

Friday night. We let the sheep in on their new pasture yesterday afternoon as Dad & Frank finished putting the fence up. Mary & I found a cool spot down in Mr. Bains' orchard this afternoon & read "A Midsummer Night's Dream".

Monday July 11th

Frank cut hay east of the lane this morning and then took the big team and cultivated corn this afternoon. Dad finished cutting the pieces the width of the orchard east of the lane and then I started to rake and got enough raked for a row of cocks around the field. I weeded mangles and dug a little in the flower bed this morning. In the night I went down to hand practice. It's not a little thing.

Sunday July 24th

This being the 26th anniversary of the day on which I first condescended to partake of what this world had to offer in the way of a living and such a day being a fit occasion for making fresh starts and turning over new leaves, I

think I will make one more try at writing this more regularly. Another factor influencing this resolution is a brand new, non-leakable fountain pen which Mary gave me this morning and which works beautifully. Another still is the fact that we are within sight of the end of haying and ^{wheat} harvest and I don't expect to be so rushed all day and tired in the evenings from now on. The week of July 11th we finished cutting all the wheat and hay and left it all in cock and shock for over Sunday. The first of the following week it rained and I was cloudy & wet for two days so we didn't get any hauled but nothing was spoiled. Frank and I went back to set up the wheat shocks that were down and found that only the few that were flat had been wet through. We hauled hay Wednesday and Thursday of last week. Peckford wanted me to help him throw out of the field on Saturday so he came over on Friday with his team and helped us haul wheat for the forenoon and all day we got in six loads not big ones as the wheat