

Sunday Jan. 8, 1956: This has been a mostly sunny day, but windy and cold. Lorna took us down to church; Maggie is able to go again. Then she was back about 3, and took us for a nice ride out Rt. 250 and then past Sherrard. She wanted to show Maggie some African Violets that she had seen there earlier, but the place was closed. (Note: Maggie's specialty was African violets: she had lovely bay windows full of them, and would give a start to anyone who admired them.) I sure did enjoy it, as with the trees bare, one could really see the country side.

I have had my walk around town almost every day. Tuesday the "snow drift" money came, and also my social security. (Note: Will referred to his teacher's retirement as "snow drift money," because he had once waded snow drifts down country lanes, to open his school every day.)

I went down on the 2:00 o'clock bus, cashed them in, and paid the gas and telephone bills.

Jan. 15. Cloudy and cold after a rainy week. Had light doses of snow to shovel on two days. Lorna came for Maggie and me and took us to church, and brought us home. There was a turnout of 391 in Sunday School. (Note: Christian Church, where they had been married at the church parsonage in 1916. Will always wrote down the attendance on extra church bulletins, that he distributed to those not able to attend the service.)

After my nap, I took Billeter's papers up, and then walked as far as Jefferson Avenue.

But the main excitement was getting a new cookstove. Lesta Miller had told us that one of her neighbors had a nice gas one for sale, as they had bought an electric one. So Friday night Clyde and Lesta came by, and took Maggie to see it on Olive Avenue. She was pleased with it, and gave them \$42 for it. The next night, Harman, Clyde and Mr. Ritchea, brought it down and installed it. Then they took the old one over next door to Magers' porch, as they had bought it for \$15. So it all worked out fine.

Maggie is busy just now fixing up a box for William and Gladys, with things for little Chris' birthday. She is also sending some things for Frank and Margaret and little Frank, as they are now in Columbus also. It sure is some box!

Sunday, Jan. 22, 8 p.m. Some sun this morning, the first we have seen all week, I believe. Lorna came up and took us to church, and then was back later for the wash. I took a pretty long walk this afternoon, the first of much length in some time, as it has been so slippery.

The main event of the week was a supper our class gave down at the church. We went down and back with Clyde and Lesta. There was a big turn out, and everyone seemed to enjoy the bean soup, oysters, and corn bread. After the eats, several of the men joined in to help the women wash things up and put them away. I helped some.

After things were cleared away, our entertainer, Mr. Jim Wallace and his wife took over and really pulled some funny tricks and slight-of-hand performances. Maggie had known them both when she taught school in Brooke County, so they were glad to see her and did quite a bit of chatting.

I had a letter from Earl (Wayt) this week thanking us for the Xmas package we had sent. He seems to be doing fairly well. We also had reports from Margaret and Gladys in Columbus, and things seemed to be moving along very well. Margaret and Frank have an apartment very near to where he is now going to school, (OSU) and it is just across the street from a big food store, so shopping is very easy.

Little Frank seems to be coming along fine. We were very glad to hear from them.

Note: This was Will's last diary entry. After a full week of family and church affairs, he had taken a walk around town to visit shut-ins and also stopped to see his half-sister, Maggie Wayt Sivert, on Hickory Avenue. Later, he was sitting talking to Maggie when he suddenly remarked, "I don't feel very well." Sensing something very wrong, Maggie rushed to his side. "Let me call Lorna," she cried. "I don't want to worry her," he replied. "Now, don't get all excited." "He died in my arms," she said later.

Will was buried later that week, with his family and many friends in attendance, at Halcyon Hills Cemetery. His son-in-law, Harman, had wanted Lorna's parents to be with them in the Masonic section there. Later, Maggie received many cards and letters from Will's former students, attesting to the lives he had touched in his 35 years as a teacher.