

Jan. 7, 1927. Friday.

It seems that so many things happen and there is so little time to write. When I get home in the evening I don't want to do anything but rest a little while and go to bed.

The help at the hotel is very interesting. Some of them swear quite a bit. I just simply can't get used to it.

Some of the boys are Koreans. Others are Phillipeanos. One waitress is a Jewess. Today we packed 36 lunches besides our other work.

Jan. 22. Sat.

At last I am at School. I think I am going to enjoy my work very much. We came over Yesterday and I registered. We found out that I was supposed to have stayed tonight. I came this morning at 8:30 however. I have just come back from the dining room now and am sitting in my room. The work doesn't seem hard. When we found out that I must be there so early in the morning there was sure some tall stepping to get things packed ready to start

My room mate has gone to Phoenix for the week end. I am told that she is tall and has long hair. I think it rather odd that I should get that type of a girl for a room mate.

I think that I am going to like Tempe just fine. I wish it was so I could go home oftener, but I guess if I work it will be out of the question.

I quit work at the San Marcos just Thurs. night It seems that I hardly get rested from one job until I have another waiting for me. It is almost like going around curves in a road. We can't know what is beyond the curve until we reach it.

Jan 23 Sun.

This morning I went to Mr. Felton's S.S. Class near the Congregational Church. IT was interesting, but I think that I will go to the Methodist Church next Sun. I took a nap this ~~evenin~~ afternoon and this evening have been writing letters. My room mate Came back this evening. Her name is Bertha Stringfield.

Jan 24.

Another day is almost gone. I have been quite busy today.

I got up at 5:45 and got to the D.H. in plenty of time.

At eight o'clock I went to Methods Class. I then had a breathing spell until 11:00 when I went to Assembly. We then went to lunch. At 1:20 I went to Constitution Class and at 3:20 to Hist. of Ed. I am back in my room now resting a few minutes before time for supper.

Feb 31.

Another month is almost gone. So many things do happen.

The other evening a girl from Ind came to see me. She is Betty and Jimmy Johnson's Cousin. Her name is Barbara Conally. Her home is at Upland. She certainly is a mighty sweet girl.

Yesterday I went to S.S. and Church at the Methodist Church. We heard a very good sermon. In the evening we heard Mr Calkins from Clarksdale. He preached on "making men over." The pastor is quite a young man. The man who talked last night is also quite a young man. It seems that so many of the ministers in Arizona are young men. I certainly do admire them for giving themselves to such a wonderful work.

Feb 12, Sat Eve.

It seems that time is going so fast. It is almost a month since I came here to school. I went home last week end and had a fine time. When I left the folks didn't know whether they were going to stay on the place or not. They had been fired, but they were in hopes that Dr. Barackman would rent the place and let them take over both places on the shares. I haven't heard from them yet so I don't know what has been done. I am not worrying about them, because I know that it would do no good. Anyhow I know everything will come out alright in the end even if things do seem hard now.

Sun Eve. Feb 13.

It seems that I have been quite upset today. It was simply foolish in me to let myself get in such a state, but I just simply couldn't help it.

I went to S.S. and Church this morning We had a very fine sermon on "The Life Hidden in Christ. He said that we wanted others to see not us, but to see the Light of Christ shining through us. What he ~~was~~ said is indeed true. I only wish that I might live more like the great Almighty Father would have me live With His help I shall try to live more as he would have me do.

When I came back from Church and the D.H. I found a letter from Mother. She said that Harold was sick. His temperature had gotten as high as 105°. He was better when she wrote, but he was a pretty sick boy yet. Her letter just clear upset me. I wasn't exactly homesick, but I was tired and blue I guess.

Mother enclosed a letter from Aunt Lotie other from the Holloway girls, and one from ~~Wiona~~ Winona. She told us that her sister Ethel, who is going to M.C. She said that they are having revival meetings at the college, and the minister said that any girl that had bobbed hair or wore jewelry never could go to heaven. I certainly am glad that I don't go to school there this winter. It seems to me it isn't what is on the outside, but what is on the inside that counts. It is the heart that God looks at.

I think I have raved enough and had better settle down and write a letter to Aunt Leah before going to bed.

I should have mentioned that papa and ~~k~~ Kent were here for about 10 min. this evening. I was so glad to see them.

Feb 19, Sat Evening.

This week has been a very busy week. There has been so much to see ~~to~~ that and so much to get down. I have all of my lessons tonight except Sociology and I will get that Mon. morning. I went to see Barbara Conally and Miss Berky this evening. I had a very pleasant time. They

seem so nice and so modest. They are sort of girls that make good friends. I hope that I can know them better before the term is over.

My work in the dining hall has not seemed so hard this week. I guess that I am growing accustomed to it. I am rather anxious about brother tonight. I know that the folks are busy, but I surely would like to hear from them. I reckon that no news is good news though. I am so glad of the chance to come to school this spring I would be pretty blue if I had to stay at home and do nothing. I am also glad of the chance to work even tho it is hard.

Feb 28.

I felt tonight that I just must write a little even though it is getting late. Here it is the last day of Feb and I have been at school almost six weeks. It has hardly seemed two. Time has gone so fast. I guess I will soon be an old lady and never know how I got to be that old. It is only 17 more days until I will be 21 years old. Just think I will be old enough to vote. It just doesn't seem possible.

I plan to go home next week end. I can hardly wait.

Last night Marfila, Lake and I went to the Baptist Church. Everyone was so friendly to us that I think that we will go again. They made us feel so much more at home than do the Methodist. The minister also gave a fine sermon. He preached from the three parables, the lost sheep, the lost coin and the prodigal son. I must go to bed so happy dreams.

March 17. Thurs.

Another year has passed and I am just a year older than I was a year ago. I have also had a year more of experience. It just doesn't seem possible that I can be 12 years old. It only seems just a short time since I was seven and only starting to school instead of being in the third year of college. Here I am of age and can do as I please but it seems that I don't want to do as I please, but just want to please my mother and father instead. I also want to please that Greatest Father of All.

I got the most wonderful letter from the folks today. I think I will keep it always Papa wrote me the cutest letter and mother wrote me a letter that made my heart so happy. It made me feel that at least that I had not been a disappointment to her. I certainly hope that I never will be.

I was at home a week ago last Sat and Sun. I had the most enjoyable time. On Sat night Kent and I went on a desert picnic. We had fun, but some left and rather spoiled it for the rest of us, but we enjoyed ourselves nevertheless.

I think that I will get to go home spring vacation. I certainly am glad I know that I will enjoy myself so much. It is time that I was studying for all that I am worth. I will be up until the lights flash anyhow I expect.

Mar 24.

Today is mothers birthday. I had remembered it earlier in the week but had forgotten it today until tonight. I wrote her a letter the first part of the week.

Sunday afternoon I was sitting in my room reading when Marie Soughers came. They wanted me to go with them to see the folks. Of course I went and was tickled to get to go. IN the

way we visited the Mormon temple in Mesa. It is quite a beautiful place. In front there is a pool that serves as a mirror. We went inside and registered. We were then taken east through the hall to the Baptismal pool. It was upheld on the backs of twelve oxen. We then went through the other rooms. We went to the Creation room, the Garden of Eden, the world he place before paradise and then Paradise. I expected the temple to be greater than it was, but I guess it was nice enough. At any rate I know more about the Mormon Church than I did before.

We went on home after leaving Mesa and stayed until after nine. I went to E.L. and church with the boys. Kent led League and did a splendid job of it. I certainly did enjoy my afternoon and evening. It is only just a little over a week until I go home for spring vacation.

April 2.

This semester is half over. It seems that I haven't been here at school any time at all yet.

I am going home this morning for spring vacation. I get to be at home a whole week. It doesn't seem possible that I can be going home for that long.

I had three exams yesterday afternoon. The one on the Constitution wasn't hard, but the ones on Sociology and Hist. of Ed. sure were.

April 10, Sunday Evening.

I am back at school again after a week at home. In a way I am glad to get back. Mother would be hurt if she were to know it, but I just can't enjoy \_\_ Oh I musn't say it even in my diary. I must fight that feeling. It is terrible to even think of feeling that way about ones own home.

I enjoyed myself even if I did work hard. We washed parts of four days and I ironed everything that needed ironing. It seemed like home to get to milk again.

I guess the reason that I didn't enjoy myself as I should was because I am just a little home sick. It just doesn't seem like home down here yet.

May 7. Sat. Eve.

I am lonesome tonight. I want someone to visit with. I don't want to study I wish I was at home and a dozen other things. I don't know I what is the matter with me. I was lonesome last night, but I went over and visited with Alice Barnette and Gertrude Hoffert.

Since writing in my diary last I have moved from Alpha Hall to North Hall. I again have a room alone. I almost wish that I might have had a room mate, but I didn't. I might have been at home tonight, but I decided to stay here and study instead. I haven't done nearly as much as I needed to do but I have done some. I am going to study some tomorrow also. I am not going home anymore until school is out. There is so much to do, and so little time to so it and so little desire to do it. It seems that it has taken me so long to get to teaching that I almost don't want to. I almost feel that I would never make a success at teaching anyhow. I guess I need to have a talk with the Father and get some help, strength, and encouragement.

I feel much better now. I feel that He is and will be with me in all that I do. It seems that it is so easy to forget our dependence upon Him when we are happy and prosperous.

July 4.

This is the evening of the 4<sup>th</sup>. Who would have thought two years ago that today we would be where we were. We drove down to Sacaton an Indian village. They were celebrating by having a Rodeo. It was mostly bronco riding and cattle roping. I took the Kodak and took several pictures. I certainly hope that they are good for some gave promise of being quite interesting. I took a picture of an Indian family with four little children. They were just as fat and jolly looking.

The town itself was not very large. There was a fairly good sized Indian School also a large sized church.

On the way there we saw Cactus of all kinds. We crossed the Gila River over a long bridge. The diversion dam for the dam at San Carlos is at either end of the bridge.

In the morning just before we were ready to dress Vernice Coole and her husband drove up. We put in a few more sandwiches and took them with us. She and mother had quite a visit. We got home about seven in the evening.

July 5.

We took "dinner" with the Damons. The Barackmans were over for a duck supper. We had duck, rice, onion and tomato salad, iced tea, canteloup, and ice cream. We had such a good time that we forgot to come home until 1:00 P.M.

July 8.

Mother and I washed again today. We have washed three times within the last week. It seems that we dirty so many clothes in hot weather. It had been very warm indeed within the last month. We at last have all of the apricots picked. It seemed that we would never get them all gathered. We made \$148 out of them so we at least feel repaid for our work.

Every one has been just as busy as possible. We have been much happier to be busy however. Kent is playing the bass horn in the band this summer. Louise Brown is to be my room mate this next winter. It will only be about two months until school will start again.

I am meeting with the Intermediate E.L. this summer while Mr + Mrs Butler are away. I don't know whether I will continue with them when they return or not. They certainly are a dandy bunch of youngsters.

Oct 6, Thurs. Night.

I ought to be studying tonight, but I just simply am not in the mood. I have oodles to do but no desire. Tonight I am back in school again at Tempe. I have been here a little more than a month. I am just as busy as I can be. It seems that the more I do the more I have to do. I am acting as head Waitress in the Dining Hall this year. I really don't understand what I could have done to be chosen for that position, but I reckon Mrs Kraus knew her business. Mother says that true merit always gets rewarded, but I didn't realize that I did anything that deserved a reward. I certainly am doing my best to do everything as I should. I only hope that Mrs Krause is not disappointed in me.

I came back to my room and had a good cry tonight. I got called ugly names for taking "a turn off" from a girl and it hurt, but I am just considering the source and letting it go at that. I am trying to be the kind of a girl that is to much of a woman to answer or quarrel back at them for then I would be just as bad as they. It seems that if I did not get strength from above that I could not get along at all. I just need help and strength greater than my own constantly. My room mate

is Lottie Moore. She is a very nice little girl. She like myself has room for improvement however. She is also improving.

Oct 13. Thurs.

Just a few lines dear diary before going to bed.

I hardly know where to begin. Last Sun. afternoon the folks and Mildred came past and took me to Phoenix to Mamies. Uncle Will and Uncle Walter Beeson were both there. We had a very nice, but very short visit. It seemed so good to see Uncle Will. I think that it would have been complete if I could have seen Aunt Ella too. If I can grow old as happy and as sweet as they have done I think that my joy would be complete. They seem so happy. It seems that I just have a feeling that can't be expressed tonight. I want to do so many things and I want my life to tell for so much.

Nov. 15. Sat Night.

I am tired tonight. I have had quite a full week. It seems that the more I do the more I have to do. Six of the N. Hall girls went on a YW Industrial try this afternoon. We visited the cotton gin + flour mill. Last night the E.L. went on a desert picnic. I had a very nice time. We had hamburgers, pickles, buns + coffee. We played games + had a treasure hunt.

Dec 11, Sun Evening.

I am so tired tonight, but I feel that I must write some before I go to bed I have just come back from hearing G. Campbell Morgan preach. I have seen articles which he wrote for the Christian Herald, I am almost sure. He preached on the subject, "Who is the son of Man." It certainly was an inspiration. It made me want to try all the harder to live and serve Him as I should. I feel from the depths of my heart a deeper and more earnest desire to put forth every effort to serve Him in a way that will please Him most.

It just seems that my days are filled to capacity and are overflowing. I do so much and there is still so much left over to do. I hope that I can get caught up with this old world sometime and really have time to live.

Last Thurs. night I heard Mr Richard Martin sing in the College Auditorium. Some would think it good, but I was not able to appreciate it as I should.

Friday I went to Mesa and substituted all day. Was glad that I went, but was dead tired when I got back.

Went down to Casa Vieja Sat afternoon and served for a luncheon! Was glad that I went, but never want to go again.

Sat. evening Louise B. came up and I took a notion to go home with her. I stayed until the evening. Everyone as busy as could be. The folks are very much married. They are very much afraid that they are not going to be able to meet their interest. Oh! how I do sincerely wish that I had to money with which to help them out. I know money isn't everything in this world, but it is mighty convenient to have a little of it once in a while. I guess that it is really best for us. We will probably learn the value of money better, but it seems hard sometimes. I don't want millions for it would make me unhappy but I often wish for enough on which to live comfortably.