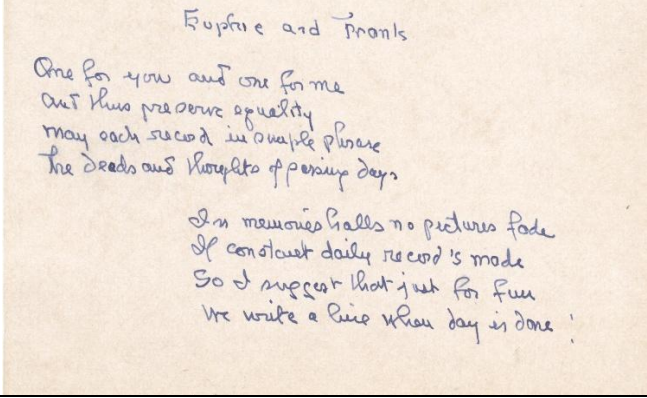


JOURNAL of FRANK REAM

1947

After Frank Ream retired from the insurance industry, he and Euphemia Ream immediately began keeping daily journals in 1947, continuing until 1965. These journals were left in the Ream house after it was sold following the death of their daughter Jane Margaret. They were even the subject of a feature story in a 2001 New York Times newspaper article. Somehow Dave Ream got possession of the journals, and his daughter Caitlin sent them to me [Carol Kleppinger] in Nebraska after Dave died. They will eventually again travel to John Ream.

 Euphie and Frank One for you and one for me And thus preserve equality May each record in simple phrase The deeds and thoughts of passing days In memories halls no pictures fade If constant daily record's made So I suggest that just for fun We write a line when day is done	Euphie and Frank One for you and one for me And thus preserve equality May each record in simple phrase The deeds and thoughts of passing days. In memories halls no pictures fade If constant daily record's made So I suggest that just for fun We write a line when day is done.
<i>This poem about the journals was found in Franks' handwriting on a separate card in his first diary. Frank enjoyed writing poetry, so it is likely this is his original poem.</i>	

A quick recap: Frank Ream (1880 – 1974) was the oldest son of T.J. and Cassie Ream. He and his wife Euphemia ("Euphie") had one daughter Jane Margaret ("JM") who lived with them. She never married and was 36 at the time of this 1947 diary.

Frank and Euphemia's home was in Glen Ridge, New Jersey, 16 miles from New York City where they often traveled for lectures and shopping. However, from late May to October 1947, they lived at their vacation home on Pemaquid Point, Maine.

Frank's writings reflect a wide variety of interests, a very structured life, active curiosity, and many social contacts. This diary gives a glimpse of a newly retired couple in post WWII America where television was in its infancy and information was found from radio, magazines, newspapers, books, and outside lecturers. There was a national concern about Russia and communism, and Frank often wrote his opinions in this diary.

Some observations and highlights:

- 1) Frank and Euphemia often, several times a week, entertained or visited friends and neighbors. It was apparently socially acceptable to drop in unannounced.
- 2) Frank decided to learn the piano and through the early spring he seemed doggedly determined to master it – sometimes practicing the same piece over and over for hours. By fall his main hobby interests seem to change to artwork, gardening, painting, and photography.
- 3) In April he visited his brother Joe Ream in Princeton where he watched his first television program – a baseball game between New York and Philadelphia.

- 4) Also in April, Frank described raking two tons of coal from his coal bin, attempting to find and fix a broken part of his coal-fired furnace.
- 5) In May he opined on the death of his mother.
- 6) While at Pemaquid Point they often entertained guests (including Joe Ream and family, and Dwight Ream and family) and Frank maintained a large garden.
- 7) Although he was a Methodist minister during his early years, Frank doesn't seem to be associated with an organized church in 1947.

Other notes:

- 1) Next door neighbors in Glen Ridge were Arthur and Dorothy "Bobby/Bobbie" Mundorff and their daughters Merrill (7) and Martha (1). Frank and Euphemia often baby-sat or played with the girls. Their names appear frequently in this diary.
- 2) When the Mundorffs visited Frank and Euphie in Maine, Merrill became sick. She was prescribed paregoric (camphorated tincture of opium) and sulfathiazole nose drops (which are not recommended anymore due to toxicity concerns.)
- 3) Town Hall. Frank made numerous trips to Town Hall in New York City to hear lectures by prominent notables. Town Hall is a performance space built in 1921 at 123 W. 43rd St., near Times Square. During this time period, it hosted numerous musical events and recitals. I suspect Frank belonged to the Town Hall Club, a separate organization that met on the top floors and hosted events related to public affairs. Town Hall also broadcast "Town Hall on the Air", a radio show that Frank also mentions.
- 4) In Maine, Frank made frequent trips to a town named "Scottie." Not finding any Scottie/Scotty, Maine, I think it might refer to Damariscotta, Maine – a town not far from Pemaquid Point.
- 5) Frank and Euphemia were close friends with Capt. Henry & Annie Tarr in Maine. They are often mentioned. Henry was 77 and Annie was 82 in 1947, and they had no children. Annie died shortly after this journal, in April 1948.
- 6) Wellington Fund. The Wellington Fund, established in 1928, was the first balanced mutual stock fund and still exists today. It is now in the Vanguard group, but is actually still managed by the Wellington Management Company, an independent firm. Frank's diary is hazy about his role, but it appears he was possibly recruiting representatives/salesmen? for Wellington, or for his old firm of Mutual Benefit Insurance which may have been planning to offer Wellington as an investment.
- 7) Dunworkin Club. Frank joined the Dunworkin Club of Montclair, NJ, a social club for retirees. (Done working – get it?) Founded in 1934, it is still in existence and today includes both men and women.

This is a transcription of Frank's diary, although I occasionally cross-reference Euphemia's diary.

In the interest of readability without knowingly changing any meaning, I have taken some liberties with spelling, punctuation, and paragraphs, although I often note Frank's quaint spelling. I also found Frank's handwriting to be sometimes meticulous and sometimes just a blurry series of bumps. I apologize for any mistakes in my interpretation.

January 1

This is not only the beginning of a new year. It is for me a sharp turn in the road. It is a completely new situation. It is an end and a beginning. My career in business is finished. I am freed from all further responsibility to the job – from this day forward I may employ my time as I like. I may do as I please!

Between the lines of long existing habits; on the one hand and the limitations of arrested developments on the other, there is a field in which I may construct my program.

I hear the voices of dreams long deferred; of invitations to performance and to studies in subjects where new delights are certain; of ventures into skills which I have always admired but never attempted. I want to do. I want to study. I want to acquire. I want to produce. I want to know. I want to understand. I want to experience. The myriad sidedness of life has a thousand attractions. They all offer rich reward. Time for them all seems strangely scarce as ever. I must plan wisely!

January 2

With the snow and sleet and drizzle and fog of the morning came a queer consoling realization that I am free from all the obligation to go to business. I took but brief comfort in this thought. I wanted to get at my big assignment for the day – the making of my weekly Time and Occupation Schedule.

First I made a list of the different types of activity I want to pursue and the approximate number of hours per week I might devote to each. Then I made a chart of the days of the week and the hours in each, and assigned each occupation to its place on the chart. From seven o'clock each morning until eleven o'clock each night there is a place for 119 hours. I intend to keep my mind busy, my hands occupied, my interests alert and my spirit contented.

This evening I finished reading "The Best Years" by Walter B. Pitkin. It offers optimism to the retired person and inspires one to take stock of his resources and set out on a program of the pleasant pursuit of hobbies.

This has been a busy day. Already I realize my scarcest commodity will be time.

[Euphemia's diary: "Frank has made an hour by hour schedule for a wk. Optimistically has given me a similar sheet. Now it's up to me!"]

January 3

Today I went to the local Society Security Board to make application for my old age pension. It was with a mixture of feelings. Is this some sort of public charity or have I a right to collect on the payments I have been forced to make during the passed [sic] nine years? I have always believed "every tub should stand on its own bottom" and I have not liked the element of compulsion in personal financial affairs. But I am caught in the stream of bureaucracy and since I have paid in my money I will collect what is due.

The social security office is a good place for the study of social welfare, the mixtures in democracy office administration and efficiency, and the operation of a government bureau. It was a poorly kept disorderly confused place. Men and women clerks were of the OPA type. Chairs were pushed about on the bare floors. Among the applicants were old men in faded overcoats, toil-scarred hands and high shoes. There were old ladies with white hair -- some worried, some with resigned faces, some in various stages of bewilderment. The clerks assumed we knew nothing. Paternalism everywhere. Maybe it was a townsendite [?] meeting!

January 4

Today I spent several hours at the public library preparing for my systematic reading courses which provide one day a week to be spent at the public library where I will attempt to keep up with What is being published in current periodicals.

I made a complete list of all the magazines subscribed to by the Library. They are in alphabetical order and embrace many fields. Of course my interests will be limited, but I shall plan to read with notes so that I may preserve for future reference what I deem of value to me.

I spent some time in getting a more satisfactory order in the arrangement of our home library, and in finding a place for our music, and our art materials. New interests and new enterprises present themselves each day as I am preparing for the investment of my time. Careful reflections[?] will have to be made.

January 5

This is our wedding anniversary. It was on a rainy Tuesday night in 1909 at 23 Maple Ave, Madison, NJ that we were married. There was a house full of guests and a buffet supper was served. The ceremony was performed by Dr. Rogers, professor at Draw [?], a life-long friend of Euphemia's. Our Best man was Lynn Harold Hough. After a few days we departed for "the wilds of Kansas" – a no-man's land for one who had always lived in the sheltered East. Tonight Euphemia is playing on the piano "Love's Old Sweet Song."

This afternoon we attended the funeral of Aunt Annie Dickinson, who was Mother Miller's sister. [*This would be Euphemia's aunt.*] She lived to be more than eighty years old. There were flowers, an open casket, music played on a harp by a young girl, the usual scripture reading, and ritual, and prayer and declaration of faith on immortality.

One cannot but feel the empty shame of pretense in such a service. I shall direct that when my time comes I prefer no such program attending my departure.

January 6

During the night several inches of snow fell. There was no breeze. The flakes had been big and feathery. Everywhere on bush and branch and twig the white was piled high and thick. With the coming of morning sun the world was glistening with myriad jewels of splendor. I went out with my cameras. The sun and a rising wind soon wrecked the fairy land but not before I got some shots that I hope may be pictured poetry.

The big event of the day was President Truman's address before the houses of Congress on the State of the Nation. He wants a balanced budget, cooperation between the political parties, harmony between capital and labor, Legislation to control strikes, and decrease of the national debt. We must do a commendable job in our domestic affairs if we expect to carry the torch of democratic influence among the nations abroad.

Tonight there is a full moon in a cloudless sky, and the white earth joins with heaven in illumination that makes one realize our planet is in shining harmony with the silent music of the spheres.

The first helicopter brought the mail to our town today from New York.

January 7

Today I finished reading "The Lowells and Their Seven Worlds." It is a convincing illustration of what brains and leadership can do in influencing the standards and trends in education and morals and culture. It also shows the ever presence of idiosyncrasies [*and*] weak spots even among the best. There was a world of leisure and limitation, but much pride and satisfaction in their own sufficiency.

I made my first attempt of the new year in artwork. Decided it was time to try my hand at "oil". A large portion of my allotted time was taken in getting my material ready. The oil in several tubs had separated from the color pigment. In the evening I spent two hours in the basement – developing films – recent shots of the snow. They have turned out well.

The big national news of the day is the resignation of James Burns as Sec'y of State and the appointment of Gen Marshall (66 yrs old) to take his place.

January 8

At Town Hall today Andre Michalopoulos of Greece spoke on The Great Democracies and the Smaller Nations. He pictured the deplorable destruction and utter destitution of Greece and declared its salvation is the key to the contained life of the democracies of the world. They do not ask for charity but for a chance to help themselves. The Germans destroyed all their means of livelihood. He proposed a treaty between our two countries to give security to private capital. The Greek people are being tempted by the food offered by communistic Russia. The Democracies must act now.

I went up to 57th Street, which the center for art galleries, just to get the lay of the land. I did not visit any of them today.

Crossing the Hudson by ferry is always an inspiring sight. Ships from far countries on a river rich with American history and [?] from the ends of the earth. The skyline of tall buildings is a quiet testimonial to the success of the American way amid a world of economic confusion.

January 9

Because of a bill for Income taxes received from the local tax office I went to make inquiry today. It seems I am being asked to pay the same item twice. I have been asked to come back and bring my cancelled check.

The first signs of spring have been discovered in the sprouting of the potatoes we have stored in the basement. In spite of the individual paper wrappings the sprouts were about one inch long. I gave each potato individual treatment and wrapped it in paper again. There were only six potatoes decayed. We have three and a half bushels. We should use about a pound and a half each day to come out even in the spring before going to Maine.

Four old-long-exposed films were developed, air dried tonight. Others already dry were filed and catalogued.

I got the Buick caught in the side door of the garage this afternoon. Too much snow too long bumper, too little room. Had to call the Boughton garage to bring jack which has wheels. More caution next time.

January 10

This is the day that marks the beginning of my delayed "musical career." Little does the public realize what a "musty unglorious" artist had been hidden behind the curtain of prevented opportunity. But from today forward, listen to the approaching harmonies of fame.

I began my lessons on the piano at the Lauter studios under the inspiring genius of a Miss Gossweiler. Before being introduced to her, Mr. Lamb advised me to be patient and not too critical because their teachers now are young and inexperienced, being only sixteen.

I soon discovered that men, even with straight faces can indulge inordinately in the poetic license of understatement. He proceeded immediately to the prosecution of the first lesson which began with the location of middle "C". Its location is like a point in surveying from which all reckoning starts. We discussed notes and measures just like international diplomats. I soon discovered that in music as in ethics it is the practice of the thing that counts. But therein lies the difficulty.

January 11

At the Montclair Museum of Art there is a small reading room and on a long table are a number of Periodicals on art. This morning I visited the museum in order to make a list of the publications I may want to keep up with what is being written on the subject these days. There are ten magazines that should be scanned from time to time. The Custodian gave me a leaflet entitled "Museums of New York". On the front page it says "these museums offer opportunity for recreation, for study, for pleasure, and for greater understanding of the world in which we live." This is a praise worthy service. I shall avail myself of it.

This afternoon I took my first plunge into painting with oil. Several times I peeped into a book of instruction, selected some tubes of color, squeezed some out on a palette, and went to work to copy a small postcard size scene. I used a small board 6x8 in assuming that a small field will permit small mistakes. In two hours I had covered the field, sky, land and water. It is not destined for the Metropolitan Museum!

January 12

For a long time we have been buying two Sunday papers – the Herald Tribune and the New York Times. But since the Tribune decided to boost its Sunday price to 15 ¢, we think we can get along with one paper and since the Times Magazine section is far superior, we purchased the Times.

Much space these days is given to politics and guesses on what the Republicans will do now that after fourteen years they have a majority in both houses of congress. Political expediency and sound economic statesmanship are immediately in conflict as always.

The fascination of the oil palette and the brushes appeals to me again today and I spent two hours copying a little 5x7 autumn landscape. The hand of nature is still the supreme artist. The rest of us can only try to imitate and admire. Wm Hawley Smith once said "we hold the mirror up to nature." But in performing that service we find enjoyment and are repaid in a new keenness of appreciation.

After dinner I work in the basement printing pictures of Merrill and Herby the crossing guardsman. He is to retire on Jan 25th. He has dignified a simple job with thoughtfulness and pride.

I read up on coloring photographs.

January 13

This day was unhappily taken over entirely by a "cold" in my head. Since our existence is so completely physically conditioned there do come times when all intellectual pursuits must give way to physical considerations. But I managed to do some reading in bed and so the time was not entirely wasted.

Also I assembled all the data necessary to the payment of Personal Income tax. I must file my report on the 15th.

And I checked on my supply of tubes of oil paints. I have a total of 41 tubes – and all necessary colors are represented. They represent infinite possibilities – all that is required in the observance of intelligent combination and harmony.

January 14

When one is a prisoner of indisposition such as this one in my head he has a new appreciation of that familiar word in the south – a “misery” in the head. And there are not many optional decisions except listening to the radio, reading the mail, looking over the newspaper, receiving the arguments in Congress about the annual budget and the national debt and the issue of white supremacy in Georgia, and covering some extra pages in the books I am reading, and looking over the new set of Kodachrome pictures which just came in today, and struggling for an hour and a half at the piano trying to comprehend the mysteries of broken time when each hand is supposed to go in a different direction and setting up my easel by the south window and painting another 5x7 landscape. Oh yes – and eating three meals and giving my nose a localized Turkish bath over a steam atomizer. And since I had nothing else to do, I also took a nap. So goes a day when one has a cold!

January 15

Uncle Sam sent me an urgent invitation to confer with him about his financial affairs. It seems he has been having some very heavy expenses and needs my assistance. He was not at all backward about inquiring into my ability to help. This makes me feel very important, but like most social recognition it is rather expensive. I have sometimes wondered if Uncle Sam couldn't get a lot more money from some people if he would make it possible for us to designate our funds toward special purposes. For instance a lot of money could be secured for the purpose of buying a one-way ticket to parts unknown for subversive agitators – economic crackpots – and other such enemies to our form of democracy.

I hope the new Congress will be able to stop the orgie [sic] of national spending that has been putting us into the red for so many years.

Solvency is a necessary for economic welfare and knows no difference whether an individual or a nation. We enjoyed our American home tonight before a lovely coal and wood fire.

January 16

Tonight we put on our “formals” and went to a “special invitation” reception in Montclair. It was at the home of Mr. & Mrs. Thomlinson [*Roy E. Tomlinson*], the National Biscuit Co. president. Montclair elite were there to meet Mr. Thomas Watson of the [*International*] Business Machine Corp., the man who has America's largest personal annual income according to the papers. [*Thomas John Watson Sr. (1874 - 1956) was chairman and CEO of IBM. He oversaw the company's growth into an international force from 1914 to 1956. He turned the company into a highly effective selling organization, based largely on punched card tabulating machines.*]

The material attraction was an exhibit of miniature furniture in fully equipped rooms from the 1st of the seventeenth century forward. They were perfect in detail and exquisitely done. The entire affair was a promotion of the Alumni of Smith College to raise money for their alumni fund. Invitations suggested that send checks \$5.00 per. These furniture exhibits had been at the San Francisco fair. This is their first appearance in the East.

Mr. Watson appears to be well over seventy, a big man evidently powerful in his day. He asked me to send him my address, and he would mail me a copy of his magazine "Think". He is an excellent example of opportunity in America and expressed his belief in new horizons and new possibilities far beyond anything yet attained. He is delighted with the appointment of Gen. Marshall as sec'y of state.

Fancy cakes and fruit juice were served. Nearly everyone present were well over 60.

January 17

After my second music lesson today, I picked up Jay [aka Merrill Ream] who had been spending the day at the home office. He had dinner with us and gave us all the news of his family. Barbara Jo is in her second year at Ann Arbor. Jim is on his third and last at . And Tom who is 14 finds the life supreme in athletics. They are all in love with their 20 acres at the edge of Somerset.

We went to a musical recital given by the Unity Institute in Montclair. The artists were Dorothy Kirsten who grew up in Montclair and Jussi Bjoerling, a tenor from the Metropolitan. Miss Kirsten was my idea of a perfect soprano. Her voice was clear as sunlight, her every note interpretation and enunciation were superb. She is but 28. Mr. Bjoerling is young, stocky and has a magnificent voice. Every number they both sang was memorized. There were solos and duets.

[Dorothy Kirsten, 1910 – 1992, born in Montclair, NJ, was an American operatic soprano who was the first singer in the Metropolitan Opera's history to perform on that stage for 30 consecutive years, and the first opera star to appear on the cover of Life magazine. She starred in films and radio with artists like Bing Crosby and Frank Sinatra. She was 36, not 28 years old.]

Jussi Bjoerling, 1911- 1960, was a Swedish tenor. One of the leading operatic singers of the 20th century, Björling appeared for many years at the Metropolitan Opera in New York City and less frequently at the major European opera houses, including the Royal Opera House in London and La Scala in Milan.]

Music stirs, stimulates, satisfies, [and] makes one feel again that perfection ... although so reaching? for most of us is worth striving for in any field. Tho we cannot swim the ocean we love to wade in the shallow waters along the shore and look away to the horizons.

January 18

Margaret Burke White was the guest speaker at Town Hall today. Besides her fame as a photographer, she has more recently become a magazine correspondent and lecturer. She is on the staff of Life. Her subject was India. She has returned from eight months travel in that country.

According to her it is a land of extremes—in wealth and poverty – religion and superstitious hate and prejudice, and economic and political possibilities. She is in favor of India's independence even if for a time there will be strife and bloodshed. The Hindoos [sic] and the Muslems [sic] are far apart in essential beliefs and aims.

Galondi [Gandhi] is a queer of [a] duck. He goes about in his loin cloth, declaims against all modern machines and the industrial age, then rides away in his big Rolls Royce car. He is supposed to live like a peasant, ride 3rd class on the trains but he gets an entire train especially equipped superb 3rd class, and in the "peasant huts" he has electric fans, typewriters and secretaries. His goats go with him everywhere. After all I wonder who are really the goats?

January 19

This was a quiet day at home with the newspapers and magazines, a few hours on a little oil painting which gave me more than usual trouble. And in further exercise of self-discipline, I wrestled with my lesson assignment on the piano.

I am realizing more and more in attempting to direct the activity of my ten fingers what a difficult problem coordination is. If I can make my few little digits work together, when there is supposed to be only one directing head, it is no wonder that our great national democracy makes such slow progress. I spent a part of the early evening printing pictures in the basement. No. 3 paper gives much better results for these negatives, which again points [to] a lesson that time and effort are saved when the right materials are used, and that there is no merit in extra struggle when intelligence should have been the first ingredient.

January 20

The Town Hall lecture today was Harold J. Kennedy, actor and critic of plays. He tosses his ideas about the theatre around with all the agility of a juggler. He says it makes no difference whether the actor "feels" the sentiments and emotion of the character he represents. The important thing is to make the audience feel it. The actors play upon the minds and hearts of the audience. The degree of their success is doing so is the degree of the actor's skill.

One attending the theatre according to Kennedy should go with an open receptive mind yielded to the manipulations of the actors. In the first 15 minutes the actors must build some common ground with the audience. Usually it is in the experiences of the life of the common man. The hearer recognizes familiarity and goes along.

I got tickets today for State of the Union for Jan 29. We three will go together in the afternoon. Spent a little time on music in the evening and fixed photos for "Herb" the Erie grade crossing guard. He retires on Jan 25 at age 65. And so the way of all of us.

January 21

Industry seconded up on us in the early morning. There was to be a meeting of the Program Committee of the Women's College Club. It was to be here at our house. There seems to be some strange connection between such an affair and the processes of housekeeping. It is as the programming is only their secondary purpose. The main aim being to make a microscopic inspection of all the domestic processes which go on in all the departments of the home.

First we got out the vacuum sweeper, and did the four upstairs rooms and the bathrooms, polished the tubes, and put out new clean guest towels. Then we took the blanket sheets and the pillowcases of the bed in my room and put them thru the washing machine. Everything on my dresser had to be put out of sight, the whole downstairs had to be vacuumed, extra magazines put away, our fancy china brought out, the tea pot polished, cookies baked, and then I ran downtown to get some tall wax candles and a box of candy. Lunch was a pick up on the run so as not to soil any dishes or platter the sink. A fire was laid. We were busy till two. They came. Planned for an hour, then refreshed themselves and visited for two hours -- tea cookies, candy, visiting!

January 22

Henry J. Taylor came to Town Hall today to discuss the world situation for Private Enterprise vs. Totalitarianism. The U.S. is the last stronghold for Private Enterprise and freedom. Russia is the world aggressor from the totalitarian viewpoint. There is no longer freedom anywhere in Europe. The whole world

is a divided cause with many nations at different degrees of totalitarianism. Brazil is an example. The totalitarian state must make their people work. Fear is the compelling motive – they are told the other nations are poised for attack. They are threatened with the Secret Police and the Concentration Camp. They are artful propagandists baiting new converts with better living conditions. The U.S. is doing a miserable job in its European administration. The Russians are prompted by the desire for power. We have only the motive of defending what we have. It is an uneven balance of motive.

In the afternoon I started an oil painting of the Pemaquid Lighthouse. We went out for dinner to the restaurant in Montclair, called at Mrs. Pratt's who told us about the problems of teaching, the experiences of having third floor roomers, and her questions about her future.

The thermometer was at 12° tonight and not good for unveiled ears.

January 23

This was a day at home. I took some prints down to "Herb" Lyons who is to retire from service at the Erie grade crossing on Sat. We called up the Glen Ridge paper and suggested the human interest value of Herby's story. A Mr. Pearson came for one of the pictures.

I attempted today my first oil canvas 12 x 18. The subject is the Pemaquid Point Lighthouse. I am working from a black & white post card size print. Am taking liberties with colors. It is a little slow but fine.

This evening a Goucher College grad, now a teacher, a Miss Durgam [?] was here for dinner. Her parents came here from Mt. Lebanon Syria. Her mother could speak no English then. Even today the mother cannot read or write English but speaks well. She had five children. The father's business was a candy store. Their ambition was that every child should have a college education and to that purpose all through the year the mother kept college money savings in separate boxes each labeled for one of the children. They have all gone to college. The mother is very proud and happy.

January 24

After my music lesson I went down to the office of the Collector of Internal Revenue in the Post office building to ask about my 1945 report. I am under the impression that I was asked twice to pay on an item of 20.00. Since I had never been in the domain of Uncle Sam I was interested in looking around. It certainly is not fixed up for the attraction of the public. Inside the door there is immediately a long counter barrier, steel and linoleum construction, no chairs, no equipment, just a pile of scratch paper made of discarded mimeograph copy, torn in two. The room perhaps 60 feet long was populated by women, each behind a desk typewriter or calculating machine, a variety of ages, all leisurely working or visiting with the next neighbor. Not a man in sight. A casual estimate of intelligence would be something below the average office. I was received with indifference and with the presumption that I was wrong or did not know what I was talking about. It will be necessary to return and take all my 1945 report and all my cancelled checks. Any chance to get my money back? Mighty small I fear.

January 25

On the 8:50 train this A.M. I went into N.Y. to hear James Young at Town Hall. He is an authority on conditions in the Far East. He says we "Americans have a stake in the Orient. Guam is to be a very important center of Government and trade and travel by air. The Philippines are in a mess of confusion, economic poverty, political corruption and leftovers from the war. Siam is the only nation in the East that does not hate the U.S. They are hopeful and waiting but not too patiently. Manchuria has been gutted by

the Russians, robbed of resources and equipment, and are back where they were some forty years ago. Outwardly Japan is acquiescent to our rule but inside they are just as arrogant and ambitious to rule as ever. They are tricking us at every turn. We make merchandise of the restoration supplies we send there and pocket the profits. They sneak out of their treaties and trade agreements and disregard all standards of honest truth and obligation. Western civilization has a hard time in the oriental nature.

We drove to Madison and had dinner at the Wm Pitt.

January 26

While Euphemia made a landlord's visit to her property in Madison yesterday, I dropped off for a visit with Art Rushmore who came out to meet us in sneakers, gray shirt, pipe and the usual bantering vivacity. We talked by his fireside about the "advantages" of old-age retirement, his 43 years with Harper, the 200 volumes he has published on his private press, the fun he gets out of his Rangler's Club, the merits and faults of the Town meeting of the air – particularly the stimulation of heckling and showmanship, the conditions in the Orient and Germany, and the prospects for peace and democracy and moral standards in society.

Today we received a call from Lou Day and his wife. He is preparing to retire on the first of May. He is proud of his business and satisfied with his success and finds real wealth in contentment with essential comforts. He has not been blind to the mistakes made by his company and to the injuries done by some of its officers, but he plans to play golf in Florida, camp in the mountains of Penna in the summer and pursue the joys of sociability and culture. He is a wholesome and appreciative friend.

Merrill is with us tonight. We played games and read stories.

January 27

This morning answered a number of letters written in recognition of my retirement. Made measurements for a set of drawers – a cabinet to stow away my accumulating effects and hobbies. After lunch, worked the oil painting of the Pemaquid lighthouse. Tried to imagine the correct colors in summertime and sunshine.

This evening we attended a demonstration of painting a landscape in oils. It was by Geo. Schavaelia at the Bloomfield public library. We met Mr. & Mrs. Allis on the way. Mr. S is a local artist teacher and runs an art store and studio. Has won considerable recognition. He painted a snow scene in woods on a 20 x 24 board, began with heavy dark colors trees and background. Advised using plenty of paint. He made strong contrasts. Darks almost black. Silver lavender, gray, a few highlights near center on edges of trees, a touch of bright red. Used large brushes. Motion in direction of drifts and shadows from trees.

A close up rather confusing, distant view very pleasing. Met a water color artist. McDonald may join his class.

January 28

This forenoon I made an invoice of all our photographic paper. There were 69 items, some of them as much as ten years old but much of it can still be used for printing. At the lumberyard there is still no plywood. It takes a long time to get back to normal after the war.

This evening I attended a committee meeting on the restoration of the White School of Photography. We met in N.Y. at H. Williams studio, 5 E 40th St. He is probably the world's best photographer of fruits and

foods and cookery in color. His studio is perfectly equipped with every cooking convenience, light and camera equipment, and chinaware. There are 11 x 14 display color pictures all around the studio. He is a fellow of the Royal Photographic Society of Brittain. Others attending the meeting were Gene Hutcheson of Underwoods, and Ackerman, and Clarence White. It was agreed that a committee should discuss the matter of the school with Dean Arno of Columbia. I was appointed [to] the Committee. Clarence White is to make the appointment.

[The Clarence H. White School of Modern Photography was founded in 1915 by Clarence Hudson White. It was the first educational institution in America to teach photography as art. White died in 1925; his wife Jane White and, later, son Clarence White Jr. ran the popular school until the WWII years decreased enrollment and it was forced to close in 1942. It seems unlikely that the school was ever restored; White Jr. went on to set up a photography department at Ohio University in 1949.]

January 29

Governor Amall of Georgia lectured at Town Hall before a capacity audience. The crowd thought he would talk about the dramatic political quarrel that has resulted in two governors in Georgia and much bombastic vituperation. He talked for an hour on his idea of America and what we should do to make our land worthy of world leadership. He said many obvious things in a very profound and evangelistic fashion. He recommended better popular education, freedom for everybody irrespective of creed or race, equal business and economic opportunity for all. He bragged on the many accomplishments in Ga. during his administration. In the question hour he answered questions on Talmages unamerican behavior.

We attended a matinee of The State of the Union – an excellent portrayal of political trickery and low ideals. It advocated the right kind of standards and public service, and the way men should seek public office. Plays of this sort do an immense amount of good. There should be more of them and less ? and immorality on the stage.

January 30

This afternoon I met Clarence White at Columbia University in order to have an interview with Dean Armand on the possibility of having a School of Photographic Art as a part of their fine arts department. The Dean is much interested and was impressed by the signatures of the important persons who believe there should be such a school. He said they had no available space anywhere and saw no chance until the new building is erected. They have the ground and \$1,000.00 but they need 5,000.00. Therefore no time can be set. He would cooperate with any school we can get going in the meantime.

Met Euphemia at the Town Hall club for dinner. Colo. Jenkins of the Ave. of the Americas project also was there. Was impressed by some unusually fine paintings of western Indians by Leigh.

The evening program at Town Hall was in the nature of a memorial appreciation of [Stephen] Vincent Benet, the poet. Among the speakers was Mrs. Orciotreet[?], Russell Davenport, a Professor Brown (negro) and William Benet, brother who read many of his brother's poems. It was an evening of tribute to the power and influence of poetry, to the ideals of patriotism, and to democracy. I came home and read four part of Goethes Faust before going to sleep.

January 31

In my music lesson this afternoon I learned again the extreme importance of correct fingering. On each assignment I must master fingering first. The use of the pedal is a little tricky. I must work on that one.

More and more I realize how essential is regular and persistent practice. My memorizing efforts are bearing some fruit.

Clarence White came out for dinner. He entertained us with stories about the views and habits of Walter Reed, the 78 year old man they are now living with. He is an excellent illustration of uneducated self-confidence, financial success, a closed mind and chronic domination of others. When these characteristics are crystalized in old age, the result is intolerable. I talked with Clarence about his prospects as an instructor, suggested he contribute to the new photo section of the Herald Tribune. That he offer special private lessons, that he seek connections as [a] special photographic advisor to large corporations and that he accept invitations to speak before Camera Clubs.

We shall await further word from Columbia University about a photographic school.

February 1

Early this morning we went down to Kaltrauer Photo store in Newark to get J[ane] M[argaret's] flash gun fixed so she could take interior pictures at a wedding this afternoon. I bought a few extra gadgets and set up the Rolleiflex [*a brand of camera*] just inside the breakfast room to take the birds as they come to the feeder. I got a few shots. Also took some of Merrill and Martha who were out for a little fresh air in their winter clothes. After a little music practice it was lunchtime – thus dishes—and we went to the Montclair Art Museum to see the recent paintings. It is always good to study carefully what is considered the best. Style and execution differ greatly. I was particularly pleased with the excellence of Waugh's Green Wave. [*This is probably American artist Frederick Judd Waugh who settled in Montclair Heights, NJ, died in 1940, and did make a painting titled Green Wave.*] I must go thru my Kodachromes again and see if I have anything worth trying in oil.

This evening I have been sorting and classifying the Maine Kodachromes. We are to have company tomorrow evening will “exhibit” Maine.

Began some small frames for my 5x7 oils. I bought the molding at the local lumberyard. Think it will serve very well and much less expensive.

February 2

Altho the temperature was 30° The sun was bright at breakfast. I took a few pictures of the birds on the feeder outside the window. Drove down to Broad Street and bought the Times and the Tribune. There is a new photography page starting in the Tribune today. Several exhibitions are announced. I put in about 2 hours practicing at the piano, and made two little frames for the 5 x 7 oil pictures.

After lunch I worked for 2 hours arranging Kodachromes – those of Maine. We had the Heller family for dinner guests. Their two children are Martin about 14 and Faust[?] 17. They are intelligent interesting children. Both are taking piano lessons and are busy in school. Mr. Heller was interested in my tools. He is a builder-contractor. Volunteered to fix my mitre box and will give me waste material for making more frames. Both young people played for us. We showed our Maine color pictures. Martin prefers Lake Champlain, but Janet is greatly interested in New England.

The Allises were invited but could not come. Table conversation was on the importance of education and the rewards of hard work.

February 3

Norman Cousins addressed Town Hall on the subject "Don't Resign from the Human Race." He saw the atom bomb attack on Baikini [*sic – Is this the testing on the Bikini Atoll?*] He is seriously concerned about the safety of the world. Has the human race justified its right to civilization? We have removed the margin for error. We dare not now make mistakes. Time does not by itself make for progress. Only a complete man justifies his right to survive. He urges immediate demand by the American people that the U.N. forces the power of control in every necessary provision. There should be millions to sign the petition to Congress demands such action.

At 3 o'clock in Montclair I attended the Alliance Francaise (all in French), a club of 30 women. The speaker was a French general. My understanding was extremely inadequate.

In the evening J[ane] M[argaret] and I went to the Montclair Camera Club, East 38th St. to hear and see Garfield on the Photography of Children. He has brilliant prints, a result of lighting, correct technique and very careful head work. We took notes on how he does it. There is always some indefinable factors in such success.

February 4

The Pictorial Photographers of America had as their guest speaker this evening Earl Buckley who has been one of the best for many years. It was an exercise in print criticism. The audience was asked to express their opinions. Mr. Buckley, who has exhibited in many salons all over the world said that there are just three elements to a good picture: 1) It must have an idea. 2) It must have good composition. 3) It must have print quality. He also gave detailed instruction on "chalking" of a print.

JM and I went in even though there was a blizzard of snow and rapidly falling temperature. By going via Erie and tubes to Hudson Terminal and Times Sq and the shuttle, we were under cover all the time except a short block and a half.

Was cleaning the basement today and dispensing with much accumulated useless material. This evening I was reading Johnathan Swift's essay on Conversation . It is a lost art today. The faults he describes are flagrant and widespread today. I would like to see this essay become required reading in all societies and clubs that claim any degree of culture.

February 5

The weather man shot the mercury down to 15°, covered the roads with ice and snow and that was reason enough to adopt a stay at home program. But I did go out long enough to "carry" Euphie and 2 of her pals to a Club Board meeting early in the morning. They seem to have the matter of administration by conference down to a fine point. I suggest they send a delegation to the U.N.

After an hour and a half at the piano struggling with a little composition by Bach, I went over to Bobbie's to chaperone Martha while Bobbie took Merrill to Dr. Shannon.

In the afternoon I put in a session in the basement making a picture frame out of scrap lumber, varnishing some I had made before and clearing out some of the accumulated paper and boxes. This made a good fire in the grate in the evening while we listened to Ed Gardner and "Information Please." [*This was a radio program.*]

During the day many sparrows and juncos came to our feeder just outside the window. I took several pictures. The sun was a little dull, but the snow made a white background.

February 6

If “order is Heaven’s first law” my section of the basement is neither heavenly or lawful so I decided to do something about it. I put up a long shelf and increased its capacity by adding some boxes there. I put my nails into glass bottles assorted according to the size of the nails. There is still a good reserve of bottles and small cans and much material to be classified. I reduced the number of cartons by sawing them up into flat pieces and burning some that were useless. The framing of my painting of the lighthouse is a job a little more complicated than I suspected because the canvas frame is very thick.

The forenoon was devoted to my music. They say that “practice makes perfect” but they neglected to say how much practice. In my case I am finding out that I will require a fabulous amount of it. Between reading the notes and proper fingering and rhythm and the right touch, I have much to occupy my attention. The correction of mistakes requires infinite repetition.

The juncos have been hungry and very combative, perhaps a result of empty stomachs or is it gizzards?

February 7

Breakfast with the birds just outside the window. They are a marvelous illustration of how to succeed in self-preservation – keen eyed, alert, never forgetting to be on guard. Eager to eat but always ready to sacrifice appetite to the proper interest of personal welfare. Ready to defend themselves with equals but not too proud to flee from a stronger foe.

I spent a couple hours getting “in time” for my piano lesson. They say a good pianist has succeeded in getting much of the processes into the real[m] of the subconscious and the muscular reflexes. These regions of my cerebrum have been a neglected desert so long that their discovery and excavation is a major operation. I must make large [?] upon two allies – purpose and determination. My time record sheet of the past week shows that I put in twelve hours practicing. I will test off the oft repeated exhortation which the man of success gives to the indolent – “Where there is a will there is a way.” And “one can do anything if he wants to bad enough.” There are some limits to that but I must not take refuge under the “statute of limitations.”

February 8

An eight inch snow last night and 10 above zero this morning marked this as a stay at home day without argument. Our little bird friends were enthusiastic visitors at our window feeder. I noticed that sparrows have an instinct to scratch for the feed. Altho they stand deep in the seed they give a scratching jump every two or three seconds even tho it is quite unnecessary and the seed is scattered. There is always a conflict between instinct and reason. And among men as birds reason usually suffers in the fray.

After my period at the piano, I got busy with my oils and copied to Kodachromes of the Maine lighthouse rocks. Rocks are about as hard to paint as they are to toss around. There is challenge in difficulty, so I have much to spur me on. I also tried a sea wave with a sunset sky. I fear the contrast in colors is too great. But it is fun to play around the shore in a comfortable warm home by the south window. I must look through our color collection and paint some more of the sea and rocks.

February 9

Another day of unusually cold weather but not too severe for two lovely cardinals who came to our feed box this morning. Two jay birds came to show their ideas of communism which, like the Russians [?] in the sharing of other's supplies.

The basement was a good warm place today so I repaired the lath in the broken ceiling of the laundry room. It was a tricky job but fun. Another basement stunt was examination of the stoker and the overabundance of unburned coal. Also mended a damaged frame for the Irmes[?] "Land of Plenty."

Did some early reading of the Lincoln Reader – an excellent book. Went over to see Martha & Merrill – the latter still in bed. Read her a fairy story.

This evening the radio gave us an interview with Elliott Roosevelt and several newspaper commentators. They wanted to know the truth about his visit to Russia and his reflections on the U.S. In my opinion he was not frank but evasive – is like his parents overly fond of publicity, and extremely lacking in the finer senses of integrity and propriety.

I made a little progress on my music today. The cold weather is to continue all week. Even Florida has freezing weather. We have winter houses!

February 10

There was real excitement today at Town Hall where Von Schuschnigg of Austria [*Kurt von Schuschnigg, former Austria chancellor*] came to make his first address in America. There was a gang of communistic hoodlums (about 50) lined up in picket [?] carrying protest banners, marching back and forth in front of the Hall entrance and shouting "Out with Schuschnigg, down with Fascists." Many police were on hand to keep "order." The old ladies coming to the meeting looked amazed and bewildered.

The lecture began on time and without violence. He spoke for 90 min on his experiences in government just preceding the war, his meeting with Hitler at Munich and Brechtergarten, and his life in concentration camps. He details Hitler and despises his type of government and craves freedom and democracy for the people. During the question period Norman Thomas "blew off" in a tirade of excited denunciation accusing the speaker of having supported [?]. Excited shouting on both sides brought Denney[?] to the front demanding order. Feeling ran high. The pickets shouted "Fascist lovers" at the people.

I went to the Metro Mus. of Art to see the loaned Eng painting of Hogart, Constable and Turner. I liked Constable particularly.

February 11

The other day Mr. Morris Heller invited me to come out and see the new home he is finishing on Greenway Dr so I dropped in this morning. All the interior woodwork is white. There is some beautiful knotty pine wood, also some fancy plywood. The latter are basement walls. Much of the material in basic construction was taken from an old house. The workmanship is excellent. A good illustration of resourcefulness and good workmanship.

Today the world is paying tribute to Thos Edison, who has contributed immeasurably to the world's comfort and progress with his more than 1500 inventions. Would that all men would devote their energies to constructing beneficial purposes instead of slavery to the master motives of power and gain and conquest without regard to right.

I spent most of the day at home with my music lesson and oil paintings. There is pleasure in creating again the summer skies and shores of our Maine with their [?] summer colors. Happy memories become vivid and the creating process in producing a fair likeness to nature has a peculiar satisfaction. I must read some more about Lincoln tonight. We had a good dinner on our chicken we canned in Maine last summer.

February 12

The world is thinking in various moods of three men. This is their birthday. One man has become immortal because of his embodiment and demonstration of the true ideals of government, human relations, and the principles of personal life. Another has become world famous because of his unparalleled service in material benefits to mankind making life easier, richer and broader. The other man with his frown of face and his selfish passion for power has earned our national shame because he has despised patriotism, the rights of others and the common standards of America. Every generation seems to have its villain, but there always those who keep alive the ideals of the race and bid us hope and strive for a still better day.

I worked on some little valentines today – Euphie, JM and Merrill. We drove JM to Madison where she is to visit her childhood friend [?] Dousbach. Tonight Ex Gov Harold Stasson speaks before the Republican Club in New York. It is the Lincoln Day Dinner. Who will be president in 1948? He will have a world job. England is in dire distress because of the war and ... Russia is on the expansion surge. The U.S. has its troubles.

I have just heard the song “Richard Open the Door.”

February 13

T. Armes who is one of the greatest etchers of the present day was guest speaker at Glen R. womans club. For two hours he presented and illustrated the principles of art, its creation and appreciation. He said art comes from the concept, the idea of the beautiful, and is expressed by the technique of the process. These two elements and only these two make up art irrespective of the medium, wheelers pottery or music or sculpture or painting, or any medium There is beauty all around us if we will have eyes to see and are aesthetically sensitive. Some artists have the idea, the concept, but are poor in technique. Some are always perfect in technique but have no art – spirit – no idea to express. Others are both. They are the real artists.

Etching has only lines and black and white. With these three elements the artist must express form and color and motion, air and sunlight. Yet in nature there is neither a straight line nor black nor white. He talked for two hours and inspired his audience with a new and marvelous vision. A truly memorable experience.

We had dinner at Bobbie's and took Valentines to the little girls. The Dousbachs brought JM back from Madison. I gave Euphie and JM their Valentines and paintings.

February 14

This was a quiet day. Immediately after breakfast I drove out to Mr. Heller's new house on Greenway in Montclair to get some refuse material to make picture frames. There are odds and ends. I'll see if I am as smart as our grandmothers who make beautiful quilts out of patchwork pieces.

Made a trip to the barbers. Now the price is 85 ¢ for a haircut, no extras, a far cry from the days where all hair cuts were 25 ¢.

I tried to improve my music technique before my afternoon lesson. I think I can note slow and small improvement. It takes a heap of practice to impress my "music convolutions" that have been virgin desert all my life.

The Budget Committee in Congress is deciding today to reduce the annual appropriation to 31 billion 500 million. It seems civilization is a rather expensive luxury. There is always tenacity in office holders who got their foot in the door during the New Deal and the war. And the fear of war is still with us and for good reason as we watch the irreconcilable behavior of the Russian Bear. Power politics and peace do not seem to mix.

February 15

Did some morning shopping. Took the Buick down to Brighton's to get a new rear tire. Dropped JM off at the studio and put some more feed out for the birds and squirrels. Brought in 24 little pots from the garage and planted tomato seed. One doz pots of ponderosa and one doz of Marglobe. Set them in the 3rd floor bathroom by the south window and watered them. The earth used was well mixed with rolled manure and some chemical fertilizer brought from Maine last fall.

Selected small stakes to build a temporary barrier across the edge of the lawn where the children cut on their way to school. Painted these stakes white and little 6" x 6" signs "Use the walk please". These I will suspend from a fine copper wire. Wish I could be optimistic about the results. But I am competing with youthful indifference and non-appreciation of "private property." Wonder if communism started that way?

Developed 2 rolls of film at night. Some bird and squirrel pictures. Some are pretty good.

February 16

JM and I caught an early morning train and went into N.Y. to attend the eleven o'clock lecture by Dr. Mussey who has been for many years a leader in the Ethical Culture Society of N.Y. The room was in appearance much like a church auditorium, but without religious symbols. There was a platform, a reading desk, and the audience sat in "church" pews. Perhaps 200 people were present. Evidently these were of many classes and nationalities and races – the kind of unprejudiced democracy advocated by the Society. Dr. Mussey has a clear style, a well trained mind, a breadth of view, absence of prejudice or bigotry. He spoke on "A Faith to Live by." The essentials had to do with the idea of God and the estimate of man, his significance, and capabilities and his future. He spoke of "faith" as that for which we strive and hope to attain. He made clear the folly of creeds and ...[?]. He represents the harmony of intelligence between the finding of science and human experience and morals and spirit values. We went up to the Met. To see the English exhibition of Hogarth, Constable and Turner. Had lunch at Hawker Heaven.

February 17

This morning before breakfast I was out with my little white posts and red lettered signs to set them up in the corners of the yard where the little erring disregarding feet have been making an unwelcome path. During the day I have seen no transgressions. Let us hope the era of reform will continue.

A pedestrian salesman representing the industry of a blind institution in Brooklyn called at the door. He was a Mr. Rechman born a German of a Scotch father, a very pronounced German accent. His samples were of weaving and sewing very excellent. We ordered several articles. Eyes are a great convenience but evidently not a necessity. Their absence gives the brain a chance to demonstrate its resourcefulness.

During the afternoon I painted a copy of Spouting Rock at Pem[iquid] Pt. There is an exhilarating fascination in seeing a picture take form and come into being from the blank white board. JM has brought home some good new books on photography. The Annual for 1946 is one of them. I see a number of good marine studies in them for oils.

The family letter came today. As the tribe increases in age and interests the recording becomes more difficult.

February 18

Dr. Griggs was the speaker at Town Hall. His subject was Robert E. Lee. I had never heard Dr. G before. He is of the old admirable school – a well-trained mind, devotee of high ideals in character, genuinely patriotic, a comprehensive student appreciative always of the best, and kindly in criticism[?]. The lecture was biographical. The background of the times and previous trends in American history and in conflicting theories on federal powers and states rights. The family and early education – record at West Point. Early military assignments and works of construction. The dramatic personal conflict in making a decision to refuse the Command of the Armies of the Union and to return to Va. Was inspiring in its devotion to conviction. The military campaign demonstrated Lee's genius as being the greatest of all Anglo-Saxon generals of all times. He was always opposed to slavery. After the war his request for pardon was disgracefully ignored. He wanted to return to the Government and make the reunion complete. Prejudice and hate has wrought vast havoc in human relations and prevented progress.

February 19

Dorothy Thompson who has just returned from an extended visit in Poland spoke this morning at Town Hall on conditions and problems in that country. It may be summed up in economic and political tragedy. Poland was pillaged by Germany, then by Germany and Russia together, and finally by Russia. The present Lublin government is a tool and puppet for Russian Communism. There is complete police government, no free speech, no free elections, compulsion in everything. Will the U.N. demand free elections or back down before Russia's violations? It is a key problem which will determine the future of world cooperation or chaos.

[The Lublin Government was a political organ created by the Polish Communists and sponsored by the Soviet Union. It took its name from a city in southeast Poland that was liberated from German occupation by the Soviet Red Army in July 1944. It was eventually transformed into the provisional government of Poland and its recognition marked the era of a new life in post-war Poland.]

The College Club had a speaker this evening on Chili – a Dr. [Harold] Spears who was one of our Gov. good will delegates to share our ideas on public education. He presented interesting facts and some beautiful Kodachrome pictures but left us a little vague on how much was accomplished in creating a favorable understanding. Chili is treading strongly to Communism. They do not like our capitalistic advances toward them.

I painted for an hour this afternoon – a little music also.

February 20

This has been a stay-at-home day with an early hour spent on the Lincoln Reader. Editorials in our Russian relations, piano practicing, some final touches on recent oil paintings, bringing Merrill home for lunch in the car, and taking her back to school again, doing lunch and dinner dishes, going shopping with Euphie to

lay in a supply of groceries before the snowstorm which radio says was on the way, putting out some feed for the birds, bringing in some fallen tree limbs and sawing them up for the fireplace, and carrying them to the fireside box, listening to the news and a discussion over the air on "Should we outlaw closed shops?" Senator Ball of Minn is in favor of such action because he says closed shops oppose human rights and are monopolistic. I did a little baby-sitting next door and gave Merrill a piano lesson and taught her a little four-line poem – "Little Drops of Water", etc. A book review discussion on Poland's part and fate in the war reveals much opportunism on the part of Roosevelt and England and grave injustice by Russia. Read about the art looting by Hitler and the Germans during the war. Unbelievable in amount and value.

February 21

The biggest snowstorm in six years greeted us upon awakening. It was a day to stay inside, and I found plenty to do in the basement. Instead of mixing plaster I decided to fill the open places in the ceiling with cardboard [cardboard?] cut from discarded boxes. The little electric saw came in very handy. I also fixed the support for the inside clothesline. Tools are fun but working on a job overhead is not easy on the neck. So I turned to artwork.

For the afternoon I tried a couple sea studies. It [is] difficult to control color and movement and get the right effect in sky and waves. Working in oil is convenient because it permits correcting mistakes. Too bad life is not like that.

The radio has been full of weather reports, conflicts in Congress about the control of atomic energy, and the limit of the national budget. Communism and Russia are our constant cause of fear.

I took care of Merrill & Martha for an hour while Bobby went shopping. It's cold tonight and the upstairs sitting room is most comfortable. I must see how my third-floor garden is doing. Birds and squirrels were very appreciative of our care today.

February 22

We went to dinner at Franklin Arms with Dr. & Mrs. Leggett who came over from Westfield to show us his Kodachromes taken last summer and fall in Maine. We invited Bob and Esther Allis to join us at eight o'clock. The pictures were excellent showing views around the point and the lighthouse and pumpkin Cove and New Harbor and the Partridge[?] Wharf and many other familiar places. Walter Brackett and his boat and lobster eating parties with the Thayers made us forget our big snow and present cold weather.

Showed my present collection of oil paintings. Bob also is doing some painting and was very complimentary. He recommends doing reds with a pallet knife to blunt colors. We sat around the fire and discussed recent Town Hall lectures and the socialism of England and the Communism of Russia and some trends in our own country. It was agreed that the world is making slow, very slow progress toward higher civilization.

Bobbie and Merrill & Martha came over for an hour in the afternoon. M & I had a lesson on the piano and in drawing. Then we played ring toss. Martha was quite at home. Mrs. Coulter[?] called up to invite us to dinner in Madison tomorrow. We think the roads will be passable by then.

February 23

Every once in a while we all have to pay deference to the demands of sociability and friendly relations to our relatives. This was one of those days. We loaded up in the Ford car and set out for Madison to

fraternize at the Coultars around the brown roasted carcass of a 16-pound turkey. We drove to Orange and there took the Lackawanna because we feared the snow on the hills around [?].

We inspected and duly approved the new parlor wallpaper and the rearranged furniture. We talked with Caroline about her laboratory work at Columbia University. Dr. C told me about her recent operation taking stitches in a man's beating heart and having him live.

We came home in time to go to a four o'clock tea at the Van Vorlies to meet Lester Butterbean[?] and his prospective bride – a lady who has been teaching school in East Orange. Morale in the schools we learned is exceedingly low, discipline is non-existent, the teachers and principal have no control and are afraid of an uprising among the negroes who represent about 50 percent of the pupils.

I have enjoyed the quiet of our own fireside this evening.

February 24

Lisa Sergio was the speaker at Town Hall on the possibility of fascism in our country. She was born into the Italian aristocracy 41 years ago, was a Fascist under Mussolini, was his secretary for a while. People yield to the Fascist program when they are afraid and have something to conserve. They turn it over to the state for protection, but it never comes back. The state is all and keeps all. Communism springs out of distress where people want something they don't have, and want to take it from others. Here too the state is all. Fascism divides, then it may become powerful. Communism must get the masses united under it to become powerful. We have many hate groups in this country. They divide!

I went to see an exhibit of Winslow Homer's painting. It was 2 hours of instructing, disorientation, and inspiration! He was a genius in detail, a master at drawing and a wizard in the use of light. I would do well to see his work often. I bought a brief biography and black & white photos of some of his painting.

Tonight in the hours of music over the radio [?] and a new tenor with the telephone hour, he is marvelous. [*The "Telephone Hour," officially The Bell Telephone Hour, was a popular 1940s (and beyond) radio music series. According to Euphemia's diary, this was a new tenor with the Metropolitan opera.*]

February 25

We took the early train for Town Hall to hear old Dr. Griggs talk for an hour and 20 min on the life, career and service of A. Lincoln. The old gentleman is 80. He talked without MS or notes and gave a remarkable demonstration of memory for facts and sequence and excellence of thought and diction. Such mental alertness can be no other than the result of life-long cultivation of mind. He said that the debates between Douglas & L[*incoln*] is the greatest series of debate anywhere at anytime. The speech which L. made at Cooper Union in NY was what gained for [?] the nation some months later. He puts the highest tribute to L's absolute integrity all through his life illustrated by assumed to store debts, etc. His being shot was the greatest tragedy to the South, far greater than invading armies. L. would have been kind and generous. His death left things to little men. L offered to take the seceded states back into the Union just as they were before. Would that the spirit of L could prevail in the world of us today.

Bobbie is ill. We looked after the children this evening. I began practicing piano this A.M. at seven. Early to bed tonight.

February 26

The papers have sobering articles on the economic and financial condition of England. Evidently the "Empire" is "Liquidating." Lepmann says money and aid from U.S. cannot stop the process. We are disturbed by the probability the Communist Russia will move into the vacuums to the increasing danger to our democracy. We are forced to continue "power politics" but how?

A telephone message reported the death of Mr. Donsbach of Madison. Heart trouble – ignored. He was here to see us only a week ago, told of his serious symptoms, but was postponing any recognition in action – a lesson!

A phone call also from the Bishops. He is a little better but making progress slowly. Sorry he did not begin to conserve his physical resources years ago.

Put in forenoon time on the piano, afternoon painting, and a nap. An evening call from Miss B. The serious condition of her patient again impressed the importance of our physical existence and proper care.

February 27

I wrote my contribution to the family letter. This round robin was instituted by my father. He had enjoyed a similar plan among his own brothers and sisters for many years. Theirs like ours was very spasmodic. After many months would lapse before "the big letter" would put in an appearance. It ceased when father died. I fear "our" letter would be far more dilatory than it is were it not for the faithfulness of the "in-laws" who try to push it along.

I also wrote a personal letter to Florence who had suggested I do some writing for the papers, and offered to send her occasional reports and comments on Town Hall. [*Frank's sister Florence (Ream) Stanley and her husband Don were editors and publishers of a newspaper in Peru, NE.*]

Gave some sunlight hours to painting. Have attempted my first sea picture with figures in a boat. The piano also had to receive about an hour and a half. Now have five short pieces memorized for my lesson tomorrow.

Did babysitting 8-10:30 and read the current issue of Time and the Camera. The labor issue before Congress is almost as important as the limitation of the national budget.

February 28

I received some literature from a society in New York that studies the cause and prevention of heart disease. It also gives suggestions on how to continue to live after an attack. In substance it is go slow, avoid excitement or exertion, take everything in low tempo. Avoid getting weary, don't hurry. Stop on the first sign of fatigue. Pursue interests that are sedentary. Don't overeat, abstain from heavy rich and fat foods, get plenty of sleep. All this I ought to be able to observe.

Took my seventh music lesson today. Played five short pieces from memory. Miss G says I am doing very well. I didn't tell her how much practice is required, but I realized at the beginning that it would be a struggle, demanding will and persistence.

We sprouted our potatoes for the third time today. We still have two bushels. They are keeping very well. My tomato seedlings are up and pushing toward the light. The Ponderosas are faster than the Marglobes.

I discovered that my wire and sign to Use the Walk Please has been torn up by the little transgressors. Let us hope it is because they can't read.

Bought another bag of bird feed. The squirrels look fat. Sat by the fire this evening and read magazines.

March 1

I drove over to West Orange to a wood turner's by the name of Kohout to get some legs for a new piano bench I want to make. It was about six miles. I got a little mixed up in the strange streets. Will go back a week from today for the legs.

Got some stronger wire and staples for the warning barrier in the front lawn. My first effort was apparently a thing for amusement for the kids to destroy.

The afternoon we drove to Madison for Mr. Donbach's funeral at the Burroughs Home. Nothing like a funeral to bring out old settlers. Some we had not seen in twenty five years. The marks of time on some of them were startling although natural and to be expected. The minister spoke in perfect orthodox fashion about death only as an "absence" and of the "reunion of the family over there" and eulogized his love of nature and music and people and children. He read the "always used" quotations from the Bible.

Funerals are archaic and serve no purpose except as a momentary expression of regard for the departed to whom it now makes no difference.

It is snowing tonight.

March 2

The editorials of the papers and the commentators join in depicting impending chaos for the world if the wisdom and power of America does not save it and the fates will decide during the next few months. The British empire is falling apart. Greece may be an early battleground. Communism moves into the vacuums where starvation and want have paved the way. France may burst out in revolution any day. China is in internal war and America who is expected to furnish the money for the redemption of the world is in unprecedented national debt.

The Mundorffs started for a two week's vacation in Florida today. Their car skidded off the runway in the driveway and it was left there. Their hot water tank sprang a leak. The plumber couldn't come because he had an auto accident. Susie asks us what to do about the furnace.

I finished a painting today. The squirrels outwitted me again and got to the bird feeder. It has been raining all day. The radio reports a big explosion in Chicago's loop and a gas line fire in Cleveland. We are still safe at 22 Wildwood!! Truman is flying to Mexico.

March 3

I took the 5:45 eve train for New York to attend the "Tops" Photographic Exhibition at the Penna. Hotel in the grand ballroom. I went in early to study the prints. There were almost 300 some from England, Canada, Mexico, and other places as well as the U.S. Almost every exhibitor was a member either of the Royal Photo Society or the American Photo Society. They were all 11 x 14 or larger, all extremely brilliant, and needle sharp in focus. There were landscapes, seascapes, portraits, nudes, flowers, animals—a wide variety. Measured by ideal composition and technique. They were tops, an excellent standard to shoot on.

The speeches by Steichen[?] and Hiller were unworthy of the occasion. They gave nothing of instruction or inspiration. The Kodachromes enlarged on the screen were beautiful, particularly the flowers, animals,

and foliage and insects. Back lighting used specially. An abstraction movie thru the kaleidoscope I did not care for – too gaudy.

Had to leave at eleven before the final movie was finished. It was a composite panorama of the life of the world – creation, sea, land, vegetation, etc. very beautiful. Got home at 1 a.m.

March 4

Because of my late hours last night I stayed at home today, took it easy, and devoted some time to music and art. After trying to perfect my drawing of a portrait, I put color on the face. It reminded me of the days when I enlarged portraits in crayon and used an air brush. That was when I was in High School and we lived in Harlan, Iowa. I remember I tried at that time only two or three pastel portraits and I think they were pretty poor – as were the crayons also, but they helped me earn some money for college and that was important.

I wrote a long letter today to the Bishops hoping to cheer them up a bit. Just now I remember that I did not tell him about Tops photography. I must not neglect to do so.

Mr. Truman is in Mexico City today making friends for the U.S. We hope he is successful. Too many Americans have gone there that have done the opposite.

It must be early to bed tonight. Have just read a good international article in the current Colliers – our problems in Germany.

March 5

Lieu. Col. Craig who has about all the honors and citations one can earn in this country spoke at Town Hall on the Bikini “crossroads” experiment with the atomic bomb. He talked for over half an hour on the significance of the atom to civilization, and gave facts and figures on its power. Then he showed colored movies of the preparation and training during the preceding months, and finally the Gov. film of the bombing itself taken by 56 camera men and many miles of film and the results and damages. If this story could be told to all the lawmakers and rulers of the world, it ought to strike all motives for war.

[Between 1946 and 1958 the U.S. detonated 23 nuclear devices at the Bikini Atoll in the Marshall Islands.]

Then I visited 5 galleries on East 57th street. Some were showing “modern art” – blotches and smears in my opinion. Some very minutely precise, but visionary in shape and design. Others very brilliant and forceful in the infinite variety of color, but no image or meaning to me. In other galleries I saw some of the very finest in figures and landscape, precision and beauty. The [?] was marvelous. I want to study them again. I went into the Librarie Francaise on 57th st. Marvelous variety of books, magazine and all literature of France.

March 6

I was invited to go over to the Home Office for a luncheon conference with Miss Stone, Mr. Kenagy and Dr. Ward on a Public Relations program for older people. It is desirable that all retired people are economically secure and are happy. Happiness calls for occupation of the time and contentment of mind. I suggested as a goal “Old Age Happiness” and the project -- Every man over 45 – a Hobbieist. Hobbies are needed for occupation and contentment, but they cannot be suddenly taken up if waiting until 65. They need to develop into a hobby. I suggested a survey of the Veterans Club – list all present hobbies. Then invite

successful retirement [*retirees?*] with hobbies to come and tell about them. The Done Workers Club of Montclair could be very helpful.

The Company might fit up a hobby shop of laboratory with power tools, a dark room enlarger, etc. John L. Liever[?] got fined 90,000 upheld by the supreme court – a step toward protecting the public from the tyranny of labor. [*Not sure what case Frank is referring to.*]

March 7

The chief occupation and diversion today was music. I put in a couple of hours this forenoon on my music lesson which had suffered a little from neglect the last day or two. I am getting into pieces that for me are a bit more complicated and demand a skill which I do not yet possess.

This evening we went to a piano concert in Montclair. The artist was a young Czech by the name Rudolph Firkuony. He has recently come to this country and is making a remarkable reputation. His selections were from the Masters – Beethoven, Schubert, Brahms, and Chopin. His technique seems to me to be perfection. For two hours he performed magnificently. Everything from memory of course, but the feat of such memorization is astonishing. It is all a most impressive example of the possibilities of the human brain under years of discipline.

Yesterday we heard over the radio that Jos. H Ream has been elected Executive Secretary of the Col Broad Casting Co. [*sic – Columbia Broadcasting Co.*] I have written hearty congratulations. Looks like Joe is about at the top in his line.

March 8

Early this morning I drove over to West Orange to get the legs and side pieces for the piano stool I propose to make. They are of hardwood – birch – and the legs are beautifully turned. Working in hardwood is a new experience for me. Mr. Kohaut suggested that I put it together with screws and counter sink them. He gave me a piece of doweling ½” to use as pegs to close up the screw holes. I had to stop at a hardware store and buy a ½ in. bit to bore the holes. Mr. Kohaut also saw I could easily use some mahogany stain for a fine finish.

I tried one more improvement on the bird feeder to keep the squirrels from climbing the pole. This time it is an inverted paper bag – so far successful.

Worked some on the stool, got a splinter under one nail, took skin off little finger. Cleared out all my “traps” from the guest room. We are having company over the weekend – causes major operations in house cleaning. I am moved to the third floor. Grand! Took a radio to Broad street for repairs. Did a little piano practicing. Played with Martha. Tooted a little on the pipe. Read Moby Dick. And so lights out.

March 9

First errand of the day was to greet the sun, get out the little Ford and go down to Broad street to get the Sunday Times and Herald. A box of Aunt Jemima’s pancake mix caught my eye on the pantry shelf, and since I was sole operator in the kitchen and free to follow my own fancies, I mixed up a batch – used the electric mixer—to make them light and foamy and had things ready for the ladies when they should descend from slumberland.

We had to tiptoe around the house so as not to make tracks or get things out of order for this was the day for the arrival of the lady from Washington. We drove to the Penn. Station to get her and had a few guests for supper to meet her.

I took a nap on the third floor in the late afternoon, but went down to meet the tea party. A Mr. Armitage came for his wife and we sat in front of the fire and agreed that Russia is a totalitarian state without scruples of honor and with a passion for world power, and full intent to destroy the American way of life if she can. We entertain little hope for Marshall to accomplish anything in this Moscow Conference. Now to my third floor again.

March 10

Strangely this has seemed like Sunday all day. Maybe because I have been "dressed up." It was a party day at home. Mrs. R. [*according to Euphemia's diary, this is Mary Robinson, a friend from Goucher College*] from Washington and a luncheon here for some of the "crowned heads" of the Woman's College Club. Being in the hopeless male minority, I decided to flee the conversational arena, so I spent the time in the local library reading current magazines on art and Fortune. I gave special heed to the champions of modern painting. The many words of praise do not contain the word "beautiful." Mostly they say their artists strive for expression. But to me it seems more like the tortures of labor pains and what they bring forth is nothing on sea or land.

I got my lunch in a diner on Broad street and watched a big fire – five trucks were showering the wreckage with water. JM and I did the dishes while the ladies attended the meeting. Then I entertained myself with efforts on my piano assignments. The radio musical program – Mrs. Steber[?] is excellent. Marshall has had his first day in Moscow. Russian confusion!

March 11

I had the forenoon at home alone and used most of the time to try to master my piano assignment. The fingering is difficult. The cords & harmonies are close and unusual, but it has lovely waltz time. And so I persist in my effort.

This afternoon another tea party was at our fireside and I sought seclusion on the second floor and put in three hours with my painting. I made some changes in the portrait (my first in oil) and worked in the drapery and the background. Perhaps it may be called fair for a beginner.

Gave the evening to reading book reviews and have been particularly interested in the many books about Russia and their influence on world affairs. Most writers are agreeing there is a definite threat to the world peace because of Russian passion to exceed her power and influence, and thwart the influence of all other nations. It is announced Mr. Truman will speak tomorrow on our part in Greece and Turkey.

March 12

Three outside events today. I attended a lecture by a Mrs. Main[?] who is a professional investment counselor. She says a good way to measure the value of a security: take the average earnings over a ten year period and multiply it by 10. She has much reserve toward investment trusts.

The second was an illustrated (colored movies) travelog on Cuba. Mostly life and scenes in Havana – a little on the rural life.

The third event was a lecture by Pearl Buck – an extemporaneous talk inspired by Pres. Truman's message to the Congress today asking for HOC millions for help to Greece and to Turkey. She thinks this is a great mistake. It will not save or help democracy. It should have been done thru the United Nations. We do wrong to use our charity as a political weapon. She thinks this day is as important in our destiny as VJ Day. We need to determine our foreign policies from a world view. We should have the world wide humanity mind. Our Pres. has not had that kind of background.

[*Pearl S. Buck, 1892-1973, was an American writer and humanitarian. She is best known for writing "The Good Earth", which won a Pulitzer in 1932.*]

March 13

Wakened with thoughts about President Truman's speech on Foreign Affairs. Took an early walk to the station to buy a copy of the New York Times so we could read their editorials in addition to the Tribune. Found excerpts from many newspapers in all part of the country. Nearly all of them recognize our serious situation and the possibility of far-reaching results, but there seems to be no escape from our responsibility to save the outposts for democracy. The Town Hall discussion tonight was on the same subject. Max Lerner[?], writer to P.M., wants us to go slow. The editorial writer for the Herald Tribune supports Mr. Truman.

I wrote a brief article today for the Peru Pointer [*the newspaper run by Frank's sister and brother-in-law, Florence & Don Stanley, in Peru, NE*] on Pearl Buck's speech of last night.

Wrote a short letter to the Bishops. Started to burn much of the useless files I brought home from the office in December.

We received a beautiful basket of oranges from the Mundorffs who are in Florida. Martha came for a little while this forenoon.

Put in more than three hours on the piano.

March 14

A day with no outstanding events. Wrote a few letters, paid for the insurance on the Ford car, worked a little while on the new piano bench, read the editorials and special international and political articles in the paper. Put two hours of final practicing before my music lesson in the afternoon. My teacher seems to think I am doing fairly well on my assignments.

After the lesson I went to the Woman's Club of G[len] R[idge] to meet Euphie and see an exhibit of oil paintings by an Anne Davis of Westfield. Was impressed by the strength of color and the contrasts in values. The general effect of the pictures is very pleasing. I always get inspiration and learn something from observing closely such works. Must get at my own painting. Have been prevented for about a week.

Read for an hour in Moby Dick. Learned that that is the name for the whale.

Listened to "It pays to be ignorant." – always a humorous show. Bed at 1:30. New typewriter ribbon. Tin box for photo paper. Empty boxes from grocery store to make a cabinet. [*"It Pays to Be Ignorant" was a 1942–51 radio comedy show.*]

March 15

I took the early train 8:50 bound for Town Hall. To occupy my mind en route and to work against the disintegration of time on the little French I have acquired. I took a French magazine and a small French dictionary.

The speaker was Oswald Wendt, editor and director of a Science Magazine. He says the atomic energy has opened a new world as truly as Columbus did. No nation can become dangerous until it has manufactured 100 bombs. At least five years are necessary. Atomic energy cannot be used for everyday purposes until a confining engine is invented – at least 25 years hence. We have a germ killing agency which would destroy all grass and grain. Labor saving devices are on the way to reduce the work week to two days raise standards of living and increase wealth for everyone. Travel can be made at 1000 miles an hour. At 30 miles above the earth the temperature gets extremely hot. Man's length of life is now 75 years.

I went to the Whitney Museum of Art to see Modern Art painting & sculpture. In my opinion it was a travesty in the name – it was absurd, monstrous, a mess. Greatly pleased with the 124 pictures at Solamagundy[?] Club. Saw some more “moderns” by Wolf at Brevoort Hotel. Came home and painted zenias [sic] for an hour. [*This is probably the Salmagundi Club of New York City. Founded 1871, it is New York's oldest art clubs.*]

March 16

All day at home with the reading of the Times and the Herald Tribune, the radio, the typewriter books and painting. I worked again on the Father Miller head [*Euphemia's father*]. Then finished my study in [?]. They are my final piece in flowers and are far the “brightest” thing I have done. I also did a once over on the Gardus[?] face – have made him too pale. Must give him a little more health next time.

Margaret Truman made her first appearance over the air as a vocal soloist. She is to be complemented tho she did not try to capitalize on her father's position. How different from the Roosevelts! And what a welcome relief!

Saw some attractive ads for garden power cultivators. Requested by postcard, catalogs from five of them. What is this mysterious magnetism in springtime garden things?

All radio commentators are still talking about Truman's speech to aid Greece against the Russians. The Russian papers are raving against it and Henry Wallace is going to stump the country against it. How can a man be so consistently on the wrong side of everything?

March 17

An early morning assignment was to take the two cars down to Boughton's and have the 1947 plates put on. The day has seemed full of inconsequential things such as putting a handle on a tin box, fixing up a frayed edge on the clothes basket, checking on the furnace to discover why the thermostat did not work and fixed up the wheels clogged with dust and debris. Pasting the rubber edge onto the big lid of the washing machine.

The Mundorffs came back from the two weeks in Florida. Their train was late but Marlene stayed up to greet them. Really it was the other way round. A child's consciousness takes little note of the passing of time and accepts people and [?] as they come and go. This is a very good practice for grown people too if they can do it. I have just written a letter to my mother. She now has the child's indifference to time and the days as they pass.

The Irish strutted in New York today. Strange how they love Ireland but don't want to go back. Are content to brag and sing about it and have a fight occasionally.

March 18

The forenoon was given to piano practice and work on the Hardin portrait. In the afternoon we drove to Madison where Euphie gave flowers to Mrs. Donsbach. The absence of Mr. D leaves a sad gloom over the little home. We went on to the Coultas for a short call and exhibited our portrait of Father Miller. [*Euphemia's father*] This is his birthday. The picture was in celebration. Also we ate dinner at the Cannon Ball in Springfield – a made over antique furniture home.

Got back to G[*len*] R[*idge*] just in time to call for Mr. & Mrs. Bob Aller and bring them home with us for an hour before the fire – catch up on Maine news and talk about the coming summer. They leave Thursday and will arrive in Maine Apr 1st. Bob is much interested in art and has been doing oils. I have not seen any of his recent work. They are always good company.

Wheat sells today for \$3.10 a bu.

March 19

I decided to do some serious practicing on my piano assignment today and to test the maxim that “practice makes perfect.” So I set myself the task of playing the piece fifty times. I kept tally with pencil & paper, putting down a mark each time I went from beginning to end. It took more than two hours and although I did not attain “perfection,” I did notice improvement. I once heard the principle stated something like the skill is best attained by frequent repetition at close intervals ... the closer and more frequent the more rapid the skill.

Also I repotted my young tomato plants. They were too thick, some five or six in one jar. Now there are only two in each pot. I also put a little commercial chemical fertilizer into the soil and used as a base the rolled manure, some four years old from the garden. The Ponderosa plants are doing much better than the Marglobes.

The meat meal of the day before and the salmon make me feel unusually drowsy. I must remember to abstain.

March 20

This was my day to visit the Flower Show in the Grand Central Palace in N.Y. The door was to open at 10 a.m. I got there at 9:45, but more than 500 people were already in line. I have seldom seen so many ladies between 50 and 70 years (perhaps). It is grand that as the flower of their youth fades they can make flowers bloom in their gardens. The palace was soon too crowded to be comfortable or to permit seeing the floral exhibits. I found the side line exhibits very interesting. Fertilizers, seeds, bulbs, cultivating equipment, garden decorations, books, magazines, etc. I left at 11:30.

This evening I went to the Veterans annual dinner at the Home Office. Sat by Mr. Rhodes at dinner. The speaker made a popular humor and sermon talk on Our Political and Economic History and Creeds. He endorses the United Nations' place as the only safe way for the world. The dinner and the music was good. Got home by eight thirty.

March 21

Spring arrived this morning at 6:13, 38°, sunny. I put in the forenoon on my music. Thought I had it in pretty good shape but when I got down to the Studio, flustration set in. There is something about the tone and touch of that piano that is distracting. I am distressed to be so easily thrown off base. More serious practicing must be the only cure.

This evening we called on Mr. & Mrs. Walter Reynolds who last year purchased an old farmhouse and 150 acres in New Hampshire. They showed us Kodachromes of it and voiced their enthusiasm about the place and the scenery and fun of making improvements and especially of the fine friendly neighbors they have. The house is over a hundred years old and they are highly sentimental about the whole affair. We, being of the same mind, concerning our place in Maine could quite understand.

Came home at 10 and heard a little of "It Pays to be Ignorant." Fingered for a little while on my new piano assignment. It is tricky in time and fingering. Another challenge to comprehension and determination. [*"It Pays to Be Ignorant" was a 1942-51 radio comedy show. The satirical series featured "a board of experts who are dumber than you are and can prove it". Episodes can still be heard on YouTube.*]

March 22

Off at 8:50 for the City and Town Hall to hear the historian philosopher Will Durant on "Russia & Communism." He thinks Russia represents an Idea of Eutopia [*Utopia?*] – behaves the way she does because she has been and is being invaded upon. Her purges and her iron curtain are for self protection. She wants an outlet through the Dardanelles just as we want a say in the Panama Canal. She is not really Communist, but a form of Socialism. Her people are better off than they were under the Czarists. They are taking on some phases of Capitalism, just as we are taking on some phases of Socialism and fifty years from now we will be very similar, etc. He is a good illustration of the idealist with an academic mind who studies through books and overlooks many important factors. There were many Russian sympathizers in the audience.

I finished the carpenter work on the piano bench this evening – total cost \$7.07 for material. Replenished the bird feeder. Read the New Yorker before the fireplace. Got very sleepy.

March 23

From 6 until 8:30 A.M. I read Moby Dick in bed. Just before breakfast I drove down to Broad street for the two papers. Practiced for an hour and a quarter. Made some new straps for JM's briefcase and mended the handle. Then lunchtime – and did the dishes. Picked the blue stone from the garden. The snow boy had been too strenuous in shoveling. It took me as long to replace the stones as he took on the shoveling job.

Much of the world is busy trying to repair the mistakes of their predecessors.

JM and I prepared five rows in the garden for early seed. I hope to put it in [?] a few days. We raked dead grass and tried to burn it. I clipped off all the wild blackberry bushes. They came from roots last summer after I thought I had destroyed them all. Evils are hard to uproot anywhere in the world – gardens, character, society, politics – everywhere. Life is always a struggle and the good must be fought for.

Wrote up Will Durant for the Peru Pointer – Subject Communism & Democracy.

March 24

This morning we took the bus for New York and Town Hall to hear S.K. Ratcliff, for many years a leading newspaperman of England, and a welcome speaker at Town Hall since 1914. He described the present

problems and policies of Brittain. Strongly contradicted the impression that Brittain is dying. It is simply readjusting in this new age of new relations and ideas. Her aim is the Commonwealth of Nations all free and voluntary, as Canada, Australia, New Zealand. They learned in 1776 never again to try to force controlled subjugation[?] on a colony. Their colonial policy has been over peoples unable to govern themselves. Just as far as these peoples become capable they will be free – that is the program in India.

We attended a tea given in his honor by Town Hall Club. Mrs. Ratcliff and their daughter were present – all came over last week in the Queen Elizabeth. Before the tea we went to see “the picture of the year” -- “The Best Years of Our Lives.” Its theme is the returning soldier to civilian relations. Admission price \$1.50 – pretty high. Much good acting and some highly emotional situations, but we were a little disappointed in view of the great publicity.

Tonight a radio evening of good music. Christopher Lynch and Lily Pons. Had dinner in Town at Loffeuritis[?].

March 25

This was a stay-at-home day wrestling with the muse, a most illusive and tantalizing imp, but I have memorized the notes at least. The rhythmic sequence with smoothness is still a star beyond my grasp/

I took time out to go to the store and buy stain for the piano bench and some flower seed for the home garden here. Last summer the weeds had no competition. This summer I'll give beauty a chance. I have plotted an arrangement, including peas and Swiss chard and spinach. I also bought a nice rose bush at Montclair Sears & R[oeback]. There I went to an Italian Iron Worker near Sears to order two pieces for my cultivator. He will have these ready for me Thursday.

Before supper I stained the new piano bench. May require one or more coats – think it will be a good imitation of walnut. Will retire early with Moby Dick. Now more than halfway through – a whale of a story.

March 26

Morris Hindus [*Maurice G. Hindus*] at Town Hall discussed European affairs. The basis for contentment, he says, in any country is the private ownership of the land. He has high praise for Czechoslovakia's resourcefulness. We in America are confused. We do not study history enough. We are worried about what we have and don't want to lose it. American tractors did more in aiding Russia in the war than lend lease. It makes them engine conscious. The engine is wiping out all boundaries and changes the whole face of war.

At the forum in Montclair, Prof. Frederick Schuman of William College (history) gave a most comprehensive and penetrating analysis of the world situation. He believes the present Truman foreign policy is essentially a political move to check-mate the Republicans. Communism is made the villain. The plan calls for “speed up” and “taxing” and reelection. The Republicans dare not oppose and to go along makes them helpless. Truman's reelection is assured. High taxes, high prices will stay. No depression – all a most depressing outlook. He hopes he is wrong.

March 27

This forenoon I played my piano arrangement No. 50 forty times. At noon we went to West Orange to see Mrs. Danenhower's art exhibit – watercolors and oils. Some of them were of Maine, Pemaquid Point and New Harbor. I always gain something by studying the artwork of others. Her watercolors are especially good. Some other artists were exhibiting also. A few excellent pieces.

We came home via Montclair where I picked up the iron pieces for my hand plow I am making. Did some work on it in the basement tonight. Must try a few bolts and washers before it is finished. Also put the first coat of varnish on the piano stool. I think it will look very good with a couple more coats.

Town Hall of the Air discussed what to do about Russia and Communism One may say let it alone and improve our democracy at home. Another said feed the hungry, clothe the naked, and hope for the best. A third said organize a Federation of World Democracies. A fourth said call Russia's bluff and tell her to lay off expansion or take the consequences. We can fight.

March 28

This evening we went to a church wedding – [George] Peck & [Georgetta] Berta. Since it was seven o'clock, there were tails and white ties. (Not me, just a tux.) The usual number of ties riding up collars and men looking uncomfortable. Ushers in pairs divided the guests as friends of the bride or the groom on separate sides of the church like seats at a football game. Organists played "Drink to me only with thine eyes". But at the dinner this song was promptly forgotten, drowned in cocktails. A soloist sang *Ava Maria*. There were half dozen bridesmaids in pink silk dresses. The bride came in on the arm of her father. The wedding ceremony read by a Presby. Minister has been considerably altered in the last 40 years – could still be amended with [?]

The dinner was at a country club, 150 guests. Cocktails first, fruit cup, soup, roast turkey, ice cream, etc. Flood lights and movies took in the bridal table, the cake cutting, and all the guests seated at tables for ten. Conversation at our table was hit and miss on little nothings. A waiter tipped over a glass of wine. I got some of it on my coat & trousers, yet it is better to absorb it in external fashion than to have a big head next day. Home at eleven. We left early!

March 29

I completed my garden cultivator. It now stands at a total cost of \$4.90. If I had bought one the price would have been \$25.00. Besides the saving was the feel of designing and making it myself, a contribution to the feeling of independence.

My first oil painting that I did one Christmas vacation while in college 1900 was very dirty. I gave it a soap and water bath and then varnished it. The colors are restored remarkably well. Mother had kept this painting for me all these years. Dwight slipped it to me when her home was sold last year.

The Woman's College Club sponsored a local talent dramatic performance tonight. "The Late Mr. Apley". It is a takeoff on the smug superiority and [?] of the old Boston Beacon Street society—its measures for propriety and its slavery to "what will people think". There are few dispositions more absolute and cruel than that of correct social observance. Religious intolerance comes in as a close second. The history and varieties of intolerance in the world could make a very interesting book, which would be a classic in human cruelties.

March 30

We were dinner guests of Mr. Parker on High Street. He has an elderly lady relative living with him. She is 90 yrs old, small, spry, and although deaf, partakes in lively fashion in the conversation. Mr. Parker told us much about his work at the hospital as purchasing agent. He buys everything from potatoes to insulin and guinea pigs. Says they pay \$1.50 for a pig which weighs 6 oz. Can't find them even at that price. (looks like a business opportunity.) Mr. Parker continues his enthusiasm in singing. He must be near 80 yet has an

excellent tenor voice. Sang for more than an hour after dinner. Many of the old time love songs. He could reach an A with fairly good tone.

This this P.M. Clarence White came out to select some of his prints for use in his school soon to start in Bath. He is taking maybe 200. We still are keeping up many for him. He regaled us with stories about Walter Reed's [?] desperation and the goings on in the small town of Five Islands – the Constable, the drunken priest, the school board and the road commissioners.

March 31

Sociability was the program today. We took the 10 o'clock train for New York. I carried my Rolleiflex [camera] in to Adam Ardinal[?] for some slight repairs and took E's Shaeffer pen to be fixed. Had to wait an hour and a half for the pen, then we were off by subway for Burrough Hall station Brooklyn and by foot to the apartment of Mrs. [Eleanor] Heuze, who lives in one of the old aristocratic places near the river. A view from the roof gives an excellent picture of downtown Manhattan and Brooklyn Bridge. Immediately opposite is Wall Street. Across the street is the Seth Lowe home and the Pierpont place. [*Seth Low, 1850-1916, was mayor of Brooklyn and president of Columbia University.*] Improvements are in progress (even in Brooklyn). There will be a waterside walk and be an added attraction for those near by.

There is much history and culture connected withhold Brooklyn. It may not have the dash and commercialism of Manhattan but the people love it and are justly proud.

We got home at 7 o'clock. I fear I shall never be an enthusiast for sociability. It was good to get at some of my work in the basement.

April 1

I devoted the morning to the painting of my homemade garden cultivator. I gave it two colors, gray for the wheel and vermillion for the frame. It really looks quite manufactured. I hope it will work as well as I anticipate. There has been a real satisfaction in thinking out and making this contrivance. I also brought upstairs the completely finished piano bench – another item in personal accomplishment.

The morning mail brought a letter to E[*uphemia*] from John Tayler Armes, the world's greatest etcher. Its writing and concept of beauty as a philosophy of life creates an event of supreme significance. He is a rare spirit and remarkable genius. Seldom we find a great artist and a philosopher, and an admirable character all in one. It is a lifetime honor to have met and heard such a man. [*John Taylor Arms, 1887 – 1953, was one of the more famous printmakers of the first half of the twentieth-century. He is well known for his medieval architectural etchings and precise realism. He would often hone down photograph needles to create lines that need high powered magnification to see.*]

Tonight I wrote letters to Dwight and to Captain Henry. He is another rare and admirable soul, tho the direct opposite as far as training and cultural art is concerned, but tops in character and friendship. [*Captain Henry was apparently a close friend who lived near Pemiquid Point.*]

April 2

Eleanor Roosevelt spoke at Town Hall today. I had never heard her so decided to attend. Her subject was Human Rights in the Atomic Age. She assumes she is an authority on Human Rights and that she understands all the implications of the Atomic Age. There was prolonged discussion without clear definitions. She based her claim to understanding the problems of Europe upon the fact that her

education was gained as a girl in several European countries. That she speaks at least one other language than English, and that she traversed the battlefields of Europe after the war. She seems to claim a woman's superiority in understanding human problems, and talks at length about her work with the United Nations conferences and meetings, and discussion of subjects are her world, and all great and important problems no matter how tragic she describes as "interesting." It is amazing how the women in the audience look at her with wrapped adoration, even tho all she says is profoundly superficial and bromidic. She is tremendously overrated by her public and particularly by herself.

I finished Moby Dick tonight – a strange strong story reflecting broad education and wide reading.

April 3

At the Womans Club in Upper Montclair we heard the interpretation of the opera Parsifal. It was done by the piano and comments on the progress of the story. The theme comes from the 13th century with all its legend and mysticism and religions and dramatic human emotions of love and fear and superstition. My education on opera has been almost completely neglected, so that I did not get the inspiration experienced by those thoroughly familiar with the work.

Today Euphie received from Mr. Armes the most beautiful etching I have ever seen. Undoubtedly it is the best of its kind in the world. Its possession is like the custody of some holy thing. Its detail and precision are perfect. Its symmetry of line and form seem like a dream of something beyond human attainment. It is the epitome of Mr. Armes' philosophy of life which is the Quest of the Beautiful. For that end he has lived and worked and sacrificed and counted no cost too great. This picture will be a lifelong inspiration and benediction. We must make our lives strive for its [?]

[Euphemia wrote in her diary, "This has been a day of emotional experiences – first the arrival of one of Mr. Arm's prints – the one he considers his best – a beautifully executed and delicate reproduction of a French cathedral. It is a gift, one I shall always cherish – his beautiful letter rec'd Tues. ack[nowledging] my letter of Mar 20 in which I expressed my appreciation of his philosophy of Beauty or its consciousness a necessary part of each day's living. Evidently it meant something to him that his message found a responsive soul."]

April 4

The high significance of this day for us is that it is JM's birthday. It was a rainy afternoon in Bethany Hospital (the old building) in Kansas City, Kans (1911) that she arrived. Dr. Nason who had brought thousands of babies into the world officiated. She bore down upon our world to the extent of 7 ½ lbs. The Dr. pronounced her a perfect baby – an endorsement for her to live up to, and an excellence for us to protect. I'm of unbiased opinion she has done her part well in maintaining the standard.

I gave some thought to the Armes etching, his lecture and his letter and my meditations resulted in the composition of some lines on his Philosophy of Beauty. I may send it to him as a tribute of our appreciation.

Heard Earl Browder over the air answer questions put to him by newsmen and press commentators. It is clear he is devoted to Communism heart and soul, and cares far more for Russia than for this his native land. He has an alert mind, is quick in retort and false in his logic, and vicious in his motives – an enemy to the U.S.

[Earl Russell Browder, 1891 – 1973) was an American politician, spy for the Soviet Union, communist activist and leader of the Communist Party of the United States of America.]

April 5

I wrote an Easter message to my mother. Each time I write I wonder if it might be the last. She is so weak and frail. I also wrote a 300 [word?] summary for the Peru Pointer of Mrs. Roosevelt's Town Hall talk on Human Rights in an Atomic Age.

This evening, JM's longtime playmate and friend was here for a birthday dinner. [According to Euphemia's diary, this was Mel Garwood.] She is a vivacious person, greatly to be admired for the way she has used her opportunities in life and risen above difficult environment with uncomplaining and unspoiled spirits.

At 9:30 p.m. we went to the Hellers to meet a friend from Philadelphia – a highly reputed [?] born in Russia. He is intensely interested also in the general problems of the day – economic, political and international. He sees many faults in American think[?] that Roosevelt was a great leader – to be credited with winning the war. Thinks what we need now in a man to lead us, a governmental group at the top to plan and tell us what we must do, that our representation in Congress is deplorable, that Russia will soon have all of Europe under Communistic control. That we should see what good Russia has to give and profit by it. Such ideas as these spread in our country is what delights the Kremlin.

April 6

Altho this has been Easter it has been quiet and uneventful for us at home. Was off first thing for the Sunday papers and mailed some letters in the Post Office box. Something went wrong with the pilot light on the gas stove so it had to be fixed. The other burners needed attention. Since I was at it, it was a good time to make the drawer work more smoothly and I might as well give the iron parts a new coat of paint. The squirrels kicked over two of my little tomato pots. The strong wind almost whipped the life out of the little plants. I got them on the floor and gave them some more water. Wrote a three-page, single-spaced letter to the Bishops. Transcribed the shorthand notes I took on the lecture by John Taylor Armes. Wrote to Mr. P.S. in Indianapolis asking for the return of my M.M.S. We all had supper over at Bobbie's, talked about the children, agreed they were smart and worth raising.

I sewed the seams in my pigskin purse and mended a hole in my vest pocket. Now as I go to sleep, I expect to learn in the morning there is a nation-wide telephone strike. This is the land of free speech but not over the phone tomorrow.

April 7

This evening at Town Hall we heard a piano recital by Monte Nelson, a Jewish boy 25 years old. I think he displayed more genius at the piano than I have ever heard before. I'm not forgetting that I have heard Joseph Hoffman and Goblukovich[?]. His selections demanded extremely complex execution at great speed. His last number was Litz [*Liszt?*] 2nd Symphony Rhapsody [*sic*].

At the close we met his mother. She appears about 50 – short and fairly stout. She said that Monte started to play airs when he was four and as a small boy he heard Al Jolson's show – Sonney[?] Bay. Came home and played it all thru by ear. This ability explains the marvelous demonstration of memory in the program tonight. He also played 3 encore numbers – all high class. We also met his father-in-law, Dr. Appel and his wife. He is a physician on Beacon St. Boston and practices in Lyme. He has invited us to come and see them in Boston.

Today was Merrill's birthday (seven). She had a party. We took Martha shopping with us. She likes the window displays. Got my Rolleiflex [camera] back today from Archereals.

April 8

Two hours at the piano this morning and gradually I'm getting the swing of this number. Our friends the Dietz's came out for lunch. They are interested in art. He has been doing charcoal and she wants to take painting lessons. They like my little attempts at oil. We went to visit the Montclair Art Museum before they returned to New York by 5 o'clock bus. Stopped in at Sears Roebucks and saw a garden cultivator much like mine that sells for \$7. I still had fun in making mine. Spaded up a row in the garden where I want to plant carrots and peas in beds just to keep the weeds down. Rented a roller for the lawn and a scatterer for the lime I want to put on the bare spots and the moss beds.

Played with the children next door for half an hour. We had a little trio practice here at home – piano, violin and pipe.

The telephone strike is still the center of national concern. No indications of any break yet. I worked for an hour sketching the Dausbach portrait. No distinguishing features make it a tough job. We ate Maine canned chicken for lunch today. Fine reward for labor last summer.

April 9

We planned to work on the garden and lawn today – scatter lime and use the rented roller. When we got up it was raining, but like hungry birds and chickens, we decided to brave the drizzle. In fact the soaked lawn would roll much better and the lime would stick to the soil. The roller must have contained 20 gal. of water and its weight made a real impression. JM was the official roller. I scattered the lime and meditated on how my ministry was allaying the acid of the soil. Would that there were equally easy remedy for the acid of character & disposition.

We got thru at 4 o'clock. I took a little time out for piano practice and I made a plow attachment out of a broken small spade. Played a half hour with Martha. We went to the Wedgewood for dinner. Just under the wire at 7:30. Watered my flowers, put the old film into the repaired camera, and worked for a while on the Dausbaugh portrait. So far it is only a lead pencil sketch.

Henry Ford died yesterday at age 83.

[David] Lillienthal was confirmed today for the Atomic [Energy] Commission.

April 10

When Thursday comes I begin to feel the nearness of my next piano lesson and I wrestle more earnestly than before with the imperfections of my assignment. I worked at it about 3 ½ hours today The Swiss Echo Song – It is easy to memorize but hard to finger.

I finished the spade attachment for my garden plow. It works very well. And I planted a row of carrots in the raspberry patch. The peas are not up yet. I want to plant something between the rows as soon as they appear.

Took a nap after lunch and had the house to myself all afternoon – "The piano and I."

JM brought me a new book – “Vegetable Gardening for Everyone” by Richard Guylay, 80 pages, very simple and practical. Especially the plans for small and average size gardens and the dates for planting. I think I can profit by following it this summer. Finished the book in an hour and a half.

The news continues to be turmoil and strife with strikes at home and dissention abroad. The will to be agreeable seems comparatively absent.

April 11

We received two grand letters today from the Shops. Dale has a marvelous, interesting style. Which reminds me much of Will Rogers in his unique comparisons, figures of speech, and humor. It would make a kick[?] if published in a column as Running Comment on Affairs of the Day.

This was the first real forerunner of spring. Mercury at 72° which has given a great boost to shrubs and buds. My garden peas are peeping thru today.

My music lesson went pretty well. I'm beginning to prove that practice is the only way to attainment.

We attended a concert tonight, 2 harps, a flutist, and a celloist. They were highly trained and very proficient, but try as I may, I can't get excited about harp music. The tones seem so muffled and smothered – no resonance in the high notes. I can't say much for a flute either. It has such limitations.

Henry Wallace is making a fool of himself in England and doing valiant service for Russia and Communism by opposing the U.S. policies.

April 12

After “working” on the piano for an hour, I got busy on the Dausbach portrait. It had been sketched for several days. The job today was to put on the oil and, if possible, hold the likeness and the correct expression. By four o'clock it was fairly well completed, but far from really satisfying me. Natural complexion and skin tone are difficult.

I turned to the easier task of painting a small 8 x 10 of the lighthouse. It is to be a birthday present for Mrs. Van who has admired the first one I painted. This copy was completed in 45 min.

This evening we took our Kodachromes to Mr. Valentine's to show his two children – 6 and 4. It was a pleasant evening. Got home at midnight.

The telephone strike is still on. Henry Wallace is behaving in a most unpatriotic [?] in England. Of course he has the right of free speech, but to discuss your homeland affairs in foreign lands is a shocking performance. If he thus kills his own political chances it will be partly compensated.

April 13

I put some last touches on the Dausbach portrait then took it down to my electric saw and cut off an inch from each side. Also I put a coat of varnish on the lighthouse for Mrs. V.V. and made a little frame to fit it, and painted the frame gray to match the sky. Hope they will be dry by tomorrow.

Since my oils were out I copied a little floral study which came on a birthday card. This is my third still life flowers in oils. I made it 8x10. They are rather easy to draw are very showy. Must watch against colors running together when wet. It spoils the sharpness.

Spaded a row in the garden between the raspberry bushes. Think I will plant beets tomorrow. Also roped the three sections of the garden. Makes it look neat and not neglected. Took a color shot of the daffodils under the bay window.

Read the two Sunday papers. News on Wallace, Communism, high prices, possible depression, strikes, labor unions, and the Roosevelt 2nd anniversary of his death.

April 14

The weatherman said we were due for showers this afternoon so I got out into the garden immediately after breakfast. I broke up all the lumps in the row I spaded yesterday and kicked out many small stones. After reading about thinning out the young plants to one, for each 2 in., I decided to save that labor by making a planting marker. It is a 24 in. stick with one such peg every 2 in. I press it down into the soil and there is a string of holes on inch deep. Then I drop one beet seed into each hole. After laying a straight string I make two rows of holes on either side of the string.

I edged the other garden plots and dug out the grass. One will be a flower bed.

This afternoon I put in 2 hrs at the piano, then made a picture frame for the Armes etching as a temporary protection for it.

Heard Kreisler tonight on the air. Read some in "I chose freedom" and now I go to bed, glad that Russia does not rule the world – not yet.

April 15

This was a day in the yard. I moved blocks of sod from the garden to the terrace in the front lawn and moved some of the late daffodils into a straight line. Their out-of-line position has bothered me each spring. I moved some stray berry bush shoots into a line position also. Then spaded up a row between the bushes and raked it, and put in Vigoro, then planted spinach seed. Also set out the hyacinth bulbs that bloomed in the house. The florist tells me they will bloom again the second year. While I was spreading fertilizer I put some around each rhubarb plant and each logan berry root.

Got a piece of glass 18x22 at the hardware store to put in the frame for the etching, and installed the picture late tonight. At 8:15 went to the news forum and heard a talk by Mr. Piper – aeroplane manufactured from Penna. Who says to own a plane, a man must have leisure and money, and a need for long distance travel. The cheapest plane now costs \$2200. One can learn to fly in 35 hrs. The average rental cost now is \$8.00 an hour. Old men can learn. No quick action is required. I am not yet ordering one.

[William T. Piper, 1881 – 1970, was the founding president of the Piper Aircraft Corp. The factory was located in Lock Haven, PA. Piper was known as "the Henry Ford of aviation".]

April 16

Was off on the early morning train for Town Hall to hear Robbie Joshua L. Lieberman of Berton, author of Peace of Mind. His subject was Roads to Inner Serenity. He is short, heavy-set, square face, straight nose, heavy black hair, excellent speaking voice, magnificent vocabulary, and fluent in style. He advocates proper self appraisal, recognizing our whole nature physical, mental spirited, that we do not take ourselves too seriously. We were not created to be perfect, not to play the role of God, not to be a dictator over the lives of others. We should see ourselves in the true perspective of our developing stages remembering we never completely escape any of them. We should have tolerance for others, and for our

children and love them unconditionally. There will never be peace in the world except it be made by people who have attained peace within themselves.

He was stimulating because of his mental alacrity but made more contribution to moral relaxation than to ideals and high standards.

There was a terrible explosion in Galveston today killing hundreds of people. Explosive chemicals.

April 17

The rain of yesterday prevented any additional planting today, but I trimmed the back hedge vines and bushes, and saved a large dead limb off the pear tree, and set the string for some new rows in the garden.

I put in about 3 ½ hrs at the piano and got my second piece pretty well memorized. Did not think I would try to commit this one to memory but would use it as an exercise in reading. But I soon found I was playing most of it from memory anyway.

Euphie suggested I paint a second flower [?] one 6x9 in. to fit a neat little gold frame we have so I did that today making the blossoms a little larger and pretty in a tinted background.

Read most of Time magazine which came today, and we visited with Art & Bobbie for an hr. this evening. Art suggests I try for the Spic and Span Contest – will have to think about.

Read for an hour in bed this morning from 6 to 7.

April 18

Since Friday is my “recital” day my music lesson overshadows all else. I worked at the piano about two and a half hours. My teacher recommends more work on scales C, A and D, single hand and with both hands. I must make it smooth and even and steady in time.

Went down to Baumbergers and bought two porch chairs for the cottage in Maine – all metal, should last a long time. Saw an airplane on display in the store, 2 passenger, \$3250. Didn't order one.

Came home via Branch Brook Park. The cherry trees are coming into bloom, the early ones are out now.

Churchill put Wallace in his place today. Called him a [?] Communist and scorned him for criticizing his country away from home.

Congress is showing progress in the labor legislation. House passed its bill better than 3 to 1. Hope the Senate will be as strong.

Thought I had “cold” symptoms, so took some tablets. Felt better this evening. Now for the book I Chose Freedom.

April 19

Got awake early this morning (5 o'clock) and read “I Chose Freedom” for two hours. It is the story of the heartless cruelty of the Soviet system – starving and punishing the poor peasants, robbing them of everything in order to enforce conformity. It is as a government the opposite and the enemy of all we stand for. There is no possibility of harmony with it. The sooner we realize that the better.

It has been a simple day at home. We have been preparing for a weekend guest – Mrs. Looteus, [?] of JM's teacher in photography, who was her ideal of what an inspiring teacher can be.

We spent a pleasant evening before the fire in visit, exchanging views and experiences. Bobbie came over to join the circle. Merrill cut her second front tooth today. I bought a tin wastebasket and sheet of tin to use in making the enlarger.

April 20

We left home at 8 a.m. taking Mrs. Looteus with us for a day with the Joe Reams at Princeton. [*Joe Ream was Frank's youngest brother.*] There spring has already arrived. Many garden flowers are in full bloom. The children have been growing and making real progress since I visited last fall. Christopher is full of romping. Nancy is wild about jumping rope. Dave loses himself in reading. Steve has become deeply interested in photography, and Jack is wearing the latest Princeton haircut. After dinner we watched the ball game – N.Y. Giants and the Phillies – come in over television. It was my first observation of this marvelous invention. The action was very real, showing every play, batting, pitching, fielding, and base running. It is effective at a distance of about 50 miles only. Color will be introduced before long.

Joe will take all the family for a trip by car to Kansas about June 1st. They may come back East by way of Canada, and come to see us in Maine in July. The visit of Mrs. Looteus has been most enjoyable. Have had no time on the Sunday papers as yet. Will go to bed early. I drove the car both ways. Stopped at the millstone farmhouse. Too bad if they sell it.

April 21

We took Mrs. Looteus to the 8:15 bus. We enjoyed her visit very much. Then I took the Buick to Boughton's for checking before going to state inspection. I practiced [*piano?*] for 2 hours then went to get the Buick, leaving the Ford. Had to wait in line at the inspection station fifty minutes but got a good ticket – no necessity to go back.

Because of rain stayed at home all afternoon – with books and the piano and a nap. Got the Ford at 5 o'clock. Played with Merrill and Martha for half an hour. After supper read "I Chose Freedom" for two hours. Listened to the Firestone Hour and the Telephone Hour while sitting before the fireplace. To bed at 10:30 and more reading until midnight.

I think everyone who is a Russian sympathizer or unimagines or can "play along with the Soviets" should read this book – every word of it. My only ultimate hope is that such a cruel despot will commit suicide. It is contrary to all simple humanity and basic instincts. He is without pity, sympathy, sense of right or wrong or truth.

April 22

After breakfast Euphie set sail for New York to do some shopping and I took over the marketing. I went to the Grand Union and bought asparagus and oranges and beans and carrots. But I forgot to take my car to the inspectors – must do it tomorrow – my last day of grace. Don't know the consequences if I go past. Don't want to find out by experience.

Put in some practicing. Then went to the basement and began work on the enlarger I have been planning for some time. Went over to give Art a hand with his iron pipe swing he is making for the children. He gave me some old gas pipe which I made into two arbors for the garden. I bought 18 feet of fencing 22 in. wide.

It makes a very pretty arch. I'll have to get a second piece of fencing for the second arch. While in the garden I spaded another row and raked it and marked it and planted Swiss chard seed. We won't be here to enjoy it but it may keep some of the weeds down. I also stuck into the ground some grape vine clippings I brought from Joe's farm Sunday. I doubt if they will grow. Must bring in my flowers and tomatoes tonight. This morning there was ice in the birdbath.

April 23

I hurried off at 8:30 to get the Ford inspected. There were about 25 cars ahead of me waiting for the place to open. I passed examination without defects. Got back home in time to take Euphie to the bus for N.Y. where she was to spend the day with Myrtle Bailey of K.C. I used the rest of the forenoon on piano practice. Got lunch, washed the few dishes, did some babysitting for Bobbie while she went to the hospital, then came home to piano and my book.

During the forenoon we had callers – the Foths[?] who now have their spring vacation. They brought little Allen with them – 2 years old. "Charlie" was enthusiastic about our piano. Went out to his car for his music books and played "Bach" for us. Told us about his organ studio and his pupils. He prefers an organ to a piano. About 5:30 I went out into the garden. Replanted peas. (I don't know why they failed to come up.) Also planted Kentucky Wonder pole beans around the arbor, and moon flower and morning glory.

It's below 40° degrees tonight. To bed and to read for a while.

April 24

This forenoon I played my piano piece – "Winter Tales" – over 45 times. They say skill comes by repetition at close intervals. I'm testing the principle. It does not speak about the native ability or its absence.

This afternoon we drove to Madison. Took the portrait to the Daubachs. They were pleased with it. Then we went to the Coultas who are celebrating today their wedding anniversary. We wanted them to go to dinner with us, but Anne did not feel well, has been dizzy today so they could not go.

Town Hall tonight discussed the Truman foreign policy as to whether it will lead to war or peace. Burnham and Max Lerner were the chief opponents. B was once a communist and knows them from the inside. He sees no chance of appeasement. Lerner writes for P.M. which is very sympathetic to Russia. Fifteen years ago I was making speeches of warning against totalitarianism. How they have expanded and become powerful in these years.

April 25

This has been a simple uneventful day – the forenoon given to my piano lesson – this afternoon to the lesson itself and to reading. I am displeased with myself for becoming nervous when I am at my lesson. I do so much worse there than when I am at home. There are momentary blind spots in my memory of this music, and bits of confusion which make my effort pretty pathetic. Still I am making progress slowly. My teacher is appreciative of my efforts.

I am almost thru the book "I Chose Freedom." The pictures of enforced labor – slave labor are appalling. Millions of these people were so enslaved. Also children 12 to 17 were also taken from their home for this desperate system. Stalin is not one whit better than Hitler in Germany, and these systems are almost identical.

I have just read John Taylor Arms definition of "Art". "I believe it to be an emotion profoundly and poignantly served, expressed with nobility and humility and in terms of knowledge and skill, and contributing in some degree to the sum total of human enjoyment – inspiration and understanding."

I subscribe to that definition and would like to see it used as a measure of all so-called art.

April 26

JM and I took the 10 o'clock train for NY to visit at the National Museum Natural History – a photographic [?] – 425 selected prints. They were nearly all of a large size, 14x17 or 16x20. Technically they were most all sharp in focus and excellent in detail. They included landscape, portraits, seascapes, children, nudes, still life, and about everything usually seen besides [?]. The brilliance of the prints was a special excellence.

I visited Grubbes and Sax's and Macy's but made no purchases except a collection of songs for a low[?] voice. I may give myself a little "voice exercise" one of these times. Got home about 4 o'clock. Went to the hardware store and planted flowers in the garden, hoed the few peas that are up, killed a few weeds, pulled some dandy lions [*sic*]—will cook them tomorrow.

The furnace has gone out. Tried to find the cause. No luck. It's good that tomorrow is to be warm.

No piano today. May finish my book {I Chose Freedom) tonight.

April 27

Right after breakfast I got into my overalls and climbed into the coal bin to see if I could find the obstruction that had stopped the stoker with a long-handled hoe. I raked a couple tons of the coal back and scooped a hole down to the intake, but I found no offending matter. What a dusky job it was. I was black! Then I tried again to solve the mystery of the stoker machinery and how it goes automatically out of gear, but I had to give that up too.

So I turned to my desk, wrote a 300 word report of H.V. Kaltenborn's recent Town Hall speech for the Peru Pointer and a letter to Florence. Sent recent Topeka news on to Joe. Mounted some Kodachrome film and put some books back on the shelves. After dinner I sat by the fire and finished "I Chose Freedom." Stalin and his gang are as wicked as Hitler ever dared be, and their power should be outlawed by the whole world. We should quarantine them – socially, economically, or call our representations and give them no recognition in the civilized world. Let us free the Russian people who are pitiable and deserving slaves!

April 28

Went shopping this morning for provisions – green beans and peas, carrots, cabbage, asparagus, and coffee. Then came back to my practice – "Johnny Came Marching Home" – a minor, not quite as difficult as the one last week.

The furnace man came and I learned a lot about how it operates. The stop was due to a faulty connection, and not an obstruction in the feed. So I had all our coal shoveling to get to the "worm" for no purpose. The motor should have one drop of oil once a month. The fire ash should be removed from the furnace once a month. The size coal we are now using is best.

I took some Rolleiflex [*camera*] pictures of Mr. Van in his garden. Then he showed me his furnace. Also took pictures of Mrs. Van returning from a drive with Euphie. Worked in the basement on the enlarger project, making a tin can holder for the light.

Tonight George Marshall reported on the Moscow conference. Accomplishments are next to nothing. Russia is the obstructionist, evidently it is her game to force the world into chaos and so make it an easy victim for herself. Her policy is consistent.

April 29

Did some shopping for more supplies for the enlarger. Finally found some opal glass at a photo supply store on Bloomfield Ave. Also got some wire and a switch, but could not find any C clamps. Dropped into the Food Fair in Montclair – a beautifully arranged big store with abundant supplies of everything. I suggest we go again.

Did some regular piano practicing. Wrote a two-page letter to the Bishops reviewing the book “I Chose Freedom” and recommending they read it.

At night listened to a broadcast forum on the subject “Should the Communist Party be Outlawed.” A Mr. Howard, asst editor of The Daily Worker and avowed Communist, was in regular form with all his fellow [?] and was a good example of their duplicity and destructive purposes. I think we are slowly becoming somewhat aware of the evil and the danger.

April 30

We took the 10 o'clock bus for New York to go to Town Hall and hear Julian Bryan who has just returned from Europe after 3 months in Russia. He was under the protection of UNRA and stayed at their headquarters in Odessa. He photographed only what the Soviets permitted and always there was a Russian police photographer at his side. Like most short time visitors to Russia he seems to have swallowed their predigested propaganda. He makes a humanitarian plea for the Russian people and does not discriminate between them and the Kremlin gangsters. He was very hesitant to voice any criticism.

We went to a matinee of Henry the Vth, an English production in colored movies – a magnificent production of Shakespeare, wonderful acting, magnificent costumes, and elaborate scenes of landscape and war of the old time in action. Such presentation would make Shakespeare really live. Wish we could have more of these. Bought tickets for Barber of Seville May 7th.

Worked for 2 hrs tonight in the basement on the enlarger. Want to read Henry Vth again.

May 1

This has been an uneventful variety day at home. Went to the Food Fair shopping for vegetables, bread, etc. Stopped at a photo supply house for a piece of opal glass which had to be cut down. Didn't get this cutting accomplished until this afternoon. Put in hit and miss piano practice. Dug up about a gallon of small dandy lions [*sic*]— from the back yard. Fixed a hook on the enclosure fence for Martha. Put up the third arbor in the garden. Took JM down to work. Mailed some letters at the P.O.

Listened this evening to Town Hall. “What Shall We Do With Germany?” To allow them full and untrammelled restoration of their big industries would endanger the peace of the world again. They are not converted and are not repentant.

Started to read about the Russian spy system in Canada. It is a complete duplicate and verification of the book “I Chose Freedom.” This was in the Readers Digest – April. I am glad the magazine has such a wide distribution. Maybe we will wake up.

May 2

This evening we drove to Westfield and had dinner with Mr. & Mrs. Leigh Pearsall. He is 73 yrs old, a dynamo of energy and creative ideas. It was a pleasure again to see his marvelous collection of Indian arrows and relics. He showed us his granddaddy letters [?] his granddaughters. There are imaginary stories of Rastus, a little negro boy in Florida. They are beautifully illustrated by Leigh in watercolor. Would make a wonderful publication. I urged it. He related many of his experiences with Jersey political corruption while he was chairman of the New Jersey Pack[?] Commission. He showed us his paintings of Indians and Indian life, also his workshop in the basement where he has made hundreds of toys for children in hospitals, hundreds of birdhouses, and many other products. He gave me a birdhouse and birdfeeder, and a lot of mahogany wood for picture frames, etc. He recommends a planer, a sander, a lathe, and a drill press, and jigsaw to complete a shop. He is a marvelous personality, exceptional in native ability, resourcefulness, artistic ability, public spirit patriotism, and hobbies. He is one friend in a million. An evening with him is a tonic to mind and spirit. He urges me to pursue my painting.

May 3

Domesticity was the program today, nothing more exciting than an early morning trip to the druggist to get the Dr's prescription for Euphie, who began the three kinds of medicine—before breakfast, between meals, and at meals.

I drove to the hardware store and Henry said he has the same thing I have – has just spent 48 hrs in bed and doctor says he can't do any lifting. Went to Sears to get some tool appliances, found they don't fit and will have to return them. Bought a short belt for the electric motor and hitched up a sander and a polishing brush – works well. Put in several hours on the enlarger – coming along slowly.

Euphie's pills upset her today – was knocked out all afternoon. I called the Dr, finally got him about six o'clock. (Phone 'emergency only') He said some people can't take this medicine. Recommends taking it in milk, start Monday. Merrill has the chicken pox. Kentucky Derby was run at 6:45. Close race, big crowd. A Mr. Graham's horse won – a one-to-five shot. Don't recall his name. Am sleepy after late hours last night.

May 4

Rain almost all day. Euphie was in bed, flattened out by the medicine the doctor gave her Saturday. JM & I were busy as nurses and in the kitchen. We cooked vegetables and JM made muffins, decorated with prunes or honey and banana. Got both Sunday papers as usual – Times and Herald Tribune. Lots of discussion of the labor problems and the telephone strike, which seems to be weakening. Bobbie came over to report on Merrill and the chicken pox, both doing well.

I worked from 4-6 on a little oil painting of flowers to send to mother for Mother's Day. Think I can finish it tomorrow. Had about an hr. at the piano on "Solitude," a somber piece in minor key. Listened to the usual Sunday night broadcasts and a mystery. To bed at eleven.

May 5

Continued drizzle but I drove up to Sears in Montclair to return a tool that would not fit – the screw gage was not right. Couldn't get the right thing so got my money back. Picked up a book at the G R library – Barber of Seville – so we will be "informed" on the show Wednesday.

Finished the painting I am planning to give Mother, and made a neat little mahogany frame of the wood Leigh Pearsall gave me last Friday night. Also cut some heavy cardboard for packing. Took JM to 4 o'clock train, bought stamps, then cleaned up my work bench in the basement. Did a little private laundry – 5 shirts and 2 sets underwear [sic]. Found out what was the matter with the broken foot on the wash machine and fixed it. Fixed some light supper for Euphie and listened to the Firestone and telephone hours.

Betty Hogan and her husband dropped in at ten o'clock to ask something about Goucher – still no phone service. Got down an old Philco radio from the attic. Think we can get it fixed and take it to Maine. Put in piano practice at odd times during the day. Am not trying to memorize this one.

May 6

The forenoon was consumed in puttering around with little odd jobs, including digging a few more dandy lions [sic]— from the back lawn and ironing a half dozen of my shirts I washed yesterday. I find that many of these have not been on their last legs but last shoulders – the collar and cuffs are worn beyond repair and there is many a rip.

We went to Madison this afternoon – to the banks and I called on Art Rushmore to tell him about Leigh Pearson's Little Rastar and His Adventures. Art wants to see the book and send it to their juvenile editor. This evening I phoned Leigh who is willing to go Thursday and phoned Art to be sure he will be home.

I packed my oil flowers to send to Mother for Mother's Day. The oil is still soft so I made a coverboard to protect the face of the picture. Will send it in the morning. Wonder if Mother will be able to see it. Will send it to Dwight for delivery.

A little piano practice and radio tonight. While in Madison we called on the Coultars and took them and the Dr. and Carolyn to William Pitt for dinner.

May 7

Took the 10:30 train for New York. Stopped at Archierals[?] but the bellows was not ready as promised , so went to the Grand Central Palace and saw the [?] on Travel and Vacations. The show places of Europe and So. America as well as all the U.S. were advertised with much attractive literature – pictures, products and costumes. Means of transportation had a prominent place, especially trains and airplanes. I brought home much of the free literature for the sake of the pictures.

At 2:30 we went to see a movie -- The Barber of Seville. It was in Italian, but each act was introduced in English by Dennis Tayler. The music was excellent, also the acting, but the recording machine was not the best. I wish it had been in color. The artists were Taghiarini[?] and Gobbi[?] and Tojo at Corradi. One of the best solos was Basilio on "Calunnia" Scene VI, Act I.

Bought a sport jacket to go with some extra trousers I have. This will make the equivalent of 2 extra suits. Called to see Howard Conroy who has had some bad effects from his vaccination. Listened to Archie.

May 8

At 9:40 exactly according to appointment we met Leigh Pearsall and Mrs. P. at the White Church in Springfield and guided them to Art Rushmore's in Madison. The purpose was to show Art Leigh's work of illustrated letters about the Adventures of Rastus and the Little Indian. As soon as we got into the house Leigh began to admire things and to exclaim. He saw the knotty pine, and the fireplace, and the book

shelves, and the books, and the oil painting, and the etchings, and the framed letters from celebrities, and the printing presses, and the type, and the pottery studio, and the finished pottery. He was delighted and amazed at it all.

They finally got to talking about the Rastus stories. Art was delighted with the drawings and the wild orangutan. He wants to show them to Harper's Juvenile editor. I took a picture of the two men in the back yard smoking their pipes. On the way home thru Springfield bought a dozen strawberry plants (everbearing), Big Joe they are called. From Madison I phoned Lautius that I would discontinue my music lessons until fall. This afternoon went to Glen Ridge Art Museum for an hour. Dug up a few dandy lions [sic], marked the line where the strawberries are to be planted. If they produce runners I think I will take some to Maine. It's down to 40 at 9 p.m. And so to bed.

May 9

JM and I started for the city at 8:50 this morning. She to take a one session course in photography and I to visit the library at 5th Ave & 42nd. I looked at the portraits on the 3rd floor (about 50 of them), some very famous ones, mostly American. Then I went to the card catalog room and looked up the books on Guinea pigs and rabbits. Also took the names of magazines about small livestock. Got the bellows at Archierals{?}, then went up to the Metro. Museum of Art and attended a group lecture on Portraits in Paint. The talk was given by a member of the museum staff. It was a critical and analytical appreciation of some ten portraits, all different painters – a Titian, a Veloquex, Van Dyck, Franz House, Rembrandt, François-Hubert Drouais, P.A. Renoir – a good demonstration in technique, variety of color and detail, as well as composition and backgrounds. I like Rembrandt's self portrait best for strength and treatment.

Got home at 6 o'clock. Took a ride. Euphie made a club call. I sat with the babies for Bobbie. Didn't go to my music lesson today. Called them off for the summer. Frost predicted again tonight. Last two days coldest on record since 1880.

May 10

The first duty this morning was shopping for beans, oranges, asparagus and onions. Then I called for two radios that had been repaired and came back home to set out my dozen strawberry plants. I set a straight line and measured the distance 17 inches between each hole, sprinkled a little fertilizer in the holes, poured in a cup of water and set the plants. Then watered them again. I dug up the earth around each of the boysenberry plants and the raspberries, and moved a few stray peas. About two dozen dandy lions [sic] had bloomed since yesterday so they had to be dug up. I heard birds singing and that reminded me to put up the wren house that Leigh Pearsall gave me last week. I hung it under the eaves of the garage on the west side overlooking the garden.

I worked for an hour on the enlarger project. Used some paint remover to take off the paint from the inside of the can which is to be the reflector and began to make the supports for the bellows. The mahogany strips are just the thing.

We went over to Bobbie's for supper. She had a marvelous "Soofley" (my spelling). Came home at 10 p.m. Played piano for about ½ hour today.

May 11

Got up at 8 and set off in the Ford to buy the Sunday Time & Tribune. Bought a cake for Mother's Day, and then a quiet breakfast. Took a turn in the yard and the garden and was happy to see all the vegetables are

now sprouted. I repotted the tomato plants that I have nursed ever since Jan. There are about 36 plants, but many of them are weak and puny. I set the geraniums on the ground by the hedge where they will not dry out so fast nor get windblown. I dug up a couple bamboo shoots from Mundorff's yard and set them in front by the porch. I washed out the birdbath and filled it with fresh water so all the feathered friends could have weekend baths. Put wheat on the bird feeder and was happy to see cardinals and catbirds as visitors.

Put in all afternoon in the basement working on the enlarger. Today it was the frame to hold the lens board, a pretty trick job, made it of mahogany. Started on the wiring for the light. Then called it a day and came up to read a little while before bedtime. – a long article in the Times magazine on communism in the Labor Union – their aims and methods. It is high time we get awake. Must doctor my hands – working in the earth makes them sore.

May 12

Shortly after breakfast I set off for downtown Newark to call on the Social Security office and have my check sent direct to the bank. It might get lost during the summer if sent to the house. Went to Kaltman's and spent my ten-dollar check (which was a going away present from the Agency Department) for Kodachrome film to use in Maine. Stopped at the dime store for some darning wool to repair a moth hold in an otherwise good pair of trousers. And at the Schick Service, I got a new head for my razor. Came and went by "Go Bus" and Bloomfield Ave. – a democratic route and means of travel.

Got home for lunch, then a nap. Guess liver is too soporific for me. Tried to practice for a little while then went to the Womans Club to see some watercolors and statuary. There was also a pastel done on colored paper, very effective. We helped return the exhibits, then went to a diner dinner – very good chow mein.

The radio music tonight was excellent. We have a new book on Russia. Will try to look into it. Am pretty sleepy right now. A gorgeous day – 75°. Made a date to see Dr. Shannon Wednesday.

May 13

It was such a gorgeous warm day – starting out at 8:00 a.m. at 72° that I decided on "the out of doors" and went hunting in the yard for dandy lions [*sic*], burning a few dead leaves and grass, and plotting out the remaining part of the garden. There was room for sixteen hills of squash. I used a line to keep them straight, stepped off 3 feet distances and spaded the 16 spots. Then I put in a little vigoro deep in the hole of each one, covered it over, and put in the seed, and watered each hill. The carrots and spinach and Swiss chard and beets were all up just enough to indicate the row so I got down on my hands and knees with a little hard digger and cultivated each row. Did the same for the nasturtiums which are the only flower as yet visible. The strawberries are looking very healthy. No stop or setback because of transplanting. We left doors and windows open all evening and talked about Maine.

May 14

The day began with early rain and continued all day to the delight of the lawn and the garden and my newly planted seeds.

I went to Dr. Shannon at eleven to have him examine my ears and see if any treatment is necessary during the summer. On my case history card, I saw that I was credited with mastoiditis in the left ear – that is what I escaped last year, fortunately. I am in good shape now and need no more treatment. But I'll continue to be careful and judicious.

Bought some art materials – some tinted papers for pastel and some 8x10 board for oils @ 1.64 each. Also a tablet of the same kind of material. Put in the late afternoon and evening in the basement working on the enlarger. I'm now down to the finer points of connections and adjustment and fitting on the bellows. I have to invent as I go.

Listened to "Information Please," the news and then to bed. Much cooler tonight. Wrote to Capt. Henry about opening the cottage, also to Mr. Tibbetts.

May 15

Spent almost the entire day in the basement working on the enlarger. I was trying to work out adjustments and clamps and weights and sliding parts. In the absence of the proper hardware I have tried to invent substitutes, hoping all the time that it will work.

Mr. Sharpe called today to talk about the Wellington fund as a method of wise investment for conservative income. Organizations like this are increasingly popular and are patronized by careful people. It relieves the property owner from the obligation and hazards of personal management and possible mistakes in frequent reinvestment.

We listened to the radio tonight on America's State Department Broadcasting to Europe. The way it has been done recently came in for sharp criticism – much of it has been silly and flavored with Communism. The airway in Congress will do good. There is increasing expression of fear that we may be headed for depression.

May 16

JM and I went to the photography show in N.Y. at the Armory on 34th. We arrived there about 2 o'clock. The whole main floor was given to exhibits and demonstrations of manufacturers of all kinds of photo supplies and equipment. There were hundreds of visitors, at least 2 out of 3 carried cameras. For their benefit there were set-ups and models to be photographed. There were young girls as models, tabletops groups, very large color reproductions brilliantly lighted and a picturesque old man from the west – high boots, big hat, beard and long gray hair. We attended the lectures on lighting and child photography and the new Speed Graphic and Ansco color film.

Had dinner in the Oak Room. Met Mr. Harkness who told us about the planned memorial for Mr. Looteus. Also spoke to Captain Steicher[?]. It was a great demonstration of the popularity of an American hobby. Enthusiasm is a mild word for it. We looked over the exhibits of enlargers and printers and projectors. We spent little time on the movie section. Caught the 10:35 train for home. Must transcribe my notes on the lectures.

May 17

This morning it was shopping at the Grand Union for food. Then I went to Montclair to get some things for the enlarger – ruby projector and a large clamp. Also bought some tinted paper for pastels.

I put in a few hours on the garden. Planted more Swiss chard where peas did not come up. Filled out with spinach seed and weeded between the rows. I planted some more flowers that did not sprout before. This took me till six o'clock. I put the screen on the back door and took care of Merrill & Martha while their mother went shopping.

This evening the Hellers called up and invited us to come and see their new house. It is a beautiful and extremely modern house worth about 40,000. He also entertained us with stories of his youth and home life in Russia and how he came to the U.S. in 1917 speaking no English. The hardships of getting started and an education and his present business success. An excellent story illustrating the U.S. vs. Russia.

May 18

Took a little extra sleep this morning arising at 9 and after breakfast went to Broad Street for the 2 Sunday papers. After a couple leisurely hours, JM and I decided to go to N.Y. for the last day of the photographic show. We spent most of the time in the lecture room. Heard discussions on portrait lighting demonstrated on a model by one of the teachers from the New York Institute. Also a talk on measuring the light for darkroom printing. It was presented by a Weston meterman. Ansco gave a talk on their color film The director of the zoo illustrated taking pictures of the animals and said it would be easy to get a permit to take our pictures there. There was a movie of the battle for Iwa Jima in color [?] war official by the army & navy.

We had our dinner in the restaurant of the Armory and looked over the many exhibits of cameras and enlargers and films and printers and many other accessories. The fans were taking pictures all over the place. Hundreds of bulbs were shot. Television also was in operation. There were many models posing in the evening. Some visitors regretted the absence of some big concerns like Eastman.

May 19

This morning I learned to operate the family washing machine and gave the ablution treatment to my white overall suit – something that has been long overdue. This busy of getting ready to go to Maine has many wholesome effects such as putting our wardrobe in order and sorting out old clothes. We have made a wholesale trip to the cleaners today. Paid for \$8.00 worth of work today and left another bundle almost as big. We wish to deprive the moths of food and furnish winter covering to our own backs.

Felt the need of a nap this afternoon which cut into the time I allotted to piano practice. Euphie attended a big club meeting.

This evening we called on the Leibenspergers in their new house. Besides being delightful people they have a great many universally fine oil paintings which they brought back from Holland. There is a decided old Dutch influence in color and in beauty of precision and detail – a joy to look at and an inspiration.

It rains again tonight. The telephone trouble is still on.

May 20

A copious rain was falling early and into the forenoon. Did a little shopping and got ready for a trip to Plainfield to see Russ Miller the dentist – good. A cleaning and one filling in a lower left wisdom tooth, and came home past roadside markets. Got some beautiful asparagus and we decided to can it. Got 5 pints of tips. Will be wonderful next winter. Cost us about 20¢ a pint, and plenty left over to eat today.

Got our enthusiastic letter from Leigh Pearsall inviting us and the Rushmores to come to Westfield to visit the wigwams. Phoned the Rushmores. They are having their children with them over Sunday – sorry can't go. We phoned Leigh tonight. Reported to him that his Letters About Rostus are making a hit with the Harper people.

We are getting busier by the day – just a week before going to Maine. Closets to clean, shelves to dust off, clothes to clean and put away. Life is a most complicated process at times.

May 21

This morning we started in earnest to put the “ship in shape” before setting sail for Maine. My point of attack under direction was my closet in the upstairs study. First the rug had to be rolled back to keep it clean. Then all the clothes and shoes and grips and boxes and files of films had to be taken out. Some were put on the couch, some on a card table, and some taken to the guest room closet. The vacuum cleaner was applied to ceiling and walls and shelves and floor, and then a cleaning solution on all the woodwork, and insecticide sprayed into all the cracks just in case of any moth eggs. Furniture polish was rubbed on the door inside and out until it shone like a new piano. Before the things went back they had to be reclassified and rearranged. I put all the films on the 3rd floor stairway, and took some extras to the basement. That led to the sorting of my drug supply in the basement and I threw into the garbage about 2 gal. of small bottles.

During the day we had lunch and supper and I helped Bobbie with Martha and read a story to Merrill and took a look at the garden and brought down some photo things from the storeroom and washed the dishes and put some big screws in the back screen door. Listened to *Duffy's Tavern* and the Dist Atty. [*Mr. District Attorney?*]. We left the Buick out all night by mistake.

May 22

When rain comes in monotonous repetition and the new day's light grows darker thru the morning, sensitive souls are likely to become depressed or voice exasperation. But thanks to a lot of unfinished jobs and hobbies that call for attention, this has been just another day too short.

We began by canning some more asparagus – made four pints of tips. Had a nice big kettle of creamed stocks for lunch and I boiled the hard ends to make liquor for soup a little later on.

Since Euphie had a big “social and literary” date, I prepared the lunch for JM and me. Did some pressure cooker beans and fixed squash and celery in addition to the asparagus. I succeeded in using every cooking utensil we possess. The dishwashing task looked like a hotel kitchen. Finally got thru at 3:30. After a little change in the basement I took JM to her 4 o'clock train and came back to “construction.” Saw Merrill and Martha for a half hour before dinner. Helped with the dishes.

Received a letter from Topeka today. Mother is failing rapidly, very weak, not sure she recognizes those about her.

May 23

I got awake at 4 a.m. (No bad conscience of indigestion) so took up my book “Why They Behave like Russians” by John Fischer and finished it. This book also makes it clear that Russia is a cantankerous, unreasoning world disturber, bent on overthrowing Western democracy and establishing her own type of despotism. All attempts at trying to organize one world assuming Russia will play ball is a waste of time, which gives Russia just that much more time to build her war resources. When will the Western world wake up to its danger.

I finished the enlarger today but did not put it all together – will assemble it in Maine where it is to be set up permanently. I tried to get a 300 W enlarging bulb today in Montclair, but found only 500 W. Must learn if that will be satisfactory.

Did a little gardening – pulling weeds and hoeing and gave Mrs. Van the five geraniums she wants for the summer. She will care for our poinsettia. Set the other pots in the shade where they won't require much water. Hope they will survive the summer. Had supper with Bobbie and Merrill and Martha. Rested. Listened to radio and played piano for a brief period. It has been summer heat today.

May 24

A light rain started the day but I had errands in Bloomfield center – to pick up four pairs of repaired shoes and get my hat from the cleaners. Then JM and I went to Broad Street and got a winter [?] coat, two suits, and a spring coat from the cleaners there. At 10:45 Euphie and I started for Madison to pick up Ann Carlton[?] on the way to Bloomberg to attend Mrs Henry Anderson funeral. We stopped at Bernardsville Hotel for lunch (a very good meal for a dollar). Drove thru White House and saw Art Pearson's old home, a very commodious white house. We stopped at a roadside farm for asparagus, 6 lbs for 25 ¢. An old hermit runs it – lives in a tumble down shack and airdale for company.

The funeral attended by some 75 people was at the home, an open casket, beautiful abundance of flowers, scripture reading and prayer, 30 minute service. Visited with Henry and his relatives afterwards. His wife had died of cancer, ill 5 months. (I don't like the conventional funeral.)

We came back via Madison and let Ann out at the annual dog show (Dogos), over 2000 dogs on display. Picked up a land turtle, about 8 in. long. Brought him home.

May 25

Since the departure day for Maine is fast approaching, it has been important today to get some things put together ready for travel. So I dismembered the garden cultivator and packed all the parts of the enlarger, and took down the electric saw and the motor, and laid out all the garden seeds, and began to select the clothes that are to go. By way of variation I fixed the board at the bottom of the coal bin. The supply of coal is low now and not much shoveling was necessary. I took a short nap and shaved and dressed for our "tea" engagement at the Van V's. John came home while we were there and reported on his fishing trip – no fish, but he had a lot of wonderful flies and waterproof pants. We walked the turtle in the back yard for Merrill's and Martha's entertainment. Martha was shy and coy. We were invited over to Bobbie's for turkey sandwiches at 8:30 and we spent the evening discussing current events and the radio business and labor organizations.

The rain came in a deluge. JM had to come for us with umbrellas and coats and rubbers. Let us hope it doesn't back up into the cellar. Spent short time today on the papers.

May 26

This has been the day of preparation for the great departure. From morning until dark the order of the day has been selecting and packing and carrying out to the cars to load. I wrapped almost everything and wrote the name of the contents on the outside. It would have been better to make a list of everything as they were packed, but even with our imperfect system there is much still to do in the morning. The usual items of wearing apparel seems to be relatively insignificant. We are taking photographic material and

cameras and enlargers and everything pertaining to my art hobby – water color and pastel and oil – with all the papers and boards and colors.

A lot of space is taken by empty cans and the pressure cooker and my homemade garden cultivator seems twice as big when I try to put it in the car. I have 2 doz. Tomato plants which I hand nursed from the day I planted the seed in Jan. and I must make room for my newly acquired turtle – so far he is one without a “voice.” We are taking 3 pairs of binoculars to be sure we don’t miss anything and our electrical therapeutic calls for several instruments. Truly a pilgrimage to Mecca!

May 27

This is my birthday (67th). It’s a long way from my birthplace – Delphos, Kansas – of the wide prairies. Tonight we are in Hampton, NH on the way to Maine. As I drove along today I have been thinking of my parentage and particularly my mother who was 21 when I was born. Tonight she is weak and frail – a mere seventy pounds, exhausted in mind and body. My debt to her is beyond measure.

We left GR [Glen Ridge] this morning in two cars, each loaded with the things we think we need for the next five months in Maine. The trip has been beautiful under perfect skies and agreeable temperature. It is just 270 miles to Hampton from home. We have stayed here at the Clarke home many times. Other guests here tonight are Mr. & Mrs. Glasser from Flushing, NJ. He is retired and is an artist. He showed us one of his paintings – a head – very good. We got here about 7 and drove down to Hampton Beach. Took deep breaths of the sea air and walked along the beach for a little while. Bought some ice cream and a cake and treated Mr. & Mrs. Clarke and guests as my birthday party. We visited in the living room, admired again the potted ivy and went through the current Popular Mechanics.

May 28

Awake at 6 instead of 7 by mistake. Mrs. Clarke had a good breakfast for us – oatmeal, bacon and eggs, muffins and coffee. We were off by 7:30. At Portland we picked up Betty’s return air ticket. I left two suits for repair at the Preble[?] Tailor shop. Called up Hal Moore. Stopped at the camera store and left Portland by 10:30. Stopped for early lunch at the diner in Brunswick and arrived at Capt. Henry’s by 2:30.

He looks well as ever and came down to the cottage to help us unpack. My speedometer registered 422 miles from home. The Ford shows 6% more mileage than the Buick. We did some grocery shopping at Scottie (Mrs. Gay’s store) some frozen foods among them, but at the cottage the gas tanks have not yet been delivered. So we had to take the frozen things up to Walter Bracket’s for safe keeping.

Euphie picked up the old Buick, put in running order by Merrit. We found an invitation to come to Leggetts cottage for supper with the Thayers – welcome invitation! Had to hurry to wash up and change clothes. It was a grand lobster stew supper! At 9 we came home to make a little order out of the mess in the house and make a list of the things we brought. I watered the tomatoes and the flowers and the turtle. Half of the Ford is still unpacked.

Stockman is here – says he has high blood pressure and will stay all summer until Labor Day. Blackie is no more. The surf on the rocks is beautiful music. I weigh stripped 152.

May 29

The first full day at our place in Maine! The quiet of the morning, soft morning sunlight, the twitter of little birds, gentle lapping of the surf make a chorus of sweet music to waken us. What if the house was still in confusion? It was fun to make a fire in the kitchen stove and have a simple breakfast of oatmeal and eggs.

We were happy to find the gas tank in place. Don't know when it was delivered, some time during the night maybe. We have been busy putting things in their right places, bringing the remainder of baggage from the car, building a shelf upstairs for films and camera material. All this took many hours.

We drove to Scottie to get some paint for the screens. Moved them from the garage to the front porch. Looked the garden over. A very poor job of plowing. Stopped to see Art Gilbert and have him harrow the garden. Called on neighbor Mrs. Martin and arranged for the garden for another year. Got out the seeds and bought a few more seeds in Scottie, also a dozen healthy tall tomato plants.

Called on Mr. & Mrs. Walter Brackett and got our vegetables. Saw John Day in New Harbor. Received several birthday cards. Am sleepy!

May 30

Altho there was rain during the hours before daylight, this day turned out to be glorious sunshine. I put the flag up for Decoration Day. There was a gentle breeze over the bay and no clouds. I continued to put things to rights, made a shelf below my work bench and got rid of a large accumulation of boxes and papers. Took the old legs off the low stand that has supported a rain barrel for several years. Am going to promote it to the darkroom as a base for the enlarger. Pulled a lot of weeds in the yard. There are going to be a lot of blueberries. Took a color picture of the cottage, climbed onto a tree stump to take it.

Went to New Harbor to see the Tebbetts and called on the Gamages. They live in a two room upstairs studio with oil-burning cook stove and chemical toilet. They showed a lot of new paintings being made for a dealer in Augusta.

We got home late and had dinner at 8:30 with good appetites. I arranged my art materials on the 3rd floor and started to put the little enlarger together in the studio. Fixed the motor and saw so it will work. Had a call today from Miss Gage who arrived yesterday. Three terrible airplane crashes in the past 48 hours. 104 fatalities.

May 31

Awake and up at 6:30 to meet the early morning sunshine and see the first lobstermen along our shore on the bay. The crows gave us a saucy good morning. A fire in the little kitchen stove was a necessity. After breakfast I watered the tomato plants and the flowers and dug up about 3x9 feet of earth for the nasturtium bed. Shook the earth out of the sod and took away the stones.

The living room clock seems a little sluggish after the winter vacation. It stops occasionally. May have to give it special treatment soon. Worked on the enlarger table and got things about ready to assemble there.

We went to the Ellis Homestead for lunch. Miss Gage went with us. We stopped to see Henry & Anne. They are about the same. Betty Coultas encouraged Amy about her mouth. She has been worried. We went to Thompsons to see about accommodations for Dr. Foger's family. They came back to consult Cora who suggested we see the Klebes. We drove to their place but will not know for sure for two or five days.

We went to V.F.W. bean supper at the New Harbor church. Wonderful beans and brown bread and cole slaw and a big piece of rhubarb pie. They auctioned off extra pies. I bought an apple pie. Worked in the darkroom until 11:30. Good time. Now to bed.

June 1

It was good sleeping last night, didn't waken until about 9 this morning. After breakfast Betty and I went to explore the Bailey Woods. I had not been there for four years. We started in at Ickies cabin and went down the west line to the big beach tree where the iron post is in the base, then eastward along the line and over to the stream for a couple tributaries. Everywhere beautiful moss and early plants. Caught a fine green frog and brought him home. We tried to find where the cabin used to be but couldn't locate it. Climbed up on the high ridge where [there] are big rocks and a view to the sea if the trees were cut. There are lots of blackberry and raspberry bushes and wildflowers. I must go more often.

Came home at one o'clock tired and hungry. Made a call at the Leggetts tonight. Enjoyed the high sea from their cottage.

Fixed up JM studio room today. Two enlargers and a printer and a radio are all ready. Started to read "Shipmates" yesterday. Mrs. Carroll said I might practice on her piano. Must get started this week.

June 2

This was to have been the morning the garden was to be harrowed, but in Maine, weather has a way of changing many plans. At seven this morning it was raining and continued a gentle downpour all forenoon. I "tinkered" around the house "fixing" things, and Roland came down with some lumber to cut on the power saw. We set it up on the porch and did the job. I put up two watercolors on the living room wall – same ones were up last year. This will do till I paint a new crop.

I fixed up a glass cage and took several pictures of the frog, then turned him loose in the yard. He was still sitting around here at dark. I made a shelf on the third floor above the south window and put the ship model there – the one Capt. Henry made of his famous pogie ship in which he made his money. [A "pogie ship" is an industrial fishing vessel primarily used to catch Atlantic menhaden—a small, oily fish known as "pogies" or "pudding"—used for fertilizer, animal feed, and fish oil.]

I cut a few bushes in the lawn. If we clear them away, I believe we could have lots of blueberries. There are many small plants now.

So far we have no daily newspaper. We are so busy here we don't seem to miss the affairs of the world. It is nice to be circumscribed by contentment.

June 3

Again at dawn it was raining and the downpour continued all forenoon, so I decided this was a good day to clear out the accumulations on the 3rd floor. I sorted out fabrics and tied them in bundles. Put all the old carpets together and arranged extra bedding in a roll tied with a string at each end. Took all the empty boxes and wrapping paper downstairs to burn and put the old Life magazines and Sat. Reviews and Atlantics in special piles. It will be easy now to find them when we want them.

Since we didn't eat breakfast until almost ten, we were not hungry for lunch till midafternoon, then we went thru the rain to Ellis Homestead for fried clams and chocolate pie. We took 2 pieces of pie to Henry and Anne and got lobsters at John Partridge's to take home for stew and for Betty to take to Madison. We

phoned at 7 to see if the airline would fly tomorrow. They reported forecast excellent. Had a late supper of lobster stew and Miss Gage was here to share it.

There was a fire alarm at the Point today. At the McDonald cottage a lady poured hot ashes down a skunk hole and that started the trouble. The temperature is 42 tonight, breeze from the northwest. The moon is full and a wood fire feels good. To bed now. We must get up at 6:30 – going to Portland.

June 4

The alarm clock sounded at 5:30 and after an hour of breakfast and hurry, we were off in the new Buick for Portland and the airport where Betty was to take her first flight for Newark. We stopped at New Harbor to pick up Parker Garnage and his wife who wanted to go to Portland for the day. As we passed Klebe's we stopped to ask about his rental cottage, but he was still in the feathers. We did not know that he works until very late at night.

The day was perfect, not a cloud in the sky, but cool 44° at the cottage. We got to the airport in good time and Betty set sail excited, but with perfect flying weather.

We did some shopping. I got some hardware and electrical equipment and some attachments for the saw. Had lunch with Hal at the Columbia and started for home at 2:30. Forgot my overcoat and had to go back. Stopped at Batts but Clarence White was not in. Did a little buying of food at New Castle. Picked some wildflowers (Rodora) on way home. Saw Klebe. Took bread to Miss Gage, and home at 6:30. A load of sand is in our driveway by the garage. Terribly sleepy after supper before the fire.

June 5

After breakfast we met Mrs. Klebe at her cottage to look at it for Dr. Foger. Then wrote letters at the P.O. before noon and hurried home for lunch so we could start at 1:15 for the Bristol High School commencement in the New Harbor church. There were five boys and five girls in the class. The motto was "Launched but not anchored". There was a salutatory. Class history, class prophecy, will and gifts and valedictory. All relatives and friends dressed in their Sunday best were there filling the church. It was [one] of the big events of the year. We were invited by Ernestine Goyer[?].

After the exercises I went in to Mrs. Carroll to "play" the piano. Other neighbors were there including Chas. Garnage and his wife, so I didn't practice. Mr. Garnage has lived here all his life and told me about the Bailey woods, the hemlock trees and the burying ground. All the bodies have been removed. The small lot was surrounded by cedar trees so he says.

This evening a Mr. Partridge from Bristol Mills came to find out about the load of sand he delivered in our lane yesterday by mistake. It was intended for Miss Kuebler. He said it was to the lady that drives an old Buick – good joke. He asked 50 ¢ for the sand. We paid him a dollar. A good day, but very cool!

June 6

About 8:30 Clarence White and his two students appeared in our driveway. They had come down from Bath to see about going out with some fisherman and taking a series of pictures. We sat by the fire and visited a little while, then drove to New Harbor and called on Mr. Walter Bracker who suggested we go down to Willis Gilberts and see who is there. We met Shay Prackett and a Mr. Brown who does netting, and talked with Willis Gilbert who said they could come down any morning at 6 o'clock and go out. Several will be going.

I bought a mackerel and a peck of clams for 50 ¢. We had steamed clams for lunch. I planted the nasturtiums today and cut up a lot of cardboard boxes and went again to New Harbor to buy supplies at Penneman's. We took a can of spray over to Capt. Henry & Mrs. Farr. He reports that something is taking the pigeon eggs. I think it is rats. We took some things to Miss Gage and transported her niece and family to the Carroll[?] Cottage.

It rained heavily for an hour at dinnertime. I made a "Ream" sign for the head of the lane and while we listened to the radio, I sketched a young girl's head for an oil painting. Read a little French. We needed no fire tonight. Mrs. Dan Thompson gave us some rhubarb and some wild columbine.

June 7

This has been one of those insignificant days full of little things. I washed the breakfast dishes, took a bag of garbage down to the water. Got some kerosene from the garage and put it on all the pools of fresh water on the roads. The air was unusually clear so I got out the big Graflex and took two pictures from our porch. I used the tripod. I noticed the Graflex needed cleaning so I took it to my workbench and applied penetrating oil generously. We took the two big green and white chairs out to positions near the rocks overlooking the bay. I sewed a temporary head cover on the back of the reclining chair. I was on hand for lunch and dinner dishes. It was so pleasant we ate our first supper on the green table on the porch. Temperature 60°, a little cool. I cooked rice today in the pressure cooker in 5 minutes at 15 lbs pressure.

Lindly and Kat came down to call. He goes back to Jersey today. I got tired waiting for the man to harrow my garden. Took my hoe and worked for an hour and a half. Tomato plants need setting out. [?] and AFL put on a pernicious broadcast opposing the labor legislation.

June 8

It has been cold and wet today and I have carried in two big baskets of slab wood from the garage and two chunks of spruce. We toasted our toes by the fire tonight. This morning I cut down several baby spruce trees that some day would obstruct our north view of the bay from the kitchen. I did the usual amount of tinkering at my workbench and put JM's studio in shipshape with everything in place and working including the two enlargers and the radio. Used my new grooving [?] for the first time, swept the shop and the studio.

In the afternoon I took the wire rat trap and some cheese up to Capt. Henry. Don't want the rats to steal any more pigeon eggs.

Went over to Arthur Gilbert's to see why he has not sent Glen Little to harrow the garden. His horse has injured a leg. Showed the poor job of plowing to Art. He agrees it is very bad. There is to be no charge. About 6 o'clock I looked out my shop window and saw a porcupine sauntering inside the wall near my window. He crossed the lane and went up among the trees behind the garage. I followed him. He climbed a tree. I did not. Came back and called the Stockmans to come and see him. He stayed in the tree a long time.

We had waffles for supper. I fixed an electric light, then read before the fire. As I go to bed it is raining. It's not welcome.

June 9

The morning introduced itself at 8:30 to the tune of much rain falling on the roof. Nature was thoroughly soaked so it was a good morning to stay inside. I built the fires and after breakfast composed an illustrated

letter to Merrill. From the post office I drove up to see Fred Townsend who has a tractor and a disc harrow. Found him in the road fussing with a stalled Dodge. He consented to come down and look at the garden. I am taking much on faith.

Took the mail over to the Stockman's but first put on my rubber boots. Then I decided it was a good time to do some pruning in the back lot – alders and wild cherries and bayberries have been multiplying. I cut several piles of these bushes, also made a path along our south line to the east of the first lot. I will carry this jungle, fighting on to the extreme east line some other day. I worked til 5:30. Had too many clothes on so was in a good sweat. Had to change before dinner.

It has been a pleasant restful evening before the fire reading and listening to the Firestone and Telephone Hours.

June 10

After breakfast I shouldered the long-handled clippers and went into the back lot to cut away the bushes and undergrowth along the boundary lines. I had on my rubber boots. With a mighty hand I fell upon the alders and the bayberries and the wild cherry trees. The recent deluges of rain made much of the way a bog. It had not been disturbed by beast or man for many a year. New ferns and mosses were growing out of the mounds of their dead ancestors. The sun was hot – soon I shed my sweater. Then I hung my jacket on a bush. Two of the worst enemies were blackberry bushes and wild roses. I have some thorns in my hands tonight.

Miriam and Roland came down in the afternoon to paint the screens. I carefully tacked newspaper on the porch floor and covered two benches to protect from paint. In the midst of our work Capt. Henry came down for a call. He told interesting recollections of his boyhood. The changes hereabouts he could remember – his father and an interesting old character Nat Garnage from whom Henry's father sometimes borrowed oxen. Roland & M. stayed for supper. We had waffles. I took the hoe and worked on the hill in the lane to divert the water course. Wrote to the Bishops a 3 page letter. Read by the fire.

June 11

Awaking at 5 a.m. for no good reason. I pulled from behind the dresser the large sheet of cardboard on which was drawn the scale plan and outline of the Bailey woods. I looked at it with a view to laying it out into building lots and lanes and roadways. This is an intriguing idea. I also played with the plan of cutting off all the marketable timber – burning off the stash and underbrush and planting orchards of apple and peach trees and grape vines wherever the soil is sufficiently level and productive. This too has real possibility. But first I want to consult a tree and forest expert perhaps from Orono.

At 7 a.m. we were off for Scottie to get additional paint for the screens, buy various small items on our want list and get a hair cut. We came back via Pemaquid Beach where we inquired about rental possibilities for Miss Armor and we dropped in on Capt. Henry. After lunch and rest Miriam & Roland came to help finish the screen painting. We had a tea party at 5 o'clock. I went for the mail and in the evening we read by the fire Partly in the "Yearland" and then "Aurora Dawn". Slab wood split rather fine makes a lovely fire. The radio reports our increasingly serious relations with aggressive and treaty-ignoring Russia.

June 12

My labors of the day began in chopping up some of the alders and spruce that I took out of the back lot. The larger ones – especially the wild cherry – I trimmed into bean poles to be used if I can plant a garden. I

wrote a letter to JM and walked to the P.O. Some low spots in the lane needed attention so I got busy with the hoe and directed the drainage out of the wheel tracks.

I did a little personal washing and hung it on the upper deck. Then fixed the hammock swing and put it in place on the porch. Decided that the other hammock would be good for sun bathing on the upper deck, so set it on four blocks, covered it with oil cloth and weighted it down with the storm door.

Drove to New Harbor to get some milk and a few vegetables. Rested after lunch, then went to the 3rd floor and started a water color painting. I had not touched water color since last summer. Parker Garnage and his wife called and stayed for supper. They showed us what they had painted today. I showed them my collection. We discussed art. Mrs. G told us of her girlhood on a farm near Bangor and her acquaintance with Vincent Coffin and the poem she inspired him to write.

June 13

Bright morning skies and little dew in the grass invited me into the garden and to wait no longer for help from others to harrow the ground. Armed with the hoe I worked for 2 ½ hours loosening sod, removing occasional stones and killing weeds. Then I got the rake and leveled it off all before lunchtime.

I took a nap on our porch and returned to the garden about 4:30 and set out 35 tomato plants. I carried two pails of water and gave them liquid encouragement. After supper I counted out the 15 types of seed still to be planted and assigned to each the number of rows in the garden and estimated space between the rows. Now if the heavens will be considerate and withhold the rain for two or three days I may get my crop in.

It has been a perfect day – sunshine, warm breeze, a few clouds, deep blue bay, a friendly sunset. No wonder Parker Garnage calls this place a paradise. In contrast we hear the radio depressing news – high taxes, strikes, turbulent Europe, aggressive and unprincipled Communism flaunting agreements and the U.N. We ate our lunch on the porch. I wiped dishes three times. Tried to feed the turtle raw meat and put it in a pail for water.

June 14

At nine o'clock I was in the garden. With the hoe I completed 24 feet from east to west and was in the midst of raking out the grass and old sod when it began to rain. This was at eleven. I have been kept out of the garden all the remainder of the day. I rested before lunch and finished a watercolor of the spruce and the rocks and the shore. I am not at all satisfied with it. It is hard to get the rocks from a Kodachrome in which the colors are too light.

We did some shopping at Karl Riley's, took the laundry to Hoffman's and called on Capt. Henry and Anne. He loves to read the National Geographic and study the maps. He continues to declare he never saw a spring as cold and wet as this one.

This evening I sketched with pencil an enlargement of Father Miller [*Euphemia's* father] in preparation for a watercolor. I also used the projector to get the lines and proportion of a view of the shore. This also is to be a watercolor. I started to read Gunther's new book "Inside the U.S.A. Began with the section on Kansas – some things I didn't know before. Should be an interesting and informing book. Euphie gave it to me for Father's Day. Received a very lovely card and sweet message from JM.

June 15

Dripping rain and thick fog made forenoon gardening impossible but I used the time in the workshop sawing up cartons and doing some repair jobs. At noon we went to Cora's for dinner and had turkey, potatoes, onions, peas, dressing, mixed salad, clam soup, apple pie ala mode (everything excellent) for \$1.25. We were back home in an hour.

I went to the third floor and worked on watercolors for 3 hours – a shore scene mostly rocks (They are difficult). By four o'clock the sun was out and the wind had dried things so I could go to the garden. I raked the hoed surface and carried all the loose grass and old sod off, leaving the soil smooth and nicely workable. I planted 2 rows (double) of early and dwarf peas, and a row of bush beans. I was careful to space and count the seeds as I put them in so that thinning will not be necessary later. As a final touch for the day's work, I raked the surface between all the tomato plants. Every one is alive and healthy so far. Came in at 8 o'clock. Supper of creamed macaroni and carrots tasted mighty good. Radio and reading until 10:30.

June 16

By nine this morning I was in the garden. No rain and no heavy dew. Hoeing and raking and planting was the program. I hoed two strips 6 feet wide across from south to north. Then raked the grass and sod into win-rows and carried it off the garden in a big basket. I was amazed at the amount of this material. When it was removed I leveled the ground with the rake which process produced more sod and grass to be carried away.

I took two hours out for lunch and a nap in the reclining chair, then went back to work for 3 hrs more. I now have the tomatoes, the 2 rows of bush beans and four rows of Kentucky wonder pole beans planted. I noticed that the nasturtiums are coming thru on the little patch by the porch – just ten days after planting.

President Truman vetoed the tax bill today. Keeping taxes up keeps prices up and leaves less money for the tax payer to spend, all of which continues to aggravate our economic system.

Art & Clifford called this evening. They are here for a month, are very happy as usual. A pretty sunset tonight. We sat on the screened-in porch to view it.

June 17

The first assignment after breakfast was to write a birthday greeting to Bobbie. I went into executive session on the third floor and sketched a rose in one corner of some watercolor paper. Then tinted it and composed five little stanzas to express our love and appreciation of our very good neighbor. Euphie wrote a letter and we sent them "special" in the morning mail. Tomorrow is her birthday – also wedding anniversary.

I got up to the garden about ten o'clock and planted four rows before noon. At 12:30 the radio gave us Princeton University's 200 anniversary and some of the 36 special honorary degrees. Among them were Eisenhower, Nimitz, and President Truman. He delivered a brief address extoling the importance of educated leadership to the nation and urged universal military training for young men. This evening we learned his veto of the recent tax legislation was upheld by the House. Has anybody figured the cost in money occasioned by this long debate – now come to naught?

This afternoon I planted four more rows. Making progress, but slowly. No wonder farmers took to power machinery. But the hand method is neat and thorough.

June 18

To my surprise and disappointment it was raining when I wakened and it continued to drizzle all day. So I got up slow and easy and we had breakfast at 9 o'clock. It was a good day to stay in and play with watercolors. I began with a sketch of roses. I had made this pencil drawing last evening. I found it was wise to give the flowers a once over into a light tint of the predominant color, then add strength to the shaded places. I worked on these roses for two hours and had it finished by noon. I brought in a specimen of rose leaves to get the leaf color correctly.

After lunch I retouched the scene of Shore and Rocks and gave it more variety and realism. About four we drove up to see Capt. Henry & Anne and took some cake for their supper. They feel much better about Anne's health. Henry told a number of stories of his father and grandfather. His father was a fisherman & lobsterman for many years.

This evening I have sketched an enlargement of Father Miller. The one I made yesterday was a little out of proportion. This one is far from perfect also. But it is all good practice and is interesting. It necessitates close observation.

June 19

I wended my way up the lane armed with hoe and basket in defiance of the heavy clouds. So long as they were not raining I was pursuing my purpose to complete the garden. The soil was still wet from yesterday's rain and it stuck a little to my shoes, but from 9:30 until one o'clock I did a strip about 12 feet wide and 36 across, turned it all over with the hoe, shook the earth out of the clods of sod, raked the grass and sod into piles, carried them off the garden in the big basket, cleared the ground of stones, and leveled it ready for planting.

Took two hours out for lunch and a nap in the reclining chair. Went back in the afternoon with the little seed bag and my garden plan-sheet. Planted a row of cucumbers, and three rows of sweet corn. Finished at 6 o'clock.

We went to the Ellis Homestead for supper. Came by Walter Breacket's. He and Verina were in the yard. We sat and visited. Walter showed us how he keeps the hoe handle bright by resting on it. Shopped at Penneman's. Listened to Town Meeting of the Air. Sketched a study in Buttercups and now to bed.

June 20

Immediately after breakfast we drove to Pool's lumberyard to ask for wire fence to support the peas which I hope will grow. I was acting on faith, but they didn't have any fence. On the way back, I picked up some bean poles at the Ickie cabin and loaded them into the back of the car. I will need more. Hope to get them tomorrow.

I worked all the remainder of the morning and afternoon in the garden. I now have only 126 sq feet to turn over by the hoe. The next planting will be potatoes. My first venture in that crop for about 30 years.

The big excitement over the radio today has been the President's veto of the Taft-Hartley bill on labor regulation. At ten-thirty tonight the excitement and discussion is still running high. The House today voted to override the veto. The President talked over the radio at 10 tonight. Taft is to talk at 10:45. This is not only a dramatic day but one of great importance to the course of American institutions. The real issue is to curb the high handed autocratic dictatorship of Union officials and a protection of the rights of the public.

June 21

The Garden continues to be my big project. I am having time to contemplate John Ruskin's ideas on the dignity and the joy of labor. At the end of each day there is an honest weariness in muscles, an appetite which finds new delightful qualities in the taste of simple foods, and no hesitancy when it is time to go to sleep. My hands have the ache of new exercise and seems to be growing purpose. Just now they would not be respected if having any familiarity with the piano. In particular today it is planting potatoes. I have about a peck of seed potatoes. I cut them up leaving wherever possible two eyes to each slice. They make about 475 slices.

I dug holes two feet apart in four rows two ft. apart, making 80 holes altogether. Went to Lonnie Fosetts and got 5 pales [sic] of good rich manure. I put both commercial fertilizer and manure into each hole and covered same with 2 in of soil, then dropped cuttings, 3 to each hole, covered, and raked. This eve I have bought onion & rudabaga [sic] seed for the remaining space.

We drove to Hanley's for a chicken. Visited by the fire and were introduced to the card game 63. Home by ten and to bed.

June 22

Today I achieved my goal! The planting of the garden is completed. Altho I did not finish until 7:30 p.m. But this was the year's longest day so it still seemed early. The job today was the most difficult of all. It was the turning of the sod within the bounds of the garden that had never been disturbed by the plow a year ago. But slow persistence did the trick. I now have 20 different kinds of seed in the ground. For the next 2 weeks it is up to Nature.

We feasted today on a chicken we brought home from Hanley's. These recent days of exercise have given me the appreciative appetite of youth that finds entrancing flavor in every bite.

Tonight Robt Taft has discussed the labor bill and the President's veto. He has a masterful knowledge of the subject and compelling logic. The contrast between his sense of fairness and patriotic interest in the welfare of the public compared to the same in Pres. Truman makes the latter suffer tremendously in comparison. He says the bill will become law tomorrow when the Senate votes. I hope so.

June 23

We had an appointment right away after breakfast to take the old Buick up to Merritt to see why the radiator was leaking. We started out in good faith and got as far as the garage. As Euphie was getting into the car to back it out, the piled up slab wood which is eight feet high along the north inside wall of the garage decided to tumble over on the car. It was buried from the hood to the rear fender. Evidently there was an hour's work to get it out so we took the Ford and drove to New Harbor to tell Merritt we would be late.

We came back and dug out and when Merritt examined the old Buick he discovered a little greece [sic] cup on the water pump was leaking. It is wonderful to know where to look.

I stopped in my Ford at the Ickie Shack and cut 20 alders for bean poles. These, in addition to those I brought back the other day, make 50 – an adequate supply.

After lunch my project was to fix the rainwater tank. I scraped the bottom, swept it out, pounded wicking into every joint between the boards and put the coves[?] back in place. Then I examined the eaves front

and back and found the back eaves choked with spruce sprits and blossoms. I think now we will get some good rain water when it rains. Made a little 8 x 10 frame this eve. Put manure at the roots of each of the 30 nasturtiums. To bed at 10:30. The veto was overridden!

June 24

We had chosen today to take a little auto trip to Bentley's Island, But the weather reports this morning forecast rain and there was an overcast sky so we stayed at home in the forenoon and did little tinkering jobs. But it did not rain.

When I mailed some letters at 11, I came back past the garden and to my surprise several things were already up – peas, bush beans, pole beans, lettuce, radishes, turnips. I had not expected anything before the first or the fourth of July. After lunch we went to Scottie to shop. Stopped at Pooles[?]. Learned they had my chicken fencing for the peas. I would pick it up on the way home. At Scottie, got a couple small garden tools and 100 lbs of commercial fertilizer. We called at the Sail Loft and made a couple purchases. Harriet and Wallace are charming as ever. They have two interesting children. We came home by Henry's & Anne's. She is worried about her tongue and wants to go to the doctor in Portland soon. I suggested next Monday and volunteered to take them. They agreed to let me.

Tonight at nine Mr. Stockman came over and I took him & L. Farley to New Harbor. He wanted to phone New York. They were shooting fireworks in the street at New Harbor – country town style.

It is drizzling. Planted some more nasturtiums tonight.

June 25

This morning I wrote to Sam Sturm of Cincinnati in recognition of his 80th birthday on June 30, also is Will Brown of Cave Junction, Oregon, who sent me a copy of the memorials he proposes to the next General Conference.

After lunch I varnished the portable "johnny" and painted the exterior of the bath tub, and put walnut stain on warm spots on the bathroom floor.

When I went to the P.O. I received a package of seed corn (Sugar Corn, a very small, exceptionally sweet variety) from Mrs. Clebe, so I went at once over to the hotel to thank her for it. Made reservations for Sunday dinner at the hotel. On the way down the lane noted a number of exceptionally beautiful ferns it would be nice to pot. Examined the rain tank and found it needed a little more working so I filled the cracks. Planted the new corn seed parallel to the radishes which are up and will soon be finished.

Hoed around all the tomato plants and planted ten hills of sunflower seed. After supper went up to Minnie's and set her clock and tried to install a new front to her cook stove. Bolts were rusted fast so did not succeed.

We drove over to [?] for an [sic] house call. He showed us his recent painting with a palette knife. They have killed all the weeds in their lot and natural wildflowers grow instead. Good idea.

June 26

The big forenoon job was to erect the stakes for the Kentucky wonder beans and put up the chicken wire arbor for the peas. I cut the bean poles to a uniform length of about eight feet. The green alderwood cut very easily and one stroke of the axe was usually sufficient. Then I drove a ten-inch hole in each bean hill.

The bean seeds had been planted in circles to leave room for a pole at the center. There are 13 hills of beans in each of the four rows which called for 52 poles. I set them as straight as possible and tamped them in. Then the 3-foot chicken wire was cut into two pieces about 40 feet long and I set six four-foot posts eight feet apart for each row and tied the wire to the posts with twine.

We called on Capt. Henry in the afternoon. Took him some frozen broccoli and some new homemade bread. Took a noon day rest in the sun on the upper deck.

Rolland and Marian came down in the evening with a spark screen for the Franklin stove. We listened to the Town Meeting of the Air on How to Stop Russia. Our refreshments were ice cream. At 9:30 it was raining. We took them home in the old Buick.

June 27

This was the first morning it was so warm we didn't make a breakfast fire in the kitchen stove and it seemed an opportune time to give the stove and the pipe a little shine-up. I put aluminum paint on two joints of the pipe and black enamel on the elbow and the stove. I still had some enamel so I gave the Franklin stove a new complexion. My big job for the day was the application of fertilizer to the Ky Wonder beans – four rows, and to the peas, and the radishes, and turnips. Sjeveral other things are peeping through but they are not yet big enough for [?]

In the midst of this job in the afternoon Mr. & Mrs. Morris came to call. He came up and found me on my hands and knees in the garden. At 5 o'clock we took them home in the old Buick and looked over their cottage. At 6 we had our supper and I worked in the garden from seven until nine. JM sent me today a package of midget corn. I must find a place for it somewhere. Took a noonday nap on the upper deck in the sun. The Morris's have a dug well about 6 ft. deep with 3 ½ feet water, a very good idea.

June 28

We brought with us several packages of flower seeds thinking that maybe we could make a flower garden somewhere. Up to today we had done nothing about it and the season is marching on, so I decided to extend the bed by the south porch. With spade and shovel and axe I attacked the job of cutting out the sod and removing the rocks. There were 3 armfuls of sod and at least a bushel of rocks. Then I raked it smooth and mixed fertilizer in it and planted nine little rows of zinnias. I pressed each row down with a narrow board, watered it well and layed [sic] newspapers over it all.

I brought the two fern pots from the back shed and went up the lane for two beautiful specimens. One is a very fine lacy fern. The other stands on tall stems. It was so hot today I stayed in all afternoon, worked with watercolors, painted grass, flowers, devil's paintbrush, and bunch berries, and a toad.

After supper I hoed and raked in the garden and planted midget corn between the tomato rows. I made 37 hills – 5 and 6 grains in a hill.

We delivered the Dete's [*Euphemia spells this as "Deets"*] groceries to their cottage and took the key back to Geyers. It has been above 80° on the porch today but very comfortable.

June 29

Awake at I and got underway slowly. Shaving was a ceremony since the electric razor is still out of repair. I washed a suit of underwear and gave it the sun treatment on the upper deck.

We went to Cora's for dinner. Art and Clifford sat with us at table. Renewed acquaintance with Mrs. Davenport and son Bazel [*Euphemia spells it as "Basil".*]

Came home and I went to 3rd floor to paint for couple of hours, worked in watercolor copying a Kodachrome of the bay.

We took the wash to Hoffman's and persuaded Mrs. Tarr to go to Portland with us tomorrow to see her doctor. She was hesitant about consenting. Saw Iodice at the shack and he is agreeable to paying 2 dollars a month for July, Aug & Sept and 3 dollars a month when he uses wood. We stopped at Mrs. Hunt's and visited with her & her sister Mrs. Marsh from Worcesteer. She has some beautiful watercolors – is an excellent artist. She loaned two to me for copying. We called on Miss Gordon and Emily and saw Mr. Woodworth, also went over to Stockmans to see if I could help him sell his boat. This has been a sociability day!

June 30

The day was set aside to take Captain Henry and Annie to Portland to consult her doctor about the results of the treatment on her tongue. There was an early fog but we went just the same. They were ready and waiting a long time before 10 o'clock. We had lunch at the Columbia Hotel and they went to the doctor's office at 1 o'clock. Although the office hours did not start until 2.

Euphie & I did shopping for two hours. I got my electric razor fixed and bought a new wristband for my watch and some watercolor paints and a brush and some weldwood glue and a miniature tripod. We also got a few groceries.

All were ready to start for home at four o'clock. The doctor's report was "excellent", making fine progress. Henry was so pleased he cried. Annie was much more cheerful and enjoyed the trip home. Henry insisted on buying gas at Bath. We also made a few purchases at roadside vegetable stands and reached home at 6:30. We got some strawberries which made a delectable dessert—shortcake, whipped cream.

There was a fire at Fred Gilbert's pier early this morning. It was hot in Portland today, really oppressive. The shore is the place for us – cool and quiet.

July 1

Another day of traveling – this time to Bath. We got started at 9 o'clock, stopping in Damariscotta for gas and garden spray at the Lincoln Hardware. In Bath we ran into Clarence White who told us he and Ruth had been at our house the day before while we were away. He is getting along well with his pupils who want to stay in Maine. He has talked before the Bath Rotary Club and businessmen are interested in his plan for picturing industries.

On the way home we stopped at the Diamond Match Lumber for picture framing and lath for Capt Tarr. Came by Henry's and left the lath. Stopped at Patricia's and got 2 qts of strawberries, also got two quarts from Mrs. Robinson. Went to Gilberts Wharf, bot ½ pk of clams for 65¢, ordered salmon and lobster for the fourth of July.

Had a late lunch at home. In the evening Mrs. Danenhour and Miss Malice [*Euphemia spells this "Mehleis"*] called, also Miss Gage came in. At 9:30 Mrs. Deets arrived with Wag – to be guests for the night.

We canned a pint of clams and a pint of clam broth today. Enjoyed fresh strawberries for desert [sic]. Made a table set up of strawberries and took Kodachromes and black & white. Also took picture of vase of daisies [sic].

July 2

We had guests for breakfast – Mrs. Deets and Wag. Then we transferred them and their baggage to their cottage and took them to New Harbor to buy groceries, and on the way back stopped at the Pem. Pt post office and picked up their four big parcel post packages and took it and them to their cottage. We got back home around lunch time and I found a little time to work in the garden.

Also I cleaned a part of the third floor and put it in order. Florence came at 9:30 and took over the general house cleaning job. She finished about 2:30 and then Carl Adams and his son blew in with their vacuum cleaning apparatus [sic] to clean our floors.

We ate a late lunch and had just time enough to clean up when Charlotte Hunt & her sister Mrs. Morse came to call and see my paintings. They were most generous in their words of praise. We took them up the lane on way to the P.O. Went around to see Kath Leggett who has acute sciatica. We drove to N.H. [probably New Harbor] to phone Dr. Leggett but could not get thru – wires too busy. Walter Brackett will retry the message during the night. Got home at 11 p.m. The strawberries we were going to can are still unstemmed in the baskets.

July 3

I was the first one up and was downstairs at 7:30 – my opportunity to stem the four quarts of strawberries to be made into jam. After breakfast I dug up six nice ferns in the back lot and put them in flower pots for the side porch. Then I walked along the boundary line of the back lots and was amazed at the large ferns that are there. Also there promises to be a good blackberry crop. I hope so.

When Carl Adams was here yesterday, his boy knocked a brick off the chimney so I mixed cement and got out the ladder and climbed up and put the brick in place. Having got my hand into the cement business, I gathered a pale [sic] full of small stones and built the pedestle[sic] for a bird bath in the yard.

I washed my work shirt and hung it on the line. Looked at the garden. Pleased to see almost all the potatoes up.

We drove to N.H. [probably New Harbor] to do some shopping for Kath Leggett – picked up our laundry at Hoffman's. Called on Capt & Mrs. McLain – married 60 yrs today. Said hello to Capt Henry. Stopped at Leggetts and I watched a woodchuck playing on the rocks. After dinner boiled 4 lobsters. We have some salmon for Fourth of July dinner (75 ¢ a lb.). Lobsters now at 65 ¢ a lb. uncooked.

July 4

At 5:30 the alarm clock sounded because Euphie was to meet "Miss Mary" Pearsall and her daughter Helen at Scottie at 7:32. After she got off I went back to bed for an house, then "got going" because I was to drive to Scottie in the old Buick to meet JM & Connie, and Louise Loteus at 9:50. Euphie got back in time to go with me. The train was late. We got back to the point, drove around a bit, got the mail, and had lunch about 1:30.

Called at Leggetts and at Mrs. Hunt's and looked the Point over again, then had supper at 6, and went over to Art Pearson's. They were just going out for dinner. They asked us to take possession until they got back.

We enjoyed the afterglow and the white cliffs and the attractions inside the house for 2 hours. They returned, introduced us to Clifford's Father & Nother, and Clifford played two selections.

It was late. We came home at 11:30. Everybody was sleepy and dead tired, but everybody was happy to be in Maine with a spirit bathed in moonlight and soothed by the rustle of gentle surf. It is easy to go to sleep and forget the turbulent troubled world.

July 5

This morning we opened eyes on the light of day 9 a.m. had a leisurely breakfast and then got into the old Buick to get acquainted with the Point and the Harbor. We went to the Point in front of Kresgie's, stopped on the East shore. Saw the gift shop at Guy & Myra's[?], called on Mrs. Hunt and her sister, went to Back Cove and drove around Long Cove.

Had lunch at the Ellis Homestead with fried clams as a specialty and chocolate cream pie. Drove over to John Partridge's wharf and stopped at Capt Henry's. Had him tell me some sea stories and show us the model of his pogey boat. Went down to Mrs. Tibbetts and took pictures in the Cove. Came by Addie Poland's for our baked beans (3 quarts) and then back home for a picnic on the rocks. Harriett & Wallace and Little Lawrence came to join us, a wood fire – roasted wienies – beans, cookies, fruit and coffee & Cokes until the sunset – a grand success.

[Euphemia's journal continues, "Read & talked in the living room & at 11 pm Frank reported the moon rise so we hopped in the Buick & trooped over to the Light House rocks for 30 mins of beauty & song.]

July 6

It was 9 a.m. when we wakened. The overcast sky made it appropriate to be leisurely about breakfast. Then we took the girls to the lighthouse where they wanted to walk up the shore to the amphitheater and at 12:15 we met them coming out of the Pemmican Road. We went to Cora's for dinner. The dining room was full. Saw Art & Clifford there and arranged to go to their "White Cliffs" for a concert at 2:30. Art & Clifford played together and then Clifford played 3 marvelous selections. The girls were pleased tremendously.

We left at 4 to come home and get ready for the train. Everybody was sorry to have to drive to New Castle and the train was on time. They left with promises to return at the first opportunity.

On the way home we bought strawberries at 2 places – six boxes in all to make jam tomorrow. Saw Verena Brackett in her yard and visited a few minutes. Stopped to inspect our garden. The potatoes are now booming [*blooming?*]. Some replanting is coming up. We had a pick-up supper in the kitchen. The warm oatmeal bread Cora gave us was excellent, also the baked beans and strawberries & cream.

Going to bed early will be a good thing.

July 7

The special project this morning immediately after breakfast was strawberry jam. I hulled the six quarts of berries, taking them to the table on the screened-in porch. Then we drove to New Harbor to get some "sure jell". [*Sure Jell is a pectin still sold for making jam.*]

I went to the garden and did some hoeing in the tomatoes and radishes and turnips and cucumbers and corn. I brought in a dozen radishes – the first of the crop. This is exactly 21 days after they were planted. The corn is not coming up as it should so I put the remainder of the seed to soak in water and will plant it

tomorrow. The pedestal to the bird bath is solid now so I proceeded to make the bowl and set it in place. I made the sides of slender rocks set in cement. I hope it will hold water.

At 5 o'clock I went to the 3rd floor to do a little work in watercolor. Started to copy one of the flower pictures Mrs. Morse loaned me. Had it almost finished by 7:30. Will do the rest tomorrow.

Wrote an illustrated letter to Merrill today, also wrote to Mr. Hamilton of Glen Ridge giving him a little advice on how to recover from a heart attack. It is easy to give advice.

July 8

During the night it started to rain and continued all morning so as a forenoon job I chose to finish the watercolor I had been working on. We had an early lunch and were starting for Damariscotta when we came up an auto accident at the Church of the Ragged Beggar. In the mix-up we saw Stubby Hauner[?] and Clifford Herzer and some others. We stopped and found immediate opportunity to be useful. A.M. & Mrs. Wood who were Art Carson's guests got into my car to go to the hospital or a Dr. Mr. Wood was cut on the head and bleeding badly. I took them to Dr. Berry's. He was not in, then took them on to Dr. Bellknap in Scottie where he was treated and I brought them back again to Art Pearson's home. Art meanwhile was taken to the hospital, badly bruised and perhaps with a concussion. Will go over tomorrow to learn their condition.

It was good to have a quiet evening at home. JM was out – a guest at Kat Leggetts. We read the papers, and then I made a picture frame. Last night's rain filled our rain barrel and the new bird bath I made yesterday. Reported at Unemployment in Scottie today.

July 9

Soon after breakfast I went over to Art Pearson's home to inquire from Clifford about Art and to tell Mr. & Mrs. Wood that I did not think I should try to drive them to Naples.

I planted the soaked seed corn in the garden (a replanting) and brought down a dozen radishes. Worked in the back shed and put up some extra shelves. It is now more orderly. Prepared some more wood for picture frames and washed a pair of garden trousers.

The afternoon and evening was taken over by callers. Mr. & Mrs. Stockman visited with us in the lane, then came Prof Deets and his dog "Wag", and "Miss Mary" Pearsall and Helen, and Mr. & Mrs. Bob Allis, and Rolland and Miriam Thayer and Miss Gage. We were brought up to date on all the Point news – the late arrivals, the cutting of trees, the dog kennel sign and the visit of the police, the proposed repair of the wharf, and the various versions of the accident that occurred yesterday.

While eating supper on the porch, Clifford Herzer appeared and ate desert [sic] with us, reported that Art is getting along well and may be out of the hospital tomorrow. They are due to return to N.Y. Monday. This has been sociability day at our cottage.

July 10

This has been a quiet day without excitement. I inspected the rain tank and the leaking is almost nil. Examined the zinnia bed and 29 have sprouted. Finished the picture frame I started yesterday and now have the two frames ready to give to Mrs. Hunt when I return the borrowed paintings. I made a wall bracket to hold an electric lamp and put it up in the kitchen.

My work pants that I washed yesterday are dry and did not fade in the washing so I think I will not need to dye them. I weeded the garden and planted Swiss chard seed where the first seed failed to come up.

I finished copying the second watercolor flower study loaned me by Mrs. Morse. Will return them (framed) to Mrs. Hunt. Went to the New Harbor Barbershop this evening for a hair cut. There saw Roland Thayer, Fred Townsend, Art Gilbert, & Blanchard Moon. Heard Fred tell about Freeman & his witching for water, also the time Fred gave him three slugs of liquor and got Freeman to help him catch a pig. Learned that the price of lobsters is down now to 30 and 35¢ to the fisherman.

July 11

We left the cottage at 10 for Portland where Euphie had an appointment with a Dr. We arrived at noon, parked the car near Longfellow Square and ate our lunch in a nearby restaurant. Euphie & JM had fried clams. I had chicken pie. While she went to the Dr, JM and I did our shopping. I went to the M.B. office [*This is probably Mutual Benefit Life Insurance – Frank retired from working at the home office in Glen Haven.*], visited with Hal Moore and went to the bank, got a check cashed. Hal told me about the doings of the yacht club and the new sailboat. Stanley has Bruce Palmer from the Home Office in to visit Maine some time in the near future.

Euphie was pleased with the Dr. and is to return in about 2 weeks. He thinks she should have an operation on her knee. [*Euphemia's diary about this visit: "... met my appt with Dr. Thomas Martin – 131 State St. to have feet & knee examined. Feet not too bad. Xray of knee revealed cartilage damaged & spurs forming, operation recommended. Am to send shoes for building in supports. Left foot transverse arch considerably weakened."*]

We bought Jenny gas[?] in Bath, and strawberries from Mrs. Robinson's in Pemaquid. At New Harbor we took a rubber pad down to the Parker Garnage's. They invited us to supper but it was too late.

We came home all three of us rather tired. JM went to Woodworth's to get our mail. We heard that Art Pearson and Clifford have gone back to N.Y. today. Have just listened to It Pays to be Ignorant [*It Pays to Be Ignorant was a 1942–51 radio comedy show*].

July 12

Yesterday I noticed traces of blight on the pole beans so this morning I went after it with a poison powder. Also I put some on the cucumbers and the okra. I decided also that it was time to stake up the tomatoes, so I cut 36 stakes out of the larger alder brush that was under the trees by the garage, and I cut 36 pieces to twine, and had the job finished before noon. I pulled weeds in several rows and put commercial fertilizer along the rudabagas[sic].

After I walked up and had lunch, I put a background into my recent flower watercolor and prepared to return the borrowed pictures to Mrs. Hunt. I selected a rustic slab from the pile by the back fence, cut it about 3 feet long and made a bird feeder, very rustic in style. It now has cracker and bread crumbs in it but so far no visitors. We have been looked [looking] all day for word from Joe and his family. No word yet but we went to New Harbor and bought some supplies – weenies, eggs, baked beans, the letter from Addie Poland – this we miss. Leete called and entertained us with his visit to a high Episcopalian summer retreat for nuns – uniformed in brown & white – the maintained periods of silence – a virtue that should be extended I thought.

July 13

Many times today we wondered where Joe and his family are. We busied ourselves in many little undertakings. I tinkered in my shop and mended a sewing table and removed all the varnish from its top. In the afternoon I brought in a sample of Beach Peas and painted it in watercolor. Then I painted the view of our shore from the front porch toward Collie's[?]. It was my first out of doors landscape in watercolor.

About 5 o'clock there was a bound on the porch and a shout. I looked, there was Steve and Dave, and Nancy close behind. They had arrived. A happy greeting. In less than 5 minutes all the children were down by the water on the rocks. Nancy had her shoes off, and soon Dave & Chris put on their swimsuits. We soon got underway for weenies on the rocks. Firewood was carried, and all the fixings were put together. We ate at sundown – a lovely sunset. We walked to the wharf and came back via the path. We sat on the porch till dark, then inside till 11 (bedtime). I am sleeping tonight on the 3rd floor. Everybody happy and waiting tomorrow.

July 14

The Tribe of Ream took possession of all sights around Pemaquid today. After a leisurely breakfast we got underway in 2 cars for Pemaquid Point to see Capt Henry. We found him at Fish Point working in his lobster pots, putting in new heads and soaking the rope with tar. Everybody went out on the dock and stood on the float. It was leaking a little water and Fred Stock brought his pump and pumped it out. Capt Henry reported that Merritt had fixed his boat that he would try it out tomorrow and would be ready to go fishing Wednesday.

We went over to New Harbor – on the north shore and saw Willis Gilbert's wharf and the places belonging to [?] Arms, and other fishing houses. Then we drove to the south side of the Harbor and Back Cove. We were there just as the tide turned. The boys caught crabs and starfish in the shallow water. We got back home just a short while before supper time. Again we had picnic on the rocks and ate corned beef, cold beans, strawberries and whipped cream. JM & Steve took several pictures of the group. After supper Anita went with me to see the garden. Joe and I had fun trying to make the old gas engine for the well work, but we did not succeed. Everybody got sleepy early so we all are going to bed at 10 bells.

Bill Grant visited us today.

July 15

This was the last full day for Joe and his family. We got up at eight and were through with breakfast at 9:30. Then we loaded up in the DeSoto to see the Point and the lighthouse and the Amphitheatre. The boys and Chris & Nancy, and I & JM walked from the lighthouse to the Pearson White Cliffs. Joe & Dave & I drove around in the car and met them on the Pearson Rocks. Then we went to Ellis Homestead for lunch. Most of us had fried clams.

After lunch Joe, Anita & I drove to Damariscotta and came back to Fish Point at 2:30. Captain Henry took us out for "a sail" in his boat. It was just fixed up today. We got as far as the Lobster Pond[?] up John's River where the engine died. We moored alongside another boat. Henry called out to a man on shore and asked that they phone Capt Lawton to come after us. We hailed passing fishermen who were on their way to Pem. Beach. They toed [sic] us. Capt Lawton was on his way to help us. We got back safely. Capt Henry was sure it was his battery.

We came home and cooked weenies on the rocks. Had cole slaw and strawberry short cake. After dark we showed Kodachromes of Maine, and JM & Steve developed some of his films and made some prints. It is early to bed tonight with the alarm clock set for 5 o'clock.

July 16

Wakened at four a.m., waited till ten of 5 then got up, dressed, set off the alarm and roused all the camp. The Joe Reams wanted to be off on the home journey at 6. I fell to and helped get breakfast for them – corn flakes, boiled eggs, milk and coffee. Everyone was at table by 5:30. The boys carried out the bags and duffle bags which were stacked on top the car under a heavy tarpaulin. Exactly at 6 they backed out the drive and started up the lane.

The three of us remaining got our breakfast leisurely. It was a long forenoon. Plenty to do in washing dishes, remaking beds and moving back to our regular quarters. Lunch at 12:30 and I began to feel sleepy. We went to the Art Exhibit and to Kat Pearsall's, calling on her mother. I gathered radishes from the garden and gave a pale ful [sic] to Mrs. Martin. Roland & Miriam called on [?] to inspect the wharf and ask about cost and plans for financing. I went to sleep almost immediately after supper.

July 17

I guess we were pretty well tuckered by the strenuous program of the past three days for we did not wake until 8 o'clock this morning. We got underway leisurely. After Breakfast I took 3 of my oils and selections of watercolor flowers to the Art Exhibition, and paid the Exhibitor's fee of 2.00 altho I explained that I was putting up nothing for sale.

We went over to Capt Henry's and learned that his boat is running alright again and he has put out more lobster traps. We picked up 2 qts of strawberries at Martin's and I stopped at the "shack" and picked a few currants and some fire weed. After lunch I did a little laundry then went to the garden. I hoed all the corn and the tomatoes and the beans the lettuce and the beets, and brought down some more radishes and some turnip greens. Both are extremely tender and delicious. I think I should plant some late lettuce and radishes.

I wrote a letter today reporting to Dwight & Florence and Jay the recent visit of Joe and his family. Had a mid-day nap in the reclining chair. To bed at 10.

[Excerpts from Frank's letter to Florence, as printed in the Peru [Nebraska] Pointer:

The Joe Reams in their cruising carryall have been here, and now they have gone. They came, they saw, and Maine conquered. They arrived from Quebec Sunday afternoon, tumbled out of the car like rookies in camp who hear the mess call after a long tramp, and immediately the boys smelled the cool fragrance of sea air and made a dash for the water's edge. Off came shoes and socks and they cooled their toes clear up to their knees in salt water and sea weed. This was just the first act of the three happy days.

We ate most of our meals in picnic fashion down on the rocks where the surf was splashing at our backs, gulls sailing overhead, and lobster men in their little power boats, waving as they passed.

We went on camping tours around the Point down to the very peak where the rocks submerge themselves beneath the incoming tides. There we stood amid the wild roses and the blossoming beach peas, and watched the reflection of clouds in little pools of water, and listened to the tinkling tones of the bell-buoys calling out their warnings to all passing boats.

We went to the lighthouse and the amphitheatre which is nature's gigantic seating provision to accommodate unnumbered poets and dreamers who may come to forget the rest of the world and the passing of time while they sit and contemplate the immensity of the universe, the expansions of the sea, the people on distant shores, the unwritten volumes of nature's doings in the centuries of millions of years that these cliffs have been in forming.

We went to the fishing harbors where the fishermen depart and return and market their catches. We saw the little houses where they built their traps for lobsters, and dry and tar their nets and built their boats.

We took trips through the unspoiled natural woods and listened to the soft breezes whispering through tall spruces and hemlocks and pines, and walked on deep carpets of sprills among the bunch berries and the ferns and mushrooms.

We went out for a sail with one of the old sea captains who was born here seventy-six years ago, and his father before him. He took us by the islands and the rivers and pointed out the places where his boyhood still gives him green memories, and fascinating stories to tell. We walked out on long high wharfs upheld by their tall piles and braced by immense beams and girders so that heavy storms and high tides can be resisted.

We went to the local fish markets and bought live lobsters which had been out in the sea only an hour before. At our order they were selected and dropped into a big steaming kettle and cooked for twenty minutes, then served to us on big paper plates. We sat there on a pier, a wooden table before us, the sea beneath our feet, and we ATE -- no tablecloth to soil, no dishes to break, and freedom to toss the shells over our heads into the water.]

July 18

First thing after breakfast which was at 8:30 I went to the garden and completed the weed pulling and hoeing. Then I went to Fausetts with five pails in the back of the Ford car and brought back manure. I put it around the okra and the cucumbers and dug up two rows of onions that were too scattered and too weak to live. In one row I planted peas which had been soaked in water for several hours, and in a second row I planted lettuce. Both their rows were prepared by a generous sprinkling of the manure.

At 5 o'clock we went as guests of Parker & Mrs. Garnage to the Sea Gull and had a delightful supper of lobster salad and hot rolls and apple pie. I took several pictures of Mr. & Mrs. Garnage with the Rolleiflex [camera]. They had never been photoed together. We came back home and visited for a couple hours. I suggested the creation of a State of Maine Artists' Association and a Blue Book of Maine Artists. We brought home a smaller fringed Gension Orkis[?] and a Day Lily. [Research on the first flower is a little confusing. According to the internet, "Gentian orchis" generally refers to a combination of two distinct types of wildflowers often found in similar habitats, rather than a single plant. They consist of Gentians (blue, trumpet-shaped fall flowers) and Orchids (such as Fringed Orchis or Ladies'-tresses). They are cherished for their beauty and rarity, with many species considered threatened.]

I should paint tomorrow. Read in N.Y. Sunday magazine about Geo. F. Kennan in state dept. [George Frost Kennan was a diplomat and historian. His 1947 article "The Sources of Soviet Conduct" argued that the Soviet regime was inherently expansionist and that its influence had to be "contained" in areas of vital strategic importance to the United States. These texts provided justification for the Truman administration's new anti-Soviet policy. Kennan played a major role in the development of definitive Cold War programs and institutions, notably the Marshall Plan.]

July 19

Seven o'clock found me awake but the others still asleep so I slipped downstairs, got a light breakfast and was off to the garden. I had to thin the turnips and the rudabagas[sic] and plant the soaked corn and tie up the tomatoes for the second time. They have been growing rapidly. I mixed manure with water and put it on the lettuce and the beets and the swiss chard. Everything in the garden now is in good condition. Little tomatoes are forming and small pods are on the pea vines. The radishes are trying to go to seed.

I took a nap this afternoon and painted two day lilies, and the smaller fringed gentian orchid. [See July 18 comments about "gentian orchid."]

We had callers (college friends of Euphie's) and went to the New Harbor Church bean supper – beans, brown bread, cold slaw and cake with sweet sauce – 70¢. They were to have stereopticon pictures in the church after dark, but we did not stay. Came home and tried some of my opaque poster paints. They dry rapidly, so I had to work fast. Used little paddles of wood instead of brushes, and the effect is rather pleasing. Will try it again. Letter received today says Dwight & family will leave Topeka Aug 8th coming east.

July 20

This is supposed to be a day of rest and tranquility but not for us at the Point. The forenoon was calm enough full of the ordinary duties and a visit to the garden to get radishes and turnip greens, but in the early afternoon Clarence White & Ruth and all his students, and the two models and a Mr. & Mrs. Robbins arrived in 3 cars. They were on a picture taking tour to New Harbor and the Point. They brought a picnic lunch and wanted to have it on our rocks. They had 3 big waterjugs and a half case of soda water and baskets and boxes and long pads for seats. It was a gay occasion.

I took a lot of pictures of them with the Rolleiflex. While they were here Dr. & Mrs. Saunders (old friends from Westfield [*Frank served as a Methodist minister in Westfield, NJ 1913-1915.*]) came. They are all visiting at Elizabeth Port this summer. It was a great afternoon for sailboats on the bay. Mr. Inland's 2 master was out in full sail. We grabbed our meals as best we could between callers. We drove over to see Capt Henry & Anne at 7 o'clock. Henry was unusually high in spirits and good at story telling. By 9:30 I am tuckered.

July 21

I made an early trip to New Harbor and Pemaquid Beach to take the Pas. Eugene up to Merritt, and to take a mess of cooked turnip greens over to Captain Henry. On the way home I stopped at Lonnie Fossetts for 5 pails of manure. Two of them was [sic] for Miss Gage who wants to encourage her flower garden.

I thinned out the turnips some more and took a bundle to the Deets'. On the way home I discovered near the wharf a Day lily with 2 blossoms and 2 buds on one stock. So I got paper & paint and pencil and sketched it, came home and did it in watercolor. While I had my hand in I copied a photo of rocks & shore and painted it too. I should paint rocks from nature to get the real colors.

We got a letter from Joe Ream and a paragraph from everybody but Nancy & Chris. Before bedtime I read in N. Y. Times Mag. (Sunday) an article on the Problems of Restoring Europe and the serious opposition by Russia. There is a radio report today that Geo Marshall has had a secret conference with members of Congress – said to be extremely serious. Also an article on the immaturity of Americans due to poor education. I agree.

July 22

Rain came to us today but it did not deter us from going to Boothbay Harbor to see the art Exhibition. Parker and Althea Garnage were ready at 12:30 and rode in the back seat. We stopped in Scottie for a few errands and got to the Exhibit at 2:30. There were 80 pictures on display – oil and watercolors, landscape, seascape and still life. Jay Conway was the most notable exhibitor. He had one about 2' x 3' similar to Waugh's green ware. Parker had a large one also, two by Gene Klebe. The quality of the pictures was high. It is their first exhibit.

We met John Clary & his wife in Boothbay Harbor. They are at Squirrel Is. In the summer and Tucson Ariz in the winter. After ice cream at the drugstore we started home. At Oliver's we ordered a peck of peas for tomorrow and arranged with Merritt to have the Buick greased at 10 tomorrow.

The rain today will give the garden a good boost. We heard from Dave Ream on a postcard thanking us for sending his belt. My gas engine was fixed but I did not bring it home. May do so tomorrow.

July 23

Even tho it was raining I took the new Buick up to Merritt to have it greased and oil changed in preparation for Euphie's trip to the meeting of the American University Women meeting (a picture) at Christmas Cove. After their departure (five of them from Minnie's Tea Room) I came home, donned my rain clothes, and sou western, took my hoe and went up the lane to dig drains from all the water puddles in the road. [*A sou'wester is a traditional form of collapsible oilskin rain hat that is longer in the back than the front to protect the neck fully. It is still preferred by many fishermen today.*]

I had not been at it 10 min when George & Ruth came in their car down the lane. I brought them home. JM & I took them to Ellis Homestead for fried clams and fish sticks. Then to Gilbert's Wharf to buy clams for bait, and home to go fishing from the Wharf. We fished 2 hrs, got 2 sizable fish and several too small to keep.

The rains finally ceased and the fog lifted a little. I cleaned the fish for dinner and finished my work in the lane. We also had steamed clams and new peas for supper.

Kaltenborn's broadcast is very pessimistic about Russia. We are in definite economic and political warfare even now. [*Probably H. V. Kaltenborn, 1878 – 1965, an American radio commentator. He was heard regularly on the radio for over 30 years, beginning with CBS in 1928.*]

July 24

Telegram received 10 a.m.

Mother passed away 2:15 this morning, Took turn for the worse Sunday. Began to fail Tuesday. She just slept away. Funeral plans await arrival of Merrill and Joe. Florence comes today – Dwight.

I arranged to phone Dwight tonight at 8 and sent him a wire to that effect.

At eight o'clock tonight I phoned Dwight. He said Florence has come from Peru – that Joe and Merrill will arrive together by plane tomorrow evening. That the funeral will be Saturday morning at 10:30. I told him I wanted to be included in all the expenses and that I was sorry I could not be there.

All afternoon I have been thinking of my mother's career. Her young womanhood as I remember it, and her devotion to her growing family, her simple religious faith and loyalty to the church, and her unflinching

standards in life and conduct. We would all do well to emulate her ideals and character. We children owe her a debt of love beyond all measure. Her world was small but her principles were high and her life a never dying example to her children.

July 25

I awoke early this morning and lay in bed thinking of mother – the long life she has lived and her devotion to us her children. After breakfast I wrote a letter to my brothers and sister assembled in Topeka and sent it Special Delivery and air. I attempted no special enterprise – did just a few incidental things, walked up the lane with Mr. Stockman who used his clippers to trim back the overhanging branches of spruce & alder. I sharpened 3 butcher knives for Mrs. Cora Martin. I went to the Point to see where the clouds of smoke were coming from the Central Power Truck & men were burning slash on the rocks.

I started a new marine watercolor. We drove after the laundry but it was not ready. Called on Capt Henry. Gave them some fresh pears. We had bought 1 ½ pecks from Mrs. Robinson in Pemaquid. We got a loaf of whole wheat from Addie Poland. I looked over the garden. Something is eating a few bean vines & peas. Miss Gage's brother-in-law brought us 3 flounders. I cleaned them & put them in the refrigerator.

Read some of the Aug. Reader's Digest. Have almost finished "Love's Labor Lost." The float was attached to the Wharf this morning at 8.

July 26

Yesterday I noticed a dripping from the eaves on the east side of the house so this morning I investigated and found the downspout clogged. It was easily cleared. Being in good form on the ladder I investigated the garage roof also and gave it some treatment with roof cement even tho I could see no holes.

The tomato plants have been growing so rapidly that I decided to tie them up again. This is the third tying. I noticed something has been eating on two hills of beans and a little lettuce. Could not see any tracks. I guess it was a rabbit.

I painted in watercolors for a while today. Am working on a 15 x 18 size – a Sea Wave. We had flounder for lunch today – Mr. Short's gift of last night. Also had grand green peas – our own are not ready yet but are growing. I found a few ripe blueberries in the back lot. Must go picking some soon.

Thought much of mother today and the funeral in Topeka. When one's mother dies it is a good time to meditate on the meaning of life and its values. Mr. Truman's mother died today. She was 91. We saw Capt Henry. He injured a finger with his fish gaff, symptoms of poison. We purchased peas today & olives. Congress adjourned today.

July 27

After a short period in the garden this morning I went to the third floor and played with my paints. We ate lunch on the porch and about 2 o'clock strangers called – Mr. & Mrs. Young from Cleveland, relatives of the Sherwoods. He is a camera hobbyist and she is a bell collector and president of the National Assn of Bell Collectors. She had magazines about tolls and pictures of bells and has illustrated lectures she delivers. She had just bought a ship's bell at Bar Harbor. Mr. Young had a new reflex camera 2 ½ x 2 ½, and was very proud of it, explained all its features and how they work.

We went over to Leggetts to say good-bye to Miss Mary who goes home tonight. We met Mr. & Mrs. Grant from Westfield. Came home to a late supper and before finishing the Thayers called. We enjoyed a fine hours visit on gardens, and canning, and the doings of the Point.

Brought down some young turnips from the garden today. Found 9 potato bugs and immediately dispatched them.

July 28

This has been a quiet day at home busy in trivialities. After a morning trip to the garden I gathered a quart of mushrooms – cleaned them and cooked them for lunch. (Chantarelles – first of the season). Some predatory animal is after the lettuce again. I think it is a woodchuck. I saw tracks. This evening I put poison powder on the lettuce – maybe what keeps bugs away will repel big things. I found 3 potato bugs today and dashed in their brains. Planted a 1/3 row of new radishes, the first ones are now beyond their prime.

I spent some time on the 3rd floor painting today, just practicing with the medium.

Mrs. Truman, the President's mother, was buried today, a very simple service, no pomp, no publicity, no flowers. Good idea.

We wrote a joint letter to Bobbie today. They are now back from the shore and maybe lonesome. A. Lincoln's private papers have been released to the public today – the same simple noble spirited Lincoln. Such men as he help to keep our idealism alive, our integrity and our honor. In contrast we read about the millions of misappropriation and graft during the recent world war.

July 29

We drove to Scottie today and compressed our errands into 45 min because it was so much warmer there than at home. I did a little landscape gardening in the forenoon – cut out weeds and bayberry and wild roses from the blueberry bed in our path between the 2 front lots. Because of the humidity I was soaked with perspiration although the exertion was slight. Labor like this persisted in a few days would greatly improve the place.

I got some art material in Scottie – tempera colors and white ink, so I finished a watercolor – “men Mending Nets”. I also experimented with the 3 primary colors in painting a big bursting surf. The rocks are too gaudy.

After supper I tried my hand at fishing in front of the cottages. Caught 6 cunners in 45 min. Was not sufficiently ambitious to clean them, so put them back alive. Made a mat for my Net Mending picture this evening. We had tinker mackerel for supper fresh out of the net.

July 30

I stopped at the “Shack” today to see Mr. Iodice. I asked him if he would like to give me painting lessons as rent and he was pleased to agree. We have fixed next Wednesday 1 p.m. as the first engagement. I will drive up for him and bring him down here.

This morning I took my latest creation – the picture “Mending Their Nets” to the Art Exhibit at New Harbor. Stopped at Cliff's. The gas engine is not ready yet. We drove to Robinson's and picked up some green beans and onions. Called at Capt Henry's. His finger is still pretty sore. He has been to the doctor 3 times since Saturday.

Received a letter today from Jay reporting on Mother's funeral. It was appropriately simple. He, Joe & Anita went together on the same plane. M[utual] B[enefit] Home Office sent flowers. My special letter arrived in time. Received today a letter of sympathy from Bruce Palmer.

This evening the chairman of the finance Com of N[ew] H[arbor] Meth Church called on us. His conversation was of his experiences as a lawyer and a soldier in the world war and in hospitals. This was one of our warmest days this summer, 78° but comfortable here by the bay.

July 31

This day was one of gathering in the provisions of nature. We canned string beans this morning. I brought down the first sizeable turnips from the garden. In the afternoon I drove up to the Bailey woods, parked by the shack and for more than 2 hours I picked "our own" blueberries. Worked almost all the time in a spot near the fence. When the mosquitoes got to[sic] ravenous I moved about in exploration and found another patch farther in almost as fruitful. Also I gathered a quart of fine chantarelles [mushrooms], and we had them for supper.

I have heard that fat meat (pork salt) is a good fish bait and I wanted to know for myself before I try it with guests. So after supper I fixed a half dozen pieces of it and went fishing. I did not get a bite after trying 20 min then I resorted to periwinkles, and immediately the biting and the catching began. I caught 7 in a half hour. Capt Henry told me how to skin cunners. I did so tonight. It is much quicker than scaling.

August 1

This day was set aside for a trip to Portland. The important errand being an engagement with Euphie's foot doctor and with a dentist. JM & I shopped before and after lunch. We went to Woolworth's and art stores and drug stores and photo supplies and shoe repair and groceries and the hardware store. We had Hal Moore take lunch with us. We invited Stanley and Forest F. but they could not come. We ate at the Columbia Hotel and met Mr. Bill Davis, the manager. The dentist did a temporary job to last till returning to Jersey. The foot doctor fixes the next day for the 11th. We were invited by Hal to stop at the yacht club for supper. We arrived about 5 o'clock, rested under the big oak trees, went down on the float, took pictures of the boats at anchor. A friend of Hal's who has a new 3000 speed boat put it at Hal's disposal and he took us for a ride. We went out on the bay and encountered a boat stranded with 5 people aboard. We came up, learned their trouble and toed[sic] them to Cousins Island. We got started for home at 8:30. Home at 10:30 and sleepy.

August 2

Arose at 6:30 got a hurried breakfast and began to prepare the beans for canning. There were 6 pounds of yellow wax beans and 16 pounds of green beans. The pressure cooker was our salvation. It took all forenoon to do the beans and after then came the four quarts of blueberries. I washed & cleaned them but not to the complete satisfaction of the chief cook who made the blueberries into beautiful glasses of jam. It was an all day's job.

I found time to go to New Harbor after the laundry – call of the Art Exhibit – and ask about my gas engine which is not fixed yet. I met Gene Clebe who wanted me to make a fish point[?] for the Wharf benefit next Saturday. I pleaded ignorance as a constructor.

I worked in the garden, used some new fertilizer call Hydrous. (I mixed it with water.) Walked up to see Mrs. Hunt's lots after supper and took the trail through the woods to the Sunset Hill (a beautiful trail). On

returning found the Thayers & the Leggetts here to drum up a trip to Monhegan tomorrow. We are not much interested – are poor sailors.

August 3

We were invited to join an 8:30 boat party going to Monhegan this morning but remembering the turbulence of our stomachs we preferred to wave the party a good-bye from the solidity of our rocks. After breakfast JM & I went to the Bailey woods and in 2 hrs we picked 3 quarts of blueberries, discovered some red raspberries and brought home a quart of mushrooms.

We had chicken for lunch and I got sleepy so then I had a two hr nap. Then we took our laundry to Hoffman's and some blueberries, young turnips and some green peas (for the pigeons [sic]) to Capt Henry's. They had company in the parlor so we didn't go in. Came home and had a nice long session with the trimmers. I worked on the south lot and toward the rocks clearing out bayberries, wild roses, & weeds and trimming the tops of the young spruces on the edge of the rocks. The Deets called and we had buffet supper in the kitchen.

August 4

There was heavy dew on the grass this morning so I didn't go after blueberries and I didn't spend much time in the garden – just long enough to catch 3 potato bugs, pull a dozen turnips and radishes and put fertilizer on the lettuce.

I went to the 3rd floor and did a picture in Tempora [*tempera?*]. This was my first effort with the new supply. It works much easier than the poster paint. I think I am going to like it.

I went to N.H. [*New Harbor?*] to get a hair cut then went over to Capt Henry and asked him about a punt. He didn't know anybody who had one for sale. I inquired at John Partridge's. He rents boats for \$1 a day or \$5 for a week. All his boats are engaged until after the 17th. I bought some clams and came home to try out my steel rod & reel thinking I might cast out far enough to get some mackerel. I fished off the dock. Lee Deets came along. I was catching cunners. Seventeen in about 2 hrs. He came home with me. I showed him how to skin them, gave him 3. We plan to go fishing tomorrow afternoon. Said good-bye to the Leggetts 9-10 tonight.

August 5

My regular morning trip to the garden was a hasty one. There were no potato bugs, and I brought back some turnips & radishes. Then I spent the forenoon in clearing undergrowth from the south lot and trimming some of the trees. This opens up the view and shows the old stone wall to better advantage.

At one we started for New Harbor and did a little shopping. I met Wallace Williams who now has a boat for rent. Rate 1.50 the first hr. and 50¢ each hr after. This is a fair income I would say on the capital invested. We got back home after stopping at the [?] food sale to keep appointment with Deets to go fishing on the Float. There were too many people going swimming to making good fishing. Two small boys got some tinker mackerel for us from the men at the net. [*Euphemia's diary reads: "The Alter boys took pity on them & brot over some mackerel from the trap. Even tho they were tinkers, they were good."*]

We had supper on the rocks and fried the fish over an open fire. The keen sighted gulls soon discovered we had fish and they were very tame. JM & I drove to Capt Henry's about 8:30. They were looking for us.

August 6

The big event today was my first painting lesson from Mr. Iodice. This is in payment of rent for the shack. I drove up to get him at 1 o'clock. He looked over my oils and watercolors and criticized them. In much of my work I have been too timid, too meticulous and have "tickled" the pictures too much. He recommends I stay by one medium, rather than jump back & forth among watercolor, tempera, and oils. I also should cease copying photographs and show paint from life. I should try simple things first. Also recommends that I sketch with black & white (oils).

He demonstrated by painting a still life of lobster buoy and plate and blanket on table by shutter of the window. He advises emphasizing the foreground, try for the third dimension, overstress lights and shadows. Think of clouds as light, and rocks as heavy. Especially get the values.

We worked together for 3 ½ hrs. He will gladly criticize my work.

Tonight we had our first peas and string beans from our garden. Excellent!

August 7

The day began at 7 o'clock by presenting to Euphie her birthday present, a watercolor picture of a green sea wave. By simple good fortune its frame fits exactly into the recess above the fireplace. We three had a birthday breakfast together. I went to the garden and thinned the rudabagas[sic] by pulling out 75 plants. I also gathered some nice size turnips for Capt Henry.

I put in 2 hrs on my watercolor study of still life, which I want to do without looking at Iodice's until I have finished. I ceased work at 11:15 to dress for our luncheon engagement with the Deet's whom we picked up at the P.O. and drove to Damascotta where we had a very nice party. We drove into Scottie and did a little shopping. I bought 32 sq feet of Masonite to painting boards which I will cut into convenient sizes. We picked up peas at Oliver's and at Robinson's (90¢ a peck) and put them thru the canning process as soon as we got home.

Miss Aman & Mrs. Robinson called this evening to show Miss A's watercolor of the Light. Mr. Clebe called today to ask me to be Pres of the P.P. Assn. I did not accept. Mr. Clebe thinks it takes too much time from his artwork. For me it would encroach too much upon my freedom.

August 8

This morning I wrote a birthday letter to Dr. Collie who is 90+, a man of remarkable character and learning. He maintains his faculties and his standards on the values of life. I wrote also to Mrs. Wm C. Moore whose husband was one of the summer birthday trio. It was raining slightly so I did not go to the garden until in the afternoon. I was asked to make a poster for the Fish Pond which is to be one of the money making schemes at the Pemaquid Pt. Assn Carnaval [sic] tomorrow afternoon. So I did it this forenoon. A boy with yellow hat, red shirt, blue trousers sitting on a rock fishing in a pool.

This afternoon I finished my effort on oil still life. I did not compare it with M Iodice's until I had finished. I took more pains with detail. Shall be interested in his criticisms. We rec'd a letter from Bobbie about the accident Merrill had with the swing. We hope her new teeth are not permanently injured. I took a bundle of turnips up to Mrs. Martin this afternoon. Some of them weigh a pound each, are sweet and juicy. I ate some raw for supper.

The Hughes investigation in Washington shows a man of deplorable disposition and spendthrift habits with U.S. money.

August 9

This was the day of the Big Auction promoted by the Pen. Pt. association to raise money for the repair of the wharf. There was splendid cooperation and immense activity. A canvas had been made for all articles of every sort people were willing to donate. Cars and trucks were busy all morning transporting them. In addition there was cakes, pies, salads, cookies, soda water, a fish pond, and chances sold on a large watercolor donated by the Pres. Gene Clebe. Maybe 150 people were there. The report is that they took in about \$425 which is believed will put the association once more "in the black".

The star performer was the auctioneer, Mr. Stockman who mounted a refrigerator crate, carried a cane and wore a broad brimmed straw hat. He kept the audience entertained by comments and witticisms. Everyone was pleased with the results. It was a beneficial community activity creating general good feeling.

We went to supper to Ellis Homestead with Miss Rhodes, Miss Noel[?]. I came home and burned brush on the rocks. There was no wind. I bought some trinkets at the auction which I will use in still life setups.

August 10

This is Annie Tarr's birthday and we drove up to give our congratulations about 11 o'clock. They took us into the parlor, showed us the gifts and the flowers and the cake and we visited for an hour. She is 83 and Henry is 78. They are a devoted couple who have lived simply and have been contented with little – even tho they have had plenty of money to buy more. They are gentle folk who think and speak no evil and have a welcome for everyone. We are happy to be among their friends for so many years.

I took a nap this afternoon and pattered around in the garden and repotting flowers and dismantling the big box I bought at the auction and sawing up the Masonite into paint boards and painting two with white and repainting our Maine Ream sign. This evening Walter and Verena Brackett came to call. They are delightful and interesting as ever. Walter was all dressed up – panama & white trousers. He has a sore finger. Says he fell down and stepped on it. Verena told us about the day she fell down her outside back stairs – due to by-focals! [sic]

August 11

This morning we drove to Portland and took the Garnages with us. Euphie was to see 2 doctors and I did shopping. We ate lunch at Gannli's[?] on Congress street then separated for our several errands. I stopped at Sear's and Grant's and the dime store and Lorings and Bicknell's and the M.B. [*probably Mutual Benefit Life Insurance, Frank's old employer*] office and Young's 2nd hand store and the army surplus store and Sherwin Williams and McElwee's. My shopping resulted in underwear and a jacket and shoes and socks and a red cap and brushes and oil colors. Also we brought home 4 qts of blueberries. They are for jam tomorrow.

We stopped on the way home to see Verena Brackett's pressure cooker and to price one at Permeman's[?] On reaching home we found Mill & Don who have come for a couple days visit and play on the rocks. So we had our supper by a fire on the rocks – weenies and slaw and green beans and peaches & cookies. We listened to the Sat night radio music and now are retiring at 11 p.m. Tomorrow is the Assn meeting and we hear that the atmosphere is tense in the anticipated issues. We anticipate some interesting remarks.

August 12

This was the day of the Annual Meeting of the Pem. Pt. Assn Inc. held at the Pemaquid Hotel at 3 p.m. Gene Klebe presiding. All went smoothly until the order of new business. Stockman proposed that the dues be raised from five to ten dollars. Miss Abbot thought we ought to go slow on such a matter. Miss June wanted to take a straw vote to see how everyone present felt about it. It was agreed to pass it over to the executive committee to get all the facts. Then someone brought up the question of the Dog Kennels. Miss June portrayed the terrible noise and disturbance as a nuisance and wanted the Assn to go on record in denunciation and protest. Libby reported his lawyer was on the case, that the deed prohibited any commercial enterprises in the cottages. The girl who owns the dogs was present and was terribly upset. The whole thing was an exhibition of selfish intolerance. No formal action was taken. Libby & Miss June were disappointed. Clive Stockman & I talked to the girl afterwards. It seems they will be open to reason and consideration. I was elected a director for a year.

August 13

It was 68° this morning at 7 o'clock. We started at 9 for Portland to get the knee doctored by the osteopath. I had a little shopping to do at the drug store and Bicknells, and I asked the tailor about my old suits. They are not finished yet. We bought fancy rolls and peaches and had a picnic lunch in Deering Oak Park before leaving Portland. The drive home was hot, maybe the warmest day of the year. At P. P. post office, I found a letter addressed to me as President of the P. P. Association from the treasurer of the Pemaquid Land Co. It expressed news about the repainting[?] of roads and the suppression of the dog kennels and the meeting of yesterday of the Association, also gave a list of cottages that Freeman [?] is not to trespass upon when he inspects cottages.

This evening we attended a clam bake and lobster picnic on the rocks at the Point given by Chas. Gibbons. 72 people were present. Everybody ate to his capacity of clams, lobsters, cake and coffee & potato chips and the per cap cost was 1.25 with a profit of 20.00 for the Association.

August 14

Up early and into the garden for a quick check-up then ready to drive to New Harbor by 9 o'clock to get the Ford greased. While it was at Clif's, I took my painting to Iodice for criticism. My drawing was a little out of plumb, the shadows were too weak. There was not enough exaggerated contrast. The colors in the shadows were too gray. But he thought I had done very well. I am to do another still life.

I picked peas and beans after the dew was dry. The first row of peas is now about exhausted.

At four o'clock I went to a concert at Miss Kuebleis by McGregor one of her boy bachelor friends. He is an excellent artist, played selections from Bach, Chopin, Liszt. About 50 people attended. Admission 1.50. Proceeds were personal profit as far as I know.

Got the car this evening, went over to Capt Henry's, learned they want to go with us to Portland tomorrow. I answered Libby's letter today after showing it to Stockman.

August 15

We started out at 8:30 for Portland and stopped at Penn. Beach to pick up Henry and Annie. They wanted to go to her doctor for a check-up. Euphie was to see her doctor at 11 a.m. After her interview we had lunch at the Gamelie Restaurant on Congress street. And as usual I had a little shopping to do. Bought 2 glass bowls to replace the one I brought [dropped?] the other day when I was wiping it. And I got an alcohol torch and so prepared solder so I can mend metal. We left Portland at 2:40, everyone agreeing it

was the hottest day we ever experienced in New England. The weather report this evening said it was 98° in Portland. We readily believe it. We bought 17 ears new corn and a few other things. Henry got a V belt at a hardware store. Henry also insisted on paying for the lunch.

We got home in time for me to pick a few pole beans, the first I have gathered. I did one row and got 4 lbs of beans. I'm surprised they are yellow. I was expecting green beans. We ate on the porch at 8, enjoyed steamed corn and turnips, the first cooking in the new pressure cooker, also had rhubarb and blueberries and Aime's birthday cake. It's some cooler, but no shower yet is promised.

August 16

A very light and timid shower came this morning so that I was not able to pick beans. But I did gather the last of the peas in the early row. Then I pulled up the vines and planted late turnips, and put up the wire support on the newest row of peas. I brought down 6 ½ lbs of turnips also. We took some cooked rhubarb to Capt Henry and stopped for bread at Addie Poland's.

Roland & Miriam came for a picnic on the rocks. We had weenies and green beans from our garden and cole slaw and peaches and cookies. About dark we came into the house after admiring the unusual light of the sky and the bay, and the seal that cruised along our rocks.

Miss Hurzie and a Mr. & Mrs. Carter from Montclair came to call. Mrs. C. is the daughter of a Mr. Davis who was a brilliant landscape painter in Montclair. He died at 80 some nine years ago. She recommends that I join the Montclair Art Institute. There are many advantages in membership. She says her father used Masonite first putting on a coat of shellac then flat white I think. I will use shellac also.

[?] Iodice this evening. He says he will be down soon again.

August 17

There was no dew this morning so I was able to get into the garden immediately after breakfast. I had 2 rows of beans to pick for the first time. They yielded about 4 lbs per row. It was cool and there was a good breeze so it was a comfortable job although I did it on my hands and knees. The row of bush beans was ready for another picking and I got 3 lbs from it. The garden needs rain.

I used the new little pressure cooker for lunch today – cooked beans & potatoes together. Canning the beans took all afternoon & evening... We got eight quarts. Roland & Mariun came down about 5 o'clock bringing home the pressure cooker. They stayed for supper on the porch. We had blueberry muffins, beans, cole slaw, applesauce and cookies. After supper we continued canning and looked at Kodachromes thru Roland's new Adel [slide] Viewer. It magnifies and shows the 3rd dimension. I had time to sketch a still life study on the 3rd floor – about thirty minutes. We had fire in the fireplace tonight and had to wear a sweater.

August 18

At 10 o'clock we jitneyed up the lane bound for Portland for a 12:30 appointment with Euphie's doctor. It was a bright morning and cool, perfect for comfort. In Portland I went to Bicknells and to the Army surplus store and to the dime store. Then bought some fancy rolls and some peaches, and met Euphie at the car. We ate our lunch en route and stopped along the way to buy corn and weenies and butter and bread. Stopped also at Cliff Hauna's[?] to see about my little gas engine. Merrill turned to it and worked on it while I was there for 30 min. He cleaned out the carboretter [sic] but still it runs only a few seconds, then stops.

We came home and fixed a picnic supper on the rocks. I cooked the corn in the new pressure cooker and warmed up the green beans. We fed bread crumbs to the gulls which were very tame, coming up to 6 feet of us. This evening I put shellac on my painting boards and prepared beans for cooking and listened to radio music.

August 19

This morning Mr. Stockman came over and suggested it might be a good idea to follow up my letter and try to see Mr. Libby[?] today before the Directors meeting tomorrow. We agreed to go to his house this afternoon, but on the way decided to see Mr. Klebe first and learn what correspondence he has received. Then we went to Bristol Mills and telephoned Mr. Bridgeman, a lawyer in Bath and made an appointment with him for tomorrow at 10 a.m. at his office. He has the Libby-MacEwen correspondence.

I came home to find Roland & Mr. Everett still painting our screens [sic]. And soon Mr. & Mrs. Cramer & family of 2 girls and a boy came to call. The two youngsters and Mr. Cramer wanted to fish so we went to the rocks and in ¾ of an hour caught four cummers. A lobster buoy floated in and I captured it for the small boy. Our supper was late and Mr. Evert came back to suggest that when we hear the Libby Letters I be careful to notice whether he says he speaks for the Land Co. or the Assn. Rumors and reports are still circulating in a manner that would put sewing circles and Aid Societies in the shade. Tomorrow's session promises to be interesting. I saw at Clebes a blueberry picker. It is a long pronged scoop that works backwards.

August 20

At 5:30 this a.m. the alarm roused us all. Euphie & JM put off for Portland to see the doctor at 9. Stockman & I drove to Bath to meet Bridgman, the lawyer at 10. He showed us all the correspondence between Libby & the MacEusens about the dog kennels. We were permitted to make copies. I took them in shorthand. Got home at 12:30. After a hurried lunch I sat down to the typewriter to transcribe the letters and finished the six of them before the Directors meeting called for 4 p.m. at Mrs. Hunt's. We elected officers, read the minutes of the Assn Annual meeting last Tuesday, then spent all the rest of the time till six o'clock discussing the Dog Kennels and Libby & his proposed lawsuit and what to do about it. Miss Abott and Mr. Stockman are to call and try kindness & tact.

After supper I & Euphie (wrong order) drove up to Ewarts but they were not at home so we came back, picked up JM & went to Walter Bracket's. He wakened from a nap on the swing and regaled us with his misfortunes and mishaps about the house, spilling blueberries in the refrigerator, etc. Home by 9:30 and tired enough for bed.

August 21

A part of the forenoon was spent helping Roland & Mr. Ewart finish painting our porch screens. Then I went to the garden and picked bush beans and pole beans (no row) and radishes & lettuce, and cucumbers, & some weeds. I met Mrs. Hunt on the road and we talked about the recent Assn meeting and her desire to sell her lot on the shore by Gray's fish house. We did some cooking in the pressure cooker in preparation for Dwight [*Ream – Frank's brother*] & his family. Also I split wood and took it to the rocks.

They drove in at 5:45. I met them in the lane. They had been traveling 1911 miles from Topeka. We got a weenie supper on the rocks. I spilled the pot of coffee. We watched a beautiful sunset, then walked down to the wharf & the float. We made a fire in the Franklin stove and visited until eleven. Dwight & Helen told

us in much detail about Mother's last months. They were after a severe stroke that came about 15 mos. before her death, but she had no pain. She was helpless in bed and her impaired speech bothered her more than anything else. She (mother) sent us pillow shams and some table silver wear [sic].

August 22

Was up at 7 and slipped quietly down stairs and out to check on the garden. Mary was down first and we had breakfast together. Then the others came down and at 8:30 Dwight & I went to Addie Poland's for 2 loaves of bread. We took a brief turn around the point by the Light[house?] & the Kresgi Cottage and home. Then Helen & the Girls joined us and we went to N.H. [New Harbor?] and back thru Art Pearson's lane to the White Cliffs and back to the Lighthouse and a short climb on the rocks. Then home and loaded up into lunch baskets for John Partridge's wharf for lobsters and clams. We seven went in 2 cars. The Kansans were not much excited about the sea food. The girls went swimming & Dwight and I went fishing in a row boat, but caught nothing.

We called at Capt Henry's on the way home. This evening we ate on the porch – green beans, squash rings, turnips, and blueberries & cookies. After supper D & Helen & Mary & I walked up the shore to the fish house and back thru the woods to Sunset Hill. It was beautiful. The moon is half full. Everybody is tired and sleepy.

August 23

My watch had stopped so I got up at 6:10 and tiptoed downstairs in sock feet, put on water in tea kettle, cooked oatmeal and soon Dwight was down so we had breakfast together. Soon the others were down and Dwight, Helen, Martha, Mary & JM walked the rocks to the wharf to take the 8:30 boat for Books Bay. I waved them good by, then went to the garden and picked 10 lbs of pole beans and 3 cucumbers and 10 beets. When the boat got back at 12:10, we met them at Fred Gilbert's in the 2 cars and had lunch as Dwight's guests at Ellis Homestead. They all had fried clams which went a little better than the lobster & steamed clams the day before. Then we went to the art exhibit and did Back Cove and the south side of the Harbor and stopped at Parker Garnages who has been painting a lot this summer. We drove over to Capt Henry's with our vegetables, had a visit, and brought back some lobsters. Had supper on the porch. I showed my paintings and at 9 p.m. Mildred Hanley, husband, and Charlotte came with Nettie Brackett & her husband. We showed Kodachromes till 10:30. Everybody again is tired and sleepy.

August 24

Up at 7 and Dwight soon joined me. After breakfast we drove to New Harbor to tell Parker G. that we are going sailing with Capt Tarr so can't watch him paint. We got some bolts at Cliff's for the sawtable and came home. I picked 15 lbs of beans and Dwight sawed out the rough lumber for the saw table. Then it was noon.

After lunch we all drove to Capt Henry's and had a wonderful right [ride?] in his boat on John's river among the islands and landmarks of his boyhood. He entertained us with a flood of recollections and pulled two lobster traps to show how it is done. Got 2 cunners and turned them into John Partridge for credit. The girls all went ashore. Then we got a package of oatmeal and went out on the bay for mackerel. Pulled down in a cove near the shore. We caught six mackerel and 10 pollock. A boat near us got flounders. We were not fishing in the bottom. Henry cleaned them on the way in and we had them for supper. Dwight was exhausted and went to bed at nine. The rest of us at 9:30.

August 25

This was the last day at the Point for Dwight and his family. We went on an errand to New Harbor and saw John Day, asked him about elderberries. He said I could come and get all I wanted when they are ripe.

I took Helen & Mary & Dwight for a walk into the Bailey Woods. He thinks I should market much of the wood, and make streets and drive-ways, maybe buy a portable sawmill, and make rough lumber. We walked out on the Point below Kresge's and called on Mrs. Hunt, and on Verena Brackett. Walter was not at home today.

Dwight & I worked on my gas engine and got it to run but it starts too hard. He thinks I would do better with a ½ horse power electric motor. The arbor is hard to get just right so it won't bind. I rode up to N. H. (*New Harbor?*) with them when they started at 4:30. We took pictures in our yard before going.

Got a telegram today from Bobbie that she & Merrill can come up tomorrow. We phoned them that we are happy to have them come. Tonight we canned 4 qts of string beans and cooked two pressure cookers full of the same. Will sleep well tonight.

August 26

Immediately after breakfast I got busy copying the Constitution and By-Laws of the Pem. Pt. Property Owners' Assn. They must be ready for the meeting tomorrow afternoon. I made eight copies. Then I took a hand in getting lunch. I peeled and sliced one of my nicest homegrown cucumbers, salted, peppered & floured it, and fried it in the iron skillet. Also I put some pieces of chicken in the pressure cooker. Both came out fine.

We had to rush along to my appointment in Scottie and thus on to Portland for Euphie's doctor, and to meet Bobbie and Merrill in the evening. As usual I did the shopping. We had an hr & a half to spare so we went to a movie – at the State Theater. It was a double-header murder and gangster story. Euphie's doctor had recommended it. I had a good laugh.

Bobbie's train was late, but we got home by nine-thirty. Merrill & I took a flash[*light?*] and went down on the rocks to look for periwinkles. Then she went to bed. We laughed and visited and Bobbie told us about Martha.

August 27

Merrill and I were the first up. We had our breakfast together. Then we looked at the rocks and went to the garden and gathered some peas and turnips and radishes and spinach and came down to the blackberry patch and picked a qt of berries. Then we gathered periwinkles and snails and went fishing in the float and caught 6 cunners. We put 3 small ones back, and I cleaned the other 3 for lunch.

After lunch we took a nap and I went to the Directors meeting where we discussed roads and dogs and dues, etc. Came home to find Merrill sick so went to Dr. Comer's for some medicine. We had a picnic planned on the rocks. The Deets and Ewarts and Thayers were guests. We had weenies and green beans and slaw and peaches & cookies. Miss Leet joined us. We came in and visited in front of the Franklin stove and recounted experiences and observations about the Point.

Merrill continued ill, so at eleven we drove to New Harbor – went to [?] Bracket, phoned Dr. Sylvester and borrowed some paragoric [*paregoric -- camphorated tincture of opium*]. We hope for the best. It is now midnight. We are to report to the Dr. in the morning.

August 28

We got up at 6 a.m. to learn how Merrill was. Bobbie had had a pretty restless night and Merrill still had fever. We went to the Bradley Inn and called Dr. Sylvester who said he would come down at 9. In the meantime we had breakfast. The Dr. came and prescribed a Sulfathiazole [*sulfathiazole*?] Nose Drops so Euphie and I drove to Scottie for the medicine and the RR tickets for Bobbie and some other things. Got back at 12:30.

After lunch I took a 2 hr nap. Then went out picking blackberries. Got about a gallon. Rec'd a very fine letter from Dr. Collie who is 90 yrs old – a man of rare intelligence and preservation.

Merrill is much better this evening. JM showed her pictures at the Bradley Inn as a benefit for the sea Coast Museum – proceeds \$10. We took Miss Cope & Mr. Forth around the point to see the moon. Mr. Ewart spoke to me about his appointment on the Roads Committee. I told him as I understood it, he was to continue what Klebe had begun and as certain the [?] concerning road maintenance. What the town would do and under what conditions the town takes over a road.

August 29

When we woke up at seven we learned that Merrill was sick again. Bobbie decided to call her doctor in New Jersey. He recommended castor oil. Apparently it did the work. Merrill felt fine this afternoon and we played on the rocks, gathered periwinkles and went fishing. But we didn't catch anything. Capt Ferrin[?], his son & his 2 nephews came in to the wharf and gave us a dozen mackerel. Stockmann came down to the boat with his bottles of beer which were greatly appreciated. I was surprised to learn how great a pest shags are. Ferris says they drive the fish from the nets. He is glad when they are shot. He also recommended canning mackerel. It is very easy. Just fill the can with fish, put in no water – salt – seal and pressure cook. That is all.

[Cormorants and shags loosely refer to the same family of medium-large aquatic birds, although technically shags are more often found in Europe. All are fish eaters and catch their prey by diving from the surface. They propel themselves underwater with help from both their wings and feet.]

Today I walked over Mr. Hunt's property on the Point by the fish house – a beautiful location and view, but no accessibility. It borders [*sic*] Libby on the north. Davises own on south side of Collie Lane and would grant a right of way. An entrance road into the property would have to be built. I studied the map loaned by Mr. Ewart who went with me to see the grounds.

August 30

In the garden by 7:30 and since there was no due [*sic*] I picked beans early – the last of the pole beans to can, and the hard ones on the vines left to shell later. Also picked the last of the second row of peas.

I made a copy of the Sunset Hill map and mended the worn places and returned it to Mr. Ewart. Took some beans and cucumbers and mackerel to Capt Henry. Merrill & I went fishing on the wharf. Caught three cunners and a pollock. I had the cunners for supper.

Merrill has been much better today. I talked to her about not being afraid of bees and bugs – an attitude which she did not have a year ago. JM & I canned beans (4 qts) this afternoon while Bobbie & Merrill & Euphie were at the Hanley farm. I also cooked 2 pressure cooker-fuls of beans for current consumption. We looked at color slides after supper, and read the paper, and got sleepy very early, and so to bed.

August 31

We didn't get up till 8:30. The early hrs before that were celebrating with a thunder shower – not much rain – but it was the beginning of a perfect day – not a cloud and a fine northwest breeze. Merrill and I went fishing in the forenoon and had fair luck. Capt Henry came along in his boat, and we got five lbs of lobsters. When we came in for lunch, we got a pail of seawater to boil them in. We had a chicken dinner.

Bobbie didn't feel well so we had to eat without her. I took a nap after lunch and Merrill gathered periwinkles. She had many of them cracked and ready for bait when I wakened so we went fishing again this afternoon. She caught the largest cunner, which we threw back and had fun watching a gull swallow it. It was all he could do.

After fishing I went blackberrying and got about four qts. About dark we set out to see Capt Henry & Anne. There I gathered some rhubarb and when we got home I chopped it up and put it to soak in sugar. Henry & Annie are very fond of it. We also picked the meat out of the lobsters. Now at 10:15 it is time for bed.

September 1

Labor Day and the exodus from the Point has begun. The Stockmann's went yesterday. Many others have gone. I got up at 7 and picked blackberries early. They ripen very rapidly these bright warm days. We made rhubarb sauce from the stalks we got from Capt Henry last night and delivered 2 qts to him this afternoon.

Merrill and I went fishing three times today. Once she caught a very unusual little fish – green and stubby like a sculpin, but no such horns. It has a vacuum sucker on its belly. We took some pictures of it, then put it back into the sea. We took Bobbie & Merrill to the Art Museum in N.H. [*New Harbor?*] They close tomorrow. I must get my exhibit. I took Merrill for a walk to the fish house and up through the trail to Sunset Hill. She was frightened and tearful because the way was strange. We saw a woodchuck near the fish house and a rabbit in the lane near Morris and a woodcock in our lane. Took Merrill to Minnie's after supper for an ice cream cone. It was a bargain that she would not be silly about bees any more.

September 2

This was the morning for Merrill's and Bobbie's departure. We got up at 6. We had invited the Deetze's who also were going home today to come over for breakfast, so I drove after them in the old Buick. We ate at 7:30 and loaded in the new Buick at 8. There were many other summer people at the station going home. Dogs on leashes and in crates also were there.

On the way home JM & I stopped at the Art Exhibit and I brought home my 20 pieces. It rained on the way home – the first in a long time. After lunch Euphie & I drove back to Scottie, did a few errands and came home again in a heavy rain. We talked about the purchase of the lots on the shore by the fish house, but couldn't convince ourselves to make the purchase.

I fixed the feet on the old folding table in the dining room and did a little shop work. Having heard that the folks now in the Leggett cottage are asking about lots, I drove over and told them about our lot on the Woodworth Lane. He looked at it, but they want something within 200 miles of Montclair. We read Tristin Coffin's new book a short time this evening. It seems rather extemporaneous and superficial.

September 3

We got up at 6 to go to Portland to meet Anne at the airport and to get an osteo treatment for Euphie's knee. It was a perfect day for flying. At the airport I saw a weather man send up a balloon [*sic*] carrying a

radio set which would record atmospheric conditions in the supper air. The baloon [sic] would rise until it bursts then the aperature [sic] would come down by little red parachute.

On the way home we got our lunch at the Yacht Club. Had to wait an hour. They were having a Club dinner tonight. We picked up some Danish pastry leaving Portland. At Brunswick we took the road to Bailey's Island. Had often talked about it. We were well repaid. It is a beautiful 15 mile drive to Land's End where I took a few pictures of the shore. It is rough but not as rugged as the shore here at the Point. An unusual bridge connects Orr's Island and Bailey's. We stopped at Gay's in New Castle and I took a view from their porch roof. At home I gave Anne a demonstration of the Pressure Cooker on carrots (whole) five minutes. Miss Gage called. We read the paper, listened to radio news and now to bed.

September 4

This forenoon I went to see Charlotte Hunt to tell her that we did not see our way clear to buy her lots by the fish house, but I did talk about making it a summer hotel site – a Hotel with 3 floors and sixty double rooms – all outside, a rounded dining room with windows on 3 sides – an upper glassed-in sun porch, a parlor with fireplace in the middle, a board walk along the shore and a wharf, and a private hotel launch. Hotel Vacationer. Proposed it be built by a stock co. composed of interested P.P. [Pemiquid Point] property owners.

Then I came home and brought provender from the garden – peas, radishes, tomatoes, turnips, swiss chard, corn, cucumbers, and then I picked blackberries – 7 ½ lbs. Anne helped some. She wore my white overalls.

We had not finished lunch when Parker came to paint a picture of our shores for Dwight's family. I watched Parker do the painting. He started in with the sky, then the sea, then the vegetation foreground, then the trees, then the house, and finally the rocks. He went back to each repeatedly to touch up details. It took him about four hrs. They stayed for supper, he & his wife. He told me the little queer fish I caught the other day was a lumpfish. I took them home in the little Ford at 9:30.

September 5

I made an easle [sic] to use out of door. The legs are six feet long. I used pieces of rough sawed lumber that came with the slab wood. Then I went out to the same spot that Parker painted from yesterday, only I stood up to paint. I made a pencil sketch before lunch. After lunch we had to do some errands so I didn't get at the painting until 4 o'clock and the sky was poor. I painted for an hour on the third floor, putting in the sky and sea and rough outline.

We went to the Ellis Homestead for lunch. We were late. They had no fried clams. I took fried eggs. We called on Mrs. Kendrie[?] but she was not in. I took a hand in getting supper. I cooked things from our own garden – peas, carrots [sic], potatoes, okra and fried cucumber. Suited my taste exactly. We ordered a bushel of peaches from Miss Gay in Scottie, are to go after them tomorrow morning. I fixed an extension wire tonight, will use it in sawing wood. Listened to "It Pays to be Ignorant" and then to bed. [*"It Pays to Be Ignorant" was a 1942-51 radio comedy show.*]

September 6

A dense fog enveloped us when I got up at 6 o'clock. We got an early breakfast and drove to Scottie to get the busel [sic] of peaches from Gay's. They were not open when we arrived. The bushel cost 4.95 – a pretty

stiff price I thought. The three ladies took over the canning business and I came to the 3rd floor to work on my still life oil painting which I finished by noon.

The fog was then sufficiently lifted so that I went out to paint from the spot I was using yesterday. I worked for 2 hrs then the fog and mist came in again. I planned to send Merrill some insects mounted on a board to try to cure her of her fear of bees. I caught 2 bumble bees and will try to get other specimens tomorrow. A trip to the garden yielded tomatoes and cucumbers and spinach. The effects of the long drought are upon everything.

We had spinach and corn fritters and sliced peaches for supper. 35 peaches out of the bushel which were imperfect and had to be used immediately.

Had no nap today so must go to bed early tonight – 9:30.

September 7

Fog was still with us this morning so I could do no outside painting. I took my 2 recent efforts up to Mr. Iodice for criticism. He liked the still life but suggested more exact perspective and care to see that the objects sit in the same plane as the tray. I should think of them as round objects which they are. He liked the painty feeling[?] – the full brush effect, and the brush strokes parallel to the direction of the material. Emphasis high lights and shadows. In the landscape I should think of the sky as a round dome making the top and edges heavier, the lower sky lighter, using cold colors to suggest distance, a little red in the blue of the upper sky, get perspective in tree foliage and in the vegetation of the foreground, graduate the details.

I came home and set up a new still life. Tea pot, etc. Got it almost finished. We had callers – Mr. Turner & his family and Mr. Andrews and his family. They are all natives of these parts. We had a lobster supper – the best of the season. Had dinner at Mrs. Martin's. Guests are getting fewer. It was pitch dark at 7:30 because of the fog.

September 8

At ten this morning we four (Euphie, JM, Anne & I) set out for Portland primarily to see the doctor who treats arthritis. We arrived without incident, did a little shopping, and got started home by 3. This was an opportunity to stop at the Harriet Beecher Stowe house in Brunswick. We enjoyed the antique furniture, the old fireplace and the ancient paper on the wall. The ladies did the gift shop which is in the barn in the rear. JM took a picture of the front of the house. We did not stay for afternoon tea.

On the way home we bought at Ed's green corn and ripe tomatoes. Got a six o'clock supper of cucumbers and tomatoes, steamed corn, fried cucumbers, cold boiled lobsters, peaches and ice cream.

Listened to news broadcasting and promptly fell asleep. After two hours I was awake enough to look at two boxes of Kodachromes, but that was the extent of my physical endurance, so now I am on the way to bed. This was a perfect Maine day – cool and clear. Tonight a touch of fall is in the air.

September 9

I made an after breakfast trip to the garden and brought in some tomatoes, green beans, turnips, lettuce, cucumbers and rutabagas [*sic*]. Took some cukes and lettuce to Cora and bagged some other things to take to Capt Henry. Then I painted on my still life study and now have it ready to submit to Mr. Iodice for criticism tomorrow. Had an early lunch and set out for Scottie. Was able to get back early after purchasing a dozen weenies and some rolls. Stopped at Henry's and left the vegetables. Took the one egg out of the

pidgeon [sic] nest. The shell was almost transparent. The little bird would have been black & white like the parent. Better luck next time.

Spent 2 hrs painting out of doors, the scene of our cottage. At five 30 the friends came for a picnic on the rocks – the Thayers, Miss Armor, Dr. Mauter and us. They stayed to see Kodachromes which we showed to Mrs. [?], and other five friends from Phila. They were also interested in painting. We needed no fire. Had a pleasant evening. At the picnic we had weenies, potato salad, raw tomatoes, and came up on the porch for ice cream and sliced peaches. Now to bed at 11:30.

September 10

At 9 a.m. I went to Mr. Iodice for criticism on my coffee pot & cup still life. He said it was good. That I have it on the tray – the cup was especially good. I need to tone down all but one high light on the pot and make the sugar cup more round by shading the sides. Suggested I use a larger board next time. On my landscape, bring out the foreground still more strongly, get a very fine brush for detail. Use a “cool” red on the chimney. Next time draw the house first.

Then I went on a camera jaunt to Bristol Mills, took Kodachromes of the dam & the stream along with bridges & boys in a boat. We went to Hanleys to get a chicken and other products. I took a few farm pictures. Came home thru county road.

Had a late dinner and started out at once to visit the little Walpole Chapel north & west of Pemaquid Harbor to see the wall paintings done by Mr. Huntington. They are the 12 apostles and Joseph & Mary. The choice of color & their harmony[?] in the drapery is excellent. The anatomy of the figures is a bit pathological. The colors are [?] in tone & very pleasing. Mr. Iodice and Miss Fuller were to have come down this evening, but they could not come.

September 11

By nine o'clock I was writing a letter long delayed to the Bishops. On the 14 of this month they celebrate Dale's and Carter's birthdays and their wedding anniversary. I picked black berries until noon – five and a half pounds. They were the biggest and finest of the season. There will not be many after this.

After lunch I took my out-door easle [sic] and basket of supplies and went up to Geo Gray's fish house to paint it. The sky was drab and the air was dull – very appropriate lights for the fish house. I worked for 2 hours but did not finish.

We had Roland and Marian for dinner, had waffles on the porch. I did the baking. The iron does not work as fast as the one in Glen Ridge. This evening I started to read *The Meeting of East and West* by Northrop. It is thoughtful and comprehensive with its scope. And attempts a rather big objective – to fuse the ideals and sources of civilization of the conflicting elements in modern life so that the world can live in peace. Miss Gage came in for an hour. At ten tonight the thermometer is 64 – “unusual”.

September 12

Got up leisurely. After breakfast went to the garden. Brought in some tomatoes and beets and swiss chard and cucumbers and midget corn. Gave my neck and shoulders a treatment with the heat lamp. Stretched out on the sun deck for thirty minutes, then read another chapter in “*East & West*”. Never realized which [what] a high type of civilization existed in ancient Mexico.

After lunch I took easle [*sic*] and paints and worked a couple hours on the fish house scene. Put in more details of shore line and grass and shrubbery. The effect in the main is pleasing but I'm not satisfied with a number of features.

This is Anne's last day here. We have packed a box of lobsters to take home. She & JM went to call on Miss Mae Eusen[?] and the Togs[?]. She has sold one – will deliver another on the way out in Mass. She expects to take a course in veterinarian science later on. Quite a hobby!

We went to call on the Bracketts, but only Walter was at home. He was asleep in the swing on the porch. So we did not go in. Must get up at 4, so are going to bed early tonight. The plane leaves Portland at 7:30 tomorrow morning.

September 13

As four a.m. the alarm went off and we rolled out of bed to begin the hurried preparation for departure to Portland. I got the breakfast – sliced oranges, fried eggs, buttered toast and coffee and the ladies were down by 4:30. We got started at five and drove thru the dark as far as Damariscotta[?] before the dawn had an effect. We made Portland in an hr and forty minutes due to almost no traffic on the road. The plane was reported 35 min late, but it made up 20 min due to tail wind. We did a little shopping.

Euphie went to her doctor then we came home. Got a snack at a road stand but were ready for a little more at home. Sleep was then in order. I took two hrs. It was then time to dress for dinner at Hanley's where we were due at 5:30. Mr. Hanley (Ross) did not appear until after dinner. He and Bob had been to Rockland, bought some furniture and were bringing it home in their truck. When they got home the bed was missing. They retraced their course and overtook a man who had it on top his car. He found it on the road. The head & foot of the bed are still missing. We had a good dinner – baked beans, roast pork, pumpkin pie and cream puffs. Talked to Oscar about going to college.

September 14

We were late in getting up. I read for an hour in bed on the ancient civilizations of Mexico and the influence later of the Spanish and the French. It was a wet foggy morning so I stayed in and painted in the attic. Did a still life on Candle, book and pipe with blue background. I like its 3rd dimension and the color contrasts.

This afternoon I drove over to see Capt Henry. Took Euphie as far as Back Cove where she called on Mrs. Dannenhower until I came back and picked her up. We came home for a pick-up supper, then the three of us drove to the Thayers who are having visiting relatives and JM showed some of her Kodachromes. We stayed till ten.

The fog has been with us all afternoon and evening. Everything is dripping wet. It rained a little during the day. I think I am finding that alka selzer and the omission of fruit aids in helping muscular rheumatic aches and pains. Am also using milk of magnesia tablets.

September 15

Because it was foggy and damp I decided to try a still life and work on the porch. I gathered zenias [*sic*] from Mrs. Stockmann's garden – a variety of colors and arranged them in a green vase. I put in about 5 hrs and got it pretty nearly finished. It is the best flower study I have done yet. I learned that I must let the base color set a little while then I can put on the lighter colors without running. Also I tried for the first time to use a palette knife on flower petals.

This afternoon I hunted for grasshoppers and bees to send to Merrill, found two hoppers and a butterfly, but the bees were not out today.

This morning I wrote a letter to Mr. Thuman and did a little gardening. Brought in potatoes, tomatoes, beets and cukes. Cooked some of the cukes for supper. Used the pressure cooker for turnips, carrots, and onions all at the same time. Before supper I gathered 2 lbs of blackberries. They are all much the last of the crop. The radio is full of Europe's troubles and Sec'y Marshall's plans, and the U.N. which begins tomorrow. A tornado is in the making!

September 16

I expected to go up to John Day's this morning to pick elderberries but just as I was starting it began to rain. I didn't go yesterday because as grave digger, John was busy. He had two funerals. This forenoon I retouched some of my oil paintings. I helped with lunch and at 12:45 we started for Scottie. Came back early and stopped at Capt Henry's where we left a loaf of bread we had bought of Addie Poland. Saw Capt Lawton there. He is spry as ever, and over eighty. Henry's birthday is tomorrow. I peeked in at the pigeons [sic]. They look fine.

We came home and took JM for a ride around the Point. We stopped in front of the Kresge house and watched the development of a beautiful sunset – about the best we have had this year. We took several pictures – black & white and color. We had a grand Maine supper of lobster and steamed clams (1/2 pt clams) and 5 1/2 lbs lobster). Everyone is alert to the possibility of the hurricane reported off Florida. Town [Hall] meeting of the Air discussed “What can we do to confront high prices” – higher production less waste, fewer states[?], lower taxes.

September 17

I got awake early and made a visit to the garden before the others were up. The returns were tomatoes and beets and okra and cucumbers & corn & carrots, all of which contributed to a very tasty lunch. But special activities were the program because JM was getting ready to “push off” about 1:30. In the meantime I made my delayed trip to John Day's and picked a half bushel basket of elderberries. The bushes were tall, some higher than I could reach & surrounded by a wilderness of weeds and brambles. They were dead ripe. They are now in the back shed awaiting treatment tomorrow.

We started for Portland as planned, stopped to say goodbye to Capt Henry & Mrs. Tarr. (It was his birthday and I left him a little present – a tie). At Scottie we did a little necessary banking, then went on arriving in Portland in time for Euphie's date with the doctor. [*Euphemia's diary: I visited Dr. Campbell who gave me a real going over & I felt a lot better. Had to wait an hr. to see Dr. Martin who saw considerable improvement.*]

We had dinner at the restaurant we like on Congress street. The ladies had fried clams. We all had blueberry pie ala mode.

The hurricane is remaining in Fla. Marshall's speech before the U.N. is the big international news. We saw the Northern lights on the way home. Beautiful!

September 18

This was my day to demonstrate my nack [sic] in domestic science. After breakfast I took over in the kitchen and my program was the canning of elderberries. The first job was to stem them. In Portland I had bought a course [sic] comb. With this I undertook to comb the berries off the stem. To avoid stains all over

the place from flying berries I took my work outdoors and made a table of the big boulder in the back wall. I stood up for a while till my feet got tired then brought out a kitchen chair. I found a lot of trouble with the little pieces of stems. They were tedious. I left a lot of them.

Got a hurried lunch mostly of yesterday's leftovers. We had six vegetables all from our garden.

Then I did canning in earnest, did 2 batches of 4 quarts each. Made sugar syrup and put them in the pressure cooker for ten min. This afternoon [?] Schabb [*Mr. & Mrs. Robert Staub – Euphemia's diary*] from Decatur Ill came. We did the sights about the Point, had a lobster dinner at Gilbert's, stopped to see Capt Henry and they are staying with us tonight. He is managing editor of the paper in Decatur.

September 19

[Our surprise this morning was to find our guests had flown, leaving a note explaining that they could not further impose upon us. We felt as if something choice had been snatched from us. We appreciated the note. – Euphemia's diary.]

It was drizzling this morning so after breakfast we thought it would be a good time to go up to Stubby Hanna's cottage and look for the Bradleys from New Jersey. While Euphie was doing her morning work I ran over to see Bob Allis about our assignment on the Zoning Committee. We found the Bradleys, and their daughter, her husband and her son Tommy. After visiting an hour we came home, brought Tommy with us, had lunch, then he and I went fishing on the wharf. He had never fished before. It was great excitement. In 45 minutes we caught 10 nice pollock.

When the other members of the family came down about 3 o'clock, Tommy had to demonstrate his skill and he caught five more. They all like our place.

We were invited for dinner by Miss Rhodes and Miss [?] to the Bradley Inn. The Leggetts had just arrived. They were included. They all came down to our cottage to see the sunset and visit before the fire. They left at 9:30. I seem to be catching cold tonight.

September 20

That cold came upon me today like the recent southern hurricane. A part of the forenoon I felt fairly well and went about several errands. Gathered vegetables from the garden and puttered around the house. Roland came down and invited us to join them & the Leggetts on a lobster picnic at Partridges. We did so.

I felt pretty miserable and sat apart so as not to contaminate anyone. Came home and resorted to the heat lamp frequently, also cold pills and laxatives and milk of mag tablets. The folks all came down for a picnic on the rocks. Again I joined them, carried the wood & brush for the fire, and fried the bacon. But I came back to the house early and took more heat lamp and more drops. Sat around and read the papers until 10. But my nose was drippy all the time and I had plenty of sneezing fits. Now to bed hoping I will be better in the morning.

September 21

So far as activities are concerned today has been a goose egg. I have stayed in, bundled myself up before the fire, and nursed my cold. Wore two sweaters, heavy wool trousers, and two pairs of sox. Took frequent doses of alka selzer, and nose drops. Resorted often to the heat lamp and Mentholum. Sneezing fits attacked me frequently and my eyes were "a fountain of tears". Now I understand why the folks down south speak of a cold as "the misery". I stayed in bed until noon and now I am turning in again at 9:30.

Did a little reading when my eyes were not streaming. Read "Balance of Power" in current Life, and Russia V. US in last Sunday's NY Times mag, and some more pages in Meeting of East and West. Ate light today – cereals and vegetables.

September 22

The treatment of my cold again had the right of way today. I got up at 8:30. Stayed in all forenoon. Took a rest about 10:30 and tinkered with painting on the 3rd floor. I set up a study in pipe & tobacco and sketched it in black & white pencil just for practice in "values".

This afternoon I started painting on the long-delayed sketch of the head of a young woman copied from Life Cover. It is difficult to select colors without a model, but it is good exercise. I have only the rough work done. Because of forecast cold wave I bundled up and went to the garden and brought in all the ripe tomatoes and the corn and the okra and the cucumbers. The other things will have to take their luck. Tonight there is a high wind [that] has switched to the north. We will stay tucked down tonight. I'm going to bed early again. Must go to Portland tomorrow.

September 23

We got up at 6 o'clock. The thermometer was 40°. Hurriedly built a fire in the kitchen stove. Got started for Portland at 7:15. Saw the doctor. I too had a rubdown. Phoned the tailor. Says he is working on my suit. On way home, at lunch at Brunswick. Shopped at Gay's in Scottie. Phoned Gratoms. The refrigerators are not in yet. Called at Capt Henry's. Got some lobsters. Looked for the Bradleys. They were out. Called on Miss Gage. This is her last day. Invited her for supper.

After Lowell Thomas [*a radio commentator*] we took her up the lane and called on the Bradleys. They leave tomorrow. Came home at 8:30. Heard some of Town Hall on Modern styles for Women. Read the paper before the fire till ten and now to bed – to keep warm.

September 24

It was not quite so cold last night, but there was plenty of wind. Today dawned bright and clear. After breakfast I started out on a cranberry hunt up the shore. But found almost none. I thought it would be a good day to take some Kodachromes but I found the camera was not turning the film properly. I had a dark room session with it but gave it up. Guess I have a repair job.

Decided this was a good day to dismantle the garden so took down the woven wire supports for the peas and rolled them up. Pulled up all the peas stalks and hulled out the few remaining peas. Dug 17 hills of potatoes and brought in 40 lbs of potatoes. Many of them surprisingly were of very acceptable size. I still have 44 hills to dig.

Came in to find Mrs. Danenhower here calling. She amused us with her trials and vexations. They are many. At 5 p.m. we drove over to call on Dr. & Mrs. Comins to thank them for helping our friends this summer. They were playing cards. They say they play a game every night and keep a record of winners. They are only four games apart so far this year.

We have spent the evening by the fire reading the news – much about Russia – the irreconcilable.

September 25

The rain promised for today did not descend upon us so I worked in the forenoon in the garden digging the remainder of the potatoes. Got 84 lbs today. I put away the gas engine awaiting the coming of Mr. Craighton who will buy it. After lunch we took 20 lbs of potatoes to Capt Henry. We were on our way to Scottie where I attended the meeting of the Wood Products Inc., a cooperative among wood lot owners. I joined the Assn and paid my 5.00 membership fee. Heard much talk about the wood cutting process, its costs and problems and the probability of a market. Met Mr. Huntington who is the manager of the Assn and the painter of the figures in the Walpole Chapel. I asked him to come down soon and look at my wood lot and advise as to the best procedure.

After the meeting we went to the Cheechaka Restaurant for dinner. Had a very nice meal in pleasant surroundings. Marion & Roland came down for a while. We read and listened to the radio. I started the book Human Destiny.

September 26

There was ice this morning in the sun bed of the upper day. That meant I should get busy in dismantling the garden. I pulled up all the cucumber vines and all the corn stalks except a few that had ears on them. I piled all this on the south side of the garden and may burn it someday if conditions are favorable.

This afternoon we called on Lulu Brackett. She wanted to talk about the Wellington fund and has decided to make a purchase. I will write to Mr. Sharpe. We called on Mrs. Carroll where my music has been all summer. I tried to play, but just as I expected I have forgotten almost everything. It will take a lot of practice to bring me back to where I was.

We met Merritt Brackett and asked him about the possibility of selling our old Buick [*1931 model, according to Euphemia's diary*]. He will call up a man at Waldoboro and see what offer he will make. I had a garden supper – fried cucumber, fried tomatoes and onion and apples. All but the onion were our own product. I worked a while on the saw – set up for wood cutting, will have it ready soon. Also trimmed dead limbs off big tree in back yard. And laid a stone walk from the porch past the pump house.

September 27

It was another cold morning. Frost nipped the tomato plants. I brought down some beets and carrots and cooked a special vegetable combination in the pressure cooker. Worked for a little while on the motor & saw set up, but didn't get at sawing wood because Euphie brought home Mrs. Schaub and Miss Gray at three o'clock and we spent the afternoon with them showing them Pem. Pt and the shore. They took us to the Cheechacka for dinner. On the way home we looked in at Capt Henry's but they had gone to bed so we went around to McLains and there found Walter & Verena. Stayed and visited till after nine. This morning I wrote to Bishops and to Mr. Sharp. In the mail today I got Kodachromes and real[?] gov. checks (\$198).

September 28

We have turned back to Standard Time. With the tides and the sea gulls it seems to make no difference. There was real frost this morning. We set out after breakfast for Capt Henry's to learn about the proposed trip to Portland. They are to go tomorrow. We will take them leaving at ten. Stopped in to tell Verena about the plans. While there phoned JM who seems quite on the up & up. We went to the Bradley Inn for dinner.

The season is closing. Cora told us about the meeting of the proposed Hotel Assn and the advertising they want to do, and the high rates they want to charge. We shall watch the progress with interest. Came home

and at last sawed wood, using the electric motor, the arbor, and the ten-inch saw. It works very well if I'd not tackle large pieces. We have kept the fires going all day, and the house is very comfortable.

I picked a half bushel of green tomatoes and took them up to Cora. Henry came by this forenoon – called out and tossed me a bag from the boat – nine pounds. It has been another perfect day – blue sky, bluer water and excellent visibility. This is the kind of day that makes fall the season of poetry.

September 29

We arrived at Capt Henry's at ten to learned [sic] they had just had a message saying their doctor in Portland is away. After a few minutes consultation we decided to go for a drive anyway. So we set out for Union. There we called on Mr. Creighton the gas man, and looked at stoves and heaters, but made no decision.

We drove over the hills to Rockland where we stopped for dinner. At the restaurant we met their nephew Mr. Gatscomb who is the Supt of the shipyard. We drove out to his home. There met his wife and enjoyed their lovely cottage on the hill in Owl's Head. We played the Hammond 2 manual pipe organ and the piano. Went down to the shore to their camp and the boathouse and the cruiser. Came home and brought Mr. & Mrs. Tarr with us for lobster stew and to see Kodachromes. Took them home at 8:30 after driving round the Point. Kat & Lynn Leggett came out and told us about the fire they had today and called the fire truck. The logs of the cabin got too hot from the fireplace.

We will sleep well tonight – mighty tired.

September 30

This morning I packed "Meeting of East & West" for Miss Abbot and the Garnage Painting for Dwight & Helen [Ream]. Then I made a mailbox and stand to be put at the Indian Cottage because our P[emiquid] P[oint] post office closed today. We drove to Scottie in the rain & listened to the first game of the World Series between the Yankees [sic] & Brooklyn Dodgers. The Yankees won 5 to 3.

We went over to Leggetts and heard all about the fire they had yesterday. Lindley was installing a small sheet iron stove. They don't want to take chances with the fireplace. Marian & Roland were there.

We came home to a beautiful sunset and pancakes. I stopped in to thank Mrs. Martin again for the garden. She insists that I do not pay her any more money for the garden. I spoke to her about buying and told her I was interested in selling out permanent bushes, berries, etc. She might consider it sometime. Tonight there is a strong wind from the north. We have burned lots of wood.

October 1

Up at 6:30 to enjoy the rising sun. Hastily made a fire because it was cold. After breakfast I went to the garden thru the path covered with rock. I gathered all the remaining green tomatoes and pulled up all the vines. Gathered all the beets and cleared the rows. Broke off the last ears of corn and pulled up all the stalks. Pulled up the last half dozen turnips and all the carrots. The beans and the rudabagas [sic] are about all that is left worthwhile.

I listened to the ball game. The Yankees trounced the Brooklyn Dodgers 10 to 3. The Bruins were on the defensive all the time.

Went over to see Henry at 5:30. Phoned Dr. Berry and he had not heard from Dr. Holt so we won't take Anne to Portland this week.

Have kept pretty busy all afternoon putting wood on the two fires. It will be cold again tonight.

October 2

I pulled all the rudabagas [*sic*] today – 40 lbs. Brought in several armloads of wood although it was some warmer. Split a few big chunks of the old tree. They split rather easily. I took half a bushel of green tomatoes to Mrs. Martin. She said Grey's wife wanted some for pickles.

At one thirty I met Jack Huntington at the shack. I showed him the map of the wood lot, then we walked through it down the west lane first then along the stream eastward, then up by where the cabin used to be, then northeast to the north gate. He thinks the road will make pulp and piles and sawed lumber. Says I am third on the list and they out [*ought?*] to get to me this fall. He will send me contract, may want to use the shack for the men who cut the timber. To have the slash piled and burned later costs about a dollar a cord.

Came home and listened to the last half of the ball game. The Dodgers won 9 to 8 – a close shave. Since this is Oct 2, we celebrated our 40th anniversary by going for dinner to the Cheechaka in Scottie. We ordered 8 chickens from Mrs. Handley for Sat for canning.

October 3

After breakfast I took the mailbox up to the head of the lane and set it in front of the Indian cottage. I took hoe and went to the garden. Dug up the section where the 36 tomato plants had been and pulled up the pole beans. Brought down some swiss chard & spinach, took some spinach up to Mrs. Martin. Split a few chunks of wood.

We had early lunch so we could listen to the World Series. It turned out to be a most exciting and dramatic finish – won by Brooklyn 3 to 2. We told Mr. Creighton to bring a heater and new refrigerator and water heater – maybe next Thursday. He came in the midst of the ball game.

We took mail to Pemaquid Beach P.O., bought a loaf of bread, stopped in to see the Tarrs, picked up our laundry, came home. Parker & Mrs. G called in the afternoon. They had been painting on the rocks. They invited us to dinner Sunday. We took them home in the old Buick. This evening we have listened to the radio – Information Please and It Pays to be Ignorant and People are Funny.

Listened to the game a little while on the upper deck in the sun. It has been a perfect day. Mr. Creighton took my gas engine. He is to allow me \$25.

October 4

At six o'clock we got into the old Buick and drove over to the light house to see the sunrise, but we had not consulted the almanac and we [*were*] a little late. The sun was already up. After breakfast we took the mailbox with its new hinges up the hill. We stopped on the roadside and let Miss Fausett tell us about Florence who is in the hospital. She said her kidneys are gone "and still has fever and won't get home for at least 2 weeks. Ernestine is disappointed about her job in Boston. She can't go now."

We picked up our laundry at Mrs. Hoffman's and ordered a little lumber at Poole's. This is for a new lid for the [*well*] house. Then we drove to Mrs. Hanley's and picked up 8 hens for canning. After our early lunch we got at it and listened to the ball game. My job was to cut them up and take the meat off the bones. It was a

tedious task. We got 8 qts of meat and 3 pts of skin & fat and there is still more than a gallon of soup on the stove. This is from the bones. We will do something about that in the morning. Our hands are well greased – no need for Jergens tonight, and our feet are hot and tired.

I sawed the lumber for the well house lid, carried in wood and some extra water.

October 5

At 9 o'clock we telephoned from Minnie's to JM proposing that she come to Maine for the Columbus Holiday. I doubt if she will come – she is pretty busy. We looked at Minnie's 80th Birthday Card Collection. I worked on various morning chores then we went to Garnages for dinner. It was served delightfully & simply. We had grand clam chowder. Parker had dug them in Back Cove this morning.

We listened to the beginning of the ball game, then went for a drive to Round Pond. Along the way the foliage was at the height of fall color. At the end of the road we got out to walk around and by chance met some most interesting people – Mr. & Mrs. Weatherbee who live on the shore at Round Pond. Their home is a gem in completeness, neatness and every convenience. Mr. B is a genius in electrical and mechanical equipment. He has made a clock, a weather vein [sic], a door bell, a windmill, a complete shop with every power tool, a wood saw, a wood splitter, and many other items. He worked for many years for the Boston & Maine RR as their mechanical genius. They were most hospitable. They play the organ & piano and have conducted an orchestra for children. They live at the Pond the year round. We must see them next year.

October 6

After breakfast I got busy on the top for the well house and finished it in about 2 hours. I phoned Mrs. Hanley that we want only one chicken Tuesday and not four. After canning 8 chickens we had somewhat lost our zest for the process. I took two panfuls of [chicken] bones down to the gulls. It was magic bait. The gulls came within a very few feet of me.

I worked for an hour taking the meat off all the remaining bones. It comes off easily when well cooked, and I canned two pints of this meat. We will like it some cold day in January. We had a lunch of chicken just by way of sample.

At one thirty the ballgame started. We listened and were not surprised that the Yankees won. The Dodgers were outplayed all the time.

I brought Merritt down to look at the Ford and get it started. We backed it out of the garage. He gave it a good drink of gasoline and it started nicely. He took it up to the garage to grease and change oil. We saw Capt Henry about 6. They have heard from the doctor and are to go see him on Friday afternoon. We will take them.

This evening I have packed all my art equipment in the third floor and have hulled beans for an hour. It is slow work.

October 7

This forenoon I went to the garden and gathered in all the dry beans that had been left on the poles. I weighed them in the pods and they were 15 lbs. They are still pretty tough and will be slow shelling. At 12 o'clock we called for Minnie Martin to take her to lunch at the Cheechaka. On the way we got the mail. Minnie was greatly impressed with the quality and the quantity of the food. She and Euphie did a little shopping afterward. They came back as far as Hanley's to pick up our chicken we had ordered. They

showed Minnie the hen houses and the eggs and the incubator. She was impressed with the vast number of chickens and the great amount of work involved.

This morning while we were at breakfast Cortland Brackett & his wife called. They had been here last evening when we were away. We called at Capt Henry's. They have heard from their doctor and we are to take them to Portland Friday. I went out to see his pigeons [sic]. They look fine with new fall feathers and are very tame. I talked to a Mr. Simmons while at Scottie about cutting wood and plowing gardens.

October 8

This forenoon I was busily engaged clearing up under the house where the Creighton men are to put the new gas heater tomorrow. I was carrying out piles of irregular boards and pieces of crates and taking out the nails when Bob Allis appeared. I had forgotten to tell him last night that we could not see Klebe today. He has gone fishing. So after a brief conference we decided to see Cliff Haina[?] and get his advice about the Dog Question. He raised the question of a kennel license and called Geo Houston who is the town clerk. Houston will look it up and give us a report in a couple of days.

I went over to Bracketts and reported I had had word from the Sharps. Am to phone him tomorrow evening. Kat and Lindley called in the afternoon; it is their last full day. They have tomorrow morning and will come down here for breakfast.

Jack Huntington called & brought the contract for cutting in the Bailey woods. They may start working some time before Xmas. I am to pay \$1 a cord for management and \$1 a cord to have the slash burned and the Assn will take 10% of the net returns as a revolving fund to which I have title. This limit of wood is to be 100 cords. I don't expect to get rich. The men will use the shack as a shelter house.

October 9

This was the day set for the Coming of the Creighton men and the new heater. I got into action early and cleared all the contents of the back shed – potatoes, tomatoes, tool and containers. I climbed onto the roof and made a screen for the top of the chimney. I went to the garden and tore all the bean vines off the poles and piled them at the side of the garden and the poles piles also. I washed the rutabagas [sic] in soft water and put them into pales [sic]. Still the Creighton men did not come.

I took the big wooden pulley off the wall and tried it out on the rocks that were off the back fence. I fastened the pulley in the tree above the stones and swung them into place. It made heavy lifting unnecessary.

We drove to N. H. [New Harbor?] [?] saw Capt Henry and after early supper, put in a long distance call for Mr. Sharp. He gave instructions on how to buy shares for a resident of Maine. We drove again to N.H. to report to Mrs. Brackett. Finally found her coming out of Riley's store. Tonight we saw the northern lights. It has been a perfectly gorgeous day.

October 10

Before breakfast we went to Minnie's to phone Mr. Creighton who did not come yesterday. She said he would come today but I said we would be away so he said he would come Saturday. We picked up Capt Henry & Mrs. Tarr at ten, stopped at Brunswick for lunch and got to Dr. Holt's office at one o'clock. I phoned Hal Moore. He was leaving at once for a weekend boat trip on the Kenebeck – duck hunting. Mrs. Tarr was asked by the doctor to stay in Portland for 2 days for treatment. She stayed with Mrs. Davis. Henry came home with us. We are to take him back Monday morning.

While in Portland I bought some linoleum for the kitchen sink. Having been working on it after supper – more work tomorrow. Bought a battery for Bob Allis, will take it there tomorrow. Also bought some little toys for Merrill & Martha.

Poor Henry is very much worried about Annie. This separation is difficult for both of them. Henry says he will go out to his lobster traps tomorrow to help pass the time. Mrs. Tarr's sisters will help take care of him. He was most grateful for our help.

October 11

This was my day for tool activity. After breakfast I began on the linoleum for the sink. First I had to make a pattern of heavy brown paper. That took about 2 hours. Then I had to hold it on the linoleum and mark it out. When the marking was finished I rigged up the power saw and cut out the pattern, put it on the sink and corrected little inaccuracies. Chromium came next. With a three cornered file I got around all the corners and screwed it fast. *[1930s, 1940s and early 1950s kitchens often had a rubbery-linoleum countertop that was trimmed very "tightly" with chrome edging.]*

The Creighton men arrived about 9:30. I showed them where we want the heater. They left big fat Henry to saw the hole in the floor and dig out a space under the house while they went to Christmas Cove to set up a stove. They got back about 3 and completed the connections for the stove. It was lighted. We have had it going this evening and it works perfectly.

At six we went up to Capt Henry's and took him with us to call on Jules Tibbetts & wife. He is very much improved in health after the blood transfusions. Mrs. T served their Maine watermelon – little fellows about 8 in long, very thin rine [*sic*], and very sweet. I brought home some seed. They rippen [*sic*] in 80 days.

October 12

Had two interesting visits today. Went with Bob Allis to call on George Houston, the town clerk, to talk about the Dog Kennel Problem. Houston is a one armed man living alone in a big farm house built by his ancestors who were among the earliest settler in this part of the country – 1730. Some of them were killed by Indians. His present farm is 188 acres tho it was originally 360. He has a yolk [*sic*] of oxen and a cow. He lost his arm from blood poisoning while sawing wood. An ancestor a seaman was the King of Mardi Gras for many years. Another in the Navy captured a southern Confederate ship and Geo has the big 18 ft southern flag that flew from the mast. He has a grandfather's cloth [*clock?*] too tall for the ceiling – a hole is cut in the ceiling, a [?] Bible, very old books, violin, bed warmer, old candlesticks, aeolian harp, a brick from the oldest fort at Pem. Beach.

The other visit was with Capt Henry. We brought him down to our home for supper. We had waffles. He had never had any. He told us a man by name of Palmer once owned our place before the house was burned. The Hanleys called at noon. Also the Kelloggs.

October 13

At eight o'clock we picked up Henry Tarr to take him to Portland where Annie was ready to come home. We found her in excellent spirits. The doctor had seen her this morning and told her to come back in about 2 months. They were both very happy that there was no serious condition. We stopped in Freeport for lunch and got home about 2 o'clock. Annie's sisters were at her house to meet her and get the news.

Met Hal Moore on our way out of Portland. He reported a good time on the hunting trip and that Stanley is making good grades in school. In Portland I bought some more A batteries for Bob Allis. When we got home I picked some spinach and some windfall apples at the Bradley Inn. The Creighton men did not come today. Roland will help me with the screens Wednesday.

We mailed late letters at Pem. Beach at 7 o'clock. Saw Henry & Annie sitting in their kitchen. Read the papers at home. Impressed again with the seriousness of the Communist threat to the free institution and free governments and the Peace of the world. This subject should have the widest study & publicity. We Americans must awake and defend ourselves against both the ideology and the Communist government.

October 14

I made out a list of all the things I have to do in closing the cottage before we go – things I must not forget. It filled all one side of a large envelop. After breakfast I got under way. I dug a ditch so water would not run under the house and rust the furnace. I carried bags to form a guard in front of the stone wall for backing cars and laid a log barrier in our gate for rains and snows. I packed my tools and my oil paintings and carried the storm doors to the respective doors. I tested the drain on the rain water tank – ready to run it tomorrow.

Carried extra wood under the house and stacked up some of the lobster buoys. Started to get lunch at 12. We drove to Damariscotta, but stopped to tell Capt Henry when we would be back. He and Anne came down at 8 o'clock bringing a beautiful chocolate covered cake. We all ate some with ice cream. On way back from Scottie we called at Caleb Brackett's, found him, his wife, two daughters, & granddaughter at home. We had the gray Buick oiled and greased today ready for the trip.

Tonight we called at Walter & Verena's He was on his way to a Lobsterman's meeting. They have formed a cooperative and bought shoreland – 5 acres at Pem. Harbor from Mr. Huntington, \$1000, will have a wharf, a pond, and store. Listened to Town Hall on Aid to Europe and Russia. We are in a serious plight.

October 15

Preparations for departure began to be serious today. I cut the last spinach from the garden. Drained the rain tank. Took down the flag poles. Packed all the vegetables in gunny sacks. Roland came down and took down the screen porch and the screens from windows and put on some of the storm windows and doors. We also carried out all the canned fruit to the Ford car and loaded the back part.

At noon we went to Capt Henry's and brought home lobsters for lunch which we ate on the green bench overlooking the bay. I took spinach up to Cora. Again she tells me to use all the garden space I want and to plant all the berries on whatever I wish, and not to pay her for the garden but I feel I should help toward the taxes. I staked out 3 more sections in the garden if I can get it plowed.

Tonight we had a delightful dinner at Bob Allis's – roast chicken, carrots, baked potatoes, spinach and stewed pears. We visited until 9:30. There are northern lights tonight. It is a balmy evening, clear starlit sky. Will go to bed early and get up to work an hour before breakfast. It is to be at Thayers.

October 16

This was the day of the exodus. I got up at 6 and painted the furnace with oil and boxed it in loosely. We went to the Thayers for breakfast and were back at 8:15. Soon Henry came down and went to work on the screens and shutters. Also Roland came and we carried all the remaining baggage from the room to the

porch and I did the packing in the 2 cars. We loaded the food first. Everything was filled except the seat beside me, and the place for my feet. Even the 3 geraniums we took up in the spring were returning with me.

We closed up the joint at 12:30, went to Verena's for a gorgeous lobster stew lunch, melon salad and squash pie. We paid our till at Cliff's and at the N.H. P.O. said good-bye to Henry & Anne and were on way to Portland at 2:15.

Saw Hal on the way thru. He thanked me for the letter to Stanley. My clothes were not done at the tailor's. He will send them. Tonight we are at Hampton with the Clarks. Have gone to the Rexalls Drug for light supper. Mr. Clark recommends a good dose of lime for the garden and commercial fertilizer and good plowing and Warren squash. Does not like midget corn. We hope to be up at 6.

October 17

Mrs. Clarke was not able to give us breakfast because she was going to Boston so we got started at 10 min before six and ate at Danvers. We saw the sun come up – one of the few times this summer. It was a beautiful pre-noon drive. We didn't stop anywhere for lunch, and just once to get gas. We got home at 2 p.m. JM was here to greet us and help us unload. We left the Ford in the street because it was so heavily loaded. After taking out some of the canned fruit we drove in and did the remainder of the job. The yard was full of dry leaves – a bright warm sunny afternoon.

Our trip was 403 miles, had a little detour on 128. Our Route was 130-1-128-20-126-9-20-15-5-and Merritt Parkway -Geo Wash Bridge – No 6 – Broad St- Belrius Ave. and home.

We were glad to see Bobbie & Merrill & Martha. It is good to be home. We are tired and are going to bed early.

October 18

The program all day was putting things away and getting order out of chores. I began with the canned fruits and vegetables. Had to clean the shelves in the basement, take down all the empty cans and egg boxes, then put all canned goods in groups. I carried my art materials to the second floor and put them away in the closet. Also the camera equipment and the files of films and the boxes of Kodachromes. I made two containers for potatoes in the garage. Used two barrels, put bushel baskets inside them and insulated them with paper. Burned up a lot of waste paper in the fireplace.

Put my clothes in the closet. Managed to keep busy all day until 9 tonight when a rest in a chair was most acceptable. Saw Mr. Hamilton today. He looks grand after his heart attack, has gained ten pounds.

Have discovered I forgot my piano lesson book in Maine. Will have to write Roland to get it for me. Looked over the garden which is a jungle of weeds and grass, found some remains of the grape vines and berry bushes, but it is a mess. Must get after it tomorrow. It's bedtime and I'm ready for it.

October 19

I guess the exertions of the trip home and the unpacking and readjustments wore a bit of a tax on our physical reserves for we didn't wake this morning until 9. Breakfasted slowly.

It was cloudy and damp. Thought I better get at the crop of weeds and grass in the garden. Worked at it for two hours. Caught some bugs and worms for Merrill & Martha. Began to rain so I came in to work in the basement. I fixed up my motor and saw and put a lot of things away.

After lunch I tried a little exercise on the piano. My lessons of last spring seem to have vanished into thin air. Bessie and David came to see us. He is a big tall man from North Carolina. Gave the many narrations of his excursions[?] in the Navy. Seasick for 30 days. His ship was torpedoed – he was in the water for 29 hrs. Was in a Jap prison camp. Had Jen Jitzu practices on him. He liked best of all the rest camps where men only eat and sleep, but the line is so long that the boys from breakfast fall in behind the lunch line. They are to be married next Saturday. Euphie has gone to hear a talk on Norway – not home yet. 11 p.m.

October 20

I went down to Newark this morning and called on the local M[utual] B[enefit] Agency. They were having their monthly meeting. I took time out to go to the Academy of Art and learn about painting lessons. They have a full time four year course that costs \$1800. I did not pursue the idea further. Went back to the Agency and had lunch with Bill Thurman. We talked about his recruiting problem and some preliminary consideration by which I might help him solve it. Will go to the Home Office tomorrow to consider it further.

Came home, went for a short drive. Did some shopping in the country and at the Food Fair in Morristown. Came home and played with Martha. She was alone with the colored maid and not very happy. I held her on my lap and fed her her supper.

Listened to the Herald Tribune Annual town tonight. The governor of Alaska wants statehood. Forestry was strong protection against war. Compton is for universal military training. Mrs. Vining is private tutor in the family of the Emperor of Japan and likes it.

October 21

Got started at nine o'clock and went down to the Home office. Visited around, stayed for lunch and came home at 2 o'clock. Talked to Ira S. and Pres Thompson, Mr. Stanley Seifliet, Mr. Wilder, Dr. Stewart, Dr. Reiter, and Miss Stone. Also shook hands with many others. Dr. Stewart showed me the new x ray [sic] equipment they are putting in and invited me to have all the works the next time I come. Talked with John McGourn[?] about a plan for helping fine new agents for the Newark office – a plan that will not affect my social security. He will write it, I will call him up in a couple days. Many improvements are being made in the building. A silent ceiling on the 2nd floor and private offices in the Agency Dept. There have been many new gen agts appointed. Volume of business is good. I came home and worked in the garden for 2 hrs pulling weeds. Seemed good to be at it again. Records broken again on heat for this time of year.

October 22

This has been a quiet day at home with most of the time spent on the book "Meeting of the East and West". The club meets tomorrow to discuss the chapter on Mexico. I have been studying that chapter today. The author maintains that there is a powerful influence from the philosophies of a people upon the form and manner of their daily and natural life and institutions. Religion is included in these philosophies. Mexico had had mixtures from Europe and America, as well as their original beliefs.

JM & I had lunch together at home. I prepared the meal. I took her to the station at 4 and went to the grocery store. Euphie went with Mrs. Peck today to their place up in the country. Six ladies on a picnic.

Looked over my patch of weeds this evening and pulled a few of them. The raspberry bushes made a tremendous growth during the summer, but the strawberries died out. The neighbors say that the boysenberries were wonderful. The grape slips I stuck in the ground last spring managed to live.

October 23

I used the forenoon to do some more side reading on Mexico. (The chapter studies today) and to make some notes for the meeting of the East and West. At 2:15 we were at the home of Mrs. Hessel to meet Mr. Hurry – the speaker of the day. He is a retired YMCA Secretary of the International staff, has traveled extensively particularly in Latin America, and was a close associate of John R. Mott [*long-time YMCA leader and Nobel Peace Prize recipient*]. I found we had some mutual friends

I introduced the general purpose of the book and made a few quotations from the first chapter indicating the author's objectives. Mr. Hurry gave an interesting hour on the History, Art, Religion and Politics and Education of Mexico.

The ladies entered into the discussion with comments and questions. All agreed that the textbook was pretty stiff reading.

Tea was served. Mr. Hurry invited me to attend the Dunwoody Club and gave me a blank application for membership – it meets tomorrow at the YMCA in Montclair.

October 24

After a hurried trip to the bank I went to the meeting of the Dunwoody Club in Montclair. There were about 50 men present. There was no doubt about their being "olsters". Mr. Hurry welcomed me and told me the Executive committee had been talking about me. I turned in my application for membership. I will hear from it later. The address was made by a Mr. Ouray – a YMCA sec. who had lived for 28 yrs in Egypt. He said the near [*East?*] is a tinder box in world affairs. That Palestine is also the center of troubles. The Jews and the Arabs will not agree. Partition is no solution.

JM & I took the 12:30 train for NY to attend Ruth Henry's funeral at St. George's on 16th St. Steyvesant Park [*Stuyvesant Square Park*]. There was Organ Music. A surplussed [*surplused?*] choir mixed voices, a procession of clergy. Reading of ritual, singing of Hymns. Nothing personal was said. Did not get to speak to Lee.

This evening attended a violin recital by Mischa Elman, a Russian Jew [*see his Wikipedia page for a full biography*]. It was a marvelous exhibition of memory and skill of performance. His skill is the result of a lifetime of exclusive devotion to one thing.

The Bishops phoned while we were away. Down to 40° tonight. Fall is on the way.

October 25

JM & I met the 11:52 train at Newark. Miss Hooper from Balto was coming to address the Goucher alumni this afternoon. She & Miss Durgan had lunch at our house. Anne Coultas came to go with JM & me to Bessie McCraig's[?] wedding at 4. It was in the heart of Newark. The minister was the bride's brother. Her sisters and another brother from Boston were among the guests. The Groom was David Goines. He had a brother and some other relatives present.

It was an impressive ceremony. The minister wore a black robe. He "lived out" the hymn, "I love thy church oh God" – all four or five verses. It was a double ring ceremony. Each party had to repeat all the vow. JM took pictures.

We came home at 6, went to the Old Road Restaurant in Montclair for dinner 6 of us – Miss Hooper, Anne & Dolly & us. Then we drove back for the wedding reception at 8. It was held in the basement about 50 present. Chicken salad, potato chips, lettuce and punch – a very well behaved group. JM took more pictures. We brought home some of the cake – a tall monument cake – white. Got home at 11.

October 26

We got up a little earlier than usual to get breakfast and take Miss Hooper to the Pa. station returning to Baltimore. I came back to a number of routine tasks at home. The forenoon passed rapidly. Bobbie came over and invited us to dinner at 2:30. I played with Merrill & Martha. It was a very nice dinner leg of lamb, beans, peas, mashed potatoes, ice cream.

We went in the Montclair Museum of Art to see an exhibit of Oil Paintings by six women – one is a A.N.A. especially good in landscape coloring. One specialized in flowers, another in portraiture.

We had had a quiet evening at Home listening to the Radio and shelling dry beans brought from Maine. Have almost finished this now.

I used a little time at the piano. Don't have my regular practice book yet. Forgot it in Maine. Anything else is difficult.

Talked to a representative of the Art Museum about taking art lessons. I will get more information by mail.

We started our furnace yesterday. I inspected Arthur's basement. He has done a fine job with Mason board and electric wiring and plumbing.

October 27

This has been a quiet day spent at home. This forenoon I wrote my contribution to the family letter, and a letter to the Bishops and one to the Thayers thanking them for my music book. I studied for a while Investments and the Wellington Fund. Took an hour's nap after dinner. Took JM to the train and worked in the garden pulling grass and weeds from 4 to 6.

I tried a few of my first pieces on the piano. Altho I had forgotten them entirely, I found that it was much easier to play them than the first time I tried. Maybe I will be able to salvage something from my music lessons after all.

During the evening's music over the radio I finished hulling my crop of dry beans. I now have five pounds of dry beans from our own garden.

Read some more on Investment plan and now to bed.

October 28

I went to the Bank this morning and deposited a 22.00 check. Looked into the S[afety] D[eposit] Box for information on insurance on the Cottage in Maine, went to the dime store. Stopped at the artist supply store for information about classes in painting, Did not decide to join.

Came home & wrote to Mr. Dodge for information on ins. for the cottage. Took Euphie to Dr. Nicola and waited for her. *[Euphemia's diary: 3 p.m. appt with Dr. Nicola, who seemed not to take my knee too seriously, wrapped it with semi elastic band, recommended lose some weight on advice of Dr. Fager, medication useless for arthritis, rest & care best medicine. Heat ok for the time being, but that's all. Osteo & stimulation of circulation a fallacy.]*

Tried to get in touch with Mr. MacDonald the art teacher at the Bloomfield library. Left a note at his house. Came home and played with Merrill & Martha. MacDonald called and I arranged to go to the Art Class at the Bloomfield Library. 7:30 to 9:30 I was to join the B[loomfield?] Art League. Fee per annum 2.50 then pay as I go 75¢ per night. I went tonight. Mr. Mac seems to know his business and is a tactful teacher. There were two classes going at the same time. He had one, a lady had the other. I was among the beginners. I worked on a still life – butter bowl, red squash, 2 apples, 2 ears of ripe corn. Did not get it finished.

It is raining tonight. A most welcome benefaction.

October 29

Went to the Bank this morning and to the Dime store to buy bulbs for the garden, and to the Art school to pick up the painting I did last night. I put in most of the day in the garden planting the tulip bulbs – 36 in a circle – 7 feet in diameter, and eight hyacinths in the center.

Put 2 hyacinths in a glass dish and set them in the dark in the cellar stairs. Then I worked on the berry brambles, trimming them down to about 2 feet. Mrs V.V. gave me the 5 geraniums she had had all summer. They have buds but are not likely to bloom. I took up the iris roots and distributed them into 2 trenches, which should give them much more room.

Had a phone call from the Montclair Art School giving days hours and rates. 2 hrs meetings per week, 3 hrs each for ten weeks -- \$45. Think I will do it.

Went over some of my piano lessons of last winter this evening, also made a calendar of my future engagements. Looks pretty full. Guess I left my pen at the bank this morning.

October 30

I called up Mrs. Anderson at the Montclair Museum about the Art courses and she invited me to come up and interview the teacher Mr. Prizer. The Museum is closed this week to the Public but I pushed the bell and got in. Mr. Prizer is an interesting apparently well balanced individual – not the queer artist type. I decided to take the Tues Morn and Thurs morn ten weeks course. I start next Tues. The tuition is 45.00. I paid by check, went to Highlands and bought the suggested equipment – Drawing Board, charcoals and paper.

After lunch I worked on the oil painting that was unfinished last Tues evening. Didn't like the colors so changed them and completed the picture. I am more pleased with it than I feared I would be at the start. This evening I have assembled the equipment for the drawing classes and put in two instruction books. They may come in handy.

Phoned John McGovern today. He is mailing me a proposed plan for work with Bill Thurman. Chas Brewer goes to Charlotte as G.A.

Merrill & Martha came in to play at 5. We got our phone fixed with a longer cord today, and extended service to Newark, etc.

October 31

Took Merrill to school in the rain.

Spent the forenoon studying Wellington.

Fixed a piece in the bird feeder to keep off the squirrels.

Did a little on the piano.

Drove to Bloomfield with Euphie to get some paper and a little shopping. In the evening took care of Martha while Bobbie and Merrill went out to make Halloween calls. It rained all evening. We had a few callers at our door. I listened to the radio and practiced drawing.

November 1

We started at 8:30 for Morristown to see Mr. Sharp. There I met two of his newly appointed salesmen Mr. Malloy and Mr. Luman. Mr. Sharp talked about this Well[*ington*] Fund in general, then gave his attention to the sales and prospecting problems of these two [*sic*] me. Later he told me of other general facts. I left at 12:30. He brought me back to Madison. There I got lunch then went to the Coultas's. We visited with Anne about a proper sale price for the Maple Ave. house. I advised to try to get the appraised price.

We came home by the country place where they sell eggs. We bought 2 doz and a lb of sausage and a half bushel of apples. Bobbie brought in the girls for a little visit. Martha and I [?] for a little while.

Have rested this evening. Read an article on Roosevelt in Life [*Magazine*]. People are still trying to put him on a high pedestle [*sic*].

We had a little trouble with the Buick. The starter refused to work. We had to be pushed to get a start. It is now at Boughtons.

It has been a gorgeous fall day.

November 2

I went after the papers at 8 o'clock. Came back and helped get breakfast. Worked almost all day transcribing the 89 questions and answers on the Wellington Fund. Organization and Operation. In the late afternoon I went to the 3rd floor and painted a little while, finishing my 1st study under Mr. MacDonald. It is now ready to show him Tuesday evening. Practiced a little while on some of my piano lessons, of which I have some recollection, but none too vivid.

In the evening Lindley & Kath Leggett came over from Westfield, brought some of their recent Kodachromes which were very interesting and good. There were some specially good ones of gulls in flight, taken in front of their cottage in Maine. JM showed some of ours. We had a good time exchanging information and discussing the effects of excentric [*eccentric?*] religion on certain individuals.

Lindley has high blood pressure and is treating it by regulation of diet. He is eating cooked rice and fruits, has cut out salt and all fats, eggs and milk. There was an article on this in the Herald Tribune today. Many cases of high blood pressure and thrombosis have been benefited.

November 3

Took the Buick down to Brighton for winter conditioning. Early afternoon took my Elec. Razor downtown – Newark. It must be repaired. Can get it tomorrow afternoon. Experimented with a new cleaner on the Ford, did a little of the hood, think it will work. A colored fellow wanted to [?] it.

Mrs. Van brought over some excellent fish chowder, made with Maine recipe. I cooked some whole wheat for supper in pressure cooker, 30 mins, good!

This evening went to Bloomfield library to see demonstration of Painting by Mr. Priser. He gave introductory lecture on some of the problems and difficulties and media for oil painting. Then demonstrated on a boy's head. Explained how children's heads differ from adults in form, bones and location of features. He as an artist stresses anatomy and importance of knowing form. Drawing is very important. He has been a student with many good artists.

November 4

Rain – lots of it all day. We went to vote early, were number 9 and 10. This was my first big day at Montclair Museum. I took all my equipment – board, paper, charcoal, etc. The model arrived as I did. His name is Ken, a short stocky negro who has been modeling he says for 18 years. The work was drawing in charcoal, the teacher Mr. Prizer.

I was a little dismayed at the professional set-up – the nude model, the eight or ten in the class. Charcoal was completely new to me and I had never tried the human figure much less work in a life class. There were 3 young women not especially efficient. The young men, one very much of a beginner and a lady who was doing work in oil.

Mr. Prizer gave me the principles on laying out the picture – dimensions, etc. I put his ideas in a notebook and went to work. At the end of 3 hrs I had a fair likeness of the model. I was given locker number 13 where I put my work.

Tonight I went to MacDonald's class in Bloomfield. He demonstrated some techniques in watercolor. I sketched and started a study of rosse [roses?]. Again I learned I must strengthen shadows.

November 5

I took the Lackewanna 10 min of 9 for NY and Town Hall to hear Dorothy Thompson on European and World Affairs. She was pessimistic. We are in unparallel crisis. It is Eastern Culture against Western Culture. They are not at all alike. We have frittered away our international prestige at Yalta and Potsdam. We have no foreign policy. We have a weak leadership. We had had a lot of blundering.

I went to the Solemongundy Club and saw sketches by Gene Klebe (4). [*Charles Eugene Klebe, born 1907, lived in Maine. He was known for marine paintings and as an illustrator.*] I had seen them during the summer. Went to the Whitney Gallery and looked at paintings by Albert P. Ryder. [*Albert Pinkham Ryder (1847 – 1917) was an American painter best known for his poetic and moody allegorical works and seascapes.*]

This evening we went to the Montclair Art Museum, an open meeting to members and friends. Mr. Gordon Grant, famous marine artist, demonstrated charcoal drawing of portraits – a man and a woman. Grant is a native of Edinburgh, has a studio on 19th St. in N.Y. His demonstration was very good. He used a charcoal wax pencil and a color stick and fixative. We looked at the exhibit of New Jersey artists about 600. Light refreshments were served.

November 6

It was a dark and rather damp morning but I put off for the Art Museum in Montclair. It was a lecture on Perspective. I have some faint recollections on this subject from my freshman year in College, but they are pretty slim. I took shorthand notes and have written up most of them. Stopped at the Food Fair and bought some dried fruit.

After lunch Euphie & I drove to Madison. We had an interview with the renters at 211 Madison Ave. They will volunteer to pay \$50 each and we will give them a lease for 2 yrs. The gutters are full of litter from the trees. The driveway washes. If the gutters are cleared that will help the driveway. *[According to Google maps, this is now empty land sited close to a round-about intersection.]*

I went on to Morristown to see Mr. Sharp and left Euphie at Coultas's. Sharp was coaching Mr. McMann, representative from Pompton Lakes. Sharp is suffering from phlebitis and must take time off, maybe an operation.

We got home at 7. A letter today bringing news of Mr. Tebbett's death. We have written to Mrs. T. this evening. I spent 2 hrs copying my art notes. I touched up my charcoal studies but had no fixative. Tried to compound some from shellac[?] – no success.

November 7

After breakfast I took the Ford to the Inspection Authorities. There were only ten cars ahead of me. I came home and then took the Buick. There was no car so I got in at once. During the day I picked up odd jobs. Bought some fixative at Nighland and put it on my black man and the charcoal sketch of the Point. Then I tried to find a recipe for fixative. Couldn't find one so asked Hopping at the Hardware store. He told me to *[try]* their shellac with denatured alcohol. I did so and it worked.

In the forenoon I completed the questions on Wellington for Mr. Sharp and wrote a letter to Capt Henry and one to Dwight. I wrote up my shorthand notes on Art Classes and studied Perspective and made a few charts which I will show Mr. Prizer.

About four o'clock I went to the third floor and painted on the girl's head I started in Maine. It is better than I feared it would be. Tonight I wrote to Mr. & Mrs. Courtland Brackett and sent \$10 to the Fire Co. of New Harbor.

This evening we listened to "It Pays to Be Ignorant" and "Information Please." Stasson was on the latter program. He has a clear head and a good voice. Put the little clock together. It was apart for oiling. The birds here found the wheat in the feeder, the squirrels have also. I can't outwit them.

November 8

With the rain coming down heavily all forenoon, I did not go to Town Hall. Stayed in and worked at my desk. About one o'clock I called up Anita *[Mrs. Joe Ream]* at Princeton and tried to cancel our trip, but she urged us to come so we started about 2:30. The rain was letting up, but there were still great streams at many places. As we neared Princeton we had to drive thru water that was hub deep but Euphie was a good driver even tho not fond of deep water navigation.

We had a lovely dinner – fried chicken (deep fried), potatoes, peas, gravy and all the trimmings.

After supper we showed Maine pictures and then watched television on the horse show in Madison Sq Garden. There were jumpers and hackney horses, and a demonstration of trained sheep dogs herding four sheep into a pen and making them move in figure eight around the arena. Joe showed me his workshop in the basement. He has new power tools – lathe, band saw, planer, drill press, grinder, etc. It is lighted with fluorescent lamps all around. We got to bed at midnight.

November 9

Got up at 8:30. Had a grand breakfast of eggs and Spam, hot rolls, buns, grapefruit, coffee. (I took hot water). Joe and I tried to figure out the puzzle about his pulley – were not very successful.

Went to church – the Presbyterian on the Campus. Dr. Niles pastor. Had several argumentative [*sic*] impulses as a result of the sermon but kept most of them to myself. Came home (Joe's) to a good dinner. Visited until 2 o'clock, had Joe show me the power lawn mower he had made. Then we started for home. It is a drive of 45 miles.

I bought the Sunday Herald Tribune, had a light supper, then rested for an hour. The Boughton family came to see Maine pictures. They have very nice families. (Mike & wife have 2 children, girl in 8th grade and Chuckey about 7.) The other M.B. has 3 children Harold & George and a daughter that works in the G R Trust Co. and Mrs. B.

Art came over to see my letter to the Priest of Somerset Ky. The Boughtons also had rec'd a letter. We all had the same opinion as to such methods.

November 10

I had intended to go to Town Hall today but about 9 o'clock Bill Thurman called me for an appointment to talk about new men for his organization. Also Euphie got a phone message saying she would have Doctor Mead as dinner guest so we had to do some shopping. Went also to Mr. Blend's to get flowers. I met Bill T. at 2 o'clock and we conferred for 2 hrs. I signed an agreement of which I have a copy. Will work first on Elizabeth, N.J.

At dinner we had Peggy Huite[?] and Miss Abbott & Dr. Mead, the latter the guest of honor. It was a sparkling conversation on the problems of education. At the evening session of the A.U.W. Dr. Mead spoke of the Place of Women in Modern World. It was a clever and entertaining analysis of typical American life contrasting the behavior of women and men and describing the raising of children.

There were questions afterward, a short business meeting, then serving of cider and coffee. I chatted with the Pecks and Hellers and others. All agreed it was an entertaining evening. We heard that Maine has had rain. We hope so.

I bought a white butchers coat today to use when I paint.

November 11

This is Armistice Day. There were many types of observance over the Air. Russia claims to have the atomic bomb. Our Scientists don't believe it. I went to my drawing class at the Montclair Museum 9-12. Our model was a colored man about 40. The exercise was in drawing form – light and shadow values, and special emphasis on anatomy structure – bone and muscle.

I would have gone down to the Newark Business library but I phoned and learned it is closed today. I read Wellington Fund literature and took an hour's nap. Took JM to the train. She was having dinner with Connie & Louise tonight before her class. It has been raining steadily but I went to my Art class in Bloomfield. Mr. Mac lectured on light and color. I continued on my study of Roses and brought it home. It is not completed. Needs several more improvements which I will try to do at home.

It is still raining at 11 p.m. I hope Maine is getting some of this.

November 12

I went to Town Hall this morning and heard H. V. Kaltenborn on his recent trip around the world to England, France, Italy, Greece, Pakistan [sic], India, Siam, China, Korea, Japan – 42 days by air interviewing the chiefs of government in nearly all these places. England is in a bad way – so is France. Italy can be saved if we act at once. Greece needs more help. We should send armed forces as well as money. Pacesan [sic] is ill conceived – it will not endure. Gande in India is distressed over the new freedom which causes so much blood shed. China is honey combed with graft and despair. Jan Kai Check [*Chiang Kai-shek*] has been there too long. He is afraid to let go. The Communists are a real danger. Korea is a battle ground with Communism. Japan is [an] example of a fine job done by McArthur. We will hear from him next year. America must put over the Marshall plan. [*H. V. Kaltenborn, 1878-1965, was an American radio commentator, educated at Harvard. He was heard regularly on the radio for over 30 years, beginning with CBS in 1928. He was known for his precise diction, ability to ad-lib and his depth of knowledge of world affairs.*]

I came home, went to Business Library in Newark, got data on Elizabeth, N.J. Played with Martha and Merrill. Did a little sketching today en route.

November 13

I went to my Drawing Class this morning and had a session on Perspective. We did no drawing from models. I copied the record of John Taylor Arms from Who is Who in Art. This afternoon we washed some storm windows but did not finish the job, more to do tomorrow. I finished my painting of roses by making the pot lighter.

Tonight we went to the Montclair forum and heard two men on the atomic bomb. One man was in the experiments and told of his experiences and showed pictures of Bakini [sic. *The United States conducted 23 nuclear tests on Bikini Atoll in the Marshall Islands between 1946 and 1958.*] The other man Prof Wolfe from N.Y. University presented it from the scientific viewpoint. He talked of atoms of which 100,000,000 are to an inch and of nuclear which are ten thousand times smaller than an atom. The bombs are made from Uranium, the heaviest of metals which have 92 protons in the nucleus and these are surrounded by neutrons. Which extra neutrons are introduced a violent action occurs. This happens when the pure Plutonium is in sufficiently large mass.

November 14

I thought This was the day for the Dunworken Club, but I was mistaken. It is next Friday. I went to the bank and deposited 2 checks, went to the Art store for charcoal pencils, but didn't find what I wanted. Came home to do some reading on Wellington. Mr. Sharpe called up. He may have a meeting in the next day or two before he goes to the hospital.

About noon our water drain clogged up. The wash water back up into the cellar. It would not respond to my plunger so we had to call Mr. North's men. Two men came. The long cable would not do the job so they plugged up all outlets and braced them, and then flooded all vents from tubs and closets. This did the trick.

Tonight we went to a musical concert in Montclair, one of the Unity Series – a celloist and a Tenor from the Met Op Co. Both were excellent examples of talent and training. We chatted with the Thompsons and Hellers. I asked Mr. Heller about Masonite. He will get me some and saw it for me if I let him know the dimensions. We had our dinner at the Old Road in Montclair. JM spent the evening with Bobby.

November 15

I didn't go to Town Hall today because I was sure Mr. Sharp would call. He did so about noon but I am not to go to Morristown until Tuesday afternoon. I wrote a letter to the Bishops inviting them to come [?] here to visit. We suggested a nurse for grandma and we would share in the expenses. The probability of them coming gave us a good reason to try to put things in better order in the basement, and we burned a lot of trash. The mere business of living seems to multiply debris in a home.

I made a support for the bird feeder that Leigh Pearsall gave me last year and set it by the breakfast nook window. We will watch results tomorrow. I made some plans and a pattern to cut up sheets of Masonite for painting boards and mailed them to Morris Heller who volunteered to bring it for me.

For several years I have been collecting seeds from fruits and vegetables I have liked but they have got old and musty so I put them out for the squirrels.

Worked for an hour on the piano, but it comes back very slowly. Am convinced I'll never get far in music but I can amuse myself.

November 16

I got up at eight and while the ladies were still sleeping I took the Ford and went after the Sunday papers, then came back and started breakfast. It was a bright day so JM & I finished washing the storm windows. They are now ready to put up.

I made a light shield for the projector which has annoyed nearby observers for a long time. Did the regular chores of winding clocks, watering plants and feeding the birds. Since we are to go to the Dietze's for Thanksgiving, I got busy on the 2 pictures Mrs. Deets asked for last summer – day lilies and one of the light house. Each took about 2 hours.

I rolled up the garden hose and put it in the garage. Took out a little time to practice at the piano. Reading the notes is coming a little easier but still pretty slow. Read the papers and listened to the radio. Much is being said by members of Congress about Aid to Europe. This is to be the big business of the Special Session which is called for tomorrow. Taft seems to have some sensible ideas in waiting to help Europe to help herself and to conserve our own life and strength. We cannot give away our own vitality and become weak before an enemy.

November 17

At 9:30 we started to N.Y. on the bus to attend Town Hall, hear ex-governor Arnold [*Euphie's diary names him as Ellis Arnall*] of Georgia. We did a bit of shopping first then went to the Hall. The Gov. recommended himself very generously and his record in Georgia. [*Euphie says "rather superficial".*]

We got a hurried lunch and took the 5th Ave. bus for 90th St. to see an exhibit of Etchings & prints. Then we met Doc Hunter, Pres. of the Montclair Museum. He was going to make some purchases for Montclair.

At four o'clock we returned to Town Hall informal reception and tea. On the way I encountered Mr. Ely who thought I was the speaker of the morning. At the reception we met Miss Wood, Mr. & Mrs. Denney and Mrs. Lamor[?]. Tea and cakes were served. At five thirty we started for home.

Tonight we have listened to music and to Robt Taft's comments on the President's message on aid to Europe and combat to our own inflation. He tore the President to pieces – facts and logic were his tools. Also heard report of comments by Senator Bird and many others – looks like Truman has been taken into camp by the left-wing Democrats and radicals. He is contradiction to what he said about "controls" only a month ago. There will be plenty of fireworks.

November 18

This was a busy day. At 8:30 I went to Employment office, then to the Montclair Art Museum for a lesson on Anatomy and Figure drawing (from life). At 12 I started for Morristown. There I got lunch and met Mr. Sharp and Mr. Wilkins from Phila., VP of the Investors First Corp. He talked on Wellington Fun and I gave some of my own experience background. He said he would write me on seeking new representations.

Got home at 5:30. Played with Merrill and Martha. Gave Merrill a little lesson on the piano. At 8 I went to the Woman's Club Glen Ridge to hear Congressman Hartley on the Taft-Hartley Bill, the new law in control of Labor Management relation. He explained that it was not a "slave labor act" as many of the labor leaders claim, but is a measure to maintain equity and rights for all. He pointed out how labor troubles have contributed to the scarcity of good[s] & high costs citing many concrete examples. He was roundly applauded. The place was packed.

I took Mr. Martinues[?] home. Earlier this evening I phoned to Mr. MacDonald I would not be at the art class tonight.

November 19

This afternoon I met with the study group on Meeting of the East & West. Miss Abbott presented the Chapter on the U.S. She did a good job of making it intelligible and interesting, although it was pretty tough sledding for the best[?]. The author assumes that there is a philosophical basis & background for the various civilizations and cultures of the earth and that their philosophy manifests itself in the peoples religion, forms of government, economics and art. He does a clever job in maintaining his theme but does not give adequate recognition to the human nature traits and the opportunism which have had a lot to do in creating governments and shaping institutions and in drafting political platforms. As a rule people do things because they see in it some advantage or pleasure rather than because it is the logical outgrowth of some previously accepted philosophy.

Friday our furnace has failed to function. We called the furnace man who did not come and we sat by the fire in the grate this evening.

Learned today Cousin Dudley Miller died last night. [*Euphemia's cousin.*]

I wrote to Rep. Hartley today and to Jay & Sunny on their birthday.

November 20

The furnace man had not come by 8:30 this morning. The house was cold – about 50°. So I went on to my art class in Montclair. (But I learned at noon the furnace man came shortly after I left.) The Art lesson this morning was again on the subject of perspective. I got back about 1 o'clock after going to the Food Fair and buying a few supplies. I thought about going to Elizabeth and doing a little scouting for L I agents but I felt pretty tired after yesterday's full program so stayed at home and took a nap. I tried to explain perspective to JM, but there were some points not quite clear to myself.

I began clearing accumulations on my desk and filing whatever I want to keep. I should do this all the time as a matter of habit. A cluttered desk is no recommendation for an orderly mind.

Tonight the house is warm and we appreciate the difference! Mrs. Van came over with parsley for drying. I played with Merrill & Martha at 6 o'clock for 30 min. The papers are full of the royal wedding. We listened to it this morning at 6 a.m. [*This was the wedding of Princess Elizabeth (later Queen Elizabeth) & Philip Mountbatten.*]

November 21

I went for my first real membership day at the Dunworkin club. The speaker was Mr. Derby, for 7 yrs a member of the Labor Relations Board under the Roosevelt regime [*sic*]. Labor had the majority 8 to 4 and Labor was in the saddle. Never was a decision made against labor during the whole time. Therefore emphasis was to get labor to organize, to favor it all the time. It was smart politics.

This afternoon we went to Cousin Dudley Miller's funeral in Plainfield. He was 79 yrs old. Had done business in one spot for 45 yrs. Began business when he was 17. [*Dudley S. Miller, 1868 – 1947, buried at Hillside Cemetery, Scotch Plains, NJ. He was a druggist.*]

Then we went to Morristown where I finished my questionnaire with Mr. Sharp and signed an application for membership in the Security Dealers Assn and signed a contract with the Investors First Corporation.

This evening we went to Morris Heller's, met a Mr. & Mrs. [*Arthur*] Ramhurst. He is an architect and builder and does a lot of jobs in this territory. Saw two photos by [*Janet*] Backrack (\$82). Had boisenberrie [*sic*] cake & ice cream, got home at 12 midnight.

November 22

On the way into Town Hall I read regulations of the SEC governing organizations that sell securities. At Town Hall I heard Louis Browne of Calif on the Subject What has gone Wrong with Civilization. His answer: The machine age and science has outstripped our ideas of society, government and social relations. He said Naturalism is as far behind the times as tribeism. Says there is 1 chance in a 2000 of war with Russia. They have land power, we have sea power. We can't get at each other. We are 150 yrs ahead of Russia in machinery. If war comes it will because men in this country want it to come. It was a pretty strong defense of Russia – not too well received.

This afternoon we drove to Chatham to attend funeral of Chas Brewer Sr. Saw men from M.[*utual*] B.[*enefit*] Mr. Thompson Thurman, Ruter Allen, Shattuck Baldwin, Bob Thompson and many others. Thurman's insisted we come over to see them. We should.

This evening wrote a letter to Mr. McBrien of Dunworkin's Club to follow up after public addresses. Wrote to Mary Ream about drawing, and an article for Chas Sykes on Value of Association. He wants it for one of his Pension Trust clients. Started a drawing of Mr. Armes, pretty difficult subject. It's raining tonight.

Played with Merrill & Martha at 5:30.

November 23

I went for the Sunday papers before breakfast. Stayed at home all day until 3 then went to the Montclair Museum of Art to see the Awards presented. I had voted for the picture that got the largest popular vote – a still life most realistic – Mrs. Swarthout – said she would try to find a copy of Mrs. Sterner's paper on Art.

Today the Woods from Decatur phoned from Verona. They are on their way back from Miami. They travel almost constantly. We got a special from the Bishops today. They feel they can't come on acct of grandma. It is a tragedy.

The Mundorffs were with us for dinner at 5 o'clock. Both little girls were perfect ladies at table. I did some drawing with Merrill and romping with Martha.

I moved all my art materials to the 3rd floor freeing my bedroom closet. I sketched an outline of Mr. Arms, hope to make an oil painting of it.

Phoned Joe at Princeton. He will join me at the hobby show next Friday evening.

November 24

After breakfast I started for Elizabeth to hunt for a new M[utual] B[enefit] agent. Called on the Trust Co. – Mr. Oschles, The Elizabeth Daily News – Mr. Fallon, The Chamber of Commerce – Mr. Betz, another bank – Mr. Roy Ross and its president, got several good names. Mr. Betz looks good!

It rained constantly so I came home. Worked for 2 hrs on the 3rd floor studio copying a picture by Frederick Waugh. Took JM to the station and Euphie with some papers to Mrs. Hessel. Home for supper, a little more painting, then listened to the music radio program. Did pencil drawing while listening to the music.

Phoned Bill Thurman when I got back from Elizabeth, also to Grant Sharpe asking him for samples of sales talks on business insurance.

Listened on radio to talk by Stasson in Wis, his first public appeal for support of vote for the Rep. Candidacy [for president]. He was forthright and honest. Had many good ideas.

November 25

At 8:45 I was at the Montclair Museum for my regular Tuesday forenoon of Drawing, I started on a new pose. I blocked it out and put in the heavy shadows first. I am learning to think in terms of heads as measurements and working from the outside toward the items within. I bought a book on Anatomy in Art. It is very important – so Mr. Priser says. To understand bone and muscle structure.

This afternoon I worked in the garden, pulled up all the cosmos and set the extra berry roots, and spread a lot of old grain fertilizer. I spent a little time on the new Anatomy book. Its directions on measurement will be a real help.

This evening I went to the Bloomfield Library painting class. Took my study in Roses for criticism. Mr. Mac suggested making the pot appear more on the table by deepening a few shadows. I started a new study tonight – a bowl – green, a wooden bowl and 3 ears of red corn. Got about 2/3 thru and brought it home.

November 26

Went to Town Hall and heard Julien Bryan talk about his most recent trip into Russia and he showed his colored movies. He went under auspices of UNRA, consequently his pictures were in praise of the work of that organization. *[This is probably the United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Administration. Founded in November 1943, it was an international agency created to provide aid, food, medicine, and shelter to victims of World War II, particularly in Europe, and to manage the repatriation of displaced persons, ceasing its main activities in 1947.]*

Also his talk and illustrations were complimentary to Russia showing all the[y] do for poor and old and in education and hospitals. He had a representative of the Gov with him all the time telling him what he might take. Evidently he wants permission to go back again. He had no word of criticism and did not show anything on concentration or prison camps. *[Frank does not seem complimentary to Bryan. Julien Bryan was an American photographer, filmmaker, and documentarian who documented the daily life in Poland, Soviet Union, and Nazi Germany between 1935 and 1939, in the leadup to and early days of the Second World War. He was honored with a Decoration of Honor Meritorious for Polish Culture during his last visit in Poland (1974) for showing the truth about the Invasion of Poland.]*

Got home in time for lunch. Spent the afternoon in the 3rd floor studio working on the oil of Mr. Armes. Euphie had sent away his photo so all I had to guide me was my drawing. I am not satisfied with the results.

November 27

Thanksgiving Day! We were invited to the Deets's in N.Y. on West 75th St. JM took a picture of Wag *[the dog?]*. Euphie took a jar of blackberry jam and a bone for Wag and I took an oil painting of the Lighthouse in Maine and a watercolor of Daylilies. There were 2 other guests – a Mrs. Allam whose husband works on the News and a Mr. *[Guy Neil]* who is associated with Mr. D. in teaching at Hunter. We had a lovely dinner – turkey and all the trimmings. In mid afternoon we men walked the dog in the park. The appointment is in the house once owned by Mr. *[?]* of the New York Times. Next door is where Alexander Graham Bell lived, and next to that the old home of H. H. Rogers. But the splendor of the past is passing. These places may soon give way to apartments.

We caught a 9:30 bus and were home shortly after 10 and went over to Bobbie's for a little rest. Our thermostat has not been working today. We must have the men come and fix it tomorrow. It is at freezing outside tonight.

November 28

Today received a letter from Mr. Wilkins of Investors First Corp. making proposition to find new agents, also letter from Congressman Hartley in reply to me, also letter from Mr. McBrien of the Dunworkin club acknowledging my comments on How to Follow up on Lectures. I wrote a letter today to Geo Denney of the Town Hall outlining a plan for A Supplementary Organization to Get Things Done.

This afternoon we 3 went into N.Y. to meet Joe and Anita and Steve to have dinner and attend the hobby Exhibit in Mad Sq Garden. JM & Steve took in photography. Joe and I made a once over of the entire show and Euphie & Anita sat it out most of the time. We saw things mechanical and electrical and in crafts of all kinds, radio and television, and plastics.

We got home at 1:30. Steve came with us. Joe, Anita and we two ate dinner at a little French place called Luigis on West 52nd between 6th & 7th – a very good dinner for 1.50 each. The lights in the city were beautiful tonight. The air was clear and cold.

November 29

This has been a quiet day around the house. Steve has been here and he & JM have spent the day on photography. I helped in the kitchen and drove the car for Euphie shopping. Went to the Hardware store, bought some paint for the basement walls and for painting boards, wrote a condensed biography in preparation for the Dunworkin Club next Friday. Don't expect to read it, just gave myself the exercise of writing. Cataloged and filed the most recent films I took with the Rolleiflex.

Bobbie came over for a little while and we viewed JM's most recent Kodachromes. At 5 o'clock I went over to take care of Martha and Merrill while their mommie went shopping.

November 30

Steve was with us until 10:30. He and JM were busy fixing up fast processes on some enlargement to take home. I took him to the Penna Station for the 11:15 train.

I painted eight boards for my oil work. Used flat white. They should be ready in a day or so.

I labeled and cataloged the films that JM had recently developed for me. We have been looking them over for a possible Xmas card.

Read my condensed autobiography to the folks. Euphie thought Steve would be interested. This is for the five min speech I am to make at the Dunworkin Club Friday.

I read the Montclair Times for possible names of men to consult for the men I am to try to find for agents.

At 5 we went over to Mundorffs to supper before the fire. I played with Merrill and Martha. They are both making rapid progress.

Got home at 10 and to bed.

December 1

I was a beautiful clear sunny day so I went to Elizabeth to hunt for new agents. Had very pleasant interviews with head of the Community Chest fund and Chief of the Public Service and Pres of Kiwanis and an ex-president of the Chamber of Commerce. They all will have suggestions for me later. When I got back I reported the day's work to Bill Thurman.

This evening we went to see pictures at the [?] High School by Mr. Biggs. They were of lakes, rivers and mountains of our Great Northwest and of Canada and the Canadian Rockies. He showed some movies also – a two hour exhibition. All the pictures were excellent in color and in composition. He made a specialty of having flowers in the strong foregrounds.

I spoke to Mr. Biggs and he inquired about JM.

December 2

Was down at the employment office at 8:30, then went to my drawing class in Montclair. Today it was a nude model – a man, white, good looking. The other members of the class had worked on him yesterday.

The teacher continues to emphasize anatomy of muscle and bones. In planning a picture first – determine the extremities, locate the main action lines – the point of the throat, the center body line, etc. Don't try to draw the outline – block it out. Think of the different planes of the head, chest, and trunk.

This afternoon I went in search of Upson board [*a type of fiberboard*] for use for background for Merrill's dollhouse, found it on North Essex St. near Lack station in Orange. Bob and Esther Allis called this afternoon. Tonight I went to my painting class at Bloomfield Library. Practically finished the study in bowl and red corn.

Rec'd a letter today from Geo Denny in reply to my suggestions for some sort of Cooperative Action Organization. Town Hall can't do it and continue to be free from tax.

December 3

At Town Hall today I heard Harold Ichies speak on National Conservation. He deplored the waste of soil and forests, coal and minerals, and supported in argument with many statistics. Got home at 2 and after lunch looked over Kodachromes for possible pictures to use in Merrill's Xmas present.

Took JM to the station then came home to work in the basement, sketched with charcoal the outline of the panels, and did one in pastel which I finished by 6:30. This evening we drove to Heller's to get my Masonite boards. There are 3 boards cut into convenient sizes. They will last me for my oil painting for a long time. We stayed and visited with the Hellers for an hour. Morris told us of his property ownership plan – it is to build and rent store properties for 10 years one a percent rent basis, 4 or 5%. He furnishes the base building only, not heat, light or fixtures.

December 4

At 8:30 I was off for the Montclair Museum. The lesson was a lecture and demonstration of another principle in perspective, then we were to practice on it, and draw it on our drawing board. The classes are to be changed to afternoon from now on, Tuesday and Thurs at one. I am invited to come Mondays also if I can. Mr. Prizer asked me how I was getting along in my painting. I think I shall take a few samples to see what he thinks.

I went to Elizabeth after lunch and had several profitable calls looking for new life Ins agents. On the way home I stopped at the art store on High street in Newark for some blues and greens in pastels. Drove home along High street very crowded at 5 o'clock.

Tonight I did another panel – the main one for Merrill's Xmas. Bobby came over to see it. Likes it very much. Got thru about 10:30.

Now must get a good sleep for the Dunworkin Club tomorrow morning.

December 5

Our first light snow, some sleet then rain. I drove thru it to the Dunworkin Club – my initiation with 3 others. Each of us had to talk for 5 min about our personal history. I indulged in a little playful rhetoric about Kansas and Maine, and at the close the President (Mr. Hurry) said he thought I should be known as the Club's Poet Laureate. We went to lunch as a group to the Fireside Inn 2 blocks away – seventy five cents and a good one.

This afternoon I finished the pastels for Merrill's Christmas. Tomorrow I must put on the fixative. Bobby came over to see it and likes it. I called Bob Allis. They will be over Sunday evening (no "fireside chat").

Listened to Information Please. They claim it is wrong to say a cat always lands on its feet. I shall write to [?] and ask him to try it with a cat.

Tonight Joe Lewis & Joe Walcott fought a 15 round battle. I think Walcott was the better boxer and should have had the decision.

December 6

I got up at 8:30. Was a little tired from yesterday and the late hours. Spent a little time on final examination of the pastel murals, then mixed and applied the fixative. I used denatured alcohol and shellac. Altho the pastel powder was heavy, three coats of the spray from an atomizer seemed to do the job.

Took a short nap this afternoon then took Bobbie and Martha down to the shoe store. I did a little shopping. This evening Louise Lootens[?] came to spend the weekend. We have had a good and interesting visit before the fire. Discussing travel and art and books. She has had a very interesting recent voyage to northern So. America. We talked at length of John Tayler Arms and his ideas of art, also read Mr. Sterner's paper on what is art according to his standards. We think Mr. Arms has made a valuable contribution to the standards and interpretation of art. The Consciousness of the Beautiful could well be expanded into a dominant principle for all of life.

December 7

First thing this morning I drove down to Broad street to get the Sunday papers and some rolls and a can of orange-grapefruit juice. We finally finished breakfast at 11 a.m. and took the day leisurely. I wrote some letters and revised my poem on John Tayler Arms. At 3:30 we went for a drive, then to the Art Museum to hear a lecture and interpretation of the contemporary paintings now on exhibition. I was glad to hear what can be said of the meaning of some of the modern paintings. But still I am much in the dark.

We came home to a 5:30 dinner. At 7:30 Bob and Esther Allis came over for an evening before the fire and to see my mural on Maine. Also I took Bob to the 3rd floor. Then JM showed Kodachromes. After they left the rest of us sang & played songs from the New Book of Folk Lore Songs which Louise Lootens had brought. My pipe was a little out of practice. Now it is almost midnight. Must get up at 7.

December 8

Took Louise L. to the bus for N.Y. JM went with me. We put her on a bus that turned down Bellville and we were fearful it was for Journal Sq. We will learn tomorrow about it. I drove to Elizaeth and had some more interviews. Made dates – one with Mr. Belz to see B. Thurman on the 22nd and for Mr. Murray to see Mr. Wilkins at a time to be fixed. These are two good men. Will be interested to see the outcome.

Got home about four thirty. Took JM to the train. Played with Martha and Merrill a half hour. Read Merrill a story about a camelian [*sic*].

Tonight I wrote a letter to Mr. Wilkins about Mr. Murray, then corrected my poem on the Influence of Mr. Armes. Listened to the radio. Practiced a little perspective drawing.

Heard today of the death of Uncle Harvey Ream last week – age 83. He was the last of my father's immediate family. *[T. J. Ream had 8 brothers and sisters. Harvey Baird Ream was a real estate entrepreneur in Columbus, OH and is buried in Lafayette, OH.]*

Read an article in American Artist about Modern Art, inspired by Madam Blavatsky, a theopist, who died in 1891, was born a Russian. *[Helena Petrovna Blavatsky, 1831 –1891), often known as Madame Blavatsky, was a Russian and American mystic and writer who co-founded the Theosophical Society in 1875. She gained an international following as the primary founder of Theosophy as a belief system.]*

December 9

An uneventful forenoon with a trip downtown to the bank and to bring Euphie back from the hairdresser. At one o'clock I went to my art class where we worked again on a life model. I thanked Mr. Prizer for asking about my oils. He asked me to bring some in next time.

This has been a big evening. We had dinner at the Montclair Gold Club, guests of Mrs. Hinds, pres of the College Club. Mr. & Mrs. Arens were guests of honor, also present were Dr. & Mrs. Hunter, Mr. & Mrs. Hessel, Mrs. Swartwout and the Reams. I read my poem on John Taylor Arens, his philosophy of Beauty. He appreciated it greatly. Mrs. Arens took it home with them as one of their treasures.

The lecture at the Art Museum before a full house was on the Significance of Art. Art may be difficult to define but our Sense of the Beautiful is innate and universal. We may find it in our every day world all around us. An artist is one who feels passionately and has the skill to express it. He illustrated his talk with many prints from the masters. It was an inspiration long to be remembered. We feel the Arens are real friends.

December 10

At Town Hall this morning we heard Henry Shapiro talk on Russia. He has been a newspaper correspondent there for 15 years. It was careful and cautious, constantly avoiding any criticism of Russia. He pictured it as a fearful country and remembering the slights which she had received from others. He acted much as a man who wants to be sure not to offend Russia so that he can go back again.

We had a nice lunch at Cortels on 43rd beyond 6th Ave. Got home on the bus about 2:30. Went down to Bloomfield Center to look at magnifying glasses that I might use when I paint from Kodachromes. Think I will use a large reading glass if I can make a box to hold it and the film.

Played with Martha 5 to 6 while Bobbie went downtown. This evening I have put fixative on my latest charcoal and selected a half dozen paintings to take to Mr. Prizer for criticism tomorrow afternoon. Mr. Sharpe phoned me this eve. He is back from the hospital feeling better. Invites me to go to Phila on the 23rd. Read part of Mr. Bullett's paper on Russia – Not an encouraging picture.

December 11

I stayed at home this forenoon thinking that the time of my Art class had been changed to afternoon. Recd a letter from Mr. Wilkins setting Wednesday 17 for date in Elizabeth to meet Mr. Murray. Took six paintings to my art class this afternoon to show Mr. Prizer. He said they were better than he had expected and said all I needed was work more work. And keep at it.

I attended the Xmas party of the Veterans' Club at the home office. They showed movies, had a good turkey dinner, presented pens to men who had served the Co forty years or more, and put on a [?] home

talent show. Talked to Mr. Rhodes who invited me {& Euphie} to call and see him some day to phone first to see if he is home.

Several men at the H[ome] O[ffice] were elected 2nd V.P. today. Looks like bank atmosphere. Things are happening rapidly. I hope they are for the best. Came home at 8, worked a while in the basement on a viewer for Kodachromes which I want to use for oil paintings.

Talked to B.C. Thurman today. He is willing to let Elizabeth rest until we see Belz.

December 12

Worked around the house in the forenoon. Put in some time making a viewer to use in painting from Kodachromes. I used our big reading glass, made a holder and standard for it, then a frame for a piece of opal glass. Got out an old slow table electric lamp and assembled it, was pleased that it worked very well.

In the afternoon we drove to Plainfield. I had a date with Russell Mills, dentist. Had nothing done but cleaning, although he said maybe next fall I may have to have four fillings near the gums on upper teeth both side, the toothbrush has worn it away.

Spent the evening by the fireside, reading and listening to the radio.

During the evening wrote a letter to Henry J. Taylor who delivered a forceful broadcast on Communism in the U.S. I suggested that we ought to create a Nation-wide Anti-Communist organization and fight it in every field of its activity among us.

Stopped at Leigh Pearsall's on way home. He is busy and dynamic as ever, gave me two bird feeders. Said I might get his books from Rushmores.

December 13

This morning we went to Montclair (Book store) and bought 4 copies of a Residence lease. We filled them out with a few additions such as snow and ice on sidewalk, garbage and refuse. Then this afternoon we drove to Madison and Euphie delivered them to her tenants who are to sign and return. We also went by the Rushmores expecting to pick up Leigh Pearsall's illustrated books but they were not at home. On our return we bought a quart of sauerkraut for JM who has a sour tooth for pickles and such like.

I played with Merrill & Martha for half an hour. After supper did the dishes and a few bars on the piano. I investigated the Kodachromes for painting possibilities, selected one of the Poinsettias [that] Hall Moore gave us last year, enlarged it with the projector and painted it in watercolor. Think I will send it to Hal.

Our way home also we bought a ½ bushel of Baldwin apples at Fords in the country. Think it is a little too cold in the garage so brought them in the house.

December 14

A quiet Sunday begun by going after the papers, watering the flowers and putting feed out for the birds. I helped JM prepare some mounts for Xmas cards after perusing the papers. I went to the 3rd floor and sketched the outline of a fish house at Bailey's Island and started to paint it. Worked till lunch then helped with the dishes, and indulged myself for a while at the piano, trying to revisit some of my lessons of last year. Went to the 3rd floor again and continued on the painting, trying out Mr. Prizer's suggestion to make the sky warmer by starting first with ochre and white as a base, then putting in the blue afterwards. Had

some difficulty with the sand and rocks in the foreground. Had to add more white. On the whole it came out fairly well, but the dark gray may bleed through.

Read articles on Germany and Russia and England and their present conditions and rehabilitation. It is pretty slow.

Am sleepy at 11, so to bed.

December 15

I was at home almost all day, went to the attic in search of the sun lamp and got side tracked amid a lot of my office papers. Piled these all up separately so I can go thru them and throw much away in the near future. Fixed things around so we can have more storage space in the attic. Spent considerable time in my black & white films, Rolleiflex size, and checked through the index book for good titles for Xmas cards. Found that last year I printed about 45 views suitable for Xmas and have envelopes to fit.

Euphie and I went shopping at the Grand Union after we took JM to the 4 o'clock train. Saw Merrill, Martha & Art at the store.

This evening I painted a Maine seascape to send to the Bishops for Xmas. I used a black & white print of a high surf wave and rocks in the foreground.

Tonight the radio reports failure of the 4-Power Conference in London, and severe inflation in Russia with devaluation of the ruble. Our national politics is in a muddle over control of prices.

December 16

Just to be sure that I had not made a mistake in the change of time for the Art Class I went to the Museum this morning, but it was to be in the afternoon. I did a few extra errands in Montclair and at home, then went back the afternoon. We had the New York model in anatomy. I am learning a little more each time.

This evening we went to a Program of the Garden Club. There were exhibits of flower arrangements and movies showing the growth and blooming of flowers by a delayed action process of taking pictures. Each exposure was from 15 sections [*seconds?*] to an hour or more apart and over a period of as much as 48 hrs or several days.

They were beautiful in color and action.

The man who took the pictures did so as a hobby. Refreshments were served afterwards. We got home at ten and listened to a radio discussion on Outlasting[?] the Communists. The protagonists of Communism are just as slippery and side stepping as ever. The communists believe in bloodshed and violence and the overthrow of the Government.

December 17

This morning JM and I took Color shots of my three panels that I have painted for Merrill's Doll house. We took two of each to insure success.

Then I drove to Elizabeth to meet and introduce Mr. Wilkins and Mr. Murray. We had lunch at the Winfield Scott hotel. Mr. Wilkins made a very good general introduction to the Wellington Fund Business – its origin and specially grand management and its success thru the 17 yrs of history, its constant review by the SECC, the general need for such service by the public. Mr. Wilkins was much pleased with Mr. Murray, also

said he wanted me to meet two of his territorial representatives who need additional one, also that after the first of the year he wants to spend a whole day with me and I will present some of my sales ideas and talk about finding new representatives.

Got home at 3:30, took JM to the train. Played with Merrill & Martha. Worked on my Xmas list and cards.

December 18

My eyes opened a little late this morning so I had to hurry to get to my Drawing Class at the Museum. It was a session on perspective. I worked on my own original sketch. This afternoon I devoted to my Xmas Cards, trimming and cutting cards to fit and mounting. Am almost through.

Mrs. Sharpe of the Bloomfield Women's Club invited us to go with them to hear Henry C. Wolfe, traveler & Lecturer and News reporter, lecture on World affairs. It was mostly about Europe, Russia, the Marshall plan, with background of the War. He thinks Yalta and Potsdam have been failures, just as the London conference is a failure. The only way to get along with Russia is to talk up to her, recognize that she is out to conquer the world by fair means or foul, and has no intention of cooperating with Democracy or the western powers. We in America are apathetic and indifferent to the seriousness of the situation. If France and Italy fall, all Europe goes with them and then the Orient. There will be two great opposing powers in the world – Russia and the US. I suggested a Dept of Public Information to give authoritative information to America, a cabinet position.

December 19

For 3 hrs I worked in the basement on a picture frame and other Xmas preparations, then at 12 I drove to the Marlboro Hotel for Xmas Dinner with the Dunworkin Club. There was a full enthusiastic attendance. Guest speaker was a Mr. Arnold from New England who told the story of the First Xmas Tree in America. H.W. Longfellow and W.C. Bryant had gone together to Germany for additional culture. They saw the Xmas tree celebration there. Seventeen years later the Longfellow family held a Xmas Party. The tree was a surprise. A little waife on the street saw it thru the window. He said, Is this heaven. Is my mother here? A young beautiful widow was one of the guests. She had lost her own little boy. This boy thought she was his own mother. The mutual claim and adoption was instantaneous.

We sang carols. It was a good dinner.

This afternoon I drove to Montclair to look at enlargers, Also bought a radio for "Bessie". Inscribed my Xmas cards tonight. Secy Geo Marshall reported the futile London Conference tonight. Molotov [*the Russian representative*] blocked everything, apparently deliberate confusion and attempt to wreck the Marshall plan. France, Eng and U.S. will try to go on together. Taft will talk tonight.

December 20

I was a little previous yesterday afternoon when I made a 5.00 deposit on a used Elwood Enlarger in Montclair so this morning JM & I went down to Kaltman's in Newark to look around and see what the market affords before going further with the Montclair deal. We found just what we wanted and bought it. It will take up to 3 ¼ - 4 ¼, has a lens and many adjustments. We went to Montclair – Cullins and took the 5.00 out in trade. Got home at noon. On the way to Newark this morning we took the radio to Bessie. It is a wedding present. She was much pleased. They may come out to see us Xmas.

This afternoon I framed and packed and mailed the 7x9 picture for the Bishops. Also mailed about half my Xmas cards – those that go some distance away.

It is cold this evening, about 17°, so JM & I brought the potatoes in from the garage to prevent freezing. They have been well packed and not frozen yet.

This evening I read Duke of Windsor's biography in Life. Was surprised with the good writing and his commendable ideas. He does not mention his abdication or marriage.

Today I painted bricks on the chimney for Merrill's doll house.

December 21

I read the article of the Alsop Bros in the Sat Eve Post on Europe if Russia Wins. It is a comprehensive world outlook of grim foreboding and insistence on the Marshall Plan.

Made a table today for JM's new enlarger to be in the basement. Will mount the enlarger when JM has time to help me.

Wrote a form letter to be used in getting Wellington nominations. Finished and mailed all my Christmas cards.

Wrote a brief elaboration of Beauty[?] Consciousness as a central theme for a Life Creed and Philosophy.

This morning wrote a list of 30 projects that I want to accomplish during the next several weeks. Some will be part of my regular activities program.

While I listened to the radio tonight I copied a picture of masculine physique. It appeared in Camera.

The potatoes have been into the basement and colder weather is forecast. Phoned Hellers today asking for my bill on painting boards. He has not received the bill yet.

Much talk on radio of the breakdown of the London Plan.

December 22

Christmas cards have been coming in thick and fast. Today there were 3 mail deliveries. I worked in the basement almost all day. Made a set of shelves to go in the southeast corner of the basement for fruit & canned goods. Am hoping to get everything orderly and do away with all excess material. Will set up the new enlarger soon.

Did not need to go to Newark today. The man from Elizabeth could not come to his appointment with Bill Thurman. I finished my Tarzan[?] charcoal sketch and put fixative on it. Will take it to school tomorrow. Also put a mat on the poinsettia [sic] watercolor. It looks very well. Ought to help us keep the Christmas spirit all the year.

Received a letter from "Camera" today asking if I could submit some pictures to go with my article on How to Make Money with Camera. I shall have to hunt thru my files and see what I can send.

Looks like Henry Wallace is getting into a bad spot. Nobody but the Communists want him to run for President.

We sat by the fire and read many Xmas cards this evening.

December 23

This morning Art called me to say he needed some help on Merrill's Xmas doll house. I cut out and painted shutters for the windows. I did not know that there was no meeting of my art class this afternoon so I drove up to the Museum but immediately returned. The first snow of the season fell today just enough to make driving very slippery. A good day to stay home. I worked in the basement sorting the loose lumber and kindling and putting them into boxes.

Euphie tried to go to a tea but the roads were too dangerous so she turned – sans tea. We will have to keep ashes near the driveway. It is too steep without.

Played a little while with Merrill & Martha.

Listened tonight to Town Hall debate on the relative Progress of Materialism & Christianity – much divergence of view and difference in points of emphasis.

There has been an excellent musical program on the air, a young French woman Vierge[?] only 20 has performed beautifully.

Read many of the Christmas cards and letters this evening.

December 24

Christmas cards keep rolling in. I worked in the basement for two hrs and at 11:30 started for the Home Office, a Christmas dinner for the employees and the Veterans. Met Oliver Thurman and had lunch with him. Shook hands with many of the old-time associates. There was a Christmas program in the Auditorium. Many wives and children were there. The place was full. A skit presenting Dickens Christmas Carroll & Tiny Tim & Schrooge [sic] was given by some outside group.

I traveled by bus. Too much snow to drive the car. Tonight the Bishops called up from Cleveland. It was good to hear them. Their circumstances are about the same. My picture had arrived.

Tonight I glazed the back on the pannels [sic] for Merrill's doll house. Will be set by morning.

The Radio is full of Xmas music. Fulton Lewis's daughter & son gave a beautiful fifteen minutes about the little Church being dedicated in their little community called Hollywood, MD. *[Fulton Lewis, Jr., 1903-1966, was a conservative radio broadcaster from the 1930s to the 1960s. His commentary program (presented as a "news" program, but which allowed him to choose his topic and to give his opinions in depth) ran from 7:00-7:15 p.m. Eastern time, five days a week. His audience liked Lewis' folksy broadcasting style. At his commercial peak, Lewis was heard on more than 500 radio stations and boasted a weekly audience of sixteen million listeners. His signature closing was "That's the top of the news as it looks from here.]*

We read more Xmas Cards under the evening lamp.

December 25

Crisp clear skies and music over the radio began the day. We greeted each other with "Happy Christmas." Had a leisurely breakfast, did the little chores around the house, assembled our gifts and Euphie got started on the preparations of a savory dinner. We went over to Mundorffs to see the children and their tree and to take our presents to them. I carried the panels for the doll house. They were pleased. I helped Martha on her tricycle. We came home, opened our own gifts, chuckled over the little home, made

inscriptions and said thank you all around. [*Euphemia wrote, "Frank surprised me with a lovely little watch."*]

I am much pleased with the book on Modern Art. Maybe now I will understand a little of it. I wrote letters to Captain Henry and to the Bishops. We spent a quiet evening before the fire listening to the many interpretations of Xmas. We played Chinese checkers.

Euphie has suggested that while the Xmas spirit is still in the air I compose a verse which we may get printed and have ready for next year so we won't have a rush of unpreparedness at the last minute on our cards. It is a good idea.

We have missed today many of the friends who have passed away during the years.

December 26

When I got up this morning there was a four inch snow on the ground. It was continuing to fall in a fine thick mist. There was no wind. I went out and shoveled all the walks. I thought it would be best to do it before it got tramped. The snow continued to fall. Hour after hour it came. A few cars were out but were having a hard time. Some pedestrians were in the middle of the street. A[nd] still the snow came. By mid-afternoon cars were stalled. One man at our corner worked on his car for a long time and finally abandoned it to the storm.

Jay called up from the Home Office. Said his jeep[?] was at the Penna station but that he would try to come out via Lackawanna. He had to walk from the H[ome] O[ffice] to the Newark station. It was packed inside and out with stranded people. He finally got to Glen Ridge but had to walk from there. The snow was 2 ft deep at the station. It has continued to fall all evening. At 9:30 the radio reported 25.4 inches of snow fall. There is paralyzed traffic and congestion everywhere. Trains are canceled. This snowfall has broken all records! At eleven the fall the snow has ceased. Official measure 25.8 in.

December 27

The day dawned bright and clear with snow everywhere. I pushed enough of it away from the back door to put out a little wheat for the hungry bewildered birds. A stalled car on High Street was half covered and in the Erie parking lot a dozen cars looked like white igloos – no sign of car except the mound of snow.

I took some pictures out the front and back door. When JM got up she spent most of the forenoon out with her camera. She wore a pair of my old trousers to protect her in wading the snow. The temperature was just under 30°. As the sun neared noon there was some melting on the south side of the House. Jay was concerned about his program for the day. The Kenagy party was called off because nobody could get there and Mr. K was grounded in KC. Bobbie had arrived in N.Y. from Somerset and by noon reached the home of her girlfriend in Long Island. Jay helped with shoveling snow paths – just narrow canons [*canyons?*] the width of his snow shovel. JM & Euphie also worked at it. Jay left around four to catch a train for home.

In the Readers Digest the 1st article is on a United Nations by Holliday, pres of Standard Oil, a convincing solution for our world!

December 28

Today we hired three boys to clear our walks – at \$1 an hr, cost 4.75. NY City will cost 6 million to clear its streets.

I wrote 12 letters today to ministers in Montclair asking for nominations for Wellington. Wrote a letter to Mr. Holliday, Pres of Standard Oil of Ohio, endorsing his plan for a World Government. Sorted out about 25 prints to illustrate various ways to make money with Camera. May have to go through films also.

Arranged all our Maine Kodachromes according to subject and have completed two cases each holding 200 slides. Many of them are repeats or are poor and will have to be culled.

Composed a Sentiment for our Christmas Card next year. Subject – Desperation and what it leads to – both evil and good – about 125 words. Out plan is to get it printed and accompany it with an appropriate photograph which has not yet been selected.

Radio reports are that we are slowly recovering from this record breaking snowfall. Politics is beginning to hum. Many guesses on candidates.

The birds were glad to come for wheat today.

December 29

The postman came rather late this morning due to the holiday and the heavy snow. After his arrival I took my mail including 12 letters to the P.O. I have made a trial of 12 letters to Montclair ministers inquiring for candidates for Wellington Fund agents. I saw snow removers in action – bulldozers, tractors, improvised road scrapers and power loaders. There is still a lot to do. It melted a little today but the wind was cold.

I looked over my prints for illustrative material and selected a possible 1 doz. Tonight I checked thru some of my negatives for additional great material. Have picked out 30 more.

This afternoon I painted a little while on a new oil of surf and rocks. The Art Magazine quotes a certain art critic as hating blue skies and a horizon line. I have both.

Tonight Henry Wallace declares himself a candidate on a 3rd party ticket. He assumes the role of a righteous hero leading in a holy war against black iniquity. The Crusaders were never more impassioned. He has baptized himself from on high and invoked God's help. Truman does that too. Puts God on the spot to make a choice.

December 30

First thing this morning I walked to Bloomfield Ave. and took a streetcar for Bloomfield Ave. Went to Unemployment and to grocery store and to Moran's. Bought a diary for Euphie, some wool socks and ear flaps for myself. Came back by streetcar also. This afternoon took the postcard Graflex and took several pictures – the high school, the civic center, the grade school, the Brook, a policeman, and a snow truck. I oiled the gears of the Camera. Hope it worked. Will see when I develop the film

Came home and rested before the fire. At 5:30 Bobbie & the two little girls came over to play for an hour. I taught Merrill a little about checkers. Martha sat up and tried to play it too.

Listened to Town Meeting and the Question of Peace in the World. A Gov of the World was strongly recommended.

At nine thirty Bobbie called for a baby sitter while she walked down with Mr. & Mrs. Mott who live on High St. and are talking about buying the McNeil house.

There has been about unanimous denunciation of Wallace and his Presidential candidacy. Only the communists are for him.

December 31

It is within 30 min. of midnight. The radio is bringing New Year news from many parts of the world. New York is less noisy than it has been for years. The snow still hampers traffic. Many announcers give the warning – don't drink and drive.

I've been busy all day around the house – developing the films I exposed yesterday and making prints this evening. Worked in the basement until 10:30. Received my first reply from my letters to ministers this evening – from Rev. Dirksen about a Mr. Thorburn Reid.

I phoned Mr. Thurman in Summit inviting him to go with me to Town Hall some time soon. At 6:15 we phoned the Bishops in Bay Village with New Year's greeting. This forenoon I phoned the M.B. prospect (Mr. Betz) in Elizabeth. Am wondering if he will keep his appointment. At 5 I played with Merrill & Martha. Martha has her hair trimmed. She amazed me by drawing a picture of a face on the blackboard – did four times so it was no accident.

Euphemia read to me from a book review on Herbert Hoover – the most maligned [*sic*] President, but whose personal honor and public service has been unexcelled and perhaps not equalled [*sic*].

Today makes the first full year of my retirement and my health seems good. I have been busy and happy.