



Journal  
of

Geoffrey Walter Bell

from

March 1, 1934

to

Dec. 31 1938

Study etc.

1934

Still the dull foggy thaw  
which breaks the toughest  
winter ever known in this  
locality. Seventeen mornings  
February with minus temperatures  
78 to - day with water running  
every direction and the Shoreland  
little song. Took the Watson's to  
invite calling for Ruth at Hamilton  
the three hours at Wash's seemed  
like three minutes, such is the  
nautic pace of the hours as we  
row older. H8 working beautifully  
with 58801 miles as she splashed  
into the garage to-night. I forgot  
to mention in my February entry  
that my two Saturday night skates  
were full of the zest and exhilaration  
of old days - 1923 - 1918 -  
in the dim, far-off days of youth  
and bloom and sunny wife  
opes.

Sat Mar. 10/34

Full and cold all week with  
ster winds to wheel against. The  
ice is piled fantastically along the  
river edge and a little new  
ice formed near shore but the  
rapid swirling current holds  
away. Took Jack S. out at noon;  
and sat night after helping with  
shes and wheeling in along the  
rough frozen river road. Had  
most excellent three hours practice.

Wed Mar 14/34

Now we have those frost-bound  
nights of March so rich  
with the twinkling stars of winter  
the glory of Leo and four Spica  
it's promise of Spuria, Jupiter  
is here now and his brightness  
is dazzling. March is the romantic  
month for the stars. How it  
brings me back to the thrill of  
my initiation into Urania. The  
Polaris and Vega charm of the  
north sky. Took R. to Hamilton  
at 9.00 a.m. was a rare gem

Fri Apr 6/34

Turned over 60000 going to Drumh  
I snorts last Wed. when we  
heard the thrilling symphony  
one of their incomparable programs  
in marvellous Schubert Beethoven  
oh, glorious, glorious music.  
Thout all I live for is orchestra  
and galan explorers.

Mon Apr 9/34

Well, to-night wasn't bad  
when I played the Chopin H  
study and the Liszt waltzes  
at the Presbyterian. I have also  
loved to play Chopin studies  
public and <sup>the</sup> streams are being  
realized to some extent. I hope  
I continue to improve, So Drum  
after but all darkness so I ate  
bread and rattled home along,  
opposite near Spica passed  
the meridian. Frogs music  
The ploche is back by the  
race bridge & the sparrows w  
the sunny river bank water  
while the meadow-Carles sing  
their wistful notes over brown  
leafless headlands and naked f  
made heard the ruby-crown but  
not missed it.

Fri April 20/34

new and to be in Robber  
being a poor pen perhaps I can  
several years yet. Past 61000  
own to Drumh on Wed to be  
Gasp Sabrilowitch. and the  
Sart House quartette. It was  
equally as exciting as the 9th  
Beethoven and the Wagner on  
yesterday. Went to see "I  
Ashimo to night but it was  
precious time utterly was  
wade up for it with a good

study etc.

Fri Apr 27/34

The glorious colors, the distance  
and the ecstasy of the horizon  
from no 5 highway as the  
cloudless day fell in the west  
and the frosty moonlit night  
came gently on with jupiter  
like a yellow daffodil under the  
moon

7 A lovely evening  
at Wadis with cats  
and wine and  
polar love and  
Leacock over the  
radio. H & perfect  
at 61413.

spin

Pretty Evelyn up to see me this  
M. just as I was answering look  
letter (unexpected pleasure)

Sat. May 5/34

Never have I enjoyed a swim  
so to-day at the Cane at 6.30 P.M.  
here I be dear little secluded  
was charmed as never before  
with the fresh carpet of emerald grass  
and the fairy green of the trees  
in its infancy. 82° in shade for  
last four days. This Claydestine  
feather gives me a particular  
thrill, the more so as it is in  
conjunction with natural phenomena  
of unsurpassed beauty. Drained  
Cochol on Wed. Car seems to be  
winning as ever with 20 miles per  
made the epoch-making move  
at night into my long secret  
ice proof garage of the Appleby's  
roomy, dry, excellent in every  
aspect. Two letters from Isabelle  
but they failed to quellance me  
of grief. She is lovely, poetic,  
romantic, perfectly feminine, but  
everything sadly lacking - that  
something that most musicians

Fri May 11/34

What a garage! I love it. Changed  
-61900 went to Hamilton

Fri Apr 4/34

Tuned over 6000 going to Drummond  
& Inuits last Wed when we  
heard the thrilling symphony of  
one of their incomparable programs  
- marvellous Scherzetto by Finest  
sh, glorious, glorious music.  
About all I live for is orchestra  
and polar explorers.

Mon Apr 9/34

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when I played the Chopin H  
study and the Liszt nocturne  
at the Presbyterian. I have always  
longed to play Chopin studies  
public and ~~they~~ are being  
realized to some extent. I hope  
I continue to improve, So Drum  
after but all darkness so I ate  
bread and rattled home along,  
Jupiter near Spica passed  
the meridian. Frogs music  
The ploche in back by the  
race bridge & the sparrows in  
the sunny river bank water  
white the meadow - Carlos sing  
their wistful notes over brown  
leafless headlands and vales of  
Gade heard the ruby-crown but  
not missed it.

Fri April 20/34

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being a poor pen perhaps I can't  
be several years yet. Post 61000  
5000 to Drummond on Wed to be  
Gasp Sabirowitz and the  
Dart House quartette. It was  
equally as enticing as the 9th  
of Beethoven and the Wagner on  
Tuesday. Went to see "I"  
Ashimo to night but it was  
precious time utterly was  
made up for it with a good  
pleasure.

and etc.

Fri Apr 27/34

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and the ecstasy of the horizon  
from no 5 highway as the  
cloudless day fell in the west,  
and the frosty moonlit night  
glide gently on with Jupiter  
like a yellow daffodil near the  
moon

7 a lovely evening  
at Wade's with cats  
and wine and  
polar lone and  
O Isaac over the  
radio. It's perfect  
at 61413.

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m. just as I was answering Isabella  
letter (unexpected pleasure)

Sat. May 5/34

Never have I enjoyed a swim  
so to day at the cove at 6.30 P.M.  
here. The dear little secluded  
cove was charmed as never before  
with the fresh carpet of emerald grass  
and the fairy green of the trees over  
its infancy. 82 in shade for  
last four days. This Clapdestine  
feature gives me a particular  
thrill, the more so as it is in  
conjunction with natural phenomena  
of unsurpassed beauty. Drained  
Isobel on Wed. Car seems to be  
running as ever with 2 1/2 inches per  
week the epoch-making move  
at night into my long Scout's  
fire proof garage of the Appleby  
rooms & day, excellent in every  
aspect. Two letters from Isabella  
but they failed to influence me  
as of yore. She is lovely, poetic,  
romantic, perfectly feminine, but  
nothing sadly lacking - that  
something that most Russians

Fri May 11/34

What a garage! I love it. Charged  
- 61900 went to Hamilton

returning solo. The old libretto  
is weak only slight upheavals  
now and then. The Watsons are  
lovely and Ruth everything a  
man could desire - but of  
course, Venus, thou art elusive  
I follow you through shifting  
scenes to no avail. Very and  
windy with no end of dust;  
anything but what may show  
be. How my precious time is  
diluted, only a few minutes  
daily for my piano - and I do  
it passionately.

Sunday May 20/34

Ruth said a week ago I  
was a fool for letting her  
leave. Quite possibly; but who  
is the fool now? I guess  
the guy. Very depressing  
at Drumbo this morning when  
R. left early (7.00) with a dignified  
coolness after refusing to wait  
up the night before. I seem to  
be out of luck all around.  
Well they can all go to the  
devil. They all tire me with the  
lack of versatility, chiefly  
**verbal disease**. After a  
ramble back of Jim Aitken's  
Bill and the kids I washed up  
and took the Watsons to Hamilton  
only to wait an hour and find  
R. comes in 10 mins late from a  
heavy date with a food flask.  
A trip to Norwich last  
decided of the smallest  
relief from pleasant bore  
of 15 running better than ever.

Sun. May 27/34

Unutterably dry. Sun bright  
and garish, the fresh green

fast acquiring a burnt look.  
What would I give for an  
all-day rain. Wheeled around  
the block by St. George at noon  
I used the bike up yesterday  
and enjoyed to the full the fruits  
of my labor. He miles, furch  
then cleaned her pens. To  
Woodstock at night - a pleasant  
drive.

Tues. May 29/34

Another characteristic letter  
from Isabelle full of egotism  
and poetry. Really a  
magnetic girl. A lovely  
beel out the Galt road  
seeing Mercury for the 5<sup>th</sup> evening  
in succession. Oh, the peace  
and beauty of these evening  
scenes over the valley of the  
immense Grand. These  
treasured haunts under Vega  
- a Arcturus where I found  
I love the birds and flowers so  
passionately and where I laboured  
over those sonnets of years ago.

Wed June 2/34

Birthday cigarettes from Dick  
and Eleanor. Hot, oh my gosh  
9.2 or higher all afternoon.  
Drove the Watsons to Hamilton  
and Toronto. Saw 3 at Wade's  
new 'Hill-top Lodge'. He has  
a fine little home, splendidly  
located. Paid \$3.00 on way  
back in a frenzy and heat  
got lost at 5.00 and 5.55 but  
mountain making Ruth 5  
minutes late. Jupiter dim  
with heat haze.

Wed July 7/34

Playing my concertos in Jan  
and July only now to  
give more time to transcendental  
technique. The dear Schumann  
min. to-day. Along the dear  
sacred highway to P.T. Ogense



lelelele.6

5 times 10,000 on car and 1,000 on bike

Sunday Aug 12/34

Paused out by Washington to see August meteors in the Skiff, story with Elizabeth from 11 to 12 P.M. with Kathleen who was very keen and splendidly alert.

Cull's trip Sunday Aug 26/34

Another lovely trip with the keen, alert girl. As the car stood in the identical spot at Port Brook I had a splendid chance to compare my two great romances & what I remembered of that cold, bitter cold Sunday when we sat in the car and actually kept warm with the heat of passionate love. But oh Isabelle, how gross is it all is. We join lips in seemingly everlasting infatuation and soon it dwindles away to a fast fading memory.

I could write books on that passion, which in its strangeness and power has dwarfed all earthly experiences. It was ethereal, in the clouds. It was seventh heaven. And when it descended to earth, such something practical as a foundation it broke in a thousand pieces - never to be patched up or pieced together never in this "pleasing life - bright blight." So-day with Kathleen and Evelyn and Jack Joy we called that high romance but was filled with contentment and the thousand little harmonious contacts that make life tolerable. No pain, no suffering, no love. (oh, I think there was some

just healthy, natural friendly converse. The sky at evening, and the lake, and the rising moon and Saturn and Jupiter and the first stars - what superb beauty and what quietude. A delicious supper of chicken and salad etc and a walk in the gloaming. H & was wonderful as of govt - 67760

Fri. Sept 7, 1934

I wonder why no mention in my other journal of that memorable trip to St. Hyacinthe with Bernard in the dear little 31 car. - N.D. 45. Going to Toronto with the big town (calling for Bernard at the Royal York, putting the top up, speeding to Cobourg, the early start, the long drive, the warm welcome in St. Hy. Well, I guess memories must suffice. But at least let me jot down some notes of this week's tour while it is as yet hot in my brain. To Orangeville Sunday to see Alfred & Dottie, and after a short talk and lunch with the aunts we drove to Brantford for the night. The final parting came at Princeton, I to the east and he for Ohio. Paris again and a final departure at 10:30. Lunch in Brantford and a cup of tea in Cobourg. H & I made an early start and after driving through torrents of rain for hundreds of miles we made St. Hy. by dinner time (6:30). Nothing of note to recount for Wed. except



The inexpressible charm of  
Cleora's many smiles and  
jovial laughter. - her face seemed  
to radiate sweetness and sunshine  
that was scarcely ever dimmed by  
clouds or rain. Thursday morning  
at 7.30 found me on my way.

10.00 A.M. at Vaudreuil instead of  
8.30 as per two years ago. Used  
new Honore Mercier bridge.  
Lunch at Brockville and sea  
with Aunt Erid - made Cobourg  
by 5.00 - 1/2 hr earlier than that  
of Sept. 1, 1932. and H5 was  
less heavily laden as on that  
memorable occasion. Nor did I  
call for Ruth W. at Newtonville.  
The rain and traffic wearied me  
so I took no. 12 at Whitty and  
then no. 7 to Guelph and home  
I nearly went to sleep several  
times, also feeling weak after my  
dose of salts at Cobourg. So  
Drumbe I is right to assume  
my old and right place. She  
tolerated rain this morning  
all but stayed H5 for the first  
time in her faithful service.  
6.44 + 28 now.

Wed. Sept 12/34

Forgot to mention the big blow-  
out in garage when my last Michelin  
tire shot its bolt. Put new Dunlop  
"Sport" and tube just before starting on  
trip a week last Sunday - 9th Oct  
Torrent of rain again to day. Almost  
bill's cabinet a full. Finishes  
morning the sun. It is green for  
first time this year.

Oct Sept 10/34

(81°) Hot, sultry sun and more  
rain at night-fall, in fact I  
wheeled through it all to the  
Devil's Cave for my farewell

swim in 1934? The water was  
lovely and the rain soft as  
velvet. Everything was a most  
vernal green in sharp contrast  
to the sober brown of May, June,  
July & August. Sea at Watson's  
and again of sox. What am I to  
do with this kind woman, and  
her soft, velvety, platitudinous  
laughter, who inflames me yet bores  
me to extinction? measure for  
measure last night with dearest  
Kathleen.

Mon. Sept 24/34

Yesterday Summer passed  
away and Autumn took up  
the colors. Eventful day slip  
by. Saturday <sup>morning</sup> turned 70,000  
at 5<sup>th</sup> town line. A hurried  
leave-taking from the office at 12.00  
and a zoom up to Guelph to  
Aunt Eva's funeral. Pattersons and  
Bells without end. Drove Aunt  
Freda up to Orangeville and  
her and Uncle Albert back. In Guelph  
once more Edwin, Uncle Albert, Lloyd  
and myself drowned our sorrows  
and jaded nerves in three mugs  
of beer. So Drumbe by 11.30 via  
salt, age.

Tue. Sept 25/34

Erid's birthday. Sent her a  
page from my 1907 diary.  
A great thrill to night when  
saw spellbound through Piget's  
carmen. O the timbre of those  
glorious voices! Once when a  
whole evening of singing did not  
bore me - not even once. I was in  
the seventh heaven. Drove Kath  
& her mother and turned down and  
back.

Mon Oct 8, 1934

A splendid Thanksgiving. Enjoyed  
Wado's brilliant and magnetic  
personality in the noon show and  
at lunch at his mother's. Played  
for Kathleen at Eton's at night

Fri Dec 7/34

She was also brilliant and magnetic. Her playing of Beethoven Rumanian was about all I could desire. She piece just suited her. A short conflict with her dear parents and Ev. I'd jack over the emaciated Chasos of the Haubigen turkey. Took Jack home after and so to bed. What a day! And with all this what antelike colors; what blue sky! what immense fields of wheat and clover. The most beautiful weather this year.

Nov. 8/34

Stop! listen! Highest motor road in world. Osh to Khorog - 23,000 ft. alt. Pamir mountains from Indghishk. HS went 72400 at Etovnia coming back from my midnight lunch. 26° in Drumbus and little fields of ice everywhere.

Sun Nov 18/34

Put my last year's 'alki' last Tuesday<sup>1<sup>st</sup></sup> before going to Toronto to the S.S.O. It tests about -20° to Drumbus to-night in torrents of rain to eat and whack the ground. 52° all day & night.

Scraped one pen after dinner and should hit around the stable to keep out the wintry winds.

In old grey November or young laughing May the view from the 'faber' is always entrancing.

No other place so beautiful. (How about the view out there  
Nov 27/34 <sup>now</sup> Nov 27/34

That worked pretty slick. Bill wanted to go to Toronto just the very night Kathleen was down there with her family. Went to Richwood at 4.16 to get Jack. He held the front seat down with much eloquence fromraig's Dimple, while Bill and Dampford held the back. It was a rare party with Jack 3/4 shot. Kathleen and I had the symphony with Sziget, the great Hungarian violinist. Strauss 'Don Juan' was the piece de resistance for Chaffon

5° at Drumbus and 10° at Paris at both windows. Sib. cool fire yesterday (Dec 6) for first time this season. I brought 500 <sup>net</sup> coal from Eric's Wednesday afternoon after having dinner at Richwood. A.S. - 73908 and bike 9935. Lovel winter weather with a little snow and frozen rivers. 2° at Drumbus last night. Car & bike both working nobly. and Oh, the 'wee stone' show I love it! What a find it has been all these years. I could write a poem on 'Net Coal in bags'!

Mon Dec 10/34

Oh hell! I burned Baba's pen in the stove! It dropped in the scuttle unnoticed. I had no what an aroma. One would think a pair of rubber boots were burning. Oh, hell, damnation! what a lovely pen it was!

Tu. Dec 21/34

The thing happened to-night going to tea. The old bike burned 10000 from 9999.9 Stopped and watched it with floodlight while I walked the few final yards. Now have conquered bicycle mileage! next I try the car - but a long trip yet - 74665 to-night as I slipped in from the very highway and snowy Drumbus road after taking the lights for the tree.

Wed Dec 25/34

The great day of the year. 2.00 A.M. - just come from Drumbus and Richwood where I left Jack. By the way, this is my new pen. It promises to be a rare pen. Kathleen was very good to me - Beethoven 6<sup>th</sup>, Sziget 6<sup>th</sup>, Gandy's from W & Bross from Perth. The old car bucked last night, according

I have got a new coil  
and condenser to-day - 3.50  
also a new license - P 5613  
Country roads icy and treacherous.  
A lovely Christmas dinner and  
tree at the Gunticks'. A great  
conglomeration of thrills opening  
presents. A beer & booze party  
at Sumner's after. Dull, just  
freezing - no stars for weeks  
Tues. Dec 25/34

It is done. Again we come to  
the end of the Christmas  
festivities. To Woodstock at  
3.00 P.M. and took the sisters  
back calling for Jack at  
Richwood. Had a wonderful  
evening. Dad ~~sure~~ sure enjoyed  
the P. M. A. "Around Home".  
We all choked over the stove  
pipes and the snow-erectifiable  
Chanters. I guess I am not  
quite used to this year yet - but  
you wait - it is the ~~re~~ plus  
ultra and the sine qua non of  
pens.  
Wed. Dec 26/34

Bitter wind - is above left  
car in front of Paris' Drug  
store and walked to Drumbo  
foot-sore, weary and nearly frozen  
home to a soothing warm bed  
at 1.30. a warring moon struggling  
through whirling drift.

Wed. Dec 26/34  
What a wreck! I refer to no. 16  
at Drumbo on Christmas night.  
15 killed, and scores injured. It is no  
wreck yet anyway. Wrecks like a  
ban over the snowy roads and  
icy highways. The new '35' V8 in  
town to-day. Justice (Plato) "having  
and doing what is one's own".  
Sat. Dec 29/34

♀ Observation from south window!  
Sun sets to-day directly behind old  
bakery smoke stack.  
♀  
♀ Strong sun, blue sky & snow

7 below at Drumbo to-night  
observed of first time at 5.20 P.M.  
from west Broadway back of  
Edo Buckley's - in a saffron west  
just about on the horizon. A  
minute later and I would have  
missed it. Saw Uranus  
in Pisces from Alf's back yard  
after the half-frozen Churchgoers  
arrived home. Jane Eyre to  
end a perfect evening of old  
stone-crusher H8 turned over 7500  
sea route to the village. Over the  
snow-bound 5th to take Jack  
home and back by Princeton.  
The snow is a conker!

Tues. Jan 1 1935

Mileage. bikes 0001, car  
75060. Snow - stuck twice  
last night en route to Richwood  
and Drumbo. Both dinner and  
tea at Jack's (yesterday). To-day  
blinding, whirling drift making  
a mess of the Drumbo road.  
Put on chains; played Brahms to<sup>6</sup>; looked  
at two small sun-spots and  
then rained and shelled my  
way up to Drumbo, ate a  
huge plate of roast duck & cabbage  
etc and then took old folks back  
to Woodstock; only got stuck  
about half a dozen times.  
Supper at 7.30 and then beat it  
for Paris before road became  
more impossible. I had early  
for a change.

Thurs. Jan 3/35

Left old Henry at a snow drift  
near the fourth and had a  
crisp walk of three miles to  
Drumbo with 0° zero nor-wester  
cutting any exposed skin. While  
not floundering in snow drifts  
I was peering at the rich  
inlaid heavens, with Uranus  
quite visible and omicron Ceti  
very bright. I regretted the  
fact that the eager air prevented

may fuller inspection of these rare winter wonders of Urania. A juicy stack and creamed carrots to stuff the inner man, also celery and rassoupe. Frank & Cornick picked me up on the way back thus shortening my homeward trip. Some glorious meteors. A little practice before turning in.

Tues Jan 15/35

Second speedometer cable broke last night at 75733 - just 5000 less than the first. This one ought to last her around. Finished Jane Eye and starting Wattering Heights.

Thurs Jan 24/35

To-day the lovely Brahms D minor. Late, late at night I saw Mars glowing by Spica, earlier I saw Uranus in Pisces and earlier still - at dusk I saw Venus & Mercury close to golden with Saturn above before the zero night fell calm and stony. = 14 at Drumbo - all this was last night. To-night clouds and a small plus temperature and no stars. + 8 - on p. 56. 13 winking splendidly. I am still under the thrall of that haunting Tschairowsky 6th

Sat Jan 26/35

Everything went beautifully the car, the tunes, the Hart House quartet, Harriet Cohen, Landing Dinner at Avenue Rd. and Bertha at 432 Jarvis, eating calse etc (burgers) at Kerri's, tying on the bundles on the trunk rack, bringing Kathy's dad & mom home 15' below all the way and 18' below when we reached Drumbo. What a night! and oh the thinning thinning moon and Jupiter low in the S.E. and Mars by Spica higher - what a lovely

winter night. How the moon made fairy-like sparkles on the frost-bound windows of the car.

• ♀ Sun Jan 27/35

A rare evening sky on a zero day. a lovely olive green and faint salmon pink as a west background

for the glittering planets.

Sun Dec 17/35

77777.7 ♀ - night, and not dowy body. Brahms Symphony #1 and double Concerto from New York this P.M. The first of the great Brahms cycle.

Mon Dec 27/35

Past 78000 Sat. To-day I am in a perfect heaven after the magnificent C# min quartet Bertha on Sat evng at Hart House and the Brahms lovely second symphony over the air yesterday afternoon. Had a good time at Kerri's, Palmyra etc, and a diggy luncheon over the middle toward Pine - the first time over (yesterday noon) since the battle with the drifts on Wed night and Thursday morning. And what it was, absolutely impassable

Tu. Mar. 1/35

A perfect entrance for March, with bazy sun, good whelving and real temperate air than the zero winds of the past two weeks. Oh, divine Piatigorsky, and Strachgold, and Stuart Rose and Pierre Jules Shute marvelous, marvelous music in Cabot Auditorium. Kathy & Ed & I and good old H.S.

Mon Mar 18/35

Sat. saw my little fish all over now with a new saddle, bear rim & spokes etc. It ought to last a while now. Good week and at Drumbo & Richmond in fact real thrills in the bath at the former - real pristine love.

The Brahms on Sunday magnificent  
This is the beginning of an  
exciting week. Love, music, big  
automobile etc. and stand  
don't forget Venus, Mars & Jupiter  
last night, all blazing with  
nearly maximum splendor; in  
a crystal pure air of 12 degrees  
frost. Last coal fire out Saturday  
16th - first time out since it was  
started last December!

Sun. Mar. 31 1935

well March has slipped away  
like the lamb that stayed  
with it from the first. The bike  
is running better than ever now  
with a new steel rim on the rear  
and two good tires to start the year on.  
Changed tires last Wednesday and  
lightened everything up, putting her  
in first class condition (?). A.E. is  
still going strong with 80,000  
miles to her credit. No flats  
yet since 50,100 when the second  
set was put on. Getting a great  
kick out of Beethoven - symphonies  
etc. - more than ever.

Sun. Apr. 14/35

2.00 A.M. - Drained alcohol on Friday  
before taking in the last T.S.O.  
Concert on Friday. Oh, glorious  
music! Beethoven 8th, Pleybey,  
W. emburger, Runsky, Korshakoff etc  
Jack Taylor got his '29 Oldsmobile  
coupe on Wednesday.

Sun. Apr. 28/35

Edith, Kathleen & I made a happy  
party to, leave the T.S.O. & Hamburg  
trip at Massey Hall last night. I  
a magnificent program including  
the Beethoven op. 56 - triple concert  
for violin, cello & piano. Two flats  
so far after 30,000 miles - total  
\$1,700.

Fri. May 3/35

Ice storm! 27° this morning  
30° at noon! Devastating east  
wind. Rain & snow all night!  
what an invasion!

O'hell - not a word about Mars  
(Dec. 16/43) and Spica!!

Thur. May 23/35

I have been using one Every-ready  
jide since last birthday! First  
last night and night before.  
Frank in bad truck smash.  
Poor little red truck! man came to  
put in gas pump at Alf's.  
Sun. May 26/35

A lovely afternoon spin to Springfield  
with the dear E. family and  
Jack. Strong sun, brilliant green  
everywhere and DUST. My  
first seven gallons of alf's gas.  
I forgot to mention my Seacock  
'Humor' and Hayden Surprise,  
Mozart Magic White & E. symphony  
P. P. was and Hankie and  
8000 - 5 gals of gas. - all  
for my birthday. Should  
I mention the pathetic birthday  
party at W's - the cigarettes & soft  
Galaxy Path to Hamilton and  
then the relief to get back to  
Drumbs after? A patering out  
of this W. phase of my life?  
Wade and his dog came  
twice to-day while I was  
dressing but I opened not  
unto them. 83,000 to-day -  
at Brownsville. Mrs E is a dear.

Sat. June 15/35

my first swim (sad to say or  
happy to relate) was yesterday noon  
at the fifth. Water warm and  
hazy with thunder clouds on the  
horizon. A lovely beam last evening.  
Everything is gloriously green  
and the custom of W. is full!  
What June landscape!  
Procting Back etc. Car  
83780

Sun. June 16/35

Rain, rain, more rain - torrents  
of it. The rivers are yellow and  
at spring flood height! A  
pleasant trip to Preston with  
Kathy and Bertha. Paid \$4000  
fog and rain still as I drove  
back to Paris at 1.00 A.M.

Tues June 27/35

more showers - rain every day for twelve days, and oh, what delight formations! enjoyed taking Ray home, after the Colored slides including some of dad's and the music in the old continuation school at P.

Mon July 1/35

1. A.M. Just home from Drumbo after completing plays for the day. Only an hour's practice - but a good one - Bach and more Bach. After a hot afternoon (85) wrestle with the carburettor and hub-caps etc on H8.

Wed July 10/35

watched the 'red sun rise in a cloudless sky, the same dear sun that Baba will never see again'. This was coming from Drumbo where I tried in vain to sleep. My spirits are low, (addressed <sup>to</sup> ~~to~~ honors and 2. I think of June 2<sup>nd</sup>/29. A swim at the 5<sup>th</sup> and a talk to J. S. in the cool of the evening failed to revive me. A questionable supper in the Chinks afterwards.

Tues July 16/35

Yes, last night I was a "night watcher" again. Built this time with Diver and Kathleen and Mr & Mrs E with the 5 inch by the rock garden among the trees in Alf's beautiful garden. It was there we watched the dim copper moon 'sick right unto doomsday with eclipses'. Then to Richwood to see Jack and son and Chuck & Bill Morrison at midnight the moon was so dark as to be hardly discernible in the stony gallery of Sagittarius. A memorable eclipse!

Wed July 24/35

Dull! 90° in shade! In fact it has been 90 for a week. Just finished 'Doris Gray' - magnificent, brilliant, arresting! etc. H8 was first in line at Ruth Thomson's

several yesterday, as I took the Rev. McColl.

Tues August 6, 1935

Cool and showery and the dull weather aids retrospection and contemplation of a novel week-end. Went to Drumbo Friday night with my four dozen eggs and four pounds of butter. Got away shortly after eight Sat. morning, alf riding with me and Kathleen and her mother in her car. As usual a rich and ample dinner at Herr's and an early afternoon start for the north country. After much dust and rough roads reached Lake Mashogawiganog at all saw around 6 p.m., tired and dusty. Slept soundly in car.

A quiet Sunday in the row boat and on the spacious sun porch of the cottage which commanded a splendid view of the lake and wooded hills of Haliburton. Up early Monday to troll the lake but the fish were all away or asleep. Caught a few sandines after a swim and a big dinner bath and I left for home but not before we gave more or less assistance fixing the flats on H7. Intense traffic (Swiss holiday) especially on 11 and 7 from Thornhill to Brampton. Lunched at Clappison's and home at 11.30. A perfect trip. H8 can still take it - 86315

Mon. Aug 19/35

Hot, dry and sunny - in fact not so good for retrospection and contemplation. However I must give the high spots of another week-end at Lake Mashogawiganog

Wed Aug 28/35

Cold and dull. A lot of high spots I gave! Well, back

and I put rings and rods  
H & last Sunday and last night  
retired brakes over at Buzzley  
So we are all set for a few  
more miles. 87500 now. I  
doctored up the plugs to do what  
the valves looked fine. — original  
plugs & valves. What a car! I will  
have tender recollections of Allean  
after now till next summer.

The late afternoon fish with  
Bob here the swans in the  
lake and boating with Kathleen  
and generous appetites and the  
countiful meals on the pleasant  
porch overlooking the lake.

Sun. Sept 15/35

a lazy day at Drums after  
a pleasant trip to Habana with  
Kathleen. One flat on Wed. and  
carburettor trouble yesterday.

Arrived 3 A.M. tired & happy  
The most pleasant motoring  
yet. Everything conspired  
for my utmost enjoyment.  
Lots of beer and Camels. Martha  
Enid and Rene most interesting  
Alfred has new black V8.

Mon. Sept. 23/35

Cool & hilly and starry. Took some  
film & Irish out to Jack T. Venus  
beautiful this morning close to  
sun. C from south window at 9.00 A.M.

7.8 jerking along the road at 89650  
A pleasant trip to Preston with  
Pentha Sat. night and to Springfield  
with the 4 E's and J. T. Jr. Sun  
afternoon. Roads good. Chicken dinner  
excellent. All was quite amusing.  
A great carload.

Sun. Sept 29/35

Foggy with a bright aura  
around a dark cloud bank in the  
north. Got Venus at 2.00 P.M.  
but clouds came up just as

got the 5' set up. Then the  
bunch all hurried away to S.S.  
Pint a chunk of coal from S.W.'s  
cellar in the wee stove, now  
entering its fourteenth year of good  
service. A mop, scrub, dust, bath,  
practice, walk with E. Grace, and  
a trip to the little village at 9.30. Took  
Jack home after — and so to bed.

Sun Oct 6/35

H.S. did 90000 on Fri (Oct 4)  
and running fine. Came home  
by Ayr this afternoon after  
taking Ev & I back to Wolverton  
Country Beautiful, air chilly,  
heater on. Paved now from Ayr  
to 24A. Dust, mop, bath, practice  
— no walk with E.S. though I called  
him up, so the early evening  
fell clean and cold, as I  
practiced by the gas fire.

Mon. Oct 7/35

Another waterman's. 2.75 black  
I wonder how long it will last  
my other dear little pen is up  
at Sumner's

Wed Oct 9/35

Watched Alf make a half length  
stone-pipe in the morning then  
took it to the ossif where this  
afternoon I inserted the new  
fl & elbo and sections after  
clearing the works. The first  
decent effort since 1925! Spent  
car at 6 P.M. at Louisa

Sun Oct 20/35

The exceptional clarity of the  
air enabled me to see Venus  
at 3.00 this afternoon at 9.57.  
Just past greatest brilliancy  
west of sun. Yes we buried  
Dear Mrs Grace last Thursday  
played for Norman and one sold  
(A's study) last Tuesday at W.C.H.  
and got appreciation at last from  
Isabel (see Expositor) bagged  
potatoes last Wed. afternoon  
after a beautiful Autumn drive  
to the farm — I do hope Alf  
gets them after all the trouble.  
Kathleen and I played

Last movement of Beethoven #5  
and first of #6 to-night. It was  
great fun.

Sun Nov 3/35

Put two boots and a patch on  
H 8's front feet. Her second set of  
firestones are on the last lap at  
41000. To-night total mileage is 91501.  
Last week was eventful in the realm  
of music. Brahms all evening with  
H. 50. & Dabbs Army on Tuesday. Griedner  
on Thursday enthralled me for  
a year. The Schumann Carnival and  
the Chopin, Mozart, Bach etc. What  
a superb master!

Wed Nov. 6/35

P 5613 is discarded early and white,  
33205 on a shiny black plate takes  
its place. The trees are stark and  
bare, lifting their clean limbs up to  
a pure sky. The west wind is cold  
and the sun bright.

Sun Nov 10/35

Took Bertha and Kathy to Woodstock  
in the drizzly gloom at 10.00 A.M. There  
at 55 all day. After a lovely dinner went  
to Agr and got an inner from Pete then  
to Paris where I put on first firestone  
'Ground grip' tire on left rear. It  
looks to be a dandy. Starbi was  
playing amid static and station row  
on S. M. C. program from 10 to 11 P.M.  
read a couple movements from the  
Pastoral after and so home to bed.

Sun Nov 17/35

This ~~is~~ seems to be resolving into  
a journal of Sundays. - CBS Del Demacker  
for 1918. Well I put on the other  
'Ground grip' on right rear and right  
rear firestone on left front. This last  
tire is a wonder it has gone about  
34000 and the tread is still about  
the 15000 mark. It is a fitting  
companion to my comparatively new  
S. P. road flier. Henry R. came up and  
foiled around as I directed, swept,  
wiped etc. C. bear and frosty to-night  
Back thermometer at 24. Drained  
car in garage for first. Will  
put last year's alcohol in to-morrow.  
(I made a and more!)

This is surely a record mild  
fall. <sup>you should have been worried two</sup>  
<sup>years ago</sup> <sup>you great stupid</sup>  
You should have been worried two  
years ago. <sup>the 1932</sup>  
After a couple severe nights the black  
temp is moderating, with a warm 1965  
sun. It beat him upon me, as  
I took out old battery (no 3) and put in  
new one that Alf got me. It was  
a relief to step on the starter  
and go. Changed oil when I  
got to Paris for winter grade. <sup>see Nov. 1970</sup>

Mon Dec 9/35

Started coal fire last Fri. 6th.  
Since then a thaw has made a  
sea of mud everywhere. Getting  
my Christmas shopping well  
under way. These Schaffer pens  
are certainly the berries. They  
are smoother than Waterman by  
a jug-full. Listened to Rabelais  
no 2 yesterday at Drums - in  
honor of Jan's 70th birthday.  
<sup>never dreamed I would be paying</sup>  
<sup>for the W. J. R. 25 for 25</sup>  
It was the W. J. R. 25 for 25 <sup>ago</sup>  
Cold!

What a Christmas! Last  
night after a short chat with  
Jack Taylor and then Wade  
I loaded H 8 with parcels and  
zoomed to Drums where we had  
a chicken dinner and a great  
Christmas tree after. Evelyn was  
enraptured with her Shirley Temple  
doll, and Kathy with her violin as  
everything went off fine. Woodstock  
this afternoon after picking up  
the girls. Ground gas pump hand  
hanging on fence between 5th & 6th  
What a kick I got out of that  
I was showered with cigarettes  
and ties sweater, cake, gloves  
knife (pearl handle - a dandy),  
milk, shaving cream, packet book,  
bill-fold, books etc. -  
Jack up at night and I took him  
back, speedometer cable broke  
at 94355. Weather has been  
around zero for a week and lots  
of snow. Rivers choked with ice.  
Had fun again to-night opening  
a few more presents, got present  
a few more presents, got present  
a few more presents, got present  
a few more presents, got present



Wed. Jan 1, 1936

Bible - 1158. Car 94562  
A wonderful day to start the year.  
Blue sky, low winter sun dimmed  
by haze at noon, and after a pink  
sunset a frosty starry night with  
a young moon aloft fleecing the  
pale white countryside with its  
tender light. Nothing could be more  
beautiful than fields and woods  
at low tide as I came by 2.4A  
and the 7th to Drumbo, arriving  
there at 5.00 in time for a perfect  
turkey dinner and pleasant  
evening. Jack, Grandma & grandpa  
to Woodstock at 9.30. Car running  
perfectly and everyone happy after  
all the Christmas excitement.

Wed. Jan 4/36

Grand 9.00 coming home from the  
T.S.O. all Beethoven: Pastoral  
symphony, Karl Friedberg playing  
the Emperor concerto.

Sun Jan 12/36

Yes, it was a (5) afternoon I did  
the job right. I installed the  
new supply hose on my 550 spitter.  
The original one held out just  
13 yrs and 7 mos. - pretty fair.

I am quite proud of the job I did.  
This afternoon Ed, Jack, Kathy and  
I made a foursome for Kitchener  
to visit Bertha. Lovely dinner  
and most pleasant evening. I  
never enjoyed such blessed  
hours of most wholesome  
social intercourse. Of course  
Earl & Ruth dropped in to  
make things more interesting.  
Food & General Motors supplying  
the most enjoyable music from  
9 till 11. Kathy & Evy are the  
most interesting and attractive  
girls. Much snow is in  
the country but our main  
roads are ploughed and  
easy to get over.

Wed Jan 15/36

Collected some stalwart lads  
Inv. Jack t. etc and moved the

Grand into the new studio (front  
room) making the living room  
more beautiful and creating a  
very excellent music room. Bedrooms  
upstairs all rearranged and  
very attractive. Home by Richwood  
and Canning; roads very icy  
- 15 miles per hr.

Fri Jan 24/36

No lovely concerts this week!  
Drumbo is isolated in  
mountainous drifts of snow. I  
~~am~~ leading a helmet life reading  
James Joyce's 'Portrait of the Artist  
(Magnifying Glass style). My poor  
car is standing outside of Alf's  
garage in all this 3. day blizzard  
below zero every night, and  
not much above each noon.  
Oh, my poor little H. 8, poor mess  
it. I hope Kathy will be kind  
to you.

Sun Jan 26/36

Yes, Kathy was kind, very kind, so  
were they all very kind, after I had  
walked to Drumbo in an icy  
cutting, cruel wind, through deep  
snow along the track. A good  
supper and a short confab after which  
I shovelled H. 8 out of her winter quarters  
and drove her to Princeton, past  
veritable mountains of snow, which  
the plow had thrown up & finished  
Joyce - wonderful style - vivid  
pacific prose, sensual paragraphs

Sun. Feb 2/36

Bright sun, cloudless blue, banks  
& dazzling white snow, piled  
high as the car where the wind  
blew hardest. Couldn't get up  
last night but made up for it  
today as plough was through early  
this morning. Got to D. at 3.00  
and heard Brahms 86 concert and  
Beethoven 4th sym. a fine dinner  
and cosy evening. Dazzling white  
moonlight with the glass at  
-9°

Wed Feb 3/36

another blizzard and citizens spell  
has marooned my car at Drumbo  
after an unsuccessful attempt to  
start for Toronto in the howling,  
shrieking blast. Took the plough  
down this A.M. after a pleasant  
evening and night at Dr. Reed

Witha Cutler, played duets (Bethoven <sup>III</sup>)  
and beamings. Slept first night in  
lovely studio couch. Have stayed  
up too late to night reading that  
gripping war romance by Ernest  
Hemingway: "A Farewell to Arms"

Sat. Feb 8/36

Henry VIII is back again! Dear old  
Pop! Dean Kathy brought him down  
after teaching at Princeton. Up to Drums  
for a delicious supper and back  
in the east blizzard and heavy  
roads. Turned again at Princeton  
to recover lost gloves and got  
stuck paper at Bauer's. S.O.B. call  
to dry store and with Kathy's help  
got her into the main street. A  
pleasant hour with toast, tea  
and E.A. Poe at Janner's; home  
at midnight with no more trouble.  
A splendid evening! All's well  
that ends well.

Mon. Feb. 10/36

Took 83 to Princeton yesterday. - 40°  
all day with a better west wind. Arrived  
in P. at 14:00. Walked through fields  
to Drums, arriving there at 6.20  
Legs tired from slogging over bad  
surfaces, crevasses, pressure ridges,  
sastrugi, nunataks, etc. - 1700  
D. this morning. The peanut was  
on time and went like hell. But  
in Paris at 8.40.

Thursday Feb. 13/36

Another blizzard of most amazing  
magnitude and fury. All roads blocked.  
Took Galt yesterday afternoon with Jim.  
But not all the other dentists. Enjoyed  
the clinic very much. Caught the 7.00  
for Drums and down on the peanut this  
morning. The east wind to day  
brought great mountains of snow

Sunday Feb 16/36

A wonderful time! Sunny and  
cold yesterday when Kathy called  
at 3. P.M. and waited till I was  
all set for our cold rough  
ride to Toronto. Giesman Novak  
at Eaton Auditorium. Stayed all  
night at Ken's. The morning was  
grey and cold. After a huge  
breakfast we followed

the lakeshore to Hamilton  
and then on to Brantford  
by noon where we met Kathy  
at church and spent the  
afternoon at Bulleville, ran  
over to Paris to fix fire etc.  
in the afternoon and back at  
four to finish the nice cosy  
afternoon by knitting practices  
and eating hunks de beef  
etc. A hurried run on 24  
to Galt arriving there  
just as train was pulling  
in. A close call, considering  
the condition of our 'single-track'  
highways. I felt lonely  
to leave Kathy so early  
after such a splendid week-  
end. Back to Paris by 24 &  
5 and after getting fires  
back to normal had a  
fine practice and finally  
toast at the Cafe where I am  
writing this. 4800. 9600!

This reminds me very strongly  
of a year ago to-day also  
Sunday 16 when 45 was new  
and I took Kathy from Kettle  
to Woodstock and we took  
the noon train. Oh that  
cold bitter bright day, and  
oh to-day with its grey  
sky and bitter north-east  
wind and driving snow!  
What times we have. Talk about  
snow. Never, never was there  
such impossible drifts  
and rough highways, and  
blocked roads.

Fri. Feb. 1/36

Yes, and another wonderful  
time last night when Kathy  
and I heard the wondrous

Piatigorsky with Pierre  
Dubouché at the piano. What  
a thrill! The ultimate, or ne  
plus ultra. The highway was  
unspeakably rough. Left Ruthie  
at Ruth's at 1:30 a.m. Cold and  
calm with Sirius just setting,  
-6°. and also -6° again to night.  
Just a habit. What a winter!

Sun Mar 15/36

The great unprecedented snowbanks  
of the middle town live are slowly  
dwindling. The road is unspeakably  
rough but hard. A lovely dinner  
at Drumbo and two exciting hours  
of Ford and Goff. music, with Jimbo  
and Hofmann respectively. A <sup>of 7</sup> is  
rattling along past 97000 to day.

<sup>middle town</sup> <sup>knows</sup> <sup>the same</sup>  
Pri. Mar 27/36 <sup>Mar 15/36</sup>

Last Sunday the old fine dimmled  
and went out; the dear old companion  
of those dreary winter months is  
cold. I am not sorry, however, as  
the temperature is 55° to-day with  
a haze sun and strong S.W. gale.  
DroUGHT all down at 7:00 A.M.  
to meet Hubay bound for Toronto  
in truck. H & kicked up a lot  
of trouble last week and needed  
a new ignition cable. Took  
all night to come home from  
the 9th Symphony on the 17th and  
a good patch of it through fog  
on the 24th. After Spalding  
with Andre Benoit. I would  
appreciate decent driving  
conditions for a change.

Tues Apr 21/36

25 to night. Drained alcohol  
last Sunday (19) perhaps too soon!  
A bitter wind. H & turned 99000  
yesterday. April brought <sup>(4)</sup> <sup>Sturbi</sup>  
and the final Hart House playing  
Beethoven 127 & 131 and Stokowski  
16th playing Brahms C minor etc.  
a truly noble wind up!

Sun Apr 26/36

Mercury was very bright on  
the clear cold April sky. Stood  
in the back yard at Drumbo  
after the rest were away to church  
feasting upon this glorious  
evening picture the bright  
winter stars setting in a soft  
west new Chomel with Mercury  
and a young moon higher up.  
Had a fine practice on the grand  
in the music room. Dinner  
contributed a chicken and we  
had a fine dinner.

Wed May 13/36

Washed three front windows and  
did a little more at lat ceiling  
with scraper and wash rag. What  
enjoyable work! Temp in the  
thirties at night after a week  
of eighties. Jupiter intensely brilliant  
between the glittering Scorpions  
and the rich jewels of Sagittarius.

Wed May 20/36

H & has done it. 20 night, late  
when Kathleen and I were driving  
home from Paris along the town  
line. She turned from 99999.9 to  
00000.0. Now as she rests in  
my garage there is 18 miles on the  
speedometer. Strong sun and a  
chill wind. Regard car in  
front of garage this afternoon.  
The frosty night made Jupiter  
and Scorpis glitter like winter  
stars.

Thurs May 2/36

44 miles! Driving carefully! Dear old  
H &. Cloudless sun and stars. High bar.  
Each midnight lurch is a  
lanquet.

Sat May 23/36

Passed the romantic "95" on my  
way home to night. Well I  
remember sleeping in the car when  
it was 95 before - but under such  
a vastly different spell! Did I  
ever have such a birthday as to-  
day! Two shirts, four pair socks, one  
tie, <sup>(3)</sup> a sweater (Pitts), 3 handkerchiefs  
50 cigs, two string gigarettes, and  
a swim suit, and last but not least

a lovely chicken dinner. A nice letter from Alfred and the two I might add was from Edith.

Mon. May 25/36

220 to night after a pleasant forenoon at White Horse with Jack & Evelyn. The red truck went to Toronto with ma & pa. The coupe went to Stratford with Jim & family while H & I played between Dunbars, Richwood and Paris on the dear old summer roads. Still dry as dust. I am more attached than ever to my old H & I

Thurs May 25/36

Post 302 (OT). Dear old car. How I love it. It was maybe I started epoch making job of washing ceiling. I framed picture of town and hung it up. Ceiling progressing slowly but favorably. It is going to look 100 times better.

Fri May 27/36

333. Dear Joy, oh Edith. The great Lyons carnival. Bank. Lovely midnight lunches at D. Sat. May 30/36

Dear Aurora! Aries above the first pale light in the east at 3:15. Return in the S.E. and great fire in the S.W.

Mon June 1/36

Took the four E's and I to Woodstock last night and from Princeton home Bertha made a 7th passenger. H & I was splendid. Grandpa & grandma were in fine shape. This afternoon and to night a lovely downpour of rain, oh so welcome - just soaking for weeks.

Read some of the immortal misadventures in light & dream. We shall see it!

Tues June 2/36

505. 48° to night after another thunder storm and deluge.

Thurs June 5/36

The moon-white vapor over the North at Moscow was entrancing. Jupiter's strong lamp was dogging the full moon. June beauty prevails.

Fri June 7

An epoch making night at Spottiswoodes to see

the marvelous birds at 4.30 A.M.

Wed June 17/36

Past 1000 to night. A fine thunder storm at 9.00 P.M. with a quantity of much needed rain. Finished washing ceiling this P.M.

Thurs June 18/36

Very fine display of Auroras borealis. Initial sky involved in tremendous streamers. The great bird book arrived 'Birds of America' - 4.95 + exchange & transportation. An amazing book.

Sun June 21/36

Summer here at 9.30 P.M. and greeted it with open arms out at Spottiswoodes. Jack joy was out with me in the morning and we had dinner at Dunbars. After doing my cleaning and packing I sought the bogged woods against 7 or 8 am. before any of the sun down. I stood with open mouthed wonder listening to the choir of wood thrushes, veeries, warblers - never heard such heavenly music. The rose-breasted grosbeak, the redstart, the yellow-throated vireo, the cerulean warbler are my intimate acquaintances now! What would I have given 12 yrs. ago to be so schooled. The superlative beauties of bird and world life generally are unfolded very slowly. I suppose this is an advantage. It spreads these precious thrills out over a whole lifetime.

Tues June 23/36

King Edward VIII Birthday. Celebrated by an evening trip to the deep dark Woods (Spottiswoodes). Saw a thrush's nest with four blue eggs. Also heard the choir of bell birds. Otherwise the wood thrushes & heavenly music

Wed June 24/36

accompanied Edith D. in the Liszt Hungarian railway and got an ovation. She for her part in the afternoon to visit my father's nest. Saw Hyla sibilatrix mustelina at fairly close range.

Mon June 28/36

Oh, the divine wood thrushes on Sunday evening!

Tues June 30/36

Again to night the evening

Chimes of *Hylocichla mustelina*  
a new bird. A pair of  
loggerheads - *Lanius ludovicianus*  
*excubitor*. What a bunch of  
birds this summer!!!

Wed July 1/34

Surely a noteworthy day!

A closeup of *Hylocichla*  
*mustelina*. Marvelous beauty  
O God what a divine creature.

Of course no song in the  
sunny afternoon hours but  
last evening I heard the  
blessed chimes. Called at  
the sacred woods on my  
way home from Drumheller at  
noon. At night after a  
sumptuous dinner of lamb  
peas, ice-cream etc the  
six of us loaded H&F for a  
blow-out in Banff. The  
show at the Capitol was  
unspeakable. Ugly trash.  
It seemed so tame after the  
thrill of the afternoon. We all  
had beaps of fun notwithstanding.

Thurs. July 2/34

The greatest thrill yet!  
A new woods nearer Galt.  
Great chorus of thrushes, veeries,  
etc. *Piranga erythroneloa* +  
*anthracinus vociferans*. Evening  
shadows deepened while lightning  
played in some magnificent  
masses of pink clouds in the south.  
The starting, flirped notes of the whippoorwill  
and the last magical chirp  
of the veery and the fireflies in  
the dense underbrush.

Sat. July 4/34

To night in a secluded nook  
saw the wood thrushes at their  
evening chime saw them high  
in a dead tree black against  
the western sky, and their  
voices were never so beautifully

blended. It was a sublime moment

Fres July 7/34

Another evening chorus of birds.  
principally ~~veeries~~ + wood thrushes  
out at Canyon game preserve  
off Galt highway. It was sublime  
Past 2000 on water.

Wed - July 8/34

199 all afternoon. Went early to D. after  
practice trials after visiting my  
favorite haunt of the thrushes + veeries.  
Brightly hot night.

Fres. July 14/34

First afternoon there has  
not been over 100 since last  
Wed. 98 seemed a relief!  
Last evening I was close to  
the dear little Maryland yellowthroat  
the Junco - marvelous bird  
Wood thrushes + veeries on Sunday  
morning at 4:00 AM.

Thurs. July 19/34

numerous flat tires, blow-outs  
dead batteries etc. Had to  
put 5<sup>th</sup> battery in H&F at 24 1/2  
miles. 'Ranick' just did 1000.  
Tryng Willard 11 plate - pretty cheap  
still 2.50. Hope she will finish  
the year. (second Reg. student,  
Reg. Godden, Scott Malcolm and  
the jam symphony. Best stuff.

Thurs. July 24/34

To write again last night  
with Ma + Pa + Kathy + Bertha  
to visit Kerr's. Past 3000. Had  
to get new Roadelite 3 P. tire  
and "took" before starting. Went  
to Spottedwoods for this evening.  
but ball was dry and still  
same for the feathers, so beat it  
to the bird sanctuary on the Galt  
highway and listened to a  
watches show of wood  
thrushes. Simply divine.  
Pettier's comet bright  
in the north eastern galaxy  
at night

Sun July 26/36

Going to sleep with the music of rain on the roofs. My god, what a heavenly sound, after months of heat and drought. Still the angel voices of the wood thrush. Silence reigns all the hot day till just at dusk for about one half hour the woods ring with the sweet chimings of the night birds. It seems to be a sort of musical conversation, and one bird in particular excels all the others in the variety of its phrases, its strength and clarity of tone, and its fine expression or "nuance". Surely I agree with the ornithologist who wondered what hermit thrush in the woods of Maine could surpass his favorite wood thrush which nested year after year near his home. This secret symphony was further enhanced by the occasional wild carol of the Maryland yellowthroats, the familiar calling of the towhee, and the strange thrilling "chip-burr" of the scarlet tanager. I am entranced with the bird music here at this late date, <sup>while</sup> most woods and fields seem quiet and deserted. Of course there is a notable change. I miss the tender spirals of the veery and all the myriad voices of June. But I am most related with these few that are still faithful to their woodland notes.

'Be faithful to thy woodland note  
constant sweet bird'

"Byrne, ~~at least~~ thou shalt  
be loved and heard."

Thurs. July 30/36

Last night no bird song charmed my bird sanctuary just a few short call notes. The seasonal time for the thrushes is over. I must feast on the memory only of my sublime chorus of wood thrushes till next spring. Oh, what a summer I've had! Kathleen put on a second recital in Princeton to-night. As we pulled into Drumho she stood at 3333.300 on Oct 4/31. H & was 5 yrs old yesterday. She is a great little car yet.

Sat. Aug 1/36

Written in car bed at Alsaw.  
- Past 3500 - in fact 3570. Everything fine. Mrs H. Jack. Evelyn, all and myself in H & - Kathleen, mom & Paul on the well-filled, smart-looking, fine performing truck. Unpublished. ~~ate~~ <sup>ate</sup> voraciously, a row across the calm lake by the light of a full moon. Pettier's Court faintly visible. Jupiter near Antares. A wonderful night.

Mon Aug 3/36

Last night in car bed. A fine week-end fishing, swimming, eating bird honey etc. A flower drove but all and me no from a fishing trip at dusk.

Wed Aug 12/36

many beer parties at Jim & Blanche's. Last night had to go out several times to see the August melons. Past 4000 and old Harry still doing his stuff. Sat Aug 15/36

Written again in car bed at Alsaw. Kath & I started

at 11.30 and arrived at 10.20  
— a record. Where is my dear  
little pen? My purple waterbirds  
my sweet pen? Cathy gave me?  
Rowing, fishing & swimming  
eating, longing for the birds  
of June. I detected in anything  
that flies.

Wed Aug 26/36

♀ It was last Sunday evening  
that I spotted Venus first as  
a faint speck amid gray-grey  
cloud-banks in the S.W. from the  
gardo-de-basco at D. What a  
coincidence! The mileage on H5  
must have been about the same  
as on Oct 25/31 when I spied Venus  
first in the orange South-west.

107900 - new front spring, pan,  
hoose connections, haven't put the  
new plug in yet!

Sat Aug 29/36

Past 5000 East-England.

Mon Aug 31/36

The birthday treat was a  
jaunt to Bradford 15/24 enway  
to see San Francisco. Bertha, Nora,  
Cathy & myself.

Sun Sept 13/36

Deak did another job on H5.  
"Cords" rings the drive and  
new valves also two rear  
rebuilt shocks. New plugs installed  
the first valves & plugs also 105.000.  
A fine big practice to-night  
after a good dinner of large  
proportions or portions. Bertha  
and Earl up to smell the bond  
besides Jack and the rest. 5085

Thur. Sept 17/36

12 miles on bicycle - around block  
Salt highway & Ayr road. Regaining  
my youthful vigor on the pedalling.

Fri. Sept 18/36

Getting my fill of September  
sunsets. On night's wheel  
took me out #5. and returning

I eyed Venus and the new moon  
just above the western rim.  
Last night a gorgeous display  
of multicolored barred clouds,  
120 - night a cloudless sky  
fading to green and yellow  
in the glowing west. And  
then the host of stars came on.  
Coming home from D. at 2. A.M.  
Orion was high and Sirius  
and Sirius were peeping up.

Tues. Sept 22/36

Another saffron twilight with  
Venus and the young moon  
by Jupiter. Drove the new truck  
now fully paid for to Woodstock  
to look up a big tent. Just now  
& on and myself. A great treat  
driving a V8.

Wed Sept 23/36

84° F. Paris fair day. S.W. wind  
hot sun and some promising of  
rain at evening when the sun  
set behind foggy streaks. The  
half moon very dim. Wheelled  
12 miles, greased car. Turned  
2000 on bike and 6000 on car.

Sun. Sept. 27/36

A perfect Sunday. Cleaned and  
practiced. Went to D. for dinner.  
Grised radishes - rods on H6. Meanwhile  
rain fell heavily filling cisterns.  
Home to bath and change. Supper  
at D. again and fine music from  
Lord & S.M. (Edman & Powell).

Wed Sept. 30/36

Sulled to sleep with rain on  
the roof. So early, heavenly rain!  
All day a stiff east wind covered  
the sky with a dull grey smog  
that was streaked and curled.  
Just at night fall the rain started  
and it was waking a night  
of it - a real job! Wheelled  
14 miles through quiet autumn  
roads catching glimpses of  
white-throats, winter chippies,  
chickadees, kinglets, robins etc  
and most beautiful of all - bluebirds

but all were quiet under the  
pall of the desolate grey sky and  
devastating wind.

Thurs. Oct 11/36

An old time Hamilton jaunt with  
J. S. T. after a dinner at the Patricia  
shot a line on sun spots at the R. A. S.  
C. meeting in the art Gallery. A clear  
chilly night with a silvery waning  
moon. Sirius up before I got home.

Thurs Oct 8/36

I wonder how long that packet  
of matches will last me I got a  
couple weeks ago - the lighter from  
St. Hy. is still going strong. Steps  
out in midst of glory with  
a deep blue sky. A marvelous day.  
Reading 'The Sun also Rises'.

St. Hy. Mon Oct 12/36

The thing - fogged "tranquillium"  
is over. 20-morrow Kathleen,  
Avelyn and I must wend our  
way home. A week-end of  
thills and constipation, snuffles  
and boredom.

Thurs Oct 15/36

The trip home was unique. In  
my letter to Ted I raved  
somewhat after this fashion -  
The deep blue of the sky such  
as only October offers reflected  
in the water, the emerald  
of the fresh-grown grass and  
the continually changing patterns  
of flaming woods - made a  
day-long thrill. Coupled with  
this we made excellent time.

Off at 6.30 A.M. over the Harbour  
Bridge, tarried a while in  
Montreal wandering around  
the busy streets as Sherbrooke  
was torn up. Away by 9.00.  
Eating Enid's lunch on the  
road. Dinner in Cobawa  
at 6.00 and home to  
Drumbo by 9.30. H. 8  
performed nobly again! 7600

Mon Oct 19/36

I loosed one of my dear old  
favorites on the public; namely  
the Godard étude on the Drumbo  
anniversary supper programme. I am  
gloomy & morose. However it  
could have been a lot worse  
for a start. It shall be airtight  
in the future. It and the Polovine  
and the Beethoven Op. 10, and I hope  
my new Bach and many others.  
I must practice more diligently.

Sun Oct 25/36

A child pianist 11-year-old Rutilia  
played Chopin as one of the Gods  
- might. This and the ever-thrilling  
Ariandria made G. M. superb  
to-night. On my way back this  
afternoon I visited my bird-  
sanctuary finding many  
robins and a few juncos.  
A close view of this very beautiful  
and interesting bird. The sweet  
sweest foretaste of Niems.

Dear June! The heights  
of my trees and wood-thrusters  
were nearly leafless except  
for the rich-colored oaks. I  
know no place so sacred as  
that little woodland road. All  
year through it will give me  
joy, and what a treasure -  
above in June. I think of my  
many gorgeous new friends of  
last July - my rapture and  
trance giving bound no bounds.  
The S.W. wind blew  
up rain late this afternoon  
and it continues through the night.

Mon Oct 26/36

18° at D. to-night. Buggan  
called at noon and we ate  
at the Bodega at night after a  
couple rounds of drinks at the  
Golf Club. B. left on the flier and  
I was back at the United C. at  
9.10 to play Rachmaninoff and  
Liszt with Edith. Still water  
in the rad. Past 8416 - memories  
of romantic & passionate youth!





Mon Dec 25/36

56 yesterday morning and a  
downy rain from the S.W. all  
day. Rain most of the histores  
day too. Accordingly the rivers are  
clear of ice and at flood level.  
Sunny all day and 20° to night  
with crystal-clear air and stars  
and white moonlight. So bad it  
was cloudy last night for the  
appulse or penumbra of eclipse.

Got more autographs from Lind  
after giving it to Kathy <sup>so I gave</sup>  
my copy to Wade. <sup>partially</sup> <sup>filled</sup>  
gave me Debels's 5<sup>th</sup> cello  
strings, shirts, buttons, soap, tea,  
pyjamas, cigs etc. etc. a wonderful  
Christmas. I gave them a  
pinner, mixer and Chopper etc.  
toaster, waffle-iron, walch. salts,  
cream, candy nuts etc. a  
truly noble Christmas. also  
sent me "American D's Odessey"

Thurs Dec 31/36

The old year is weeping itself  
away in a prodigious deluge  
of streaming rain from the S.W.  
filling all cisterns and keeping  
the rivers a flood tide.  
H & doing fine at 11:00 as she  
splashed into the garage to night

Fri January 1 1937

H & - 11:27 Biba 2325. a nice  
little dinner and bridge at Jannis  
to begin the new year after saying  
1936 out. Saturn has lost its ring  
a couple nights ago it was - ☉

Sat Jan 2/37

Came from the great Stravinski  
concert. Igor in Person. Six Eras  
conductor, Prohms E. min.

Thieves tried to break in car  
but failed - bugging the lock  
so garage man had to help  
at the opening exercises via the  
floor boards.

Sun Jan 2/37

Past the romantic 12345.6 going  
to Toronto. The symphony was  
not so exciting as usual but  
the Delius was exceedingly  
beautiful. The music that is  
now haunting me, however, is  
the Venusberg from Tannhäuser  
and the Kingona of Elgar.  
as heard Sunday afternoon from N.Y.  
H & performed perfectly. Herbie always  
gives us a very warm welcome  
after the symphony. No snow  
roads dry, country bare.  
Sunset like spring - a red  
ball sitting in golden mist.  
Venus lovely (on Sunday - ☽)  
Saturn ☉ still without ring.

Sat Jan. 23/37

Zero at D. for a change. Immense  
ring around the waxing moon.  
Road frost everywhere. H & turned  
13:00 going home. Enough snow  
to make a perfect January night  
14 years ago to night I eyed Arcturus  
coming home down the icy hill:  
Now dim and far away that  
colorful romance! Albert Birsh  
was amazing - a truly great  
pianist I rather too cold Ernst  
Seitz was just two nights before

Sun Jan 24/37

I forgot to mention the pretty  
conjunction of Venus and Mars  
last evening. However that's  
all past - no sun to day or stars  
to night. Just low clouds  
driving a fine rain from the east  
all day - and oh, the reproach.  
We will never forget the nerve-  
wrecking trip home from Norwich  
this afternoon. Never before

have I been so glad to get to Drumbo with my precious cargo of Mrs. & Mrs. Alf and girls who are my all in all. Enjoyed the dinner Bertha had made and the strenuous day was crowned with Hoffmann on the Ford and Menotti and Enesco on the S.M. Lost one head-lamp lens on way home and had to drive back three miles. We had a relief to be in bed with all well.

Wed Jan 27/37

All my rugs are gone, the two lovely green ones and the plaid one over the front seat. Also my pen and little black knife of Dad's. This is my new "Prosperity" pen - 1.00 and not bad - in fact better than the black Waterbury I just lost. I wonder how long this will stay with me? It tragically happened on Shuter street when we were listening to the tragic overture (Brahms), Sibelius 5<sup>th</sup> and dear Muriel Kerr and the Beethoven 4<sup>th</sup> concerto.

Ma & Pa Entighriap came down to Kerr's with us. Roads very icy. 113300 to-day.

Thu Feb 11/37

The great Enesco, <sup>with the T.S.O.</sup> on Tuesday and the impeccable Piatigorsky and Milstein <sup>(at Hamilton)</sup> to-night. Surely the greatest week yet. H.S. 14165 and rattling along.

Mon. Mar 1/37

The last day of February was a marvellous calm day with strong sun, deep blue sky, Venus brilliant all

afternoon, a bracing air with 10 to 15 degrees of frost drove the flocks to Woodstock and ate supper with the strong sun streaming in the west window. Then a rose-saffron west and Venus flashing out like a arc light. Home to Drumbo as the winter stars sparkled out and the clear, cold night fell. A waning moon by Spica afterwards.

Tue. Mar 9/37

The penultimate concert to-night featuring Beethoven #2 and Theodor Kullerbeck Hebrides and moderns. H.S. worked fine in spite of the zero wind. Took Ma & Pa and had a fine time all told at Bob's and en route. 15500.

Thu Mar 11/37

I thought I was through with the cool fine last week, but I am sure thankful for it the last three days with winds and night temps not much above zero.

Tue Mar 14/37

Bettina was a washout. Took Kathy & Giles down the romantic 7<sup>th</sup> and town line to Ayn and Galt to the final C.C.A. Condit. The only firm bus coming home after the ordeal was over. What a relief! Cold and snowy. Perfect driving conditions all season! Sid's rose to-night band but ruffled & rough.

Sat Mar 20/37

Rem crossed 0° R.A. to-night at 7.45. Spring commences with 4" of snow and slippery roads. Took took to Richwood. H.S. passed 16000 last night. Polde was amazing. Such spectacular octaves Coalston went out again as I'll leave it out, Rod rot it.

Sun Mar 22/37

♂  
\* \* \*

Mars by ♀ scorpionis

Venus was down at 10.00

The frosty night was suspect. Called for sundress & Gaudens and took them back after tea.

Tues. Mar 30/37

20-night Hamilton to the same Fremont School where we heard Beifately on Apr. 13/23 but a different one. Not Pip, Pette, Madeline & Ruth but Ruth & myself and Evelyn to meet Jack. A gloriously spring day and calm night first flying. H & so much better than the old T models.

Thurs. Apr 1/37

Up to 50° for the first since January. Had to let out coal - I guess for good this time. Princeton friends' rock scraped. Rain to-night - blessed rain how I love it. Great scarcity of song sparrows - just heard one 1/20 Apr! Plenty of robins, grackles, Killdeers.

Fri Apr 9/37

Turned 17000 going into garage to night. Just beat the truck by a few miles. P.S.O. Tuesday with the sublime Caesar Frank D. in and Spivak last night in Silver - a particularly fine recital.

Sun Apr 25/37

Another all day and all night rain. This is the wettest April in my memory. Certainly the wettest in twenty years. I have faint recollections of wet springs down at Clarksville. This has them all beaten. The dear vesper sparrows' rippling melody on the wing! What a great thrill was this first burst of song last evening from Green Lake. Oh the lovely, lovely rain! Music all night! Arnold Bennett is truly great. The

Old Wives Tale' held me like a lodestone. Dear Eids tone was full of feeling when she said 'That's a lovely thing'

Sun May 2/37

A fine cloudless day after the unprecedented floods of last week. Wheeled to my favoured Game Preserve and found multitudes of fuzzy hepatics basking in the strong noon sun. All shades from dark purple to white. (Heard the wild song of the water thrush. While returning to D. Later in the afternoon I spied hosts of *Chaetonia* and *Sanguisaria* in the Kyle bush. The vesper sparrows were in their full rich song which seemed almost continuous. Took Jack and the girls to Hamilton at night.

Thurs May 6/37

Cool after the sweet showers of Tues. night and Wed. Wheeled to Spottiswood's as the sky became overcast and night closed in. Home by the ~~light~~ west river road - very dark. Hardly any bird songs on such a cold evening just the vesper sparrows and Killdeers. 26000 on there. Turned 18000 out H &.

May Sat 8/37

Wheeled to Spottiswood's for the third time this week. Heard the Veery Wood Thrush call but not in full song. The Thrasher was vociferous from the orchard. The woods were in fine leaf and the grass thick and such a vivid fresh green over all the hills.

Mon. May 10/37

Wheeled to the top of Spottiswood's hill just at sun-down, and saw such a magnificent panorama of river valley with its winding blue band of water, and all around the rich green of the fields and wooded hills. Within the woods the little leaves were just beginning to unfold and showed a tender green as the last light from the west shone through them. The weary wags calling and myriads of silver voices rose from the lakes. It was one of the most enjoyable wheels I ever had. The hepaticas were past their best and the fritilliums were unfolding their pure white heads.

Wed May 12/37

A perfect day! Excitingly novel. Coronation of George VI R.I. Day dawned fine and warm with strong S.W. wind. Wheeled to Jct. and Adams plant by 10.00 A.M. The lions decorated me up as fuzzy and Bernie Granton as Queen for the great parade. A recrudescence of my youthful enthusiasms seeing so many friendly admiring faces. The greatest thrill of all was just at dusk when I visited my Wrigley's Corners sanctuary and heard the first clear cadences of the wood thrush. The place was alive with the songs of hundreds of birds after the rainy afternoon. Oh, wonderful with spring! Oh wonders

Rank growth of grass and flower, and the delicate half-open leaves. Oh lovely, lovely, through. It's so soft was more heavenly sweet than ever. O'well - not a word about Mrs. May 18/37 Mrs. Dec 10/43

Last night with the Philadelphia under Eugene Ormandy. Perfect - the Zschibowsky was sublime. Sir Ernest conducted a couple of his own Bach arrangements at the end between the encores (Scandinavian Dance no. 5 and Altkonig's Clair de Lune. The Pachelbel's Symphony reached heights never dreamed of. We stopped at Simpsons' etc. Home getting me some new curtain material. The coronation decorations at Adair's particularly, and almost everywhere were impressive.

Thurs May 25/37

Celebrated my birthday by wheeling to Drums and the girls brought me back in the coupe as far as Massie on the Ayr Road. From there we bled over to highway 19 miles round trip. He brought me back to dinner - children birthday cake, standing Pudding. The folks were away at Banrie - just Bertha Jack and Junner. Had a nice little party at Junner's Sun. night yesterday Jack & I took the sisters to the show & Podega. and then to Hamilton.

Fri. May 28/37

Mosquitoes worst yet - they are everywhere in swarms. 19000 coming home tonight

Sun, June 6/37  
old bike cyclometer is busted  
at 2933 - just 608 miles this  
season. Went to B. last evening  
got a new one. Out to the Tatchaw  
hills this morning and  
tramped the old bike for over  
an hour. Came home through  
a thunderstorm last night. Everything  
moist and green - the utmost  
beauty of June.

Tues June 15/37

Ran across *Hesperocichla mustelina*  
nest with one naked little  
altricial thrush and one blue  
egg - a very beautiful nest.

Also heard a few cadences  
of that matchless voice. Perfect  
melodist - or ~~hapsodist~~  
hapsodist for a mid-June  
evening. This at favorite  
Spottiswood resort.

Sun June 20/37

Well, yesterday dear old dad would  
have been 70. Saturday evening  
I traded in my dear 1927 wheel  
for a 1937 Crescent. But after  
going 1 mile and stopping for  
an ice cream cone a car flattened  
it out and spoiled it, so had  
to come home on bus - first jolts  
on this most famous ~~vehicle~~  
vehicle. Talk lots of fun.  
Rain rain every day - the  
wettest spring on record  
and to-morrow is summer!

Mon June 21/37

Summer here at 3:15 P.M.  
Celebrated same by getting my  
new babe from the hospital at  
Hawthorn's. Rined cyclometer  
and took a spin out no 24A

in the gloaming. Red Crescent  
rides beautifully. I will try  
to keep this one intact for a  
much longer period and gain  
if a record mileage. Rain  
all morning, clearing late in  
the afternoon.

Thurs. June 24/37

What delightful wheels I  
have these evenings, last night  
by St. George and to-night  
by Spottiswoods. Perfect June  
weather. Full moon. He did  
20,000 to-night going to D. - in  
fact by the stroke of bed.

I didn't know - a wheel could  
give so much pleasure & satisfaction  
It is a fine investment.  
Just cost me 34.00, and what  
a long time it will run - this  
one must beat all former ones.  
Wood thrushes gone from Spottiswoods  
someone or something robbed the  
nest.

Sat. June 26/37

Thank goodness, no more  
romantic vagaries, no more  
libido except one absorbing  
passion - A.R.E. Wheeled  
to the 8-mile sanctuary which  
proved to be not only the  
best bird land but the most  
pestiferous mosquito battery  
in the vicinity. Never have  
I listened to so many  
intimate very deep interperal  
with the heavenly wood thrush  
notes as this evening. One  
week for the red little - 74 mi.

Sun. June 27/37

Another lovely wheel to the C.G.P.  
a magnificent closeup of the  
ruge-breasted grosbeak. A fine  
afternoon and evening anvilage

Mon July 19/37

I never heard such music  
from the thrushes, veenas

and a whip-poor-will - up  
- till late twilight in my  
bird sanctuary 8 miles out.  
She new wheel works  
splendidly. 506 to night.

Tu. July 30, 1937

My snap of the W.T. Thrush's  
nest came out not too bad.  
This summer I have had  
the very ultimate in ornithological  
thrills, and now the Choral Tuna  
is closing. I have wheeled 1230  
miles so far this year, and  
most of those miles have been  
after birds - blessed hobby! H. &  
F. at 1085. Getting ready  
for an early start to Morrow  
morning to take Linceo  
calling off pers. a swim at  
the 5<sup>th</sup> this morning on my  
way down. A perfect summer day.

Thur. August 12/37

A wheel 8 miles out 24A. Heard  
the wood thrush singing at dusk  
on Aug 11!! Lot of mosquitoes  
and dark wet foliage and grass

Sat. Aug 14/37

Sleeping in car shed at Humberston  
on Lake Linceo.

Mon Aug 23/37

Around the "block" by Spotted  
woods in the short August  
twilight. A perfect stillness - no  
bird songs. Alfred's dropped in  
on Fri evening and put them  
up at Drumbo Hill Sat. afternoon.  
Heard the whip-poor-will and  
Gt. Horned owl out the East  
highway last week (Aug 14).

Sun Sept 5, 1937

First three days of September  
were 90° and high humidity.  
Terrible to time through. A swim  
each morning at the 5<sup>th</sup>  
on my way down just as  
pearl but zoomed down the line.

Wed evening at Guelph with  
Wies Albert & Harry etc.  
Just nervous irritation and boredom  
Got G.P. vulcanized, and put  
it back on giving Kathy the  
new firestone. Changed them  
this morning - the clean  
cool September morn with  
such a deep blue sky and  
northern breeze.

Thur. Sept 10/37

It was last night that  
I stirred up dead old Mr  
Hugh Allan and then went  
for "the lady". I finally  
got a dog license. It  
means the end of my freedom  
- a dog's life hereafter.  
Beautiful September skies  
and refreshing rains. After  
I wheel at dusk out the  
east river road.

Sun. Sept 19/37

So Brantford last evening  
and got light, bell etc. for red  
bike, which turned over 1000  
to-day in honor of my wedding  
eve. H. & polished and new  
license plates - awful colour! - 97E4  
put on. It turned 23000 the other  
day - also in honor of coming  
big events. Dull and cold  
- much like late October with  
the blue birds faintly calling.  
out to the far bridge at Celchup  
at noon.

4.15 P.M. Tuesday Sept 21/37

Just 24 hours ago now  
Kathleen and I were  
bound up legally, morally  
and every other way as





in the deep ethereal blue.  
All trees bare except the  
rich brown oaks. A short  
wheel to Braeside and  
Green Lane. I appreciate  
these outings all the more  
being so rare

Sat Nov 6/37

It was yesterday (Nov 5) that  
Dick put in my new desk  
cradle phone — and what a  
beauty! — what convenience!  
The little Baby Ben was 10 yrs  
old Thursday. H & performing  
perfectly.

Fri Nov 19/37 <sup>later in 1942 that</sup>

Finished Henry Esmond <sup>1942 that</sup>  
what tedium! Pat 1934 aley  
in on Remembrance Day (11th)  
after helping the boss  
build a drive to the new garage  
etc.

Fri January 7 1938

what indifference. H & was  
at 27500 and later at 1084  
on Jan 6. H & is now on the  
job with 670 miles drive it to  
Dunrobin last night to leave  
Bartlett & Robertson.

Thurs. Jan 27 1938

yesterday the all-important  
deal was done. Jack Moore  
moved my furniture to Jim  
Jaw's barn at Dunrobin over  
the treacherous icy roads  
and a temperature not far above  
zero. etc a great plate of  
pork chops and beans etc.  
after then went to Paris to  
collect some more junk.

Mon. Feb. 21/38

Oh! unsettled. Partitions  
completed, but much remains  
to be done. H & did 29000 last  
night. Had her up to Woodstock  
to Grandma's. Winter slipping  
away. No ice or snow now.  
Went by Canning again for the  
first time since Christmas.

Sat Feb 26/38

D. M. C. Univ arrived and  
was installed yesterday.  
Now for the floors and I  
will be launched on another  
phase of my dental career.  
My past is obliterated. All  
my art gallery is destroyed.  
All my books and corners, my  
chair-boring scotchings over  
the door ways, my proublings  
around on the plantations.  
My own dear little <sup>little</sup> Stan is  
gone, and with it a lot of  
my romanticism. It must  
fade away into oblivion.

Mon. Feb 28/38 (see Feb 20/22)

As long, long ago the last  
day of February was a divine  
winter's day with deep blue  
fading to white at the  
horizon — making you not  
young cars or buy them covered  
5 below this A. M. Supply  
pipe frozen a la 15 years ago.

Fri Mar 11/38

Fast evening being clear  
as crystal I walked  
up by Mrs B's and saw  
Venus shining brightly  
just poised above the  
distant hills — and soon

down. - just 35 days after  
sup. cong. I was elated  
beyond measure. I needed  
some such stimulating  
thrill to take me out of the  
slough of worry with trivial  
matters - office worries and  
inconveniences. It will soon  
be completed and then I  
will have a "modern" office  
and much less money.

I shall grieve for ever over  
my last art gallery - or  
well scrap book. It was  
a scrappy looking office but  
it was home and I loved it.  
This new one will never be  
the same. (30 years later - the  
new office is  
now 11/68)

Mon. Mar 14/35 tops!

I walked the dear sisters to  
Richwood station yesterday afternoon,  
lunched through the mud to  
Saylors to pick up Jack and  
back along the track, the  
dauntless four. 20-day is  
a return of winter. My Stedfield  
came this morning and my  
office at last is settled.  
Hoo to pay my way!

Wed Mar 23/35

The lovely T.S.O. again last  
night. Took Bertha June & Ave.  
down. \$5 about to do 30,000.  
The last time was Sept  
29/32. when I was possessed  
and drove all over hell's  
half acre. \$5 is still a  
valiant automobile. 75° F  
yesterday afternoon!

Wed Mar 30/38

Heard the moving Tschakowsky  
6<sup>th</sup> and Finlandia -

glorious Closing Concert  
by the T.S.O. Mud-  
holes and fog. much of  
absolute.

Thur. Apr 21/35

Took an hour off yesterday  
afternoon to drive 115 to  
Spottiswood where I saw  
"April in the Hills": Pelicula  
wisps of green, myriads of  
hepaticas straggling the hill-side,  
and the faint green distance,  
"the freshness, the greenness" from  
that lone summit.

Fri May 13/35

Last Sunday at dusk I  
heard many varied songs  
from the divine white-throats!  
In the morning we were  
greeted at dawn with the  
sweet lay of the white-crown!  
That swamp and wood out the  
eighth will be a paradise  
for birds and mosquitoes.

Mon May 23/35

Happy Birthday - lovely  
warm rain all day! Last  
night I heard the white-  
throats and ~~geese~~ again at  
the great swamp on the 5<sup>th</sup>.

Wed May 25/35

my first 1935 visit to the  
Salt-bird sanctuary. The  
weeries and wood thrushes  
sang as never before to my  
hungry ears on this cold  
salt grey ~~skid~~ evening. Working  
at Schumann's Raranna in B.

Mon. June 13/35

Wood-thrush out the 9th, only 4 miles from home. Wonderful happiness. White-throats and weeries everywhere.

Tue. July 1/35

Took Bertha to Princeton in the drizzling rain at 10:30 A.M. H.F. blew up yesterday morning but Harry soldered the radiator once more and now she works fine as ever.

Sun July 3/35

Bertha and Corbin away the four of us went on a picnic to Elora to see the rocks and enjoy a quiet lunch on the park benches overlooking the gorge of the Grand. What a change from the sunny afternoon five years ago when the Mosses & Meins were there.

Wed July 6/35

A little more pleasant than 16 years ago - oh, how I suffered. That was one time I hit bottom. I wish Godn't destroyed so much of my diary of '22. 55 to today with trio at Princeton at night.

Thur. July 7/35

A swim at P.A.M. by the 5th bridge in the tepid water - this will be always by my favorite swimming hole, full of the romance and glamour of youth when Wade & Bill swam there.

Thur July 14/35

A fruitless & tenebrous trip in H.F. to P.T. Elgin

To listen to birds last evening I might as well have wheeled out the 8th and saved about 25. Blew out a ground grip and discarded it & replaced it with G.P. making the second of the 4th set of tires for H.F. at \$33.00. Rather enjoyed the moonlit spin down the no. 6. Last Sunday Jack I heard the delightful song of *Regulus calendula* at Pt. Elgin.

Sat July 16/35

after six weeks delay the house is moved in two sections and sitting on the foundation. The garden is fine and every prospect pleases. Now for another delay waiting for the carpenters. Venus growing larger as she falls south.

Sun July 22/35

Oh Algernon, Charles, sweet Algernon how I love you! Wrote to Edna in a poetic frizz.

Fri July 29/35

There was much that I did not write in my diary of 1931. Seven years ago the day I bought H.F. and drove to Nomanvale slowly with my shiny new car. Coming back it was full moonlight and Leodie Goulds passed me in H.7. Such things stick in my mind. To celebrate its seventh birthday I drove it down along dear old 24

to Pt. Deaver looked over  
Chester's boat house and  
boat and back along  
home by 9.00 The evening  
was superb with Venus  
above and in conjunction  
with the sad burned moon.  
A low sullen bank  
of grey cloud the sky was  
crystal clear. Enjoyed my  
lovely drive. H 5/1/33431

Tues Aug 9/38

Got H VI ready for Mother  
Elm and Grandma to take  
a trip to Grand Rapids  
and intermediate points.  
Most of the sheeting is on  
the new house and so ready  
to shingle. The bricks  
arrived this morning for  
the chimney. Reading Peper  
and Swinburne. (and so to bed)

Friday Aug 12/38

Still very much attached to  
H 5 which carried me through  
1/2 his torrential downpour to  
Drumbo on Wed night. Passed  
many stalled cars. This  
morning was clear and cool and  
the masons and carpenters made  
a busy team on the house.  
Dug some ground for some  
more beans. I cannot drink  
in enough of that eastern  
view - the silent valley and  
the hill that fronts the east.  
Venus falling south and  
visible this afternoon from  
my south window.

Tuesday Aug 23/38

Just presented with a

daughter. (Mary Nuala)  
Spent the noon hour with  
Kathleen. She looked  
marvelously well. A sunny  
warm day with languid  
hazy clouds. Not but  
not oppressive. A picturesque  
day to enter this vale of  
tears. I was awake at  
4.00 A.M. took a hurried run  
to Broadway (Paris) and saw  
the red sun rise - the same  
dear sun etc. etc. Took Kathy  
and her erstwhile sister &  
nurse or nurse-sister down in  
the V8. Kathy's expression  
many times bore <sup>the mark of</sup> much  
suffering. But she was a  
brave girl. Not once did she let  
one moan or whimper. Oh  
brave day! and darling girl.

Sat. Sept 3/38

Brought H VI down for  
a grease & oil change and  
was back at the hospital  
at 5.45 yesterday afternoon  
for the all-important trip  
from Paris to Drumbo. The  
first of many happy trips  
for the three "bells".  
For the most part I think  
daughter is going to be an  
angel. The first night  
for the three together was  
most peaceful - full of  
"health, and sleep, and quiet  
breathing". I enjoyed my  
11 days of beautiful walks  
up to the hospital. The lovely  
view from Kathy's window.  
Kathy was a lovely patient

Sept. Wednesday 21/38

Days, days don't fly so fast.  
I cannot read or practice  
or think. Week ago to-day  
I stole in dear H.S. to  
Orangeville and had "heart-  
throbs"; looking over the old  
place. Played for the Grunts  
and Uncle and beat it home  
to Deserbo by 9.30, sooner  
than I'll get there to night  
- be gone. Last night I  
played for Giles at Paris  
fair - Cold, noise and emmie.  
Very cool all Sept - like  
a year ago. Kathy made  
ice-cream for our 1st  
anniversary. She Chorus  
is very good - I love getting  
her and the dead of night  
and carrying her to the  
fountain of sustenance. She  
is perfect - just like  
Kathy. Walked out over  
the big bridge at dusk  
to watch Venus sink in  
the S.W. behind a bank of  
sullen cloud.

Tue. Sept. 23/38

Didn't mention playing  
the Schumann Nocturne in F  
at the United Church last week  
ago to-night. The Paris  
star actually recognized it.  
After an all day rain yesterday  
to-day was the first sunny  
warm September day of '38  
A lovely autumn haze hung  
over the town as I viewed  
it from the C.N.C. bridge at  
7.35 P.M. as we & no. 5  
thundered past each other.

Oct. Oct 8/38

my walk over the bridge  
in the moonlight last night  
evening with Venus, Jupiter &  
Saturn bathed in the twilight  
to the west and the moonlight  
eastward was perfect - just  
like 1923 & '24 when I married  
a youth sublime - or am I  
more youthful now. Last  
Sunday we took the four  
generations picture and  
~~they~~ turned out splendid  
Mary, Alberta, Kathleen & Mike.  
H.S. past \$135000. Am reading  
Painted Veils - wonderful satire  
and Under the Greenwood Tree  
to Kathy - that perfect jewel  
the book and the girl.

Tues Oct 25/38

The first year for several  
that I have forgone the T.S.O.  
concerts. Instead I am  
listening to their first recordings  
- Harold Frayer playing the Emperor  
F.B. Went alone last Saturday  
to Hart House to hear the debut  
with Adelyne Koldofsky as  
2nd violinist. Saw mine last  
Friday at Eaton Auditorium.  
Last night we played Haydn  
& Schubert at the  
Deserbo Baptist anniversary.  
Venus pale to night by  
the thin moon (day old) low  
in the south west.  
H.S. performed nobly to tonight  
last night!

Oct. Nov 5/38

Pat Goodyear on yesterday  
at 35930 - 3rd of 4th set.  
on 1st 8.

Mon. Nov 7/35

Wandered across the C.N.R bridge at 6.00 P.M. to watch for eclipsed moon but obstinate clouds persisted in hiding it. How I love to walk across that bridge rich with memories. Summer temperatures prevail 66 to-day & yesterday.

Drove to Woodstock so missed part of the divine Sibelius 2<sup>nd</sup>

Wed. Nov 23/35 J. & L. say!!  
Nov 23/35

Early this morning seventeen years ago dad sank into oblivion after a terrific struggle and still most strangely we live on. Put alcohol in N.S. a week ago (16<sup>th</sup>) as winter is coming from the north. The temp was never above 30 and the light snowfall this morning melted only slightly. Reading Degenerate Lunatics and enjoying it more intensely than ever.

Tues Dec 20/35

Dominion Dental sent a little diary to-day. I think I shall try daily entries for 1939 just for fun. Any more lengthy comments will be found in here.

Thurs Dec 22/35

A clear cold morning, 8 above with Venus near maximum, high in the south. The snow is dazzling. Happiness reigns. Mother is getting better!

The winter landscape from the cellar door - entrancing!

Fri. Dec 27, 1935

Oh vain hope! Mother was buried on Sunday amidst a profusion of tears and flowers. It was the saddest funeral I was ever at. When Kathy's cheeks were moist mine were too, and many times alone on Friday. She died Friday at 10.30 just after I went to Paris. 25 Woodstock at noon to hurl litas June, the thunderbolt into their aged ears. It was very touching in bed on Friday night; a tear means so much from Kathy. She bore perhaps even more sorrow <sup>than the rest</sup> and nobly she bore it. How bad she not taken her mother's health so to heart all these years. She takes everyone's health to heart. She more than ever is the main guiding star and stabilizing force. Ties too numerous to mention bind me to her. A subdued Christmas yesterday. opened presents in the morning and took the folks to Woodstock for noon goose. There were plenty of geese there besides the one we ate. A blizzard rages to-day and I am travelling by the peanut.

Aug. 31, 1939

Kathleen's 28<sup>th</sup> birthday.  
Hot and humid with  
little sign of rain. No  
rain fell while we were  
away in Urbana. In  
looking over September  
'35 I am surprised that  
I made so little of that  
initial trip.

April 24/40

I have finally decided to  
trade in Deery's - dear old  
31 special coach. The motor  
runs perfectly, uses very  
little oil, still good for  
many years to come. Top  
perfect. only needs a paint  
job and some minor  
adjustments for rattles.

I retire the old car, but  
a time comes for old friend  
to part - 147,000 miles  
of faithful service as this  
journal and my brown  
one will testify. My 1940  
coach must last at least 10  
years, health and was permitting

July 17/40

No, don't believe anything  
of the kind, I grew  
bentimental or faint hearted  
or something and did  
not trade 1+8. We  
let them take in the '37

four door and I gave  
Kathleen the 40 Coach -  
oil filter, radio, imperial  
tires (that puncture readily)  
and all in a light  
grey-green body - fleet  
as a swallow, I wrote I  
chug-chug ahead with 1+8,  
now newly painted, and  
reworked steering, working  
like a Trojan over the gravel  
roads - bang, crash, paw.  
So much for that.

I have been perusing old  
diaries lately and have had  
various sensations of pleasure,  
pain, boredom and shock.  
It was a distinct shock  
when I came to the entry  
of Feb. 4, 1911. That incident  
of the B. & E. wreck had remained  
so fresh and green in my  
memory, everything but the  
date, that the recent discovery  
of the exact time gave  
me a queer feeling. I  
think that it felt even  
before Kathleen was born.  
I should have sworn  
I was in high school.  
But no - just the entrance  
class with Mr. Deery etc.  
Twenty-nine and a half years  
- a whole revolution of Saturn  
since that vividly remembered  
night. How those memories

haunt me, what  
infinite sources of  
contemplation! Dreams of  
the romantic past —  
romantic now, but not  
so then. How much of  
change those 29 years  
have brought! I look  
over my sheaf of diaries  
with grateful thoughts  
that I have kept  
so much in writing, but  
I am sorry that many  
serious gaps occur, gaps  
that no searching into  
the dim yesterday will  
adequately bridge. Much  
is unrecorded, sad to  
relate. Let me become  
specific and try to  
dig up some stray bones  
from these mouldy graves  
of dead diaries.

1912 - Some priceless  
pages have been lost  
or torn out of this diary.  
It starts bravely enough.  
but, alas, soon stops  
not quite as completely  
as 1914 but worse  
than 1916. And then  
1915 that heart-ache, also

1918-1920. where was I  
when these lights went out.  
what was I thinking about.  
But to get back to 1912.  
The twenty-fourth of May  
was deserving of a  
long journal entry - and not  
a word! Just Alfred and I  
awakened by a thunder storm  
at day-break, then my  
hurried walk to Regans  
on Dumfries' st. to consult on  
weather forecasts, the sun  
coming out gay and sparkling  
after the thunder clouds  
broke and scattered to the east.  
I remember particularly the  
lovely white clouds breaking  
in the west just at six o'clock  
on my call at Regans. Then  
the exciting train ride to the  
falls, the day of days  
there when we drank to  
the full the cup of happiness,  
even climbed Brock's monument  
the picnic lunches, the  
visit to the power house,  
the long wait at the station  
and the <sup>pleasant</sup> midnight ride home.  
— All as vivid as yesterday.  
Dear old dad & Grobs, the  
Regans and Niagara Falls.  
1912 also brought



that boat trips with  
Mrs. R. and the Mc Cosh's  
from Hamilton to Toronto  
and back. That was  
while dad was out west.  
These were the salient  
events of 1912 not  
recorded in the little  
red diary of that year. I  
remember Jack McCosh  
so well on that boat trip,  
how he took me under  
his wing, as it were and  
pointed out many things  
of interest including the  
Burlington bluffs and their  
abrupt end. I think Jack  
boared me a trifle even  
then, more intimate  
knowledge about him  
was forthcoming about  
twenty years later.

1915 Now let me  
contemplate a little on  
the most neglected year  
journalistically speaking  
of my whole life to date.  
No particular incident  
stands out in bold  
relief. It was comparatively  
uneventful, but it must  
have been filled as  
all my school years.

with a host of little  
tremendous trifles that  
would make romantic  
reading now. What a  
shame it was neglected.  
A war year bristling with  
activity; a year that saw  
my first introduction  
to the work-a-day world,  
i.e. a summer job in the  
mill; also a year that  
marked me as sixteen—  
a romantic age, when one  
feels practically grown  
up. <sup>July 11 1915</sup> I finished third  
form in the spring and  
started fourth in September  
Part I and Part II. I forget  
what subjects went with  
which, and what part I  
took, or was exposed to  
first, but it matters  
little now. I did not do  
brilliantly, much to my  
dad's sorrow, and managed  
to scrape through with  
Middle and Upper school  
credits in the spring of  
1917 by starting out  
farm work, which work  
agreed with me exceedingly  
and lasted five summers.  
My introduction to factory

life mentioned above,  
took place in the  
summer holidays of  
1915. I dearly wish  
I had recorded my  
life from day to day. In  
that noisy boarding room  
of No 1 mill. I know  
not what respite I  
took, what swims I  
had, what other outings  
or sports enjoyed,  
whether I took any holidays  
at Norwich, or elsewhere.  
But I do know that  
the summer of '15 marked  
the birth of my aesthetic  
appreciation, or sense, of the  
beauties of nature. From  
those ~~same~~ barge, dirty mill  
windows I constantly  
feasted my eyes on the  
delicious greeness  
across the river where  
the tree shadows, two  
maples in particular, creep  
with the sun's diurnal round.  
How nice to sit under  
those trees, in that cool  
shade and listen to  
the quiet music of the  
water, to watch the birds,

the clouds, all living things  
in the great outdoors. Instead  
I am jammed in this stifling  
hot mill, with deafening roar  
of pulleys, shafts, and machines  
and dusty air to breathe;  
cheap, profane language <sup>Enough language</sup> ~~from~~  
instead of ~~the~~ <sup>valuable</sup> multitudinous  
outpourings, and pure scented  
brezoes. Here in the drowsy  
afternoon, sweating at the  
work bench, piled high with  
hot, smelly stockings, do I  
day after day, long for a  
grassy couch to ease my  
aching feet, and wet body.  
Then the sky intrigued me  
on. It was the wettest  
summer, August especially,  
for decades, and the almost  
daily showers brought  
with them cloud formations  
of the greatest  
diversity and beauty. "Cloud  
magic," gorgeous cumulus  
black nimbi, feathery  
cirro-strati that find  
the dictionary inadequate  
for just descriptions. It  
was the birth of my  
"sky-consciousness." Ever  
after I refer to clouds

as similar to that  
wet summer of 1915.

Rain, rain. and still  
more rain, very apropos  
of the present summer  
of 1940, How wet the hay  
got, how the wheat  
grew in the shock,  
and what bumper crops

See also 1917, '18, 1926,

1939, '40. A typical day  
of that summer. started  
bright and sunny, with  
strong easterly breezes,

but 10.00 A.M. a few clouds  
were floating up, by noon  
a lot of clouds and the  
sun was having a hard  
struggle, by 2 or 3 P.M.

rain; - a shower with  
or without thunders, great  
drops making a tumult  
on the roof and lasting  
only a few minutes, or

a fine steady down-pour  
lasting hours, I love  
the rain ever since 1915,  
I will always love it.

I can never see too  
much of it. This year  
1940 is testing my affection,  
straining them when it  
comes to mosquitoes, and

gardens, and weeds and  
muck, but never  
weakening my passion  
for the lovely rain -

all seasons it is beautiful,  
whether it <sup>makes</sup> a fairy-land  
of the ice-laden trees in  
winter, or sings us  
to sleep as it softly falls  
on our summer lawns

and gardens. Whether it  
sweeps across the spring-  
time valleys bringing rain-  
bows, and flowers, the  
tender green of the first  
grass and the deep blue

of washed skies, or  
whether in autumn it  
makes a grey day greyer  
as it hides the distant  
hills in an ever deepening  
shroud.

1915 was the summer  
that I wheeled one Saturday  
afternoon to Gilles' out  
the Ayr road and after  
helping mow back grain  
all the sunny hot hours  
till tea-time, I partook  
of one of those par excellence  
meals which Art's mother  
always prepared, and

Comparable in homemade bread and other baking only to a Ramage meal. After the bounteous repast which hungry boys can do better justice to than anyone else, we had a pleasant hour roaming the fields, shooting at woodchucks with Art's various rifles, finally a long talk out on the darkened lawn carried us well into the night.

Sunday morning was memorable. After being refreshed with bed and breakfast, in ~~the~~

~~the Sunday morning~~ fashion such as only a good farm can produce, save in the proper leisurely Sunday morning fashion! betook ourselves on our bicycles to the fifth Concession bridge, which locality has become so much a part of me now, and there indulged in a most grateful cooling swim for at least an hour along with

the Morrison boys and others of the district.

This all is a very rosey spot in my memory. Very similar to my jobel out with Wade six years later. The dear Nith is twined about my life in fashion only achieved by such a meandering stream. C. lay bank, Devil's Cave, Blenheim bridge; all have multitudinous memories from <sup>the</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>my</sup> ~~my~~ glamorous cycling age of boyhood through the swifter moving motor age of manhood.

The summers of '14 and '15 always recall very vividly pictures of Dad's roses, and antirrhinums, in the back yard at Emily st, the garden hose watering the lawn and flowers making artificial canopies in the afternoon sun, almost darty swim at the "abutments" and sun-suits hanging on the back clothingline. Dad's lovely garden his lens, and the crooked old apple tree with the wren-house.

One lone entry for  
1915 - December 31.  
my thoughts on this  
occasion remain quite  
clear. I was becoming  
conscious of tender  
longings toward the  
opposite sex. Doreen  
and Olivett Congregational  
Church, resolutions for 1916,  
sentimental thoughts.

growing lustily and  
nursed clandestinely along  
with the more serious  
business of school. Moreover  
- my first long pants.

1916 launches right  
out into a ripper style.  
I am beginning to  
describe worth-while things  
I am becoming a man.

Going around with Marcus  
Gren and Chipmunk helped  
the maturing process. The  
summer I saw me in  
a comparatively responsible  
position of caretaker  
of Paris High School, and  
it was a splendid  
experience. During the  
hot spell in July, I  
helped harvest at

Wylie Guthrie's and  
this further developed  
my horizon as well as  
muscles. A solo flight  
to Cobourg in August  
developed my independent  
spirit. Being away alone  
makes one ~~feel~~ feel  
important. Much more  
so than the Orangeville  
trip two years before.

August 1914 - just  
after the war started.  
How vivid are my impressions  
of that summer; sitting on  
the grassy terrace in front of  
grandpa's discussing the  
war with dad, uncle Nat and  
nonnan, talking of guns  
firing across the valley to  
Boucher's house, and grandma  
being so scared. The  
sunny hours on the lawns,  
the hammock under the  
spruce tree, the cedars in  
grandpa's rough, stony pastures  
steeped in the afternoon  
sunlight with their pointed  
shadows stretching further  
to the east. Oh August  
1914, you are a blank in  
my diary but I remember  
you as well as I remember  
anything. This however

is another digression; I was speaking of Coburn and my developing manhood. Oh, yes, I felt big as I sat on the pier and smoked Melachino cigarettes, and talked with strangers on the train about the war and heaven knows what else with a great air of worldly knowledge. The year of 1916 (from the end of August on) is well entered, and very interesting in that I don't stick to facts entirely. There is some sentiment stealing in, and an embryonic appreciation of natural beauty. October 13 the bears this entry "took a walk out on the bridge after supper - watched the waning moon". I believe this is my astronomical debut. Sloppily but surely from then on the sun, moon, and stars, the morning and evening sky, the clouds and distant landscapes enter more into my being, claim my attention by their great beauty, which

in its daily appeal is as insistent as it is eloquent. Dec 10/16 has this - "night fell quickly and the golden streak on the western sky gradually faded" - Heaven bless this fortuitous entry. I can see and feel the whole situation as I hurried past the junction tower and down the hill home. Enter 1917 with its farewell to Paris High School. More poetry in this diary, beautiful glimpses of town and farm life. This is my only complete record of farm life in the spring and summer, with exception of the two short hot months in 1921. I am particularly fond of this record of my time at Artheim's. Why I was so shy for the first twenty-two days I have not to declare, but this I know - that therein I made a mistake. Although some impressions I still have, yet some are lost forever. Let me try to reminisce

The L. E. was to Robertson's crossing; the path up the hill covered on that May day with short fresh grass of that brilliant green color that never fails to thrill each spring. The dining-room kitchen where the cooking, eating, reading and talking were carried on - how cosy that cold May weather with a crackling wood fire - wood from the river flats, which lay streams beneath us, mile after mile, still leafless in that late spring. What a picture from the north window, "Where one could see the 'shining rifts and showers sweep across the purple valley' - see either the cold spring rains shroud all the far hills, or the all too rare sunshine calling forth the myriads of bird songs and cooing little maple leaves from out the bud. But they took a lot of cooing that year. It was not till June 1 that the

maples and elms were fully out, and all farm operations were desperately late. I was quite dubious as to the outcome of the farm venture, but I needn't have been. I look back on that time from 1917 - to 1921 as foundation of my physique and mental development. It gave me a sense of responsibility that nothing else would. The first days were spent in learning barn chores, and picking stones with old Bill hitched to the stone-boat. I also had my first crack at team-work - barrowing and cultivating. What a unalloyed pleasure to work out in the field, especially those of Aitkin's where the view in all directions was of the finest. There did I first love the 'shapes of sky and plain'. The peerless blue of May, the white cumuli, the black rain clouds, the rainbows, the diurnal and seasonal moods of sky and hill. The view from the middle

field was the best of all. There you could see over the nearer rugged hills to the east and south away and beyond into the dim blue distances, even so far; also westward over Paris plains and northward into Waterloo county. I never passed there going to the back field but I paused to drink a draught of that grandeur. Well I remember my first trip to the back field. Jim had been sowing spring grain and was just finishing up. I kicked stones and then was initiated into harrowing. I learned how not to overlap or miss, not to turn too sharply, to keep the horses stepping along; I learned about whiffle trees, double trees, clevis bolts, harness intricacies and a hundred little things that were so important, especially when working alone

with ~~nobody~~ withing easy reach to call for help. I learned to love the farm operations; harrowing, rolling, cultivating over the brown moist earth. The smell of the earth was dear to me, as were the spring choirs of the meadow-larks, song sparrows, and bobolinks. I even learned in that first spring to be a fair plowman, chiefly due to my rough initiation down on the steep side-hill by the river flats. Chores of course I liked less. But the situation of the farm made even these operations seem pleasant. So I would steal often enough avid glances at the panorama of spring scenery on all sides. Starting on my memorable 15th birthday the journal is well kept for the rest of the season, and I never get tired of reading it. Now I wish the other farm years were similarly recorded. So the summer



Passed with its copious rains, heavy late baying and later harvest, the thrashing at Bob's as the's, the thistle down, and goldenrod and then the autumn.

This is always the season of ~~asthma~~, stuffed nose, wheezes and colds. This particular autumn I switched from healthful, enjoyable farm life to the dusty mill again and the change was somewhat depressing. Anyway I find very few journal entries

— hardly any during my sojourn at no 7 finishing department — till the onset of winter, and better health and spirits and a fortunate change from the finishing room where I was under too many eyes

to the old fanisher no 1 turning room. The winter also brought skating and embryonic romance and so from the middle of December to the last of February was a full, interesting period of my journal. I

can find no more interesting time than this. I like my work, or at least didn't dislike it, enjoyed the furious, unprecedented winter weather, began to take special note of the phases of the moon, the glorious winter sunrises, and the stars. The style is now fully mature.

What a pity I didn't continue in a like manner for the next three years! Much now is forgotten about my two summers at Howards' also my second at Jims, to say nothing of my first three years at college. No doubt all my mind was clouded as to the outcome. I was worried and haunted by nameless fears and treads. It was all my own doing this dental business, so it behooved me to vindicate myself, to make good, and pay back all the generous advances made to me

from dad and the estate.  
If I could only have  
dipped into the future  
"far as human eye could see"  
and seen the success that  
lay ahead I would have  
paused more to enjoy  
the once-in-a-life-time  
thrills of undergraduate life  
and found time to make  
journal entries ~~over~~ all  
that May-time of my  
life which is now faded  
so far in the misty past.

In spite of the offer  
of a better job - time keeper  
in Bill Grant's room,  
I decided to pack up my  
farm clothes and take  
the train for Norwich.  
On the whole the work  
was not as pleasant  
- not as wholly congenial  
as at Jim's, but for  
some reason I like  
it and even went  
back for more in  
1920. It was hard  
work and long hours.  
Howard was not the  
bucoyant, charming fellow  
to work for that J.A.  
was. It was little

better than a term at a  
prison farm. There was  
something in the nature  
of the place and its  
childhood associations and  
held me in spite of slavish  
work. The spring months  
of 1915 are still quite fresh  
I picture readily the cold  
April weather, the three  
inches of snow one morning,  
the icy winds blowing  
from the distant fields  
to the west. Dolly trotting  
to town one Saturday night  
with the burning moon bright  
in the west. The meadow  
where I rolled with  
"Doc and Fred" - the field  
I called the "new moon  
field" where I observed  
the 2 day old slip of a  
moon at noon. Aunt  
Hannah and Alice  
in the other half of  
the house, how I longed  
to visit in there,  
especially on Sunday  
- the much coveted  
day of comparative rest.  
There was and is  
something about Norwich  
about the trees and

open sky that is very near to me. Some very delicious entries occur in July, August and September but they are fragmentary. I omitted the strain and ache of moving in September - saying good-bye to the scene of honest toil and taking the little train back to Paris; a day or two of relaxation at home and then the plunge into college life with its daily never-ending worries - chiefly financial.

Owing to my father's foresight and good judgment, which, although disregarded at first, I came almost to worship during that first term, I was able to get a splendid room at \$2.00 per at 406 Huron St. where there was a piano and every good chance to use it. Also owing to Dad I got admittance

to the student eating club at 120 Cumberland - a most fortunate thing for me who hates restaurants with a great loathing - never could digest a restaurant meal properly. And so I was settled. A little homesickness once or twice at first and then I became inured to city life if not quite to the college itself. Walking to and fro from meals along Bloom street and the campus that first autumn when the yellow sun smiled down warmly through yellow leaves I waxed sentimental and wrote sentimental letters home and to the girl of my first pale love affair. I liked my little room with the west window. It was the scene of faithful studies, that allowed me to pass out of my freshman year second out of a class of 120; It was also the

scene of hurried exits  
to eight o'clock lectures  
by poor old Joe Graham  
(now deceased), also every  
night the deep sleep that  
accompanies healthy student  
life (both in bed and  
at lectures).

So came Christmas with  
its wild joy at getting  
home, especially now the  
war was over and we  
escaped so far the  
dread "flu". Going  
back early for mid-  
winter examinations, held  
in the old University College  
building. The first cold  
snowy winter weather;  
the new-found joy of  
greeting the boys after  
the holiday. Eager  
discussions of questions  
and answers, skating  
at Varsity arena,  
Massey Hall recitals,  
what a life! Then  
spring with its bright  
sun, robins, mud, city  
smells, and yearning for  
the open spaces. The  
term finally ended the

first week in May and  
I was home flat foot to  
begin my third form term.

The outdoors shouted  
to me from the train on  
my way to Paris. The  
first bright emerald green  
of the grass and the  
wheat fields was a  
heavenly balm to my  
senses weary with city  
noise and bustle.

I must digress here to  
speak of my friend Frank  
Sprule. A very fine fellow,  
clever, ambitious and full of  
life. During my first spasm  
of loneliness at Toronto  
I dogged his footsteps as  
it were, had him home to  
Paris for the three "flu" weeks  
from Oct 15 to Nov 4, during  
which time I was thrown so  
continuously with him day and  
night, I realized once and for  
all how very little we had  
in common, and <sup>the</sup> young  
friendship so evident at first,  
at least on my part, began  
on the return to the City  
to fall off, and by the end  
of the term he was just

"one of the fellows". When he failed to return in the fall of 1919, it made no impression on me. On <sup>his</sup> coming back a year later to graduate in 213 we were just casual acquaintances.

"You best described a hot friend cooling", ~~Excess~~ note, Lucillia when love begins to sicken and decay" - etc., etc.

It is a great pity that I have no journal entries for 1919 and 1920. On <sup>Thursday</sup> my return to Paris on <sup>May</sup> 8<sup>th</sup> 1919 I took the remainder of the week to reorient myself then bright and early on the following Monday (May 12) I was out at Jim's for my third farm term on the second on those dear old hills by the Grand.

Notes of Stars

1907 - Jess Aitkin married  
E. O. Deletis Bremer May 27/

Big banquet for John  
Penman - Dad spoke.

J. R. donates 15,000 to Central  
School.

Joe Bell  
Geo. Wilson & Owen Banker  
both married also Ben Travers.

Prime article on school  
athletics by dad.

Sharp frost May 9.

W. Smart fell May 10.

Central school bylaws passed  
Apr. 7.

1908 Charlie Mc Candland <sup>1908</sup>

married - Apr. 22

Gordon Wells - married

June 10

Bad thunder storm  
& cloud burst early

Dat morning July 20<sup>th</sup>

E. O. Apps married

Jim Wemyer  
Owen Wigley June

Clips Wilson's father died  
way West took over his  
real estate business

Patterson in for Liberals  
in North Brant.

Sanderson Harold factory  
banned Christmas eve.

Opposition of  $\gamma$

- 1914 - January 5  
 1916 - February 9  
 1918 - March 15  
 1920 - April 21  
 1922 - June 10  
 1924 - August 23  
 1926 - November 4  
 1928 - December 21  
 1931 - January 27  
 1933 - March 1  
 1935 - April 6  
 1937 - May 19  
 1939 - July 23  
 1941 - October 10  
 1943 - December 5  
 1944 - January 13  
 1948 - February 17  
 1950 - March 23  
 1952 - April 30  
 1954 - June 24  
 1956 - September 10  
 1958 - November 16  
 1960 - December 30  
 1963 - February 4  
 1965 - March 9  
 1967 - April 15  
 1969



Net income

Gross income

Year	Net income	Year	Gross income
1922-	57.00!	1922	230.27-22
1923-	785.30	1923	1131.54-23
1924-	743.66	1924	1145.50-24
1925-	1025.45	1925	1663.50-25
1926-	1028.25	1926	1528.25-26
1927-	832.34	1927	1641.00-27
1928-	769.66	1928	1433.54-28
1929-	1000.50	1929	1700.50-29
1930-	1315.55	1930	1757.50-30
1931-	1289.89	1931	7818.00-31
1932-	1328.15	1932	1961.25-32
1933-	1278.48	1933	1802.66-33
1934-	1357.89	1934	1971.93-34
1935-	1802.44	1935	2450.97-35
1936-	1806.35	1936	2567.50-36
1937-	1719.21	1937	2538.66-37
1938-	1456.22	1938	2149.05-38
1939-	2095.02	1939	2739.10-39
1940-	2074.66	1940	2881.46-40
1941			3794.48
1942			4493.25
1943			5196.06
1944			5708.50
1945			6044.43
1946			6430

te

H I -	3000	
H II -	7700	
H III -	5100	
H IV -	4000	
H V -	24000	
H VI -	11600	
H VII -	153100	208500
H VIII -	10000	

Net income

Year	Bicycle	Car
1928	1354	2100
1929	1066	18026
1930	2547	21600
1931	1333	22732
1932	815	26840
1933	1130	21066
1934	1756	18454
1935	1157	19502
1936	1167	17165
1937	1684	15773
1938	160	9800
1939	25	7896-200.95
1940	50	6604
1941	31	8340
1942	75	6000
1943	100	7400
1944	11	6310
1945	23	7107
1946	0	<del>10000</del>
1947	0	<del>10000</del>
1948	0	<del>10000</del>
1949	0	<del>70000</del>
1950	0	<del>10000</del>

Sun Spots

1922	- 1
1926	- 41
1927	- 247
1928	- 264
1929	- 228
1930	- 220
1931	- 216
1932	- 215
1933	- 228
1934	- 220
1935	- 218
1936	- 235
1937	- 280
1938	- 257
1939	- 307
1940	- 253
1941	- 249
1942	- 247
1943	- 274
1944	- 229
1945	- 219
1946	- 240
1947	- 199
1948	- 242
1949	- 224
1950	- 187
1951	- 196
1952	- 195
53	- 189
54	- 160
55	- 236
56	- 166
57	- 218
58	- 221
9 59	- 228



Paris, Ontario

Feb. 4, 1929

Dearest Kathleen:

Each Monday is bluer than the last. I feel the utter impossibility of expressing in words the dreariness of these five-day fasts, especially as viewed from a Monday. No kiss to-night nor the next, nor the next, nor the next. Truly a depressing outlook. My love is very deep, sincere and true, and above all it is a durable love. I have ceased to see any beauty in femininity except you. I have narrowed my horizon and expanded it at the same time to one all-

' With smart rejoinders and retorts,  
' Or where the Senate nightly keeps  
' Its vigils, till their fames were fanned  
' By rumour's tongue throughout the land,  
' I lived in quiet, screened, unknown,  
' Pondering upon some stick or stone,  
' Or news of some rare book or bird  
' Latterly bought, or seen, or heard,  
' Not wishing ever to set eyes on  
' The surging crowd beyond the horizon,  
' Tasting years of moderate gladness  
' Mellowed by sundry days of sadness,  
' Shut from the noise of the world without,  
' Hearing but dimly its rush and rout,  
' Unwearying those amid its roar,  
' Little endowed, not wanting more.'

Now, darling Kathleen, if you keep  
this quotation, you will have  
a miniature of my complete self.  
Just as faithful as a small  
photo. He has here but upon  
the key-note of my whole being.

absorbing passion — to one  
great bond to the human  
race, and that great bond  
is you. Outside of ~~you~~ and  
yours I have no interest in  
mankind, and do not trouble to  
disguise a mild contempt as  
well as indifference to all else.

I worship you, darling, and  
the rest of the thrill I get out of  
life is from impersonal things.  
Spiritually I have much in  
common with Hardy, so it is  
with something like energetic  
applause that I read these  
lines from 'Winter Words'

'A Private Man on Public Men'

' When my contemporaries were driving  
' Their coach through life with strain and striving,  
' And making riches into heaps,  
' And ably pleading in the Courts.

as he has so often elsewhere.

How could you accuse me of harshness when I was merely in a fit of self-condemnation for the straining and cracking of the sacred trust your parents placed in me in offering me such unlimited hospitality. How could I feel aught else than guilty and crestfallen at this fall in their estimation, at this selfishness on my part, and lack of sense.

Darling, I was not vexed, nor have I ceased to love you more and more as each week goes by.

Your devoted  
Geoffrey.