

manure all day but only got out eleven loads. It was an unlucky day from that start. The trouble began before Dad left when Frank started out with his first load. something we think it was the end of the whiplash tree caught one of the rods at the side of the spreader and bent it so that it threw the section of gear that lifts the tail board up against the other gear and we had to take it out and straighten it. Then when he got out in the field with his load he offended Belle in some unknown way and she balked and after losing considerable time with her we had to take her off and put Joe in her place. This was before Dad left but he didn't have time to monkey with her. This afternoon Paton come in with a mare that he said had swallowed an apple and was choking and I had to lose another half hour with him. I never saw Dad treat a choking animal so didn't know just what to do but I ramed the probang down her neck as far as I could and that seemed to ease her. He left her here till Dad got home when she appeared to be all right. About this time Frank began to feel squeamish in his stomach and although he was able to haul out a few more loads he didn't feel much like pitching on so didn't. He must have had too much of his own cooking

I guess he although he helped make up all the chores he was quite sick this evening and again during the night. Dad got home about five but didn't peel off his good clothes so I had a card from Enah to stay saying she would be home to night so Dad went down to meet her. It was after dark when I got everything done and I had to do some tall propping to find sustenance enough in the house to keep the breath of life within me. I was very thankful Frank was sick and couldn't eat for our store of provisions had dwindled down to scant rations for one, however by rumaging around in the stale bread crock where I found two or three crusts that were not mouldy and cleaning up some left over apple sauce and nibbling a slice or two of old cheese I managed to collect enough nourishment to maintain existence till Enah got home when I was able to supplement my supper with some sandwiches from Enah's lunch box. They had tea down at Aunt Alice's. Dad and Enah both report that nearly all the corn they saw in their travels a few miles north of here is ruined by frost.

Saturday September 22nd

Dad went down to Davis to thresh this morning and Art Heanberg drove down with him. Frank felt pretty sick but poked around