

and both of them had hit heavily on their right arms. I left them in Brother John's care and I think he will make a good nurse. We couldn't decide whether or not it was a good thing he was here for if he had not been here he wouldn't have had the lantern and not likely they would have got up on the bank instead of going down the road. Fine day but cold north east wind.

Wednesday March 23rd

Art came over this morning thinking that it was frozen up hard enough to tackle moving the chicken pen but when he walked across the sod decided that it wasn't. He said that Tom Wilker tied his horse to the Lamp kind gate to go up to inquire after them and the school kids or some thing scared the horse which was tied with the rein to the bridle and it broke loose ran away smashed the harness and up set the buggy into the ditch breaking the top and dash board. Tom and I went up after our stuff at Taylor's before dinner and brought back the wagon and plough and Tom's tub & washing machine. but left the drill and rake till the roads get a little better. The lane up there was next to impossible. It was late when we got back but we spent an hour or so this afternoon

gathering up a little dead wood in the gully for Tom. Last night I walked down to hear a lecture on Marticulture by Henry Moore. It was interesting but hardly worth the miserable walk. I walked home with Dad & End. ^{Friday} ~~Friday~~ ^{Tom}

Thursday March 24th

It froze hard again last night and Tom saw Harvey come who thought we could move the chicken pen so Tom went on over to pass the word to Art and Frank. Art wasn't figuring on it so we decided yesterday that it would be better to wait now till it dried up. I think we could have made it if we had got started earlier but by the time we got the building pryed up and the skids placed it was getting on for noon and the sun had taken most of the frost out. Harvey & Frank each hooked a tractor on to it and we got it as far as the ditch in the alfalfa but there we stuck and the more we tried to get out the more the tractors buried themselves in the mud so after cutting up the alfalfa into some thing the appearance of the war zone we decided to leave the chickens sitting there. Art thinks we can get it out of the hole by the use of double blocks anchored to dead heads. We tried single blocks this afternoon but our old rope wasn't strong enough.