

Mon. May 7, 17



This is my fourth and I guess, last diary book for my Freshman year. I don't think I can scrape up enough news to fill this book in one month. Oh, I think I could find news enough, if it wasn't for writing it all down, and then of course there's always some news that I can't tell even my diary.

War is the main topic of conversation, these days. I don't intend to keep up the doings of the war in my diary. I don't want any more war connected with my diary than can be helped. But, I will say

that the Poland Ladies
are working strongly for
the Red Cross, which as
was published in the
paper, shows Poland's
loyalty as they did in
the sixties. I will also
give my diary a list of
the boys who have enlisted
from Poland. They are,
Harry Herman, Clifford
Smith, Grandon Johnson,
Charles Johnson, Frank
McCoy, Hugh Covan, Ben
Covan, Bob Howell, Ralph Mc-
Cough
+ "Banty" Howell, tried to,
but his "banties" kept
him from joining. I
think that is all from
here.

Tues. May 8.

Today is a Circus Day. I wish I could go to the Circus. But, no! School first.

We, girls, learned how to play "luckie on the rock" this noon, and are now becoming quite "boyish".

The Three Explorers went exploring this noon again, and one of them found out that there was some difference between "skunk-cabbage" and "jack-in-the-pulpit." I think she'll be more careful next time.

Uncle John McCloy died
about 10 o'clock, last evening.
The funeral is to be Wednes-
day at 2 o'clock.

It has been raining today
again. I wonder if it in-
tends to stop raining
before Field Meet, which
is next Friday.

School went as usual.
Nothing unusual, I guess.
Except that we have
our friends, the snice
back again, and one
of them scared Mellie
a good deal. Prof looked
so funny punching for
that mouse in the
waste-basket. As tho'
he was churning. And it had
gone too, and he
didn't know it

Thurs. Nov. 29-17.

11:30 a.m.

Thanksgiving Day! And I guess I haven't a 'grump' on. I feel that I have a good many things to be thankful for. I'll give a list of a few of them. To begin with,

I'm thankful that I'm here on earth,

I'm thankful that I have a good home,

I'm thankful that I have a good mother and father,

I'm thankful that I have such a dear little brother to scrap with.

I'm thankful for my good health,

I'm thankful that I'm not poor,

" " I live in Poland.

I'm thankful for the good times
I have. And —

I'm thankful it wasn't Tues.
night that mother 'put her
foot down'.

And as one of the primary kids
said last Sunday,

I'm thankful that I have
buttons on my coat to keep
me warm.

O, I have billions of things
to be thankful for when I
come to think of it. The
trouble we never stop to think
of our blessings. I guess I'm
pretty well supplied with
them alright.

I found out that the
soldier was Mr. Bowne.

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Nov. 1 - 1917

Post. raised to 3¢ letters
2¢ cards

Nov. 3 - Dad slept at Coal Bank
to get coal early - home ab 12:30
one load for church.

Key forgotten - keys?

Dec. 11 - big snow
street cars stopped at top 8
Passengers walked to Toland
no street car for 3 days
no electric " " "

Jan. 20 - 1918

- 18° below

Jan 21 - 1918 -

Jan. 1918 -

Milk closed or Dr.
not schools or
Stores closed
Theaters open closed

Heatless workers
Monday, - to save coal.
Cover boys' over
there