

Saturday January 10th

Frank and I have put in a busy day, besides doing the chores we got in two loads of corn, we only took two rows in the two loads but in some places it was badly frozen so we didn't have time to take full rows. Dad has felt very miserable to day and has not been out of bed at all his eyes ache awfully. Benty has been out of bed all day and worked some with her. After tea and got the mail Dick is a little better than yesterday but still has a fever. A strong wind with snow in the night.

Sunday January 11th

Frank went to church this morning and I did chores. I got them pretty well done up before dinner and this afternoon Dick and I went down town Dick went under the shelter but vowed he was coming down and stayed down all night. Essie, Mary and I paid a visit to the Pastor this afternoon every female member of that family are sick in bed and Arthur and Mr. P. are keeping house. I came home about half past five and did chores and went down again after tea I was too late for church so I went up to Babys for about an hour.

Maudie was sick with neuralgia and had me to bed I met Essie & Mary on their way from Methodist Church, and went with them over to the Smiths, Harry & Fred were both home for Sunday. Mrs. Smith looked very badly. I came home fairly early. Chas & Mr. James were over here this afternoon and Babby was here when I got home before tea but didn't stay to tea. Benty this was over to dinner and part of the afternoon. Very cold - nor west wind all day. Bly very

Monday January 14th

Frank went to school to day but came home early this afternoon he said they had to let a lot of them out as the school house was so cold. I haven't tried to do a thing but chores as it has been so cold. Dad has left the shelter and was out at the barn for a while today. In night I went down to A. Y. P. M. but as there was no body there to conduct the meeting it adjourned and Mary, Dad, and I went to the picture show where we enjoyed ourselves much better. I looked in at Henry Croys knot room on my way home attracted by what sounds in the street like fire a racket but which proved to be only Al Faulkner talking. I found Frank up there