

to invite Veron as she wanted her to so I don't know how it will pan out. I sat around and read and wrote to Aunty till it was time to do chores and fooled with the guitar all evening. It has been another lovely day. Quint came home last night and isn't going back right away to pick

Monday, October 5th

Frank and I cut corn again all day and by to-night only had twenty one more shocks to cut. Hubby and Dad hauled manure all the after noon. Hubby didn't get over till late and then had to fix the spreader a little this morning. The axle had slipped out of place. Wisner the livery stable man was over this morning to get his horses teeth filed. and Gupper came over after dinner to get Dad to go over and look at his Clyde mare but as Dad was all hooked up he said he would wait till morning. Gupper was telling us a great way to cut short clover seed like ours is this year. He says if we cut it with the mower we can never gather it up with the rake but he says if we take the table canvas off the binder and set the reel low we can just take the heads off and when we get the table full we can rake them off. He was also talking about tile drains. Bill told us there was no use trying to drain clay land with tile as the water won't go through it. but Gupper says

that is only blue clay. This red clay he says is the best land for tile as they don't fill up like they do in the sand. but it takes a year or two to get all the little pores and channels in the soil running to the tile establishes. The longer they are in the better they work. It has been much milder to-day and looks as if it might rain soon. Enah and Giddums went down town this after noon.

Tuesday, October 6th

Frank and I finished cutting the corn about eleven o'clock amidst great rejoicings on our part. Quint came over this morning and told us Hubby was doing insurance work for Ed Morn. He was to have come at noon but didn't appear. Dad had to go over and see Gupper were so Quint rode over with him. When they got back Quint helped him pitch on three or four loads of manure. This after noon Dad & I hauled manure and made quite a hole in the pile but neglected to keep track. Between loads I swept off the floor of the loft above the hog pen and moved all the old horse coops that I had hens with chickens under, up there and to-night Dad helped me get the brooder up. Giddums was out with us and would get right where if the brooder ever slipped it would fall on him and Dad stepped on a hen that was roosting up there and when it squacked it scared poor Giddums and he more than hauled. The latest addition to his vocabulary is hammer pronounced