

My Trip to Labrador
by Helen L. Fogg

*I know of nothing better to give you
than this book in which you will jot
down all that is interesting and
instructive.*

*From your loving
Grandmother*

Written during the summer of 1925
Transcribed by Susan Robinson in 2015

June 18, 1925 - On board the SS. Home at Lark Bay, Nfld.

At last we are at a place that is neither rocking furiously with waves dashing over the deck nor on a train filled with dozens of shrieking children. We are waiting for the wind to go down before venturing out as it is frightfully rough. The trip as far as North Sydney was uneventful judged by the light of what has happened since. We left the North Station at seven o'clock Sunday night and I immediately discovered a Marion Hopkins and three dumb nurses who are coming up. The nurses had lost two boxes of drugs and they could be heard all night discussing the matter – whose fault it was, what they would do now, etc.

Monday morning we got off at McAdam, Maine for breakfast and then at St. John, N.B. we had to change trains which caused much excitement with the baggage. Fortunately we have some boys along with the most divine dispositions who look after everything for us. After two more changes we got on the sleeper for North Sydney along with the Minister of Labor who was on his way to arbitrate the miners' strike. Tuesday we spent the day at the Hotel Albert where the main excitement was the last tub bath which we will have until September. There was a pouring rain so we sat on the piazza and listened to the natives around about the strike. We had a hilarious supper and then started for the boat the S.S. Kyle.

When we got there it was full up and the steward said he could fix up the music room for us. Dr. Trimble and I wandered around the deck to watch them pull up the anchor, etc. It was raining and the sailors all had on their rubber uniforms which were shiny and slippery. They all had the most powerful, almost tragic faces but all were splendid looking. We stayed on the deck for a long time while it got rougher and rougher and the waves began washing over the deck. Sailors were running around and the lanterns were swinging in the wind. It was awfully thrilling when we passed a fishing schooner that was trying to make the harbor. I didn't dare go into the music room where it was stuffy and where the other eight women were stretched about in a limp condition. So at the suggestion of one of the sailors, I went into the galley where there was a fire and good air and as clean as a whistle.

I sat there and slept and then talked to the sailors who came in to get tea. They were all stunning and with the most wonderful smiles and rosy checks. Almost all of them said "This is a hard life" and I guess it is. Some of them were sea-sick. They said it was the worst night they had had since January. The waves were washing up over the deck so that I couldn't get back into the saloon as I sat on until half past five when the cook arrived. Then I staggered in and several of them were

still being sick. Goodness knows what it must have been down below where people were piled three deep.

We landed at seven and then had a frightful time between the customs man who insisted on opening every piece of luggage, and trying to save seats in the one first class car which was rapidly filling up with women with babies. One woman alone had five. By noon we got started jammed in as tightly as we could fit. One baby across the aisle began crying so I took him to give the mother a rest and he stopped immediately. I was as proud as punch. We had fresh fish for lunch and supper and arrived at Curling in a terrific storm. More trouble with baggage and then the nurses wanted to stay at a hotel for the night as they were sure the boat wouldn't go out. All our suitcases had gone down to the boat but we trailed over to the Davis Hotel. Downstairs it was full of men smoking and playing cards and of all gloomy structures it was the worst. It was clean enough after a dingy fashion and smelled of everything under the sun. We drank some powerful tea and ate some bread and paid our fifty cents which was the price of the room and then went to bed. I took my dress off, put on my coat and wrapped myself in my steamer rug and lay down on the outside of the bed. A forlorn cow began to moo and the whole building shook with the wind. We had been in bed about two minutes when Dr. Trimble came up and said the Captain said we had to get on the boat that night. We staggered down through mud inches deep in a cutting gale and got aboard.

Seven of us slept in bunks in one half of the dining room. In the other half separated by a red curtain were seven men. There are 35 first class passengers sleeping in a boat built for 10. This boat is only 120 tons and seems like a row boat. This morning I induced the first mate – a lovely, fat, rosy, merry soul – to open the hatch and let me into the hold to get out my rubber boots, etc. Now I am comfortable and don't care what happens. We will probably wait here for several hours as it is.

Night. A very rough afternoon. Sat on the top deck and thus avoided being sick. Sat by a girl returning home to Bonne Bay after 2 ½ years. She invited us to come to her house to tea. They were too sweet for anything and we ate tea, nut bread, two kinds of cakes and “baked apples” which is a native dish – a kind of berry which they preserve down here. After tea we all sang old songs and ended up with “God Save the King.” They couldn't do too much for us and when I left the mother kissed me. The district nurse had her surgery in their front room. She is an Englishwoman and delightful. Bonne Bay seemed quite prosperous and the whole town came down to the wharf to see us off. We have had many humorous experiences trying to get to bed in this place. The little steward seems to be the

only one who cares whether we live or die. He invited us all into his little place to wash.

June 19, 1925 - S.S. Home along the coast of Nfld.

A glorious calm day with the sea like glass. Went up in the bow and slept all day in the sun. Discovered that the droll dentist on board is from Lowell and has been hunting with cousin Luther. A marvelous sunset and an ice berg in the distance. Sat for a long time with some other girls and the constable who travels along this coast. Much amusement when we stopped at one cove and Aunt Dibby got on board. The cutest little old lady with a shawl over her head.

June 20, 1925 - Forteau, Labrador

Up at 4:30 this morning when we arrived at Flowers Cove, Nfld. where four of the party left us. Miss Griswell was at the wharf to meet us and she was a perfect scream – short, fat with curly red hair. We all got off on the wharf and watched them unload the freight and then said good bye to the two dumb nurses Patten and Conse and the two Mt. Holyoke girls and Marion Hopkins. In about an hour we passed close to what seemed to me to be a huge ice berg but the Captain was very contemptuous about it. We passed several more later and they were perfectly glorious with the sun shining on them. The wind coming from their direction was simply freezing cold.

We soon came to Blanc Sablon and I looked with interest at the large dwelling which was pointed out as belonging to the Grants. The Canadian border runs down between their house and the settlement Blanc Sablon which looks like a paper village beside their substantial banks. The coast is exceedingly bleak – great rocky ledge rising up with no vegetation excepting a scrubby little tree every now and then. It is about as wild as could be imagined but there is a decided grandeur about it with the ice bergs floating down through the straits.

Arrived at Forteau at three o'clock. I was so excited I nearly popped. The sick woman who was brought aboard at Bonne Bay had to be taken in the boat with Miss Stewart and I and all the baggage. The darling little steward bid me a tearful farewell and said that I had made it “real bright for him.” We rowed ashore and Sister Ferris and the whole settlement was at the wharf to meet us. We stayed down on the wharf and waved to all three that were left on the boat until it was out of sight. Then we came up here to the cottage which is a sweet little place and – on joy of joys – we were able to take a bath in a tub. We had tea and chattered

awhile and then went out to see the goats and dogs. The dogs terrified me but I put on a bold front and walked into the pen. Sister Ferris drives her own team all winter long. Miss Stewart and I went for a walk around the hill and along the one street and then we had a supper of baked beans, tea, bread and canned peaches. Sister Ferris is frightfully nice and she certainly manages everything with neatness and dispatch. I don't quite see yet what I am to do here but I am staying for a while before going to Lanse au Clair. In a way I am glad as I will have a little chance to get used to things. Lanse au Clair looked perfectly darling as we came by it on the boat.

June 21, 1925 - Forteau, Labrador

Last night I was wakened by the howling of the dogs and poor Sister Ferris trying to calm the sick woman who was delirious and alternately laughing and crying. It certainly was weird and for a moment I couldn't imagine where I was. The woman is very sick with pneumonia and Sister Ferris thinks that it isn't entirely delirium but that she is slightly crazy to begin with. A jolly situation! Miss Stewart has collapsed at present with indigestion, Sister Ferris is exhausted so I seem to be the only able bodied person around. I dash about trying to be of some service but I'm afraid I don't accomplish much.

This morning I went with Sister to see a little baby two days old and he was the cutest thing. I walked back here surrounded by five children all silent but grinning. The church bells were ringing violently and one Hattie James came to escort me to the Episcopal church where I was led up to a front seat and felt all eyes upon me. The man who read the service went at lightning speed and dropped all his h's and put them on in the curious places. I followed the service with considerable success considering I was new at it. Hattie James played the organ and we droned through innumerable hymns full of references to us poor worthless worms. However, it was very impressive indeed when I stopped to consider where I was.

The church is painted white inside and has a very lovely cross on the altar table which was donated by a "millionaire lady from the States" so Hattie J. informed me. This afternoon the S.S. Home appeared on its return trip and I dashed to the Post Office with some letters. When the row boat came in there was the little steward bringing my health charts which I had left behind on the boat. He is such a little sissy but a lamb. He said, "I had to laugh Miss, when I saw this, after you had packed your suit case so many times, too." He dashed up here to see Sister and she gave him a loaf of graham bread of which he is very fond. He was nearly left behind but he went dashing down the path waving frantically first at us and

then at the boat. I stood down on the shore and he raced up onto the bridge where he waved until the boat was out of sight. In fact the whole crew was on deck waving to me. They had only two passengers and the steward said it was “shocking dead on the boat” now that we had left. I felt just as the pilgrims must have felt when the Mayflower pulled out for England and left them standing on the shore. I was struck with the sense of what it is to be a pilgrim.

June 22, 1925 - Forteau, Labrador

Getting restless and anxious to get to Lanse au Clair as there doesn't seem to be anything for me to do here but be a kind of companion for Sister Ferris and I certainly haven't come up here for that. The poor woman upstairs has typhoid so I certainly am thankful for my inoculations although they did come in the midst of exams. The funny old woman who comes here to wash the floors said that her husband heard me singing so beautifully in church yesterday. He came home and told her how lovely it was!

Gave Arnold a lesson in reading, writing and arithmetic tonight. He is a dear little chap and so eager to learn. There is a pouring rain.

June 23, 1925 – Forteau, Labrador

Another stupid day and I have consulted at length with Miss Steward as to the best way to get away from here without Sister Ferris having her feeling hurt. I am certainly bored here and there is nothing for me to do besides tutoring Arnold at night and giving Pearl piano lessons by day. I want to get over to Lanse au Clair where I will be Master of the whole business or else I want to go home. This is perfectly deadly. I know now how some of the old chaps in Conrad's books feel when they are isolated in the tropics with nothing to do. I'm sure the tropics have nothing on Labrador in that respect.

June 24, 1925 – Forteau, Labrador

Went for a walk after breakfast along the shore with the sea roaring on my left and on my right the great rocky cliffs covered with moss rising straight up. I went around the point and thus lost sight of Forteau. I might have been alone at the end of the world it was so still and desolate. Gave Pearl another music lesson this afternoon. She can now play three hymns and I am very proud of her. She has quite an ear for music and sings gaily whenever I play. This morning the scrub woman came to the door as I was playing and said that my playing was “wonderful

beautiful.” This afternoon Maggie said I was a “shocking sleeper” when she called for me and I was taking a nap.

June 25, 1925 – Forteau, Labrador

Had a great time this morning helping Pearl’s father unload his boat. I was dressed up in my rubber boots and slicker as I got in the boat and asked for a pitchfork which I proceeded to stick into the cod in the most approved manner and pitch it up to the wharf. It was great fun and they were tickled about to death. One said, “It isn’t many that could come down here and do that, Miss.” Had a tea party this afternoon for the women of the village. They came on the stroke of four dressed in all varieties of clothes. It was too killing. For amusement I played and they sang hymns. They seemed to enjoy it.

June 26, 1925 – Forteau, Labrador

Woke up this morning with a sore throat and headache. Thought myself in for a bad cold but it seems better to night. Miss Steward left on the S.S. Home for Lanse au Loup. We didn’t go with her as we planned because it was too rainy. Went out and got on board for a few minutes and it seemed as natural as ever. I rather like the funny old thing. Had to leap from its deck into the motor boat tossing about beneath. My foot slipped and I all but went into the water. No mail at all. It was put off at Blanc Sablon. Nearly died.

June 27, 1925 – Forteau, Labrador

Cold entirely gone. Had breakfast in bed in a lazy way but it did seem good. Wrote letters this morning to go down on the “Home.” Invited to Flossie Salter’s birthday party so I had to part with a bag of figs for want of anything else. The house was spotlessly clean and we were received with great ceremony and fed tea, sandwiches, and two kinds of cake which seemed to be made without any sugar at all. Flossie wants to train to be a nurse at Montreal and her mother and sister are heartbroken at the thought of not seeing her for 3 years.

June 29, 1925 – Forteau, Labrador

Never, as long as I live will I forget this day. For dinner tonight we had as guests none other than MacMillan, Dr. Grenfell, Dr. Grosvenor, the editor of the National Geographic Magazine and Dr. Williams who writes for it and has been all over the world. This afternoon I was sitting here writing a letter and I looked out and saw

this glorious white schooner coming in. Something told us it was Dr. Grenfell but it wasn't the "Strathcona." We dashed down to the wharf after putting up the flags and got a motor boat to take us out. I read the name Bowdoin on the boat but didn't have sense enough to remember that is the name of MacMillan's boat. A man appeared on deck – none other than MacMillan himself but we didn't realize it and said "Have you got Dr. Grenfell on board?" He assured us that he did and we lept on to the deck and down into the cabin where I saw a plate with the name Donald MacMillan but I couldn't believe my eyes – could it be MacMillan that we were talking to so calmly.

In a moment Dr. Grenfell came down the stairs - an adorable little figure in the worst fitting brown suit I have ever seen. When he finally got my name through his head he said with a divine smile, "Oh, yes, Phineas Fogg." We were then introduced to the radio operator and taken to see the radio equipment which is the very latest word in perfection. The operator's name is Reinartz and he is the greatest wizard in the country in radio. We were introduced all around and shown all over the Bowdoin and then MacMillan, Dr. Grenfell, Dr. Grosvenor and Dr. Williams came ashore with us. We had tea for them and sat chatting in the coziest way imaginable. MacMillan's sister married a Fogg which provided one topic of conversation. They pretended to be much interested in what I was going to do and it did give me a little thrill of pride to think that these men should be interested and act as though I was doing something that could be mentioned in the same breath with their achievements.

Then I took them for a walk from one end of the village to the other and I had to pinch myself to believe it was true. I told Dr. Williams that this was just the beginning. He suggests Roberts College, Constantinople as the next move. He was such a droll creature, has been all over the world and so has his wife. They scarcely ever are in to see each other. We got ready for dinner in high excitement and I sat trying to remember every word of the conversation. MacMillan is evidently a great reader – they discussed Page's Letters and Main Street which he had never read. Dr. Williams and Dr. Grenfell agreed that Barrow's The Bible in Spain is the best travel book that was ever written. Dr. Grosvenor is evidently getting Alexander Graham Bell's letter ready for publication – he is some connection of his – I couldn't discover what. He is also a cousin of Taft. After dinner Dr. Grenfell made a bird out of paper whereupon MacMillan and Dr. Williams tried to do one but couldn't. Much merriment over that. Dr. Grenfell drew some picture showing how he came to illustrate his latest book.

MacMillan was rather silent and seemed preoccupied but when he talked about books or about his dash for the Pole he became quite animated and he has a delightfully hearty laugh. He said it seemed good to get down here in peace after all the fuss of getting away from the States. There were over 40,000 people at Wiscasset to see him off.

Dr. Grosvenor is a typical product of Amherst and New York. Frightfully polished but there must be brains behind it somewhere for a Phi Beta Kappa key was hung conspicuously from his watch chain. His daughter is at Mt. Holyoke and wants to go to John Hopkins and be a doctor. He has built the Natl. Geographic Society from practically nothing to what it is now.

Dr. Grenfell defies analysis. He is simply too adorable for words with his English accent and his erratic way of running out in the rain with no rain coat or hat to go for a walk. He has one of the most beautiful smiles I have ever seen.

Dr. Williams was tall with the most fiery sunburn. He was the friendliest soul, hail fellow well met and interested in anything and everything that you might say.

June 30, 1925 – L'Anse au Clair – Labrador

Well, here I am established in the most preposterous feather bed in a small but clean room which is a part of a suite of sitting room and bed room. Really, it does seem too droll. The sitting room is a unique affair – words almost fail me when I come to describe it. It has a green painted floor and walls and hooked rugs on the floor. In the center there stands a table and in the center of the table sits a doll surrounded by myriads of pin cushions with crocheted tops. Propped against each pin cushion is a post card of some sort. The predominating variety is that with a man and girl and some coy inscription across the top. There are also a few cradles sitting around. From the center beam there hangs a small Christmas tree and some glass dangling things. There is a rocking chair, a bench and a sideboard with many kinds of glass dishes. I have one trunk in there in which I keep everything and what is more, keep it locked safe from the eager eyes of Gertie. As Miss Ferris says, she is a bold one.

The trip over from Forteau in the motor boat was quite delightful. It was a L'Anse au Clair boat and there was also on board the captain of a fishing schooner. He seemed to be a nice sort of man – the typical Newfoundland fisherman. He asked me if I wouldn't like to go on board his schooner. I said that I would be delighted to go on a real fishing schooner so I went. The men were all on the decks cleaning

the fish. So I got two pictures of them which caused quite a sensation. Then I went down in the rear cabin and it certainly was interesting because I imagine that the cabins in the old sailing ships were much like it. There were seven bunks in the walls where nine men sleep. There was a stove in the middle – it was dark and hot and smelled of tar and “Jay’s fluid” which is akin to Sulpho Naphthol. The Captain’s name was Pope and he seemed to be the typical Newfoundland fisherman – serious and interested in everything you say. I was a bit flabbergasted when he asked me if I would take a little wine but I refused with as much nonchalance as I could muster. Then he seemed a little apologetic and said that when they were fishing right along and getting good hauls everything was all right but he said “When its stormy and there aren’t any fish – then it’s not all it’s cracked up to be. There’s nothing lovely about it, then.” I guess that is true enough.

There is a crew of 22 men and when they are all sitting below decks with nothing to do and nothing to read it must be frightful. His brother is the cook and after what seemed ages we were summoned up to the forward cabin where I had great difficulty in getting myself in my hip rubber boots and slicker down the narrow ladder. The cabin was (where) they eat and it was in worse confusion than the others and smelled of fish. I was shown the stove, the coal bin and the pump which pumps water up from down in the bottom of the ship somewhere. We sat down on a bench by a long table covered with bread, cake and pie. The cook brought out a kind of fish chowder and strong tea. I couldn’t eat much of the fish – it was so hot and smelly I began to feel queer but by dint of will power I kept myself together and talked gaily through the whole meal. It was rather a unique situation to be supping with an unknown captain down in the bottom of a ship but it was certainly interesting and I will be able to read Conrad with more intelligence now that I have seen the inside of a regular fishing schooner.

I have been over to the school house, an old leaky cold affair but if the sun will ever come out it may not be so bad.

July 1, 1925 – L’Anse au Clair – Labrador

It might well be the first of December rather than the first of July judging by the temperature. I am sitting with a sweat shirt, a sweater, and my suede jacket over all and I am only just comfortable. I seem to have a touch of laryngitis because I have practically lost my voice – can barely make a little squeak. Well, I have gotten through my first day of school and it certainly was strenuous. In the first place there is a raging storm – “shocking bad” as Mrs. Letto says. I got to school

at nine o'clock and found all the children waiting eagerly. Someone had tried to build a fire but it was flickering feebly and the room was damp and cold. Well, we began unpacking the things and the children were so thrilled. They didn't know what was coming next and they were simply shrieking with excitement. Even the alarm clock threw them into a perfect state and they exclaimed over the "dear little clock." I felt like Santa Claus himself. In about an hour we had everything unpacked, the chalkboard, and various charts tacked up and then there was the problem of finding out what grade they all belonged to and it certainly was a problem because while I was trying to discover what little Bella Chubbs knew about the alphabet all the others would be through their various problems and clamoring for more. I was nearly at my wits end and my voice getting worse every minute. However, I have them all graded now and things will go more smoothly. I was glad when twelve o'clock came and I could get home here and get my feet warm. I decided to let them play games this afternoon and they had the more glorious time playing with the big red and white and blue ball that Harry Briggs insisted on buying at the last minute. I could hardly get them away from it. They loved to "pop" the tennis balls. That is such an expressive word and so much better than "bounce." At half past three we got everything picked up and left. I came home to regale myself with a can of vegetable soup of which I was greatly in need. After supper we went over to Uncle Frank Letto's with the Victrola. They are simply wild over it and I only wish I had more records. These will be worn out in no time at the rate they are running it. The kitchen roof over there was leaking so there was hardly a dry spot in the room but they listened with rapt attention.

July 2, 1925 – L'Anse au Clair – Labrador

Woke up this morning and found my voice was entirely gone. It was still a pouring rain and as I couldn't speak I decided to stay in bed and get rid of my cold if possible. Mrs. Letto has been most sympathetic and it took all my ingenuity to ward off a concoction of hot tea with butter in it which Aunt Jane (whoever she is) says is good for hoarseness! I have been regaled with a hot drink of red berries which was very good indeed and also some lime juice which I looked at askance but I guess it is harmless enough. Mrs. Letto has tried to amuse me with grizzly stories of how Mr. Letto got pneumonia and Gertie had appendicitis and then how some of the men were drowned when the Raleigh was wrecked. It seems as though all the things that they pray against in the Litany have descended at one time or other on the Letto family or L'Anse au Clair in general. Mrs. Letto wanted to know if we had women for "borning babies" where I come from. I said severely that we have a doctor and thus tried to impress on her the evils of the women who

go around “borning babies,” in my effort to have them get Miss Ferris on these occasions. However, they prefer their own way of doing things.

July 3, 1925 – L’Anse au Clair – Labrador

A bit hoarse but up and had another day of school which went better than the first – it seemed more organized and not so frightfully helter skelter. Mail arrived and I had letters from home, from William and David, Sue, Marcella, etc. It did seem good to hear from civilization again. Weather clear tonight and I walked up the hill and sat down and looked over the straits to the Newfoundland shore. A large iceberg floated lazily just outside the harbor. Coming down the hill I met six of my little urchins and they insisted that I come and look at birds’ nests with them so we scrambled gaily up the cliffs, I with a bouquet of wild flowers which was constantly growing larger as they kept bringing me more. They really are too sweet for anything. Then we went over by the trout brook and the grave yards where each one showed me the grave of a brother or sister. It is an almost weirdly beautiful evening with the full moon making a bright path over the water and shining on the little houses down by the water.

July 4, 1925 – Blanc Sablon – Labrador & Province of Quebec

Took the whole school on a picnic this morning and such a time as we had. At nine o’clock I started with my sterno stove, fuel, cocoa, Kline & camera, surrounded by a running, leaping, shouting, bevy of children; each child brandishing a cup in one hand and a chalky looking piece of white bread in the other. We went down to the beach where I set up the stove and dispatched Norman Chubbs to the trout brook for water. The children were much interested in the stove and it was only by sheer elbow power that I kept them from falling into the fire. After a despairing glance at the pail of water which looked so immense and the flame which looked so small, I left the boiling in the hands of Providence and went to disport myself with them on the sands. They ran and leaped hither and yon and it was utterly impossible to organize them into any sort of game. Finally the water boiled and I put a spoonful of cocoa and Kline in each cup and then the water. Some had no sugar but they drank quite happily and managed to get their faces nicely blacked. After this sumptuous refreshment I did get them rounded up for London Bridge, Drop the Handkerchief, etc. We played until it was time for dinner.

After dinner Gertie and I were going to walk to Blanc Gablon but Mrs. Letto discovered that a boat was going over so we went in that. Upon arriving there I

went up to the Grants and Gertie of course in my wake. I couldn't get rid of her. The Grants were just in the midst of dinner, but Mrs. Grant was very cordial and asked us in although I could see that she was annoyed at the presence of Gertie. A travelling clergyman, a Mr. Harrington, was there. After they finished, Mrs. G. insisted that we have some tomato soup and pudding so we did. As I was about to leave she asked me if I wouldn't stay overnight. I said I should love to but upon looking at Gertie I wavered. She evidently did not want to go back alone but she excused it by saying, "Ma's that nervous." We tossed up a coin and it came that I should stay but I knew I should feel guilty if Gertie were devoured by dogs on the way home so I decided to go with her. We went over to Dr. Butt's to mail our letters. He gave me an apple and orange and there won my heart. He said he would take us part way in his motor boat and that I might steer it. After much manipulation we got it started and sent chugging along. I was simply thrilled to death to be cruising along on such a glorious day.

Just as we were getting out of the harbor we spied the "home" steaming along at a great rate so we turned to come back to put the mail on. We chugged out to the "Home," I still steering and feeling as proud as could be. The whole crew appeared and waved gaily to me. On the upper deck I spied Dr. Grosvenor on his way back to New York. I went on board where Dr. Penny clasped by hand warmly and also the loquacious engineer. Dr. Grosvenor came down and said, "You do have the most enthusiastic friends all along the coast, Miss Fogg – everyone at Battle Harbour seemed to know you." I chatted with him and left him my address so that he can send me some of the pictures Dr. Williams took. In a moment I had to go ashore still steering and waving with my free hand. Once more we started for L'Anse au Clair where Mr. Letto was seen coming into the harbor. We turned around again and Gertie went home with him and I went up to the Grants getting there just in time for tea. We had that deadly Newfoundland breeze and an hour or two later I began to be deathly sick but I managed to conceal it from them. I longed to go to bed but no, I must sit up and listen to the radio. We got Atlantic City and then listened to a medley of patriotic airs ending up with Home Sweet Home and then some tiresome patriotic speeches. At last they suggested bed and I was thankful. Donning one of Mrs. Grant's night dresses with elaborate crocheted trimming I got into bed without further ado.

July 5, 1925 – Blanc Gablon

Got up for breakfast at half past nine after which there didn't seem to be anything to do. The Grants are frightfully nice but not what one would call exciting to talk to. The baby seems to occupy most of their time and thoughts as is only natural I

suppose. This Ed Burnell (I can't make out what connection he is) is a weak, floppy sort that grins and wriggles whenever the most harmless remark is addressed to him, and thus offered no opportunities for amusement. He buried himself in "Certain People of Importance," in the most comfortable chair in the room. For dinner we had fresh roast beef conveyed thither on the "Home." I wasn't feeling too well and didn't dare eat much. After dinner I slept until tea time when I arose feeling quite refreshed. During the evening I was able to talk tolerably naturally without that desperately sick feeling at my stomach. I didn't know whether I was supposed to go or not – not knowing whether they approved of travelling on Sunday. I judged they didn't but certain remarks flung out to the effect that it was going to be a "nasty day tomorrow" gave me an uneasy feeling. However, I stayed.

July 6, 1925 – L'Anse au Clair

Woke up this morning to find that the nasty day had materialized with a vengeance. The fog was so thick that you couldn't see more than a few feet ahead of you. At breakfast Mrs. Grant said, "Oh, you can't go to L'Anse au Clair today," but youth replied "I can." Mrs. Grant had an air of "Well, I warned you – I can't help you now." I suggested walking and Mr. G seemed to think that would be all right. I have decided he doesn't like me since in that fog it certainly would not have been all right when I had never been over the path before. However, I went around to Mr. Butt's to get him to accompany me and the door was locked. I pounded and shouted thinking he was still in bed but no answer. Soon he appeared from the direction of the village and said he would be delighted to walk over with me to show me the way. We had a very agreeable walk and I was thankful he was along. I have never seen such fog and I should have been terrified alone. Got over here at 11:30 and found there was no fire in the school house so decided not to have school until afternoon. Made two calls and then had dinner. School this afternoon and then I took the victrola and played it to Mr. Dumarey who has had consumption for nine years. I should say he is about at death's door.

July 7, 1925 – L'Anse au Clair

Is the sun never coming out to stay?! The leaks in the school house have assumed the most alarming proportions and we are in danger of being washed away entirely if this keeps up much longer! School is going quite smoothly now and I am more satisfied with it. Little Gordon Jones has a delightful expression. When I ask someone else a question and he knows the answer he giggles and says, "I knows he

for fun.” Went to see Norman Chubbs’ mother and extracted a promise from them to take cod liver oil – also from Viola and George Dumarey.

July 8, 1925 – L’Anse au Clair

A gloriously clear day. Went trout fishing after school with Henry Letto and Gordon Jones. It was great fun – clad in my hip rubber boots I waded out into the stream until Henry called out, “Teacher, you are standing right where the trout come down.” I backed out greatly chagrined. I cast my line many times and at last caught a darling little trout which I carried home on a stick in triumph much to the amusement of the whole village. There is certainly no place like this when it is fair and I guess that’s equally true of when it rains!

July 9, 1925 – L’Anse au Clair

Another glorious day. One hardly knows what to make of two in succession. It will soon be time for me to worry about the school house setting on fire. They say it leaks so badly because Mr. Tucker climbed to the roof in the heavy fires and chopped about half of it away. I doubt whether I should be equal to the feat of finishing the job. While the torrents of rain kept up we were at least in no danger from fire. This afternoon I took the victrola and played it for Viola Dumarey’s family and for Norman Chubb’s mother. She is a nice little person and most appreciative. Norman appeared today in the most amazing rig topped by a man’s straw hat which he ingeniously wedged on by turning the leather lining strip down so that the hat perched on his kind of standard. It was too screaming. Took a walk to night along the Blanc Sablon path and it was too glorious for words – I think I shall never forget it. Met a man who said, “I have a message for you, Miss,” whereupon he drew a telegram from his pocket. The third I have had to date from Papa in answer to my wire of a week ago. George Hollis and Stanley Dumarly came to night bringing some dock leaves which they picked for me. A great liner all lighted up has just gone through the strait.

July 10, 1925 – L’Anse au Clair

Not able to do anything this afternoon because of impatience to get hold of the mail. Took a walk again along the Blanc Sablon path which gave me a terrific appetite for my supper of six fried capelin, bread, tea, and rhubarb. Mail came after supper and I sat down to enjoy it. Miss Ferris has sent me some tooth brushes and two fine tooth combs. I must get at those heads but I do dread it. She wrote me a note saying she has heard that I am doing good work here. Where she heard

that, I can't imagine. That is the result of having brought a "talkin' machine," I fear.

July 11, 1925 – L'Anse au Clair

A cold foggy day so that we could not have a picnic outdoors. Had it in the school house which had been freshly scrubbed and I felt from the beginnings that disaster was imminent. I served the little children first whereupon little Herbie and Amos "capsized" their cups and streams of cocoa went over the desks and floor. They all blew soap bubbles, played games and colored and then wanted to come back in the afternoon but that was more than I could stand. Took the talking machine in the afternoon and went over to Aunt Jane Dumarly's and Grandma Wallace's.

July 12, 1925 – L'Anse au Clair

Spent the morning writing letters and post cards which Mr. Penny "secured" for me at Curling. After dinner it cleared and I went out taking pictures. Everyone wanted theirs taken and I have some killing groups if they all come out well. The redoubtable Dr. Tucker arrived this evening so we had prayers in the church. The church will be lovely when it is finished. Parson Richard designed it and I must say he did awfully well. This has been a long day. Tomorrow I must start in on the heads. There are rumors of the approach of Dr. Grenfell.

July 13, 1925 – L'Anse au Clair

Had a most agreeable companion for dinner and supper today. A Dr. Freitag who lives at Forteau and who was on his way there from Blanc Sablon but forced to come in here because of the high wind. I have eaten in solitary state for so long now that a little conversation along with the inevitable fried capelin was a welcome change. He proved to be most intelligent and entertaining. Born in Hanover, Germany, he has been all over Europe, in Brazil and the Argentine and of late has spent the winters on Hudson Bay in charge of a post and gangs of Indian trappers. He told the most fascinating tale, one after the other, but I missed more than half he said because he speaks in a low voice and has a queer accent – it is more like a French accent than a German. Told me of taking an engine for a boat down to Labrador in a boat that would hardly hold it. It was top heavy and they struck ice and fog. For days they had no idea where they were – they kept taking soundings but couldn't reach bottom. Suddenly they found themselves in clear water as calm as a pond and when the fog lifted they were in a fiord with mountains 4,000 feet on

each side of them. They were fifty miles north of the mouth of the river that they had been trying to find.

Had my first experience in delousing today and I hope it will be my last. Hereafter I shall merely stand and superintend the job. I decided to begin today on Elsie Dumarey and her mother – such a hopeless case that I realized I'd have to do it myself. I got her head well soaked with kerosene and then came the struggle to get it out. I rinsed as much as was possible in the few drops of hot water but still her hair was a sticky mess. Finally I could rinse no more and I began rubbing and rubbing but it refused to dry because of the kerosene and soap. I was desperate when Elsie said, "It's (A spider came down upon me just now) dry enough to braid now." That seemed a happy thought so I braided it in little braids and left her looking red and shiny with instructions not to go out doors and to stay as near the stove as possible. Mrs. D. said, "The heat from her head will dry it." I tremble to think of what her hair will look like in the morning. My reputation will be ruined if this is a failure.

July 14, 1925 – L'Anse au Clair

Twenty two years old today! I awoke this morning at 5 a.m. to the sound of Gertie's screams and Mr. Letto hurling a poker at two dogs engaged in the pleasant pass time of chewing each other up. Thereupon I lapsed into serious thoughts befitting the solemnity of coming to so great an age. I came to no startlingly original conclusions however and dozed off into a pleasant nap just as it was time to get up. Had breakfast with Mr. Freetog and we discussed the problems of the world. I haven't seen a paper since I've been here – someone may have declared war for all I know. He says there is alarming news of preparations for war in Russia and that Russia is stirring up China. He sees in Quebec's attempt to buy the Labrador, the idea of making the Dominion of Canada an undivided whole in the event of another war. Also, the Straits of Belle Isle will be tremendously important being the key to the Northern route to Europe. He thinks that all this country is rich in minerals too. I remember now that MacMillian said that the compass isn't true going thru the straits which indicated a large iron deposit somewhere near.

July 15, 1925 – L'Anse au Clair

The famous Dr. Mike came over this afternoon from Blanc Sablon with Mr. Butt. He came here and needs a liniment for Mrs. Letto's "wonderful bad arm" and took Gertie's temperature. She seemed to think she was ailing but he didn't discover anything more alarming than constipation. He has the most fascinating way of

handling these people and Mrs. Letto thinks she never saw such a lovely doctor. He is much the same build as Tommy Woods only not quite as fat. After he finished with the Letto family I took him over to see Grandma Wallace and then to see Mr. Frank Letto. After we finished with these we went down to the mail carriers where Mr. Butt was waiting. We had a very jovial time there and then promised to take me over to Forteau with them next week. Dr. Mike is coming back here and we are going to hold a children's clinic!

July 16, 1925 – L'Anse au Clair

Continued my activities on heads this afternoon. Did Bella Chubb and I came out rather more successfully than with Elsie Dumarey. Mrs. Chubbs wants me to come every afternoon and fix her head – meaning to wash it. Good Heavens, she doesn't want much! I am getting fat and I am so provoked about it. Everyone says I look so much better than when I came – my face is filling out and everything. Gertie says, "You looked wonderful sick when you first came."

July 17, 1925 – L'Anse au Clair

Did Viola Dumarey's head and now I am through for a week or two thank goodness. A glorious afternoon and I wanted to go up to Blanc Sablon. After I finished here I went up on the hill with Norman and George and chopped some wood for them. Went over to the mail room after supper and waited until eight o'clock for him and then I had hardly any mail. A package from Pierces only had fuel and a can of cream in it! It was sent when I left I think. Read my mail and felt very low in spirits. About nine o'clock Dr. Letto came in and Ned Wellman, Tom Dumarey and several others. I went out and sat in the door and listened to their songs, poured iodine on their many cuts and tried to solve the riddles which Dr. Letto propounded. In bed now feeling quite cheerful.

July 18, 1925 – L'Anse au Clair

Another villainous foggy day. Had a picnic in the school house for the children and now we have the remaining clean benches nicely daubed with cocoa. After dinner I put on my rubber boots and clicker and set out to walk to Blanc Sablon thinking that Dr. Mike might have a good effect on my spirits. It was too foggy though as I discovered when I got up the hill. All the stumps of trees took on queer shapes and I thought of all Ned Wellman's stories of spirits, etc. It is such a wild place, a hundred times more desolate than the English moors which have their pixies and goodness knows what else. Came home and went to sleep until time for

supper. After supper I went out and stopped in to see a half a dozen people and walked down by the slope. Ned Wellman in again to night. Also Tom. More songs and riddles. I love to sit and listen to them.

July 30, 1925 – L'Anse au Clair

It's a "shockin' ting" that I haven't written in this for over a week but I'll try to make up for it now. I must say I hardly know where I'm too. Last week was quiet with several chances for excitement that didn't materialize. The Harrington doctor went by in his yacht. He turned into the harbor as though coming in and then turned out again. Dr. Mike did not turn up – the food at the Grants kept him there so the children have had no clinic.

Ned Wellman comes over every night and stays until twelve. He is a nice boy and being neither a Letto or Dumarey he gives me some valuable tips on them all. One Sunday I left this book on the kitchen table and went out for a minute and stayed to see what Gertie would do and she came and read it before a half a dozen. She is a bad creature. I keep everything carefully locked up now but she knows everything I have and has published it abroad. She has read all my letters as well. Heigh-ho! It's all in a life time I guess. Hope she gets hold of this again and reads this.

However, last weekend was exciting enough to make up for any deficiencies in the week before. On Saturday morning I had the usual picnic and after dinner I started to walk to Blanc Sablon in company with William and Uncle Jim Letto. When we got to Black Rocks we saw where someone has been digging recently for the pot of gold that is supposed to be buried there. The story is that a Frenchman buried it there and then killed a man in order that his ghost will guard it always. This ghost may be seen around Black Rocks any night at all – sometimes with a light and sometimes without. I went right to the Grants and Robbie rushed out to meet me followed by Mrs. Grant. Dr. Mike was still there so I spent the afternoon talking to him while he chewed tobacco vigorously. He reminds me a lot of Tommy Woods not only in looks but in the quality of his conversation.

It was Ed Purnell's birthday and Mrs. Grant had planned to have tea out in a tent which Mr. Grant has magnanimously given to him for this use. Just as we were starting out – word came that the Home would arrive in a half an hour as she had just left Boney. We hurried to the tent, drank his health in port wine with the price \$2.50 on the bottle, hastily consumed some tea, sandwiches and cake and then returned to go on board the Home with Dr. Mike. I was delighted to see Mr. Renney again. The mate was not there as he has a "bad foot" so the engineer told

me. We stayed until the Home was ready to pull up her anchor and the minute we got ashore I dashed over to Mr. Butt's to get my mail. The tide wasn't low but I couldn't wait to walk way around so I went right through the water, my gray suede shoes acting like sponges and soaking up half the water in the bay. Then I proceeded to go in up to my knees in mud in the bay.

When I got back to the Grants Parson Richard was there but he left right away to come over here. I read and re-read my mail after supper and as I was just in the midst of it I heard a breezy English voice in the hall and in came Dr. Grenfell. He was delightfully absent minded and of course couldn't remember my name but murmured something that sounded like Grant. Good Heavens! I hope he didn't take me for one of Mr. G's sisters! However, we sat down and talked very jovially and he and old Mr. Grant discussed fish and the whys and wherefores of the shortage. Mrs. G was frantic as the baby was cross and she was continually rushing to the kitchen and back again.

Dr. Greenfell told about his trip around the world – picking especially interesting bits from Palestine, Bagdad, China and Japan. I was enchanted and could have listened to him all night. The Strathcona II was anchored over at the Isle de Bois and he had come over to B.S. with his engineer who had gone trouting up the river. By 10:30 it was dark and a party was just organized to look for the stray engineer when he appeared in the door. His name is Newman and he is an Englishman who came over with the Strathcona as a volunteer engineer. He looked like no one I have ever seen and he was droll beyond words. Dr. G said, “This is my old friend Mr. Grant, Mr. Newman” thus leaving out Mrs. Grant and myself who got introduced by our own efforts. Tea was spread and we ate the remains of the picnic. Mr. Newman had not found the right place in the river and didn't have a single trout. Whereupon Mr. Grant began to cheer him up with stories of the 132 he caught there the other day. At midnight they left with promises to come back the next day for tea. Mrs. G and I wrote some letters and so to bed.

Sunday morning I got a characteristic letter from Miss Criswell saying to bring the children with tonsils “if not Sunday, then Monday or Tuesday.” The afternoon passed quickly after a monumental dinner and at 4:15 Robby and I went in the motor boat back to the Strathcona. When we got alongside Dr. G appeared on deck and said “Oh, hello! There you are!” When the lights went on the night before he recognized me but even so, I wasn't sure but that I ought to introduce myself again. We went on board and into the Saloon where he talked most delightfully to me. I was thrilled to death. Mrs. Grenfell was below but all of a sudden she appeared up the stairs. She was much less forbidding than I had

expected. In fact she was most cordial and friendly. She is as tall as I and with much the same coloring and way of speaking as Cousin May Faulkner. She still does her hair in the outlandish pompadour fashion that was in vogue when she graduated from college. Much time was spent in trying to find the list of books in the bags which she was giving me for a lending library here. She apparently takes care of everything for Dr. Grenfell. A little person from Nebraska was along in capacity of secretary. I'd like to know how in the world she got the job. She came about to Mrs. G's waist and seemed as ineffectual and negative as Mrs. G was capable and positive.

Dr. G took me out to see the dispensary and said "Don't you want a tooth out or haven't you're a 'kink' somewhere?" Just as we were ready to come ashore, Mrs. G looked up to the deck and said, "What is that man doing there?" It was a patient – in fact there were four – to see Dr. G.

We sat for a half an hour in the motor boat watching a school of porpoises playing around us. Mrs. G's costume was unique. On her feet were low brown sneakers of a variety I have not seen for years. She had a strange blue silk dress on with a voluminous, short skirt which enables her to leap gracefully from boat to boat. A disreputable leather coat, three quarters length; white knitted gloves; and a hat that went down in back and up in front completed the costume.

We got back to the Grants at 5:30 and services were to be at six. Parson Richards had arrived and Mr. Newman had come back from his second trouting expedition which had been hardly more successful than the first. Dr. Grant was eager to "shoot the service off" so we all wedged in at the table. I found myself next to Mr. Newman whose elbows were constantly colliding with mine. After two bites of the first course the plates were whisked from beneath our noses to make way for the canned pears.

After supper we went out to the big store room where services were to be held. It was hung with fish nets which made it quite impressive. Parson Richards read the prayers and then said that he had been going to speak on "Love" but that Dr. G had unexpectedly arrived and so he would ask him to speak. I don't think I shall ever forget it.

The sun was setting and threw a glow on Dr. G's weather-beaten face. He read the 107th Psalm and I know the tears came to my eyes as he read "they that go down to the sea in ships and occupy their business in great waters" and then again, "Oh that men would praise the Lord, etc." His text was, "By this they knew what love is."

He used many stories of those who have given their lives for others and in thus losing them they have really saved them. He mentioned General Gordan; an Egyptian boy in the Soudan who had jumped over a dam to save the life of a baby that had fallen over; some missionaries in China who had been killed in the Boxer rebellion. He said that while men may learn something from what you teach they will learn far more from what you do. I could have listened to him forever.

On the way out he was accosted by Mr. Will Dumarey who asked him to come over to see his son who had fallen over the oars in his boat. Dr. G had promised to see a woman at B.S. but after he finished with her he would go. Mrs. Grenfell got out a list of things he might need and Mr. Newman took her to the Strathcona to get them. In the mean time I went back to the Grants to wait. At ten o'clock all was in readiness to start. It was the most glorious night with a moon and phosphorus on the water so that I seemed as though balls of fire were thrown back from the bow of the boat. Dr. G looked too adorable in a huge coat with a sheep skin collar turned way up about his head. He smiled and said, "I have been doing this for thirty years now." He told me that I should always have a compass with me when I go for a walk in case a fog comes up quickly. In what seemed no time at all we were over here and we went right to see young Will Dumarey whose ribs are not broken after all.

I went in and Dr. G showed me how to tell whether ribs are broken or not and how to strap them up. By this time all L'Ance au Clair was in the kitchen with a real or invented pain. He looked at them all and at midnight was ready to go back to the Strathcona.

The next morning early Mr. Jim Chubbs said he'd go to Forteau. I collected a half a dozen children plus their mothers and off we went looking like a lot of immigrants out for a picnic. Unfortunately I hadn't had time to snatch my camera in the excitement of leaving. We got over to Forteau and the first person I saw emerging from the mission was that odious Miss Patten who had been such an ass on the "home." I went in and found Misses Dumarey, Criswell, and Ferris and the dentist, Dr. Zimmerman. The doctors were out fishing. Well, all of a sudden the children decided they didn't want to stay and have their tonsils out so all began screaming. Miss Criswell got them dancing around in a circle in the front room but they were not to be thus lightly persuaded. Since they were firm it didn't do any good to persuade or coax. There was nothing to do but come back here.

I was never so disgusted in my life. The people here are a lot of fools. I was so mad I wouldn't look at one of them all the way back. When we got back here there

was a great fuss of course – some took my side and some sympathized with the mothers. I was utterly exhausted and too upset to have school. But this was not the end of the day.

Parson Richards arrived to have evening prayers and all unsuspecting. I went. He began with references to Dr. Grenfell's talk and from that he went on to "service" and then to people who leave everything to go to far lands. I felt that he was getting on dangerous ground. From this point on the sermon was about me and about the true spirit of service which I had shown. I thought of all the heads I had washed! It was awfully harrowing coming on top of the performance of this morning and the tears streamed down my face. I thought I'd die if he didn't stop soon. Everyone was staring at me and continued to stare when service was over and we were coming out. He came back here to the house and said, "You had a very discouraging experience this morning." I said, "Yes," and then we both changed the subject.

August 1, 1925 – L'Anse au Clair

Yesterday morning just as I was in the midst of drumming the table of 3's into the head of Norman and George, there was a knock at the door and in came the cheerful little dentist whom I had given up long ago. We decided that the vestry of the school house was as good a place as any and after moving about the Orangemen's chest, swords, etc. we fitted up quite a creditable office. The children were scared to death and three began crying at the top of their lungs. I finally got them quieted by assuring them that he had only come to clean their teeth. It was a struggle getting them to go in but after a while they went quite nicely. I was in constant terror lest the one inside would begin crying and thus scare those that were outside. However I kept up a continual chatter and played the talking machine at a furious pace. After school I stayed on until five keeping the children amused and playing checkers with any grown up that came along. Last night Ned Wellman came again and we talked about everything under the sun. He is unusually intelligent and has some surprising ideas.

This morning we started out at nine o'clock for the school house and had the usual picnic while the dentist finished up the children. He decided to leave this afternoon and go to B.S. Mr. Will Dumarey took him and I went too. I went up to the Grants with Dr. Zimmerman and sat and talked while Mr. D finished his business. There are already two men at the Grants and I think they were a little nonplussed to see another arrive unheralded when they thought they had their

allotment for the week end. I came back here to read my mail. Dr. Grosvenor sent me the pictures taken at Forteau by Mr. Williams and they are great!

August 2, 1925 – L'Anse au Clair

A gloriously warm day but what flies! I have never seen anything like them. There are at least fifty seven varieties and they are all equally tormenting. This morning I spent in writing a letter to William – striving to make it equal to his twenty page masterpiece. This afternoon I went for a walk with Ned Wellman. We went around the bay, by the empty houses and then up over the hill in the direction of Forteau. Once on top of the hill it was glorious. Not a sign of human habitation anywhere – the straits on our right and all around a low growth of spruce. The air was as clear as could be so that all the outlines were sharp and we could just make out the white houses on the Newfoundland side. We walked for about two miles and then sat down right on the edge of the cliff to watch a liner coming down the straits. Looking up we could see the Isle de Rois and the jutting points which mark the entrance to the harbor here. Ned took out his harmonica and began to play and we sat there until the flies were around us in perfect droves. No human being could stand them long. We came back by the lower path right along the edge of the water and the flies nearly drove us crazy. There wasn't a breath of air to blow them away. Tonight it was better and we took a walk west and sat down on a rock by the water. The moon came out now and then. It was wild and desolate beyond description.

August 3, 1925 – L'Anse au Clair

This day must go down in the annals of this summer as one of the most – well, I don't know what to call it. Tonight I found that my fountain pen was broken and as it had been all right yesterday, I asked Gertie if she knew anything about it. Of course she didn't and lied gloriously saying she never touched anything of mine. She admitted to having read this book and then called Parson Richards a liar for something he had told me about her. Mrs. Letto pitched in and we had a regular fight. It was simply frightful and Wilfred and Jack Wallace were in the kitchen during the whole performance. It is too complicated to set down here and the sooner it is forgotten the better. I really don't think that Gertie is quite responsible at times. They dragged Hattie into it and also Ned Wellman. They are jealous of those two because they think them "proud." Oh, I have never come across such a jug headed set of fools in my life. This will be all over L'Anse au Clair by tomorrow morning to add to the general excitement. It is really funny although it does have its serious side.

August 7, 1925 – L'Anse au Clair

This has been an uneventful week on the whole. Tuesday I started on another round of washing heads and it will be my last. There really isn't much sense in doing it as they will be just as bad as ever as soon as I am gone. Wednesday I played the Talking Machine at Uncle Jim Letto's after school and at night. I started for a walk but was stopped at Grandma Wallace's. I knew she wanted to hear the records so I came home and got them and stayed there until nine o'clock. When I got back here Ned and Wilfred were in the kitchen and Gertie with him glancing from one to the other. She soon went to bed and then I was highly entertained by Wilfred's nonsense. The trouble is that it is impossible to remember what he has said and of course it would be impossible to sit with a paper and pencil while he is talking.

Thursday noon I was out doing up Mrs. Joe Wallace's arm when Mrs. Jack Dumasque came out and said, "Have you any objections to taking a cup of tea with us this afternoon?" I assured her that I had none but on the contrary would be delighted to. So accordingly I put on my blue flannel dress and went over at four o'clock which was the appointed hour. She said, "I wouldn't go over to that house to ask you – I never go over there, you know." She proceeded to say that this is the worst place in L'Anse au Clair that I could be in and I agreed with her. I could kill Miss Ferris. We had a most agreeable tea and after the dishes were put away I got the inevitable Talking Machine to play to them.

The men came in at seven o'clock and they looked too picturesque in their rubber suits – the two Mr. D's with their flowing red moustaches and Ned with his curly hair standing up straight. They had a bite to eat and then were off to clean their fish. This afternoon I did Viola Dumasque's hair and her mother said that she would never forget all the trouble I have taken for her. I'd like to be able to believe her but she is Julie May's sister and that is a bad crowd. Viola has a plant which she says she is going to give to me when it blooms. While I was there Mrs. Dumasque came and said that her husband and Ned were going out to set up their trawl and wouldn't I like to go too. I was delighted as I was hot and weary and a run in a motor boat seemed almost too good to be true. It was glorious and when we were out a ways we came to a school of "jumpers" that were having the most glorious time.

August 27, 1925 – L'Anse au Clair

It has been a shocking time since I have recorded anything here but somehow when there had been something to record I have been too busy and at other times there has been nothing. Today I went bakeapple* picking with Ned and Wilfred and I don't think I shall ever forget it. I laughed from the time we started until we came back. We left here at half past eight and followed the trout brook and then up over the hills to the ponds. It was the roughest walk I ever took – up hill all the way and those two went like a “steamer” to quote Wilfred. When we got to the pond there was nothing to do but wade through it as the banks were steep and covered with those miserable low growing spruce that you can't possible walk around. We went over brooks, up hills, across swamps and some dry land.

The country is grand and wild in the extreme - we might have been miles inland – it is all the same after you are in two or three miles. In the distance there was a short range of mountains not extremely high but considerably higher than the Mt. Tom range. We came to one barren covered with bake apples but two people were there before us so we went on until we had walked about four miles. We found a glorious spot with those mountains on one side and Bradore Bay in the distance on the other. The sun was warm but the air almost frosty. The bakeapples were dead ripe and looked so cute and perky each on its own stem with a little cluster of leaves about it. I picked a half gallon and put it in Ned's basket and then a half gallon for Wilfred. The rest of the time I spent in laughing at their nonsense and in looking at those mountains. We sat and ate some lunch and then started for home. Ned had a galvanized pail full which must have weighed fifty pounds. Wilfred had two pails and as I didn't have a berry I helped him.

I don't know when I have had more fun and talk about scenery! There was one spot that reminded me of the Doone Valley only it was wilder and grander. When we came to the pond again Ned thought he could go through the bushes on a short cut. Wilfred's stuttering expostulations were of no avail and he went crashing through while I waded behind W through the pond. When we got around we shouted but no answer and we couldn't see a thing. W set down his berries and muttered “Hell's flames, where's he to?” After a few minutes he emerged with his pail of berries nicely sprinkled with twigs and things. Coming down the ravine by the brook my foot slipped over the side and I rolled neatly into a spruce tree which luckily was tough enough to hold me. I didn't dare move and I was upside down

* *The bake apple, Newfoundland and Labrador's provincial berry, is an orange-red delicacies used in pies, jellies, and syrups.*

so I couldn't get up. We came dashing up and both of us began to laugh so that we were helpless. In some miraculous way I held the berries aloft as I hadn't spilled one. He began jumping about and said "Hell's flames, Miss Fogg, you must be some slick. You haven't wasted my berries." He finally got me hauled out and then we proceeded without further mishap. We got home at half past four having walked eight miles and picked many berries.

Last Saturday night they had a dance in the school house for the two Letto girls and I don't think I shall ever forget it. They had benches around the room where young and old sat stolidly with hands folded watching a few couples going through cotillions and goodness knows what else. Mr. Will Dumarey played the fiddle and he was a picture sitting up in the chancel with his red moustache, beating time with his foot. They all wanted me to get out and dance so I finally did with Peter Letter although Mr. Bob Dumarey warned me that I'd have a bad time of it if I got out in the midst of that crowd. Peter whirled me though and the end of the dance found me breathless and disheveled. I sat down by Mrs. Bob Dumarey and nothing under heaven could have coaxed me out again. It was great fun though and I enjoyed it. Some of the dancing is very amazing – the most intricate steps performed with apparently no effort at all. At quarter past eleven Mr. Will stopped playing because it was almost Sunday. Someone suggested a kissing dance and then nothing would do but they have one. They got Ned to play the harmonica for it and then it began. Peter Letto came and kissed me whereupon everyone went into roars of laughter. Then I had to get out and kiss someone else out. The people thought that was just great. My eye lighted on little Sam Jones standing in a corner so I went for him much to his embarrassment. However, it ended up gaily and then they all stood and sang "God Save the King."

Monday I went up to Blance Sablon with the two Letto girls to wait for the mail boat. We went in the morning and I went to the Grants. After dinner I walked over to Mr. Butt's to take his picture. I sat and chatted with him for a while and ate poisonous looking candy. Then he rowed me across the bay again to the Grants. Then I went down and made a call on Mrs. Cashman where I ate cake and drank milk. She is a tricky baggage and he is a few degrees worse. We were all invited to a birthday party at Mrs. Walters where Mr. Butt and Mr. Grant passed heavy pleasantries. At half past eight the Home was seen coming around the point and then there was a mad dash for the boats. It was a dark, dark night and everything was in confusion. No one knew how far in the Home would come, but it was thought that she had to unload salt from one of the schooners in the bay. Motor boats were darting about every which way in the dark. The Home got along side

on one schooner and it was the wrong one. We were astern of her when suddenly with a great churning she began to back off. Alice Letto screamed and I thought for a minute that we were gone but the men kept their heads and turned the boat quickly so we were clear. Finally we heard the anchor going down and then all the boats raced to get to the Home first. I went on board and the first thing I saw was Miss Stewart looking too droll in a red tom-o-shanter. She flung her arms around my neck with a scream and then tried to introduce me to a squad of doctors and nurses standing by. She got none of the names right but nothing daunted, waved her hands airily and said, "What is a name anyway?" The nurse and teacher that came down when I did were there sleeping in the dining room again and I was certainly glad that I was going back another way.

Mr. Penney pressed a cup of cocoa upon me and although I was more than full I drank it down courageously. Captain Norman came down as cross as two sticks and demanded some cocoa. I offered my cup which he refused promptly whereupon I spoke to him no more. They were a long time loading the freight and there was such a racket no one knew what they were at. Barrels of fish were banging down into the hold, the tackle broke at one point and a barrel went overboard. Finally they were ready to start and I climbed over four boats to get to the one I was in and then we chugged off. The last thing I saw was Miss Stewart's red tam-o-shanter. It was ten o'clock by this time and as black a night as you could ask to see. Ned was running the engine and Fred and Arch Dumarey were steering. When we got around the point of Blanc Sablon Bay the wind came up and blew like fury so that we had a frightful time getting around the reef. I loved it though. We got around all right but Uncle Lish broke down in his boat at the crucial moment and we turned to go back and give them the tow line. One wave came plop over the bow and it went down like lead and the engine stopped. If another had broken over us before Ned got it started we would have gone under. I was baling for dear life and Ned was working as he never worked before I guess.

We got around and they took the tow line and somehow or other we got them in. Then they decided not to go up to the wharf in the motor boat but to put it on the collar. That meant shifting everything to a dory in the midst of a pitching sea. It was great fun and Arch Dumarey was so funny about some dried apricots that he had, I thought I would explode. The way they jumped from one boat to the other simply staggered me and I didn't see how I was every going to do it. I thought seriously of staying in the motor boat all night. Finally in an auspicious second when both boats were somewhere nearly on the same level I jumped, propelled from behind by Ned and caught by Fred and Arch in the dory. When we got to the

wharf I took charge of the apricots and they unloaded the rest. Then home and to bed, lulled to sleep by Uncle Lish's imprecations on his engine.

August 29, 1925 – L'Anse au Clair

Had my last picnic today and a gala affair it was with every child in L'Anse au Clair present. I hadn't seen as many children since the first day of school. Before I went over I planned what presents were to go to what children and there was just about enough to go around. I took over candy and apricot wafers and the cocoa. The children were too excited for words and it was all I could do to keep them from capsizing the stove, cocoas and all. They ate until I should have thought they would have died. When it came to the presents they were simply wild. The hair ribbons, knives, and harmonicas were seized upon and then taken into a corner to be gloated over. If I had had more harmonicas they wouldn't have been amiss. At twelve o'clock they left with their arms full and their faces black and sticky. I must say I was glad when I thought to myself that that was the last time I'd be in that school house with that bunch of savages. I shall have a vacation next week.

After dinner I went to sleep and tonight I went for a walk with Ned out to Western Point in the most glorious moon light I have ever seen anywhere.

August 31, 1925 – L'Anse au Clair

Yesterday I spent the whole day out of doors walking with Ned. It was the most perfect day we have had for weeks. Today I had all the children come over to the school house at nine o'clock to divide up the remaining pencils, paper, etc. and to take down all their drawings from the walls. After all these spoils were divided as evenly as possible I left with them a few last words – to be sure to brush their teeth and to take baths. They grinned and nodded their heads vigorously but as I looked at them I felt that all I have tried to do has been in vain.

September 1, 1925 – L'Anse au Clair

Spent this day in racing about in search for meats and in packing. The latter process was not difficult. In one trunk I put my meats and jars of bakeapples and in the other my fish and miscellaneous articles. Gertie and her mother were constantly around. They'll steal something yet.

September 2, 1925 – L'Anse au Clair

This morning as I was getting dressed Gertie came in to say that Ned had come to get me and my trunk to take them to Bradore. It was a gray morning and looked like rain as they were in a hurry to start. I slammed the trunk shut and threw in a few last things and then finished dressing while Ned and Uncle Lish roped them up. My suit case wasn't packed at all so I simply took everything I saw and threw it in and tore off with no time for breakfast. Mr. Will D told me it was going to be rough. I don't think he approves of women "cruising" around. However we started off and arrived at Bradore with nothing more terrifying than a shower of rain. Bradore is a queer place – there is an immense bay filled with islands where the whole population lives, and surrounded by high hills. Althouse Blair who has the store, telegraph office, etc. lives on the mainland. We landed my trunk and then went up to see Mrs. Blair. She is a native of Long Point and was a great beauty in her day but since then she has grown fat and bobbed her hair. We sat in the kitchen while the men one by one went into the store.

The Bird Warden from Paraquest arrived and we sat and chatted very amiably until twelve when the last person had finished and then we started forth again, I in a starving condition. When we got to Long Point they decided to call in there. It is the most perilous place to get into as you have to cross a shoal between two reefs. They shut the engine off and rowed through. Long Point is entirely French Canadian and Roman Catholic – quite different from the settlements farther north. It is quite picturesque with its shrine to the Virgin Mary on top of a high hill. We went to one Mrs. Legresley's and sat some more while the men went to Poles Bowdoin's store. Mrs. Legresley is a funny old French Canadian, almost totally bald and of course entirely toothless. They talk in the most appalling gibberish that doesn't even faintly resemble French. As Mr. Freitag says, you have to have the ear of a lynx to catch it. There was one of her many grand children scampering around and I did catch the constant admonition "Mlle. von apporta." At last we were ready to start and as we came near Blanc Sablan they all began to wrap up their purchases in their oil skins and conceal them under the thwarts. Mr. Bob Dumarey said, "When you get home you can tell them about smuggling on the Labrador." If I hadn't known that he is the most harmless of men I should have taken him for a pirate with his red moustache, pipe and old velvet cap set at a rakish angle. When we got home I sat down and ate nearly a loaf of bread and drank I don't know how many cups of tea. Wilfred came over and he and Fred Gaudin had it back and forth for an hour or so much to my delight.

September 3, 1925 – L'Anse au Clair

Started out this morning to say goodbye to everyone. I was at the second place when it was noised abroad that Mr. Butt was there with a young lady and two men. The young lady was one Miss Wishart who has been at St. Anthony all summer designing mats. The men belonged to a party of botanists which has descended on Blanc Sablon to wait for the North Shore. Mr. Butt insisted that I go back to Blanc Sablon with them although it was approaching dinner time and I knew that Mrs. Grant had a houseful. However, I went and there found Professor Fernald, the head of the botanic expedition and Norris Taylor who has been sent down to inspect fish. We all crowded in to the table and were obliged to listen to that foolish Taylor talk on any and all subjects that came into his head. Mr. Grant looked at me and winked. Taylor is an Englishman of the most odious sort – was in the war and wounded and now he fools around for Mr. Job who is his uncle. After dinner everyone disappeared as if by magic and I was left with him. I pretended to take him very seriously and he thought he was making quite an impression when in reality I was laughing at him inside.

He then suggested a walk to the river and so I went! As we came out of the house we bumped into Mr. G who grinned broadly. We walked and walked and then sat and he discoursed at length on religion, marriage and goodness knows what else. I led him on by a judicious word now and then, he never suspecting that I was really making fun of him. The botanists appeared on their way up the river in search of a rare water plant of some sort. After a time I said I had to get back so together we started and he said "I'll take you to L'Anse au Clair in the boat." I wasn't too enthusiastic but he hasn't sense enough to know when you don't want him. Once back at the house he shouted, "John, to Lanse au Clair," with a lordly wave of the hand whereupon there was a great dashing around and goodbyes and we set forth. It was squally and it took him fully fifteen minutes to get the engine started. On the way to L'Anse au Clair he made some pointed remarks on the cruelty of meeting someone, finding you liked them and then never to meet again. I was convulsed but maintained a serious face and pretended not to see the meaning he intended. When we steamed into L'Anse au Clair the whole population was out watching as we ripped over one herring net and then went crashing full steam ahead into the wharf. I scrambled up the ladder, he behind, and then assured him that it would be useless for him to come and get me the next day as I was going to be busy. All the people were watching with amusement and when he finally got started and left they told me that he ought to be put in the "lunatic." They have surprisingly been powers of judgment at times. Went over to Bob Dumarey's after supper for a chat and then to walk with Ned.

September 5, 1925 – L'Anse au Clair

Great excitement over the Orangemens Parade and dance which came off last night. Yesterday morning I went over to Grandma Wallace's to make a "Guess Cake" for the "time." The idea is to put something in it and charge five cents for a guess. The person who guesses gets the cake and if no one guesses then it is put up at auction. I put the clapper of my bell in it. After I finished that Bob and Will Dumarly hitched up their dog team – komatick* and all for me to take a picture of it. The minute the harness was on the dogs they went wild and such a howling and snapping began. They were perfectly beautiful though. Most of them are white and their harnesses were green. When the komatik was fastened on they started off with a leap and dropped the two men along the path and over the rocks. I dashed to grab the traces and so did Wilfred and four of us finally stopped them. I couldn't get a very good picture though because they wouldn't stay still a second. After they quieted them a bit I got on the Komatik and they pulled me along the path with Wilfred running along beside. They certainly are strong brutes to pull me when there is no snow.

In the afternoon I lay down for a little snooze and was just dropping off when Gertie dashed in to say that Mrs. Grant, Miss Wishart and Mr. Taylor were here in a boat. I got dressed and Mrs. Grant and Miss W came up and into my room. They weren't there two minutes when Taylor came breezing in. We talked a while and then went over to Bob Dumarly's. All L'Anse au Clair was out again and I could see them all grinning as Taylor went by. As I passed by him going out of Bob Dumarley's he murmured, "Aren't you coming to BS to cheer us up – we need it." I answered so that all could hear, "To cheer you up? What nonsense."

Mrs. G heard as I intended she should and winked broadly at me. They had the small boat and as usual there was a great fuss getting it started. They got mixed up with the ropes of the boats on the collar and Fred Gaudin said, "That damned fool – you'd think he had the Titanic there." I went back and talked to old Mrs. D and the rest of the family until tea time. After tea I went over again to see the Orangemen Parade. Tom Dumarey headed the procession with the Union Jack and then the others followed in straggling line with their orange robes, etc. Ned fixed two salutes, Forteau boats were arriving and everything had a festive air. I said goodbye to Wilfred as he said he didn't want to see me in the morning as I was leaving.

**a sled designed to travel on snow and ice, built using traditional inuit design knowledge. It's adapted to the arctic sea ice environment and is in common use today to travel in Arctic regions.*

After a spell we went over to Edward John Dumarey's where we had supper of tea, pies, cake, etc. Then I went over to the school house with the guess cake and took in four dollars in guesses and then it was put up at auction and went for a dollar to Ed Crib from Forteau. They never made so much on one before – I was quite delighted. I only hope the cake doesn't kill him. There was a crowd there. The men from Blanc Sablon as drunk as could be and such a stamping and whirling I never saw. Alexander Thompiss was in the worst state and I think someone dared him to ask me to dance. I refused – in fact I didn't dance with anyone. At twelve I decided it was time to leave so I went with Mrs. Will D and Ned. The Lettos had the house locked and I couldn't get in so I went over to their house and we sat up talking until quarter of five when the dance broke up. I went home then and slept until eight this morning when Mrs. Letto came to tell me that a robber had been in the house the night before. It seems that Alexander Thompiss had opened the kitchen window and put his bottle of rum on the table. Someone had seen him do it and had come and taken the bottle and smashed it.

I got up and went from one end of L'Anse au Clair to the other saying goodbye. It began to pour and Alfred Letto lent me his skin boots to wear as my feet would have been soaked otherwise. I said goodbye to the Lettos – Gertie had worked herself up into a state and was leaning against the wall sobbing loudly. I had left old Mrs. D's for the last and Gertie said, "I'll walk over there with you." I went into the inside kitchen and they insisted on giving me some tea and bread. I felt awfully to leave them. They have been so nice to be because they liked me and not in hopes of a present.

At ten o'clock Ned and I started up the hill with our oilskin on and he with my little bag on his ack. Everyone was out waving. Half way up the hill he said "Take a good look now – it's the last time you'll ever see it." The last person I saw was Mr. Will Dumarey standing waving by the wood pile. The rain and wind were terrific when we got to the top of the hill and my skirt was getting wet. Ned suggested I put on his rubber overalls and rubber jacket and I did. He had long rubbers on so my slicker was all right for him. We went without stopping until we got to Blanc Sablon and then I rested a bit. The rubber suit was heavy and my skirt tucked under was awkward. It was really a frightful storm with a roaring sea, wind and rain. The skin boots were delightfully light to walk in and waterproof. We had to rest often in the lee of trees or rocks. I should have thought he would have died with rubber boots and my bag.

At about four o'clock we got to the Bird Warden's camp and we went in there to rest. He built a fire and I took off the rubber suit and dried out by the stove –

steam coming in clouds from my suit. We talked there for a while and then he asked us if we wouldn't stay to supper. I was thankful as I hadn't had anything to eat since that bread and tea except some cake that got soaked with the rain. He fried some trout he had caught – cooked beans, made tea, etc. and thus we had a delicious supper. The fire made the tent roasting hot and I thought I should die. The rain had stopped but it was inky black and foggy and Bradore was yet a mile and a half away. The bird warden made a clever lantern with a tin can and candle and we set forth again. I was stubbing my toes on every rock. When we arrived at Mrs. Blair's all the botanists were there and Mr. Wishart. We were shown into a room with a vast feather bed for the two of us. She had previously inspected it and decided that it had been slept in before. However, we got in thinking to have a good sleep as it was reported the steamer was late and would not be in before afternoon. It didn't seem as though I had been asleep two minutes when I heard a blast of a whistle. We leapt out of bed with a bound and got dressed. There was great confusion collecting baggage and people but we finally chugged out at the cheerless hour of 5 a.m. Sept, 6.

They were ages loading and unloading freight. Ned came on board with me and then got a chance to go back as far as Blanc Sablon in a boat with Hubert Cashman. As I saw him go I had the queerest sensation that the summer had all been a dream. After the boat got fairly started I went to sleep and slept until dinner time and then slept again until supper. I didn't realize how tired I was after being up all night and then walking sixteen miles to Bradore in the rain.

Sept 7, 1925, S.S. North Shore

Sailing along the most glorious coast – high rocky moss covered cliffs like the Labrador. Along here the people live inside along rivers and come out to the coast in the summer to fish. We have gone winding in and out through beautiful islands. This afternoon we came to Mutton Bay where we all went ashore and I bought a puppy. I am told that the man I bought it from has the best team on this part of the coast. I am thrilled to death over him but I don't know what kind of a reception he'll get.

Sept 10, 1925, S.S. North Shore

The days have slipped by quite pleasantly but uneventful. Until yesterday our party consisting of Miss Ferris, her sister, Miss Dahony, Miss Welch, Miss Wishart, Dr. Russell and myself; the party of five botanists and a clergyman, had the boat practically to ourselves but now we are flooded with a heterogeneous mass

of French Canadians, priests, etc, so there is hardly a place to sit. Yesterday when we came to Seven Islands and saw two decrepit old horses and a General Store, it really seemed that we were getting back to civilization.

Sept 11, 1925, Chateau Frontenac – Quebec

Docked last night at half past twelve to the tune of whistles and horns of all sorts. I should have slept through the excitement had not Miss Wishart shaken me violently saying that we were arriving. I hung out the port hole watching the lights as we went by and listening to the whistles on the steam engines. Everything seemed like a dream and it was as though I were seeing all those things for the first time. Went back to sleep again and woke at half past six in a stifling heat. Got up and dressed and went out to have a look around. The cross eyed woman with all the children who had been in the room next ours had mysteriously vanished. In fact the boat had a deserted look. I went down to interview the cook about Lanse and he said he'd fix him up in a box and I could come back for him. In the meantime I stood over the hold watching for my two trunks. When everything was finally collected the steward shoved them all into a taxi with Mr. Thomas' luggage. For the moment I didn't realize why but I was enlightened when that worthy gentleman murmured to me, "He seems to think that we are related."

Just as we were about to start off I turned around to see Papa and Harry Briggs driving up at a furious rate in a taxi. I was too excited to know what was happening. We transferred all luggage (including the dog) except one trunk into another taxi and set off for the hotel. Had breakfast here and then started out and bought a ring for Wilfred, a watch for Ned, and had navel oranges sent to Bob Dumarey. At about eleven o'clock we came back to the hotel where we were joined shortly by Harry Briggs and his brother. They were determined that we should meet the mayor of Quebec so accordingly we set forth for City Hall where we were informed by a fussy little French Canadian secretary that the mayor was at the Exposition. However, we inscribed our names in the book containing the signatures of all distinguished visitors to the city and then walked through the private office and council chamber. Harry Briggs' brother was determined to introduce us to somebody so we went down to the office of the Chief of Police where we were greeted by a cordial, florid, official with whom we exchanged a few pleasantries before bowing ourselves out.

Back to the hotel for lunch and then Papa and I started out in a two wheeled caleche to see the sights of the city. Drove around the old city walls and then up to the citadel which reminds one strongly of the hills and fortifications in Edinburgh.

All it lacks is the castle. The view was really lovely with the Plains of Abraham on one side the city of Quebec on the other and in front the St. Lawrence and the village (or rather settlement) of Lewis on the other side. A hearty dinner of clams, steak and mushrooms, French fried sweet potatoes, cauliflower, strawberry parfait and sparkling Burgundy wine, made a great contrast to my meals of fried caplin, bread and tea. To bed after a walk on the Dufferin Terrace.

Sept 12, 1925, Chateau Frontenac – Quebec

A full day of shopping and sightseeing although or rather, in spite of a most discouraging drizzling rain. At an early hour Papa was stirring around and as he was dressed he went down and had his breakfast before me. While I was in the bath tub the telephone rang furiously and upon my answering a voice said, "We have a telegram for you Mrs. Fogg." They persist in calling me Mrs. Fogg. It was from Mama saying that she was gaining fast and that everything was fine. By the time I was dressed Papa was back here so he went down again with me.

At half past nine we started out in a sightseeing bus to "do" the city which, as little Renny used to say, "We did." We gazed at the thousand and one churches and statues and arrived back here promptly after an hour and a half. I have a great desire to revisit the Rue Sous-le-cap which is a narrow little street much like the Cowgate in Edinburgh. In fact, we are constantly reminded of Edinburg. Both cities have the hill, the citadel, the upper and lower towns in common. There is something too about the gray stone buildings that is very similar. Went again to the Franciscan Church where the two White Sisters are perpetually kneeling before the altar. Seen from the rear and from a distance they have an ethereal quality that is quite romantic. They are disappointing at close range. There were two selling the handkerchiefs and other handwork done by the Sisters.

After we got back from this tour we went to complete arrangements for the sending of the watch and ring and after buying sundry other articles we went to an antique shop where Papa bought a silver luster cream pitcher. Had lunch at the Dinner Bell which advertises itself as the only American tea room in Quebec. It was rather nicely fixed up and the food was good. Decided to risk the weather and go to Ste. Anne de Beaupre this afternoon. Accordingly Papa bought two tickets and we stationed ourselves outside to wait for the bus. While we were looking the other way one drew up ahead and was speedily filled by stout ladies and stouter escorts. The starter winked at Papa and said that there would be another one along in a minute. When it came we settled ourselves in the back seat and after a while two rather aged ladies looked doubtfully in and wondered "whether it wouldn't be

too crowded.” Upon second thoughts they got in and we were soon whirled out of Quebec through delightful little French villages. The older houses have for the most part been spoiled but here and there you see a low whitewashed cottage which looks like the row making up “New France” by Craigmillar Castle. We had no guide on the way out so there was nothing to check the mad pace which the driver set for himself.

The first thing that we visited was the cyclorama and that was really wonderful. It is all painted on one canvass and, as the guide assured us, the canvas is straight up and down with no curve and no nearer at one point than another. The perspective is really marvelous and the figures do seem to stand out in the foreground and in back of them there is an absolutely realistic sense of space. The finest part of the painting was that of one of the Arab tents and the scene on Calvary. After the allotted twenty five minutes we climbed into the bus again to go to the church. We hadn't gone far in the alley leading out to the main street when the bus in front of us broke down so we got out in the rain and followed the crowd to a new looking church up on a hill. Here was a kind of shrine and inside the Scala Sancta. I said to Papa that you had to go up those stairs on your knees whereupon he said, “Well I'm not.” There were several in the process of going up but we went up another stair way on foot but when we got to the top there was nothing but a kind of altar arrangement with life sized, brightly colored figures of Christ and Saints. Papa kept muttering, “This is all a fake – the old church was burned – this isn't anything.” On the way out we allowed it was as bad as our excursion to Peebles.

On the way down the hill we saw what corresponds, I suppose, to a curate, coming along with swarms of people behind him. We fell in with them and soon turned into another temporary church. At last we were in the right place. We kept with the crowd which had now assembled before the altar rails. The curate and a priest were inside and suddenly the latter began murmuring unintelligible words and going through various motions with his hand. When this was finished he took a kind of mallet from a bowl containing holy water and shook it at us. All this had been a blessing. The curate then pointed out the various relics – bits of bone from the wrist of Saint Anne. These were all saved from the fire and also the large gilded statue of Saint Anne. That was standing outside the altar rail and surrounded by crutches and various other things which have been collected just since spring. This was really interesting and our waning enthusiasm revived considerably.

Our last stop here was at the Royal Museum where we saw groups of wax figures representing everything from the early French Canadian settlers and the last

moments of Montcalm to the Last Supper. When the guide had completed the circuit he began “And now, Ladies and Gentlemen, I have for sale a book of views, etc. Papa had bought one of the large paintings so now he made a dash for the door and we were the first ones out. On the way back we had a guide who pointed out the house that had been Montcalm’s headquarters – an old flour mill that has been going for nearly three hundred years and various other things.

Our last stop was at Montmorency Falls and Kent House. The Falls were most disappointing from the angle at which we saw them, at any rate. They may be higher than Niagara but you don’t get the impression of great height and certainly the column of water is nothing at all. We then turned our attention to Kent House where we were to look for the staircase and the ball room – the only two things remaining from the time when the Duke of Kent was there. There were two stair cases – you could take your choice as to which was the one. We were told that the ball room was upstairs but after we got up there, there was only a moderate sized living room with the inscription “For resident guests only.” We had to pretend we had seen the ball room. Went down and amused ourselves by walking back and forth watching the tourists.