

Spring of 1919

May 1st - We, my mother and I came up to our hill today and how glad we are to be here. Our young cherry trees are in bloom and our myrtle vines are blue with flowers. How good our own little home looks to us.

May 3rd - Clear and cool. Mother dug flower beds today and sowed flower seed. I spaded a corner of the garden & sowed radish & parsley seed.

May 4th - Sunday, clear and warm. Mother and I have just returned from a walk down the road & around the end of Drinbeam. On the bank near the hidge we found trailing arbutus blossoms, and on the bank above West Brook we found hepaticas blooming. We saw a Hermit Thrush at the end of the old road back of Drinbeam, the old woodshed that father used when he had charcoal pits. Apple blossoms are coming out & the meadow is yellow with marsh marigolds.

May 5th - Clear, warm, & windy. Mother & I spaded & planted our house-garden today. Tonight our backs are almost broken; our hands are blistered & our faces sunburned. It is lovely to plan a garden; but oh the back-breaking work of planting a garden! I didn't want to plant today. I went to hike over to the foot of Drinbeam & look for bloodroot blossoms.

May 8th - A clear beautiful day. Mother mowed the lawn this a.m. & I mowed a path down to the big gate. I don't like to see a lawn mowed.

4 P.m. Mother and I are sitting on the front porch. I wonder how many different shades of green we see. Just now we have the greens in all their glory, from the tender and vivid greens of new leaves to the darkest of the evergreens. Down in the meadow the cows are pasturing, & the song-sparrows are singing. Every apple tree is in full bloom. In back of us are wild apple trees at the edge of the woods, and this morning I gathered an armful of the blossoms for the house. How sweet they smell. From the porch we can hear our little spring brook splashing over the edge of the oak tumps, and I can smell the good earthy smell of our flower beds just dug.

May 11th - A cold northeast storm. Our wood-fire feels good today. Uncle Lane and Aunt Frank came over this afternoon and I played all the pieces in our victrola for them.

May 13th - We have had four rainy days and we are tired of them. I like to sew on my new reg-mg & sort things over in the trunks, & clean out the stove-rooms, but four days of being shut in is too much. I am hungry for our given May woods. Over across the valley against the mountainside I can see the white blossoms of dogwood.

May 14th - A warm and beautiful day - all the birds are singing; our little house-wrens over the porch, the wood thrushes in the woods back of us, and down in the meadow the song-sparrows are singing. It is too wet to walk in the woods so Mather and I walked over to our back lot & dug up some Jacob-in-the-pulpit and three wild cherry trees, & planted them back of the little backyard.

May 16th - Cool breezy day. Saw a Kingbird in top of young cherry tree. Sewed on my reg-mg this a.m. This afternoon Mather and I walked back in our huckleberry woods & picked azalea, dogwood, and wild plum blossoms.

May 17th - Another rainy day. Sowed in my veg - mg.

May 18th - The Chivinks are singing. Just had a treat - A Scarlet Tanager and his mate flew across the garden, and now a catbird at the edge of the woods is giving us a concert.

May 19th - Aunt Jane's birthday. A year ago today we had her and Edith and Grace up here for the day and we ate our dinner out under the apple tree. It was just such a beautiful clear day as this. This morning at nine o'clock Mother and I started for High Point. I have to scarp with Mother to get her started on a picnic. She would stay in this hill & mow lawns and dig gardens from one creek end to the other. The woods are at their best, and the paths just right for travel. Everywhere, the dogwoods & azaleas are blooming, & the mountain laurels are in bud & promise us a riot of pink blossoms in June. This was Mother's first trip up Organick Point and she is delighted with it. We climbed the mountain slowly. A Scarlet Tanager kept in front of us, only a few yards away almost to the top of the mountain.

more open fields to Council rocks; then on to the big wooded hillside which is now carpeted with mountain pinks. We gathered a whole basketfull of the roots & blossoms to take home to plant. On our way back along the trail we came to a bit of tall dry grass, and we sat down in the grass for half an hour listening to two wood thrushes singing in a tall maple tree nearby, and we watched a beautiful little chestnut-sided warbler flitting among the bushes. It was a wonderful morning & we didn't want to leave the trail, but clouds began to look dark overhead so we traveled on. After lunch we planted the pinks along the foundation of the little bungalow. These are the days I love to travel carefree along mountain & valley trails picking flowers & listening to birds.

May 27th - Mother and I walked down to Midvale this A.M. I was the first one in John & Rhine Smith's store to pay my taxes. Harry Van Dragoon, the tax collector didn't arrive till five minutes after I got there. After a little shopping Mother and I stopped at Aunt James'; then at Aunt Carrie's. We got home at midnight. We are tired tonight, but it is restful and pleasant to sit here on our front porch, and look down over our peaceful valley.

We had Sheep with us and we ate our lunch in a sheltered spot on the south side of High Point; then we climbed down the steepest of all the trails to the A. M. C. Camp where they have two cabins covered with vines, & a wild flower garden in back of them. It is a clean little camp, & on half a dozen of the surrounding trees are wire holders containing sweet. A downy woodpecker was eating sweet from one of them. We went home by way of Blue Mine and Rocky Mine Hill. We found quantities of Mountain Mint growing in the crevices of the old woodshed.

May 20th - We took another hike today over Yagani Trail. When we passed the swamp near Herb Reed we saw dozens of red-winged blackbirds and heard their call. A-bee-lee. The bullfrogs were busy too sounding their big chug-a-rumps. After the swamp came the beautiful park-like pasture, where hundreds of young cedars grow; then the little winding footpath led us thru a wide open field & down to the river edge. We crossed the Herb Reed Bridge; then followed a narrow footpath thru

May 28th - Mother and I are nearer dead, than
alive, tonight. Our legs are like stumps. We walked
over Post Bards Trail today - over four steep
mountains and back again. Never again!

June 2nd - A hot sultry day; but the birds
don't mind it. There is a chorus of bird voices everywhere
wrens, song-sparrows, indigo buntings, orioles, and
chiffchaffs. Down in the meadow the Phoebe is chattering,
& in the top of our big old chestnut tree the house
thrasher is going into it at a great rate.

This afternoon Mother and I went to the coolest
spot we could find, down by the waterfalls, where
we took off our shoes and stockings, & peddled.
In the woods across the falls the laurels are
beginning to bloom, and Mother and I plan to go
over and gather some in a day or two.