

He walked down town with me or at least wobbled down. He was too drunk to walk straight. Mary and I walked up home with Lita and then on around by the mill and stayed for a while on the porch. Mr. Zealand just got home as we did. Mary set the table for breakfast and he sat there and tried to talk to me and told me not to get him any thing to eat as he wasn't hungry. We went to bed as soon as we could and he went in his room and got undressed and then began prancing around the house in his underwear. Back & forth from the pantry where the side is to his bedroom where I think his whiskey is and then into the parlor and then we heard him at the stove in the kitchen. He would go and rig the telephone and then come back and pound away like a mallet at his type writer, then put a record on the phonograph and then hike out to the kitchen again. Finally I went down pretending to get a drink and found him warming up beans in the frying pan. After another half hour of cooking beans, telephoning and type writing going on I went down again to ask him when he was going to bed. He had his overcoat on over his underwear by this time and was eating his beans. He told us it was the first meal he had had for a long time and said if I didn't like him around the kitchen I could get out so I told him I would get out by two narrow night. I was glad of the opportunity to tell him so as he was getting un-bearable and Mary was afraid of him.

Monday March 21<sup>st</sup>  
This has been a day of confusion & turmoil for us. Mary and I got up at five o'clock and she started in to pack upstairs and I went over to the farm to milk as Dad stayed down all night. I left Frank to do everything else and came home as soon as I could to help Mary. I had told Mr. Zealand I would be out by to night so I was determined to do it. but it was a large contract. I got all our boxes into the kitchen and took the straw & paper out of them first thing and then gave the place a look of wild destruction. Then we began emptying the cupboards and book cases and packing them up any old way to get them packed but were careful enough with the dishes. Dad came in on his way home about nine o'clock and wondered what had struck the place. We had breakfast about 10 o'clock and invited Mr. Zealand in to have some with us. He came and was in a very good humor but seems peeved at Mary. He blames her for making the fuss. He was around all day and every now and then would ask me how I was getting along. He rang up Sidney M. Queen about forty times during the day to see when he was going to send his groceries. Dad came in after dinner on his way down to get a tooth pulled, and said they would come after a load of stuff as soon as he got back. Frank came with the sack about four o'clock and took about half the