

# GRAMMAR GRADE DEPARTMENT

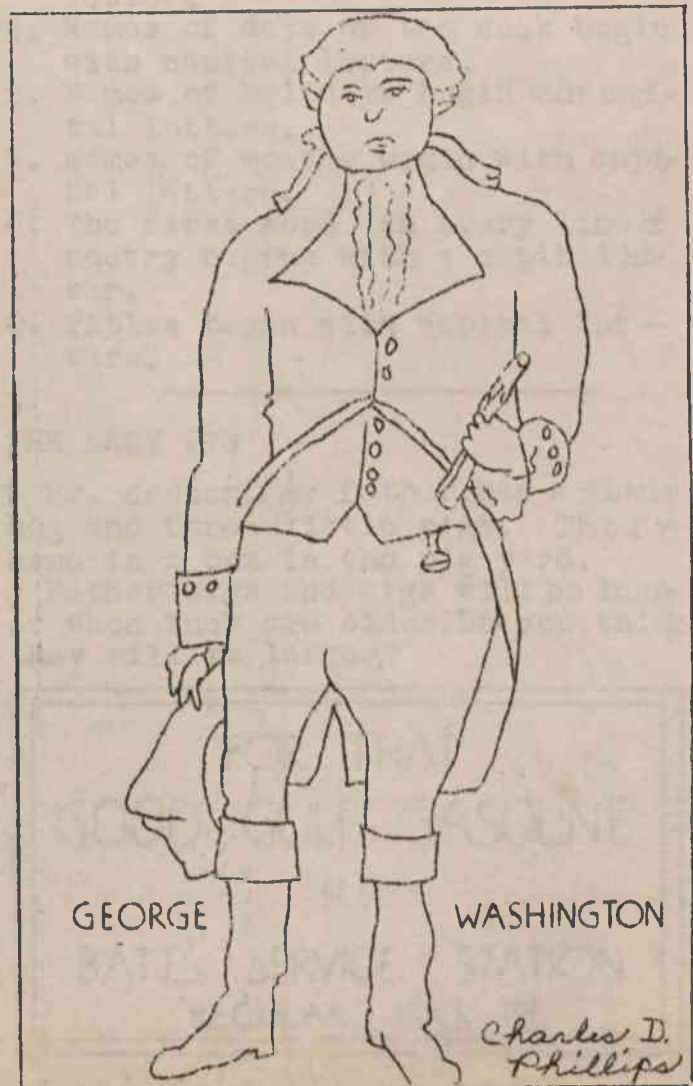
## AN ENTRY FROM A DIARY

March 4, 1929 (a cabinet member's wife who is very talkative).

Today was undoubtedly the worst day of my whole life. I had made plans to attend Jackson's inauguration with a party of my most intimate friends. We heard the inaugural address and then went to the White House to the reception. We finally pushed our way into the Grand Hall and we were shocked at what we beheld! Men were standing on those beautiful chairs, and some were climbing in through the windows. Punch was running over those lovely rugs, tables were overturned, chandeliers were broken, and ornaments were on the floor. Oh! it makes me want to cry even now. To top it all, a big, fat man with a long beard and coon-skin cap came up to me, he hiccuped loudly and said, "Hi! yi old pal."

Of course I was indignant even though I knew he was drunk, and I tried to get out as quickly as I could. I knew I had stayed long enough at that reception. How terrible the White House must have looked when it was all over.

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GEORGE

WASHINGTON

*Charles D. Phillips*