

Frank stayed home partly on account of his cold and partly to help Dad keep the drill from clogging up on the stems & grass which didn't all work in. Tonight old Jonas came over and stayed about half the night trying to sell Dad some seed oats (heavy yielders). Dad didn't order any much to the grief of Jonas but promised him he would. Dad bathed and powdered poor Dave's feet to night, they certainly are in awful shape and he is as thin as a board. I have felt pretty rotten all day. It froze again last night but has been warm and sunny all day. The men struck at the canning factory to day as they haven't been paid for two pay days or more. Dick said to night that he heard Harry Graham has faked, and that George Gamble they are afraid has typhoid fever. Gordie Faulkner has it not badly & Cecil Lamberson didn't break yesterday when the three weeks was up.

Tuesday September 16th

We both worked on the land all day. I disked all morning and Dad harrowed over the sowed piece and part of the other. It began to drizzle soon after dinner so Dad took my team and ran out the ditches in the sowed field also the cross ditches in the other. I then took little Joe & Belle and let 'em to roll but the earth at last got so wet

that about four o'clock I put them in, when Dad got through with the other team I disked awhile but not long as I began to get too wet for comfort. so I came in. Dad did chares as I felt too tough except to help milk. Frank's cold was too bad for him to go to school to day. This morning he went down and saw the operations of the canning factory. They are working full blast to day as the men are promised money to night or tomorrow. It didn't freeze last night and looked rainy all morning.

~~Thursday~~ Wednesday September 17th

I cross disked all morning. Dad went over and harrowed Lue's disks and started to cross from the other end we nearly met by noon. It looked so nebular that Dad thought he would drill it in this after noon. Under other circumstances we would have rolled & harrowed it up. I finished disking while Dad was getting the seed and drill out. and then started to go over the dead furrows length ways. Dad got about two or three rounds drilled when it began to rain so hard we were forced put our teams in much to Dad's disgust. as we couldn't do any thing but chase the rest of the day and he is afraid we won't be able to get back on the land for quite awhile. Alfred came over