

Wednesday June 25<sup>th</sup>

As it showed symptoms this morning of being an extra hot day and as Belle's colt didn't seem very well this morning on account of being away from his white she was working yesterday, and because she cut up rather rustily yesterday. Dad went over to Tom Law's before break fast and harrowed old Ben. to cultivate our corn. Dad plowed all day with Harry & Joe Walker so I was sentenced to keep Ben with the cultivator in the straight and narrow way being between the even rows. He went pretty well all morning and for awhile after dinner till I started to go crosswise; but then I couldn't do any thing with him, he did his best to step on every hill and wouldn't mind at all. Dad took him a couple of rounds or so while I plowed and said he went pretty well but I couldn't see any improvement. When Frank got home from school he rode him for awhile and things went better. To night Frank took him home and we decided not to cultivate any more till he got through with school. He is just having his exams now and tomorrow Friday is his last day. Frank's quince has started setting to day. Pat

Thursday June 26<sup>th</sup>

I worked in the garden all day, and got most of the weeds out but nothing else done. Dad plowed all day and finished the rest of the corn field for summer fallow. We all Waddell came in this afternoon with a duplicate of the broken casting on the manure spreader. Aunt came home to night. Dick met her and she stayed at Huber's all night. Dick started the other day to take music lessons from Miss Wimmers. Allan Law brought our way gun back this morning. Very hot and sultry to day.

Friday June 27<sup>th</sup>

It rained last night and the thunder which accompanied it was deafening. There was one clap that fairly shook Dad out of bed, and he went around shutting all the windows. When he got to ours I partly woke up but if it hadn't been for him I would never have known there was any thunder. It has been a very stifling day. It was about 90° in the shade and so muggy and wet we could hardly breathe. Dad plowed all day on the old corn stubble and nearly croaked with the heat and his uncomfortable foot wear. I planted