

[LII]

Diary from March 29th, 1919

to

March 21, 1920

1919

Mch 29. Think of the difference between the Old taxidermy and the new! between a stuffed skin and the reconstructed anatomy of the animal inside the skin, a modern mounted deer or antelope, for instance is instinct with life, it fauldy breathes and looks and listens. It may bound away the next moment. In a hundred fields we are getting nearer and nearer to nature much so called nature writing is still only stuffed skin - there is no touch of reality about it - the bones and muscles of reality are not expressed then.

- Still windy and cold, but clearing up a little. Some sunshine, but the frolic of the snow ghosts still continues, up to 26 at noon. Juncos and robins starving I fear. This morning a male

Junco sat on the honeysuckles views on my porch with its head tucked under its wing fast asleep. It was just a ball of feathers with no signs of a head. I approached it carefully and closed my hand upon it, it struggled and gave a cry, but was soon quiet. We warmed it and put it in a paper box with ample air holes, but it soon died, starvation and the cold I suppose. Men freezing are overcome with sleep. Probably the little Junco was overcome in the same way, but warmth did not save it. Thousands of trees of thousands of birds will perish as the result of the sudden cold wave. The hardier and luckier ones will survive and thus will natural selection tend toward a hardier race. Write a little on my Darwin paper.

Mch 30. Milder and less windy today. Snow melting, partly overcast mercury up to 42. Robins singing again.

31. Colder freezing, mercury 35 at 1 p.m. Cloudy, no singing robins today, practically finish the Darwin piece. What next?

April 1. Hail to April! colder, down to 26, wind N. clearing toward noon. Clear and fine in p.m. but wind sharp, 31 at 1p.m. Poor night last night. Still working a little on the D. piece, hard to suit myself. I must have the truth and I must have quality of style - the best way to say the thing. Peace Commissions in Paris make slow head way hope. France will carry her point and get the Sarre Valley. Germany should be compelled to return all her loot or replace it and re-build all the buildings destroyed and restore all the fields and plant new forest e.t.c. a just retribution is called for. There are thousands of Prussian who should be surrendered to the Allies and shot.

2. Warmer, clearing before noon. Peepers at night an enjoyable day. Birthday greetings pouring in.

3d. My 82d birthday, a fair mild day, school children in the morning. Friends and neighbors call, newspaper reporters from N.Y. Sun, World, Evening post, a rather strenuous day. Losing flesh down to 112 under my lowest point yet and strenuous day.

4. More telegrams and letter. Find Edison, Maj, Spingarn and others. Cloudy and chilly.

5. Partly cloudy, mild, clearing in p.m.

6. Fine mild day, nearly 60, a fine drive in p.m. to Clintondale, Garden and New Paltz. Enjoy it much, nearly 40 miles 2 1/4 hours. High hole this morning, some pain in my head lately from the lever I think. Mr. Roy here on my birthday. Woodcock at night in flight song.

7. Fair, some sunshine up to near 60. Train laying walls in coal cellar. Birds very musical and lively. Cow bird here.

8. Mild and clear in morning. Clouding up in p.m. sat in my summer house and watched for an hour or more a fight between a male and a female robin a thing we heard of before, to me. The female forced the fighting much of the time. they fought precisely as tees cock robins do, a great deal of sparring. Sudden dashes, much feinting sudden risings in the air beak to beak and nail to nail, much circling around each other prevent hopping away from each other, then sudden rushes, no feather tweaked or disturbed as I could see and parting finally without victory on either side.

It can hardly be possible that they were two males, as one had the bright, fresh plumage of the cock at this season and the other the dull thuls of the female. the bill of one was golden, while the color of the bill of the other was hardly visible. But why a male and female should fight in this way is a mystery to me

9. Cloudy, chilly, threatens rain from N.E. In p.m. lightens up a little and wind dies down. Julian tries his tractor over in Terovis field; works fine, a Knight here this p.m.

Eden is a little better.

- Read a half hour in Westers Spoon river anthology. Good stuff in it, but no great poetry no beauty, no great thoughts, but humor, pathos, sympathy e.t.c. These younger free verse poets have been influenced by Whitman, but are not to be named the same day with him, no power, no grandeur, nothing elemental or cosmic. The trick of it all tires one after a while. I learn nothing new, I love nothing more, I am brought no nearer nature or the infinite, no music or rhythm as in

W. It is good "shredded prose" and not good verse.

10. Brief thunder showers in morning, with a dark of hail, mercury 42.

Peace still linger in the lap of war. there is but one safe course to be pursued with Germany - no matter what she thinks or says or wants keep the iron heel in her neck for 50 years or more. Robins very numerous this spring - fear another robin plague. Song sparrows very abundant also.

12. Fine day, start for Washington at 7:40. Go by way of Poughkeepsie. Reach W. at 6 and the Ontario at 7. Stay with the pattens and occupy Mr. Williams apartment of 8 rooms. Delightfully situated - society and solitude at my pleasure. Overlook Rock Creek and the 300, when I used to walk 50 years ago, Mr. Ford car come for me twice each day, not many trips. Drive to Mt. Vernon and in the house and out get closer to G.W. than I ever did before. Edith Rickert and Miss Hummer go with me. One day take Aaron J. and his wife out to Soldiers Home. Saturday the 19, many friends old and new come to see me. One day we drive to Arlington. Sunday the 20th dine with Mrs. Seward (Minne Saxton) her father and mother and sisters are there. Go to the grave of my old friend Dr. Frank Baker in Oak hill Cemetery. Make three visits to the zoo, never tire of seeing wild animals. The last 3 or 4 days very fine. Gain no weight and strength.

21. Fine day, start for home. Reach here on time 6:40, all is well.

22 and 23. Fine, clear, warm days, Maples in full bloom and plum trees also a touch if yellow green here and there in the woods.

23. Walk to S.S. in p.m. and have an adventure with fire - came near burning the place up. Everything as dry as tinder.

24. A change, raining slowly from S.W.

25. A cold wave and snow flakes and plum petals falling together down to freezing, windy and cold.

26. Down to 28 this morning, fruit probably injured, snow flakes in the air nearly all day. How these spring frosts pinch us! Work in morning getting out stone. Milder at night; 40 at dusk.

27. Clear and much warmer, promise a lovely and comparatively warm day. Mr. Black here yesterday p.m. for Brooklyn Eagle to interview me on Walt Whitman.

28. Lovely day. Go to S.S. with C.B. and the children. C.B. works ill, day clearing S.S. many visitors from N.Y., Vassar and Poughkeepsie.

29. Warm increasing cloudiness, go to S.S. at night and spend night. Light rain in p.m. down to P for door frame.

29. Bright day, cooler from N.W. S. sparrows and robins building their nests. Violets and trillium in bloom.

30. Fine day. Drive to H. in p.m. a "blowful" and delays. Buy new tire.

May 1st. Cloudy, light rain in p.m. Pear trees and cherry trees in bloom, a mist of foliage in the tree tops, apple trees showing pink buds. Hud plowing vineyards, still chewing upon the Darwin problems. Reading "The White North" and the voyage of the Beagle for the fourth time. the new coal caller and root cellar nearly finished. Eden better.

On the whole on early May. Plant corn and telephone peas this a.m.

2. Cloudy in a.m. clearing and warm in p.m. Go to Vassar to Founder day and the Whitman centennial. Mr. Maters makes the address - a poor inadequate affair, a great disappointment. I help save the day by telling of W. visit to Vassar over 40 years ago, no one present knew it. Home at 5 p.m.

3. Fine warm day, hot day up to 80. go to Mrs. Wallheads to lunch - then to Julian's rock and Slabsides with Vassar girls.

walk about 3 miles or over.

4. Hot day, nearly clear, apple trees blooming, orioles, wood thrush and views and warbles here, at home all day writing a speech for the Brooklyn celebration of the Whitman centenary on the 9th no interruption.

5. Still hot, sleep last night without cover, write in a.m. on the W. speech. Drive to H. in p.m. for cements, a light shower at 4 1/2 followed by cooler, now at 7, it is about 60. "Again I wild mid orchard bloom" How brief it is and how touching to me! The heavy fragrance of the honey locust on the air this a.m.

Maple leaves half grown, oaks shaking out their tassels.

The chaos in Europe as bewildering and hopeless as ever, a plague of robins is again threatened this year.

6, 7, 8. Pleasant days

9. Light rain, cool. Go to Brooklyn to Whitman autumnal. C.B. with me. Lunch at Dr. Js' Go to Brooklyn at 2. Reach Academy of music at 2 1/2, afternoon session not very well attended - 2 or 3 hundred people mostly women, a fine speech by Garland.

Crathers a disappointment to me, no charm, little humor, little valuable intellectual content. The pulpit spoils any man for serious thinking. Harmes talked, Markham spoke and saw more in W. than I expected he had. But Marcus harsh voice and conceited ways are too much for me. He has been spoiled a young Jews poet, Wulimeyer spoke well.

Every session well attended. Hall nearly full.

Wm Lyon Phelps of Yale, the best speaker, I knew he used to despise W, but now he has met with change of heart. His speech was fine and did my heart good. Dr. Barnes reads my short paper, but I think was not well heard, but audience was very attentive. Mr. Howe editor of Brooklyn Eagle spoke admirably and exhaustively of W's editorial career, a very valuable paper. Harmed spoke entertainingly of his long acquaintances with W. - but too long. Clayton Hamilton, critic, read some of W's poems, admirably.

On the whole, a great time. Dr. J. meet us with his car and took us with him.

10. Visit the American Museum of N.W. in morning and return home on p.m. train. Still cold and rainy.

11. Cold and rainy, a dismal day.

12. Still cold and overcast - very chilly, apple bloom not yet all off.

13. A lovely day. Go with Rev. Mr. Elmer of P. to visit the Beaver dam and beam haunts in Dutchess Co. 12 or 14 miles from P. A memorable experience. The beauty of the day, the interest and kindness of Mrs. Elmer the wild solitude of the wooded chasm on amid the hills, the works of the leaves the fallen trees, the dam, the cut and piled bush or trees e.t.c. the slopes here and there painted with the delicate fringed polygala. We spend about 3 hours there and are back in P. by 2 p.m. and here at West Park by 4.

14. Still warm and fair.

15. Warm day; spend it at home.

16. Fine day, apple bloom nearly off. Loaf in morning. In p.m. C.B. and I drive to the woods for cypripedium and to Slabsides to call on Mr. Vrooman. See and hear the oven bird. The polygala in bloom in the Dean woods.

17. A pouring rain nearly all forenoon with some thunder. Ground again filled with water, all planting again delayed. Does not all this need extra gain of the rain gods, foretell a dry summer?

A spendthrift is bound to see a season of want.

- now at 2 p.m. It is pounding and pouring again.

18. Fine warm day after the rain, a brigand steak for dinner.

19. Fine day, drive to H. in morning. Mrs. Northrut and her friend in p.m.

20. Warm, partly overcast; fear more rain, cat bird and wren wet building at the "nest" still writing upon the universe, Plenty of room.

24. A warm showery week. Ground full of water. Rain everyday. Do some writing.

25. Fine in a.m. sprinkles of rain in p.m. and clouds. Go to S.S. for a picnic lunch, De Loach with us have a Brigand's steak, which all like. Walk to the Falls in p.m. Black creek very full - never saw it fuller.

26. Bright and fine this morning. Women talk fifty percent more than men; is it because they think fifty percent less?

27. Mr. Blanchant come to overheat my car, a fine day.

28. Fine day, Mr. R finish car at noon, car in fine order.

29. Our first real hot day, 90 degrees.

30. Still clear and hot 84 degrees today, many people here from Kingston. Poulton Bigelow and friends at 3, Dr. Fisher and family later. They go to Slabsides. I hoe in garden and plant more corn. North winds, signs of dry weather.

31. Hot dry, start for Roxbury. In Shandaken collide with a track. The track at fault, steams gear badly bent, delayed 3 hours. Reach Woodchuck Lodge at 6.

June 1st. Very hot, news that Eden is very low. At 4 p.m. comes news of his death at 3 p.m. a great shock.

2. Hot, Eden's death disturbs me more than I expected it could.

3. Go to Eden's funeral with John's C, very hot, 94 on Eden's house. All the near relatives present. We bury him beside Hiram in old glacier sand and gravel. Farewell dear boy, we were youths on the old farm together. How I shall miss you I will know. Age 79.

4. Hot and dry, spend the p.m. out on the border of the Beach woods a delightful place, write and read and muse.

5. Still hot, another p.m. in my nook in the Beach woods.

6. Cooler and slow rain all forenoon.

7. Clearing and hot again. Start for home at 9 a.m. via Lexington and the narrow notch. Reach Watson Hollow outlet at 12 1/2.

Eat our lunch under the pine and maple trees near the creek. Reach home before 4 p.m. Hot.

8. Cloudy, cool, S. berries ripening. Am much stronger than one week ago, my native hills were good for me.

9. Light rain, cloudy all day and nights. Garland and Wheeler call.

10. Cloudy till p.m. Evelin Craig comes from Vassar, meet her at Highland, a warm day.

11. Bright and hot, above 80, a good visit from Miss Craig, she departs at 12:24, a fine superior woman. Ten years ago we saw much of her in Cala.

12. Cloudy, still warm. First peas yesterday - the Alaska.

13, 14, 15. Still hot and dry.

16. Hot and dry, Mr. Job comes for moving pictures.

17, 18, 19. Hot and dry, 86 degrees, Mr. Job finishes his job today. The children (Betty and Lorena) have gone home. This is the 19th hot day, am resting my brain and all dizziness has left me. Old brains must lie fallow at times.

20, 21. Dry and hot.

22. Cooler, De Loach come.

Mon 23. Cool, start for Rexburg at 8 1/2 a flat tire bet, Fleshmans and Arkville. Give me trouble and a delay of nearly 2 hours.

Reach W.C.L. at 4, a frost in the village last night.

Tuesday 24. Getting hot again, hoe in garden and write a little in barn.

W. 25. Warm and dry, but country very green, a big shower here a few days ago. Fields still golden from buttercups and white with daisies. Oats just make a tinge of green over the red soil. Bobolinks singing in Caswells meadow. The perfume of alsack clover is on the air.

A hot night and hot and still this morning. The jungle of the Indigo bunting in the apple trees, not a breeze stirring.

26. Cloudy with light dashes of rain. Have a good day in the barn writing on law and chance. Correct proof of Wa. R. article on "Faith of a naturalist."

27. A fine rain, began at 8 and kept it up till noon, over an inch of water, much needed. Very warm. In p.m. shoot and trap chipmunks digging up my peas, kill 5 very sorry to do it, but I must have peas.

28. A sudden change to cold. N. winds, a fire in the Franklin this morning. Clouds breaking and sun popping out. The anxious phoebes have to hustle this morning to find food for their nearly fledged young and the King birds also, may be a frost tonight if it clears up.

29. Wind kept up all night, cold, but no frost.

Clear this morning, slowly warming up in p.m. no thoughts today. too many s. berries. Some callers in p.m. a glorious day, but fruitless to me.

"How sharper than a serpents tooth is an ungrateful child"

30. Clear, still cool. Time others in bloom. The height of the summer freshness, daisies still perfect, next week the tide will begin to turn. A hummer industriously working the raspberry bloom, a young 'chuck' shyly trips by my open door not two yards from me.

I miss my swallows. The insect world has not yet recovered from it terrible set back of the wet cold spring of two years ago. Fewer insects of all kinds, not one tent caterpillar have I seen since that spring, not one current worm.

what do the cuckoos do? I hear them calling, but have seen none, a tanager sings above me in the hill woods and the indigo bunting keeps within car shot. Why is this bird so rare compared with others of its family. The gold finch is common in comparison. Probably the indigo is more limited in its diet. I have never seen it feeding on the seeds of dandelions, as I have the gold finch and chippie, I have in fact never seen it feeding at all.

July 1st. Still clear and fine, a little warmer each day.

These 6 or 7 letters from strangers called out by my remarks on the June Atlantic about Thorean standing in the abutant of a rainbow annoy me a little, our memories play us such tricks. Tell me what you saw today or yesterday or last week, not what you saw as a boy and tell me whether or not you were thinking about this very point. One of the most common things in the world is inaccurate observation.

and one of the next most common is hasty conclusions. The things people tell me and write me that are not so would fill a volume. Here is one that occurred a month ago; Mrs. Covert wife of our hood man told me that Mrs. Allen our neighbor had just told her this remarkable story about robin. They had half a coconut shell out by the barn and the robin had taken that shell, carried it to the (top or to the) roof of their sun pastor, fastened it down with mud lined it with grass and built her nest in it and she had the shell there to prove it. Impossible I said, I don't care who says it. I went straight over to Mrs. A. house and before I could tell her what I had come for she told me the story of the remarkable nest, "And there it is now" she said pointing to a robins nest on the ground. The lining had been removed, revealing the smooth shapely mud foundations. It was of a gray mud color and its true character was obvious at a glance, "Is your coconut shell gone" I inquired, 'I have not looked' Mrs. A. replied, "well this is not it" and I broke off a bit of it and pulverized it between my thumb and finger. "a neat bit of robin masonry" but not a coconut shell" and I at last convinced her.

2d. Hot dry day, no clouds, write a little and kill three chuck. Drive down for Hattie at 4 p.m. Walk [half an hour] in the Presbyterian burying ground and spend 1/2 hour with the old people I knew so long ago. What a host of them rose up before me! How clearly I visualized them all and heard their voices! and could have told some anecdote of each.

3. Still clear with high temperature not a bough ways, hardly a leaf stirs. Put in shape a paper on "Length of days" and cut and re-shuffle the sheets of one on the new theories of nutrition.

July 4, no change in weather, are we in danger of being cursed with perpetual sunshine? Where are all the clouds? During such periods of prolonged hot dry weather we are prone to ask such question. As clouds they are no where; they are potential in the invisible vapor in the atmosphere. Produces a cold current or a low barometer and the clouds appear. When is the thunderbolt. It is nowhere. Its elements or possibilities are also diffused through the invisible vapors, or in the molecules and ions of space.

A hot, hot day.

At noon comes John Russell McCarthy, the new poet from Pa whom we have invited to spend a few days with us. I was so taken with his poems, ("Out Door" and "Gods and Devils") that I wanted to wee him. I am in the big hammock out in the Orchard when C.B. brings him out to me, a young man of the blond order, 29 years old and like him instantly. Very modest and unobtrusive. Quiet reads on all occasions to take a back seat, a smart smile and impressive blue eyes.

5. A hot day, we drive to Tannersville to visit the Garlands, a good time. McCarthy with us, all like him but he talks little, sits on the door steps rather than in a chair in the porch, a fine listener with his sweet smile. We spend 4 or 5 hours with the Garlands and are back home by 6 p.m.

6. Sunday. Heavy thunder shows and rain much of the day. Copious and much cooler. We have a Brigand steak, Miss Bonsher comes up, a good day.

7. Clearing and much cooler. McCarthy leaves on morning train. I love the youth. Wish we could have kept him longer. His wise sweet smile haunts me. He was companionable without being talkative, just his presence was enough.

He was his own poem June, in the flesh. Hair cropped close and a fine shaped head. Has read very extensively, but knew little of wordsworth. He has a great future I think. His acquaintance is the event of years to me. His poems have quality, he personally has quality, like some rare new fruit.

a day washed and wiped clean, not a film in the air, cool and brilliant.

8. Still cool, clear, brilliant.

9. A change to warmer with soft flying clouds - sun and clouds. Mrs. Shepard and her friends call. Later we drive over through West settlement and down by the Falls to the Baptist grave yard. I once more visit the graves of my dead with long sad thoughts. Beside their graves how much more vividly I bring father and mother back to me than I can here or at the old home. To be near their dust helps my imagination. I feel almost as if I had seen them.

10. Thundered all night with very brief dashes of rain. Thundering and raining by spurts this morning, cool.

A couple of days ago C.B. and I walking up in "Scotland" found another nest of the vesper sparrow protected by a small stalk of the Canada thistle, a big herd of dairy cows pasture in that field and no foot of the ground is free from the danger of one of their hoofs. But the thistle will ward off their noses and their hoofs too I think. But how many other dangers

beset these humble ground builders, providing skunks, foxes and crows and yet many of them escape.

- Why the thought of death does not trouble us or overwhelm us more than it does is a mystery. If we were under judicial sentence to be shot or electrocuted at no distant day, would not the thought of harass us day and night? But we go about with nature death sentence upon us, even in old age, when we know the day is near, as cheerful and contented as ever we did normal old people do not seem to be disturbed, our fathers have struggled so long with the thought of death that the race of man has become immune or callous, which is it? Our inmost self has come to accept it or is it because having never experienced it we cannot take in the thought! We are blank if indifferent when we should be agitated and unhappy. We visit the graves of our friends and visualize them lying there in the utter silence and darkness and know that we shall soon follow them and yet we go home and soon absorbed in a book or paper or are asleep in our chair! Blessed are we in not being able to realize the thought of death!

11. Cold, misty day. Clearing at 3 p.m.

18. Abundance of rain during the past week. Fine day on Monday. We drove to Hobart in the p.m. Two hours at Eden's. It seems since my return as if I had seen him. My imagination puts him back amid the old scenes when I have seen him for the past 30 or more years. The place spoke so clearly of him, that I feel as if I had really seen him. The turf on his grave beside Hiram's is green, only browned a little around the edges, I could hear his voice, "John, time will fetch us" He was a sort of fatalist. He always said he should not die till his time came and he felt that that day could not be put off, hence he worried little about it. Ate what his "stomach craved" and took no thought of the consequence I think if he had denied himself, he would be living now.

Rain Tuesday night and Wednesday, heavy springs raised.

Thursday the 17, bright warm day. I write in barn and we drive to the village after supper. Today warm and muggy, air heavy with moisture. Fog in the morning. Poor hay weather. Brighter in p.m. and hot. So hay makers get in hay, I sit in the woods in morning hours and part of p.m. and write and dream.

- Talking of Whitman's want of form - his form was not architectural but rather the form of living things and the free cornering forces of nature. The conventional poetry is architectural, the poets build this soft rhyme. A sonnet is as architectural as a house or a bridge, the lines are cut in regular lengths depth fitted together and the thing is as complete as a chest of drawers. It is easier to be architectural in poetry than to be natural. Try it and see our free verse has no music or rhythm; it is plain prose cut up into arbitrary lengths.

19. A warm night, with slow rain in early morning. Great crested fly catchers crying or calling, calling all the morning in the orchard. found a juncos nest in the bank by the roadside by the orchard, 3 eggs, deftly hidden.

Chipmunks very numerous this season. I have reduced their numbers (unwillingly) by 8 or 10 and yet they come.

- How often the weather gets into that unsettled condition when it does seem to know what it wants. It rains a little, it shines a little, the clouds gather and then disperse, they come from the East and then from the South or West or North and yet no decision, still the weather has its laws. It is not lawless as it seems, but who has yet mastered these laws? The problem is too complex.

20. Sunday, a warm humid night again, cloudy this morning from S.W. wrens in the clouds, sun trying to peep through. Capt Stone and wife camping up in edge of Beech woods.

In p.m. Hamlin Garland, Mr. Wheeler of current literature and Dr. Turck of N.Y. come. Then later a call from Dr. Russell and Rev M. St. Clair and Enderlin. But in event of the day was finding a veerus nest in a tussock of ferns near Capt Stones camp.

22. Raining still this a.m. from S.W. Water affirmative as Goethe says. Let it come; the more of it the sooner it will be done.

23. Still rainy, heavy at times with thunder, rained part of the night, warm.

24. Clearing at last. Before noon perfect summer day sets in, ideal; a few soft summer clouds drift slowly across the sky. Wind N.W. 80 degrees.

Pose in p.m. for Capt Stone with his new colored moving picture process.

A week of this weather is due us.

25. Clear warm - puts new heart into one. The haymakers are putting both feet forward.

26. Cloudy, I walk up to the fields toward Sumak lot, shoot a woodchuck, a light shower before noon, Garland comes about 2 p.m. a terrific thunder shower in late p.m. 2 hours or more.

27. Began raining again in the night a down pour with continuous thunder and lightening till 10 a.m. a debouche of the rain gods, a drunken excess, very dark, Warm at 11, sun shows a little through the clouds, a fine evening last night with Garland, an eloquent talker. Read an hour to us from his new story. Then told us of the marvelous things he had seen and heard during his investigation of spiritualism. Does not believe in spirits ascribes it all to emanations from the body of the medium. He is almost a medium himself.

- Practically one continuous thunder shower since yesterday p.m. The lightning so quick and the thunder so slow. The rifle [bethel] is quick but the report is slow.

28 A warm night; clouds this morning from N.W. but sun peeping through. The reservoirs of the clouds must be nearly exhausted, no word from Ford or Edison about the proposed Adirondack trip by Aug 1st.

Aug 3. Leave in p.m. with Capt. Stone and wife for West Park.

4. Leave W.P. on 10 a.m. train for Albany. Reach there at 1 p.m. Lunch with the Firestone Agent, Mr. Van Kuran and some distinguished men at the Hotel Ten Eyck.

Ford, Edison and Firestone arrives about 5 p.m. We camp on Green Island on land owned by Mr. Ford - a fine camp in pine and oak woods opposite the Troy dam. I visit Amanda in old Ladies home at Cahols. She is greatly aged and reminds me so much of Ursula that it was all very painful, an empty forlorn life - no intellectual life at all about my own age.

5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13. Motoring with Ford, Edison and Firestone through the Adirondack, green and white nets.

N.N. Mags come to Watersbury come, where I am

met by Mrs. Shipman and taken to her home at Washington. Come stay there till Saturday the 16, when she drives me to West Park spend the night there, then up to Roxbury on Sunday morning train. Gained 4 lbs on trip (132 lbs) and much strength.

17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23. At wood chuck Lodge occupied with shooting and trying to trap wood chucks, dressing their skins and seeing callers. The callers comes in swarms, everyday that it does not rain - some very fine people. Surely the public is wearing a path to my door, a heavy series of thunder showers Wednesday night, 2 1/2 inches of water.

24. Sunday warm and smoken. Sun came up tip a ball of copper. The third fine warm day, a big lot of company in p.m. from Gloversville and Albany and Sidney.

25. A fine day, we go down to Mr. Ives to lunch.

26. Cool and partly overcast. Kill 2 big wood chucks. Wood chuck killing and skinning has become a habit

27. Cold and cloudy with sports of fine rain.

- Coming from New England or from Conn, into N.Y. is stepping down to a lower level of everything that relates to home and village life. We have left the country of the grand old elms, the village green, the attractive village church, the conspicuous public libraries and the solid homelike, unpretentious dwelling hours and have entered a region of bald naked dwelling or highly ornate showing villages. The country opens and unrolls and the farms are better, but life is far less attractive, more wealth but the art of living at a low off. Newness, baldness, rawness, takes the place of sobriety, simplicity, stability e.t.c.

- If the sun has an orbit its curve is as yet undetected. But no doubt it has an orbit.

- Here we are travelling at thin rate of a thousand million of miles in a year and yet never get away from home. The earth

is as much at home in one place of the universe as in another. There is no locality in empty space.

27. The Johnsons came tonight.

28, 29, 30. Much cloud and some sunshine and light rain. Strangers call everyday. Still shooting and skinning wood chucks.

31. Harry Lee and friend call today wants me to write an introductory to his volume of war or soldier poems. Doubt if I can do it.

Sept. 1. Two car loads of people call.

- One from Poughkeepsie and one from Roxmore.

A cloudy rather raw day with spirts of fine rain. Killed 3 chucks today.

2. Cloudy from S.W. with light showers, warmer, Mr. Maxwell from Oklahoma comes all the way from N.Y. to see me, a banker, 41 years old, a great loving my books, more and more people comes to see me. They wear a path to my door. Probably no other American writer was ever so ran after. It is a doubtful compliment, ten or fifteen strangers each day, mostly residents of the state.

3. Rained all night with thunder. Rained all day from N.E. In p.m. a hard down pour for 3 or 4 hours. Clearing at 6 p.m. The ground all afloat. Green pools and green rills everywhere in the pastures. Woodchuck actually drowned out their holes, I shot one by a hole that was full of water; he was all wet and muddy; had evidently just got out in time to save his life; a near by hole where I saw a chuck a few days ago, full of water. Rarely in the spring is there such a surplus of water. The main streams will all be out of their banks.

13. After a week of cloud and rain, we have a perfect day but cool, only one hot day and night so far, hot enough to dispense with all covering but the top sheet, my time is mainly occupied in receiving callers and in shooting and skinning woodchucks, I have some fine days upon the hills watching for de marmots average about 2 per day - some fine ones

health improving daily and strength returning, also gaining in weight. Wellie and his wife and mother comes over to dinner.

Sept 28. Beautiful day after much cloud and some rain, a light frost last night - our first, blackened the squash leaves here and there, but did not touch the tomatoes. Woodchucks holing up, killed my last down by Caswells yesterday.

Northern lights at night.

19. Partly cloudy and warmer, a storm coming, saw 2 chucks today. John Shea and I try to dig one out in the Ford lot, reach the end of his hole, but no chuck there. The end not more than 2 feet deep - the course of the hole almost a circle.

28. The third of the clear perfect days. The fore part of the week cold and stormy. Yesterday clear and cold - drove to Hobart and dined with Mag - a pretty cold drive. I seemed to get very near Eden amid the old scenes. Everything spoke of him. I stood long by the grave of M's and Hiram's. Our first severe frost Friday night - blackened

Julian and his family came on this 20th for a day and night. John shot his first chuck

some

some of the squash vines, but did not hurt tomatoes down to 36 degrees. Much warm today - 78 thus forenoon on the porch, 70 now at 6 p.m. and clear as a bell and calm. Saw one woodchuck today. Lameness on my left hip - last week it was in my right hip. Still working at the woodchuck skins.

Julian and his family came up on Saturday the 20th and stayed till Sunday 3 p.m. John shoot his first woodchuck with my rifle.

Oct 3. A hot day for Oct. 78. Leave Wodchuck Lodge today for West Park. Start at 12 1/2 Two slight mishaps. Reach Rondout at 5 and West Park at 5 1/2 no trouble from my left leg in drowning. But very painful to walk when I get out the car.

4. Had a good night, mild overcast. Gordon Sarre come in car to take me at Yama Farms, a fine early drive. Reach

Yama at 5, leg not painful.

5. A good sleep, a warm night and a warm day and very calm. Drive down to the farm e.t.c. Too much on my feet today in p.m. leg troublesome but try to make myself believe that the arc light and the message and help at 3 1/2lbs heavier than at 6p.m. yesterday - too much - must eat less. Now at 8 p.m. hair but little pain. Hear the Katy-dids, through my open window - the first I have heard for years. Oh, for the peace and seclusion of Woodchuck Lodge.

6. A slow warm rain till the p.m. Then clearing off and a bright sun. I keep quiet and read "Fighting in the Flying Circus" by Kickenback.

- Very absorbing - a remarkable all young fellow. Weight yesterday stripped 122 1/2 today 122. When I came on Saturday it was 119 1/4

- According to the astronomer the birth of our solar system was an accident. In the due past, a billion years ago or more our sun passed sufficiently near another to move the tidal force to disrupt one or the other and from that disruption. was born our planetary system. Only one chance in 1800 they say of this happening in a billion years, the sidereal space is so vast. But of course it has happened on you and I would not be here. Hence that other suns have a family of planet is such a remote probability that it is negligible. The stars are so widely spaced that the chances of collision involves almost infinite time.

16. Warm light rain, very humid. Leave Yama on 8:24 train. Home on noon train. Leg apparently cured, strength much improved. Glad to be near Julian again.

17. Colder and clearing after a night of slow rain. Feel well. Take my meals with J. Sleep in nest. Write little and send off MS. to Deleneat and no frost here yet, maples in all their glory.

18. Off to N.Y. stay at Dr. J's till Monday, when C.B. and I go to see the Arizona pictures in p.m. very beautiful, a dozen of my friends come.

20. At night am taken with symptom of my old trouble - fever 100 2/5.

21. C.B. and the Johnsons start for home N.Y. to attend Paul's wedding, Mrs. Childs sends car for me.

26. Here at the Childs since the 21, slowly getting better. Little or no pain. A low fever 99 2/5 in p.m. walk a mile some day. Weather fair. They take good care of me. Today drive me over to Dr. Johnsons.

27. Home today by W.S.R.R. at 2 p.m. a slight rise in temperature at times, stay in the nest with Paul and Helen.

30. Rain, rain but warm temperature last night up to 99 2/5, preceded by a mild chill. Took 2 lapaetre pills a big evacuation from [small intestines] I think. It astonished me - accounts for the dull and the insomnia. An enema is not enough - must look more after the little guts. they get gorged a lapactic every night now and an even every second day.

In study with fire arrange and sorting MSS, C.B. at Port Byron since 24th.

31. Warm, rain all forenoon some sunshine in p.m. Go over to S.S, walk in from the road.

Fever returns tonight when I thought I had mastered it 99 1/5 very baffling.

Nov 3. To N.Y. today, Paul drives me to P. no temperature. Stops with the Roofs on Central park West for 2 days and nights.

5 and 6. At Mr. Franks 66th street East, a fine house and real hospitality.

7 and 8. At Robert Underwood Johnsons on Lexington Ave, a good time, an admirable home.

9. Start for home on 1:15 train on W. Shore R.R. Reach home at 4.30.

10. Clear sharp day, heavy frost last night, cut the green leaves of the mulberry and made them fall heavily to the ground, cut the Lima beans also.

Write letters and overhaul MSS. Warmer in p.m. C.B. not yet home.

16. Frosty nights and some cloudy days since the 10th. C.B. came early on week. We plan for California. Mr. Ford sends check of \$2500 to put us through. Pass the days in study writing letters and reading. Below freezing the past 3 nights.

23. Went to Yama Farm on Monday 17th Paul and Helen drove me over a cold clear dry week, mercury down to 25. Do much reading, spend much time at the Hut.

Leg grumbles a good deal. Read Malkolms Muklers book on the Vandals of Europe. Throws a flood of light on the German, also the book by the Kaisers dentis, Davies, very interesting and well done. Re read some of Mark Twain; Emerson's Life, made my first acquaintance with Horace, a man after my own heart; my tastes were his tastes, cared little for his poetry, but got much out of his letters - had the gift of self portrayal. He and I would have flourished well together at Slabsides or at Woodchuck Lodge, a real countryman - capable of self entertainment, a sweet simple, candid soul. Read Henry James Journey in France - uninteresting. What can be less interesting than minute description of towns and cities, one has never seen!

21. Milder, home today. They bring me to Kingston in p.m. Home at 4:40.

22. Clear and dry and pretty cold. Sit in study and write and sort MSS.

23. Partly cloudy. Cool, getting ready for Cala. trip no snow here yet.

24. Clear and sharp and still.

Dec 1st. Start for California on 4 p.m. train.

2d. At Mr. Fords, spend two fine days there; a new bird, the Bohemian Wax wing -100 or more of them very tame, very beautiful.

5. Mr. and Mrs. Ford drive me to Battle Creek - 120 miles.

6. At Battle Creek Sanitarium spend one week there and am treated for chronic constipation, a wonderful institution. I am amazed at its size and at its equipment. I am much benefitted.

meet many people, speak at two club dinner, at the high school, the academy the social economics school and one evening in the parlors of the sanitarium. Speak much more easily and readily than ever before - bring down the house many times. Dr. Kellogg a great man and a benefactor of his kind.

12. Leave for Chicago, stop with the Pritchards at Edge Water hotel, a banquet at night when I speak again with success.

14. The girls of the university give me a dinner after which I talk for an hour. Then to De Loaches where I spend a few pleasant days. Julian and McCarthy are there. Glad to see them.

18. At Glen Bucks a few days.

C.B. and Mrs. J. comes to lunch, cold and snowy.

A reception one evening at which I talk again. Nearly an hour, subject Roosevelt.

19. Start for Cala. on South Ferr train at 7.35 p.m.

20. All day in Kansas.

21. In Cala. near Mexico.

22. In Arizona, stop at Grand Canyon, as overwhelming as ever, spend day there; enjoy McCarthy's and Julian's amazement and emotion.

23. Reach Los Angeles at night. Take train for Del near Miss Scripps meets us with car, reach La Jolla and the Wisetaria at 9 a.m.

24. In this earthly paradise once more. All sun and sky and ocean. What splendor, what novelty.

25. Xmas, The pacific furnishes the

music, the sky furnishes the glory and Miss Scripps furnishes the dinner, never spent such a Xmas in such an environment before.

- The wave blossoms when it breaks.

Drive to San Diego for lunch and then to Sanitarium then to an old town in Mexico. Home at 5 1/2 much fatigued.

Go to bed at 10 - unable to get warm, at bout 1 a.m. have a bad chill, the worst for years I know what it means - my old enemy auto intoxication. I have gained six lbs, in past two weeks, must now lose all I have gained.

9 a.m. a fine movement from the 2 lapactic pills, temperature at 8, 99 2/5 - at 9.45 down to my normal 97.3/5

28. Still all sun, sky and sea. Well again, no temperature, a good sleep, feel in good condition.

29. The same continued.

30. A few clouds, a long drive over Solidad- grand views.

31. Partly cloudy, work on MSS. Julian paints sea pictures.

1920

Jan'y 1st. Partly cloudy, a slight astock of autointoxication last night - temperature up to 90. But all gone this morning night and day the hair seals bark out in the sea in front of us. The killdeer or ring necked plovers are about the house on the lawn and walks. Common as robins, Gulls, Cormorant and Pelican along the beach now and then a robin in a tree, warblers and finches on the lawn and occasionally a small slender thrush.

7. Cold and clear the last few days, down to 40. Want as much covering at night as at home and at as much in driving, one day and one night of rain - rain much needed by farmers, a long drive today.

back in the mountains and then to Point Loma - 60 miles in all, on the 5th talked before the [Urrney Club for 3/4 of an hour - a harum scarum talk, but seems to have given much pleasure. Today am to talk before the Y.W.C.A. in San Diego. Writing a little each day; health good. Gambler sparrow, the tree sparrow and a species of Pipet; and yellow rumped warblers on the lawn. The killdeer plovers are gone.

8. Clear and cold, drive to San Diego to speak at a luncheon of the Woman's club. Dr. very well.

9. Clear and cold, a fine sleep last night.

Pay C.B. \$500 on her salary. - pays for one year from date or 1920.

10. Clear, cold, a Mr. Clark has just called - an engineer on some Northern R.R. but deeply interested in birds and in psychology

His appreciation of my books knows no bounds, he says as other often say that I have little conception of what my books have done for people. I hardly know why I am so indifferent to such testimony. It goes in one ear and comes out the other. The reason probably is that I did not write my books to please the public. I wrote them to please myself. If I had made one sacrifice or undergone any hardships or self denial, to please others, I should be pleased if I found I had succeeded. But there is no merit in my success. I could not help it. It was all for any pleasure.

17 A busy week and cold. On Monday we drove over to the Imperial valley, 120 miles, most of the way through and over great wastey granite mts. Towards the last they were like huge piles of gigantic potatoes in size from pumpkins to that of elephants and larger. Rock avalanches were hanging over you and waiting below you. Death and destruction seemed imminent on all side, very little vegetation and none at the last, the naked earth colored boulders lay blistering in the sun. They had weathered smooth and were clinging at the angle of repose - a succession of piles of granite pornsues de terres, 2 or 3 hundred feet high. It was all like a nightmare, never saw mountain scenery further removed from the green smooth restful hills that I know so well. They tired me like a fever - a leprosy of stone - the granite smitten with small pox, at last we streak a cement road and rolled swiftly 30 miles into Al Centro, a wonderful valley and immense; with irrigation very productive. The soil is made up of the finest silt, the very flower of the rocks. It is greatly and sticky. Here is the dump of the gods who excavated the Grand Canyon. The colorado brought all this material from the farrows canyon. And it still keeps the canyon habit; the river and rains cut rectangle grooves in it or leave architectural remains or leave detached positions of soil bounded by right lines, level or vertical. First night suffered greatly with cold - did better the second night at the accidental Hole(?) Prices of living lower than on this side. On Wednesday came back in the train - through tunnels and over bridges and skirting chasms at a startling rate - very tiresome.

15 Very tired after the trip to the great valley.

16 Much better. Speak twice today to school children - in a.m. to the small fry, and in p.m. to the young ladies of the Bishop School. Do very well in p.m.

17 Clear and warmer; feel fairly well.

18 Fair day, write in a.m.

19 Fair and warm. Write in a.m.

20 Our first day of cloud, no gleam of sunshine today. Write in a.m. on our lura birds and on insect life. Walk on the rocks on beach.

in p.m. with Julian. All the surface of the rocks and the pools and water between them covered or filled with myriad form of sea life. Some dissolve their way down into the rock other bonach like forms raise huge pimples on their surface.

21 Cloudy, cold. Write in a.m. Many callers, tiresome.

22 Cloudy, cold. Write in a.m. no callers yet.

23 Speak before the University Club at San Diego, 100 or more brainy men, lawyers, doctors, clergymen and others. Lyman Gaze once secretary of treasury and now a Theosophist with Mrs Tryegly among them, spoke on great men. I have known Emerson, Whitman, Roosevelt and c. Was well read evoked many to laugh, spoke 40 minutes - 1/4 hour longer than they usually allow. But I did not feel quite at home.

24 Speak for the Campfire girls at the Painted desert. Have a good time and give the girls some good points about camping and cooking over camp fire, also some nature hints.

25 Foggy mornings, but no rain. Go to the Biological station to reception of Prof. Ritter am compelled to talk again to the children.

26 Foggy morning, clear at noon.

27, 28 Cold, foggy. Go to San Diego today and speak before the Automobile Club, nearly a hundred hard headed, practical business men each with a pipe or cigar or cigarette on his mouth, hard work to speak to them.

29 Fog and cold. Go to San Diego and speak before the Francis Parker school - over a hundred pupils from 6 to 16, speak fairly well, but not with the ease I ought to command, my vocal machinery does not run as smoothly and easily as it did 3 weeks ago.

I see that the man who made this Pacific side of the continent worked from models on all occasions. Long before you pass the great divide, you see his canyon models. He began to make them on a small scale, only a few feet wide and deep, sides vertical, bottom nealry flat and architectural features throughout. When you get to the Grand Canyon, you see what all those preliminary studies were for. The same with the mountains; he modeled the Sierra Madre range in masses of clay only a few feet high and a few yds longs, indicating all the dows and canyons and fleeting that were to be copied in the finished mts. He was a wise old gentleman.

Feb 7 Another week of sunshine. Warmer yesterday and today. Spent some time each day, studying the Trap Door

spider. Many callers, some lovely, drives with Julian. Birds are singing more and more. Planning to leave here Monday for Pasadena.

13 Another week driving, calling, writing in morning. Rain one [2] night and part of a day. Frost the past 3 nights. On 11th spoke before the Audubon Clubs in Los Angeles, a big crowd, did not do very well.

Bright and warmer today, a bad night last night - palpitation from 2 a.m. till 5 - from eating too much corn meal much for supper. Beware. Cloudy this morning. I asked Mr. Stevens if it was going to rain "I don't know" he said. "I have been here too long. Ask some one who has just come, he can tell you."

15 Clear and lovely - no frost.

The Wilson Lansing back, moves me as it moves the whole country. The tide of opinion sweeps against Wilson, never did a president of the U.S. ever before write such insulting letters to his secretary of state. Wilson arrogance and conceit are insufferable. He wants to be the whole government and consult and conflict with no one. He puts his ugly nose in the ear and sees no one. It has been so from the first. He led us into the European conflict in grand style. No rules ever before wrote such inspiring and eloquent state papers. For this ideality and grand style they were like messages written upon the sky. But when we leave said that we have said all, what a mess he has made if it since! We may say he laid the egg, but he cannot hatch it or rear the young so far as he could addle it, it is addled.

A one man government will not go in this country. Wilson will go down in history like a new star that suddenly shone out brightly and then dwindled and went out in smoke or nebulous mist. He has surrounded himself with inferior men, because he wanted only inferior men; his egoism could break no rivalry or advice. Damn him.

- My faith as a naturalist or naturist is like that of a man who talks out a life policy in an insurance Co. He believes that the Co. is sound and will meet its obligation. So I believe that the universe is solvent and can be trusted. I do not think the nature god made a mistake or will ever default; yet my religion is not of the nature of an insurance against some future[personal] evil or danger. It is not personal I am not laying up store in heaven.

This is all the heavens I expect or want. It is a faith on the universe, that is good, that this is the last possible world and these are the best possible people. My faith asks nothing, it is to own reward.

For the most part of the faith of people in another world is a want of faith in this world. They crave another world to make up for their disappointments and failures in this. Probably that feeling is the origin of nearly all personal religion, past and present - so much of human life defeats itself.

Mch 2d, Stay in Pasadena till this morning am besieged by callers and visitors.

On Feb 27, at the Gamot Club of Los A. a great ovation, the greatest I ever had, I speaks about 1/2 hour on men I have known. Roosevelt and Carlyle, Clara speaks also and does well.

On Feb 28, Speak before a crowded house to the Audubon Club of Pasadena, with success. On Sunday 29th, receive many callers the house through till 10 p.m.

Mch 2, To Santa Barbara for one 24 hours an enjoyable time.

3d. To Santa Cruz - stay at Riverside Hotel. Mrs. Atkinson comes in car to Ben Lomond stay with her all night, speak briefly in High School.

4th. At Bun Lomond.

5. To Berkley to Capt. Stones, a grand ride along sky line Boulevard and see the setting sun through the Golden Gate of Sant Frances, stay with the storms till the 10th.

8th. Go to Martinez to grave of John Muir with Capt. Stone and Charles Keeler, long, long, thoughts at Muir's grave.

10. Take train for home.

10. All day on The Cala. Overland Limited, a strange new and beautiful country. First miles of curl brown marshes then level bestest plan with thousands of sheep and crabs. Then low rolling hill covered with fruit orchards - apscals peaches, cherries, peaches etc. Then desert like hills and fields land devastated by the hydro mining of '49 and later then the deep cannon of the America river and then night.

11. Chanting over and through the sun.

12. In while, cross the guest salt lake plains lower the white and barns not a bush for house, the cross the great salt lake, how surprising at al war!

Then into Wyoming and Nebraska through Iowa at night.

13. Reach the Mississippi at 7 The cross Illi. and reach Chicago at noon. Julian takes train for home. De Loach comes for and we are at his house on Burns Hills in due time.

14. Warm spring like, no snow Blue birds and robins rest all day, C.B. goes to her friends.

15. A bad night, threatened rain. My old devil of auto intoxication tour a touch of fever and sore throat, got up at 12 and take a reach out - 4 enemas, with astonishing results from the first three - the 4th a clear return. The diarrhea the day before, meant constipation which the enema I took then did not relive should have rather 2 or three. Feel better this a.m.

Pulse normal, no fever now at 12 M. Hope to escape.

Looked over Kepling's vol. from nothing in it for me clever but not one precious lime in it - no nothing that reaches the soul.

16. Fever 102, for a short time slept some, appetite good but eat lightly.

17. Fever goes up to 100.

18. But little sleep, hear every hour struck but 4 a.m. Fever keeps up all forenoon but goes down in p.m. to 99. Take 3 enemas and a dose of Sal in morning.

19. A good sleep last night 7 or 8 hours, no fever this forenoon $97 \frac{3}{5}$. Goes up to $98 \frac{3}{5}$ at 4 p.m. One degree above my normal, a good appetite but eat carefully, a spontaneous bowel movement at 4, very thin at 5 p.m. up to $98 \frac{4}{5}$

But little bronchitis since illness began. Dark and snowing. At 8 p.m. $98 \frac{3}{5}$.

20. Bright and clear, an ideal sap day. Write and read indoors no temperature.

21. Sunday. Soft, calm, clear, spring day. Walk a little, read and write in doors, Glen Buck calls.