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Judge Archibald's tale of the Halifax legacy, the mysterious woman, the resurrected husband. See typed summary of this in Manuscripts file. ✓

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Judge Archibald's tale of the Pro-German at Windsor during the First German War, who owned a house standing on a bluff overlooking the Avon River. A construction battalion was being mustered at Windsor in 1915 or 16, and one night the whole outfit turned out with picks and shovels and dug away the bank until the house collapsed into the river. The house was vacant at the time. It was well known in Windsor who had done the job, and legal proceedings were instituted, with the result that the battalion was assessed \$2500 to be deducted from the men's pay. An insignificant private asked to be paraded before the O.C. He claimed he had "pushed the house over the cliff by himself", and planked down \$2500 in crisp new bank notes to close the incident. With that the matter ended. The private was a quiet man, rather a mystery to his fellow soldiers, but he was an American, and is believed to have been an engineer with a large income in the States.

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Cliff Millard's tale of the <sup>British</sup> steamer at Mersey wharf with a lascar crew. Their religious rites demanded that their mutton was to be slaughtered by their own serang. Cliff had undertaken to supply the vessel. He took the serang out to a farm on the Beach Meadows road somewhere, and bought some sheep on the hoof. While Cliff and the farmer watched, the serang drew forth a long keen knife. He asked the direction of the wind. It was December and the wind was strong; the serang's dusky face was blue with cold. "North", they said. Having thus oriented himself, the serang faced east, got down on his knees amongst the sheep on the hillside, and uttered some long prayers. Then he slaughtered the sheep by drawing the head sharply to one side and slashing the throat. A quaint scene for a Nova Scotia shore farm.

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The story of the Injun Devil Country. See collected fact and legend in folder.

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Story of the Sable River Lumber Co. and their hastily abandoned operations during the First German War. The derelict camps, railway, etc. See detail in folder.

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Clark Hall, the <sup>Milton</sup> village bard. Tramped the countryside every summer peddling ballads of his own composition. For a dime he would recite any of them with great gusto. In winter he worked in the pulp mill at Milton. Time got a bit slack in the poetry business, until one summer day his two children got lost in the woods. For three days the men of Milton searched; the Halifax Herald became very interested in the affair, gave it headlines, and finally sent down an aeroplane to join the hunt. The children were found a few miles from home, quite OK. Clark cashed in on the affair by writing a long dramatic ballad called "The Lost Children", getting it printed in Liverpool, and peddling it along the roads all over the province.

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Tale of Alma Joudrey, her life and work, as she told it. See manuscript "Brunhild."

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Old Fred Patch, retired paymaster-lieutenant of the Royal Navy, and his wife, the big gorilla-woman who dressed like a man, smoked cigars, and carried a stick. Chestnut Hall. Fred's funeral. (See notebook "Memoirs of an undertaker") His patriotism. His memorial to the crew of the "Jutland".

The old Liverpool-Bridgewater- Lunenburg hockey league, which flourished just before 1914. Great rivalry. People came from all over the countryside, in any sort of winter weather, to see a game. Liverpool team was raised and financed by Captain Fen Hatt, well-to-do former sea-captain and owner of a marine iron-works at L'pool. He built a fine rink. League was supposed to be amateur, but all used professionals under forged amateur cards. Hatt finally hired one Grey, a crack player of the Montreal Canadiens, who had been banished from play for a season for rough play. Grey played under the name of Muise, a local tailor who held an amateur card. He went through the Bridgewater team like a thunderbolt, a team in himself. Then the Lunenburg team. Fights on the ice. Special trains. Riots. Lunenburg finally withheld the cup, having seen Grey's picture in a line-up of the Canadiens in an old picture supplement of the Montreal Standard. Liverpool insisted on the cup. Lunenburg sent an elaborate package, express collect, which held a common chamber pot, with an inscription. Indignant Liverpool displayed ~~at~~ the whole thing in a prominent shop window as an example of Lunenburg civility. Brought a suit at law. The cup disappeared. Has never been seen since. The war broke out, most of the players went into the army, and that was the end of the hockey league. Hatt's rink burned, was never rebuilt.

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Lou Keyte ( Leo Koretz, the Chicago swindler) and the dash he cut in Queens County. His purchase of Pinhurst, etc. See manuscript in folder.

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Schooner Columbia, Captain Bob Wharton of Liverpool, lost off Sable Island in the great August gale, 1927. Five years later the hull of the Columbia, entangled in a drag, was brought to the surface by a steam trawler. It was at night. The trawler had to haul her drag to the surface in order to free it. Terrific strain on the gear. Finally the object broke surface, and all the gear snapped and flew, but before the wreck sank they saw in the glare of the trawler's lights her name on the bow, very distinctly. Columbia and her thirty-odd dead men were never seen again after this one dramatic re-appearance. Captain Gjerte Myrhe, formerly of Liverpool, one-time partner in the Seven Seas Fishery Co. there, was captain of the trawler which pulled up Columbia that night.

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Fable of Jim Charles' gold mine. Indian, Jim Charles, lived with his squaw in a cave somewhere between Kejumkujik and the Bear River headwaters. Squaw used to bring gold dust and small nuggets to Liverpool and sell to bank. Would never say where Jim got it. Men tried to find Jim's mine but never succeeded. Long after Jim was dead the cave was found by white hunters. I have seen a photograph of it. There was no gold there or in the vicinity. Old Smart says that the squaw, when younger, was rather good-looking, and used (with Jim's consent) to bestow her charms on the gold miners of Whiteburn near Caledonia, taking gold dust and nuggets in payment. This was during the great gold boom in North Queens, which collapsed after a few years. Whenever Jim needed a little cash after that, he would send the squaw in to Liverpool with some of the hoarded dust, hence the legend of Jim Charles' mine.

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Dannie Mackay and the King Fissure mine. The slick promoter O'Hearn. Goding's name a powerful bait. Neglect of Dannie's tailor shop. Gold-mad. Displaying samples in Main Street. Hooking suckers everywhere. Stock issued without record. Failure to pay taxes results in property being taken over by O'Phir Gold Mines, representing original owners of the old Libby mine.

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Trial of Neaman Smith for murder, at Bridgewater court house. W.G. Ernst, prosecutor. Simpson's Corner, in the heart of the witchcraft belt. All references to ~~the~~

Feb 1/27  
Feb 2/29  
Aug 18/32  
Oct 25/32  
Nov 10/34

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witchcraft mysteriously dropped by the Crown, presumably because the jury were themselves mostly from the witchcraft area around New Germany. Smith convicted of murder but pronounced insane and sent to lunatic asylum. He was as sane as any other believer in witchcraft -- and the courtroom was full of them.

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Bob Mackinnon's tale of hiring a negro lay-preacher to drive him and Ted Richards from Weymouth to Grand Lake for a timber cruise. Preacher turned out to be Walter Langford, brother to the famous boxer Sam, " Li'l Thamy, the Boston tar-baby". A huge powerful negro who had got religion. Cold weather. They offered him a drink of rum as they drove along through the woods, and he refused, with great dignity. But later on, getting colder, he said he would like a drink. He took several, got tight, and for the rest of the way to Grand Lake he preached to his companions in a mighty voice on the evils of liquor and the wickedness of the world in general. Arriving at Grand Lake, he insisted that the two ~~smugglers~~ must be baptised, dragged them out of the wagon, very nearly did it. This occurred in 1933 or 1934. Langford was the only man in Weymouth who had a horse and wagon available at the time. Weymouth people told Mackinnon that Langford had made himself dictator not merely of the local niggers' spiritual welfare, but of their physical affairs as well; and they said he was doing a fine job, had put the fear of God into them in many ways, and made a law-abiding community of the negro settlement there.

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The Russian czarist exiles who came to Nova Scotia in the 1920's, and went into the timber business (pulpwood, mostly) at Sonora, Guysboro County. Agapayeff, Rozanoff and others, former Russian naval officers, and one-time timber merchants at Archangel. Agapayeff was a tall, close-cropped, keen, arrogant man, contemptuous of hotel servants and any others he considered on a lower social scale; married to a beautiful woman, said to be a former member of the Moscow ballet. Rozanoff acted as the manager at Sonora. Agapayeff was the contact-man who arranged sales and obtained American financial backing. For shipping his pulpwood to the States he created a steamship company, called ~~\$\$\$~~ I think the Polaris Shipping Co., registered in New York. They did things on a big scale, built fine houses for themselves and key employees at Sonora, and apparently paid themselves big salaries. When the great depression came, after 1929, things got tough for them, and Agapayeff committed suicide in a Halifax hotel -- I think in the Halifax Hotel. Newspapers announced it was " heart failure".

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The affair of the wreck of the "Mount Temple" at Lehave Islands, in 1912 or so, and her pillaging by the Lumenburg fishermen. Mixed cargo. Countryside inundated with champagne, sold in the shops as " soft drink" at five cents a glass. Amongst other things she had a consignment of Dutch bulbs aboard. Some of these drifted ashore at Beach Meadows. Some years later a Beach Meadows farmer, coming to Liverpool with vegetables, stopped to look at Bill Sheppard's daffodils. " Them things grow wild down home" he declared, and said he was surprised to see a town man putting wild flowers in his garden. Bill went out to Beach Meadows for a look-see, and found a long swamp running back from the sea glowing yellow with daffodils. He dug up a lot of the bulbs and planted them in his town garden.

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Story of Mrs. Howe's Shore. See manuscript " Legends of Queens County".

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South Atlantic seal fishery, per Bill Cooling. See notebook.

Caledonia in the gold rush of the '80's and '90's, when there were five or six open bars in the village and the Alton House was called the Golden Home. Whiteburn and Brookfield were hustling mining towns like something out of the West. Strangers from everywhere, many with experience in the California fields. Much common labour that drifted in came from Newfoundland, coming by rail to Annapolis, thence to Caledonia by stage coach. The Libby mine was the most successful, produced a million dollars' worth of gold, but as a whole the cost of mining out-weighed the value of the ore, and the boom faded. At the height of things, in the Nineties, each of the mining towns had a baseball team, and there was great rivalry. In one case they went to law over a \$200 bet on a game, and owing to the general excitement the case was tried in Lunenburg County courthouse in Bridgewater. More than 300 miners hired teams, buggies, coaches, and drove to the trial, and on their return, the side who won the case threw a grand party, from bar to bar, that kept all Caledonia awake.

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Article on Hell's Corner as I remember it. Sporncliff, Sandgate, Hythe, Folkstone, Romney Marsh. The School of Musketry, Sir John Moore, Coruna, Martello towers, Canal, visit of Pitt, Napoleonic invasion scars. All came to nothing. The parallel. "Men of Kent", etc.

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Article on the Norwegian whaling fleet, which arrived in Swakopmund, S.W.Africa, in May 1940, after a successful season in the Antarctic, to find that Norway had been invaded by the Germans. They steamed up as far as Dakar and ~~pay~~ there many weeks, finally crossed to Pernambuco and came up the American coast to Halifax, where the men joined the Norwegian Navy and the ships were taken over to be converted to mine sweepers and patrol craft. Camp Norway was built at Lunenburg to house the men, and Thompson Bros. Machinery Co, at Liverpool got the job of converting the ships, which were brought around from Lunenburg in groups of three or four.

*Rev. J. W. C. Nicholson*

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Rev. Nicholson's tale of the haunted house at Arichat, in the 1880's. "Arichat at that time was, and had been for a long time, a very prosperous fishing centre. Chief among the merchants were a number of descendants of Channel Islanders (mostly Jerseymen) who had been in business ~~there~~ since old colonial times. (Such names as Robin, Hubert, De Grouchy.) The Hubert family had at one time been the most prosperous. The Hubert house remained one of the biggest in the town, and was beautifully and tastefully furnished. In the old days one Hubert, the family head of his day, had a number of negro slaves. He had an altercation with a negro manservant on the fine spiral staircase one evening, and upon the man making some remark he resented, Hubert stabbed him with a knife or dirk. The negro died, and it was said that the bloodstain on the stairs remained for many years; no one would attempt to wash it away, because the murdered negro haunted the stairs, and in fact the whole house. Certainly there seemed to be a curse of some kind on the family, for it petered out, and the last of the line was a majestic spinster, Miss Arabella Hubert, who lived there alone for many years. At last, wearied of loneliness (driven out by the ghost, the townsfolk said) she suddenly left one day in the 1870's, taking only her wardrobe and other small personal belongings. She never came back. It was learned that she spent her last years in Halifax, with some old friends of the family. My home was about 25 miles out of Arichat, and at 16 I went in there to school. (The schoolmaster was young S.A. "Sammy" Morton, of Liverpool, N.S.) The Hubert house was often pointed out to me as the "haunted house", and the boys made a great point of daring one another to go in. The front door had been unfastened ever since the day Arabella left, and ghost or no ghost, the usual petty thieves and vandals had been busy inside over a period of years. At the school, of course, I was "the great Scotch gawk from the country" and was dared to go in many times. Finally I went, one winter day, at dusk, having first announced my intention so that the smart alecks could see me venture in. I wish I could remember more of the place as I saw it, but it was a long time ago.

I have an impression of a great gloomy hall, with the famous spiral stairway winding up into the gloom of the second storey. I turned to the right into a sort of drawing room, where there was a magnificent black walnut piano, a seven-panelled Chinese screen, and at the end a large built-in bookcase reaching to the ceiling. Many of the books had been tumbled down from the shelves and lay about the floor -- the work of vandals, of course, though Arichat firmly believed that the negro ghost did this sort of thing in his angrier moments, and perhaps this accounted for the deep gash in one of the carved legs of the piano, as if someone had experimented with an ax to try the wood; and someone had driven a wanton fist through each of the seven panels of the screen. The littered books were finely bound, and I suppose they remained because the thieves ~~of~~ of past years cared nothing for such things. And I suppose the piano remained because it was too heavy to remove, and the screen because it was too easily identified, or worthless in its damaged state. There must have been other things in that big room, but the books, the screen and the ~~piano~~ piano are all I can remember. The piano attracted me, somehow. I was a poor boy, raised on a farm, and such a thing had never come under my hands. I raised the lid of the keyboard and pressed down several of the yellowed ivory notes together. It made a queer tinnny discord, of course, startling in itself somehow. But it was followed by pandemonium upstairs, on the stairs, and rapidly coming down the stairs -- a loud and terrible clang-clang-clang, and the slither and rattle of chains. I tell you I fled as if the devil were after me, just as whatever it was came thundering down the last flight of stairs.

When I got out into the street, where there were lights in the houses, and a sight of people calmly walking along, farther down, I paused. I wondered if the others were still watching me, somewhere. I didn't want to let on I was scared. I thought, Well, I've a fine ghost story that beats the other's tales hollow. All the other tales were of chains rattling ( the dead slave's manacles, I suppose, though I fancy no manservant wore such things even in slave days) and mysterious footsteps, and the iron doors of the old-fashioned baking oven in the kitchen flapping and clanging as if blown by a strong wind. Then I heard a shriek from the house -- of laughter. Out tumbled several boys, the older boys of the school, the more daring spirits amongst them. The whole thing was a put-up job, of course. They had got there ahead of me. They'd often gone in themselves, on dares, no doubt, and familiarity had bred contempt of the ghost. They had found in the garret a length of chain such as is used in various ways on fishing vessels, and a large metal cauldron. They fastened an end of the chain to one of the cauldron handles, and, choosing the moment when I touched the piano keys, sent the cauldron, chain and all, hurtling down the spiral staircase, bumpety-bumpety, clanging and rattling, and gaining speed as it went. I never went back into the haunted house. I don't know why. I don't think I was afraid of it -- though I suppose I had all the superstition of my Gaelic upbringing. I often wish I had. I would like to know, now, what the rest of the house was like, and what objects stood in that pathetic room besides the piano, the screen and the books. I shall never know now. That is going on for fifty years ago. The house was a semi-ruin then. It must be gone now -- piano, books, screen, ghost and all. Even Miss Arabella was buried in Halifax where she died. Nothing remains of the Huberts in Arichat but the memory and the old daft tale.

c. e. about  
1890

Lem Huskins' story of the old woman living alone on a farm at West Caledonia, the neglected fields growing up in woods, the tumbledown farm and farmhouse, the filth and the masses of cobwebs that wavered like grey sheets as she passed to and fro in her narrow track in the dust through the rooms. She had a small potato patch and apparently lived on them. Irish, of second generation. Lem's father was out there cruising timber, came upon the lone farm on a hill in the woods, and knocked at the door for information about the locality. The old woman sold him some potatoes.

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Capt. Chas. Williams' story of bringing the S/S Markland out of Port of Spain, Trinidad, in 1943. Steaming along the channel through the minefields in the Dragon's Mouth, the ship began to yaw as if the steering gear had broken down. At first Williams called sharply to the helmsman to watch his steering, but when the man reported the helm hard over and still no difference, it was clear that something was wrong. The ship was stopped. The engineers went over the steering gear, found it intact as far as could be seen. The ship was put ahead again, and again she would not answer her helm. She was deep-loaded with 5000 tons of freight. Williams decided to let the ship yaw further until she had reversed her course, and then try to work her back somehow into Port of Spain for inspection of the rudder post. It was a hair-raising experience to be yawing like that in the minefield.

But at the last moment he had a hunch. It was a wild one but it persisted in his mind. In the Boca he had noticed many times, not far under surface, huge ray-fish or devil-fish (so-called in Trinidad) with a "wing-spread" of 20 feet or thereabouts. These are not octopi but huge flat fish with no tails, or none apparent. He had a notion that one of these things had been caught somehow against the bow and was acting as a sort of living rudder there. He went forward and looked down the stem. Nothing to be seen. He ordered the ship put full ahead. She began to yaw at once. He ordered the ship put full astern, reasoning that the reverse pull and the wash of the propellers might force the thing clear. His hunch was right. The ship went several lengths astern before the fish let go. Then they saw it going end over end away from the bow. It appeared to have been caught against the bluff ~~side~~ of the bow, rather than the stem. It disappeared and the ship resumed her course, steering perfectly.

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The old explosives mill at Waverly. Abandoned & the site  
grown up in bush. <sup>2nd 1935</sup> About 1934 the HFX branch of Canadian  
Industries Ltd. sent a man named Roscoe to the site with  
instructions to set off small dynamite charges here & there on the property  
to make sure that no latent explosive from the old mill waste  
remained in the ground. There was a terrific explosion, Roscoe & one  
of his men were killed others had miraculous escapes, 'a great crater  
torn out of the earth'. See HFX newspapers. (See Annual Report for 1935,  
Dept. of Mines, Explosives Division. No 39)

Diary Notes etc.

1. Tale of Aldershot camp. Rifle range and woods behind, etc. 1942.
2. Collected songs the Navy sings.
3. The car buyer. Bain, Chelsea. 1944.
4. Brackley Beach, P.E.I. The flyers. Mrs. Hansard etc., (*The Badge of Guilt*)
5. Tale of St. Anne's and the Gaelic Mod.
6. Tale of Tobaccat. May 20, 1944.
7. Tale of Western Head, unloading supplies for fog alarm, etc. July 31/44.
8. Murder at Western Head.
9. Tale of Capt. Trainor & his old schooner "Dorothy". Pulp, insurance. Nov. 9/28, also Dec. 7, Dec. 13, 22, 27 and Feb. 1/29.
10. Northern Lights. Apr. 28/37
11. Small-town prizefighters. Warrington, Macleod, the old fish loft and punching bag, Sep. 11/37.
12. Barney Mosher's road gang. Dynamite in drill holes, ready to set off, all exploded by lightning, gang scared to death. Oct. 7/37
13. The Borgel home at Broad Cove. Spinning wheels, kraut knife, flax etc. Dec. 4/37
14. Anecdote of Manuel Quezon, Filipino leader. Aug. 28/38.
14. The Sugar Papa and Gail Darling, Aug. 28/38
15. Lunenburg. Ich Dien hotel. German cruiser "Schliesen", etc. Sep. 14/38
16. Katrinka's house at Eagle Head. Nov. 3/38
17. Bluenose's last race for Dennis Cup, which disappeared. (See after Nov. 3/38)
18. Deer killed out of season. Guts hidden, betrayed by ravens. Sep. 24/39
19. Description of Camp One, Shelburne River. May 18/40, May 19/40.
20. Repairing the Maid of France, May 30/40
21. Fisheries experimental boat Zoarces. June 3/40
22. Description of the French Shore, Digby-Yarmouth. June 16/40
23. Old Richard Paterson and his machine guns, on the Westfield farm. June 17/40.
24. Mersey Loan & Finance Ltd. (Loan sharks) Aug. 28/40, Aug. 29/40 1941
25. School visiting, Jordan Bay, Churchover, McNutt's Island. June 10, 1941.
26. Organising a coastal watch. July 31/40
27. The church at Hunts Point. Sep. 1/40
28. Bridgewater Exhibition. Oct. 4/40
29. Crow-shooting on Coffin's Island. Oct. 8/40
30. Grauwicz, the exiled Pole, and his timber-cutting at Broad River. Dec. 18/40
31. Broadcasting for C.B.C. June 10/41
32. Norwegian whalers, Feb. 2/41
33. Bishop Hackenley, a tempest in a teapot, July 2/41
34. Elizabeth Long of C.B.C. "Talks Dept", at Petite Riviere. Aug. 13/41
35. Building scows at Shipyard Point. Sep. 17/41
36. Jack Frost. Oct. 16/41
37. Pentecostal church, Bristol Avenue. Oct. 30/41
38. Corvettes Hepatica, Trillium, Windflower, & the 3 Musketeers. Nov. 5/41
39. Home-and-School meeting at Dayspring. Nov. 7/41
40. Frosty Hollow, Jock and Lily Wiggins. Nov. 16/41
41. The bathing place at Cowies', July 3/43
42. Hupman's barn at Summer-ville, an old house July 24/43
43. Blood donations in the high school basement, Sep. 16/43
44. Old sailors' Snug Harbor, Water Street, Sep. 30/43.

45. The Captain Johnson case. Dec. 1/43 et seq (clippings in scrapbook)

46. "Hot Maggie"

47. Francis Lippard His strange life.

48. Port Medway Bonnets. See Feb 21/33



Horses on west Milton road, opposite power sub-station, electrocuted when wire broke back in woods.

Livingston of Mackay - Bennett. His wife, & his wife's fancy man.  
Stewart " " " who went mad.

Bonnycastle Dale - Clyde River

Barnstorming with an amateur show - Dec 8 & 9, 1932

King Lease Mine Oct 25/32

Trip to Bermuda - Sep 1932

First discovery of Micmac pottery at Indian Garden - Nov. 20/32

The madman at Eight Mile House - see entry Dec 21/32

Jonesie's party at Masonic Hall - Jan 7/33

Big storm, "Blackland" caught at wharf - Jan 27/33

Howers' valedictory speech - Feb 13/33

Only 100 geese at Park Joli - Feb 17/33

The craze for contract bridge - Feb 18/33

Death of Barnum - Feb 20/33