Preface

This memoir of Harold Innis was written in the summer of 1952, which he spent at his home at 92 Dunvegan Road, Toronto. He had been operated on for cancer many months previously, but the disease had already spread too far to be eradicated. He was to die at home on November 8, 1952, three days after his 58th birthday.

The text of the autobiography has been prepared from a typescript kept before she died by Mary Quayle Innis, Harold Innis’ wife. Only a few editorial changes have been made, usually to ensure conformity in spelling and capitalization.

Wendy Graham Innis from Kingston has recommended a few changes, marked by an asterisk, in the early pages where Harold Innis was confused about the genealogy. She is the author of “The Innis Family of Blenheim and Norwich Townships, Oxford County, Ontario” and has also prepared the family tree included with this work.

I am most grateful for their help both to Wendy Innis and to Tricia McDonald who typed this autobiography.

August 1993/2003
Anne Innis Dagg
Waterloo, Ontario
Memoir of Harold Adams Innis
Covering the years 1894–1922

My father’s ancestors
I presume that the name Innis indicates Scottish background and that my father’s ancestors had been recruited from the Highlands of Scotland.

While education undoubtedly was restricted, the Bible and such religious material as Spurgeon’s sermons were read aloud to the family, as my father’s ability to quote scripture on almost every occasion attests. My father certainly acquired, as one of the younger members of the family, a knowledge of farming and in particular of the handling of farm animals, which was to be of great advantage to him when he came to own a farm of his own. In most cases farming previous to the introduction of machinery meant depending on hand labour and perhaps one of the most exacting instruments for the cutting of grain was the cradle. It required strength and endurance to handle during the harvest season.

Isaac Innis apparently owned the farm on the town line between north and south Dumfries but moved to the Sherwood Settlement and acquired his farm from the Crown. It was eventually purchased from him by his son Sam Innis.

In the Family Herald and Weekly Star of March 29th, 1944, reference is made to a grant of 480 acres to James Innis at Norton on the Kennebecasis River in 1789. Apparently a colonial house was built on the property in 1790. James Innis apparently had three children, John, James, and Elizabeth born in Newfoundland. Jane was born in Boston in 1775 and Margaret, Isaac and Moses on the St. John River. Apparently John Innis went to Ontario taking with him his grown family, including his second son Isaac.*

Isaac’s son Samuel settled in South Norwich Township* in Oxford County and married Sarah Stringham whose parents came from Pennsylvania. They had twelve children.

The oldest son, Harvey, began a small cheese factory; he went to Birtle, Manitoba where he apparently homesteaded and started another cheese factory but returned to Ontario and finally trained as a doctor, becoming an eye, ear and nose specialist at Grand Rapids, Michigan.

Another son, Charles, apparently did most of the hard manual labour involved in clearing the land. He seems to have been in many ways the most attractive of the family, though I doubt whether he ever learned to read. His grandfather was apparently much attached to him and in fact the character of Charles Innis seems to throw light on the character of Isaac Innis. At some stage, Sam Innis, the father, seems to have embraced the Baptist denomination, as did his wife who had been a Quaker. In fact, so strong was his influence that nearly all of the children became Baptists, with the noted exception of Charles, who seems to have maintained a rather persistent agnosticism in spite of pressure from every direction and to have had the strong sympathy of his grandfather. His life of hard manual work in driving oxen for the extraction of stumps and in the hauling of oak and possibly
pine square timber made him perhaps the most effective pioneer of the family. Only occasionally does one gain a glimpse of the character of the farm at the time at which it was purchased. The family almost certainly built the house and the barn and probably planted an orchard, which still bears fruit. It must at one time have had considerable stands of pine if one were to judge only from the size of the stumps. The oak stumps disappeared at a fairly early stage but the larger pine stumps persisted, and were only gradually removed, apparently by a stumping machine and found their places in the stump fences of the period. Probably in the early 70's a railroad running from Norwich to Otterville and Port Dover cut across the farm. My father had a distinct memory of its being built and of its being torn up. In any case, flat cars were left sitting by the railway company at points where the railway had involved cuts and square oak logs were hauled to be sent, it was said, to Tonawanda at Buffalo. The returns from the sales of lumber products must have been an important source of income in the early history of the farm and of assistance to members of the family in starting out for themselves. Sam Innis, a son, after one or two bankruptcies finally became a highly successful store keeper at Hawtrey. My father, William A. Innis, started out on a farm of 100 acres between the ninth and eighth concessions purchased by his father. Other members of the family were probably given assistance in one direction or another from the resources of the old homestead, chiefly obtained in the early stages from lumbering and later, probably, from livestock and dairying. The early history of the farm must have been characterized by high development of domestic industry, the burden of which probably fell on the wife and her daughters. But gradually fields were cleared, grain was grown and the farm, particularly after the construction of the railroad, developed along specialized lines with products suited to a wider market.

The education of the family was undoubtedly restricted by the fact that families were large and that school rooms were small. The oldest son who became a doctor was able to assist a younger son John, who also became a doctor in Grand Rapids, but in the main some of the family were illiterate and some had an education as in the case of my father, enabling him to read and to do the necessary fractions in the conduct of ordinary farm business. Sam Innis, the general store keeper must have had a great deal of native ability along with his limited training.

My Mother’s Ancestors
My mother’s father, William Adams, according to an obituary notice of the Galt Reporter, September 16th, 1892, was born on the 26th of March 1806 in the parish of Melrose in Roxboroughshire, Scotland. He seems to have had little education but to have valued education highly as was the case of most Scots, and to have impressed on my mother the fact that education one acquired could never be taken from one. With typical Scotch shrewdness they valued education as a most satisfactory type of investment from the standpoint of security. According to the obituary notice, he began work breaking stones for roads on the Estate of the Earl of Minto. He seems to have been the elder of two brothers, the second named Thomas Adams having apparently been a sailor in the Navy and to have been
engaged in action in the Mediterranean. The two brothers finally decided to move to Canada and having acquired livestock necessary to start farming, they brought it on the ship though many were apparently lost in storms on the way over. According to the obituary notice they sailed on the 16th of April and landed in Quebec on the 27th of May. They went up the river to Hamilton and thence to Galt. They apparently secured work in building the Beverly Road and finally helped to clear the Eleventh Concession as far as the Black Horse Hill and purchased a piece of land in Dumfries Township from Mr. Dixon, who apparently owned much of the land in the district. After they had taken up land they sent for their sisters and their mother. Thomas Adams married and took up a farm opposite to that of his brother. The mother and the sisters lived with William Adams.

After the death of the mother and sisters of William Adams, he employed a housekeeper who was a widow named Mrs. Easton, and had been born Nancy McDonald. She had with her two daughters. In his early 60s William Adams married his housekeeper and they had four children, of whom my mother was the oldest. At the early age of 32 the mother died on January 26th, 1876, leaving the eldest of her daughters, Christina Easton, to look after a large and young family. Years afterward on the occasion of a visit to British Columbia when I went with the late Judge F. W. Howay and others on the Pacific Great Eastern Railway to Quesnel to establish a memorial marking the end of the overland telegraph at that point, I came to learn some of the repercussions of the late marriage of William Adams. The overland telegraph had been started following the failure of the first Atlantic cable and was stopped immediately with its success. In the arrangements for the establishment of the Memorial, a programme had been worked out chiefly by Judge Howay and a close friend, a native of the district, Louis LeBourdais (a brother of D. M. LeBourdais of Toronto). Among those who were called upon to speak was a very old man named William Adams, and it was clear that while a resident of long standing in the district, his age prevented him from making a coherent speech. On the way back from Quesnel by train I met Mr. Adams and enquired of his past history, in which he told me that he came from Dumfries Township. I thereupon told him that my mother had come from that township and he immediately said that of course they were cousins. It seemed that immediately after the marriage of my mother's father, the family of Thomas Adams saw little prospect of a possible legacy from William Adams, and that William Adams, his namesake, had immediately decided to leave for the gold mines of the Pacific coast. Apparently he went by rail to San Francisco in 1871 and then north by boat to New Westminster and finally to the Caribou mining district. He seems to have stayed in this district and to have cut off all connections with his relatives in the East and it was not until I met him and until my mother had told me of the William Adams' side of the story that I learned the full details. The trip was marked by one other coincidence in that among those attending the ceremony was an official of one of the larger telegraph companies who had worked at an early age in the telegraph office in Otterville.
The William Adams family, including the two children of Mrs. Easton and the four children of William Adams, continued to live on the farm and finally sold it and moved to the small village of Roseville. In October 1890 the family moved to Galt and William Adams died on September 10th, 1892 it was said as a result of a long continuing injury incidental to a frozen foot incurred while hauling wood in the cold winter days from the farm to Galt.

Because of family difficulties, relations with the family of Thos. Adams were weakened and my mother’s family came to have much closer relations with her mother’s family. Much the closest friendships were established with the cousins of my mother, the children of Hughena McGregor, born Hughena McDonald. The McDonald family was a large family scattered in various parts of the United States and Canada. The father was apparently a shoemaker who decided to migrate with his family to Canada and came from Scotland in 1838, since that was the year of birth of Hughena McDonald, born on shipboard. A wealthy fellow-passenger had offered a substantial sum to the family if the child was named after him. Since his name was Hugh and the child turned out to be a girl, she was given the name Hughena, and presumably the amount was paid.

Hughena McDonald grew up and married Peter McGregor, a blacksmith, and had a large family. So far as my memory serves, the members of this family were regarded generally by my mother as brothers and sisters rather than as cousins, and undoubtedly the close relation between the family of William Adams and the McGregors was in large part a result of the differences within the Adams family. As the family grew up, William Adams attempted in every way to give them assistance toward an education. The second youngest son became a pharmacist and eventually a doctor, graduating from the Medical School of the University of Western Ontario. My mother was given the sum of $1000.00 as her share of the estate, which she spent in attending DeMille College at Whitby. I am sure this constant emphasis on education was responsible for her year in the Ladies’ College. Her training seems to have been limited to painting and drawing and the acquiring of College friends. Her paintings are still extant and indicate an appreciable skill acquired within a short period of time. After the year in College she returned to Galt and went to work with one of the McGregor daughters in the house of Mr. Nelles, a lawyer in Woodstock. She seems to have spent her holidays at the home of her grandmother, Mrs. Gamble (formerly Mrs. McDonald) on a farm near that of my father in South Oxford, and it was here that they met. My mother seems to have prided herself on the number of her suitors and to have been involved in at least one engagement made and broken, and only within the past few years did she tell my older daughter that her choice of my father from among four or five suitors was dependent largely on his religious background. This was an indication of her ability to make shrewd appraisals of the characters of individuals in days when drink was a particular menace to the younger men in a community.
My Parents

My parents were married in Galt in 1893 and immediately came to my grandfa-
ther’s farm to live. On my mother’s insistence a farm of 100 acres (one mile long
and 52 rods wide, more or less) almost directly to the north of the old farmstead,
was purchased by my grandfather from Mr. John Pettit* for about $3500.00 and
turned over to my father with a mortgage of about $1500.00. It is difficult to
imagine the state of the farm at that time, but remnants of earlier occupation are
clearly in evidence. It was a farm located along what became known as Oak
Ridge, with the highest point running in a ridge a little to the north of the middle
of the farm. It was made up in the north part below the ridge chiefly of sandy
fields and in the south part of a rather heavy grade of clay and in the extreme
southern fields of sand. There were still left a comparatively large number of
hickory nut trees and also of butternut trees and to a lesser extent chestnut. It must
have been an important centre for the Indians with this great abundance of tree
fruit to be found in the neighbourhood. Evidence of Indian residents was shown in
the discovery of at least two Indian skeletons on a sandy hill in the north part of
the farm and in the occasional finding of arrow heads. It was never systematically
examined but it would probably show much the same characteristics as the Uren
site examined by W.J. Wintemberg some five miles from the farm.

Various hickory nut trees were left by those who cleared the land and in fact
are still standing. The chestnut trees disappeared completely some time after the
First World War as a result of the Japanese blight. Butternut trees have never pro-
duced with the same vigour, probably in part because the wood was much less sat-
isfactory than hickory. I can remember only a very few walnut trees in the district.
We became familiar with the products of these trees, a familiarity growing out of
the necessity of picking the nuts off the ground. We were struck with the differ-
cences in the size and shape of the nuts of different trees and, strange as it may
appear, by looking at a hickory nut one could almost say what tree it came from.
The same differences were evident in the chestnut trees, and indeed in maple sap
which was collected in the spring. By tasting the sap it was possible to say in a
rough sense what tree it came from. But these details were simply an indication of
the character of the work which compelled one to recognize such differences. Fol-
lowing the cutting over of the land for pine, a great number of pine stumps were
extracted and put in fences or left to be worked out by fire and other means over
the course of years. Much of this work had apparently been done when the farm
came into the hands of my mother and father. Indeed there were remnants on the
highest ridge of the farm of an old house, chiefly in the form of odd bits of porce-
lain, and as I remember it some distinctive trees which bore small sweet pears near
what must have been the site of the house. There was still a large old orchard
bearing such fruits as greenings. A second occupant had apparently obtained this
site and moved the house or built another house farther to the north and nearer to
the Eighth Concession road and with it he built a barn and set out a much newer
and larger orchard than the first, with a variety of apples, including astrakhan,
baldwins, greenings, spies and others. There were two or three cherry trees and
one or two pear trees bearing large quantities of fruit. My mother and father decided to establish a third house still farther down the ridge toward the Eighth Concession and to put a house and barn at the site.

The site chosen for the house built by my father and mother was just below a substantial spring which guaranteed water throughout the year and made it possible to put down a well of relatively shallow depth, say 30 feet, and to secure a reasonable guarantee for water. The spring itself, located high above the land to the north, was a unique phenomena. After the melting of snow in winter and rains, a large pond was formed, with two or three large willows at one end, but this gradually dried out as the summer wore on and it became necessary to depend on a shallow excavation to maintain a water supply for the livestock. During the summer of 1894, a frame house 20' x 25' was built with scantlings, plaster placed between the scantlings and held there by boards nailed on the outside. On the inside there was lath and plaster and partitions running off to form three rooms and a hall on the ground floor and three rooms and a hall upstairs. Most of the expense of building the house was incurred in buying scantlings at $12.00 a 1000, shingles at $4.00 a 1000 and rough cast lumber at $5.00 a 1000. A carpenter and a mason were employed at $3.00 a day each. My mother and father dug out the cellar, presumably after the house had been built and nailed on the lath inside the main rooms of the house and on the partitions.

The house which had been built by the preceding occupant was made of logs 16' x 20' with one story. There were four windows, one door, and hand-cut shingles. There was also on the same site a frame house 10' x 18' with one floor, two bedrooms, one door outside, and one door to the log house. This farmhouse had two bedrooms, a fireplace, and a kitchen. Finally there was a small weave house 8' x 10' made of clapboard. The lane from the Eighth Concession to the log house was an important factor in determining the site of the house built by my parents. Clay had been dug out of the hill by the previous occupant and put on the road or the lane, leaving a gulley which still persists. The fireplace at the end of the orchard was torn down and the material moved down to be used in the house built by my parents. Their house was built on the opposite side of the land and farther to the north and opposite a barren sandy hill which could not be used for cultivation. They therefore decided to build a barn on this site. A barn and shed with corn-crib had been built by the previous occupant near the boundary of the next neighbour to the west. The corn-crib was located close to two apple trees some distance to the west of the main orchard. These farm buildings were finally moved down on rollers to the site opposite the house in 1897. It required three days to move them and a payment of $8.00 a day. They were raised up and brick brought from Norwich brick yard costing $24.00 a 1000, (a total of $50.00) plus stone was put underneath the barn to form what was known as a bank barn with room for the livestock underneath and the grain and feed above. The stone was acquired, of course, from the older buildings of the previous occupants but also from various parts of the farm, since every year the plough seemed to strike new stones which somehow or other were removed. In the case of large stones, fires were
built around them and cold water thrown on them to break them and a stone hammer finally used to put them into proper shape. They were, of course, mostly glacial boulders of different sizes and year after year furnished supplies of material which was used in the various buildings.

The first attempt to secure cash income came with the contract to draw milk in 1895 for six miles for seven months (for the seventh month every other day rather than every day) for $150.00. The contract called for the payment of $150.00 for the hauling of milk belonging to farmers on the road from what was called Hensalls Corner one mile to the north, then east along the Seventh Concession and one mile south to what was called the Four Corners and along the Eighth Concession east to Bookton Cheese factory. The work began the middle of April and the amount paid was increased from $150.00 to $175.00, allowing for the payment of $1.00 for each cow on the route over the $150.00 of the regular payment. The cans were brought back directly from Bookton Cheese factory to the farm and my mother washed from eight to eleven cans per day preparatory to the next day's work. In the early stages there was no whey and the milk was sold directly to the cheese maker but in 1899 the route involved bringing back cans of whey and leaving them with the various farmers whose milk had been taken during the morning. This meant covering the same distance on the return trip as on the outgoing trip to Bookton. In 1900 an arrangement was made for another man to handle part of the season but it ended rather disastrously by his working until he was entitled to a payment of $25.00 and then stealing the harness and leaving the country. The general route was continued to Bookton until 1905.

As to the work of the farm, my father's brother Charles engaged as a hired man in 1895 and continued for two years. He gave my father the use of two cows and their calves and was paid $15.00 for six months. My father also had a horse belonging to his brother for which he paid $40.00 but which died in 1897. He had bought another horse in 1896, particularly to assist in drawing the milk on the route to the cheese factory. In 1899 he hired a new man, paying him $15.00 a month for seven months. In the period from 1894 until 1900 the chief income seems to have been from the use of horses for drawing milk and perhaps also from the small number of cattle which he had at that time. But it was a meagre income from which to pay the interest on the note for $1,500.00 to his father and attempt to reduce the size of the note as well. I suspect that my mother must have done a great deal to increase the production of the farm by the raising of vegetables and of poultry. The eggs must have been not only for food but also, as was the custom at the time, for exchange at the general store for regular household necessities. Her indefatigable energy was evident at every turn, notably in ways and means of avoiding dependence on the store and of increasing the output of the farm.

There were of course apples from the orchard which were sold under contract in barrels or were used to be dried during the winter. The apples which were stored in the cellar were processed throughout the long winter evenings by being cut into quarters and having the cores removed and placed over the stove for drying. This process went on day after day, the heat of the stove being used, of course, for
cooking as well as for making dried apples to be taken to the store. It is probably also true that the attachment to my uncle’s store at Hawtrey, which was rather more distant than the general store at Otterville, was in part a result of concessions in one form or another made to my parents. These concessions probably involved lower prices, willingness to wait without interest for the repayment of debt and other preferences which could be shown by general store merchants.

My father and mother began with livestock totalling two horses, one named Nell eight years of age and the other Dan six years of age. My father bought his equipment, including a wagon, at a sale for $38.00; a new Patterson plough for $8.00 and three sets of second-hand drags for $4.00. The first crop included five acres of wheat directly north of the house and rye on the sand field south of the barn. Both were put in broad-cast, since they had no drill. The rye in the front field was intended for fall pasture and was designed to build up a poor sandy area which was always a problem to the farm. In the following spring crops were put in to the south, including peas and 100 bushels of oats, presumably with clover or timothy seed for hay.

My mother confined her chief interests to poultry, especially hens but later expanded to the raising of turkeys, geese, and ducks. All these varieties of poultry made heavy demands on her energies. The hens more or less looked after themselves and produced eggs in larger quantities, particularly in the spring of the year. They were fed grain and foraged about the farm yard. Turkeys, ducks, and geese were raised primarily at a later stage in the history of the farm to be marketed in the holiday season, especially at Brantford. Turkeys involved special problems as they invariably laid their eggs in some secret place and as the season developed joined with other flocks of the neighbours, so that when market time arrived there was the inevitable friction as to the ownership of the birds, as well as the difficulty of catching them, since they usually roosted at night in trees and in inaccessible places. It was probably this friction which led to the abandonment of the raising of turkeys, though I have no clear memory as to the date. My elder sisters and I, when we could not have been more than perhaps five or six, were accused of wringing the necks of some of the very young turkeys at the beginning of the season in imitation of our elders, but I am inclined to regard this as largely apocryphal. Ducks were perhaps the easiest to raise and were certainly the most attractive of all forms of poultry. Geese on the other hand were strictly isolated and to some extent undomesticated and always reared their families with complete disdain of ownership. At the time of preparation for market, it was necessary of course to slaughter large numbers of poultry, to spend endless time picking off the feathers, and at least three days going to and from market with horse and buggy or horse and sleigh at some 25 miles distance. The market was conducted by the simple process of various customers coming from their homes in Brantford and looking over the products of the farms exposed on tables in the marketplace. The sale of the poultry brought in small amounts of cash, which was of course greatly appreciated over the holiday season.
In all this it should be kept in mind that conditions were improving from the low depths of the middle 1890s to the end of the century. Such improvement made it possible for my family to turn to a more profitable type of agriculture and to expand their general activities. I suspect that the bringing of whey from the factory back to the milk producer marked the beginning of an interest in hog production. In any case the price of hogs seems to have increased to the point that more and more attention was given to raising them and farming methods began to develop along new lines. The effect of improvement in conditions was shown in the construction of a brick wall around the farm house and in the extension of a new brick house attached to the old one. The old part of the house was simply hidden by the brick wall and the new part, 21 ft. x 30 ft., was built to the west of the old house. Twelve thousand bricks at $6.00 a 1,000 were hauled from Norwich Junction brick yards and a payment of $3.00 a 1,000 made for laying them. The carpenter charged $115.00 and the new part of the house implied an addition of three rooms (a large room, a kitchen, and a bathroom downstairs and a large room and a bedroom landing upstairs). The shingles were purchased for $5.00 a 1000 and, like the lath, were put on by my parents. A further indication of more profitable conditions was evident in the addition of a number of horses as well as cattle. The pigs were raised or purchased and fed on grain produced on the farm and became an important source of cash income. They were among the least attractive of the livestock and my father was accustomed to say that no animal was more appropriately named than the pig.

The raising of cattle meant an emphasis on new types of crops, particularly on the raising of turnips and mangels. These were produced in large quantities; the field was laid out with ridges running regularly across it. The seed was sown in these ridges and there followed the enormous demand for labour, first in thinning the turnips and finally in keeping them clear of weeds. The period of raising turnips and mangels always has the most distasteful memories, particularly to the younger members of the family. The turnips were loosened in the fall, the dirt knocked off and the final product hauled to the barn, where it was finally cut up by a cutting machine for consumption by the cattle.

At the same time corn became more important, particularly as it could be grown with great success on the sandy fields of the farm. The sand attracted the heat of the sun and after the planting of the corn about the 24th of May and its appearance; it grew with amazing rapidity throughout the summer season. In September or perhaps later it was cut with a sickle and put into shocks and left standing until it could be hauled to the barn or until it could be husked and the ears of corn removed from the stalk. The ears were fed more generally to the pigs and the stalks to the cattle. It was not until relatively late that hand labour was replaced by machines in the cutting of corn, and probably the date at which the silo was built, viz. in 1910, marks the end of the corn crib and of the heavy demands on labour. In 1910 a silo 47 1/2 ft. high x 14 ft. in diameter was built at a cost of $150.00. The cement, totalling 47 barrels, with four sacks to a barrel, cost $1.35 a barrel. Some 40 loads of gravel were used, costing 25¢ a load. It was built at a
period when great numbers of silos were being put up and when winter dairying had become much more important. This meant the milking of cows during the winter season, the production of creams, and the use of the cream separator and the sale of the product, chiefly to city firms, among which Eaton’s in Toronto was important. This also brought to an end to an important extent the dependence on turnips and mangels and reduced the demands for labour, or rather made farming into an operation which was much less arduous in character.

In the handling of grain, the scythe was rapidly replaced by the binder and the size of the fields was much increased. The threshing machine went about from one farm to another, hauled by horse power and threshing the grain of the season, especially oats and barley, and to a lesser extent wheat. The hauling of the engine and of the separator, particularly on sandy roads, made enormous demands on horse power and it was not until relatively late that the traction engine made it possible to do away with horses. Those in charge of the threshing machine were usually in debt to the manufacturer, accustomed to working at all hours and generally had the reputation of being formidable liars as it became necessary for them to explain the various delays to the farmers. Hay and grain were taken into the barn in the early stages but finally the practice developed of threshing the grain as it was brought directly from the field and of installing a separator outside the barn so that the grain could usually be taken to the granary and the straw was thrown into the barn. In the earlier period the threshing machine had a carrier which folded up for moving and was unfolded into position for handling the straw. A great improvement was involved with the introduction of a blower, by which straw could be placed anywhere in the barn with little difficulty, but it meant in turn an enormous increase in the amount of dirt and dust which characterized the process. The threshing machine evidently came under the control of a syndicate of farmers in 1915 and the increase in capital equipment meant that farmers were compelled to join together in their purchases. Six farmers paid $200.00 each for a threshing machine and in addition purchased a cutting box for filling the silo costing $50.00 a year and a corn binder for which each paid $70.00. With all these changes by 1910, farming became distinctly mechanized and the character of labour and the demand for labour began sharply to change.

The building of the silo emphasized an interest in dairying and livestock which had slowly become more important. Certain crops such as peas were no longer possible because of the spread of the pea weevil. Wheat was a cash crop and its production declined with competition from the west. Corn, which had been planted with a hand corn planter, was arranged in hills and pumpkins were scattered through the field. With this change to the silo, a planter drawn by horses was introduced and corn was planted in both hills and rows, the planting in hills making it easier to cultivate. Pumpkins could no longer be grown with the corn. Seed was brought in from specialized producing areas, such as Wisconsin, instead of being taken from the cob.

Another source of income, though the product was used both for domestic purposes and for sale, was maple syrup. Late in February or early in March, when
the sun began to have some effect in warming up the southern side of maple trees in the woods, buckets would be brought down from the storage places, generally long buckets with a hole near the rim, and with them spigots chiefly of cast iron, to be washed and prepared for tapping the trees. This process involved boring a small hole in the tree, and in the case of large trees two holes, tapping the spigots into the hole and fastening the bucket on a small piece of wire which hung down from the spigot. As the sap began to run the buckets were carefully watched, the sap collected and carried chiefly by hand in pails to a more or less central spot in the woods where it was put in large cans, generally milk cans, and in the kettle used for boiling. As the amount increased, stakes with a forked end were put in the ground some 15 feet or more apart and a pole, generally ironwood, was laid in the two forks. A chain was then fastened to one of the ears of the kettle, thrown over the pole and fastened to the other ear, lifting it a short distance from the ground. With full cans and kettle, the boiling of the sap began. Old pieces of pine stumps formerly used in fences, and pieces of wood collected from all parts of the woods, branches from trees which had been blown down by the wind or had been cut down to provide fuel for domestic use were brought to the boiling place and used for fuel. As the water in the sap boiled away, fresh supplies of sap would be thrown in and in turn brought from the buckets hanging in the trees. As the season became warmer the flow of sap increased and it became a strenuous task to keep ahead of the amount of sap obtained from the trees. Eventually the maple syrup was carried up to the house and certain cleansing processes used to remove the bits of bark and dirt which had accumulated in the kettle. After a period of time in boiling, the contents of the kettle became very rich and any well informed individual might very easily steal the proceeds.

I can well remember an occasion on which my father went to the top of the hill, perhaps with some suspicion in his mind, at about midnight, to look back towards the woods to see that all was well. He saw fire at the site of the kettle and proceeded to walk back to the woods to discover that two individuals were there busy using up the wood supply to boil down a rich kettle of maple syrup and to make away with it. He thereupon started a hue and cry which my mother nearly three-quarters of a mile distant heard clearly in the still night, woke up the hired man and myself and started us on the trip back to the woods. We arrived in time to find my father in charge of the situation, having chased out the two individuals attempting to rob the kettle. It was an indication of pure physical courage on the part of my father which I had never before witnessed, or it may have been a complete lack of concern for his own safety in the interests of what he regarded as his own property. In any case the syrup had been rescued.

The work of making maple syrup was important in that it kept the bush clean of rubbish and became a means of using the stumps and the fences which were gradually falling into disrepair. I doubt whether the boiling of the sap continued long after the middle twenties, since by that time stump fences had disappeared and indeed rail fences were being displaced by wire fences and the cost of fuel was becoming prohibitive.
It is impossible to give any clear picture of farming as I saw it in the period after 1900. Farming was primarily an industry in which the farmer used all of his resources in innumerable combinations in the hope of securing the largest returns. This meant that gradually labour was used throughout the year rather than seasonally. It meant that innumerable products were to all intents and purposes joint products and might or might not be produced in a given year, depending on the farmer's views as the prices of that product or as the possibility of securing better prices for another product as a substitute. But it was clear that throughout the period the extent of land cultivated was gradually increased, the character of the capital improved and the general efficiency of the farm increased.

Some indications of the changes could be shown in the buildings and in the various items of equipment of the farm. In 1908, a shed and pig pen costing about $300.00 was put up. In 1910, the year in which the silo was built, a cement cistern 5 ft. x 6 ft. for the collection of rain water from the house was built at a cost of $20.00 and old wagon tires were used to reinforce the cement. In 1911 a telephone was installed and a share of $100.00 in the company purchased. Throughout the period there was the constant necessity of building and repairing fences. The rail fences which had been cut from the woods were slowly deteriorating and it was necessary to put up stronger fences as well as fences that were more economical, notably what was called the patent fence. As the rail fences deteriorated further cedar posts were purchased and wire fences were introduced. Gradually the character of fences changed from the stump to the wire fence.

In the improvement of the farm, tiling played an important part, and at an early date my father began to purchase tile to drain the water from low spots and to increase the area to be cultivated. Most of the tile, of which there were some 10,000 purchased over a period, was 3-inch, though some were 5-inches. In 1913, 8-inch tile began to be laid. Finally, arrangements were made by the farmers of the community for the construction of a large tiling system, designed to drain more efficiently the whole area. Bonds were floated after a survey had been made. Large tile was laid and farmers increased the number of tiles laid from the low places to the larger tiles and few very low places were left. The work involved in all this meant that little time was available for holidays or other relief. Milking itself, as it became a year-round occupation, made exacting demands on the time and labour of the family. My father continued to draw milk to the cheese factories, but in 1906 the route was transferred to Sommerville Cheese factory, a much shorter distance than Bookton. In 1908 he seems to have given up the drawing of milk for more profitable undertakings.

I am sure that the emphasis on dairying and on the sale of calves for veal and of young cattle had been a prominent objective in my father's farming from the beginning. Dairy farming meant a cash income of considerable regularity and indirectly the keeping of a larger herd meant building up the land, particularly with larger quantities of fertilizer which were distributed over it. It should be said also that my father's chief interest and success in farming was in the handling of animals. I am certain that his care in the handling of cattle increased the supply of
milk. I can remember one incident which illustrates his sympathetic interest in animals most sharply. His first horse, named Dan, had been ill for a considerable period and one morning when led out of the stable for a brief period he beckoned to my father to lead him through the gate leading the back of the farm. My father followed and in turn the horse continued to indicate his wishes that other gates should be opened and finally arrived at the site of the old homestead two miles to the south. The two of them then returned, the horse seemingly satisfied with the trip and after coming back to the stable died within a few hours. This was a tribute as much to the sympathetic interest of my father as to the intelligence of the horse. Animals were continually getting into difficulties, by breaking through fences and in one or two cases during the fly season getting into thick pools of mud from which it was necessary in some way or other to extract them. This was all taken as part of the day’s work and I seldom knew my father to say a harsh word to an animal, indeed he very seldom used harsh words towards individual people.

My memory of all this must have been generally limited to the period after 1900. As the eldest I was born on November 5th, 1894, and was followed by my sister who was born on July 16th, 1897. I have a faint recollection of an agitation centring on an election which had to do with Laurier and of the discussion of the Manitoba School question, but this must have been in 1900 and not in 1896. My father and his next neighbour, Mr. McDougall, were ardent liberals and not unduly disturbed by the question as to the religious affiliation of Sir Wilfred Laurier. In the period after 1900 I must have started to school—about 1901—at the age of five years. I can remember distinctly the funeral of Queen Victoria which must have been near that time. The school, S.S. No. 1, South Norwich, was located about one half mile from the farm. My mother took me down the lane and put me in charge of one of the older girls of the neighbourhood and started me off to new ventures.

As a one-room school, it meant that the teacher was compelled to devise ways and means of instructing a large number of students of different ages and of different levels of training and ability. It had the great advantage for the bright student of permitting him to do his own assigned work and then to follow with interest the work under discussion in the class above him. Consequently specialization was avoided and the student given the best opportunity for rapid promotion. I have no clear memory of individual teachers, though some distinguished themselves, at least in my estimation, by being asked to come to dinner by my mother. Mr. Hemstreet was among those favoured and he spent much time after dinner playing the difficult game of checkers with my father. In any case he stands out in my memory as a strict disciplinarian and as a teacher who was successful in guiding reasonable numbers through the entrance examinations.

The general activities included a spelling bee, and I was surprised on one occasion to find myself the winner of a contest even though younger than those generally engaged. In any case I passed what was called the entrance examination, a public examination, written at Otterville, which permitted me to go to high school at the age of eleven in 1906. The activities of the students in such a school
were necessarily limited. No one had money with which to buy baseballs or gloves or any equipment involving expenses of a substantial sort. Consequently a great amount of time was spent in piling up leaves in the fall, in erecting forts and throwing snowballs in the winter and in any sort of activity in which numbers could participate but which did not involve expense. During the period of my early school training it became clear to me that my parents had decided that I was not to be a farmer. My father expressed his general views by saying that I should try to be a teacher and in this way avoid the arduous labour to which he had been exposed all his life. Both my parents had apparently, from the beginning, thought of my education and I have always been curious as to why they should have registered my name as Herald and that the change to Harold was not made by my mother until some time in the first world war. With the passing of the entrance examination it was undoubted that they should have thought of sending me to high school.

It may be that the birth of my younger sister and of my younger brother that reinforced the decision of my parents to send me to high school, since the family of four was now sufficiently large to guarantee that the farm might be kept in the family and it was possible to send me to high school. I was sent in the first year to Otterville High School, 1906-7, and there met a great number of new students from Otterville and the general district and came into an entirely new community. The school had its traditions, especially in games, into which I could hardly be expected to fit. Baseball was a game of major importance and students were equipped with experience and all the expensive paraphernalia, such as bats, gloves and balls, and the teams both in baseball and hockey were accustomed to play other schools. In skating, my experience had been limited to the acquisition of a pair of spring skates which with great difficulty were fastened on the shoes and by no means suited to the game of hockey. The teacher in charge of the first year of high school work, a Mr. Garthwaite, was a strict disciplinarian who ruled the room with his sharp eyes and his stern appearance. On acquaintance he was a kindly individual but I doubt whether any of the students came to know him.

Otterville School was located possibly three miles from the farm and the trip during the days on which the school met involved covering in one way or another some six miles to be at the school by 9 o’clock and to leave at 4:00. In the main, neighbours were kind enough to give us rides part of the way whenever it was convenient, but walking was the only dependable way of getting from the farm to the school. At the end of the first year my parents decided that I must go on in 1908-9 to Woodstock Collegiate Institute located some twenty miles by rail from Otterville. This meant leaving the farm at some time before 7 o’clock in the morning, walking two miles to the station and getting the train to Woodstock. The Grand Trunk, probably with assistance from the government, gave cheap commutation tickets, which meant roughly a ride of twenty miles for five cents. The train collected students from points even more distant than Otterville and students from junction points such as Norwich Junction which met the train from Tillsonburg which went on to Brantford, and as the trainman shouted out each morning “Galt,
Hespeler, Berlin, Guelph, Hamilton, and Toronto.” With these students we also picked up those at intervening stations between Norwich Junction and Woodstock. In the evening the train left Woodstock at about 5:30 and distributed the students along the route to the south. After arriving at Otterville I had a walk of two miles back to the farm. It is scarcely necessary to say that under these conditions I was determined that a year should not be spent in vain and that every effort should be made to pass the examinations to warrant the expenditure of energy and to a lesser extent of funds.

At Woodstock Collegiate Institute the teaching standards were obviously on a higher level, but I was not a brilliant student securing a term mark in the winter of 1911 of 64.4%, though I was given 76.2% in the winter term form 1b in 1909 and 77.8% in the autumn term of 1908 in the same form. I entered Woodstock in September 1909 and completed my lower school courses with honours in 1911. Principal I. M. Levan wrote on Aug. 15th 1911, “Accept my heartiest congratulations on your well-deserved success. I am very proud of you and I hope to have you back in the Fourth Form next year.” In lumping together a large number of subjects from Pt. I and Pt. II, I was permitted entrance to the faculties of education such as were involved in these two examinations in 1912; I realized the risk of failure but I was not disposed to take many chances in failing when the year’s trip back and forward from the farm to Woodstock was taken into account. In spite of the handicap I managed to secure all subjects in both years, though I doubt whether many of them were of high standing.

The level of teaching was higher than that with which I had been familiar and I would always be grateful to such individuals as Mr. Patterson who taught mathematics, Mr. Cole who taught natural science, Mr. I. M. Levan, the principal of the school, and Mr. W. J. Salter who taught Latin. It was a great advantage in coming under the influence of these teachers to see something of the stimulus and excitement which emerged in different subjects. Mr. Cold had the faculty of inspiring students to do everything imaginable to carry out his wishes, whether it was bringing dead rats to the school for dissection or listening to such visitors as Ernest Thompson Seton, who came to lecture on nature subjects in the city, or whether it was keeping a diary concerned with the incidents of nature. At this stage I began to develop fanatical enthusiasms which were of much concern to my family but which eventually wore off.

To indicate the pressure to secure an education I can perhaps best repeat the story in which, during a public examination period for matriculation, I developed an attack of German measles. I was not certain that I had the German measles, but having no examinations on the following day, I went to bed with my books and perspired in the most desperate fashion and proceeded on the following day to continue with the examination. I stayed during part of the time with my mother’s cousin, one of the McGregors who had married a Mr. Hamilton in Woodstock, and I was surprised to find on my return home that my mother had got German measles and had come down with pneumonia. These were the risks which went with the fear of failing a public examination.
The passenger train running to Woodstock had the general uniform equipment of one passenger coach, one smoking car, a baggage car, and the engine, with a crew of the engineer, a fireman, a conductor, and a brakeman. Most of the students rode in the passenger car, though many of us preferred the smoking car with its more picturesque characters such as travelling salesmen and individuals who were all too frequently under the influence of liquor and from time to time were stopped in rather violent fashion by the conductor from going back to the passenger car. I remember well the interest of one of the best citizens of Otterville in going down to the train one morning to warn me especially against riding in the smoking car and coming in contact with those malevolent influences.

The train proceeded with little interruption and generally close to schedule day in and day out throughout the year. Two striking interruptions I remember, the first a heavy snow storm which compelled the Grand Trunk to put us up at their hotel next to the station and send us on the second night by a very roundabout route from Woodstock to Brantford to Norwich Junction, then to Otterville. A more violent interruption was that incidental to the wreck of a freight train at the bottom of the hill going down from Burgessville. A heavy train going at considerable speed had apparently led to a pushing apart of the rails and to the jumping off the track of the first car behind the engine, to be followed of course by all the others. The chief interest to high school students lay of course in the speed with which wrecking crews were brought from various points and the remnants of cars dragged off the track and burned in preparation for the re-opening in a very short period of the railway. On other occasions the engineer had difficulty with icy rails going up grades but in the main schedules were more or less regularly maintained.

An outstanding event of the period at Woodstock Collegiate Institute in the minds of many students was the meeting at the cadet camp in London. We were asked to assemble at 8:45 a.m. on July 22nd, with the usual articles: knife, fork, spoon, cup, plate, underclothing, towels, and other odds and ends, and to be dressed in the ordinary cadet uniform. The week in London was chiefly notable in that it meant a new city and experience with the more or less large-scale operations employed in army life: the handling of great carcasses of beef, mutton etc, enormous quantities of bread. All this mass accumulation of material was something with which most of us had no previous experience. I doubt whether we learned much in the way of drill, other than to have a sort of nodding acquaintance with the way in which an army camp operates.

After securing my matriculation I was persuaded by my father, who was a trustee of the School Board of School Section No. 1, along with another trustee, to take a teaching position on a temporary certificate at my old school. Mr. Levan was extraordinarily generous in a letter of recommendation and with the patronage of my father secured the appointment until a teacher with a regular certificate could be selected.
Mr. Harold A. Innis has been a pupil of this school for the past four or five years. He has been taking up the work prescribed for the Teacher’s course, and the character of his ability and energy is well shown in the results of his examinations. In 1911 he wrote upon the examination for Part II Normal School entrance, and passed with honours. This year he took up the work prescribed for admission to the Faculty of Education, and accomplished the very unusual feat of passing both parts of this examination (a two years’ course) in one year.

He is a splendid worker, and is not afraid to undertake any task, however difficult. He is moreover, a young man of excellent character, and can be relied upon to do his best under all circumstances.

(Signed) I. M. Levan
Principal

The adventure on the morning on which school opened of going, at the age of sixteen, to teach some who had been students with me in that school and others who were the brothers and sisters of those who had been with me, was perhaps the most terrifying experience of my life. The necessity of mustering enough courage to walk to the school and finally to start the session was overcome by sheer will-power. Once the ice had been broken I had little further difficulty, though I came to see some of the limitations of a teacher in a school of this character. There was a blackboard and a limited supply of chalk, and slates, slate rags and slate pencils were used by some of the students, though scribblers and paper were gradually coming into fashion. There were a series of maps for the teaching of geography and a series of paintings for the teaching of physiology. These paintings were designed in particular to show the horrible effects of strong drink on various parts of the body, such as the liver, heart, and so on. Whether they ever had any effect on the student is a subject on which one might speculate, but I suspect that they have long since disappeared.

At one end of the room stood the two entrances to closets with hooks for the clothes, coats of the boys and girls of the school and just inside, in the main room, was a box stove with a pipe going to the ceiling and running along the ceiling to the other end of the school. Large chunks of wood in the cool season were brought in from the wood shed to provide the necessary heat. The task was one which made me appreciate the capacity of public school teachers throughout the province, indeed throughout the world. It was that of keeping students of all ages employed in particular tasks and at the same time hearing various recitations and giving instruction designed to improve the status of the students. It required infinite patience as well as the capacity for planning and arrangement. Outside the school, the task of meeting the parents again called for innumerable instances of tact. Students who felt aggrieved told their tales to the parents who descended in rage on the school and on the school teacher and were somehow or other sent away
mollified and pleased that they had come, having forgotten the reasons for which they came. At the end of the term at Christmas, a teacher with a regular certificate was located and appointed and thus ended my career as a public school teacher in the Province of Ontario.

The teaching at School Section No. 1 in the fall of 1912 was carefully supervised by the Department of Education and the inspector. The detailed regulations were sent out to be followed closely by the teacher. The inspectorate of Oxford County had been held by Mr. W. Carlyle, apparently a relative of Thos. Carlyle; he had been retired and South Oxford was placed under Mr. R. A. Patterson at Ingersoll. The time table was made out in the most detailed fashion, indicating the classes, the number of recitations per week, and designed to keep the students of all grades occupied. A letter from Mr. Patterson dated September 23rd, 1912, will indicate the problems. He writes,

“I wish to make a few observations regarding your time table. (1) Nature Study should be taken with all classes. I cannot make out from your time table when it is taken at all. (2) Hygiene should have two lessons a week in the fourth classes but one will do in the second. (3) Five-minute lessons are too short for any class above the first, especially for arithmetic. (4) I should advise three lessons a week in History and three in Geography in the fourth class, dividing the time equally between these two subjects. (5) Geography and Hygiene should be taken with the Primary and first classes. These classes could be taken together in Hygiene for ten minutes a week. Geography scarcely needs a special time in the Primary classes but could be taken incidentally while very little time would be required in the first class.”

Needless to say these changes were made as far as possible.

The problem of religious division seldom arose in the appointment of teachers, particularly as conventions were built up assuming there would be alternate appointment of Roman Catholic and Protestant teachers. There was much more concern so far as my mother was involved in the question of distinction between ordinary farmers and people she would call low class. I have never understood the meaning of this term but have some suspicion that it was probably used to describe people who had head lice and who gave them to other pupils in the school. This always led to expressions of contempt and generally to emphasis on isolation from such individuals. I doubt whether the pupils themselves ever appreciated these distinctions. There were, of course, individuals in still lower brackets, referred to as tramps. These individuals periodically visited various farms but seldom engaged in work. An individual rather above this level who appeared from time to time was the pack peddler, carrying on his shoulders a strap supporting a heavy tray with all the various small household equipment which he thought might be profitably sold. My mother made no distinction between pack peddlers and any one of them who had sold shoddy goods to her was certain to have these sins visited on the next arrival whether he was guilty or not. I surmise that her sharp tongue finally led to a decline in the number of peddlers in the vicinity, though I have no doubt the mail order catalogue was more effective.
I remember vividly one occasion when my mother and I were left in charge of the farm and on a morning when she planned to catch the train I went to the barn and discovered a man lying on some hay in the alleyway. He immediately aroused himself and without saying anything proceeded to the house. My mother gave him breakfast and in order that we might be completely clear of his attentions, he went in a light wagon with us to Otterville station. But I never remember being frightened by tramps on any other occasion.

In the field of religion generally, notably in the Baptist denomination, there was a sharp distinction between those who held strongly to certain items of doctrine, such as adult baptism and closed communion. The storms which raged over the community of the Baptist denomination depended on the fervour of individual ministers. Particularly active ministers had no hesitation in excommunicating members from the church for dancing or other practices. In the main, religious instruction meant attendance at the Sunday School from week to week and the following of a routine of lessons provided for the teacher and student to different age groups. Since the denomination emphasized adult baptism, and since this meant a deliberate public testimonial of faith, the Baptists were always faced with the prospect of losing individuals who reached adult age and were reluctant to submit to public testimony of this character. Periodically revival meetings were held by various denominations and attempts were made to persuade individuals in the district to become members of the church. The pressure of these meetings was generally followed by what was called “conversion” and in turn admission to membership. But in spite of all these efforts there still remained individuals who refused to make any public statement of their faith and who were the object of arguments advanced in sermon after sermon. In the matter of moral instruction, I suspect that the parents or the family occupied a very much more important place than the church, and punishment meted out by my mother was much more to be feared than anything else we might be expected to meet. It was the same in public schools since corporal punishment was less and less used and discipline became largely a matter of persuasion.

The references to an education would not be complete without a mention of two prominent individuals in the community who were avowed agnostics. At least one of them had read Haeckel’s *Riddle of the Universe* and regarded it as the final word on the whole question of the creation. The same individual had stout socialist interests and was a subscriber to a paper called *Cotton’s Weekly* published in the Province of Quebec, introducing me to a completely new world, that of industrial radicals. It was filled week after week with comments on strikes and arguments generally in the interest of radical labour. I do not remember having seen the paper or heard of it after leaving the district.

After the completion of a term of teaching in the year 1911-12, I was left with little to do but assist in the general routine work of the farm. Since this was limited in the winter, I spent a small amount of what I regarded as my prodigious earnings from the public school in two directions: (1) in the purchase of a subscription to the *Toronto Globe*, and (2) in the purchase of a ferret. At that time, following the
success of the Borden administration and with a large liberal majority in the Senate, the debates in the House of Commons were matters of great interest and spirit. The Rev. J.A. Macdonald, editor of the *Globe*, pursued with great effect the weaknesses of the government and exploited the contributions of Laurier and others in the opposition. I remember being forcibly struck in the reading of Laurier’s speeches, which were reproduced in the *Globe*, with the amazing range of his vocabulary as contrasted with that of most English speakers. I met numerous words for which it was necessary for me to consult the dictionary and it was clear that a careful following of the *Globe* was in itself an education in English. It was long after that I learned that Laurier was a French Canadian and spent most of his spare time in the House reading a French-English dictionary with the result that his English vocabulary was far wider, far more precise, and far more apt than that of all other members of the House.

Since the demands of farming, particularly in the winter, were not exacting, I began to carry out my passion for hunting, which had always been more or less suppressed. In the arrangement of the farm buildings along the concession lines there was a tendency for buildings to group themselves on both sides of the concession along a concession road. Consequently the even-numbered concessions were liberally sprinkled with barns and houses and the odd-numbered concessions had remarkably few dwelling places. It was on the odd-numbered concessions that the wood lots of the different farms were to be found and on both sides of the odd-numbered concessions most of the game of the neighbours was to be located. Much the same could be said of the stump fences leading from the wood lots to the farm buildings.

During the period in which I attended Woodstock Collegiate, I had attempted to secure a small amount of additional money through trapping, particularly muskrat. Their paths could be located fairly easily, the traps could be set and often by getting up very early in the morning could be visited before leaving to catch the train. They were not to be found in great abundance and even when found brought no large sums from various fur buyers located in the larger cities.1

Another source of income had been the large sum of fifty cents a day paid to me by my uncle who owned the general store at Hawtrey on Saturdays or possibly on other holidays. From the general store I learned something of the character of economical management and the refusal to be badgered by travelling salesmen and of the various devices by which farmers might be encouraged to buy more goods. I learned something of the way goods were handled when brought in by freight train and taken from various freight cars indicated on the way bills. The experience was probably worth much more than the small sum received.

But to return to the interest in hunting, this had been aroused in part by hired men who owned in most cases shotguns which they used in shooting the various pests of the district, in particular crows, woodchucks or groundhogs, and rabbits.

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1. Eastern muskrat sold for 20¢ to 50¢ each according to an important fur price list of 1910 of E. T. Carter & Co., Toronto.
The habits of the cottontail rabbit were dependent to an important extent on that of the woodchucks which were responsible for digging the holes under the fences, under the trees, and under the stumps. During the winter season rabbits used these holes for temporary accommodation and preferred on sunny days to sit in some sunny spot and enjoy the heat of the returning sun. I can remember distinctly climbing over a panel of fences and glancing down at the next panel and seeing a rabbit sunning himself and obviously asleep. By gradually stepping backwards in my tracks and coming up quietly behind the rabbit I had no difficulty in catching him with my bare hands. Generally they sat in brush piles until they were disturbed by some hunter and then rushed away before the latter had an opportunity to shoot. With the abundance of rabbits, dogs became very skilful in catching them in spite of their speed. I remember standing on a small hill and looking down saw a large rabbit running for all it was worth up the hill to a point opposite to where I stood, then diving into a hole under the fence, which was obviously its objective, only to be picked up by a huge black dog which had arrived at the same point at the exact minute in time to catch him. It was only then that I realized that the dog had been running on the other side of the fence, had kept a careful eye on the speed of the rabbit, had sensed his objective, and by exact timing carried off the prey.

With the purchase of the ferret I began to learn a great deal about rabbits as well as about woodchucks, in whose holes they were chiefly to be found. In the first place the rabbit was adept at back tracking and covering his tracks and making it very difficult to determine whether he had gone into a hole or not. In the second place, woodchucks in digging holes commonly had one or two entrances and it was never easy to locate the other entrances, particularly with a heavy fall of snow. And finally, the ferret is essentially undomesticated and if possible will capture the rabbit in the hole. In the last case it becomes necessary to dig out the ferret, work which gives one an underground knowledge of the general character of the holes built by woodchucks. In the spring when the woodchuck came out of hibernation, the ferrets very often came in contact with them and of course were chased out. Woodchucks began building holes through the fields and assumed their active air of proprietorship. They were difficult to trap and while I believe new devices have been worked out for their destruction, they are in themselves an endless study to the farmer who wished to get rid of them. With a small rifle the range was naturally limited, but often the habits of the woodchuck in disappearing down the hole and then coming up very gradually enabled the hunter to approach within a short distance and finally note the small extrusion of a head above the hole enabling him to finally complete his work. The purchase of a ferret meant a vast increase in the knowledge of the habits of ferrets and also of wilder game. It was not surprising that after some three months the ferret was lost and the whole experiment brought to an end. With other pests, such as crows, the farmer found his task more difficult. Along with the dogs of the neighbourhood they lived on the carcasses of animals which had died during the winter and then with spring began to dig up corn as soon as it was planted. Their nests were difficult to dis-
cover. They were generally shrewd enough to keep beyond range of a rifle. In fact the same thing could be said about the woodchucks and the rabbits, although the latter were exposed to some curious disease which reduced their numbers at periodic intervals. I remember in the winter of 1912 that the rabbits seemed to have had an exceptionally good year and were abnormally fat. My interest in animals went far beyond that of mere hunting, in fact I came to see something of the cruelty of hunting and I became concerned almost entirely with the study of the live animal. I brought the live rabbits to the barn where they ran loose and also muskrats which I am afraid in each case escaped at the earliest opportunity. This was probably the result of the influence of Ernest Thompson Seton and particularly of the reading of his books. It was an age when one took up with fanatical enthusiasm one thing after another. I became greatly concerned with the possibilities of long distance running and suppose that this coincided with the earlier success of Tom Longboat, the Canadian Indian at Madison Square Gardens. In any case I remember running from the farm to the general store at Hawtrey and back, a distance of six miles, and again following the railroad track from Otterville station to the Ninth Concession and along the Ninth Concession to the farm woodlot, reaching that spot before a horse and buggy which had left Otterville at the same time and had proceeded along the Eighth Concession and back to the farm. But these fanaticisms were all eliminated at the end of the year—1911-1912—when it was decided that I should go to McMaster University to continue in higher education.

I entered McMaster University in the fall of 1912 at the age of seventeen with senior matriculation standing. In leaving for McMaster, relations with my old friends were gradually cut off, though we tried to maintain them during the holidays and by letters. But my closest friend, John Dell, I saw only once later. He went to the United States and became an employee in the car works of the Grand Trunk Railway system at Port Huron and I heard only rarely from him. He wrote on January 16th, 1920, “You know it is not my lot to wear fine clothes. You know the chance I had to make a start and when I did it was none too brilliant.” I doubt whether I had ever forcibly realized what lives of certain individuals meant until he wrote those lines. It was an indication of resignation to a certain type of life with no hope and consequently little prospect of rising above it. It was an indication of the meaning of “class” in a rural area.

I had determined to pay my own way through the University and, dazzled by the enormous wealth I had accumulated in a half year of teaching, I proceeded with some friends, notably John Davis, from Otterville to Toronto. After securing a room on St. Mary’s Street at $1.50 a week, later, I think changed to $1.25 a week on Hazelton Avenue, and paying my fees, I came to realize that my dreams were completely unfounded. I attempted to meet the situation by sharp rationing of food but my loss of weight by Christmas made it clear that I would have to depend on other sources. I had gone to Toronto in excellent physical condition such as one acquired by work on the farm, equipped with such skill as was involved in handling rapidly great quantities of sheaves of grain, tossing them with a fork so that
they always landed with the grain toward the cylinder of the threshing machine, and ploughing and even on occasions shocking grain as rapidly as the finder could cut it. After one term in Toronto I had determined not to return. Entering as a senior matriculation student in the second year and boarding alone outside of McMaster, made it intensely difficult for me to make acquaintances or to gain friends. The college friendships had all been established more or less formally in the first year and there was little room for those who came in like myself a year later. I was chiefly obsessed with an interest in the library and since I had somehow or other decided to follow the advice of an old friend at Woodstock of going into Law, I felt that I must read at my earliest convenience all the books on debating on which I could lay my hands. But I had no chance whatever to practice whatever I may have learned and had no inducement to return to the University.

On my return home, my mother accurately sized the situation but felt unable to cope with it. She consequently wrote to her brother, at that time attending Western University in the study of medicine, and offered to pay his way to come to Otterville over the holidays to persuade me to return to University. After some argument I was completely overwhelmed and agreed to go back to the University while at the same time I was compelled to accept funds from my parents in order to carry me through the year. I have a letter of January 24th, 1914, in reply to one from my mother, in which I indicated that I was gradually adapting myself to the new situation. My midterm marks were mildly promising, though I had to report a failure in Latin. But from then on I came to make new acquaintances and to become familiar with the advantages to be obtained from a University. I wrote my second year examinations with reasonable success and after a summer at home planned to take a more active part in the University’s activities. A debating society of long standing carried out weekly debates and arranged an oratorical contest. I gradually mustered enough self-confidence to make a contribution to the discussions and by the end of the year my interest in debating had reached a point at which I was not only given a prize but also elected as president for the next year. In this period I had to some extent found my feet and began to enjoy new friendships and to follow the work of the University with enthusiasm. Of those about whom I was most enthusiastic must be mentioned Mr. W.M. Wallace, lecturer in History, and later Librarian of the University of Toronto. He had returned fresh from Oxford, had retained his Canadian accent and dealt with the general subject of History and in particular with Canadian History, with enthusiasm and effect. I can still remember his statement that “liberty is impossible without order;” “that the economic interpretation of history is not the only interpretation but is the deepest interpretation,” and his story regarding the deputation from Strathroy asking Premier John Sandfield Macdonald that some government institution be built at that point, and Macdonald sensitive to the political situation remarking, “What the hell has Strathroy ever done for me?” He was also most helpful in his reading and comments on essays and he had the great advantage of the enthusiasm of youth.
I must also mention W.S.W. McLay, Dean of the Faculty of Arts and teacher of English in the tradition of Alexander of the University of Toronto. He made it strikingly clear that in English one must avoid the cliché and emphasized freshness. In his remarks regarding an essay on a picnic or an excursion or some other general subject, he said, “Above all do not end the essay by saying that ‘we wended our way home.’”

Perhaps one of the most striking teachers was Professor James TenBroeke of Philosophy. The Baptist denomination, like other denominations at that time, was concerned with the pursuit of heresy, and with the expulsion on one or two occasions of members of the staff. But the name of Professor TenBroeke, so far as I am aware, was never mentioned in this agitation, though he must have been by far the most heretical thinker in the University. He opened up the subject of philosophy in such a way as to free those who sought to be free from the conventions of philosophic thought. I remember vividly his arguments with rather fervent evangelical students; never losing this temper but always arguing in the interest of a wider outlook. His books on the subject were primarily concerned with the problem of working out a philosophical basis for theology, when to the orthodox no such problem existed. He must have spent endless time in reading philosophy, though he also taught a course in psychology, and I remember his telling us of the demands of the subject and of the fact that he occasionally asked Dean McLay to recommend to him a good novel as a means of relaxation. His description of the devastation of this relaxation might have been regarded as comic had one not known the man.

At that time McMaster was not in a position to pay large salaries and young men were appointed as a rule. Perhaps the most aggressive of these was W.J. Donald, who lectured in Political Economy and was in some sense an assistant to the Chancellor, A.L. McCrimmon, in the teaching in the Social Sciences. His youth and enthusiasm attracted students and led me to select Economics as my chief field of interest. The effects of my enthusiasm can perhaps be suggested by the fact that I won the D.E. Thomson Scholarship in Economics and the Teetzel Prize in Philosophy and first class standing in history in the examinations for 1915. There were other professors but in the main I came in contact chiefly with those who have just been mentioned. I had a second in Bible, a third in English and German, and a second in public speaking. I had little interest in Science or Mathematics probably because I came in the second year.

At the end of the examination year in 1915, I decided on a further attempt to relieve my parents of the financial burden of the University by accompanying other students to teach in Western Canada during the summer season. Through some agency I discovered the name of Andrew Semple of Landonville in Alberta. I wrote him regarding my references and for some reason was selected to teach at the Northern Star School near Landonville. My experience in Otterville may have been an advantage but I have always suspected that a Scottish name had its own attractions for a Scot. In any case I made my plans to go to the West. I a letter to my family on April 29th, I find that I had not yet secured a permit to teach in
Alberta but that I had made up my mind that I would go. I find that I got my ticket to Landonville and a berth as far as Winnipeg, Manitoba, on that date. I am not certain whether I bought a berth to Vermillion, the point from which I was to proceed by stage to Landonville. In any case I remember stopping off at Winnipeg and hearing a sermon by the Rev. C. W. Gordon and finally arriving at Vermillion early in the morning. I went to a hotel and made arrangements to go with the stage the following morning. All this was a completely new experience; the dirt roads, the hills and valleys, the riding down hill at a terrific pace, and after some twelve hours or more the arrival at Landonville, at which the Semple family kept a small store. I was greeted with typical Western hospitality and went after dinner with the hired man of Andrew Semple who had come in for the mail. I had never realized that horseback riding was still the normal way of travelling and it was only gradually that I began to see the many features of a completely different way of life.

I arrived in due course at the Sempes and arrangements were made for me to begin teaching school and also to find me a place to board. In a contract dated June 28th, 1915, I agreed to teach for five months from May 1st for $720 under a provisional class certificate of qualifications for the Department of Education of the Province of Alberta. I had little appreciation of boarding houses and discovered that it was proposed that I should board with an American family named Stewart in the neighbourhood. Meanwhile I stayed with the Sempes and became immediately attached to them to the effect that they suggested I stay on and board with them, which I was only too happy to do.

The Northern Star School, like most western schools, was open during the summer season and I was its first teacher. The settlement was to an important extent American, Canadian, Scottish, and English, and had been started perhaps eight or nine years earlier. Andrew Semple had come out from Scotland to Montana, had engaged with a sheep rancher and had apparently become an expert wool clipper, and with the money saved come up with a partner named Wilson following the opening of land with the construction of the Canadian Northern Railway to Edmonton. They found suitable land about thirty miles north of Vermillion and settled on it with two adjacent quarter sections. A Canadian family from the Ottawa valley named Stanley had come out I gather as a result of the experience of the boys working on the railroad. Apparently the father and mother were dead and there remained four boys and a girl, all of whom decided to settle in the same district. Lydia Semple, the girl, kept house for the four boys; Louis, Ernest, Morris, and Vincent, until she met Andrew Semple. They were married, the partnership of Semple and Wilson was broken up, and Mrs. Semple continued to help the boys chiefly by providing them with enormous quantities of home baked bread for which they came to the Semples more or less regularly each week. The children of the school were mostly Americans who had come up in the frontier movement, some of them from Missouri and, I would gather, were not of the best stock for a stable community. On the fringe of the school district there were Europeans, chiefly Galicians and Greeks but, fortunately for me, their children
went to another school. My chief acquaintance with the district came not so much from teaching the children as from meeting those who settled in the district.

The names of students in the North Star School suggest something of the character in the community. The Lovells were English. The Stewarts and Reids were looked upon as rather a poorer class American. The Bensmillers, also Americans, were regarded more favourably. The Borowskys probably came from the United States and seemed to have been generally accepted in spite of the Russian name.

In a letter of May 8th, 1915, dated at Landonville, I wrote: “I am about forty miles from the station and three miles from the post office.” I was struck on my way out by a fact which must impress all travellers to the west, that Northern Ontario seemed to be nothing but rocks with scarcely a handful of soil and I saw for the first time the significance of this vast stretch of territory to Canada. At Landonville I was struck also by the fact that all the houses as well as the barns seemed to be built of poplar logs. Mr. Semple had a well-equipped farm with a hired man and a hired girl. He had two gasoline engines, a manure spreader and a grain separator. He kept a number of Durham cattle and a considerable number of horses. I was impressed by the amount of game, particularly wild duck and wild goose. Semple also had about fifty hogs and seemed to be doing an extremely prosperous business. The mail came once a week.

The Stanleys on occasion took me with them on deer hunts to the north of what was called the Coulee and to the south of the North Saskatchewan River. We went occasionally across the ferry of the river to lakes further north to picnic or to fish. On one memorable deer hunt a deer had been shot early in the evening, camp had been struck at some distance and two horses were sent to bring the deer to the camp. Various expedients were tried, including tying the deer’s feet and running a pole between them to stretch between the two saddles. The pole broke very quickly and it was decided that the deer might safely be put on the back of one of the horses. Unfortunately deer have a very peculiar odour and while the horse’s eyes were carefully screened, when I lifted the deer to put it on the saddle, the horse doubled up, caught me in the middle of the stomach with both hind feet and sent both the deer and myself flying to the rear. Fortunately I was so close to the horse that the violent kick had no serious effects, whereas if I had been standing a short distance back I might easily have had a bad time. We finally got the deer to the camp and attempted to sleep without any great success, since the very cold nights of the prairies made it difficult to secure a satisfactory place to sleep with a minimum of blankets. We might have done better to build a fire and warmed up the ground then raked over the coals and slept on the warm ground, but we were in no mood for any arrangements which required time. Early in the morning the hunt was resumed and while those with heavy rifles had gone, two or three deer came very near the camp, looked down at us with their great ears standing out and finally turned and fled. Those who went deer hunting found nothing more.

It was on such occasions as this that I became aware of the humorous side of the Stanley family. They were always concerned, particularly Ernest, with seeing
the amusing side of life, particularly at someone else’s expense. With them I went on various occasions to what were called “dances” in the school house of the district. Almost any excuse was used to get up a dance. Those invited arrived at all hours of the night and finally proceeded to break up possibly at two or three in the morning, allowing us to get home by four or five. I can well remember seeing coyotes running along with the dogs and the whole party making its way at great speed towards home. I was struck with the mild contempt which Canadians had for all who had come from the outside. On a suggestion that perhaps some couple would not turn up at the dance, the remark would be made “Oh they are Canadians, they will be here.”

Since it was primarily a grain-producing area, the season between the sowing of the grain and harvesting was one for dances and whatever form of amusement might be conjured up by imagining minds. On July 1st a picnic was held in the district and this included a great number of hair-raising activities with which I had never been familiar. One of course was the bucking contest, in which the most obstreperous animals of the district were brought to the grounds and the prize awarded for the individual who succeeded in staying on the horse longest. This was no mean achievement, since the horses were accustomed to bucking, biting, and occasionally running straight through a group of trees with low branches which were certain to dislodge the occupant of the saddle. Following this came racing and the promising horses of the district were brought together and run around a rather primitive course, my chief memory being that of a drunken man who ran out in front of the horses and was knocked unconscious but evidently brought to with apparently no serious damage. After a rather leisurely session, one went by horseback to visit one’s friends, which was always to an Easterner going some incredible distance with very little respect for the time of day or for the difficulties.

Harvesting the grain became of course the obsession of the neighbourhood once it had ripened. Mr. Semple had a threshing machine of his own with a separator, an engine and a small crew, and travelled about threshing the grain as his customers required. Every effort was made to get the grain cut and threshed and of course immediately hauled to the elevators some thirty or thirty-five miles distant. The distance itself became a consideration leading to livestock farming rather than grain and Mr. Semple was one of the first to decide that it was much more economical to take the grain out to the railway as a finished product—chiefly pigs and to some extent cattle. He raised great quantities of oats but installed his own machine for grinding the oats and had developed hog-raising almost to a mechanical level. With this development he became more concerned than his neighbours with the construction of buildings. During the summer in which I was there he put up a new barn, using of course three-inch scantlings rather than the heavy timber with which I was familiar in the East, and covering the whole with corrugated iron.

It was part of my task to help raise the rafters and to block out in very distinct fashion the name “A. Semple” on the ventilator of the barn. Farming on the whole
was, therefore, of a rather simple character compared with that in the East, although Mr. Semple had obviously had long training in Scotland in a more complex type of agriculture, he had abundant initiative and rapidly reached the point when he was able to retire to Victoria in British Columbia. The other members of the Stanley family also retired to the same city or else took up new land in another area. Undoubtedly the Europeans with their larger populations were gradually driving out the Anglo-Saxon element from the district.

With the news from my mother that she was suffering from cancer, I decided to resign at the end of the summer and return to the University. It turned out that she did not have cancer as she feared and that she had been cured by the assistance of a quack doctor who had been brought into the house for the summer period. I have never understood my mother's faith in these people but for some reason there seemed to exist in rural communities the knowledge that the services of such individuals could be had and they continued in their practice, although I would suppose that it must have been illegal. In any case I drove into Vermillion with the hired man, Peter McQuid, and put up at a hotel, and at the ungodly hour of four o'clock left for the East. We arrived at Winnipeg to find that the Canadian Northern had a tri-weekly schedule to Fort William. Since we were anxious to leave immediately, we spent hours tracking down the Canadian Northern passenger agent on a Sunday afternoon and finally secured his consent for us to come by the Canadian Pacific.

It is impossible to summarize one's experiences in the completely new community, but it was an experience which I am afraid is no longer open to the impecunious students of Eastern Canada and that the knowledge of the West in the East has suffered accordingly. I was struck, for example, by the complaint that the Prairie Provinces should never have been joined to Eastern Canada and gained from Andrew Semple and others my first knowledge of the transportation problem as it appeared to the Western farmer. I had not forgotten that experience when I was appointed a member of the Royal Commission on Transportation in 1948. I saw little of Western politics, though politicians occasionally stopped at the Semples for the night and I saw little of the religious atmosphere of the district, chiefly because Eastern churches had not been able to provide ministers.

Sundays were notoriously days for baseball or for any other activity which attracted the community. I had, as far as possible, combined with my teaching, work on the farm and Mr. Semple was kind enough to recognize this in greatly reducing my board bill. On the whole it was the most pleasant summer and one which gave me useful experience about a frontier. I learned something of the high rates of interest, running to 10% on mortgages and much of the goings and comings of the neighbourhood. I have revisited the district on two occasions, found the expected changes, most of the Stanley boys had married and had large families and were planning to acquire new homesteads for them. In this district the Canadian Pacific Railway owned alternate sections which were bought up by homesteaders from time to time. On sections which were unsold farmers pastured their cattle and made full use of the vacant land. As it came to be sold, fences were
raised and this type of livestock farming became less profitable. The district became more and more a settled one and the population moved on to make room for those who were more intent on staying on the land, particularly the Europeans. I saw little of the other teachers because of the distance between the schools, but I did make the acquaintance of a teacher named Jim Doze. He was a student at the University of Alberta but joined the ranks of the Canadian Expeditionary Force, contracted tuberculosis, and my last memories of him were letters written in an advanced stage of the disease and by his parents after he had passed on. The schools were generally organized in considerable numbers under a secretary-treasurer, in my case named Charles Larson, but this simple type of organization gave way to a new type of community.

After returning to the University, I entered into the general spirit with enthusiasm. I remember joining a co-operative eating club at which members who were chiefly students from Victoria College did the work. It cost $2.75 a week for board and $1.25 for room, this being a large room shared with O.C. Dennis. The expenses were such that I had little further worry regarding finances.

In the course of the year as president of McMaster University Debating Society, I took part in one inter-college debate held on December 3rd, 1915, on the subject “Resolved that Commercial Property is Necessarily a Cause of War.” My debating mate was Mr. J.W. Davis and our opponents G.F. Kingston, who later became Primate of All Canada but died at far too early an age, and R.F. Palmer, both of Trinity College. The judges included Mr. J.A. Patterson, K.C., and the Hon. Justices Mr. F.R. Latchford and Mr. C.A. Masten. Their decision was not unanimous but was given in our favour. Mr. Patterson made his usual remarks to the effect that on the one hand they had listened to what he might describe as a rhetorical bouquet and on the other hand to an oratorical nosegay. This was a formula which he seemed to develop over a long period as a member of the Bar and as a judge of inter-college debates.

The remainder of the year became increasingly difficult for all college activities, particularly as men in the senior years were given their degrees without examination when they enlisted. A great number joined in a body the Signalling Corps of Engineers, and those of us who had not enlisted were compelled to carry the additional load. At one time I was acting editor of the McMaster Monthly as well as general poo bah for all sorts of other organizations. I had determined not to enlist until I had completed my education and taken my degree in the usual fashion at Convocation on May 10th, 1916. I wrote home on April 4th giving reasons for my decision to enlist. After this had been done I went home after Convocation and returned to join the 69th Battery at the Armouries, a recruiting unit through which troops were sent to units overseas.

We began the usual sort of inspections, were given doses of anti-toxins for various diseases and were drilled in a sort of way by an Imperial non-commis-
sioned army officer. The treatment of Canadians and all others by officers and non-commissioned officers sent out from Great Britain must have been an important factor in hastening the demands for autonomy throughout the Commonwealth. Their insolence and brutality were such that Canadian recruits could scarcely overlook, indeed they condemned them in the heartiest fashion. After drilling in the grounds around the Armouries, we were finally allowed to join a draft going overseas. I went home for last leave but gave no indication that I was on last leave and came back to Toronto prepared to move. We were marched to the station by Mr. Gouinlock and I think from that point were under another officer, Mr. Latchford. In any case, train loads of troops were made up and were started on the long trip to Halifax with only one interruption, that of being paraded through the streets of the town of Moncton.

In an undated letter I find that on the day of departure from Toronto we left about 11 o’clock. During the day we had kit inspection, inoculation and vaccination, and pay and paraded at 6:30 to be put on the train at about 9:30. The heat was incredible and crowds of people jammed the station. We got into Montreal the next morning and were put under double guard from Amherst to Halifax, arriving at the latter point at one o’clock in the morning. Our kits were inspected; all the windows were closed; no one was allowed to post a letter and we were kept locked up on the train until after dinner when we were marched down to the boat. I became ill on Monday morning and remained seasick until Thursday morning. After that I had no difficulty with the voyage. A vessel called the “Lapland” and a naval ship were ahead of us and we were expecting to see land shortly. We got into Liverpool Monday night. We got off the boat at about 12 o’clock and were wakened at 3:00. In spite of my seasickness I had a share of the $7.00 paid by a table of eighteen men to two of us who had taken on the job of getting the rations and washing the dishes.

At Halifax we left the train and embarked on the old Empress of Britain, which had been fitted up as a troopship, which meant chiefly the supplying of hammocks for all sleeping equipment. I had planned with another man from our group to draw the rations from the cook’s store in return for a small cash payment for the trip. Unfortunately I had no previous experience with ocean travel and found myself almost immediately out of action. We spent most of our days and nights lying on the decks, to be interrupted early in the morning by sailors who were ordered to scrub down the decks, throwing water in all directions and giving us no warning other than a rather hearty shout “Arise and shine my lucky lads.” Eventually we found ourselves anchored in the Mersey River opposite the Liver building in Liverpool. We were put on a troop train, gaining our first experience of English cars and equipment, taken to London and then to Shorncliffe near Folkestone. We were put in the corner tent in a large space of ground covered with tents with eight or ten men in each. This was my first experience of what might be called army life as we slept on the hard boards of the tent and ate rations as they were given to us. The men came from all parts of Canada but they represented a cross section of life with which I had not been familiar, particularly the men from
industrial communities. There was a hardness such as I had not come in contact with, expressed perhaps most noticeably in the obscene and blasphemous parodies of various hymns.

According to letters which I sent home we were organized with a view to training for signallers in the Artillery. We began with a course in riding which meant primarily looking after the horses, feeding and watering them and cleaning out the stables. We were paid £2 10s on pay day, most of which I sent home to be deposited against my return. I passed the routine test on August 14th and felt that at least I had learned a great deal more about horses and riding than I had ever known before, although I am sure that my experience with horses on the farm made it very much easier for me than for a great number of others. We must have arrived in Shorncliffe on about July 22nd, 1916, as I had taken the riding test and almost immediately was sent into quarantine apparently as a result of sleeping on an old re-issued blanket during the period of training in riding. In any case I seemed to have picked up a disease known as the “hives” and was promptly put into quarantine, on the whole a very pleasant place.

One of the most desirable places in Shorncliffe camp was the quarantine. A guard with a rusty Ross rifle paced up and down in front at the rate of 140 paces per minute, paid compliments to officers his chief duty, and stopped the men from going out at the front of the quarantine. As a result, the men went out the back of the quarantine and every place was accessible to its inmates. Sometimes everyone was present since they always arrange it in that way and every name called out was answered whether the man was actually present or not. It was the essence of red tape and the ideal of ease and comfort. Located on the top of a hill, it received the fresh sea breezes and one could enjoy the warmth of a sloping incline. As to the scenery: the sea, the fleet of ships, particularly the white hospital ships, Sandgate below the camp, Folkstone across the valley with the grandest of all its buildings — the Metropole Hotel. Only four were allowed in the tent in contrast to the usual eight. There were no parades, the grub was of the best and all one had to do was to enjoy oneself.

At almost the same time the McMaster contingent which had enlisted long before arrived at a neighbouring camp and began training as engineers. Most of my time in quarantine was spent, I am afraid, in getting free and re-visiting with old friends and it was only by the narrowest margin that I escaped being caught when the authorities finally decided to raid the quarters to find out whether anyone was seriously ill. At about this date I began to get mail from Canada and felt very much better. I found that one of my letters scolded everybody at home for believing rumours about the sinking of vessels or about the trends of war and predicted in a general way that I would not be going to France for some time. In a letter of September 5th I found a reference to a prospect of going to London for the weekend but more particularly to the prospect of a pass in which I had proposed to go as far as the trains would carry me into northern Scotland, since we got our transportation free. I note also that we were beginning to learn signalling which meant that we were in a position to take our training seriously. Early in Sep-
tember I received a letter signed K. P. Vickery from 70 Raner Rd., Folkstone, stating, "Having your name given to me by Rev. J. C. Carlile, shall be pleased to see you next Sunday afternoon for tea at 4.30. Yours sincerely." It was not until after that I discovered the meaning of the curiously cool character of the note. Apparently Shorncliffe as a military base was not looked upon with favour by the responsible citizens of Folkstone and it was obviously only on an indication from the minister of the Baptist church that an invitation was sent. We attended regularly the church services under Mr. Carlile and also regularly went to the Vickerys for tea. It was the beginning of a most pleasant friendship over a long period.

By September we had established our relations with our families and were receiving letters, parcels and the like. There was still little speculation as to when we would go to France, but I note in the letter dated September 12th that we had started on a course in gunnery with training on 18 pounders. We continued to take tests in signalling and I had reached what was called No. 2 squad and apparently this meant that I must take six more squads before going to France. We continued to cultivate our relations in Folkstone; on Saturdays it was generally a visit to the public baths and on Sundays attendance at church, presided over by Mr. Carlile and usually teas at the Vickerys.

In a letter dated September 17th, the gunnery course had been finished and I had tried my test for No. 3 squad in signalling. Our tent mates began to change as some left for France and were replaced by recruits from Canada. I note that the artillery had their sports day and with extremely well trained horses the tests would be difficult to surpass in quality.

Cold weather was beginning to come by the end of September and reveille at 5:30 became more and more difficult to meet and the warm blankets more difficult to leave. In a letter of October 9th there was much speculation regarding the effects of cooler weather as to the prospect of moving into winter quarters. We had some indication that we would be leaving for France in the second or third week. I had passed into the fifth squad and had three more weeks before going on pass. More men were arriving from Canada, the tents were being crowded and it was becoming less and less comfortable in the camp as a whole. By October 29th there was definite talk of our going into barracks. The wet and the cold and the mud were beginning to make the camp intolerable. The wind became stronger with the result that tents were blown over and blankets were wet. Already the engineers at the signalling camp had left for Crowborough. But all this was shortly to come to an end as I find in a letter from Edinburgh dated November 10th that we were on pass. I had taken all of the work in the sixth squad with the tests from the buzzer, the flag, the semaphore, and the lamp with success and was advised that we could get ready for six days’ leave.

Since I knew very little of Great Britain and since leave meant that we were allowed to take passes even to the most distant parts, I chose, with another soldier named Wilkinson from New Brunswick, who had been training for the Church of England ministry, to go to Inverness, Scotland. We went first to London and got caught in the Lord Mayor’s show but were finally able to get the train for Glasgow.
We were much impressed with the monuments of St. George’s Square, the painted windows, and the arches of Glasgow Cathedral. The Necropolis overlooked the city and gave a magnificent impression, particularly as there stood in the centre a monument of John Knox. After seeing Glasgow University, we went by steamer to Loch Lomond and finally took the train to Edinburgh. Again the impressions of Princess Street with Sir Walter Scott’s monument and of Edinburgh Castle were overwhelming. We went to St. Giles Cathedral on a Sunday morning and then to Edinburgh Castle and Holyrood Palace. The monuments were impressive testimony to the pride of the Scottish in their history. From Edinburgh we proceeded, as I remember, over the Forth Bridge to Inverness to find the whole country covered with snow. We returned almost immediately and in a very crowded train got back to London and to Shorncliffe to report for the trip to France. Living in barracks for a very short time was a very much more pleasant experience than the tents considering the weather but it was not a training for what was to follow.

We embarked at Southampton, crossed over the channel to La Havre of which I remember only the long steps up from the sea. From here we went to the first base camp to be fitted out and after two or three days we started up the line to join our various units. It was a most moving experience to have heard the chaplain on a cool starry night speak to the troops who were to leave and then to be played outside by the bagpipes which stood to one side as we marched past. The trains taking us up were crowded with troops, in many cases the bandoleers of artillery-men filled with rifle ammunition were gradually emptied and the ammunition thrown out by the side of the railroad. The troops were not interested in carrying a heavy load of rifle ammunition and did not hesitate to throw it out at the earliest opportunity. We were eventually taken to the Canadian Ammunition Corps at Calonne-Ricourart but for which we formed no attachments. Finally I was moved to the 4th Battery of the First Brigade of the First Division of the Canadian Expeditionary Forces. This Battery had apparently been recruited from the Peterborough district but drafted recruits like myself were gradually to change its character. It had served at Ypres and on the Somme and was now on rest in winter quarters at a place called Camblain Chatelain (Charley Chaplin).

We had moved over considerable areas in units to the various winter quarters and were finally taken to a rather peaceful sector of the line at a place called Bully Grenay. The trip involved very considerable adventures such as stealing whatever seemed to be worth stealing from the farms or from other camps which we passed along the way. In the evening’s halt the cook would immediately proceed to build a fire and to deliver the rations to a lot of hungry men. In the morning great heaps of rashers of bacon with bread which had been soaked in the grease were handed out with tea, a piece of bread and a rasher of bacon to each man.

We finally settled in Bully Grenay with our guns in the cellar of the house and our horses in what had been the parlours and living rooms of the first floor. The task of the signallers was chiefly that of laying the telephone line to suitable observation posts in the district ahead overlooking Lens and in working on shifts with the officers and keeping in touch with the Battery. If wires were broken by the
German shells a party of two was sent to locate the damage and make the repairs. The Battery itself was chiefly concerned with registering on different German targets and keeping track of the distance in each case. Occasionally German batteries would send their shells to stir up the enemy and we in turn attempted to pay back. On the whole it was a peaceful area with the troops on both sides wondering why we should not let each other alone and enjoy the winter’s rest. The chief damage was probably from machine guns and from German snipers. These were constantly on the alert and the head of any of our troops appearing above the trenches was almost certain to be shot at.

December 24th, 1916
I have received my first parcel, fortunately just the day before Christmas. Yesterday, the 23rd was pay day so we had one good feed at a French house: boiled fat pork, cabbage salad, eggs (omelette), bread and butter and plenty of coffee. Apparently preparations were well under way for Christmas as I note that the pig had been killed. We were within sound of the guns and saw our first German aeroplane pass.

December 30th, 1916
Christmas had been duly celebrated and I had received, apparently, another vaccination. New Year’s was apparently regarded as the occasion for the officers’ celebration as Christmas had been for the men. Most of the time was spent preparing for inspections, which meant polishing harness and grooming horses. We received almost no news from the outside except through the daily mail which somehow reached us. I seemed to have fallen heir to the task of looking after extra horses as someone had gone on a pass to England.

February 4th, 1917
The clear cold weather brought bright frosty nights and hard roads in place of the mud and rain. Altogether in spite of the dangers of frozen feet and fingers there was much less sickness than previously. I would suppose that this letter is written from Bully Grenay since it refers to the clicking away of the machine guns like riveters or woodpeckers all through the night and the more or less continuous roar of the guns. We were gradually accustomed to the conditions of war at the sight of ruined buildings, barbed wire, and the maze of trenches.

After a season at Bully Grenay, we moved to Camblain Chatelain under the most miserable weather conditions with heavy wet snow falling on the horses and men and melting almost as quickly as it fell. From Camblain Chatelain we began to make preparations leading to the Vimy attack on April 9th. We had selected a site in a little valley just ahead of the road running from Arras to Bapaume. It was not an ideal spot since the Germans were constantly firing at the road and shells which dropped short would inevitably land near our battery. Camblain Chatelain was located at considerable distances from the unloading station to the battery. A night’s work was sufficient to exhaust both riders and horses. It meant working steadily in the direction of the battery, through inconceivably dense traffic going and coming in complete darkness except for the bursting of shells sent over the Germans designed to disrupt the traffic. Horses could last under these circum-
stances only a comparatively short period of time and their places were constantly being filled by new recruits. While stationed at Camblain Chatelain if one were not involved in gunnery or in driving one had a reasonably pleasant time. We were billeted in a barn and slept on the hay as best we could in a severe winter and with few blankets. The men were required to keep guard over the horses but this was not an unreasonable intrusion on our time. There developed a sort of communism among the troops of which the following account may serve as an illustration.

I had been issued a pair of long leather boots which took the place of shoes and puttees which we had brought to France and rather distinguished one from a new arrival. Instead of wearing them on the day in which they were issued, I hid them under my pillow in the barn. At night I found that they had disappeared. It was some months later that one man whom I came to know well told me of stealing a new pair of boots from the individual who slept next to him and selling them to the French for much needed food or drink. I never ventured to tell him that they were my boots that he had stolen since he seemed to regard the adventure as one of many and since it became a well known device for exchange with French peasants, particularly someone else's equipment, for a night in the estaminet. In the main the older men had either gone through the stage of promotion to the rank of corporal or sergeant and had then been demoted as a result of drinking or even on request. The Battery included several who had been long without leave in England by virtue of the fact that on any occasion of arrest for drunkenness they were demoted to the ranks and put at the end of the leave list. I can well remember one member of the battery, after a particularly long period, finally getting to England. Word was sent that he was under arrest for drunkenness; another sergeant was sent to bring him home. He in turn had been placed under arrest for drunkenness and both of them finally arrived at the Battery after having had presumably a most enjoyable time but were demoted to the ranks.

The information regarding the period in France from the standpoint of written material is very limited indeed. There was on the one hand what was called a field service post card, in which various items were indicated to be struck out or left standing. These, as can be imagined, conveyed very little information and the only one of importance in my hands is dated July 7th, 1917. I had been admitted into hospital and was getting on well. The letters were, in the main, pieces of paper filled with inconsequential information such as would escape the censor's attention. I can only quote from a few of these documents, the first dated December 1st, 1916, giving my address as: “First Canadian Division, Ammunition Column.”

This was followed by remarks complaining about the weather and particularly the mud, “working in mud, sleeping in mud and eating mud if the grub happens to touch anything.” At that time we were billeted in a barn full of holes and extremely drafty. But it was at that better than being in Shorncliffe with its routine. As raw additions to the D.A.C., we were given odd jobs. I had the duty at the beginning of seeing that a mule with a cracked heel was properly fed, and tended daily, but these were matters of routine in first arriving in France. In a letter of January 7th, 1917, I found myself writing home warning them not to be worrying
about me and generally reflecting the more pleasant conditions of a rest period. With our pay and with parcels including all sorts of food and socks, we had a reasonably comfortable time, our chief duties being those of feeding the horses morning, noon, and nights.

In a letter of January 20th it is clear that the weather had taken a turn for the worse with about three inches of snow and much colder nights. The routine changed very little, although we had made the acquaintance of a French household in which the husband had lost one arm and the wife sold us whatever she conveniently had, particularly coffee and, for those who wanted it, drinks. On the 28th there is again little to report and the same routine of rather exceptional frosty weather continued.

On March 10th there seemed to be evidences that we were beginning to prepare for the spring campaign. The aeroplane was becoming a more important weapon and various aeroplane fights made the time exciting at various intervals. I remember seeing one machine which was hit and immediately turned over, diving to the ground. One came to have more and more respect for the Air Force, particularly at a period when they began to gain ascendancy over the Germans.

On March 15th we were obviously working much harder and the signs were evident that preparations were under way. We had obviously left Camblain Chateau and were working up at the Battery, chiefly filling sand bags with the hard chalk of the district. It was a case of pick and shovel with most of the emphasis on the pick. Shelling became more frequent and aeroplane fights more numerous. On March 25th again reports of cold weather and more snow with a damp cold that was particularly uncomfortable. On March 31st there was still little more to report than rain, cold, and mud and with a constant need for everlastingly cleaning one’s boots and keeping clear of piles of mud. Wet feet and wet greatcoats were always a feature of the cold rainy season. During this period I must have been chiefly engaged in night work. Squads of men were taken up just behind the front line and spent the night carrying large bundles of small wooden trees and other material preparatory to the attack.

Looking back it was clear that the whole period was being enlivened by the constant arrival of new batteries prepared to put over a terrific barrage, which was to mark the beginnings of the Battle of Vimy Ridge. It was hoped that there would be relatively dry weather and that immediately the infantry had silenced the German guns that our artillery would be moved forward to advance positions. Our task, therefore, was that of bringing material to the front line so that a bridge could be thrown over the line immediately after the attack and that the guns would be moved over these bridges to a new front. This was, of course, highly speculative and dependent on the weather and became a complete fiasco because of a heavy snow fall on the night of the attack and the impossibility of moving the guns forward in the mud. Most of our time spent in carrying this material to just behind the front line meant heavy night work, occasionally digging into pools of mud with the German star shells illuminating the whole area and altogether was an unpleasant and as it turned out rather fruitless work.
On the day of the attack, on April 9th, 1917, we were moved forward to just behind the line and had an excellent view of the preliminary openings. Promptly at 5:30 a.m. all the guns along our stretch of the line opened up in a terrific barrage on the German front line. Immediately there were enormous numbers of signals going up from the German line and the German batteries began to play on our front line. Most of the work preparatory to the attack so far as the batteries were concerned had been that of systematically cutting the barbed wire in “No Man’s Land” so that it would be easier for our infantry to get through. Patches of wire which had been missed or machine gun nests which had not been located held up various parts of the advance at different times. But immediately we were set to work digging the clay and preparing for the construction of the bridges across the trenches. At first, when the barrage lifted, the skyline was filled with a line of men who had gone over the top and were in the German trenches before the Germans had a chance to recover from the effects of the barrage. Small groups of German prisoners began almost immediately to filter back, as did groups of the wounded and of course the dead were to be found scattered over the whole area, both German and ours. The advance continued steadily as the second and third lines of German trenches were taken. The barrage lifted and the dugouts either mercilessly bombed and the men inside killed or the men allowed to come out and be taken prisoner. By late afternoon the advance had reached a point where German batteries were being captured and only an occasional shell came over. The whole tension of our district had completely changed and it could be said that Vimy Ridge had been taken. Our own group continued with the task which at first meant working with shells bursting around us continuously but doing very little damage because of the deep mud. It was almost entirely a question of damage following a direct hit. Small gas shells hit between our feet and did no damage other than to release a rather stifling chlorene (sic) gas of which they seemed to be made. The burial parties and ambulance corps had taken care to a very important extent of the wounded and the dead. But the snow of the night of April 9th fell on great numbers of dead men whom we saw the next day.

For the next period neither the Germans nor the Canadians in the vicinity of Vimy Ridge could move. It was only with time that roads were built and the batteries carried up to the front or behind Vimy Ridge and observation posts established on the ridge. The German guns that had been silenced all along the Ridge were to be found either blown up or destroyed. The location of the front line below the Ridge was not definitely established until weeks later. So far as the battery was concerned, it was moved up first from a position near what was called Seven Elms and later below the Ridge near Vimy and behind the railway. While we were near Seven Elms the horse lines had been moved up from Camblain Chatelain to the opposite side of the Arras-Bapaume road to that of the battery. There it remained for a considerable period.

The signallers worked first below the Ridge in a town across the railway named Willerval and laid out lines toward the enemy’s front from that point. It was here we found dugouts of the Germans elaborately furnished from the French
houses of the district and obviously regarded as a part of the line which was to remain long in German hands. Our chief difficulty about occupying these dugouts was that they faced toward the German lines and we rather preferred to put up our own corrugated iron arrangement above ground. Near the battery on the Arras-Bapaume Road and at Willerval, and later at Vimy, we simply brought together corrugated iron representing one-half a cylinder with the sides resting on the ground and covered this with sandbags of chalk or whatever hard material such as stone we might find. We had some curious illusion that a German shell striking the hard rock would explode without doing serious damage to the corrugated iron underneath. It would be difficult to imagine a sillier delusion, but at Willerval night after night we sat through the indiscriminate heavy shelling, some of it so close as to put out the candles without being too greatly disturbed.

The transfer of the Battery from near the Seven Elms to a position to the right of Vimy and to the left of the first road under the railway marked the end of the period of consolidation in holding the ridge. During this period the battery had lost several of its men and new recruits had come in. The medals, which it was said came up with the rations, had been distributed. Our immediate participation was limited to the award of a Military Medal to the Lance Corporal who was in charge of our small group.

Near Vimy pits had been dug for the guns sufficiently close to the railway to allow shells to clear it and to prevent German shells from hitting it. The problem however was solved by the Germans on one warm afternoon when they began to use howitzers. These shells were thrown up in the air some distance and dropped almost perpendicularly on the Battery. After an hour’s shelling our Battery could be said to be out of action. The railway embankment was filled with dugouts made by the Germans or by ourselves and immediately behind the railway enormous quantities of small arm ammunition was stored. On a counter attack of the Germans on Fresnoy they bombarded the back country with the result that one dark night the small arm ammunition was hit and an enormous number of small explosions followed.

Periodically we went from the Battery or from our corrugated iron shelter to the horse lines for relief and numerous difficulties developed in a period of comparative quiet. On occasion the batmen of the officers had no hesitation in opening suspicious looking parcels for the officers and finishing off the contents and becoming mildly drunk. It is perhaps some such occasion which led two or three men in the Battery on one night to raid the officers’ quarters for whatever bottles could be found. The punishment handed out on these occasions paid little attention to the actual perpetrators, but was visited on all the signallers who were sent up to the Battery for a definite period of time.

The work itself consisted chiefly, as far as the signallers were concerned of going up to the German gun pits at the top of the Ridge and observing the activities of the Germans throughout the night. In a copy of Army Book No. 153, which I used for making observations, there is given a reference to definite times and dates when observation balloons were put up and where they were put up and what
planes went over, at what time there was shelling and intensive shelling, occasionally a reference to Germans and to explicit German batteries located by triangulation and varied at rather specific intervals. These observations could be said to be written down every three months, five months, or ten months depending on the variety of activity. All the reports were of course sent back to Headquarters and a careful check made on everything done by the Germans in so far as it could be observed.

The situation was enormously improved when the railroad was extended to a position behind the ruins of Thelus. I remember on one occasion going back to the horse lines by the railhead and noting that a German observation balloon had been put up, not being surprised at the beginnings of shelling of the railhead. As rapidly as possible the engine and cars were moved out, but not before appreciable damage had been done. I find in the letters of this period that nothing was written after Vimy Ridge until about April 28th. There is little reference to anything but the rain and mud and the fact that men, horses and wagons seem to have churned the ground into a huge mud plaster, devastating for men and even more for horses. There was little to report other than the fact that we met a few old acquaintances. The ground was drying, the dust was flying and shells were capable of doing much more damage since they exploded on the hard ground and the effects were evident for some distance. On June 2nd we seemed to have been involved in a fair amount of activity as there is great complaint of the absence of baths. But again the evidence of the rest period is shown by reference to baseball teams. In a letter of June 16th continued reference is made to hot days and cold nights. Routine seems to have become an obsession as time was spent in harness cleaning, particularly leather and steel.

On June 30th there is again nothing to report except the weather and on July 7th signallers were sent as usual to the observation posts at the German gun posts on the Ridge and since I was anxious to get out of the ordinary rut of signalling and one of the men was missing, I served double duty. On our way up a slight elevation to the top of the ridge a small German shell burst some distance behind us and looking back I remember distinctly seeing a German observation balloon and had concluded that they were in touch with the Battery and were picking up groups of our men whenever they could be located. They had obviously spotted our group, since in spite of the fact that we rather hastened our pace, the next shell landed right into the midst of us. Two or three were blown over but I was the only one hit. A shell splinter had penetrated the inner side of my right thigh but had not gone all the way through the flesh. Blood began to pour out at my knee and the men immediately got out their Red Cross tackle and bound up the wound and got out of sight of the observation balloon. Two men carried me back to the dressing station in an old chalk pit just in front of Thelus. I have forgotten whether the wound was re-dressed but in any case I was put on a stretcher to wait the night through for the morning’s ambulance. My friends left me, congratulating me on all hands for my escape from the war at this point though I was not in a position to appreciate thoroughly the depths of the feelings. In the morning I was picked up
with the others by the ambulance, and, so far as I remember, taken to a train and finally to a base depot, which I suppose must have been Etaples. In any case my knowledge of what happened is extremely limited other than that they prepared me immediately for an operation to extract the shell splinter and I was back in the ward waiting for further instructions as to my removal.

It is clear that I was protected from other shell splinters by my habit of carrying around great quantities of stuff in my rucksack. At least one shell splinter was stopped by books and other equipment I had which might well have been more serious since it was carried around my side other than that which actually struck me.

In a letter dated the 17th of July, 1917, from London, I find my address given as “M” Ward Endell Street Military Hospital. I notice that I came through the previous date, July 16th, leaving Etaples at 12:30 midnight and got to Calais at about 7:30, leaving at 12:30 and arriving at Dover at about four, reaching London at about 7:30.

I have a telegram to my mother dated “Ottawa, July 18th” stating the following facts: “Sincerely regret inform you 339852 Gunner Harold Adam Innis, Artillery, officially admitted 26th General Hospital Etaples, July 10th, 1917, gunshot wound right thigh severe. Send further particulars when received. Director of Records.” This must have been in a sense a profound shock to my mother and my family, though they were only one family of thousands who must daily have dreaded the sound of a telephone bell. After this I remember being moved and taken by channel boat to England and finally to Endell Street Hospital in London. This hospital was manned and run entirely by women and efficiently handled enormous numbers of wounded who passed through it. After being there a few days my temperature began to go up and it was clear that all was not well. I have a letter from the Red Cross Society dated the 26th of July, stating that I was “again visited by Miss Jebb a few days ago and we hear that he has had an operation on his thigh to clean out the wound. He has not quite got over it but says the wound feels better so that we hope to report improvement next time.”

The letters during this period were perhaps more informative. I found one from France dated July 14th giving my address as 67 Ward, 26 General Hospital, British Expeditionary Force. This may have been the hospital to which I was sent first before going to Etaples. There is a reference to the uncomfortableness and tiresomeness of lying in bed but on the other hand to the enormous improvement in the character of the ward and in the general conditions under which we had been living.

A letter from London of July 27th gives information regarding my temporary set-back and a new operation. The pain was more acute than it had been but by that date I seemed to have recovered from the worst effects. The friends made in Folkstone came up to see me and were kind enough to write directly to my mother. I find a letter from Miss Vickery of August 12th saying that I was making good progress to a complete recovery. The time spent in this hospital was on the whole extremely pleasant, partly in contrast with what we had been through and partly as
a result of the kindness of the English people. They seemed to rally around us and
do everything they could to improve our living conditions. I remember being
almost overcome with emotion when we were taken out of the hospital train at
London to see enormous numbers of people throw flowers, cigarettes, and any-
thing they thought of interest to wounded men on a stretcher, none of them of
course knowing anything of the men or of their future. The hospital included
every variety of wound from nearly every British unit. Visitors brought books and
I remember well the visits of Beatrice Harraden, the author of “Ships that Pass in
the Night” and other books, being especially kind to me. As we recovered our beds
were slowly moved down the line away from the door to the nurses’ rooms. Finally
there came the day when I was given a blue suit and sent on to Uxbridge Conva-
lescent Home for further treatment.

I note that on July 22nd Miss Vickery had been to see me on Wednesday and
promised to write home about me. I found also that I am being wheeled around in
a chair on one afternoon a week and that I blamed this for the appearance of a
fever and a sleepless night and the application of a large fomentation bandage.
There are references to those who were in adjoining beds and a general descrip-
tion of my surroundings.

In a letter of August 18th there is a reference to visits from a mother of a
fellow-signaller in France and to a general improvement. I had begun to limp
around and spoke of going down to the concert held that night. This was the begin-
ing of a great number of hospital entertainments with singing, violin playing and
conjuring. Most of the time I spent in reading and I found that preparations were
under way for my going to a convalescent hospital at Uxbridge.

In a letter dated September 1st, 1917, at Uxbridge, it appears that I left
London a little over a week before. There was speculation as to whether I would
be able to go back to Canada and my general information seemed to be that I
would ultimately be listed C-3, which meant “no more France” but did not neces-
sarily mean a return to Canada. The local board ordered massage for my leg and
this seemed to have no effect on reducing the swelling which made it impossible
to walk without a stick. On the whole this seemed the most pleasant place we had
seen in months, with plenty to eat, a good place to sleep, and no work, and no
worry. The hospital was gradually becoming more like Endell Street as individ-
uals moved down from that hospital for convalescence. I had scattered news from
France, one of five men killed by one shell, including a man, whom I knew there
well, named Angus from Vancouver.

In a letter of September 11th, there is again reference to visits to kind host-
esses in England, particularly Mrs. Brett at Ealing and to the usual round of con-
certs and attendance at English fairs. An English fair can be started with a
merry-go-round suitably fitted with painted horses and a band with one tune or
another, as well as the usual throwing of balls at coconuts and the dispersal of
heaps of confetti. Since we were on the Hillingdon Estate, Lady Hillingdon enter-
tained us at teas and life seemed to be very pleasant with only the limitation of
limited pay.
In a letter of October 20th there is again a reference to tea at Lady Hillingdon’s and to church parades which seemed unexpectedly to be reasonably popular. I had more local parades with consultations and examinations leading in the main to recommendations for massage and physical training. The physical training seems to be chiefly responsible for further swelling in my leg with results that in the main were negligible. I found that I had begun to have a succession of boils in the back of my neck which were exceedingly painful and involved successive doses of medicine but again without results. Strangely enough they persisted until I got back to my own doctor in Otterville who promptly brought them to an end by injection of serum. Why this had not been done in the Army I do not know. On the whole, except for the occasional concert parties, which were becoming a bit monotonous, and the visits to Ealing, I was rather limited by my inability to walk any great distance. My friends enjoyed themselves enormously, often going as far as London.

Perhaps I came to see more of the individuals in the Canadian Army than others, and I find that I wrote that it might be divided into three parts, first those who were not tough and make no pretence of being so, second, those who would like to be tough but did not know how to go about it, though they flattered themselves that they were tough (these were really the worst of the lot) and thirdly, those who were tough and say nothing. One arrival came into the hospital with several decorations won in France and probably an even greater list of crimes achieved in England. He invariably came to the hospital late in the night yelling at the top of his voice, fighting the military police and looking for trouble. In nearly every case he was arrested and thrown into the “clink” for various periods of time and fined. His fines were, of course, merely additions to large sums he had already piled up in debts to the government. In the main everyone was anxious to have as good a time as possible and in most cases this meant a continual fight between the authorities and the men. Every night officers inspected the hospitals to see that everyone was by his bed, but all too frequently one man would move from one bed across the main aisle to another bed and thus represent two individuals while the officers went to the other end of the hut. Again beds were stuffed with coats so that they had the appearance of being occupied to those giving a cursory inspection.

In a letter of November 3rd, dated Basingstoke, it was clear that with colder weather they had decided that we should be sent to new quarters and some of us left for Uxbridge. We were still in doubt as to the ultimate future and as to whether we would be allowed to go to Canada. I find that some of my letters, uninteresting as they may have been, had been printed in local papers at home and only began to realize something of the interest in Canada in the war. I continued to meet old acquaintances from near home and to learn from others who were in France or in England. In fact I became rather weary of fighting over old battles with the various people who had been at Vimy.

In the next letter dated November 11th, I find myself indulging in “high-faluting” remarks about the war generally. We gradually became acquainted with
the staff at Basingstoke and found that in the main they were made up of the old 4th Canadian General Hospital Unit, which had been manned chiefly by the University of Toronto staff who had come back from Salonika. Colonel Hendry was in command and Smirle Lawson of rugby fame, at present coroner in Toronto, was in charge of our ward. We had the usual round of concerts, presumably groups going from one place to another. I managed to get a slight job assisting in the mail office in the distribution of parcels and letters, which helped pass the time.

In a letter of December 8th, I had news mainly by letter but also from my old friends who came from various adjacent regions. One matter of interest was that of voting on the conscription issue and I suspect that there was pretty general unanimity in favour of conscription and union government among the troops since this meant the chances of returning were greatly improved. In a letter of December 29th, there is a reference for the first time to a shortage of food, to an increase in wages, and to the general characteristics of inflation, with talk of compulsory rationing. I find reports from home regarding various individuals who were very much opposed to being conscripted and my arguments ran along in the same fashion. I was making no improvement and the prospects of returning were becoming brighter.

I began to take a more active interest in hospital activates and in what might be called reconversion generally. At Christmas we had a very pleasant celebration with a concert party from London. I began to learn French grammar, though I had acquired a fair knowledge in France by reading and also shorthand. The teacher in France was Dr. Van Wyck (who died in 1952). He was tireless in his interest in the position of the troops. I spent a great deal of time in reading Alfred Marshall’s “Principles of Economics” and in some way or other was linked up with what became known as the Khaki College under the late Dr. Tory. In a letter of January 11th, I find that my papers have all been written up and that I was due for a board and in turn for ten day’s leave. In the vast total of 800 patients, we had come to know only a small number but could not help but feel that there was much coming and going. Concerts, moving pictures, became ever more prominent and on the whole more monotonous. I had begun to think in terms of writing off my Master’s degree at McMaster University, particularly as I could get books to read and as it seemed a profitable way of employing one’s time.

In a letter of February 2nd, I found a description of our general routine. We were awakened at 7:00 by the night sister and at 7:15 breakfast was served. After breakfast I went up to help sort the mail. At 4:30 we had tea. At 6:00, usually a concert with moving pictures and at 8:00 a bowl of cocoa and a slice of bread. At 9:30 lights were turned out. It appeared that the chances of returning to Canada were fairly definite and that I was already planning to take my leave. I went to London and saw something of the effects of air raids, a great number of shows and everything that one might hope to see in London in wartime.

In a letter of February 10th there is still no information about a return to Canada other than the fact that great numbers of wounded men were waiting to be returned. The hospitals were being emptied as rapidly as possible with the pros-
pect of fresh fighting in France. I had hoped that with the prospect of getting back to Canada I might be able to do some work towards getting my Master’s degree but seemed to have had little encouragement that this might materialize. However on February 23rd I have a letter dated “Liverpool” which indicates that we were on our way. We boarded a train at Basingstoke, changed at Reading, and reached the hospital at Liverpool at night. This was a new city as far as I was concerned except that we had passed through it on the way in and I spent much time getting about and seeing as much as possible. The absence of men and the abundance of children and old women was a most striking contribution to the effects of the war. It seems that we had a general impression that we stayed for about four weeks before we got a boat. The hospital was not as attractive as Basingstoke and the beds and meals were rather below the standards to which we had been accustomed. In a small diary which covers part of the period, I have noted some facts in greater detail.

On January 14th, at Basingstoke, I was passed by the Board and drew my kit. I had also begun writing for an essay competition on “The Press” for Khaki College and found that on the 15th and 16th I was very busy completing it and re-writing it and finally getting it typed. It was not until long after that I learned, I think from Dr. Tory himself, that I had been awarded a prize, but I have never been certain this was due to the essay or to the fact that there were few entries.

On the 17th we were getting ready for leave, were paid, our buttons were carefully polished and we were given a pass. I took the bus to the Maple Leaf at Endell Hospital in London. On the 18th I woke up late but went to Whitley to see my various friends and in preparation for the trip to Ireland. As in the leave before going to France we had decided on the point of the greatest distance in Scotland, so before leaving for Canada we decided to go down to the south-westerly part of Ireland. I arranged to go with another wounded man in our ward at Basingstoke, a French-Canadian, Arthur LaJeunesse. Neither of us knew anything about Ireland but we were determined at least to make a venturesome trip. We left the train at Hollyhead and got the boat and after what seemed to be a long trip, arrived sometime in the morning of the 19th. Immediately we went for a ride in a jaunting cart around Dublin and saw such monuments as the Castle, the O’Connell Cemetery, and the Vice Regent’s Park. There was still much discussion of the effects of the Easter rising in 1916 and I doubt whether men in uniform were looked upon then with enthusiasm. Our hospital uniform was no doubt a valuable asset. We took the train to the south-western part and were of course overwhelmed by the demands of a tourist area to which there had been few tourists. It is true that the food in Ireland was an attraction to troops and to others, but there were a greater number of people in the tourist area. There were demands for tips, the porters seized our baggage and attempted to rush off with it to their respective hotels. We were offered an abundance of whiskey; we were taken on jaunting cars around the district. It was striking to see the green scenery of this region after we had seen so much snow in England.
We went to the Lakes of Killarney and stayed two days, January 19th to 21st at 7/6 each. On January 20th we seemed to have been billed for the payment of No. 1 Tour, 15s and two glasses of whiskey 2s 6d, or a total of £2 7s 6d. I do not remember the whiskey and I suspect it was bought in lieu of tips. The chief monument of distinction was Muckross Abbey, which seemed to be largely overgrown with vegetation.

After the usual tourist jaunt, we went back to Dublin and got the boat for London. There was little to report but on the whole it had been a most interesting region to which one might go on a last leave. In London on the 22nd I left LaJeunesse and went to Folkstone to pay my last regards to the Vickeries. On the 23rd I find that I slept until a very late hour; did very little but read all day and discovered something of the advantage and comforts of an old country as contrasted with the hardships of the new.

Basingstoke, Nov. 17th, 1917
I have reference to a letter from my mother stating that many would be anxious to avoid conscription and that no one in England or in France would have our sympathy for that position. There is some doubt expressed as to whether conscription would affect those who should be called up but we knew very little about the situation in Canada. I found also that I have received from a friend several Woodstock Centenary Reviews and Norwich Gazettes and that one of them included a letter of mine which my family had apparently allowed to be printed. There is the usual amount of scolding and about the danger of giving away military information, though I doubt whether we knew enough information to make any difference. There is again reference to concerts and to the access of singing. The letter also refers to the heavy casualties at Passchendaele and to the effect that wards were being cleared for the wounded.

Again on the 24th I got up very late, went downtown and recovered my library deposits and went down to the pier. The music was very poor but on the whole I had an enjoyable rest. On the 25th I went up to see old friends of mine and met others who were also on leave from France or for Canada. On the 26th I went with Ed Bates to see “The Maid of the Mountains” and generally began a round of activity visiting places. On the 27th I went to church and dinner with another old friend who had become a corporal in the Estates Branch. On the next day, the 28th, I saw “Chu Chin Chow” but the night was rather marred by an air raid which had serious effects on the communication system. On the next day I took the long trip out the Bearwood to see the parents of Bridge Gales and came back in time to go through Madame Toussaud’s Wax Works and to see “Carminella”(?). Ed Bates had been prevented from going to Scotland by air raids and we went to see “Aladdin” on the afternoon of May 30th and later “When Nights Were Bold.” On the last day in London I took in various sights and went back to the Coliseum to see Miss Langtrey and Mark Hambourg. Back in Basingstoke I decided to start work extensively toward my Master’s degree and got Marshall’s Principles of Economics from the Y.M.C.A. On February 20th I finished up my essay and sent it off.
registered and went around to see Capt. McKenzie of the Y.M.C.A. who had been very kind to me.

I found that as early as June, 1917, even when I was in the army in France, I had written to Dr. McGibbon of McMaster University as to possibilities. He wrote on September 18th and explained that his delay was due to the absence of any precise information on the details. Apparently I had suggested a possible thesis title on *The Psychology of the Canadian Soldier*. He pointed out that it would require a collection of information from as many as 500 men. He suggested that I get in touch with Ottawa for statistics as to men wounded and killed and their particular trades. He suggested that he had been paid $20.00 for part of his M.A. thesis on the J.P.E. He also suggested that I begin working on a volume at a time of Part II, not with reference to the details of each author but to their distinctive positions. He also kindly suggested that I prepare a brief questionnaire for my purposes to get material on their location in Canada; their business before enlistment; their intentions after the War; their point of view; socialistic, etc. In this way he was able to convey to me his general enthusiasm and his intense interest in the project. It was on this basis that I began to work towards my degree in a more effective manner.

In preparing for my Master’s Degree I wrote to D. A. McGibbon on October 29th, 1917. He sent a list of books required for Part II of the examination and advised that I read the book by Smart and follow it by Marshall’s *Principles of Economics*. He was good enough to suggest possible libraries from which I might be able to borrow books by American authors. He suggested I read J.B. Clarke’s book and that I write to the Secretary of the Royal Economics Society stating my position and asking them if they would lend the volumes to me and he suggested I might use his name and indeed was thoughtfulness itself in making arrangements. On February 19th I had a letter from Mr. Bengough the Registrar, stating that they would be willing to appoint a presiding examiner in England and that I might nominate two or three from whom they would appoint one. This was of course before I knew whether I would be able to get back. The fee for local examinations was $15.00.

I found a card dated December 19th, 1918, regarding my progress as a student of Khaki College. I had begun eight classes in French in which I learned very little and according to the record had not done very much in shorthand. But I had reviewed Marshall’s *Principles* and had written two essays, one of 6,000 words on *Sound and Economical Re-Construction in Canada After the War* and the other of 12,000 words on *The Returned Soldier*. I was also credited with reading Smart’s *Theory of Values* and, according to the signature of Capt. McKenzie, had an average standing of 81%, whatever that might mean.

On the 21st, as already stated, I left for Liverpool, changing at Reading, and I noted the huge Prisoner-of-War Camp at Bromley, a number of canals still in operation, and the fields with their long furrows. We passed through Birmingham and arrived at the end of a long day in Liverpool. At Liverpool we made our final plans for going aboard ship but had plenty of time for riding in trams around the
city, for a trip to Birkenhead, and for general activity. I was being plagued with boils, fomentations, and lancing operations but seemed to have seen a good deal of the city. On March 10th, we were obviously making plans for going aboard and on the 11th we seemed to have embarked. The Vaterland, a gigantic boat was brought in escorted by destroyers and we waited in the river until the 12th. On the 13th we made 333 miles and on the 14th, 326 miles, but I am afraid that was the last of smooth sailing. Our ship had been taken off South African service, the Castle Line, and outfitted as a hospital boat and was not built for north Atlantic storms in March. We ran into very heavy weather and on one day made as little as 75 miles. On the 23rd of March we saw land and arrived at Halifax in the evening.

We pulled into Bedford Basin with the hills covered in snow and what appeared to be a very cheerless place. Heavy snow may have checked our movements but we finally pulled into the pier and took the train at five o’clock on the 26th. We saw little evidence of the explosions but it was quite clear from such evidence that the town had suffered a tremendous disaster. On the 27th we passed through Truro, Moncton, and arrived at Cambellton and Rimouski at four o’clock in the afternoon. I was much struck by the enormous quantities of lumber, logs, and the dominant place which the industry seemed to occupy in New Brunswick and along the St. Lawrence. On the 28th we arrived at the Immigration Building in Quebec and were entertained at night by the Daughters of the Empire. Then our names were called out for Toronto and finally for London. I woke up on March 30th at Port Hope and at noon we arrived in London, one of the great numbers of troops that would pass through that station. Everything was handled efficiently. The band played its usual reception tunes and the Medical Board was quickly over and I left on the train for home.

I met my mother and my aunt at…Junction and on arriving at Otterville was escorted up to the Town Hall and given a formal reception. Later the reception was extended by the neighbourhood, most of my old friends and acquaintances coming in during the course of the evening. After all this activity I went back to Toronto and arranged with Dr. McGibbon as to the books which I would need in preparing for my Master’s examination. I am afraid that my thesis could not be regarded as an outstanding performance and I have always felt a debt of gratitude to McMaster University in accepting my application at this time. On May 19th I tried the examinations on Marshall and other books and wrote a very fair examination, though I did not do well on it.

Regarding the essay on “Social Re-Construction” I found various notes which were probably used in writing it. The subject is divided into two parts: one called “Destructive” and the other “Constructive.” Under the heading “Destructive” I find the following items: Physical reaction weakens moral stamina.

In my own experience on the trip from Agniers to Camblain Chatelain with wet melting snow, an estaminet became a very welcome sight. Again, in the period before Vimy, working from four o’clock in the afternoon to four o’clock in the morning horses were exhausted as well as men in the face of a feeling that other men’s lives depended to an important extent on how much work we did. A long
experience in the trenches invited reaction, indeed, monotony, strange as it may seem, was one of our worst enemies. In the actual warfare, nervous strain was evident and the great increase in the consumption of cigarettes during a sustained period of bombardment. Again, a long period of twelve to eighteen months without leave to England destroyed all moral restraints and involved a physical reaction, just as did the long period of inaction in the camps in England. On the “constructive” side, it is suggested that since letters provided the only link with families, the excessive postage to France was a crime to say the least. There were to be said on the same side the examples in character set by individual men in the ranks, though it is doubtful how important this was. Special organizations such as the Chaplain Services and the Y.M.C.A. with its concerts did something to check the insistent interest in poker and crown and anchor. Again they were important in offsetting the influence of the French estaminet. These seemed to be the only notes left regarding the essay itself.

The effects of conscription in Canada were difficult to describe. My own personal experience was very limited, since many were exempted for the harvest season and very few got to France before the end of the war. Undoubtedly there was abundance of food stuffs in Canada compared to England, and there was a great deal of criticism of the United States in the slowness with which they were going into action. On the other hand some Americans in Canada who had gone to the United States returned to Canada and were picked up by the Canadian authorities. There can be no question that there was a dislike of joining the army and that conscription raised needless problems.

Faced with the problem of deciding upon a future I had possibly three alternatives: the pressure to join the church and then the ministry, or to join the ministry and then to join the church had become increasingly intense in my later years at McMaster, in fact my friends insisted that I should take a ministerial charge after they had enlisted and I was actually put in touch with individuals at Kempville who were apparently willing that I should take charge of the church. My enlistment of course put an end to this movement. I have a letter from a very old friend at Rockcliffe Camp dated July 4th, giving me a terrific lecture and exerting great pressure on me to join the church before I left for England. When I returned and had been discharged the pressure came from other directions but I could not see my way clear to this alternative. The second alternative which had been very much in my mind was that of law, and I had decided in a general sort of way to attend Osgoode Hall in the fall but I still had an uneasy conscience that I knew very little about he subject of economics and that I ought in fairness to myself make some effort to gain a more intensive acquaintance.

I decided, therefore, that I would use the funds I had received from the army to take the summer school at the University of Chicago and thus to remedy to some extent my defective knowledge. This uneasy feeling of conscience unhappily or happily continued to bother me. I found that after a summer’s work at the University of Chicago that I had greatly underestimated the difficulties of breaking from army life to academic life, in spite of my Master’s degree. I was
therefore compelled again to face my conscience and to decide to remain in Chicago and complete my work for the PhD before starting my studies in law. The uneasy conscience, however, continued to worry me and I never felt completely equipped to go into the profession of law.

There seems to have been a constant round of activities from that time until life became more normal. On the 22nd of April I again returned to London and to Princess Barracks and on the 23rd was given a final board after a dental inspection with a category “E”, which meant immediate discharge. I need hardly say how highly elated I was at this final move. In London I had a very pleasant time, thanks particularly to Ed Bates who had given me letters to relatives of his who were apparently chiefly concerned with life insurance.

I learned on the 29th that I had passed my examinations and that I would be awarded my Master’s degree. Strangely enough, Dr. Carlile of Folkstone was given an honorary degree on the same occasion. Convocation was held in Walmer Rd. Church at eight o’clock on April 30th. My mother came down to the Convocation and was of course particularly affected by the tremendous reception which was given to the only one in the Convocation who had returned from overseas. With my discharge I drew my pay and began a tedious discussion regarding my next step.

In a letter dated London, April 23rd, 1918, I find that I arrived on that date and was required to report a nine o’clock next morning, and again at that time at two o’clock in the afternoon. After dental inspection and the taking of my weight, 169 pounds, I reported to the Board, which, after a great deal of time, decided that I was a student and could be given category “E”. I wrote: “It is hard to express adequately my feelings just at that point but “glad” is a very poor word.”

I find in a letter dated July 6th, 1918, that I had arrived in Chicago and stayed temporarily with my uncle, John Adams. By this date I had located a boarding house near the University and had moved my belongings in two or three trips. This follows two days after the celebration of July 4th and I find various pictures regarding American behaviour on that occasion, particularly in what I thought was disgusting bragging and boasting. This antipathy, very acute at first, I suspect never really came to an end in spite of the extraordinary kindnesses of individual Americans.

I find that the room close to the University cost $2.00 per week and that I was able to live, so far as board was concerned, on an average of about 60 cents per day, or $4.20 a week on the cafeteria plan at this price, breakfast included: breakfast food and milk, three slices of toast and some fruit; lunch could be had with meat and potatoes, two slices of bread and rice or pie for 23 cents; supper with some kind of meat and potatoes, bread, and dessert. The average worked out at 60 cents a day. This, of course, was expensive compared to my undergraduate period in Toronto but would hardly be regarded as such at any later date. Arriving during the summer quarter I attended various lectures especially arranged for summer students and began to get the feel of the community. For some reason I have written “what spoils every thing is the everlasting clapping of hands,” some of
which appeared in very bad taste, like laughing at a funeral, but those were only first impressions.

During the first term I took various courses and came in contact with various individuals who were regular members of the staff or who came to the University for the quarter. I have no clear recollection as to individuals but I am reasonably certain that I had a course from Professor Frank Knight and that he did much to rouse my interest in economics as well as to make me feel how little I knew. I went home for the month of September and then returned for the next term. I have a letter from my sister dated November 19th, in which reference is made to the horrible effects of the flu epidemic. She was engaged at that time as a sort of lay nurse going from one case to another. I find that the letter was concerned with the money problem and I would infer that out of kindness Professor C. W. Wright had arranged to have me appointed as an assistant to mark his papers at a salary of $500.00 a term. This I regarded as a means of breaking my dependence on my savings of the war and on my family. The treatment of the soldier with academic interests in the First World War stood in striking contrast with the end of the Second World War, but my gratuity did help to carry me over the first term and to establish me at the University.

The letter was written a week after Armistice Day and I have a note saying that the whistles started about two o’clock and that we went downtown to the Loop district at night and saw something of the enormous crowds. It was probably not an unusual sight, but everyone slapped the policemen on the back, shook hands with him or tramped on his hat and his feet. The saloons were wide open, several were killed and several were injured in the crowd. Everyone was making a noise, many were dressed up in costume; parades were held all through the streets. It was estimated that 4,000,000 people were in the Loop during the day.

My search for material for my thesis in September 1919 brought me in touch for the first time with two eminent Canadians, Dr. S. J. McLean, a member of the Board of Railway Commissioners, and Dr. Adam Shortt of the Board of Historical Publications. Dr. McLean was on vacation and suggested various individuals to whom I might write, including Dr. Shortt. In a letter from Dr. Shortt dated the 24th of September, 1919, he outlined at considerable length the various sources from which I might gain assistance. This proved most helpful in building up my material.

In addition to speaking in support of loan campaigns in the United States, I was called on from time to time to talk to various other organizations and I became more and more aware of the comic aspects of the whole business. I remember a speech given at the meeting of the British Empire Club in the University of Chicago which will perhaps indicate the change. “One might well wonder when so many of us were anxious to get over, when we were afraid the war would end and that we would miss the whole show, when we saw ourselves chasing Germans with bayonets and loaded down with German helmets, when we saw ourselves going over the top as though we were going to a 1st of July Canadian banquet, one wonders about lack of enthusiasm, when it was vastly different than
we had imagined.” We travelled in cars labelled “eight horses” or “forty men”. We broke our teeth on hard tack and cut our fingers on bully beef tins. We tramped, ate, and slept in mud; we used bayonets to toast our bread and helmets to wash our hands in. We ditched everything. It was this contact with life in France with its filthiness, the drab work of filling sand bags, the constant heat, the constant shelling, and the hide and seek type of warfare produced a type of monotony which invariably brought fear shown in the instinctive location of deep dugouts; the mathematical probability of two shells landing in the same place; the flattening against the trenches; drinking poisoned water; the question as to how long it would be before we got to England. Under these circumstances all men seemed alike. Perhaps this general tone discouraged further invitations since I remember only one more, that given at the Y.M.C.A. College on February 21st, 1919, and I am afraid that it could not have been called a success.

With papers to mark and the usual courses to carry, I had by no means an easy term, particularly as I was anxious to justify my appointment and if possible to secure an even better appointment in the next term. In the next term, in a letter of February 24th, 1919, I was surprised to discover that my sister planned a visit to Chicago and that we were to go to mutual friends at Racine. Most of the letter relates to details regarding the trip and general directions to my sister as to the most convenient time of arrival. I had met a few old acquaintances, including Harry Hemstreet and a former teacher in South Norwich, and was beginning to find my way generally around the city.

Owing to the kindness of Professor C. W. Wright I had acted as his assistant in the fall of 1918 and in the quarter of 1919 was teaching an elementary course in Economics under his supervision. This experience was invaluable for university work and brought me in touch with a new group of students, some of whom were just coming back from overseas or from Washington and others who were younger. I remember distinctly that John Guenther was one of the younger students. An American university had different atmosphere than Canadian undergraduate institutions. I do not remember, for example, that there was such a thing as initiations. This difference and others were undoubtedly, in part, a result of the concentration on graduate work. In the spring quarter I continued to teach an elementary course, and to continue lectures in various subjects preparatory to taking a degree. The same might be said of the summer course, though I gave up teaching for that quarter and began to concentrate on other aspects of work leading to my Doctor’s degree, notably the preparation of a thesis. I had asked for a Canadian topic and Mr. Wright had suggested that I do a history of the Canadian Pacific Railway and immediately after the end of the term I began to look into various depositories of C.P.R. material.

I left Chicago immediately after the summer quarter and went to Otterville, and then after a few days to Ottawa and to Montreal, where I spent time looking into the Dominion Archives and to the C.P.R. material.

In the month of September I seemed to have made my last contacts with army life. I had been reminded by a letter from Madame Jossien of Camblain Chatelain,
dated March 11th, 1919, of the activities of my former comrades. She had appar-
ently kept up correspondence or had seen them and wrote regarding my old friend
Lockie that he was in bad health and that his difficulties were in part, as she said,
a result of his being a bad boy and in loving very much to make a zigzag. The word
zigzag seemed to have sprung up as part of a common language to describe those
who were unable to walk straight across the street after they had been drinking too
much and I am afraid it might have been used to describe accurately some of my
friends other than Lockie. Similarly, I had finally discovered a cure for the continu-
ous series of boils on the back of my neck in a serum prescribed by the doctor in
Otterville.

When I went to Montreal I was unable to get a room at the Y.M.C.A. and was
sent to one of their huts especially designed for returned men such as myself. I
remember that the huts were ranged in long rows similar to an army hospital or
army barracks and that one electric light answered for all. This proved to have diff-
culties when any non-conforming individual came in after midnight and insisted
on having a light turned on. One rather elderly man came in on this occasion at a
late hour and proceeded to take at least an hour making preparations for getting
into bed. This exasperated the others in the hut and one individual put out the light
but this only led to the other turning it on. In a second attack the bulb was taken
out but this again only led to a search for another bulb and to the turning on of the
light. By this time feelings were running high and the disturbing individual
launched a tirade saying that he was an old man and that the others were taking
advantage of that fact. Whereupon he was told that his age was his only protection
from being thrown out the window. Ultimately the huts settled down for the night.
This was my last experience with army life. I had entered the army without deco-
rations and left it in the same state other than having a wound stripe which I never
wore, but it had been an invaluable experience in meeting men from all over
Canada and in giving me an understanding of individuals which I never otherwise
would have had. On the other hand I was glad to have seen the last of it.

After visiting these various centres I returned to Otterville for a brief spell
before going to Chicago. It must have been almost my last contact with certain
aspects of farm life, particularly with the chestnut season as the chestnut trees
died out shortly afterward. I still had my army clothes, including my Kitcheneres, a
name used for a boot issued by the Imperial Army. They seemed to have been
designed for general purpose warfare and could be used for innumerable purposes
as was said: as ballast, as a kit bag, as a place to sleep in, and the soles were ample
protection even against heavy bombardment from the enemy. I returned to
Chicago late in September with a very old friend of mine, Carmen Fish. Unfortu-
nately we were separated after almost the first day. In getting onto a crowded street
car I was somewhat wedged in and he was never to get on with the result that I saw
nothing of him for two or three days and in fact rather lost touch with him from
that time.

I was again appointed as an assistant for the fall term and I note in a letter of
October 18th that I expected to be clear of all further charges on my relatives and
that I would be able to get along without further claims. It need hardly be said that this was not easily done on a limited salary and meant very careful rationing of food. But I had more or less established my position and after September 1918 I had a permit to enter the United States and that I was no longer subject to constant embarrassment by the Immigration Authorities.

With the completion of my year of graduate work and with limited financial resources, I began to consider possible appointments with a view to completing my work toward my Doctor’s degree at a later date. I had received $500.00 a quarter as assistant for the three quarters beginning October 1st, 1918, and on April 15th, 1919, I had a letter from R. H. Coates suggesting the possibility of becoming assistant editor of the Canada Year Book in Ottawa. My name had been given to him by Professor Donald. Apparently I wrote in reply that I could not finish my work for the Doctorate degree, since he wrote on April 25th, 1919, suggesting that I might be able to finish the thesis in Ottawa and asking me to apply to the Civil Service Commission. The salary advertised in a document dated February 27th, 1919, was $1,700.00, but apparently that had been unsuccessful and I had a later letter dated the 23rd of Sept. 1919, from Dr. Coates, suggesting that I apply for a position to take charge of the prices division at a salary of $1,800.00. Since this was near the beginning of my final term, I did not apply. I had received an appointment for the three quarters 1919-1920 at a salary of $600.00 each and I found that I could probably finish the course with these limited resources.

In 1920 I was again appointed an assistant in the winter quarter and I find very anxious letters written from my family regarding an attack of “Flu” late in January. Fortunately the disease seemed to have been less serious at that time and I escaped by staying in bed for two or three days and by perspiring steadily. I was left extremely weak but seemed in the main to have escaped serious effects. By early February I had collected sufficient material in the various libraries I had visited, and, in particular, in John Crerar Library. I began to write my thesis and started to get it typed. At this time, and in view of the prospect that I might get my degree by the end of the summer quarter, I had begun to receive offers of teaching jobs. I had one offer at Beloit with a salary of $2,000, but I turned it down in the hope that I would be appointed to a Canadian university. I was in touch with Brandon College and also with Dr. McGibbon at the University of Alberta.

On May 28th, 1919, Chancellor A. L. McCrimmon of McMaster University wrote to suggest that I might be interested in an appointment in Political Economy and Sociology and suggested that I might be relieved in April 1920 to continue my lectures in Chicago. He thought this might become a permanent position. On June 9th, 1919, he wrote again suggesting that I get in touch with Dean Marshall with a view to working out an arrangement between the two institutions. I inferred that his offer carried the sum of $1,200.00. On February 19th, 1920, with a prospect of completing my course, I wrote to Dr. D. A. McGibbon under whom I had taken work for my Master’s degree, regarding the prospect of an appointment at Alberta. He replied to say that the President was interested in getting a man to do....
...proposition to me. He apparently wrote to Toronto since in due course enquiries were made from Professor Wright and others. Sir Robert Falconer came to Chicago on other business and asked me to see him, but with his usual caution he gave me no indication as to the ultimate results. Finally Professor Wright began to put more pressure on Professor Mavor and I received a letter saying that I had been appointed by the Board of Governors at a salary of $2,000.00. During the summer quarter I was extremely busy completing my work, including the thesis, the written examinations, and the oral examination. Fortunately the Vice President of the University was kind enough to ask me whether I would accept the headship of Snell Hall, one of the men’s residences. This involved no great responsibility but it gave me a room free and helped to ease my financial problems, which were becoming more acute as I was not teaching in the summer quarter. At Snell Hall I again met a wide range of students and for some strange reason became the subject of a psychological test designed to indicate stubbornness, willpower, determination, and that sort of thing rather than intelligence. If it had been an intelligence test I would probably have done poorly as I was completely exhausted late at night, but as it was I gather that I did fairly well, whatever that means.

By the end of July I had my thesis typed and submitted to the Department of Economics. It must have been early in August that I took my written examinations. These I passed successfully except for the single subject of cost accounting and the instructor concerned was good enough not to hold me up on the grounds of my failure in that course. I had met at the University an increasing number of graduate students with whom I came in close touch, including such names as Carter Goodrich, Morris Copeland, W. B. Smith, and J. Angell. Goodrich had been a student under Tawney (?) and was good enough to arrange a lunch at which I was able to meet him. He had been badly wounded during the war but already one could see signs of genius which later marked his work. In the main we saw relatively few of the distinguished visitors who came to Chicago. I remember Professor J. Laurence Laughlin, a former head of the department, who was given a dinner and who remarked that the oldest inhabitant in the village in which he lived was accustomed to approach him and to say: “Why you taught my grandfather.” But I remember little about other visitors. Finally came the oral examination. I had been warned by Professor Wright that I was not in good physical condition and that I should limit myself to two hours of study per day. In view of my abysmal ignorance I found this impossible, with the result that I was worn out when I came up for my final. But again it was an indication of a never failing kindness of the members of the staff of the Department to me that my mistakes were overlooked and that I was allowed to take my degree at the end of the quarter.

Immediately after the ruling of the oral examination, the family of my fiancée asked me to go on a holiday to Fox Lake in Illinois. Although normally equipped for fishing and other sports, I am afraid the whole time was spent in complete relaxation from the demands of academic life. It was after my return from this trip that Convocation was held. In looking back over my experience in the University
of Chicago, I am bound to pay a high tribute to the work of members of the staff. By the end of the period staff members had returned from the war and I had the advantage of courses from a brilliant group of professors. I owed much to Professor C. W. Wright as acting chairman of the department and as my supervisor and to him as a teacher, particularly in the courses on Trusts and in American Economic History. His thoroughness and industry were an example to his students and left a strong impression on them.

Among the members of the staff with whom I first came in contact was Professor F. H. Knight in Economic Theory and in Statistics. I doubt whether any Statistics course was ever given with such sanity and balance as that which he undertook in the absence of Professor Field. He introduced a philosophic note and placed statistics in such perspective that one could never again become lost in admiration of statistical compilations. His scepticism was invaluable. Professor Field on his return took over the Statistics courses, but it was rather in courses on Population and on Standards of Living that he had his greatest impact. In these courses Professor Field exhibited an urbanity of manner, a subtlety of thought and a perception of expression which were highly stimulating. Other professors included H. A. Millis, who gave a course in Public Finance and Labour Problems and who developed an attitude towards labour which became of great assistance in the prosecution of the Second World War. Professor H. G. Moulton in Money and Banking had an enthusiasm for his subject which led the students to read widely beyond the immediate course. Professor J. M. Clark, the son of Professor J. B. Clark, had just been appointed to the staff and his courses, which were later developed into books, especially the “Economics of Overhead Costs”, had a profound and significant influence. He opened up new trails which became of tremendous importance to me in the study of Canadian economic history. There were other courses, particularly in Commerce, which were extremely interesting. Professor C. S. Duncan reinforced his descriptions of the changes in American marketing structures by arranging visits to various plants.

In the field of Law, in which I had earlier hoped to specialize, my courses were limited to those given in the Commerce School, but for the first time I was brought in touch with the logic and force of the subject which from that time commanded my respect.

There were other teachers whose names should be mentioned and who, in one way or another, had an important influence on my life, but those mentioned seemed to have left the deepest impression.

After Convocation I went to my home in Otterville for a breathing spell before the opening term at Toronto. It was on this occasion that I first met W. J. Wintenberg, who was excavating the Uren site, at the junction of the Otter River and a small stream, for Indian relics. While visiting him they unearthed an Indian pipe bowl, several bone awls, and innumerable pieces of pottery. The pottery had quite distinct designs, all of which have been described in his report on the site.

About Sept. 21st, I seemed to have left for Toronto. Here I met my future colleagues, Hubert Kemp, Herbert Marshall, Gilbert Jackson, and of course the head
of the department Professor James Mavor. I had known Kemp in Woodstock as he
graduated a year or two ahead of me, and had remembered him not so much as the
son of the mayor of Woodstock but as one of the kindest students I have ever met.
Marshall had been trained in Philosophy and left the department at the end of the
year for the Dominion Bureau of Statistics, of which he is at present head. Gilbert
Jackson was a more senior appointment and I came to know him as I shared an
office. The junior appointments were assigned to various tasks.

Marshall acted as a sort of secretary to Professor Mavor, which meant doing
innumerable things. I remember on the occasion of Professor Mavor’s departure
for Geneva toward the end of the term that Marshall accompanied him to Union
Station and in the midst of a terrific crowd Professor Mavor asked him whether he
had his note book and whether he could take a letter to Peter Verigan head of the
Doukhobors’ settlement in Western Canada. Through the tremendous crush Mar-
shall found himself trailing along behind Professor Mavor catching what words he
could and writing them down in his note book. This was only a sample of the tasks
assigned to him.

I was put in charge of the departmental library in the building at 69 St.
George Street on the third floor. For some reason Professor Mavor had fallen out
with the University of Toronto Librarian and insisted on having a separate depart-
mental library as well as an enormous private library of his own. He was in despair
when required to move from his house in the vicinity of the University of Toronto
Press to Isabella Street, and I doubt whether his books were ever again to be put in
orderly arrangement. The departmental library, which was the chain around my
neck, was an incredible assortment of books which I attempted throughout the
year, without much success, to put into some sort of order.

The policy of the department was one of giving relative freedom to junior
appointments and for this I was grateful. I was able to continue work on my thesis
and in the next two years to bring it to a point suitable for publication. Since this
was the year in which a new commerce course was started, I was asked to teach
Elementary Economics to them. In this way I came to establish friendships which
have persisted with students who are rather more mature than usual because in
some cases, like myself, they were veterans. On the whole I seem to have had four
courses, which included one in the School of Social Work and two others which I
have forgotten. At an early date Professor Mavor asked me to present a report on
the future development of the commerce course and this I was able to put in his
hands by November 5th, 1920. In quoting from his letter he states: “It is exactly
what I wanted and is admirably done. I am very glad indeed to have on record the
data you have given me. The document will be of the utmost value to us in settling
the character of the course for the future. I shall keep in mind particularly your
suggestions about accounting etc.” I have long since forgotten the contents of this
report.

In the middle of October I was approached by the Workers’ Educational
Association to start a course in Economics at Hamilton. I seem to have started my
weekly trips to give this course about the latter part of November. It was valuable
experience to meet a group of adults with varied backgrounds and to attempt to give a course in Economics. The class was made up mostly of Old Country workmen, of which the Workers’ Educational Association had been solidly built in Great Britain and in Toronto. I doubt whether the interest was maintained in the subject with the new generation of Canadians but my experience was largely limited to the earlier period and it gave me an insight into the minds of labouring men for which I have always been grateful.

At this time I seemed to have finally settled the problem of finding a cheaper rooming house than the Faculty rooms in Hart House, and to have reached an arrangement with Mr. C. Kent Duff, who was in the Engineering Faculty, to share a room at 102 St. Vincent Street. I found the task of preparing lectures and writing essays becoming increasingly heavy. I seemed to have been giving a course in “Economic History.” It may be in relation to my revision of the thesis and in a letter of October 19th I find that I have written regarding the possibility of a book of readings on the subject of Canadian Economic History.

In November we started a Commerce Club for the first year of the Commerce course designed to maintain a sense of unity among the students and this involved drawing up a constitution and I find that one of the clauses required the president to be a member of the staff. This fell to my lot at the beginning of the club. Late in November I was asked to the house of Professor Mavor and became acquainted in a general way with his amazing range of interests. He seemed to have little concern with specialization but to be primarily interested in meeting great numbers of people and associating himself with a great number of experiences. His book “My Windows on the Streets of the World” is a very good picture of the man.

By the end of the term I had come to see more and more of my junior colleagues and I note in a letter of November 26th that Kemp and I had planned to work out a series of trips to various industrial plants in Toronto in order that the students would have a clearer idea of the contents of courses in Economics. These trips very rapidly became somewhat of a burden, since only small numbers could be accommodated on a successful visit to some plants and it was necessary at times to go twice to the same plant. On the 1st of December in 1920, Professor Mavor told me that they planned to appoint C. R. Fay, a Fellow of Christ College, Cambridge, to teach Economic History for a period of five years. He planned to study economic conditions in Canada in that time and then to return to England. This was a satisfactory arrangement for many of us as it eased the teaching load and it was part of a plan, as Professor Mavor said, with a smile that even his bushy beard could not hide, of the department to appoint senior men to steady the boat until the young group of junior men reached the age of discretion, this policy of course to be followed immediately after Professor Mavor’s impending retirement.

With regard to the commerce course, we attempted as far as possible to keep it on a solid basis and to avoid what was called in the United States as “bourgeois [sic] homiletics.” Consequently the emphasis was on economics rather than on the professional type of course.
In my second term beginning in 1921, I became more fully aware of the contrast between the system of teaching at the University of Chicago and at the University of Toronto. Whereas at Chicago there is a tremendous emphasis on administrative machinery such as typewriters, filing cabinets, and the like, in Toronto the whole of our staff had one secretary and one typewriter. The systematic office work of Dean L. C. Marshall stood in the most striking contrast with the lack of system of Professor Mavor. At Toronto I began to feel that this lack of system was offset by an interest in people and by arrangements which would enable people from the staff to do their best possible work.

In February we were compelled to find a new rooming place and fortunately located one a short distance down St. Vincent Street at No. 35 instead of 102. In the plans for the next academic year there were various elections and programmes and I find that I was again made president of the Commerce Club, but that otherwise the executive under the constitution had completely changed. This arrangement was designed to give as many as possible in the course an acquaintanceship with the administration machinery of a student organization.

It was finally decided that Marshall was to join the Dominion Bureau of Statistics, chiefly through the interest of Dr. Cudmore, and that I should take over the course in Canadian Economic History in the next academic year. The work at the W. E. A. at Hamilton had come to an end and with the enthusiasm of a first class I was presented at the final lecture with two volumes of Well’s Outline of History. I was to discover later, through Professor Mavor, that this enthusiasm was not unanimous, or possibly that it had been the basis for some criticism since the complaint was made by someone, probably to Mr. Dunlop, that the course was being taught along too radical lines. Since I had no particular interest in continuing it, I proposed immediately that it should be dropped, but again the pressure became so great for Mr. Dunlop and others that I had no alternative but to continue until we could locate someone else.

This was eventually done by suggesting that Mr. Owen Merriman, who had been a student with his two sisters in the class, should take over at least part of the work. He was unfortunately severely crippled and confined to a wheel chair, but he had developed a very wide range of interests to offset his handicap, including that of bird watching and in classes in atoms and other subjects. Eventually he joined the Commercial staff at Queen’s University and assumed charge of the secretarial work, of which there was a great deal in connection with extension courses. He continued at Queen’s and finally planned a house exactly suited to his peculiar needs, but the worry of building the house seemed to have been partly responsible for a stroke, which brought an end to his life just before it was completed.

During my next period of work at Hamilton they again expressed their enthusiasm by giving me a gold pencil. But from that date I was compelled by other interests to more or less drop extension work. My wife [Mary Quayle] and I were married on May 10th, 1921, and the summer was spent chiefly in finding a temporary apartment at 696 Markham Street and in continuing work on my thesis.
During the summer of 1921 Hubert Kemp went to Berlin in Germany to continue his relief work of the Quakers which he had begun in 1920. He left on May 22nd, 1921, and was in London by May 30th. In a letter of that date he described the people in England as pessimistic about their economic future, although they expected that the existing troubles would bring about their own remedy in the form of closing down unproductive enterprises, increased output, and lowering of many wages and the cost of living. There was much complaint about taxes to the effect that people had sold their property or mortgaged it to pay the year’s taxes. The income taxes were based on a three years’ average and many people were paying taxes although their business operations were carried on at a loss. Others had become actually bankrupt without declaring themselves such. The effects of the coal strike were evident in the substitution of oil for coal by locomotives, for example on the Great Eastern Railroad, and motor buses were capturing a good deal of suburban traffic. American and German coal had apparently driven the British product out of the Italian market. They also complained that the high unemployment benefits of £1. per week reinforced the disinclination to work. In Europe, Vienna seemed to be one of the bright spots and Germany was regarded as already a competitor to foreign trade.

In a letter of June 3rd, from Berlin, he wrote of a conference at Konigstein. He described a meeting with an electrical engineer who had helped construct the big berthas at the Krupps Plant and also the long range guns used to bombard Paris. Apparently only twelve of these were used, which required ten weeks to build and after completion could fire only 22 shots. Each gun was 41 metres long and the explosive charge for each shot weighed two tons. Kemp also described Frankfurt and the tremendous amount of under nourishment as a result of the high prices of meat, milk, and other things, and the discontinuing of rationing of June 1st. Meat was apparently available only about twice a week.

In a short diary he described the conference at Konigstein and in particular the visits to ruined castles which had been blown up by French troops. On the 6th he reports in the east end of Berlin plenty of rickets, scrofula and undernourishment. He relieved one of his men who went to England for a vacation and described the routine and the numerous varied requests coming from individuals who wished to leave Germany. On June 11th, he describes a horrible internment camp for Russians, Alldarn near Stettin; twenty-two families in one room, sixty children in another, dirt, disease, infection, cross-infection, rags, and insufficient food. The rations consisted of cabbage soup, one-half lb. of bread daily and herrings twice a week, supplemented by the American Y.M.C.A. and by the Quakers. He writes with considerable feeling about police officials who were retired “Feldwebels”, “who have never done any work to speak of and are determined not to spoil their record now.” The Royal Prussian Library he described as one of the largest and worst in the world, where one requires from three hours’ to a day’s notice in order to get a book to read and two days’ notice before taking a book out. On his return he had much more to tell us about the problems of Europe as he had seen them at first hand.
In the summer of the same year I received for the last time a letter from a very old friend who at that time was in a hospital for lepers, at Carville, Louisiana. Arthur Davis was the son of a missionary in India who had contracted leprosy and had in turn been aware of the possibility of having passed on the infection to his son. The family bought a farm near Otterville and the father suffered from this disease; he died a lingering death. When he had reached maturity signs of the disease were discovered on the body of his son and he was taken to a farm in Western Canada and finally to a leprosy depot on Vancouver Island. From here he was rescued by his oldest brother and a friend and taken in 1920 to Carville, Louisiana, which later became a large United States Government Hospital for lepers. His brother went to India in the fall of the year 1920 and every effort was made by the relatives and friends of Arthur to keep up his morale.

In a letter from his sister dated Dec. 16th, 1920, she suggested that he would like for a Christmas present a hunting knife with six inch or eight inch blade and a guard to keep his hand from slipping down onto the blade. His finger nails had disappeared and he was not able to use an ordinary knife. I had letters from him on Jan. 14th, 1921, saying how much he appreciated letters from outside and describing something of the character of his companions in the hospital. In a letter of April 3rd, he acknowledges the numbers of letters he has received but complains that he is very ill. He tried to do a little work to help support his family but by the end of February he seems to have plunged into a period of complete breakdown. After what he calls “a month of hell” he was able to write early in April. On August 1st he again expressed his very great gratitude for letters and said that he had been at the gates of death about six weeks earlier. Smallpox had hit the camp and vaccination when he was weak left him with almost no reserves. He seems to have suffered greatly from the heat of the place but to have recovered to the point that he could write. In his letter of Sept. 21st he states that the doctor still regards his condition as most discouraging. The heat was still intense after a long period beginning in June and his weakness, as he states, was reflected in the shortness of his letter.

I had still another letter dated February 10th, 1922 in which he complains of the changeable character of the climate. He writes: “I began to think life was not worth while, with no purpose in life, no hope of anything better and the long grey days of pain; it was time to quit, but the white race is superior only as it shows it, so I’ll stick”. This was the last letter I had from him but I learned of his death some time later in the summer.

After I became established in Chicago, I was asked, or rather I arranged to take part in campaigning for Victory Loans. I found myself enrolled in an organization called the “Four Minutemen” under the direction of the Committee on Public Information. I remember appearing at a number of moving picture theatres and seeing my name flashed on the screen, and then making a four-minute speech on whatever subject had been dictated by the head of the organization. In the main this experience cured me of an interest in public speaking and from that time I took on these tasks as a matter of public duty rather than of pleasure. It was far too
mechanically arranged to be expected to be successful and probably for that reason I could never look on it with any enthusiasm.

1922
In 1922 the academic year finished as usual and we planned, with the assistance of numerous friends, to go to Europe.

The major event of the academic year was the retirement of Professor James Mavor as head of the department of Political Economy, to be succeeded by Professor R. Maclver. Professor C. R. Fay had arrived in due course and acted as toastmaster and various other toasts were given suitable to the occasion. We met in the York Club and for some reason the price of the dinner was linked up with a subsidy to be paid toward the publication of Professor Mavor’s two volumes of “Reminiscences”. For the junior members of the department the arrival of the final bill for the evening left us with a feeling that we had bought out the York Club. It was quite an amusing evening on the other hand to the junior members, since it became quite clear that there were various contenders for the successorship other than Professor MacIver. Professor Jackman, Professor Jackson, and C. R. Fay might logically have felt of themselves as a successor, but the problem was not as acute as it became later on in the history of the department.

During the course of the term I received interesting letters from my former colleagues, and particularly one from Walter B. Smith, who was at that time at Harvard. He wrote: “It has been worth while coming to Harvard but diminishing returns works even at Harvard and at the present time the difficulties between the utilities and the dissent involved in my work is not very great. No doubt I am getting old and hidebound and idea proof but such a state of mind undoubtedly exists on my part whatever may be the unanimous inference to be drawn there from. This is the best regulated place in the Universe. All the professors are too old and respectable to do anything scandalous and too conscientious to say anything which might be regarded as radical. Professor Day, as chairman of the department, left for the University of Michigan to establish a School of Commerce. (The announcement of this change caused a great deal of astonishment.) After all this is Harvard and what do you think of that etc. It has amused me a great deal. Mr. Knight was asked down here to give a couple of lectures and all of the Faculty trotted out to hear him. He was just a bit rough in the view of the people here. E. G. Carver and one or two of the people disapproved of that.”

Regarding any...that I had made with economic history enabled one to be more scientific, he indulged in a long paragraph and ended by saying “I am of the opinion that economics not only is not a science but cannot be one. It may aspire to be a sort of a quasi philosophy and at the present time it is hardly that.”

Another letter from Morris Copeland at Cornell described his experience in giving a course on Trusts. He had still much work to do on his thesis but planned at least to stay in Cornell for another year.

In making preparations for going to England, Professor Mavor was kind enough to give me a number of letters to individuals in various European countries as well as in England. Professor MacIver also gave me letters and I was able to
meet a great number of individuals whom otherwise I should not have seen. We finally sailed on May 27th, 1922, on the “Corsican” from Montreal to Glasgow. She was a C.P.R. boat of 11,450 tons and my final knowledge of her came in a wire from Professor Bladen to say that she had sunk off the south coast of Newfoundland and that he as well as other passengers were safe in St. John’s. She averaged a speed of between 325 and 350 miles per day and it could not be said that that voyage was entirely pleasant. Ship’s concerts were still the rule, though I believe that they disappeared more recently because of the short time of transit. The passengers seemed to be largely those going back to Scotland to see their relatives after the War. We landed at Greenock and waited over night to go up the Clyde to Glasgow where we disembarked.

I find in my wife’s diary that we landed on June 5th and went to see the usual sights such as the Cathedral and the Necropolis and Glasgow University. At the latter institution I met Professor W. R. Scott and learned something of the teaching and research in economics. I also had a letter to Mr. Samuel Mavor, a brother of Professor Mavor’s, and he was able to fill one of my great ambitions by securing permission to go down a coal mine. I well remember the narrow seams and cramped conditions of the mine. This left its stamp on my mind as to the difficulties under which coal miners in Great Britain worked. My wife went with a younger sister of Professor Mavor’s to the Botanical Gardens and to the Art Gallery. Strangely enough I was given an honorary degree at the University of Glasgow in 1948, she was in the audience and I later had the pleasure of meeting her again.

On June 7th we left Glasgow, went to Loch Lomond, took a steamer, then a coach, another steamer across Loch Katrine, and another Coach to Aberfoyle. We arrived at Edinburgh train at 4 o’clock. In typical fashion we saw Edinburgh Castle, St. Giles Cathedral, Canongate Church, in the cemetery of which Adam Smith is buried, and Holyrood Palace. In the afternoon we went to the University and later to the Scottish Academy Exhibition. On June 9th we went up on Colton Hill and through the Royal Scottish Museum. I presented one of Professor Mavor’s letters to Professor J. Shield Nicolson and he was good enough to ask us to tea and to introduce us to others. In the afternoon we took the train for Carlisle and walked about the town to see its castle and cathedral and the walls built by the Romans.

At noon the next day we got the boat for Douglas on the Isle of Man and were met by my wife’s aunt. We went out with her Aunt Jenny to St. John’s and spent a very pleasant but strenuous two or three days in going about the island. We went to Peel and saw the castle, to Castletown, to Rushen Castle and saw the old Quayle homestead on the shoulders of Mt. Barrule. This meant a walk of over eight miles. Then we went to Douglas, Glen Helen, and Glen Maye. Finally we went to Port Soderick and on June 18th packed up ready to leave for Liverpool. We got to Liverpool, saw the Museum and Art Gallery and the University and on June 20th left for Manchester. I went to the University and I think it was here that I first met Professor Ashton, who later had the chair in Economic History at the London School.
After seeing the Art Gallery and the Royal Exchange, we went to Stoke-on-Trent and stayed with Vincent Bladen’s relatives.

On June 21st we were taken through Forester’s Pottery at Longton. We saw something of the way in which clay brought from Cornwall or elsewhere was handled and made into dishes, particularly cups and saucers, for use all over the world. We finally went to Derby and stayed with Mr. Will Quayle, the uncle of my wife, who has specialized in collecting Manx books and pictures which were of particular interest to us. At Derby we saw the Art Gallery and the Library but on the whole its attractions were not numerous.

Finally on June 23rd we left for Birmingham and during a wait of three hours saw the Art Gallery and then proceeded to Bewdley where we were met by another Uncle, Mr. Clucas Quayle, and three cousins. Mr. Quayle had apparently made a reasonable amount of money in business in Liverpool and then become inspired with the writings of John Ruskin. A St. George’s Society was formed to include members with similar enthusiasms and to take over settlement in the Wyre Forest. This interest was partly supported by the doctor’s advice that the oldest boy, Cuthbert, should go into the country for his health. There were one or two other settlers whom we met, all of them living in what might be called frontier conditions. The Quayles were devoted Baptists and supported the denomination at Bewdley. Apparently deer were frequently seen in the vicinity; butter was churned in the house, the bread was baked and they depended on the outside as little as possible. Alderman Baker of Birmingham had purchased the surrounding area and had built a house along the lines designed by Ruskin. Its great advantage was that it gave a view of a vast stretch of country, but otherwise it seemed to have many disadvantages, particularly from the standpoint of convenience. He had died and the property had passed into other hands. We had an extremely pleasant time attempting to shoot rabbits, picking cherries, and generally enjoying ourselves. The younger son was being apprenticed in a carpet factory in Kidderminster. We were shown through the mills and at least saw something of the extraordinary complexity of the processes, which included Royal Axminster, chenille, and French. We left Bewdley on June 19th after having had a most pleasant time.

On June 29th we went to Stratford-on-Avon and did the usual tourist things, such as visiting a school, the theatre, the museum, and Ann Hathaway’s cottage. We then went on to Oxford and I spent most of my time seeing various individuals to whom I had been given letters, notably Professor Edwin Cannon and A. L. Smith, the Master of Balliol College. Both of them were extraordinarily kind in taking me on long walks and Professor Cannon gave me a useful introduction to the state of economics in Great Britain at that date.

On July 1st we went to London where we were met by my uncle, who was doing graduate work in Medicine, and taken to a rooming house at 6 Bedford Place. Again we did all the tourist trips and were particularly fortunate in seeing “The Beggar’s Opera.” Meanwhile I spent a great deal of time meeting people and doing various things preparatory to our going to the continent. We had had the good fortune of leaving letters through Mr. Bladen to his old tutor, Mr. John A.
Todd, who in turn arranged for us to meet various others. We got in touch with Professor A. L. Bowley, with Mr. Ivan Mavor, a relative of Professor Mavor’s, and of course with H. P. Biggar who was the Canadian representative at the Public Record Office and who gave us various letters to people in Germany. Perhaps the most interesting people we saw were the Webbs, who asked us to go to tea at 4 o’clock on Sunday. He gave me specific material on the London School of Economics, and, in particular, on the Labour Party and the Fabian Book Shop. The meticulous care which he showed in his letter made one appreciate acid remarks regarding the relative efficiency of the Webbs. We were, perhaps, rather fortunate in that a nephew, M. Dobbs, had just been appointed to the University of Toronto staff. At tea we met various individuals interested in the labour movement, and particularly in education and arranged to see something further of the English school system.

We were given letters to various friends and had a very pleasant time at the home of the parents of Norman Clark. They were in the tea business and of course knew all the details about different sorts of tea and about their markets and their prices. We also had dinner one night with Eric Farmer, who was a sort of warden to Allistair Campbell who had come out to Canada and stayed with our family in the country as well as in various parts of Western Canada.

I was delighted to have a note from Professor O. D. Skelton and a pleasant lunch shortly after we arrived.

The chief interest in London concerned the arrangement for publication of my thesis. I had worked on it since leaving Chicago. My wife had spent endless time in typing it and Professor Gilbert Jackson had been kind enough to give me a letter to the firm of P. S. King & Son in London. The University of Chicago gave me three months extension of time for publication after May 23rd. On June 6th, I received a letter from Mr. Horace H. King, stating that the manuscript which had been sent off directly from the ship, had arrived. After some discussion I received a letter on July 11th, stating that they were willing to publish the book at their own risk and expense and to pay a royalty of 1 shilling a copy after 600 sales. They sent a copy of the agreement, which was signed on July 12th. On August 31st, while in Paris, they wrote to say that the book had been printed and that proofs had been sent. After some correspondence with the University of Chicago, the latter agreed to accept three copies with the title page in a specified form. On July 31st, 1922, I was instructed by the University of Chicago that the regulations had been changed and that candidates could furnish three copies with the title page and an abstract of between 1200 and 3000 words.

On the 21st of September I had a letter from the publishers stating that they had had offers from Canadian firms to handle the book and on March 14th, 1923, a statement that McClelland & Stewart had taken the Canadian market. The cost of the author’s corrections was £17 1s 2d whereas the agreement allowed only £2 19s 8d. It is hardly necessary to say that my royalties did not cover the cost of the corrections.
From London we went to revisit the Vickerys at Folkstone. On July 10th we went out to Shorncliffe Camp and Mr. Vickery was kind enough to take us to Canterbury Cathedral by car in the afternoon, some 18 miles distant. We returned to Folkstone and heard Dr. Carlile and spoke to him of our old friends. We returned directly to London and then went on to Cambridge. Here we met Professor and Mrs. H. S. Foxwell, to whom Professor Jackson had given us a letter. I had received a letter from him dated July 11th which gave me some indication of his character. He began one paragraph, “Our Bolshevist premier has by his outrageously bad and corrupted administration robbed me of almost the whole of my savings and now that I am forcibly superannuated by the University of London, it is with difficulty that I shall be able to make both ends meet as I have no pension. In this country a Professor’s life is not a happy one.”

He was some thirty years older than his wife, perhaps about 80 and his wife was 50, and in spite of the great kindness shown to us I am afraid we became rather bored with comments about “Herbert’s meetings.” He had become almost entirely concerned with bibliography and had of course built up libraries and pamphlets and other rare books and sold them in one case to the Goldsmith Library and in another to the Harvard Library.

From Cambridge we went to Harwich and stopped off to see my wife’s relatives at a place called Manningtree. After reaching Harwich we took a boat to the Hook of Holland, arriving after a long and rough voyage. Here we took the train to Berlin, saw something of Holland with its windmills, canals and sabots, and arrived in Berlin late at night. With little knowledge of German we had great difficulty in finding our way to Herr and Frau Jelski at 169 Kaiserallee. We should probably not have thought of going to Berlin but for the insistence of Hubert Kemp.

Germany was, of course, a completely strange land to me, though fortunately my wife had some knowledge of the German language being descended from Pennsylvania Dutch stock. The meals emphasized fruit and vegetables rather than the puddings and heavy dishes in England and included completely new dishes such as cherry soup, cold milk soup, and cabbage with caraway seeds. We had been given letters from my wife’s father to officers of Siemens and Halske, who made automatic telephones among other things, and employed some 40,000 men; 3000 in the Administration Building alone. We had arrived at a particularly good time and were shown over the plant and introduced to various individuals. Again it was typically German that we should have to appear immediately before the police and fill out three forms in German. The difficulties may be imagined when I was compelled to speak to a bystander who spoke Spanish and English and who translated what I had to say to another German who spoke German and Spanish. We had, of course, to supply the usual numerous details about our families. We were impressed with the excellence of the downtown shops but overwhelmed by the implications of inflation. Prices rose much more rapidly than wages and although there was no unemployment there was no white bread, all rye, and almost no automobiles and very poor tea and coffee.
The apartment elevator had stopped running and to save electric light they closed the apartment house at 8 o’clock. There was difficulty with fuel, with clothing, with light, and of course with food. The people with whom we stayed were of the Jewish Reformed Church and in the service the men sat on one side and the women on the other, but Sunday was observed instead of Saturday and the services were conducted in German and not in Hebrew. We were taken on numerous trips in the surrounding country and saw it in many ways at its best in spite of the difficulties of the people. We saw something of the Grunewald See and the usual tourist sights of Berlin. I met the University people and had the pleasure of hearing Werner Sombart at the Handelshochschule. Professor Mortenz Bonn and his secretary Melchior Palyi were extraordinarily kind to us, but throughout the inflation showed itself in spite of pleasant scenery and the abundance of summer fruit and vegetables. Our board and room cost 1000 marks per day as contrasted with £1 per day in London with two meals. One thousand marks were worth less than 10 shillings. Sardines had gone up from 28 marks to 40 marks in a week and rye bread in one day increased in price by 10 marks.

With the assistance of various individuals to whom we were introduced in letters, we saw something of German society. We were taken on one day by friends to a place where they served dinner for one and one-half (1 1/2) marks to poor university students, obviously heavily subsidized. We went for long trips, including walks, and one day went to the Kriuz Berg, a sort of mountain, from which we had a wonderful view of the whole city. We went to Unter den Linden, to the Armories, the National Gallery, and the Palace Museum. The Luftgarten was always the centre of interest. Dr. Biggar had given us a letter to Professor Wittekindt, a teacher of English in a gymnasium and his wife entertained us with her beautiful voice in singing. We went to Dahlem, to the State Library, and of course saw much of the Tiergarten and the Rosegarden. Again we went to the Potsdamer Bahnhof and took a long ride through the forest of a town called Ferch, on the Caputhen See. We went by boat to Potsdam and to Sans Souci Palace of Frederick the Great. By this time, in spite of all its attractions, we had seen something of the effects of war and of the blockade, under nourishment of children and in the higher morbidity and mortality rates.

Unfortunately the situation was getting rapidly worse. Tram fares were suddenly increased from four marks to five marks. No one could afford to save any money; everyone bought as quickly as they could with what money they had. Milk was very scarce and whipping cream was illegal. Sugar was very expensive, and the mark kept on dropping, not only while we were there but until the inflation was checked. Margarine had gone up from 66 marks a pound in one week to 75 the next week and to 94 the following day. It was impossible for the people to do any planning. Moreover the town had the appearance of being unkempt and generally unclean. It was difficult to avoid the feeling that the municipal authorities were having a desperate struggle. At the same time we had the impression that it was a city to an important extent artificial and an imitation of Paris. The use of rein-
forced concrete in the making of statues produced an unhappy effect, particularly when parts of the statues were broken.

We had finally to leave Berlin for Oberammergau, where we had tickets for the 9th of August. We left Berlin on the night of the 7th and arrived in Munich on the morning of the 8th. The Passion Play was an extraordinary performance with the stage open to the sky and the mountains rising beyond the scenery. The town and the theatre were jammed with people and every effort was made to attract the tourist. It was not offensively commercialized, though I remember hearing an American with a large cigar remark that “Beyond a doubt it was a great show.” To some extent it was too huge to be altogether successful and the town was simply given over for two or three years before the play to its production.

After leaving Oberammergau we took a bus to Garmisch-Partankirchen and finally reached Innsbruck in the heart of the mountains, from whence we got the train to Vienna. We had come in contact with Innsbruck with an even more acute enthusiasm in Austria than in Germany. Since the trains had ceased to carry dining cars, we were forced to get food where it could be had. At Innsbruck we had lunch which cost 18,600 kronen, or about 40 cents. 60,000 kronen were worth about 1000 marks, or 1000 kronen about 2 cents. Our taxi bill from the station at Vienna was 28,000 kronen. From Innsbruck to Vienna was about 500 miles, or 14 hours travel; we paid an equivalent of 60 cents each going second class. On this trip for the first time we saw the magnificent Danube, a pale silver-gray river, very wide and very swift, going down through the mountains. The amounts of money were frightening in themselves and involved carrying around enormous quantities of paper and being shocked by the appearance in shop windows of shoes at 150,000 kronen and a cotton dress at 890,000 kronen. Three meals in a hotel cost 28,000 kronen, the most delicious meal we had had, or about 56 cents. Appalling as this must have been to the inhabitants, it was extremely cheap for tourists. We found our expenses for both of us running about $5.00 a day, whereas those attached to tours were paying as much as $16.00 a day, but it was a nightmare from which we were glad to escape.

In Austria we saw much more clearly the effects of the Versailles Treaty in this part of Europe. Austria, from an empire of six million people had been reduced to one or two million people, most of whom were in Vienna. All the coal had gone to Czechoslovakia and to Poland. The textile and glass industries were administered by the Czechoslovakiens. In Czechoslovakia there were 3 1/2 million Germans. Austria was without access to the sea and had little fertile soil. Since it was largely mountainous it was compelled to import most of its food. The centuries of effort in building up an empire had been destroyed with little prospect of recovery. In Austria itself, as in Germany, salaries, food, and commodities generally were increasing in price. The necessity of importing coal and the exchange situation in relation to other imports could not be met without inflation. British and other people, unable to get work in England, were able to live very cheaply in the Tyrol. The new states which had been created at first imposed heavy import taxes from Vienna in order to build up their own industries but these were later
reduced with favourable effect on the standards of living and in the reduction of mortality. Austria had only iron ore. It could not recapture its textile market, and Vienna which had formerly been a central office, now saw this office broken up in relation to the demands of the different states. Each state insisted on its own control for industry and large scale undertakings were broken up. The Danube which formerly went through one state now went through several states and the difficulties of shipping were increased. The Peace Treaty had been signed by the Austrian Republic and the other states formerly in the Austrian empire were able to escape. The railway equipment was divided up between the different states.

In general the feeling in Austria toward Germany seemed to be friendly and probably both, as a result of the Versailles Treaty, had a fear of France. Enmity between Italy and France was already in evidence. Among the groups which had taken over portions of the old empire, the Czechs seemed to be the most talented and the most cultured and the Slovaks were those with the low culture. The Yugoslavs were refined whereas Serbia was regarded as a country of low culture. The hatred between the Germans and the Czechs as a result of the position of the latter during the war was bitter. In trade Austria had ceased to import from Russia on a large scale and had suffered accordingly. The war had left its general stamp on economy but stimulated the development of substitutes, especially in food, though it was questionable how far it had led to industrial inventions. Conventions were generally breaking down; for example, in academic life students were suffering from their disappearance, notably in poor academic work. The aristocracy of education was breaking down and everybody worked at any job they could get.

Vienna had a large number of civil servants under the old regime and it was difficult to find employment for them. It was estimated that over a million people depended on the state; moreover Austria had no military force. It could not withstand the demands of workers for higher salaries. Indeed the government was forced to resort to all sorts of economies, particularly in printing. Without union with the other states Vienna had no authority. Her balance of trade was against her. Money was traded out for foodstuffs and other products and all the economies of central offices, such as banking, were wiped out. But in spite of all this inflation seemed to have the effects of morphine, since they bought goods which they found later had increased greatly in price and all felt they had gained enormously as a result, but it was an unhealthy economy which could not persist.

We finally left Vienna for Venice. It was a long and tiring trip. At the border, because of the inflation our baggage was minutely examined and we were given a most thorough cross-questioning as to the possession of illegal funds. Again at the Italian border we went through much the same procedure, but in spite of the crowded conditions of the train and of the heat, the scenery going through the mountains was exceptional. We went to the Regina Hotel and had the usual tourist visits to points of interest such as the Basilica, the Doge’s Palace, the Rialto, St. Mark’s and the Bridge of Sighs. We then left for Florence where we spent two days seeing the Cathedral, the Baptistery, the Campanili, the important churches, and the amazing wealth of paintings and sculpture. It was most unfortunate that our
time was so short but we did get an appreciation of the enormous wealth of art treasures. From there we went to Rome. Again the time was all too short and again we saw chiefly the paintings and sculpture and the ruins of the ancient city of Rome which attract the tourist. From Rome we went to Turin and fortunately at this place letters of introduction from my father-in-law were extremely useful.

On the way we saw the Leaning Tower of Pisa and wonderful views of the Mediterranean. We were entertained at lunch and driven all around Turin to see the sights of the vicinity. We had a distinct impression of a much more highly developed society than that which we had seen in the south of Italy, indeed the contrast between the appearance of the people was striking. We went from Turin to Milan; saw the Cathedral and Da Vinci’s *Last Supper*. Finally we left for Lucerne in Switzerland.

The electric trains, numerous long tunnels, and the beauty of the lakes and the mountains made it a welcome diversion from the heat and dust of Italy. At Lucerne we went to the Glacier Garden and also saw the famous Lion. From there we went to Interlaken and at the very moment before leaving the town we caught a glimpse of the Jungfrau. From there we went to Berne and saw little but the Parliament Buildings and Union Postal monument as well as the marvellous scenery of mountains and waterfalls. Though Switzerland was a vastly different place from Italy, it was very expensive. Finally we left Berne and arrived in Paris.

In Paris I was able to get in touch with P.S. King and find the proofs of the book ready to be corrected. Though much time was spent in checking details, we managed to see most of the tourist sights and I gained access to the National Library. We met various people to whom we had letters but unfortunately found a great many were out of town. I was delighted, however, to meet Andrew Seigfried, and we had much talk about Professor Mavor and about Canada generally. I also met a very interesting American, Waldo G. Leland, and learned something of the archival resources of Paris. Finally we decided to go to Antwerp where we were to get the boat via the battlefields. I have a letter from Madame Jossien, our old friend of the war period at Calonne-Ricouart. She asked us to stay with them on our way. We went to Arras and saw something of the damage that had been done during the war and early in the morning packed up our books and started walking toward Vimy Ridge. We walked along the old road to the sight of the battery, crossed over the field to Thelus, and then after seeing something of the old German gun positions along the Ridge, we went to Villerval, walked back to Varbus and along the track to Vimy. We went up to the place where I had been wounded and finally took the train, getting into Lens that night. From there we walked to Bully Grenay where we saw more clearly the effects of the damage of the war and finally got the train to Calonne-Ricouart.

We were met at the station by the Jossien family and were taken directly to their home, with which of course I had long been familiar. He showed me the farm and I began to realize for the first time the enormous importance of land to the French family. Each field was marked off with boundary stones and produced several crops. Some had come into the hands of the family from his side and some
from Madame’s. It was quite clear that marriages were arranged in terms of dowries and with the acquisition of land. For the same reason the families were kept down to two in number so that difficulties would not arise over inheritance.

After we had seen the old district we took the train for Brussels and for Ypres. At Ypres we saw the ruins of the Cloth Hall, but of course I was not familiar with the district in which so many lives of Canadians and others had been lost. Then we went to Brussels and finally to Antwerp, where we took the boat.

The trip back was on the whole uneventful and immediately on arrival I went to Otterville and my wife to her home in Chicago. I returned after a very short visit to prepare for work in the next session. Since I had to take on new courses it was important that I should be back in good time. I continued the course in Canadian Economics and had in addition a course on Money and a course in Commerce, which I taught before, or eight lectures a week, not apparently, a heavy load but one which required a great deal of preparation to a junior member of the staff. In building up the course in Canadian Economic History during the previous academic year, I had decided that maps were of crucial importance if the general character of Canada was to be understood.

It was important, therefore, to have maps which would show how the rivers interlocked from Eastern Canada to the Pacific coast and to restore the idea of unity which had been destroyed by maps relating chiefly to the railroad. In this I had infinite trouble, since map-makers were very reluctant to cut new plates bringing out the interrelation by water between different regions and since they felt that such new plates would have a very limited demand, and it was only after considerable expense and with high-priced maps that firms could be induced to undertake the task and even then endless controversies developed between the bookstores, the map producers, the importers, and myself. It is perhaps this controversy which led to the general feeling in the University that too much time was being taken so far as the student was concerned and that some more precise arrangement should be made. I am reasonably certain that I was defended in all this by my old friend and teacher, Mr. W.S. Wallace. In any case, early in October I was approached by Professor MacIver in a confidential talk and told that Sir Robert Falconer, President of the University, was anxious to appoint a man in Geography. Professor MacIver pointed out that this would mean opportunity for travel, a chance for rapid promotion, and the possibility of setting up a chair. He asked me what I thought about it and of course I asked for time to consider it, though it was undoubtedly an attractive proposition.

During the year I came to know two members of the staff, Mr. Patrick Dobbs, a nephew of the Webbs, and Professor C.R. Fay, the latter was greatly interested in the co-operative movement and particularly in its development in Western Canada. He came to have tremendous influence on the University. There also remained the problem which had been left unsolved at the end of the preceding year, namely, the W.E.A. courses at Hamilton. I had been very reluctant to return for a second year, but with pressure from Professor MacIver and from Mr. Dunlop, I finally agreed to go over every other week. The intervening lectures
were to be taken by Mr. Owen Merriman. He was severely crippled but had worked out a life for himself of fascinating interest. He was an ornithologist of reputation, and he evidently went to Queen's University where he took charge of the secretarial office of the Commercial School until he was cut off by an early death in 1934. To his father and mother and his two sisters I owed a good deal. It was still rather a burden to go to Hamilton every other week but in the fall I was glad to have maintained my contact with the Workers' Educational Association. I owed much to Miss Jessie Inman who was secretary of the course and showed great skill in keeping its membership at a reasonably stable level.

After the publication of my thesis I was compelled to think out my next fruitful line of study. I had enjoyed tremendously the instruments at Chicago and attempted to adapt and to use the further uneasy feeling that my thesis was inadequate and indeed one or two reviews had pointed out this fact. I must, therefore, satisfy an uneasy conscience by continuing along lines which would offset its defects. I had been greatly influenced by Professor C.S. Duncan in his lectures on Marketing by the emphasis on the relationship between the physical characteristics of a commodity and the marketing structure built up in relation to it. I had also read intensively, as a result of my contact with graduate students in Chicago, the readings of Thorstein Veblen, in which the same point had been made but in a more general fashion.

I was determined by two powerful influences to concentrate on Canada; one was tremendous affection which all Canadian soldiers who had been abroad came to have for their native land. I was much struck by a lecture given by Professor G.M. Wrong at the University of Chicago, in which he stated that the War had completely changed the attitude of Canada toward Great Britain. I had only partially realized this but I remember the resentment which many of us felt when we were publicly thanked in England for coming over to help the Mother Country. We had felt that we were concerned with fighting for Canada and Canada alone. It was this feeling which strengthened my determination to work in the general field of Canadian Economics, and in attempting to carry out this determination as a result of my contacts in Chicago, I realized that I must spend an enormous amount of time travelling about Canada and seeing at first hand its physical characteristics. I realized also that in a country of such vast extent I must begin immediately and try each summer to cover some new part of the country.

I not only saw it important to see as much of Canada as possible during the relatively early years of my life but also to see the more distant areas at the earliest convenience. I had further to acquire familiarity with the work which had been done in Canada, limited though it was in quality, and to learn something of the resources of the archives in Ottawa and elsewhere.

The documents in the various archives were of course chiefly concerned with political activities and were much less satisfactory in describing the economic and social conditions of different periods. Indeed much of this material was to be found scattered through an enormous number of printed works. I attempted, therefore, to work out with Professor A.R.M. Lower, two volumes of documents which
would throw light on the economic problems of Canada and to travel as widely as possible at convenient times of the year. I also enlisted the interest of students in the Commerce course in the general problems and for four or five years each student in the senior year did an extended essay on some phase of the staple industries of Canada. In these various ways I began to acquire a familiarity with the history of Canada as well as with conditions at the present time. My immediate task was that of offsetting the limitations of my thesis by attempting to show inherent unity in Canada as it had developed before the railroad in relation to lakes and rivers. For this reason I concentrated in the beginning on the history of the fur trade as the oldest staple trade of the continent.

Harold Innis died on November 8, 1952, before he could complete these memoirs.