

Diary

CALENDAR 1947

To Reorder
Specify No. _____

126 / 40

1947	Jan.							Feb.							Mar.							April							May							June							July							Aug.							Sept.							Oct.							Nov.							Dec.																																									
Sun.	Mon.	Tues.	Wed.	Thu.	Fri.	Sat.	Sun.	Mon.	Tues.	Wed.	Thu.	Fri.	Sat.	Sun.	Mon.	Tues.	Wed.	Thu.	Fri.	Sat.	Sun.	Mon.	Tues.	Wed.	Thu.	Fri.	Sat.	Sun.	Mon.	Tues.	Wed.	Thu.	Fri.	Sat.	Sun.	Mon.	Tues.	Wed.	Thu.	Fri.	Sat.	Sun.	Mon.	Tues.	Wed.	Thu.	Fri.	Sat.	Sun.	Mon.	Tues.	Wed.	Thu.	Fri.	Sat.																																																																
5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31

THE
CANADIAN
POCKET
DIARY

1947

Published by
THE BROWN BROTHERS, LIMITED
Manufacturing Stationers
TORONTO

IDENTIFICATION

My Name is Geoffrey W. Bell
 Address Drumblie, Ont.
 Business Phone 113 Age 47
 Residence Phone 71812 Weight 155
 Birthday May 23 Height 5' 7"
 Watch—Make and No.

In case of accident or illness please notify

If anyone should find this book kindly
return to above address.

THINGS TO REMEMBER

No. of My Bank Pass-Book
 Driver's License No.
 Automobile License No.
 Engine No. Name of Car
 Serial No. Type
 Auto Liability Policy No.
 Name of Company
 Date of Expiration
 Accident Insurance No.
 Name of Company
 Policies fall Due on
 Life Insurance Policies—Nos.
 Name of Companies { Due.....

1947

Golden Number 10
 Epact 8
 Solar Cycle 24
 Dominical Letter E
 Roman Indiction 15
 Julian Period (Year of) 6660

2,432,187 is the Julian day number of
January 1, 1947, Gregorian Calendar.

The year 5708 of the Jewish era begins at
sunset on September 14, 1947, Gregorian
Calendar.

The year 1367 of the Mohammedan era, or
the era of the Hegira, begins at sunset on
November 14, 1947, Gregorian Calendar.

The 12th year of King George VI begins on
December 11, 1947.

The 81st year of the Dominion of Canada
begins on July 1, 1947.

FESTIVALS, ANNIVERSARIES, ETC., 1947

New Year's Day		Trinity Sunday June 1
Wednesday Jan. 1		Corpus Christi " 5
Epiphany " " 6		Dominion Day July 1
Septuagesima		Birthday of
Sunday Feb. 2		Queen Eliza-
Quinquagesima		beth (1900) .. Aug. 4
(Shrove		Labor Day,
Sunday) " 16		Monday Sept. 1
Ash Wednesday " 19		Hebrew New
Quadragesima (1st		Year (Rosh
Sunday in Lent) " 23		Hashanah) .. " 15
Palm Sunday .. Mar. 30		Day of Atone-
Good Friday .. Apr. 4		ment (Yom
Easter Sunday. " 6		Kippur) " 24
Easter Monday. " 7		First Day Feast
Birthday of		of Tabernacles
Princess Eliza-		(Succoth) " " 29
beth (1926) .. " 21		All Saints Day Nov. 1
St. George " 23		Remembrance
Ascension Day May 15		Day " 11
Hebrew Pentecost		First Sunday in
(Shebuoth) .. " 25		Advent " 30
Pentecost (Whit		Birthday King
Sunday) " 25		George VI
Birthday of		(1895) Dec. 14
Queen Mary		Christmas Day.
(1867) " 26		Thursday ... " 25

MORNING AND EVENING STARS

Mercury.—A morning star to January 23. Evening star to March 8, with greatest elongation East $18^{\circ} 7'$ on February 20 at 22 hours. Morning star to May 15, with greatest elongation West $27^{\circ} 48'$ on April 5 at 6 hours. Evening star to July 14, with greatest elongation East $24^{\circ} 41'$ on June 17 at 6 hours. Morning star to August 28, with greatest elongation West $19^{\circ} 21'$ on August 3 at 15 hours. Evening star to November 5, with greatest elongation East $25^{\circ} 2'$ on October 13 at 17 hours. Morning star for the rest of the year, with greatest elongation West on November 22 at 6 hours.

Venus.—A morning star to September 3, with greatest elongation West $46^{\circ} 56'$ on January 27 at 22 hours. An evening star for the rest of the year.

Mars.—An evening star to conjunction with the Sun on January 6. A morning star for the rest of the year. Stellar magnitude at opposition in February, 1948, -1.0 .

Jupiter.—A morning star to opposition on May 15. An evening star to conjunction on December 1. A morning star for the rest of the year. Stellar magnitude at opposition -2.1 .

Saturn.—A morning star to opposition on January 26. An evening star for the rest of the year. Stellar magnitude at opposition -0.0 .

Uranus.—An evening star to conjunction with the Sun on June 13. A morning star to opposition with the Sun on December 16. An evening star for the rest of the year. Stellar magnitude at opposition $+5.8$.

Neptune.—A morning star to opposition with the Sun on March 30. An evening star to conjunction with the Sun on October 4. A morning star for the rest of the year. Stellar magnitude at opposition $+7.7$.

BANK HOLIDAYS

Dominion of Canada only—New Year's Day; Good Friday; Easter Monday; Victoria Day; King's Birthday; Dominion Day; Labour Day; Christmas Day.

Quebec—In addition to above. Also throughout the Dominion, any day appointed by proclamation for a General Fast or Thanksgiving.

DAYLIGHT SAVING TIME

For the duration of the War, Daylight Saving Time is in use throughout Canada. This time is one hour in advance of Standard Time and the time zones are now as follows:

Atlantic	60° W. Long. 3 hours
	slow of Greenwich.
Eastern	75° W. Long. 4 hours
	slow of Greenwich.
Central	90° W. Long. 5 hours
	slow of Greenwich.
Mountain	105° W. Long. 6 hours
	slow of Greenwich.
Pacific	120° W. Long. 7 hours
	slow of Greenwich.

The astronomical data is based on the latitude and longitude of Toronto. The Standard Times at other places not differing much from Toronto in latitude may be obtained with sufficient accuracy for ordinary purposes by adding four minutes for every degree west and subtracting four minutes for every degree east of Toronto.

MOON'S PHASES, 1947

Eastern Daylight Saving Time

JANUARY

Full Moon .. 6
Last Quarter 13
New Moon .. 22
First Quarter 29

FEBRUARY

Full Moon .. 5
Last Quarter 12
New Moon .. 20
First Quarter 28

MARCH

Full Moon .. 6
Last Quarter 14
New Moon .. 22
First Quarter 29

APRIL

Full Moon .. 5
Last Quarter 13
New Moon .. 20
First Quarter 27

MAY

Full Moon .. 4
Last Quarter 13
New Moon .. 20
First Quarter 26

JUNE

Full Moon .. 3
Last Quarter 11
New Moon .. 18
First Quarter 25

JULY

Full Moon .. 3
Last Quarter 11
New Moon .. 17
First Quarter 24

AUGUST

Full Moon .. 1
Last Quarter 9
New Moon .. 16
First Quarter 23
Full Moon .. 31

SEPTEMBER

Last Quarter 7
New Moon .. 14
First Quarter 22
Full Moon .. 30

OCTOBER

Last Quarter 7
New Moon .. 14
First Quarter 21
Full Moon .. 29

NOVEMBER

Last Quarter 5
New Moon .. 12
First Quarter 20
Full Moon .. 28

DECEMBER

Last Quarter 4
New Moon .. 12
First Quarter 20
Full Moon .. 27

RATES OF POSTAGE

Air Mail—For delivery in Canada, 7c. for first ounce, and 5c. for each additional ounce or fraction thereof; the United States 7c. the first ounce and 6c. for each additional ounce or fraction thereof.

Letters—The British Empire, Palestine, Spain, France, the United States and North and South American Continents, and Central America, 4c. for the first ounce and 2c. for each additional ounce or fraction thereof. All other countries, 5c. for the first ounce or fraction thereof and 3c. for each subsequent ounce or fraction thereof.

Newspapers—Canada, United States, Mexico, Central and South America, France and Spain, Great Britain and certain British possessions, 1c. per 4 ozs. All other countries 1c. per 2 ozs.

Post Cards—Canada, Great Britain, the British Empire, France, Spain, and North, South and Central America, 3c. each. Other countries—3c. each (if they bear written communications).

Books, Catalogues, Circulars, Etc.—The rate for delivery in or outside of Canada is 1c. for each two ounces or fraction thereof. There are certain limits of weight and size.

Commercial Papers, Documents, Etc.—Canada letter rate of postage up to 16 ozs. and 1c. per 2 ozs. or fraction thereof after. Other countries, letter rate, or, in open covers 5c. per 10 ozs. and 1c. each additional 2 ozs. up to 4 lbs. 6 ozs.

Parcels—Canada, 25 lbs., Great Britain and most countries to which Parcel Post extends, limit of weight, 20 lbs., limit of size, 3½ ft. length, width or depth; combined length and girth not to exceed 6 ft.

Registered Letters—For Canada and all Postal Union countries, 10c. in addition to postage.

Weights and Measures

<p>Measure of Length</p> <p>4 in. make 1 hand 7.92 " " 1 link 18 " " 1 cubit 12 " " 1 foot 6 ft. " 1 fathom 3 " " 1 yard 5½ yds. " 1 rod 40 rds. " 1 fur. 8 fur. " 1 mile 1760 yds. " 1 mile 69½ mls. " 1 degree 60 geographical miles make 1 degree.</p> <p>Square Measure</p> <p>144 sq. in. 1 sq. foot 9 " ft. 1 " yard 30¼ " yds. 1 " rod 40 " rods 1 " rood 4 " roods 1 " acre 10 " ch'ns 1 " acre 640 " acres 1 " mile</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">Avoirdupois</p> <p>16 drams make 1 oz. 16 ozs. " 1 lb. 100 lbs. " 1 cwt. 20 cwt. " 1 ton 2000 lbs. " 1 ton</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Troy</p> <p>24 grains make 1 dwt. 20 dwts. make 1 oz.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Liquid</p> <p>4 gills make...1 pint 2 pints " ...1 quart 4 quarts " ...1 gallon</p> <p>4 teaspoons make 1 tablespoon 2 tablespoons make 1 ounce 2 ozs. make 1 wine glass.</p>
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RULES FOR COMPUTING INTEREST

The following will be found to be excellent rules for finding the interest on any principal for any number of days:

2%	—Multiply the principal by the number of days to run, and divide by 180.	
2½%	—Multiply by No. of days, divide by ..146	
3%	" " " " " " " " " " " "	..124
3½%	" " " " " " " " " " " "	..100
4%	" " " " " " " " " " " "	.. 90
5%	" " " " " " " " " " " "	.. 72
6%	" " " " " " " " " " " "	.. 60
7%	" " " " " " " " " " " "	.. 52
8%	" " " " " " " " " " " "	.. 45
9%	" " " " " " " " " " " "	.. 40
10%	" " " " " " " " " " " "	.. 36
12%	" " " " " " " " " " " "	.. 30
15%	" " " " " " " " " " " "	.. 24

SPECIAL EXPRESS CHARGES ON PACKAGES UP TO 25 POUNDS BETWEEN EXPRESS POINTS IN CANADA

		CHARGE PER PACKAGE																
		2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	21	
		lbs.	lbs.	lbs.	lbs.	lbs.	lbs.	lbs.	lbs.	lbs.	lbs.	lbs.	lbs.	lbs.	lbs.	lbs.	incl.	
NOTE.—New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island are considered as one Province.		.20	.20	.23	.28	.33	.36	.41	.46	.51	.56	.61	.66	.71	.76	.81	.90	
Between Express points both of which are in the same Province.		.20	.22	.30	.37	.44	.49	.56	.63	.69	.73	.80	.85	.90	.93	1.00	1.15	1.25
Between Express points in any Province and Express points in an adjoining Province.		.20	.24	.33	.42	.51	.58	.67	.75	.83	.90	.97	1.04	1.11	1.18	1.25	1.50	1.75
From Province of	To Province of	.20	.28	.40	.52	.64	.74	.86	.98	1.09	1.20	1.31	1.42	1.53	1.64	1.75	2.00	2.25
" "	" "	.20	.30	.43	.56	.69	.80	.92	1.04	1.16	1.28	1.40	1.52	1.63	1.74	1.85	2.00	2.50
British Columbia, Saskatchewan	Manitoba	.20	.24	.33	.42	.51	.58	.67	.75	.83	.90	.97	1.04	1.11	1.18	1.25	1.50	1.75
" "	" "	.20	.28	.40	.52	.64	.74	.86	.98	1.09	1.20	1.31	1.42	1.53	1.64	1.75	2.00	2.25
" "	" "	.20	.30	.43	.56	.69	.80	.92	1.04	1.16	1.28	1.40	1.52	1.63	1.74	1.85	2.00	2.50
" "	" "	.20	.24	.33	.42	.51	.58	.67	.75	.83	.90	.97	1.04	1.11	1.18	1.25	1.50	1.75
" "	" "	.20	.28	.40	.52	.64	.74	.86	.98	1.09	1.20	1.31	1.42	1.53	1.64	1.75	2.00	2.25
" "	" "	.20	.30	.43	.56	.69	.80	.92	1.04	1.16	1.28	1.40	1.52	1.63	1.74	1.85	2.00	2.50

Manitoba.....	Alberta, Quebec, British Columbia, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, Prince Edward Island.....	20	24	33	42	51	58	67	75	83	90	97	104	111	118	125	150	175
New Brunswick (Nova Scotia, Prince Edward Island)	Ontario.....	20	28	40	52	64	74	86	98	109	120	131	142	153	164	175	200	225
	Alberta.....	20	28	40	52	64	74	86	98	109	120	131	142	153	164	175	200	225
	British Columbia.....	20	30	43	56	69	80	92	104	116	128	140	152	163	174	185	200	250
	Saskatchewan, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, Prince Edward Island.....	20	24	33	42	51	58	67	75	83	90	97	104	111	118	125	150	175
	Alberta.....	20	28	40	52	64	74	86	98	109	120	131	142	153	164	175	200	225
	British Columbia.....	20	30	43	56	69	80	92	104	116	128	140	152	163	174	185	200	250
Quebec.....	Manitoba.....	20	24	33	42	51	58	67	75	83	90	97	104	111	118	125	150	175
	Saskatchewan, Alberta, British Columbia.....	20	28	40	52	64	74	86	98	109	120	131	142	153	164	175	200	225
	British Columbia, Ontario.....	20	30	43	56	69	80	92	104	116	128	140	152	163	174	185	200	250
	Quebec.....	20	24	33	42	51	58	67	75	83	90	97	104	111	118	125	150	175
	New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, Prince Edward Island.....	20	28	40	52	64	74	86	98	109	120	131	142	153	164	175	200	225
	British Columbia, Nova Scotia, Prince Edward Island.....	20	28	40	52	64	74	86	98	109	120	131	142	153	164	175	200	225
	Scotia, Prince Edward Island.....	20	30	43	56	69	80	92	104	116	128	140	152	163	174	185	200	250

Charges are maximum charges applying to each package. Charges under other tariffs are frequently lower and when lower will apply.

Charges may be prepaid or collected at destination except when destined to non-agency points, when charges must be prepaid.

Packages called for and delivered free within cartage limits.

Receipts given and taken. Delivery can be proven.

Express receipts for packages moving under this special tariff include protection against both Loss and Damage up to \$50.00 per package without extra charge.

Limit of Weight and Size:—Limit of weight is 15 pounds and size 92 inches lineal measurement (length and girth combined), provided no package shall exceed 44 inches in length or 58 inches in girth.

Prohibited Goods:—These charges will not apply to live animals, bees, reptiles, birds, chicks, fowls, etc., iced goods, postage or internal revenue stamps, trading stamps, merchants' cash discount bonds, radium, platinum or other precious metals in the mass, money, bonds, securities, bullion, articles having sharp points or edges unless the points or edges are sufficiently cushioned to prevent cutting through their coverings; X-ray tubes or coils, pyrometers, mercury arcs, mercury arc rectifier tubes, reflection tubes, pliotron tubes, kenotron tubes, all other radio transmitting tubes and incandescent lamps of 3,000 watt capacity and over.

Permitted Goods:—Goods not prohibited in preceding item when entirely enclosed in covering of paper, burlap, etc., crates, cartons or boxes, or in bags made of burlap, canvas, jute or other strong material (not paper).

PROMPT C.O.D. COLLECTIONS

FINANCIAL DEPARTMENT SERVICES

Remittances may be sent safely to any part of the world by Express Money Orders or Foreign Cheques, at small cost. In the event of the loss, theft or forgery of a Money Order or Foreign Cheque, a refund will be made or a new Money Order or Cheque issued free of charge.

The charge for Money Orders ranges from 5c. for \$2.50 to 24c. for \$100.00 and may be purchased in Railway Stations, Express Offices and from thousands of Branch Agencies throughout Canada.

Remittances may also be made by Telegraph and cable to all principal points.

Foreign money may be exchanged in the more important Express Offices.

Express Travellers' Cheques (issued in denominations of \$10.00, \$20.00, \$50.00, \$100.00 and \$200.00, and £5, £10 and £20 Sterling) are world currency spendable everywhere on signature identification. Experienced travellers carry them because of their safety and convenience.

DISTANCES FROM TORONTO

	Miles		Miles
Amberst, N.S.	951	New Glasgow, N.S.	1,071
Brandon, Man.	1,420	N. Westm'ter, B.C.	2,761
Brantford, Ont.	65	North Bay, Ont.	227
Belleville, Ont.	113	Niagara Falls, Ont.	83
Brockville, Ont.	208	Ottawa, Ont.	256
Calgary, Alta.	2,127	Owen Sound, Ont.	122
Chatham, Ont.	179	Peterboro, Ont.	78
Cobalt, Ont.	330	Port Arthur, Ont.	856
Dawson City, Y.	4,193	Quebec, Que.	505
Edmonton, Alta.	2,319	Regina, Sask.	1,649
Fort William, Ont.	862	Rossland, B.C.	2,248
Galt, Ont.	57	Sherbrooke, Que.	434
Goderich, Ont.	134	Sydney, N.S.	1,232
Guelph, Ont.	48	St. Catharines, Ont.	65
Halifax, N.S.	1,089	St. John, N.B.	814
Hamilton, Ont.	39	Vancouver, B.C.	2,789
Kingston, Ont.	163	Victoria, B.C.	2,853
London, Ont.	115	Windsor, Ont.	225
Montreal, Que.	333	Winnipeg, Man.	1,287

LOW RATES FOR PARCEL POST WITH FREE INSURANCE UP TO \$50

CARRIED EVERYWHERE IN CANADA UP TO 25 POUNDS

RATES OF POSTAGE ON PARCELS MAILED IN THE PROVINCE OF ONTARIO

The maximum charge on any parcel shall not exceed 1 cent an ounce—Minimum prepayment of 3 cents required, covering weight up to 3 ounces. Effective 8th July, 1919.

Addressed to	1 lb.		2 lb.		3 lb.		4 lb.		5 lb.		6 lb.		7 lb.		8 lb.		9 lb.		10 lb.		11 lb.		12 lb.		13 lb.		14 lb.		15 lb.		Over 25 lb. and so on to 25 lb.	
	¢	¢	¢	¢	¢	¢	¢	¢	¢	¢	¢	¢	¢	¢	¢	¢	¢	¢	¢	¢	¢	¢	¢	¢	¢	¢	¢	¢	¢	¢		
Any post office within 20 miles* including place of mailing	0.05	0.07	0.09	0.11	0.13	0.15	0.17	0.18	0.19	0.20	0.21	0.22	0.23	0.24	0.25	0.30	0.35															
Any post office beyond 20 miles but within the province of Ontario	.11	.16	.21	.26	.31	.36	.41	.46	.51	.56	.61	.66	.71	.76	.81	.85	.90															
Any post office in Quebec or Manitoba	.12	.20	.28	.35	.42	.49	.56	.63	.69	.75	.80	.85	.90	.95	1.00	1.15	1.25															
Any post office in Saskatchewan or Maritime Provinces	.15	.22	.31	.40	.49	.58	.67	.75	.83	.90	.97	1.04	1.11	1.18	1.25	1.50	1.75															
Any post office in Alberta	.14	.26	.38	.50	.62	.74	.86	.98	1.09	1.20	1.31	1.42	1.53	1.64	1.75	2.00	2.25															
Any post office in British Columbia or Yukon†	.15	.28	.41	.54	.67	.80	.92	1.04	1.16	1.28	1.40	1.52	1.63	1.74	1.85	2.20	2.50															

*When the weight exceeds an even pound, postage may be prepaid at the rate of 1c. an ounce until the next pound rate is reached. For example, in the case of a parcel mailed in the province of Ontario, for delivery in Ontario, where the rate for one pound is 5 cents and the parcel weighs one pound one ounce, the total postage required would be 6 cents. In the case of a parcel mailed in Ontario, for delivery in a province outside Ontario, where the rate for one pound is 5 cents and the parcel weighs one pound one ounce, the total postage required would be 6 cents.

†This rate also obtains in cases where the 20-mile area extends into an adjacent Province.

‡Restricted Parcel Post service to Yukon during Winter.

Post Office Department, Canada
Ottawa

Issued under the authority of the
POSTMASTER GENERAL

ANTIDOTES FOR POISONS

First—Send for a Physician.

Second—Induce vomiting by tickling throat with feather or finger; drinking hot water or strong mustard and water. Swallow sweet oil or whites of eggs.

Acids are antidotes for Alkalies, and vice-versa.

SPECIAL POISONS AND ANTIDOTES

Acids—Muratic, Oxalic, Acetic, { Soap-Suds,
Sulphuric (Oil of Vitriol), { magnesia,
Nitric, (Aqua Fortis). { lime water.

Prussic Acid— { Ammonia in water. Dash
water in face.

Carbolic Acid— { Flour and water, mucilaginous
drinks.

Alkalies—Potash, Lye, Harts- { Vinegar or lemon
horn, Ammonia. { juice in water.

Arsenic—Rat Poison, { Milk, raw eggs, sweet oil.
Paris Green. { lime-water, flour and water.

Bug Poison—Lead, Saltpetre, { White of eggs, or
Corrosive, Sublimate, Sugar { milk in large
of Lead, Blue Vitriol. { dose.

Chloroform— { Dash cold water on head and
Chloral { chest. Artificial respiration.
Ether.

Carbonate of Soda— { Soap-suds and mucilaginous
Copperas, Cobalt. { drinks.

Iodine—Antimony, { Starch and water astringent
Tartar Emetic. { infusions. Strong tea.

Mercury and its { Whites of eggs, milk, mucilages.
Salts.

Opium—Morphine, { Strong coffee, hot bath.
Laudanum, Paregoric { Keep awake and moving
Soothing Powders or { at any cost.
Syrup.

HELP IN CASE OF ACCIDENTS

Drowning—1. Loosen clothing if any. 2. Empty lungs of water by laying body on its stomach and lifting it by the middle letting head hang down, jerk body a few times. 3. Pull tongue forward, using handkerchief, or pin with string, if necessary. 4. Imitate motion of respiration by alternately compressing and expanding lower ribs about twenty times a minute. Alternately raising and lowering arms from sides up above the head will stimulate action of the lungs. Let it be done gently but persistently. 5. Apply warmth and friction to extremities. 6. By holding tongue forward, closing the nostrils and pressing "Adam's apple" back (so as to close entrance to stomach), direct inflation can be tried. Take a deep breath and breathe it forcibly into mouth of patient, compress chest to expel air and repeat operation. 7. DON'T GIVE UP! People have been saved after HOURS of patient vigorous effort. 8. When breathing begins take patient into a warm bed, give WARM drinks, or spirits in teaspoonfuls, fresh air and quiet.

Burns and Scalds—Cover with Cooking Soda and lay wet cloths over it. Whites of Eggs and Olive OIL. Olive or Linseed OIL, plain, or mixed with Chalk or Whiting.

Sunstroke—Loosen clothing. Get patient into shade, and apply ice-cold water to head.

Mad Dog or Snake Bite—Tie cord tight above wound. Suck wound and cauterize with caustic or white-hot iron at once, or cut out adjoining parts with sharp knife.

Venomous Insects' Stings, Etc.—Apply weak Ammonia, Oil, Salt Water or Iodine.

Fainting—Place flat on back; allow fresh air and sprinkle with water.

Tests of Death—Hold mirror to mouth. If living, moisture will gather. Push pin into flesh. If dead, the hole will remain, if alive, it will close up.

Cinders in the Eye—Roll soft paper up like a lamp lighter and wet the tip to remove, or use a medicine dropper to draw it out. Rub the OTHER eye.

Converting Sterling into Dollars

	@ \$4.40 per £1	@ \$4.50 per £1	@ \$4.60 per £1	@ \$4.70 per £1
	\$	\$	\$	\$
1/-	0.22	0.22 5	0.23	0.23 5
5/-	1.10	1.12 5	1.15	1.17 5
10/-	2.20	2.25	2.30	2.35
£1	4.40	4.50	4.60	4.70
£5	22.00	22 50	23.00	23.50
£10	44.00	45.00	46.00	47.00
£20	88.00	90.00	92.00	94.00
£40	176.00	180.00	184.00	188.00
£60	264.00	270.00	276.00	282.00
£80	352.00	360.00	368.00	376.00
£100	440.00	450.00	460.00	470.00
£500	2200.00	2250.00	2300.00	2350.00
£1000	4400.00	4500.00	4600.00	4700.00

Converting Dollars into Sterling

	@ \$4.40 per £1	@ \$4.50 per £1	@ \$4.60 per £1	@ \$4.70 per £1
	£.s.d.	£.s.d.	£.s.d.	£.s.d.
25c	1.1.6	1.1.3	1.1.0	1.0.8
50c	2.3.3	2.2.6	2.2.1	2.1.5
\$1.00	4.6.5	4.5.3	4.4.2	4.3.1
\$5.00	1.2.8.7	1.2.2.6	1.1.8.9	1.1.3.3
\$10.00	2.5.5.5	2.4.5.3	2.3.5.7	2.2.6.6
\$100.00	22.14.6.5	22.4.5.3	21.14.9.4	21.5.6
\$500.00	113.12.8.7	111.2.2.6	108.13.10.9	106.7.7.9
\$1000.00	227.6.3.4	222.4.5.3	217.7.9.9	212.15.3.8

Long and Short Ton Equivalents

112 lbs. = 1 English Cwt. 100 lbs. = 1 Canadian Cwt.
 2240 lbs. = 1 English Ton 2000 lbs. = 1 Canadian Ton.

MEMORANDUM FROM 1946

MEMORANDUM FROM 1946

MEMORANDUM FROM 1946

Jan 1st '47

We accomplished quite a bit considering we ate breakfast at 11:30. Stripped the Christmas tree and packed away the balls and decorations for another year. Helped the Taylors get away then I cleaned the cellar, concentrating on under the stairs and the cluttered up table. It was a great transformation and made me feel most satisfied. Kave, Jemmer and I sat around the wassail bowl (beer & wine) till bed time. Mummy starts the year stiff and sore from her fall down cellar.

January

Wednesday 1

1947

By no means an idle day to start the new year although we didn't get up till 10.00 A.M. The children were up some minutes before and were playing "Carnival of the Animals" when Jim barged in wishing us a Happy New Year. It was a fine celebration last night over at Ev's with rye, bridge and roast chicken till 2.00 A.M. Cold with snow from the east. Bad walking and driving - the granular snow makes poor traction on top of the smooth surface of ice. The Taylors left at 4.00 P.M. just after I gave Bertha her "shot." Bertha is not very good, being confined pretty much to bed. Jemmer was over for dinner and we had pork & venison (which Dennis calls "Venice")

(Continued on opposite page)

January

Thursday 2

1947

Dark and stormy with snow and sleet from the east turning into rain about mid afternoon. The grey twilight fell early.

Henry X is giving trouble after starting the year with 49817 notes. Oil pump is plugged at times and the motor is knocking like a lot of castinets. She is in the hospital now and I await the divine verdict.

Ralph brought my car back. They just flushed her out and put in new oil. Sleet all afternoon and on into the night. Driving looks bad. I hope HX can cope with it.

Got Mom another New Years present - Melstein (her favorite) playing the Mendelssohn concerti. I guess I'm still in the running

January

Friday 3

1947

Darken, stormier and more snow and sleet stopping about dusk and the temperature falling to 10 above. No sun, no moon, no stars. The heavy ice on the wires put our hydro off from 5:00 AM to 10:30. I stayed around trying to coax the furnace along with wood. Kame had to drive my car up to the bridge while, Opim, Tommy and I shovled, slipped and wheezed. Got to Paris at 11:00 A.M. Got my new license for 17E & 95132 at noon. This is bridge club night and it is at our place, so I am not in a hurry to get home - I have no shoes for this evening - I am an outcast - exiled - unwanted - spurned.

January Saturday 4 1947

How can I concentrate! Bert is out in the waiting room teasing the poor neglected piano in the same old tantalizing way. Just like old times. The same fragments of the same half dozen pieces with the same irritating embellishment of scales and foot pounding. It's awful, but I like it!

Took him down and began this busy day by giving him the works. He went awaits my taxi home. Clearing and quite cold. Got away all right this morning by going down the hillside around. Venus was almost on the meridian about 30° degrees up at "water" time.

Must not forget Bernie's pills.

January Sunday 5 1947

A deep sleep or what you might call a long winter's nap ended at 10.00 A.M. after which time there was a grand rush to get the breakfast in time for Church. I have left for the service and left the hyenas with me. We finished breakfast at 11.30. Gave Bertha a parting shot during Sunday School hour and when they came home from S.S. and the broadcast was over we all piled in 17X and took Bertha to Princeton at Mrs. Lampkin's. The Halladay's came at night so we sat around gabbing and guzzling a bit later than I wished. I love these "long winter naps" Partly fair and moderately cold.

January Monday 6 1947

Milder - almost thawing.
Earl went down the icy road with me in the morning to pick up the pickup (Gaga red truck) at Paris Motors. The cherubs had me playing the new Walt Disney game yesterday. It is lots of fun. Denny is beginning to sing the nursery rhymes very well. Mada plays for fun - it is cute! We hear "Peter and the Wolf" so much that we'll soon know it off by heart. I must hurry home to give poor mummy some moral support - poor patient mummy struggling with the wild offspring.

S.W. wind and snow - bad night
watch out! Going home.
January Tuesday 7 1947

Even with the combined efforts of ma and pa the children were late for school, and they are driven right to the door. What a humiliating state of affairs! Those lazy Bells - everyone thinks. Can't go to blocks to school by nine o'clock. Just think of the thousands of workers who have been up since five-thirty or six and driven miles to be at work by seven. Just think of it! You can't even comprehend it! Pa Bell better get up a little earlier himself to set an example. Got Kane a book - Bredehoeke Revisited by Waugh for the book club. Hope it is suitable. R. is reading books by the dozen - leaving me far behind.

January

Wednesday 8

1947

Cold, partly fair and also stormy at intervals. When my afternoon's lab. work was nearly done and dusk was beginning to fall, Kane phoned to tell me to come home soon as it was blowing and snowing like sixty out in the wide open spaces. Here was I in this little sheltered valley of the "Meeting Waters", quite unaware of this fact. Immediately I stopped work, stopped talking to myself, and donned my wraps, got the paper, drove up to Edgar's for gas and steamed for home in the blinding blizzard. It's bark was worse than its bite. I got home at 7.10, not even out of high gear.

January

Thursday 9

1947

Was fortunate enough to hear Nuala play last evening. She did splendidly. It was a treat to hear her. Dennis sings very well - he seems full of musical also. - or full of something. Colder and more seem to play. J. S. I. came down with me from Richwood and has apparently spent a lot of time up at the widow's. What a break for me! It is 8.15 and 8.40 J. S. I. can get this diary written as well as other chores which are usually postponed on such days. Back roads plowed out nice and wide. Bath Mabel H. and Jack Hutchinson in to day hurrah for the 5th concession and the Town Line! May our return journey to night be successful!

January

Friday 10

1947

Dull with some fine snow in the afternoon. Got stuck in the drive way so the children had to walk to school. This probably made them late for the third time this week. Came down by Canning. Road all plowed wide and smooth. It is a real pleasure driving over smooth clean snow surface instead of the dust, bumps and mud of the other seasons. I love the winter. I feel so well. Have come back from Dickerson's with a cyclamen for Lydia - poor Earl died yesterday. I have to call at Princeton and pay the family respects. Silent, soft, and slow descends the snow - let it snow let it snow let it snow!

January

Saturday 11

1947

Dull and mild. January thaw. Pools of water and slush, dirty streets, gray skies and dejected faces. Came home last night to find dear little nut-brown Jennie in bed with mink. They were a pretty pair - blond and brunette just showing above the new Kenwood rich colored blankets. Didn't get home till after ten so long did I talk to Lydia and all her sisters and in laws. Left poor mummy in charge of the camp this morning - poor mummy having to scream and yell and tug those two unruly brats. It galls me. I'd like to take the horsewhips to them. They seemed all set for a troublesome Saturday - amen

Cold and windy - clear

January

Sunday 12

1947

Oh, I guess the children weren't too bad. At least Nuala helped her mother a little. I didn't feel in the mood to spank them to-day anyway. Denny had a sore throat and had to omit church and Sunday school. I did up the beds and dishes and oiled the stoker before lunch. Uncle Jack and Sam dropped in while we were listening to the Ischaikowski 6th. Got water later and vegetables also put my new license on 14x. Burner came for dinner and we had a lovely roast of veal and sweet potatoes etc. etc. Ate so much I couldn't piggify the youngsters up stairs. Dallis played two violin pieces - and how I enjoyed it.

"icy back roads" - you said it - Jan 13/62

January

Monday 13

1947

Dull with a strong east wind and a temperature of 15. Went down by Richwood and gave J. S. a card also wished him many happy birthday's. Took the Madellsen concerto back and traded it in on some juvenile stuff. I guess Kurlstein is all right - he never lets down yet - it's the record that is below par. Had the 3" up in the driveway yesterday afternoon and saw 17 spots but to-day no sun we see - just slate gray ^{morning} heavens and the ~~strong~~ east wind. Earl Starr was buried this afternoon also Norm Lindsay. All set for a sled out to Drumbos on the icy back roads.

January

Tuesday 14

1947

Mild and dull. A great splash and rush but made school on time - even a minute to spare. Georgie looked me up first thing on arrival in Paris and took me to the old Patterson barn to see the lovely new maroon Ford convertible. It was a wow. I enjoyed this attention as it took me back to 1929 and 1931 - back to romantic youthful days when motoring was an object in and in itself and not just a daily necessity. He was in again tonight quoting prices. wahoo! It is \$30 and raining like sam hill. Me for home and nice wife and the hell-raising kids.

January

Wednesday 15

1947

Dull at first and mild with a peppy spring-like sky, clearing toward noon. The afternoon was like a spring song in three or four stanzas. J. S. just came in with a little on the hip; he no sooner got his bearings than away he goes over to the widow's. I am nearly ready to go home so I fear she will delay me some if the widow is in a "good humor" as he expressed it. Dennis threw a seave this morning because he only got two records and Walthe three. I am trying to rectify matters by getting a three record album for him - Metersake suite (so called). Took Bert's parcels to Princeton on my way down this a.m.

January Thursday 16 1947

Had a great round with the children and records after I deposited J. S. at Richwood and slid carefully on to Drumbo. Took Mummy in the car to Baster's and Book Club and on returning found trouble. Maska had accidentally put on Scoffey's record which rather spoiled the evening to say nothing of the record. Went down by the 4th this morning and found it still very icy - most treacherous. Actually got a "thank you" note off to Evid. Mild at least than freezing at dusk. Evening sky clear for a wonder. We started Teacook's "Fast Leaves". It is like shaking hands with an old friend.

January Friday 17 1947

Actually a fair day. Sunshined glimpsed with cirrus clouds but nevertheless sunshine - the most welcome thing in winter. Can notice it edging a little north. Back roads not so icy - came down by Richwood and Cannoy. Most of the river ice holds although there is very little frost. It melted some this day. Dan is going to try on my new suit. He will probably ask me the same thing two or three times just as I do to my patients. Guess we are all getting old. I am getting gray and childish.

January Saturday 18 1947

Good old Prince, Duke, or Stogie or whatever you want to name him wanted a ride to Paris so I made him help me chop. Mummy car out of its icy quarters first time out for "white car" since Christmas at Woodstock. I guess I will be glad I gave it a "limber up" run. Have just installed new Castle spot light. Will keep my Pelton as a spare. Ice mostly off of back roads and what is left is sanded. Mild and spring like. The sun struggled through the dappled clouds at noon. Ev & Jack were at Drumbo when I arrived last night. They stayed all midnight.

January Sunday 19 1947

A little sun and just freezing. Rather like mid-~~March~~ March. Didn't get up very early after our game of rummy with the holidays & summer. Have just made Church. The Distracted Roy left Janet with me so our kids stayed home to play with her. Janet wasn't feeling up to the mark and ours were touchy and petulant - result - bedlam. Had the Hankie's for dinner. We had trivia till 10.00 and they were good - Grace is a wonder. Nuala played two of her exam pieces excellently. After hearing Cinderella so much I am particularly fond of "King-Jale". The old Ditson album is much more interesting now.

January Monday 20 1947

Dark blue Monday. Fog
and rain. Very low barometer
-28.65. Mink - O, absolute
Have called me up soon
after I landed in Paris,
reminding me to send
away for the Merchant of
Venice tickets. a treat
to anticipate. The Dayman's
are going with us. Mrs.
Oldham just phoned - sort
of fishing for a ride to
Brantham but I said not a
word to indicate our plans.
Too bad we haven't a station
wagon then we could accomodate
everybody. It is a bad night
the rain has turned to soft
snow from the S.W. - visibility
poor - slush partout.

January Tuesday 21 1947

at 7.00 A.M. the sky was
perfectly clear, and I
went downstairs to see the
sights from our one and only
South window. Here is what
I saw.

♀

antares.

In a few minutes all was
overcast and blizzards
raved off and on all day
between glimpses of pale
white sunshine. Frost
mounts high on my windows
for the first time this winter.
It is 2 above as I write.
Oh cars, shield me from the
furious elements and get me
home safely - amen.

January Wednesday 22 1947

Zero this morning with a stiff west wind. The ride home last night was rather slow and hazardous on the ice-covered highway against the terrific wind but I got home in one piece. The radio cheered me on my way. Got Mummy's car just ready for her trip to Hamilton to-day. It has been mostly fair and settles in clear and near zero again this evening. Phoned congress to P. E. but didn't get any invitation up for "skis". I am just about ready to wend homeward to relieve Mrs Cross of the nerve-wracking youngsters. Kane will follow later.

January Thursday 23 1947

Yes, Mummy followed later, laden down with parcels from Hamilton, little gifts for the anchors, articles of clothing, groceries, sweet-sweats, everything from soup to nuts. I had a nice hour with the Chilleus before she came - played for Nuala on her three tenor pieces, then piggied them upstairs and was in the act of reading stories when the most welcome head of the house entered. Cold and snowy to-day. Travelled by Richmond leaving a parcel at Kane's. Got my premium notices for the two little policies - now to collect \$125.00 but fast. Let me grind some widows and orphans or maybe a clergyman. Will I go to the Methodist S.S. to-night?

January

Friday 24

1947

Got home at 8.30 last night to find Irene reading to the bedded youngsters. I bade them a rather prolonged good-night then proceeded to warm up my dinner. Mummy came in at 11.30 with the seasons highest bridge score - 4400 and the prize. Very dismal and dark this morning. Rained all day without stopping. Called at Richwood for a parcel for Hamilton and found the going very easy. Made the hills by a narrow margin. Mummy is going to a burning of the passage mortgage tonight so I will have yet another dinner alone and in parrow. Cant wait till the big dance to morrow night at the fire hall.

January

Saturday 25

1947

Dull and mild. Got up at 7.25 and had ample time to collect my lunch breakfast and walk leisurely down the track to the depot. Kave, Walter and Ben called in white car at 6.15. I was ready in another half hour and we proceeded to the White Horse and ate pork chops. Got to 35 Promore at 8.45 through dense fog part of the way. It was a record evening. We listened with great pleasure to Jack's entire stock of records. The children were very well behaved. Ate ham sandwiches at mid-night - made with rye bread. Oh boy they were good. Cottage cheese also and wine.

January

Sunday 26

1947

Didn't get up till nearly ten, and found Jack busily engaged feeding the children goodie, toast etc. We elders then sat down to one of those ample Taylor breakfasts that sticks to the ribs till evening. Grapefruit, cereal, bacon and eggs, toast, jam and coffee. In spite of all this we were pressed to eat lunch again at 2.00 P.M. We got away about five after I had taken Mc and D. for a walk to the top of the woods at the end of Promere Cresc. The afternoon was sunny and warm like spring. Water, mud, galore. Paul and I sawed some Ischaikowski at night.

January

Monday 27

1947

Still mild. Ice pretty well broken up in the tundra and will go out any time now. The little hoar frost of last night quickly disappeared in the warm sun, which shows like April all day long. The great effort and splash of the morning breakfast call failed to get the children to school on time. They ran in a few seconds after the last call. My bear friend M. H. East is moving out. The truck is backed up to her door now. Grace Moore killed in a plane crash in Denmark. The Dick Case young strong. Prices are soaring with the thermometer. Cost of living prodigious while my poor feed remain the same.

January Tuesday 28 1947

Clear and turning a little colder. Children a trifle late as usual. Went to Paris by the 4th and found the roads nearly bare, and the river about clear of ice except the litter of cakes along the banks. Everything means that spring time look and very little snow remains. Ralph brought in a timely clipping from Wade on Shyaman. R. said this is about "Lambden" - do you know this "Lambden". I assumed him I did. This is very nicely timed - I always think about Archibald at this time of year. Must write to Wade. I am so delinquent in letters, music, reading everything, just as good ago! - how startling. Clear in my mind's eye.

January Wednesday 29 1947

Dull, stormy cold east wind. Snow in the afternoon turning to sleet - high 22°. Got mummy's card out and sprawled out on the ice in so doing - no. 1. This winter. The snow (3 inches) that fell last night covered the ice perfectly and so, boys, look out if I didn't. The back roads were very bad. There were some nice spid marks at Leeshman's on Keg Lane going into each ditch and a swashed trailer sitting by a telephone post. It is six o'clock now and just about dark. The night looks foreboding so I will soon start home. Kane will probably bring John home as Ev is still suffering from her severe cold.

January Thursday 30 1947

All night long the east wind howled, the veranda awning banged and the sharp sleet kept up its incessant pattering against our bedroom window.

This concert gave us a wakeful night, at no time did we seem to be in a deep sleep. The "sugar" was deep and the walking terrible.

I piled the children in the back seat and zoomed down around the corner making the main street without trouble. Bob Smith accompanied me to Princeton.

The day has been dark and still sleeting from the east. What a day for the roaring of stuck cars and trucks. Now dear old car - do your stuff again.

Yes, I was down tending the well stove
July, now it's a gas stove
January Friday 31 1947

Colder and clearing
ending in a real
bracing winter evening.
The going was better the day
although I had to pile
the school gang in the
back to weight down the
rear end so I could
negotiate the crooked path through
the heavy sugar snow to
the main road below the
bridge, once there all was
plain sailing. It is 7:30
and I want to make
home before dear little
six-year-old Dennis
gets to bed - I have an
album of records for him.
The snow is still piled
along Welham street making
it hard to find a parking
place. To day as yesterday the
motors zoomed and roared

February Saturday 1 1947

Cold, partly fair with snow squalls! It would go off upstairs and squall a while. Managed to be not more than fifteen minutes late for my first appointment. Grouse Dennis in good spirits after the party his mother laboured to provide for him. He got all records for his birthday. She ones his dad gave them were not so hot. I have to pack up Bessie at Mrs. Lampkin's. More dad rattled fuss and hub-bub. Came down by Canning - roads fine. Would like to go home that way. But alas - not for me. Will we get any practice or reading in? - not likely!

February Sunday 2 1947

Snow storms promised but welcome sunshine came instead so I got a film in the Kodak and took some shots of the children. Jack and I carried Bertha over to the birthday dinner of turkey, cranberries, ice cream and cake. The Laytons and Trimmer waded up the rest of the party. I shovelled ^{ice & snow} off the deck after listening to half the Philharmonic broadcast. Roy came over just after the gang left for Hamilton and set up his lights for some movie shots of our famous ~~Trumbo~~ Trio. His tedious performance lasted till 11.30. We let him go home dry, then Hane and I had wine and cigarettes.

February Monday 3 1947

15 above moderating to 30
at noon. A low barometer
and all kinds of sleet,
snow & rain promised over
the radio, but the calm
sunny weather continued
as yesterday. Travelled
the Keg Lake route and
it was fine. This
blasted avalanche of
work gives me a pain
just when I want some
time to read and nurse
on Lampman etc. to say
nothing of my neglected
music. Oh music,
music, breathe deep-sighing,
sigh to us, oh sigh.

Mr (Jack) Nichoff in
to make a date - I hope
he doesn't.

February Tuesday 4 1947

The real McCoy. 70
above all day with a
stiff west wind with
scooping snow making the
driving visibility poor
causing me to bog down
in some deep snow near
the 4th corner this morning.
Ten minutes shovelling and
away I went. It cleared
in the afternoon and
now the glass is at zero
and the wind has fallen.
Poor old car will groan
and squeak to-night -
let it, by all means. Now
this is to get to Drumbo
with no "pause that refreshes"
(not refreshed) Moon just about
full and flooding the winter
bright with very cold. A
illumination.

February Wednesday 5 1947

2° below this A.M. with pale white sun behind frost crystals with beautiful sundogs a winter sky of maximum beauty. Buggam called from Brautford just as I arrived home last night. I have not heard from him today but Shortie played and we are to have a little drink up at his place after work. The barometer is low and the thermometer dropping back to zero for another minus dip to night. Things don't look just ideal for our trip to Brautford.

February Thursday 6 1947

4° above and moderating a little by noon. a stiff south west wind and a very low barometer 28.90 all day. The roads are pitting in spots but we have great faith in the plow keeping them open. I had quite a memorable evening yesterday - a short talk with Buggam at Shortie's with two jolts of Harg & Harg - another jolt at Ed James's where Kate poached eggs on toast a ride in ^{with the Day} Ken's car to Brautford and two hours of thrills and ecstasy watching The Merchant of Venice by the Walfit Company. Donald Walfit was a great shylock a consummate artist that could make the tears come. We ate at the Ritz Grill on the way home but I was still hungry in bed.

February

Friday 7

1947

Glorious winter weather - snow flurries, sunshine, pale blue sky, whitish-grey clouds. Night temperatures of 10 and a noon temp of 20. Everywhere, clean, white snow and the roads plowed daily for good motoring - what more do you want. At closing time yesterday I ran over to the liquor store for a case of ale - "in case". Also called on Dan next door and paid him for my brown suit (\$50.00) which he carried over to the car for me. To-day is a slack day so I am going to surprise mammy by being home early. (30)

February

Saturday 8

1947

Zero this morning and 8 above at noon. It is now settling down for a zero or minus reading to-night. Not much wind and enough pale sunshine to make a perfect winter day. Took Bert down and he has just arrived back from Bradford and meanders up and down the piano while I try to collect my thoughts also my laundry and luggage. Got W. Wilford aka Adhild out of the library last evening and I steeped myself in "Bereavement of the Fields". This must have been the day he took his last walk and came in from the bitter cold air with a pain in his chest.

February Sunday 9 1947

what a night! what a day. It started blizzing just after I got home last night and kept it up all night and all day. Had Glad, Carl and Turner over for cards, beer and lunch. Have had to plow through the drifts alone to church - it being ~~to~~ stormy for the children. Sunday school was called off also. Nuala was sick from noon on and walloped up mid afternoon. Turner over with a chicken which we stewed. A lovely dinner. Nuala missed it, she was a prisoner in her room. We turned the radio and the records on loud for her benefit. Walked up with Turner at 11:00 P. M. and got a pint of water. It was still blowing & snowing.

February Monday 10 1947

Peanut morning with a vengeance all roads piled high with drifts. School bus didn't go. A comfortable ride to Paris watching the impossible roads en route. A half-hour wait for 219 during which I had a pleasant chat with Geondie. Ate a ravenous supper on arriving home and then crawled under the sunporch for some carrots. A little smoke and a resumé of Forever Amber ended in deep oblivious slumber.

February Tuesday 11 1947

Clearing and a little milder with decreasing winds. Got up in ample time for peanut but shovelled my garage out instead also did a few finishing touches on the road in front of Gog's. The banks south of the 5th compare favorably with '43 and '48. A lovely sunny afternoon. Just had a talk with Ralph Nichol he has bought out Baldy. I got the Walt Disney records at noon also a two piano surprise for Murray. I must try to get home before they get to bed. - that what Uncle Remus said.

February Wednesday 12 1947

Cloudless, calm and melting in the sun - a winter day of utmost beauty. Drove the children to school then came back and put Kane's license plate on and backed her car across the road. Went to Paris by Richwood driving down the town line through the mountainous banks of snow. I marvel how the plow got through there by Martin Well's. Already to go home now with my Wednesday chores done and a little flask of cheer for J.S. Jim's had us over last night with six cran, coffee and beer. Perseverance of the fields - very touching - Croft - a small field near a house.

February Thursday 13 1947

Brought back a "Canadian Club" for J.A. last night and stopped in for a bite to eat while he sampled it. I arrived home at 8.00 just 15 minutes before Kane so my name was mud - didn't get the children's music practiced or anything. I was well repaid for my ~~delinquency~~ delinquency for my plans for a little practice while H. was at Book Club were knocked haywire by Earl spending the entire evening till midnight with me. "Oh save me from my friends"! To-night J.A. is parked in my office. Any time for music? - I should say not. Milder thawed all afternoon. Oh these tedious

February Friday 14 1947

nice valentines from Kane and the kids. Last night Mom was at mission circle but I was so late home that I didn't get any chance to practice. Maybe if I am lucky I might get five minutes in to-night. There goes the peanut to Drumbo and I still slaving away here on X-ray, my dentures, full dentures! A letter from Nid - she wants some china teeth. O ye Gods how I am hounded from all angles! I haaved all day - very sloppy. A valentine from Jack and I neglected to send him one.

February Saturday 15 1947

Have cant keep me
awake long enough to
finish "Robert Anker" -
it is forever slumber
instead. A good part of
the snow gone now; the
centre of the road is ~~mostly~~
mostly bare. Streets very dirty
and sloppy. Darning &
Caleleh (at night) with
ice crystals forming on the
little pools. This is the
big night of birthday
celebrations at Butcher's
- namely Ted's & Jim's. I
must be home in time
to eat, wash & change
- no B.O. will be tolerated.
Had my oil changed - poor
old H & samses like a washing
machine. I wonder how
long it will hang together.
Carpenter Bob Creech died not

February Sunday 16 1947

When had the flat tire in
front of the ^{plains} ~~plains~~
Certainly a full week end.
The party at Ed's started
it off with a bang - especially
with beer, have broke the figurine.
The higher we got the lower
the plane of the conversation.
Came home at 3. A.M. to find
that Dennis had speered
everything over the bed at
least three times. Ev. & Jack
having dropped in just
before I arrived very kindly
took all such emergencies in
hand. Dennis was decidedly
under the weather to day and
stayed home from church & S.S.
Changed my time during
church hours then called for
H. & N. Had a nice dinner
of brown potatoes, undercut etc.
with Turner and immediately
after fixed up the lantern and
had a colored picture show.

February Monday 17 1947

We actually got to bed before eleven o'clock last night and slept the sleep of the just, or perhaps the unjust just getting over a binge. My time wasn't done, so I went without it - haying - haying. Stopped at J. S. who seems to have widow worries. Also picked up Mrs. Parnell. The morning was frosty and dull. I forgot to mention that my morning rest was broken first by the stoker kicking up a frightful row, then Parnell's calling for milk. Got some cigarettes and a card for Jim. They are pulling on a "do" to night. Oh-my-gosh - more slumber shot to the dickens.

February Tuesday 18 1947

Yes, another three o'clock session last night. The party was good - Butcher, Dayman, Entickraps & Bells, with lots of enjoyable wise cracks, bridge and eats, but I couldn't enjoy it to the full as my stomach was filled with black butterflies. Walked up my breakfast and skipped lunch so now I ought to make a good 'cello - just draw a bow across me and listen to the deep, rich tone. Sure fleerries at times and some warmish sun but colder at night (14° now) I am ravenous - take me home quickly and put a dish of hot soup in front of me. Mr. Parald's funeral passed my window at 3.30.

February Wednesday 19 1947

After all Mummy's infinite pains in getting Dennis rigged out as a "snow man" for the ice carnival he had ^{an attack} acute laryngitis and refused to go on the ice. Never again says mummy. I put the spoilt boy to bed then after I started Muala in the same direction I beat it over to the rink to ~~rescue~~ save and tow car from the snowy and congested parking place. Quite cold and frosty - fine skating weather. This morning was still colder. Went down by Carrying behind the plow with Roy and his movie paraphernalia for company. It has been a perfect winter's day - a few flurries but mostly fair and cold. The twilight (6.15) stretches out

February Thursday 20 1947

Even after retiring at 10.30 last night we still could not get the slow pokes to school on time. Dennis is the staller - Muala is nearly always on time. Chuck and Effy in this afternoon to talk about Drumbo - my favorite topic. The journey down through Carrying this morning through the high spots, dazzlingly white snow banks and over the quiet, motionless white river was thrilling - maximum winter beauty. Cold east wind brought snow later in the day.

February Friday 21 1947

Glorious, glorious winter landscape - viewing yesterday morning flows through Canning in its picturesque beauty. Near zero in the morning and again to night. Oh dear, here it is 9.00 P.M. and I still at the office nor have I soaped one bar of music. Now the pop concert is ended and I didn't tune in. Suppose I'll have to listen to jazz and Hollywood ~~corn~~ on my way home. Earl was over all evening till 12.10 so I didn't get any practicing done last night - ah me!

February Saturday 22 1947

The blinding blizzard almost stopped me at times on the way over to Princeton - snow on the plugs and poor visibility. Jack left a note at the door marked "3.00 P.M." saying it was blowing like ~~_____~~ and I had better not delay long in starting for home. Phoned R. at 6.00 got laundry and set of children's plastic records, and started for home. Picked up Richard and Jim Morrow at Princeton then young Strickler and the Raber women at Springhill. Had plenty of shovelling and bucking to do. Got to Drumhof at 7.30 half frozen and starved. Good for you H.V. - you're a great snowmobile!

February Sunday 23 1947

The Bells went to bed early for a change on Saturday night - and were lulled to sleep by the howling blast and the banging awning. All day to day saw no decrease in the blizzard from the west, a good day to be at home. Nuala has a bad cough and stayed in bed till noon. Denny went to church and Sunday school both and played a good deal out in the snow. He is a bear for punishment.

Grace came at 4.30 and we had an hour's trio practice. Dinner for dinner of lovely roast pork, ice cream & strawberries etc.

George and Margaret in for bridge, cocktails, lunch with coffee, records, lots of fun

February Monday 24 1947

Still dull with wind and snow. Got up at 7.10 and had nice time to do all chores and catch nice warm peanut at 8.10. It was nice to sit in the comfortable couch and scrutinize each drifted road as we passed it. Really some blow over the weekend! Well, they are getting through again. Ras came in at 11.30 and Earl H. on his way out at 1.30. Later I saw Earl Kennedy's truck in its favorite parking spot behind the Arlington. In a few minutes it will be time to trudge up to the C. N. R. depot - oh! hum! A fine snow was driving most of the afternoon. Somewhat milder but not thawing much.

February Tuesday 25 1947

Wanda missed yesterday and
today's school. Her
mother intended taking
her to Brantford for her
violin exam this afternoon.
It remains to be seen
how they made out. I am
all anxiety and expectation,
as I think she ^{is} ~~is~~ good
and safe to think of her
being handicapped anyway.
Dennis had to run along
to school as H.F. died
down in front of the house
from damp ignition. It was
a pleasure, needless to say
to travel the independent
way - by motor. Got six
gals and some air at Cubis.
Dull and milder with
some drifting. Roads
mostly plowed.

February Wednesday 26 1947

Had to have a bump by
Skunk Cameron in his bread
truck to get me through the
drift in front of Gog's driveway.
Waltie went through with
her exam but instead of
taking in a show or a trip to
Hamilton they visited Dr. Watt.
Nothing serious says the noted
Dr. But says we it's
terribly aggravating to listen
to, especially last night when
I got up three times to ~~administer~~
administer medicine. Mummy
didn't venture out in her own
car but bummed down with
the gas man and took my
car to Hamilton. She will
be back any minute now
and then we will hold
a council of war whether it
is better to leave Escalibur
hidden by Welham St. and ~~seek~~ ^{seek} the
secret

February 27 Thursday 1947

Cold wind continuing. Had plenty of time to breakfast and slip down around the corner to the peanut. Sat with Bess. Richwood roads buried in colossal drifts. I was almost going to try motoring back when at 8.00 I got my Expositor. George addressed me against it - telling me of the mighty blow plus afternoon. He very kindly drove me to the station. Larry Muma died this morning - also Pessie Jimblet Brown. Arrived home on prompt peanut at 8.50. Funding Kane nearly worn out looking after Muala whose cough is still raging unabated. West wind blowing steady for sixth consecutive day.

February 28 Friday 1947

Wind falling and sky clearing - a much better day. Bess and I sat together again and surveyed the hopeless roads - greater town, how line, byr road chiefly. Last day of February is probably the nicest day of the month. In spite of the still icy wind the cheerful sun reminded us of the approaching spring.

March

Saturday 1

1947

This is my last Sat. morning apartment with dear Bent who is now extemporizing on my waiting room plans.

By last I mean for the present. His roots are out and his cavities filled. More anon. I am very fond of Bent. The weather had a tendency to clear this morning and it looked almost spring like, but alas this afternoon the temp fell to 20 and a new wind arose - this time from the east driving more and more snow - let it snow, let it snow, let it snow.

Later - arrived Chez moi to find Auntie We and Kane sitting at the dinner table, Wallie asleep beside the register, and the men folk at the hall seeing Rogie's famous movies. The Taylors

left at 10:30

March

Sunday 2

1947

It snowed from the east all night, the wind falling by noon, and the rest of the day dull and dampish cold. Wallie still in the agonies of her cough. Wallie thinks it's whooping cough. Dennis banking a little so we kept him in too. Mummy was out twice - church for the morning and Princeton late in the afternoon to procure wedding music and call on Persie - who is apparently running true to form - sick and sour. Rog brought his projectors over at 5.00 and we had an hour and a half movie entertainment - Drums scenes colored and plain. Very good. George ^{Hunt} dropped in at 9.00 and stayed later for bridge, scrabble and lunch. very delicious. Must mention the lovely roast beef and ice cream for dinner. Turner here.

March

Monday 3

1947

Mucala, bless her heart, slept through pretty well without disturbing our rest which was a little late in starting - 2:30 A.M. I left poor Mummy with the sick infidels and best it for the train as the wind was around in the east again and driving a furious blizzard. The peanut coach was crowded. I squeezed in the smoker and sat on as little space as possible. Try and squeeze in it to-night - with you! There isn't any smoker, no coach, no peanut - just a howling blizzard the worst yet. All highways, and byways including the B. and G. piled with mountains of drifts. Here I am in the office at midnight doing bookkeeping and trying to arrange a nest on my store-room cot.

March

Tuesday 4

1947

Slept like a log à la the old office bachelor days. The wind was still strong but sun cheered the desolate, drifted country and the temperature rose to a slight thaw. Had a six o'clock appointment but managed to rush over to the L. E. & K. station in time for the Galt car. It took me right to the C. & R. depot. The station was crowded with snow bound humanity. Got to Drumbo at 8:00 and struggled through the heavy snow with my heavy dog trying to keep up to dog-legged Optin. Heard the Children Goodnight then tucked in a whole of a dinner. The poor C. & R. track was lost beneath drift upon drift. The wind blew all night again.

March

Wednesday 5

1947

Mildew and dull. Managed to get H.X. out and uptown by driving over Jim's lawn. The trip to Princeton was very interesting, wading around through the great cuts in the snow. A single track with steep sides towering above the car. Jack phoned at 8:30 A.M. with the glad tidings of the safe arrival of their daughter at 4:00 A.M. Sumner is coming over and we are going to celebrate at the Bells. I am to be home early! to officiate. Stop! Look! Listen. Don't be late !!!

March

Thursday 6

1947

We celebrated with rye and three handed bridge till 1.00 A.M. Saturday or last night or something, then Sumner crawled over the bridge and we crawled upstairs to bed. Back roads still unplowed so I am travelling by the smooth highway and less smooth Princeton snow trail. Wish I could take some pictures of it. A great scramble to get home by 8:00 to look after the "Coffers" while mummy went to bridge club. Was 25 mins. late and passed Kane almost at Spiers's. Read Walter from Tom Sawyer while she hatched and barked. Dennis is also developing a nice Coup de Croup and so to bed at midnight

March Friday 7 1947

Partly fair and only
drawing in the sun. A
cold wind blew from the
north bringing occasional
snow flurries. It is
snowing now as twilight is
falling and sad gray clouds
darken the sky. Winter
still asserts itself with
relentless vigor and no
"yearnings of the enfranchised
year have shown up yet.
The rivers are fast bound
in ice and the formidable
snowbanks are undiminished.
Just phoned Sutoris. The back
roads are not opened yet.

March Saturday 8 1947

The sun stayed out long
enough for me to inspect
its spotty disk. Numerous
naked-eye spots are
journeying across it. I
mentioned the fact to Dr.
Barron in St. Ritchie's and
he thinks that accounts
for the record-making blizzards
and freak weather all over
the world. Maybe so. Got
home at 8.00 to find Neala
in the bathtub and Dennis
asleep on our bed with his
clothes on. His own was sore
from a whooping cough shot
Dr. Powers gave him today.
Earl took Jim to Woodstock
this morning. It was quite
a job getting him into bed.
So fretful and uncooperative
was he. Had a game of
bridge after with Jim & Blanche

March

Sunday 9

1947

a cold north-east wind without any thaw. I herded the coughers all day while Mummy went to church in the morning and Woodstock in the afternoon. Went over to the drug store at noon and got a Chen Zinner had kept for us and just got it cut up and in the pressure cooker when Mame came back from church. Dinner at noon for Wallie's sake - it was ~~not~~ likely that she would keep it down than later. She got along very well and actually did keep ten meals down today. Mummy came in from Woodstock at 6.45 and soon whipped up a supper of bacon and eggs.

March

Monday 10

1947

Quite frosty and cloudless. This ought to be good maple syrup weather as there is a good sun thaw this afternoon. A song sparrow greeted my ears from Nolan's yard at breakfast time. Sent a card to Joanna Kathleen Friday night but have had no reply as yet. J. S. phoned and wanted me to call at Richwood but I was not certain of the back roads. It seems that they are working on them to-day so I will soon be travelling the "short" way.

March

Tuesday 11

1947

Time - almost cloudless and springlike. 22° at breakfast time but climbed up to 35° this afternoon. The great snowbanks are shrinking and getting honeycombed. I kept musing about the fact that J.S. called me from the widow's yesterday. Took train home at 19.00, calling in Mrs. Zamb. kin's with Bert's medicine on the way. Had a wakeful night again with the odd coughing spasms. It's not so good when you are all buggered up with chills, fever, stiff neck and sore throat. Plugging away at the office in spite of bandicaps. Still the same sloo of plates.

March

Wednesday 12

1947

A little mildew at noon than yesterday after another clear frosty night, with the sad waning moon just above Jupiter in Libra. Journeyed down the 4th to see the work of the bulldozers and it was a sight both at Percy's and by the river. No plow could even hope to make such mountains. The big drift in front of Percy's half hid the house. Very clear and calm all day! Lovely maple syrup day for you - give me another dish - plus a set of false teeth. Book club so I am to herd the young coughing hyenas.

March

Thursday 13

1947

Got carrots and beets for mummy then tackled the Country road once more. It was not too bad. It got quite mild (43) in the afternoon and kept getting darker till rain came at 7.00 P.M. — a cold, miserable rain temp is now 32°. Guess I'll return by Princeton as big Jean reminded me that the roads were much less desirable this afternoon than when I came down. I can well imagine what cesspools of corruption are developing. Mummy is going to Hamilton this afternoon. She said Auntie Wee came home yesterday.

March

Friday 14

1947

Took pretty Blanche down and went the highway as I had to deliver Bertha's laundry. Great Caesar's Ghost! it has stricken nine and here I am at the office. Have just heard (C.B.L.) a nine year old, Patsy Parr, play part of Hadyn's D major piano concerto. What amazing talent. You sure have to be a prodigy to get anywhere in music — and how! Mild and dull. A little cooler at night. Ice above dam still holds.

March

Saturday 15

1947

Blinding March blizzards all day interspersed with sunshine of a blary white nature. Pumped down through Canning to have a look at the river which was still fast in ice although it had showed the ice up some and there was more open water. Came home to find Nuala no better and Mummy discouraged. She has been bathing Dennis which should have been my job. I guess I'm a failure. We had a quiet evening; just sat around, read, and went to bed in good time.

Same as today! Thursday Mar 16/

March

Sunday 16

1947

67

Cold and mostly cloudy with many miniature March blizzards. There is about three inches fresh snow which makes things look much clearer, in fact at night it was so frosty clear and sparkling that it would do for a Christmas postcard. Mummy going to church was the only outside excursion of the Bells to-day. Ella and Alva came for supper and we played bridge till the witching hour of midnight. Poor Walte ate hardly a thing all day so she didn't have much trouble keeping it down. Dennis hammered a lot down cellar and seemed quite perky.

March

Monday 17

1947

Cold and frosty with some sunshin. We persuaded Dennis to go back to school after a weeks absence as he didn't seem to be coming down with the whoop. ~~Take~~ Give him to the shall laden down with books. Went by Canning, the roads were very icy under the new snow. It did not thaw much to day and is back down to 20° now. A wintry St. Patricks day.

Even colder this winter
St. Patricks day - 8° above.
Friday March 17
1967

March

Tuesday 18

1947

Every night there is frost on the windows and the stoker is on mid winter shift, eating the last remnants of that lowering bin of coal we started on last fall. This is book club held over from last week and I am supposed to be home at 5.00 Bill Liversey is coming from Brantford at 7.00 for a store-teeth fitting which rather puts me on the spot. Managed finally to get home shortly after nine to find mummy gone and Walhe reading in bed. Everything was in order.

March

Wednesday 19

1947

Everything white with frost
 The Gunning road is
 rougher every day. The
 river is still full of ice.
 Didn't have to help any
 stranded motorists like
 I did yesterday morning
 on Keg Lane the two coppers
 Mrs. Zelenack. **Cub** fixed
 my tire that Cornick worked
 out. The patch was no good
 and the nail was never
 removed. Good work, Cornick!
 Mummy and Walter in the
 office for a minute this
 afternoon. Walter is better
 but looks pretty spooky.
 Saw the thin pale moon at
 10:00 A.M. - first time for nearly
 two weeks.

March

Thursday 20

1947

A tiny bit warmer -
 maybe a degree or two.
 Of course everything was
 frozen up in the morning
 and I crash, banged down
 by Richwood, but Princeton
 for me to-night if I want
 my car to drive tomorrow.
 Sent a letter back to St. Hy.
 giving Richard the open
 door for come hither sign.
 I'm sure his visit will
 be much enjoyed, meaning
 music, bridge and what
 have you. Lovely sunshine
 all day but 63° was the
 highest in the shade.
 Mrs. Baire died last night.
 Poor Lura, how she must
 hate all the intrusions and
 fuss. Got some flowers
 for mummy as a peace offering.
 She's more or less peeved at me!

March

Friday 21

1947

Dear little Walter got up and ate breakfast with us and rode to school in my taxi. It seems a long time since I took her - it must be nearly a month - a what a stormy, cold, ^{and} windy, genuine month! Went by the Lynn road this morning. I try a different set of bumps on my car each day. Poor car. Too many of these rough road experiments and it will fall apart. Mummy loved the pot of flowers I brought her last night especially the two red tulips. The first day of spring was dull and chilly with snow from the east all afternoon.

March

Saturday 22

1947

Dear me! as I put on my funeral suit this morning I forgot to get my pen so I am obliged to write with the desk pen. It was a fine sunny day and warmed up in the high thirties. The wind was cold enough as we trudged half across the cemetery with bare heads. Herb called me at noon asking me to be an active gall bearer. It was sure a break for me as the honorary bearers in which group I was first placed all were ancient with one foot each in the grave. I brought J. S. down and he is having a good time with the widow as well as a run to Brantford. I forgot to bring a decent tie so he very kindly bought me one. Dear old Ted Wentworth was there.

March

Sunday 23

1947

Mild, muddy with dim
sunlight, robins and spring
in the air. Kane told me
last night as soon as I
arrived that Grandma had
died yesterday morning.

I was left with the children
during Church. Mammett
played my three favorite
cello pieces. After the children
got away to Sunday School
Kane and I sneaked
away to Hamilton in HX
We listened to Mahler and
Prokofiev on the way down.
Saw dear little Joana.

She is a perfect baby. Ate
dinner gassed with the
Edgewood and beat it
back after changing a flat in
front of Jack's with his and
Gord's help. Jarner was
with the archels and apparently
they were nearly archels.

March

Monday 24

1947

Mild, very dark with
fine rain and fog. Dennis
had a fever and stayed
home. Uncle Jack and
Auntie Wee met me in his
new Studebaker and we picked
up Kathleen at Dinny Moore's.
Grandma's funeral was at
3:30 at Watsons funeral
home with a full house
it was hot as Hades.

Came directly home without
going to Burgessville, as we
were all in a hurry.

X-mayed Auntie Eo's tooth.
Got my tires and some
gas at Cub's. Now for
the slow crawl home
through the impenetrable
pea soup fog. I guess this
writes finis to our trips
to Woodstock.

March Tuesday 25 1947

What a blizzard! Roy M. rode down to Paris with me and several times we were stopped from the opaque drifting snow. Arrived at the office at 9:45. The barometer reading this morning of 281.31 is a new low and the wind has accompanied its slow rise with all the pent up fury of caged tigers. It has not abated with the darkness. Most appointments were cancelled to-day.

Oh dear, what will I do - take the car or the peanut? Temp is now 13° above.

March Wednesday 26 1947

From fear of being accused of being chicken hearted or getting old and timid I drove home last night and found the visibility next to zero. I crept along cautiously often stopping for station (or road) identification. I had another of those grand dinners and good sleeps that are attributable to the most loving home-making wife in the world. A cold windy day again but with some sun and the dim form of a crescent moon on high. I see by the gapeing that yesterday's barometer was the lowest in 50 years - I guess that will hold me for a time. We might never break that record. It froze hard all day 15° now at 6:00 P.M.

March

Thursday 27

1947

More sun to-day but still the bitter north wind and freezing out of the sun. The temperature at noon was 29° a slight improvement on yesterday. Took the back roads as they were hard and inspected the big ice jam at Cunningham's flats. The ice is still holding above No. 1. dam but a lot of water is getting away underneath. Nuala still has her spasm after supper and usually loses a bit of it before she regains her equilibrium. Dennis lost a flower from tooth last night and woke us up at 6.30 when he got his nickel under the water then climbed in with ^{to} _{it} as caused a disturbance from then

March

Friday 28

1947

More sun and a noon temperature of 38° after a cold night that put frost high on Dennis's windows. I guess I've sneezed fifty times to-day and had five times fifty chills. My temperature must be at least 105° F or Centigrade. Slugged away in spite of everything and slaughtered all my patients with that indomitable energy such as Roy Masseran did days. He said he was sorry he didn't take any pictures of Janet before she was seven months. I am too. If he had we could easily have another evening's exciting entertainment. The crescent moon was dim and the air frosty again at eventide.

March

Saturday 29

1947

Oh dear! Hear it blow!
 More snow and cold
 weather on the way. Came
 down with Bert by Barbara
 Horrocks' and Jean Sutors'.
 Over the terrific bumps.
 All my spring leaves are
 broken, shakels bent and
 shocks disconnected. It
 is 8.40. Bert waits. I am
 to take some medicine to
 Benzie. Oh Lord help me!

Great stuff. Mummy
 took the children to
 "The Johnson Story" in
 Woodstock and didn't
 get home till long after
 did so everything was
 apple pie, except that I was
 too indifferent to get
 myself any dessert, not even
 apple pie. And so to bed early

March

Sunday 30

1947

Cold and frozen all day
 Sunny most of the time.
 Stayed in dining Church
 house and looked after
 little Janet Masscar who
 only bawled once and that
 was soon over. Had a
 look at the sun through the
 Carl Zeiss binoculars that Clark
 Mowat lent me. Slipped
 down to Paris for a practice
 just after the pests got away
 to Sunday School. Dinner
 was over for dinner which
 was grand as usual - pork
 shoulder, turnips etc. Uncle
 Jack was in for about two
 minutes. Have dismissed
 Marilyn Momes in time for
 a ~~pre~~ dinner fog and
 drink. Alma Rose, and I
 had a stiff rye apiece before
 hitting the hay - I blame!

March

Monday 31

1947

Everything frozen tight at first with brilliant sunshine. Temperature moderating a little into the thirties. Took Bertha's washing to Princeton.

The children were not late for school. wonderful to relate. Just our tampering with the clocks that saved the situation and gives that extra minute. Got a Goblin for the office.

Now I must rush to Drumbo and stamp goblin my supper before it is stone cold. Kane is at a cemetery board meeting

April

Tuesday 1

1947

April fool. Yes I'm the prize April fool. working my head off for one half a proper fee and never having a moment's relaxation. Phoned up Chester and had him send a man to take off my screens (first time for three or four years) ~~is~~ preparation for the coming winter. Maybe I'll get my windows cleaned if a miracle happens such as two moons. It is 8.45 and I was to be in Drumbo at 8.30 - ah me! Milder and dull. Took Ray down by Canning to see the reef again but it had all disappeared. The mth was clear and not very high.

April

Wednesday 2

1947

Dark and cold with an all day east storm first rain then changing to snow in the afternoon. Most sad, disagreeable weather but, of course the moisture will do good. Rain is a blessing though not always unmixed. I see the sky in the far north has a brighter streak so we may have a better day to-morrow. No window cleaning to-day or any kind of cleaning. Just the old slavish plate work in the lab.

April

Thursday 3

1947

I went down the "ghastly" back way (Ghastly according to J.S.) and found it not too bad. Of course I stopped at Cub's for gas. Maybe he meant "Ghastly". It sure takes gas either way. This morning was frosty and cloudless and the children were on time. I got a sweet smile from Margaret as she was calling in her chickens. am trying to do a little house (or office) cleaning in between a full day of dentistry and find it quite "fearful". Bob Riddell buried to-day. I will probably be buried Monday - buried under tons of work and worry.

April

Friday 4

1947

Cool and dull. Managed to get to Paris via Cumby at 10.00 A.M. The Nile was clear of ice and the water not very high.

Washed my dirty windows - the outside as far up as I could reach, sitting on the rotten silks. The family picked me up at 3.00 P.M. and we went to Hamilton. Uncle Jack was in bed with flu. Pat in with him and smoked and drank rye. Had a big dinner of bacon and eggs, carrots and salad. It rained all the way home - the children slept. Dennis didn't even waken when we changed cars at Paris.

April

Saturday 5

1947

Milder and rainy - rained all night nearly filling the cistern. The cellar floor has a hundred streams of water running every direction. Took Jimmy's car up town to get the chicken at Gerrens. As it was raining cats and dogs I took the highway. It got quite mild this afternoon - 59° but did not clear off. It is sprinkling again and getting cooler. Ken Jervis in the say bells also Giles wants a ride to Drumbo. Here goes nothing.

Easter

April

Sunday 6

1947

5th day of days! What a hubbub! Looked after dear little Janet while church was going on. It was a full time job. Had our Easter eggs at noon.

Drove over to Princeton for Bersie just before Sunday School with the children and left them there on our return. Have listened to Bersie's blues while I listened to the Philharmonic blues - Pastoral Symphony. The Taylors arrived at 4.30 and Jack and I inspected the "new" cottage also the old house.

Birthday dinner with Turner for John. Chocolate cake with three candles, chicken, ice cream etc. We ^{Balls} all beat it to the United Church where I had to play Largo. The Taylors are

April

Monday 7

1947

B. left at the same time. The passion play was good and we went over to Commend Jim on his work after.

Monday - Easter Monday will be remembered as the flood day for 1947. Coney Island had a lake and the houses looked like boats. The stores were all cold and cheerless with furnaces half immersed in dirty brown river water. 3-day was cold but the terrible wind of yesterday had fallen. It has cleared at sundown and is now frosty and calm. Oh that wind of Easter Sunday. Hats had to be held tightly all the time - or else.

April

Tuesday 8

1947

Thirty-two years ago —
 rowan's thirty two, we
 went through the Screen
 Works and had our pictures
 taken on the roof. It was
 a lovely sunny spring
 day. Joe Kegan and Bob
 were there also Dummy Waterland,
 Chipmunk, Jayton, etc. etc.

So-day promised to be
 fine but ~~had~~ clouded over
 at noon and was gloomy
 and not very warm.

Got our cellar drain
 working last night. It
 was a great worry off my
 mind. Then I gave the
 fruit cellar a rough and
 ready sweep up. This
 morning I carried out some
 soggy boards, baskets and
 bags.

April

Wednesday 9

1947

Rode with Mummy and
 the archels in white car
 to Paris. Nuala is still
 coughing a lot, in fact
 she is back to her first
 week back, back and the
 eternal phlegm. Of course
 I didn't get nearly all
 my work done and had
 to rush for the C.N.R
 station and no 18 at 5.30
 Kave, John & Dennis met me
 at Dundas as the twilight
 was just beginning. Ate
 a big dinner of roast pork,
 carrots, baked potatoes etc.
 Nuala ate very little and
 complained with every mouthful.
 Kave fed the baby at 11.30
 then we went to bed.

April Thursday 10 1947

Mildly and partly fair
Got to Paris at 9:30
after an amuse breakfast
at the Taylor home.
It rained most of
the afternoon. Deems
landed in at the office
at 3:30 and stayed
till around six. Earl
called at 6:30 and I
took his kind offer of
a ride. It rained cats
and dogs most of the way
but the red truck ate up
the road smelling like a
Diesel oil burner. Bertha
was there when we
got home and we all had
supper together as Mom
and Walie were waiting.
I took Bersie to Princeton
at 9:30 and listened to the
sob stuff, blues, and blubbering.

April Friday 11 1947

Very mild - 64 at first
rising to 71° at noon.
Very little sun, mostly
clouds and showers.
Have had to push me
nearly to the 5th to get
my damp old car to
percolate. The floods
at Chatbaw, Shakespeare,
Dresden, "Covey Island" at
the beginning of the week
were almost as bad as
10 years ago this month.
If this daily rain doesn't
let up, the rivers will rise
up again in wrath and
devastation. Wish I could
get a clear night to try out
the Zeiss prism. I hate to
squander 75 till I try them
in the stars and planets.

April

Saturday 12

1947

Cloudy and cold. The
Grange river rose sharply
again on water being
released from the Grand
Dam. It was at a
record high mark at
4.00 P.M. The day - just two
feet from the top of the
dyke. There was a foot
of water ~~in~~ the cellar under
our flock. I went to see it
in Tom Wise's. Covey Island
flooded again. Got home
at 8.00 to find the
Studebaker and the four Trunks
at our place. I left
about 10.30 after a confab
with us and Earl. Things
are moving along at the
'colloge. The skins went
in to day.

April

Sunday 13

1947

Cold with some pale sunshine
The family went to church
leaving me with the dishes
and beds. Got some of
the Climbers back of our
garage cleared away. Went
to Paris at 2.00 P.M. for
a practice and took Alma
and the kids to see the
river also the inevitable
self-moited Bertha. On the
way home we left B. at
Stewart's but she would
fain have gone on with
us. Kane just couldn't
take it to day. Had a
lovely dinner, popped
corn at the fire place,
put the archels to bed,
then sat around - Turner
and K. & I - drinking whisky
and gossiping.

April

Monday 14

1947

Sunny and milder.
50° this afternoon. Rivers
down half way to normal.
Here at six past seven
and the twilight not
half ebbed. Perhaps
some nice weather is
coming. Denny and I
changed the spark and
put ~~on~~ my oversize
front tire again. It is
holding air - Cut is a
master tire man. Spark
Plug and Mrs. S.P. called
in this afternoon with a
tooth off his plate. He
won't make a very good
Spark Plug till I fix it.

April

Tuesday 15

1947

Got home last night to
find ^{my} Ev. washing dishes,
the ^{3 1/2} ^{Day} ^{lows} having dined
with ^{4 3/4} of the Belles on
loast buff etc. I was
relegated to eat alone as
usual and afterwards
finish the dishes - most
fexciting. J. S. Lo parked
in my operating room
overlooking my last
minute activities. He has
just dined at the Arlington
with the "little woman"
in other words the plump and
merry Widow. Rather chilly
white frost last night &
and another one on the
way to night.

April

Wednesday 16

1947

A very sad unseasonable day. Woke up to a dreary grey dawn with the whole landscape white with snow and some sleet pattering against our bedroom window. The thermometer stood at 30° and the best it did all this dismal day was 35° . Came down in white car with mummy and Turner. It is six o'clock and in another hour they will be along to pick me up. Boy drowned under with bridge; it reminds me of twenty years ago at the same spot where Harold Fisher went over. The morbid curious crowd was there all day. Even Jack were dogs again last night. Good progress on the house.

April

Thursday 17

1947

Miserable weather encore. The sun was shining weakly this morning but wasn't long hiding itself behind dark grey clouds. The ground had two inches more snow and the thermometer was at 30° . Snow flurries and rain at intervals. Very dark at noon necessitating the lights on. It has cleared again at eventide but it looks like a temporary job. Rose went to book club as soon as we got home yesterday. Jack & Er came at 9.00 and left at 11.30. They were over at the other house directing the big upheaval. I delivered the septic tank plans to Mr Ferris. I wonder if Shank Cameron showed up to dig the hole?

April

Friday 18

1947

what a temptation to tear away from the grindstone and shear Horowitz! I was almost calling it a half dozen times especially as this was a slack day and I ^{could} have managed it. However I didn't. I guess I'm getting old. Stayed here and took in a little much needed money. Bought beer and wine for a blowout instead of burning up the highway to Toronto. Bertha ensconced on our studio couch could not sleep for the awning banging and the wind howling. March weather. Rain, cold, dank, wet, unspeakable. Jack's birthday. He called me at noon from Ham. (what the ham) my new prism brought up the thread-like moon and Venus very clearly.

I'd been alone for an hour or so this A.M.

April

Saturday 19

1947

A brilliant morning. Crystal clear and three inches of purest white snow that fell last night accompanied by a winter wind from the north. It was very hard on the eyes so bright and high the sun. The rain stays cold at noon it is just 40° and sunny. Gathered up 14 boys and suitcases for Bertha upstairs in the big house and loaded my back seat full. Then took them and her to Princeton. Great was the relief to Kane and Co. Bertha was clumping around shortly after seven this morning and had the house all awake including the industrious, bell-ringing Dennis. Saw Venus at 10.30 A.M. from my Chestfield with the 7.50°.

April

Sunday 20

1947

Cold with a little more snow. Mummy drove the car to Church and managed to get there on time but the kids were bad at the end of the service and that spoiled everything. Had another struggle to get them off to S.S. Finished wheeling away the clinkers and borrowed a sifter full of coal from Carl.

Got away to Paris at 3.30. Practiced at Edith's then had tea and bread with cookies and cakes. Got to Hamilton at 6.15 and were soon into a big beef dinner after the sister's appetizer. Got Jack another record for his birthday. Home by 10.00 P.M.

April

Monday 21

1947

Ground frozen hard. Sun shone all day but without warmth. Bitterest east wind was 35° at noon. It is freezing again now. Just found my keys in the garbage after an hour's search. Lucky I didn't let the garbage go to Madden and Co. I would have been real Madden all that. Big wreck near Champaign. I wonder if Dick was in that?

April

Tuesday 22

1947

The coal came yesterday
 - three tons of slate. How
 will it ever go through
 the worm? Hope it does
 as we need a fire just like
 mid-winter. The ground was
 frozen again this morning.
 The sun struggled out
 for a while in the morning
 but gave up after midday
 and the cold grey skies
 brought more cold rain
 at night. It is 35° and
 almost on the dot of 8.00
 o'clock. I must start and
 get my papers.

April

Wednesday 23

1947

One day of summer. One
 night of summer with
 lightning on the northern
 horizon. 70° all afternoon.
 Steber went out for the
 first time this spring.
 Got home at 6.00 P.M.
 and took off two upstairs
 storm windows, then raked
 the garden and had our
 annual spring treat for
 the children - a bonfire.
 Just after I got Dennis in
 bed the bunch landed
 for the gypsy bee. The Miles
 Taylors & Dippels. Later
 dinner and the holidays.
 Did a bang-up good job
 on the living room ceiling
 and walls. Had beer, then
 lunch and rye. Very windy
 from the south.

April

Thursday 24

1947

39° with a north-west wind and rain, clearing towards noon and warming up to 50°. Jack arrived as I was coming back with the water. A big day in the big house is coming up. Ripped the place all the same hill hammer out the bricks knock holes in the roof, pick the boards, nails and spikes on the driveway, make all the dust possible, because this is going to be a real bang up job, in the meantime it is mostly bang. The Halliday are working like Trojans, day and night to assist. To-night in the big night with Ede at Paris Central School. Here goes nothing.

April

Friday 25

1947

Last night went off fine. Nuala never played better and brought down the house. "The Playful Ponds" and "Mumbling Leaves". Edie was very gracious both in her playing and her compliments. The trio were Kaydu Cmaj. (first movt.), By the Brook, "Martini Savate" & "The Rose". Berse is still with us, sticking like a plaster and clumping and banging around even after everybody else is in bed. Cool and dull. Great was the effort to get Dennis to come home to bed last evening, so absorbed was he in the building operations at Gaga's. The the poor little fellow wanted to come to Paris with us. He was gyped all round.

April

Saturday 26

1947

Cold, forbidding weather, another day of strain and stress. Dull, no cheerful sunshine. Poor Jack, he is so disappointed with the slow progress on the house. I say have to move Monday and to-night the kitchen is not even plastered, only half plastered. We were half plastered also. Jack after getting the children in the car asleep, came back and poured us all a big glass of rum. We all turned our clocks on one hour. It seemed a most inopportune time for the moving Taylors to lose one golden hour set with sixty diamond minutes.

April

Sunday 27

1947

Cold and partly fair. 36° was highest. Mummy felt sick and didn't get up till noon. Gerald playing the organ. ~~Debbie~~ also Kay in with her as he was barking like a dog. Nuala was delighted to carry the breakfast upstairs. Had a hurried bowl of soup and got the children ready to go to meet Dick on No. 6. Arrived at the Paris depot just before the train. Called on Harmon & Birdie for a few minutes. Had a swell time at home, a lovely pork dinner, a trio practice with Dick and a game of bridge with Jim & Blanche. Black Horse all on tap.

April

Monday 28

1947

Hard frost. Ground hard.
 Dug some parsnips for
 mummy yesterday.
 Glad I didn't leave them
 till this A.M. I would have
 needed a crowbar. Collected
 up Bertha and her twenty
 bags at Mrs Sampkin's
 and carted her to Mrs
 Buchanan's by the W.W.C.A.
 What a lovely place!
 What a nice person!
 Everything is too good to be
 true, too good to last. Called
 for Littlejohn the lawyer
 at Richwood and he stood
 on the seat talking to me
 in his cutaway. George Hunt
 in at night for me and
 a couple rubbers. Joanna was
 the only one sleeping downstairs.
 John, Kuala & Mummy in our room.
 Dennis and I in the north room.

Dick in the chambre de lux

April

Tuesday 29

1947

Temperature on the rise. Over
 40 to start and a pale
 sunny ^{sun} was shining. White
 haze and pebbly clouds
 covered the sky. This daylight
 time makes one stretch and
 yawn, and yearn for another
 gob of sleep. Dick came
 down with Kate in white
 car and dined at the
 White Horse with Birdie
 and Han. I was invited
 but had too many patients
 as usual. Called for Dick
 at Longs at 7.30 then
 at Richwood for Littlejohn the
 lawyer. Played bridge and
 gassed after the four
 children were put away
 in slumber. Rain and
 mild at night. I guess this
 is my last night to sleep
 with Dennis how is it?

April Wednesday 30 1947

Up at the crack of dawn
to see "late April at the
Dawn" It was dark and
rainy so I didn't get
a very good look at it.
It may have been lovely
some years but not this.
April has been most
backward. Took Dick to
visit at Paris a la old times
with Jack. It cleared
before noon and was
warm - 67°. Things are
growing for the first time
this spring. Bernie
just called she wants
to go home for the week-end.
I don't want her to. Nobody
wants her to. She wants the
wheel chair. Maybe I could
wheel it down.

May Thursday 1 1947

The warm growing weather
lasted till late afternoon
then suffered a relapse
It is 39° now having
dropped 30° degrees in about
two hours. The night has
closed in with fog and
a dreary cold east wind.
Went to Galt last
night with Jack and
George Boniface at 70 miles
per. The Studebaker told
the road like a caterpillar.
Had a sandwich at Dimitri
Metropoloff's cafe. The house
of Bell shelters four adults
and four children last night.
The Zoga house will take
weeks yet.

May

Friday 2

1947

37° and more rain. The clouds broke before noon and the afternoon temperature was 60°. It is clear now and cool again at 9.00 P.M. and the daylight is fast fading out. Took Auntie Ev. to work with the scholars. Took H & I to the Paris Motors for a grease and oil change. Still a "upper" to pack and mummy waits patiently. Bernie calls at my busiest hour. Oh hum!

May

Saturday 3

1947

How can I concentrate, out in the waiting or music room Bert is blowing tremulous parts on the saxophone. It is late - nearly nine, and most of my Herculean efforts for the last few days I have gone on the cuff. The fair, middling warm day has given way to black clouds and another sousing of rain. That means no work in the garden to morrow. Brought white car down for a little work. Kane is selling it. She might better sell me or give me away. I hate like sixty to see my dear old "white car" go.

May

Sunday 4

1947

Breakfast was a sort of self-serve affair and was strung out from seven-thirty till eleven, each one eating what they could find as they put in an appearance. Jack and I did the dishes during church, also the beds. Then I mowed the back lawn, and drained my alcohol keeping three bottles full (gal) around, so firm, so fully packed, that's my gal. Took the children to see Bertha at Mrs B's. when we practiced with Kenneth at the P. Church. Drove "mummy white car" maybe for last time. Jack got us fairly high on Beagram's 83 before falling into bed.

May

Monday 5

1947

Dull, cool and rainy. No good for work on the land, no good for wash day, no good for nothing. Bersie called as usual just at my busiest hours. She wants her wheel chair bad. It is bad as the rain came through the leaky garage roof and warped it. 9.25. There goes the peanut to Drumbo. The sad grey daylight has faded into night. Ah one, where is domestic contentment, where are family joys. My soul is tormented.

May

Tuesday 6

1947

Earl's, no Earl's birthday. What's
 the matter with him, Mr Bell?
 Poor Earl! When did he die?
 I must try and find that
 out. I have tumbled by hook
 and fiasco so I must try
 by crook. Cold and
 miserable, chilly wind and
 dull sky. Opening leaves
 and verdure still hanging
 back. It is 9.00 o'clock
 It has been 10.00 P. M.
 for my supper for the
 last thirteen nights.
 Mummy is fed up with
 me, fed up with the
 children, fed up with her
 car. She would like to
 sell the whole works.
 (see a year ago today - I am worse
 than history I repeat myself
 repeatedly)

May

Wednesday 7

1947

33° and a north wester
 that went through my
 summer underwear as if I
 were naked. It is quite a
 rare to make school by
 9.00 o'clock when there are
 six glasses of orange juice to
 squeeze etc. etc. It snowed
 most of the afternoon, the
 temperature rising to 36°
 as the clouds cleared away.
 Everything is afraid to grow
 and the trees are almost as
 bare as November. There is
 the faintest red on the scarlet
 maple and just a suggestion
 of green on the willow.
 Got tonight we have to zoom
 back to Paris and practice
 with dear Kenneth.

snow-flurries at times through the day.

May

Thursday 8

1947

Partly fair and awfulish.
It is 29° by my north
thermometer now at 5.30 P.M.
This morning it was 30°
and the highest to-day
was 34° . Most discouraging
weather to the tiny plants
and leaflets waiting to
burst. Plober grumbling
away like mid-winter.

Mummy shivering and
hugging the register. Even
the dumb Jack poured
last night gave only
very temporary warmth.
Bessie calls just as I
got a mix of plaster
ready. Of course it got
too hard. Gray clouds
cover the sky and the
dusk is like late November.
A skiff of snow covered the
ground this morning

May

Friday 9

1947

Mummy white car or HXL
is gone! Last mileage
28911. I'll miss it. However
not my will but thine,
old lad! Ground froze
hard last night again.
Highest to-day a bare
 40° and a continuance of
the wintry wind from the north.
Must hurry home to get
mummy and take her to
the Piffotarian church
where we will soft
trips with Kenneth.
Sky was cloudless all day
for a change and the sun
dazzling but without warmth.

May

Saturday 10

1947

The trips went off not too badly. Kenneth acquitted himself nobly. We went up to George Gould's after. The night was clear and frosty. Jupiter was brilliant in the star-studded sky. B-day began clear and cold with the pale old moon in the south west. The temp rose to 50° this afternoon. Just phoned Bill Miller and wished him many happy returns of the green onions. This is the day Joe picked off also the day I got HX seven years ago. This is the most backward of all seasons, maybe more so than 1919. There are no leaves yet.

May

Sunday 11

1947

The stoker went out and we were forced to finish our bridge game last night amid chilly surroundings with only the fire place and gin to warm us up. This morning I lit the furnace and with a rising temp outside nobody complained of the cold for the first time this last six months. We went to Brantford in HX and called on Fieser family. Had a nice supper and listened to some fine records.

May

Monday 12

1947

The real McCoy. 74°
 Down to Princeton,
 eyeing the pale half
 moon in the south.
 Must hurry now as it
 is 7.15 and I must
 be home at 7.45. We
 are to go to Woodstock. It
 will be my 1947 movie.

May

Tuesday 13

1947

Threatening rain and cooling
 to 65°. Turner went with
 us last night and made
 a gay theatre party of five
 in the new Studeraker.
 It rolled us up to Woodstock
 in record time at
 70 miles per. We saw
 another picture totally
 devoid of any redeeming
 feature save the excellent
 music. On arriving in
 Drumho at 11.30 we (Jack &
 I) after coffee and sandwiches
 took George to Galt. To bed
 at 2.00 A.M. As a result of
 continued late hours, and
 vile coffee, robbing some of my
 all-too-few slumber hours I
 look like 75 today with
 sacs, pouches, and wrinkles on my
 bleary face. My hair droops
 and my spine sags - also my

May Wednesday 14 1947

Temperature at least in the mid thirties with a whistling east wind. It had rained most of the night and everything was most miserably cold and wet. It cleared at noon and got up to 48 by a great effort.

Got my pine tree planted last evening in the spot where our last Christmas tree stood. The man was just right for that if for nothing else. What is the prognosis for this evening — on grass cutting and some spading, probably.

The garden is hopelessly wet and can't be ploughed for some time.

May Thursday 15 1947

Yes, I got the back lawn cut yesterday, also the front beds trimmed. Went to Galt again at midnight with Jack and his carpenters - George & Bert who neither smoked nor drank. So day it cleared and got up to 60°. Think I will tackle some more storm windows to night maybe give Jack some assistance. Pretty Irene Humbly was my last patient. I love her. Better not let ~~her~~ see this or I'll be in the dog house. — oh well, I am anyway so what is the diff. Might as well be hung for a sheep and a black one at that (John D. loved Irene too much)

May 15/47

May

Friday 16

1947

A fine spring day up to 66 and calling out the laggard leaves. Bertha has called most every day this week. Today she called twice. She has no wit and is full of a four lettered word rhyming with it. Earl is also full of it not to mention numerous others. Got some storm windows off last night. It was fairly warm this morning without a fine but poor cold, distracted, nerve shattered Kathleen wanted one so I lit it and beat it.

May

Saturday 17

1947

Mr. Knox came to plow the garden - much oh absolute. I was forced to let him go ahead. Oh what a much hole. It has turned out coal and raining this afternoon so things look bad for "getting on the lawn" tomorrow. Bersie wants me to take her to Lydia's (she only phoned twice today) I am to call for Johnnie at Richwood. Oh what a lot of crap I have to put up with!

May

Sunday 18

1947

Cool and showery in the morning and fairing off all noon. It did not rain again enough to stop my outside work. A day of many tasks, after breakfast, dishes and beds. Jack and I put the record player cable down cellar. Lunch was followed by a brief intermission then a round of crop work. Finished the storm windows and put up all the awnings except our box awning also some of the screens. Ray and Kay called just after I got the children to bed. The Taylors showed up about 10.30. Drank beer and looked at Jupiter and Saturn through the 5"-

May

Monday 19

1947

The morning seemed short as a flash. Took 2.18 and that got me to my office at 9.35. Little Geoffrey was the first victim. Gobbled my lunch at 1.15 and was just finishing it when Jack streaked up the stairs. Went to Toronto with him in his new Studer Kam and Bersie accompanied us. Got to Toronto at 3.30 and had a grand time looking at the exhibits and shaking hands with eighty odd members of 2 T 2. It was a wonderful get-together. Every body was happy and they floor show excellent. K. J. and I started home at 12.10 with a shot of wine from the new cocktail bar. Stopped out a way for hot dogs.

May

Tuesday 20

1947

Drove home through
 torrents of rain in spots
 Jack got sleepy and had
 me take over at Coppsville.
 It was cool this morning
 and the furnace fire felt
 good. Went around by
 Richwood and picked
 up J. S. He and the
 widow are now eating
 supper at the Arlington.
 He was the day of the
 great 4 minute (almost)
 eclipse (3 min. 52 sec)
 in northern Brazil.
 The sky is clear and
 the green dazzlingly
 brilliant.

May

Wednesday 21

1947

The clear sky didn't last
 long. By midnight it
 was raining and has
 rained steady all day
 to-day. The temperature is
 44°. Smearing gardening
 indefinitely postponed.
 Each day there is a
 little more done at Jack &
 W's place. Lots of
 disappointments, lots of head-
 aches, and lots of unforeseen
 expense. George drove the
 Stude home last night.
 Phoned Alice to-day and
 found her quite well
 and in good spirits.
 She tells me poor old Nellie
 "ain't what she used to be" -
 having just done a strip in
 the hospital.

May

Thursday 22

1947

Woke up to brilliant sunshine and strange to say it has lasted all day with only a few cloudlets shadowing it momentarily, and a thread of a moon aloft over my south eaves at 4.00 P.M.

Wade dropped in this morning. His mother is not well and seems to have had a slight stroke. She is in bed all the time lately. The maples are about half out. The walnuts and elms just beginning to show green. Nearly as back as 1917 but not quite. Dear old Jim and the farm thirty years ago.

May

Friday 23

1947

An unspeakable birthday. That is I have scarcely time to speak about it. Had a birthday bridge game at Jim's last night and was presented with gifts of frankincense and myrrh. Got the kids to school on time after rising at 8.00 then dashed back after gas, then dashed off in all directions. It is 8.20 now and I am half dead after a herculean day. Just saw Wade for a minute on the street. His mother is mostly unconscious. Too hot - such an utterly lovely person. 75° to day and partly fair. The sunset is cloudy and rain is promised for to-morrow. My garden will be impossible.

G. + E. went to Waterloo ball park

May

Saturday 24

1947

*in the evening
and missed the
fire works*

Newark a holiday
a good whole holiday
with my wife, "The Belle
Amore". She would let a
roar out of her if I didn't
mind my p's and q's. A
day of much physical
exertion, mowing my
poor old back and guts
complain. Got up the
box awning and mowed
all the grass. After
lunch I got out low
gear on the garden fork
and dug in the couch
grass all afternoon. Did
the piece back of the
garage and south of
the board walk. Had
steamed chicken for my
birthday party and the usual
cake and ice cream. Dinner
over. Lots of fun with fire
works at dusk.

May

Sunday 25

1947

The bridge game in
which Jack and I took
on Turner and Ray
lasted till 2.00 A.M.
to-day. We beat the
tar out of them. She
dank play next all day
and the east wind chilled
to the bone. We had a
good fire in the furnace
but it has never
been out except for the
odd half day. The sum
of today's efforts was washing
washing dishes and washing
beds. ~~Close~~ the children
to 5.5. and went for them at
3.30 also bringing back Giles
and Margaret. We had a
nice time with records and
trips. A round of beer with
Jack & E. to finish the day.
Looked at photograph album

May

Monday 26

1947

Wade came up and sat with me while I did lab. work from 7.00 till 9.00. His mother is about the same. Nothing unusual happened on the 25th anniversary of our graduation. Just work, work and more work - tons of it. No respite, no breathing spells. Panty fair and cool. I ought to mention my super deluxe birthday gifts. Mozart sonatas for piano & violin. also a lovely metal table from Kane. Beautiful Benson lighter from Ev. Jack. 3 fine watches from Dennis and 3 cakes of Woodbury's soap from Ursula. Bless their hearts!

May

Tuesday 27

1947

The netted sunbeams to day are dancing. The sky is ultra marine. The bright green leaves are nearly full out on the maples and half out on the elms. Wade and Ralph were up for a few minutes in the evening. The netted sunbeams hid themselves at noon and the last half of the day was dull. Sprinkles of rain on the windshield going home. I lent Wade the 7x50. Zeiss till to-morrow. His enthusiasm over them rekindled mine which had been dwindling and almost going out owing to the general dampness.

May

Wednesday 28

1947

Wade's comments
 clinched the deal. I
 purpose to keep said 7x50
 Case Zeiss prism and
 pay Oliver as much
 money as he desires
 nor Jew him down one
 cent. Oh for some sunshine
 and starry nights! Oh
 for some time to spend
 on hobbies! How can
 I enjoy my new prisms,
 my wife, my cello etc.
 if this eternal onslaught
 of plates does not
 abate! Oh Neptune,
 Oh Uranus! I am neglecting
 you shamefully. I did not
 not make out observations
 for the '46 - '47 season.
 I promise to make amends
 next winter, so help me
 god!

May

Thursday 29

1947

Dark, cold and foggy
 At breakfast time a
 deluge of rain descended
 with a little thunder. Feeling
 groggy after the guzzler's
 grand party last night.
 Played the record player
 till I was tired out putting
 them on and taking them off.
 The sun showed about
 five minutes this evening
 but the ever ominous &
 clouds cover the sky
 once more. The temperature
 is 40°, what hellish
 weather. 1917 was
 better than this, so was
 1946.

May

Friday 30

1947

Enough sunshine to let me see the clusters of cysts that freckle old Sol's disc. Most of the time the sky scowled and cold rain fell sometimes in sheets and sometimes in blankets. at 8.15 the outlook (which means look out) is very black especially to the north west from which direction the cold late autumn wind is piping. Talk about 1947 - it just isn't in the same class as 1947 - the year of cold, wetness and frustration. Mary Jones home last night and in to call. We gave her beer to loosen up her tongue as we feared she might prove taciturn.

May

Saturday 31

1947

Well Bessie won her point. She got me to bring Wallie down this morning. Of course I have lots of time on Saturday to do all kinds of extra running around. Note carefully: - it didn't rain today, or did it? I think the sun shone most of the time and the temp feebly crawled up to 60°. Now, to pick up my daughter and attack the long grass in my back yard. (bugge yards)
P. 5. (later) Bessie had Wallie push her all around town in her chariot - poor Wallie

June

Sunday 1

1947

The Jay boys were
bridge-broinded last night
so Jack and I stood
the girls and as usual
beat the tar out of them.
We drank nyc, wine and
beer. The morning
was dull but not
raining. I had high
hopes of planting some
potatoes but the rain
came on before church
time and kept it up
all day. Mr. J's came
back for dinner and we
had a bang up good one
featuring hot pork roll,
peas, ice cream etc.

There was a movie show
in the Baptist Church at
night. I stayed home and
sopped the cold, while Ev,
John & the baby slept.

June

Monday 2

1947

I'll never pray for rain
again - at least till
all our tongues are hanging
out from drought. It's
8.30 P.M. and the
rain has kept up without
intermission since yesterday
noon. Our garden is
a lake - so is Paul's
and how! What the rain!
The darkness falls, the
east wind blows, the rain
descends, cold and relentless
on the super-soaked
country. Oh how hungry
I am! Changed the
"Slender" tablets for the
"Cillenta".

Oh Wally and her Bach
gavotte in D. What a
thrill
Poor old Robs - let me not forget!

June

Tuesday 3

1947

Great guns! a cloudless day, warming up to 60°. Too wonderful to believe. ~~I~~ ~~is~~ ~~is~~ snoring lustily on my Chesterfield as I finish the last of my chores before a dash for home. He has apparently ^{been} making merry with the widows.

Oh, marvellous long June day! Used ^{up} quite a bit of it in country to work. Got to the woods past Bob McCrow's and found water over the 4th. Turned back and found the crossing low up at Princeton. Waited 15 minutes, turned around and went down the 2nd as further delayed by a herd of cattle and muddy roads. Got to Paris at 12:00 A.M.

damage!

June

Wednesday 4

1947

Another one of those long June days with the sun still shining, although he looks pretty bleary now at 7:30. Two days like this are all we can hope for. Must hike home now and see what damage I can do around the place also investigate what damage Dennis has already done. He got a kifter from up country yesterday. He kept it in the cellar all night. This morning it was panicky and tore around the cellar like greased lightning.

June

Thursday 5

1947

Mom got me a couple boxes of tomato plants which I set in the driest part of the back yard - muck which was at the east side. So - night I hope to get in a few rows of spuds if the threatened rain holds off. 79° - highest yet. Brought the sub down. Two whole days and Bertha has not phoned. She must be dead on powerful mad to be low this long. All aboard, train leaving Paris - under smoke for Drumbo-on-Mud.

June

Friday 6

1947

Wrestled with the mud till dark last evening and got in four rows. I have was at bridge club so I was forced to eat alone at 10.00 P.M. The awning makers were plying their trade as usual till about midnight. Wife and I were in our night attire when Jack insisted that we come down and have a round of stiff eyes. So bed at 2.00 A.M. Ah, me, I am looking like a spook with about five hours sleep per noctem. Got to-day - 82°. No rain yet so I may get in some more muck. Had a crack at some cans with J.P.'s rifle last evening also a bunny but I missed him.

June

Saturday 7

1947

God dog! The rain obligingly held off so I got in ten more rows - north and south of Irish cobbles. Guess I'll leave the rest of the ground for corn and beans etc. Dull all day to day and threatening.

Later - much later - the rain descended in torrents till the garden was like a lake. Got home through blinding torrents in time to hear Nuala play her pieces. We drew for partners and the Bells stood the boys and were beaten. The cellar is a mess from the walls leaping and the cistern splashing over on the floor.

June

Sunday 8

1947

The sun was feebly struggling in a watery sky when I awoke. Dead silence reigned so I got up and fed Joanna and put her back to sleep before anybody stirred. Everything was supersaturated outside so all I could do was mow the lawn and cut weeds. I slapped Dennis and made his nose bleed so I was in the doghouse for the balance of the day. Grace came to practice trios at 4.00. Nuala sang in Ella's choir twice to-day. After the evening service Turner and the four of us Enticewaps drank beer and listened to records. Poor R.E.W. - not Ruth but Erle.

June

Monday 9

1947

Sun pale and watery looking clouds blowing out of the water south-west. Was late for work from trying to build a fireplace fine and getting black as a nigger in so doing. House was damp and chilly. Warmed a lot this afternoon - 75°. Sun brighter as the day advances. Gorgeous June evening. - the golden sunbeams and the rich colored succulent verdure. Bring on the "resparagus" and spring lamb - in fact bring on anything to eat - I'm starving.

June

Tuesday 10

1947

82° and the long, strong uninterrupted hours of June sunshine. Everything is jumping to ~~pick~~ ^{pick} up ~~last~~ ^{last} time. Got a basket of cognacs at Zelenagbs last evening also planted corn and beans. I'd be able to finish to day if it were not for this trip to Bedford. Too many trips to Bedford in the past seriously impaired proceedings at Durham. I guess it's just history repeating itself.

June

Wednesday 11

1947

Didn't get over to Bayford last night after all. HX seemed to want to go right home and I didn't argue with him. Got some peas, carrots, lettuce, parsley in with Muala's help. Jack felt tough with a cold and we just sat around and complained about our aches and pains and drank wine. Even the baby was coughing a little and would only take half her bottle. Fine and windy to day. A little shower at 3:00 P.M. then the sun was hot wind once more 80°.

Guess I'll go to Bayford on my way home to day.

June

Thursday 12

1947

Yep! Zoomed over the ~~Town~~ Line to Bishopsgate and on into the familiar village. How vividly 20 years ago came back when I wheeled those roads to Norwich twice in the season. The birds, the flowers, the poetry. No time for any of it now. Just the perpetual, gaudy, interspersed with frantic bouts at the garden. Cool and windy at 4:5 this A.M. so raked out the dirt from the furnace and built a fire. It warmed enough (22) this afternoon to make it superfluous. Sunny most of the day the lovely long June days. Got my rifle I now drive an

June

Friday 13

1947

Oh, most unlucky day! at least for some people. Not for me so far. It has been just another day of rush to get the children to school on time, rush to the office, rush through the usual slew of work then rush home before dark to slug in the garden. Have to take Mrs. Lewis up, also stop at Bertha's. What a brave cad I was to fight the three young woodchucks. Yet they are all potential nuisances to the farmer and we depend on the ^{local} farmer more than ever. He is the bottom stone, or better the cement foundation of the structure of our society. Without him we

Down with the woodchucks!

June

Saturday 14

1947

The unwelcome rain poured down all night. The garden is a glasse again. I drove down to Mary's to pick up "sis" with the rain still descending. It has only partially cleared this evening and the barometer is low. I guess the garden will give up the ghost. Bernard was awestruck to day so I wired him. Bertha just phoned - oh hums. Yap, yap. Blah - blah - a chatter chatter. Ten to eight and I am supposed to be home by eight. Woe is me!

Rainy, dark and cold.

June

Sunday 15

1947

I wasn't so late after all last night. By the time I had eaten, bathed and changed the nest were no more than just ready. We set out for Bedford at 10.00 P.M. and had a delightful evening with beer, seats and a nice lunch. This was the last night of the Taylors sojourn so I got up and fed the baby, then cooked yellow goupie. I spent the afternoon fixing a crank opener on our front bedroom window. Made a mess of it. We Bells were alone for dinner. Had cold pork and tender green beans. Had a guff over at Ew's before going to bed. Amvace Bull.

June

Monday 16

1947

The old order of things. Just three glasses of orange juice to squeeze. The children were really a minute late for school but the teacher was later so it was all right. It was fair and sunny all day. Caught one glimpse of the blood like old moon at noon. It warmed up to 65° but is back again in the low fifties & a down. I never remember such a cold wet June. Here it is over half gone.

June

Tuesday 17

1947.

Time in the morning but clouded over after dinner and was chilly. Poor outlook for any gardening to-morrow. Drove Goga red truck down to the hospital for repairs. None of its organs are functioning properly. It needs a new motor, chassis and cab. Just sent a card to Aunt Lottie. We will endeavor to take the "steamboat express" if it runs on Sunday. Took a chair and stole to Bertha. She is bound and bent to get up to-morrow to Drumbo through hell and high water, in spite of all discouragement.

June

Wednesday 18

1947

Time and warmer believe it or not. Actually crawled up to 70° this afternoon. Managed to stave off the Bertha peril for a few days at least. Rane drove my car up to Plattsville to the musical festival. Nuala did not get a prize. Driving the same car down this morning was like floating on the ocean or flying in the luminiferous ether. After that rattle-trap of a truck. ~~With~~ it every bump in the road is a collision, direct and uncompromising. My first four hours of potatoes are just peeping through. I'm afraid the rest will not be able to break through the concrete

Bersie blatted on the phone again
true to form

June

Thursday 19

1947

see 30 June page

she never misses a day
Fine and warmer. Maybe
the woman has turned
and we are in for some
decent weather. If I had
a "happy thought" for June 19
I had entirely forgotten
it. Would that I could
remember. "Oh death, would
that from thy marble front
my grief could avenge one
tear!". Oh Archibald, how
I love you! You were a
gentle, lovable scholar
like W. H. B. Now I
grieve for all these "precious
friends hid in death's dingles
bright": A fine appreciation
card from Wade. A little
workout with the "Zeiss" last
night. Saturn, ^{by the Beehive,} Jupiter, and
his moons, Coma Berenices,
Cygnus, Lynx, M 13 etc. It was
truly wonderful. Summer cracked

June

Friday 20

1947

Another few minutes
with Zeiss last night
similar to the night
before. Jupiter, Neptune,
Saturn etc, just before
going in on E's porch
and having a gaff with
them. Iurnal was reclining
on the studio couch all
strapped up. Took the
peds to the dump and
unloaded all the junk
mom and Inemel hauled
out of the cellar. Front
and back steps painted
as we use cellar entrance.
Fine and warmer than
yesterday - 75°. Most of
my stinky array of garden
stuff had fallen a prey to
cut worms and black flies.
Now I will go home and fall
a prey to mosquitoes!

June

Saturday 21

1947

Had to strap Dennis for staying down town till ten o'clock. Of course I felt like a heel and couldn't enjoy my supper after. Turner suffering a lot of pain. She sleeps on Er's studio couch. Joanne is the prettiest of babies. "Dinner than bloom or jewel are her hands and feet." Fair windy and cool. The week's sun has baked our soggy garden like cement. Just a few of the seeds can struggle through. Met Enid and Margaret off 83 and went up to Dan's. Had a shot of gin then went down town to finish my work while they ate at the White Horse. Wade came in and I drove him up and pick up the girls at Dan's. More gin.

June

Sunday 22

1947

Jrime and Lat. A perfect day. Rose at 9.00 and breakfasted in more or less style. Wala and Margaret slept upstairs and Enid in the sun porch. The young folk were placed in charge of Jack & Er for the day and K. E. and I departed at 10.30 for Oville via Guelch and Erin. Road very rough. Had a lovely dinner and stayed till 4.30. Norma was there helping Aunt Lother as Aunt Rhoda has been sick in bed. She was up to-day and ate dinner with us. Jean and the Brown "friend" landed in their fleet line Chev. just as we were leaving. Had another dinner at the Press House in Preston. A lovely trip. Cocktails at Jack's after

(Irene 2 years old - dear Irene)
June Monday 23 ^{June 27} 1947

Fair as ever and
wen latter. 82°. The
solstice was passed or
reached yesterday and now
I see the beautiful crescent
moon from ~~my~~ south
window falling ever
southward. Brought
Irid down and Birdie
looked after her till
noon. Have called at
2.30 and took her back.
I hope to get home myself
soon and slug at the
garden and try to make
up for my absence
yesterday. I contribute
to the Lord's Day Alliance
but Sunday is my
real work day. all the
rest are just play days.

June Tuesday 24 1947

Oh hum! 8.30 - the
end of a hot summer
day. 85°. The heat is
refally turned on with
a vengeance, as if to
chastise ~~us~~ for complaining
so much about the cold
and wet. I tried to hoe
a little in the garden
but had no success.
The seeds only came up
about 20% and the ground
being like concrete makes
it almost impossible to
get a hoe in to get after
the wilderness of weeds.
The moon is dim with
misty clouds and showers
are promised for tomorrow.
The heat is still oppressive.

June

Wednesday 25

1947

Oh of course! now you commence! The continued heat brought rain this afternoon just to prevent any gardening when I get home. Erid came down with me and filled in the day at Long's and making social calls on the upper coast. I must away by six as we are to call on the Jalls this evening. A little cooler after the shower but still warm.

June

Thursday 26

1947

Had a nice trip over to Norwich last evening. Galled at Howard's first but they were gone. Then went up town and saw Alice. Revisited the farm on the way back and got a bag of delicious zesty apples. Erid had a great time renewing old acquaintances. Hotter and brighter - 85° to day. Had my air filter plug up so I took it in to the Cub House this morning. My poor garden and lawn are badly neglected.

June

Friday 27 1947

Hot and bright. In other word "warm with hell". Erid came down with me for her extortions and Kane very kindly drove her back with her new crochery. It has been a busy, enervating day. Gordon B. said I looked tired so I strolled to the liquor store at five to six only to find I had left my coat and permit behind. I hurried back and just made it on the dead line. The gun will be worth the trouble.

Mustafa el gm.

0..

28th

O

25th

June

Saturday 28 1947

Rain and hot - 86°. It is 6.30 am and I am supposed to be at the Lion's Park at 6.00. Late as usual. Tell you more later - yes. (Later) - We had a delightful picnic supper across the ditch just below the old High School. Everything was perfect, even the sweet baby. Erid and Margaret, Evelyn, John, Kane and our two. Eat at the table to the south end in strict privacy. Jack did not get home till midnight from a big tent job at Waterloo so we had a round of gin after that. Very hot hipsters had the 5' set up for Jupiter and the moon

You mean #10, Souppes, 2.2
June Sunday 29 July 29/67 2.2
1947

Unmitigated heat.
Did not get up till
10.30 as Paul had
got Gerald to play
at church. A little
trio practice with
Grace at 11.30. Took
the youngsters down to
the north at Kamp
Kiljoy site for a
picnic supper. Had
hot dogs. Went
swimming with Kane
by the basswood tree,
the younger members
splashed around up
at the sand bar. The
Taylors came at 6.30
and we had lots
of fun. I was driving
H & without a fan belt
but it did not boil.
My first swim for 1947

June Monday 30 1947

Got my new fan belt
first thing at Carter's.
Very hot and bright. The
best holiday weather
for sunburns and tans.
Things rather quiet
in town with so many
away for a long week-
end. Sat over on E's
porch last night
till about 1.30 A.M.

Read Evid "Alicia's Diary"
I neglected to mention in
my entry of a week ago our
visit to the Shamp Dam.
on our way home from Oville.
We leisurely stood on the
big concrete structure and
admired the scenery. Did
I mention that Dennis and
Nuala were both promoted
to grades II and I resp.

July

Tuesday 1

1947

Cool and fair. The few drops of rain last night were only an aggravation. Chopped in the garden most of the day with Ernie's help.

Most of my potatoes are not coming up. I washed and tied my tomatoes which are the only healthy crops in my sad looking garden. Drove to Norwich again in the evening to see Aden. His wife died yesterday, and he is very much broken up.

W. Dennis went along with his mother and Aunt "Needie" but the girls stayed home and went to bed in decent time for a change. Last evening with "Sis". We drank rye and listened to records.

July

Wednesday 2

1947

Wine and cooler. Barely 70. J. D. wanted a crutch but I have been too busy to do any shopping. I will be late home and that will worry the family as I have to travel Ernie to no 16 at Paris.

July

Thursday 3

1947

It is 8.00 P.M. I am supposed to be in Drumbo at 7.30. Kave's recital night. There is still at least an hour's work to do here but I have to let it go, to pile up to tomorrow and send me whacky. To the net house for me and there my worries will be over. Time and cool.

No 16 zoomed in the sweep up ^{and} ^{depart,} and Margaret in a jiffy last evening. And they are gone, alas.

July

Friday 4

1947

I was sure in the dog-house. If rolling-pine had been handy the air would have been full of them in a twinkling. Kave was vexed, or better Dore displeased. I missed the first half of her interesting recital, and then couldn't find my music for "Trees" and had to look on the piano. Hope I have better luck next year. There are times when this dentistry business gets me down and this is one of them. Wish I could have heard Dennis and Nuola play their piano pieces. Hat and bright today. J. S. came down with me all the way from Drumbo to Paris.

✓ 5 star entry ✓

July

Saturday 5

1947

88°. Hottest day yet this season and most humid. Accordingly I sweat quants at the Chain and in the lab. and so stunk badly. Can you recall the hum of spalling pulleys and belts; the smell of the stockings and the scouring room - all in '10, will 32 years ago? How you wanted to curl up after dinner on one of those soft bales and have a nice snooze; and how trees and grass across the river. How I watched the tree shadows shorten and lengthen with the diurnal round. Also the almost daily showers and the gorgeous clouds.
Dear 1915.

July

Sunday 6

1947

Muggy and hot in the morning. Kame got away right after lunch with Jack and Ev. in the Studebaker for Cedar Springs where there was a dedication of the old Drumbos Baptist Church organ, leaving me with a mess of young ones. Got them cleaned up and off to Sunday school. It started to rain at 3.00 and stopped my work in the garden. Called at the Church at 3.30 and took a load home. It rained till after five. Caught some tubs and pails of soft water for Jacks. Had a lovely supper of fresh peas, baked ham, orange ice cream. Over to Ev's again after to Chew the fat.

July

Monday 7

1947

Coal and only partly
fair with a stiff north-
east wind and banks
of grey-white clouds.

Visions of that lovely
Cobourg-Ottawa trip last
year. The sweetest holiday
even. When comes such
another? Oh dear!

8.45. I am bludgeoned
dumb with plates and
ropy saliva. I so wanted
to be home to hoe
but woe - woe is me.
Ho, don't worry.

July

Tuesday 8

1947

It is dull. The wind
is in the east. The
temperature is 58° . It
is 9.05 P.M. I have
been struggling since
6.30 to get a bite (not
supper) and I have failed.
I'll have to find out
some "words" from Dennis's
friend. I can't think of
any appropriate ones.

Visions of that lovely trip
to Cobourg with Rene driving
- Eating dinner at the Hotel
Whitby - and the grand
lake bathing.

July

Wednesday 9

1947

Dull and cool with that east wind of yesterday. Brightened a little late afternoon and it rose to 70°.

Had good old HX in the garage for an oil change and grease at 5 if 4 if 4. It is running like a clock - almost as good as H8 did. Will have to call up old Ralph and wish him many happy returns and inquire after Mrs. W.

A year ago the sun was so brilliant on the sand and water that my eyes ache yet when I think about it. We had that delightful walk out on the pier in the morning and great old swim in the afternoon.

July

Thursday 10

1947

Clearing and warmer. 82° after noon lunch was over. A good day to drive to Ottawa instead of being slave-driven, rag-ridden, back-bitten with dentures, repairs, silicates ^{full & partial} etc. J. D. down all day. He is partially full, or maybe 3/4 full on green Signor. V.O. is far from very old.

July

Friday 11

1947

I got J. S. Hoome last night in a reminiscent befuddled state of mind; by the time I arrived at Drumbo it was too dark to do any gardening so I just ~~put~~ the children to bed and ate my supper. Sat over at Jack's chewing the fat and drinking rye, beer etc till 1.00 A.M. So day was a delightful summer day with S.W. breezes of 80° F. Have had a big day's work - at least it was big enough to make me footsore and weary. Of course during the war I could do half as much again - but I was younger then. Now I am old, and grey, and decrepit.

July

Saturday 12

1947

Great Caesar! it is 8.15 and I was to be home at 8.00. Have will be sadly waiting and will reprove me most eloquently for my backsliding tendencies. A fine summer day 82° and a cooling breeze. Had to wash my two front windows as they were muck of absolute.

Later - No, Have didn't reprove me, at least not for being late; just for being a slow cherry picker. Herminis started a wine from our place to Nolan's on the maple trees. Nuala ran plav into it and has a nasty scar on her left cheek and lip. Pretty close call. Bath and so to bed (for the children)

88° F

July

Sunday 13

1947

The Bells parents didn't go to bed at a reasonable hour but stayed up playing bridge with the Butchers. Had a real strong gin and orange concoction and lots of fun. The game fell away from roadway standards and ended in confusion. Today was busy. Fixed the slip ladder, had the garden picked peas, cleaned the furnace and the fire place. Got like a trigger. Drove down to camp Killjoy at 6.00 and had a lovely swim and picnic supper.

The Taylors (3) arrived home from Camp "Black Sky" on Lake of Bays at 9.00.

Had more drinks and records after

July

Monday 14

1947

Hot and sticky. Drove the red truck down for another major operation. - abdominal this time. I didn't mention my Saturday's gift to Mummy of two new albums - namely, Chopin, Sonata op 35 (Rubinstein) and Brush concerti in G major (Menuhin). They were top notes. Got my own library of records rearranged like books in a shelf - easy to get at, easy to find what you want, easy to pull out and break at your leisure. The Studebaker picked me up at 8.20 and we drove home but the highway in style Jack was busy all day knocking down his chimney Dennis helped him.

July

Tuesday 15

1947

Still sticky in spite of the shower last night. Jack wouldn't let us go to bed last night. Still we had a round of blackberry brandy. Ex. didn't like it. She said it tasted like licorice. Came down on the dear old peanut, which Blanche and Geoffrey had just got off, but all to no avail as the truck is not done. Had to phone Drumbo for taxi service which I now await.

July

Wednesday 16

1947

Close and thundery. Very sticky. Sat a fmove out with HX and looped through my work by 5.00 P.M. Called for the roofing paper at Straw's. Got to Drumbo by 6.00 and hammered on the leaky garage roof. Didn't quite get all the tar, sintered on by dark. Took time off to eat with the gang. Bessie came up with us last evening so she swells the board. Was ever man so inlaved as I? Jack took George Bonifare to Salt at 11.00 also George Hunt and myself. Had drinks when we got home also lobster lunch

July

Thursday 17

1947

The heat finally brought thunder storms one at noon and one at 4.00 P.M. Lots of rain. It is muggy yet and the sun sets very watery with thundery looking clouds all around.

Oh that darling ring and that darling Mr. Cook (I think that is his name) Bought a pair of brown pants (bright rust color) also a tan shirt and tie. Have to be dressed up for the presentation which will take place in the immediate future.

July

Friday 18

1947

The ring was quite acceptable, but my brown pants didn't go over so good. "Why did you get brown for". It rained again today and on all afternoon. Everything is soaked. The boy I will soon be no good. Brought Bertha back to Mrs. Buchanan. Oh dear! things are not so good there now, as at first.

July

Saturday 19

1947

Oh dear! As tired as I am I'm not half as tired as you are. Am supposed to call on the widow.

I have no stomach for it as there is so much waiting to be done at home. Muala came in and tapped on my inner door this afternoon.

She was a vision of loveliness. She is such a nice girl.

Had to bath Dennis last night as Mom was away getting her hair done. He came in like a mud hen. The bath water was black. Read three bath stories and ate my belated dinner at 11.00 P.M.

July

Sunday 20

1947

Cool and dull in the morning with clearing skies and warmer in the afternoon. Giles came over just after the family got away to church so I didn't get anything done before lunch except do the dishes and mow the front lawn. After lunch I started in on the weeds and did over half of them. It was a back-breaking job. In spite of the rain recently the ground was still hard as Pharoah's heart. Dinner was over for dinner, then Giles came at 8.00 and we practised Beethoven a la four years ago.

July

Monday 21

1947

Rain last night and partly fair to-day with a cool air in the mid-sixties. Handy "vacation" or "beach" weather - more like Kump Killroy weather. Brought Gabe and Johnnie P. down to Paris. After the usual "enervating" day I and ready to eat rusty nails now at 8:20

July

Tuesday 22

1947

Cool and dull changing by nightfall to cold and rainy - temp 49°. General aspect - gloomy. Got my new panovision castle light installed. It will knock your eye out. Guess I'll have to get dark glasses. Thirty years ago today it was 92° according to the Globe. In my 1917 diary I simply have - "Rain and hot. Dear old Jim and the Stoves farm. What change the thirty years have wrought."

48°

July

Wednesday 23

1947

Cold and dull at first. Lit the good old stoker furnace and warmed up for Mrs. Cross and the baby. The nest went away early to vacation school so didn't get the benefit of it. Actually had a game of bridge last night by our grate fire of crackling cedar sticks. Ev. & I, Joan and Jack put the dime in the "Bridge bank". Must see Jim Geary about this cottage business - it has pleasant possibilities. Clearing a little and warmer towards evening.

July

Thursday 24

1947

More like summer. Rose to 75° this afternoon and the sun shone most of the day. Yesterday was frigid and the stoker roared all day till midnight when I pulled the switch to insure a coal comfortable sleep. Ev poured me some Southern Comfort cocktails last night. George Hunt was around in his "Monarch" to pass the time of day, or night. This afternoon Kane landed in with Dennis. I filled a tooth for her and J. S. went back with them in my car. I forgot to mention that Le. came down with me and we ate lunch in the Arlington. Phoned Aden about the cottage.

July

Friday 25

1947

8:30 P.M. and I have to cast an inlay. The Schubert Quintet came today. I wonder how it will sound. I am duty-bound to have some Schubert in my library but would it had been the Schumann! The cottage business is definitely off - at least at Turkey Point. It is too small for all our gang. Maybe we'll get one to rent us sometime. Water and bright for a change - back to good hay and wheat harvest weather.

July

Saturday 26

1947

85° and sultry sunlight giving over to a dark mottling sky at 3:00 P.M. A little cooling shower and then the sultry sun again. The first day of the big factory workers holiday in Paris but, alas no holiday for me. Saturday is not kind to me lately. It keeps me as late as other week days, and I am so weak at the week-end. Got some lamb for a treat, also two goofy comic books. Whole lot of Alfred and Evid. Tried the Schubert out over at Jack's but didn't hear it to advantage as Don and Hela were there and we were all drinking Scotch and soda and all talking at once.

July

Sunday 27

1947

Got home at dusk last evening which was too late to chop weeds.

Ate hurriedly and dumped Dennis in the bath and bed as George H. was waiting across the road for a game of bridge.

This was had later with ice and coke. Today it rained hard at

church time and Mom took "brown car". Still couldn't chop weeds, so

spent the day cleaning up the garage and under the back porch. Taylor

accepted our invitation for lamb dinner. Sat around later listening

to the Schubert quintette

July

Monday 28

1947

Dull and cool at first the afternoon was clearing and warmer.

It was hot by closing time. Town seemed rather quiet with all the factories on holiday.

A few old soaks got drunk over at the Arlington. Must run out snow and get the "Exposer" as it is almost eight.

Took a few minutes to glance over old drives.

Oh, a heavy weight of years is chaining and bending me.

July

Tuesday 29

1947

A delightful summer day with sun and blue sky and a high for the day of 84°. Fresh breezes and only a few fleecy clouds. Right front brake seized up so took #8 into Harry and he operated on it - very decent of him considering this is a holiday. Giles over last evening with records, delaying supper and dishes and the settling down of youngsters.

July

Wednesday 30

1947

Hot and humid. A stiff S.W. breeze brought a thunder storm at 6.00 P.M. but it mostly went south. It is grey again in the west at Sundown so more is in store. Just booped out my store room. Hurray! The Pic and Ann Handse has decided to work again after a two year strike. Lots of old "heartthrobs" and treasures in there but they are outmoded and mouldy.

July

Thursday 31

1947

What a pleasure to get my music out of Smith's balls, and arrange it. Now for the Enticknap music cabinet. Got to bed at a quarter to four this morning and then couldn't sleep for an hour. — too much coffee and beer at Butcher's. Four rubbers of bridge, then lunch. A sudden change from yesterday's heat to cool north wind. It is 59° now at 8.00 P.M. Now to horse garbage and water around, then steam for home.

August

Friday 1

1947

August, Kingly crowned but sorrowless. After phoning every day this week Bertha has got a ride up with Benjie and will be slambarging in our sun porch to-day. Kane will be away to the church so I will have to get my own supper. Very cool — in fact chilly last night. I all night: almost a frost. 67° high to day. Cashed cheques and coupons, got this, that, and tatter thing to eat, slugged away at plantials and repairs and now I am ready for home — but no peace.

August

Saturday 2

1947

Time and warm. Vacation school over. Children can sleep in - also mummy. Got away at 9.05 (as usual - in a cloud of dust. Mrs. Arnold surprised me in the middle of the morning with a light tap on the door and a bundle of lettuce. Later on she surprised me again with two heads of lettuce after I had taken Ben and Charlie home from Paris. Dennis wheeled in at dusk and I put him into bed after a quick bath and then I bed with a comic book. Nuala settled down a few minutes later with "Polly Pigtail".

August

Sunday 3

1947

Train and Lab. The late rising of the Bells did not leave any time before noon to do anything but dishes and beds. Did a little cement work in the garden with battle-worn shoe, also picked a basket of beans. Jack piled up all in the Studebaker and drove to Bayfield where we had a delightful swim and picnic supper with sand by the water's edge in a nice little private cove that Jack and I had explored before. Had to leave the lovely Lake Huron, an extremely happy excursion.

August

Monday 4

1947

Still fair, still hot only
hazy. Nuak, Dennis
and I cleaned and washed
the car. Hoed a little in
our wilderness of weeds
commonly known as a
garden till the heat drove
me in. Spent most of
the afternoon with Jack
stripping his living room
of metal ceiling, wood
trim etc. Worked like
Trojans with time off for
the odd eye. At 6.15
we collected the children
and zoomed to the river
by Pump Killjoy for the
best wash and swim of
the season. Jenny and
Nick Hambley went along and
stayed for supper on our
crowded dining room. Wallie
slept over at Hambley's. Bridge with
you later

August

Tuesday 5

1947

Hot - 85°. Dennis
was still slumbering when
I left for Princeton to
pick up Bentha. Took
her and her fourteen
bags to Paris. A old-time
shelter in the hot office
with extortions and
depressions

August Wednesday 6 1947

Hot. 89° I guess this is the highest this summer. I and summer is going fast. Dennis dragged me into Dick Cobban's to see the bikes and balloon tires. He is really putting the pressure on. I tried to impress him that \$60.00 was a lot of money.

Stole a swim at the 5th bridge for the first time this summer.

It was as lovely as ever before and all too fleeting. Just a swim out to the ladder and back and a rush into my clothes car, and on to Paris - no time to admire the beauty of that favorite haunt where my bike first took me 22 years ago

August Thursday 7 1947

Hottest this season - 91° . but I had to stay clothed and in my right mind as patients kept me busy from 9:30 till 6:00 and the Chap that was painting outside my windows saw to it that I had no privacy. Brought down the Erticknap music cabinet and have it in my rest or rumpus room. Yes, I think quite a rumpus could be had in that same room given the proper pleasing circumstances when only man his wife. Went to Ehalt at midnight with Jack and dandling George last night. Got my lab screen in and oh how acceptable it was!

August

Friday 8

1947

86° was highest today with the humidity & even higher. Sweat quarts and so did my patients. Have just put my two cases to stew over night. The temperature in my lab is 90° but outside it has cooled to 74°. I'll soon be running out of fat D.V.A. cheques to swell my wear assets. Just one left and I may not land it. Much & absolute novelist left into prominence by writing "The Social Caspiper". The rivers have been condemned for swimming. Lots of "Polis".

August

Saturday 9

1947

A trifle cooler - down to 80° with rainy looking clouds hiding the sun at times. I waylaid me for hootch and the delivery of honey - sweets to the sweet. "Dart Yancey", "Mark Trail", "Coffed-head". Have to take aunt Polly home - a palpable pleasure. also call for eggs. The egg delivery was faulty & it shipped up. Last night we helped Capouse over at the Nolans. Such a goony bunch of yahoos I never will see.

August

Sunday 10

1947

Last night Jack brought Alma over and we played bridge on his porch while Ev. slept on the couch. We drank rum and felt rum soon after. Both Jack and I were under the weather today - going around with a bad attack of pyrambia. Fixed the sprayer on the stoker and cut weeds in the buggy yards. Kept the baby while the Taylors and Littler's went on a picnic. Walked over to inspect the school where Dennis had nose-bleed no 1. After supper we walked over to the big funeral home on

August

Monday 11

1947

Hot as Thursday - 91° slaved away in a muck of sweat. Took #10 into Edgum Motors for points, plugs and carburetor tune up. Not that it wasn't running alright, but everything must be top notch for our trip. It is very dry. Our garden is withering and cistern getting low.

going to ^{Aug 10} continued
 starting ^{the} nose bleed no 2
 which lasted nearly an hour

August

Tuesday 12

1947

92° - fiery sun and
muggy atmosphere.

Muala came down with
me to spend the day
with Bessie. She is
leaning over my shoulder
now as I write, what
more do you want.

Drove up to Cub's at
noon and gave him
a hand changing my
winter tires for two
new firestones. Now
my car won't zoom
so on the pavement.

August

Wednesday 13

1947

91° more breeze than
yesterday but the sun
was brighter and more
merciless. Sat out on
the lawn last night
drinking cool lemonade
and watching for the
Perseids which didn't
show up. Just a few
squibs! A complete fizzle
for the August meteorites -
and the night was
exceptionally warm and
clear. Muala came
up at 8:00 P.M. yesterday
and I pulled a loose tooth
for her. We had lots of
fun going home.

August

Thursday 14

1947

93° but some clouds and a few sprinkles of rain. The evening is falling cloudy and close like an approaching storm. Just got a letter from Alphas at Great Falls, Montana. Went over to the Townpark at 6:00 and got Dennis' bathing trunks from the Fair Dorothy Kellers. Bill Munn awaits me in HX. Why should I hurry longer? It is already one half hour after the appointed time of departure.

August

Friday 15

1947

What the luck! This guy Ingels and another fellow down at the Fall J. S. down in the morning half crooked and ready to see the widow. They called me up for a drink and some cheese at 8:00 P.M. I was most reluctant to go. A nice shower for an hour or more this afternoon. When Jack and I hit the home trail the dust was all laid, the fields fresh and smelling delectable. The Sargents were staying at the Taylors and we went over for wine and eats.

August

Saturday 16

1947

A twenty degree drop made it so delightfully cool, although the sun was warm and the afternoon temperature rose to 80. Lovely fresh feeling in the air. I am stymied here with Miss Schuyler's rodent lower teeth. She must have bit into a water pipe or tree and broken them. I taking my gob of money home ready for our two weeks holidays. Jack was in at 7.30 this afternoon to get a cave filled and he mentioned poker for this evening. Later - we had the poker with the Taylors and Duncans and lost a buck thirty five.

Warren and fine

August

Sunday 17

1947

Here we are at Port Dover. My holidays are officially begun. Got up in good time to get Mummy and the children off to church. Cut the lawn, picked beans, pulled beets, packed the luggage in the car before lunch. Got away by 3.00 and to Norwich by Harley & New Durham to pick up our kindly host, Aden. To the lake by 5.00 and opened up the spacious cottage. The children were in the water as soon as they could get into their suits. Poppy followed later and had to use great persuasion to get them out and dried off in time for supper. We all ate great platefuls and when we could walk with comfort tilted down to the pier and back through the bright lights and noise. Part of a S.A. band concert

Very hot in cottage, at night
a den discussed his matrimonial
plans

August

Monday 18

1947

a year ago to day we entrained
for the West. What a day
it was! To day was a
great day too. After an
ample breakfast was partially
digested the water-minded
children went to the lake while
I read Juergen and Mummy
did up the work. When we
recovered from the effects of
a huge dinner we drove
down to the dock to see the fish
unloaded. It was unbearably
hot. Getting back to the cottage
was the signal for another
lakeward plunge for the
amphibious children. Popsy
followed in about 5 o'clock
and soon had enough of the
waves and the sand-fly soup.
Supper was also ample and
much enjoyed - scrambled eggs
corn on cob - blueberries and honey

August

Tuesday 19

1947

In every way just as
successful of day as
yesterday. The temperature
still in the 90's. The
children had their
morning swim which I
had to terminate with
much threatening and
many fierce gestures
After the dinner was
eaten and the dishes
washed we four Bells
walked down to the dock
and hopped on a pleasure
boat for a half-hour
ride over the waves. The
breeze was delightful.
Just after we got back to the
cottage a thunderstorm
broke. In an hour it was over
and we all had a farewell
dip in the lake - Mummy's
best. Supper, then the pack up

9.30 by myrmidon 2000

Jus detours from the storm

August

Wednesday 20

1947

Well, I guess Adey enjoyed the visit - we ~~sure~~ did. To-day was a bit cooler. Went to Paris to collect mail and do a bit of cleaning at the office. Got home at 6.30 and helped get ready for our second departure on the morrow. Got to bed in good time for the change - better than last night when we drank gin with the Taylors and Evans on the former's premises. Car all scrubbed, grips packed, kids bathed and ready.

August

Thursday 21

1947

Up betimes, breakfasting and away by 8.45, more detours. Came down all morning. Had dinner in Chatam. I took the wheel at Tilbury and we made Coldwater, Mich. by supper time. The cooler body sky of the early morning gradually gave way to a burning sun and a Detroit temperature of 96°. It - night, with the exception of the patient hour in "Henry's Lunch" where there was air conditioning we swelter like steers in a boxcar. The sweat is just pouring down my face as I write. We are in the "Ritz" tourist home.

August

Friday 22

1947

A remarkably good sleep in the "Ritz" last night in spite of the heat and sweat. Got away before 7.00 and ate breakfast at Sturgis. Mummydome in the morning and we made good progress. Dinner at Chicago Heights. Stopped along the road to see a fake zoo. The heat was terrific - ground 97. As I drove down ^{at} 45 in the last stretch I was conscious of an increasing and ~~ominous~~ bump-bump of a front tire. However all was well that ended well as we did not have to stop till our destination at 110 1/2 S. Orchard, Arbana. which we found after the usual little difficulty.

August

Saturday 23

1947

Nuala's 9th birthday. She was well spanked. The heat continued as heretofore. Drove HX over to Champaign in the morning and bought two new tires and tubes for the front 38.00 bucks. Knocked me pretty flat with barely enough to go home out. Played bridge in the afternoon and a big thunderstorm came up with torrents of rain. The children all went out in their bathingsuits. Went over to Alf's garden after in the mud to get corn, carrots and tomatoes. More bridge at night with Blatz beer. Had a lovely birthday dinner with whipped ice cream and delicious cake.

August

Sunday 24

1947

The rain did not cool the air. So-day is the same wilting furnace-heat. Alf and I drove the girls (3) to morning church and then went around by the garden to pick the rest of the corn. The great heat prevented picnics or any outside diversion so the afternoon and evening degenerated into bridge followed, after the kids went to bed, with Blatz. The meals were of the same order as yesterday - perfect in every respect. I don't know how Dorothy managed so well in the 95 degrees to stay such excellent host. Alf and Kay beat the tar out of Dottie and Tumpy. (ex me) in crubbers

August

Monday 25

1947

Another thunderstorm yesterday brought a second deluge of rain but did not cool the air. So-day, however, a third attack did manage to lower the temperature 15 degrees by nightfall. Monday's bridge luck turned and shone on us as Dottie and I calboxed all the rubbers. Blatz beer was served off the ice in large enough quantities to satisfy the most libulous. Alf brought over the survey projector and screen and we saw his collection of Dad's colored slides under the best of conditions. How quickly this delightful vacation has slipped away! Alas it is so with all of earth's delights.

August

Tuesday 26

1947

The morning comes with moderate temperatures and rather dull. Mummy drives us away at 10.30 after getting our pictures taken in the back yard as per three years ago. We turn off at 5.00 or 24 and follow a winding course eastward. Dinner at Monticello, a rough detour of 8 miles follows with poor kane in the back seat taking all the bumps. Supper at Angola where we had the flat tire in 35. Cabin at Coldwater with warm water for washing and shaving. A little walk before turning in along a spaded street with a little of the dying daylight

August

Wednesday 27

1947

Mummy takes the wheel from Coldwater and we spread in Clinton. To the Ambassador Bridge by 12.00 (noon). Kane talks to the officials and we breeze out of there and on to Tully before we eat again. The afternoon spin to Prunho is the best part of the trip as everybody is glad to be getting home. At 6.15 we pile out and view the dear old house with its overgrown lawn and weedy garden. I unpack the car and proceed to cut the grass which is quite a job. When Jack gets home he pours us all a gin drink and we say home ^{home}

August

Thursday 28

1947

Warming up into the 80's again. Got some corn, potatoes out of the garden. Then went to Paris. Everything was just as I had left it at the office. Got some groceries and my annual of newspapers. Was shocked to learn of Mr. Lundy's death. Does that mean what the Priests are hoping for will materialize? More than likely. Varnished the wauthing room floor. Got back to Drumbo. Late for dinner. Helped Jack carry bricks etc. In the afternoon, Wallie and I went for a load of sand in the red truck just at dusk.

August

Friday 29

1947

The season finally caught up with me. I am stuffed up like a mattress, as per 1940 or any other year you would like to mention. Was down stairs most of last night. Slept from 6.00 to 8.00. Accordingly we didn't get started for Toronto till 9.30. Dean Dennis and Wala had a lovely time on the children midway. Had lunch in the car and watched the start of the men's 10 mile swim. Also some fancy high diving. Walked our legs weary in the afternoon and only covered a small portion of the exhibits. Had another lunch at Dunny's and home by 10.30. There was a cool wind from the east and some sprinkles of rain.

August

Saturday 30

1947

Another session downstairs last night with hot water, and the trusty, sizzling pipe - also Jung. Warmer and clearing. Dorota was too much for Nuala as she was no good this morning. Mr. Lundy was buried yesterday and Bernard was in Paris for the funeral. Too bad we were away. Down to Paris at 10.00 to get things in shape for the old grind - next week. A little rain at night and cooler.

Sun 31 (cont), Freda Wisley, Mae Donnythe, The Heaths, Wally Fritch and the Roberts'. Casey and her husband Gordon Wankle and his wife. The Marrs and Bertha The Miles and many others. The Church was packed

August

Sunday 31

1947

Kane got a lot of cards but, alas, I didn't give her anything. Percy Sir broke as well as tight. Fine and warm. This is the big day. Too bad I am stuffed up and can't enjoy it. Had to shave and dress up by 10.30 and get stuff over to the church. We had to sit right up at the front. Mr. Marsden, Dr. Symington and Mr. Anderson plus the augmented choir made an imposing phalanx to face. Service was impressive also hot and aggressive. Mr. Anderson delivered a fine oration, he again rose to the occasion. Kane played the organ very beautifully. Aden and his new wife (almost) were there, also Earl and Jane

September Monday 1 1947

Never before have such a big and imposing crowd filled Drumbo Baptist Church. Of course the new organ and the redecorated building was something to see. Roy's roses were super. It was very late in the afternoon when the last plates and cups were cleaned away from the basement where a delicious buffet dinner was served to all out of town guests and the big pillars of the church. The big ham we forgot to take to Urbana, plus another E.V. got were almost completely demolished to say nothing of the salads, desserts etc. Such a crowd to feed. They nearly were in need of another miracle of bread

September Tuesday 2 1947

from heaven. The Taylors came over to our place for Kane's birthday supper. Of course Bertha was there. Monday Sept, 1st (Labour Day) was coal and dull with little sprinkles of rain in the afternoon. I took Dennis, Russ and John to Paris to see the parade and put a third coat of varnish on my waiting room floor. In the afternoon I went to Preston with Jack and helped him hang awnings. He is learning the business quickly and will soon be a veteran. Tuesday, Sept 2 fine and cool after a big thunderstorm last night. School again. The children all in bright, clean clothes and full of enthusiasm

September Wednesday 3 1947

Mileage when the two
Atlas tires went on was
56,000. The oversize, "black
marble" Firestones at \$90.00
did not give me 20,000
miles - only about 15,000.
Pretty poor, I call it. HX is
equipped with four new tires
now plus two winter
Goodyears from last fall
so it should go a long
way without trouble. Fine
and moderately warm.

The blue sky and cirrus
clouds were a picture all
day. Got a good letter
from Buggans which
I immediately answered.

All is still in the bag.
We await the outcome
with bated breath.

The waning moon was white
and clear in the western sky.
this morning

September Thursday 4 1947

Poor Wallie can't do her
arithmetic and Mummy
tries so hard to help her.
Wally does not take assistance
kindly and kicks against
the pricks. Another sore
spot is her backsliding on
violin and again her mother
valiantly struggles to bring
her back. At times it
seems utterly hopeless. It is
in this atmosphere of tension
that I grab my bits of breakfast
or eat my lovely night
meal in sorrow. Bertha
still sticks to our studio
couch - her voice is weak
and aching - just another
worry for poor Kare. The
men are still tearing Jack-
Livingston apart. It will
be finished about 1950.
Hot to day - 82° and fair.

September

Friday 5

1947

Muggy and hot bringing
a little shower in
the afternoon. Called in
at Ganga's last night,
shook them both warmly
by the hand and stayed
ten minutes, chewing the
fat. Apparently nobody
remembered their 52nd
anniversary, so I was glad
I ~~dropped~~ ^{dropped} it. Went
with Jack to take
darling George home. To
bed at 1.45. 3-day I
am stuffed up and
groggy. Brought Bertha
down this morning.
I can see poor Mrs. Buchanan
is in for trouble. Chuck
was in with his bill
\$350.00 cold sorelesons.
Night is falling early - it
is quite dusk now at five

September

Saturday 6

1947

The second night in
succession I went to Galt
with George only last
night. I came down and I
charged places with her
coming home. Misty moonlight
and a lot of fog banks. The
supporting beam is now
in place, counterwork in the
joints and the chimney is
up to the second floor.
Jack stayed home last night
to go to bed in preparation for
his visit to the Ex. today,
but on arriving back we
found them still up and
pouring scatches for the four
of us. Took John M. down to
Ganga's this morning and at
noon I got his grandfather
a crotch of scotch as a shock
absorbent. It is getting
dusk so Drumbo for me!

September

Sunday 7

1947

Mid-summer heat. 87° all day. Was just able to get Mamma and the children off to church at eleven o'clock by driving them there. We had our lunch on Jack's lawn under the big umbrella. Walked over to the school in the late afternoon and coming back detoured into Margo's for a drink with Eddy, Hazel, Nan, Audrey. Eddy and Hazel came back for a return of gin compliments about the time the Taylors arrived back from Hamilton. We sat guzzling till after midnight. An east wind sprung up at night and it turned much cooler. So much so that we had a good sleep.

September

Monday 8

1947

Time and moderately warm with a stiff east wind. Nuala refused to ride her wheel so they both went with me to the town hall where Dennis goes. Nuala had a block to walk to the United Church where her class is held temporarily. Delivered the delayed crock of Black and White to Thirsty Sanga this morning. Charlie Edmund will ride home with me so I will not be able to enjoy that delicious rest which a journey home alone after a long day affords. Sweet communion with myself and perhaps some good string or piano music on the air. I am full of caubers and hungry.

September Tuesday 9 1947

Summer asserts herself to her fullest extent.

I sweat to-day - a day with little breeze, high humidity and a mid-eighty temperature. Picked up John Kelnes at P. Small's and enjoyed an hour's chat with him. The 31 years seem like a mist that rolls away. Have been rereading Dad's intensely interesting letters to mom. Ah, I loved him in life too little and now in death too well. I must flee away from these shadows or I may go mad like Sam. Had to motor the children right to their respective doors this morning. Too late to bed. Dennis was down at the

waiting for the present at 9.40 and night!

September Wednesday 10 1947

85° with a south west wind. Soon, too soon this lovely summer weather will go and not return for many weary months. Let us enjoy it while there is of it time. Passing and oiling my car wove me a little late for my 9.30 apartment but I got my morning's work done by noon and now at 5.00 my pleasant Wed. afternoon chores are dispatched. Dad will get home along and see the progress on the chimney and perhaps cut the lawn. Mummy mentioned something about picking peas. Maybe that - who knows?

Oh slim morning moon - you
bring back ^{two} years ago
September Thursday 11 1947

85° sticky mid summer
weather. A growl or two
of thunder and a short
shower around five o'clock
but didn't relieve the
humidity. The grey evening
is closing in so thick as
ever. Crickets very loud. B.O.
Plenty sits below in the
car stinking it up to
perfection awaiting a ride
home while I labour
at my acrylics. Mummy
was out to Book Club
last night and tonight
it is Mission Coicle.
I only see her in flashes
and then not to advantage
as she is mostly always
about brushed with the kids.
The kids are devils and
will come to no good.
My pet canker is like a

September Friday 12 1947

Oh, thin white moon, Oh,
stars, Oh hema - but
remember you owe for a
lot of things. Don't go in
debt more than is necessary.
What a picture from the
bathroom at six A.M. - Mars
faint and sickly just
below Gemini and quite
a piece below was fainter
and sicker Saturn by the
threadlike, hazy moon. But
I wasn't nursing a sore finger
or leaving with asthma so
I enjoyed this heavenly
sight. Jack and I have
to be heroes to night
and take our wives to
Ben's shower. I hope
it is better than that
August meteor shower.
Very close and still
hot. Patients and, I sweat

September Saturday 13 1947

Air was warm. Brought
Nuala down to Paris
and deposited her at
Mrs. Buchanan's. Was
through work in fair
time so called for
her at six. They were
just at tea so I went
around and called on
Mrs. Watson. She is
about the same. Very
bright mentally and
seems to be taking her
lot philosophically.

Spent the later evening
on Eric's porch playing
bridge. Women came
over at midnight and
we had some eye
highballs.

September Sunday 14 1947

Warm, breezy and mostly
fair. Palled weeps
during church to
include a good old
fashioned attack of
hay fever and asthma.
We all went with the
Laylons to Salt and
Resplen late in the
afternoon. On arriving
home I packed a
lovely basket of young
beans while Mummy
was getting the dinner.
Jack and I inspected the
building operations to date.
I climbed to the top of the
roof and peered down all the
flues. The newly plastered
cistern met with our
approval. The furnace work
and plumbing and wiring
all well under way.

September Monday 15 1947

Still the best September weather. Delightfully warm and sunny. I was up at the first peep of dawn and saw the sickle in Leo with Regulus very faint on the horizon. Saturn was well up above it, while higher still Mars hung below the Gemini a growing gem in the approaching autumn. Cooler at night. Lit the furnace for the first. Then went to Galt with Jack and George.

September Tuesday 16 1947

46° this morning. The little furnace fire was very acceptable especially this morning from 3 to 4 when I had the leaves and sipped hot water by the kitchen stove. It is 9.15 P.M. now and another cool night has fallen. Ernie Goose called in - first sight of him for ages. It seemed like old times. Wish I had a few minutes to practice. I love my mute instruments with a great love. Helen J. was in to say hello. Too bad I didn't have time to visit with her, as her mind is full of gold.

September Wednesday 17 1947

So here has been dawning another blue day and now, presto, it has slipped useless away. Nothing left but dusk and a low crescent moon in the S. west. Rather warmer than yesterday. Got Ruth's honey and Bruce called for it this forenoon. What a treadmill this old work-a-day world is! We work and work and then we rest and rest and thereby hang a tale. Mummy is to be at the church at the ordination services for Roy so I must struggle with the kids and eat alone and in sorrow - ah me!

September Thursday 18 1947

Fine and warm. Dennis was sluggish so I had to drive him to the school door, then mummy took me to the station to get the peanut. It steamed in with about twenty freight cars. Talked with Floyd Etherington on the way down. Mamma called again for me at 6-30 but I was busy with Snake Numan. Didn't arrive at Sheikland till 7-00. Had a lovely dinner and exchanged gifts. Trios, solos and song songs followed. Home at 12-00. Just missed Jack and George as they set out for Salt two minutes before we arrived.

September

Friday 19

1947

Summer luggage. 65° this morning with misty sunshine and September haze. But oh how quickly all this changes this afternoon when the foggy east wind begins to puff and the temperature drops to 50° and the chilly rain beats against the pane. Enough to give one a pain. But it was too good to last.

Galt Pan needs some rain. It actually expects it. But Sticklata brought up a box of cake for the children. They are good friends to have. My acrylizer just kicked off. Guess I'll deflask two cases before hitting for the village.

September

Saturday 20

1947

Jack drove me to Paris on his way to Galt, so I was spared the peanut. The evening's celebration of our 10th anniversary was most successful. Mummy and the Kinder drove up promptly at 5:30 in 1+X. After a little run up and down stairs we managed to get away and down to Brentford by 6:30. Paused on Darling by the park why not? Had a lovely pork or park dinner at the Kirby House with chocolate souffles for dessert. Went from there to the Esquime and laughed for two hours over "The Egg and I". Jack & I left for a Galt party immediately on our arrival home at 11:15.

September Sunday 21 1947

we had Jim and Blanche
over at midnight. They
stayed till 2:15. Jack
and Er came back over
after that and it was
nearly 4:00 when we
finally crawled upstairs.
Very warm to day - 76°
till the wind changed and
the sky darkened at 4:30
after a few minutes of
rain and N.W. wind the
temperature dropped to 50°.
Brought the Taylors
over for supper in
my car as it was
injuring cats and dogs.
Sue called at 8:00
and later on turned
accompanied J. and Er.
back, chez nous, and we
drank rye till midnight
and then some.

September Monday 22 1947

42° this morning, windy
and chilly all day.
so thick & sweaty and
stank like a steer
yesterday and today I
hung six little Gas
stone and shawls.
35° outside now at
8:15. It is dark and
I am far from home.
Good though me on. Wines
Wade & Peg arranged to
on their 21st. It is
clear and a frost is
on the way tonight

September Tuesday 23 1947

ack Himmel! 9.20 and I have had no time to practice. Floyd Etherington and J. S. Taylor are to ride back with me. Floyd is in the waiting room. J. S. has gone up for another round with the widow. Frost last night cooked our beans. Mummy is cross at me. Et is cross at me and Jack for not taking her to Elbert last night. Children always late for school. Pa Bell always stuffed up the baby always wet. Dennis always stubborn. Bertha always thinking up some excuse for bagging up to Drumbo - ah she! Cui bono!?

September Wednesday 24 1947

We had a house full last night with the Taylor family back to visit us. Jack has a cold or Stent flu or furnace flu or something. The stoker is working like winter time. I burned my gas off after lunch today as the outside temperature crawled up to 60°. At last I got Dennis's bike and it is in the back seat of the car. Put a kick stand on it and also got one for Nyala. This is the day of the directors meeting in Montreal. I'll vote for Buggam for G.O. Must stop and pick up Bertha - more clumping and clumping and rows.

September Thursday 25 1947

Cold with frost again last night. We really had a house full last night. Bertha on the studio couch, the baby on the dining room table, and all the beds filled to capacity upstairs. Mummy and I slept in Denny's room and she complained bitterly of cold and lack of covers especially at the foot of the bed. Denny was thrilled with this hike now he ^{will} want all the gadgets going for it. Good going - Aithais from Aithenside farm - you were well advertised in the paper, altho you hardly need it - at least the few sales of your trifle. The Miles' were at Jackie's last night and they had a

Don't forget to give Mummy and lunch

September Friday 26 1947

Hard frost last night. All roofs and the ground white; the poor tender beans quite brown and drooping. R. I. P. Mrs. Arnold is in the waiting room so I have not privacy at the precious end of the day when it is so valuable. Just wrote a note to Em. with two bankies - Grace and Jean. Took Bertha and Mr. Parnall down this morning. The great Paris Fair is getting under way. Must be hurrying now so I have to fish Mrs. Arnold and then I have then to slack and decamp. Cold wind all day but some cheery sunbime.

September Saturday 27 1947

The day of the great
Paris Hate, and a great
fair day it was cloudless
from sunrise to sunset
but the wind blew
shrill and chill - 46°
was the highest. Another
white frost this morning
and still another in
the offing. Mrs Buchanan
just hoped to say Bertha
had been whisked away
to Toronto by her artificial
man. What she wants
is a natural man not
an artificial one. So we
are to have a quieter
weekend than we had
planned. Baldy Crooks
died this morning. ~~Also~~
George Shannon in a bad
accident at Wilham & Wilton
his car is really smashed
condition critical

September Sunday 28 1947

There is usually quite
a desperate home
scene to get Mula to
write her diary. I know
the way she feels about it
as I am up against the
same problem that of
finding the necessary time
and inclination for
the daily entry. It is not
easy too one does not
want to write the same
stereotyped remarks on the
weather and the monotonous
diurnal round. I saw
work to do and I did it
today. The yard cleaned up
a little and three bushels
of pears stolen from the
Keylans while they were
away. Dinner over for
supper - a real pleasant
birthday party with Bertha
absent.

September Monday 29 1947

Yes, Bentba was absent. She was whisked away as mentioned before so we ate her cake and drank per beer. We didn't know when the Jay boys got back as we went to bed before midnight. Standard time makes one sleepy. Didn't put the downstairs clocks back yesterday so mummy hustled around and got herself and Mabel ready for church on fast time. I let the cat out just in time. She was pretty sore. I don't blame her. Rains all day to day and chilly. 46° and colder ordered for to-morrow. Pretty soon it gips long undermeans.

September Tuesday 30 1947

Cold snuffly weather. Was cold all day in spite of the sunshine, cold while watching the carpenters Jack and George rough in the bathroom, cold going up to Massecar's to get dear Mrs. Massecar out of bed to tell her that her husband would not be home - his "Stanley steam car" broke down in Woodstock. Cold eating W's hot lunch and cold going to Salt later with the carpenters. I hacked, coughed, choked and wheezed all night so that I had no strength to wham berries in the morning and he sorely needed whammy. Clear and frosty at 1-0 A.M.

Jack was so chagrined and I stood there and chagrined at him.

October Wednesday 1 1947

Everything covered with a thick mantle of white. Dennis would have it that it was snow. The thermometer got up to 50° this afternoon but it still was cold. I blew and snorted all day again. My tubes are all plugged and my bones trying into Gallenous feldspar. Got my income tax cheque off a day late also put my savings bond away. Grabau's brown truck was there before I left this morning and three young wisecracks were working at Jack's hot water system. I wonder how they made out. How would they cope with those prodigious clabs of last Saturday

October Thursday 2 1947

Another trip to Galt last night with George Boniface after the bridge game with George Hunt Jaws Turner and the elaborate lunch that Rene prepared. I stayed awake and actually talked to Jack. Our topics of conversation were Bertha, Earl H. etc. Bertha, by the way, is packed at our place. She came to Drumbo on the train from Toronto. Why she packs there is more than I can tell. She is as welcome as the mumps. Sunny and warmer - a grand October day. The leaves are very little touched with color yet. Almost a universal verdure prevail. It is 9.10. J. H. C.

October

Friday 3

1947

Great life if you don't
weaken. Think Ev. comes
over to change the baby,
Wally wakes up and there
is a chattering of little
voices, then Big Bertha
rumbles into action and
clumps and barge down
in the kitchen for half
an hour. Then Dennis
wakes up and barges
in and hounds poor
Mummy till every body
is up grasping for their
clothes. Orange juice
goodie and coffee follow,
then the avalanche up to
the bathroom and the avalanche
down again, the scramble
for hats, coats, books, the
slamming doors and off to
school. Fine and
summer-like - 64°. Brought

72° to-day

October

Saturday 4

1947

Oh summer! Lets go for
a swim. Yes, lets! and
then sneeze, sneeze, back
and blow for the night.
Was up last night
for an hour and browsed
at bits from Kane's book.
Too bad I can't stay awake
all night then I could
really read a novel or
two. The Sergeants were
over last night and they
had gin and lunch by
the front fire place. The
plumbing is pretty well
roughed in also the
strapping and lath. ought
to be ready for Laker
next week. Jack's are
sure going to have a dream
house. With the ^{new} hot water
luncheon and the cistern full
lets hope it won't be a wet dream

October

Sunday 5

1947

Slightly cooler after the thunder and rain last night but still good August weather. Cut the back lawn, also put in a new pane in the cellar window. Ken came along in the afternoon and we managed to put a second hand knob on the front door. Now Mummy will be happy. Patched my bicycle tire but didn't have an opportunity to go out riding with the children. After the younger generation were in bed we five including Turner had a lovely roast lamb dinner at our place. Went to bed right after dishes.

October

Monday 6

1947

Warmer again. with June-like warmth the mellow morning sunlight gleams across the misty valley. The trees are only slightly touched with color. Mummy rode down ^{with} me and we went on to Brantford for a hair do. She picked me up at 7.30 and we steamed home for the big function, namely the opening of Drumho School. The speeches were excellent. Never have I been less bored with half a dozen speakers. They were all good, each one having plenty of inspiration and humor. Ken played Roudino, and a Victor Schubert Senenade. Neala sang in a picked chorus.

October

Tuesday 7

1947

The mellow summer weather continues. The trees are colouring fast. Each morning's trip to Paris will be a thrill for the next week. 73° this afternoon. Windows up all day. Song sparrow sheet this morning. Letter from Evie. They will soon be in the throes of moving to Paris. Have just phoned that the first Community Concert is at-night at Woodstock. Oh the mad rush. Oh the things neglected! Had eggs on toast at the Piccadilly and got to Woodstock at 8.15. My girl friends were standing in the front lobby. Sat in the very back row. Oh what a concert.

October

Wednesday 8

1947

Would I could hear all that over again and again. Never have I heard such a chorus. Such magnificent range technique and timbre. Those precious tones will ring in my ears for months. We got home at 11.00 and had wipers over at Jack's. This morning was cloudy and cooler but it faded off at noon and as it got up to 60 I did not light a fire. O lovely warm days. 'don't go awpy stay for another month! Bessie called. She is on the rampage again. This week end it will be Springfield. Poor Mrs Buchanan - how she must suffer!

October

Thursday 9

1947

Cool east wind. Gassing and oiling up kept me late also calling for Bessie and Mrs. Buchanan, the former en route to the beauty parlor, so my 9:30 patient was patiently waiting as usual. I was ^{thus} more or less behind all day and now at 8:30 I am still behind.

Hi jummy! - I've never been behind before. Perhaps I am behind the beyond. Sunshine and deep October blue. I watched the white ^{sickle} crescent ^{is better} (not growing) moon sink behind the trees of Broadway from my lab window. Jupiter set soon after dusk. Then Antares low and flickering.

October

Friday 10

1947

Too late, too late, he cried in grief. 8:30 and I am about to pack a flask. I mean a partial upper. J.D.'s flask is packed in the back of my car. He won't get it to night as I have to call at Williamson's for the turkey. Remember to post a birthday card to Roy^{M.} get cranberries, and do other things too numerous to mention. Guess it's safe to go home - but that won't be till this lab. work is licked and the turkey picked. A fine sunshine and a cold wind. The faint narrow moon was over the Baptist Church at 2:00 P.M.

October

Saturday 11

1947

Brought Littlejohn down to Richwood again this morning to be cared for by the grandparents while his parents carry on an agonized existence amid flying plaster. The first coat will be on to-day so all is not in vain. Foggy and dull so the autumn colours were hidden. Fine and sunny this afternoon but I was in my prison house and now it is dark and the colors will be hidden as I go home. Wade came in last thing looking fine. Has jolly presence made me feel a youth again, or perhaps just a perfect ass - a jockass - that's me.

October

Sunday 12

1947

Fine and warm. Didn't get much done in the church hour but do dishes and make beds. Just three east windows was the sun and total of my afternoon. Took Kane out the 10th to see the leaves. About the only bright color was the emerald wheat fields. Fixed a chain guard and basket on Danny's bike. Had I banging with timber at our place at night with Turner and the Taylors. Ate ourselves into a cowatose state and stayed that way all evening. We four went to the miles at Benford last night which explains my lack

October

Monday 13

1947

Thunder and rain at
dawnbreak Dull till
10:30. Stopped windows
with the help of Kane
and part of the time-Nudes.
Got all of them up but
the bathroom and storm
doors. We Bells went
to Windfall to have
supper at night. It was
lovely. I then after
putting Sleepy Dennis
to bed and getting less
sleepy. Was under way.
Kane and I drove to
Brantford and spent
a delightful two hours
at Goli's playing violin
duets and trios.
Home at 11:30. Mummy
went to bed while I
stayed up and wheezed
for an hour or so.

October

Tuesday 14

1947

A grand sunny October
morning making the
most of what color
there is. Tried to build
a fire in the furnace to
take the chill off. The
coal is terrible and
refuses to burn. I leave
for work in a state of
collapse with asthma
and shattered nerves.
Summered this afternoon -
64°. The sun was golden
in the rich autumn
haze. Jupiter and
Antares twinkled a few
moments in the dusk and
were down. Ed is to
take Bernard's place -
hot dog. He must have
something on the ball.

October

Wednesday 15

1947

"More of the same" according to the Globe, and it sure was. Not a cloud all day, blue hazy sky and rich colored leaves 70° this afternoon. The wplints are bare, and the elms nearly so, while my red-wasp at the back of Edgar's garage is just coming into its down. Hoped to get some time to see Wade today but it seems I can't manage it - too many obligations at the office and at home. Must be home by seven to a farewell dinner for Pearl. H.

October

Thursday 16

1947

Such summer as never lingered into late October before. 72°. Ed James came in at five o'clock. Prusky had fled to alcoholaxis. His wife Floris joined in and later Dr. Wade Watson. The four of us pulled a crock of eye and sat reminiscing. I walked over to Wade's for a cup of tea and a how-de-yo do and soon came back for a late session of flat work. Got home at 10.30. Mum was at bridge club.

October

Friday 17

1947

72° again. Just as misty and golden as ever. My scarlet maple is deepening in color. Everywhere the woods in the morning sun were as evocative as any fairy tale and as richly colored. A perfect day for taking a hike with Wade.

Sent him my binoculars and was with him in spirit while the flesh slaved at dentistry. Slipped up to Edie's at 7:00 and knuckled her pegs out. Also slipped over to the Coghlan store for dear old Jim Aitkin.

October

Saturday 18

1947

75° but cloudy and a gentle shower at nightfall. Mabel just phoned to tell me it was raining and that I was to call for her. Took her over to see Wade first thing this morning. She had a little remembrance for Peg. A good-bye to Wade and there the stern day's toil. Dear old Cut Road got me a wheel so I must call there on my way home and pick up the ensemble of wheel, tire and tube ready for winter driving. Cut is a real fellow - wish there were more like him.

October

Sunday 19

1947

Breezy and warm the sun, shore like August all day and went down in a splendor of golden sky beyond Howard's barn. The crescent moon in the south brightened and all was peaceful and lovely. We ^{both} all went to the farm after D.S. and found Anson Jull's there. A big fatful.

Chicken - sweet tender and delicious - vegetable pie, cake - ice cream - everything wonderful. Then tries with the Steinway piano and watching the Holsteins milked and the noisy pigs fed. A lovely jaunt through the quiet Autumn countryside.

October

Monday 20

1947

Cool enough to light the stoker but an afternoon temperature of 64° made a fine superfluous. Still the cloudless dry October - gold and blue in profusion. This is the night we play at Richwood so get croaking - no more snatches int. that gloomy, passionate gripping book - Jean Korbhardt.

October

Tuesday 21

1947

Well, last night was the debut of the "Bell Trio" in public. Neala did remarkably well for nine years. My bosom was swollen with pride. I was thrilled. Her Loch Lomond that she played as a solo was straight forward and clean also beautifully in time. Our trio were "Minnet and Navy Solo". We waited a long time for our supper and were grateful for the smallish last servings. Dennis was a model boy on his very best behaviour. The waltzes were very entertaining. Fair as I was. No fire at all to day. The half moon in the south shines brightly now in a

October

Wednesday 22

1947

Dear Diary - just a itty bitty entry to show I haven't forgotten you. It's 6.00 o'clock and I promised to be home to a family dinner at 6.30 sharp. And that's that. No cills, no Kreisler no gopping at the bright moon or faded Jupiter in the gloaming. 70° again today. I wish well if Dennis Cisterne about empty. Clouds all day and all night.

October 23 Thursday 23 1947

I got home just 15^(6:45) minutes late last night - but as I had the sausages for dinner, they were patiently waiting for me. They were lovely sausages - worth waiting for. They sprung a show over me on short notice. So before I got turned around I was in Jack's car speeding to Woodstock at 50 miles per hour. Got to "Done with the Wind" before it started to blow. Had sodas etc after, then looped home by 1.00 A.M. Dinner was baby sitter. Rain, breezy and cooler to day. It is 40° out now at 8:00 so I guess. Mom has struggled with lighting a ^{lighting} fireplace fire, as well as struggled with the bycasses.

October 24 Friday 24 1947

October weather at last. White frost last night. Bright sun and cold wind to day. Help Pam draw some water off the cistern filling all water tight receptacles, then was sent off to work - ordered away from my cistern. The men came to install Jack's oil burner. Mummy is mad at me.

October

Saturday 25

1947

The cistern was cleaned out yesterday in my absence. I am boiling and the cistern is dry. The sky is cloudy but the chances for much rain are slim. The barometer is high. The temperature moderated today so I soon turned off my office gas fire. Got a nice roast of pork also sundry other items of food to please my family. She is still a little hoarse at me and I don't blame her. Got beer and liquor and saw Hannah procuring her weekend hootch.

October

Sunday 26

1947

69°. Sunny and calm. Anniversary services. Mom was up early for Sunday and away to church with the slicked up kids by quarter to eleven. I watched Joanna meanwhile. Howard and Corrie came for church and dinner. We had loin of pork, cauliflower, baked potatoes, mince pie - all top notch. Mom surpassed all former efforts in culinary excellence. Ben and I wheeled to the 9th and got some pretty oak leaves. Church again at night for R. and Walter. I looked after Ben.

October

Monday 27

1947

70°! believe it or not
This ought to be
a record for this
date. A hazy sun.

Willard came for the
radio bright and early
when I was squeezing
oranges. I went
with Jack to Fairstock
with the truck load of
tents. A perfect day
for pitching tents!

Jack got his oil
burner hooked up
Saturday. He did
the engineering and brain
work. Nuala has my
pen so I am forced to
use my desk pen. Oh
for some rain for our
bone-dry cistern. Local
option Bells - bone-dry.
How dry I am!

October

Tuesday 28

1947

64° Still a bit too
warm for lighting
the furnace. Got
home in time to
practice a trio with
Nuala and Mom.

- a Petite pas. It was
lots of fun. Nuala's
rhythm is excellent
for nine years. I am
supposed to be at
Brentford Dental Society
meeting ~~note~~ but was
held up with the setting
up of two full upper
and lowers. Guess I'm
not gregarious enough,
but I thoroughly enjoy
these meetings. I like
mixing with dentists. I
like the things they mix.
Hazy sunlight and a few
light clouds - no rain!!!

October Wednesday 29 1947

Well, well! I mean
cistern, cistern! 4 inches
in it - The cistern that
is. We will now be
back to normal existence,
emptied the tubs so
them could start the
delayed washing this
morning. Jack came
in on this way to
Hamilton and his
dad was in this
afternoon awaiting his
son's return. More
showers this afternoon
and rather mild
around 50°.

October Thursday 30 1947

Cooler, more reasonable
- 42° at noon, a few
more sprinkles of rain
making about six
inches in our cistern.
Mummy having a
struggle to get the
thankless Rogers to
practice their music,
eat their meals properly,
get to school on time,
keep decently clean
and not make a
shambles of the house.
As for me I am a failure.
Being away most of the
time and utterly incom-
petent when there. I have
no personality, command
no respect, do nothing
in the way of coercion,
achieve nothing, hope for
nothing. I am a nonentity

October

Friday 31

1947

My, my, I guess I am all the failures and books I read I was yesterday. Didn't get home till 10.05 last night and poor mousie was bushed from trying to teach music to two refractory, obstreperous youngsters and all the trouble she gets is praise and abuse. From me she gets no assistance or moral support - just complaints and stupid platitudes. I should do away with myself - where is the arsenic? the corrosive sublimate? the prussic acid? Bessie will be on hand to-night. I will be denied that tete-a-tete with my wife that I have so enjoyed on former halloweens

November

Saturday 1

1947

Was furious on arriving home at 10.00 last night to find all out parading in hallowe'en costumes except Dennis who had had his fun and was asleep in bed. Had to muck around with my lonely supper and then they all banged in looping like a circus and telling me all the fun they had. Mary and Janer were with them. Frank beer after Jack and I shuffled Bertha off to Mabel's at Princeton. White frost this morning. Clear all day with a high of $+5^{\circ}$. Have to be home in time for a trio practice to-night. Mummy is fed up with me. The late Dr. Bell. Hqs. hqs.

November Tuesday 4 1947

Say, that was quite a concert last night. So bad I had to take Dennis home at the intermission and so miss some of the best numbers. Hwala played very nicely in our trio - miment and Fairy Tale also a petit Pas. Had coffee and doughnuts after. It was something for Drums to have so celebrated an organization as the Cocksbit Choir. Got up at 7:00 and got a frantic lunch and breakfast and made a frantic rush to catch prenut after filling H.I. with gas. Will with spits of rain from the east

November Wednesday 5 1947

Yes, that was quite a concert last night ^{or} I should say Duo recital by Geza and Nona. They were old, battle scarred, grey weather beaten musicians but they played with fire and courage. Modern Hungarian ^{French} music was stressed by Geza. Nona called for me at 6:30 and we had a fine dinner at the White Horse. Home at ten to twelve and had a short drink with the Jaysons who very busily fed and bedded our children. Today is dull and mild with drizzling rain. Dark and gloomy. How I love November! Mild is the

Yellow

Mild and dull

November Thursday 6 1947

Got home at 7.30
last night only to
have to eat alone and
listen to Muala scolding
her poor, weary mother.
Dennis is stubborn too
when it comes to practicing
his music. Poor Mummy
will she ever survive
this onslaught of calamity
from such brats of
children. George was
working last evening
so we went over to
chew the fat for an
hour or so. He is
busy patching the living
room floor with bits of
oak from Bersie's room.
When will the plasterers
come? The 64 dollar
question. Bridge Club
to-night. Must eat in

Dennis is stubborn too

November Friday 7 1947

Jack's new truck
arrived yesterday and
George drove it home
to Galt. This is all
hearsay as I have not
seen it. This morning
when I looked out the
plasterers were on hand
across the way, so the
old home will be a
hive of activity again.
Kane's work of washing,
dining and generally
looking after the Taylor
family will continue ad
infinitum. She is much
too tired for anything
else. Rain to-night after
a mild dull day.
The clock has stricken
eight. J.S. is alone and
indulging in a crock of
V.O.

November Saturday 8 1947

Air windy and turning cold. So busy I didn't get a chance to go to the liquor store. Accordingly it will not be a wet weekend. Just ale at our house. Maybe Jack will insist on pouring me some but that won't make me feel too happy as I am on much in this debt re drinks. He is such an insistent, hospitable host that there is just no evading him. You just drink and feel more obligated than ever. A letter from Ned I have to call and see Mrs. Sundry at 37 Sundry's Lane or have it? Picked up to look for the planets but

Dance interrupted

November Sunday 9 1947

Cold, grey, windy and snow flurries at times. A little snow lay in the hollows of the ground. Dennis made a little toy snowman which he placed on the back veranda. It was there at night undiminished. Dug the rest of the carrots - not much over ~~half~~ a bushel - or maybe not a bushel. Wheeled out the garbage and the clinkens and generally made myself useful. Had Tompkins over for supper - bacon and eggs and fried "atatoes". The Taylors went to the Galls and left their pretty baby with us - so well behaved she is - so full of laughs. High temperature to-day - 32°

November Monday 10 1947

Ah me, I left my liquor permit at Mrs Gundy's - and she is W.C.T.U. What a fiasco. I must call and claim it to-night. Pete was in to-day full of wise saws and modern instances. He is to be the new Baptist organist and choir leader! Oh earth! what charges best thou see! Not quite so cold as yesterday but raw and dull. High 37°. Ralph is in my waiting room reading the Expositor. Must write to the Baileys to-morrow to relate my findings at the rambling and decrepit house of Mrs. Gundy.

November Tuesday 11 1947

A dark rainy Remembrance day. The family was late rising so the breakfast table lingered on past ten o'clock. The plasterers was at Jack's and were keeping it on for fair with the idea of finishing to day. But gas and buzzed off to Paris at 10.30. It is getting much colder now as darkness has fallen again and the north west wind is blowing in the Saskatchewan zero spell. Just what to tell the Baileys about this Gundy house - that's the question. I don't want to cast them down in the dumps or throw them up on the heights.

November Wednesday 12 1947

I have finally finished drafting a letter to the Philips and will post it when I am through here in this den of iniquity and pain. Rather cold all day 34° was the highest but the sun shone brightly. No Venus yet and it is nearly $2\frac{1}{2}$ months old. Jupiter is gone. I'll see no more of him till late in the winter. There was a lovely sight greeted our eyes at bedtime last night - Saturn and Mars in close conjunction just risen over the dark, silent valley. . . . Stopped in at Rogers, Connors, and lastly Ed James last night.

November Thursday 13 1947

Cold and windy; a little sun at noon but soon all was grey again. My north thermometer says 24° and my car just has water in it. Oh boy, here we go for a frozen radiator, cracked block, ruined motor, just because I wouldn't loosen up and put a little antifreeze in. Penny was ^{just} pound foolish. Well, don't say you weren't warned. It is 8.40. A huge pile of work on the bench undone. Mummy will be away again to-night - Brook Club last night, Mission circle now on. I must muck around with my own supper - if I get home.

November

Friday 14

1947

How, I guess I'm still in the running. Car gave no trouble last night but I drained it on arriving in front of garage and put in old antifreeze. This morning the ground was hard and about an inch of ice on any exposed water. Bertha stayed to go to Mission Circle so I had to lug her and all her possessions down to poor old Mrs. Buchanan's. This latter dame was much vilified and dragged in the mud for my entertainment on the way down. Nusha is very bad natured and lazy in the morning and Mummy is mad at

ing for reading to her too long at night

November

Saturday 15

1947

Snow and freezing temperature. Called at Richwood for J.S. which made me late and off to a bad start. Sort of behind all day which made us all grumpy, ~~all~~ me and patients. J.S. came back at 6:30 and stuck with me till our departure at 8:00. The east wind blew snow all day and the children got their sleighs out and Gault was the chief topic of conversation. Drank brandy over at Ev's but it was sour, then ate sauerkraut, bacon, pork etc. Ev and I were ignominiously defeated at bridge as usual.

November Sunday 16 1947

Cold and windy. The children came out of church at the second hymn to don their snow suits and sleighs. Bessie called at noon so we were doomed to drive her to the Dr's at Hitchener. We were late and Bessie was unusually grouchy and sour. We ate dinner at the Kress House at Preston to the tune of six bucks. The children were good. After depositing Bessie we went over to Brautford and played a trio with Giles. Home at eleven P.M. Nuala and Dennis sleep together this night to keep each other warm.

November Monday 17 1947

Enough milder so that most of the snow disappeared. We all slept in a bit and it was a desperate struggle to get the lazy pupils to school. at least Morn had the struggle. I was busy getting breakfast while she tugged and strained at the thrashless, saucy brats. It is very peaceful and quiet here writing my diary, the town seems gone to sleep and it is 11.45. A letter from St. Hyacinthe. They were pleased with my long epistle on the Sunday House.

November Tuesday 18 1947

Not so cold. I shamed a little but still chilly enough and raw. Berrie had called to say she is right up on the bit so I have to take the old battle-axe home. All this damned business about Berrie and the Ice Capades makes me sick. What I suffer by trying to be an agreeable husband and bear-friend. And the party's are bringing their cat and she allergic to cats. Oh hell! Well, all is not lost - my plates are cooking and my hair is trimmed. My budget will also be trimmed on some international stealing. Hot dog!

November Wednesday 19 1947

Just got home from Zouzate (9.00 P.M.) with Jack, Ev. Kane & Turner when we saw the brilliant and melodious Ice Capades. Such a head-ache of bright colors, elaborate tableaux, breath-taking acrobatics and screaming comedy. We ^{ate} ^{at} ^{the} ^{Brant Inn.} Been and a lovely full course dinner. Kane & I took breaded veal cutlets - yum-yum. The day was partly fair and rather mild. Of course the Studebaker was plenty warm as was the Maple Leaf Gardens. A young moon struggled with clouds, and Jack struggled with transport trucks on the way home.

November Thursday 20 1947

"It's a holiday - the wedding of the painted doll." No, not the painted doll but Princess Elizabeth and Philip Mountbatten of the Royal Navy, since yesterday their Royal Highnesses, the Duke of Edinburgh. They are a handsome couple, and the service in the great Abbey was thrilling, the lovely organ and Choir, the impressive round voice of Dr Geoffrey Fisher, Archbishop of Canterbury. Got up precisely at 6.00 A.M. and turned on the radio then called Muala. Suggested Bertha and all her contraptions to Paris. Mild and partly fair.

November Friday 21 1947

9.20 P.M. Just finished packing my partial and repair. I am to be home in good time as it is supposed to be Turner's birthday party. Well I better get going. It will be good time, alright - good time to go to bed. Milder after a heavy frost last night. I would love to have a little talk with Philip Spivak and Zara Nelsona. I am curious to know what each thinks of the other - whether any jealousies crop up etc etc. It would be a great 'cello atmosphere and I would learn a great deal about my beloved and favourite instrument.

P. perfect of mean - meant
November Saturday 22 1947

Windy and cold. The fact that J. S. spent the day in Paris and also that the widow beat it off to Brantford. Cramped my style considerably. Mary was also a passenger both ways. This ^{meant} more luggage, more delays. Accordingly it was nine or after when I landed home. We had roast chicken over at Ev's at midnight with Sumner, then a sleepy bridge game after he had retired. According to reports the children were not too bad to day so I gave them comic books and read to them.

26 years ago! - this park will not
November Sunday 23 1947
at around the park.

Cold and clearing. Had the 3 inch setup in the afternoon and saw the sun spots. It was a great rush to get to church; I guess because I was lazy and didn't bring the breakfasts to bed and I did yesterday morning. Got our "Cubby-hole" ready and put in all Jack's beets and carrots - about five bushels. Jennie stayed for supper also Sumner came. Just as we were about finished the Taylors came in and had another session at the roast lamb, turnips, pan-browned potatoes and peach ^{mellé} pudding. Been at night over at Ev's to end the day.

November Monday 24 1947

Snow blowing steady from the east all day. Very dark - a typical blue Monday. Now at night there is four inches of bluish. It is turning colder. Took my little Goblin back to Koulds House hold Appliances and changed it for a big Goblin, keeping my attachments! It will be delivered with more or less pomp and ceremony to the Baily's on their arrival. Ernie has phoned to say my "Prestonian" picture has been copied. Wonderful - never thought he would do it. Here it is just passed the six months.

Poor Harold Slack! (Nov 26/62)
died six months ago!
November Tuesday 25 1947

Well, well! Snow all day and colder weather in store for us. Have just written to Harold Percival, also to the Baily's, and have wrapped up the freshman photographs. It is 9.00 o'clock so I must close up the office and slip home on the icy roads. Gated to mention the all-important observation of dear Venus bright in the south-west twilight over two months - nearly three months past superior conjunction. This delay of ^{the} observation was caused by a combination of dentistry and cloudy skies - and perhaps some lack of youthful exuberance & enthusiasm.

November Wednesday 26 1947

Snowy and slippery,
also wintry cold.
Got about the nineteenth
voltage regulator put
in my car also 8
shots of grease in the
transmission. That would
make one step timely.
Imagine eight shots of
grease in the rear. Jack
landed in Paris when
I was up getting my
car and he waited
patiently while I was
seeing Santa Claus in
Dory Foster's. Spitting
slush and skins etc.
I hunched Jack's lower
first molar out. It was
hooked on to his back
bone. Mom was cross at
night so we couldn't have
any practice or fun.

November Thursday 27 1947

Still wintry. 12° above
this morning. Mom is
struggling with Nuala's
arithmetic and geography
Dennis's wet clothes,
the baby's wet diapers,
and so is on the verge
of a trip to the Guelph
Sanatorium. Got a P.E.
and N-timetable on my
desk so I will be able to
answer the numerous
enquiries re trains to and
from Galt. H & turned
59000 yesterday. It runs
beautifully in spite of its
infirmities. Jack and I
put a bunch of old canvas
over our precious beet
and carrots in the cubbyhole
last night. The moon was
bright, and the stars shone like
January - it seemed like mid-
winter

November Friday 28 1947

Woke up to a mid-winter morning with frost high on the windows and drifts across the woods. Single track to the 5th which you would not want to get out of. I hear the roads have filled in this afternoon and so my homeward journey will be the old snow-bucking variety. Hope to stop at Cal's and change to my winter tires. Dear little Jennie with the nut crown hape was in with Bally this afternoon till moon to night. Venus was blazing for a few minutes in the S.W. Zero temperature in store. Burr
r-r-r-r-r.

November Saturday 29 1947

Cold. Brought Mom's breakfast to bed then dashed off in all directions to work for which I was the usual ten minutes late. Sportie came in after lunch and gave me a key to the Lundy house. Les Oliver barged in with all his help bulk a few minutes later and gave me a bill for 331 gals of oil which he very kindly put in the Lundy tanks. Thanks a million, Les. It was doubtless getting low. Had a look around the house before going home. Now I am counting on my winter tires. Bridge and rye by E's dining room nod after my dinner.

November

Sunday 30

1947

Cold, snowflurries.
 Managed to get Kane
 and the kids to church
 by driving them there.
 Then I faxed uncle
 Jack. After Sunday
 school we drove down
 to the office to stamp
 some letters then up to
 the Lundy house. Met Ev.
 and Jack there. Had some
 fun going all around
 the house and making
 wise cracks. We all
 had dinner together at
 our place - Ev's delicious
 baked ham was the piece
 de resistance. Gosh it
 was good. Venus was bright
 in the smoldering dusk
 as we drove along the
 fifth. Kane and I
 actually played a Mozart
 sonata

December

Monday 1

1947

Milder and sunny.
 The snow dwindled
 appreciably. Roy and
 Jay Miles came up to
 the Paylons last night
 and we went over
 with some beer and sat
 in front of the front room
 grate, chewing the fat
 the sandwiches and what
 have you. Have just
 finished fitting my pet
 sensitive upper left second
 by the cupid. Duck a
 sloppy, rough job. I feel
 as if I had been to
 the blacksmith. Forgot
 to mention the lovely little
 triangle made by Mars,
 Saturn and Regulus, early
 Sunday morning, on going to
 bed

• Regulus

December Tuesday 2 1947

Shaved a little and was very dark all day. a drizzle of rain late this afternoon. Roads slippery enough this morning, so I guess I'll go home by ~~highway~~ no. 2. where sand and traffic will help me stay on the road.

Danish just phoned to say the Baily's would be eating and bedding with her on Thursday night. So much the better for I say - why should she have to work and slave for my relations like she does for her own. I want my wife to live a long while - at least sixty more years.

December Wednesday 3 1947

1 Hundred dollars plus tax
Two hundred and fifty dollars plus tax - everything is plus tax. Living is soaring "Aufschwung". Guess I'll have to raise my 1922 fees. Very dismal all day. Rain turning to snow. - but bless the rain it means more inches in our low cistern. Roy Manscey followed me down the 4th this morning in Seapin Terra. Back roads still quite slippery. It is 6.10 - all set for Drunks - this is "theatre night" - i.e. "Carnegie Hall" at the Esquire for the Taylors and Bells.

December Thursday 4 1947

We all enjoyed the Equine last night. never or seldom has there been such a good thing to come out of Hollywood. We also enjoyed the beer putack in our living room after. This has been a day of striving to get my work in good enough shape to have a little time to welcome the Baileys. They phoned at 3:00 P.M. from Port Hope. They were just going to give up Hope at least Port Hope. I have got Ale and Calvert's Pye in case of snake bite, apoplexy, sunburn or sleeping sickness.

December Friday 5 1947

The Baileys arrived at 8:00 P.M. yesterday and I duly opened up the house for them. Bernard was eloquently profane after exploring the vast abortion of a dwelling. Had Pledge's Crown Royal at the hospitable home of Pan also salmon balls. Got home belines and had a talk with W & Jack. Jack was painting French doors. Ray was at bridge club and came later. To-day we have ice, sleet, rain, and snow. Driving awful. Had to have lights on all day. Went the back way and just splattered up Morrison's hill.

December

Saturday 6

1947

Dull and rather inclined
to thaw. Colder at
night. The great vau-
of Hill the Mower came
of this morning so I am
advised by phone. Must
stop in on my way
home to see the
transformation in the
great house of Bailly
- the new Buggam Exchange.

Sold of work but
very little money
before Christmas.

Guess I'll have to
touch up Tom Wise
for a loan. (Late)
called in to Buggam's
and had a drink of
rye and some ding-fuzzled
travquillium. They have
one living room settled
and a beautiful new rug
therein

December

Sunday 7

1947

Had a game of bridge
with the Diehassons in
his diningroom after my
late dinner last evening.
Today it is dark and
rainy. Erind and Bernard
came at 3.30 and
we had a real old pow-
wow. Lit the fireplace,
went over to see Jack's
house, drank beer, rye
and tea, ate lovely
baked ham and apple
sauce, turnips, and peas
(green and succulent), mince
pie for dessert. Listened
to the "Trout" Quintet while
the children were out to
evening church (movies
by Rev. Mossecan). Had
a lovely time. The gasoline
goodbye - Bailly's backsliding
on the ice down by Clara's

with a new day pile in feet deeper

December

Monday 8

1947

Windy, dank and mild at first turning colder in the afternoon and freezing shortly at night. Dug a basket of parsnips yesterday from the truck just in time before the freeze-up. I see Frank Giffen died Saturday - too many parabals I guess. I must take it easier when I can from now on, and not let Acutistry drag me under. Ertid in at noon for a minute just as I was eating my tart. It is a novel and delightful sensation to be living so close to these charming people - the Paileys.

December

Tuesday 9

1947

Took Buggam to the station last night at 8:30 and from there, not waiting for no. 16 took Mid about to Drumbo and immediately on arriving fell to at sleeping soup. Mid could not sleep at 37 Jane owing to the fact that the house was so big and spooky and the night being so windy and black i.e. cloudy, or without stars, the ghost of Bert Lundy would be very much on the rampage. So she slept in Drumbo and Kane, Wallace and I all occupied one bed. Poor Dennis slept in the cold north room all alone. To-day was clearing and colder - saw sun spots, Las Venus for a moment between patients

December Wednesday 10 1947

+15° with east wind, then
driving snow from three
P.M. on into the night.
Question - would it be
nobler in the end to stay
snuggled by the register
to-night than to buck
the snowstorm to Woodstock
to hear a nightingale
reeling off Sewardanting
noise? The night
falls dark and ominous
with the lights all dim
in the thick snow
falling the air and piling
up on the frozen ground.
Poor Ed & Doris I saw
driving to Montreal in
this weather!

How about going to Masses
Hall to hear Rachmaninoff
and the Chopin B-min. sonata

December Thursday 11 1947

Tried to get up River Street
last night but failed -
failed miserably, finally
got up the back road to
the Junction and got gassed
and oiled at Cub's. Late
dinner 20 minutes late
collected the girls at
Cub's and skidded to
Woodstock Collegiate auditorium.
Anna Kaskas was
magnificent also her
impeccable accompanist.
We were spellbound.
I am still bound to day
from toasted cheese sand-
wiches last night. Milder
with snowflurries. Kane
is taking Neala to
Brantford to see the wedding
pictures to-night. As
usual I am left to shift
for myself.

December Friday 12 1947

An interesting rendezvous at 37 June East evening. I arrived there at 8.45 and enjoyed some V.O. and conversation with mine noble host and hostesses while awaiting the good wife and children who were seeing the Royal Wedding pictures in Brentford. They arrived shortly after nine and the "fleet of cars" immediately took off for Drums. I ben I ate, and ate, and ate. To-day was good weather, with quite a bit of sun. Venu for a moment in the cloud-troubled west, then the frosty night. Shut up about your Christmas shopping now, you give me a pain the way you boast about it

December Saturday 13 1947

6.30 P.M. Here I am rushing around like a chicken with its head off trying to get home in decent time so Kane wont be so mad at me. I was in the doghouse last night for being one hour late and the kids were obstreperous. A lovely day with a couple hours sun and the rest snow flurries and twelve degrees of frost. Took Mary down and called for her at night. Had to drive around Sky Hook street for heart-throbs. Got home at 8.00 much to Kane's annoyance. Took over bathing and bedding the hyenas.

The thin moon and Venus low in
the south-west at dusk,
December Sunday 14, 1947

Jack was away till
3.00 A.M. at a Turkey raffle
so we got Summer over
for the Saturday night
bridge game. We tried
to sit up till the boss
came home but couldn't
quite make it. To-day
was sunny and milder.
Tied down the valance
on the big awning, oiled
the stoker, oiled clinkers
etc. When the children
got settled down in
shed Jack took us down
to Paris and left us at
37 Jane while they went on
to Brautford, returning
at 11.30. Bernard entertained
us regally with V.O. and
then smokes and the hours
flashed by like the wind
on a dream.

December Monday 15 1947

On arriving back at
Drumbo we discovered it
was Monday 15th Dec. or
the eighth anniversary of
the Taylor ^{and} wedding. This
called for further celebrations
with Black Horse ale
and salmon sandwiches.
Last night's session
meant going to bed at
3.15 A.M. To-night it was
2.00 A.M. Alas I must
look but poorly with dark
rings around my eyes. To-
day I crawl around
like one half dead,
nursing various bodily
aches. It is milder
still and melting our
little bit of snow. "I'm
dreaming of a white Christmas
just like the ones I used
to know."

December Tuesday 16 1947

In spite of the 3.00 A.M.
followed by the 2.00 A.M.
sessions the last two
nights, pardon me I mean
Sat. and Sun. nights, last
night was a 1.30, just
finishing up the Anniver-
sary celebration we started
the night before. Maybe
we'll get to bed before
midnight tonight - maybe.
Maybe I won't get
before. The 5"- of snow
which fell last night
blew like fury all day,
and more snow fell
at intervals. The driving
will definitely be heavy.
— and how! You can
say that again, you
about kidding, you're
telling me, what the
hain!

December Wednesday 17 1947

It blew like fury
all day with more
snow. Now at 5.30 the
question is - can I get
home as it was pretty
heavy in spots this
morning. Missed a
little Christmas parcel
wrapping with my
lab. work this afternoon.
The night is falling
cold, windy and dark.
— a dread nighted December

December Thursday 18 1947

There was not much trouble getting to Paris this morning. The little plow had been through and although I took the highway the back way was just as good. I am going to prove it by going back that way after picking up Margaret. Great Caesar! The Schumann Quintet came at last. Just in time for Percy to give it to Alice for Christmas. Of course Percy will get his share of fun out of it - you can depend upon that. In fact all Percy's presents have one thought for the other fellow and two for Percy himself. Cold and

The Crescent moon was in the southern

December Friday 19 1947

A fine winter day although it is not quite winter yet. +5° on our back porch, Clear blue sky, bright sun, bright young moon and sparkling Venus. Crystal clear evening followed by zero night & it is 4 now. Got the turkey for Coase, also the two 83's for dinner and a case of soda for Percy. My allergy is weak so it probably will blow up on my way home. Should have had Cut put some in this morning. Margaret went out with me last night and the two girls had a high time on - on into the night.

December Saturday 20 1947

A zero morning with
Clear sky and Libra
well out of the "dungeons
of the sun" at 6.00. Frost
high on the pines and
steam rising high from
the locomotives. Brought
Margaret back to
Paris and warmed
my fingers on Evid's
hall radiator. This is
the great day of Gerald's
wedding. I wonder if
I will get home in time
to see any of it?

December Sunday 21 1947

I saw the bride and
groom leave and
Lantrain for Toronto.
Then I went home and
ate. Ev. K. and I drove
over to Benford and
picked up some Christmas
plants. They were
exceptionally beautiful.
The middle town line
down to the Benford highway
was quite slipseer so
we just crept there and
back. Kave was too
miserable with her cold
to have any fun after.
20-day was dull and
rather mild. I cut a little
spruce tree from our back
yard and the family
decorated it. We had
Lora Calvert's at night but
it did not cure our colds

December Monday 22 1947

Dull and thawing a little. I took the beautiful pink azalea to Mrs. Watson first go off. She was in a bad way with shattered nerves. Old man Ralph would shatter anybody's nerves. Next

I stood in line at the liquor store and finally procured two crocks of rye. I was lucky as the shelves were mostly empty. It is 7.45.

I am to be in Drumbo Baptist Church at 8.00. Oh Lord, wait. I catch it!?

December Tuesday 23 1947

History repeats itself. Every time I think I am in for a lecture at home nothing happens: it is happy and peaceful. Harmonious reigns. I was in Drumbo Baptist Church at 8.30 and heard all of the program. I have played beautifully on the organ. Grace was lovely on the violin. Dennis and Nash played "Jingle Bells" as a piano duet. It was a wow. Dennis is coming along, thanks to mom's infinite patience and tact. No-day was partly fair, a chilly east wind and a clear dusk with a rapid drop in temperature. Margaret Clemons and Evid called at the office this afternoon. Looking radiant and colorful.

December Wednesday 24 1947

Here we are up to the eve of Christmas. It has been a beautiful day. Clear and calm, 5 above this morning and 22 at noon.

The sun has just gone down behind my bare maple tree and soon Venus will shine in all her glory. Dick called in at 2.30 with Erid to say hello. All seems well set for a high time.

Tell you more later. Got to Drumbo at 7.00 and bolted some choc.

Picked up Mary and my own family and zoomed to Paris. Called at Erids and had some fun. Got

the children to bed at 10.30 then went over to Jack's. The house was largely settled. We christened the

December Thursday 25 1947

lovely living room by drinking a number of Jack's cocktails. Apparently the number was quite great. We were all high, wide, and pieyed. Christmas Day dawned clear and not too cold. It was a perfect day, drawing a little in the frosty, southern sun. That dear sun that is turning again north. Spent the day "across the road" except the time occupied in taking Sanga to Bradford and Kertha back to Drumbo. Evelyn + Kathy had a lovely dinner ready at 3.00 P.M. Uncle Will's big turkey and gut-busting trimmings. I slunged away from the table at 4.30 and washed the dishes. Dinner spent Christmas with us, also.

December Friday 26 1947

Out of the frying pan into the fire! We just get over drinking too much or many cocktails and another big boat comes up. It's time at the Party's big boxing day binge. Took dear little Hedinis down to the office at 3.00 and we worked away till 5.05. When we spent up to 37 gave and made ourselves at home. The rest (Rene, Jack, Ev, Wally & Jeanne) came at 5.50 and the house was full. Marvellous drinks, Scotch, rye, champagne, marvellous buffet dinner in luncheon, wonderful games, what a party - when comes such another? The feast car load left at 10.30 and Jack and I followed up at

1.30

December Saturday 27 1947

Dull, milder, windy and slippery. Back to the office, my brown coat off and my white coat on. Had to get the family up for breakfast - I didn't try too much. Poor Bernard's heels rotten today - too much ding blasted, not busted plenty. Got over at Jack's later in the evening and discussed the recent festivities over some bottles of alk. Every body was too tired to play cards. Before I forget I should tell you what Santa brought me. Lovely white shirt and brown tie, lovely brown gloves. The Taylors presented us with some spiffy new awnings.

December Sunday 28 1947

Partly fair and colder.
Got the breakfast over
and dishes done in
time for church. We
all went together,
believe it or not. There
was a poor turnout -
maybe 15 or so. We
all had chicken
dinner over at Ed's
with Ganga and Mona.

Jack took us to Roy's
at Barford after
leaving the old folks
at Richwood. Some
rich creamy drinks
and beer with a rich
lunch afterwards. It was
a stomach tester.

We all hung on with
not much to spare.
The full moon flooded the
country with its radiance.

December Monday 29 1947

Cold and raw. Partly
fair with a damp wind
from the north east or south
west or someplace. Feel
fine after all our late
shower and mixed
drinks. Dennis has set
up some more truck he
got from the Baileys and
clutters up the living room
with his railroading. "All
that is left of the engine is
the motor and drive wheels
which scart around the
curves at much too fast a
pace to stay on. Wallie,
the human vacuum cleaner,
follows you like a shank
and whips out of sight
everything that you might
lay down. Kane loves me,
and the stoker keeps the house
warm - but oh how dirty it is!"

December Tuesday 30 1947

Had a good sleep last night. I was even asleep on Jack's loveseat by his fireplace, but tea revived me enough to stagger home and fall unconscious into bed at 1.00 A.M. Of course 1.00 A.M. is early for us night hawks. A cold damp wind from the east all day: the warmest was 15 above. It cut through clothes and the east walls of buildings almost as if they were not there - but not quite. Poor old stoker will be wanting its head off today. I have to call for the Turkey. Set me go home now at 7.30 - I am starved and my feet and hands like ice.

December Wednesday 31 1947

I know what you're thinking about - it's the rainy weekend at the Wightmans, the "Birth of a Nation" in Massey Hall and my first suit of long pants. Yes, and Olivet Congregational Church, Doreen Myatt, and my sentimental resolutions for 1948. It is all so clear now - 32 years later. I love to think of my callow youth and its problems. Dull and cold with a bitter east wind and some sleet. Perhaps the winter of '15-'16 is going to be reenacted. Home early to night as it is the big Taylor house warming and New Years party. I got some wine so the Daily dinner at our place to-morrow will also be merry. Here's hoping the weather permits!

MEMORANDA

MEMORANDA

CALENDAR 1946

		1946						
	Jan. 1	2	3	4	5	6	7	
Jan.	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	
Feb.	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	
Mar.	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	
Apr.	27	28	29	30	31			
May	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
June	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	
July	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	
Aug.	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	
Sept.	31							
Oct.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	
Nov.	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	
Dec.	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	
	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	
	29	30	31					

CALENDAR 1948

		1948						
	Jan. 1	2	3	4	5	6	7	
Jan.	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	
Feb.	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	
Mar.	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	
Apr.	29	30	31					
May	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	
June	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	
July	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	
Aug.	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	
Sept.	29	30	31					
Oct.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	
Nov.	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	
Dec.	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	
	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	
	29	30	31					

