



Manuscripts & Folklife Archives  
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Western Kentucky University

*Started May 6, 1920.*

**Good Times**

**Record**

*of*

*Chara Louise Robertson.*



Make of this little white-bound book

Louisville, Ky.

May 6, 1920.

To-day Christine, Virginia  
Hawkins, Louise Warren,  
and Lydia Luck, and I  
went for a walk in Third  
Woods to pick wild-flowers.

When I came home from  
school I packed up a bunch  
of sandwiches and started  
out to meet the other girls.  
We stopped in a grocery  
store and Christine bought  
some big jumbo pickles.

When we hadn't gone  
far, we saw a tramp lying  
inside the fence. He had  
a very red face and nose  
and was drinking whiskey.

A sun-dial for thy garden nook.

He kept looking at us  
when we had passed on  
and we didn't know whether  
to go on or not. We finally  
decided that we would  
go on.

We got hungry so I  
opened my box of sand-  
wiches and Christine pro-  
ceeded to break the pickles  
in half so we would have  
some later. She squirted  
some juice in her eye and  
it took a long time to get  
it out.

We didn't go far into the woods  
and I got tired of carrying my  
flowers so I gave them to a girl.  
Another girl gave them to a boy.  
This book is now a book.

And on it write the sun-dial's sign:

May 7, 1920.

To-day I planted flower-seeds. It's the first time I ever planted anything! I buy seeds every year and say, "I am going to plant them this year," but I never kept my word along that line!

Christine helped me and we did that most of the afternoon. Then we we went up to her house and read awhile. (It's very unusual for her as she rarely reads in the day-time.) When we stopped reading we planted seeds in her garden.

"I only mark the hours that shine!"

May 8, 1920.

General Summerall was up at our school this morning. The children brought flowers this morning for the bouquet we gave him. He lectured to us on the way, and illustrated it with pictures.

Christine spent the night with me last night. Mother was up at the Choral Club and we made fudge and wrote in our diaries. Jim Tom was at the Scout Meeting and when he came back he asked us what we had been cooking. I told him we had been cooking we had been cooking.

What though thy garden be but small,

something

When we went to bed, I nearly pestered the life out of her. I tickled her, punched her, put all the cover on her (which was very heavy) and her. We didn't go to sleep till almost 12 o'clock.

May 9, 1920.

It is 11:30 and I just got home from Virginia Reeves' party.

When we got there we found cords of string, around chairs, lamps and pictures. The girls had red strings and the boys had white. Each person had to hunt up the end of his or her string. On the end was a

And thou shut in by high close wall,

piece of cardboard, on which was written a verse. Mine was "See Saw Maynie Daw". They were round pieces of paper cut off in different shapes. Each child had to try to match the piece with the other one. My match was Russell Broadus. The boys had to make tissue paper hats for the girl who had fallen in to his lot and the boy who made the best hat got a prize. The girls had to draw a picture of the boy who was making her fat and the girl who drew the best picture got a prize.



A thousand happy things there be

After that two blind-folded boys tried to find each other Graham crackers mashed up and then they had a paper fight, also blindfolded. We played a "spin the bottle" after that.

June 17, 1920.

I got tired of purple ink so I am beginning with blue.

It's been so long since I wrote in this book that I'm not going to attempt bringing it up to date.

Yesterday school was out! Wasn't that lovely! I think it ought to have been out a month ago.

To walk its pleasant paths with thee.

All the other schools were in the other place. It was out in 8 o'clock the 21st of May!

Daddy and Mr. Dagan are going out to Crab Orchard on business and are going to take me with them! We are going to stay about two days, but that's lots better than nothing.

Mary Louise McDieter is coming to visit me a while. She will be here Tuesday.

Some day when through its narrow gate

June 19, 1920

We arrived Crab Orchard last night at eleven o'clock. We had three punctures. I think some one pinched the inner tube when it was being fixed. We had supper at the Graham Spring Hotel and it certainly tasted good after that long ride.

This morning, I met a girl who took out to see the town in her pony cart.

We have just had dinner.

June 22, 1920.

We came home the next night at about six thirty.

Thou hast passed out from Youth's estate,

Mary Louise came this morning.

She is writing to her mother while I am writing in this book.

June 24, 1920

Yesterday morning we went down town shopping.

Mary Louise and I were walking around town in search of a dress and we left Mother in Selman's looking at waists. When we came back after her she was gone. We looked around for her awhile, and as we couldn't find her we

Thou wilt be glad the dial's face

went to a picture show. She found us in there and went on home.

It was a good picture and we saw it twice.

When we got home it was half past three.

We ate a hurried dinner

and went swimming

but we only stayed

in fifteen minutes.

I had even just a

few people in because

the pool had just been cleaned and it

wasn't full of water.

Kept of each sunny hour a trace.

June 24, 1920

We haven't done a thing to-day that's worth

recording in here. We

walked over to Gay's

this morning to take

and get some things

for the picnic. This

afternoon we lay on

the bed and read.

James Thomas had

gone to Mammoth

Cave and he came

back to-night. We

weren't expecting him

until to-morrow.

We have to go to bed

earlier to-night because

we have to get up ear

to-morrow for the picnic.

Deem nothing paltry, nothing small

June 26, 1921

We started on the picnic  
at eight-thirty.

We had a lovely  
time. We had lunch  
as soon as we arrived  
at Fern Grove. Then  
we went on the "merry  
go-round" and ~~the~~  
"Devil's Back Bone."

I think it is well  
named because it's  
just a high hill  
that has steep cliffs  
and "steep ups".

We stayed up there  
most of the afternoon.

Which serves their joyance to recall.

We went on the boat  
and stayed until we  
started home.

I was disappointed  
because it wasn't  
late enough to come  
home by moonlight.  
It wasn't entirely  
dark when we got  
home.

Mary Louise and I  
went up to the Howa  
<sup>this morning</sup>  
They used to live in  
the Highlands when  
we did.

We have two children  
one about five years old  
and one about three years.

One blooming apple-bough may bring

June 28, 1920

I went over in the High  
lance to church yesterday  
morning <sup>with my mother</sup> we met a lot  
of people we knew.

Lillian came over in  
the afternoon and we just  
sat on the porch and  
talked and went riding with  
Daddy took Mr.  
Carawell home.

The Cooks (our cousins)  
came over late in the  
afternoon and so late  
that I didn't have to  
go to the B. Y. P. U.

Mrs. Woods called up  
this morning and asked

The whole bright Vision of the Spring.

Mary Louise and me  
to go down to the Y.  
W. C. A. and then go  
on up to her house  
and spend the night.  
We aren't going to the  
Y. W. C. A. because  
Mary Louise doesn't  
feel good. I don't know  
whether we will spend  
the night with the  
Woods or not.

Lillian wants me  
to go to Fountain Ferry  
to-morrow morning  
with her Sunday School



One crocus in its chalice bold

class. I haven't been ~~there~~  
this year so I hope  
Mary Louise feels able  
to go.

Wednesday June 28, 1920.

We went over to Mary  
Mapwell Woods Monday  
afternoon. Virginia Jaffer  
and Wynona Albright  
came over after supper  
and we made fudge.

Mary Louise and I slept  
together and Mary Map-  
well stayed in bed with  
us till about twelve o'clock  
and we went to sleep  
about two. Mary Louise  
woke up with a tooth  
ache and I went in after  
Mary Mapwell. We lay

A glint that shows thee all earth's gold.

in bed and talked a  
little and then got up.  
We came home at eleven  
o'clock and at three we  
went to town to the  
picture show. Wynona  
and Mary Mapwell  
couldn't go and Virginia  
was the only one there.

We didn't go to Town  
tain Ferry because Miss  
Carrant the teacher was  
sick and we had to  
postpone it.

Mother went to  
Georgetown this afternoon  
and she isn't coming  
back until Monday.  
Mary Louise is going away  
to ~~Monday~~ Friday so

One whistle of "Bob White" recall

I'll feel alone. I'm going to make her come back though and she has to leave her trunk here.

July 2, 1920.

Last night we had a picnic in the moonlight in the back yard. There were just four of us: James Thomas, Mary Dorise, Cromwell and I. We had sandwiches, ice cream, candy, peanuts and Ho-Na-Ho, or some kind of family aid.

We stayed out there till eleven o'clock and then came on the front porch and talked awhile and told ghost stories.

All of a sudden the hammock broke. I'm kind of glad because it was several years old and I'm tired of it and

The russet glories of the Fall.

maybe we'll get a new one.

The other night we were sitting in it talking. ~~at the~~ Eddie Ayton was over here and we got tired of him. We thought that if we told ghost stories he should get frightened and go home. So Cromwell began telling about a little boy named Eddie Ayton, who was sitting on the porch. There was an old black thing coming around the side of the house. (Here Jim Tom went in the house and brought out a black coat. He started to go around the house and put on the coat and come around the porch.) It kept coming nearer and nearer and started up the steps. But

# Program

**1st DAY**

**2nd DAY**

**3rd DAY**

**4th DAY**

**5th DAY**

**6th DAY**

**7th DAY**

**FIRST AFTERNOON**  
Introductory Exercises  
Grand Concert.....Sibyl Sammis Singers  
and Miss Mary Cameron, Pianist  
Admission 50c and 5c Tax  
Children 27c and 3c Tax

**SECOND MORNING**  
Children's Hour  
**SECOND AFTERNOON**  
Concert.....Emerson Williams Co.  
Monologue To be Announced  
Mr. V. S. Watkins  
Admission 50c and 5c Tax  
Children 27c and 3c Tax

**THIRD MORNING**  
Children's Hour  
**THIRD AFTERNOON**  
Concert.....Mendelssohn Trio  
Lecture....."The Wonders of Burbank"  
Henry A. Adrian  
Admission 50c and 5c Tax  
Children 27c and 3c Tax

**FOURTH MORNING**  
Children's Hour  
**FOURTH AFTERNOON**  
Grand Concert.....New York Opera Singers  
Admission 50c and 5c Tax  
Children 27c and 3c Tax

**FIFTH MORNING**  
Children's Hour  
**FIFTH AFTERNOON**  
Concert.....Orchestra  
Lecture....."Back to the Farm"  
Hon. C. G. Jordan  
Admission 50c and 5c Tax  
Children 27c and 3c Tax

**SIXTH MORNING**  
Children's Hour  
**SIXTH AFTERNOON**  
Lecture....."Modern Unrest"  
Donald H. McGibeny  
Admission 50c and 5c Tax  
Children 27c and 3c Tax

**SEVENTH MORNING**  
Children's Hour  
**SEVENTH AFTERNOON**  
Children's Pageant  
....."The Good Fairy Thrift"  
Concert.....Swiss Singers and Yodlers  
Admission 50c and 5c Tax  
Children 27c and 3c Tax

**FIRST NIGHT**  
Concert.....Sibyl Sammis Singers  
and Miss Mary Cameron, Pianist  
Lecture....."Facing the Task"  
Dr. H. E. Rompel  
Admission 50c and 5c Tax  
Children 27c and 3c Tax

**SECOND NIGHT**  
Concert.....Emerson Williams Co.  
Lecture.....  
"How to Be Young at Seventy or Old  
at Forty"  
Dr. Carolyn E. Geisel  
Admission 50c and 5c Tax  
Children 27c and 3c Tax

**THIRD NIGHT**  
Grand Concert.....Louise Stallings and  
Mendelssohn Trio  
Admission 77c and 8c Tax  
Children 36c and 4c Tax

**FOURTH NIGHT**  
Concert.....New York Opera Singers  
Lecture....."Human Nature and Politics"  
Opie Read  
Admission 50c and 5c Tax  
Children 27c and 3c Tax

**FIFTH NIGHT**  
Gilbert and Sullivan's Famous Opera  
"H. M. S. Pinafore"  
Special Scenic and Lighting Effects  
Admission \$1.00 and 10c Tax  
Children 50c and 5c Tax

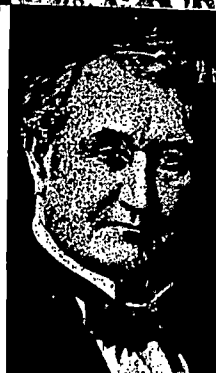
**SIXTH NIGHT**  
Delightful American Comedy  
"Nothing But The Truth"  
Admission \$1.00 and 10c Tax  
Children 50c and 5c Tax

**SEVENTH NIGHT**  
Concert.....Swiss Singers and Yodlers  
Lecture....."Human Efficiency"  
Ralph Parlette  
Admission 50c and 5c Tax  
Children 27c and 3c Tax

(Kimball Pianos Used)



**ROLLICKING COMEDY—NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH**



*DeLuxe*  
**Redpath**  
**Chautauqua**  
**7 Big Days**

Louisville, Ky.  
July 10 to 17



**FAMOUS LIGHT OPERA—PINAFORE**



**RALPH  
PARLETTE**

"Human Efficiency" will be the topic of Ralph Parlette, lecturer, writer, and editor of the Lyceum Magazine. He will speak on the last night.



**DR. CAROLYN  
E. GEISEL**

Dr. Carolyn E. Geisel is known as "An Apostle of Health." She will lecture on "How to be Young at 70 or old at 40."



**HENRY A.  
ADRIAN**

Henry A. Adrian is known as "The Burbank Man." He tells of Luther Burbank, the plant wizard, and the wonders accomplished by him.



**DONALD H.  
MCGIBENY**

"Modern Unrest" is the theme of Donald H. McGibeny. He is a widely-known writer, lecturer and traveler. He knows his subject thoroughly.



**HON. C. G.  
JORDAN**

Charles G. Jordan lectures on the place of the farm in modern life. Everyone should hear him discuss this exceptionally important problem.



**DR. H. E.  
ROMPEL**

Dr. Henry E. Rompel is a powerful inspirational speaker. He will lecture on "Facing the Task," an address on the great topics of today.



**OPIE  
READ**

Opie Read, noted novelist and writer, will give his latest lecture, "Human Nature and Politics." He will appear on the fourth night.



**V. S.  
WATKINS**

V. S. Watkins is well known as a popular dramatic reader. He will appear on the second afternoon of the Chautauqua.



**SIBYL SAMMIS  
SINGERS**

The Sibyl Sammis Singers are a vocal quartet organized by Sibyl Sammis MacDermid of Chicago. Costumed sketches will be a feature of the program.



**EMERSON WILLIAMS  
COMPANY**

This Company is composed of Emerson Williams, baritone and Jean MacNeil, contralto. They delight their audience with popular Scotch songs given in highland costumes.



**NEW YORK OPERA  
SINGERS**

The New York Opera Singers present light opera and standard opera selections, also concert selections. A mixed quartet and pianist compose this company.



**SWISS YODLERS**

The Yodlers appear in native costumes. They sing the mountain songs of their native Switzerland and give a concert which will be long remembered.



**LOUISE STALLINGS**

Louise Stallings is a lyric mezzo-soprano of unusual attainments. Her voice is of beautiful quality and is brilliant without sacrifice of warmth.

## FAMOUS LIGHT OPERA "PINAFORE"



A feature of the Chautauqua will be the presentation of a complete production of the famous Gilbert and Sullivan light opera, "Pinafore," with special lighting and scenic effects, the scenery having been built especially for the Redpath production by Sosman & Landis, noted scenic artists of Chicago. Pinafore will be given on the fifth night.

## ROLICKING COMEDY "NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH"



"Nothing But The Truth" is one of the most widely known comedy successes. As a novel it was read by millions of people and later as a play it ran for more than a season on Broadway. It is the ingenious, entertaining story of a young society idler who wagers that he can tell the absolute truth for one whole day—24 hours of veracity on a wager.

And so sometimes, a word - a name

Bromwell didn't get any farther. Eddie began crying and called his father who was on Bromwell's porch next door. His mother told him to come over there so he said he was afraid. Jim Tom took him home.

July 11, 1920  
Friday afternoon I gave a little swimming party for Mary Louise. We went up to the pool at half-past two but we didn't go in till three o'clock because Mother had the money and she didn't come until then. We had a lovely time in the pool but we didn't stay in but an hour and fifteen minutes. Lois Gray carried me

Kindles dull embers into flame.

around on her back. Once she said she was going to duck me and she said, One, two, three, go! and she went under and I didn't. Daddy took us home in the car and he had to make three trips.

We sat on the porch for a while and then had cream and cake.

They all went home at about half-past five  
July 10. 1920.

We went to the Shaw  
Tanager <sup>yesterday</sup> this afternoon.  
Last night we went to Evelyn Moore's rock party.  
It was given in



Then trace the trivial round of things,

honor of Betty Bruce Van  
entwines.

We had a perfectly lovely  
time. Russel Crookston  
was my first partner  
and Billy Borups was  
my second, third, and  
fourth.

We got home at about  
half past eleven and  
Daddy and I took a  
walk.

I have been up here at  
Christine's ever since  
church was out and I  
had dinner. We went  
riding this afternoon and  
then went to the Chau-  
tangua. Dr. Lowery, lecturer  
the Christian minister  
prayed for about fifteen min.

The work, the play, the happenings

and the Crescent Hill  
Choral Club sang.

I am going to spend the  
night with Christine to-  
night.

We got out of the Chau-  
tangua a little before  
it ended and went to  
the park and saw  
before the others came out.

July 24,

1920.

The Chautauqua has  
been over for a week.

Elizabeth McDonald  
from Eminence came up  
here the Wednesday be-  
fore the Chautauqua ended  
and stayed three days.

We didn't do anything

That are the wings of Childhood's Day,

special except go to the  
Changataa and one after-  
noon we went swimming.  
I have been in swim-  
ming almost every day  
but not to-day. There  
was a swimming con-  
test up at the pool this  
afternoon. I went up and  
watched it for a while  
but it began to rain  
so I came on home. As  
I got on the car the rain  
just came down into-  
rents. I had Mother's  
parasol & the sun had been  
shining and I didn't  
get so wet as I would

On which it takes swift flight away.

have without it. When  
I got home I was just  
sopping wet, shoes, stock-  
ing dress and everything.  
I have been taking  
Betty Lemons little baby  
out in her carriage every  
day this week and some-  
times several times a  
day. I consider myself  
very fortunate to get a  
baby any time I want  
it. I always have  
loved babies, even when  
I was one myself. When  
I was about two years

Not that these garden paths are best,

oh, I thought I was old enough to carry babies around! The other day I had been rolling Betty around in the hot sun and I took her back to the house because it was time for her bottle. She took it in her buggy and Mrs. Lemon and I were standing there waiting for her to finish when all of a sudden I felt sick and then everything was a blur and I "faint & dead away!" Mrs. Lemon and Lillian

Each age in its own way is blessed.

helped me up on the porch in the swing and I got alright in a few minutes, but of course I didn't feel as good as before.

August 9 - Monday - 1920.

Little Diary, I haven't written in you since July and now it is August. Isn't that disgraceful! I know you feel neglected.

I haven't done anything except go swimming, take Betty Lemon out for a picture show, and

If we to leave the flowers are loath,

May Louise spent Sunday  
a week ago over here and  
went home Thursday.

Laura Martin spent Thurs-  
day night with me and  
Friday night with her  
cousin. She has a diary  
just like yours dear.

August Monday. 1920.

Little diary, do you know  
where you and I are? We're  
in Winona Lake Ind.

I started to write in you  
a good many times but  
didn't have any ink and  
I didn't want to write  
in pencil. This is even

We miss the fruitage and the growth.

a different color than the  
other isn't it. I have three  
colors of ink in here. Pur-  
ple, dark blue, and light  
blue. Both the blues are  
supposed to be blue-  
black, but they don't  
look much like it.

Mother and Daddy have  
gone to a meeting. I don't  
know where Jim Tom is.

There is a Bible conference  
here and that is the main  
reason Mother wanted to  
come. We didn't even  
know we were coming  
till Sunday a week ago.

Who clings to first-learned paths and sights

and we started up here  
Wednesday. We only had  
to days to have the washing  
done, go shopping and pack  
our clothes in. We got  
up here Thursday afternoon  
at three o'clock. We spent  
the night in Noblesville,  
the same place we stayed  
last year.

The first thing I did  
when we arrived was  
to get ready to go swim-  
ming. I was in the lake  
before we were here and  
how Jim Tom and I  
went in together.  
It isn't nearly as

Will never scale the beckoning heights.

much fun to go in the  
lake as it is in the swim-  
ming pool. Maybe that's  
because I didn't know  
anyone in there. I knew  
Jim Tom, of course, but  
he goes up on the float  
and dives with the boys.  
There is a sliding board  
up on the float and I  
was going to jump  
up on the float and  
I jumped up with all  
my force against a  
board and hurt my  
side pretty bad. I



Who says that Youth is best, says wrong.

didn't stop hurting all day and it was as sore as a boil until today. It is still very sore and hurts if I touch it but it is very much better. I haven't been in swimming since and don't expect to till I get home. Miss

Miss Christine Brown, the daughter of the people we stayed with last year is the guardian of a Camp Fire Girls Organization. She showed me her ceremonial gown and her

True, 'tis the time of fest and song,

looks on Camp Fire and the bead-head-band that she made and got me so interested in the camp fire that I made up my mind then and there to organize a Camp Fire as soon as I got home. She loaned me her beadwork loom and showed me how to make a bead-necklace. It's lots of fun to do beadwork and I've always wondered how you do it. I started my necklace this afternoon and am

A golden Age, and good forsooth,

almost through with it.  
I got a book for myself  
up at the Art Shop to-  
night and to-morrow  
I'm going to start on  
my headband if I  
chose my symbol in  
time, because we're  
going to start home  
day after to-morrow.  
I just wrote a letter  
to the Camp Fire Out-  
fitting Co. and asked  
them to send me  
an Indian Name Book,  
a Symbol Book, a new  
Revised Manual, and a

But only garden-views bath Mouth.

song book.

Jim Tom just came home  
and is begging me to  
let him do some beadwork.  
Good night, little diary  
I'm getting sleepy.  
Pleasant dreams!

October 12-Tuesday-1920.

I have been going to  
school for over a month  
and I haven't written  
in my little diary,  
since I was in Winona  
Lake. I go to George  
Rogers' School.

Better the time when through its gate

now and I like it much  
better than summer child  
because I'm independent-  
mental. The other school  
is best but I like the  
work better up here.

Today was Columbus  
day and we had a  
holiday! (Thank goodness)  
but to-morrow I have  
to go back again.

We went up to Shelby-  
ville today and spent  
the day with Cousin  
Walker and Cousin Mattie

One passes on to man's estate,

Daniel. We got home  
about seven o'clock  
and it is half past  
nine, now.

Tuesday Feb 2 - 1921.

It has been al-  
most four months  
since I have written  
in this diary!

We were promoted  
last week at school  
and I am in 7A now.  
Jeanie and Christine

And from its mountains sees unrolled

have just started to George Rogers Clark School. They were at Cornet Field. There were about ten children in their class who took extra work and came up to G.R.C. a term ahead of time. I haven't gotten half my lesson and it is almost nine o'clock &

Life's wider visions, manifold.

had a lot more than usual to - night. I am so glad we have a different assembly teacher now. I wasn't crazy about the other one and anyhow, I love changes.

Well, I must stop now and get my lessons.

Thursday Feb 3-1921.

We had lots of fun yesterday and I

Yet happy they whose hearts hold fast

we played Hare and  
hound. Margaret  
Harmon and Billy  
Bogue were against  
Jeanie and Chris-  
tine and myself.  
They never did find  
us so we went  
back and found  
them. There was  
a crowd of boys  
on Birchwood when  
we came back so  
we played Hare and  
hound with them.

The memories of a golden past;

the rest of the after-  
noon, the girls -  
against the boys.  
We had our outs  
first, so we over  
in Cherokee Park,  
and around Eastley.  
Just as we started  
up Galt hill we  
saw the boys run-  
ning as fast as they  
could. Then we  
had to run and  
hide the first place  
we came to. We  
all ran down the



Who bring from out that morning-time

a little thing full of  
mound. Jim Tom  
came up there and  
found us. They start  
off and had their  
bits from them. I  
had Russel Broadbent's  
watch and we  
had to wait five  
minutes. We went  
up the hill and  
found only one mark.  
Then we went  
all over Long Ave.  
saying to pick up

A morning freshness to their prime;

Judge the dog next  
door a little curdled  
pup was with us  
and we tried to put  
him on the trail  
but he didn't want  
to, so we went on.  
We finally picked  
up the trail on Bailey  
and caught them  
on Birchwood.  
When I went home  
I was so tired I  
went to bed at half-  
past eight + to rest.

Who carry on their pilgrimage

We went to the Library Club this afternoon. There are just fifteen in it and Miss Berryman the librarian is at the head of it. We always have fun. First we have the secretary and treasurer's report and then the new and old business and someone reads a paper on some artist (I have to next meeting).

A zest that time cannot assuage,

meeting is adjourned and we have the games and refreshments.

Sunday-March 6-1921.

I spent Friday night up at Henderson's. I woke up the next morning before anyone was up (they all sleep late) and began reading in bed.

After I had read a while, I heard a clanging of fire bells, coming nearer and nearer.

And find in those old scenes of cheer

Much to my surprise  
they came down Birch-  
wood. I got up started  
dressing quickly to see  
who's house it was.  
Irene awoke and  
called her. Mother  
who had just gone  
downstairs. I called  
her in my room  
and told her to  
dress right away and  
we would go to the fir-  
I was nearly dressed

New courage for each new, strange year,

when someone passing  
said it was my  
house. You may be  
sure I hurried still  
more then, and was  
at eight when I  
got through.

Billy Pogue and  
Louise Hadden came  
up to tell me to  
come on home. I had  
my skates up there  
and Billy put one  
on one of my feet and  
Louise on the other.

And like the bees, when they have stored

So many fire-engine  
had gone down the  
street that I thought  
that it was a big fire.  
When I got there the  
fire was out but I  
was trembling like  
a leaf. It just burnt  
my room and the  
attic and not a  
specie of furniture -  
There was a big crowd  
there and I watched  
the firemen tearing  
off the roof with them.

In wagen cells their honey-board,

Mother had been down  
in the kitchen and the  
door bell had rung  
and Loris had told  
her the house was  
a-fire. She ran up  
stairs and got Jim Tom  
out of bed and opened  
the attic door. She  
couldn't see a thing -  
the smoke was so  
black.

On the whole, much  
harm was not done.

Have wherewithal to fill their need.

Saturday April 28, 1921.  
It's been over a month  
since I've written in here.  
We've had a lot of  
improvements since  
the fire. A sleeping  
porch was built out  
from my room, and  
a great many other  
things. I'm out on the  
sleeping porch right  
now and I have to  
go to bed in a min-  
ute. It's ten o'clock  
and I was up late  
last night a whole

When flowerless lies the moor and mead.

crowd of girls on Birch  
wood went down to  
Macanby's to see the  
play. The seniors of the  
High School gave.  
It was "Daddy Long  
Legs." It was good and  
we enjoyed it but  
you could tell it  
was an amateur play.  
Last year the play  
the other class of  
seniors gave was  
"Merely Mary Ann." I  
didn't get to see it.



Then cell-like let each page be filled

but everyone who did  
said it couldn't be  
compared with this  
one. (I mean the other  
one was so much  
better) She star in  
the other one was just  
a born actress and  
she's going on the  
stage.

Tuesday March 10; 1921.

Well, Mam has  
come home at last.  
She has been here  
since April the 16<sup>th</sup>.

With something from these days distilled,

She and Aunt Clara  
go. <sup>to Florida</sup> there every winter  
and come home in  
the Spring. Aunt  
Clara didn't come  
though, and we were  
so disappointed. She's  
going to stay there in  
Florida all summer!

Mam started on the  
14<sup>th</sup> and arrived  
here two days later,  
on the 10:45 P. M. train.  
I didn't come  
into the station 'till

To think on when come days of dole,

about 11.30, though. We  
all went down in  
the car to meet her.  
My! but were glad  
to see her!

Yesterday we went  
to the rock quarry,  
Billy, Jeanie, Christine  
and myself. We go  
over there a good deal,  
and it's more fun.  
There's a sort of  
"raft" out there. It's  
just a long plank  
with another nailed

Those hoar-frost seasons of the soul.

To it in the middle.  
We push ourselves  
around in the water  
with ~~sticks~~ poles.

Billie was out on  
the raft when all  
of a sudden, she  
lost her balance  
and fell, right  
into the water! She  
was surprised but  
she fell down above  
her waist. The water

Say not thou hast not aught to board,

is only a foot or two deep but she certainly got a nice plunge. Virginia Reeves and Louise Warren had come over and just as Billy pulled herself onto a rock, Virginia slipped off a plank and fell in. She just splashed a few drops on her dress though, because

Even the weeds some sweets afford.

she was standing up. While Virginia was out there she waded the rest of the way to the raft and got on and took a ride. Billy and I put on our shoes and stockings and went home to get her some dry clothes. We went up the alley so no one saw us. After she dressed

What to thee now looks commonplace,

We came down home  
and made fudge,  
and then started back  
to the Rock quarry  
to get the others. We  
met them coming  
home. We were  
down on Tongue,  
when all of a sudden  
we saw a young  
cow coming toward  
us. Billy ran up  
the hill and Virginia  
ran across the creek  
and I stayed where  
I was. I walked

In time may wear a beautiful face.

up within two or  
three feet of her,  
and she lowered  
her horns a bit. I  
decided to back a  
little further. She  
wasn't really going  
to do anything be-  
cause she was fairly  
gentle. Jane Barker  
and Martha Lucas  
came along and the  
cow went into  
Borris lot. Martha

It may seem naught, the firelight

and I am throw  
sticks at her (not  
trying to hit her)  
and all of a sudden  
she started after them  
Everybody ran but  
the cow stopped. We  
tried to make her  
chase us again  
but she didn't pay  
any more attention  
to us.

Which shines upon the hearth tonight,

Monday-June 10, 1921.

Well! School's  
out at last and  
the swimming pool  
has opened. School  
let out last Thurs-  
day and the swim-  
ming pool opened  
Saturday. It seems  
at least 2 weeks  
since we were back  
in school.

I went in swimming  
to-day and we had



Yet if upon this page is laid

a lovely time, but  
then, we always do,  
in swimming.

Mr. Creelius took  
Louise and Margaret  
Honey and myself  
up there to-night  
& watch them.

I wish I'd write in  
here every day, but  
I don't think about  
it.

The record of the games thou'st played,

Monday-July 4 - 1921.

Saturday afternoon  
I was invited to Dorothy  
Wesley's house  
party and I am  
over there now.

Dorothy is Louise  
Warren's cousin  
and she's giving  
the party for Louise  
and I was invited.  
I just met her  
one Sunday after-  
noon when she  
came over to house.  
We were the first

The neighbor's name who came to call,—

ones to arrive. The third girl comes at 11 o'clock this morning and the other two come tomorrow.

We're not going to shoot off our fire works till tomorrow because we're going to wait till the others come.

They have a perfectly lovely home in Lewis Hills, Ind. near

The story read aloud to all—

New Albany. There are fourteen acres altogether in their property. They have a swimming pool in their yard. It's perfectly lovely. They have a big bar and two croquet sets and everything imaginable.

Dorothy has a beautiful set of furniture of old

No other touches needst thou give

ivory. They have two pictrolas, one in the parlor and one in Dorothy's room.

We're going in swimming ~~day~~ room as Dorothy Baddwin comes

Wednesday - July 6, 1921

Well, dear, every one is here and up & going - home to-morrow. We've had the best time imaginable.

To make the whole home picture live.

Monday morning we went in swimming as soon as Dorothy B. came. The pool. It is 25' by 10' and from 4 to 6 ft. deep. That afternoon we went over to the camping grounds. Then we came home and saw everyone & fire worked - but our own. We went to bed at eleven and played tricks on each other.

'Twill rise up in thy heart sometime

The next morning  
we went swimming  
as soon as Elvior  
Bingford and Martha  
Stout came. Then  
we went in that  
afternoon. Then  
after dinner that  
night we went  
up stairs and dressed.  
We went down on  
the unfinished terrace  
court and sent  
off a small balloon.  
There we lots of  
people over here.

To warm thee in an alien clime.

and we lighted  
red lights and  
snakes etc. Then  
we all had lots  
of sparklers. They  
looked so pretty in  
the dusk. Paul  
Bullitt and Sam  
Hues were there  
and we sent off  
Roman candles.  
We finished our  
fire works and  
came in the house  
and Dorothy came

'Twill all come back - the fire's glow,

While her music teacher played.  
Dorothy plays the violin and she played it last night. We played the nectrola and did everything else. We had a grand time.

After the boys left we came upstairs and undressed, drank lemonade, and told ghost stories. Then we went

The old clock ticking sweet and slow,

to our rooms. Dorothy & Louise and I slept in Dorothy's room and Martha, Elmer, and Dorothy D. slept in the guest room. We threw shoes at them and they threw shoes at us. We threw pillows at them and they threw pillows at us.

We finally settled down after mid-



The cat upon the hearth-rug there,

night. We slept  
crosswise on the  
bed. We got up  
at eight thirty,  
put on our kimono  
and teddy bears and  
went down to the  
play house and put  
on our bathing  
suits and went in  
the pool. We stayed  
in a while and came  
in and ate break-  
fast and took pic-  
tures on our  
kimono and went

The lamp-light touching mother's hair,

swimming again  
I got out in half  
an hour ~~because~~ I  
have a cold and  
I put on my teddy  
bears and kimono  
again. I am here  
and some other  
boys came up then  
and they got up  
and we went into  
the play house.  
Dorothy finished  
first and she and  
I came up to H.

The darning basket by her side,

lived and passed  
the boys in our  
kimonos & teddy  
bears. Then the  
others came up and  
we went out to  
dry our hair. Then  
Dorothy and I  
came up to write  
in our diaries.

We take turns  
making candy,  
come over each  
day, and to see  
who can make

And father in the arm-chair wide.

the best. I had to  
make it Monday  
(I made fudge) and  
Louise made it  
yesterday (she made  
Dorothy fudge) and  
Dorothy B. makes  
it to-day.

We're going to  
Fontaine Ferry this  
afternoon (swimming  
again) and we're  
going to have a  
lovely time.

Once more thou'lt feel the old room's calm.

Sunday, Nov. 16, 1921.

I haven't written in here since I was at Dorothy Eldby's house party and here it is November and I've been going to school over two months.

Loads of things have happened since then and I don't know where to begin. The most important thing was our trip to Washi-

Its atmosphere of peace and balm,

ington this summer. I took a note book for a diary from which I was going to copy the record of my trip into here.

One thing that happened just after we left for Washington was such an unfortunate occurrence. Albert Robertson,

Then thou canst say, "Life still is good,

Daddy's nephew  
who lived with  
us a few years and  
then moved (with  
his mother) to Texas  
to live, came here  
the very night  
after we left and  
found us gone.  
He didn't know  
we were going away  
and he wanted to  
surprise us. Oh,  
it was such a  
disappointment.

And all its ills may be withstood,

Especially since we  
haven't seen him  
for five or six years.  
He couldn't stay  
till we got back  
and we didn't  
know he'd been here  
till we returned  
from our trip.

Because it gave me at the start

This talisman within my heart."

I'm going to begin  
copying my record  
now

Dayton, Ohio.  
Tues. Aug. 9, 1921.

I guess you're wonder-  
ing how I got in  
Dayton, aren't you,  
Mary?

Well I'll explain:-

Mr. Clark had  
dinner with us Sun-  
day before last. Mrs.  
Clark and Christine  
were in Washington.



Does this page tell of rainy days?

D.C. They all went up there in their Pierce-Arrow on their vacation. Mr. Clark was telling us how they enjoyed the trip and Washington, and it suddenly came over us that we might go there on our vacation in our Dodge.

We didn't know for sure whether we could come or not until Sunday night and we started this morning at twenty minutes of eight and

Corn-popping times and attic plays?

arrived in Dayton at about 8 P. M. It is about 200 miles from Louisville to Dayton.

At Carroton we took the ferry and crossed the Ohio. The Kentucky flows into the Ohio at this point. The difference in the color of these two rivers is very noticeable. The Kentucky is a distinct green (when compared with the Ohio) and the Ohio is a very sandy color. Where the rivers go together, even out in the middle you can see the difference very plainly because

Of hide-and-seek on cellar stairs?

they don't mix "well and  
you see a streak of  
green and a streak of  
brown.

When we arrived here in  
Dayton we drove and drove  
and drove, trying to find  
a hotel but we came  
thru several suburban  
towns. We got down  
town and asked someone  
to tell us of a good hotel  
and he said the "Miami"  
was best and one or two  
others but we finally  
came to the "Golden"  
which we liked very  
much. We couldn't get  
two adjoining rooms with  
a bath so we got one

Of circuses and jungle lairs?

large ~~room~~ with two  
double beds and a bath.  
Georgia packed our lunch  
and we had enough for  
supper so we ate that, as  
it was too much trouble  
to make our selves presentable  
to go to the the Cafe's <sup>a</sup> restau-  
rant. We want to go to  
bed early because we're  
tired and we want to get  
an early start to-morrow.

We may have to spend  
to-morrow night in the  
Alleghany mountains but  
we don't know where  
we'll be.

Good night diary,  
It's ten o'clock.

Or only of some quiet nook

Washington, D. C.  
Friday Aug. 12, 1926.

We' uactually here at last! We arrived last night after a 3 day trip. We spent our second night in Wheeling W. Va. then came on to Washington over the mountains. The first mountain was about 4 miles high, I don't know exactly. We came over 300 miles the last day and got in Washington at 9:30 P. M. It is about 100 miles from Louisville.

With apples and a story-book?

To Washington.

We drove around the city a while and finally got settled in a hotel, but we didn't get to bed till midnight, tired as we were.

Saturday Aug. 13.

Yesterday morning we went to the White House and saw the East Room and all that the public is allowed to see. It's perfectly beautiful! The East Room is furnished in white and gold. The chandeliers are

A word, a line will quite suffice

exquisite. There are 3 enormous ones made almost entirely of beautiful prism. The East Room is 40 feet wide, 82 feet long and 22 feet high. There are four carved mantels, surmounted with large mirrors. The decorations of the wall and ceiling are of white and gold. There's a beautiful gold piano (grand) which cost \$15,000 to make and was presented by a New York firm of piano makers. The window coverings are also of gold.

To bring such scenes back in a trice.

After seeing that, we went to the Executive Office, which is within the White House grounds, to see if we could be admitted to the Red, Green, and Blue rooms. We were given the card to admit us because Mr. Frank Russell wrote a letter to Mr. Christian asking that any courtesies that could be extended to Daday. Daday also asked if we could see the President and and was

To make thee feel a Rainy Day

told that there was a  
bare possibility, if we  
would be return at 1  
o'clock.

At eleven we were  
admitted into the inner  
rooms of the White Horse  
only down stairs of course  
then we went to the U. S.  
Treasury, had dinner  
and went back to the  
Executive to meet  
the president, which  
we did. Oh, diary, he's  
the kindest man and  
so strong looking!

Is but a Friend in bodden gray.

mean strong character.)  
He was so nice to us.  
We also met his dog,  
the kindest, friendliest,  
wonder! He is a great,  
big dog and I petted  
him on the head (and  
he laughed!) He was  
sitting on the sofa as  
if he were quite used  
to living with a presi-  
dent! His name is "Laddie  
Boy."

In the afternoon  
we went to the capitol,  
the zoo, and the  
monument and then  
night to the Corcoran.



A Friend who comes with dripping cloak,

sional library.

The elevator in the  
Monument is being  
repaired so ~~it~~ didn't  
go up. I don't  
know whether we  
will or not, because  
I know I'm not  
going up by myself  
and Daddy doesn't feel  
like going because he  
has a stiff knee and  
Mother doesn't feel  
like walking up it. She  
and Daddy have both  
been up twice, once they  
walked out the 15th.

To set the outer world a-soak,

rode, but they weren't  
together either time.  
Jim Tom said he  
didn't want to climb  
all those steps but  
I think he's scared.  
I am too, though,  
(I admitted it) but  
I hate to leave Wash-  
ington without going.

Monday night - Aug. 15, 1921.  
11 P. M.

Yesterday morning we  
went to the Central  
Baptist Church Be-  
cause we're Baptists.

That all the house-bound girls and boys

and also because President Harding goes there. He sent word he'd be there (so they could reserve his seat) but he wasn't because he got word that one of his friends was ill and he went to see him.

In the afternoon we went to Corcoran Art Gallery and then drove around the city just looking.

After that we had

May welcome him with gleeful noise.

Supper and went back to church.

This morning we wanted to get up early to see everything we hadn't seen because this is our last day in Washington.

We got up at eight o'clock (we're always late when we try to be early) left at nine for breakfast and then Daddy and Jim Tom went to get the machine.

Some day, some dreary day, when rain

while Mother and I  
waited in the restau-  
rant writing cards. We  
wrote and wrote (or  
rather Mother did)  
and waited and wait-  
ed. Jim Tom came  
back after a long time  
and told us to come  
on to the Garage. When  
we finally got started  
it was eleven thirty.

We went to the  
State War and Navy  
Building, the largest  
office building in the  
world. Then we went

Brings with its fall a sense of pain,

to the Bureau of En-  
graving and Printing  
where all the stamps  
and paper money is  
made. It was so  
interesting to see them  
make things! Our  
guide said there  
hadn't been a stamp  
lost in twenty <sup>four</sup> years!  
I asked her how any  
got lost before that  
period and she said  
she didn't know, that  
she wasn't old enough.

After we went there  
there Jim Tom, Laddy

How good 'twill be to turn and read

and I walked up the monument. It wasn't nearly as bad as I thought it would be because you couldn't see up or down unless you leaned over the banisters and even when I did that I didn't have a sinking feeling. I have a sinking feeling so easily that I didn't this trip. I wouldn't have missed it for anything if I'd known what it was like.

And find the laughter thou dost need.

Daddy and I took our own sweet time but Jim Tom ran ahead. He said he was glad he went but he wouldn't go again. I would. I'd go to-morrow if I were going to be here. It took Daddy and me exactly twenty minutes to walk up and fourteen and a half to come down, going slowly each way. Daddy held on to 1774 2 20 2 61 11

Perhaps upon this page will be

way. I think he was afraid I'd faint or something. I used to faint often. The monument is 555 feet high and has 900 steps in it. I think it's the highest work of masonry in the world.

When we came down my knee joints felt like they didn't want to work any longer.

We got a professional guide to show us what we hadn't seen.

The schoolmate's name best loved by thee.

We went to the Navy Yards first. We saw President Harding's private yacht, the Mayflower. We didn't know it was there or we'd have gotten a permit to go on it but it was too late. Then we drove around and saw ex president Wilson's home, and Hoover's and many others. We went to



The one who shares thy sports and schemes,

the Lincoln Memorial  
which is not quite  
complete. It is the  
most expensive  
thing ever erected in  
the honor of one  
man, the price being  
\$2,500,000.

After awhile we dis-  
missed the guide,  
had supper and went  
to some souvenir  
stores. I got a ring,  
some books, etc. and  
Mother got some carved  
ivory beads. We went  
to the Congress

The one who dreams with thee thy dreams.

Library again. It is  
the most beautiful  
building in the world.  
We're going to  
start home early in  
the morning so  
goodnight, diary, it's  
twelve o'clock.

Or, "After school we sat awhile,

Talking together on the stile."

7:30 P. M.

Monday - Jan. 30 - 1922.

It's been so long since I've written in here except to record my Washington trips that I don't know when to begin unless I do for its - day and this last week or two.

Rosalind Wilson has been staying nearly two weeks because her mother has been very ill.

That sentence like a narrow frame

and the doctor and  
trained nurse haven't  
had very much  
hope for her, lately.  
Last night Jim Tom  
Rosalia, and myself  
had been back  
from the B. Y. P. W.  
a little while when  
Vallie Wilson came  
to get Mother and  
Daddy because his  
Mother was worse.  
Mother and Daddy  
were up at church  
and so the boys went  
up there after the nurse

Will hold the picture thou dost name.

They came home at  
about eleven o'clock  
and had undressed  
when there was a  
very insistent knock  
at the door. Mother  
and Daddy went  
down, while Rosalia  
and I listened in  
suspense. I didn't  
hear anything but  
"gone", but Mother  
told me to-day that  
she said, "Mrs Wilson  
is gone", and then  
ran back to the  
machine which

'Twill all come back — that trusting glance

was waiting for her  
mother and Daddy  
dressed and went  
over immediately, but  
they didn't tell us  
she was dead.

Rosalina said (after  
Daddy'd gone) that she  
thought God wanted  
her mother and took  
her home. We weren't  
sure that she really  
had passed away  
but we thought she  
was going.

We both cried a long  
time but finally got  
to sleep about 1 o'clock.

Met under every circumstance,

This morning be-  
fore I was awake,  
Rosalina called 'mother  
but mother just could  
n't answer.

Then I woke up  
when Rosalina asked  
mother if she'd pas-  
sed away and mother  
said yes. Then we  
all cried and cried.  
I went to school  
and so did Jim  
Tom because there  
was nothing we  
could do.

The funeral was

The hand out-stretched to share with thee,

at 2 o'clock to -  
morrow. I'm going  
to try to be excused  
from school to -  
morrow and come  
to it.

Mother went to  
bed at seven o'clock  
because she had a  
very severe headache  
and was just worn  
out. She didn't get  
home from Cousin  
Mother's till 3 o'clock  
this morning so  
she got very little sleep.

The heart so quick to bear with thee,

sleep

Tuesday March 14 - 1922

I & a pity I can't  
write in here regu-  
larly, isn't it? But  
it doesn't seem as  
if I can. I'm on  
the floor in the din-  
ing room before the  
fire drying my hair.  
Mother has gone to a  
teachers' meeting at  
church, Daddy is out  
of town, Jim Tom. has  
gone in the machine  
to take the people  
to church, thus



The sweet unselfishness which asks

only a few going, I be-  
cause it is raining  
(and been raining  
all afternoon) puppy  
cats and pussy-blogs  
outside. Louise and  
I took an express  
lesson this afternoon  
and I had just put  
on low shoes and  
silk stockings  
and my shoes had  
holes in them and  
the sidewalks were  
almost rivers and of  
course in a wet street.  
When we got on the

The heaviest loads, the hardest tasks.

Car at Second Street  
we couldn't get as  
far as the money  
box (or whatever  
you call it) because  
it was so crowded.  
When we got off at  
Birchwood and came  
down the water  
was two and three  
inches deep all across  
the sidewalks in lots  
of places. It was aw-  
ful. I could feel  
the water splash up  
and down in my

A friendship strong and staunch and true,

shoo.

Oh by the way, Rose-  
lind Wilson lives with  
the Seigers on Kenne-  
dy Ct. and has every-  
thing almost, that  
she wants. The  
Seigers are lovely  
people and Rosalind  
has known them  
ever so long, and  
felt more at home  
there than any place  
else. Kent lives with  
the Bowmans. He  
has a lovely time

That like the giant oak-tree grew,

with their wireless.  
Wallie lives with  
Dean McCreedy, a  
bachelor. His house  
keeper's name is  
Mrs. Wilson and it  
seems that she and  
Wallie have dug up  
a relationship. Wallie  
says they get nearer  
kin every day. All  
three of them have  
lovely homes and  
are very happy.  
Our class (fay)  
has been studying

Adding each year a larger ring,

marionettes in English.  
We had to write  
theses on the his-  
tory of marionettes. I  
got 6" and a few  
others got 6" and  
6+." All the papers  
were sent in.

Miss Mason came  
into our room to-  
day and said "Well,  
children, I'm glad  
I've got good news  
instead of bad. They  
sent in the best."

In wide and wider circling.

the children who  
had the best theses.  
They are: Elizabeth  
Cramer, Clara Louise  
Robertson, Mary Murky,  
Jen Shaw, and Nancy  
Murky." Well! I was  
surprised I nearly  
fell over. Miss  
Mason said they sent  
us free tickets to the  
Marionettes show at  
Macaulay's to-morrow.  
Wasn't that lovely.

Though other friends prove broken reeds,

of them? We're to be  
down town at Macaul-  
ley's at two-thirty and  
the show begins at  
three. I wonder  
why they want us a  
half an hour early.  
Wouldn't it be won-  
derful if we were to  
meet Tony Sarg?  
I'll say!

Mother got tickets  
this morning before  
she knew I got one  
for Mrs. Leigh, Rosa-

And fall thee in thy later needs,

kind Virginia Hawkins  
myself and herself.  
But she made a  
mistake and only  
got four which is  
very fortunate be-  
cause I had one to  
make five.

Well I have to  
get my lessons it's  
nearly 9 o'clock.

Sunday March 19, 1922

Well I went to the  
Marionette Club

Still this one friendship, strong and deep

Wednesday. It was splendid. After it was over the manager came out and brought a marionette and showed us how to work it. We're going to give the "Pied Piper of Hamelin" at school with home-made marionettes on the night they have the Parent-Teacher Association at school.

The Junior Dramatic Club of the Conservatory gave three plays

Thy faith in human-kind shall keep,

at the Main Library yesterday. It was hard because the stage is very small, has no curtains and we were very crowded. We gave "The Three Wishes" (I was Lizette, Billy Pogue was Uncle, my husband, and Louise Warren was the fairy). Lina Beards (Martha Mc Dill's the husband, and Marjorie Hester).



And make thee for its old dear sake

wife ~~and~~ and The  
House of the Heart ("I  
was Lady Gossip")

The Senior Dramatic  
Club is going to give  
Robin Hood at the Y. W.  
C. A. Next month and  
some of the Jr. Dra-  
ma girls are going to  
be foresters, while I'm  
going Jennie, the maid.  
We're to have real  
scenery, and charge  
fifty cents admission!  
so it has to be good.

Many a venture undertake.

Mother's going to have  
the Story-Tellers Club  
here to-morrow and  
Louise Warren is going  
to have a 500 party.  
Mother needs me  
to help serve and  
Louise needs me to  
make it even. Which  
will I do? I suppose  
I'll help Mother.

May 1, 1922. - Well I  
didn't even see Mother's  
company I went to  
Louise's.

The measure friendship sets for thee,

May 1, 1922. Monday.

Loads of interesting things have happened but I haven't written in here for a long time. I remember thinking about writing in here and then not doing it.

Every time I write in here I write differently, either smaller or larger, backhand or front, but every time different. It makes it look so very neat.

Mam has come home. She arrived about the thirtieth of April. 1922.

That stature thou wilt try to be.

Aunt Clara didn't come. She is going to stay there all summer.

Cousin Annie Offutt was here yesterday for dinner. She has just come back from Washington and New York. The Daughters of the Revolution I'm one met in Washington and she was sent as a delegate.

She went all thru the first floor of the White House just as we did and met Mr.

Thy soul to larger garments fit

and Mrs. Harding. She was so busy looking at Mrs. Harding that she didn't hear what Mr. Harding said to her.

All the women went out to Mt Vernon where the French General Joffree planted a tree in memory of Lafayette. Cousin Annie stood within a few feet of him. He couldn't say a word of English and what he said had to be translated.

Because thy friend expected it.

The General laid a wreath on the bed in Lafayette's room.

Cousin Annie said she had a beautiful time and that it was about the most thrilling experience of her life.

Thursday, May 4, 1922

Mother called me just at the finish of that last sentence and I don't know what else I was going to say.

And oft that thought will be the spur

I've just been reading "Georgia's Service Stars" again and it inspired me to write in here. Nothing thrilling happens to me, though like things did to her.

But such is life. Mother took Virginia Cousins and me to the Players Club play Monday night. They were splendid. The first one was "The Last Days of Pompeii" I've forgotten so I'll fill in another one, the second was "Woman's Honor".

To make thee rise a Conqueror.

comedy, and the third, "The Monkey's Paw." They were all good but the last was the scariest, spookiest, creepiest, thing imaginable, but I don't believe it was quite as bad as "The Bat." But they're both "Some Thrillers!" I'll say! Virginia wept buckets during the play and she had to borrow a handkerchief from me (she forgot her own).

What is this book most like unto?

I didn't cry during it, though my eyes kinda watered. But as we were going down the steps Virginia fell against a man, and nearly knocked him down, while saving herself. The man laughed and so did the rest of us. I nearly had hysterics. It was awful! I never laughed so hard in my life! Since I hadn't tried during the play.

A thousand symbols rise in view,

nerve were keyed up to the highest pitch and when Virginia fell, they snapped, then broke. I laughed all the way out fourth st., and all the way home on the street car, all the way down Birchwood, and after I got in bed. Mother was so ashamed coming up on the car but I could not help it.

Virginia and I have to go down to



A thousand similes there be

The Conservatory almost every day to practise for "Sherwood." I'm Oberon, King of the fairies and Virginia is Titania, my queen.

We went yesterday and she said we didn't have to come till Saturday, again, much to our joy.

Tuesday was Mother's birthday, May 2nd.

Dim Tom gave her a pair of black and stockings and I gave her a pair of brown ones and a perfume

To say "this page is likest me."

spray. Mam is going to give her a dress, Georgia gave her a beautiful cake, and Daddy hasn't given her anything yet because he's away.

He's been away and then came back Monday night. He didn't have time to get anything Tuesday because he was terribly busy, and then he went away again.

It is a desert blank, where yet

Tuesday, June 27, 1922.  
Millions of things  
have happened since  
I've written in here.  
First - I graduated  
from the Ward  
Schools! and I've  
been out of school  
since June 14!

I wore a white organ  
die and ~~the~~ corsage of  
roses and sweet peas.  
The program con-  
sisted of a couple of  
songs, the class

No caravan its track has set,

Prophecies, Class Will  
and a class song.

The prophecy for  
me was: "If you  
want to see Clara  
Louise Robertson this  
year

Go to the big tent  
when the Chau-  
taqua comes here!"

I think it's dumb.

That afternoon  
I had my picture  
taken in my dress  
and flowers.

But where thou plantest, mile by mile,

The next day went  
on the Conservatory  
Picnic to Fern Grove  
with Mrs. Flynt, &  
Martha Nell, Mrs.  
Maloney & Virginia,  
and Edna Edinger.  
We had lots of  
fun, and the things  
we got at the fish  
pond etc. were  
simply killing!

The next day the  
all said Judge was

Pains to return to after while.

sick, when I called  
him over. He thought  
someone had  
poisoned him.  
The poor little dog  
looked so pitiful.  
He could hardly  
walk and when  
he lay down he  
has to do it so  
slowly! I went in  
the house and just  
cried!

That night it  
was Friday

Here an oasis, there a well,

telephone rang and  
Mother answered it.  
Someone asked for  
Mr. Robertson and  
Mother told her  
that he was out  
of town.

Mother asked who  
it was and she  
said that it was  
Elizabeth Simmon  
from  
and that she was  
going to V. M. L. and  
had missed her.

The story of thy passing tell.

Now she said that  
her father told her  
that if any thing  
happened in town  
to call on Mr.  
Robertson and he'd  
take care of her.  
Well, Mother told  
her to come right  
on out here, so  
she got a taxi and  
came.

She's a darling  
and so pretty.

Happy the pilgrim, backward borne,

She told us all  
about meeting Ro-  
dolph Valentino  
and other things.  
After lunch the  
next day Jim Tom  
and Elizabeth  
and Gerald Ham-  
mock and I went  
riding. We drove  
out the River Road  
and then decided  
to go out to the  
aviation field where

To wells like these when travel-worn,

an Areal Circus was  
going on.

We went out there  
and met Ed Ham-  
and Bob — (?)  
who told us about  
an airplane which  
had an accident,  
killing two men.

After a while  
we drove all the way  
Cherokee Park.  
Jim Tom doesn't  
know all the  
~~places~~ roads.



Who slips his sandals at their brink,

so Gerald directed  
him. We turned  
out at the same  
place lots of times.  
I began to get  
cool so Gerald and  
I, sitting on the  
back seat used  
the seat cover for  
our cover.

When we got back  
we took Elizabeth  
to the train, and  
when we got back

And stoops his weary head to drink.

from these Mothers  
asked Mrs. Ham-  
mock how Judge  
was. She said that  
he <sup>was</sup> so sick  
that ~~he~~ <sup>they</sup> had to  
shoot him. I  
went upstairs and  
nearly cried my  
eyes out. He was  
the dearest, darling-  
est, most adorable  
and intelligent  
dog, I ever saw &  
I loved him as

Refreshed he rises from their spell,

—, well it's just impossible to tell how much.

~~Last~~ Tuesday I went to Lexington with Daddy and some men on business and Friday I went on the annual Sunday School Picnic to Fern Grove with the Lemon and Hawkins - Mrs.

So strange is Memory's miracle!

Ferguson, Virginia and I climbed Devil's Back Bone and had lots of fun.

August 12, Wednesday

I've just been looking thru this book and it certainly is a maze.

2 + clearances - 100

Friday night I had a dream that

Or 'tis a ship, and every page

best time of my life.  
I suggested that  
we take Miss Ruth  
Hammock for a lit-  
tle ride, so Jim Tom  
and Ruth (she's Ham-  
mock's cousin and  
visiting them. I call  
her "Miss," but it's  
too much trouble  
to do it here. Heald  
22 and she's older  
than he.)  
I realize that  
this is dreadfully  
messy & up but I

A harbor for brief anchorage.

can't help it.  
~~to~~ Jim Tom, Ruth  
Heald and I started  
out. Daddy and  
Mother expected  
us to be gone a  
bout a half hour.  
We went out on  
the River Road  
~~when~~ ~~we~~ and  
were driving along  
when Heald  
said he wanted  
to speak to Pete.  
I'm in a hurry to go home.

Wherein to take on cargoes rare

have a camp on the  
river. So we stopped  
and went down on  
their private beach  
but Pete wasn't  
there. Anyway we  
sat down a while  
and talked to Mr.  
and Mrs. Dennis  
and watched the  
swimmers.

Finally Jim Tom  
and Gerald took  
us out in their  
canoe. It was  
wonderful!!

From treasure ports of Everywhere.

The moon was up  
beautifully and it's  
always been one  
of my greatest de-  
sires to go on the  
river in the moon-  
light and a canoe.  
They rowed us  
over to Edgewater  
Gardens and we  
sat outside and  
listened to the  
moon.

Pete was over  
there and we

But all these metaphors we bring

brought him  
home (I mean back  
to camp) with us. Then  
Jim Tom and Ger-  
ald went out in  
the canoe and  
Pete took Ruth and  
myself out in the  
rowboat.

Ruth and I  
thought Jim Tom  
and Gerald were  
going to stay with  
us but we soon  
learned that they

Are beads upon a single string.

Pete taught me  
how to row, it  
lots of fun. I never  
did like Pete's  
mis but I wanted  
to go so bad that  
I went anyway.

We got off out of  
Six Mile Island  
and looked around.  
Then we rowed  
a while longer and  
went over to Edge  
water again.

It is a beautiful place.



One thought runs through them all, as leads

us to Harry—  
(I've forgotten his  
last name but Pete  
called him Harry)  
a cartoonist.

We stayed there  
and talked a good  
while, looking  
for J. I. And I  
every minute.  
Pete said they  
had gone way  
up the river.  
Finally I told

One thread through all a rosary's beads.

Came down the  
bank at Edgewater  
to take us home.  
They had been  
at Camp waiting  
for us about an  
hour.

We came right  
home then and  
came so fast  
that we kept on  
the lookout for  
cops.  
We got home

Whether we call this little tome

at ~~stark~~ past ten.  
We'd been gone  
about three hours  
he, but Daddy  
was mad, especially  
when he found  
out that we'd been  
out on the river  
in a carro with  
Pete Dennis at  
night!

He'd been afraid  
the machine  
broke down or

A sun-dial or a honey-comb,

something had  
happened. Anyway, I'll  
never cease to  
be glad I went.

We went down  
to Fontaine Ferry  
night before last  
to see <sup>my</sup> Martha!  
It was awfully  
good, but I like  
plays better  
than opera.

A green oasis or a trail,

Friday Aug. 18, 1922.

Last Thursday Saturday drove home with a Liberty car. I was so surprised and thrilled I didn't know what to do. It's awfully good looking.

Thursday night Gerald had his orchestra there to try practice. They invited Jim

Or treasure-ship to Age set sail,

Jim Tom and me to come over and listen to the music. We took a ride in the new car first and then came home dressed and went over at about nine o'clock. The orchestra has two saxophones, one violin, a bass, drums and piano. It was so good. There were many

It makes no difference. They all

there who came up  
to see if the orchestra  
was good enough  
to play for the  
radio and it is.  
I don't know  
when they'll do  
it, though.

Friday morning  
I got up early to  
go down town with  
Daddy in the car.  
He's on his vacation  
and he took me

Serve the same purpose to recall.

Torn down. I sat  
out in front of  
the bank, while  
Daddy went in to  
attend to some  
business for  
about three hours.  
I had a book,  
though, so I didn't  
mind much.  
We did a few  
things in town,  
and then started  
home and then

The purpose that in each heart dwells,

remembered that  
we were to meet  
a train. so we  
went back down  
town and they  
didn't come. (The  
Atkinsons and  
Roberta Cook).

They came in a  
bout nine o'clock  
that night and  
spent the night  
with us.

They left the next  
morning, and

To wreathe glad hours with immortelles.

after awhile Mother  
Daddy and I  
went to Lexington.

Jan. 2, 1923. Tuesday.

I put 1922 before  
I noticed, and I  
was thinking about  
it being the next  
year, too.

I've done about  
a million things  
since I wrote here  
last.

We went to Lexington.



Think not the task a useless one.

ton, Georgetown, and  
then Mother, Lucile  
Woolfolk, Ellen White,  
Nelle Hunt, and I  
went to Camp Chelan.  
Oh, the good times  
we had! There  
were eight in our  
tent; Mother, Nelle,  
Lucile, Ellen, I, and  
McCorkhill, Anne  
Green and I. We  
went swimming  
three times a day,  
including the morn-  
ing dip. There

Ask not what boots it when all's done.

was always some-  
thing to do. I think  
the schedule for  
the day was: to get  
up about six-thirty,  
dress, have ~~break~~  
raising eat break-  
fast, have inspection,  
shady nook swim-  
ming, lunch,  
read hour, swim-  
ming, 

---

supper, and then  
we had a program.  
One night was  
stunt night. 1278

For treasure in the memory stored

initiation night (we had a bare-foot hike and I nearly expired!) water-carnival etc. I can't think of all of them now.

We went to West Baden after we came home, and I certainly did have a good time. School started as soon as we got home (that sounds like school waited

Is not a miser's selfish board.

until we got home to start doesn't it? But it didn't! I started to High School.

Mother and Dad took ~~us~~ Dad Mc Corkhill and me down the first day.

My teachers are: Miss Cottlin for Latin (oh, how mean she is!) Miss Allen for English, Miss Trull

Not coin to count while others sleep.

for General Science,  
and Miss Gregory  
for Algebra.

I have to go to  
school to-morrow  
and I think we  
get our schedule  
for next term  
arranged then.  
Oh, how I hope  
I get Miss Trol  
and do not get  
Miss Collins.  
Well, it remains  
to be seen.

Not gold o'er which close guard to keep.

I've had a lot of  
fun during the  
holidays. Christmas  
day we went to  
Shelbyville. I went  
to a tea Thursday,  
Friday I ~~to~~ went  
up to Ellen White's  
to spend the night,  
so did Nellie Lynt,  
Lucile Woolfolk,  
and Elizabeth  
Shouse. Oh, we  
had more fun!  
Lucile, Nellie, and

But 'tis a coffer rich indeed,

I slept in one bed  
and Ellen and  
Elizabeth on two  
cots combined.  
We read Angelina  
Steppin' Out after  
we went to bed  
and went to  
sleep a few hours  
after that. The  
next morning  
we got up about  
ten ~~thirty~~ and  
Nelle and I went  
home at eleven.  
We dressed in

From which to draw in time of need.

about twenty-min-  
utes and went  
to town to Miss  
Mary's luncheon  
she gave for the  
8. 15. We got a  
lovely time. She  
had engaged a  
private room at  
Benedict's.

After that Lucile  
took Nellie, Tad M.,  
Louisa, Lucie and  
me to see Clarence,  
and it was splendid.