

I went out and finished digging the anchor post hole which I began the other day. This afternoon I dug another one and got to within about a foot of the bottom of the third and last one. I would just about finished it but I put another crack in the handle of John Wesses spoon so had to take a huff an hour off to wind it. However the last foot always takes longer to dig than all the rest. I am using John Wesses spud and spoon so that I won't have to dig a great big hole. Before dinner Dad and Frank got the manure spreader all siled up and did a little more disking and firing up this end of the lane. Dad got it all plowed on Saturday. This afternoon they hauled out eleven loads of manure on the corn ground getting about half the pile at the cow stable out there. Aunty was over for a while this afternoon and told En about our dipping tank was at the station. John Shand was also over for a visit. Fine day and hot.

Tuesday May 21st

Dad and Frank hauled out manure all morning and got the shed at the cow stable all cleaned

out. I went out to finish the anchor post hole but the colts had got into the back field so I had to go and put them out and cut a pole in the woods to put across the gap for a top bar. As the span is about fifteen feet I had to cut one with a good sized butt. The first one I got was too short and the second one was so heavy, it was all I could do to drag it out of the woods and up the hill. I had a chance, though, to look at my ginseng which is coming up. I then went back and finished the post hole before dinner. This afternoon Frank, Sid, and I went down town in the wagon with Joe & Queen & got our dipping tank and five cement tiles one of which broke all to pieces coming home as it was only a month old. Dad wanted them to put across the lane gate in the barnyard. We had to go back down to the mill after we unloaded our tank & tile to get some feed oats and one of our barrels to tie at potatoes in which Lorne Myers brought down to the mill for us. When we got them home we took two of the locust anchor posts and a couple of brace posts out to the field. To night Frank and I hooked up Queen and drove up to Saville's this side of Lynn Valley as old Bradley who was