

**"Foghorn" Macdonald on Life in New York and London**

The July number of "The American Magazine" features the story of Major Neil (Foghorn) Macdonald, who, at the age of 53, enlisted as a private in a machine gun company at Winnipeg in the early days of the war, and who has a distinguished record for service at the front. "Foghorn" has been well known in mining centres in Canada for many years, and he has been an outstanding figure in the Canadian army from the day he enlisted. The story which appears in the "American" will be read with much interest, especially by those who are fortunate enough to know him—and the number of these is great. Unfortunately, it is not permissible to print "Foghorn's" stories as he tells them, for he delights his audiences with the picturesque western language, of which he is a master. Neil is a fighter and no soldier knows better what he is fighting for.

"Foghorn" is an exponent of outdoor life, as will appear from the following reply to an interviewer's questions:

"I haven't got anything against New York. It's a nice enough village to stay in for about a week. But if you want to come up to the fifty-seven year mark with a relish for food or a fight, you want to live in the open. That's the way I've lived. I can ride and canoe and hunt and tramp. I got up early and worked like the devil. And I went to bed when I was through, and slept like a baby. I ate honest food and plenty of it—when I could get it. My meals weren't always on time, a few days late now and then. But they never missed coming, if I waited long enough. I never wore out an office chair, and I never wore out myself—and that's something not many men of fifty-seven can say if they've lived in towns.

"As for London, or England itself, for that matter, well, if I was a German I wouldn't waste my breath saying: 'Gott strafe England!' The folks that have to live there don't need any more punishment than that. Which is a rotten shame, for they are as fine folks as you'll meet anywhere.

"What they've got in England isn't a climate. It's a calamity! They put a steam radiator in your room, to be sure, but that's just camouflage. If they ever turned any steam into it, the thing would blow up in sheer amazement. They bring you as much coal as you can hold in your two hands—if your hands are small—and they charge you a guinea for making it smoke a little. They don't have any heat in their houses, and they don't wear enough clothes to wad a gun with! They get so used to being half frozen that they think they like it. They'd have spontaneous combustion and catch fire if they ever got really warmed through.

"You can have your London and your New York for all I care. The big West and the North for me! Montana's the place to live. You could build a wall around that state and never have to go outside for anything you wanted except tropical fruits and cotton. A man's word is as good as his bond out there. They began living that way when the courts were few and feeble. And now they've trained up their courts in the way they should go, so that a man's word is still as good as his bond, even if he has to go to law to have it settled."

"Did you get your nickname of 'Foghorn' out there?" I asked.

"I guess so. I've had it so long I don't remember who began it. But I do remember one time I was telephoning from Butte to Missoula, and Bob Smith—used to be governor of Montana—was there and he said:

"'Foghorn, why in hell do you waste money telephoning clear across the state? Stick your head out of the window! They'll hear you just as well.'"

When I asked him about the army rations, we were sitting at a table in the palm room of a New York hotel. Don't mind his verbal trimmings. You wouldn't, if you heard them at first-hand. He gave a scornful glance at the food on the table and replied:

"Hell! I had more to eat in the trenches than a whole gold mine would buy here in New York! This morning, at breakfast, a waiter shoved two little rolls at me—you had to squint twice at the plate to see 'em at all.

"What's that?" I said.

"R-r-rolls!" the waiter stuttered.

"Go to blazes!" I said. "I could stick one o' them in each cheek and then have room left to whistle through 'em for more. When I get up in the morning, I'm a full-grown man with a full-grown appetite. I ain't a canary bird!"

"Over there in France, I could eat a whole box of bully beef," he went on, "twenty-four pounds to the box—and all I wanted to leave was the cans. They used to feed us well and we bought a lot of junk for ourselves, besides. Fresh eggs? Why, you could buy 'em there cheaper than you can steal 'em in New York!

"It ain't so much what you eat, anyway, as the appetite you bring to it. I walked a hundred and fifty miles once in four days with nothing to eat but half a skunk. It was good, too! Nothing the matter with it except its size. I wished it had been big as an elephant.

"The trouble with you city folks is that your menus are bigger than your appetites. Anyway, it takes all your strength to pick out some little morsel you think you can pay for. Get out into the open, and you won't care what you eat, so long as it's something you can get your teeth into."

**NEW BRANCHES OF CANADIAN MINING INSTITUTE.**

At the meeting of the Rocky Mountain branch of the Canadian Mining Institute in Fernie, on March 30th, the proposal to form a Northern Alberta branch was favorably discussed. On May 14th at a meeting held at the University of Alberta, it was decided that a branch be formed and the following officers were elected: Dr. J. A. Allan, chairman; N. C. Pitcher, vice-chairman; J. T. Stirling, secretary-treasurer; N. M. Thornton, A. C. Dunn, John Shanks, L. C. Stevens and Thomas Henderson.

The Manitoba branch was formed at a meeting held in the University of Manitoba on April 18th. The officers are Dr. R. C. Wallace, chairman; G. R. Bancroft and T. B. A. Price, vice-chairmen, J. S. De Lury, secretary-treasurer; E. V. Neelands, W. T. Neal, Capt. G. B. Hall, J. W. Harris, F. de Sieyes, E. W. Jackson and E. E. Kain.

**GRANBY.**

The Granby Consolidated Mining, Smelting and Power Company has blown in its fourth furnace at Grand Forks, B.C., according to a report from that place. Three furnaces have been smelting almost as much ore in recent months as has been handled by four heretofore. The fourth was started to provide for an increase in the volume of ore reaching the plant.