

FORD, ALAN W.

I am Alan W. Ford. The W. stands for Wilston. The name was picked by my Grandfather Ford and he was a very bad speller. He actually spelled 'busy' with a 'z' so I think perhaps I'm the only one with that name.

I was the Deputy Municipal Clerk up to about ten years ago and Jo-Anne Morrison took over for me.

My birthdate - I was born in Prince Rupert on the tenth day of August 1911 in the hospital there. My father was the Government Inspecting Engineer on the building of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway. He worked from the Prince Rupert end and, as the railway was constructed, he kept going further. He had to walk a great deal and I have pictures of him with his packsack on his back and even after the railway had been built for a certain distance, he would ride the rails up to where they stopped and then take to foot. He knew all the camps and so on, railway contractors' camps. His job was to see that the contractors were charging for the right amounts of earth and rock work, because you could get a lot more money out of the rock work. The Government was guaranteeing the funds and was very interested in charges not being run up. At least this was one aspect of his job, I suppose he had lots of other things he was looking for.

My father was born in Belville, Ontario, on the sixth day of October, 1880. He went to the School of Practical Science, University of Toronto. He graduated in 1904. There at the University he met my mother, who was scholarshiping her way through modern languages. They both graduated in 1904. My mother was born in Toronto in 1884 on January 11th.

You asked how we came to settle in Victoria. Well, my father being a Civil Engineer, the family moved around a great deal while I was young. Mother said that she had moved nineteen times by the time we had reached Calgary when I was about nine years old and she said she had to do the moving because my father would go ahead to his job and then she had to pack up and follow. I suppose that still goes on with Civil Engineers and similar jobs.

In Calgary, I remember Calgary particularly because there we found a wonderful person in our old clergyman scout master. He had a huge scout troop. Forty-nine boys and a waiting list, and a cub pack of thirty-seven boys and a waiting list. He spent a very great deal of his time with the boys, a most memorable person. He was a batchelor, a graduate of Cambridge University and he spent a few different fortunes as they came down to him, on his church and his boys.

I've always valued his teachings. He was Canon Charles W.E. Horne and he had been very well connected in the Old Country. When he came to retire he went back to one of the old ancestral seats, which I found in a G.A. Handy book I was reading.

While we were in Calgary my father was ordered to Ottawa and the Deputy Minister asked him to become the associate superintendent of Banff National Park where there was a war hero as superintendent and he had periods when he was completely flat on his back. He had been gassed, he had only about a half a lung left. But, he also had been a very great athlete. He still had the world's record for high hurdles when we came to Banff. He did the social side of things and looked after the Warden's service and my father had the job of administrating the five different towns that we had in the Park and he was especially charged with the task of cleaning up things which had happened. Like too many make-shift little cabins in the back yards that they rented out to tourists, and so on. While we were in Banff my father decided to come out to Victoria for a holiday and we spent a month here in late Winter. We saw the very first daffodil that came out. It came out so slowly, but it was so wonderful to see a daffodil come out. We didn't forget that and when my father removed because of a change of the ruling party in Ottawa, R.B. Bennett came into power and some of his friends in Banff, I guess they must have had their shacks in the back yard cleaned up by him or something, they made very bad representations through R.B. Bennett and he saw that my father didn't stay on on that job. As a matter of fact everybody was being let out by the Civil Service in those days and in due process Dad found himself with the Manilla Letter. We sold our house in Calgary after having fixed it up and came out to Victoria.

One of the reasons we came to Victoria, a very strong reason, was that Alan was not very well. I had a broken appendix at ten years of age and I would have been fourteen when they discovered that I was a diabetic. Well, the wonderful doctor there in Calgary and Mother worked out the mathematics of the things and I was put on a very strict diet. That was a year before we went to Banff. Well I managed to stay in school in Calgary because I was right under the eye of the doctor and so on. We went to Banff and before long it was apparent that I couldn't go to school. I caught a cold every time I went to school and I was put back in bed and put on a metabolic diet which could only support me in bed. Then I'd get up and try to go to school again and the same thing happened. Finally the local doctor there said "Alan, you'd better not go to school, you can study at home and I advise you to get out and look at the mountains". He reached into his desk and pulled out a monoscope and a bird book, and he said "Here, study the birds". So I saw a great deal of the mountains and I still love them.

I was a diabetic for three years before I was put on Insulin because Insulin hadn't arrived in Calgary when we left it and it was a bit dubious how to handle a diabetic as far away as Banff from Calgary. But when I did finally get on to Insulin, it was such a small quantity that it wasn't really very effective anyway.

We came out on the train to Victoria and I can remember leaving the snow. We came down in the latter part of January or February and gradually the B.C. climate came on upon us. It was such a lovely feeling. We rented a place in a boarding house, I suppose. No, it wasn't a boarding house, it was just rooms. On the green there below the Christian Science Church on Pandora Street. That was an interesting place. I could read you extracts from my diary on Mrs. Carter's place. By that time I was busy writing a diary because I thought I was going to become a writer. Well, I did end up writing, but writing Minutes.

We were shown around the various little farms. We thought we would like to have something that would supplement the income because Dad's pension didn't really support...wasn't capable of fully supporting, when we got it. We ended up with a four and a half acre farm on Wesley Road, which is just off of Haliburton, just south of Haliburton Road. We bought it from Tom Amos who was an old timer. His wife had gone to Miss Bainbridge Smith's school for girls from the Old Country who wanted to settle on farms, marry Canadian farmers. In a way that was a bit of a story. They had this historic house that was just to the north of us and we knew several people who had gone there and as a matter of fact, the man who rented it afterwards, cleared our property. Half of our four and a half acres was still in bush land when we bought it and after two or three years...we were clearing about an acre at a time... we had the whole farm cleared pretty well. I can still remember the blasting, taking out the stumps. Hanson covered the windows in our house with cedar rails which had been intended to make cedar rail fences, and about two layers of those when a rock hit them, it just bounced off. It was rather dark in the house while it was being done. He was an interesting chap too. He was Swedish. His father had been wealthy but he was an independent type and liked this sort of thing. I remember he had Arthur Anderson working with him too and Arthur's specialty was digging deep wells. He dug a couple, there were two of them over a hundred feet deep, and the one next door to us, I think I'm right, was one hundred and eighty four feet deep. They met a great rushing stream at the bottom of it all. Had it all cribbed in, he dropped the crib down as he came, as he dug. That well only lasted for a year and then the whole thing collapsed with a great rush.

I've been checking my diary for the date when we came to Victoria and I find this entry "1933 - on the train. It is fine to see this great expanse of unfrozen water. Lake Sicamous lies to our right. We woke this morning to find heavy wet snow deep on the ground around us, piled window high and clinging in great gobs to the trees. I slept well enough last night. I liked the jolting, bouncing rythmn of the train, only when it stopped did I awaken. Our friends have been awfully good to us. It was hard to say goodbye to Lex. He gave me a tin of fifty of those long strand cigarettes. I can hardly wait until after breakfast this morning to try one of them. The weather grows steadily warmer, the clouds cling very low on the mountain sides. We get off the train for a walk at each divisional point. February 3rd: Here I am stuck in a little two-roomed flat with a sore throat..... ", the diary goes on to explain the frustrations of finding a home and getting organized.

One thing we noticed was that we got so sleepy when we came down to the lower altitude.

Here's one, February 5th, Sunday: When we came out of church we found Mr. Armstrong waiting for us. Mr. Armstrong had been a partner of Dave White's store and they were very good to us after we came to Victoria. He took us for a long drive around the waterfront bays around the seafront. Victoria's nature is alive even at this time of year. The grass is green and the gorse is in bloom. I saw the sea and ships for the first time since we arrived. There was a freighter in ballast sailing toward Vancouver some distance out to sea. Closer in, two tugs were hauling each an awkward barge at the end of a long cable. This afternoon we decided to take the streetcar and go out to Cloverdale, just to see what these places were like. They are being advertised at ten dollars and fourteen dollars a month. We found them squalid, but Victoria is funny as within a block there were bright new stucco bungalows, with attractive gardens. We walked to the top of a rise past many attractive places and finally we struck Quadra Street with the help of a map. We acted like tourists and are, in a way, I suppose. We walked back here down to Cook Street and arrived in time for supper. I had a bath tonight, which was quite a business because you had to ask Mrs. Carter beforehand and then light the gas heater. We are only allowed one bath each a week. Gas is expensive. The bathroom was way downstairs, by the way. Mrs. Carter told Mother her story so that we shouldn't fall into the same pitfalls as they. Some five years ago they came out from Calgary and took a grocery business in New Westminster. It was a thorough success, financially, but Mrs. Carter's heart was bad and her husband, being deaf,

she had to attend the store when anyone came in and they were upstairs. It was too much for her heart. So they came to Victoria and took a small business that looked as though it had failed because its owner lacked "get up and go". They brightened the place up and waited for business. None came. It appeared that it was one of those stores that people passed on the way to other stores. They hung on for a time and lost their savings. Finally, they bought this house and made ends meet here, but the rooming house business is not all beer and skittles. Everybody seems to agree that we should go slow. Mrs. Armstrong thinks that an acre for one man is enough and we are inclined to think that we could rent a four roomed house with an acre of ground to experiment on. So tomorrow we go to the Real Estate man in quest of this, meanwhile we have an ad in the Colonist "Wanted for lease, with option to purchase. Small house on about an acre with fruit and chicken house. Box 4010, Colonist."

February 6, 1933: We saw Mr. Titus at the Seeds Branch of the Provincial Department of Agriculture this morning. His attitude toward seed growing as a future for us and particularly for me, was most encouraging. He painted no glowing pictures of sudden success but said that there were good prospects for a steady business if one was willing to take years in establishing it. He was most reserved and this was perhaps the best element in his advice. We must go slow and rent for a while. This afternoon we boarded the Gorge bus and travelled out to the terminus for ten cents each. We then walked out Admirals Road to Burnside Road through most unattractive country to our standpoint. We were most put out about it. We caught the Burnside car and arrived home at about six p.m. We are going to the Experimental Farm near Sidney on Wednesday with a Mr. Heath, a real estate agent, who offered to take us along as he was going that way anyway. We have fought shy of real estate agents and I don't quite like to see Mr. Strait this way, however there will be no obligation on our part. Mr. Heath seems a very honest man. A latter comment is that he was.

February 7th - this morning we took the car to the end of the Mt. Tolmie line and then walked a five mile circuit into the country up Shelbourne road, across the valley by Feltham Road and back by Gordon Head Road. It was a district such as we had thought Saanich Peninsula to be. To tell the truth our other two walks had a little disappointed us. The holdings did not seem large enough for a commercial proposition. Today we were in the land of market gardening. The Chinese were there in the valley bottoms. They alone were seen to be out on the land. Of white men there was a woeful scarcity. The nicest houses and best land seemed to be on the

slope with a western exposure. The tops of the small hills and the attendant outcrops of stone almost unfaillingly too had their broken-down derelict houses, which might tell a story. We were back home at twelve-thirty having providentially caught a car as soon as we reached the end of the line. This afternoon we looked at used autos with the idea of purchasing. We saw some at one hundred dollars in Essex's and Overlands. But we came to the conclusion that a car would be a heavy expense with its repairs and licence and gas and oil and tires. But at least we have acquired some knowledge of values.

On February 9th we found the town reeling under an icy blast with seventeen Fahrenheit above zero. The milk was partially frozen outside the window. We rose early and endeavoured to warm the rooms with the inadequate Franklin, but then we went out with Mr. Heath to visit the Experimental Farm. He showed us one or two places on the way out. The Farm Superintendent, Mr. Strait, was most satisfactory. He did not bump our hopes, rather he said to get a five-acre place and turn right in. He said to rent a place for one to three years, but rather, to lease a place with option to purchase. We should try several different crops. We preferred the Gordon Head District or anywhere along the East Saanich Road. A piped water supply is sometimes necessary in order to save the crop. Mr. Heath wanted to see a house that Mr. Strait had for sale and we went to the top of the hill to see it. It was a beauty with all the conveniences. On the way back to the farm, Mr. Strait said we must have a cow, we never got one. Mr. Strait developed that subdivision below the Experimental Farm and North of the Central Saanich border.

Well the weather turned bad all together and my father caught a beastly cold. One morning we went over to the Mount Tolmie District via Richardson street on foot, looking at city houses. I had such a cold that we had to take some time off and I made a note here about the price of tobacco. Dad was smoking an awful thing called Pilot. It was a French Canadian leaf and very cheap, 40 cents a half pound. One occasion we rented a little Ford V8 and we returned it after eight hours having driven thirty-nine miles at the cost of Three Dollars and Ten Cents.

February 23rd - I find that we have paid our first months rent on the property on Wesley Road which was just south of Miss Bainbridge-Smiths farmerettes house that I spoke of earlier. It has an excellent view, a four room stucco house with bath, hot and cold water automatic water pump in the furnace. It was an interesting furnace with an old barrel which had been turned into a wood furnace.

There was a great deal of orchard to care for but we hope to do that satisfactorily and we did and finally we bought it ourselves.

Major and Mrs. Barton were next door neighbours. He was a retired Anglican clergyman and a seed grower. We had actually been directed to them by Sister Ruth of the Sisters of St. John the Devine. Mother and Mrs. Barton were associates of that order. Having them next door was an extraordinary blessing. We bought a car, a 1925 Chevrolet Touring, for which we paid Sixty-five Dollars. We had been looking forward to a closed car and actually we saw a lovely Two-door Ford at Two Hundred and Seventy-five Dollars with spotless upholstery. But when we thought of juicy strawberries on that lovely upholstery we decided to give up the idea of a closed car. It was good of Dad because he was used to driving a fine looking car. Today we saw this touring car and took it down to Major Barton's mechanic to appraise. The expert had just bought a car of the same model for himself and he took a short drive around in the car, listening for ominous sounds, brought it back to the garage, looked it over and made an estimate of repairs immediately necessary. Fourteen Dollars. He intimated it was an excellent buy. We found a One Cent piece under the front seat so she will be a lucky car. So we knocked Five Dollars off the original price, it was Seventy Dollars, and we bought her. That mechanic, actually, was Jarvis Reid.

February 28th - Yesterday we visited the Bartons and saw a little of the work in the greenhouse and then the seedhouse. The feature of the seedwork that most strikes me is the necessity for accuracy. We are lucky in the Bartons. Major Barton is the nearest thing I have found to Canon Horne. I need say nothing more.

A later entry on the same date: Someone has been smoking a vile cigar downstairs. It smells like a bad dream. I smelled it downstairs when I came in from posting a letter and now it has penetrated through to here. I have heard of such cigars.

We moved into the new place on March 8th and the address was then R.R.#1 Royal Oak, Saanich, V.I. B.C. We were using beds and bedding borrowed from the Bartons. The stove, we had bought and Tom Amos had hooked it up before he left the building.

Here, I see that we had tea with the Bartons. This was a social

function occurred either at home or elsewhere every afternoon, at that time.

I think I'm getting too much detail in here, sort of an old man's memories gone to seed. But it might be interesting how we planted our sweetpeas. We planted them among the orchard that first year because the trees were still small. We had eleven varieties. Planting was done in this way. Wire is strung out on our five hundred foot rows and thought dead straight. Next, I spread Consolidated Mining and Smelting ammonium phosphate under the wire, a handful to the pace; the heavy pail of Elephant Brand, that's what the other name for it was, is held in one hand and the other hand scatters fertilizer close to the ground. Dad follows making a furrow, three inches deep. In the furrow, I scatter bone meal, also a handful to the yard. Each variety of pea is planted distinctly by itself with name stakes at each end. The seeds are planted on four inch centres. Dad covers over the seeds with his feet and tramps them. We leave four feet between varieties. We have planted five of these five hundred foot rows.

Another note: Yesterday we had nine cords of wood buzzed. We were using wood all right. The logans are a nasty bit of work. Tying them up. They are full of spines, and they are long to untwine.

March 20th - we have sold eighty cents worth of Royal Sovereign strawberry plants to an old gentleman who came in answer to our Ad in the Colonist. As the Ad cost us a dollar, this can hardly be classed as our first income.

Tonight the question arises as to whether our plants are Royal or British Sovereign. We are sure that Mr. Amos told us that they are Royal. But since doubts exist in neighbours minds as countrymen pretend to know everything about their neighbours places, we will lay it at once by getting in touch with Mr. Amos.

Another time: Logan time is a trying job since it entails untangling long, easily broken sharp spine canes and tangling them up in properly ordered fashion over wires. I comfort myself as I do them by

thinking how useful a berry the loganberry is. It is used for wine, for delicious jams, a favourite in this house, for preserves and for dehydrated berries. The flavour has a tang like no other fruit.

Our furniture arrived in Victoria on March the 23rd and Mother was quite overjoyed to see it as she never expected to see it again.

I drove the car a bit about the busy city streets. It was a new and harrasing experience. And to think that the cars we meet every day may be in charge of one who knows as little about where his wheels are I did. Actually I had learned to drive the car in Banff. I was taught by the Government chauffeur, Alf Kapel, who was one of the most wonderful drivers I had known. But I didn't have much chance to practise as my father wouldn't let me drive a government car and that's what we had.

The next entries in my diary have to do with the joy of having our own furniture back again. All the things that I enjoyed having with me. Somebody has stolen my Black Prince axe, which I thought was a terrible thing to do to me as I always liked that axe.

On April 8th I have a note: We have the small annual flower seeds in. Twenty-five hundred feet of them. Mignonette, a thousand feet on one foot minus centres. Grodesia, five hundred feet on one foot plus centres, Clarkia, five hundred feet on one foot centre, Schizanthus, five hundred feet on one foot, three inch, centres.

I was having quite a time on my limited diet keeping up with the work and I find that I spend Sundays in bed. I was very tired, I remember I had to stop reading and go to sleep at nine o'clock at night.

An entry that seems typical of what I remember - All the local people agree that this has been an unnatural Spring, for it has been cold and late in coming. The ground has got drier and drier, so that we began to taste the dust of drought. Black juicy looking rain clouds appeared on the horizon, sending the barometer downward to predict relief, only for them to evaporate away or unburden themselves in the distance, leaving both us and the barometer disappointed.

It seemed that Nature could not spare moisture enough for us. But last night came relief. At half-past five this morning, May 14th, a gentle tapping of falling drops commenced above us on the roof. It continued steadily and softly, even five hours later it is sweet music.

We had quite a start this morning, the radio was playing petulant sad music and with it the static blended itself, when from it, as it seemed, a most terrific downward roar broke out upon us in a moment threatened to shatter the house. We were paralyzed. Then it lifted. Dad came in from the outside to say that the mail plane had nearly hit us, flying low on account of the clouds.

I do not believe that I have mentioned before that we had rented our pasture to a neighbour. His horse is a very itchy animal, poor devil, and he has practically ruined our fences by rubbing himself on them. The section of fencing opposite the old orchard is formed of flat boards longitudinally, three high. It was quite amusing to see the old boy solemnly back up to the boards and scratch his rear but his somewhat ponderous weight was more than the lumber could stand. It broke. But we fixed him there, with the help of his owner, by stringing barbed wire along the face. His old scratching ground, having thus rebuffed him, he had by force had to look for new worlds, which he found under my window. This part of the fence is composed of strands of galvanized wire and though very yielding, it had the great advantage of having, when the head was thrust under the topmost wire, the added attraction of rubbing both shoulder and itchy mane. Our attention was drawn to this outbreak by the wild screeching of the tortured fence. As there seemed nothing to do that did not involve considerable expense, all we could do was to watch and listen and strain our hearts in sympathy with the fence. It did not last long. The fence broke. Patiently we have repaired the break, but the horse is overjoyed after having thought he had killed a goose that had layed his golden egg. Just now, I've had a brain wave. We have pinned with clothes pins, scare horses of sheets of newspapers to the wire. He is a nervous beast and has gone elsewhere for the time. It is another move in the game betwixt horse and man. We are temporarily on top, but we must buy a spool

of barbed wire and stop all this darned foolishness.

Well, that finishes the quotes from that part of my diary which was all coming into separate pages as the binding has gone on the book and I'm afraid that it might disappear altogether. I won't be making so many quotes from diaries from now on as I don't think there is that much in the way of tape left and I have quite a bit to put on here.

You asked for schools attended. 1917, 1918, Ottawa. Muchmore School 1918 to 1925 in Calgary, Central Elbow Park and Earl Grey Public Schools. 1925, 1926 in Calgary, South Calgary High. 1926 to 1930, Banff, Banff High entered. Grade Ten, failed to go further through illness. And then private tutoring by a Mr. Brown. I got that quite often. There was a chap that lived with Mr. Brown, boarded with him, Ned Padget. He was a bit of a cripple. I often wondered if he was the man that became so famous as an oilman. I don't know if we'll ever find that out or not.

1937 to 1939, Victoria, Sprott Shaw School. 1949-1951, LaSalle Higher Accounting course, part completed. Later I took the Provincial Government sponsored Municipal Administration courses and I got my certificate in Administration. Incidentally, it was Mr. Tribe that encouraged me in that and he followed a year later and did extremely well.

In the latter part of June we got into our strawberry crop and we had some pretty wonderful strawberries that Tom Amos had, he must have manured them, it was a special patch. We had these little strawberry boxes, where nine to the top of the box. We had to put little ones underneath or we couldn't put the cover on the crate.

We had to put extra slats on them in any case. They looked just wonderful and when we established a contact with Mr. Twining of the Gordon Head Cannery, he asked for a special crate which he presented to Tolmie, who was the Premier at that time. They had a special Conservative party rally for him over in Gordon Head. We liked the picking of strawberries. We first had to put straw down between the rows and it was a good thing for young active people who didn't mind getting their knees bunged up by the stones

under the straw. After a little time, Mr. Twining found us a Chinaman who would help us with picking. It was really remarkable how fast he could pick. He lived in a little shed behind the place and he cooked and looked after himself. He had one day off a week. I remember he used to bring some seaweed up and dry it out in front of his little shed and he told us he could sell it in town for medicine, Chinese medicine. It was Dulse, I think. At first we sold the strawberries to a Chinese buyer, Leong, and it's quite interesting to see in my diary the process of beating the price down, until finally Mr. Twining told us to sell everything to him, so we did and it went over to the Cannery at Gordon Head.

I see here in July, the sweet pea roguing season has started and I am helping the Bartons as per planned. It is pleasant work among the beauty and fragrance of the flowers. Sometimes it is a little heart rending to take the beautiful long one out, but of course you have to keep the strains pure.

I see that that we made about One Hundred and Fifty Dollars from our strawberry crop that year, or six months rent.

An entry, July 19th, 1933: I have been building a fruit ladder Syd Vantreight, the pioneers in the Saanich Peninsula, lived close to us and he had offered to help me build a cedar fruit ladder. He took me down to the woods where he had a beautiful log from which we could split the cedar. The interesting thing I remember about that trip, he showed me how to kill a mosquito without fail. We don't have many mosquitos around, but here in the deep woods the mosquitos were and one landed on his arm and he just popped it off. He did it again and looked at me and said "Do you want to know how I did that?" I said "I sure do, they always take off when I swat them." "Well, he said, it's quite simple. There's something in your skin that tightens up when you stop breathing and just keep on breathing and he'll stay there". And then he swatted another one, so I know that. It's a useful sort of thing to know, I think, especially when you're going to have a hypodermic needle.

The wood we got from Mr. Vantreight. First thing, Friday morning, Dad and I, having picked up axe, wedges and sledge hammer, dropped down into a corner of my neighbour's property that is shrouded in the gloom that lies under big trees and company. There lay the giant trunk of the dead cedar tree and from this we split four rails, marvelling at the ease with which it was done and good wood. We then brought home the rails in two trips and I began the work of construction. First with a wedge and a draw knife, I reduced three of the rails to smooth like spar. This was the biggest, single part of the undertaking. Next, I split out the rungs, eight of them, from the remaining piece of wood and having notched the faces of the spars, that would be the front legs of the ladder, nailed them on. The ladder was laid on the garage floor and trued up with a tape measure and braced & the rungs double nailed. The rungs at the bottom are much longer than at the top, to give stability. It was semi-triangular in shape. I now boxed the top with mill wood. The top would be about fifteen inches wide and the bottom, I think, would be about four to five feet. The back strut was nailed to a T-piece and this was hinged on the back of the boxing. After getting this strut in dead centre, I braced it. The ladder was complete and stood up. It measured ten feet in height standing securely on its three legs. I climbed to the top halloing joyfully and doing all manner of jousting to test it. Today it is in service with its head thrust up in the Royal Ann tree

August 4th I made a note on how important it was to have a gramophone record collection. There are times when it is almost impossible to get what you want on the radio as it was last night due to interference, or as it is very often indeed, due to the stations having gone jazz crazy.

On August 28th the entry read "It rained last night. Today we are learning an entirely new phase of the seed industry. Curing seed under cover and picking in fear of more rain. I have come in from my tent which I know the Major will very shortly need for his seed. He and Mrs. Barton were up at four-thirty last night covering drying trays in the field and getting others under roofs.

Something else that I can't keep from putting in here.

August 29th - I was in the Chinaman's room, now the wood storeroom, fixing bags for sweetpeas in preparation for picking of wet crop, the second day of rain prevented even that, when Mother announced the Major and water dēviner. Dad came speedily from another quarter from the making of a compost heap. The Major has a peculiar gift of water devining, and this Mr. Stewart, having been in correspondence about it, came out on a free afternoon to compare notes and since we had been talking about a second well if we took the place, they came to use our pasture as a testing ground. The family followed, full of interest. Over and against Touet's, where the lie of the land gave some hope of success, they began their quest. The Major, with a rough willow fork held junction uppermost, a branch in each hand. Mr. Stewart was equipped with a heavy piece of wire bent to simulate the willow but with a little loop at the junction. We watched them parade seriously along with these things in their hands, when Mr. Stewart's wire commenced to bow down to the earth. Quickly he scratched out a line on the turf with his foot and walked along it. The wire fork turned over and over and over. He pronounced a seam of water and the padre also, but better ones further along where he had been exploring. The stranger now proceeded to find the depth which he did by several methods involving simple but unexplainable mathematics. He stood directly over the seam, both feet planted firm, whilst the fork made eleven half revolutions. Thirty-three feet, three times eleven. "Have you seen this way, Mr. Barton?". He commenced stamping one foot while the wire revolved eighteen times. Quote "I just found that one out three weeks ago." He walked with his fork, backwards and forwards across the seam thirty-three times and the fork ceased to dip. Another method. Quote "How do you do it, Mr. Barton?". Close of quote. The padre cut out a willow wand, eight feet in length, and holding it as steadily as he could between his hands with their tremble, he brought the tip of it down to the seam where it commenced to bob, and bobs thirty-three times. I looked skeptically on these two men, one a giant Scotsman, solid in build as the cattle he ordinarily works with, and the other the Padre, a serious minded Anglican clergyman, playing with his black magic and never doubting its truth. They located other underground streamlets and cross streamlets with their depths. I took the wire forks to see if it would work for me, but in spite of much concentration, it would not. We made a sally onto the Gibbs place where they want water and found it at thirty-three feet under rock at eighteen. The latter was

indicated by the slowing of the half revolutions of the fork. They told each other stories of misbelievers finding they had the gift, of how an officer saved the Kartoum relief expedition from turning back by finding water eighty feet down in the desert. I listened but still believed the thing only because of the Major. After quite a time we came back to the house for tea. Mr. Stewart went first to see our well. It is an odd thing that we had had two different figures for the depth of our well when we first came. Amos said one hundred and thirty feet and the padre, eighty. Mr. Stewart located the stream and proceeded to find the depth. We had totally forgotten the dispute and were rather interested in tea. Suddenly Mr. Stewart said "Eighty-four feet and I can't get any more". That was odd. I don't think the padre could have told him about it. They seemed to have an uncanny gift. At tea there was the telling of tales, of which the following struck me. Mr. Stewart was out on an afternoon on a mountain and looking down from some rocks he saw what looked like butterflies fluttering together around what looked like a bare spot on a slope. Interested, he worked his way over to a spot directly above it and saw that the butterflies were not the only persons present, rats and birds were gathered around. It looked like a damp piece of earth, he says to himself, there's water there and its water they're after. So, down he goes and gets the willow fork and sure enough there is water four feet down although the surface was drier than he thought from above. He took up a large flat rock and with it scraped and dug until somehow he reached the water and saw it standing clear in a little basin. But, he says to himself, I'm not going to have the rats get in and filthy it up. And as he could lead it to the surface, he got a large flat stone and covered over the spring and led the water into an outside basin. This he lined with stones and it made a fine sight. Water there, three miles from the nearest stream. While he worked he said he could see the butterflies and the rats looking on from a distance. The birds watched from their trees and their bushes. When he had finished his work, he stood back and approved it, and taking from his pocket, a piece of chalk, he wrote by way of invitation, quote "All is well" close of quote. He retreated to the rocks above and turned to watch. The butterflies, animals and birds perched joyfully on the water, hardly waiting for him to get out of sight. He was pleased to think of the way he had been able to be kind to the wild.

The 10th: Here is more on the Sweetpea work. The work is easy, up somewhat now. The sweetpeas take no more than two hours to pick and they are almost through bearing. Dad and Ken, that was my brother who had come home from his summer work, are cleaning up the strawberry patch, which should have been done before and the compost heap rises higher and higher. I spend my spare time in reducing the bulk

by threshing. This was the pea crop. The peas were dried so the pods were quite brittle. The flail is an interesting instrument. It accomplishes a great deal of smashing with very little effort. I have been practicing its use on bags of sweetpeas down in the Major's barn. I have a healthy respect for its destructive power, having busted a piece of the threshing floor. I keep my legs as far as possible from the club part, as it swings more or less irresponsibly under the unpractised hand. The flail that we used was a two inch diameter rod with a handle that was four or five feet long. There was a leather hinge that attached it to about a two-to three-foot piece of the same thing. So, when you brought it down on the floor, that two-to three-foot piece would lie flat and you could swing it over your head and get the whole thing flat onto whatever you were breaking. The effect was to break all the pods around the peas and it would leave you with a sort of a mixture of broken pod and the peas, which were undamaged. Of course they were all kept within the bag in which you were breaking them up in and after this they would be run over the clipper which was, first of all the peas would be passed over a screen which would get rid of the roughage and which were too big. It would drop the peas through and as they dropped through there was a fan which blew the chaff, the light stuff, out. So the effect was you had just peas left that had dropped down and this we gathered into pails, keeping it very carefully with its proper name or number. The job was finished by passing the peas once again over a board with cloth on it. We examined the peas to see if there were any that were discoloured.

An entry on November 28th, 1933 - Quite a week of fog. Gerald Vantreight ran into a lady on his bicycle the night before yesterday. Donald was badly burnt at a campfire on Halloween. A fire cracker landed on his breeches pocket, which was full of fire crackers. Mr. Touet tore his overalls right off him in putting the fire out. The poor boy was badly burnt.

December 2nd - General Currie is dead. The Padre went overseas from Victoria with him, that's Major Barton, and was with him more or less off and on throughout the war. As a padre he saw an intimate side of him and gained a very high opinion. He is putting off his trip to England for a day in order to preach at his memorial service at the Cathedral on Wednesday.

On the same day - we placed a deposit on our dog. Coming home from town today we dropped into the Dogland Kennels, that was Fred Fatt, having received a letter requesting us to do so. We had been very much taken with the dog Hope, a

a Springer Spaniel, with a beautiful face, especially lovely in the eye. She had a litter of seven pups, but alas, the price was too high. Twenty-five Dollars a piece. Our maximum was Fifteen Dollars. But Mr. Fatt had decided to bring his price down. After a certain amount of dickering and deciding, one of the litter is ours. Which one depends on the visit of an expert to pick out dogs for breeding tomorrow. Afterwards we can choose ours.

We had the usual adventures with the puppy. Sharp teeth and getting him house trained.

On May 16th, 1934, I find that we had just finished the great grind of weeding 5100 feet of sweetpeas. It was always tiring hoeing down those great long rows.

The major came to look things over this morning and was highly pleased. "Look at those peas," he said. "Planted in the open, not transplanted. New land, yet here we have buds. On May 16th. A fine stand, you couldn't wish for a better. Here we have Galardia setting seed on May 16th. Penstamen in bloom in May, and I've never had it bloom before July or August. That annual Scabias would not have wintered through in one of those twenty five years. And yesterday I picked twelve ripe strawberries."

May 23rd - Ken, my brother, having received his degree in Engineering, is back in Banff, working on the golf course. He is promoted to be the guy who fixing tees and changes the flags. His job is a seven-day-a-week one and he receives 39.95 cents per hour.

May 31st - Our berry prices have been shooting down as they did last year. Until the Prairie has good prices for wheat and a good crop, we may expect no sales for our berries. But to see the white face of Mrs. Gibb when she told us berries had dropped a \$1.20 a crate, they face the possibility of having to live off their place when Mr. Gibb is retired at the end of the month, which by the way is today. They are going something the same way we did while we waited for our first pension cheque.

We have a Chinaman on the place now, Wong. A young fellow and a good one. The kind that chops kindling for you in his spare time. He says "No pick berry for work James Island". "Work before Ganges, cooked for seven people". "No likee" "Too hot come outside". He is just racing through the cleanup of the place

while the berries ripen up.

June 8th - Two weeks with no rain. It looks as if our strawberries will go to pieces if this continues. In fact we marvel that they have held up as well as they have in the dry ground. Mr. Twining of the Gordon Head Cannery is short on his pack and we are giving him everything we have, crate berries included.

June 17th - Drought has lasted over three weeks and the strawberries have given up the fight. We've been having a great time keeping ourselves out of the strawberry "Red". By picking ourselves as hard as we knew, we have managed to clear about Ten Dollars. Our last two crates went into the cannery last night. There has been rain in the vicinity, clouds have come up each day for weeks, only to go away and leave a merciless sun to beat down on the plants. Same day - we had a gentle rain that lasted for a little over two hours, but after it was over we found that it had failed to even wet the ground under the leaves of the carrots.

June 21st - the sky wept a little this morning because it could not rain and then this afternoon it blew a hurricane in anger. Two of our little cherry trees have split and a great Alder branch tried to assassinate us in the strawberry patch.

June 22nd - a survey of the damage done in yesterday's wind was this: Three young Olivets blown in half, a Pear completely broken in two where we had bound it last year; our raspberries so battered that we had to ditch half of them in picking; our logans blown about and some of the new shoots broken; some of our valuable Antirrhinums torn down; all our work of throwing the rows of sweetpeas together for cultivation and harvesting undone; and the whole place minus another inch of moisture evaporated out of the ground. At this point we were resolved not to carry on with buying the place.

June 24th - I was thinking what a blessing the radio is. I sat there last night while the space flung the biting beauty of the Ballalika through and through me. The deep bass rumbling, the Russian Orchestra caught at it's best. Once I should have had to go to New York to hear that, now it is everywhere at your command.

June 28th - We have had our rain.

An entry on June 30th concerns our neighbour, Major Barton, who had been laid up for some time with a very painful eczema. He was forced to go to bed as his face was so swollen his eyes were almost closed and his hands shared in the agony of it. He was well enough to get about outside a week ago, now he is laid up again and they have come to the conclusion that it is plant poisoning.

On July 15th - About our Chinese "Wong". At the end of the month we took our Chinese, Wong, back to town regretfully, for he is an ideal family man, watering up plants after dark, chopping great blocks of kindling for me and bringing them to the back door. This place became his to tend and Dad was "Bossy-man". A week later we found a job for him with the Gibbs and he is back in the cabin doing the watering and odd jobs gratis. Today, as usual on his Sundays, he has been down to Cordova Bay and brought back a load of clams and seaweed, which dried is five cents a pound in Victoria, twenty-five cents, China.

July 29th - We went to the much looked-forward-to picnic with the Plaskets. Dr. Plasket was the astronomer who established the Observatory here. At 10 A.M. we got aboard Stewart's launch at Brentwood Bay, it is a twenty-two footer and held the six of us quite comfortably. It is the apple of Stewart's eye. Stewart was the son and I must say it is a great possession. He spends all of his time painting her up and making small improvements between fishing trips. I do believe he thinks of nothing else but her and fishing. We landed the folks on a little sandy beach just down the Arm from the Bay, by means of a little dinghy, and then rowed back to fiddle with the engine while they made a fire and tea. Whilst eating, Stewart proposed a fishing trip, hoping that we would catch a fish after last year's failure. We were out for two picnics on the launch last year. So, waiting only to finish my cigarette, which is taboo on the boat with so much oil around, we rode out to the boat and weighed anchor, having started the engine. The quest for fish proved fruitless but I had a nice afternoon sitting down in the cockpit while Stewart sat over the rudder by the stern watching his deep sea line. We cruised for some time, then went into Brentwood for a bottle of pop and some water for the supper tea. We arrived back at the Cove just in time for that option. Mrs. Plasket had the misfortune to be stung by a wasp and took it most heroically. We watched the red glow and shadows being set on the rocks and twisted Arbutus trees for a few minutes, sitting quietly until the sun dropped over the Malahat, then we pushed our little dinghy through the seaweed to ferry the party and goods back to the launch. The return trip was made in short time. I hope to try for that fish again.

Dr. Plasket was an old friend of my Greatuncle Dr. Frank Shut at the Experimental Farm in Ottawa. The Dominion Observatory was set up there. I hope I haven't mentioned this before. I think it would be on this picnic that we had an example of his extraordinary ability to cut ham slices very thinly.

July 1st - the City Fathers have decided to follow the lead of other lands and institute Navy Week. The entire strength of the British War vessels in these parts, Cruisers H.M.S. Norfolk and H.M.S. Danick, Destroyers H.M.C.S. Skeena and Vancouver, Minesweeper H.M.C.S. ^{?Armentiere} Armonchier and also an American training ship are spending the week at Esquimalt. H.M.S. Norfolk will be open to the public twice during the week but I do not expect to be able to get away to see her, especially as we are taking a trip through the Gulf Islands tomorrow.

A naval seaplane has been three times overhead, a silver coloured craft with a peculiar whine to the motor.

Though it commenced to rain shortly after we left the Saanich slip yesterday I must say we enjoyed our trip. We took Mrs. Barton with us, she needed a change from the sick room. The padre makes very slow progress. The Cy Peck is an auto ferry. A motor vessel with the lower deck cleared for cars and a saloon and bridge house surmounted with the funnel and boats straddling across the centre of the deck. She is not ideal for an excursion in wet weather. Our trip was around Salt Spring Island, stopping for two hours and dinner at Ganges. We had an excellent rain sheltered bench behind the saloon on the next portion of the voyage. We had soaked our feet at Ganges, taking a walk, but were not cold. The Gulf Islands are most interesting. Every rock and islet seems to have its name. Salt Spring is pretty well covered deep with forest, but here and there there were groups of clearings. Sometimes a wharf pushed out into the water. Two boys rode behind us in Indian canoes, pulling vigourously. We rounded the point on the North of the Island and we ^{were} in the waters where Mrs. Barton and her husband spent their honeymoon in a rowboat-camping expedition exactly twenty-seven years ago today. They have spent some happy holidays cruising through the Islands in their launches. We stopped in at Birkland Bay for an hour, some of the passengers had tea at a lonely little corrugated iron shelter on the wharf. We had ours from a thermos. The fog descended on us now in the home stretch, not heavily but just enough to make the Island beautiful in a different way. We only visited the saloon to warm up. It was crowded and stuffy. We bumped our way into the slip at Swartz Bay in an interesting manner, swinging ourselves around on a rope or cable made fast to one of the arms of the slip. We all took our cars or

got into our buses and made our several ways back to our homes or stopping places.

Here's a strange entry. We are greatly rejoiced that Mother has got around to darning socks again. She had been hard pressed helping us to pick fruit and the socks have all disappeared in the darning bag. Now, the fruit picking season is over, we aren't going to pick seed, we are having Wong. Well, now-a-days we don't have this darning business because we have socks that don't get holes in them.

6th - Tonight we heard by means of a recording device which saved back the program for twelve hours, the launching of the fine new British Cunarder, which we have known until now as Number 534. Her name was revealed only this morning, Queen Mary.

The World Series baseball is on-relayed to the continent by radio.

September 15th - My brother is finally back at real engineering work again. He is a rodman on the Big Bend Highway between Revelstoke and Golden.

October 23rd - Our neighbour, Mr. Hanson, was in hospital with one finger off and another maimed as a result of a circular saw collapsing while he was sawing wood.

I see on October 26th that we had to get a doctor who understood my diabetes and we found Dr. Hunter, Bob Hunter. He had been to a big diabetic ward in a hospital in Europe and had recently come to Victoria from Winnipeg. He set to work right away to completely change my system of treatment that I had been on and was known as a high fat diet, and very small carbohydrate. It wasn't a very comfortable sort of diet and it certainly didn't do very much for young people. And so now Dr. Hunter put us through a lot of paces and changed the diet completely.

I see a mention here that I was reading the G.A. Handy book "The Dragon and the Raven". My father had a great interest in the Handy books and throughout his life he used to return to them, in fact they got so battered that I could hardly keep them, many of them, when my father passed away. G.A. Handy was a boys' historical writer and the boy was always a very satisfactory hero. Started out small and ended very brave.

Here is a Christmas dinner description. It doesn't seem very old fashioned to me yet but in time it will, no doubt.

The Bartons insisted on our having Christmas dinner with them. Just as we were dressing and preparing they rang up to make sure that Blaze, our springer spaniel, came. We took him under protest, he was better than we expected. The padre was as well as could be expected after the excursion of the morning. He was still having a great deal of trouble with his eczema. Mrs. Barton and Frances, who was a girl that was staying with them, sported very pretty dresses. Their gifts were laid out in the living room on a card table. The padre explained the beauties of a new gillette razor sharpener, then the word was spoken for dinner. The padre sat at one end of the table, Mrs Barton at the other and at the sides were Frances and we four Fords. My brother was with us by this time. Under the table, Brogan and Blaze played cheerfully, the active Brogan testing Blaze's endurance by pulling at his ear. Old Paddle, Frances' cairn, who is many times a grandfather, preserved his dignity beneath the sideboard. We began with what I believe was a salmon cocktail. I can't be sure because it was out of my line. My diet restricted me. I munched bread until we brought in the turkey. It is my custom to help buttle whenever I can do so. It was a large turkey and a large ham, potatoes, brussel sprouts and breaded tomatoes. Sauces were bread sauce, turkey gravéy and cranberry jelly. The padre stood and carved in a masterly fashion, serving everyone in a very generous manner. When the plates had passed under the spoons at the other end of the table, there was no room left at all upon them. But such is the appetite that goes with these high feasts that we all cleared our plates and succumbed, somewhat reluctantly it is true, to the tempting of the generous soul at the end of the table. We sat only in the light of four table candles to greet the entry of the Christmas pudding with the blue flame of champagne flickering around it. The lights were turned on, the glasses were filled with home wine, loganberry and black current. The toast was to the health of those at home and away from us. Christmas pudding and mince pies were the dessert. Mrs. Barton's cooking is excellent. We then pulled Christmas crackers and put on the paper hats and read the riddles they contained. For some time we sat over fruit and candy and nuts and cigarettes. Old Wong, the Barton's Wong I mean, had given them a Christmas present of li-chi nuts, the most curious that I have ever tasted. They are a sort of fruit inside a thin shell and have a Chinese flavour. After all this feasting we retired to the living room for coffee. We were strictly unethical and had four cups each, but then they were those absurd little A-D cups. Knowing that the padre really ought to be in bed, we left about nine-thirty p.m. hoping that he would be alright on the morrow.

We had snow that Christmas for about a week. The temperature didn't drop below 25 degrees Fahrenheit.

January 19, 1935 - Yesterday and today we have waken^{ed} to find the thermometer at 8 degrees Fahrenheit. It is a bad cold snap and a stubborn one. On Monday we found our car had been imperfectly drained and was frozen. We had a anxious hour thawing it out to get into the hospital for a blood test that was planned. However we seemed to have come out of it with no worse consequences than the delay. The road conditions have been very bad since then. We are not able to get down our hill under control and could not climb it again without chains. On Wednesday we saw a truck smack down our row of mail boxes at the foot of the hill as it was uncontrollable on the half water and ice road. On Thursday Mrs. Barton and I walked to Royal Oak to get a registered letter at the Post Office and I acted the part of relief ship in bringing back cigarettes and cigarette papers to the hungary brother and self. But while we liked to consider ourselves as cut off from the rest of the world on our hilltop, we have but to speak into the telephone and the Hudson's Bay truck will bring us every supply we could want.

January 21st - The Bartons managed a very cold trip to town on Saturday and again to church yesterday morning. It commenced snowing about 10 A.M. yesterday and it snowed exceedingly hard all day with the temperature gradually falling, gradually rising. Ken and Dad set out for the Cotons', that was at the foot of the hill, to get our milk, taking Blaze and Brogan. Ken was back right away with the dogs, who floundered helplessly in deep snow. Ken and Dad got the milk alright but they returned under the impression that they had never before had such tough going in the snow. How Brogan managed to get home when his Mistress called him, pre-arranged by telephone, I cannot tell. But he did it in very good time. In the middle of the night the steadily rising temperature changed the falling snow to rain. We found our cellar a foot deep in water this morning, it having backed up from the frozen tile drain pipe. All day Ken and Dad have been working trying to free the water. Once they almost succeeded, but the tile collapsed during one of the finishing touches. The water crept up and up and finally spilled into the furnace. They worked until dark saving the various articles and supplies that we had stowed in the basement. Tonight the kitchen is draped with soaked coats and clothes which are hung out to dry. It has poured rain all day, the melting snow is slippery and squelchy and most of the time they had been standing in deep water. I only wish I could have been out there to help them and wasn't under the scrutiny of the doctor just now.

January 23rd - Shortly after I was in bed last night the lights went out. We laughed at the conditions we were reduced to. The roads were unpassable, cellar flooded, furnace submerged and useless, most of the canned fruit inaccessible, power off, pump useless and therefore to cool with or drink or even flush the toilet, and it

it was necessary for Dad to read by the light of three candles. Ken and Mother went to bed. Dad, I'm sorry to say, had such a headache that he could not think of sleep. The lights are on now, the roads are just passable and we have a ditch well underway that should drain the cellar. Dad's head is somewhat better and he is working as if he did not have a headache. I'm in for a minute, sent in to rest and fuel the fires. Such a pair of wet dogs we have. Dad rescued the cat from down in the cellar yesterday morning and I did the same today.

January 24th - the ditch runs free, the cellar is emptied of water, the furnace burns slowly, drying itself, the kitchen is draped with wet muddy articles of clothing, the floors are brown with mud in spite of Mother and her mop, the roads are passable again and Mother visited town with Mrs. Barton this afternoon. Commencing Sunday morning we had three days of unremitting downpour. Six inches in three days. This morning it held off but this afternoon it poured as hard as ever.

The rooster has frozen his comb and is very cross with the hens. Their house is pretty wet. This storm has been a record breaker with its thaw. There are floods everywhere.

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January 26th - It has been the worst storm in the history of British Columbia, with wrecks at sea, railways blocked and trains lost, no mail from the East since last Sunday and telegraph are down on all sides so the people with urgent news for the Prairie found it necessary to cable around the world. After six days of rain we have a delightful soft, clear, Springy day. Victoria, as she can be. Today I saw three clipper ships tied up to the Island Tug and Barge Company's wharf waiting to be made over into barges. One of them was the Star of England, It was pretty fully rigged up. A sight I had never expected to see. The others were the Lord Templeton and Riversdale. All much bigger than I had thought they would be. The load line of the Star of England was twenty-two feet. I'm very thankful fortune has thrown them in my way. Amos, he's the man who owned the house before us, has accepted Dad's terms on this place which means we are going to buy it.

February 27th, 1935 - I believe I've recovered sufficiently from the excessive sleepiness that has afflicted me lately to make an entry regarding my hospital experiences. It was January 29th that the Doctor ordered me into the hospital following a most unsatisfactory blood sugar. It appeared that I was imagining instant reactions in the evening. My sojourn to the hospital was partly to cure the imagination. I was installed in Third North, the Fleming Memorial Ward, Men's Surgical. The wards in those days were long big rooms with the beds arranged side

by side along one wall and along the opposite wall, with one or two at the heads of the ward. The Third North was the final ward on the aisle, so as to speak, and had windows all around except for the entry which part-way down the other side. Immediately I started on shots of insulin larger than I had ever dreamed I would ever take. The total for the day was 135 units. At the same time my food was cut to starvation and I had a couple of blood sugars. The doctor was in three times in the day to see me and the ward took a fancy to me. After a short time I got onto a friendly footing with the chaps about me. I had a darn good time with them. When I struck the hospital there was Johnny, fourteen weeks in a cast, and Harry, ten weeks to his credit with an arthritic knee or a bunged up knee of some description, and baffling the Doctor. There was Mr. Couch from the Estevan Lighthouse Tender, a right good chap. He was always around to help when you wanted him. There was Frank, looking very sick indeed. He was about two days in with an appendix operation. There was Mr. Burgess, very sick, with a rupture operation. My bed was in the centre of the end of the ward and I had all these chaps about me. There would be about twenty beds in that ward, I think. Johnny left in a couple of days and Mr. Couch at the same time. I was allowed up at about this time and took over Mr. Couch's jobs. Being able to get around, I visited the other end of the ward. There lay Hans Blade in a cast as a result of a logging accident. He had ten weeks in. There was Jim Bentley with a poisoned thumb, Mr. Tewson, an Australian, occupied the next bed. I discovered that he modeled ships. He told me about some of his successful models. He took up the hobby when he became such a general wreck after he had to retire. The Gibbs discovered him while in to see me one evening. He worked with Mr. Gibbs in the C.P.R. Coastal Steamships Provision. When he left hospital he gave me his address and he left the hospital supervisors the jig saw puzzle "Coach and Horses" to complete. Which by a week later, with much help, I did so. Mr. Greenhall occupied the next bed, he had a broken appendix, as I did when I was ten. He had been operated on four times, the last time just as I came in. He could take his medicine as Miss West said. My reactions in the evening continued. I would soak the hospital nightshirt and my sheets so that they would have to be changed. They would have to keep a drawsheet on my bed. Such sweats before I have never experienced. One night I went out with reaction. It was just before bedtime and I dropped unconscious on the bed. Miss West, the night nurse, discovered me when she came to order the lights out. She called the house doctor and a whole torrent of hospital people descended on me. It was a case of interavenous injection with sugar. I don't know how much they put in my arm but I began to dream distantly and mechanically of heaven. I seemed removed to another sphere where super mortals had control. I had the choice of whether I would live, and of course, chose to live. It seemed to me that Miss West and Miss Strickland were angels. Particularly Miss

West, and Dr. Nodwell was God. I do not think the dream was so far wrong. The Medical profession is the highest profession. It is closest to God in all its aspirations. The Doctor saw me coming out and withdrew the needle which was strapped on my arm, they poured the rest of the glucose down my throat. This was about 11 p.m. I arose after a time and filled my stone hot water bottle, was given a dry nightshirt and was soon in a natural sleep. Next day I learned of the great upset I had caused in the ward, everybody thinking I had passed out. The Doctor reassured me that he had never heard of a death from insulin shock. On the fellows I picked up some funny stories. Harry said shortly before I went under "Alan, will you come over and play a game of crib with me?" and I said "Surr...I'll com..o're and play a gammumam.. of crib" just like a drunk man. Frank asked me to come over and crank his bed down for the night and I told him in the voice of a drunk "Shhhh... urrrre". The Doctor was very pleased with the business. He suddenly saw to the root of the reaction was at home with high blood sugar. The truth of the matter was this. I build up a high blood sugar during the night which movement reaches its height about 10 a.m. when the blood sugar begins to drop. After all the extras, I was below the conscious point at the low point shortly after I went to sleep. We proved this all in succeeding days by blood tests. The routine of a hospital ward was my routine. We were wakened at the awful hour of 5:30 a.m. by Miss West. She brought the basins of water to those who could not get out of bed to wash themselves. I took this over somewhat when I understood the routine. It was mighty difficult to drag one's self out of bed at that hour. Miss Strickland came with the tea. Mine was without milk, horrible but hot. I washed and shaved before 7 a.m. when the day shift of nurses came on. My insulin was given to me about 6:15 a.m. and tested shortly before 7 a.m. and reported to Miss West. The day shift of nurses were announced by two with thermometers. Harry was an awful one to awaken before 8 o'clock. "Mr. Bell, Mr. Bell, here is your thermometer" would sing the nurse to a pillow. Harry always slept with a pillow on his face. I have never seen it done by anyone else, but it was a good way of keeping off the nurses. By this time Harry had a dish of cold water and a cup of cold tea on his locker. "Mr. Bell, take this thermometer, here" and she would put it into his sleepy face with an injunction not to bite it. Harry would really wake up about breakfast time, which was 8 a.m. Eating in bed is an acrobatic feat and I was very glad when I could have my tray set on the high bed and draw my chair underneath it as to a table. The morning passed away without dragging. One of us loaded the trays on the dinner wagon and shoved them down to hall to the diet kitchen. I never tried this job because I disliked handling the wagon, a most peculiar animal. Besides I got twice as big a meal as anyone else in the ward and took twice as long to eat it. Usually I trekked out to the tray wagon with belated trays, mine included. There

are various things that a patient can do to help the nurses. One is to supply bottles and bedpans to patients in bed and take them away again to the utility room. There are basins of water to be got for those who desire to wash and then empty. Sometimes a chap wanted a shave, when I could get out his shaving tackle and put it together and arrange towels around him to protect the bed clothes. Sometimes I would continue the process but the fellows usually preferred to do it themselves as I was not very expert at the job. At 10 a.m. I tested. The Doctor came somewhere between then and dinner. Once or twice he caught me having a bath. The first bath was in bed, tub baths being forbidden. I was very awkward and dumped a basin of water into the bed, necessitating a change of bed clothes and turning over the mattress. I learned how to make the bed in the hospital and could make a corner that would pass the supervisor after a little instruction. Beds were made as soon as temperatures and pulses were taken, after the day shift came on. I don't think the supervisor was too appreciative in finding out the patients were making the beds maybe, so I had to be very careful. Wash days were Sundays and Wednesdays. These were also the official bath days. On Sundays the nurses were given the task of washing and refilling the bedside trays. These consisted of a plate, jug, glass, cup and a kidney basin. Each bed had a set in its locker. I took this business over and spent a couple of Sunday mornings marvelling that the maid could handle the business as quickly on week days. Besides these matters there were always fellows to talk to or play crib with. I read less in the hospital than it is my custom to. Dinner came at twelve noon, followed by a snooze, bottles at 1:55 p.m. Visiting hours from 2 to 4 p.m., bottles again. Supper at 5 p.m. I then scrubbed the lockers and then the lightening garbage service of emptying the kidney basins and ash trays. I knew my way about the service rooms. At 7 p.m. we said good evening to Miss West; visitors once again flooded in; Miss West took our temperatures and took our pulses. How could a nurse take a man's pulse without allowances for an increased beat? By the time our visitors cleared from the ward at 8:30, we were all pretty well ready to sleep. I filled my own hot water bottle, did a few jobs like cranking down frame beds, opened the windows and went to sleep. I had more reaction after some sleep. Miss West watched me very closely and consulted the house doctor in case of a reaction. I had some rather terrible experiences and none approached in beauty in the first of the series. Harry's knee, being an extraordinary case, the house doctor decided to give the nurses a lesson on it. On Sunday morning his bed was moved into the centre of the ward and soon in came myriads of nurses who crowded around his bed so that those at the back had to stand on tip toes to see the business. "Was I frightened" said Harry afterwards. "I like one or two nurses, but all that gang staring at you... Boo." I was taking note of all the nurses in the hospital and came to the

conclusion that ours are the prettiest, and of course, the nicest. One day Harry's doctor came in and said he could go home as soon as they put a cast on his leg. Going home, one of the perennial subjects of the wards conversation. One didn't feel serious about it until the doctor gave the word and then time dragged for the first time since one entered the life-giving, cheerful spot. Harry was dressed later in the day in operating room uniform, complete with head bandage and very roomy white cotton socks. It was a rule of the hospital that all patients must enter the operating room dressed so, even for the minor business of wrapping a leg in plastic bandages. Shortly he returned again on the operating room chariot, with a different look gathering strength in his eye. He was going home. I think too, a deep worry was pressing hard to release, he was going home a cripple. "I'll get around alright", he said, "After this cast dries out, I can sit by the radio at home. Mrs. Shaw, have you phoned Dad yet? I thought I'd have to wait to get away until evening, cause Dad works in the afternoon. Oh. well!" The evening of the day that he got his cast, Harry left the ward that had been his home for eleven weeks. We missed his cheerful face. "Nurse, is you busy? Could you..." Hans Blake enclosed in a cast to the arm pits, his toes only free, had many ideas of what he would like to have done. We chided him gently about his propensity for nurse calling, I did a few things for him myself and he repaid me generously with tailor made cigarettes. He wasn't such a bad sort. While I was in he passed the twelve week mark. About this time Jack Kirkendale joined us with a poisoned bruise on his foot. I liked him. He is going to serve his apprenticeship on the Anchor Donaldson Line ship Mulvaria. At present he is on the Pacific Salvage Company's Salvage Queen. His sister is a nurse and is well versed in the ways of hospitals. We played many games of crib during the course of which I discovered that he had spent most of his summers at Cordova Bay below us here, and he knows our place well. Our collection in the corner now began to be known as the Kindergarten. Jack was in the bed by the door, Mr. Burgess, our teacher, in the middle, and Frank in the window bed. I closed the foot with mine. Mr. Burgess, a man of at least fifty, had recalled his youth and was as young as us. He told me some interesting stories including that of his Winter in the wilds of Saskatchewan, and of some of the adventures of his son who had spent some summers up in the West Coast in a small commercial fishing craft. I believe Jack never refused an offer from the nurses for a back rub, so that he had it done five times a day. His sister supplied him generously with candy and dainties which he shared with the others. The ladies of the I.O.D.E. visited the ward every Wednesday morning bringing gifts of cigarettes, candy and magazines. I discovered that one of them was the mother of one of my Calgary Cubs, John Ogilvy. They had come out here to live.

One night, late, Scotty arrived with several busted ribs, the result of being knocked over by an auto while he was loaded with a few drinks, we think. We elicited the story of his accident from him. He was hit by a boy, under age for driving, who was very upset, naturally, and who expected complications with the police. Scotty said "Get the hell out of here, I'll look after this" and a policeman found him and sent him to the hospital. I never met one who could better him in telling a joke without a smile on his face. He is a stoker on the Salvage King. A darned decent chap. When our friend in the other corner awoke from his after operation pains, he proved to be a very interesting chap. He was Mr. Chaplin, a retired linesman, having grown up with electricity since its babyhood. He's had many adversities in his dangerous calling and as he says, is grateful to have come through safe and sound. Now he writes stories and reads and thinks. Next to him, Mr. Myers with an operation for cataract, his bed enclosed with black curtains to keep out the light. I discovered he was a gardener. Mr. Carr arrived on the scene. He had been a farmer on the dried out area in Saskatchewan and last year he pulled up stakes with his family and came to live outside Victoria. He was chopping kindling wood with a long ax held by the middle of the handle. The extra half caught on something and his left forefinger was off, clean as a whistle. He joined our happy throng. We talked to Mr. Myers and discovered he had been a member of the Foreign Legion. A most interesting story. Shortly after Mr. Carr arrived and it was discovered that he too, had diabetes. The count grows long and lest it becomes tedious as my stay in the hospital was not by any chance, I must close it in short order. Good visitors enlivened the visiting hours with seldom passing without one or two with books and cigarettes. The family, Mr. Hansen and Ronnie, the Gibbs, the Horners, Armstrongs, Lady Lake, Miss Jones, Mrs. Gory-Wood, Alan Fraser. Frank left the third Friday, Mr. Burgess and Jack about the same time. The Kindergarten broke up. Ted Richards moved into Frank's bed. I had a wild reaction in which I knocked over the radio put for safe-keeping beside my bed. Ted was over the foot of his bed and had me back into bed in a trice. The doctors discovered by simultaneous urinalysis and blood tests that he had brought my leak point back to normal, a new discovery in the treatment of diabetes. He intends to write up my case for the medical journals. On Sunday morning he signed me out. After dinner I phoned home and they lost no time in coming for me. Meantime I was getting out of my hospital uniform into the good old garments of tweed and began to say goodbye to the nurses. Blaze met me at the car and did not know me for my smile was overlaid with that of the hospital. I regretted that I was unable to say goodbye to Miss West. She was still asleep after her night duties. A dandy nurse. Home was a strange place, I have hardly got used to it now. Blaze knows me again. I've had a loneliness for the ward.

It gets worse about 7 p.m., the hour at which Miss West comes on. I've written her a letter with my respects and goodbyes.

What a sleepy person I am, but I can feel that a successful portion of my life has been completed happily.

February 28th - My illness threw all of our plans into a heap. It appears that the doctor was not sure that I would be fit again for farm work. He has changed his mind and we are planning once again. Today Dad signed the papers to buy this place on terms that will take us about fifteen years if we stick down to twenty dollars a month including interest. My sweetpeas are all in. Three quarter acres or eighty-five hundred lineal feet, and in all, thirty four varieties planted in two days. We have made twice the speed of last year due to having Ken with us.

March 21st - Victor Goddard, being down at the Major's getting some stuff in his truck for Bill Ibertson, I took the opportunity to go down and speak to him. "Just the man I wanted to see", said Victor. He was starting his Scout Troop at Royal Oak and wants me as his Assistant Scout Master. The boys led by one of Victor's old Sidney troupe boys, Holton, came to him of their own accord and asked him to form a troupe.

April 4th, 1935 - We have taken over the Barton's place in their absence. The Major was ordered off his place by his doctor because he didn't get better. They are boarding with a friend in Esquimalt. We miss them, you can bet. The padre goes on about the same in there. Now Dad has the two places. We have Wong back with us again. He and Ken are reducing the wood pile into stove pieces.

April 25th - Our troop was invested by Commissioner Wise at Royal Oak. A simple impressive ceremony with the promise earnestly taken. A good start-off for the troop.

April 27th - I notice that the sound of the fire while we were burning rubbish down by the Bartons had become fierce and starting off to investigate I was met by Wong. "Bossie-man, you come.. Sack, sack,". I 'comed', wet sack in each hand. Wong followed after, his efforts of hurry comical and clumsy. I struck the fire opposite to where Dad was endeavouring to stop its attack on Touets' woods. It was off for the Barton's garage and chicken house. I believe I've never encountered such heat. I stopped the fire's progress toward the garage. Meanwhile it

blazed furiously for the chicken house. It was into the tender bracken and would not die for a flailing sack. A maddening wind swung all around the compass. First causing Dad, and then myself, to call aloud to God to help us. The sacks rapidly dried. Wong carried water in pails. The wind dropped in answer to our prayers and I met Dad with the fire more or less beaten out on its edges. It had caught a pile of cedar rails that had straddled Touets' fence and these sent out a great crackling pillar of flame and smoke. Dad had torn down the fence and we stopped the flames from running up the rest of it with Wong's water. The embers in the bracken sprung into a blaze with the least breath of wind. We were kept on the tear with our sacks. Then I started off for water with pails. The Barton's greenhouse supply could not run fast enough to fill our four pails. Wong discovered Touets' slough as a source. "Large water, heep good". Good idea, Wong. "That water gooda eata?" "No, one minee". And he started off up to his shack for a drink of water, ambling faster than usual. By sack and water we stopped the spread of the menace and then commenced sousing the grass around. I was ordered to start the Barton pump and I was trying to find its driving belt when Ken arrived home from town. He knew where it was hanging. He changed his clothes quickly and used the water to beat the fire where it had blazed furiously in the piles of cedar rails. The tension eased. Shortly it was all over but watching the embers. What a day! Dad was badly burned on the face and hands. He must have suffered some terrible moments before he got sufficient force on to quell it. Even one so habitually careful of fires, as an ex-parks superintendent, cannot be too careful. It all started from a fire that was "out"!

May 24th - Coming in late tonight with the milk and Blazey, the night dark and no moon, Dad told us that Wong was working out in his little garden behind his house. He was gathering lettuce for his friends on his trip to town tomorrow.

May 26th - We had a scout meeting that night, being Monday. Victor proposed to drive the boys in afterwards to see the display of fireworks in Victoria. I suggested that the parents would not know where their boys were and it was dropped. After the meeting we held our first court of honour. The middle of it was interrupted by a chorus from without and we rushed to the unglazed windows to watch the distant rocket. They burst into every colour. Some floated long in the air stationary to our eyes, some five miles distant. "They've got a parachute" said the boys outside, who were climbing all over a pile of wood and an old fence in an endeavour to get the best view. So we saw our fireworks after all, in a way.

June 30th - We call it a real rain if it manages to wet the ground under our cherry trees. We've not had one of that ilk since the night before Easter. The crops, especially those up Peninsula, look very meagre and the strawberry fields smell like jam factories when we passed them up by Butchart's Garden. Today we had another of the maddening little spits of rain that we have been having and when it stopped Mother and I set out to get strawberries for the evening meal. It began to rain again. We got under a cherry tree for sure shelter, amusing ourselves with eating the Royal Anne cherries until the rain should be over. But soon it began apparent that the tree was no tent to keep out this rain. We made a dash for the house, arriving soaked and Blaze shook himself off as if he had been in for a swim. We've been treated with two showers of this magnitude today.

July 10th - Rain we have had in plenty during the past week, in fact we had began to wonder if Winter had descended on us, so heavy was the downpour. If it had not been for the splitting of the sweet cherries, we should have been unmixed in thanks giving, as it is it has destroyed one of the few remaining crops of our neighbours. So it is with farming, you must be fond of the life indeed, to bear with its disappointments. It is now calm evening. Mount Baker, flushed with the first faint pink of sunset, rises fair in the distance against the mist with her chain of dark children. In the stillness a bird calls. It is a joy. Paul, the cat, passes under my window, mewing to her black kitten, which follows, ready to disappear in a moment. It is so wild that we seldom get a glimpse of it. I hear a car in the distance, surely half a mile away on the East Road. We are very quiet, even the leaves are resting. Ah, there is a little puff of breeze, cooling the evening. Mt. Baker becomes more and more like a shadow. Pinks give place to blues. The earth is settling to slumber.

September 11 - Eric Munn, he was afterwards Bishop of Caledonia, came almost unexpectedly to stay with us. He is taking his vacation from his Indian mission at Lytton. We were very lucky to have had him. A fine chap in every way. In addition to his life here, he saw Butchart Gardens, the Cathedral, took a drive around the fringe of the Peninsula and enjoyed Father Smith's homely sermon. He is now off to stay with another priest at Tofino, on the West Coast of the Island. It was very good for us having such an influence in the house.

I also note that the picking of the sweetpeas in seed had passed its peak. Which is as well as the skies had haze today and there is a feeling of rain in the air.

We have been very fortunate having the services of the Nicholsons, father and son, experienced pickers.

November 23rd - The United States is opening regular air service to China across the Pacific. A clipper plane landed today in Honolulu with its load of mail. It must be quite a sight seeing her flying. It won't be long before we are within two days of England. That will make Vancouver Island.

December 8th - Blaze took me on a very interesting walk this afternoon. We went down to Cordova Bay and walked along where the railway has been eating itself. The Peninsula's last line is being hauled in, rails and good ties. I decided to explore the shallow ravine that leads up to the middle of Gibbs' place. And after considerable trouble to Blaze, we broke through successfully. We came homeward through Touet's & fortunately met him and a friend. Fortunately, because he began to tell me little bits of history of the land around hereabouts. The Bartons' barn which he built, is forty-seven years old and still stands because it was built with burnt cedar logs. When a boy, he cleared out the black swamp land of the Bartons' place. They used to shelter their cattle under the Arbutus tree where the road now passes. The Indians used to fight and camp where Touet's place is at Cordova Bay. He has a bucket full of arrow heads he has ploughed up. There is an old Indian Chief's grave there. Touet went to school as a boy for six years over an Indian trail. He brought his milk out to the East Saanich road by the path or road through the Bartons that we were standing on. He said it used to be an Indian trail joining Cordova Bay and Beaver Lake. Salt to fresh water. In the parkland beautiful view of Mount Baker and Mount Rainier, he has found five circles of stone where the Indians roasted deer whole. On the other side of the ridge, beyond Bartons, he discovered some old trenches dug for what he knows not, except that they were dug longer ago than it has taken a tree of five foot diameter to grow, and the land could not have been timbered then, for the tools of the Indians were not good enough to uproot heavy timber to put a straight trench in the ground. He promised to take me some day to see these. So Blaze's Sunday afternoon pestering took me on one of the richest walks I have ever experienced. Oh, they made some mention of a great Indian battle fought here, two, three or four hundred years ago.

May 12th - On Sunday the Vantreights very kindly took us in their launch to Cowichan Bay to see the Indian canoe races. With Jim Amos and Don Vantreight, I sunned myself on top of the cabin while the launch moved at cruising speed up the Arm.

At last a very curious outfit overtook us. Underneath it was a launch with several Indians. On the top of the cabin there projected several feet ahead and astern of her carrier, was an inverted war canoe glistening in bright paint. Close beside it were roped two smaller ones and astern of the launch came two others of this warlike craft, their heads high and their sterns almost under water. At last, with a great effort, this ensemble passed us and the man at the controls stuck out his tongue to show what he thought of us. But Don had gone below and standing idly by the throttle, he ^{?inconspicuously} introspectedly advanced it from a notch of his father's choosing. We passed the Indian quite easily then. We arrived at Cowichan Bay at two o'clock, the time set for the start. We had time to run out and hoist in the anchor two or three times until the boat found a place to its liking. Meanwhile we exchanged a few blunt words with a large neighbouring yacht that was drifting. At length, two of the war canoes took to the water for practice and others joined them to about the number of eleven. There are eleven men to a crew, the boats are fifty feet in length and not two feet in beam, being cut from a single cedar log with the exception of the stem and stern pieces. They are brilliantly coloured, the paddles even more so, the preference in the latter of red, white and blue being evident. One of these boats in action was a very effective sight. At length the craft were seen lining up at the start half a mile down the shoreline. A puff of smoke, the paddles dipped. On they came, going all out, racing for the turn. The craft rocked slightly rather vibrated, and the paddles dipped as one. From the steersman, a word. The blades flashed over the craft and the paddles resumed their effort on the opposite quarter with renewed strength. It was grand to see the paddles lifted high, dip into the water, flash back and lift again in unison. Saanich No. 5 took the lead and those behind came Stellamararis; two or three men behind came the Rainbow and Salmon Arrow. Not an ounce of energy was spared. That first turn lined them out into the order which they finished the three mile race. Four times they passed us straining as hard as ever but hard as a crew would try to gain another notch they could not alter their places and they continued so until the end. It was a sight worth watching.

May 24th is illustrative of the problem of finding work for a young graduate engineer. Ken is still with us. He has made sure that all is right with his superiors. The fact is, the government is reorganizing or house cleaning and in the throes of this task regular work is not looked after. So Ken watches the telephone and mail but says little and helps us outside. This week he gave us a great lift with the sweetpea hoeing and the place is in good shape.

That same day I noticed something which might show the condition of the Peninsula in those days. People may look back with some envy in a few more years, even now. Blaze and I took another Sunday afternoon walk today. We have discovered another beautiful place in the woods. Beyond Touet's lookout seat and over the cedar fence there is an open path. Blaze squeezes under and I climb over the fence. Birds entice me into the unordered glade that lies beyond. I was a bird watcher and loved it. Some years ago the ax and saw were busy in this part for there are old trails winding about at frequent intervals of flat-topped stumps half concealed in the willow clumps that have grown up since that day. Today the air was charged with the very pleasant smell of a new growth on the conifers. There is another way home from this paradise that takes us through the depths of the deep forest. Here is a bit of a contrast. This day is a statutory holiday for the 24th of May, once known as the Queen's birthday and now as Empire Day. But though our ears could not escape the sounds of holiday which come some blatantly as the roar and coughing snore of the sea fleas racing on Cordova Bay below us and other sounds introspectively as the movement of traffic on the two main roads in the distance, our attention was to the hoe and land, a farmer's holiday.

June 6th - We three spent the day putting straw underneath the strawberry plants. This afternoon has been oppressively hot, so hot that though I had discarded shirt and singlet, I streamed perspiration from every pore. I had no doubt that Dad wished his shirt anywhere but on his back, but custom and dignity are a fence with iron points on it. Tonight we had a rare thing in these parts, a thunderstorm. Blaze has been barking fiercely at what he imagines was somebody knocking at the open door and rather puzzled when he gets there to find the bird has flown.

June 6th - Our Royal Oak Troop's first Scout Rally in competition. While we were waiting for the march past to begin, I spotted an Oak Tree over our heads and we marched therefore each with an oak leaf in his hat. We hadn't the slightest notion we would do any more than place a few honourable mentions, hence our joy was great when we carried off the second class first-aid. Then toward the end of the afternoon we found ourselves tied for the lead with the Cadboro Sea Scouts. Four troupes were gathered in a knot and the map reading competition was the deciding factor. I had more confidence in our Monkton's ability than he himself. He is the son of an engineer and I had seen what he could do in a couple of visits he paid me. It was a long drawn out test but at last we gathered to hear the winner of the day. Major Hunter held the silver cup in his hands. "The cup goes to" and he looked at Sidney, St. Marys, Cadboro Bay, all around the horseshoe, "Royal Oak".

Our boys forgot themselves and cheered with the rest till we suddenly remembered our manners. Thus, unexpectedly, we are supreme in the district's competition.

Since I've mentioned Ken's problems in finding a job--June 9th, at last comes Ken's telegram. He is to drive a car for the government, to Golden. He is pretty happy. He was going back to the Big Bend Highway, where he would be in charge or something.

June 24th - It is scarcely a week since our last rain. It was an everlasting rainy spell. We could not hoe the ground and kill the weeds. The strawberries were ripening all covered with dirt and mushy. The cherries had developed a new fungus disease called ground rot due to the moist conditions, and this was spreading from sweets to sour. The heavy dull feel of the atmosphere made us feel extra venom in our remarks about the weather and we definitely said that we could now do without rain all summer. Then the skies cleared and the days grew blazing hot. We've been picking hard in the strawberry patch and cramming the spare moments with hoeing. It seems as if an age has passed. A very hot age. The strawberries are beginning to crackle in their leaves and the berries are smaller. And we say we need rain. It is only too true. If the hot spell continues we will have very few more days of strawberry harvest. And they are sad farmers that bring their berries to the Association's shed. Here we have a whole month's sun in a week by the calendar. You should see what a fine brown back I've got myself.

July 9th - Today at dawn is clear and with the Nicolson's picking too we finished the tremendous crop of Royal Annes. The sky began to grey and a bank of cloud began to come up in the West. Much of the picking was in the tops of the trees and a rising gusty wind was very annoying. Poised delicately on the topmost rung of our tallest ladder I suddenly heard a burst of rattling leaves. The branches would rush past in a bewildering fashion and a most disconcerting push on the rear from an inconvenient bough to windward, would nearly upset the physical as well as the mental element. It is the Bings that we are worried about now. We picked a crate underripe tonight. Dad is hand-sorting them on the kitchen table while I write.

July 10th - It rained, a tremendous storm.

July 11th - More rain. Goodbye to the Bings.

We took our boys out to camp out at Sidney under Freeman King. They were in excellent spirits in spite of the rain.

We had a great time with our boys. We were not doing much owing to the rainy weather. We had a great time the day before when a Millionaire had taken the lot on his yacht to San Juan Island. Each boy had ten minutes at the wheel and the youngest ones amused themselves shouting messages to each other up and down the voice tube. We had a game of baseball and then a successful campfire, arriving home at eleven thirty.

July 13th - Greatly to our surprise and joy the rain did not split up the Bings to any great extent. Due probably to the lack of bright hot sunshine, while the cherries were wet. Today has been a busy day. We picked and sorted seven crates. A new disease of mould, ground rot, has got into the thick clumps. We are having to examine scrupulously every cherry and throw away the least sign of infection.

August 15th - We finished picking the sweetpeas.

August 17th - We made a bee of it and picked the last of the Olivets, getting it 4527 pounds this year.

August 19th - It looked very like rain this morning so we started to rush in our supply of split firewood that has lain drying in the courtyard all summer. I always liked this job, there is a satisfaction in each stick that is safely put away and is not slow work.

August 28th - We were invited to a big pink tea at the Plaskets'. The company proved exceedingly good and apart from the fact that I was melting in my heavy harris tweed, I certainly enjoyed myself. We met Captain Torrible, who captained a steamer on the Yangtze Kiang and an interesting man I found him. He had been taken once by pirates and that with a British gunboat on either side. "What can I do?", he called to the Naval men. "We can't blow you up", replied the perplexed Commander and in the end accompanied them to the next landing where the pirates disembarked with a swag, I suppose.

1937 - February 4th - The weather is beyond bad temper. From the 29th of December it went below freezing. Not long after, it snowed. Since then the snow has not left us. We rise late in the morning, look out of the window and decide to do some carpentry indoors, but work at a debate or speech or talk to Mother and find ourselves put to work on chores. We have found no difficulty discovering work indoors to do, we have caught up with carpentry beyond our dreams. We have been fortunate in being given the contract to grow sweetpeas for an English firm, which is in itself a great honour outside of money returns.

It is a prize-winning firm and we will not spare ourselves to produce a good seed for them.

February 14th, 1937 - I see a mention of our Royal Oak Speakers' Club. They used to meet in the Womens' Institute Hall and Mr. Carris was the teacher. Mr. Carris was the Postmaster at Royal Oak.

A description of the entertainment we had at the W.I. Hall. Just before February 14th. The highest point in our speaking year was our debate on "Resolved that homework should be abolished on the school administration." Mr. Brydon, the School Board's secretary, had drawn one from the hat. His supporters were Patty Holten and myself. Against us we had Mr. Hunt, John Monkton and Herbert Oldfield. We drew the affirmative. Naturally this put our School Board leader in a rather tight spot, but I believe he stood very well through the shoals, mostly by means of a very light draft. This speaking before an audience is a fence that terrifies us fillies, but a fence that must be jumped and jumped in style. For our liking we made a fair job of it and the audience applauded. The judges, who were only two in number, debated long over the decision. One of the judges had been attending very meticulously to points such as quotations, mannerisms, authorities etc., while the other had sat back with his hands in his lap and listened to the general effect. It was the latter who pulled for us and in the end, at least figuratively, they tossed a coin which gave the decision to us. One of the greatest rewards in debate is the blessed sense of relief when the assignment is through and done with.

February 25th - See the doctor. Tomorrow I am to go on the new ...zinc enzyme which promises to relieve me of all the most irksome of my restrictions. However, we will not know what we gain from it until we settle into a steady stride in two weeks time.

March 14th - Our Royal Oak Scout Troop did splendidly in a district swimming gala at the Crystal Gardens on Friday. For some years the District has had a swimming shield, I believe. I believe it was presented in 1916. So far little annual shields on it have had their names. There never has been a swimming gala. St. Mary's of Victoria had the happy idea of using the shield this year. Following our principle of taking a shot at it, Royal Oak put a man into each event, even those for sixteen years and over, in spite of the fact that we have only one member of that age. But we did nobly even in that class. Some of our chaps had to race the whole three races they were allowed as a maximum as we only had half a troop, twenty one members. We pushed St. Mary's very closely ending up with 39 points to

their 43. The most gratifying part of the whole evening was the way our boys lacked jealousy. They were not anxious to win the races for their own personal credit and they were not bitter afterwards about losing.

June 30th, 1937 - The last three days I have been on my hands and knees picking strawberries with the other pickers. No relief. The pay is wretched. There is a full return in humor. As you pick, your fingers become dyed with the juice of the strawberry. I left the trusses of berries in the straw with those same fingers. I find myself diving through the mass of leaves to pick my own fingers. Keith, picking in the next row, dissertates on the attraction of the berries in the adjoining alley. "The berries there are bigger. Yes she wastes time reaching over. You see the tresses mostly start on my side. Its the centre of a plant in no man's land. Probably the fellow in the next row will miss that big berry and that will be too bad, so I'll pick it." Stan brought out a friend from the city on Monday who had never picked strawberries before. Here, I state an object of making a \$1.50 that day. Stan soon pointed out that he wasn't picking his plants clean. Dad told him he would have to get all the hulls off his berries. About ten o'clock he began to ask what time it was. His rate of progress was pitiable. He changed his stance and sat on a big strawberry. Sitting, in a strawberry patch! He began picking his berries with the hulls on, taking them into the shade and lying out at full length while he hulled them at his leisure. He enticed Keith into the same ways and they talked and talked. He had a droll sense of humor as beguiling as a mermaid. At two o'clock he was genuinely upset when he learned it was not approaching five. His fingers ached and his knees were no longer tenable. He ceased to work, stood up and talked. The other pickers were becoming conscious of hardships similar. The day was hot. Stan reproached him with eating strawberries. A babble arose in the strawberry patch. A stern voice of my father came across the field, bidding him to at least not keep the others from picking. He was good enough to be quiet. He ended the day early having earned the grand sum of forty-five cents. Since then he has occupied himself with retailing about town the hardships of strawberry picking. Yesterday Stan found it was impossible to get any of his friends to come out with him. All had their bikes broken or other engagements.

I found a very funny story in here, told me by Mrs. Beales. She was one of our neighbours on Haliburton Road. About how she got Daddy ready for church but he goes to sleep in the sermon and one Sunday his mouth opened and his false teeth fell out and scooted away underneath the pews. She had to get down and look for them and the boys started to snicker in the back of the church. Mr. Oldfield,

(this was St. Michael's Church, and he was the Warden)--Mr. Clarence Oldfield. He saw the teeth just lying in the aisle and he walked up the aisle to look at the window to see if it needed opening and came back. He dropped his handkerchief on his way up, over the teeth, and on his way back he picked up the handkerchief and handed it to Mrs. Beales, containing the teeth. Mr. Oldfield was a very kind man. He was, afterwards, chairman of our, what was later called the Board of Variance. It was called the Zoning Board of Appeal.

Another story of Mrs. Beales - July 1st - At the Association shed we met old Mrs. Beales. She was telling me that her strawberries aren't so good this year. Very few berries. "But I've got a very splendid Chinaman. He hunts them like fleas."

June 4th, 1939 -- The King and Queen have come and gone and we have seen some important days in our lives. The Royal Flotilla came to Victoria on the evening of last Monday, May 29th. Our Scout Troop was engaged in lighting the first of the chain of beacon fires that led from the headlands of Victoria to welcome the King and Queen. Victor was in charge. We had an enormous pile of gumwood, fir made ready. The ships came into view, two destroyers, the Princess Marguerite and two more destroyers steaming in line ahead. One of our number climbed aloft with a five gallon can of kerosene and splashed it about, a good portion going onto his shoes. A cub from the Cadboro Bay Pack stood waiting with a long oil-soaked torch, nervously expecting the word to thrust it flaming into the pile. Officers cautioned the public back, but most of them were too brave to move far. At last we judged the King could see our welcome and gave the word. The cub lifted the torch manfully, had to be assisted by one of us, and the pile took fire with a burst. When the King passed in the Princess Marguerite the beacon was belching furious streams of smoke-laden fire sixty feet into the air. We raised our voices in a cheer that carried to the ship and to our surprise received an answering cheer. Next day we took our troop to town on bicycles, making a scout camp at Beacon Hill Park, our headquarters for the day. We lined the street on Fort Street but were disappointed because the King and Queen drove by at quite a clip being late for a luncheon and radio engagement. We were equally unfortunate in the afternoon at the presentation of the Navy Colours. Sailors heads got in the way and the public broke into our enclosure. We tried to use our fence for a grandstand and parts broke with a crash and a cry, every other minute. Next day, Wednesday, we were at last rewarded by a full and satisfying view of our King and Queen. The Royal route to the docks was known and the Scouts and Cubs massed on Dallas Road and Beacon Hill Park, when from behind, of course, the Royal Car came into view we raised our hats on staves and gave them the cheer we had kept in

imagination for years just for the King. We couldn't cheer the day before on duty lining the route. Now our feelings burst forth. Both King and Queen waved vigourously at us and slowed their car down to a crawl. When the Royal Car had been lost to sight we looked at one another with joy and satisfaction in our eyes.

Ken had gone back to the Big Bend, when he received an offer to go on reconnaissance on the projected and much discussed Alaska Highway. He is highly honoured. We supposed it is the aptitude for location that he showed on the Big Bend that has led to this. He came home, revised his outfit for pack train, and left with his party, led by Mr. Lamark, by boat for Wrangell, Alaska. From there he will go by river steamer into Telegraph Creek. His party will explore the possibilities of Findlay River Country.

The war broke out while he was on this trip on the Rocky Mountain Trench. They half starved because the game on which they had been counting for food was simply missing. The Indian hunters could find none. When they got home Ken joined the R.C.E.