

When we got home we bagged up some barley and oats for chop and took it down but left it till morning as there was such a lot there. To night we had a meeting of the J. F. I. A. down at County Cliches. There was a good turn out and we had a good time and arranged for a winter program. Tom didn't get back till to night with the can and butter. They got word yesterday that Doss. was dead of the flu and poor old Tom and Maw. are broken hearted. Cold but fine day.

Wednesday November 27th

Frank and I went down after our quilt this morning and then cleaned up some oats. I spent the after noon working at the front flower beds. Dad. and Frank fixed the dining room chimney and Frank nailed some shingles on the barn roof. I went down town to. viz. W. County Cliches left this morning for Lacrosse. It has been a beautiful day.

Thursday November 28th

Frank and I took about fifteen bushels of apples up to Walker Waddles this morning and got another big barrel of cider. It began to rain while we were there and poured for an hour or two. We got home about one o'clock this afternoon Frank went over to Joe Long's sale and

bought a set of scales and a scoop shovel. I slept till it stopped raining and then Dad. and I unloaded the cider barrel and put it down cellar. We had quite a job getting it down and had Ernie helping us. We slid it down on rails but they spread till it was all on one rail. Then we had to let it go the last two or four feet and it came down and bashed a hole in the cement floor of the cellar. About dark another big storm came up this time with thunder and lightning. ^{Very} terrific south west wind. ^{Monday} The same last night took away more of the old East Pier. The water was so high it carried the gun 9 then right over the East Pier.

Friday November 29th

This morning we slew the biggest of the three pigs and it took us all morning to get ready, kill and dress him. This afternoon I went down town got a hair cut and met Tige McBird to pick out a suitable club room for the J. F. I. A. We finally arranged to get Mrs. Bell's cement block cottage which the bunch had two years ago. Frank went over to Joe Long's with Art. Quamberg to get their purchases, and we weighed the pig on the scales so were not long in using them. He dressed just 185 lbs. In night Frank and I went to the W. J. dance and had a good time.

Saturday November 30th

Dad. spent the morning cutting up the pig. Frank