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

July 19

C. G. S. "Lady Laurier" VDF called up today, bnd. 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. Spars 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 Letts 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

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out just when I could have done so without holding up traffic. He then ordered me when waiting on any station to shut down engine after 3 minutes. I asked him to write them down and sign them. He refused. A long and stormy session, during which I reminded him that if the so-called "unnecessary" running of engine is a crime, then he is a flagrant offender himself when on the line. Finally he backed down, saying "Use your own discretion".

Aug. 1.

Letts wired that boat leaves first of next week. Blank sent up a brace of chickens, some "muffies", 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 spring-board. Butler bought my uniform for \$60⁰⁰; apparently intending to dazzle feminine eyes when he gets ashore.

Aug. 5.

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

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- 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. Wined Mother expressing solemn thoughts.
- Aug. 9. C. G. S. Lady Laurier left Halifax noon today with supplies. Hurrah.
- Aug. 10. VDF arrived off island shortly before daylight, & landed passengers & supplies o.k. Mike Walsh & his bride, Jack Lynch (cox. of lifeboat) & his bride among psgrs. 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 brides till the "wee sma' hours".

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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 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 & barmichael, 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 VCS, and 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

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through the grass & filled a wooden decoy full of shot! He returned very crestfallen. Which once again proves that ancient proverb, "All is not gold that glitters".

Aug. 21.

Sunday. Treasure hunting. Some time ago we discovered a small shaft in the sand at the edge of a small lake, a mile eastward of the station. Pisions 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!

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Aug. 26.

Getting fed up on roast duck. Too much of a good thing. s/s City of Brunswick ashore at Sambro & breaking up fast. Looking over Mike's album, found snapshot of Ethel Timmons, 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 \$150⁰⁰ for his labor. But rather than share the work he'd take none.

Sept. 1.

s/s Empress of India, GCNV, returning from a tourist cruise to Iceland & other places, pasting us with t/c 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:-

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STAFF

VCT

ARCHITECTS

Mrs. M. J. Walsh

M. J. Walsh

T. H. RADAALL

E. WILLIAMS

G. E. COPE

W. BLANK

J. LYNCH

SEPT. 5. 1921.

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 & 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 VRC bnd. Halifax. "Peachie" says three

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months at sea and only port Southampton!

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

sp Latvia, 070, a big two funnel 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 & records to Mike for \$25⁰⁰. Mike bought Bill's typewriter for \$60⁰⁰. Bill gave me his boots & 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 VCS. 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 tongue). Automobiles, he thinks, would be his line as he savvies gas engines pretty well.

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Sept. 14

Bill, Mike, & I took shovels today to south beach and unearthed part of Esperanto's gaff-top^{sl}. The canvas, nailed to our kitchen floor and painted, will make a first-rate linoleum.

Cope, practising salesmanship, tried to sell me a pair of hip rubber boots. He only got 'em a month ago but says "Rubber boots saved our lives here last winter." And he raved on, becoming more eloquent all the time. The deep feeling with which he spoke of the cheapness, necessity, flexibility, dependability & chic appearance of the boots was only equalled by his reverence as he remarked their beauty, size, comfort, color, weight, length, breadth, thickness, utility and longevity. In fact, he overdid it. My heart was touched and I couldn't bear to deprive him of those paragons for six paltry dollars. He became rather huffy. Poor old Cope.

Sept. 15.

Spent afternoon studying Bengay on Vacuum Tubes in my nook among the dunes, a half-mile east of station. Heavy surf on both beaches.

Sept. 16.

Cope in trouble. He was on the

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midnight - 8 a.m. watch, his opposite number at vcs being Butler. Cope had difficulty raising vcs and when Butler finally gave "K" Cope called attention to poor service, adding some pointed remarks about "keeping some kind of a watch". Butler apparently on good side of Inder, O. S. C. there, & spilled beans with result that Mike got sharp "service" msg. from Inder about it.

Sept. 17.

Cope to No. 3. for a visit.

Bill gave me pair riding breeches which he won't need ashore. He's counting the days now.

Sept. 18.

Merry little war with vcs now underway. Bill called Butler from 8 P.M. to 9.30 with R.F.S. (meteorological report) and msg. for s/s Majestic GBZW, inward bound. R.F.S. supposed to be in Toronto by 9 P.M.

Mike serviced vcs about it. Reply from Inder at vcs said "Ops. here kept close watch on calls during time mentioned. No calls from your station." Wow!

Sept. 19.

War again today. Mike called Inder's attention to vcs failure answer VCT calls between midnight - 8 a.m. Aug. 28th., and same watch Sept. 16th. Both watches

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were Butler's at vcs. He had a habit of snoozing on night duty while here, faking his log entries for elapsed time. And we got good service from vcs till Butler took a watch there. Inder didn't reply Mike's svc. Coxe 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

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Halifax.

Sept. 23.

Harvey wirelessed Lady Laurier, V.S.F., diverting her to Sable Island. Swimming in eastern portion of lagoon. Very cold water.

Sept. 24.

Lord Kelvin, Y.R.C., out again. Spoke Peachie who slipped a D.H. from mother. He says rumor of 20% cut in Marconi salaries all round. Also spoke Mackay-Bennett & swapped D.H.'s with Taylor. Asked him if "George still making bad puns". He said, "George worse if anything".

Sept. 25.

8 A.M. Lady Laurier off East Light. Wonderful weather. 9:20 A.M. V.S.F. steaming for Halifax with Mrs. Gregoire & Gregoire himself. Their 15 year old daughter Mildred & boy Everett, 16, are to tend the light till Gregoir returns in a month's time.

Sept. 26.

He painted interior operating room, changing walls from sombre brown to bright green. I varnished the woodwork. Don Johnson, next-do-well son of a Marine & Fisheries official & at present a lifesaver here at \$35⁰⁰ a month, transferred to assist at East Light. Little Milly Gregoire better watch her step.

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Sept. 27.

Whiteford had a vacation last night, if he was on at VCS. Had to get VAV to QSP him after calling 2 hours. Spoke s/s Latria OYO, who broke off working GCK (Valentia, Ireland) to answer me and said "QRB 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 (Gus. 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.

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Vegetables grown in sand attain great size. One of Blank's turnips weighs 11 lbs, and 13 potatoes just filled a bucket.

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 sigs.

Oct. 2. Day returned No. 3. Rode pony 2 miles with him. Had my picture taken.

Oct. 3. Spent most of afternoon under station with Mike, working at 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

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spare tuner, in place of one we've been using. Get better sigs & 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 coalbox, 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 O.K. 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 dorey was lifted from lagoon & blown inland 100 yards where it dropped, smashed beyond repair.

Oct. 7.

Wind still strong. We have a scheme to avoid hand-pumping the water tank, a job at which the night operator

1921

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 his 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.

1921

- Oct. 10. Bill to Blank's last night, returning this morning. Lifesavers 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, AUV, went ashore on Nfld. coast, sent out SOS giving position as Trepassey 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 oilskins. 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

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big sand dunes at the eastern end of the lagoon. cattle, tame ponies, sheep & three dogs.

Almost every hollow in the sand is filled with water & 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 & his daughter Stella. As Cope says, "The chief virtue of No. 3 is that you can't see the wireless station from there."

Oct. 16. Returned "home" in Blank's buckboard along north beach. Schooner races at Halifax today, "Bluenose" winning.

Oct. 17. Much doing at Halifax today over 2nd. schooner race. Govt. cable steamer Tyrian reported progress of race via VCS. Schooners arrived at post in following order: - Bluenose, Delawana, Corkum, Independence, Alcalá & Canadia. Mike & I to Main Station. I found interesting collection of

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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.

Oct. 18.

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 & 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 Jaussig, 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. str. at Canso, VAX. Later we "tapped" the lifesaving station phone line & got "Governor" Paugle who confirmed VAX.

Oct. 20.

Msg. 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

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stunt at VCS today. Msg. to Paugle 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 Jeramed, 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 D.H. to Suzanne M. to that effect.

Oct. 21.

Rain. "Governor" Paugle 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.

International schooner races at Halifax. U.S. cruiser Bushnell there representing Amn. govt. Canadian entry, Bluenose. American entry, Elsie II. High wind carried Elsie's foretopmast away toward middle of race, but Bluenose superiority under capt. "Joe" Connor, manifest throughout. Elsie was in charge capt. "Marty" Welch of the lamented Esperanto. Bluenose re-entered

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

Oct. 23.

Sunday. Bill fared forth all dressed up for a farewell visit to No. 3 this morning. I followed after dinner. Got a bad scare when half way, as sky became black as night & terrific rainpout 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.

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Oct. 24

Bluenose won schooner race again, finishing over a mile ahead Elsie V. Msg. from Letts, supt., caused some consternation. Bill & Cope are to be relieved and only one opr. sent here, so Mike will have to keep a watch. It will be lonesome with only two of us in the opr. side of the house. Mike decided not buy Cope's gramophone, so I took it for \$25⁰⁰ on condition he sends new screw for needle arm from Halifax. I wired Mother deposit \$25⁰⁰ to Cope's credit at Merchants Bank.

Oct. 25.

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

Oct. 26.

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

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exciting business. They caught 60 here, & Blank got a similar number at No. 3. They are seething back & forth in the corral, biting & kicking each other. Lady Laurier VDF left Halifax at noon. Mike & I overhauled Main Station phone at Naugle's request, & found lightning arrester short-circuiting.

Oct. 28.

VDF off island 2 A.M. & 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 NW, blowing 62 M.P.H. & increasing in violence. Terrific surf, & sand driving along island in great clouds. Sps Curmania, MAA, reports her barometer 28.41 !!

Oct. 30.

2.30 A.M. Spoke VRC bnd Nf. and 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.

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Laurier still at Whitehead. Sp 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 t/c. 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 wall eye) in the corral & wired Harvey to ask for it. Harvey wired back a price of \$50⁰⁰!

Nov. 1.

VAF left for here at 4 a.m. A beautiful day but landing conditions still doubtful. 1:45 P.M. VAF 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 VAF. 3:40 P.M. VAF 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. VAF 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.

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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 to do all the work. Cope & Bill got aboard o.k.

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 White Head.

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. Mags. 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 o.k. Cope on leave, will report at VCS, so Butcher, Bill & he will be together again. Whiteford fired, leaves VCS today for Lynn Mass, where he joins his buddy Hiscock who was also fired. VAF left Sydney noon for island direct.

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Nov. 10

VDF changed course to White Head account gale. Mike got msg 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 mealsacks. 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. 26.

Blank sent up a brace of geese by Gordon Daye. Cold.

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.

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Dec. 1.

Msg. from Mother via V.C.S.

Dec. 2.

Bill says "Passed exams. o.k. 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 aloft. 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 fielder 14.3 feet. Aerial complete & hoisted at 2 P.M., after four hours work. Hard work for three men, climbing poles & hauling heavy aerial to top of mast.

Dec. 7.

Dominion election results. Meighen gov't. defeated. Liberals 119, Conservatives 53, Progressives 59.

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 tattle-tales & promised him a licking before I leave island. He very sarcastic.

Dec. 12.

Terrific gale. Seas breaking

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across neck of island between Main Str. & 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

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

Dec. 15.

Day & I drove to No. 2 in wagon, Lynch^{wife} being ashore with child. Cooked a meal, played gramophone & had regular picnic. (Lynch' living at Main Str.) 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

Paugle sent up one of Esperanto's dories for our use. Worked PEB, Holland-America liner, tonight at 1500 miles in spite bad X's.

Dec. 23.

At Main Str tonight playing cards. Swapped some phonograph records with Lynch.

Dec. 24.

Thaw & fog. Ice 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.

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Mac 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.

Dec. 25

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. Tea there. A big day.

Dec. 29.

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

Dec. 30.

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.

Dec. 31.

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.

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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 stove, 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 feet going like pistons. I found these easy to dodge & tore into him like a wildcat every time. I hit 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

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and Capt. Travis loafing at White Head! 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. 7. VDF off island. Surf bad. Headed for Sydney.
- Jan. 9. Skating on lagoon. Ice very rough. Myriads small fish frozen in the ice. VDF finished coating 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. Wined thanks to Mrs. Higgins & Mother.
- Jan. 20. Tuned in on WGY, broadcasting str., at Roselle (?) Park, N.Y. 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.

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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. 5.

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. Raugle 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.

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- 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 worst 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. Simpson peered at this. Says he is senior man.
- Feb. 17. Meg. 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. Slop 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. 22. White Star s/s Homeric, GDLJ, passing inward on maiden voyage. U.S.S. Seneca resumed annual ice patrol, her radio filling air with Q.R.M. Very cold weather.

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Feb. 27

My old ship s/s Watuka caught in ice off Cape Race. Norwegian s/s Sisto caught also, in Lat. 46.52 N., Long. 48.28 W., short of food & drifting southeast. s/s Rosalind going her assistance.

Feb. 28.

Colder. Copied press, in French, going to VC N from VCO, & translated for benefit of Mike. Sterling exchange down. Pound is \$4.54 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/s Grontoft, A Q V, sent SOS calls, sinking in Lat. 47.48 N., Long. 41.24 W. lifeboats smashed. s/s Estonia, Oii, 45 miles away, rushed to aid, but A Q V sank with all hands apparently.

Mar. 4.

Simpson returned from his daily visit to Main Str., sick. A peculiar combination of nausea & diarrhoea. Asked me do his watch. Suspect too much of lifesavers' beer.

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 \$30⁰⁰.

Mar. 8.

Simpson's "blood-brothers" at Main Station sent me an extra-ordinary note by Jack Lynch today, daring me to venture near

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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 & 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 a ball of fire fall into sea NNE station. Meteorite?

Mar. 13.

Freezing N.W. wind. s/s Digby, MNG, reports large icefield 26 miles south of island.

Mar. 14.

Walked to within 2½ miles of No. 3. and back this morning. A total hike of 13 miles. Msg from Letts says Canso D.F. complaining of our broad wave. We opened jigger coupling wide as it would go, reducing radiation from 8 amps. to ½ amp., obliging us to short-circuit

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earth-arrester. VAX said wave still too broad. We then inserted short wave condenset in aerial plus one extra coil of A.T.1. VAX said "sigs. sharper but wave still too broad". We could do no more. VCS said we must not radiate less than 2 amps., so we closed jigger coupling until 3 amps. 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 \$35⁰⁰. 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.

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Mar. 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. Ice in lagoon melting fast.

Apl. 3.

Cold N.W. gale. Mag to vcs today orders Harvey Taylor "relieve Raddall, Sable Island, April 25". Mike & I received orders proceed Halifax on that date. Hope coming from vcs to relieve ^{Mike} Simpson soon, thinks he should be o. i. c. Butler is leaving the service.

Apl. 4.

Picked up pincer of lobster claw on beach, 12 inches long. Bill has bought a motorboat at vcs.

Apl. 6.

Large ice field arrived, extending far as eye can reach northward. Horne reports ice piling up "mountains high" on west bar. Some seals on the floes.

Apl. 9.

Southerly wind moved ice off shore & whole field disappeared eastward.

Apl. 13.

Wired Letts requesting leave when I get ashore. He wired refusal but will allow me time enough in Halifax to take my exams!

Apl. 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.

Apl. 18.

Mike seems be looking for war. He blew into our quarters & noticing some sand on floor, posted

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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. 19. Simpson & I to Main Stn. today in
dory, got a weathervane from Mac. s/s Billster damaged bow
in Gulfice trying make Montreal first of season. Grindstone
I'd. VCN put in full commission today.

Apl. 20. Naugle wired his stores list, also requested
boat within week or ten days owing Katie Walsh's condition.

Apl. 22. Butler ordered to VCU fm. VCS today.
Got an old bayonet, which fits flintlocks at Main Stn.
It bears numerals 52: also 24 surmounted by crown. Makers
name "Woolley Deakin". 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". VDF
ordered return Hfx by noon 26th allow crew to vote in election.
Mag fm. H.O. advises our exact position $45^{\circ}56'$ North,
 $60^{\circ}1'$ West, which puts us in woods back of Louisburg!
Later corrected to $43^{\circ}56'20''$ N, $60^{\circ}1'40''$ W. Part of

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our aerial carried away by 60 M.P.H. wind. Rain.

VAF got msg "Urgent you proceed Table Island take off woman".

Apl. 25. Packing up. Hurrah! Mike says he didn't mean to be offensive with his little notice.

Apl. 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.

Apl. 28. Westerly gale. Simpson's carefully built jetty in lagoon washed away. VAF left Halifax 2:20 P.M. 8:30 P.M. VAF says be off island daybreak. Blank up from No. 3 with eggs, staying the night. I bade farewell to Hodder & Geo. Raine at VCO tonight.

Apl. 29. VAF hung off island all day waiting better landing conditions. 7:30 P.M. Unloading commenced. Batho, representing Marconi, and Harry Coade, representing A.F. service came ashore & commenced tuning transmitter to comply VAX requirements. My last watch tonight.

Apl. 30. 2 A.M. Batho & Coade finished. A hard job as our stuff consists mostly of non-variable units. 8 A.M. Saylor, Cope & young Purcell the cook arrived plus musical instruments & impedimenta. I headed for Main Str. 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

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aboard o.k. Gregoir, Cleary & Mackerzie 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 Sable 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, vcs, tomorrow.

May. 2. Saw Lett's, 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

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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 & 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 Doc. Elliot who is now permanent medico on Mackay-Bennett. Head sea on way back & got soaked.

May 23 Bill ordered to Louisburg. Bought his typewriter for \$40⁰⁰. 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 Piers, 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.

~~May~~ June 1. Letts announced 15% cut in salaries all round. This has been under

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consideration for some time.

June 5.

Mrs. Walsh who is staying at chief op's house, seized with pains. Doctors & nurses flying around. Inder 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 be referred to hospital.

June 7.

Official announcement of 15% cut following Lett's verbal one. This is general throughout the service. I decided to quit July 1.

June 14

Filed resignation with Inder, to be effective July 1st. Told Cope, VCT, 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

Lett's called on phone, wanted know

1922

my reasons for leaving; asked me to stay as
oprs. scarce, also Inder will be unable get his
long-overdue leave if I quit. Told him I'd
stay till July 31 st for Inder'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.

July 11-19

Paradise - à deux. !

July 14.

Letts notified Walsh that boat
leaves for Sable Island in two weeks. Hope
decided return VCS.

July 21.

Wrote Maritime Business College,
Halifax for information. Think I'll take
a course there & try the business world.

Aug. 1.

Left Camperdown — and the
wireless service — this morning in "Din"
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.

Started course at Maritime.

¹⁹²³
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.

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