



Smithsonian Institution

Archives Center - NMAH

Forman H. Craton - 1934 - 1935 - Diary

Extracted on Mar-28-2024 01:08:41

The Smithsonian Institution thanks all digital volunteers that transcribed and reviewed this material. Your work enriches Smithsonian collections, making them available to anyone with an interest in using them.

The Smithsonian Institution (the "Smithsonian") provides the content on this website (transcription.si.edu), other Smithsonian websites, and third-party sites on which it maintains a presence ("SI Websites") in support of its mission for the "increase and diffusion of knowledge." The Smithsonian invites visitors to use its online content for personal, educational and other non-commercial purposes. By using this website, you accept and agree to abide by the [following terms](#).

- If sharing the material in personal and educational contexts, please cite the Archives Center - NMAH as source of the content and the project title as provided at the top of the document. Include the accession number or collection name; when possible, link to the Archives Center - NMAH website.
- If you wish to use this material in a for-profit publication, exhibition, or online project, please contact Archives Center - NMAH or transcribe@si.edu

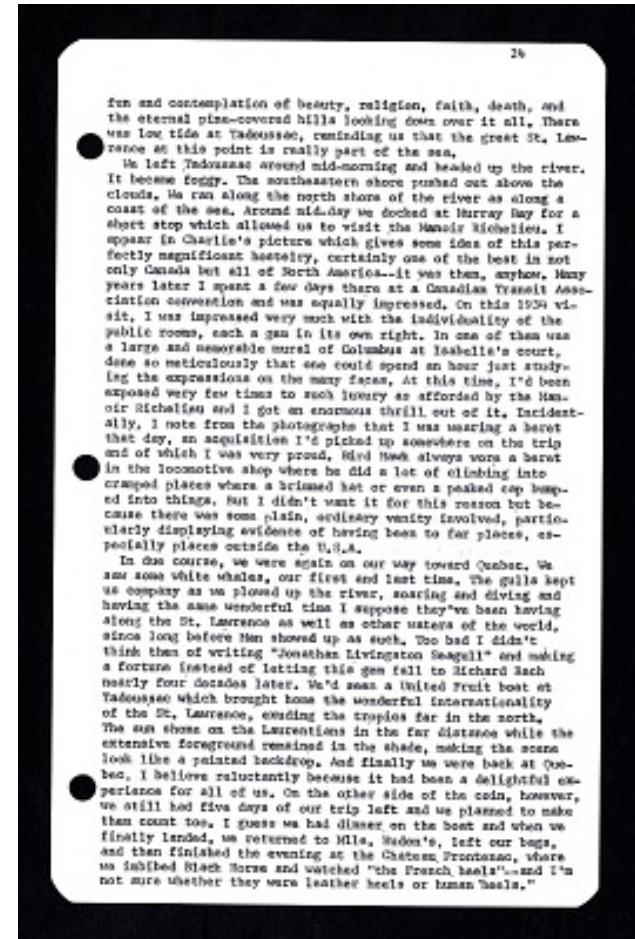
For more information on this project and related material, contact the Archives Center - NMAH. [See this project](#) and other collections in the Smithsonian Transcription Center.

fun and contemplation of beauty, religion, faith, death, and the eternal pine-covered hills looking down over it all. There was low tide at Tadoussac, reminding us that the great St. Lawrence at this point is really part of the sea.

We left Tadoussac around mid-morning and headed up the river. It became foggy. The southeastern shore pushed out above the clouds. We ran along the north shore of the river as along a coast of the sea. Around mid-day we docked at Murray Bay for a short stop which allowed us to visit the Manoir Richelieu. I appear in Charlie's picture which gives some idea of this perfectly magnificent hostelry, certainly one of the best in not only Canada but all of North America--it was then, anyhow. Many years later I spent a few days there at a Canadian Transit Association convention and was equally impressed. On this 1934 visit, I was impressed very much with the individuality of the public rooms, each a gem in its own right. In one of them was a large and memorable mural of Columbus at Isabella's court, done so meticulously that one could spend an hour just studying the expressions on the many faces. At this time, I'd been exposed very few times to such luxury as afforded by the Manoir Richelieu and I got an enormous thrill out of it. Incidentally, I note from the photographs that I was wearing a beret that day, an acquisition I'd picked up somewhere on the trip and of which I was very proud. Bird hawk always wore a beret in the locomotive shop where he did a lot of climbing into cramped places where a brimmed hat or even a peaked cap bumped into things. But I didn't want it for this reason but because there was some plain, ordinary vanity involved, particularly displaying evidence of having been to far places, especially places outside the U.S.A.

In due course, we were again on our way toward Quebec. We saw some white whales, our first and last time. The gulls kept us company as we plowed up the river, soaring and diving and having the same wonderful time I suppose they've been having along the St. Lawrence as well as other waters of the world, since long before Man showed up as such. Too bad I didn't think of writing "Johnathan Livingston Seagull" and making a fortune instead of letting this gem fall to Richard Bach nearly four decades later. We'd seen a United Fruit boat at Tadoussac which brought home the wonderful internationality of the St. Lawrence, exuding the tropics far in the north.

The sun shone on the Laurentians in the far distance while the extensive foreground remained in the shade, making the scene look like a painted backdrop. And finally we were back at Quebec, I believe reluctantly because it had been a delightful experience for all of us. On the other side of the coin, however, we still had five days of our trip left and we planned to make them count too. I guess we had dinner on the boat and when we finally landed, we returned to Mlle. Hudon's, left our bags, and then finished the evening at the Chateau Frontenac, where we imbibed Black Horse and watched "the French heels"--and I'm not sure whether they were leather heels or human "heels."



Forman H. Craton - 1934 - 1935 - Diary
Transcribed and Reviewed by Digital Volunteers
Extracted Mar-28-2024 01:08:41



Smithsonian Institution

Archives Center - NMAH

The mission of the Smithsonian is the increase and diffusion of knowledge - shaping the future by preserving our heritage, discovering new knowledge, and sharing our resources with the world. Founded in 1846, the Smithsonian is the world's largest museum and research complex, consisting of 19 museums and galleries, the National Zoological Park, and nine research facilities. Become an active part of our mission through the Transcription Center. Together, we are discovering secrets hidden deep inside our collections that illuminate our history and our world.

Join us!

The Transcription Center: <https://transcription.si.edu>

On Facebook: <https://www.facebook.com/SmithsonianTranscriptionCenter>

On Twitter: [@TranscribeSI](https://twitter.com/TranscribeSI)

Connect with the Smithsonian

Smithsonian Institution: www.si.edu

On Facebook: <https://www.facebook.com/Smithsonian>

On Twitter: [@smithsonian](https://twitter.com/smithsonian)