

Slight rainfall - feeling only tolerable after my fall on yesterday. Mr. Wilson, Mrs. Foreman and Mr. Kenney & Mrs. Davis all reported sick -

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July 22 - 1926. Thursday -

Gloomy day for me in more than one way - and more coming -

The tail dragging the head of a once so called home, but now simply a bat roost -

Lost, Lost & soon be forgotten sure - yet as long as life lasts I will seek shelter and my living as best I can, good or bad -

No news, & don't care for any, news of no value to me now -

I have met just what my father hoped I would avoid & miss in this life, contact with an alien people but on destruction of

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Friday, July 23rd 1926.

Bright, nice a.m. 17.30 -

Bood & family left this a.m. 7 a.m. for home - and rather unceremoniously at that - not at all as usual -

Some old 786 after he left. That grating voice towards & to me -

30 days more of it will about do me - I am of the opinion I have about concluded that it is immaterial to 40. -