Monday, March 26

84 days past 280 to come

"And grasp the skirts of happy chance,
And breast the blows of circumstance."
—Tennyson.

1917

Beautiful day Snow going at a great rate. Boys tapped about 100. Sap is running fine — We wash. The mail comes through today. The 9th day for poor Gerd —

1918

I wash. Papa goes to Montland with logs