

Friday June 20<sup>th</sup>

Frank and I had to go down to Clarence Finch this morning with old Gladys. We stopped at Hallam's shop on our way home and got Louis old democrat when he told us to bring over here if we wanted it. A heavy shower came up while we were there. Frank took shots in the blacksmith shop but I didn't like to leave the team so when I got Louis rig fastened I came home. This afternoon Frank called the old garden and disbed it. I shaved and read awhile after dinner and then went out and helped Dad and Sid pick the strawberries. They got quite a mess and we had them for tea. ~~Frank~~

George and Marion went up to the Strawberry show at the Smyth this afternoon and Frank took Joe and went up about six. I went down and joined the band at half past seven and went up in Jim Bush's care. We had a very good time and the festival was a success in every way. They took in \$220.00 or more. The band got all the strawberries and ice cream it could hold and then got treated to 2 1/2% beer which had been ordered to sell at the soft drink bar but which had caused such a scandal amongst the picnic folks that they had to take

it in the house and hide it behind the sofa and subsequently feed it to the band. Poor band, it certainly is rotten stuff. I came home with Mr. Johnson and Bill Barwell. We were held up at the Cemetery by another car stuck in the road so we went to look for some human bones which a couple of kids said they saw lying in the sand there beside the road. Mr. Johnson lit matches and I groped with my hand and sure enough found a skull. We over took Mexico and his load coming around the hill so we all got home together before twelve. Frank rolled in some time before morning having been down Mud Street

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I raked up and cut the lawn this morning and Dad and I gave Billy a little exercise. Tupper came in for a visit on his way home from the mill and stayed all morning. Frank and George took the mower to pieces and are going to put on new ledger plates. Frank went over to Tupper's this afternoon and got an old binder tongue to make a new tongue for the rake. I didn't do any thing much but sit around and work a little at the perennial borders. Dad Paris-greened the potatoes. ~~Crusher~~ Mexico? Sid went down