

a big load and took a long time to pitch on and off. We got two loads of barley & oats off the long field before dinner and put them in the barn. Frank had to go over to Pickford's to thrash this afternoon so Dad and I hauled two loads of oats and started a stack as two can't unload now in the barn. It was slow work making the stack with just two. To night Dad, Enah & Sid drove down with Auntys milk and just as they got home Mr. Cantelon the artist rode in. He was here for a long time making a copy of a sketch Clarence did of the old Dog's Nest. He is very interested in anything pertaining to the early history of the country. Sat & Sunday

Thursday August 26<sup>th</sup>

Frank was over at Pickford's thrashing all day morning. Dad and I hauled in three loads of oats and pitched two on the stack and left one till after dinner. This afternoon I went down to play in the band for Baughner picnic and Dad & Frank hauled in two more loads of barley and oats. The Baughner picnic had degenerated in late years. There was not such a big crowd as usual in spite of the fact that it was a beautiful day. In older days we used to see all roads into Dover lined with boys and democrats at five a.m. but now every one comes in cars and they don't start till after dinner. We

played to a rather small audience over in Bucks park till half past five. I stayed at Auntys for tea and then went with Quint, Roy & Vernon out in the new boat. We picked Kathleen, Low, Enah and Sid up down at Barwell's fish shanty and we had a fine ride out in the lake. It was the fastest boat I was ever in. It was after eight when we got in but I got up to the band stand before they started to play. This was I suppose our last concert for the season. I went over to Pete Holmes after band concert and from there went with Kathleen, Low & Quint over to their cottage where we had some ice cream which Quint brought from his shack and cake & lemonade. Frank joined us later and we fooled around there half the night then I went for a dip in the lake and walked home in my bare feet. I changed my clothes & went to bed as I didn't think it was worth while on Monday. It was after three when I went to bed.

Friday August 27<sup>th</sup>

Dad called me before day light this morning and I went and helped him put the sheep out of the garden. They had gone through the huts in the pen. Dick Belle had broken in they had got well filled upon clover but had it done much damage in the garden. We finished hauling the oats today. It took us all