

FOOTLOOSE IN ARCHIVIA
(FOND REMINISCENCES OF FORMER U.L.M. EDITOR)

BY

R.S. GORDON

PUBLIC ARCHIVES OF CANADA

It was a dull and dismal day, typical pre-Christmas weather in Vancouver. The fog was hanging low over the city, hiding the mountains and obscuring everything else in sight. The shops of Georgia Street decked in Christmas finery looked misty and dreamlike. Crowds of shoppers with gaily wrapped parcels milled about in slow motion. Muted sounds of carols emanating from busy stores blended with persistent honkings of cars and the distant bellows of fog horns on the waterfront.

It was December 1962. My work in Vancouver was almost finished. Three busy days full of appointments, visits to archives, libraries and museums, lengthy negotiations, surveys of holdings, preparation of returns; all this was behind me. Six new repositories had promised full co-operation in supplying entries for the Union List of Manuscripts. I had already visited the Maritimes, Ontario and parts of the West. Almost a year had elapsed since I left the warm confines of my Ottawa desk, and I was looking forward to a much-deserved holiday in sunny Hawaii. Only one other repository in Vancouver remained to be visited.

I had strong misgivings about my last call. I had been warned about the reputation of the man in charge of the archives. At well over eighty years of age, the man was already a legend in archival circles. He was a frightening figure, an indomitable, intractable and impatient autocrat who bowed to no one and took orders

The forthcoming publication of the Revised Union List of Manuscripts has prompted me to share the reminiscences of my early involvement in this project.

from nobody. He was stubborn and unco-operative. I would be lucky, I was told, if he did not throw me out of his office within the first minute of my visit. He tolerated few for longer than it took to refill his pipe. He discouraged visits by insisting on anonymity of his office, and answered few letters. He seldom used the telephone. Safe in the dark recesses of his impenetrable office he ruled his archives as a private empire.

It took me several hours to locate his office. It was well camouflaged. There were no signs, no directions; few of those who occupied the same building knew of the existence of the archives. When I finally found the office, I was told to make another appointment. When I explained the purpose of my visit, I was told by his secretary that "surely you don't expect my boss to agree to co-operate on this whatchimicallit Union List". I said that I did, and insisted on the appointment. She shrugged her shoulders in helpless resignation, but told me to come back in the afternoon.

I was back at the appointed time. The Secretary was out, but a note on her desk read: "You are expected, Mr. Gordon, please go in directly". I hesitated before I knocked on the door. I was nervous. There was a sound from the other side when I knocked. I opened the door and walked in. It was a large room filled with books, maps, pictures and an enormous array of museum objects scattered all over the place. Stacks of pamphlets and photographs covered the tables, Indian relics protruded between the piles of books, grim-looking faces, heavily framed, stared at me from the wall. A large sculpture of Lord Stanley, a replica of the statue in Stanley Park occupied a commanding position in the room as if to guard the incumbent from unwanted intruders.

"You are Mr. Gordon," a blunt voice shot at me from behind the statue "from Ottawa, I am told".

I said "yes", somewhat timidly, directing my answer to Lord Stanley.

"Sit down where I can see you", said His Lordship without moving his marble lips. I advanced to an empty chair and sat down. I was now across the desk from a man I came to ask for help on the Union List. For a moment I could see little beyond a cloud of smoke emanating from a huge pipe which seemed encrusted in the mouth of the man who, in many ways, resembled Lord Stanley. The chair tilted forward; I began to feel the full brunt of quizzical appraisal, suspicious but inscrutable. I felt very uncomfortable.

I cleared my throat in preparation for a well-rehearsed and often repeated speech on the merits and

importance of the Union List. But I did not get very far. With a broad sweep of his pipe he stopped me short. "Please spare me all this. You are wasting your time. I have no intention of listing any of my archives in your catalogue!"

And That Was It! Just like that. Without giving me a chance to utter two words. I could hardly believe it. My visit lasted less than a minute. Possibly another record in the brevity of encounters of my host. I collected the literature I brought with me and prepared to leave. A look of triumph on the face across the desk could not now be concealed. I stood up to leave. I felt badly about the situation. In spite of warnings from Dr. Lamb I had remained optimistic. After all, only four repositories, of the total of 162, had made serious reservations about their ability to co-operate. There were legitimate reasons in all cases: shortage of staff, other pressing business, lack of money. But this was my first real defeat, an absolute refusal to participate in the project. Through the open door I could see the secretary. She knew I was about to leave and was not surprised.

I looked at Stanley but felt no commiseration. "You didn't expect to get it on a platter", he seemed to say. Furiously my mind raced through an assortment of sage advice I received from my superiors before leaving for my trip. Nothing fitted the occasion. For once it was to be: "if at first you don't succeed, give up at once". I was on my feet heading for the door. Then a thought occurred to me and I stopped.

"Actually, Sir," I said as a parting thought, "I wasn't planning to see you at all. To be quite frank, there is nothing here which is suitable for inclusion in the national catalogue. We are only listing manuscripts of historical significance, and I have been told that your collections are mostly of a recent and local nature... Stanley and his roommates on the wall stared in disbelief. An angry voice interrupted me.

"What?, What did you say? You come back here and listen to me, young man! You need a lesson in history and I am going to give it to you."

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The idea to catalogue all primary sources on history had been discussed among archivists for many years. The advantage of knowing the exact location of all significant documents in Canada was self-evident to all historians, archivists, curators, librarians and other custodians of archival holdings. The newly-formed Archives Section of the C.H.A. discussed it at its early meetings

and was quick to realize the merits of such a project. It took formal steps in June 1959 in Saskatoon, by deciding to conduct a survey of selected archival repositories with the view to compiling a list of manuscript sources of political nature. A committee was formed in Saskatoon to launch the project consisting of Bernard Weilbrenner, Bruce Fergusson, Evelyn Eager and Bill Ormsby. A questionnaire was drafted and distributed to all major Canadian repositories requesting information on their holdings and on the services they offer.

The response to the survey was rewarding. Some forty archives and libraries were queried. Over thirty sent answers. Eleven submitted detailed information. In May 1961, after two years of work, the Archives Section, with the assistance of the Public Archives produced a catalogue of Political Papers listing some three hundred collections. Excellent so far as it went, this limited catalogue fell short of the wider needs of historians, archivists and other researchers. There was a pressing need for a Union List of all significant holdings in Canada archives. In the United States, the Library of Congress, with the aid of the Council on Library Resources decided to compile a National Union Catalogue of Manuscript Collections (fondly referred to as the NUCMUC). In Canada, too, the idea gathered momentum. Early in 1961, the Public Archives in association with the Archives Section appealed to the Humanities Research Council for financial assistance. In September the three bodies agreed to sponsor a project to be known as the Union List of Manuscripts in Canadian Repositories*. The base of the project was to be the Archives Section's List of Political Papers; the P.A.C. committed the services of an editor and clerical support, the Humanities Research Council granted \$10,800 to pay for the work to be done outside of Ottawa. In comparison to the \$200,000 NUCMUC budget our beginning was modest.

The project began with the staff of one, myself. I was given an impressive title, Editor of the ULM. I wasn't quite sure what it meant, but it did not matter. I was too busy getting the project underway. The objectives, the scope, and the terms of reference had to be defined. It was decided that the ULM when completed should provide information on the extent, nature and location of all significant bodies of unpublished research material in Canada. The material was to be described

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It took some time to convince our sponsors that the term "repository" was legitimate. It has now gained general acceptance throughout our profession.

under the names of individuals, families, government agencies or corporate bodies who created (received), accumulated and preserved the papers. A certain amount of personal data was to be given, such as the dates of birth and death, principal occupations and places of residence of individuals (or families) under whose names the papers are listed. Details were also to be listed on the type of papers, inclusive dates, linear extent, location of originals, available finding aids, as well as a breakdown by categories and subjects, with reference to persons, events and historical periods. The ultimate aim was to publish the entries in alphabetical order in book catalogue form, and to provide it with adequate index.

While a comprehensive list of repositories-to-be-covered was being prepared a basic decision had to be taken. What type of archives should be covered? It seemed like a superfluous question except that some repositories granted little, if any public access to their holdings. Was it proper to list holdings to which the public had no access? Moreover, private collections often change hands, or simply move to new locations, and all sorts of arbitrary motives and regulations govern access to the papers.

The crucial question was to define the medium (type or category) of material that should be included in the list. It was decided to cover all original textual research material, generally known as the Primary Sources. It includes all forms of manuscripts, public and corporate records, regardless whether handwritten, typewritten, photocopied or printed. It excludes published material, newspapers, maps, pictures (prints, paintings, drawings and photographs. The latter category was to be included, however, whenever it formed part of or enclosures to textual materials.)

The next struggle involved the definition of a unit, which was to form a separate entry in the ULM. It was generally conceded that holdings of archival repositories usually consist of "natural units", e.g. collections of papers of individuals, families, government departments or corporate bodies. The units vary in size from single documents, for example, the marriage contract of Samuel de Champlain, to large collections such as the Sir John A. Macdonald Papers. Thus there was going to be a separate entry for each individual, society or association, a church, a court of law, a school, a military unit, a business corporation, an Indian band, a labour union, a government agency, etc. etc. The title of the unit was to be the name of the individual or corporate body that received, created and accumulated the papers. The most important task throughout the project was to correctly identify the titles of the units. Time and again we stressed the question: Who was the original owner of

the collection? Or, to whom should the document (or collection) be addressed in order to return it (historically speaking) to the person or institution who originally possessed it? The name of the addressee, no matter how ancient was the proper title of the unit.

The rigid definition of titles of units paid handsomely in the end. It enabled us to list in one sequence all collections emanating from the same source. It also systematized the main entry catalogues throughout the participating repositories. For some archives, as for our own Manuscript Division the experience was traumatic. Almost overnight, the old First Index, the key list of our collections became virtually obsolete. Applying the new rules we had to re-write hundreds of titles of entries thus creating a new Main Entry Catalogue (MEC). Out of this there emerged a Guide to the Preparation of ULM Returns, and a return form for reporting the entries to our office.

But Dr. Lamb, who was the Project Director, was a cautious planner. "Let's run a pilot survey in one of the nearby repositories", he suggested. I agreed, and we cast our thoughts to possible candidates. As usual in times of great "crises" it was Doris Martin, "the power behind the P.A.C. throne", who made the right suggestion. "Why don't you two sashay down to Montreal and see Ibbey?" Isabel Dobell the Curator of McCord Museum thus became the guinea-pig of the ULM.

Shortly before Christmas in 1961 Dr. Lamb asked me to prepare for a comprehensive tour of all archival repositories in Canada beginning with the Atlantic Provinces. It was a big undertaking, which I estimated would take a whole year to complete. I was to start as soon as possible. It was decided that I should leave in February. I drew my schedule with considerable trepidation. After all, what did I know about winters of Nova Scotia? Again, Doris Martin came through with flying colours. "You have the Simeon Perkins Diaries, don't you, they will tell you about the winters in Nova Scotia," she suggested helpfully. So I settled down to study climatic conditions in N.S., N.B. and P.E.I. by reading journals and diaries, noting down temperatures, precipitation and ice conditions. With much relief I learned that in February 1775, Simeon Perkins, then resident of Liverpool, N.S., was making daily trips to the woods without the benefit of snow shoes. Half a century later, Joseph Howe was on the road even earlier in the year. The coach service between Windsor and Halifax operated during the winter almost without interruption. Fortified by these re-assurances I decided to travel by car.

It was a bold decision, as I learned later, often to my regret. I did have sober warnings from my Nova

Scotia friends, but the image of Simeon Perkins prancing gaily in the woods in February made me persevere, and on the morning of February 16 I pointed my faithful chariot in the general direction of the East, loaded it with half a ton of manuals, inventories, report forms and maps, and stepped on the gas. The parting words from Bill Ormsby were "If you get lost, go native, boy".

My battle with the elements of winter began almost immediately. A huge snow storm caught up with me in Cornwall and kept me company during the long trek through the northeastern United States. By the time I re-entered Canada at St. Croix in New Brunswick I had shovelled enough snow from under the wheels of my car to last me the rest of my life. Little did I know what lay ahead. Many a time I wished I had taken Dr. Lamb's advice and had done by travelling by train. But things changed when I crossed into New Brunswick, and Fredericton greeted me with warm sunshine and the first signs of spring.

The Legislative Assembly was my first official stop, and a good omen of things to come. Mr. Maurice Boone, the Librarian, robbed me of the opportunity to deliver my "sales pitch" by promptly agreeing to co-operate on our project. I felt cheated because I worked hard on my well-rehearsed speech extolling the merits of the ULM. In fact, in anticipation of my visit, Mr. Boone had already stacked on a table his most valuable manuscripts and records, and was ready to start cataloguing them. My first report to Ottawa was that 30 ULM returns were being mailed forthwith. This ready and helpful co-operation on the part of my Atlantic colleagues was going to plague me all through my entire trip. I thought it manifestly unfair that I should be deprived of the opportunity to report to Ottawa brilliant victories over stubborn, unwilling and unco-operative archivists.

The same story was repeated at the U.N.B. Dr. Gertrude Gunn unfolded before me her plans to contribute entries even before I managed to explain the purpose of my visit. She took me to the inner sanctum of the archives and showed me the Bennett Papers, and a fine collection of documents gathered by Lord Beaverbrook. Among them I found a small diary of Simon McGillivray, the fur baron of Montreal. The same friendly reception greeted me at the York-Sunbury Historical Society. Lt. Gen. E.W. Samson, President and Prof. D.W.L. Earl, archivist of the Society both promised full co-operation and support.

With completion of my work in Fredericton, I moved my base to Saint John. The morning I decided to leave Fredericton another bountiful snow-storm blanketed the city and I had difficulty finding my car in the parking lot of the hotel. But spring comes to New Brunswick more than once a year, and by the time I dug myself out the

sun was shining in full force.

Next to the Nova Scotia Archives the New Brunswick Museum was the largest repository east of Quebec City. It had extensive holdings of manuscripts of impressive vintage, known as the Department of History. While some units are relatively small in size, their historical value is considerable. The names of early loyalist settlers form the core of the indexes, and are the backbone of the material. Repositories which contain historical manuscripts pre-dating the establishment of British rule in Canada always intimidate me. Later in Halifax, and again in St. John's, Newfoundland I was to experience the same feeling of deep fascination.

Dr. George MacBeath was Curator of the Museum; his Assistant was Miss Eileen Cushing. They were both helpful and attentive. To make my project better known, Dr. MacBeath invited me to a meeting of trustees of the N.B. Board of Historic Sites and gave me the opportunity to address the meeting. As the result I was able to add new names to my schedule of places to visit.

The logistics of the trip were something else. The meeting in Saint John made me realize the importance of public relations. During the trip I was called on to give interviews to the press, appear on the radio and T.V., attend social functions and drink interminable cups of coffee. All this called for liaison with Ottawa, endless acknowledgements for invitations to dinners, and amendments to my schedule. The car was my office, complete with a typewriter, a pile of stationery, and standard reference works. Even though all visits were pre-arranged before my departure from Ottawa, I found it necessary to send several letters a day. One reason was that uncertain weather conditions played havoc with the dates. Visits had to be re-scheduled and new appointments arranged. When certain roads became impassable the itinerary had to be changed and mail re-directed.

The last days of February were spent at Fort Beauséjour preparing a detailed inventory of their holdings. The Fort was the workshop of the late Dr. J.C. Webster, the renowned historian of the Maritimes. Traces of his work were still in evidence and aided me in compiling the entries. Mr. Gill, the Curator worked together with me on the returns, typing out the entries while I examined the stacks of papers. When I left the Fort, more than half the holdings had been entered on the forms. The curator's enthusiasm continued after my departure and yielded many additional returns. Incidentally, the thorough search brought to light several forgotten documents, among them some very old registers of births, marriages and deaths, dating back to the original settlers of this part of the Province. In Sackville,

at Mount Allison University, I had my first look at church archives. Mr. Laurie Allison, the University Librarian who was also the archivist of the Provincial Conference of the United Church of Canada had the custody of extensive records of the former Maritime Methodist Church. The organization of a church archives presents normally few problems. But with the United Church the case is different. After the 1925 Union the records of individual churches had to be re-arranged so as to reflect the continuity of congregations.

At the Acadian Archives, which were housed at the Saint Joseph University, now the University of Moncton, the problem of organization and description was even more complex. There were some fifteen large collections of papers of outstanding Acadians. The largest of these were the papers of Placide Gaudet, the famed genealogist. In addition, there were huge masses of separate documents relating to thousands of individuals. According to our definition each of these items were to be considered a separate unit, meriting an entry in the ULM. The task of listing these items was out of the question: the staff of the archives could not undertake it; the Union List had no space for so many entries. Something had to be done to bring these papers into manageable units. After lengthy discussions with Rt. Rev. Omer Cormier, Rector of the University, who considered the matter important enough to participate in our work, and Ronald Leblanc, the archivist, it was decided to create artificial units of papers. All individual items were arranged into units of geographical locations thus creating collective entries for papers of residents of same areas. What loomed like 5,000 entries was reduced to one-hundredth of its size.

I crossed into Nova Scotia at Amherst, and promptly collided with another snow storm. The storm came from P.E.I. and followed me to Truro. But I escaped to Windsor, where I stopped to list the MSS at the "Clifton" Haliburton Museum. Rev. J.C. Cochran's typescript of lectures at the King's College was the only returnable material, and I was off to the Grand Pré National Historic Park with its famous museum-archives church. The storm had already visited Wolfville, and Gordon Leblanc, the Superintendent of the Museum had to shovel snow to get me into the Church. Inside, I was impressed with wall-size photographs of documents relating to Acadians. They made strong impact on viewers, and told the story of expulsion very effectively.

But I was looking for original materials. From long experience I have found that these papers traditionally repose in basements, attics and other less accessible places. I was not disappointed. The basement of the church, which Mr. Leblanc and I thoroughly ransacked

yielded more than a dozen original documents, all of them suitable for inclusion in the ULM.

It is only fair to say that after awhile I became an expert on searching attics and basements. Much to the amusement of custodians who usually accompanied me on my forays into seldom-frequented parts of buildings, I went around tapping on walls and floors, poking my nose into recesses of unused rooms, often forcing rusty padlocks, leafing through bundles of old newspapers in forgotten cupboards and cobweb-encrusted chests. The habit has produced unexpected discoveries. Atlantic provinces are full of old museums, church archives, libraries and city halls, containing often very valuable papers. To local residents these places are the repository of their family bibles, personal diaries, legal deeds and other papers. Careless custodians have sometimes relegated such documents to obscure corners of basements or attics, and their successors often forgot about them. It was my fortune to resurrect many of these papers to their rightful place.

After a brief stop at the Acadia University, where I had my second look at a church archives, this time the collections of the Maritime Baptist Convention, I arrived at the Fort Anne National Historic Park. The museum has an archives which is a treasurehouse of outstanding manuscripts. The papers had been collected over a period of many years by former archivists, Mr. Leftus Morton Fortier and Mrs. Laurie Hardie. I worked steadily for three days as there was no one to catalogue the holdings. This is one repository which should be examined in some detail by the Provincial Archivist as it contains many valuable documents. The reference library in particular has many rare books some of which require restoration.

The coast of Nova Scotia is dotted with many fascinating museums: Yarmouth, Shelburne, Liverpool, Bridgewater, just to mention a few. All have important archives, many of them containing significant manuscripts. Old family bibles, diaries, legal deeds and other papers relating to ships are the most common examples. The Perkins Museum in Liverpool has the famous Simeon Perkins diaries, which are kept in the local Royal Bank of Canada. I visited the bank and asked to see the diaries. There was an aura of pride when the volumes were produced. I was told afterwards that I was being closely watched to see that the heirlooms did not end up in my briefcase. There was, indeed, some consternation when it was discovered that some volumes were missing. Even my assurance that the volumes had been missing for many years did not allay suspicions until I was able to produce a printed inventory accounting for the gap.

I visited many other archives and museums along

the coastal highway, and was now nearing Halifax, where I finally arrived on March the 7th. My first target was the venerable Public Archives of Nova Scotia. The co-operation of the PANS was vital to the success of the Project, and I was understandably nervous when I approached Dr. Bruce Fergusson, the Provincial Archivist. But Dr. Fergusson did not disappoint me. He promised co-operation and kept his word. Moreover he helped me by offering introduction to other archives in Halifax and elsewhere. At Dalhousie University I found a beautiful collection of Rudyard Kipling's letters and manuscripts and a bundle of letters of James Wolfe, Joseph Howe and Judge Haliburton. At King's College I was shown the papers of Bishop John Inglis, and at the historic St. Paul's Church I looked in awe at an unbroken collection of parish records dating back to 1749. The Rt. Rev. R.H. Waterman, Anglican Bishop of Halifax showed me the new diocesan archives, while the three museums on Citadel Hill allowed me free access to their interesting documents. It was not easy to duplicate such a cordial and hospitable reception.

The Cape Breton Island, however, proved that it could be done. The little Xavier Junior College, with its active and enthusiastic archivist, Sister Margaret Beaton, at the time Sister Margaret of Scotland, welcomed me by simply closing down the normal functions of the archives, and giving me complete attention during my stay in Sydney. The archives surprised me with its extensive collection of Cape-Bretonniana, Acadiana and manuscripts relating to the settlement of Scotsmen. There are extensive collections of papers of politicians, educators, social workers as well as religious and labour leaders. The papers are well organized and efficiently boxed and labelled. The archivist is Sister Margaret's labour of love, and she spends most of her time caring for them. It was through her that I was able to meet Miss Katherine MacLennan, daughter of the late Senator J.S. MacLennan, and to examine a rich collection of Louisbourg material. The Cape Breton Regional Library and the Fortress of Louisbourg both yielded returns on interesting materials, as did a visit to Baddeck's Alexander Graham Bell Museum.

My fondest memories of the trip are reserved for Newfoundland. Even the weather changed pattern the moment I got off the plane at St. John's. The snow was melting and patches of greenery greeted me on arrival. The welcome mat was out everywhere: the Provincial Archives, the Memorial University and the Gosling Library. The Provincial Archives, which is housed in the old Colonial Building on Military Road turned out to be exceptionally rich in old manuscripts. There, and at the Gosling Library I was shown parchment documents going back to the early 17th century. The old English script, often badly faded, was the major obstacle

to reading the papers on the spot. One item, a deed to land in the Harbour Grace area, dating back to 1636, was particularly difficult, and I had to call on Dr. Gordon Rothney to help decipher it.

The Provincial Government had recently turned over to the Archives its records dating from the establishment of British rule to the entry of Newfoundland into Confederation. The records, together with many private papers were organized by Dr. Harvey Mitchell and later by William Whiteley. At the time of my visit, Mr. Allan Fraser, working closely with Messrs. Nimshay Crewe and J.V. Rabbitts were preparing finding aids. Considerable expansion took place when the Memorial University transferred its archival holdings. The Gosling Library promised to do the same.

It was in St. John's that I met the ideal archivist. He was a local historian of considerable renown, and was descended from one of the oldest families on the Island. His home was a veritable treasurehouse of history. The walls were lined with ornate leather-bound books of Victorian vintage. The furniture was antique as were the utensils. The man lived in a world of his own and looked with disdain at things new. His pride and admiration was reserved for relics of the past. He loved the archives and gave his time freely and generously. His solemn face broke into wistful and nostalgic smiles whenever he examined old parchments. He told me once that he did not understand why anyone would want to be paid for the privilege of working in an archives. The pleasure of working on old papers was a reward in itself.

My work in Newfoundland was made easy by members of staff of the Provincial Archives, who prepared a comprehensive memorandum listing the most important sources of archival material on the Island. All I had to do was to follow the suggestions. My visits took me to various repositories, among them the Legislative Library, the University Library and the Gosling Memorial. Miss Mews had some old census records, Miss Ada Green showed me an original Newsletter dated 1610, handwritten as was the custom of the day, carrying among the usual items of news and gossip from the Court of James I, a notice that John Guy was fitting out ships and taking settlers to Newfoundland. An earlier document in French, bearing the date 1556, presumably containing instructions for a voyage to Newfoundland, turned out, on closer inspection to relate to a journey to Italy.

Back in Sydney I ran into my old friend, the snow. My car, which had gathered a good layer of it while sitting at the airport, was not very anxious to leave its place. It took some persuasion by an auto mechanic

to make the old chariot move. So much snow fell on Nova Scotia during my stay in Newfoundland that for two days I travelled in a vast gorge bordered on both sides by huge snow banks.

The visit to Charlottetown began inauspiciously. I boarded the Ferry Abegweit which crossed the ten mile Strait of Northumberland on schedule. But the Captain looked at the dark skies with misgivings. Obviously he was thinking about the return trip. I made Charlottetown before dark and checked into a motel. I woke up several times at night, but it was dark outside, and I went back to sleep. Eventually I became suspicious and looked at the watch. It was ten in the morning. The outside still looked dark. I turned on the lights and opened the door. A solid wall of snow stared at me. I phoned the motel office. "We are completely snowed under," the night clerk told me. "No one can get through to us. I have been here since eleven last night. My relief is stranded in his own driveway", he added. I was finally rescued by Prof. Bruce Hodgins and Douglas Boylan, who came in their car and dug me out for belated interviews.

When I arrived on the Island, the mantle of office of Provincial Archivist was about to descend on Douglas Boylan. Bruce Hodgins, the previous incumbent of the office was leaving the university and was anxious that proper archives be established to house the scattered records. The matter was of some concern to the profession as P.E.I. was one of the few remaining provinces which did not have a public archives. Knowing how Dr. Lamb felt about it, I went to see the Executive Secretary to the Premier, Mr. Wendell MacKay, and told him of the need to secure adequate space for an archives. In my plea I was supported by Dr. Frank MacKinnon, Principal of the Prince of Wales College, Prof. F.W.P. Bolger of St. Dunstan University, Rev. Canon E.M. Malone of St. Peter's Cathedral and many other prominent local historians. Accompanied by Douglas Boylan I visited the Legislative Library (which served also as the Public Library) and continued to urge the establishment of an archives. It was essential to obtain support and a commitment of small repositories to transfer their holdings to the proposed Provincial repository. Our efforts eventually bore fruit, and within a year I began to receive a steady flow of returns from Repository 4, the newly-established PAPEI.

On the way back to the mainland the trusty Abegweit for once proved unequal to the task. After battering her way out of the dock at Borden, which took several hours, ramming back and forth through mountains of ice, often opening cracks in the ice which revealed the bottom of the sea, the ferry finally gave up the

fight half a mile away from the dock. For a whole day we sat motionless amid the frozen ice, waiting for a change of wind. From time to time the boat made sporadic attempts to move but without much progress. I remember someone suggesting that everybody should get off and push the boat. Finally the tide brought in water, and with it a change of wind. Water began to gurgle beneath the ice and came up through the cracks. We became waterborne. The engines began to roar again and the Alegweit started to lurch forward and back, splitting the ice. It was a long voyage to Cape Tormentine as ice was piled high ahead of us and the boat had to back up and move ahead many more times before we reached our destination.

My tour of the Maritimes was drawing to a close. In fact, the official part was over. There remained only one more call: a visit to Chatham-Newcastle area, the colorful and historic Miramichi. I was going there at the invitation of Dr. Louise Manny, the well-known historian of the region. Through her good offices I was able to visit the city archives in Newcastle, several old church repositories, the offices of George Burchill & Son, the St. Thomas College Library, and the Miramichi Natural History Museum. At the last place I found a room-full of business records of Joseph Cunard & Co. going back to the early days of ship-building on the Miramichi River. At the Court House I was shown the minute books of the General Sessions of the Peace going back to 1789. There were interesting documents in the possession of Rev. Pepperdeane, Rector of the Anglican Church in Chatham, and, of course in the house of Dr. Manny. The ULM was enriched by some 100 significant entries.

My return to Ottawa was uneventful. Gone was the snow, the crocusses were in full bloom around the Parliament and there was talk of elections. My arrival at the Archives was celebrated with customary enthusiasm. The gray structure on Sussex Drive yawned at me its huge doors, the commissionaire-on-duty said "it's gonna be a good day", Al Taylor, our Administrative Officer gave me a copy of new parking regulations while Bill Ormsby said that he had forgotten to tell me that I was off Isaac Buchanan, the Indian Affairs and the Duke of Newcastle, and incidentally, "someone busted your coffee mug", he added.

My desk was piled foot high with the ULM returns which have been arriving from the field, a sign of success of our venture. On top of the pile was a cryptic note from Doris Martin: "Your schedule for Ontario and the West is ready".