

Elsie S. Barghoun

Journal

June 8 to Dec 9, 1935

To 1941 + Pearl Harbor

Saturday June 8, 1935

I arrived in Detroit about 6 P.M. Took trolley car down from end of line in Lincoln Park.

I was forced to resort to the police department before I could locate the Detcoiter as my instructions read foot of Park street instead of foot of Clark street. Anyway I finally found the ship and got aboard of her. There was only one man aboard, the skipper ashore. I soon found out about the boat. She has been tied up here for repairs several weeks. There are only 4 men on including the skipper now.

Fixed up for the night in the oilers room aft

From the port hole here on the starboard side, where our room is located, there is an excellent view of Detroit's sky-line limned on the night sky below Ambassador bridge. Boats are passing up and down the river, their lights gleaming across the dark water. Bed linen pretty clean and bunk quite comfortable. Got to bed about one A.M.

Sunday June 9, 1935

Got up about nine this A.M. and had breakfast in the galley. Cook seems O.K. Real square

(Norwegian)

head and speaks with a strong accent. Spizzer spoke to me a little concerning my job. Decks hand and he's to go by instructions concerning my job. Went up on decks after breakfast and watched loading automobiles on one of these huge lake boats, the Willinson. Cars are driven over the decks and parked, with blocks, right on the hatch. This particular boat took on about 110 cars as a decks load.

Had dinner in the saloon with the skipper and the other two men. Food good and well prepared. Had whole half chicken, soup, potatoes, peas, custard and coffee.

Went up on decks with Mac, the decks hand staying on here. We talked or rather he talked for hours and hours, while I stretched out in the sun. This Mac is extremely talkative and very expansive on his own exploits.

Walked into Detroit in the afternoon and got a Times. It's about two or three miles from here into Cadillac Square in the center of town.

Street cars here are too slow. Detroit is big enough and certainly needs a good subway.

Later:

Sitting on the decks aft watching the river. Moderate westerly wind raising white caps on the river. Small cruisers and launchers lapping the waves here and there with their wake. Big ships moving up and down the

river bound for the upper or lower lake ports

It's peaceful and calm out here and in last rays of the setting sun tinge the trees and grass on the Canadian shore into a livid green.

One can appreciate the vast shipping on these lakes by watching the ships pass up and down the Detroit river as all traffic between the upper and lower lakes goes by here. Ore for the furnaces of Pittsburgh, Youngstown, Cleveland, Lorain, Buffalo and the other industrial cities of the mid-west goes down the lakes while coal and merchandise goes up. One can see in this river one of the main arteries of an industrial nation with the blood of industry flowing in a slow but steady stream.

The weather has been chilly today and it is getting too cool for comfort up here as I'm going below. We have no lights tonight as George has gone ashore and there's no one to stand watch in the engine room.

Monday June 10, 1935

Received my initiation into the mystic rites of rust chipping today. Armed with a sledge and a chipping hammer I sallied forth to do battle with the ship's side.

In the contest you are on one side and the ship on the other, however in chipping the hull you are always on the ship's side.

Worked from 8 to 4:30 with one half hour out for lunch, but there's no sharp tracks of time kept.

Started on the port bow and working. We have a raft rigged alongside with two heaving lines to facilitate maneuvering. Real arm-building exercise but healthy and plenty of sunshine.

Went ashore with George tonight

Tuesday June 11, 1935

Chipped rust all day. Rather chilly in the early A.M. but soon warmed up

We are working aft on the hull and the rust is flying fast. We're just chipping the part of the hull which is between the water line when the ship is light and when she's loaded.

Mack and I went ashore tonight. Took in a burlesque show on Lafayette street. Pretty punks, I thought.

Turned in about 12.

Wednesday June 11, 1935

My right wrist began to swell today from the unaccustomed strain on the joint. However it doesn't bother much yet. After swinging a ten pound sledge hammer all day your arm feels strangely light when there's nothing

in the hand.

One of the worst features of this present situation is that we have no water on the strip and have to haul from the docks about 200 yards away. We use two 10 gallon milk cans and a couple of five gallon cans each day.

Later - I am sitting in the galley writing this by the rapidly fading light of day which filters in the overhead skylight and port holes.

The steward, skipper and Mack and George have all gone ashore tonight, separately of course. A telegram just came from the office in New York for the skipper.

Now I'm writing by candle light. Candle light writing is tiring and anyway there are the throaty bellows of ships whistles hounding me on deck so I'm going up. I like to watch the water front and the ships passing up and down, especially at night.

Thursday June 13, 1935

Chopped rest this A.M. The old man is going to make me night watchman for a week or so starting tonight so I knocked off at noon. He is leaving for New York early this A.M.

Had guests for dinner again. One of these is the marine superintendent of the Detroit Harbor Terminals. He is a huge man with a gigantic paunch. Can't sit straight to the table because the bolted swivel chairs don't allow him room enough. The skipper doesn't seem to like him - calls him a "god damned garbage pail", referring to his eating habits which are characterized by a terrific appetite.

Heard the Baer - Braddock fight tonight on the cooks radio. 5-1 odds on Baer but Braddock won the decision with ease.

On watch all night until 1:30. Reading at the galley table by the light of a kerosene lamp.

Wrote mother today.

Weather quite warm until a breeze set in from the river. There seems to be a lot of difference between the river breeze and the land. Threatened a thunder squall but did not rain.

Fresh north-east wind tonight and clear

Captain Lee left at 3:45 this A.M.

Friday June 14, 1935

It began to get light about a quarter to

four this morning.

I called the skipper at 3:45 this P.M., and turned in in my bunk at eight o'clock.

Saturday June 15, 1935

Sunday June 16.

Standing watch at night completely disorganizes ones sense of time. I didn't sleep enough today so the night seems long and tiring. The cook and the other two went ashore after dinner and returned about three this morning.

I was weary of watching the oil lamps tonight so, I slept from three until 6 this morning, when I fixed up a breakfast and then went back to sleep. I got up at noon and had a good Sunday dinner consisting of a whole half chicken plus the vegetables etc to go with it.

Tonight I developed a roll of films but they came out somewhat fogged. The mess room serves poorly as a dark room. It is hard to darken a port hole set in the steel plates of a ship.

The Times I bought this afternoon keeps me amused.

I am sitting in the galley writing. It is raining a steady drizzle with now and then an intermittent heavy shower. When it rains hard it makes a pleasant roar



on the steel deck plates overhead.

Monday June 17, 1935

A rainy wet day. I slept all morning, got up for dinner and went back to sleep.

I bought a roll of films later in the afternoon, and some stamps and a can of tobacco. This leaves me 9 cents left of my money.

I entered into a ridiculous argument with the cook on evolution. I hereby swear never again to argue with someone who is hide-bound by his religious beliefs.

Here are his chief points:

1. Special creation for each different type of animal accounts fully of the difference between living and extinct animals.

2. If man has been evolving for millions of years, or at least since he first appeared on the earth why is recorded history only 5 thousand years old, which period of time is just equivalent to that allowed by the biblical story of creation.

3. If new forms of life are produced by evolution why have we no record of new species in the time embraced by the written history of the world.

4. If new forms arise from extant forms why can't we speed up the process by artificial means or by breeding?

5. A substantiation of the biblical story of the flood may be found in the myths of nearly all primitive peoples whose history or legends

almost always contains the story.

Well although neither I nor my opponent did any convincing he certainly presented me with some tough questions. And even if I did gain his animosity to a certain extent I at least gained some insight in his type of mind which is all too prevalent.

This man quotes from Huxley and gives facts <sup>out</sup> of Scientific American etc., but uses them to build up arguments and theories which the very article tries to discredit. A strange end for hard fought for and well earned scientific discoveries.

This individual is a good example of considerable intelligence but no education or knowledge. His one sided store of knowledge is used to construct a flimsy structure of rationalistic philosophy based on orthodoxy and the accepted by-fithe principles in which he has been grounded.

Nevertheless all such arguments do is gain enemies for yourself.

Tuesday June 18, 1935

The Clevelander docked at the Harbor Terminals and loaded automobiles. She headed for Brooklyn and Baltimore.

Weather has been very disagreeable yesterday and today. Cold and rainy with strong north and north-east winds.

Wednesday June 19, 1935

4:15 A.M

The short night is beginning to fade into dawn and I'll soon be able to turn out the lamps

Read almost the complete issue of May American tonight.

George and Mac were chipping rust today and unknown <sup>to</sup> them the blows of the sledges opened up the port fuel oil tank and 2000 gallons of fuel oil ran down in the bilges. All but about 50 gallons was salvaged.

Strong S.W. wind today whipped up white caps on the river. Weather persists cold however. Showers off and on all day. Weather like April.

Read an interesting article on the rehabilitation of Key West in the May American. I would like to go back now and see how much it has changed. The project is one of making the island a tourist resort.

Thursday June 20, 1935

Found out tonight in a discussion that neither Mac nor George had ever heard of an atoll, although both have rather widely travelled and George has been in the South Pacific.

Heard a good story on the U.S. steambot inspection. The skipper and mate of the Cleve

over  
the  
subject

lander knowing that the ship would not pass inspection got the inspectors stumbling drunk and threw him head and heels on the dock - after getting his signature on the papers.

Cold and cloudy all day - warming up now - probably rain soon. No sun all week.

Friday June 21, 1935

Today Mr. Hulbert was over for lunch as usual and when we told him we were broke and waiting for pay checks he offered to put us to work on the docks. So, we went over and signed on as stevedores. Unloaded roll paper from the ship "Chicago Tribune".

Worked all afternoon and were paid in cash right away - 57 cents an hour. It was my first experience working as a stevedore, and also my first at working for two companies at the same time. But longshoreman work is tough work!

Cloudy all day again - no sunlight.

It is now 3:38 AM - the summer solstice

Saturday June 22, 1935

Pay checks arrived today. George and the cook went over to the Studio Cafe and ~~the~~ cashed theirs and mine.

I went down to Detroit and bought a couple of books - a french and a german reader.

When I got back, Georg and Mac had just finished some bottled beer, and they asked me to go over and get some more while I was still in my "go ashore" clothes. I threw in 3 bottles for myself and bought 12. Mac went back to the docks at 7 to work some more so we finished off his share of the beer. Then George and I went up to Fort St. with the coals and drank beer for a while in the Green Front. The coals left - said he had a date. George and I went the rounds. Back on board at one o'clock. I'm disgusted with this way of putting in spare time but what else to do. Mac slipped away from work to come back for his beer, but it was gone. It was just as well because beer and his job on the docks wouldn't have mixed so well.

I went over and watched steam unloading sugar from the ship - the I. L. I. 102 - just in from Philadelphia with a full load.

My ankle bothered me considerably today - I hurt it rather badly working on the docks yesterday.

~~\_\_\_\_\_~~  
Sunday June 23, 1935

Slept until noon. Sort of disgusted with myself for last night - but insidiously your sense of values slowly deteriorate in this environment. Your standards must all be of your own choosing - or you go down.  
Fried half a mackerel for supper tonight

and washed some clothes later.

Mac went ashore about 3 o'clock this afternoon and just arrived stumbling aboard at 5:30. Money sure burns in his pockets.

I slept from 8 till 10 this A.M. and got up and cleaned up the room and made the beds.

George left for Brooklyn today at 1:30<sup>P.M.</sup>. I have the silers room to myself now.

It was a clear cold night tonight. One could easily see his breath in the cold air. Being clear it got light early. I watched carefully and saw that the sky below the span of the Ambassador bridge began to pale before 3:30. Sun came up over Belle Isle about 5: A.M.

Fried another half mackerel for breakfast.

Spent a little time on decks in the sun but it is so dirty up here from the factories around here and the steam cranes over on the Terminal yard that you're pretty soon covered with a layer of soot.

~~Mac asks~~

Monday June 24, 1935

Mac asked me to go along with him tonight and have a few beers with him and I went along, having absolutely nothing else to do but think of the long night watch ahead of me.

Well we had many beers at Mac's urgent insistence and began to get squiffed. I managed to get him to consent to go back to the ship

but he insisted on bringing an old bum  
back with him who was amusing half the crowd  
in the saloon.

We cut across the Terminal yards and <sup>was</sup>  
should spot us but Old Man Hulbert who got his  
hair up immediately when he saw the old  
bum with us. Macs beat it and left me  
there. I tried to put the salve on Hulbert but  
he shut me up every time. So I gave up trying  
and went back to the ship.

Stayed up till four talking with Mac and the  
Steward and finishing several more beers.

Turned in at 5 A.M.

Tuesday June 5, 1935

Sat up at 2 this afternoon and was eating  
in the galley when the cooks came in with  
a letter from Hulbert concerning last night's  
events. Forbidding us to cross his property etc. etc.  
I still can't see why he got so roused up though  
chipped next on deck a while.

Rigged up a siphon to get water out of  
the starboard fresh water tank.

Wrote mother a letter.

The Louis-Camera fight was tonight  
heard it on the Cooks radio.

Wednesday June 26, 1935

About 3 P.M. this morning some one  
came into my room and awake me and

there was the "old man". Of course he'd catch me asleep. Didn't say much though.

Told me to turn in a go back in the day watch beginning tomorrow

So I was over the side chipping nest again today.

Old man Hulbert came over and told the skipper about our escapade and we got some hell but not much. The "old man" doesn't like Hulbert at all which helps us out of course. Any way all relations with the Harbor Terminals is now broken but I'm sure it isn't because of the events of last night although that's the way it is being made out.

Bed early

Thursday June 26, 1935

Chipped nest all morning and until about 2 this afternoon. Then helped Mar bring a hay ton of coal aboard. There were 12 sacks and we carried them from the coal yard to the coal locker on the ship - a distance of about 200 yds.

Friday June 28, 1935

Chipped nest all day. I am getting into my stride again and it goes easier. However I am tired enough in the evening

Had some excellent fish at noon today. Cooks called them silver bass, I've never eaten



or heard of them before.

Quite warm today although its not bad on the raft being right down on the water. However the water is too filthy to have its proximity very pleasant.

It is threatening rain tonight but I dont care if it does, especially if it continues in the day time.

Saturday June 29, 1935

It did rain today so we "soooyzed" down below in the after quarters instead of chipping. Knocked off at noon but the "old man" asked me to mail a letter for him at the Post office up on Junction Ave.

It cleared off this afternoon and I was out in the sun for a while but the air around here is so full of smoke and dust when there is a northerly wind that the sun is about half power.

This evening I walked across the Ambassador bridge and over into Canada. There is a nice view from the top of the bridge especially over towards Canada where everything looks so green and fresh.

Walked from the end of the bridge over to Windsor and took the ferry to Detroit. Saw Admiral Byrd's ship the "City of New York" down at the foot of Randolph street.

Turned in about 11.

Sunday June 30, 1935

Today was ~~my~~ twentieth birthday

Spent the morning washing myself and my clothes, both of which were badly in need of it.

This afternoon I went to Belle Isle for a little rest and a swim but the crowd was worse than Carey Island. However I enjoyed the Aquarium and Botanical garden with the exception of the yawping ignorammuses who constituted the crowd largely.

The water was cold in the river but I enjoyed the swim, not having been in since early this spring

Belle Isle is pretty, but overrun with ~~foreigners~~ foreigners who litter up the grounds in the usual way found at resorts + beaches

Back to the ship at 8 P.M.

Monday July 1, 1935

Worked all day taking down a muffler in the engine room:

Awfully hard work because of the heat, for one thing.

Tuesday July 2, 1935

Working under the old mans direction

Mac and I slung the cam shaft up and into the middle engine room grating. The job took all day with little relief from the incessant pulling of the heavy chain falls.

Received a letter from mother today telling of Freds receiving a 1000 dollar teaching fellowship at Amherst for next year. She asked me to perhaps remain out of school the first half of next year they will go to Amherst to live. I was sure glad to hear the news but I do not like the idea of slaying out of school next year but will <sup>do so</sup> if absolutely necessary.

Weather warm

Wednesday July 3, 1935

Engine room again. A lighter came today and is tied up alongside. It looks as though things were really going to happen around here. By the help of the lighter we removed 6 cylinder heads and one half of the crankcase. Utterly exhausted at end of the day.

Went to a show tonight. First show I've seen since coming to Detroit.

Was hot and humid today, which is a very bad combination for hard work.

Thursday July 4, 1935

No work today. Lazed around in the sun this P.M. but it was quite breezy and

hot.

Had a bull session with the "old man" this evening

Bed early

Friday July 5, 1935

Hardest days work I have ever put in.

In removing the crankcase base we discovered that the crankshaft was secured to the fly-wheel by 6 machined bolts which had passed unnoticed in our rather blundering hurry. We rigged up a 10 foot pipe on to a 2 foot ~~open~~ open-end wrench and used a pulley block and tackle at the end of the pipe plus our own efforts. Even with that the bolts budged only slowly and after being hammered with a sledge.

It took me over a half hour to wash up tonight

Mac brought a small pup aboard within last night

Wrote Bob Post a letter today. Also wrote the girl at the office in regard to my pay checks

The temperature was well up in the 90's today and it was humid too. I sweat so much that the sweat was just sweet water not at all salty tasting

Saturday July 6, 1935

Worked all morning a repetition of yesterday. Not again

Finally got the shaft and crank case base

out. All the broken parts are new out.

Cleared of mucky this afternoon and it is cool and clear out tonight.

I was awakened this morning at 3 o'clock by a yelling and clamor on deck. I slipped on my shoes and dungarees and lit a cigar and went up on deck to see what went on. Mac was hanging oversides on a bawser he had lead aft of a block and yelling for the mail boat to come alongside and get him. There was a crowd on the mail boat and a lot of girls and women and plenty of John Barleycorn. They were just toying with Mac I believe, who was dabbling his feet and yelling like a mad man. The mail boat soon left and things quieted down. That's Mac's end night out now with hard work in between. I don't see how he does it.

Bought a suit of underwear today - 65¢

Sunday July 7, 1935

Loafed all day. Lay in bed until 11 and ate dinner with small appetite

Read a little Bernarr this afternoon

Usual chicken dinner this afternoon

Slept some more this afternoon.

Cloudy all day or I would have gone swimming at Bell's Isle.

Had a little session with Mac's tonight on knots. Learned the "dawn fool's" knot. Everybody's ashore tonight except me

Took a picture of our little pup this evening. He seems to be in good health and growing fast.

I have just 24 cents left of ~~my~~ <sup>my</sup> ~~money~~ and I just gave Mack 14¢ of it for a pack of cigarettes that's enough for tonight

10 P.M.

Monday July 8, 1935

Dirtiest work yet this 17.M. Went bilge diving armed with a shovel and gail. There was about 3 to 4 inches of bilge slime in the bottom of the engine pit which I cleaned out and carried on deck. Several hundred pounds of it.

The new castings came today on the lighter. When we knoeked off tonight the new base casting was in its sling and all ready to be put in tomorrow.

This Hulbert fracas is getting interestingly ridiculous. He has ordered a fence to be erected around his portion of the docks which the Harbor Terminals owns jointly with the Dearbain Coal Co, on whose property we are wharfed. This fence has completely cut us off from shore because we are forbidden to cross his lot.

However the skipper has ordered us to build a gangway around the obstruction which

we have partially completed. It is now possible to get ashore by first skirting the water's edge in this way

This situation is the more ridiculous because it is merely spite work. Hulbert has put dozens of men at work here at considerable expense to his company. I really believe it's being done because the Harbor Terminal didn't get the repair job on the Detroit. Our incident of several weeks ago is merely the direct excuse.

Tired tonight - worked pretty hard today. Rain squalls off and on all day rather cool.

Finished my German book today. Quite an interesting but superficial story - "Der Schwiegersohn"

Tuesday July 9, 1935

Began work on the base this morning and got it in on the bed plate at 2:30 this P.M. The casting was slightly too large at the fly wheel end and part of it had to be chipped away with an air hammer & chisel.

Awful sleepy this afternoon - must be eating too much.

There is not much more left for us to do until an engineer comes since the bearings and crank shaft have to be trued up which requires technical skill.

Partly cloudy all day. Signs of rain to-night. Cool

Accounts of disastrous floods in upstate New York are in the papers. 45 dead reported in tonight's Times. Village of Trumansburg practically obliterated. Flood bad near Attaca

Wednesday July 10, 1935

Last night the chief from the Clevelander George and another oiler came in about 3 o'clock

Carried 25 gallons of water aboard this P.M. and helped in the engine room.

Crank shaft was swung in and blocked up on the new base. Ready for the bearings.

The oilers and the chief worked on the auxiliary all afternoon but couldn't locate the trouble.

Moved into Mack's room after supper



Tonight. Now in the wheelmans quarters. Changed the sheets for the first time since I came aboard. No bed bugs in this bunk, but the room has only one porthole. Damn hot & stuffy

Weather hot today - up in the 90's in the engine room.

Package came from mother today with two shirts and 6 pairs of socks from Aunt Fay. Very welcome.

Thursday July 11, 1935

A man from the forward company arrived today. A Mr Campbell.

Worked all day in the engine room. Hot today. 93 in Detroit at the weather bureau.

Pay checks arrived today. Mine was sent to Mother as requested. Probe again as usual.

Wrote a postal to Aunt Fay one to mother and one to grandmother. Haven't heard from mother since Monday.

Friday July 12, 1935

Stinking hot today. Felt lousy all day. Worked in engine room most of the time.

Last night George and Hogan, the other oiler went out and put one on. Coming aboard about 2:30 Hogan spied the old

man sitting in his deck chair and decided to go over and give him a piece of his mind. "You house-bound son of a bitch" he began and shaking his fist right under the old man's nose he began cursing him up and down for ten minutes or better. The old man didn't bat an eye.

I heard Hogin still loudly swearing and cursing the skipper and all his ancestors when he went to bed at 3:30.

Funny how a fellow cracks like that. He has worked hard all his life taking orders without complaint but suddenly let loose finally. Left for Brooklyn this A.M. He has considerable money saved however and found out today. Several thousand in this country and 13000 crowns in Norway. Left all his work clothes aboard saying he was working no more in this life!

George was sick this P.M. He went up to see Hogin off and also to get the mail but he and Hogin had so many farewell drinks that the mail made no appearance for hours. So the old man sent me up to get him and the mail. I succeeded in the latter only after having several bottles of beer forced on me.

George finally got back with a heavy port list and didn't work all day.

Mack arrived squipped about 5 P.M. but in his usual manner got up and went to work at 7:30. Can't stay quiet as

slong as he has money.

7:15 P.M.

Saturday July 13, 1935

The skipper removed me from the engine room to the deck again. Chipping rust overalls again.

Received a letter from mother today also one from Bob Pool. No money enclosed.

For some reason we have to work the same hours as the engine bench so I chipped rust all afternoon. Tomorrow we work again all day.

New siler by name Charley Powers came aboard tonight. From Kingston N.Y. A big jolly fellow and a close brother of John Darbycorn.

Weather somewhat cooler. Bright sunny weather all day

Sent special delivery to mother tonight

9:00 P.M.

Sunday July 14, 1935

More or less fooled around in the engine room all A.M. and until 3 this afternoon. Really no necessity of us working but the chief insisted.

Beautiful clear afternoon with a fresh breeze off the river. We lay around on

decks under the canvas that Macs  
put up after supper and threw the hull  
par excellence

Went to a show tonight.

Bed about 12

Monday July 15, 1935

Chipped rust all day. Good old sledge  
hammer again.

Postal telegraph came today from mother  
for 10 dollars. Bought cartons of cigarettes

Engine room gang is working until  
8 this evening. Macs and I weren't needed  
tonight.

Chief says it will be a good week before  
we're fixed up.

Rain squalls today but it cleared  
off about six with a fresh east wind.

I intend to go up and see a show  
tonight as it may be my last night free  
for some time

Missed out today on my French  
reading of which I have been doing a little  
each day.

Tuesday July 16, 1935

Worked on decks all day. U.S. steam-  
boat inspection man was here and went  
over some of the deck equipment. A number

7 things were short - fire sails, fire axes etc also some lifeboat equipment. The matches which we took out were no good but the inspector didn't even try them. I tried them later myself and put good ones back when I wasn't being watched.

Second mate arrived today. A slow futile, lethargic individual. A real fresh water sailor I hear. The first time he went down to the coast he drank Hudson river water all the way down just to see what salt water was like. Off the Jersey coast, I hear, he dipped up some of the briny deep which he put in a flask and still keeps it at home in Cleveland. He gives his best friend a small taste occasionally.

Weather warm and sultry

Five ships docked at the harbor terminals this afternoon. Two Norwegian tramps the "Vardfjell" and the "Nertun"

Wednesday July 17, 1935

Slept on deck again last night. Six gas men came to inspect our fire equipment which is the liquid  $\text{CO}_2$  type stored in heavy cylinders.

Mack and I spent the whole day wrestling the cylinders out and weighing them. There are about 27 of them stored in a rope and cargo slung locker just abaft

X

the pilot house. This locker or bayonette is about four and a half feet high with the iron deck just overhead and the hot sun pouring down on the steel plates drove the temperature up to almost endurable temperatures in the small cramped space. We rigged up a wind's'l or "angel wings" to get air but it was still a most uncomfortable job as each cylinder had to be unslipped and weighed in the narrow space. They averaged about 100 lbs and the amount of  $CO_2$  contained is found by subtracting the stamped wt. of the cylinder from the gross wt.

There are six bottles left for tomorrow.

The scales we used to weigh on was a small platform scale. I weighed myself in dungarees and shoes - 152 lbs. We tried gripping the scale to see how much pressure we could exert with two hands. I got 300 lbs. The old man pushed out a little over 300 and George got about 300.

Bought a suit of underwear and extra undershirt in a store up on Fort st. Hair cut too.

Everybody aboard tonight except the officers

Quite warm today - bright sun all day

Thursday July 18, 1935

Finished the box gas inspection this

morning. Worked in the engine room in the afternoon and until 7 this evening. Work and sleep, work and sleep.

Friday July 19, 1935

In the engine room all day and until 7 this evening again. The base and shaft are all lined up now.

Went ashore with Mac's tonight and ended up in a rather large evening. We got aboard at 5 A.M Sat morning. In the Studio cafe until 2:30. Went to Hamtramck with a couple of Mac's friends in their car.

at the corner of Dubois and Newton streets a choice of whom. A slender one and blond. Real or spurious who knows.

Saturday, July, 20, 1935

Turned to at 8 after 2 hours of sleep. Sort of in a daze all morning but didn't feel tired for some reason or other.

The air compressor cases and cylinder heads went in today. Engine is building up fast now.

Went ashore beer drinking with Charley tonight but got back fairly early - about 12. Slept on deck.

Sunday July 21, 1935

Worked until 3 today. The cylinder

heads are all in now and all the stuff which was on deck has been lowered in. The lighter is through with its work now.

We lay around on deck aft under the awning until supper tonight. Bull session plus.

After supper Charley and I went up to see a show. Went the rounds on Fort street after and finished up in the Studio. Macs and George were in the Studio paralyzed drunk with three women.

Came aboard at 12 and turned in

Monday July 22, 1935

Worked under the old mans direction today slinging up the cam shaft and muffler. Hard work as the old boy is quite a slave-driver.

The first asst. came aboard today and went right to work. A huge burly fellow from Buffalo.

George and Macs got aboard last night about 4 and were still loaded at breakfast. George was in bad shape but worked all day.

It was sure a crazy lot that stumbled down the engine room companionway to go to work this morning. None of us have had a god nights sleep in 4 or 5 days.

Knocked off tonight at five. No work after supper. This is my first night aboard since



Wednesday last. My ten bucks is gone too.

Turning in early tonight.

Hot and sultry all day. Nice weather for hangovers.

Tuesday July 23, 1935

Carried over twenty gallons of water as usual the first thing this A.M.

Chopped rust and painted until a thunder squall came up when we had to cover up the hatches.

Weather sultry and hot all day. Thunder squall only increased the humidity.

Bed early.

Wednesday July 24, 1935

Painted all day. No more chipping just painting. Painting the stern and directly under the fan-tail presented a mean job.

Sultry all day but not so warm. Well slopped up with paint, mostly due to Mach's super-energetic methods of rapidly covering the hull in wide sweeping strokes.

Some of the crank bearings were filed down too much and had to be re-Babbitted

Turned in early.

Thursday July 25, 1935

Worked on decks all day. Got an

order of new paint from Becker's and brought it aboard via row boat.

Bill and I worked on bolting down the skylight over the engine room this afternoon.

Engine room gang worked until 8:30 tonight. Most of the piping was connected up today. Bilge manifold hooked up. The pistons and cylinder skirts have to be put in yet.

Moved up forward tonight and am taking up my permanent quarters in the fo'c'sle from now on.

The only ventilation in here is a small deck skylight besides the door. The two port holes are riveted shut.

Rain squall in mid-afternoon. Weather continues sultry.

Mr. Shortt has arranged for a cargo of automobiles to be loaded at Woodward St. Expect to leave Detroit by Sunday.

I watched the Demoyne go down the Detroit river tonight. She enjoys the distinction of being the largest vessel afloat on the St. Lakes - length 620' beam 75' ~~tonnage~~ tonnage 12,000 gross tons.

Friday July 26, 1935

I sit me down to write my daily bit again tonight, this time once more by the light of an oil lamp, on the little table

in the fore.

Had a full days work today. Began by bringing aboard a half ton of coal which we rowed over in a row boat and brought aboard with the help of the life boat davits.

Laid the tween deck planks in #1 hold and shored them up to carry automobiles.

Discharged all the fire extinguishers and recharged them. Great sport spraying fire extinguishers oversides especially the foamy kind.

Swing over the port side life-boat. The davits were awfully stiff and it took five of us about 15 minutes. If need arose I think the ship would go down with all hands before we got the boats oversides.

All but one piston in the engine is finished.

I took the row boat tonight and went exploring by myself. It was nice and easy floating down the river but damn near impossible to row against the current. However after several hours I rowed upstream to the piling of the bridge on the left bank of the river and across and down to the Detroit.

Our mate came aboard this P.M. Mr. Peterson from Cleveland. An old man but he seems O.K.

A fresh breeze off the river kept the temperature down today. Cool on decks but of course hot below as usual. However it

is clear and cool tonight for a change.

Well this will be one ~~my~~ last nights  
in Detroit for some time.

10:30 P.M.

Saturday July 27, 1935

A change in scenery today. A tug came  
alongside in the morning and stood by until  
12:30 when she maneuvered us out into the  
river and began towing us up stream. Docked  
at the Agara Terminal and loaded cars in #1  
hold.

Went up with Bill tonight to mail a  
letter and got hooked into treating a few  
beers.

Engine room gang worked until after  
9 tonight.

New deck hand came aboard today. He just  
left the "Eastern States" one of the D+C boats, run-  
ning from Detroit to Cleveland.

Bed about 11.

Sunday July 27, 1935

I am writing this Monday morning.  
We are out on Lake Erie now, near south-  
east shoals.

Yesterday P.M. we battened down the  
hatches and made things fast on deck. Worked  
after dinner until about two.

The inspectors O.K'd the engine in the afternoon

Tied up at the Pine Ridge coal docks and took on water.

Mr Campbell, the Lombard man left about 11 P.M.

The mates son, a tall, gangling awkward kid came on as deck hand tonight

Watched as we passed down the Detroit river ~~passed~~ and left the multi-colored lights of Detroit behind in the distance beyond the Bridge.

Turned in about 12:30

And thus ends the Detroit days.

Monday July 29, 1935

It is a beautiful clear night with a light southerly breeze and hardly any sea running. We are now about 20 miles off Long Point in Lake Erie.

I sat up in the bow for a while this evening after dark and just watched the sea and the sky and stars and listened to the water rushing past the bows. It was very peaceful and quiet with no noise other than the steady rush of the water and the constant pound of the engines to which latter you become so accustomed that you pay no attention.

The stars were unusually bright tonight especially so I suppose after I have become so accustomed to the murky atmosphere above big cities. Two stars I noticed were visible clearly that one usually has difficulty finding in the sky above the city: Epsilon Lyrae and the companion to the second star in the drier handle, I forget the name.

The mate told me last night that I would be on the day watch and work from 8 A.M. until about 5 in the evening but this arrangement didn't please the skipper and he told me to turn to from 6 A.M. till 6 P.M.

which makes a pretty long day.

This morning we washed down the decks and straightened things up in general on decks. This afternoon, working with the decks hauled on the other watch we soogied the alley aft and mopped the forward and after halls.

The old man had me helping Bill tonight putting the rest of the bolts in the engine room skylight.

There was a good breeze from the north east this A.M. and we rolled around smartly on the course around south east shoals. Passed South East shoal light at 9 A.M.

Beautiful clear bright day and plenty of sunshine

Tuesday July 30, 1936

Turned to at 6 this A.M. Passed the Port Colburne breakwall at 8 this A.M. and were in the guard lock of the Welland canal about 8:30.

There is something fascinating about this canal and the entrance from the lake. Everything is so neat and clean cut looking. The concrete walls, the mathematically spaced tying posts, the immense high lifting bridges, the little towns with the

main street right along the canal etc.  
The ships whistle is blown three times  
and after a short pause the bridges lift  
and we pass under - the whistle is blown  
three times - long - and the locks open  
and we pass in - it all seems so exact and  
machine like.

Our work in the canal consists of  
getting a line out to the men on the  
lock wall and then each man taking care  
of his line. I lead the wire cable spring  
line and just lead to slack off the line  
from the winch drum, taking care to keep  
a strain on it.

The 7 lift locks are 46 feet deep, that  
is, there is a drop of 46 feet and the  
there is also a guard lock of a few feet  
drop - totaling in the whole canal about  
330 feet or the difference in levels between  
Lake Erie and Lake Ontario.

The dimensions of the locks are: 800 feet  
in length, 75 feet in diameter with a depth  
of 30 feet on the lock sills.

From Lock # 6 one can see Lake On-  
tario way below and far in the distance.

Passed Port Weller breakwall about  
3:30 P.M. and headed out into Lake Ontario.  
There was a brisk westerly breeze and the  
lake was whitecapped making a pretty sight  
with the deep blue water and sky.



Wednesday July 31, 1935

When I stumbled up from the fo'c's'le hatch this morning and walked aft on the decks there was no land in sight. When I came up from breakfast, however there was land to be dimly seen and soon the buildings of Asvego showed up above the south-eastern horizon.

We stepped down the masts, ventilators, life boat davits, smoke stacks and all projecting structures including the pilot house and flag staff.

Passed under the railroad bridge at Asvego with the slips wheel off - only about 4 inches clearance. Number 2 hold is about half full of water so that we settle low enough to clear the low bridges.

Strooged all afternoon on decks, between locks. Lock # 23 at 7:30. nice looking Spruiger spaniel at the lock, I think it is the lock tender's.

Fine clear evening and we're now well out into Lake St. Oueda. This is a nasty little pond to navigate because of the shoal water all around the channel. The deep red afterglow was pretty to see tonight out on the lake with the dark pines lined against the western sky.

Received a letter from mother at lock # 8. Three dollar money order enclosed

Thursday Aug 1, 1935

Just passed thru lock #14 at Cava-joharie

Bolted down some more on that damned sleylight, on Bills watch. Soogzed some more on decks on the mates watch. A heavy thunder squall came up just as we were getting into lock #18. Standing by the lines out in the deluge was as good as falling overboard. We washed down the decks this morning but the rain finished the job for us.

Passed through some nice hilly country today in the upper Mohawks valley. Went by Herkimer this afternoon and saw the monument at the old Herkimer homestead.

Turned in about 9:30. Katten's blazes in the jockle, electric fan going all day + night.

Friday Aug 2, 1935

Soing down the old Hudson tonight and will be in New York tomorrow. This region has some old memories for me and looks even better than when I saw it last. Right now we are above Saugerties and the blue masses of the Catskills are looming up in the west, silhouetted against the deep red summer sunset.

I felt pretty discouraged tonight when I got orders to turn to at midnight again that makes 18 hours of work in the last 24

and I was hoping to get some time ashore tomorrow. I would like to run up to see mother if I get a chance as I haven't seen her since the 1st of June and I want to get a few plans for the future straightened out.

Saturday ~~to~~ Aug 3, 1935

Worked down in #2 hold from midnight to 6 A.M., drying off the decks and replacing the bilge boards which the water had floated out of position.

Saw The "bridge" about 6 this morning thru the big apartments along Riverside Drive looking out of the morning haze.

Unloaded our cargo of automobiles at the 53rd St. canal terminal. I guess we arrived unannounced because there were no longshoremen available and the crew turned to. We got 50 cents an hour for it - 1.50 for the three hours and paid right away. It was pretty tough work though and I was not feeling extra tough since I've only had 3 hours sleep since Friday morning.

Tied up at Edgewater<sup>N.Y.</sup> to load sugar but no work tomorrow at the sugar docks. I left about two this afternoon and went up to Aunt Annas to see mother and Fred. This is a convenient place to docks as it is only a block from the 125th ferry.

Got my plans laid out for the year:

I am going to stay on here until the ship  
ties up then go back to college for the second  
semester.

● Came aboard about 8 Sunday night  
but there's no reason to hang around here  
because they don't need me on watch. Went  
over to the city and came back about 1:30 A.M.  
Turned in at 3:30 A.M.

Monday Aug 5, 1935

On watch <sup>AM</sup> 6 to <sup>PM</sup> 12. Slept from one to 3:30  
when I went over to meet mother at 125<sup>th</sup> st.  
We had some ice cream and then walked  
● up on the heights and sat in a bench  
along Riverside Drive. It was a bright clear after-  
noon and very pleasant to see the Hudson  
sparkling and gleaming below in the slanting  
sunlight. A fresh breeze was whipping up white  
caps and a few small sailing canoes were car-  
● ceering crazily about. That hour will stand  
out, as time passes, from the multitudes of others  
I don't know why but everything seemed so clear  
cut and sharp - a brief moment but long  
in memory.

● Loading sugar all day - filling up fast  
On watch now - 6<sup>AM</sup> - 12<sup>PM</sup>. Cooler tonight so it won't  
be bad for sleeping.

Tuesday Aug 6, 1935

On deck at 6 A.M. I felt pretty bad when I got up this morning but turned to anyway. After 10:30 I couldn't stand it any longer and asked Bill if I couldn't go below. I fell asleep immediately on the cool deck in the jic'sle. Got up about 12:30 and was awfully sick and weak - almost fainted and broke out in a cold sweat. Stumbled into my bunk and got up at 3:30 and spoke to the old man. He gave me a ticket to the Marine Hospital but I decided to go home if I could make it. The subway trip was tough but I made it O.K.

Detraiter left Edgewater at 7:30 if they got away on schedule.

Had a good night's sleep for a change.

Wednesday Aug 7, 1935

Seemed to be completely over my spell of yesterday but still feel a little weak. Left with mother at 2 this afternoon for Grand Central station to get the train for Schenectady.

At my request, on the way down town, we took the 180th St crosstown car so that mother could point out to me the place I was born. I haven't seen it since I was a baby and of course don't remember anything about the place. It is

a five story red brick apartment house at 927 East 180th st.

Left Grand Central station at 4:15 with a ticket for Schenectady where I arrived at 7:30, five dollars and seventy five cents poorer.

Went to <sup>the</sup> Y M C A in Schenectady and got instructions as to how to get to lock #9 at Rotterdam where I arrived about 8:30. The Detroit has not yet been reported from lock 7 so I'm somewhat previous. Stretched out on the wooden bench in the lock tenders room and slept off and on until the Detroit got here. Got aboard about midnight.

Clear and cold this evening. Mist on the Mohawks River - cold and raw.

Thursday Aug 8, 1935

On six to twelve watch. Heavy traffic and slow progress in canal. Tied up at lock #19 for 4 hours last night. Painted skylights on deck this morning.

Passed from lock #12 to lock #19 between 6 AM. and 12 midnight

Friday Aug 9, 1935

When I went on watch this AM we were between lock 20 + 21. Held up for several hours by a string of barges. We went

aground and had to be pulled off by the tug, then the tug went aground and we pulled her off. Plenty of fun handling lines.

When I came up on deck at 5:30 this afternoon we were about halfway across Lake Meida. At lock # 2 Fulton at midnight

Last night we had to lay below a lock for a while and got our lines on some canallers tied up along the bank. I was standing by the stern line which was around the cleats of an old steam cavalier made fast to the channel dolphins. The skipper of the old tub was uneasy and peevish because we had our lines on him and was mumbling half to himself and half to me when, with the rush of water from the emptying lock, there came a good strain on the line. He began to curse and told me to slack off which I refused to do. He was hopping mad and reached for a jib axe, right handy, and said by god he'd show me how to slack that line. As soon as I saw the axe I let her go and threw the eye off the cleat but not any too soon.

We asked ~~deygares~~ tonight on watch.

Saturday Aug 10, 1935

Cleared Asvego breakwall at five A.M. We are now in the Welland Canal - locks

# 3 at 1 a.m.

Calm passage across Lake Ontario except for a couple of hours this morning when a westerly wind kicked the spray up on decks.

Pls soup fog this afternoon, blowing fog signals my whole watch below.

Passed in Port Weller breakwall at 10:30

Took in twenty inches of water in port drinking water tank from right out of the lake.

Sunday Aug 11, 1935

Passed outside of Port Colborne break-wall at 8:30 a.m.

No work on decks today. Fine clear day with fresh south westerly breeze and white caps on the lake.

I sat out on the hatch this afternoon and wrote five or six post cards which the wind soon afterwards scattered in good style. I rescued three anyway.

Tonight the wind freshened up and we are taking generous dashes of spray off the port quarter. South westerly wind and partly cloudy. Passed Fairport Ohio at 1 a.m. Monday.

~~77~~



Monday Aug 12, 1935

Docked at Cleveland at National Terminals at 5 A.M. when I was still below.

Uncovered hatches and unloaded 600 tons of sugar between 7 A.M. and 3:30 P.M. That's a rate of approximately 100 tons an hour. The reason for this rapid rate is two-fold. In the first place they have a special gantry rig which comes right out over the hatch and thus is perfectly adapted for unloading sugar. The second is the speed at which they work these stevedores. They are practically driven and forced on. Longshore labor in Cleveland is not organized and the standards of labor certainly suffer.

Left Cleveland at 4 P.M. this afternoon. I stayed up most of my watch below and sat in the pilot house. I wanted to see the harbor and city of Cleveland from the lake but I can't say it is very impressive. The terminal tower does look spectacular from the lake however, but that is all. No natural harbor - just the breakwall.

About 7:30<sup>P.M.</sup> a heavy thunder squall blew up from the north west. One of those well known Lake Erie thunder squalls with plenty of lightning and wind. The hatch covers were not put on #2 hatch cloth and when that wind hit it the canvas rose up like a balloon being inflated.

I grabbed my oilskin coat and leaped up on the hatch to get the irons on with the help of the other deck hand. Well the wind swooped into that coat and I went staggering across the hatch and onto the deck below not too far from the gunwale. I was up again immediately but this time without the coat. The heavy drops of rain were flung against us with a force that made them feel like stinging particles of sleet. I was completely drenched in a few seconds in the terrific onslaught but we got the irons on in short order, working like madmen.

Before the storm broke there was a curious buzzing at the mast heads which became louder and louder until the storm broke. I could see the wind coming far off with its attendant line of white combers and I felt its full fury when we got into the line of advancing white. The sky was an ugly blue black and the sea and sky blended together so the horizon could only be detected by the white capped water. All around the ship when the wind was at its strongest the lake was a huge bed of creaming waves with the tops being whipped off and forming anew immediately. The wind came so quickly there was no sea built up but the water was boiled up into a choppy turmoil of white and black. The lightning jolted down incessantly into

the lake all around, sometimes very close and the thunder rolled and cracked with a peculiar lack of reverberation.

I went below and changed my clothes about 8:30 and Browne and I split the watch into halves, he taking the first half.

The wind kept us pretty strong right on our beam and we began to roll with an unpleasant jerking motion. The dog began to look a little funny and he ran out in the alleyway and vomited his entire supper, after which he lay ~~off~~ under the stove and refused to budge.

Cleared off about 11 P.M.

Tuesday Aug 13, 1935

Docked at Toledo at 5 A.M. Began unloading at Toledo at 1:00 P.M. and finished about 1:00 A.M.

There are a great many ships tied up in the river here at Toledo, many laid up the last two or three years I am told. There is also a lot of loading and unloading going on. Toledo seems to be a busy port.

Coal is loaded here by the dumping of an entire freight car into a shoot, with the vortex of its funnel in the ship's hold. Mass production with a minimum of time:

Wednesday Aug 14, 1935

Passed South east shoals about 10:30  
● Calm sea and clear sky. Cleaned out #3  
hold this morning and clipped rust un-  
til dark on the after watch. Then sat on the  
deck winch forward the rest of the watch. The  
moonlight was bright and gleamed hard on  
the gently rolling lake. Peaceful, calm, warm  
night with the light damp breeze from the  
south.

Thursday Aug 15, 1935

● Sighted Port Colborne at 6:30 a.m.  
Passed the town about an hour later and  
made a quick passage through the Welland  
canal. Left Port Weller breakwall at 3:30  
P.M.

Bristle westerly breeze blowing on Lake  
Ontario - perfect summer sailing. Full moon  
tonight, clear sky, light breeze. Passed  
Braddock pt about 11.

● I had the wheel again tonight. Last Sun-  
day was my first experience and I seemed  
to get along pretty good.

Friday Aug 16, 1935

Entered the Oswego river about 7:45 a.m.  
Hot as a steam box down in the furnace

this P.M. - fan going all the while but I just laid in my own sweat. Having the port holes blanked off doesn't help make the forward end of this ship any more comfortable in this kind of weather.

When we came on watch this evening we had about half of Lake St. Clair behind. Passed Sylvan Beach a little after dark. Enticing sounds of merriment from this little resort on the lake.

I threatened thunder squalls but no rain fell.

Saturday Aug 19, 1935

Lock #19 about 7 A.M.

Chopped rest all morning. I felt really rotten all morning. I have either a bad cold or a touch of hay fever - the latter I believe as my symptoms are about the same as last year. Tough watch but feel better this evening.

Lock #10 at twelve midnight.

Noticed the old Guy Johnson estate at Lock #11. The lock is built about a hundred feet from the old store building. Reminiscent of the Robt. W. Chambers stories I read years ago.

Sunday Aug 18, 1935

Took #6 this morning early.

Passed Troy at noon. Beautiful trip down the Hudson. Passed West Point at 10:45 Peekskill at 12:30 Around the Battery at 4:30 Docked at Pier 39 Brooklyn.

Monday Aug 19, 1935

At Pier 39 Brooklyn, loading carbon sugar. Wonderful view of the harbor from here - Statue of Liberty about a mile and a half to the west.

Met mother at City Hall at 1 o'clock and went home with her. Came aboard again at 12 midnight. Took an even two hours from Mt Vernon down to the ship. One hour from 241 st St to Borough Hall on subway.

Mosquitoes awful - had to go down and sleep in the motor room. They seem to thrive on citronella oil.

This morning about 8 o'clock the Normandie passed the statue on the way up the river. A beautiful ship and well proportioned except that her stacks seem over large.

I sort of hated to leave mother + Fred this evening because I probably won't see them again until January.

Tuesday Aug 20, 1935

Very tired and sleepy this A.M., but no hard work - only painting over the side. Greatly disappointed to learn that my pay has been cut from 90 to 65 per month. However there is no complaint to make since 65 a month is ordinary seaman's wages and I'm signed on as ordinary seaman.

It began raining this afternoon so the longshoremen knocked off loading until 7 tomorrow.

I am sitting on the foreward hatch writing this and watching the harbor.

The water front may be dirty, but it's a beautiful harbor anyway. There is much to see beyond the dirt and filth. There is the beauty, the majesty of the Bay, walled by Manhattan towers, and the scores of busy ships scuttling back and forth below. But all this has been said before in better words - and still I try.

There is the Statue of Liberty, holding a heavy arm in silhouette against the reddened sunset sky. The myriad lights of Manhattan "jiggled" towers are twinkling through the twilight haze like stars on a frosty night. The grim, but sturdy, old Brooklyn Bridge is faintly lined over the night sky of the city.

Darkness is folding down once more over the old harbor, the labors of another

Days are coming to rest. It is peaceful and quiet - The paradox of the harbor.

~~Lights are flickering over the East River with the visible faint, the strings of towers just fading out over the Manhattan side, the bridge.~~

~~And the noise of the city is fading down and the labors of another day are coming to a close, the day is over.~~

8:15

Wednesday Aug 21, 1935

Another hot humid day with an east wind bringing in damp ocean air.

Met mother this afternoon at Bowling Green subway station and we walked down to the Battery. Took an excursion boat ride to Carey Island and back - a nice trip with a brisk breeze blowing over the harbor.

Back to the ship and stood my 6-12 watch. Had to work hard covering hatches and I was damn tired + sleepy.

Left Pier 39 at 10 o'clock. Passed Rockefeller Church at midnight - backing the tide.

I got several pictures of the Normandie as she went down toward the Narrows this morning.

Turned in at 12 promptly.



Thursday Aug 22, 1935

Hungston point at 10 A.M.

Washed down decks with that damned 2nd mate getting in the way all the while. I was strongly tempted to turn the hose full on him several times but I have no desire to lose my job yet.

The wind shifted into the north west and it got much cooler this morning.

I changed my bed linen today for the first time since leaving Detroit.

Passed through locks # 1 at 8 tonight  
Held up at locks # 2 by barges going up  
the flight.

Locks # 4 at midnight.

Friday Aug 23, 1935

Locks # 9 at 7 A.M.

Cold misty morning on the Mohawk but a bright sun soon warmed things up so that I was working in my undershirt by the middle of the morning.

The old man wants the decks painted and we began this A.M. slopping on with big heavy brushes.

Locks # 18 at midnight when we went off watch.

It has turned pretty cold tonight. I just heard the lock tender say it was 45° F

K

Saturday Aug 24, 1935

I was awakened this morning by a most terrific crashing and tearing sound and violent lurching of the ship. I was nearly thrown out of my bunk and rushed out into the alleyway before I was completely awake. Then I heard some one yell "all hands on deck" and was about to run up the companionway when I heard a moaning and whimpering behind me and there was old Bill, the red mate, whimpering like a whipped dog. He had a few scratches but was hardly bleeding, but very evidently suffering from severe shocks. One glance into his room gave the answer to this. The whole inside, except the part of the room inboard, was a mass of mangled steel and splintered woodwork. A huge bunk of iron work was suspended over the lower part of Bill's bunk, resting on one of the bed stanchions ~~and~~ on one end and wedged into the ship's side at the other. An almost miraculous escape from death or at least severe injury.

After I got up on deck I could see better what had happened. It was a "foggy" morning but the mist was lifting and I could see another boat - a smaller - lying to a couple of hundred yards

astern. She had rammed us on the starboard bow, ripping our plates wide open and buckling the decks somewhat. Down below there were 9 frames sheared off and a hole in our side big enough to push a horse through and about twelve feet long. A complete job but nothing to what it might have been. Two steel bulkheads were smashed and there were rivets lying about like popped buttons. The heavy piece of steel shoved into our side was a bulwark & chock from the other boats bow.

I read the name of the other ship as the "Supreme," of the Gulf Refining Co. She is about three fourths our length but built much lower - used for carrying oil & gasoline. I couldn't help but think what the results would have been had she caught on fire. Any way you look at it, a close shave.

Weather is cold today, actually cold with a brisk nor'west wind. Out on Lake Oneida we took on great quantities of water through the hole in the side.

Six o'clock and we are approaching Brewerton.

Collision occurred at buoy # 565 between locks<sup>#</sup> 19 + 20 at 5:30 A.M.

Later - tied up at Three Rivers Point

right opposite Three Rivers Inn. Plenty of noise, girls and dancing inside. Went ashore with some of the others and drank beer until the place closed about 3:30.

Left Three Rivers at 6 this morning. Cold clear night but foggy on the river. Changed watches - I am now on from 12<sup>PM</sup> - 6<sup>AM</sup> each day.

Sunday Aug 25, 1935

Arrived at Orwego at noon today. Shortt and Fagan were there and had made all arrangements for us to get "patched" up. We tied up down at the grain elevator and the welders began to work about two thirty. All they are doing is welding sheets to the outside - and not very thick sheets at that.

Kunay Devanter is going to drive the old man's wife down to New York so we'll be short handed on deck unless we get a new man.

Went to a show uptown tonight with Serge - "China Seas"

Weather changed to warmer with a southwest breeze coming up.

Slept an hour on watch tonight in the vegetable locker!

Welders quit at 3 tonight.

3:45 A.M.

Monday Aug 26 + Tuesday Aug 27, 1935

Left Oswego at 8:40 this morning. There was a light sea running on the lake and we began to take a little water in through the bow - quite a bit came in the paint locker - about four inches on the deck.

Passed Rochester about 2:30 in the afternoon - bright clear day. Painted and chipped most of the watch.

Passed breakwall at Port Weller at 3:10 P.M.

Lied up in locks #6 Welland Canal at 5:50. Having trouble with the lock gate in lock 7. Been laying here now for 3 1/2 hours.

Left lock 6 about noon.

9:30 P.M.

Turned in this afternoon ~~some~~ because I've been on watch since midnight. I see we're going to have some fun running this ship with only three deck hands.

Took air water from Lake Ontario into the drinking water tanks.

Wednesday Aug 28, 1935

Came up for supper last night and then turned in again. It had rained a little and looked squally - air hot and sultry with steamy looking clouds swelling rapidly. About 11 I got up and dressed being

pretty well slept out. as soon as I got out of the hatchway and on deck I got a good sheet of spray square across my legs. Retreated below for my oilskins and boots.

It was blowing hard from the north-west and a rough black night on the lake. About 12 we passed from the lee of Long Point and faced the full sweep of the wind and water. This is the first really rough weather I've seen on the lake and I can't say I like it too well. The waves are not long but prodigiously steep and choppy. They thump the bow with terrific sound and you can hear ~~the~~ and feel the shudder pass through the frames of the whole ship.

Being our first taste of bad weather a lot of stuff was loose on deck and I could hear various objects thumping and bumping above the roar of the crashing seas. The engine governor from the broken engine was rolling to and fro on the deck mid-ships, lashed only at one end. I managed to make it fast but only with great effort as its free end was circular and rolled or pivoted on its axle. A heavy heaving line kept it pretty well under control although it weighed close to 1500 lbs.

All the while I was fighting with the damn thing the deck was heaving at a

giddy rate, making it totally impossible to stand up without at least one arms support on a fixed object. I had to work my way forward on the lee sides by clinging to the hatch combing and going ahead hand over hand. By the deck which on the starboard side, just ~~at~~ <sup>off</sup> of the pilot house I had a good vantage point from which to stand and watch although I had to hang on with both hands. About 12:30 we changed course and stood in for the lee of Long Point. In this direction we were nearly broadside to the sea and the ship rolled and jerked with a savage strength. The water came across the deck and swished and swirled in the scuppers and along the gunwales. A pretty wet time all said and done.

We passed several ships at anchor under the point, several large labers, just standing by waiting to see if there were going to be a real storm, which is something unusual this time of the year.

Dropped the anchor at 2 o'clock, after about 10 minutes of furious straining at the ~~brake~~ drum which had become jammed from lack of use. The anchor finally plunged free with a terrific cloud of flying mud from the mud-caked chain in the chain locker. The water was pretty shoal and she was soon

leading to windward with a good strain.

Dawn came early - an exceptionally clear, bright sky swept by a strong north west wind.

off Long Point - 8:00 A.M.

6:30 P.M. - still laying at anchor. The wind eased off all day but seems to be coming up a little again.

Heard the "old man" tell the mate that this weather wouldn't hold him here if it weren't for the bar. The starboard bow was lead into the sea last night and quite a bit of water drove through. The fo'c's'le had enough in it to make things sloppy and the forward alley had to be hauled and mopped.

I could see a Standard Oil at anchor about a half mile north. With the glasses I made out the name - Oswego Society.

Chipped rust and did odd jobs this afternoon the whole watch.

This is a monotonous existence laying here with only the waters of Lake Erie around and the bleak, sandy tip of Long Point in the distance, with its scant bustle of trees and lonely light-house.

Wind northwesterly but shifting into the north.

7:00 P.M.



Thursday Aug 29, 1935

Heaved in anchor at 6 A.M. and headed for Cleveland. Fair weather all day. Passed Fairport Ohio at 6 P.M. Nearing Cleveland.

Wrote mother a letter before turning in.

Arrived at National Terminal docks at 10 P.M. Stood the rest of Browns watch and all of Johns - until 6 A.M.

Friday Aug 30, 1935

Began to rain about 5 A.M. Dreary gray morning amid the dreary surroundings of the rotting docks, the Cuyahoga river.

Unloaded the sugar between the hulls in the rain all morning.

Wrote Bob Pool a letter and mailed it.

Finished unloading at 9 A and passed the breakwall at 10 P.M.

Saturday Aug 31, 1936

Bristle breeze all day. It doesn't begin to get light until about a quarter to five now.

Passed South-east Shoals about 3 A.M.

Went down into #1 hold and hauled up two bags of sugar <sup>100 lbs + 100 lbs.</sup> for the gallery

Docked at Toledo at the D+O docks  
up the river at 11:30 A.M.

Began unloading at noon and left at  
six thirty. Moved down the river to the  
Sulph Refinery to fuel up.

Our Lithuanian mess man and the  
wholesaler went ashore this afternoon and  
got well tanked up. The mess boy got rough  
with the dishes down in the galley, throw-  
ing them on the deck etc. The cooks protests  
worked him up into a rage and the words  
began to fly with the dishes. Out in the  
alleyway the mess grabbed a fire axe and  
began to brandish it with threats at the  
cooks. After being disarmed he contented  
himself with loud swearing and spitting  
in his enemy's face. A thoroughly dis-  
agreeable fellow.

We passed the Cherry St bridge when  
there was considerable traffic and people  
were lined up on both sides watching us  
pass below. This drunken boob climbed  
up on the deck of the after cabin and, ad-  
dressing the crowd, poured forth an un-  
stammered stream of vile language and vi-  
tuperation directed mainly at the ship,  
the crew and the company. It must have  
been somewhat illuminating to the women  
and children in the crowd, to whom every  
word must have been plainly audible.

Dozens of ships tied up in Maumee

River. Big lakes for the most part.

Mosquitoes fierce and blood-thirsty in this part of the world.

Sunday Sept 1, 1935

Left oil docks at 11 P.M. last night.

Arrived at Detroit at 7:10. Docked at Harbor Terminals.

This A.M. our little pup fell down the after companionway and broke her left foreleg. Screamed and yelped terrifically. The chief set it and bandaged it up in splints and she seems to be resting quietly now.

Plenty of hatches for the deck hands today - even worse than yesterday.

I walked over to the old ship we were tied up in last month (July I should say). Everything looked same as usual - a cheerfully dirty looking spot. The old Brockton is still tied up laying there rusty and quiet - an old hulk which has seen better days.

Got a new mess boy - Axel Nielsen a young Swede from Brooklyn. Just what he was doing in Detroit I haven't yet found out.

The first asst. brought a woman aboard. This is the first we've heard he had a wife. She is going with us as far as Buffalo East by north a half north after passing

South east shoals

Monday Sept 2, 1935

Cleaned the holds and made the bilges grain tight

Sweet passage across Lake Erie.

Tuesday Sept 3, 1935

Docked at Buffalo at 11 last night  
Sneaked in a couple hours sleep on watch last night down in the rope locker.

Shifted over to the Canadian Pool grain elevator this morning. Stripped the hatches and began loading wheat in # 2 hold at 1 o'clock. Finished at 1:45 33,000 bushels. It had to be trimmed down and the hatch covered - all on my watch.

Loaded automobiles at two different docks. Still going into # 3 now.

Held up for a while this afternoon by the delay in getting U.S. customs seals on our hatches.

Wednesday Sept 4, 1935

Left Buffalo at 8 last night

Arrived at Port Colborne at 12:15.

It began to rain while we were still

on the lousy level and kept on - getting worse and worse. We went through 5 locks on my watch including the flight so I was on deck the whole 6 hours in the rain. Even my sou'wester began to leak after the steady downpour continued.

Passed through lock # 2 at 6:45 and left Port Weller breakwall at 11 A.M. A damp grey day on the lake with a heavy swell from the east and a light sea from the west.

Being short a wheelman the deck hands had to stand the watch. I was at the damn thing three hours this afternoon.

Thursday Sept 5, 1935

Three hours at the wheel again last night.

Arrived at Oswego at 4:45 A.M.

Received three letters at lock # 8. From Fred, from Warner and one from mother.

Henry Devanter came aboard at lock # 8. The old man is going to give him a try at wheelman.

# 4 ballast tank overflowed this morning about the time of changing the watch. Made a bad mess in the after-quarters with water all over the galley and living saloon.

Lock # 23 at 12:30 P.M. Soozed all

afternoon.

Tied up at Sylvan Beach for a while for the inspector to pass on the bow. This was the steamboat inspection man from Oswego and I can't yet figure out why we didn't wait there for him.

Lock # 21 at 7 P.M.

" " 20 at 7:30 P.M.

Took a bucket bath tonight - no more shower baths until we're back on the lakes or out on the coast if we're going.

Friday Sept 6, 1935

Rather heavy fog last night. Poked along until lock # 20 where we tied up below the lock at about 4:30. Still here now at 7.

I read of the Florida hurricane in the Albany papers. 500 people still missing. Florida East Coast R.R. to Key West completely demolished.

Left lock # 20 at 8 a.m.

lock # 17 at 4 P.M.

lock # 15 at 7:15 P.M.

Soogged on deck all afternoon. Beautiful clear day. One of those right clear sunny days of late summer. The mists around Little Lake clear out

and, sea pure green. Weather like the  
lame man, the displeasure from mental  
jobs.

Saturday Sept 7, 1935 -

Lock # 12 at 12:30 this morning.

Lock # 8 at 6 A.M.

A cold damp day on the river with no  
fog. When I went on watch at noon we  
were just leaving lock # 3 at Waterford  
Put up the deck rigging again and  
arrived at Albany at 3 in the after-  
noon

Began unloading our cargo at 3:45  
and finished at 7:30. 33,000 bushels,  
wheat - <sup>bales</sup>

Cast off the Albany lock at 7:25.

Sunday Sept 8, 1935

The Rip Van Winkle bridge was  
still in sight astern when I came  
on watch at midnight

Passed West Point at 6:00 A.M.,  
Jones Point at 7:15

A damp cold wind from south  
all night

First began to get light at 4:00

this morning

Monday Sept 9, 1935

Tuesday Sept 10, 1935

Tied up at 12:15 this afternoon at the Erie Basin canal terminal.

Took subway up to Aunt Annas where I stayed over night

Unloaded the cars and then moved over to the Standard Oil Co docks at Laguard N.Y. - on the Kill Van Kull. Tied up alongside the huge oil tankers

N. S. Hansat, the Republic of Panama. I noticed that quite a number, these sailors or crew were white, or northern Europeans, + not central Americans as I would have thought.

This evening I got my pay checks and decided to get it up to mother in St. Vernon instead, waiting + waiting it. But to do this entailed a nearly 3 hour round trip, utilizing many, new bus transportation methods. as follows:

The Standard Oil Co cutters from Laguard to West Brighton S. I., the bus from there to St. George, the ferry from the harbor to South Ferry, subway from there to 241 St., and the subway to St. Vernon - was the short route



the end of the way. As the way was the  
way wasn't so long as the way  
in fact to Egerstrom at the National  
stores.

When I got aboard, loading was in  
progress but very slow & expensive as  
they worked on & off all day but not  
very fast. Whenever there came in a suit  
and lighter the whole gang would go to  
work on that & leave us.

Went ashore tonight with the crew. We  
went into town, wandered around in  
the Times square district with no partic-  
ular object in mind. He bought a pair  
of shoes & I got some French deodor-  
ant & a copy, the became on. After  
a few guesses, we went back to the  
store. I saw the new way, no one else  
was going with the work, unless we  
were on some, has been doing my  
experiment which are great sport for  
all concerned.

I bought two a pair of boots with  
me and spent part of my afternoon  
with seeing my suit, vest & oil skin  
coat. I suspect that I'll need this gear  
and more.

W. on way Sept 11, 1935

No loading at night. This after

... in the morning they got a sample /  
... is ... and ... # 3 ...  
... well up.

● I went over to the city this evening  
and spent a quiet evening by myself,  
... a change. Spent several hours in the  
public library, where I went with the object  
of getting some information on the in-  
sect "Praying Mantis", a specimen  
which was found on our deck today.

When I came aboard they had put  
nothing and nothing was done all  
Wednesday night

● Still here Thursday morning.

Thursday Sept 12, 1935

They began to load shortly after I  
... in this P.M. and we left Edgewater at  
10 P.M.

When I came on watch at noon we  
... up above ... and shortly  
... the good old ...  
... from view. But we ought to be  
... again in a couple of weeks, if ...  
... up ... happens.

When I came down the deck this afternoon,  
... is a ... job ...  
... and in more surroundings

100 - 100 - 100 - 100

Friday Sept 13, 1935

Passed Catskill bridge at unorganized,  
#1 at 4:30 P.M. off water in  
#2.

When I came on deck at noon it  
was raining and the weather was pretty  
foggy all afternoon.

The boat tender at lock 7 advised if  
there were anyone on board who could  
read the man. I volunteered and he  
handed me an envelope with a pe-  
riod address on it. It was British and  
I would make enough out of it to see  
that it was in the wrong section of the  
United States. On the way back I  
wanted to know what he did with  
the letter.

Sat Sept 14, 1935

Left #13 at midnight. #16 at 6:11  
#20 at 6 P.M. Rapid progress in  
the canal.

A cold raw day with a strong east  
wind and a low gray sky. Not re-  
ally weather out it puts me, into

your magazine.

Still on the same level at 8:15

Sunday Sept 15, 1935

Low = 22 at midnight. Passed Sylva  
breakwater at 2 A.M. Raining since  
water from 12 until 2 but clear  
in Lake Umbagog. It was blowing  
gale force from the west on Lake  
Umbagog and that little lake had  
run up. Sylvan Beach was a nice  
beach

Three River Point at 7 A.M.

Osvego at noon. Tied up below  
& to do some work on the engine. There  
were storm warnings on Lake Umbagog  
last night but they were soon  
cancelled. Still the seas were dashing up  
into the breakwater, throwing white spray  
high in the air.

As we neared the entrance to the  
breakwater, the waves were lifting and  
breaking in playful fashion and we  
went round on deck stowing  
and muzzing the muzzing pipes. However  
it wasn't too far in the lake, though  
went up in the fore-part, the ship.  
I amused myself this afternoon by  
looking at the sea gulls following the ship.

When a gale / wind is blowing on the  
in they rise + wheel for it, with the  
strongest wind causing the surge. The  
boats follow patiently waiting for  
surge but they won't approach the  
beach.

Monday, Sept 16, 1935

Have Ontario all watch. Calmed down  
all during the night.

About two hours off Port Wren  
at breakfast time. Entered Wexford Canal  
at 8 o'clock. Left Port Colborne at 4 PM.  
8 hour trip through the canal.

Calm, mild evening this evening with  
a light east breeze.

Tuesday, Sept 17, 1935

Began to blow strong from south  
west a little after midnight. By four  
o'clock I had to screw down the  
gale, port holes tight as it was  
washing in.

The wind only held for a short while  
however as it was pretty quiet by the  
time we reached Cleveland at noon.

I saw in the Cleveland paper that it

was up to  $84^{\circ}$  this afternoon

Began unloading as soon as we were able to get the matches stripped with their equipment up here and their slave driver methods, they boast a speed of 100 tons per hour for unloading cargo.

Went to a show tonight, and a very jumbo picture it was.

Wednesday Sept 18, 1935

Brownie insisted that I keep him polished off a pint of whiskey last night & then Bill invited me up for a few beers, so my watch went fast. But the after effects aren't going so fast and the night room watch is dragging along - with a not sure <sup>above</sup> this striking Cuyahoga river. ~~-----~~

Now we are out on the lake again and its much better. Almost a dead calm when we left Cleveland in a.m. Struck an eastward course for Buffalo

Thursday Sept 19, 1935

Calm clear night until about 4:30 this morning when a squall came

up.

arrived at Buffalo at 2 P.M.

We uncovered & covered all the watches on our watch as well as unloading the partition in #1 hold and turning the wheat in #2. Loaded at the Dakota elevator, right off Buffalo levee.

Let go lines at 7:15 and headed for Port Colborne.

Blowing some from the west and lightning on western horizon.

Friday Sept 20, 1935

Just entering the guard lock tonight when I came on watch. We were forced to tie up above lock #1 for over an hour and by 6 o'clock had only progressed as far as lock #5.

Cleared Port Wellers breakwall at 7:15.

Warm mild afternoon with very little wind and a bright sun. Washed down decks and mopped the quarters aft. Filled drinking water tanks.

about 5 this afternoon a cloud bank moved up over the western horizon and in an hour or so lightning was visible. Now it looks black and threatening though still far away.

Rochester on port beam at 7:00 PM

Today classes began at Miami and here I am out in the middle of False Ontario and eastward bound at that.

7:30 P.M.

Saturday Sept 21, 1935

Damp mild night. Entered locks 8 at Oswego at 2:25 AM by the town clock, which is plainly visible from the locks.

Fulton at 6 AM

This afternoon soogied forward quarters and the deck trimmings.

The leaves are beginning to turn color along the Oswego river and the canal, making the countryside pretty, with dashes of color here and there.

Sunday Sept 22, 1935

Patches of fog all night - made sure the Ulster level on our watch. Locks 14 at 6 A.M.

Locks #17 at noon. I always like to go through this lock on the afternoon watch because the country round about Little Falls is so interesting. Rocky rugged hills with trees clinging to the rocks and rapids. The reddish brown granite (?) sending a suggestion, the clear wind-swept



and New England. The strong west wind  
making leafy waves over the hillsides -  
white clouds and a blue sky - the  
twining thread of the Mohawk winding  
down the valley. — One hour of this  
sweeps away the memories of hours & hours  
of bleak winds and leaden skies.

Monday Sept 23, 1935

Went on watch at locks # 13 and  
off watch at # 10.

Cold & very clear tonight.

In locks # 6 when I came on for  
the afternoon watch.

Passed Troy at 3:30 in the afternoon

Today was a perfect early fall day  
with bright sun and clear very blue  
sky.

Tuesday Sept 24, 1935 &

Wednesday the 25th

{ Paid  
Today }

Thick fog in the Hudson tonight  
after much nervous energy had been  
wasted by the mate we finally dropped  
anchor - being at the time right off the  
aircraft station at Nyack Park N. Y.

Tea or soup all night.

Tuesday afternoon in lower Hudson

Went on watch at Bear Mountain  
bridge at noon, and was still on watch  
when we tied up at Gowanus Bay in  
Brooklyn.

We passed Manhattan in the busi-  
est part of the day for river traffic. Can-  
oes, tugs, ferries, lighters and all sorts  
of river boats were shuttling back and forth,  
cutting across our bow and chopping up  
our wake as we nosed down the Hudson  
and into the harbor.

I left for Mt. Vernon as soon as  
possible and stayed there for the night.  
Came aboard again at noon Wednesday.

Went over to the city with John to-  
night. An eventful evening except for  
some excitement on Broadway near 46th  
street, where we saw a man who had just  
been stabbed hauled away in an am-  
bulance.

Great numbers of young communists  
were parading in Times Square singing <sup>travelling</sup> or  
protestations of the Italo-Ethiopian war.

When I came back to the ship to  
log at noon, there were notices, attached  
and plastered on the old mainmast.  
They were issued by the U.S. Marshall  
of Brooklyn, stating the charges, the M.S.  
for non-payment of the visit

due the somewhat severe loss for the  
installation of the new bed plate just in  
in Detroit. The bill was for 735 dollars.  
According to law the engine must  
not be used but the engineer took the  
and we shifted over to the grain dock to  
unload. This move brought the Marshall  
immediately but we were already there so  
the grain was on the way out.

Thursday Sept 26, 1935

When I came on deck at noon  
most of the grain was out and the hold  
was clean at 1:30

Let go the river at 2:00 and proceeded  
up the river (East River) to the canal  
head at Dupont St, Greenpoint, Brooklyn.

We are laying in the mouth of Newtown  
Creek - about opposite 54th St Manhattan.

Took my check up to Aunt Curran in  
Mt Vernon - a much quicker trip than I  
expected as you can get over to Grand  
Central in 15 minutes via the subway,  
which is rather close by.

I came back aboard at 12 o'clock sharp  
and found the ship completely deserted. As  
I had arranged to take the first part of  
the water - changed my clothes and

went up in the first house where I  
am now sitting, writing, by the light of  
an oil lamp. This oil lamp reminds  
me of those days in Detroit.

Members of the crew straggled in during  
the night but the old man and the  
cook have gone home, at least for the  
night.

New York presents a rather interesting  
picture from here, with the mid-town lights  
line directly across and the myriad lights  
shining across the black waters of the East  
River. Every once in a while a harbor  
light flashes out into the black night and  
when that sound dies, there follows the  
<sup>persistent</sup> hum of the city. The water lags  
against the shining spiles & wharfs and  
I hear the hum, a mosquito, which  
means the end of the present notation.

3:50 P.M.

Friday Sept 27, 1935

Turned in at 3 last night and got up  
at 11:30 today. When I came on deck we  
were at pier 26, Brooklyn. There we loaded  
a coarse cotton <sup>fiber</sup> ~~fiber~~, "kajok" which was  
shipped from British India - in 800 lb.  
bales.

at Dupont St we loaded raw cotton  
and chocolate & chocolate products. About

4 o'clock in the afternoon we left Pier 26 and returned to Dupont St.

Went over to the city and saw a show at a small theatre just west of Times Square - 15¢. Came aboard about 10:30 and turned in until 2.

I decided to go down in the hold and personally investigate the candy bar situation tonight. They are in cartons of 48 - 4 oz. bars and not extra good chocolate.

It is now 4:15 on the clock at Bellevue Hospital right across the river

Saturday Sept 28, 1935

Left Dupont St. Brooklyn at 4:10 P.M. and proceeded down the East River, through Buttermilk Channel and across the harbor to Kill Van Kull, up Newark Bay to Port Newark N.J. Docked at 6:30 P.M.

Later shifted up alongside the SS. Regina to load lumber direct from her deck cargo.

Began loading about 1:30 P.M. Large timbers - 12"x12" + 18"x18" by 30 to 40 feet in length

This is the Weyerhaeuser Lumber Co. dock - a large dock and warehouse equipped for handling the huge cargoes, lumber which come in on the company ships

direct from Washington.

Cold, rainy, foggy day helping to make the God forsaken appearance of the country more evident. Nothing around but flats and swamps.

Right below us are tied up five of the old Grace Line ships - the Santa Maria, Santa ~~Lucia~~ <sup>Cecilia</sup>, Santa Teresa and two others.

The S.S. Panaman of the Hawaiian American Line was towed in here by a tug today, she had a heavy starboard list for which I could see no apparent cause. The "Steel Ace" and the "American Crisis" also docked here this afternoon. Port Newark is evidently a busy harbor.

Sunday Sept. 24, 1935

Stopped loading at midnight so I had another "galley" watch + bull session. Wined in finally at 3 and slept until morning.

Loaded timbers into #3 hold all afternoon. Shifted over to the docks about 1.

Went over to Newark tonight and bought a few things, tobacco etc.

10:00 P.M.

Monday Sept 30, 1935

Loaded all night but very slowly.



planes which can be seen here. Very often there are 5 and 6 in the air at the same time, waiting for landing signals.

8:00 P.M.

Wednesday Oct 2, 1935

Left Port Newark at 5 A.M., a clear, cool, cold morning

Crossed the bay with a fair tide and had tide with us up the Hudson. Passed Bear Mountain at 12:30

Early fall has arrived here and the orchards along the Hudson are flecked with the color, changing leaves.

Passed Poughkeepsie about 3:45.

Thursday Oct 3, 1935

Lock # 8 at 1 P.M.

A strong east wind came up this morning. Chipped rust on decks until 1:30 and then loosed the rest of the watch except for a few odd jobs. Took on a half ton of coal at Lock # 11.

Began to blow half a gale from the west this afternoon. Black clouds with some rain - a nasty night

Last night we very closely escaped being rammed amidships by one of the



... a heavy night time boats. It was  
foggy and dark and passing signals were  
made with joy signals and we met  
... here your which passed about  
50 feet <sup>from</sup> to our stern. We were turned  
... completely, ending up headed down  
stream and close to the west bank, the  
... I don't know which would have been  
more damaged if a collision had occurred  
but I don't believe I'd be here to write about  
it, if it had.

No mail at lock #1

Friday Oct 4, 1935

I went on watch when we were a  
little west lock #15. It was cold there but  
... colder and colder as the night wore  
on. At Little Falls there was ice on the  
... below the lock.

Lock #20 at 2:00 P.M. Nothing to do all  
afternoon when we finished the day's chip  
... except watch for bridges.

Cold and snappy today with a strong  
west wind that whips energy into you.

Headlines today feature the first day of  
the Italo-Ethiopian war. 1700 dead by the  
first attack by airplane.

Saturday Oct 5, 1935

● Bottom cold last night with a stiff west wind blowing. Went on watch when we were about mid way across the straits, off watch below ice #1 average.

Arrived at Covego at 11 o'clock. Put up rigging as usual but layed in the water below the lock, for the wind to go down somewhat. The swells coming in the harbor here indicate considerable surge to the sea in the lake, also the spray washing over the breakwall.

● While putting up the rigging here, it began to snow a little, which snow is very early even for this climate.

Out in the rolling lake now and pitching ~~with~~ merely along with the wind & waves dead ahead. Cold clear night with a moderate west to northwest wind.

Sunday Oct 6, 1935

● One more night has descended over the Erie restless plain and we are riding along on quiet waters. Arrived at Port Weller at 10 this morning and started Port Colborne at 5 P.M. All day Sunday in the Welland canal.

It is a quiet moonlight night with a light north east wind and haze, and all morning. The sun is unobscured but the air is milky.

Monday Oct 7, 1935

Long Point light was just fading when we came on watch at midnight. Light with west wind and cool.

Arrived at Cleveland, east entrance to breakwall at 11:30. Docked in the afternoon at the Cuyahoga Lumber Co docks about a mile and a half upstream.

The longshoremen went right to work and are working furiously getting our deck gear stripped off.

Got a pair of shoes fixed & bought a half pound of Briggs downtown.

Tuesday Oct 8, 1935

I finished unloading the lumber at 5 o'clock this afternoon. Shifted down to the National Terminal docks to unload the passage freight in #1 hold.

The most important development of today is that we are going to Chicago on the 10th. The cause of this rumor is the 1st

most expensive and we should save it is  
to me. I hope it is ~~at~~ as it will be a good  
thing to save money, and ~~be~~ a good thing  
to have.

The story is that we will go to Detroit  
then Buffalo and then to Chicago. In the  
meantime there will be plenty of opportunity  
to decide what to do + see in Chicago.

Warmed up considerably today with a  
light westerly, to south westerly breeze.

8:00 P.M.

Wednesday Oct 7, 1955

Wednesday is over and another  
more or less eventful day has passed.  
Arrived at Harbor Terminals in Detroit  
about 10 A.M. Unloaded the rest of the goods  
on #1 hold and then shifted down to  
the Nicholson dock near River Rouge.

Went ashore tonight with George on  
for a dollar I borrowed from Charley. Total  
charge 2.50 so we were even on money.  
When on Fort Street we met the coals in  
front of the Green Front and as we  
were coming out ran into Mac. Our  
other hauls on Fort Street were pretty  
light so we moved elsewhere, finally ending  
up in River Rouge someplace. Came  
back to the ship in a taxi, all more or

less half size etc. the taxi was 10.00  
without extra and - this is the best the  
whole trip.

Although Brownie was in water when  
we got back he also had a good job  
out on and persuaded me to be partner  
in him in leaving the mipping hammers  
on board. The removal of these hammers  
will be a blessing to all concerned, both  
those who have to sleep with a mipp-  
ing hammer striking a steel deck cover  
in their heads, and also to the poor deck-  
hands working them.

The lumber is coming out very easy  
despite the huge electric cranes at this  
dock, with all their hooks and gadgets

4:30 P.M.

Thursday Oct. 10, 1935

Paid \$32.50

Slept until noon today when I got  
up with a nice big head and a second  
bangover. Felt O.K. by afternoon  
unloading very slowly. Nasty gray  
rainy day, quite mild however. Now it  
has cleared somewhat and getting much  
better.

Lunched up with our prize and made  
agreements. He says either he or I will have to  
get out of this ship, but I'm not sure I should  
be taking on any more work, as he's said for

is carrying the rest.

8:00 P.M.

Friday Oct 11, 1935

Still unloading now at 8 P.M.

Not much to write about except the  
some articles

Cleaned #1 hold and did a little  
painting. Chipping hammers are not yet  
arrived.

Handled aboard a half ton of coal.

Cool all day with a little rain.

I read in the paper that Europe is  
going to put an arms embargo on  
Italy & sell arms to Ethiopia. That makes  
it appear as though the trouble were just  
beginning.

Saturday Oct 12, 1935

Lake Erie as flat as a mill pond, with  
not a breath of air - but a very slight  
swell from northeastward.

Skipped supper tonight because I knew  
I was getting a fever and didn't feel very  
good. Bed early

Sunday Oct 13, 1935

They called the watch at 11:30 last

might but I felt it impossible to get out of my bunk. We were out in the lake, still anyway so I wasn't needed.

When I got up this morning we were tied up at the Standard Oil Co docks on Buffalo Creek. Mr. Peterson told me to get a hospital ticket from the old man and go to the Marine Hospital in Buffalo. I told him I was sick but that there was no reason to lose my job for just missing one watch and further that I thought I could turn in in the afternoon. This argument I also put up to the old man and he agreed that if I could stand my watches it was O.K. with him.

I stood my watch all right but I was wobbly enough. The worst of it all was that although Sunday there was a lot of hard work to be done - uncover #2 hatch and stand by for loading the new cargo. A thoroughly miserable afternoon but the weather gave me a break as it was very mild and sunny with a light southwesterly breeze.

We fueled this morning at the Standard Oil docks and then moved down to the Buffalo Canal Terminal. When we arrived there, there were several huge piles of barrels on the docks and these, I soon found were to be our cargo. The barrels were filled with resin - thousands of barrels of it - all bound for Milwaukee. Plus the load of resin we a 2

also going to load some cargo at Fairport Ohio.

Monday Oct 14, 1935

Loaded resin all day. Mac + I painted overides this afternoon - "die ewige Buchstaben."

This evening the holds were full and we began to sprent a deck load, and a deck load of barrels is something great to walk over in the darks.

Cashed my check finally, with the help of the steward. Bought a couple rolls of film and two pairs of socks this afternoon.

Mild all day but the wind has shifted into the north-west and it's getting cooler.

Tuesday Oct 15, 1935

Left Buffalo at 11:30 last night. Fresh northwest wind which shifted into the north-east, bearing directly astern.

Bright clear day on the lake with a fresh breeze bringing up the whitecaps. Passed inside the breakwall at Fairport, Ohio late in the afternoon. No loading tonight. Although this is only a small town there are immense unloading and loading



facilities in the harbor. Immense piles of  
coast and crushed rock on the docks and  
adjacent land.

Wednesday Oct 10, 1933

Last night I woke up with a pierc-  
ing ear ache and couldn't sleep. There being  
no facilities on board for alleviating pain,  
there was nothing to do but get up and  
keep moving. I got some broken sleep how-  
ever until 3 O'clock when I got up and  
went aft. Slightly feverish again.

The afternoon watch was another 6  
hour agony to keep moving. We were as-  
signed to painting over the side again but  
I managed to keep on deck. Another little  
job we had was hauling a ton of coal a-  
board which was not very pleasant when  
it was accompanied by a splitting  
back ache.

Ate nothing today but some soup at  
noon and a little rice at night - this reg-  
imen seems to be producing good results  
(since I feel much better tonight).

Still loading soda-ash - began at 1 this  
morning.

Weather like Indian summer.

Tuesday Oct 11, 1935

Cleared Fairport breakwall at 4:45  
last night. Fresh south wind on the  
deck - warm.

An interesting episode occurred last  
night: Yesterday afternoon Brownie came  
aboard well fried, gloriously drunk, and,  
coming in at 5:30, he refused to tumble  
out and go to work for his watch at 6.  
Being short handed, there were not enough  
hands to cover up hatches so the old man  
had to help.

Today, Brownie fully expects to be paid  
but the skipper hasn't said a word to  
him.

Arrived at Detroit about 2 this after-  
noon. Mr Peterson, the mate, got off here,  
and I saw his son John followed. This  
action is the result of the collision last night,  
when Peterson was in the pilot house.

The new mate is Mr Anderson, another  
mate. He's an old man but spry ~~and~~

Also got a new deck-hand. He's seen my  
watch so I have a new man to watch  
me and a new mate to take orders now.  
We had some welding work done on the  
deck, reinforcing the old job, which was a  
very strong  
Entering Lake St Clair.

Friday, Oct 18, 1950 -

Passed Strait Pt. light at 5:11. H  
in a gray and blustering dawn. It was a  
wet rainy night, most of which was spent  
in our slow passage up the St. Clair  
river.

I guess the new mate is going to be  
a tough boy for work, the way he's taking  
charge now. His first project was to start  
sootying all the white works in the  
stern etc. Quite some job especially trying  
to do a head work, while standing on  
the top ladder which is set on a rolling  
deck. I was left hanging several times  
with no injuries.

It was quite rough today, especially  
beginning today. Strong westerly wind.  
Sturgeon Pt light abeam at 8:30 P.M.

Saturday Oct 19, 1950 -

Clear night with a light sea running.  
Passed through the ~~strait~~ Straits  
of Mackinaw at 12:30 today. The Straits  
were a beautiful sight today - the water  
was clear up of a strong wind and the  
sky a clear blue. Boats here and there  
in the water around Mackinaw Island  
with the mainland points of St. Ignace

and Mackinac City plainly visible in the clear air. Saw the sand bar on Mackinac Island

● about 4:30 this afternoon the wind began to blow up strong from the south west - about an angle of 6 points on the starboard bow. The blue seas climbed higher and higher until they were slopping up over the starboard decks at each surge of the ship. Calling the watch tonight necessitated donning oilskins to face the blaze of spray up forward. The sun set in a yellow haze but the wind went down slowly.

● Lancing shoals light about 5:30 P.M.  
7:30 P.M.

Sunday Oct 20, 1935

A calm mild day and coasting down the west side of Lake Michigan

All the lazy afternoon we were riding quite heavily in long ground swells from the southeast but hardly a breath of wind blew.

● I enjoyed standing my truck at the wheel this afternoon, in the white sunny post house - sunlight glancing on the blue sea, streaming in through the port door, washing the bow dip end and side, occasionally spraying a little spray on deck. A long

range, and afternoon, sailing past the  
savage beaches of Misamis were.

Last night's progress:

General Island light	3:30	17.M.
Pilot Island light	5:30	17.M.
Bay: Mantawan	2:00	17.M.
Sheboygan	6:30	17.M.

Book 44

Monday Oct 21, 1935

Passed the inner breakwater of M.I. harbor at 12:30 last night. Our dock however was in the outer harbor - City dock #1

When I came on deck at midnight last night, the lights of Milwaukee were faintly visible to starboard. I just took the faintness for distance but soon saw it was thick weather.

The wind was blowing hard from the south east and a driving rain was setting in making a rotten night on deck.

I went over to the city this morning to get a letter at the Post office and buy a few things, cigarettes etc. When I got down everything was still closed up and it wasn't till then I realized we were in the Central Time belt and not the Eastern. It was raining and blowing but I found a store opening and took my station there to await the opening of the stores etc.

We are docked at one of the city owned piers and quite close up is the main north, modern, municipal pier.

sewage disposal plant. In order to get  
down from the ship it is necessary  
to walk about two miles, around the  
bank, the Kinnickinnic River over to  
the nearest trolley line. While beginning  
his long pilgrimage I walked by the  
disposal plant and observed that there  
was a small launch running back &  
forth across the rather narrow river.  
Inasmuch as I could see the trolley cars  
nearing just a block away across the  
river and just a short trip downtown  
I decided to try my luck at a passage  
in the launch. I walked down and jumped  
aboard just as she was about to leave.  
The skipper of the little boat was quite un-  
friendly at first but I managed to persuade  
him and he even promised to have  
me back when I returned from down-  
town. He had no personal objections to  
carrying people but said it was a com-  
pany boat and supposed to be for the  
use of employees only.

This afternoon Mr. Anderson our  
mate, got anchored over and started to  
work trying down the anchors and  
hauling them up again & again, just  
to get them in good working order. The  
pilot, the port side anchor, refused  
to come into the harbor.

or cat head and we had to get the  
eye of a young fish on and then wash  
away on whiskey. While fishing with the  
● young fish over the side, the wind  
came pushed my watch right out of the  
waist pocket of my dungarees and I  
thereby lost my much prized and  
water. I got the thing cheap in a neck-  
snap and it was the most perfect time  
piece I have ever seen. Among its other  
virtues were its 17 jewels and gold in  
silk porcelain face. At the time I lost it  
the water had gained a minute since  
I set it 26 days ago in New York.

● Six sump watches fidelus. U.S.P.

The south east wind beginning last  
night has continued and the rain has  
not kept up. This afternoon it stopped  
raining but remained sultry and humid.  
This seems to me to be unusual wea-  
ther for this time of year and in this  
part of the country.

All day long the mournful wail of the  
10 horn sounded across the gray wa-  
ter from the outer breakwall. This work  
is on the lake. And all day long the  
heavy swells came rolling in from the  
sea so that we constantly changed the  
way with the ship. The harbor is  
like a steel water and glass.



Tuesday October 22, 1935

No unloading during the night, so I was another long "gally watch" and wild session.

Mac and I decided to try a taste, M. beer well known here but even after valising a mile or so failed to yield any place open. This was to be expected though, I guess, as we didn't get to any business district until nearly 1 P.M.

They began work again early this morning and the east of the deck road of mine was off at 12:30. We let go the mine about 1 o'clock and headed out into the lake. The wind shifted into the north east night and is blowing fresh into evening, but, as our course is almost due south, we have the wind and sea dead astern. It was quite rough for a while however when we were heading east out into the lake and the wind was abeam. Some of the waves began to roll off the higher tide and drop onto the hold deck in #1, so we shut down with flashlights and put up some rope lashings for retaining #1's. It's a rather dangerous job, working in the glass hold, a mine, with some rotting beneath, which is constantly shifting as the ship surges and



we walked our way down the pier  
at night, Indiana 1000 or so  
One of the low built, Eastern Steam  
boats passed on our port quarter  
headed northward into the wind and  
waves. Her midship decks were awash  
and so often a sea and the spray  
covered the fore<sup>the</sup> head, which  
would then rise up as though to shake  
the water from the decks.

At the entrance to the river which  
opens out a Indiana Harbor, there are  
coal and ore unloaders. Huge  
stacks with the fiery red glow,  
the furnaces reflected in the flying  
noise and steam. The mills of the  
In and Steel Corporation.

A little further up this river or  
at the are five rail road draw-  
bridges arranged side by side. When a  
train views for passage up or down,  
the bridges are lifted in reverse order  
beginning at the far end. And quite a  
bit it is for the five to go up.

and up at the East Chicago Dock  
where they gave the dictum of  
no sailing until morning.

This afternoon #1 hold and is re  
packed, after the soda ash is out.  
The way the bags were loaded.

Far from being cured, all I could  
do was to wash my nose with a  
solution of the white powder. Swinging  
the up raised canvas, the alkali  
dust which caused intense irritation in  
the nose and throat, even producing  
some bleeding. I have observed that the  
stredorer handling soda ash also  
uses a damp handkerchief over the mouth  
and nose to help prevent such irritation.

As it was we took up what must  
have been close to a ton of the wasted  
powder - dumping it on deck, to be later  
thrown overboard, but first removing  
several large milk cans, it for the  
use

Still unloading #3 hold at 1:30  
night.

Thursday Oct 24, 1955 -

I got up early tonight to watch the  
lights and sights / curiags as we  
passed the city. It's a beautiful sight as  
the whole city is stretched out along  
the water shore so that the skys line is  
a wall of tall towers and buildings. In  
the night, and one in particular, is a very  
bright evening beacon light which helps  
with me in the night in the wind

United States

Though spectacular, I don't think the  
sky line is as striking as Lower Manhattan,  
whose tall buildings are <sup>successive</sup> ~~successive~~ heights giving the  
city a <sup>diversity</sup> ~~diversity~~ depth to the picture.  
I tied up at North Pier, right opposite  
the Baby Ruth candy factory. The Tribune  
Tower is directly ahead of us a few blocks  
away. The Loop and the downtown district  
just a short walk.

Went to a movie this evening with  
Scorge and the new oiler. The show was  
junks but we got a good look around the  
downtown district and "Loop". & every  
where - where do they all come from?

Friday Oct 25, 1935

Our cargo here is whiskey <sup>(barrelled)</sup> and they  
expect to load us as soon as we stripped  
the watches. The consignment is 6000 barrels  
~~but~~ but I doubt if it will all go in.

Mac and Scorge and I went up the early  
part of our watch and had a few beers.  
I was fool enough to be the only man  
with money, so the inevitable happened.

The old man brought our checks down  
to us at noon when we were nearly  
ready to leave. This was a nice trick in-  
deed as there is no way of cashing them

here now and our next stop is Hoboken  
N. J.

Left the dock at 1:30 and cleared the  
summer breakwall at 2 P. M.

It was warm enough today to wash  
the decks in shirt sleeves and bare feet,  
the lake water isn't extra warm on bare feet  
however.

Wind gentle to moderate south west. We  
are moving along as quietly as behind  
a breakwall.

I snapped several pictures of Chicago  
as we were leaving but I doubt ~~if~~ <sup>if</sup>  
any will be any good because of the haze  
which is in the air.

Saturday Oct 26, 1935

An eventless day. The lake was as  
quiet as on a summer day, with just  
a ground swell from the south east. Rain  
and a few drops last night but was clear  
all day.

Worked on deck part of the afternoon,  
painted ventilators and the side-light  
cove.

Passed Sturgeon Bay at 2 o'clock  
this afternoon. Lake Michigan will soon  
be merging into Lake Huron.

Sunday Oct 27, 1935

A very black overcast night. Our navigators, especially the skipper, being in more or less unfamiliar waters were in various points looking for lights. The reason I presume, is that the compass is somewhat off, as often happens in this region because of the proximity of iron ranges.

At any rate they had me stop the first house looking for a light that should be a little off the starboard bow. I finally picked it up about 4 points on the starboard bow.

I was glad to get down from my windy perch because of the cold, damp air and my insignificant clothing. When I came up from below for my watch I didn't expect to be sent up atop the pilot house and house were just my jacket and water.

The wind is southwest and directly stern so we were just rolling easily along. We had the wind with us since leaving Umiago, its direction seeming to shift as we shifted our course.

Passed Forty mile point this afternoon. Mackinaw Straits sometime this morning. St. Ignace Isle light abeam late this afternoon.

7:30 P.M.

Monday Oct 28, 1935

A damp, mild night with occasional rain.

Pointe aux Barques light on the starboard beam at 5:45. I remember this because the mate took a four point bearing on the light to ascertain our distance from the Michigan shore.

Except for a fairly energetic puff of wind about 10 or 11 last night there was hardly a breath, wind in the east 24 hours. At daybreak the lake was flat and somewhat foggy with a poor horizon.

This afternoon the lake was a glassy calm with not a ripple to the horizon. We painted on decks most of the forenoon and I worked until late in the afternoon in my shirt sleeves it was so mild.

Entered the mouth of the St Clair river about 2:30 this afternoon. They must have done some good navigating last night & today because I couldn't see Detroit Pt until it was about a mile off, yet we were steering a course just about right to make the mouth of the St Clair.

I can't help but put in some remarks about the country around the lower St Clair. It is astonishingly dreary, especially now - the bare - flat land stretching to



the horizon, trees and mountains in the grey light of a dull day.

We are now about midway across the St. Clair and I can see the line of lights on the shore, just visible.

7:15 P.M.

Tuesday Oct 24, 1935

Arrived at the Detroit Harbor Terminal at 9 o'clock. For what reason I don't know, but the old man is lying up here for two or three hours.

Went ashore with several of the fellows for a few beers, but we stayed much longer than intended and didn't get back to the docks until near 12. The old man was walking up & down, waiting for us - said he was just getting ~~get~~ ready to quit without us - waited now for over an hour.

As soon as we were aboard the line were at go and we headed down the river.

George produced a bottle tonight containing some of the whiskey the oiler had tapped from one of the kegs in the hold. We passed it round and we all tried it, and not much to our satisfaction, not more it must. The whiskey plus the beer consumed tonight made for tough steering, when I

reached the waterman but I got up.  
On, though the master, the Detroit is in  
out an easy place to haul the wheel,  
with the constant changing course.  
How I hated to hear that "let her go  
S.E. by S.  $\frac{3}{4}$  S.," or, "starboard a quarter

After we had gotten a ways out  
into Lake Erie it began to rain and blow  
a little from the south east. Warm night.

This afternoon we painted the decks  
under a threatening sky which finally  
broke into rain. The paint & course im-  
mediately ran off and down into the  
scuppers, making red streaks along  
the stow side beneath the scuppers.

The lake was glossy calm all day until  
it began to rain when the wind came  
light from the south and east. Now it  
is squally with a very poor horizon.  
Warm night but not cold.

Wednesday Oct 30, 1935

Practically a dead calm on the  
motionless waters of Erie. Arrived at  
Port Colborne Ont. at 5:45 P.M. with  
the fog signal blowing on the breakwall  
and the smoke rising straight up from  
the chimney on shore. When have I seen

a more absolute calm?

At noon we were just leaving Louis<sup>15</sup> W'land Canal. Cleared Port Weller breeze-  
well at 4:45 by the ship's clock. Damp  
and foggy on Ontario. This afternoon  
the weather was damp and sultry in  
the canal - a hazy sun and no wind.  
I noticed that the leaves on the poplar  
trees along the canal are still green and  
summers looking.

Thursday Oct. 31, 1935

A pea soup fog all night on  
Lake Ontario. About 10 or 10:30 they began  
to blow fog signals and I gave up trying  
to sleep.

Though so thick you couldn't see from  
foreward aft we kept on going at full  
speed. The old man warned us to keep both  
eyes open for ships whistles, but I only  
heard one during the whole watch. That  
one kept coming closer and closer in the  
dense obscurity, but finally passed to  
starboard, an invisible source of sound.

The old man was nervous as to our  
position and we took several soundings  
during the night to help ascertain the  
exact position of the ship. Once we let  
out 85 fathoms and it's a murderous

job pumping in 85 fathoms of  
steel wire with a 30 lb weight at the  
end.

● About 3:30 the fog cleared off and  
a breeze came up out of the north east.

Went on watch at noon in loco #6  
Oswego and off watch near Three River  
Point

Painted all afternoon - decks nearly  
finished by now.

Though the landscape looked wintry,  
seeing the Oswego River it was a very  
mild day - so mild that I worked in my  
● shirt sleeves all afternoon. About a  
month ago it was snowing when we were  
in Oswego.

Friday Nov. 1, 1935-

In the same level from 2:30 until  
nearly 6, last night. Warm clear night,  
light east to south east wind.

● Loco #15 shortly after noon, entering  
loco #14 at 6 o'clock

The Mohawk river is flooding but  
we are just able to get through. Little falls  
at 2:30

Warm all afternoon - the south east  
wind still holds.

at 10 o'clock last night we tied up at  
Fouca, a little below Lock #3. Still there  
must 8 o'clock this morning. Reason  
for the delay is high water and  
swift currents in the Mohawks River.

The countryside looks winter, and besides  
the leaves are all gone and the "meadows"  
are "brown and bare". Yes there were wait-  
ing winds too and grey skies - a real  
November day.

Lock #1 Troy at 8 P.M.

Sunday Nov 3, 1935

Catskill bridge at midnight - Pough-  
keepsie at 11 A.M.

Tied up at Castle Point pier, Hoboken  
N.J. at 3:30.

Went up to Mt Vernon for the  
night.

Warm and sultry again

Monday Nov, 4, 1935

Brought a hat & pair of shoes. Brought  
my overcoat aboard.

Worked hard all afternoon - hauled  
- then I went aboard - from the dock by

way of the bobbing lighters every side.

Still unloading our cargo here but  
early ready to leave - this time by way  
of Sandy Hook and the Jersey Coast.  
8:30 P.M.

Tuesday Nov 5, 1935

Left the docks at Hoboken at 11 last  
night. There was a misty rain and a  
fresh south wind blowing up the Hudson  
as we followed the tide out to sea. The tall  
towers of downtown Manhattan were  
partially obscured by the flying wrecks  
of low lying clouds, lending an air of storm  
and gloom as we moved down the harbor.

Out in Ambrose channel we began  
to pitch and roll heavily in the sea -  
in wells and outside of Sandy Hook we  
began <sup>to feel</sup> some spectacular serpentine movements  
of the deck. The wind is fresh, south east  
and dead ahead.

off sea Sirt New Jersey a thick fog  
suddenly settled down. I had gone below  
for a cup of coffee, when the long line  
lights on the Jersey coast was still bright  
and clear. When I came up on deck I  
couldn't see a thing; but thick fog all  
around. I'm not eager to see much this  
fog in the Jersey coast but there's nothing

ing is so sweet it except blow fog sig-  
nals.

about 12:30 this afternoon the fog be-  
gan to thin and the wind to come up.

Shortly after this the buildings of Atlantic  
City became visible at a distance of what  
I would estimate at 10 miles. It looked like  
a phantom city in the haze, coming  
out of the sea, as no land was vis-  
ible beneath it.

Washed down the decks this after-  
noon and the water was nice and warm.  
When it dries on decks the little salt  
crystals sparkle like glass in the sun.

Late this afternoon the wind began to  
increase until it was blowing fresh from  
the south and south east. Hence were  
rolling pretty heavily. Standing at the port  
side life boat and looking across the ship  
one can see the tops of the starboard life-  
boat davits dip completely below the horizon  
making the decks slope at what I would con-  
sider a ten degree angle, both ways, from  
the perpendicular. The rolling motion is  
not quick and jerky though, as it is on  
the water when rough, but is rather a  
slow and heavier motion making walk-  
ing more easier even though the decks  
roll more.

Towards evening the wind freshened

more and as we swung around Cape  
May the going was pretty rough but I  
had no trouble getting to sleep even tho  
the calendar on the bulkhead, right  
over ~~to~~ my head was swinging very  
arousely with each lurch of the ship.

The most disturbing factor in the  
middle is the noise from below. The  
forward fresh water tanks were full  
and may full to keep the bow down as  
the cargo is all out of #1 hold. This water  
every time of it, smashes and crashes  
from port to starboard + vice versa with  
every motion of the ships hull. Being  
right directly beneath our number  
1 - tank + supply and endless course  
of a terrific but not totally unpleasant  
noise coupled with the loud snoring  
of the crew on the bows, one may quite  
well suspect we is at sea.

Wednesday Nov. 6, 1936

Anchored off the east end of the Delaware  
Canal last night, & under  
this morning, at 5 o'clock. The wind  
blew slowly into the northwest and it  
was colder during the night. The Herald  
papers has a new Nov. 6 and  
and in that city - 14?

I got up at 7 we were in the canal



to go up Delaware Bay, we got the sea and  
wind more and more on the beam and  
began to roll prodigiously. My partner  
began to get groggy and get up and  
checked and put the light on. I fell asleep  
while he was reading and when I was called  
at 11:30 we were going along quietly up  
the Delaware River.

The trip through the Canal took about  
3 hours. The canal is just a big sand  
bar, very flat country at the Delaware end  
but higher at the western end. The wooded  
hills are a relief after the flat sandy  
plains of the Delaware coast.

Chesapeake Bay seems quite scenic -  
wooded hills - abrupt land breaks, sandy  
beaches - rugged shore line with a multitude  
of points and points. Quite similar to the  
North Shore of Long Island.

7:00 P.M.

Thursday Nov 1, 1930 -

Arrived in Baltimore at 10 o'clock  
last night but due to some confusion on  
the ship's part we didn't get our  
passports until after midnight - Capital Pier  
in Canton.

I only got a few glimpses of the city  
last night, as our boat is beyond the nar-  
rows and the proper and the tide was

not be seen from here.

Unboarded our cargo, remaining while  
a pouring all day rain. All the way  
shoreward here are negroes and a  
poorly independent lot they are

One of the barrels I happened to see  
in the hold on the docks was a "leaker" and  
after it was rolled in the warehouse and  
set up a gang of those niggers clustered  
round it like flies around sugar, vying  
to collect some, the whiskey in tin cans  
etc.

Cold, grey, raining half all day long

Friday Nov, 5, 1935 -

I could write more tonight than I  
have time or energy for.

We docked at Sparrows Point  
11th, about midnight to load sheet steel,  
technically known as "sheep".

I was midnight until nearly four  
- I hardly had time to look around  
- the holds had to be cleared in  
- 4 hours of hard work because a  
small cargo battie and dunnage I saw  
- of wood staves and planks, all of which  
- to be gathered together and stacked  
down

1st - about 5 o'clock I up the

strip and took an exploration car around  
the plant and back. This is an immense  
plant employing, I found out, about 6,000  
~~men~~ men.

I got up close to the quenching tower  
of the steel plant and watched the entire  
process, making coke from the charging  
of the oven to the quenching, the whole  
not ~~the~~ car load, coke. Which latter  
process is accompanied by tremendous masses  
of steam and vapor which condense  
above and fall as a rain, acid and  
containing  $H_2SO_4$ .

I also watched the pouring of the iron  
30 ton loads into the mixing kettle,  
the process accompanied by tremendous  
masses of sparks, like a mammoth spark  
fall.

Walked into the power house and  
saw that the gargantuan engines puff  
and blow, showing their huge pistons  
and shafts to and fro and turning  
their ponderous flywheels, many times  
a night, around and around.

I observed the tapping of what they  
in use is the most prolific blast  
furnace in the entire world. It has  
been in continuous operation for 6 years  
without ceasing and has produced more  
than any other furnace in the same  
time. The tapping tonight was

the east one says it is to be a  
to get for evening.

● Weather clear and cold, light  
w. to west wind.

8:30 P.M.

Saturday Nov 9, 1935

Finished loading a few minutes after  
6. At noon, nearing Turkey Point in Chesapeake  
Bay.

● Washed down the decks and battens  
down ready for the trip up the coast,  
the latter job including the laborious pro-  
cess of hauling the slugs lines up on the  
masts.

Clear sunny day all during my  
watch. Warm enough to wash the decks  
with t boots on. It is still quite un-  
wise down here, with the leaves still in  
and the willows green yet.

● Light east to south east wind, full  
moon and clear sky.

Sunday, Nov 10, 1935

Clear the first morning voy for Cape

Monday shortly after 12 got sight a very  
big white a ringed moose and rising  
with east wind. Rounded Cape May at  
4 P.M. and a gray dawn began to  
light the east shortly after. The wind in-  
creased with the light and at breakfast  
at 6 we were rolling heavily. For the  
past time since I've been aboard, we used  
to hold the dishes down to the table while  
eating. The coffee in the mugs slopped  
from side to side and made it a general  
mess for a breakfast table.

Despite the uncomfortable rolling I made  
a hearty breakfast and then went on deck  
to have a smoke and look 'round.

To windward it was the gloomy rolling  
sea, gray and white under the overcast  
sky - speckled here and there with white  
caps and masses of foam. Our windward  
deck was smashing the sea high and  
wild, flinging a full 50 feet a minute  
and fifty feet to windward. The waves  
were heavy and we rose to them but the  
springs were spouting at each sea and  
spray and occasionally the whole fore-  
deck would be covered, which water,  
by reason of the ship's motion, would wa-  
sh and pour out of the lee scuppers, and  
the whole deck was wet and sloppy  
standing off by the life boat and look-  
ing forward me to the vision that

he is at the foremast, the sea is  
like the ~~rest~~ masts sway and topple  
like falling trees, always righting themselves  
and then toppling the other way. The  
sway rises and dips, slides and heels in  
an irregular figure 8 motion, which  
causing a crosswise passage from fore  
and aft, raising the stern high and  
then sliding it down into the trough, the  
seams throbbing wildly as the trough  
passes under the stern.

Because the wind and sea was on the  
starboard bow, (still not permanently repaired)  
the old man was quite nervous and spent  
considerable time studying the windward  
sea. However we were still on our course.

I turned in about 1:30 after seeing  
Cape May drop astern, but when I came  
on deck again at 11:30, the view appeared  
exactly the same. I found out shortly why:  
about 10:00 ~~o'clock~~ the old man judged the  
wind too much and headed back for Cape  
May. As the time wore on the wind freshened  
some and at Cape May he again turned  
to the east.

The wind freshened around noon and  
then began to ease off slowly during the  
afternoon. But the sea and wind is more &  
more on our beam as we turn our course  
so the rolling keeps on.

I heard a thumping in the hold the

This is wheeling the ship through  
 The Narrows of N.Y Harbor -  
 with a Dutch Pilot, whose name  
 I don't know -  
 while walking forward and  
 I had me to take a flashlight and investigate  
 descended into the black hold and discovered  
 that one of the bundles of iron sheets  
 was tilting on the one beneath it. A couple  
 of blocks fixed that quickly. It is a  
 most weird experience to turn your light  
 out and stand there in the bowels of a  
 sailing ship in total darkness. Keeping  
 one's balance depends wholly on muscle  
 and sense of equilibrium, not at all on  
 vision, which is such a help in the light.

The wind died down to a light wind  
 from the east. Began to rain a little in  
 the afternoon and became thick. Somewhere  
 it must be blowing hard still because  
 the waves are still running in  
 and heavy.

off Barnegat Light at 7:00 P.M.

Monday Nov 11, 1930

When I went on watch Navesink light  
 was just appearing. [Navesink is the  
 brightest light on the Atlantic coast]  
 about 2:30<sup>AM</sup> passed Scotland light and  
 passed Fort Adreworth in the Narrows  
 about 4:20 A.M. Began to drizzle a cold rain  
 I feel the wheel going up and down  
 all - very - and all the lights and

Took the course through Buttrick  
Canal and went up the East River to  
Bryant St., where we were to leave our  
baggage for the Cleveland. The Cleveland  
was nowhere to be seen however, and the  
only excitement was a sulphurous argu-  
ment between the old man and a tiny boat  
skipper, who refused to budge and give us  
any more room.

About 5:30 we moved down the East  
River and buckled a strong flood tide  
to the Battery, where we tied up close to  
the Aquarium. A crowd of voms and  
"jawbees" gathered immediately.

It is queer how ones future takes  
unexpected turns. Last year, during my  
vacation I was down here, looking out  
the harbor, a virtual stranger to ships and  
shipping insofar as practical experience  
is concerned. Now, today I am on a boat tied up  
at the dock right where I stood last year  
and watched the ships go down toward  
the narrows.

That's a strange feeling, if I could have  
predicted a year ago and watched  
myself coming in to the dock, standing on  
the pier, watching me in  
and I would have seen me.



and if I had been able to find the way  
I would have watched with great interest  
the way that here was adventure and  
novelty, some new sights but not  
the way a job

is it entirely?

During noon we left the Battery and  
went over to the Hudson. Stopped at the  
industrial fuel dock near Edgewater N. J.  
for some minor engine repairs. Left there  
at 4:15.

Three fog settled down around 5:30 or  
so and we jockeyed up the river until a little  
above Youbers when the anchor was let go.

Weather report for tomorrow is "rain  
and snow and much colder".

Tuesday Nov 12, 1955

Pulled in anchor at 5:30 this morn-  
ing. Just in time so that I could go down  
and do chain locker and stow chain -  
which is one of the nastiest jobs on the  
ship. especially so since I have heard  
several authentic ~~stays~~ stories of deck  
hands being pulled out of the chain  
locker through the hawse pipe.

on all pieces. This unfortunate accident  
taking place when the anchor in last  
broke brake lets go.

When the fog lifted this morning we  
found ourselves directly in the path of the  
Rock ferry. This was at 10:30, after coming  
to a new anchorage since 7:30.

Between 10:30 and 12:30 we pulled along  
very slowly with the fog thickening all  
the while. About a quarter to one, we  
pulled over to the west bank of the river and  
went up at an abandoned dock, near Jones  
Point.

After enjoying a few minutes leisure a-  
shore, the mate put us to work cooing  
the running saloon - then odd jobs - anything  
to keep us busy.

Shortly before 6 we left the dock at  
Jones Point and moved on up the river,  
the fog having lifted some. Just above  
the Mt. Bridge we missed running a  
rock by a few scant yards. I was below  
at the time but heard the yelling on deck.

Shortly after going below it began to  
blow from the north and turn much colder.  
Yesterday's weather report was right,  
though somewhat delayed.

Wednesday, Nov 13, 1955  
Ran aground last night, right off

Current on, a little above Saugerites. We  
were hard aground and nearly a full tide  
in. The old man worked both contrails for  
two hours when we finally came loose  
but only after the tide had turned and  
was causing considerable current down  
the river.

Rained a little all night, cold and mis-  
erable.

Got to Lock #1 at Troy at 2:30 this afternoon  
Pouring rain all afternoon - Hudson river  
looks pretty full.

At Lock #1 we learned that by order of  
the Superintendent, all trapping in the canal  
must cease by 4 o'clock this afternoon  
because of high water in the Mohawk  
river.

Tied up alongside the wall between  
locks #3 and #4. Still raining.

Thursday Nov 14, 1935

Last night went ashore with Mack, and  
during the course of the evening got rid of  
5 dollars in various ways. That finished  
up my allowance for the rest of the season so  
I can't spend much from now on for  
We began in Waterford, drinking beer  
sitting down, about 11 o'clock then  
went to Troy and I spent

Thursday we went and did some  
to 11:11.

I had a very large head this afternoon  
which wasn't helped any by standing  
on the deck and painting the ship's side  
in the afternoon. Expected results, a big night!!  
I noticed last night that the movie  
"Hullabaloo on the Bounty" is playing in town  
so I decided to go down and see it.

How much fun to see, even though on  
a screen, the long, thundering Pacific  
waves break on the barrier reef of a  
lonely island, to hear the gulls and  
frigate birds crying over the palm stud-  
ded beach and watch the trade winds  
push the billowy white clouds over the  
top of the world, just a reflection of an  
oft-occurring mental picture which is  
probably romantic, fantastic and un-  
real, but latent within

Friday Nov. 15, 1935

Laid alongside the dock until morning  
this morning when we moved up and  
to "ward the galera gate above dock".  
The old man arrived about 2 o'clock and  
moved in.

In dock? This was a warning up  
regarding the reliability of some in

the next level. At low & cause traffic -  
closed for the night, so we had us just some  
the low

Weather unpleasantly cold this aft-  
noon but that hell-dog of a mate kept us  
wet on deck chipping and painting.

Tonight, coming into lock & the current  
caught us ~~and~~ <sup>as</sup> we were just preparing to  
go ashore. The mate was screaming  
at me from the pilot house to get the  
line to the locks, but as I was washing a  
deck and it was a very critical moment  
the only thing I could see to do was  
throw the deck to the locks, my the post  
the locks. This I did in very rapid  
motion so that I wouldn't be left on the  
deck as the ship was beginning to haul  
away in the current. The completion of this  
maneuver was accompanied by the almost  
dramatic yellings of that bastard Swede  
mate who was hanging out, the pilot  
house giving me the most complete verbal  
abuse I've ever heard. Paying no outward  
attention to his screaming I threw several  
turns of the line around the caprail and  
succeeded in halting the ship's motion.  
Then for the first time I looked up, and im-  
mediately saw the reason for the mate's  
outburst. A man was calmly standing on  
the lock watching me. I hadn't seen him  
on the water yet before, but the mate

had made all his getting and sweating was because I hadn't given this unperceived man, the line.

● Not being a privilege of a deck hand to tell the mate what you think, him, I had to slowly cool off and lick my own wounds. But Jim afraid Jim going to have trouble being pleasant to the old Swede H. B.

Saturday Nov 10, 1935

Left lock 8 about 7 A.M. It was snowing a little when I went below aft-  
● breakfast, but must have stopped soon because there were no signs of it when I came on deck again at 11:30.

There was a great deal of difficulty encountered in getting into nearly every lock

At lock 11 there was an hour's tough scrambling, during which time we had very heavy line in use, and parted two of them. Even so, we nearly were turned around and carried away from the wall  
● by the current.

The old man chains Jim the best jumper and fastest moving man on deck so Jim delegated to do the part of the work on the locks - getting the lines and making them fast to the posts etc.

The wind blew from the east all day and it was cold and raw with heavy mist. There is over the bleals hills - a gloomy late Fall day

Locks #15 at 6 tonight

Sunday Nov 17, 1935

Locks #16 shortly after midnight. A rather cold night and on deck most of the 6 hours. Tied up below lock 17 to wait for entrance and were there close to six hours

The canal is so full of traffic we only made the level from #18 to #19 this afternoon

We had to stay on deck nearly the entire watch to keep an eye on the lines. Finding no objections, I brought a magazine up and read, standing by the deck winch.

Began to snow in lock 19, around six o'clock. When I went below after supper, there was about an inch on the hatches.

Monday Nov. 18, 1935

In the Rome level until 3:30 ~~last~~ this morning. Went off watch while still

crossing Lake Oueida.

It snowed 5 inches last night between 8 o'clock and midnight. The wind shifted to northwest and it was blowing strong on Lake Oueida.

Phoenix at ~~midnight~~ twelve noon, Oswego at 6 P.M. Hauled a ton of coal aboard in lock # 7.

It began to clear this afternoon and the sun shone for the first time since leaving Baltimore 9 days ago.

Three letters for me at Oswego.

Tuesday Nov 14, 1935

Cleared Oswego breakwall at nine o'clock last night and headed west on Lake Ontario. Moderate westerly wind, not much sea.

Passed Braddocks Pt at 4 A.M.

Cold, nasty night, but no rain.

Passed inside Port Weller breakwall at 2 P.M. Welland Canal full of late season traffic. Waited over an hour below lock # 1; - three ships ahead, two behind and two coming down.

Lock # 3 at 6 P.M.

Began to rain in lock 2



Wednesday Nov 20, 1935

Before unloading immediately we were tied to the dock and had the hatches stowed, at W. Clear. It was a rainy night with a fresh to strong south westerly wind. Fortunately little work on deck, so we spent a "galley watch".

Finished unloading about 4:30 this afternoon. Plenty of work in the P.M. watch

Cleared Port <sup>Colburne</sup> ~~Water~~ breakwall at 6:30 tonight and headed on course for Buffalo

Fresh westerly wind and a good sea running but nearly dead astern.

Not very cold today but cloudy as usual - the last clear day I saw was Nov. 1st

Thursday Nov 21st 1935

Standard Oil docks on Buffalo Creek, for fuel. Docked at 11 last night and stayed until 6 this morning. Then made down to the Marine A. grain elevator where we were loaded by noon with a full cargo of wheat

Brown and Smith jacked up their bogs today and got off. They went ashore this morning and came back about 11:30 both with a heavy load on. The old man paid them both off and each had about

one hundred dollars, so I estimate that the City of Buffalo will very easily make about two hundred dollars.

● With Brown gone, Jim the only man left on deck who left Detroit this summer with the "Detraiter".

Hatches covered and sealed at 2:50 when we left the docks. Cleared the break wall at 3 and headed out into Lake Erie, in the teeth of a strong southwest wind. Small craft warnings up on the breakwall Coast Guard station as we went out.

● The wind kept rising as we went west ~~west~~ out into the tossing lake. off Point Abenoa it was blowing what I would call a half gale since I was forced to lean steeply against it <sup>(the wind)</sup> to make my way forward.

● The waves had nowhere near the size of the ocean swells, but were unbelievably steep and high and smashed the bow with terrific force. The spray was flying clear aft over the fantail and the bows were a smother, spray, foam and water.

● After securing the loose objects on deck and making a futile attempt to sound the tanks I went up to the pilot house to see out the weather. It was really a marvellous view from the pilot

... and over the sea. So ...  
... / white dented - ...  
... and foaming crests. Wavelets  
... wavelets covered the steep slopes  
of the water so that all round it had the  
rippled appearance / the sea in a high  
wind. Overhead there were rapidly moving  
clouds of sand and to the north eastward  
muddy patches of whitish grey clouds.  
The wind was dead out of the south west,  
the only sea horizon at this narrow  
extremity of Lake Erie. The lanyards and  
grommet holes of the pilot house covering  
were screaming in such manner I ex-  
pected the whole thing to give way any  
minute. Shortly after 5 o'clock, when we  
were well past Point Abenon, the old  
man came up to investigate the weather,  
and, looking round told the wheelman  
to put the wheel hard astarboard. Im-  
mediately I thought of the deluge that would  
come in aft, down below, but it was too  
late, we were already turning and all I  
could do was stand, with both arms  
naked, and watch the effects. For a  
half minute or so, we were right in the  
trough, broadside to the wind and lurching  
irregularly. The waves poured over the  
side, especially over the stern which was  
swinging into the wind and sea. The  
life boats were obscured for a brief time

as a deluge of water swept over them. The companion cover, over the companion way leading below into the after-house was just able to hold up against the pressure and hung, half torn, from its supports.

As soon as we were on the new course, with the wind astern, I went back to have a look. Needless to say they jumped on me immediately for not having given them warning when we turned - but how was I to know. At any rate there was good cause for complaint, as I very quickly saw. In all the rooms except the chiefs and the silers, the port hatches had been wide open, and since the starboard side was to windward when the ship was turned, the water had poured in as <sup>it</sup> would through a ~~water~~ burst water main of like diameter. Shoes, clothes, books, magazines, tobacco cans, and various sundry articles were washed right out, the rooms and into the alleyway, where they floated, or were submerged in the shefting, sopping water which stood in the passage. First I lifted the man-hole cover, the after peak and let the water run down, then helped clear up the mess. The mattresses and bed clothes were <sup>one</sup> and that constituted the most annoying damage done, but nothing serious had

happened. The galley was soaked, and the scupper stopped up, so the cook was in his usual good humor. A half hour of mopping and most of the results of an invasion of Lake Erie water were removed.

Passed inside the Buffalo breakwater entrance sometime after six o'clock, having made the distance back in half the time it took to go out. By the mates calculation we were making a speed of four or five miles an hour out on the lake while heading westward. The small craft warning was under and south west storm warnings were up when we got back, so maybe it was well to return.

Tied up inside the inner breakwall, a short way up Buffalo canal. The wind blew all night from the lake and we bumped incessantly against the cement dock wall, making it necessary to constantly shorten our moorings.

Friday  
~~Tuesday~~ Nov 22, 1950

As above stated, it blew strong all night from the southwest, and rained at intervals, making a gloomy dismal night. Towards morning the wind began to veer into the westward and northward and it grew suddenly colder. Left for Port Colborne about 6:30 and

in a half hour were increasing a fresh northwest wind which blew with what seemed an Arctic cold, off the clear blue waters of the lake.

Since we were running short handed, I have to stand watch all day today, until we get through the Welland Canal. How ever I was below all night last night, so it won't be any great hardship.

Although pretty much in the lee of the land all the way to Port Colborne, we got well covered, up forward with spray, which froze fast on the deck and railings giving us a beard of icicles.

Arrived at Port Colborne around 10 o'clock and made a quick trip through the canal, clearing Port Weller breakwall at 5:30 in the afternoon.

Clouded up after noon and snowed a little - snow flurries from north west. During the day the wind backed a little from north west to west and south west, so there may be a little rough weather on Ontario.

Our cat, who came aboard the last trip of the New York State canal, was sick again this morning and we had to throw her into the coal locker again. The other afternoon, out on the lake, she was horribly sick, and hung as a rag, vomiting all over the alleyway. Cleaning up after her is no problem at all though, since the

dog takes it down like a regular meal. Nobody has the responsibility for the cat though, since she came aboard of her own volition, jumping on a port hole one rainy day early in the month.

Saturday Nov 23, 1955

A very interesting time last night, and nearly fatal to me.

When I came on deck at midnight it was very clear and cold with the wind on the north and on the beam. It was a fresh wind but not enough to make it rough or uncomfortable. About 2 o'clock some clouds began to appear in the north and north east - not storm clouds, but they seemed to bring wind with them, because about 2:30 the wind began to rise and kept on until it was blowing quite strong and directly on our port beam.

The lake quickly responded and by 3:30 we were lurching along in a typical poor water style, with sudden jerking rolls and motions. The spray climbed up higher and higher, freezing solid to everything. All the hatches were coated with ice and number one ~~hatch~~ hatch, made beneath a transparent glaze which ran from one to several inches thick.

by morning. The raking wires jammed  
were soon joined by sheets, growing  
ice and quickly formed good solid bul-  
warks which helped materially to keep  
more water off the fore-deck, that is, more  
than was coming up anyway.

The cold in the pilot house drove me  
aft for a cup of coffee and the warmth of the  
galley stove. Coming forward I stopped and  
stepped into the engine room companion hatch  
to keep out of the wind and yet keep a weather  
out. The engine room companion is on the  
port side and the wind being on the port  
beam, I was close to the weather. The waves  
we were wallowing through were of the  
same nature as those on Lake Erie the other  
day, though not as heavy. They were just  
the size, so that sliding down the weather  
slope, one, the lee slope of the next would  
slap us full, all along the side, hence, look-  
ing out, it would appear that the whole  
cabin were about to pour over the gunwale,  
then the buoying action of the hull would  
assert itself and the whole weather side;  
the ship would suddenly throw itself up-  
wards, as the wave passed beneath  
the ship, dropping the lee gunwale way down.  
Looking down into the engine room,  
I could help but marvel that those  
large chunks of steel and iron could stand  
such bucking and jirking, and still per-



for an accuracy. But there was nothing new in this, the waves were opening & closing methodically, the rocking arms jumping up & down as usual, the governor revolving in the ordinary way, the pistons plunging up and down in the cylinders just as though riding at anchor in a sheltered harbor. All this while the tide-gauge on the bulkhead was indicating an average swing of 15 degrees both ways from the vertical, and occasionally recording a 20° departure from the vertical.

Walking forward I was compelled to cling to the hatch coverings, because the slippery ice coated decks wandering beneath the feet. Indeed standing unsupported on the decks was equivalent to maintaining balance in the center of an ice coated sea, and not really worth the effort.

About 0:00, just after I was off watch and waiting for some one to come up from below to relieve me, I went aft and stood near the after deck house. Suddenly, and completely unexpected to me, I saw the ship begin to swing to starboard. Watching the horizon swing around in its drowsy swayings, I didn't pay attention to what was going on to my left, when suddenly a big sea crashed aboard, and, turning I almost instantly leaped up on the deck house top. None too soon, however, as I was drenched with my water, but

I could at least watch the better part of the wave sweep past beneath me, leaving me on the ship and not in an untenable irremediable position. It was what looked to me like a very close shave, but all in the days work, and ~~with~~ no harm done beyond a wet skin and clothes.

When I came up from breakfast, I could see the shore, with the city of Rochester in the distance. Evidently the old man is going there for ~~old~~ shelter, since the wind hasn't let up a bit.

Later —

After two attempts to head back and into the lake, both of which nearly dislodged me from my bunk, we got in sight of the Rochester breakwall and tied up at the National Terminal docks.

Laid here until nearly 4 o'clock in the afternoon, when the wind had gone down considerably. Mate put us to work this afternoon chopping ice. Fortunately the sun came out clear and bright, and the ice was cut off the decks easily. I managed to get one or two pictures of the decks, but not until after a good part of ~~it~~ <sup>the ice</sup> was gone. The mast halyards and stays look like hawsers and the ice extends clear up to the foremast top. The anchor winches and deck fittings and jockey hatch are covered with a heavy mantle — visible

evidence of a rough night on the ice.

About 4 o'clock we left the shallow waters of the Seneca River and headed once more windward into the lake. The wind is still fresh and the spray flying again. The long line of beach at Charlotte and westward along the coast, is fringed with successive collars of white, rearing breakers making a striking scene in the glow of the afternoon sun.

There was a beautiful clear sunset tonight - a long <sup>lasting</sup> deep red after glow and the air clear as crystal. Cold, very cold tonight.

Sunday, Nov. 24, 1935

Got another good coating of ice last night before arriving at Oswego at 11:30.

Bright clear day and the sun felt good when you're out of the wind. No work on deck, so I picked a good spot on the lee side of #2 hatch and enjoyed a sun-bath, while crossing Lake Seneca.

Brisk northwest wind all day.  
16 degrees at lock #21 last night

Monday Nov 26, 1935

5 rigid cold last night - down around

10 degrees. Ice forming on the canal.

Some in noon the wind changed and I began to get warm. Saw good that would sound after this freezing cold.

After three hours of steady work I got most of the ice off the deck up forward, but I was helped considerably by a warm sun.

Around lock # 14 there is a section of country still well covered with snow. This is the same snow we ran into east when on the way up the canal. The lock tenders say they had nearly a foot.

Tuesday Nov 26, 1935

Quick progress tonight. Lock 7 at 11:30  
Done at 6 H.M.

Tied up at the Albany grain dock at noon. Unloaded at 5:15 and ready to leave but the cook hasn't come aboard yet. I finally arrived at 7 with the stores and we let go the lines and headed south down the Hudson.

The shipping orders are to go to Baltimore again for another load of steel.

Wednesday Nov 27, 1935

Bear Mountain Bridge at 7:15 this

morning. Went on watch this noon when we were opposite Edgewater N. J.

Tied up at Erie Basin, Brooklyn. Paid for another two weeks, cashed my check at Brands saloon, where I thought I could get my money ahead of the others, but when I arrived, seven of our men were already there waiting.

Got a new siller and a new deck hand today

Left Erie Basin at 4 o'clock and headed for the Narrows.

Wind gentle to moderate south to south east.

Thursday Nov 28, 1935

Thanksgiving day. My first one at sea. Off Barnegat light at midnight, Atlantic City at 5 P.M. Fresh to nearly strong south or south east wind. Ship rolling badly - Thanksgiving dinner will be tough instead of this afternoon unless it quiets down. The cook complains that the oven catch won't work and the turkeys come out bodily when the boat rolls to port.

Rounded Delaware Breakwall early this afternoon and had quiet sailing up Delaware Bay.

Thanksgiving dinner tonight consisted of the following articles:

- Roast turkey
- creamed cauliflower
- Mashed potatoes
- cranberry sauce
- Fruit salad
- Pumpkin pudding
- Assorted fruits, nuts etc.
- Cookies
- celery & olives
- Cigars
- Bottle beer

Friday Nov 29, 1935

at anchor in Delaware Bay until  
6:30 this morning  
Docked at Sparrows Point Md at  
5:30 this afternoon.

Began loading tonight

The new deck hand we shipped in  
Brooklyn left tonight. Doesn't like the  
ship or mate or skipper.

Saturday Nov 30, 1935

a six hour "galley watch" tonight

Mack came aboard paralyzed drunk  
so I stood out the whole watch

Had a conference with the old man  
about getting our bus fare to New  
York, in case the ship ties up somewhere  
on the lakes for the winter.

Tonight at 6:30 we ran hard aground  
in Chesapeake Bay, not far from Turkey  
Point. Low tide, and we floated off with the  
high water

Weather cold but not uncomfortable  
yet. Fresh westerly winds all day.

Mack and I did all hatches again  
tonight.

Sunday Dec 1, 1935

This morning at 6 o'clock, my relief  
didn't arrive so I had to go down in the  
main locker and stow chain. A bad way  
to begin any day, especially Sunday - the  
only day of rest. The chain came in covered  
with great globes of sticky blue clay or mud  
which was soon well distributed over  
me and my clothes

Left the canal and entered the Delaware  
River shortly after noon. All watch in Delaware  
Bay. Cape May light house nearly abeam  
at 6 o'clock.

No wind all day - a cloudy dull day.

Monday Dec 2, 1935

off Barnegat light at 6:30 this morning  
strong northwest winds but we're  
hugging the coast and there's not much  
sid

Passed Sandy Hook about 1:30. Docked  
at 68th St Brooklyn for a short while to  
let the pilot off and also the chief wife.  
I was strongly tempted to get off too, but  
decided not to - the season can't last much  
longer.

Left 68th St pier late in the afternoon.

Even in the strong wind and cold -  
even in the face of snow flurries, the mate  
had me out on deck painting. The wind  
was so strong that it would whip the  
paint off the brush - but was no work.

Tuesday Dec 3, 1935

Bear Mountain Bridge at midnight  
Poughkeepsie at 4 P.M.  
Kingston Pt at 5:30  
Albany - noon  
 Troy - 1:33



Locks #6 - 6 P.M.

We just got into the canal at the east  
now it will be open this year for west-  
bound traffic.

There is hardly any west bound traffic  
in the canal but borders of towns and  
tugs. The old man says "everything in  
New York State that will float, is in the  
canal"

Breezy and cold all day.

Wednesday Dec 4, 1936

Last night while waiting below  
locks 8, to get in, it began to snow.  
The snow became very thick, the wind  
began to rise rapidly and soon it was  
blowing a real blizzard. This lasted  
not a short while, when it cleared off and  
the wind settled into a strong nor wester  
and the mercury began to tumble rapidly.  
26° at locks 7 at midnight. 18° at locks 10  
at 3 A.M. 8° at lock 11 and 4° at locks 12  
at 10 this afternoon it was just 0°

Ice is forming fast on the levels

This morning a peculiar spectacle was  
presented by the river. The water still re-  
tains considerable warmth, and, under the  
influence of the sub zero air, the vapor ar-  
ising from its surface was condensed into

clouds of foggy steam which blew across the water under the dazzling clear sun light. In all metal parts, the hull and deck the vapor further condensed into ice crystals which built up into a hoary covering like frost on a roof before the sun rises on a cold morning. All this taking place under a brilliant sun, so cold was the air.

Thursday Dec 10, 1935

Tied up at lock # 23 last night because of insufficient buoy lighting in the locks. It was another frigid night and the ice grew fast all around us. The country round about is covered with snow and has the appearance of the dead water.

This extreme cold makes conditions on the ship uncomfortable to the nth degree. The only place you can keep warm is in the hold, or by hugging the galley stove down below. The steel deck beneath your feet draws the heat right out of your shoes. The pilot house is like an ice box but far better than the open deck.

When the lines get wet, they freeze instantly into solid pipes of rope, so that with effort you can hold out horizontally many feet of the hump line. Coiling such frozen lines constitutes an art.

impossible tasks and when they are frozen  
would the little every great effort can  
disjudge them.

Among other inconveniences is the fact  
that we sleep forward and eat + wash etc  
aft. This is a trip of 200 feet of icy wind  
every time we go on or off watch or from  
forward aft.

Cleared Oswego breakwall at 3:30 this  
afternoon and headed out into the icy  
blue waters of Ontario

Very little wind and calm and quiet  
on the lake.

Below till 6 P.M. tomorrow - all day  
watch in the Welland Canal

Saturday Dec 7, 1855

When I came on deck this morning,  
a changed world met my eyes. The ice  
and snow on deck was melting and  
a thin, but increasing, fog was settling  
over the watery landscape. By cal-  
culation we were near the Port Welland  
breakwall and all hands were listening  
for the fog signal on the pierhead. Finally  
we picked up a sound - a mournful  
wailing in the dropping wilderness. I

oriented it as just about on the port beam, but most of the others claimed it was one or two points on the port bow.

● After continuing our course SW x S for a few minutes, it seemed to me the sound was beginning to bear several points a-stern of the port beam. I finally convinced the old man to my opinion and he hauled around two points to S x W. Still the sound seemed to be somewhat a-beam and we kept on hauling until finally we struck a course which seemed to bring us nearer and nearer the source of the sound. Soon, slowly and almost

● imperceptibly a grayish bulk loomed out of the fog dead ahead. This took shape until we finally saw the familiar outlines of Port Weller breakwater. — approached from the west!!!

In our blundering attempts to locate the source of sound we had made a complete half circle around the breakwater, and came upon it from the opposite direction.

● Tied up at ~~Port~~ Welland at the Hersey - Page Lumber Co docks. All the hatches were stripped when we docked so the unloading began immediately.

A mild southerly wind was blowing up, but brought rain with it — not heavy,

though, but accompanied by a <sup>drizzling</sup> fog.

As we passed inside Port Wellen-  
breakwater this morning I could see signs  
of heavy winds on the lake recently.  
Large masses of ice were thrown far  
back from the lake wall and all the  
rocks and concrete structures were cov-  
ered with a heavy sheeting of ice. There  
must have been huge waves dashing  
against the wall, to hurl spray so far  
inland. What a grand sight to see the  
great waves shatter themselves against  
the unyielding wall.

Tuesday Dec. 8, 1935

I strongly suspect that this is my last  
entry in this journal which will be written  
aboard the U.S. Albatross.

I finished unloading at Welland and  
let go the lines at seven this morning.  
I proceeded south on the canal to the turn-  
ing basin at Port Colborne and then  
turned and headed north for Ontario.  
Let me last look at Lake Erie and heard  
the fog signal in Port Colborne break-  
and slowly fade from hearing.

Channel Port Wellen breakwater, east-

bound at 5:30 this afternoon.

Thin fog on the lake - no wind and  
a.

Just 6 months ago today I stepped  
aboard the *Detroit* at Detroit Mich. One  
year ago, but it seems in many  
ways a long, long time ago. During the  
time my attitudes have undergone a subtle  
change - subtle because almost imperceptible.  
During the summer, I felt like a college  
boy just working during vacation - as  
was the case. Now for some unaccountable  
reason I feel like a sailor, that is, not  
not as a college man, but as a labor-  
ing man - quite a difference, but I sup-  
pose the result of a well-perceived policy of  
transition to a new mode of life and  
companions.

Monday Dec 9, 1935

{ Dec. 15, 1935 -  
Mt Vernon N. Y.

Steered a compass course all the  
length of Detroit. Finally picked up  
Sveas breakwall this morning.

The canal is closed, so here is the  
last port for the old *Detroit* this year  
Tied up on the east side of the river

at the municipal lock not far below  
#8

Sewed the ship up fast to the lock with the Manila lines and all available steel cable. Helped cover the life boats and stow some of the gear away. Then dressed and got packed to leave.

The coals struck up a bargain with the marine supply man to take three of us to New York, leaving tonight, so I got in on that though I didn't like the idea of arriving in New York so early in the a.m.

~~Said~~ Old Bill asked me to help him carry his bags up to the bus station where he got his ticket for Cleveland. The old dodo was glad to get off and I wasn't sorry to see him go, though I spent many good hours baiting him at various times during the season. Nevertheless he washed through and treated me a couple of drinks.

Saw the old man and got my paper claim for the pay. Gave him my good bye speech and he promised me the job come if they needed a man next year.

Said my other 4 or 5 byes to the other fellows and left for the park city hotel, I believe. A wet foggy night

My friend Mac is to be left on board as ship keeper. I can imagine the condition of the ship along towards the middle of winter. When I asked him about loneliness he laughed. Said he was sure he could get some Polack woman from Carvego to pass the time with. I will wager, however, that Mac will never finish the winter as ship keeper.

I took my last look at the M.S. Detraiter this afternoon from the bridge at Carvego. She is certainly no object of beauty and yet I can't help but admire her stubby bow and sturdy hull. Anyway she took me thousands of interesting miles with plenty of excitement, adventure and disillusionment in these last six months. If you live and work for half a year even on an old ship it makes you just a bit loathe to leave.

But, so long Detraiter. Don't bump your rudder out pounding against the dock wall, when the northwest gales drive in from the lake this winter.



Sunday Dec 15, 1935

Mt Vernon N. Y.

It is now over a week since I left the ship at Oswego, but I may as well continue to chronicle the passage of time as I have the past six months, though living an ordinary life is not so conducive to the regular maintenance of a journal. In the life aboard ship one becomes more or less accustomed to a regular line of duties, so that the addition of a specific personal habit can be easily incorporated.

Before I left the ship I got my papers giving me claim to the December pay, and also a hospital ticket from the old man. The old devil spoke quite differently to me now that my job is over and we are on an equal social basis. He as well as promised me the job back for next year if I care to have it.

Together with the cook, the mess man and Axel, I arranged a ride with the marine supply man here in Oswego, for a ride down to New York. We left at about 9 P. M. when I said so long to the fellows still aboard.

I took what may be my last look at the old M.S. Detraiter

[Tuesday Dec 10, 1935]

We drove all night last night, the weather becoming milder as we proceeded southward. Day began to dawn shortly after arriving in New York. Axel and I got off at 125th St, and we had a cup of coffee and a talk before saying so long.

When I left Axel I left all direct connections with my past six months.

Now I enter a different life again.

at aunt Annas I had some breakfast and then turned in for some much needed rest

[Wednesday Dec 11, 1935]

I went down to the company office and got my pay for Nov 1-15 today.

Paid a visit to the Marine Hospital at Hudson & Jay St. Tooth damage amounts only to a filling washed out. What a surprise - I have been paying little attention to my teeth lately as regards brushing.

The Marine Hospital is certainly an ancient building.

Many scraps of information about ships etc catch the ear, when hearing the conversation of the crowds which throngs the building.

Bought a chart of New York Harbor

at Negus' today

[ Thursday Dec 12, 1935 ]

Sent mother my pay checks for Nov plus the cash I had on hand. Total \$ 135<sup>00</sup>. Kept 11 dollars for spending money etc.

[ Friday Dec 13, 1935 ]

Walked over to Youbers today to have a visit and look at the Boyce Thompson Institute for Plant Research

a Dr. Miller very kindly showed me around. He introduced me to the woman whose work on germination of *Cornus florida*, I used last year at school.

Strong, northeasterly winds today. Cold and grey.

[ Saturday Dec 14, 1935 ]

Made one of those extensive excursions today which the city transportation of New York affords: the subway from Grand Central to Brooklyn Bridge, then the B.M.T. out to Jamaica. Bought a ticket to North part in Jamaica and pulled in at Aunt

Lays about 6 o'clock

Dinner at the Elbs in Huntington. Show afterward.

Sunday Dec 15, 1935

Dinner out today. Long Island duck and all the trappings.

Rainy, foggy weather, easterly winds

Monday Dec 16, 1935

Last night the dog killed a coon out in the woods and Donald and I had great sport skinning it.

Renewed my acquaintance with Judy tonight.

Tuesday Dec 17, 1935

This morning I drove Uncle Ed out to Riverhead, where he had a case to defend in court.

A pleasant drive back across the level scrub lands of central Long Island. From Kings Park we followed the north-shore road along the bluffs and hills above the Sound. A late sunset glow, with the lights of Connecticut over and beyond the Sound on the Northern horizon.

Friday Dec 27, 1935

a big event in my social education occurred tonight. I also incurred a good sized hole in my bank roll.

Edgar and I and Brit Richardson spent together (money for the girls included) about 20 dollars.

For this amount we enjoyed the following changes in scenery, an hour or so spent in drinking beer at the German-American Club (between 17+18th St on 3rd ave), a short time at Jack Delaney's in Greenwich Village (cocktails very expensive) and the rest of the evening until about 2:30 at Connie's Inn (48th St + Broadway). The latter place was the best and we did some dancing and more cocktail drinking. (no cover charge, but a minimum of 2 dollars per person.)

Arrived in Northport about 5 a.m and slipped up the back stairs in stocking feet

Saturday Dec 28, 1935

I got up about 3:30 this afternoon and Edgar and I had breakfast ~~in~~ the about 4, then went into the living room and watched the sun go down.

Sunday Dec 29, 1935

a raging blizzard last night made

driving dangerous coming back from the theatre in Huntington. More movies and late hours =

Tuesday Dec 31, 1935

New years eve once more. This is the second consecutive New years eve I've spent in Northport

There was a party at Stan Smith's house and no lack of entertainment and drinks. We left Smith's about three o'clock and made a short tour of the island including the Hotel Huntington, Oscars, Slynus etc. We ended the evening at Evelyn Dixon's house where we had coffee and talked (not too coherently) for a while. Sat to bed about ~~eight~~ 7 AM..

Wednesday Jan 1, 1936

Up about one or two o'clock. No headache but less appetite

Sat Jan 4, 1936

Bill and all visited today for a while.

Bill and Donald and I took a walk along the beach at Eatons Neck, and, lured by the oysters, picked up enough for cock tails tonight.

Sunday Jan 5, 1936

Edgar left to go back to Cornell today, so things will be considerably quieter from now on.

Wednesday Jan 8, 1936

I drove Aunt Fay down to New York today. Had my tooth taken care of at the Marine Hospital

Monday Jan 13, 1936

I enjoyed an hours clam digging today though I had little luck with the tide which almost beat me to the beach.

Wednesday Jan 15, 1936

Clam digging again today. I walked down to the beach early this morning and caught the tide well out. Filled my pail and was glad to sit on the sand and rest afterward.

A warm south wind was blowing off-shore, ruffling the waves into white caps just a few hundred yards from the beach. We walked back along the beach gathering pebbles and shells by the way. How nice the even wash of the waves is on the

gravelly beach

The warm south wind has a deceptive suggestion of spring today.

Jan 17, 1936

Left Northport today and am once more back on the mainland.

Before going up to Mt Vernon I made a short trip down to Greenwich Village to visit Arthur Brand, whom I hadn't seen since graduation from high school.

We had dinner together in a Spanish restaurant on 14th St and after talking a while parted.

Jan 18, 1936

I sent my trunk to Oxford today and packed up the rest of my belongings to leave for Amherst tomorrow.

I had another, and my last, date with Judy tonight. The pilgrimage from the Bronx to Brooklyn and back by subway is not worth while for any one.

We went to "Nick's Place" on 5th Ave, where I was much annoyed when the waiter spilled a cup of coffee on my hat. Place jammed with drunken N.Y.U. students. When I got up in the Bronx, rather late, a howling North east blizzard was



blowing. As the trolley cars had stopped running I was compelled to walk the mile or so right in the teeth of the wind.

Sun Jan 18, 1936

The storm last night was still in progress this morning, and had deposited some eight inches of snow by the time I got up.

Around noon the snow changed to sleet and continued all afternoon. Uncle Ben persuaded me to postpone leaving for Amherst tomorrow.

Monday Jan 20, 1936

Shovelled snow a good part of the day. A three inch layer of sleet helps snow shovelling not in the least.

Tuesday Jan 21, 1936

Left for Amherst this morning. Took the bus from New Rochelle to Northampton and burned the remaining seven miles to Amherst.

Sat Jan 25, 1936

Fred got me a date with a Smith girl tonight and we (the four of us)

spent the evening in Northampton. Took in a show and talked and danced afterward at Comstock House.

The girl - Betty Nisley, from Florin Penna.

Tuesday Jan 28, 1935

Fred and I took a walk this afternoon out into the hills east of Amherst. We followed the road toward Pelham which dips down into the valley of the Freshman River and then up a long winding climb to the ridge above the valley.

It was a clear cold day with a strong northwest wind and a bright sun, which dipped below the western hills before we turned back. From the vantage point of the ridge one can see across to the purpled hills on the far side of the broad Connecticut Valley. To right and left are rocky hills and crags covered with groups of pines and spruces, making a scene of wild and wintry beauty, brushed by the cold keen wind.

Wednesday + Thursday Jan 29-30

I left Amherst this afternoon at 4:30 on the bus to Springfield.

blowing. As the trolley cars had stopped running I was compelled to walk the mile or so right in the teeth of the wind.

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Sat Jan 25, 1936

Fred got me a date with a Smith girl tonight and we (the four of us)

In New York I bought a bus ticket to Dayton Ohio

After an arduous and extremely boring trip, arrived in Oxford on Friday morning.

Friday Jan 31, 1936

This morning at 10:30 I got my first look at Oxford since leaving last June for Detroit.

Procured a room for the semester in Ogden Hall and moved in.

Saturday Feb 1, 1936

My courses for the semester  
Plant pathology  
American literature  
zoology  
French  
General Psychology

In zoology and American literature I will have to begin with the 2nd semester.

Sunday Feb 3, 1936

Into the routine of classes again. Quite a change from my free and easy life

of late.

Feb 5, 1936 Wednesday

Wrote letters. Weather has been very cold. Several days 7° and 10° below zero.

Sunday Feb 23, 1936

A mild day. The first since Jan. 15 when I went clam digging at Crab Meadow Beach — how long ago it seems.

The snow and ice were melting rapidly and with the ground frozen solid for several feet the run-off was great.

I took a walk this afternoon down to the Sallawanda and watched the ice break up in the stream. The heavy ice broke up several weeks ago. The remains are left strewn wide along the stream banks, great chunks about two feet thick, and many ten feet square.

The sudden thaw today brought great quantities of water from the fields, hills and woods which is breaking and buckling the ice in great masses, these roaring and grinding downstream.

Southerly winds becoming strong.

Wednesday Feb 26, 1936

I had the misfortune to smash my finger in the door today. Small though the injury appears, it was enough to keep me up all night.

Saturday Feb 29, 1936

This is the last time an entry can be made on this date for another four years.

Spent the better part of the day working. Began Ernest Poole's novel "His Family".

Sunday ~~Feb~~ March 1, 1936

A Sunday typical of my college days. Got up at 11:30 and wasted the better part of the hour until dinner at 12:30. After dinner, sat around and talked until time to go to the library at 2. Studied until 5 in the library, went back to my room and waited for supper time - 5:30. Overate as usual on Sunday night and felt sleepy for studying. Listened to the radio part of the time - the news

"Chicago has changed to Eastern Standard Time"

"Northern Ethiopia occupied by Italian Troops" etc etc.

A lousy day

Monday March 2, 1936

What is there to write of but the monotony of classes? Why should I dislike classes and school work? I am a good student, like to read and study, and, in fact, when left to my own interests almost invariably take my intellectual pursuits.

Logically analyzed, it must be the system, not ~~I~~, who is wrong.

The weather was mild today with a fresh south west to west wind. Exhilarating weather for running - the daily work-out on the track seems almost a privilege sometimes.

I obtained Hart Crane's poem "The Bridge", today. I find it rather extreme in emotional tenseness - almost psychopathic it would appear.

Tuesday

~~Monday~~ March 3, 1936

One of those "bad days" when everything goes wrong. How unaccountable such phenomena are - for such they really are.

However physical exertion would appear to unburden one's mental state - I observed this this afternoon. Why go into detail on

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A lousy day



such psychoanalytic questions.

The weather has been very spring-like and mild.

We had a strange, lingering nostalgia for the early warm days of spring produce. The thoughts of childhood days come back - and they are always better days - and the world seems to be dual and we are seeing but the melancholy reflection of its other side.

What an impossible thought to express sensibly (that is, with sense

Friday March 6, 1936

I had the misfortune to break one of my front teeth this morning. It was the left bilateral - devitalized and filled 7 years ago.

I was thinking over the books I've read for outside reading in American literature. Only one stands out distinctly - it is Edith Wharton's "Ethan Frome". I think if one book impresses more than others you tend to build up and strengthen that impression at the expense of the others.

I believe the same mental process occurs in regard to impressions received when travelling. After mental images which at first made no special claim to significance

later stand out with increasing clarity. This may be by unconscious mental comparison, or it may due largely to objective contrast or comparison only.

Saturday March 7, 1936

Bob Pool visited today. I went up to Dayton with him this afternoon, and we returned quite late this evening. Weather mild and springlike.

Sunday March 8, 1936

N. Y. A work, English reading etc. Nothing but work - I'm paying for my day off yesterday.

Thursday March 12, 1936

The last few entries were rather premature in regard to the weather.

Tuesday the temperature got up above 70° and spring seemed an established fact. Today it is around freezing with strong northwesterly winds and snow squalls. The worst one of the day has just passed leaving several inches of snow on the ground.

Out on the track this afternoon the snow was driving with such blinding fury

that it was impossible to keep your face into the wind.

Visibility was lowered to less than a hundred yards and the great clouds of snow were rushing ahead of a wind equaling forty miles at times.

The day reminds me of one trip across Lake Oneida last fall. There was a stiff nor'wester blowing and we stood our watch in the canvas covered canal "pilot house" the thin glass windows were rattling and the snow was driving in the cracks and lan-yard holes. There is Frenchmans island appearing and disappearing in the thick squall. Astern there is the long line of creaming combers piling up on the break-wall and sandy beach at Sylvan Beach. I can hear the short choppy thump of the waves on the bow and every now and then the spray leaps up over the gunwale where it is caught by the wind and hurttled towards the pilot house. It thuds softly on the window and mingles with the melting snow.

All this - and suddenly it clears, the sun bursts forth from behind the scud-ding clouds and illuminates the lake and the white decked hills to the north, - ~~then~~ the clouds rush in again and once more the swirling snow descends.

Another day.

Friday March 13, 1936

I had to cut zoology laboratory in order to find time to get down to the dentist in Hamilton.

Sunday March 15, 1936

Read all of Huckleberry Finn today, and suffered considerable eye strain thereby.

March 22, 1936 Sunday

During the weeks many events of importance have occurred in the "outside world". I say "outside world" because I am prone to feel, incorrectly I suppose, that college and college life is a closed sphere in which national and international events are "outside happenings".

at any rate the most important news is the flood, which has, and is still, proving to be the most disastrous in fifty years.

Four rivers in the eastern U.S. states are rampaging. They are the Connecticut, the Delaware, the Susquehanna and the Ohio.

The Ohio flood has receded at Pittsburg after inundating the whole business section

of the city. The crest of the Ohio flood is now advancing down the valley with diminishing intensity. The Susquehanna and Delaware have washed out dozens of bridges in Pennsylvania.

I read of one West coast lumber ship which couldn't make headway against a 10 mile current in the Delaware, so unloaded below Philadelphia.

The worst conditions however are those closest home, where the ice choked Connecticut has caused millions of dollars of damage. Floyd Sibbons, on the radio, described the river as a raging giant, in some places assuming the proportions of an inland sea. Today the crest of the flood is below South Hadley Mass and conditions most severe between that point and Middletown Connecticut.

When I hear of the Connecticut flood I think of how the river looked in January when I was in Amherst. Above Springfield the river was a silent frozen ribbon stretched across the Massachusetts lowlands. In fact, as a matter of interest, I recall that the bus driver remarked, as we left Springfield, that there would "be hell to pay when the snow melted up the valley in the spring".

I noticed in the paper that a great

number of Smith girls were marooned in Northampton, after getting out for spring recess.

Last night the Butler Relays were held in Indianapolis and the Miami team made the annual trip. The competition was too much for our team, so we drew our usual blanks.

Thursday March 26, 1936

Last night I finally talked H. M. into bumming east with me. We decided to leave right after lunch Friday (tomorrow).

Tonight I am all packed and ready to go. The weather report calls for rain tomorrow but it seems to antcipating it since there is a semi-thunder storm in progress now.

In a letter from mother yesterday, she says there are 1800 flood refugees in Amherst. People sleeping in the college gymnasium etc.

Tuesday March 31, 1936

Amherst, Mass.

The last few days since leaving Oxford have been ~~so~~ crowded with events. This is of course to be expected when making a 900 mile trip across country.

We left Oxford, <sup>bumming,</sup> about a quarter to one Friday and arrived in Brooklyn at two o'clock Saturday. This is faster than the Greyhound bus makes and infinitely cheaper and less monotonous.

Our longest ride was from Cambridge Ohio to Philadelphia Penna.

I decided to go directly to McKinley's so spent the night there.

Sunday morning Harry + I took a walk down to the Narrows (just three blocks from his apartment). A fresh breeze was whipping across from Staten Island and the ships moving up and down the Narrows. The salty air and ships tend to make Oxford seem distant and remote. What an almost irresistible appeal they have. I long to have a deck under my feet.

Sunday evening I had a date with Judy R. who is now living in Brooklyn. McKinley planned the evening which included supper at his house, a walk and a moonlight ferry ride to St George and back.

The evening was much in contrast to the last time I was on the waters of New York harbor. Then I was northbound on the Detroit and just in from a day on the Jersey coast. There was a strong northwester blowing and cold.

On Monday morning I left McKinley's

and set out for Amherst. Stopped at Aunt Annas in Mt Vernon for a few minutes. Out on the Boston Post road at 1:30 humming. Got to Hartford about six and took the nine oclock bus for Northampton, where I arrived a few minutes after the last bus had left for Amherst.

The alternative was walk or pay two fifty for a taxi, so I set out on foot. At the bridge outside Northampton, however, I found an unexpected situation: the bridge was open to one way traffic only and the cop stationed at the west end of the bridge was kind enough to get me a ride in to Amherst. Rather strange since there is a town law against humming rides in the town of Northampton. Arrived in Amherst at 12:30.

I saw little of the flood damage on the way up because of darkness. I did get some glimpses of houses carried away, barns standing on end etc. Also numerous lakes of standing back-flood-waters.

Wednesday April 1, 1936

I will be unable to see Betty Nisly while I am home, since I have to leave tomorrow, and she just arrived in Northampton tonight. However we had a telephone conversation which set a new record for me



of about an hours length.

Thursday April 2, 1936

It snowed a little last night and it is now raining nastily.

I left Amherst today at 1:30. The rain was too much for even a "hardy" "bummer" so I took the bus to Northampton and the bus to New Rochelle. Stayed overnight at Aunt Annas.

Fred was there and we had one of our usual protracted bull sessions, at night.

Friday, April 3, 1936

On the way down to McKnleys' I stopped in at the National Motorship Corp. - Capt Lie was not in so I accomplished nothing as regards a job with them for next summer.

Overnight at McKnleys. To bed at 3 A.M

Saturday April 4, 1936

Up at 6:30 and on the subway at 8. We took the Manhattan Transfer to Newark and then the bus to outside of town. First ride to Reading Pennsylvania. We picked up a ride in Shippensburg Pa which took us to Mansfield Ohio where we arrived

Sunday morning. Arrived in Columbus at 9:30, making it in 23 and a half hours from Newark N. J.

Stayed overnight ~~at~~ with Bob Pool.

Back in Oxford at 2 o'clock Monday afternoon

Sunday April 12, 1936

Easter Day Oxford, Ohio.

Sloomy Sunday and I'm immersed in work.

The weather the past week has been of the worst, several days of snow and rain with no warm sun.

The Easter clothes are coming out, but I'm not contributing any to the display. I was compelled to borrow a pair of shoes the other day from H.M. while my "one + only's" were being fixed.

I have been pretty much in the doldrums all week. I can't seem to get interested in school work and spend much time in useless worry about the future. College life doesn't seem to satisfy one's desire to "do things". Hoarding great masses of material for immediate use only seems a poor substitute for activity. But unfortunately the grade of our college record is made up on the basis of just these selfsame masses of temporary knowledge.

Sometimes now I wish I had never

been out in the world of work and activity, but had merely been quietly living a student's life. Then books and knowledge would constitute my world and sphere

Oh world, why is there such a gap, and yawning chasm between what you have to offer and what we cherish as our desires.

Strange restless urges, you yield to no force of mind.

Saturday April 25, 1936

This week end was punctuated by the Ohio Univ track meet at Athens. For me the meet marks a record. I finally got below the 16 second time in the 120 yd high hurdles. My new time 15.8

The weather was ideal for a track meet with a warm sun and not too much wind.

Vegetation seems to be considerably more progressed in southern Ohio than around here. I noticed *Amelanchier canadensis* in full flowering stage on the still brown hillsides.

Completed my "Personality Sketch" for my term paper requirement in Psychology.

I received ~~two~~ letters from Fred this week which is an unprecedented event.

The weather has been pretty good lately. On Thursday I got my first sun burn of the year - just the beginning of a tan.

The radio stations are all signing off so I may as well

2:30 A.M.

Sunday May 17, 1936

Track season will soon be over with the last meet this Saturday.

McKinley and I had a double date last night. His girl proved far more interesting to me than my date.

Won 9 points in the Cincinnati track meet yesterday.

May 29, 1936

The busiest day this semester. 8 hours of N.Y.-A work, attended two classes, washed 40¢ worth of laundry, finished a report for English and read 30 pages of French.

Last Saturday finished up another track season. I made the same showing as last year - three medals, but no firsts. Had a date with Mary Clave

Last Saturday. I consider her one of the finest girls I've met.

Sat May 30, 1936

A cold Decoration Day. I went walking with Mary tonight, but it was actually so cold we were glad to finish up the evening with a cup of hot chocolate.

I'm wondering now why I never met Mary before this spring.

Sat June 6, 1936

My fifth semester in college is over and I have three to go. Exams were all bunched in the past four days.

A busy week:

Sunday - Mary & I tried to study out on the hillside back of Western. Poor results

Monday - a date and walk afterwards

Tuesday - studied zoology until

2 P.M.

Wednesday - French exam and American Lit. exam both today. Walked with Mary down to the pond ~~below~~ below Western College this evening.

Thursday - exam this morning - wrote straight through from 8:30 to 11:45

Worked out on the track for the last time, and turned in my outfit.

Friday - zoology exam this afternoon. Went swimming with Mary later in the afternoon.

Saturday. - psychology exam in the afternoon finished up my years work. I spent the entire evening with Mary until 11 o'clock. It took us the better part of an hour to say good by.

Sleeping at the D.V house tonight - Tomorrow we leave for New York.

Sunday June 7, 1936

Left Oxford at 8:30 this morning.

McKinley + I worked east as far as Barnesville Ohio by 9:30 tonight. Put up in a tourist cabin.

a sultry warm night with a heavy moon hanging over the eastern Ohio hills. What fantastic shapes the jagged clouds display when silhouetted against the moon.

Monday June 8, 1936

Arrived in Washington Pa at ten this morning and here we picked up a ride clear in to New York. We got out at the Hotel Iaft on 7th Avenue at 1:00 A.M. Despite the late hour I went up to Aunt

Aways for the night (or what was left of it). There was a telegram awaiting me there informing of a summer job in New Hampshire.

Tuesday June 9, 1936.

Called at the National Motorship Co. office this morning. The "Detroit" is headed west out of Oswego. Little chance for a job there.

Had supper with McKinley in Brooklyn.

Wednesday June 10, 1936

Met McKinley at the appointed time and we went down to the Standard Fruit Company office. They offered me a job on one of the ships - beginning next week the Atlantida, running to Vera Cruz, La Ceiba Honduras + other West Indian Ports. could have sailed this afternoon on the Miraflores as mess-man.

However the job in New Hampshire seems too good to turn down without further investigation. Left on the New Haven for Amherst this afternoon. Arrived in Amherst at seven this evening.

Thursday June 11, 1936

Further details of the summer job

in New Hampshire have pretty well convinced me to take it. The work is cooking + house cleaning at an Amherst college professors camp on Spofford Lake N.H. Professor Estys wife let me know that the hardest part of the job will be to keep from becoming lousome. That should be no problem for me.

The pay will be \$10 per week and room + board. also certain privileges will accrue.

What an excellent chance to study and read.

Saturday June 13, 1936

The Amherst-Williamis ~~football~~ <sup>baseball</sup> game proved quite interesting this afternoon. The Senior Night singing ceremonies brought back vividly memories of Freds graduation two years ago

W rote many letters this afternoon.

Sunday June 14, 1936

Date with Betty Nissly tonight.

She sang at ~~some~~ <sup>a</sup> Smith College ceremony so I went to hear that, afterwards we went down to ~~the~~ Pakiers and drank beer for a while. Walked out to Paradise Pond later. The Smith College campus certainly



has its good features.

I saved bus fare tonight by humping over to Northampton + back. I was damn lucky to get a ride back since the last bus had left Northampton before I was off the Smith campus.

Rained all day except this evening.

Monday June 15, 1936

A much awaited letter arrived from Mary today. I must be in pretty bad shape, but time is the only cure.

Another entire day of rain

Tuesday June 16, 1936

Walked out toward the Pelham ridge this afternoon. How different and more interesting the Massachusetts woods and hills are when contrasted with Ohio. The great granite boulders, moss and lichen covered, have a strange and subtle charm. The pines and oaks seem more green and fresh. The sandy soil seems more soft and yielding.

Clear weather, with a strong north west wind buffeting across the broad Connecticut Valley. From atop the hill I could make out the buildings and smoke of Northampton between lay the little hill of Amherst. In the north, in the clear air, the hills rose into

the distance, rounded and purpled in the light of the westerning sun.

Wednesday June 17, 1936

Wrote a few letters this afternoon. Weather cloudy.

Thursday June 18, 1936

Wrote more letters. Correspondence pretty well cleared up by now. Cloudy, with a south east wind.

Friday June 19, 1936

Packed up most of the stuff to take up to Spofford.

Heard the Louis - Schmeling fight on the radio. Louis lost even though betting odds were 10 to 1 in his favor.

More rain today

Saturday June 20, 1936

How drearily objective this diary is becoming. I think I shall begin to write a journal instead and blurt out the mere tabulation of events.

Sunday June 21, 1936

Fred and I attended the services at the Unitarian church this morning.

An excellent sermon, pointing out among other psychological phases, the dangers and results of intense abstraction in one aspect of thought and belief.

Spent a few pleasant hours this afternoon in the wild life sanctuary below the Amherst campus.

Monday June 22, 1936

My departure for New Hampshire was postponed until Wednesday. I am becoming anxious to leave.

Tuesday June 23, 1936

The "Trail of the Lonesome Pine" is not as successful as a movie as it is as a book. However the songs ~~and~~ and music were good; and the title will always have its lingering charm and somehow sad tone.

Wednesday June 24, 1936

Spafford Lake.

A dull gray evening and the

water has a forbidding aspect beneath the heavy sky. In the half-light the lake is lonely and cold, the pine clad hills are silent and gloomy. The small waves beat monotonously on the rocky beach. The wind has a distant sound in the trees.

Thursday June 25, 1936

I am becoming oriented to Spafford Lake.

Our camp is situated at a point of land rising abruptly from the waters of the north end of the lake. The point is covered with blueberry and laurel bushes beneath the oaks and pines. A rocky point leads out into the lake embracing a rock studded lagoon in which small fish and tadpoles constantly stir the water.

Directly south across the water, and somewhat more than a mile distant, is an island in the lake. Its sandy beach has all the intriguing appearance of an unvisited shore.

On all sides of the lake there are hills rising some four or five hundred feet above the water. To the south they are higher, but more distant.

Friday June 26, 1936

The weather persists cool and cloudy. It is uncomfortably cold in the water and I look toward swimming with no anticipation.

We are immersed in rural New England. Tonight we attended a church supper at Westmoreland town hall. The village is at a quiet cross road. ~~Its~~ Its every aspect bespeaks a rural solidity.

Saturday June 27, 1936

I read Ernest Hemingway's "Farewell to Arms" today. Despite its realistic presentation of the psychology of the post war period, the book is quite effective in parts. The end ~~is~~ is dramatic and forceful. A tragedy so great, and yet so real!

Rain all day.

Sunday June 28, 1936

President King of Amherst, and his wife, visited today. At ~~Sunday~~ dinner I had an opportunity to study the man. Few men retire from busi-

ness to become college presidents.

This evening I ventured out on the lake in the face of threatening weather, and was amply repaid for my temerity. A squall blew out of the northwest and I was forced to row directly into the wind eye to keep from careening down the lake. There was no chance to make shore so I braced hard and laid on the oars until the wind died down. The spray dashing up over the gunwales mingled with the rain from above to make a very wet passage back.

The brief battle with wind and waves had a spice of danger in it which was quite enjoyable.

Tonight's squall introduced a wave of cool air which is driving the mercury down in the fifties.

Monday June 29, 1956

An almost arctic condition of the weather prevailed this morning, but in spite of this it clouded up and began to rain intermittently.

I finished reading Hawthorne's "Scarlet Letter" this evening. The story

is brief and artistically done, but lacks a certain genuine feeling. The author seems too absorbed in effect to humanize his characters sufficiently.

The heights of Puritan fanaticism are provocative of considerable thought. The story would ring with a false note if the throttling effect of Calvinistic dogma were not understood.

I can't help but contrast this day with that of a year ago. There is no parallel beyond that, my own identity a year from now — ?

June 30, 1936

My birthday. Twenty one years ago I became a drop in the stream of humanity.

July 1, 1936. Wednesday.

This morning we made a brief trip to Amherst. Returned with more books.

Yesterday the Estly's presented me with a fishing license, and this evening I ventured out on Spofford Lake to try my luck. With no success.

Thursday July 2 1936

Took in a play this evening at the Keene Summer Theatre. Philip Barry's "Tomorrow + Tomorrow".

Friday July 3, 1936

Prof Esty left early this morning to attend a funeral at Walpole Mass. Hence my day began early, with two breakfast preparations.

Despite a gray and gloomy day I went fishing again this morning. The rain dripped down in a soft pitter in my sou'wester, and the boat rocked idly on the quiet water.

This evening I began reading Cooper's "Pathfinder". Cooper certainly loses his charm as you grow older.

Saturday July 4, 1936

a perfect Fourth of July, with the usual thunderstorm.

Finished Alexis Carrel's "Man the Unknown". Bob smacks too much mysticism though the author surely builds himself



a case.

Tonight a picnic supper was held up on Park Hill in Westmoreland. I met & was introduced to most of the summer crowd up here - a good many of whom are college professors et familia. The picnic ground - Park Hill was a bare nearly treeless hilltop formerly used as pasturage. The site overlooks the sweep of the Connecticut valley, with the Green Mountains rising in the distance to the north - foothills on all sides. The sun set below the hills west of the Connecticut and soon the moon rose - almost as red and fully as round - a beautiful scene with the pine trees silhouetted against the light in the east. The last time the full moon rose it was from over the hills east of Oxford Ohio - and then I was not thinking of someone far away.

Sunday July 5, 1936

Spent today in camp - a rather dull but very comfortable Sunday. The weather is warming up - so is the lake.

Monday July 6, 1936

Mrs Esty maneuvered the family (and me) into an auction near Keene. The auctioneer a certain Mr Hall seems to draw a crowd more for the show he puts on than for the goods under sale. Saw much good money wasted for fairs - also a few good

articles sold.

I received today a letter from my friend Jack Smith written aboard the SS Sam. F. B. Morse a lake freighter on which he is working as coal passer. Seems to like it on board - I wonder.

The weather is pleasant, partly cloudy and gentle N-N.E. winds.

Tuesday July 7, 1936

To Keene today got a haircut with a most garrulous barber working on me. Keene is a busy town in the summer.

Weather hot but not sultry, with fresh westerly winds.

Wednesday July 8, 1936

Spent all day around camp or swimming.

The weather is very hot for this region - above 90°F. The lake was fine today and I swam nearly a mile at leisurely stretches during the day.

My semester grades from college arrived - consisting of 2 A's and 3 B's. wonder why I didn't get an A in the Amer. Literature course - better luck next semester.

Thursday July 9, 1936

I. awake last night at one o'clock - after

sleeping little more than an hour - to hear the rumble of an approaching storm. The night was as black as pitch and the storm ~~was~~ overspread the entire northern horizon - or as much of it as I could see through the trees.

Since my room is in a building surrounded by trees I decided to get up to the upper cabin and let my lightning do as it pleased without me under the trees. After securing the windows in the cabin and removing some books from the porch I stood and watched the storm develop over the lake and forest. There was an almost continuous glare of lightning and persistent thunder echoing over the hills. The almost dead calm made the lightning gleam on the lake as from a plate of polished silver. The more intense flashes plainly showed the island fully three quarters of a mile away down the lake - tinged with that weird and evil hue that only lightning gives. Several times the bolts struck very close by - and twice it seemed the lake was touched by lightning. About 2:30 the lightning system failed after flickering horribly for a few minutes. The storm passed off about 3 A.M. The lightning was as intense as I have ever seen, and the storm reminded me of the fierce thunder squall we encountered last summer on the

Detroit.

This afternoon there was another sharp thunderstorm with deluges of rain.

According to the paper many cities in the middle west and east are recording record temperatures: Detroit 104°; Cuyahoga Mich 104°; Boston 98°; Springfield Mass 102°; Duluth 104° and Alpena Mich 102° - the last two are record high readings for these stations. At Spofford today it was 91 or 92 which is most unusual they say for this region. Tonight it is cool but exceedingly humid.

Friday July 10, 1936

I received news from college today that I have been appointed a proctorship at a dormitory the coming year. Also that my application for a loan has been approved. According to the letter I am due in Oxford on Sept 12. Methinks I am all ready to go.

More hot and sultry weather. Even the lake is beginning to become warm under the influence of a burning sun. Plenty of time in the water and in the sun makes an ideal program for such weather. How fortunate not to be working in some city.

We attended a community gathering at the Bridgeman farm tonight - down near the brook below the house. Frankfurt roast and regular picnic supper. Mr ~~Bridgeman~~ Bridgeman

has done a remarkable job of reclaiming a ramshackle New Hampshire farm house - and farm. He was a few years ago an unemployed and rather dejected man who was determined not to remain a victim of the depression - so he purchased this old place investing all his savings and moved up from New York with his family. Today the house and buildings are in ship shape and by plyng a restricted but apparently well paid profession of drafter and joiner and carpentry he is making enough to put the farm on a paying basis. The house is very old - 18th century and a regular museum of colonial architecture and utensils. There is no electric light as yet but he is arranging for an extension up from the road.

Tonight there was lightening all around the horizon but no sign of a storm as yet. According to the Boston Post the storms the last few days have been very violent. The headline reads "Furious storm sweeps state." "Third torrential rain of day the worst in 50 years. 30 hours dark for hours and hundreds of trees uprooted" "Many cattle killed and many places struck by lightning." New York, Philadelphia and Washington all report temperatures over 100°. - in New York there was an all time record of 102.3°. 7500 trees felled in Massachusetts. It would seem that our storm the other night was

just one or many.

Thursday July 16, 1936

We made a trip down to Amherst today, which took up the time from 10 to 6.

The most spectacular news in the papers is the death toll from the current heat wave - over 2800 persons have died in the country directly or indirectly as a result of the hot spell. Minnesota leads among the states with 700.

Locally the weather has been nearly ideal with since Tuesday which was the last of the hot weather. Between last Wednesday and this Tuesday there have been 8 distinct thunderstorms in this vicinity.

Friday July 17, 1936

We went into Brattleboro tonight and attended the summer theatre there. The play was "Tomorrow's Monday" - forget the author. Good dialogue but poor dramatization.

I paddled across the lake today to the settlement on the far side. Two hellgramites for fishing cost 5¢ apiece which seems outrageously high.

The last few nights have made two blankets desirable which is a welcome change from last week. Mr. Ealy tells me that several nights last week were the only ones in 50 years that we slept without blankets up here.

Sunday July 19, 1936

Four guests arrived here from Amherst today, somewhat taxing our culinary facilities. Professor Doty of the chemistry dept. at Amherst is a jolly character and with his running talk the day afforded few dull moments.

Tonight Sig Doty and I went strolling in the canal - with my "valuable" hellgramites - but even their costly attractions evoked no response from the fish. To date I have caught not a single fish in this lake - Our next door neighbor, Mr Grayson, however has

pulled in 23 bass so far this summer even though fishing only on week ends. The quantity of fish he pulls out of the lake is the despair of his wife however who doesn't in the least share his enthusiasm for fishing.

The weather has been nearly perfect today - moderately warm and sunny.

Tuesday July 21, 1936

A strange incident befell one of our kittens today early this morning it was stepped on and accidentally kicked immediately after-ward. A short time later the animal began to behave in the most erratic fashion, running to and fro in the kitchen flinging herself against the walls and all obstructions in

a sort of wild abandon. Outwardly there was no sign of injury and the animal almost seemed methodical in its carrying about. Shortly afterwards it crawled under the ice chest whence it refused to be dislodged, and remained concealed all day. Later in the evening the kitten emerged and exhibited normal behavior except that it was enormously hungry.

Weather mostly cloudy and fairly cool. Wind gentle to moderate mostly south and southeast, with broken clouds. Yesterday there were two nearly cloudburst rain squalls blown in on a fresh southwest wind. The float out in our little bay dragged her moorings yesterday and fetched up on the lee shore across the water from the point here.

Wednesday July 22, 1936

I rowed down the lake today, beached the row boat and struck back in the woods to collect plants. I concealed the oars very carefully before leaving the landing spot and went away secure that the boat would not be removed. Arriving back several hours later I found the boat perfectly safe but the oars might just as well have been in the bottom of the lake for all I could do to locate them. The thought of getting the boat back sent



vigour to my efforts and I finally found the  
sars - and made it back to camp before the  
● family left for supper.

A fresh wind set in from the south  
about 11 this A.M. and has continued all day.  
The foam is piling along the rocks in our cove  
and tonight the waves are beating a monotonous  
tune on the beach.

Mr Estys son and his wife arrived today  
for an undetermined length of time. The culinary  
duties increase by one third.

I am still trying to finish Moby Dick - but  
the waves breaking on the rocks outside are much  
● of a distraction. I long for a rolling deck  
and the clean white spray.

Friday July 24, 1936

Today has been a continual round of eating  
reading, writing, fishing and eating - which  
two months hence will seem the ideal life.  
However, I can't say I resent it now!

I fished again today with no luck but  
I am almost becoming resigned to the fate of a  
● luckless fisherman. It reminds me of years  
ago when we fished in northern Maine,  
northern Wisconsin and northern Michigan  
with scarcely more reward.

The south wind that set in Wednesday  
increased today to a regular sou'wester with-

out the rain. It was great sport out on the lake in the canoe today as long as I could keep the bow in the wind's eye.

Strangely enough, with the wind and waves dead ahead a canoe is as dry as a bone, every riding each wave like a cork buoy. The secret of canoeing is the knowledge of how to distribute your weight at every moment.

The wind dropped off tonight and it seems deathly still after the waves sound on the beach the last few days.

Thursday, July 30, 1936

Last night the Estys arrived back after an absence of three days. During those three days I had nothing more urgent to do than take care of myself and do my own cooking - which proved no hardship. However I was instructed to take my dinners down at the Nearlake Inn as has been customary when the family is here. This necessitated paddling down each evening in the canoe about a mile or more. This is much better before dinner than after as I soon discovered.

I intended to do a bit of reading during these three days but found the more active life much more to my liking. Sunlight, sand and water, with a clear blue sky overhead are rather hard to resist for the sake of reading.

A few visitors arrived and one afternoon a gang from Westmorland arrived to go swimming - mostly people I have met over there recently. Spare time or loafing time I spent over at the Grayson cottage next door. There is a very pleasant porch or verandah in front of their cottage, overlooking the lake, between several narrow young birch trees which frame the view.

The weather of late has been perfect, with clear warm sunny days and mild moonlight nights. From the north shore of the lake as we are situated here, the play of the moonlight on the ruffled lake is a scene of great beauty on these warm summer nights. On such occasions one feels very much less cynical about the sentimental nature of love.

On especially clear nights with the light and water just favorable the appearance of a lake of molten silver seems much more than mere illusion. The effect is still more enhanced by the observing the water from a dark room - with the whole scene framed in the window aperture. Silvery water, with the somber pine studded hills beyond.

Nevertheless it is strange that peace, beauty, quiet and serenity such as pervades our very life here begins to pall in time. I begin to feel that inevitable and irksome abstraction from reality. That uncomfortable feeling that I am away from the well-springs that I am merely beached ~~at~~ by the side of the stream while

the current flows on. This feeling I have found seems to grow in me inevitably when I am occupied at any one job, place or way of living for long. It is a restless sort of feeling that surges and subsides and then rises again. There is little cure for it, surely inviting ones seem scarce outlets for energies that demand an outlet. Physical activity of a fairly strenuous and particularly of a constructive nature helps to alleviate these urges and direct them into channels of some release. After 6 weeks of withdrawal from city and town I long for sounds of activity and industry. I know full well that once there I would long for my quiet and contentment promptly. — But even a throaty lug-boat whistle would be music on this great summer night in New Hampshire hills and forests.

Perhaps these indulgences of introspection would best go by the board, but if one chronicles his thoughts it is best to state what they are and then criticize. Furthermore it is easier to fight your enemy when you can drag him out for periodic examinations. Funny — when you indulge in introspection you always try to defend it

Friday, July 31, 1936

Made a trip to Keene today with Sig

Esty and the older Grayson girl. I climbed aboard a scales in Keene and registered 152 lbs in shirt sleeves - apparently the scales was accurate to within a few lbs because there were no objections of overweight from the others.

Tonight I went next door and spent the evening around the fireside, talking some but listening more. The mayor - or chairman - of selectmen from Amherst is visiting the Graysons - he has a number of interesting stories to tell of Cuba where he spent some twenty years in the sugar business. Having lost practically every cent in the enterprise he returned home to Amherst, and, through the help of friends obtained the political job - which has more the name than importance. Judging from his stories the sugar business is a risky enterprise these days, but Mr Pray does not impress me as an over-keen business man.

Saturday Aug 1, 1936.

Ever since I arrived at Spofford I have been cherishing a desire to attempt a swim to Pierce Island at the other end of the lake.

Today, feeling fairly fit I made the attempt successfully. First I persuaded the Grayson girls to row ahead in a rowboat with a line ready should anything go amiss. The distance didn't seem so great but the cold water began to sap my energy toward the

end. However I was glad to climb up on the beach and warm up a bit. The cold had gone clear through me so that I found trouble trying to warm up again. I rowed the boat back which helped greatly to get the chill out of me. According to the map in the Esty cabin the distance is  $1\frac{1}{4}$  miles. Swimming across one of these cold lakes is rather treacherous. In some areas, ~~for~~ unknown reasons the water is warm and comfortable, then entirely by surprise you encounter icy cold spots. There is an extensive shoal area with several hidden jagged rocks on the line from our beach to the island - these had to be carefully avoided. After one has been swimming for some time his sense of direction and balance become dulled - probably because of the continual turning of your head - with its concomitant effect on the semi-circular canals of the inner ear.

This evening there was a church supper affair in Westmoreland - held not at a church but at the summer home of one of the local summer residents. The house or homestead is one of the more ancient buildings in these parts, having been constructed over 200 years ago. Owing to its great age the house is a veritable museum of colonial architecture and furnishings. The rooms have been made over but all the original beams are in place

The ceilings are excessively low and rooms small.

After the supper I was invited to visit at the Davis family's summer place near Park Hill. A goodly percentage of Westmorelands "year round" as well as summer young people were there. A number of games were played which admittedly are very childish but on the whole good fun. I enjoyed the evening but it certainly seemed like reversing a good many years in the process. Such games as "Coffee Pot" however are played by young and old alike at some of these gatherings. The majority of these games are of the most innocuous type - but nearly all new to me.

There is supposed to be a brilliant comet visible tonight but I failed to find it. Perhaps the astronomers are over enthusiastic over "brilliant" comets after spending so many years peering through telescopes and cameras.

Sunday Aug 2, 1936

This evening Mrs Esty engineered a large gathering of people here on the point. Approximately 30 persons literally milled around in the narrow strip of land and on the boat house landing. The majority brought their own suppers along, but we made a great pile of potato salad to help

out. These community gatherings are becoming far more enjoyable ~~than~~ <sup>since</sup> I have become acquainted with most of the people. There is a very friendly spirit among the majority, but I am dubious as to how far it goes with some. After supper I played Sir Galahad by taking the girls out in the canoe.

A perfect day though a bit cloudy in the afternoon - warm and dry, with a moderate southwest wind.

Heard from Jim Knott today - he is spending the summer in Ann Arbor.

Monday Aug 3, 1936

A very ordinary day with little to recommend it as one to be remembered. Today Ed and Tom Esty jr's wife arrived back from Connecticut. They went down for a few days blue-fishing and brought back nothing but a sun burn.

Tonight as I was hurrying up out of the lake to get dressed for supper I hit my foot hard against a sharp rock and completely tore out a toe nail from the second toe on my right foot. I tried to find the nail but without success. I was so amazed at the speed it all happened that I was more surprised than hurt - until the rain began to set in. It's damned annoy-



ing to leave toe nails lying about in -  
discriminately

If I spend much more time in the evenings talking over on the grassy porch I will never finish reading the interminable "Moby Dick". It is so much easier to sit and talk in the breeze from the lake than to pore over a fool.

Saturday Aug 8, 1936

Since I last wrote the above the time has slipped by very quickly. Each night I let the journal "ride" for another day - despite my efforts to keep it in a conspicuous place.

Thursday there was an all-day rain and I got some work done on my books and writing. Yesterday and today were not conducive to indoor activity.

Thursday afternoon two guests arrived and Friday noon two more. Also a third man just for lunch. At present there are seven persons in camp to cook for - and it is amazing how much bacon and eggs goes down seven throats in the morning, - and how much coffee.

Last evening we attended the annual summer play staged by the summer residents of Westmoreland. It was hilariously crude in spots and the melodramatic

plots were side-splitting.

Monday Aug. 9, 1936

Professor and Mrs Charles Morgan of Amherst came this evening for dinner. The former is director of the American school in Athens, and I gather, an archaeologist of some repute. He was quite an interesting talker but his wife nullified his effect.

Last evening there was a crowd of West-  
morelands juvenile and younger set here at the point. There was too much wind on the beach so I failed the frankfurts in a kettle for the whole crowd - about 50 frankfurts disappeared in short order. My "special" potatoes salad didn't go over very well. I wonder what is wrong with my formula.

The weather has been more or less happy the last few days but sunny enough withal. Apparently quite a severe storm occurred south-west of here today. There were heavy clouds and much lightening off in the direction of Brattleboro. The storm seemed to move south - down the Connecticut Valley - which seems to be a fairly common phenomenon in this region.

Saturday night I completed "Moby Dick" after a long period of reading. The story in its allegorical aspects is impressive but extremely dull in parts. Melville

efforts to eulogize the species whole result in some very dull reading. The last lines of the book are impressive and leave the reader with the feeling that all is certainly not well with life - nor Herman Melville.

Tonight it is raining and cold. One of the kittens keeps meowing to get in. It is perfectly welcome except that he is content with no other resting place than my bed. I'm afraid Mr Kitten that you go out for the night.

On a collecting trip Saturday I found several attractive orchids. One of them, *habenaria fimbriata* is a handsome plant

Friday Aug 14, 1936

Today I moved many of my books and some of my clothes back to Amherst. The summer is drawing to an end.

I have been wishing for better weather to go plant collecting. Every noon it threatens thunder storms. The weather has been hazy and humid all week.

Saturday Aug 15, 1936

Last night Mr Grayson came back from a salmon fishing trip up in New Brunswick laden with part of a weeks catch. He cut a large shunk from the largest and

I fried or broiled 4 steaks from it. with creamed cabbage and boiled potatoes this made the best meal I've prepared so far in this kitchen. The fish I dried carefully dipped in egg and rolled in cracker crumbs. Next the steaks went into a pan well covered on bottom with melted butter. Fried until slightly brown, in the open pan.

The heat and humidity are increasing daily but a south wind keeps it from becoming oppressive. Thunder storms last night and this evening but not severe. This morning about 10 o'clock it clouded up so thick and heavy that I couldn't see into the woods from the north door of the cabin it was so dark. The sky was nearly black but the clouds passed quickly with little rain or thunder.

Tuesday Aug 18, 1936

Sunday night we had another Picnic supper atop Park Hill. The place intrigues me.

Monday evening we saw Euripedes "Trojan Woman" at the Keene Summer Theatre. A peculiar type of stage play.

Found a blackberry patch of several acres extent on the hills not far from here. Picked about three quarts this afternoon.

Late yesterday morning the wind shifted around into the northwest and a cool breeze

came from out of the hills. a welcome change from a week of humid stagnant air. Tonight the wind is fresh from the south and the waves are piling up on the beach below the point.

Sunday Aug 23, 1936

Thursday night there was a play given by the townspeople over at the Westmoreland Town Hall. The usual old-fashioned melo-drama.

After the play the decks were cleared for action and a dance followed. The dance program was a mixture of waltz, foxtrot and square dances - of which the latter are beyond my present skill. After the dance we had some ice cream and cake and arrived back here about 2 o'clock - which is quite a record for the summer.

The weather was very cold Thursday night and Friday morning. The paper reported a low of 38° in Keene. Friday afternoon it clouded up and began to rain. Friday night was the Grayson's last night here so I spent part of the evening over at their cottage. Mr Grayson took the rest of my books down to Amherst. He offered me a ride to Boston Sept 3 which I probably shall not be able to accept.

Saturday there was a cold, miserable

rain all day and I was huddled near the fireplace a good part of the time. Today it was cold and wet in the A.M. but it warmed up steadily all during the day until now it is almost sultry - and there are thunder storms in the neighboring hills.

Friday August 28, 1936

On Monday night there was an informal supper and party at Westmoreland. On Wednesday, a real New England boiled dinner at a farm near East Westmoreland. This was my first experience with such fare and I was favorably impressed - except for the beef.

An Amherst college chap arrived this afternoon - the object of his visit seems to be very much in the nature of call only - but there are no signs of his leaving soon. Cornelius Vanderbilt appears to be the world's most insistent penman. He has a word for every situation. In trying to make up my mind whether he is funny or just a pest - probably the former.

The weather has been ideal with cool north west winds and bright sun. But a bit too cool to encourage swimming. The lake is definitely cooling down now, with the influence of the longer nights becoming noticeable.

Saturday Aug 29, 1936

A gray rainy day, pleasant by the fireside

We saw the last performance at the Keene summer theatre tonight - "Springtime for Henry" Henry was a sketch, but we lost my appetite for summer theatres

Monday Aug 31, 1936

Rain spoiled plans for a trip to climb Mt Ascutney today. Sometime in the future I'll try again. Tomorrow we say good bye to most of the summer crowd at Westmoreland.

Wednesday Sept 2, 1936

Mr E. drove me down to Keene this afternoon where I took the train for Cambridge. Two hours later I got off at No. Cambridge station. Today I finished a summer which will doubtless remain unique in my experience. Found 123 Oxford St in Cambridge very easily.

This morning I decided to accomplish the impossible (for me) by going in swimming before breakfast. The air was fogged and the lake scarcely better - with a cool mist clinging to the water.

Quite warm in Cambridge

Thursday Sept 3, 1936

I am becoming oriented in Cambridge Tonight Fred and I went down to Boston

on the subway. Boston is a peculiar town but too big to comment on here.

It was warm and rainy today, much in contrast to the cool days just passed at Spofford

Friday Sept 4, 1936

I walked down to the Charles River tonight and along the river to the M.I.T. buildings. These are an impressive sight illuminated as they are at night. Boston and its environs are very complex geographically.

Saturday Sept 5, 1936

Made a trip to Nantasket Beach this afternoon. Boston harbor is very intriguing with all its islands and channels.

The beach at Nantasket is not very impressive but it was pleasant to watch the surf and the ships going down the coast.

With the help of the tide the trip back was speedier than coming out but even at that it was an hour and twenty minutes to the docks in Boston.

Sunday Sept 6, 1936

Visited the Boston Museum of Fine Arts this afternoon. A most impressive collection or collections. But I am quite ignorant of art



Music has always appealed to me more.

Monday Sept 7, 1936

Harvard's Tercentenary has brought many of the world's leading intellectuals to Cambridge. Today the talks of the psychologists Jung and Janet were broadcast over the short wave. I understand a number of the German group expected to come were detained in Germany in compliance with some of Hitler's regulations - whatever they be.

Tonight I went down to Sanders Theatre to hear Sir Arthur Eddington talk on "The Constitution of the Stars." I see he has revised his estimate of the temperature of the interior of the sun from 40 million degrees Centigrade to 20 million  $^{\circ}$ C.

Tuesday Sept 8, 1936

+ Wednesday Sept 9, 1936

I left Boston for New York at 6 o'clock this evening - by way of train to Providence and then boat from Providence to New York. When I got aboard the boat at Providence - which is a very disagreeable town - I found that the staterooms were all taken. After about four hours of searching for comfortable chairs to put in the night I discovered a sort of mess cabin in the forward end of the ship - where at least there was a place to sleep. After

an eventless overnight trip the ship docked at pier 11 Hudson River about 7 a.m. without bothering for breakfast I got up to Hudson Terminal and took the train for Newark. The fare on this run to Newark incidentally, has been cut from 35 cents to 20 cents in accordance with the new interstate commerce ruling on passenger rates. The Somerville bus from Newark took me out to the edge of town where I quickly received a ride from a motorist. With the help of two more rides I arrived in Harrisburg at 1:30 - or 12:30 by Harrisburg time.

From Middletown I received a ride which took me right to the front door of the Nissly residence in Florin. Here I am staying tonight.

Thursday Sept 13, 1936

Mr N. drove me down to Columbia this afternoon and I started hitch-hiking on the east side of the bridge. First a ride to York and then a man bound for St Louis picked me up on the west end of York. This means a ride as far west as I wish.

Tonight we are staying at a tourist place ten miles east of Wheeling.

This evening the car ran out of gas going up a long steady grade about two

miles east of Monongahela Penna. My good samaritan who is a very peculiar sort of chap, proved a most impractical fellow and it devolved upon me to maneuver the car around to head it down hill. We coasted the entire distance back to town and into a filling station.

Friday Sept 11, 1936

We left our place about 9:45 this morning and sped across Ohio to reach Vandalia by 2:45 in the afternoon. Here I got off at the junction of routes #40 and #25. There was a filling station at the corner so I ~~went~~ walked over and inquired for a ride to Dayton. From Dayton I took the street car up to Oakwood where I reached today's destination at or about half past four in the afternoon. I am staying tonight at Bob Pools house in Oakwood. Oakwood looks familiar and about the same as when last I was here.

By good fortune tonight there was a sort of party or get together at the home of a former classmate - and about 15 or 20, <sup>members</sup> of my graduating class from Oakwood High School were there. Since I came up to Oakwood chiefly to renew acquaintances this was a most fortuitous day to arrive.

During the day I paid a visit to the high

school. Just a few years has made the place seem so different, yet is just the same as ever.

Saturday Sept 12, 1936

I left Dayton on the interurban about 9 o'clock this morning and arrived in Oxford about noon.

With some difficulty in hauling my luggage I moved into my new room at Fisher Hall. There was a letter awaiting me here which contained a message to the effect that there is available a full time board job for me during the coming year. Hence I have both my room and board taken care of. With a bit of persistence, I obtained a job reading freshman psychology papers next week. The year is beginning well it would appear.

Thursday Sept 24, 1936

The customary steam bang rush of the first week of a college year has come to a close. Matters are now settling down to some semblance of routine and order.

The psychology papers netted me \$5.25 this week - which will help substantially on text books.

The first week was incredibly hot and this combined with the intense activity

made a poor combination. In afraid all the weight I gained this summer is going to go fast. Perhaps a summer in cool New Hampshire is poor preparation for Ohio early fall. at any rate the heat and hay fever are miserable.

The job in the kitchen proves to be a bad time consumer - even though time put in around meal hours leaves the regular hours free. So far I've spent about  $3\frac{1}{2}$  hours per day in the kitchen - which is more than is expected of student help. However there is not much that can be done to speed matters up until the waiters in the dining room get broken in on their jobs.

The urge to get some physical exertion seems to survive despite the work. I got a track outfit and locker at the gym - so all I need is the time to use them.

Saturday Sept. 26, 1936

My accustomed schedule now is to arise at 6:35, work in the kitchen until 8:15 - and then elsewhere, either to work at the botany laboratory or perhaps do a bit of studying - for which latter there seems to be comparatively little time this year.

The weather is warming up again but it is just comfortable now. Wish it would stay this way the year round.

Saturday Oct 10, 1936

This week began with a rainy day and there has been very little change since. A raincoat is my constant companion, but even with that I have had to change my clothes as much as four or five times a day. Living nearly a mile from the classroom buildings, and being forced to rush out here at noon and back before one o'clock makes it utterly impossible to combat the pouring rain. In all my six months aboard ship I ~~have~~ never spent as much time in wet clothes as I have during the past week.

Today I went to see the football game, which ended in a perfect mud fight since it poured the entire second half.

A journal of this sort is most unsatisfactory to keep, <sup>when</sup> living in a college routine. Furthermore I spend so much time working on non-academic necessities that I have scant time to keep it up as more than just a chronicle of activities. However I think I will keep it up. In years to come I may have more time to do it right - as well as much more to say.

During the past week I have made up my mind to complete my college work by the end of one summer term. If I wait and come back next year it will mean graduating in winter and then losing another

year if I go on in graduate school. Furthermore I'm becoming infernally tired of college despite the fact that many of my courses are of the greatest interest to me. There's too damn much that has to be done according to Hoyle - or schedule, or what not. I need more time to follow my interests. Graduate school is beginning to seem much more desirable than anything else in sight.

Thursday Oct 29, 1936

Tonight a good sou'wester blows and the last of the years leaves are putting up a feeble resistance. Killing frosts have occurred the last two nights, and plant growth has practically ceased for the year - except for those hardy weeds that stay green throughout the winters snows and freezes.

I might mention that my noble experiment at growing dogwood seedlings was very shabbily treated last year, and this summer the entire patch of ground was allowed to revert to the weeds I had so carefully removed. Those 10,000 dogwood seeds I gathered, cleaned and stratified would have produced many good trees if tended to. But such is the fate of N.Y.A. projects when there is no one to follow them up.

I applied for Rhodes Scholarship last week, but was rejected yesterday on the

grounds that my grades are not high enough. M thinks I have a better opinion of my abilities than my grades indicate - but that doesn't help the record. Surely the alphabetic grades should not be the sole basis for choosing applicants, but so it would seem to judge by the list of accepted men. Perhaps to ease the disappointment, the committee chairman told me I had "made quite an impression". But impressions aren't anything without results. I am beginning to realize that those grades - regardless of how they are gotten or what they mean - make much too much difference in this academic field. However if it is better grades I need so must it be.

Speaking of grades reminds me that I am doing worse in organic chemistry than any subject I've ever studied since algebra. The subject is beginning to clarify now however, and I must try to do much better. My hour examination in American literature came back with an "A Excellent" on it. a peculiar scientist I am turning out to be.

For an N.Y.A. project the past 6 weeks I have been identifying and organizing my New Hampshire collection of plants - part of which of course goes into the Miami herbarium

The wind blows hard. The leaves fly. And so does the time. I have an exam tomorrow and must be up by 6:30



Wednesday Nov 4, 1936

Yesterday was election day - and a Democratic landslide developed. Roosevelt is conceded 35-40 states. Landon had poor chance anyway. It would seem that the country has no mind for a reactionary president. Unless the Republicans can develop some more constructive policy than their customary rag-tag criticism of the New Deal they will be doomed for many years more. Furthermore collectivism and not individualism is the spirit pervading the world today. Example, Germany and Italy. However we need have none of these methods for a planned economy in this country.

American college students, strangely enough were unanimously for Landon. The Univ. of Cincinnati was the only school in the state which voted pro-Roosevelt in campus polls. Where are our college radicals??

I heard rain off and on during the night, and when I looked out at the bleak pre-dawn landscape this morning it was covered with snow. Now, after breakfast it is snowing hard and a thickening blanket of white covers the ground. The Norway Spruce and old White Pines outside look to be in their native element now.

A year ago today I was off the Jersey coast, Baltimore bound. How I long some-

times for those days - which now seem so remote. Yet, then college seemed remote. Reality is very strong. <sup>now</sup> Paradoxically enough, when I look back, I seem to have been older last year than I am now. My way of living, yes.

Saturday Nov 14, 1936

Just broke off with another girl tonight. It would seem that women are ~~best~~ <sup>best</sup> ~~to~~ obstructing the normal course of ones existence. This particular hurdle was a mistake from the first view of it, but when a man gets to feeling that way he becomes stone deaf to his own reasoning.

The "might have beens" of life are strange. They die slowly, but never better again - we hope.

After being well tied up in an emotional cob web it is a good feeling to step out in the free again.

Was thinking tonight how enormously impersonal Nature is - how little "concerned" is the whole with any one part of it. The stars gleam and the winds blow, the dead leaves fly in the gusts and the endless clouds roll now as tens or thousands of years ago. And thus endless poignant continues, and will continue tens and hundreds of thousands of years hence. Where is that God, or any bond, to connect

Man with all this. Perhaps it is only within the mind of man that any such exist. To be sure if all mind was extinct so too would Man's god be extinct. Yet is this <sup>the</sup> conception of god we try to perceive. No. The God that satisfies must embrace all of life and the Universe, and not exist only in the mind of Man. But what human mind can see with the clairvoyance of Ages and the wisdom of the Cosmos. Surely life alone is not essential to god, else why so little of it in the Universe?

Sunday Nov 15, 1936

A boisterous snow laden wind proved more attractive than my books this afternoon. I ventured out bundled up in sweater, jacket, and mittens. The roaring wind over the dreary lonely hills and woods was good for body and soul. One's thoughts are clearest in the keen wind.

Wednesday Nov 18, 1936

I heard Hugh Walpole speak tonight. He dealt with the history of the novel between the mid-Victorian period and the present. His chief message however dealt with what he regards as the real values in life - not those of daily or momentary importance. art, lit -

erature and appreciation of these are the timeless values which suffer no change.

Walpole gave as the three greatest novels since 1918 as "Ulysses" by Joyce, Thomas Manns "Magic Mountain" and a novel by Proust of which I cant think of the exact title. Walpole seemed tired and not up to his usual clarity of expression. Perhaps the man is far better in the written than in the spoken word.

Friday Nov 20, 1936

Just one further of the school year is over. My academic work is better than ~~the~~ <sup>my</sup> average since I came to college. However if success or progress is purely subjective then in way ahead of my usual average. In thinking more and more that success or achievement is a value we set ourselves on our own efforts and little more. The so-called "practical man" would never assent to this.

We are nursed since infancy on the more "material" standards of achievement and have overlook the more intangible values in life. I wonder if this is as should be. It certainly makes one more dependent on things outside oneself than on his own personality and nature.

Nov 24, 1936

Nov 25, 1936

After studying Thoreau, I feel very much ashamed of this sketchy journal. But of course Thoreau devoted more time to himself than most men could ever afford.

This afternoon I had a torturesome session with the dentist. Too much novocaine works woe on me. This tooth trouble is a bugbear.

Mind over matter is a bit hard to put into practice at times.

The wind is sighing through the Pines outside the window. It is cold and clear. Last year I was out off the Jersey coast at this time, rolling along in the cold grey Atlantic.

Thursday Nov 26, 1936

I have just read Poe's Philosophy of Composition and must confess to some confusion after finishing it. It seems to me in large part intellectual ration-  
-ation. If the essay had been written before the publication and popular acceptance of his poem "The Raven", the essay would be more convincing. It seems to me that Poe overlooks one important feature in composition, viz spontaneity. It is

very true that originality and "effect" must be sought - but what of the unconscious and almost intuitive well-springs of expression. I dare say many of Poes "effects" in his shorter poems were formed "in toto" in his mind before he had attempted their expression.

The very nature of this essay however is original. It is almost the psychoanalysis of a work of art. But he introduces too much unstable logic.

Tonight I discovered I had but three pairs of socks which were not well perforated both fore and aft. The other fifteen pairs are doomed to damnation, but don't look so bad strung across the room drying. I wonder how many miles that fifteen pairs has travelled - every mile 'on foot' of course.

Friday Nov 27, 1936

I stopped in at Ogden Hall tonight and talked with a friend for an hour. We talked thoughts and not only words. What a world of difference between conversations with different persons. Some are conversations of words only, others ideas.

Reading through Science News letter tonight in the library made me realize more keenly the enormous bulk of our expanding knowledge on things scientific. New furrows are being ploughed in so many fields of research

that you are lost in the maze contem-  
plating them. You stumble over the furrows  
so to speak, and give up in despair.  
To carry the analogy further, new crops  
are constantly being sown in those furrows  
which bear more fruit for the sampling. One  
would do best, it seems, to pick a furrow  
of his own and dig. But if science alone is  
beyond compass how about the other fields  
of activity. There the confusion is as great.  
What hope is there to embrace more than  
a very little of mans knowledge. But if it  
were only so easy to divert oneself of the de-  
sire to know more than he can. Even  
though a thousand lives cannot be lived  
by one, it is still a comfort to know they  
are there. We can touch many though never  
all, and grow always richer for the experience,  
whatever it be.

Why should we try to reform the world  
when we derive so much occupation and  
pleasure from criticizing it?

Sunday November 29, 1936

I slept late as per usual on every other  
Sunday morning. alternate mornings I work  
in the dining room.

This is another pleasant day outdoors  
I can't remember a November of more

pleasant weather. There have been very few "dull dark and soundless days with the clouds hanging oppressively low."

I donned my superannuated corduroy and old shoes this afternoon and went for a walk. The sun is very feeble in late November even in this latitude. Think of the November sun in the far north.

I finished today I Brooks Atkinson's, "Thoreau the Cosmic Yankee" It is a just appreciation of the man, but the author nevertheless has not gotten all of the best from Thoreau. The only good appreciation of Thoreau lies in your own mind.

I have little time to write much any more. With the few hours I take off for exercise I'm completely tied to course work and my various jobs.

Monday Nov 30, 1936

I just completed five consecutive hours working on organic chemistry problems. I must confess the stuff has little interest for me at present.

Tuesday ~~Nov~~ Dec 1, 1936

After all that work on chemistry last night I received a zero in a quiz. Failure has its own peculiar humor! Maybe



it is rationalization but I wish I liked the chemistry professor more. He is misufferable at times. Will transfer to the other class next semester

Wednesday Dec 2, 1936

Visited Mr. Haviglust this evening. We had a long talk on poetry, composition etc. There was much discussion on various topics, but no time to cover them here.

Saturday Dec 5, 1936

I think the basis of intelligence test is only half sound. What the majority of these tests measure is the product of our interests. Most of the questions are based on simple facts or relations which are usually closely related to school work. Hence these tests measure the product of interests plus retaining power or memory. Many students do excellently in mathematics and very poorly in literature, history etc. Is this due to a lack of intelligence in these fields or more to neglect. Of course, perhaps, mathematical ability is a special ability. Intelligence tests at present are open to much scrutiny before they can be well accepted.

Monday Dec 7, 1936

yesterday was thoroughly gloomy outdoors -

low sluggish nimbus dragged its burden of rain across the leaden sky all day.

Towards evening the wind backed into the northwest and it became much colder - this morning the reading was  $13^{\circ}$ .

Today was one of those peculiar fragments of time, when, for nameless reasons small troubles assume large proportions. Sometimes your mind is heavy and sluggish and doesn't respond, like a wet fiddle string - So it was today.

Wednesday Dec 9, 1936

A year ago today I left the "Detroitter" at Oswego N.Y.

Friday Dec 11, 1936

Yesterday King Edward VIII of England abdicated in favor of marrying the American divorcee Mrs Wallace Simpson. This event and its forerunning suspense has been running headlines in the papers for over a week.

Dec 18, 1936

This afternoon at 2:30 five of us left Oxford in an old Ford touring car bound

for Boston. The weather was cold and grey, with a raw east wind tugging at the leafless trees on the bleak Ohio hills. The car bucked into the cheerless wind all the way across the level plains in the center of the state. The brief day vanished into the west with no change beyond the rising wind. Towards midnight a few flakes of dry snow began to appear, darting across the beam of the head lights. In a short time the snow had increased to a blinding storm. The snow gradually gave way, further east, to a stinging sleet. In our open car, with buttoned side curtains, there was little protection.

Dec 19, 1936

A cold, gray, cheerless dawn rose ~~for~~ out of the East and spread across the Pennsylvania hills. Small scraps of ragged moccasins overhead moved quickly from the southeast, scaling the low wall of the mountains. The road wound down the river valley, turning through the hills.

The wind began to rise with a steady strength. The sleet covered snow was swept from the ground and driven up the valley. The wind rose to a screaming gale. Tall trees on the mountains leaned wearily. The gray

flying and closed in over the sky, snow filled the air, flowed over the road in a settling stream. A mad turmoil of snow and wind and sky.

Motionless calm, except for floating soft flakes of snow. The rolling hills of the coastal plain fade from sight in the west. The mountains are far behind. The dull twilight evaporates into darkness. The road leads ahead, a narrow treacherous stream of soft snow.

The snow becomes rain, the rain ~~drives~~ drives out of the east in great clouds. The snow melts. The roads and earth appear.

Dec 20, 1936

We arrived in New York this morning after spending the night in Allentown. I visited a few friends and then went up to Aunt A's in Mt Vernon.

Dec 21, 1936

With the view of winning up any prospect for a summer job I went down to the Standard Fruit Co office this morning. Harry McKinley was there and made several introductions. I am skeptical about the chances for

a job but it will pay to try. McKinley swears by it, but since his father died he doesn't have a great deal of influence with the company.

On the way up from the pier toward City Hall, on Transport St a man who had been keeping step close behind the two of us, tapped me on the shoulder and told me he wanted to see me for a minute. Seeing my look of distrust he reached in a pocket and pulled out a leather folder. A flick of a button and there was the U.S. govt customs badge. I protested mildly, more amused than concerned while he made a systematic search of my pockets, overcoat lining etc. Finding nothing, he excused himself but offered no explanation beyond the comment that he would tell me next time he saw me. I continued up the street rather puzzled. To McKinley he paid no attention.

McKinley took me out to visit Manual Training High school in Brooklyn. The place resembles a subway station at the rush hour with the swarms of students milling about between classes.

Monday Dec 21, 1936

aboard the S.S. Arrow - the boat for Boston. This vessel resembles no arrow for speed. I stayed on deck until we passed under 59th St Bridge. New York harbor never ceases to fascinate me.

Monday Dec 28, 1936

Here is Walden Pond stretching away to the low hills on the opposite shore. The lake is intensely blue, ruffled by a westerly wind. Walden's waters are as clear as the air above. Tall straight pines stand scattered here and there over the low surrounding hills. Brown leaved ashes and white-skinned birches line the curving shores. There is no sign of house or man here now - only the clear cut outlines of the hills against the wind swept winter sky.

The sun is dropping downward toward the trees in the west, the shadows move eastward across the pond. The wind blows fresher and colder. It is time to return home. I leave Walden but I take its memory with me. Never again will it be quite as beautiful as on this lovely winter day.

Jan 7, 1937

I last wrote in this journal when I was sitting on a fallen tree on the shore of Walden Pond. Now I am back in Oxford again and much has happened since.

Christmas day was replete with good food and the comforts of home. This was the first Christmas <sup>in 7 years</sup> when Fred and I and mother were all together

During my week in Cambridge I spent about an hour and a half each day studying organic chemistry. During those hours I learned more chemistry than in a month in college - or so it seems. I took my text book and notes home with the intention and the necessity of improving my work in the course. It is essential that I do well in the examination.

After spending time in Widener library our library seems very small indeed.

Along the shores of Lake Erie we had difficulty going on the way back. It had rained all night going across New York state, and the clouds broke gray and drab in the east. The wind shifted around from south to west and northwest - and colder. There was a rolling plain sloping down to the sandy, rock studded shores of the lake. Brown grass and leafless trees were swaying in the wind. The great gray waves were breaking along the beach with a prolonged roar. Beyond was the wild rolling plain of the lake - with no ships or signs of life, only the gray water.

Friday Jan 8, 1937

Today the temperature rose to nearly  $70^{\circ}$  which is most unusual this time of year.

The last three days the weather reports called for snow and much colder, but the balmy air continues. I see in the weather map that there is a very deep low pressure area over Illinois. This is importing vast streams of warm air from the south. A high pressure area to the northwest will dispell the warm air and winter will return. The temperature gradients are extreme in the middle west states between the high and low pressure areas. This morning it was  $60^{\circ}$  at St Louis and  $10^{\circ}$  at Kansas City, just across the state. Such gradients are highly unusual and must create or accompany terrific winds. At present there is a strong southerly wind here which will probably shift westerly as the low pressure area advances eastward.

See San Francisco and along the coast of California heavy snow falls occurred.

Owing to the weather, or some other cause, an extensive "flu" epidemic is raging at present over the country. In Denver Colo. all the schools are closed. In some larger cities hundreds of deaths have occurred.

Tonight I borrowed a bicycle and rode up town to mail a few letters. Coming back the night was so black and the sky so weird looking I rode out away from town



and the lights to see the sky better away from the glare of the streetlights. Out on the dark roadside the glare of the city of Hamilton, 13 miles away was plainly mirrored on the low curtain of clouds which were scudding northward wondrously low. The air is mild and moist, like the warmth of spring returning - but tomorrow?

Saturday Jan 9, 1937

To continue discussion of the weather. During the night the temperature fell sharply to near freezing. The rain which fell intermittently through the night froze to all exposed objects coating them with a sheet of ice.

Tonight more rain fell and froze. All the trees are heavy laden with a thick coating which crackles sharply in the wind. This is one of the most severe trials the climate inflicts on trees. How they toss sluggishly under the burden.

Tonight I wrote a letter to David Fairchild asking him for advice in entering the field of government work in the Bureau of Plant Industry. That letter plus finishing a few drawings occupied the entire evening. Had I gone to the basketball game and dance when would I have

found the time for this? My time seems to be even scarcer than my money.

● Today I spent eight hours identifying plants on my N.Y. A job or project. \$2.40 for this seems scant pay!

Thursday Jan 14, 1937

We have become amphibians in Oxford. This morning about 5 A.M. there was a rain of genuine cloudburst proportions. This settled down to a steady all-day rain. Later in the afternoon a second torrential rain descended.

● The campus, streets, fields etc are covered with small but swift streams of water. The earth is completely saturated. Each drop that falls merely runs off.

The sleet which fell last Saturday remained on the trees for three and a half days before this rain began to melt it away.

Friday Jan 15, 1937

● More rain last night. It stopped as the temperature fell. Since Wednesday morning 3.00 inches of rain have fallen in Oxford - all within a 24 hour period.

I went down the hill to see the Tallawanda today before the high water recedes.

directly below the Fisher Hall grounds it is nearly a quarter mile across the flooded fields, and a swift current swirls along. I distinctly remember during the spring of my freshman year that this stream was nearly dry by mid-May.

The erosion going on here is terrific. Each drop of that water carries soil from cleared fields - and much of it is good fertile soil - gone forever now.

The Ohio River at Cincinnati was just below flood stage tonight - 52 feet. At Louisville the river is just over flood stage at Evansville had 5 feet above.

Saturday Jan 16, 1937

Everywhere time is wasted. Registration for the semester wasted hours. Waiting for hours for supplies in the chemistry laboratory wastes more time. There seems to be so little time and so much to be done. Will I ever know how to relax after this year?

Today the weather was cold and mostly clear. The sun appeared for the first time in a week.

Sunday Jan 17, 1937

A dull and gloomy day. Sullen gray clouds finally broke into a rain. Rained all afternoon.

Monday + Tuesday Jan 18 and 19, 1937

The wheels of the education-mill are geared to high speed. We, the student-worker-grade-wage-earner rush through the assigned tasks. Production must go on - no time to think of the finished product.

How long for time to follow my own interests in studying and working.

Thursday Jan 22, 1937

I think a second Deluge is upon us. The skies sweat incessantly under the heavy burden of sullen gray clouds. We are surrounded by and talk much of rain. It is everywhere - in the fields, roads, walks, in the air and sky - but perhaps most of all, in the newspapers.

Tonight the big Ohio reached a stage of 64.5 at Cincinnati, the highest water recorded since the flood of 1913.

The predictions were for 58 or 59 at first - with assurance of no more. Then the

predictions were periodically raised. A two inch rain last night changed all this. The predictions now are for 66 or 68 feet. And still it rains. This month's fall is meaning 10 inches now.

At Cairo Illinois the Ohio river has been at flood stage or over for 10 days.

The strange aspect of the present flood is that it began at the mouth of the river and worked back. Pittsburgh reported flood levels some time later than Cincinnati which in turn was later than Cairo. However under the influence of continued heavy rains the river is rising along its entire 980 mile length. Today for the first time since the weather Bureau has kept records it is at or above flood stage at all gauge stations.

Today I studied about 6 hours, yesterday 7. Tomorrow I have two 3 hour exams. The deluge of work is as persistent as the rain. I trust the results will reach flood stage also!

I think the most amazing thing about civilization is the fact that it ever came about. Certainly it is built on the efforts of a small fraction of men. The majority of men cannot adapt to it. The result is social problems, disorder. Society overwhelms many of us and leads to frustration. We

nevertheless cannot escape it. Even Henry Thoreau was inextricably entangled in the mesh he tried to escape, or straighten to his choice. Herman Melville succumbed to the struggle but his writings are the monument to the battle that went on within him.

I'm afraid I cannot keep up this pace of working and studying much longer. How I envy men who can study at the printed page 10 and 12 hours a day. My fancy is too prone to wander far and free.

Friday Jan 22, 1937

I finished two examinations today - American literature and History of Education. What a world of meaning and appreciation separates those two courses just completed. Writing my American lit. exam. was as near a pleasure as an examination can well be. There was opportunity to develop thoughts and interpret ideas. The Education exam. on the other hand was limited to getting down plus and minus signs before questions or statements. The so called objective test is a bane to modern education in my estimation - but apparently it is being more and more widely accepted by educators.

Today the Ohio river reached a stage of

71 feet which is only  $\frac{1}{10}$  foot below the all-time record set in 1884. The river is still rising.

The rain of last night changed to sleet this morning and continued all morning. At noon it began to snow and has continued. Northeasterly winds.

Sunday Jan 24, 1937

All news of the outside world is subordinated to flood news. The papers are full of it. The radio stations are completely occupied with warnings, bulletins etc.

The flood is unique in the history of the Ohio valley. Never before has the river risen to this height. Tonight at 6 o'clock the river gauge at Cincinnati was 75 feet and rising.

The snow of Friday reached a depth of 6 inches and remained on the ground Saturday. Today a heavy rain began to fall on it and with all this additional water now running into the tributaries the weather men have given up predictions.

The city of Portsmouth yield to the situation and the city was deliberately flooded to save their new \$1,000,000 62 foot flood wall. The city is isolated with all gas, light and water shut off.

The City of Cincinnati is facing a crisis

also, with danger of contaminated water supply etc.

at 10:30 tonight the radio reports were:

● "Ohio at 76 feet and rising at Cincinnati the entire city of Cincinnati is in darkness the only light available is for emergencies only. This is supplied from Dayton.

"A tank of 250,000 gallons of gasoline was upset and ignited, spreading over the flood waters at North Bend Ohio. Another tank of like size overturned at Delhi Ohio.

at 11:45

● The entire city of Louisville is in darkness. The river there rising rapidly.

all bridges over the Ohio river have been closed.

at 12:30

The river passed 77.2 feet at Cincinnati and is still rising. Coast guard boats are being shipped from the Atlantic coast to Cincinnati.

Monday Jan 25, 1937

● This morning the river reached a stage of 78.8 feet at Cincinnati - and rising. Among the coast guard boats in use in Cincinnati are some which were employed in the Marro Cattle disaster of the Jersey



coast several years ago.

Houses by the dozen are reported swirling down the river.

Dikes broke near Cairo Ill. and flooded 130,000 acres. People in towns along the river are being removed with block and tackle from attics and roof tops.

Meanwhile the river rises along the entire course from Huntington W. Va to the mouth at Cairo.

at 10 P.M. the river reached the unprecedented height of 80 feet at Cincinnati. The radio stations in Ohio river towns are devoting their entire broadcasting time to flood news & bulletins.

President Roosevelt declared a "War Time Emergency" and ~~has~~ arranged to appropriate \$700,000,000 for flood relief in the Ohio valley.

~~The~~

Tuesday Jan 26, 1937

The Ohio paused in its rise at 9 o'clock this morning - at 80 feet (79.99 ft. actually). It remained at this level for 6 hours and is falling now at the rate of .01 foot per hour.

Churchill Downs in Louisville is reported under 6 feet of water.

The situation in Cincinnati is fairly

well under control now except for the water supply which is dangerously low.

The prediction is now being made that a mammoth flood will sweep the Mississippi valley. 2,000,000 acres of M. river valley are now under water.

Wednesday Jan 26, 1937

1:00 P.M. On a hilltop above the Ohio river at Cincinnati.

The water glutted Ohio valley is below the hill, before me.

Two miles up the river from here a point of land projects from the Kentucky shore. There is no land to be seen now - only the house tops and trees on it. Chimney tops only mark the position of many houses. The water flows through the upper branches of trees. Thousands and thousands of houses are marked only by their roof tops above the water. A bright sun shines down, ironically, on all this devastation. The sunlight sparkles in the water. The water covers land now that never before was hidden from the light of day. Surely there were no floods such as this before man settled this valley.

Later at 5 P.M. in Oxford.

The flood in the lower Ohio valley is

designated a super flood. Fires in Louisville have cost an estimated 2 million dollar damage. At Paducah Ky. plans are being made to evacuate 45,000 persons.

President Roosevelt tonight gave orders to prepare for the evacuation of all lowland in the entire Miss. valley from Cairo Ill. to New Orleans. This would involve moving 1,000,000 persons and a fleet of 35,000 trucks is being mobilized if the necessity arises to begin the evacuation.

I climbed to the 40th floor of the Carew Tower today when I was in Cincinnati. I was forced to climb since only one elevator was permitted to run. From that height the entire sweep of the river was visible above and below Cincinnati. I saw from up there a large barn floating down the river. It struck the concrete support of the railroad bridge, was ended, disappeared and then reappeared on the other side unharmed. Such sights make one realize the great forces set free in a flood of this size. Yesterday several buildings went floating past Cincinnati with people clinging to the roofs.

Along 3rd St in Cincinnati I poked my way to the waters edge. There were U.S. coast guard cutters beached on the street - an incongruous sight in the

city streets.

Saturday Jan 30, 1937

The semester ended today - no fond farewells.

I saw the movie "Winter set" tonight. It was very effective with a dramatic quality rare in the movies. The entire action was played in a circumscribed background or setting. This seems always to heighten dramatic effect.

Sunday Jan 31, 1937

Cleaning up my room today I found several lists of books which I read during the summer of 1933. Among the titles were:

- "Cruise of the Snark" - Jack London
- "Log of the Snark" - Charman London
- "A Thousand Mile Walk to the Gulf" - John Muir.
- "Sämtliche Märchen" - Anderson
- "Typee" - Herman Melville
- "General Astronomy" - F. Spencer Jones
- "Australia Felix" - ~~Anderson~~ Richardson
- "Fortunes of Richard Mahony" - Richardson
- "Mars and its Canals" - Percival Lowell
- "Perfect Behavior" - Donald O. Smith.
- "Adventures of a Tropical Tramp" - Foster

"Lauterbach of the China Seas" - L. Thomas  
"Tropic Shadows" - Saffroni Middleton  
"The little Savage" - Maryat.  
"In Western Victrola News" - Remarque  
"Dr. Jekyll & Mr. Hyde" - Stevenson  
"A Vagabond's Odyssey" - S. Middleton  
"Masterman Ready" - Maryat  
"Love Among the Cape Eiders" - Kemp.  
"My South Sea Island" - Muspatt.  
"Inorganic Chemistry" - Ostwald  
total = 6000 pages.

There is much inspired comment about the flood and the cause of it - man's ignorance of nature. Hear it on the radio and read it in the papers.

Friday, Feb 6, 1937

Each day I plan to write in this journal and then find no opportunity to do so.

By sheer force of effort the past month or more I have raised my organic chemistry grades to a B for the semester. With an increased effort I am coming to like the subject more and more. The semester grades came out as follows  
Amer. Lit. - A; Plant Ecology - A; Zoology A; Hist of Education - B; Org. Chem - B. This is some improvement over the <sup>of the</sup> general average the past three and a half years. ~~For~~ the three jobs which take up

more of my time than studying for courses, I can't complain of these results.

Of course I have to smile at my satisfaction over the grade carrying capacity - I who in-  
vigorously against all forms of grading. I think it is impossible or impractical to place too much faith in a grade. Grades are supposedly objective measures of ability, but ability is to a great extent a subjective phase. The extreme fallacy of testing + grading resides in the so-called objective tests. This form of testing or examining defeats one of the primary purposes of education: viz; expression. Given a sheet of paper on which to mark down a given number of + and - signs the student has scant opportunity to develop his ideas. Any opportunity for expression is removed.

Then too the "true" or "false" method of reasoning is a dangerous one to cultivate. One who claims to be a scholar is scarcely willing to brand statements dogmatically as true or false. The greater the knowledge the stronger the aversion to dichotomous reasoning.

There is a continual struggle waging on a college campus. It is between the forces attracting one to reading and study and the forces attracting one to a more "sociable" life. You so frequently hear the statement "Don't hide behind the books, get out and develop your

personality". The spirit behind such statements is almost ~~that~~ of a feeling that, <sup>by</sup> forsaking the intellectual you find the key to success. But what do campus activities, social diversions etc. have to offer any great opportunity for developing personality. A few months in the world far from a college campus will teach one far more of adaptation to society and his fellows than a year in college. Furthermore the one opportunity afforded by college or any educational institution is that of learning and study. If one should forsake this for what he can well obtain elsewhere there is poor logic in the ~~case~~ reasoning.

To develop one's personality it seems that experience is a prime necessity. This experience can be obtained in one or both of two ways (1) by reading first hand or (2) by personal contact. These points apply to both individuals and to situations. Of the two, the latter alternative is more desirable. As far as persons are concerned, it is necessary to cultivate friends. But to do this with value and profit to all it is necessary to go far beyond that realm of small talk which circumscribes much of what is termed friendship.

I was pleased beyond words by a letter received from my American Lit course professor. He wrote:

"I want you to know that your exam-

ination paper in American literature is one of the best papers I have ever received from an undergraduate. In its thoroughness, completeness and accuracy, and more significantly in its judgment and spirit, it is a distinctive record of a semester's reading and thinking. I appreciate it perhaps more than I would otherwise, because I know that it represents but a part of your interests and pursuits.

I wish you well, always, and I expect you to do fine things  
(signed) Walter Haverhurst.

this surely is the strongest incentive for effort and work.

Tuesday Feb 16, 1957

Today I was asked to write a few editorials for the Miami student newspapers. Since when have I become possessed of editorial opinion?

Yesterday the weather paid us a fresh visitation. A strong south wind rose to near gale force, uprooting several trees in the lower campus. The temperature rose rapidly to a high of  $74^{\circ}$  which is most unusual for this date. About 5:30 the western sky became very dark and ominous. The low



lying clouds began to drive in from the north west presaging a change in the surface winds. Soon a heavy rain began to fall, driven in by a north west wind. The temperature dropped sharply.

[ Thursday Feb 11, 1937

Last night was the coldest night of the winter, to date - 10°F.

Sat Feb 13, 1937

I received several encouraging letters from Harvard today. Prof. Forreald cordially wished for my success in obtaining a fellowship. Dr Wetmore also wrote encouragingly. Perhaps my visits during Christmas vacation will prove of some value.

I think the most fascinating phase of evolution is the inconceivable complexity of living creatures, and their extraordinary diversity. All this complexity has been moulded from the single protoplasmic "Urchlein". It is not the nature of creatures - of plants or animals even more wonderful than the manner in which they came about.

Monday Feb 22, 1937

Clear sky, fleecy white clouds, a bright warm sun and a brisk wind.

Yesterday brought one of the strongest winds I have ever seen in this region. Many trees fell, one nearly atop me as I was walking up through the woods in the lower campus I had just passed when the tree hit the walls behind me.

Friday Feb 26, 1937

This week my first editorial in the Student appeared. I was foolishly pleased by several compliments by professors.

I spent nine hours on an experiment in organic chemistry - with no results. I must repeat all but my errors. Perhaps I am too conscientious in my laboratory work but I'm getting to enjoy the course more and more. I have determined to get an A in the course by the end of the year.

Time, time - there never seems to be enough of it.

Imagination is a difficult beast to harness when there is hard work to be done.

Pure thought is a heavy diet, but it fattens the mind.

Superficialities are most desimaging after

obtaining a grasp of a subject.

Where is a happy medium between establishing your own convictions and keeping an open mind to those of others?

March 4, 1937

Day by day the year is passing. I will be so glad when it is over.

Here is my afternoon schedule for the week:

Tue, Thurs chemistry laboratory from one o'clock to 4:30 or 5. On Wednesday - Plant Physiology lab 1-4, with a lecture afterward from 4 to 4. At 5:15 each day I go to work until 6:45 - eating dinner is reduced to a minimum of time.

"Ich bin des Treibens müde."

March 14, 1937

More unfortunate tooth trouble. I had several very miserable sessions with the dentist. The bill is perhaps the least cheerful aspect of all this.

Last week end was a perfect one - clear, and warm and sunny. Today there is nearly 6 inches of snow on the ground. During the past 24 hours it has snowed close to a foot, but most of this melted as it fell. Now it is colder and remains on the ground.

This snowfall exceeds the previous circum-  
circum- record of 5.5 inches for any day in  
March. This year broke both the November  
and March snowfall records. But there was  
very little in Dec. Jan and Feb.

Norman Thomas has been here on the  
campus the last few days. His attitude, clarity,  
and program ideas appeal strongly to me.

This afternoon Thomas' speech was well attended  
by the students. It is unfortunate that his is  
but a voice in the wilderness. I should  
think that social planning would appeal more  
to young people than it does. Last night, after  
an open discussion at Benton Hall, I  
went up to meet Thomas and while there I  
asked him why socialism was not more  
widely accepted by Americans. He attributed  
it to (1) apathy. The failure of people to change  
in their ways of thinking to keep pace with the  
changing times and (2) to deficiencies in our  
educational system. He was probably referring  
here to the indoctrination of "American Ideals" in  
our public schools.

Tuesday March 16, 1937

My second editorial appeared today in  
the student. I must confess it was largely  
inspired by Thomas' speech recently. I entitled

it "College and Change" wonder if any-  
one thought of money when they read the  
title?

Saturday March 20, 1937

The vernal equinox today. This begins  
the better 6 months of the year.

Thursday March 25, 1937

Today a friend from Wakefield Mass, and  
I started hitch-hiking to Boston - for the  
spring recess. There was wind and snow  
and freezing cold. We arrived at Akron  
Ohio at 7 P.M. and are staying overnight  
at the Y.M.C.A. - a fine tall new building.

Friday March 26, 1937

Snow, cold and strong N.W. winds. Cloudy  
all day. Few people are on the road and  
there are long waits between rides. Every  
car that passes raises hopes that fall. We  
had one long ride from Cleveland to  
Ipswich N.Y.

We finally arrived at E. Aurora tonight  
and were forced to stay here. There is much  
snow on the ground and it is still snowing.  
The temperature is down to 15°.

Saturday March 27, 1937

Our luck became worse and worse as the day dragged along. Snow flurries fell off and on during the day. There are drifts of snow six and eight feet deep in the western part of New York state. Very little traffic. We wait hours for rides in the cold air.

A street corner in Skaneateles New York. The road slopes below us ahead, rises behind. The cars crunch the freezing snow on the street. The ~~S~~ wind blows occasional swirls of snow through the damp air. Skaneateles Lake lies below the town, nestled in the hills it is an emerald sheet of frigid blue. Too many hours of this destroyed hopes of getting to Boston. We tried the road to Syracuse and quickly arrived there. We left Syracuse on the bus for Boston - around midnight. We were forced to wire for money.

Sunday March 28, 1937

Arrived in Boston at 12:15. The snow was left behind when we got east of the Hudson river. In Massachusetts the temperatures are much milder than back in that snow-covered expanse in western New York.

Monday March 29, 1937

I visited Walden Pond again today. The weather is beautiful, though cool.

Friday April 1, 1937

I learned today that I have been awarded a scholarship to Harvard Univ. this year - in the Division of Biology. The Anna C. Ames Tuition scholarship. How nervous I was when I saw the dean and asked him.

Friday April 2, 1937

The weather is very disagreeable for the first day this week. Tomorrow I leave for Ohio

Monday April 12, 1937

A long silence for these pages. The mid-semester grades came out today - they brought me 5 A's and one B. Organic chemistry has finally been won over - I received an A. The course is one of my main interests now.

The days are passing by speedily, and I am attempting to make use of them as they rush along. All my activities are shaping themselves for next year. I am determined to do my best at Harvard in the fall. If I

can make the best use of my time there is still some value to be gained from the rest of the year here. The scholarship has been a strong incentive for working harder this year.

Wednesday April 28, 1937

Several of us made a short and hurried trip to a small swampy area near Middletown Ohio to collect plants. There were several species new to this area growing in the damp boggy spot. Callitriche palustris, Senecio aureus and Cardamine bulbosa. The great leaves of slaw cabbage gave more indication of the bog environment.

Saturday May 1, 1937

Three of us went today on an all day collecting trip down along the Ohio river into Indiana. There were a number of new species including Sophia pinnata, Saxifraga virginiana, Dodecatheon Meadia, Viola canadensis etc. Also a small delicate fern which is probably Cystopteris sp.

The vegetation along the hills above the river was about a week ahead of that in Oxford. I noticed that Juglans nigra was flowering, also the paper trees.



The effects of the January flood are in strong evidence along the river valley. In some of the river towns many houses and buildings on each street are missing from their foundations. Many houses and barns can be seen deposited helter-skelter along the hills by the receding waters.

In Lawrenceville Ind. many thousands of empty whiskey barrels of the Amer. Distilling Co were carried away. These can be seen along the hillside on the Indiana shore - marking the high water line on the hills way above the road.

I had a date with Mary Adele tonight. It is seven months now since we have more than said hello to each other.

Wednesday May 5 1937

It would seem that the above person is occupying far too much of my time. But it is difficult to remedy the situation.

Monday May 10, 1937

The situation has been remedied. But it was a bit of gall to swallow. Strange that one of my best friends should be the other point in a triangle. But it was really a quadrangle - three men and a girl.

May 22, 1937

On Sunday the 16th a field trip to Spring Hill Ohio netted some curious plants. There is a filled peat bog near the town which possesses a very curious flora. I brought back with me several "sun devils" which are doing well in my room. Tonight I experimented feeding one of them some small red ants with which the dormitory abounds. The tentacles on the leaves respond in about 20 minutes. Darwin's book on "Insectivorous Plants" is a well of information.

The college year book came out today. Soon the year will be over. I don't like to think of saying all the good byes which will be necessary. Leaving your college friends is a parting of ways which will never meet again.

Wednesday June 9, 1937

Events have crowded in rapid succession.

On May 28 the Ecology class left on a trip to the Gr Smoky Mts. We spent the first night in the gymnasium at Maryville College, Maryville Tennessee—upon invitation. On May 29 we struck back into the mountains south of Cades Cove Tenn. Climbed to the top of Gregory Bald on the

N. Carolina + Tenn. hirc. Plant collecting was beyond all expectations. There were dozens of new species and my vasculum was filled in short order. There is a wealth of species in this flora.

The weather was perfect the entire day. The summit of Gregory Bald is a grassy dome some 5000 feet above sea level - overlooking an immense panorama of mountains and sky. To the east, the south and the west the Smoky mountains line the horizon, blue in the haze of distance. One could feel that on this bare mountain top the eyes have stood and rested. There is an eternity of land and air and sky.

Collected about 111 species today.

On May 30 we climbed the Chimney Tops - a most strenuous struggle through jungles of Rhododendron. I made the climb in about 45 minutes but I wouldn't relish the attempt again. Later in the day we drove up Clinquans Dome and walked to the summit. This is the second highest peak east of the Black Hills. The temperature on top was some 20 degrees cooler than in the valley.

Wednesday June 2 Examinations began. Bernetta Frye is a far more likeable girl than Mary Adele. I wonder why I didn't

realize that sooner. Too bad, when school is over she will be gone too. It is well I worked and studied so much during the spring months - now that examinations are here I find my thoughts far from books.

After the Commencement, even though I will not graduate until the end of the summer term, I ~~feel~~ that college days will hover. Most of my friends are gone and I will never see them again.

Saturday June 12, 1937

The town is deserted by all who can escape. It will be another week or more before summer school begins. Memories haunt every corner of the campus. Time hangs like lead on my hands. All year I had looked forward to this week of leisure. Now it is hateful to contemplate. If there were only more to occupy mind and body.

For the next week I will wait tables at Wells Hall - serving meals for the most august body of Miami University house mothers. How I would like to walk in smoking my pipe, with a tray of plates in my hands.

Tonight it is miserably lonely. There are only three people in whole great building.

Sunday June 13, 1937

Tonight is my last night in Fisher Hall. Tomorrow I move into a room <sup>in town</sup> ~~today~~. I said so-long to Phil Blaisdell ~~of today~~. I ~~am~~ <sup>was</sup> sorry to see him go. Phil is a very likeable person and a good friend. Tomorrow he graduates and I'll probably not see him in the crowd.

Monday June 14, 1937

The 98th annual Commencement is over. Oxford is nearly completely abandoned. The student population here is about <sup>one</sup> tenth that of the town normally, so that the change is rather abrupt when college closes. The campus is deserted tonight and very beautiful with the green of spring still fresh and free from summer's heat.

Tuesday June 15, 1937

after months of mental discipline and constant activity it is very disturbing to find time suddenly free on your hands. Particularly when you wish in the strongest way that you can be elsewhere and with someone else. All that this boredom is producing is a lot of worthless psychos-

analysis. Oh yes, it seems very serious to me now - but in a month or so -? But I didn't realize how very much you can miss a person. How stupid though, last summer it was someone else.

Somehow or other I have an idea that this week will be my most persistent memory of college - though far from the most pleasant. How I long for activity.

Thursday June 17, 1937

This is a lazy, peaceful, dreamy summer evening heavy with the pungent odors of plants and the earth. Out here in the fields the sunset burnishes the western clouds. They seem like great golden sand bars against the blue water of the sky. The clouds are so silent yet appeal to us so strongly. They form and float and disperse with the whims of the wind.

Strange, the winds and sun and clouds and sky are eternal, and yet ephemeral in their moods. But through the agency of these simple forces acting on the land beneath life was formed. That little plasma called living matter first formed from simple stuff as this. Therefore we are a part of this Nature we see, though now how distant from <sup>our</sup> <sup>of</sup> But a long chain of life leads

back to these simple elements. We sometimes almost perceive our unity with them - or is it only that we wish to. Do not thus the concept of God we love most: the serene presence of Nature

These thoughts are difficult to express because they are feelings rather than thoughts. Words are hard to find to express feelings. Words by their nature crystallize the meanings they convey. Feelings shift and flow and lose meaning when set into words.

Today I received my semester grades. They are the best since I have been in college. As follows: Org Chemistry - A; Plant Ecology - A; Plant Physiology - A; Botany tutorial - A; Botany honors course - A; Educational psychology - B. The organic chemistry pleases me no end - and how I disliked it at the beginning of the year.

~~Sunday~~  
Friday, June 18, 1937

I left Oxford this morning about a quarter to nine and reached Sandusky Ohio about a quarter to five this afternoon. The entire trip cost only a few cents and only a few rides sufficed to get me up here. About 6:30 this evening I walked out on a quiet country road leading south of

Castalia, Ohio. The country here is quite flat and uninteresting. Bernetta Frye's family certainly picked a gloomy home for their's - a large old red brick building.

Saturday June 19, 1937

We took the boat from Sandusky to Cedar Point where the day passed very pleasantly. The air was cool but pleasant and a brisk east wind whipped up a surf on the beach. Tomorrow morning I leave for Oxford again.

Monday to Friday June 21 - 25

Classes again. Work and more work. This summer I am living in town, working for my room. Meals I receive for waiting table at Wells Hall. I am assisting in the summer course in botany on four afternoons per week. In addition taking a physics course and completing the work for honors in botany.

The breakfast is served in summer at 6:45 so it necessitates getting to work before 6:30 to set my tables. This means arising at 6:10 each morning.

Saturday June 26, 1937

Since my trip to Castalia I have been



suffering a very considerable loss of interest in returning.

Saturday June 26, 1937

My conscience bothers me considerably for going out with another girl - but Margaret Early seems ideal company.

Wednesday June 30, 1937

This day is my twenty second birthday. Several very welcome presents arrived, including a large suitcase from Aunt ~~T~~

Margaret E. left today for Detroit. She will be here no longer this summer. I think she was fully as sorry as I to part. Perhaps I shall see her again. Strange that I should have known her all this spring and then wait until the last few days to become acquainted. She expressed the same thought last night. I have a feeling I'll never see her again.

Tuesday July 6, 1937

Here is my schedule for today:

- 6:10 - awake to the jingle of an alarm clock.
- 6:20 - 7:30 - set tables, ate breakfast and waited tables at wells Hall
- 7:40 - 9:30 - physics lecture (very dull)

- 9:30-10 - chapel at Benton Hall
- 10:10 - 11:05 - studied hurriedly in the library.
- 11:05 - 11:25 - came back to the house for my mail, washed up and went back to Wells Hall to prepare for lunch
- 11:30 - 12:45 - had my lunch and waited table.
- 12:45 - 1:00 - fifteen minutes of rest.
- 1:00 - 4:15 - assisted in botany lab. Dr. Starke lectured most of the time.
- 4:15 - 5:00 - mimeographed quizzes for next weeks hour exam.
- 5:00 - 5:15 - back to my room and washed up for dinner.
- 5:30 - 6:50 - Set my tables at Wells Hall, had dinner and then waited tables afterwards. I have the head waitress wearied over my system of setting tables quickly.
- 7:00 - 7:20 - My job for my room required that I take 20 minutes off to fix a kitchen faucet washer. Mrs. McKee likes to talk too much.
- 7:30 - 8:45 - I cut the lawn, a most of it, and hoed weeds until dark.
- 9:00 - 9:30 - studied a short time in the library.
- 9:30 - 11:00 - mimeographed more botany exams.
- 11:00 - 11:30 - spent a half hour in con -

versations.

11:50 - to bed.

This is perhaps busier than some days, but in general quite characteristic of the summer so far.

This week Mr. Haughmest recommended me for an assistant in the Amer. Lit. summer course. A Dr. Clancy from Beloit college is instructing, and the class is too large for him to do all the exam papers. I took the job, which will probably bring in 25 or 30 dollars this month. Clancy is a fuss-budget of the first water.

Saturday July 10, 1937

Yesterday I decided to go to Detroit. So made arrangement in the dining room to be away Monday. I found a ride to Friday and left about 5:30 in the afternoon. The trip was dogged with bad luck all the way. A flat tire about midnight occurred very close to the Hardin Co. line - the night was black as pitch and there were no towns for miles. We had no spare and no pump. After getting the tire off the car slipped off the jack and settled on the brake drum -

fortunately with no great damage. Finally some farmers came along and helped us. We arrived at our destination at ~~the~~ 2:30 A.M. To bed at 3:00 A.M.

Today I got up about 7:45. The blazing sun was already beating down over the flat plains around here. The ground in this region yields a natural gas which is permeated with  $H_2S$  odor. The silverware and all metal exposed turns black very quickly. The odor permeates everything.

I went down to Findlay, but since it was so unspeakably hot, and I so dog-tired lugging a suitcase that I decided to go down and spend the week end in Dayton instead of going on to Detroit. Furthermore I would have arrived in Detroit unexpectedly.

I walked through Findlays long past Main St. and on the south side of town picked up a ride with an automobile transport headed for South Carolina. I decided then to go on to Oxford instead of Dayton. Arrived in Oxford at 6 o'clock tonight - just in time for dinner.

This was a fools journey, but at least furnished a diversion. I'm rather glad to be back in Oxford.

Sunday July 11, 1937

A special delivery letter for me ~~arrives~~ <sup>arrives</sup> ~~at~~ <sup>at</sup> ~~arrives~~ <sup>arrives</sup> late this morning.

"I only wish that I could have more days like those with you in Oxford".

So do I, but they are past and I guess best forgotten.

"Ach, wer bringt die schönen Tage  
jene holde Zeit zurück."

Thursday July 15, 1937

There is no cessation of the stifling heat. Each day there are thunderstorms, but the sultry heat remains. Damp clothes take hours to dry, furniture is sticky to the touch, paper is soft and wrinkles noiselessly. The nights are deathly still, with no breath of air and no sound save for the insects in the fields.

Tonight I sit in my room, stripped to the waist and perspiring uncomfortably there is a faint rumble of thunder northward and the stars are disappearing in a thickening haze. Lightening flashes on clouds still faintly white from the late sunset. I can hear a host of owls' weird wail - and the ceaseless crickets in the meadows.

Friday July 16, 1937

Across my desk I can see through the porch door to the north. A monstrous thunder head is piled wantonly over the horizon. The sun has set, but its last rays are reflected brilliantly on the fleecy cloud banks above. Below this glowing mass of sunset clouds is a mass of livid green and slaty blue, now and then faintly outlined by the tremulous flicker of lightning deep down in the belly of the storm.

Now a heavy dark cloud rolls slowly and ponderously across the glowing thunder heads. The last rays of the sun are eclipsed. The sombre darkness is broken faintly by the flicker of lightning.

I must settle down and finish reading these examination papers.

July 27, 1937

I passed the botany honors examination - after writing for four hours on three consecutive days. I have very little time to write with the commencement and attendant necessities only a few days off.

July 30, 1937

This morning I received my A. B. degree from Miami University. The ceremony was short and simple. The July heat and sun made academic robes unbearable.

July 31, 1937

This is my last night in Oxford, Ohio.

Aug 1, 1937

Through arrangements with a former Miami professor living at present in Watertown, Mass. I am driving a car east to Boston. The car is an old 1929 Dodge, left here since October in a barn west of town. This car is proving a great boon in moving my luggage east. However I found it necessary by a series of hasty negotiations to license the car (by proxy) and arrange to get it on the road. All this with my own money, for which I have been promised reimbursement on arrival in Watertown.

On the way toward Cleveland I stopped in at Ashwood and paid a few calls. Few of my former high school friends are in town. P. Pickrel is in Europe.

Aug 2, 1937

I left Cleveland at 10 this morning, after staying overnight with a Jewish friend in Cleveland Heights.

It is now noon of a calm summer day. The blue waters of Lake Erie lie below the bluff. Out on the broad surface of the lake shoals can be seen here and there. A few ships are struggling slowly across the horizon. It is very quiet except for the soft wash of waves below. The warm sun is relaxing and tall grass waves lazily in the breeze.

In this hour of peace and quiet I can scarcely help but recall the four years of college just over, and think of the years to come. But they will be better years by far in sure.

Tuesday Aug 3, 1937

At Westmoreland New Hampshire this afternoon late. I saw some of last summer's friends and drove around Sprofford Lake before turning south to Amherst.

Last night on the road south of Syracuse, about two thirty in the morning the moon rose over the hills to the east. Shortly afterward I noticed a strange pro-



tubercule on the lower cusp of the moon. As it rose higher this white "drop" appeared to be absorbed. Later the "drop" reappeared on the opposite side of the moon from the dark part of the disc between the horns. The "drop" grew larger and brighter and finally was free of the moon. It was not until after a bit of recollection that I remembered this was the occultation of Venus by the moon — a relatively rare phenomenon which I had read was to occur.

Dawn came slowly last night and I became rather sleepy driving. The valleys and lowlands along the road were shrouded in dense white fog. From the hilltops, in the moonlight, the view was a fairyland of white mist, with the hills like islands from a white lake. These valley mists quickly dispersed when the sun rose.

Somewhere just over the Vermont-N.Y. state line I left the car and caught a few hours sleep in a cool spot in the woods.

Tonight I am staying overnight at 37 College St in Amherst.

Wednesday Aug 4, 1937

I arrived in Boston tonight not long

after dark. Mother is all alone in Cambridge  
this summer. Fred is working in the Adirondacks  
Friday Aug 6, 1937

Mt Vernon N.Y.

Yesterday I took the bus from Boston  
down to New York. I hope a job turns up  
for me for the rest of the summer. I will  
go down to the Standard Fruit Co tomorrow

Saturday, Aug 7, 1937

There seems no chance of a job in the next  
few days. Any job coming up seems to  
depend on conditions arising after the  
ships are docked.

I wandered down to the Battery this  
morning. The squalor and filth of the  
harbor and waterfront is not so  
evident on this little island of green.  
I have always derived satisfaction from  
watching the harbor from here.

Tuesday Aug 10, 1937

I obtained my seaman's certificate  
of identification and certificate of service  
today.

Capt Lee of the "Detroit", was working  
here as an official in the Bureau of Marine  
inspection. With his influence I got my

papers in an hour or so. Had I waited in line it might have necessitated coming back tomorrow.

This afternoon a man collapsed in the tiny park at the foot of Broadway - Bowling Green. The crowd immediately closed in on the man keeping off what little air there was in motion. Watching all this the noise and roar of the city suddenly seemed louder and more pitiless. The scrawny little trees casting a pitiful shade suddenly seemed futile in this forest of tall buildings and mountains of concrete and steel. "You twelve winded sly" is far from this stuffy canyon.

Aug 26, 1937

On Aug 17 a job with the Fruit company fell through.

On the 18th I drove Aunt Anna + Mitya up to Ithaca New York where we stayed at my cousins apartment. His first child was born last week. On the 22 we returned to Mt Vernon.

Day before yesterday I tried again for a job but no success. This is very discouraging but I must be patient.

Seems to me that if people can see

only as far as their hat brims they shouldn't tell others what the world is like.

Aug 31, 1937

Any hopes to work for the Standard Fruit Company are over for the year. I had hopes of getting down to the Caribbean this summer but they will have to be shelved.

I read Conrad's "Victory" recently. I must read more of Conrad. He seems to have a grasp on the "essentials" which is far from common.

Sept 1, 1937

Opposition to science seems most strongly centered in the opposition to accept impersonal and incontrovertible proof.

I think intellectual honesty is a rarely appreciated virtue.

If one thinks before he speaks he has much less to say.

Sunday Sept 5, 1937

Huntington, Long Island.

A north easter today swept gray heavy clouds across the sky. We were planning a sail in the Sound today

but it is much more comfortable indoors.

Monday Sept 6, 1937

Today came clear and blue with a fresh northeast breeze. My cousin and I spent the whole day sailing his twenty footer out in the Sound. Yesterdays wind raised heavy ground swells from the east which made fine sailing.

Sept 10, 1937

I have spent considerable time sailing in Long Island Sound this week. Sailing a small boat is infinitely more enjoyable than running a motor boat. Matching with the wind is a satisfaction all its own.

Soon I leave to go up to Cambridge.

June 17, 1938

On board S.S. Oriyaba 11:45 P.M.

I have not kept this journal for nearly a year now. But it seems a trip to Cuba is well worth chronicling.

The Oriyaba left pier 13 E. River at 4:10 today. We are now well past Atlantic City about 15 miles off the Jersey coast. There is a light sea and gentle southerly wind. It is becoming warmer as we proceed southward.

The last time I came through Ambrose Channel I was standing at the ship's wheel - far different today.

The last nine months have been days of hard work and scant time to loaf. Now there are three days of sheer nothing to do. I am almost dismayed at the prospect.

June 23, 1938

Sabidosa Cuba.

The soporific lassiness pervading a sea voyage produced no more entries in this journal.

The passage down was very calm except for the first night out. I brought books along but I read scarcely more than the message written without words. The message that only the spirit of relaxation reveals.

Down where the trade winds blow

and push their white clouds up over the  
ruin of the world there is a regularity and  
a calmness in the day which is never  
seen in the north. It is very pleasant  
and very monotonous.

The true representation of impressions is  
very difficult and never satisfying. The  
translation of feeling into words is exceedingly  
difficult.

June 24, 1938

The lazy carefree days preceding our ar-  
rival in Havana seem well in the  
background now. However ~~in~~ <sup>in</sup> the  
rural environment of a Cuban Sugar  
plantation the speed and energy of the  
north seem only products of the imag-  
ination. All things are swathed in a  
lazy calm.

Each day the fiery sun arches over-  
head, and then drops to the west. The  
trade wind blows steady all day and  
the palm fronds wave gently. Occasionally  
there is a rain and black clouds discharge  
torrential downpours. The fields and  
cane fields drink up this water greedily,  
and then the countryside relaxes as it  
were in the cool air after the rain.

We arrived at Havana on Tuesday morning, the 21st. Passed Morro Castle just as the sun cleared the horizon to the east. After some considerable confusion we got settled for the day at the Florida Hotel on Obispo St.

The city of Havana in its older portions compares in no way with American cities. The extremely narrow streets, unbelievably narrow sidewalks and window-less shops and houses attest to the old Spanish influence.

Among the more easily found and interesting sites (sights!) are Morro Castle; the old Spanish cathedral in which Columbus is supposed to have been buried, and the Capital and Central Parks. The Prado and Malecon are pleasant walks.

At the western end of the city is the American section. Here the finer homes and beautifully landscaped estates may be seen.

[This section may be reached by the Plaza trolley car from Central Park.]

By night Havana is ~~greatly~~ different than by day. The noise and confusion in the narrow streets is gone. People walk in the streets where the sidewalks are narrow.

We visited "Sloppy Joe's" bar - but I was not greatly impressed by it except



for the gigantic display of bottles to be seen.

By night, in the cool breeze, the Prado is easily Havana's most pleasant attraction.

June 26, 1938

Soledad.

Sunday is a "rest" day here. We arise at 7 instead of the customary 5:30.

Today it has been cloudy all day - which they say is unusual for this time of year.

This afternoon the temperature fell to 75° after a brisk breeze.

June 30, 1938

My 23rd birthday today.

July 2, 1938

Yesterday I took a walk along the ridge south of Harvard House. There is a beautiful panorama from the ridge across a broad valley and over to the Trinidad Mts in the distance. The valley and lowlands are a mosaic of sugar cane fields, pasture lands and banana cr.

ards, dotted here and there with the ever-present thatched roofs. Right out in the open on the ridge is a solitary palm tree, very tall and straight.

The whole world here seems bathed in light and heat and moisture. Nature seems more generous in the tropics. Much of the incentive for working seems absent here. Each day resembles the last and the stimulus for activity slowly subsides. This does not mean that work, even hard work is not possible in such climate and environment. It means rather that the urge for activity is lacking. One must continually supply the urge for effort.

Despite its brown and murky water the "swimming hole" is one of the pleasantest spots in the garden. Out on the dam the sun burns hotly but you need only to roll over to be in the water. When the wind blows the banana leaves rustle softly, and across the water tall bamboos sway in the breeze.

In the mid-afternoon there are always great white masses of cumulus clouds piled wantonly over the mountains to the south east. These great clouds gather quickly and often disperse as quickly. A rumble of thunder is usual during the afternoon but it is no sure hint of rain.

Today Heinrich and I cut down a palm tree in the garden (Elaeis guineensis) The heart was very soft and quite tasty. It is similar to cabbage, but rather too white in appearance.

Saturday July 2, 1938

Mãiana has come, or is it still mãiana. A characterless monastery pervades Nature.

Wednesday July 6, 1938

My ignorance of horsemanship was somewhat remedied today. When I found myself still "aboard" after a fast gallop my hopes rose rapidly.

We set out due east from Soledad until crossing the Rio Arimão, then south along the stream to the town of Arimão, and back across country to Soledad. This ten or twelve miles was more than enough for a beginner and tonight it is not yet comfortable to sit down.

The countryside was fresh and clean in the early morning, with a bright sun in a clear sky. Along the interminable cane fields the road is hot and dusty. The Cuban countryside round about is quite

monstrous, though not without a certain beauty.

The plant known as "aroma" is the most objectionable hazard in riding. This plant was accidentally introduced from Africa and has over-run vast areas in Cuba, virtually removing great areas from cultivation. The plant seems to do best in the dry savannah lands in the interior. Aroma (Dichrostachys nutans) is closely related to Mimosa. It is a heavy woody shrubby tree however attaining height of nearly 30 feet. The wood is very tough and the plant is nearly immune to the machete method of elimination. The leaves are somewhat sensitive as in Mimosa.

Thursday July 7, 1938

The rewards of horseback riding are being felt today. With no exception I have never before had so many sore and lame muscles.

(Pepsis mildei)

The gigantic wasp, often seen in the fields here is a curious insect. The natives call it "caballo de diablo". The wasp is dependent upon the tarantula for completing its life cycle. The spiders are stung into inactivity and eggs deposited in its abdomen. Frequently the

spiders escape but the wasps land usually between the spider and the entrance to the burrow.

Digging tarantulas is not very often successful. In five attempts I captured only one - There are better ways of snaring them with yarn I understand but I have not been successful with this.

Several days we have had a delicious drink known as champola made from the soursop. The recipe:

Cut the fruit, remove the pulp and grind it through a colander or sieve with enough milk to make a syrupy mixture. Add more milk and press in a fruit press. This may be repeated again. Add sugar + salt to taste and shake thoroughly. One average fruit is enough for 4 or 5 portions.

Sunday July 10, 1938

We went in to Cienfuegos today to the yacht "races". All that was held when we were there was a crew race.

The majority of Cienfuegos' "elite" were present - a typical Cuban crowd with much heavy perfume and glare of white clothes.



it out. I sat inside and watched the failing light come in the door. Outside the tall palms along the road were standing rigidly still in the breathless air. The lightning and thunder ripped close by but no rain fell. Suddenly the clouds began thumping out in that peculiarly whimsical fashion of tropical storms. However it did not clear off but continued to threaten rain as I walked back toward Harvard house.

Tonight about 8 o'clock the thunder storm moved overhead and a terrific 'barrage' of thunder and lightning followed, accompanied by a torrential rain. The lightning played about incessantly in a way I have never before seen. Three times it struck our lightning insulators - or so close that there was no perceptual interval between the light and the sound. This violent storm continued for over an hour before passing off to the north. Thunderstorms are very rare down here at night.

Friday July 15, 1938

Another rather violent storm occurred this afternoon - but not as intense as yesterday's. The real rainy season weather

is here now with a continuous high humidity at all hours except around noon. There is thunder to be heard almost continually after noon until late afternoon, though not always does rain result. Nearly every afternoon of late a cloud pall has gathered over this region and to the south. This screens the late afternoon sun and accordingly the evenings are somewhat cooler.

Monday July 18, 1938

Today four of us made a short excursion on horseback into the country southwest of Salceda - down toward Cienfuegos Bay and the Caonao river lowlands. Crab holes made dangerous footing for our horses and the heavy mud was bothersome in places.

I noticed a peculiar epiphytic plant growing on a Bignoniaceous tree  $\neq$  (*Catalpa* sp). Dr. Reig who is visiting here tells me it is a Loranthaceous parasite quite common in Cuba.

In the low swampy ground in the river lowlands the shallow brackish water and wet mud teems with countless hordes of small hermit crabs. These latter are so numerous that as



you ride along the very ground appears to move as the animals shy away from the horses. I can't understand whence comes the source of food for this gigantic army of crabs - but they seem to thrive despite the competition.

From several hilltops beyond the causeway along the marshes there are fine views of the surrounding country - rolling hills dotted with the ubiquitous Royal Palms. To the south and west was Cienfuegos Bay and the long blue line of the Caribbean sea bordering the southern horizon.

On the road back toward Soledad, we skirted a large area of heavy timberland (Blancos woods) for nearly a mile before turning into the woods. This area of forested land is the largest tract of this kind in the region, and affords some clue to the nature of the original forest before it was cut by the Spanish settlers.

We walked the horses slowly through the woods and there was ample opportunity to observe the vegetation. There is a great abundance of lianas and vines in the heavy woods, and the tropical appearance is sustained largely by these. The aroid lianas are the most vigorous

growing of these. The smaller trees in the woods were apparently various species of *Eugenia* or some related genus.

Ride back to Soledad was punctuated by intermittent showers.

I secured a fruit of the *Hura crepitans* to take home. They say these explode violently when dried.

Tuesday July 19, 1936

This morning at 4:30(!) we had our last breakfast at Soledad and an hour and a half later were on the train headed back for Havana.

The train follows a different route going north from the one we came in on. Hence there was a chance to see more of the country. Knowing something of the language now and more of the people made the long ride free of monotony.

We arrived in Havana in a heavy thundershower one of those showers so characteristic of afternoons in the tropics.

We had our dinner on board the *Oriente* and then spent the evening in Havana. About 2 A.M. the ship left the pier and dropped down the harbor. It was a windy night and the sea was breaking along the Malecon as we passed

El Morro at the harbor entrance. The lights of Havana dropped quickly below the horizon and by 3 A.M. the island of Cuba was far astern.

Friday July 22, 1938

Yesterday the sun set over Cape Hatteras in a blaze of red and gold. Today dawned gray and misty as we eased by the Jersey coast. A rain began to fall as the ship passed up the harbor. This was a dreary scene to greet the eye after weeks of tropical sun and warm clear days.

Monday July 25, 1938

Today Hensch and I began work at the Biological Laboratories. I will probably work until the term opens the end of September.

The trip to Cuba seems like a pleasant dream now. The scholarship or travelling grant of \$1300 covered all the expenses. ~~and~~ Never before have I spent a more healthy and wholesome six weeks than the time since we left New York.

Wednesday Sept 21, 1938

No entries have been made in this journal since I returned from Cuba.

Today the most destructive storm ever recorded struck the New England area. For several days a tropical hurricane has been slowly moving up the Atlantic Coast out at sea. This morning at Weather Bureau map time the disturbance was east of Cape Hatteras attended by strong gales. Then this afternoon it had arrived over Long Island and moved up the Connecticut valley. This unprecedented sudden shift in the path of the storm was accompanied by a sudden increase in intensity.

In Cambridge the wind began to rise early in the afternoon and steadily continued to rise until it reached hurricane force about 5:15. At 6:00 the anemometer on the Geographic Institute recorded a wind velocity of 95 miles per hour. At East Boston airport a wind of 90 miles was recorded for several minutes and several gusts of 100 m.p.h. Never before have such wind velocities been recorded here.

The force of the wind was incredible. Hundreds of trees in the immediate vicinity

of Harvard Yard were down in a few minutes after the heavy blow began. When I walked out of the building here the wind was sweeping flying leaves, debris, and branches of trees before it. The air was pungent with the odor of fresh wood. Above the roar of the wind was the sound of cracking and splitting tree limbs.

I made my way cautiously down to the Charles the better to see the wind on the water. Giant gusts of wind blew the spray clear across the esplanade. It was almost incredible that such waves could be on that narrow stretch of water. Gusts of greater strength stripped the tops from the waves. One could lean steeply into the wind and feel its support. Shouting to windward one's voice carried no more than a few feet.

The sky was a peculiar yellowish color but there was no lightning and little rain. After 6:30 the wind began to slowly let up and haul from the south east into the south west. Towards midnight the wind was gentle from a westerly quarter.

Aug 13, 1940

Cambridge, Mass.

For reasons obscure I have recently become imbued with the desire for maintaining a journal of some character in which to chronicle events and ideas. The prolonged dormancy of this journal, begun over five years ago, was largely induced by the pressure of time and work when I first entered graduate school. Then, having unconsciously lost the habit of writing a daily or weekly account, I found it more desirable to regard my journal as a thing of the past - a sort of personal curio to be examined in later years with a curiosity and interest increasing with time. A five or six week trip to Cuba in the summer of 1938 re-stimulated the urge to write of personal events, but the desire subsided upon returning to Cambridge. Research, and the occasionally painstaking composition of scientific articles furnished more than enough outlet for my "literary" urges. To say nothing of writing notes + exams.

However, in view of the cataclysmic events in Europe and the world at large, it seems rather more of interest today to keep account of both public and personal news. In this way

a personal ~~record~~ journal can become a record of both the events of a man's life and the influence of the world upon it. To maintain a purely personal account seems unduly introspective and short sighted, and this journal henceforth will not be directed to that end.

During the past week I have rewritten the sundry entries in my journal which were made during my last year in college. The facts and ideas in these entries were copied unchanged, though the expression was improved where possible. It seems somewhat necessary in the spirit of a journal to sketch in the events since leaving college and entering Harvard in the fall of 1937.

I arrived in Cambridge about the middle of September (1937) and began shortly after to look about for some means of earning money or board etc during the school year. I had as assets about twenty dollars plus my tuition scholarship - nothing more nor any prospect of more. Before the term started I made a few dollars on various odd jobs - wall washing etc. Shortly before registration I got a board job which carried in addition \$2 per week pay. This job, at the Ambassador grille in Cambridge, I found impossible to keep after classes

began because of the amount of time required. The shortage of time was made much more acute by the fact that I was advised to take four regular lecture-plus-laboratory courses. The excessively long hours put in on laboratory work was largely induced by an overconscientious attitude - which however proved a good investment in the long run.

The job at the Ambassador I resigned within a few weeks and for a source of money I borrowed \$200.00 from the University. This freed all my time for work and study into which I entered with extreme energy and seriousness. I write this now with a smile, but also with the realization that to repeat the performance ~~was~~ it would require the most extreme effort.

During Christmas vacation I worked in the Paleobotanical collections at the Museum and earned about 40.00. All of this plus some fourteen dollars more went into an unfortunate dental bill which was necessary. However some employment in the museum continued during the rest of the year making it possible to earn spending money. Without this it would have been very difficult to get along.

The first semester ended with a very good academic showing and much person-



al satisfaction. At the end of the semester I decided to change my field of research from Plant Taxonomy to Plant Morphology and began my research under Professor S. W. Bailey whose knowledge and abilities inspired the greatest respect and admiration. Prof. Bailey's kindness, and interest in me were deeply appreciated. In the spring of 1938 we completed jointly my first manuscript which was sent in for publication in June 1938.

My first year in graduate school ended with a success I had scarcely believed possible. During the spring I received appointment of assistantship in a course the following year, completed a manuscript for publication, received a grant of \$300.00 for travel and stay in Cuba during the summer, and received excellent grades in courses completed. This sudden deluge was hardly anticipated when I came to Cambridge in the fall with my scholarship and twenty dollars.

The trip to Cuba during June and July was very enjoyable and proved its value in more ways than scientific. After returning to Cambridge I worked in the Biological Lab until the end of September - earning \$225.00 thereby for the

summer.

In the fall of 1938 I began conducting the field trips for the University Extension course in botany. This is interesting work. The personnel of the class is largely adult. Interests chiefly of the non-technical type. This type of group presents grievous problems in teaching to the young graduate student struggling to master the difficulties of his own work. I learned much of teaching that fall.

More extensive experience resulted from assisting in and taking over the laboratory work in Biology 2 in the spring of 1939.

First met Margaret on Feb 22, 1939. We first went out on March 11 - I took her to see "Pygmalion" in Boston. It was a calm night with a soft heavy snow falling. When we came out of the theatre the city streets were deep in snow. Back in Cambridge we walked across the Common, with the snow falling silently all around us.

Finished the first part of my thesis in the spring of 1939. This was published in the Bulletin of the Torrey Botanical Club in April 1940.

The summer of 1939 I worked in the Paleobotanical collections at the Museum. Earnings for the summer \$270.<sup>00</sup>. During the summer I spent several week-ends and a four day "vacation" in Provincetown with Margaret. These busy week ends were a

combination of pleasure and annoyance.  
Pleasure in going and annoyance at leaving.

On Sept 1, 1939 Adolf Hitler, the "liberator" of Germany sent his army into Poland and thereby plunged Europe into a devastating and futile war, which is being carried on now over a vastly remodelled map of Europe.

The vacillating regimes in England and France resulted in a decrease of strength in Germany. Accordingly, the helpless European democracies have fallen one by one under domination of the Germans.

Early in the war there was much talk of the impregnable Maginot Line. Today France is a vassal state, under German rule. So also are nine other free countries in Europe. Only the English remain. Most of the traditional conceptions of Europe during the

the 1920's and early 1930's have been modified. If ever a war was instigated by one people the present war is one. It is true that England and France are partially or largely to blame for the toleration of Germany's internal turmoil and failure to help remedy it, but never in the course of history can it be proved that the Germans under Nazi rule have not been responsible for the devastation brought upon Europe.

During the rapid campaign in the conquest of France public opinion in this country underwent a drastic change from complacency to concern. The unbelievable news that France was defeated has brought us face to face with a new factor in the world. Perhaps never again within my life time will there be that peace and apparent security of the 1920's and early 1930's. If Germany is dominant in Europe there will be long years of armament and threats of war and loss of prosperity. Sept 4, 1939

understand in a very different world which may be with us for many years to come.

Aug 16, 1940 Friday

Today Margaret drove up to get me and we left for Provincetown early in the afternoon - by way of Woods Hole and the south shore of the Cape.

The rooming problem in P'town is rather acute and the best I could locate before it became too late was a transformed kitchen with a bed in it - @ \$1.00 per night. Tomorrow I will find quarters for the next 9 or 10 days.

It seems very good to get away after the last 10 weeks in Cambridge.

Saturday Aug 17, 1940

The weather is quite warm for this water-circled town but it is fine swimming even in the cold water at the "New Beach".

This morning I located a satisfactory rooming place. The house is a typically miniature Cape Cod house but clean and neat. There are four Sassafras trees in front which stand about 25 or 30 feet tall. These surprised me greatly. The landlady says they are very old.

Monday Aug 19, 1940

Today a strong southeast wind blew with diminishing strength until later in the

afternoon it shifted into the west. The grey cool morning with white caps and rough water on the harbour was a considerable change from the sunny days the last week.

This afternoon Margant and I walked back inland northeast of town to the line of tall dunes on the north rim of the cape. What a waste land of sand and wind and lonely sky the dunes are. We climbed up atop a very tall dune where the sea stretched away to the east, and north and south ~~for~~ to the horizon. Here only ~~your~~ thoughts can bind ~~you~~ to earth ~~with~~ ~~and~~ ~~for~~ ~~the~~ ~~sea~~.

The sand dunes at the end of the cape are very extensive and unexpectedly high. Many are ~~in~~ actively migrating though the dangerous sand hills northwest of Provincetown are well checked by plantings of pine, grass etc. North east of town many of the dunes are invading forest land covered with a dense underbrush and rather stunted oaks and pines. In places, formerly buried forest is being reexposed. The wood in such areas is in an extreme state of decomposition, being black or nearly so and quite powdery. Apparently this decay occurs rapidly.

In amongst the sand hills and dunes are occasional bogs and a few small

sands. These bogs harbor an interesting flora and there were a few new species I collected in one spot - i.e. species new to me!

On the way back I noticed a fly impaled on a blade of *Ammophila* grass. The wind had driven his body against the blade and he was impaled squarely through the abdomen.

We picked a few huckleberries on the way back. These are *Gaylussacia baccata* I believe. Their taste is excellent but the seeds are large. Blueberries are nearly past season. Entire acres of land here are thickly carpeted by blueberry bushes which produce a fine crop. Beach plums are scarcely turning color yet. Beyond these few plants Nature provides no further food in this barren sand

Wednesday Aug 21, 1940

Today we went swimming at Corn Hill beach across the bay from Provincetown. At Corn Hill the Pilgrims in 1620 supposedly unearthed some Indian corn buried in an iron bottle under the sand. The bottle presumably was from some unfortunate vessel shipwrecked off the east coast of the Cape, sometime prior to the Pilgrims arrival.

The water at the beach, blown in by

a northwest wind was uncomfortably cold. After swimming down along the shore and back for about a quarter mile I came out on the beach in the cold wind and commenced a most prodigious shivering and shaking.

The beach here shoals off very gradually as is characteristic of the beaches on the bay side of the Cape. The fine deep sand and the westward slope of the beach make a fine beach for swimming.

The weather remains unseasonably cool.

Friday Aug 23, 1940

Today a fresh southwest wind came up and tonight there was a mild thunderstorm, mostly to the north. Seems rather cool weather for thunderstorms.

Saturday Aug 24, 1940

This morning a strong north wind blew from a crystal clear sky. At Race Point the intensely blue water was speckled clear to the horizon with white capped waves. It seems more like fall than summer. In the lee of the wooden bulkheads and houses on the beach along the harbor the sand was hot and dry however. The clear sky and hot August sun soon dispelled feelings of fall and the cold



would.

A week down here has completely relaxed me and I don't want to leave. There are some feelings of restraint and confinement on this sandy barren peninsula but they soften when you think of the road home.

Monday Aug 26, 1940

This is my last day in Provincetown and may be the last for a long time to come. This morning Margaret and I picked huckleberries for several hours. I have a great quantity of them to take back with me.

The weather remains unnaturally cold. According to the paper yesterday brought the lowest reading ever recorded in Boston during the months of July and August in 69 years, records. The temperature fell to  $46^{\circ}$ . In the inland and central regions severe frosts were reported. At Concord the thermometer fell to  $34^{\circ}$ . Here in Provincetown the temperature got into the lower 50's during the night.

The last of my summer collecting on Cape Cod ~~has~~ netted a half dozen or more species. Many species grow in such restricted spots down here that a representation of the flora presents many problems.

Tuesday Aug 27, 1940

Today I returned to Cambridge. It seems quite some time ago that I left though I am not enthusiastic over ending my vacation. Pure clean air and sunlight are not good preparation to return to the city.

Sunday Sept 1, 1940

A tropical hurricane of marked intensity was reported yesterday morning 225 miles southeast of Cape Hatteras, moving north westward. Later in the day it altered to the north and is heading in direction of the New England area. Storm warnings are up from Cape Hatteras to Boston.

Today, <sup>early</sup> the sun was shimmering brightly obscured occasionally by steamy white clouds moving from southwest. The wind, southwest this morning backed to south + southeast later and increased. This afternoon it was moderate to fresh and fairly steady. Heavier clouds began to appear and a thin haze spread from south east. The sky had a peculiar look late this afternoon but this sometimes occurs in weather such as this when a vast stream of tropical air flows northward.

I bicycled out to Revere Beach this afternoon somewhat expecting to find that the

hurricane might commence operations soon. However, it was not different than might be expected on a late summer day. It seems clear that this will be no hurricane like that in September two years ago.

Later today I heard over the radio that the storm had altered toward the northeast and would pass close to Nantucket Island early Monday. East winds of gale force are forecast for tomorrow.

Tonight however seems a calm quiet night with no hurricane anywhere within hundreds of miles. The wind of this afternoon dropped down to a breeze and the night is calm and still with only the sound of insects close by and the roar of the city and traffic in the distance.

It was just one year ago today that Adolf Hitler gave the word to his fighting forces and the war began. It began with a brutal and devastating conquest of Poland. Today Poland is still in ruins with its largest cities still untouched in any wide scale reconstruction. One year ago Germany was a turbulent state in Central Europe at the threshold of a year of conquest. Today it is dominant over most of the European continent. The most significant change brought about in this country is the enactment of a compulsory military training bill now being deliberated in its final terms in

Washington. Let us hope that the necessity for this and all such measures will pass within a few years.

Sept 2, 1940

The hurricane of yesterday passed swiftly out to sea some distance south of Nantucket Island. This morning the highest wind velocities were recorded at Nantucket - 50 m.p.h. and little effect was felt elsewhere. A simple change in direction of the storm averted a repetition of the storm of Sept 1938. The weather here today has been strangely unsettled with scattered showers and occasional sunshine.

I bicycled up to Horn Pond Hill this afternoon and found a most excellent blackberry patch on the north slope of the hill. The berries and mosquitoes kept me so busy I scarcely noticed a rain squall coming up. It seems that you pay for every blackberry with a mosquito bite.

Sept 3, 1940 Tuesday.

Today Great Britain received as an anniversary present for the first year of entry into the war, 50 recommissioned United States destroyers. This move which has been debated for months came at an opportune

time. Perhaps the moral more than the material value to the British will be much the greater as a result of this step. In return for the ships the U.S. receives air and naval bases in British possessions in this hemisphere. Hence from the standpoint of defense this move brings results at both giving and receiving ends.

Perfect summer weather is returning after a rather unpleasant Labor day week end. I wish more of this September warmth had occurred during my August vacation.

A year ago tonight the British Steamer *Attenra* was torpedoed off the coast of Scotland with a loss of life of over 125 persons. A years time has fairly conclusively established that it was torpedoed without warning. The Nazis claimed first that it was sunk by collision with a British floating mine. Later they advanced the story, still maintained by them, that it was deliberately planned by the British to create feeling in the U.S. against Germany. A number of Americans were killed in the disaster.

Sunday Sept 8, 1940

This was a fine clear day and temper-

tably warm. I rode by bicycle up to Middlesex Falls and spent some time collecting a few new specimens. Spat Pond, with its clear blue water and tree studded islands is a beautiful view on a cloudless sunny day. But, like all such places in this region it is completely fenced off, as a part of the Metropolitan water works.

This week end has brought the most devastating and savage air raids to London. Yesterday an estimated 400 persons were killed and 1400 seriously wounded in London itself. Great armadas of hundreds and even estimated thousands of German planes came over in "seemingly endless" waves. This destruction is solemnly designated "reprisal attacks" by the Nazis, in retaliation for the "barbarous attacks" by the British on Berlin by night.

Tuesday Sept 10, 1940

I read today Erika Mann's recent book, "The Lights Go Down". There are ten stories of the tragedy that plays into the life of people in Nazi Germany. ~~The~~ Ten short, clear and forceful narratives of the pathetic truths that are commonplace in Germany today. The brutality, terror, immorality, and cruel despotism that characterize the "Greater Reich"

are very depressing to read, the more so because they are true. Such things make one understand better how the English and French hoped and relied on the internal collapse of Germany.

But Germany, far from collapsing, is yet engaged in the destruction of London. Today 4 or 5 more air attacks drove home the war closer and closer to the civilian population of London.

Tough women and children are leaving London by thousands. The port of London is temporarily closed due to demolition of docks.

Today, also, the Italians distinguished themselves by bombing a completely undefended, non-military Jewish city in Palestine - resulting in some 50 deaths.

More and more reports indicate that the Germans are preparing to invade England. If only a decisive defeat in such an endeavor ~~might~~ occur there would be a turn in the giant tide of unrest in the world.

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During the past week I prepared several hundred more herbarium sheets and added them to my collection. I now have nearly 600 sheets of mounted specimens identified. The total number of species in my slide collection is also a bit over 600 species. The number of slides I have not released.

Oct 14, 1940

As soon as the academic year begins a lethargy seems to overcome the daily journal habit. Perhaps it is just as well, often what seems important one day is forgotten the next.

Margaret came back to Cambridge on Sept 14. A month has passed since then but it seems a very short month. I have spent a good bit of time the last few weeks finishing up odd jobs of various sorts in order to clear the way for finishing my thesis in plenty of time. I find it increasingly difficult to get down to that task. So many other things distract the moments.

The fall weather has been holding up wonderfully. The coldest weather to date was the cold spell the week I was in Provincetown! The last few Sundays we have been getting out into the country. The autumn coloring is just passing its best now - and these warm October days are hard to spend indoors.

Saturday the 12th we went up to New Hampshire, climbed Monadnock Mountain. I was awayed at the hundreds of people who also had the same intentions. The trail up the mountain was crowded, and even late in the afternoon there was



regular column of people going up. On top there were only a few. It was a warm somewhat hazy day, ideal for a climb of this sort. On top of the mountain (3260 ft) it was quite cool and a stiff westerly wind buffeted over the bare rocks. The summit of Monadnock is a curious, desolate, bleak mass of fractured gray rock - broken into great blocks and fissured and cracked. In small rocky pools are a few plants. Around the margins small clumps of junceus and sedge. On the windward ledges and cracks densely tufted clumps of junceus cling. There is quite an abundance of Potentilla tridentata near the summit. Dwarfed spruce grows in small alpine bogs here and there. Also much Sorbus americana. The upper 700 feet of the mountain is devoid of forest cover and the <sup>terraces</sup> ~~scenery~~ is wild and barren with ~~the~~ scattered green clumps of trees and shrubs against ~~the~~ bare gray rock.

From the summit there is a fine view which would probably be extraordinary on a clear day. Much of New England's beauty and charm are apparent from whichever direction you look.

We stayed on top until the light began to fade and the air began to grow cold. The trail back was deserted and not too easy

to follow in the twilight. At the foot of the mountain there were campfires and singing - and bright moonlight coming through the trees.

Sunday Oct 27, 1940

Today Margaret and I went out to Weston late in the afternoon for a walk. The reservoir there is one of the most perfect and beautiful little lakes I have ever seen. A small pond surrounded by low hills and rocky banks. Small cliffs and headlands of granitic rock. Pine trees have been planted at well spaced intervals close to the water, closer together further back. The little lake was intensely blue and clear nestled down between the green pine clad banks and the distant hills in the background. The ~~strongly~~ slanting rays of the sun threw every ~~single~~ minute detail into sharp contrast. The colors were intense with the green of the ~~forests~~ <sup>Pines</sup>, and the red brown of oaks and the soft brown of the meadows and grassland. Below and above there was the indigo blue of sky and water. The cold wintry wind brought ~~everything~~ <sup>things</sup> into sharper focus. After sunset the landscape was a panorama of silhouettes with all things

sharp against the twilight glow in the west and southwest.

I brought back with me several hand fulls of "bouquets" of *Andropogon* grass - "Old Man's Beard" grass. The long spikes, bearing hairy seeds, glow softly against the light. *Andropogon scoparius* is a common grass in this region and lends much to the beauty of the autumn landscape.

Nov 1, 1940

A man called Wendell Willkie is heard much on the radios over the entire country. He talks much but says little beyond criticism of the New Deal. Those aspects of his arguments which are clearly defined coincide with the present administration. Beyond that his line of talk appeals most to business, the "old guard" and to traditional Republicans. Of course with the latter it is a case of "whatever it is sin agin' it" if it is anything Democratic.

Nevertheless the various polls in the country are registering strong trends toward Willkie. I hate to think of the disastrous results if he is elected - but there seems a strong possibility that he will be. Roosevelt's recent campaign speeches should help him greatly.

It would seem the isolationists, the so-

called "appeasers", etc are backing Willkie strongly. Big business too of course. Roosevelt is being strongly accused of stirring up class hatred because of his references to the god that the social program of the New Deal has done for the common man.

As a statesman Willkie seems a pygmy when compared to Roosevelt. Perhaps we will realize it more clearly if he is elected.

The third term tradition is nonsense - since when were Americans bound by tradition.

Tuesday Nov 5, 1940

Tonight about 11 o'clock it became quite clear that Roosevelt will be president for the next four years. Nearly all except Mr. Willkie conceded the fight. Many Republican Victory celebrations are breaking up sorrowfully tonight. I'm afraid much hard feeling will result from this.

Recently Italy attacked Greece from bases in Albania. To date they have had very little success. The news is probably not too accurate but according to Greek sources the Italians are in rout at many points.

England's air defense seems to grow with

time, not weaken. The air attacks of September & early October are lessening, but more attention is being paid to sinking British shipping. The R. A. F. is paying many social calls on German industrial plants.

The axis <sup>has</sup> tried to incorporate France into the "New Europe" but with no success yet. The plans of the French fascists seem to have snagged somewhere.

Friday Nov 29

Thanksgiving day was a cold windy day with near 10 inches of snow on the ground. An unusually warm spell of weather ended last Monday with a sharp drop of temperature, down below 20°. On Tuesday night and Wednesday a heavy snow fell and very little if any of this has melted. Today it is snowing again - a light snow which does not promise to become heavy.

On Wednesday Nov 20 I collected material for Saturday afternoon Extension course use. I noticed a number of Aster plants still flowering, also Solidago puberula. There have been no severe cold

spells since the one or ones in October. Before the present cold wave began November had a temperature excess of  $75^{\circ}$  F., the year a deficiency of  $475^{\circ}$  F.

The Greek-Italian war has produced the amazing spectacle of Greeks driving the Italians out of Greece & across Albania - the action continues. Aside from that and the British attack on the Italian naval base at Taranto Nov 11 the war news continues very depressing.

● Thursday March 20, 1941

My entries in this journal are chicken tracks across the calendar. But when I read back entries I am glad they are few & far between.

The war has entered no markedly new phases. The German "menace" slowly subsides as regards opinion in this country. The passage of the much debated "Lend-Lease Bill" has somewhat relieved public opinion as to the ultimate outcome of the war. Isolationist sentiment is definitely weaker but it still remains a problem as to how we can specifically do the most to help the English - i.e. to enter more actively into the war or no. As time goes on I feel more and more convinced that the Germans must

be defeated - at least Nazism, and since Nazism is the spirit behind the German war effort it seems only logical to say the Germans must be defeated. What follows I cannot foresee.

The Greeks are showing themselves to be an amazing people. The Italians continue to live in Albania. The Italians have been removed as a source of trouble in Africa.

With the coming of Spring the air war on England speeds up.

On Thursday March 13 I travelled to Amherst for an interview with President King of Amherst College and the members of the Biology Dept. I came away with the feeling that all had not gone too well. However on ~~Thursday~~ March 18 Dame Fortune dropped a large plum of good fortune in my lap, with an appointment at Amherst for 1941-42. at \$2000 per annum. I was rather overcome with surprise and happiness over the good turn of events.

The weather continues cold and windy. The last 4 days have been excessively uncomfortable with temperatures down to  $5^{\circ}$  and high winds. Yesterday (Tuesday) the temperature averaged  $16^{\circ}$  in Boston -  $22^{\circ}$  below normal. The temperature moderates. I only hope we have

no more snow - of which some 3 or 4 inches are still on the ground in shaded locations. The ponds around Boston have scarcely begun to open and the deeper ponds still have a heavy unbroken ice cover.

Tuesday, April 8, 1941

On Saturday about 1. o'clock (P.M.) the Germans began the long expected Balkan campaign, invading Greece + Yugoslavia. Today the news is not very optimistic, with the Germans breaking through in the Greek lines.

On Thursday the 3rd of April I noticed that the ponds north of Boston still had considerable ice left in them, Spring is coming late again this year. Elm trees are not yet flowering, nor Forsythia. I must keep track of these this year!

Tonight the sun sets directly over the corner of the museum. I can see it through the windows at the corner of the building. The long sunny days of spring are welcome.

Tuesday April 22, 1941

A week of summer warm weather ended yesterday and today it has become cool and dry. Sunday the temperature rose to 90° in.



the early afternoon. The elm trees flowered around the 15th of the month. Forsythia was in flower a week ago. The cherry trees at the Arboretum began to blossom on Saturday the 19th. The horsechestnut tree on Oxford St is in leaf with the ~~flower~~ floral racemes 3-4 inches grown already.

The woods are excessively dry and fires are burning in many parts of the state. Yesterday a fire at Marshfield destroyed 500 houses - along the beach.

The Nazi steamroller continues over Greece. The familiar story of "the British Retreat" lines the newspapers again. The Germans apparently have paid very dearly in life and equipment, but they advance regardless. It now looks as though the British troops will be fortunate if they leave alive.

The German advance in Africa has not progressed in the past weeks. Perhaps there is a chance yet for the British to hold the eastern Mediterranean and the Suez.

The isolationists in this country become more obvious by the day. I am beginning to think that an enlightened man is one who can see even a little beyond the end of his nose.

Tuesday May 6, 1941

I became a Ph.D. today at 10 o'clock this morning. One feels scarcely different and there really isn't much to be said on the point.

This afternoon I met Larry Warner on Oxford St. He just returned from Antarctica with the Byrd Expedition. Quite some surprise after 4 years. It brings it quite clear and close to me how far away college really is. How much we have changed and yet we tell each other we are just the same - or have we changed - is it only time that passes?

Thursday May 8, 1941

A man just back from Antarctica is a jolly comrade at a party.

Yesterday I had lunch with Margaret, mother and Larry Warner on board the Byrd Expedition ship "North Star" - lying at 50. Boston Army Base. It was the first time I've been aboard a ship since I came back from Cuba. I never cease to marvel why harbors and ships and docks and cargoes hold such an unquenching fascination for me.

June 29, 1941

Provincetown Mass.

This is a quiet Sunday afternoon at the Aiskie Cottage. In fact the week-end has been very restful for me, with swimming; and walking over the dunes my only diversion.

Two weeks ago today I arrived here by way of the boat from Boston. Within that period of time I have gained weight, improved in health and strength, become tanned by the sun and wind, and come to a more calm and equable state of mind. To be sure all my time has not been devoted to this purpose, nor even a large fraction. But any activities surrounded by the natural beauty and restfulness of this part of the world cannot help but benefit.

More specifically I began work at the Marine Experimental Station of the Laubman Hospital Research Inst. at No. Truro on Monday June 16. Frederick S. Hammett Ph.D. is director, and a very difficult and exasperating man - but unswervingly clever and disarmingly intelligent. My work is technically very simple but actually difficult and somewhat outside my experience. It is going to the satisfaction of both of us. Comments on personalities are not to be catered to in this journal, unless of some permanent interest - and interest more general than specific in appeal. Personalities, as other experiences impress us in accordance with our

immediate feelings or (sometimes transient) prejudices. Hence an exhaustive treatment of personality one month may seem unintelligible next month. Of course this cannot be the case when fundamental ethical, moral, or intellectual concepts are antithetic. A person cannot learn tolerance or learn to feel affection for one whose deepest feelings and beliefs are antithetic to his own. But in many cases emotional reactions, or perhaps I should say aversions, vary with the degree of acquaintance. Usually toward the side of greater toleration. At least so my experience has been the last 2 weeks with the persons I work with.

Becoming a genuine summer resident of Provincetown is somewhat of an education. I have learned much of both natural events and human activities as they proceed in their un- hurried and unhampered way on this end-of-the-land. First and foremost the natural events interest and intrigue me. As a whole I describe as natural events merely my own experiences. I will never answer that question because I lack sufficient persistence <sup>in</sup> the necessary art of introspection.

This morning the Cape was swathed in thin haze. The fleeting shadows of high fog sped over the sand dunes. A brisk south west wind combed the crests of the gentle swells breaking on the beach of the back shore. The

sea was cold - and the tide very low. The long sandy shallows of the Peaked Hill Bars showed clearly on the shoal water.

Yesterday a strong S.W. wind piled a fine surf on the New Beach. Swimming was difficult until the water was deep enough that the waves rode free. Caught under some of the larger waves breaking I was pummelled soundly on the beach. It was utterly impossible to stand up to the waves and most disconcerting to feel helpless to the force of tons of water breaking all about. The crests of the waves reared up many feet above my head, and crashed viciously down. I was scrubbed on the gravel and sand, pulled out again, and pounded still more. Out beyond the surf it was not very difficult to swim but the drift was disconcerting - drift along the beach.

One lives close to the elements here on Cape Cod. And one learns to observe the elements perhaps more carefully than usual because the very land he is on is being relentlessly attacked and removed by the elements. When the wind blows strong the waves attack the shore and the wind attacks the dunes.

The sand drifts into graceful dunes and mounds, but always some is lost. The sea claims what it tears from the land, and the wind adds to this. Only the plants bind down the dunes. And they fight a losing

battle with the wind except in favored spots. Beach grass, well established resists the most viscious attacks of the wind until it becomes undermined, and the settling grains of sand slowly eat away the support beneath. Its long wiry rhizomes then suspend helplessly in the wind and become quite dry and brittle very shortly.

The peculiar little bogs in amongst the largest dunes are fascinating places. The ground is covered with Sphagnum, Cranberry, Orchids and numerous other bog plants. There is much of the bright green Lycopodium annotinum threaded here and there across the moist ground. That such a paradise of bog plants can live in this wilderness of sand is amazing. No less surprising is the presence of numerous mushrooms on the drest of soil on the heathery parts of the dunes. Commonly grows in clumps of Hudocia.

Today thunderstorms have been progressing sluggishly around the outer shore, and now one is slowly moving across the bay. There is muffled thunder intermittently, but no sign of an imminent storm. Last Monday night a progression of thunder storms move across from the northwest towards Race Point, swing north and then south east around the outer shore - keeping always to sea. A cold blast of air from the N.E. blew during the night and the temperature fell from the 90°'s

during the day to down in the 50°'s by next morning. Then a cold north east rain all day.

News of the world strikes a rather harsh note in Provincetown. Most persons here have come to escape from their affairs - except the towns people whose affairs are here. Hence the world is more removed from Provincetown than Provincetown is from the world.

Sunday last the Russian - German conflict began. It still continues with great ferocity. No important results have yet been communicated by either side. It seems difficult to believe that the Russians will resist successfully, yet also difficult to believe that Russia can be readily over-run. But speculation is perhaps more futile in this war than in any other war which has ever been fought.

Yesterday I received my informal announcement of position in the Selective Service Draft - Class I.

Fred received a month's position in Washington this week - War Research Information Bureau.

Temperature rose to 96.3° F in Boston Friday. Here it barely reached 75°.

June 30, 1941 - Monday

A rather large celebration in terms of relative importance - my birthday.

Thursday, Aug 7, 1941 Provincetown.

Despite all good intentions it seems impossible to maintain a journal on even a weekly basis. Perhaps it is just as well because somehow the writings, even a month ago seem somewhat puerile, and the less of them the better.

My stay in Provincetown is drawing to a close and I have mingled feelings about leaving. As a geographical phenomenon, Provincetown will never lose its charm, but as a social institution it quickly pales.

Marriage license arrived yesterday from Cambridge. Soon the big day will come. It will never cease to wonder that I should be married within a few weeks of the time I had planned even before I met my wife to be. It seems years ago now that I thought of these things to come and hoped that all might go as it really has. I shall always be grateful to that impersonal fate that exists only in the mind. Perhaps if a thing exists only in the mind it doesn't exist at all.

August 30, 1941

Margaret and I arrived at our little house on the outskirts of Amherst shortly before midnight last night. To our amusement, amazement and annoyance the door key we had



would not open the front door or any other door. So we very realistically broke into our house through a window. It was a cold reception for the end of a honeymoon. The night was cold too. Our fireplace seemed a good solution to that problem, but one try was enough to discourage that. Our evil genius was with us. The fireplace smashed furiously. Hopefully I opened the neglected damper. No use. I was puzzled and a bit discouraged until I thought of the chimney pot. Sure enough, safely out of reach was the cause of our murky misery.

Today I lost my wallet - probably while digging up a few trees to bring home - in the White Mountains. We went back scarcely a hundred miles to recover it. I think it lies on the mouldy floor of the woods near the highest part of Jefferson notch. Perhaps some one will find it years hence - a wad of rotted leather and decayed paper. There were thirteen dollars in it and many papers.

Margaret and I were married in the Church of St Mary of the Harbor about 4 o'clock in the afternoon Aug 16. It was ~~the~~ a cloudy day, but the brightest in many years despite the darkness. We have been gone now for two weeks - in the Adirondacks and White Mountains. I have not seen the Adirondacks for many years and they are more beautiful than ever. There is something lovely and grand about those forested mountains that

would make one think about ages gone and ages to come. Time on a grander scale.

September 3, 1941

On the first we travelled to Boston and Cambridge. My mother and brother are leaving for Washington today. It was my last look at the Cambridge apartment on 123 Oxford St. The years in graduate school seemed suddenly telescoped into a few sharp memories. The past is bettered measured in memories than in years.

September 19, 1941

After much preparation and needless fretting I have my first two lectures this year. My class is small but so much the better for one just beginning to teach on his own. I think you can't lecture from memory - but must organize your thoughts as you go.

December 8, 1941

Today the country declared war on Japan, after the attack on Pearl Harbor. How much consternation will follow is hard to judge. The students here are very restless and I had to dismiss my class today.

The inevitable has happened as I suppose we should not be surprised. Feeling is very high against the Japanese particularly since peace talks were going on even while the Japs

were bombing Pearl Harbor yesterday. The damage at the Hawaii base is not known to the public but it must be great. Our ever confident navy will have much to live down in the years to come.

There is a feeling very widespread that the Japanese are committing political "hari-hari" by attacking us at this time, when the German crises are on the run in Russia. Time will tell.

The country has suddenly become united, isolationists are no more.

The news from Russia is most encouraging, with the German defeat on the Moscow front turning into what the Russians call a rout. It seems incredible that the Germans are really up against superiority - but perhaps it is true. Time also will tell us that.

Dec 18, 1941

College will formally close May 19 this year, with Commencement day on that date. The college will suffer much from the conditions imposed by the war.

I wonder what security I have or will have in the future - even next year?

The war is going badly against us in the far East. The Philippines are probably not far for long.

I think the damage at Hawaii was more by

far than the navy admitted.

Dec 26, 1941

Yesterday was one of those rare days of complete contentment, peace and happiness. The Christmas spirit does not reach far these days, but there are islands in every sea no matter how restless it is.

Margaret and I went to the top of Mt Lincoln yesterday and from the windy hilltop watched the sun set over the Holyoke Range and the hills beyond the Connecticut River. Mt Monadnock was a little smudge of blue on the horizon to the north east.

This peaceful valley seems far removed from war and how I wish it really were.

Jan 3, 1942

The new year has suddenly appeared on the calendar. The Christmas vacation ends tomorrow and with it perhaps the last vacation for many months.

April 6, 1942

We are back from South Greenland tonight. I wonder how many more trips to Cambridge and all friends will be possible these coming months or years.

No tires - soon perhaps no gasoline. A little news of victory, only a little, would perhaps repay

a good many shortages.

The research grant received in March will be hard to expend if travelling is curtailed

May 10, 1942

Provincetown, Mass.

Yesterday's journey down here seemed long and monotonous. A 40 mile speed limit brings 200 miles to a long days drive.

Low grey clouds combed the sky all day but the sun broke through on the barren hills and shined on the end of the cape late in the afternoon.

It is hard to write impressions of Cape Cod since they inevitably seem hackneyed. But cold gray days on this barren tip of land are scarcely hackneyed in writing or in memory.

Out on the Truro hills, with the sandy bluff dropping to the beach, it seemed the epitome of loneliness, what with the raw cold wind and the deserted beach.

These are war times indeed, but the grim loings on the inky water around this sandy shore make the slender thread of land seem more secure than ever before.

The war has brought a few major changes to Provincetown and many minor ones. It is difficult to decide whether the night-light restrictions are major or minor. Driving a car at night is

a major event regardless. The only compensation is the absence of blinding headlights ahead.

Tonight there is a fresh northerly wind and it is quite cold and clear. The surf is snarling and roaring on the back shore but here it is a monotonous continuous roar. Window panes rattle and the wind sets up a hundred little noises. There is hardly a sound or a light from the town. The wind and the night look down on the restless shore. But we are the only ones who see.

March 1, 1944 Wednesday 10 PM

Now on train to Washington for appointment tomorrow morning for a position in the Office of Field Service of the Office of Scientific Research and Development.

Last Wednesday morning at 9 o'clock I was informed by the president of the college that my draft reclassification to 1A had come to the college. In the morning mail I received the same information by card for local board # 47 in Cambridge.

The draft case had been appealed and rejected by the Presidential Board in Washington. The appeal was made by the State board and the entire proceedings were not known to me at the college until the final decision. I had previously been placed in class 2-A until June 16, 1944, being deferred Dec 16 for teaching soldiers in the Army Specialized Training Program.

On Wednesday I explored the possibilities of change in draft status under the present occupational position by calling Major Desaul of Boston. There is no recourse without change of occupational activity. It was necessary to act quickly.

The president of the college received a form letter on Wednesday Feb 23 under Karl Compton's office at MIT regarding limited appointments in the OFS

of the O.S.R.D. Dean Bunker of MIT the consultant. I got a letter to Dean Bunker, whom I knew by correspondence with the grants Committee of the Amer. Acad Arts & Sciences.

Left Amherst on Thursday AM at 6:20. got the 6:45 (which was overdue) at Springfield and arrived at So. Station at 10:00. Called Dean Bunker directly. He had just written me requesting consultation on same job as I had gone to Boston to see him for. Curiously coincidental.

Saw Bunker at lunch. Had lunch with him. ~~Position~~ is Field consultant on problems of fungal decay & mildew in the S.W. Pacific theater of war. A travelling job immediately to develop. Bunker decided to accept and push the appointment through in Wash. Pres Karl Coughton intervened & called Wash.

Army clearance papers were not available Had filed same & was cleared last April. Record at Amherst had been destroyed. No record at 1st Semi Command. Only record I saw at Sage Field Greensboro N.C. Teletype from here showed records in transit to St Louis.

Special investigation by army intell. cleared me on Monday Feb 28. News of clearance went direct to Col Dorset of Quartermaster Corps in Wash. Col Dorset not available by telephone on Mon night.



On Tuesday AM Feb 29 received papers from  
draft board requesting appearance for pre-  
induction physical exam in Cambridge Mass.

Had this transferred to Ware draft board for  
March 23.

Called Bunker & told him of draft board  
notice. News of this sent to Wash.

At 7:10 PM Tuesday night Feb 29  
Dean Bunker called from Cambridge &  
advised me to take train to Wash and  
go to OFS office at P St NW to take  
oath for immediate service with OFS.

Had to clear up all affairs at Amherst  
today - no time to clean up experiments  
sent cultures to Luder today.

This AM President King called me in to  
office & gave me letter advising of advance-  
ment to Asst Professorship. Salary of \$3000  
this at recommendation of committee of five.

I leave Amherst in high spirits and with  
warm feelings for Amherst College. I want to  
come back to the college till not only to my  
home and my wife and boy, but also to  
my work and the good friends who have  
helped me in all ways I could hope for the  
past days.

The last seven days have been the

shortest, the most exciting and the most  
partentious to me for the future. I learn to  
come back to something I built and  
worked for these three years just passed.  
Three years so long & varied and uncertain.  
They are very much of the past now and I  
look forward to new duties of far different  
challenges and meaning to me.

March 2 - 44

Signed contract with OFS today. Have  
been requested by name by Col G.F. Periot  
of Research & Development Branch of the  
Off. Quartermaster General as consultant  
on problems of tropical deterioration.

Department papers filed today.  
Dinner at O'Donnells tonight.

March 3 44

OQMG today. Must confess great confusion  
as reaction to office or offices.

The Res. Devel. Branch is very impressive  
as far as contribution to Quartermaster activities  
are concerned. Here have been ~~and~~ designed  
the new types of <sup>personal</sup> equipment etc used by the  
army.

Dr. Gustav (Edwin J.) took me around  
to various persons, sections of R + D. and

made the superfluous introductions et al.  
Remarkable person just us. Seems a high pressure  
wind bag but is not apparently. Will form  
surer judgment later.

Col. Dorist (George F.) very cordial. Appears  
to be very astute person. Remarkably quick mind  
in grasping essentials - seems to pay no attention  
to details.

March 4, 44

Another day of orientation in O & M G. I seem  
to be sentenced to an office job and hope it is  
only temporary. Have already found no adequate  
reports from the field are available here. Australian  
Myological commission report the only one. No  
doubt conditions are bad in the SWP but  
no one seems to have first hand information.

Met Col Garner (H.A.) today. Has been in  
Australia & SWP for two years. Has much information  
to offer on field conditions - Col. G is a general  
and friendly old soul.

March 6 - 10

Boston and Cambridge the past 4 days.  
Took Draft Pre induction physical exam ~~today~~ on  
Tue 9th. Passed for General Service - 1-A. Blood  
pressure a bit high and vision myopic astigmatic.  
Finally secured passage to visit CWS laboratory  
in Cambridge. Lawrence White is the only

mycologically trained person in this laboratory. This lab constitutes the entire effort of the CWS on tropical dissemination program. Pure culture methods only are used. Saw collection of New Guinea fungi - do not seem particularly interesting. Probably represent only surface growth inoculations. 60% as Penicillium 20% Mucorales.

Dr Weston comes to Cambridge as consultant to Quartermaster Corps on March 9.

March 11 44

Dr Weston and I are hard at work on plans for developing Quartermaster activities on tropic proofing. Plan a 4 point program

1. Field Measures
2. Cultures & Specimens from Field
3. Domestic Mycological Research Lab.
4. Field Mission and Scientific going for Field Problems, data etc.

These plans will take much pushing to expedite

March 15 44

Technical Bulletin for field prevention measures has been tentatively developed. Cartoons for demonstrating action of fungi prepared as major part of text material in the Technical Bulletin.

No good chemical inhibitor can be specified

for field treatment at present. Not wise to advocate copper naphthenate in gasoline - too much fire risk. also leaded gasoline bad.

Cop. naphthenate water emulsion may not penetrate fabric finish on tents or shelter tent duck.

March 20

Dr Weston & I leave for Jeffersonville Ind. to survey lab facilities for establishing a QM experimental laboratory there.

Trip out by C & O R.R. through southern W. Virginia & central Ky. Ice and sleet part of way. Scenery west of the Blue Ridge reminiscent of the years gone by when I lived in Ohio and travelled in Ky and SW Ohio.

Jeffersonville QM Depot a huge place. Very new up to date testing laboratories recently completed (1942)

General impression of Jeffersonville not too favorable as to personnel. 'Seems provincial but may be merely prejudice from living in the east.

Construction of a laboratory here will require building as well as personnel.

March 22

Beltsville Md. today - Bureau of Plant Industry. A group of 6 or 7 working here on

fungicide evaluation. No experimental work or new developments of fungicides or methods of application or analytic study of materials to determine sequence of changes. Chiefly a testing program on large scale. The experimental work devoted chiefly to biochemical & physiological analysis of test procedures.

March 28

Today the first meeting of the NDR C-Army Navy Project AN-14 Steering Committee was held.

April 11

Meeting of the Steering Committee with the War, Navy & other Dept Liaison officers held at the Navy Dept. This meeting outlined the general scope of the Tropical Detestation project

I discovered to my surprise that the conference room was Admiral Kings private Conference Room. The Pacific campaigns were largely decided here as to naval operational details I am told

On the 5th Weston & I visited Philadelphia. The QM Dept there is like a small, modern city. 10,000 persons work in it. It is fine new and modern in every way. The facilities for the QM Tropical

Deterioration Laboratory are here. The laboratory will be recommended for establishment here. The available space is on the seventh floor of the Tower building - a lofty ~~and~~ and secluded spot open to ~~all four directions~~. North East South and West

July 1, 1944

It would be difficult to chronicle the succession of events of the past three months. The Tropical Deterioration project has grown both in scope and most certainly in complexity. The problems here in Washington continue to be more and more operational and organizational.

Among the original plans for NDRC action on the problem was that of sending a group of scientists to the SWP for field study and analysis of the deterioration problems. This plan was variously taken up, argued and struggled over and finally the personnel were selected at the Steering Committee meeting of May 10. The plan ~~was~~ <sup>is</sup> decided upon <sup>is</sup> to send 5 civilian scientists and 2 officers each from the Army and Navy.

This plan for the Mission was drawn up in a letter to Dr Compton and

submitted for action by the Office of Field Service

On May 17 the plan was discussed with Col. Lane of Maj. Gen. Henry's office (New Developments Division of GSC) and endorsed.

Accordingly the Steering Committee letter to Dr Compton was sent with letter of explanation from Dr Compton to Dr Harrison in Australia (GHQ at Brisbane).

No reply was received from Dr. Harrison until June 14 when the favorable reaction of the Theatre Command arrived informally in a report from Dr Harrison. The WOD then cabled to Australia establishing the Mission here and requesting air priority for the transit of the group. No formal statement has yet been received on this request although a cable recently arrived (June 28) established air priority for Lt. A. Chambers who is preceding the group as a civilian representative for exchange with an Australian representative forming to US to survey tropic proving programs here.

On May 23, after some ~~considerable~~ correspondence and considerable time I was formally transferred in assignment from the QMC to Dr Esolen, Chairman of the Steering Committee to act as executive assistant for the chairman. This change



involves many new problems, much more direct responsibility and a much broader outlook on the entire deterioration problem.

From May 5 or earlier have been spending two or three days a week at 1530 "P" St. ~~Now~~ From May 17 on ~~practically all the work days~~ ~~the~~ most of the time at this office. On June 23 the headquarters moved to 720-20th St NW - Third Floor - George Washington University Law School Bldg.

Moving from OSRD to 720-20th ~~is~~ involved travelling over in the OEM truck owing to the necessity of having a authorized person accompanying classified papers.

The new offices are light and airy and pleasant. There is a greivous lack of telephone service as yet.

The Sea and the Shore - Marmar  
 Fundamental basis of marriage. adjustment of outlook to the  
 mature approach.

Floods of Spring - Henry Bellman  
 Individual struggle of self-centered, almost fanatical misan-  
 thropic individualist with his family and with his fellow  
 men. Setting in the bottom lands of the Mississippi R.

Crystal Age - H Hudson  
 a fantasy of the future. Somber essentially unreal. Not  
 a satire or is it?

Look to the Mountains - Degraded Cannon  
 settlement setting - N. Eng. pioneer.

Windswept - Mary Ellen Chase

The Sea Hawks Sabolini



II *Homo sapiens*

no flight - teeth in jaw, 100%  
developed wings

III *Schthysus*

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5. Neanderthal Man

*Homo Neanderthalensis*

Found in Germany - numerous <sup>re-</sup>main  
25,000 - 75,000 yrs ago - during  
last glacial period.

Found also in Asia + Africa

- a. Tools + food found buried with  
remains. Used fire
- b. short + stocky (5'4")
- c. legs bent forward at knees
- d. skull low, receding forehead  
prominent brow ridge - from  
temple to temple
- e. nose broad + flat, receding <sup>chin</sup>

6. Cro-magnon Man

*Homo sapiens*.

Contemporary in part with Nean-  
derthal Man.

Lived in post-glacial period.

- a. high forehead
- b. high stature avg. over 6'
- c. high + broad skulls found similar  
to Indians + eskimos.

## Tonnage of a ship

### 1. gross tonnage

obtained by dividing by 100 the whole interior capacity (expressed in cubic feet) of the hull of the ship and all enclosed deck houses.

This method is based on the assumption that the average cargo occupies 100 cubic feet per ton.

### 2. net tonnage

derived from gross by deducting all space not used or capable of being used for cargo or passengers.

### 3. dead weight tonnage

actual weight of cargo a vessel can carry without immersing her too deeply for safety.

### 4. displacement tonnage

weight of ship and cargo or contents when immersed to a certain depth (Plimsoll mark for merchant ships).

For merchant vessels of ordinary type the displacement tonnage is the greatest gross next, then net. Dead weight

carrying capacity is always greater than net tonnage and usually greater than gross tonnage, but less than full load displacement.

### Load line marks

Plimsoll mark named after Samuel Plimsoll whose act in Parliament became a law in 1876

#### Abbreviations used:

F.W. - fresh water

I.S. - Indian ocean in summer

S. - summer

W - winter

W.N.A. - winter North Atlantic

The line which passes through the center of the circle is the permitted freeboard in salt water in summer time