



# Opal Whiteley's Fairyland Diaries

*Over 180 Diary Entries*

*With 300 Research Notes*

**Compiled by Stephen Williamson © 2018**

---

People have long wanted me to write down what I know about Opal Whiteley. "The Fairyland Diaries" contains much of what I have collected. The number one thing people have asked me is if there were more of her diary entries in existence. Until recently the answer was no. But, now I am very glad to present some of what may be from her lost diaries. These "Fairyland Diaries" cover Opal's years from about age nine to age nineteen. Several entries may be from younger years - the time of her childhood diary. These diary entries give us new insights into Opal and her life. Here are over 300 research notes for almost 190 diary entries!

This document is dedicated to everyone who has helped (or criticized) my work over the years. I have learned from each of you. I hope you enjoy these "Fairyland Diaries". Most of these 180+ diary entries are in her first book, *The Fairyland Around Us (1918)* - a science textbook for teaching young people both nature and spirituality. The entries are scattered throughout the book and not in chronological order -but they total almost 30,000 words. I have organized these diary entries by month from January through December. While biographers have mentioned a few of these, this is the first time they have all been collected. I have added paragraphs for easier reading on screen. You can also read them without my research notes in PDF format. See the link below.

I've placed three diary entries at the very beginning because they are believed to have been written in Opal Whiteley's ninth and tenth years. In addition to being written in the same Oregon communities as her "Fairyland Diaries", they have some of the same people and pets. These entries were originally part of her nature diaries and there is more about the outdoors than about people. Yet, there are many charming stories about her pets and family. There are over 35 new pets in Fairyland.. Plus, there are a handful of unedited diary entries from Opal's 14<sup>th</sup> and 18<sup>th</sup> years! These were not torn up and are copied directly from her notebooks. I will be updating this document as needed.

The Appendix (p.97) has four additional research documents for readers who want to delve deeper into the lore of Opal Whiteley. There are articles on how I developed the ten criteria for dating the diary entries and an article on what I call "Opalisms" - where she uses an odd phrase or English as a Second Language wording. There are also over thirty Duplicate Dates, where Opal uses the same date, like July 15<sup>th</sup> more than one time. Are they from the same longer diary entry - or were they written at different times? Also, on the main webpage see the research article on Henry David Pearson - Opal's uncle, teacher and perhaps her real "Angel Father." Explore Opal's "Fairyland Diaries".

# 100 Years of The Fairyland Around Us

## Note Opal Sent to Author H.G. Wells

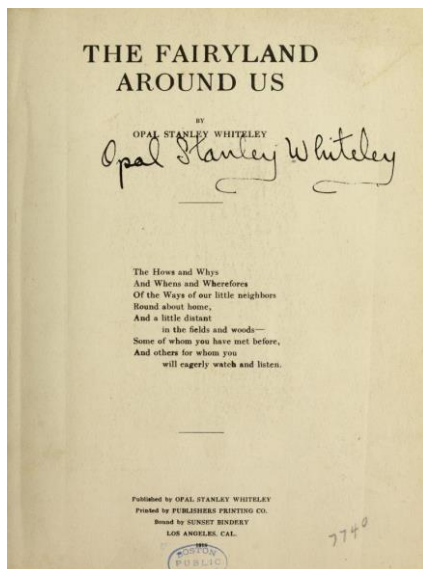
*Opal sent him a copy of Fairyland Around Us  
She has been watching nature since she was four years old*

To  
H. G. Wells  
from the author  
To you  
I am sending this my first  
book "The Fairyland Around  
Us" which I have been  
working on since I  
was a little girl. Nearly  
all my life has been  
spent in the fields  
and woods. So much  
has the companionship of trees  
birds and flowers, and other folks  
of the great out-of-doors meant  
to my life that I wanted to  
help others find the same  
joy so I wrote this book - and  
herein are recorded these  
things as I have watched  
them day after day since I  
was four years old - now I am 20.

**Commented [SW1]:** Opal's 1918 note to H.G. Wells reads:

To  
HG Wells  
From the author  
To you

I am sending this my first book, "The Fairyland Around Us" which I have been working on since I was a little girl. Nearly all my life has been spent in the fields and woods. So much has the companionship of trees, birds, and flowers and other folks of the great out-of-doors meant to me in my life that I wanted to help others find the same joy so I wrote this book - and herein are recorded these things as I have watched them day after day since I was four years old - now I am 20.



## Table of Contents

P. 5	Opal's Pets in Fairyland
P. 8	Three Diary Entries from Ages 9 & 10
P. 16	Twilight, and Then – Night
P. 18	Raindrops Making Snowflake Dresses
P. 22	The Courtship of Little Grandmother
P. 29	Great Grandmother and the Little Folk of the Plantation
P. 30	Uncle Henry Teaches Opal Poetry and Scientific Names
P. 31	Opal is late for school and shows Teacher a meadowlark's nest
P.34	A Day – It's Joy and Tragedy
P. 35	In School with Mable and the Young Teacher
P. 37	Romeo, the Street Waif and His Caterpillar Farm
P. 44	Opal uses Ladybird Beetles to Save Grandpa's Apple Trees
P. 46	Grandpa's Raspberry Apartment House
P. 49	Another Tradey in the Hospital To-Day
P. 50	Little James Finds a Hippopotamus Named Simeon Peter
P. 52	Sharing Bread & Jam with Yellow Jackets (story in childhood diary)
P. 53	Opal and Bufo Boreas Go "a-seeking" Beetles
P. 56	"All this was the day before the day that was yesterday"
P. 57	The Wicked Ways of Weasels & Why They do not Deserve Names
P. 60	Achilles O' the Woods Steals Uncle Henry's Steak
P. 63	Opal's Dear Deer Fairy, Maurine
P. 64	Opal's Pet Skunk, Julius Caesar Napoleon
P. 66	Naming Snakes and Three Books Opal Gets Her Pet's Names From
P. 69.	"Troubles, Troubles, Troubles" - Uncle Henry & Salome
P. 70.	Josephus Jacobus Benjamin Solomon Rehoboam – the Little Mouse
P. 72	Nursery and Hospital Notes
P. 73	Opal's Nature Class Pledging Friendship with the Trees

P. 77	Pandora, the Chipmunk Gets Opal into Trouble
P. 77	Opal is put into the Dark Closet and Remembers being three years old
P. 79	Opal Tells Her Secrets to Charlemagne
P. 80	Opal Selects 47 Names for Lizards from the Ancient History Book
P. 81	Maurine has a Fondness for Apples & Opal Gets a Spanking
P. 84	A Christmas Tree for the Chick-a-dees & Memories of Being Three
P. 85	In Our Cathedral – This is the Best Description of Opal’s Cathedrals
P. 89	In The Early Morning - A Poem by Opal Whiteley
P. 90	Opal Explains Why She Wrote Fairyland Around Us
P. 91	Opal Unedited – Ages 14 & 18 – Entries Not Torn Up or Published

## **P. 96      Appendix – Additional Research for More Information**

P. 96	Dating the Age of the Diary Entries – Criteria Used
P. 101	The Number of Diary Entries by Month
P. 102	Thirty Duplicate Dates – Using the Same Date More Than Once
P. 104	“Opalisms” – Opal Whiteley’s Uncommon Use of Language
P. 110	Dedication & Books Opal Planned to Write

---

### ***For More Research on the Fairyland Diaries See These Links***

**The Secret of Uncle Henry –The Forgotten Hero of Fairyland**  
*Henry D. Pearson was Opal’s Mentor and Perhaps Her Real “Angel Father”*

<http://members.efn.org/~opal/unclehenry.pdf>

**Diary Fragment from 1909 Proving Opal’s Diary was Torn Up**  
*A Scrap of Opal’s Original Diary Found in Dorena, Oregon*

<http://members.efn.org/~opal/fragment.html>

**Read the Fairyland Diaries Without Research Notes (a cleaner view)**

<http://members.efn.org/~opal/fairylanddiariesnonotes.pdf>

# Opal's Pets in Fairyland

## *35 New Pets & 3 Trees*

Opal mentions thirty-seven pets in the Fairyland Around Us. She also gives names to three trees, two of which are in her published childhood diary (ages six & seven). Several names also appear in her ten year old diary and in Fairyland Around Us.

Many of these animal friends are just mentioned in passing. Several of the pets may be in her early diary. She gives a few of them longer stories, but Fairyland was intended to be a book of science and nature, not an autobiography like her childhood diary.

Opal uses three books to find names for her pets. One book is the Bible. Another is a book called simply, Ancient History. She also uses Julius Caesar's Gallic Wars (you cannot make that up!) It also adds to the authenticity of her diary, as a young woman is not likely to fake using Caesar's Gallic Wars. You can read more about her pets' names in the research notes of the Fairyland Diaries.

---

### ***All Page Numbers in Original Book - Online from Boston Library***

[https://archive.org/stream/fairylandaroundu00whit\\_0#page/n9/mode/2up](https://archive.org/stream/fairylandaroundu00whit_0#page/n9/mode/2up)

---

### **PETS IN BOTH HER 10 YEAR OLD DIARY & FAIRYLAND AROUND US**

Josephus Jacobus Benjamin Solomon Rehoboam - a mouse p. 161 August 23  
Cicero - a chipmunk in 10 year old diary & chipmunk on p. 263 & a squirrel p. 187  
Aristotle - a toad - p. 93 July 21st - p. 105 Aug 21 - p. 263 Cathedral  
Marie Antoinette - a chicken p. 263 - Cathedral

---

### **TREES – Two are in her Childhood Diary**

Raphael P 200 January 9th - cedar tree - perhaps same tree in childhood diary  
Charlemagne P 196 Sept - oak tree she has talked to since a little girl in childhood diary  
Theocritus 9 year old diary - because, "Who perseveres, succeeds at last."

---

### **BIRDS**

Hadrian - Swift - p 105 Aug 21st - eaten - 6.5 inches - "almost as big as Salome"  
David and Jonathan, two pet Doves p 47 - May 9th  
Hermes - Roadrunner - p102 Aug 20

---

### **DOGS**

Isaiah March P 44 - (also in childhood diary)  
Shep May P 57  
Rover Dec 23 P 199 - (also may be in childhood diary in taunt by chore boy)

---

### **SKUNK(s)**

P 33 Twilight - Julius Caesar Napoleon

Photo of JCN [https://archive.org/stream/fairylandaroundu00whit\\_0#page/170](https://archive.org/stream/fairylandaroundu00whit_0#page/170)

P 57 Along the road - Solomon Rheoboam (the pet skunk)

(a mouse is also named Josephus Jacobus Benjamin Solomon Rehoboam)

---

### **MICE**

P. 156 Nakomis, the little field mouse

P. 161 Josephus Jacobus Benjamin Solomon Rheoboam p161 August 23 a fat meadow mouse (not nearly so big as his name) - she brings him in the house, like the raccoon!

P 187 Fleet-foot - pet White-footed Mouse

---

### **CHIPMUNKS**

Pandora P 195 Sept. 28th - P 200 January 8th - p 263 Cathedral

Cicero - in 10 year old diary - both squirrel on p 187 and a chipmunk - FAU p 263

P 187 July 29th - Cathedral p 263 -

---

### **SQUIRRELS**

Romeo and Juliet January 8 p 201

Pliny July 29 p 187 photo - p 93

Cicero - July 29 p 187

Jackanapes - September p 192

---

### **COW**

Lily, the Jersey cow Sept 28 p 195 - may be in early childhood diary too - the cow in her early diary is named Elizabeth Barrett Browning. Jersey cows are often brown and Lily can be a girl's nickname for Elizabeth.

---

### **RACCOON**

Achilles July - p 188 - brings into the house - twice - she gets into trouble with her mother and finds a way to bring the racoon inside

---

### **TOADS**

Aristotle - p 93 July 21st - p 105 Aug 21 - P 263 Cathedral

Pliny - p 93 photo Photo [https://fairylandaroundu00whit\\_0#page/n93](https://fairylandaroundu00whit_0#page/n93)

Plato p 263 Cathedral

Simeon Peter p 79 July 2 (Little James from New York calls him Hippo - p 79 July 2)

---

---

## **FROGS**

Belshazzar p 57 May, Heron Town

Bufo Boreas July p 91

Rana Aurora July p 71 (that's his scientific name). "Sometimes the scientific names o' folks make very suitable everyday names — so I have found"

---

## **BATS**

p 37 - "Once I had three bats ...Aristotle Plato Pliny" [fairylandpage/36/](#)

Day 59 JULY 16, 1905 - Aristotle dies eating mosquitos in childhood diary

---

**CHICKENS** - Marie Antoinette p. 263 - also in 10 year old diary

---

**LAMB** - Mary Jane p 44 March

---

**PORCUPINE** - Michael Angelo July p 192

---

**PET DEER** - Maurine - photo p 174 July p 191 October p 196

---

**TURTLE** - Plato (the pet turtle) - May p. 57 - Heron Town story where he is eaten

---

**COLLARED LIZARD** - Salome - [https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Common\\_collared\\_lizard](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Common_collared_lizard)

p 105 - August 21 & August 25th eats Aristotle a pet horned toad

Moses p 105 August 21 - (the baby Grass Snake) eaten by Salome

Hadrian - Swift - p 105 Aug 21st - eaten - 6.5 inches - "almost as big as Salome"

---

**WEASEL** - p. 187 - Nero - not a pet, in fact Opal says that weasels are wicked fairies and "not deserving of proper names". Nero eats Opal's pet mouse Fleet-foot.

---

## Three Diary Entries from Opal's 9th & 10th Years

NOTE: These three diary entries are thought to be from Opal Whiteley's ninth and tenth year. She gave two diary entries to the Atlantic Monthly in October 1918 as samples of her early diary writing.

Also, in one entry in *The Fairyland Around Us*, Opal says she is nine years old. Together, these three pieces give us a baseline to scrutinize the ages of Opal Whiteley's "Fairyland Diaries".

---

### Page 74 From: *Fairyland Around Us* - Along the Road

*Opal says she is 9 years old*

[https://archive.org/stream/fairylandaroundu00whit\\_0#page/74/mode/2up](https://archive.org/stream/fairylandaroundu00whit_0#page/74/mode/2up)

June 20th -- "Raspberry Apartment House" that's the label I tied on to a broken twig of one of Grandpa's raspberry vines. Now he wants to know the reason why. Why -- Mother Carpenter Bee started making the inside of that twig into an apartment house in May. I watched her coming and going. I know how it is inside because it is years since I found the first one. **(I was six -- and now I am nine).**

Inside the twig in separate little apartments made by herself are little Bee folks to be. She tunnels out the twig and at the bottom places pollen and bee-bread -- and of course it is for the Baby-bee to be. After she has placed the egg in the first apartment she roofs it over with pith chips glued together -- (You see she first took the pith out in making the tunnel). Then the roof of the first apartment serves as the floor for the second apartment and there again pollen and bee bread and the egg are placed; and so on up to the top of the apartment house -- but near the door dear little Mother Carpenter Bee reserves a bit of room for herself.

Within each apartment is going on the wonderful change from **egghood** to grown-up bee-hood. And it is rather funny about their getting out -- the Oldest Brother or Sister Bee born in the bottom apartment can't get out of the apartment house until youngest Little Brother or Sister at the top grows up. Meanwhile, being grown-up and eager to be out he just tears down the roof over his head and kicks the tiny fragments behind him -- so on does each brother as he grows up. Then when Last Brother is grown-up they all fly out -- darling little fairies with rainbow wings. Isn't this a Wonderful Fairyland?

**Commented [2]:** egghood - an "Opalism" (where Opal uses an invented word or an odd phrase or uses English as a second language, ESL)

*End of 9 Year Old Fairyland Diary Entry - Dated June 20, 1907*

---



## “About Nine Years Old”

*Opal Gave This to the Atlantic Monthly as a Sample of Her 9 Year Old Diary*



It is the time of goldenrod and the way is bordered with plumes of gold, bringing joy to the eyes of those who pass by. We children go unto them and catch the insects about them and upon them. We have this motto in our botany study: Know the flowers and know their insect visitors. So every day new things we learn, and sweet the joy we find in knowing the everyday things around us.

This has been quite a busy day. After part of the morning work was done the mamma and the children went a-visiting. I was left to mind the house, and told to stay and watch it all day. First I swept the floors and then I scrubbed them, then I started to clean the windows.

I put Bon Ami all over those panes in the windows, then I made mottos -- helpful things that Virgil and Horace and Seneca said in days of long ago -- on the glass with my fingers. That gave the windows a proper look of inspiration, so I left the Bon Ami on -- just as a background for the mottos. I gave the stove a good shine-up. Then I decided the house didn't need any more tending; it could take care of itself; so I latched the doors and went and gathered up a lot of the camp children to go on an exploration trip.

We walked along the flume and leaned over to pick leaves from the tops of the higher bushes. When we had gotten a goodly number of leaves, we played they were ships and sent them sailing down the flume with light cargoes laden. By-and-by we came to a very rocky place.

A young fir tree was striving to grow up among all those rocks. It had a brave look. We children climbed down from the flume. We circled around that little tree and gave it our pledge of friendship. The children asked me to name it. I called it Theocritus because he said, "Who perseveres, succeeds at last." As we came away we noticed how cheery it looked and that it had a goodly number of pimples. Many young fir trees have pimples -- as many as some people have freckles. These pimples are sticky -- are bubbles of pitch with the skin stretched tight over them. They are very sticky and if one slides down a young fir tree that has pimples, one gets sticky all over.

As we went on we picked up rocks. They were mostly very hard rocks and some had streaks through them and some had little crystals inside them. Some were more heavy than others. When we had gotten a goodly number we started back to camp. We went around by the pond. We stopped at our beloved island Delos below the pond. We saw the water was drying up around it. Then that Delos might not develop into a peninsula and that it might continue an island, we dug deeper the ditch around it and fixed a leak hole in the pond.

On the way to the old deserted house where I keep my Nature collections, we met Mrs. Hanson. She was smiling a beaming smile. She was happy because she has her bedroom all papered new with clean newspapers. She has been saving them weeks unto the day she could paste them up -- and now they are on the wall.

**Commented [3]:** Handwritten note in Opal's handwriting on top of typed papers she gave to the Atlantic Monthly in October, 1919.

VERY IMPORTANT - see p 101 in Fairyland Around Us - August 15th for almost the same exact wording - I think it helps show that Opal did not write the 9 & 10 year old diary pieces in Oct. 1919 for the Atlantic Monthly as critics have claimed - part of each diary piece is in already in FAU.

This was likely written in the fall - in 1907 or 1908. Opal mentions goldenrod, which blooms from late summer to fall. She is in school so it's around September or early October. Also, they send leaves down a logging flume of water - a fall image.

**Commented [4]:** Opal also uses Bon Ami in her childhood six and seven year old diary. Bon Ami was a widely used cleanser in Opal's time. She gets into trouble for using too much of it.

**Commented [5]:** Perhaps an example of Opal's strong-willed disobedience (or maybe autism) Opal is supposed to stay home and watch the house. Her mother took the younger children out and left Opal behind. She wants to go look at nature.

Opal decides that the house can take care of itself so she and the children of the lumber camps went on an "exploration trip" - which also sounds younger as she is always going on "explores" in the childhood diary

**Commented [6]:** A flume was a channel made of wood and filled with water. It was used in logging to move logs. Opal and her friends put leaves in the flume to watch them float like sailing ships.

**Commented [7]:** Opal keeps her nature collections in an old deserted house - she has a nature collection at age 9!

**Commented [8]:** In the days when wallpaper was expensive people used newspapers to paste on their wooden walls.



Lela Garoutte Scott with Harold and Merle (French for Blackbird)

After we put the rocks away, we thought to go search for the Holy Grail. We went by to get little Harold. He so likes to go on searches for the Holy Grail. Then his mamma, Lela, would not let him go with us, Harold said a prayer word in not a prayer way and got his mouth washed out with soap.

Then we went on down to the lower end of the camp to get Lorelee. She was crying out by the chopping-block. Her mamma was just dead a few minutes before we got there -- she was dead of typhoid fever. The doctor looked angry looks. He said everybody in camp must boil all water used for drinking and cooking. Too -- he said -- it was a wonder half the camp was not dead with typhoid fever.

We didn't linger to hear what else he had to say, because Jenny thought if we had the rope for Lorelee to jump it would help to keep her from crying. She is so fond of jumping rope. We went over by the mill to get John to get the rope for us, but John wasn't there to get the rope for us. He has gone to catch one of the hired girls at another camp, who is running away with the husband of the sad lady who

lives in the mill town and gave all we children ginger cookies one day when we were coming home from feeding earthworms to the baby birds; and being as John wasn't there to get the rope for Lorelee to jump, I thought she would like to go for comfort to the Cathedral, so we all went.

We had a short service. I didn't preach a very long sermon. We just sat still and listened to God's voice speaking to us through all the growing things around us. There were new flowers planted by the altar, and he who planted those new orchid tresses lovely by the altar in our Cathedral was no other than Sandy, he who has as many freckles as the Milky Way has stars -- he who used to work for Mortensson at Marquan -- he who when comes payday gets so much whiskey out of bottles down his throat that he can hardly stand up and cannot keep on the proper tunes of the songs he sings at that time. All those orchid tresses he planted by the altar spoke of God's tender care for each flower, and we all know as God cares for the flowers and birds, so He cares for us.

From the Cathedral we went to the hospital, and there in the hospital today we were short of bandages, and after a short conference we amputated our apron strings, which made suitable bandages of assorted colors.

When we arrived home near dark time our mammas, holding no conference, reached the unanimous decision that they would like to remove by surgical operation that part of our brains from which came the thought to amputate our apron strings. The switches left on the hazel bush by the window are few now.

The men being late coming home from work to supper, the mamma set me to mind the baby and the stew, that it did not boil over. While I was minding the baby and the stew, I carved a motto on the potato-masher. I carved it on so it wouldn't come off like chalk-marks, or the ones I made in the Bon Ami on the window that the mamma made me rub off. The motto I carved on the potato masher was what Plato said long time ago about philosophy: "A striving after heavenly wisdom." Being as we have mashed potatoes every now and then, I can always take down that potato masher with a thrill. I am so fond of having mottos around. They so give a helpful feel to the atmosphere when

**Commented [9]:** "Little Harold" - Harold Scott - He is called the same name in childhood diary - born in 1902 to Opal's aunt and uncle - Lela (Elsie) and her "Young Husband" in the diary - Sir Walter Scott (given name).

Elsie's daughter, Merle (French for Blackbird) was born during Opal's childhood diary, in Feb 1905.

Opal does not refer to either Lela or Elsie as her "aunt" - another woman in the diary is called her aunt. Lela and Walter Scott divorced in 1909.

I think he's about 3 or 4 when Opal's six and seven year old diary was written in 1904 & 1905 - so he's about 5 or 6 at most if this entry is from Opal's 9th year.

Lela Garoutte was directly descended from French Aristocracy and may have been one source for Opal's knowledge of simple French for farm animals and Catholic customs. Read about the aristocratic Garouttes from France at this link from Wikipedia - [https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Michael\\_Antoine\\_Garoutte](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Michael_Antoine_Garoutte)

**Commented [10]:** Typhoid Fever was a bad sickness in many lumber camps caused by unsanitary conditions for water.

Opal's mother is said to have been terrified of typhoid fever - there was an outbreak of it in Colton, Washington where Opal was allegedly born.

**Commented [11]:** Opalism - one of her unique phrases - "the doctor looked angry looks"

**Commented [12]:** Good example of Opal's spirituality at a young age. Opal takes Lorelee and the other children to the Cathedral where they listen to "God's voice speaking to us through all the growing things".

**Commented [13]:** Sandy - his face has as many freckles as stars in the Milky Way - same exact phrase said about Sadie McKibben in the childhood diary.

Sandy is a man who drinks a lot planted flowers in Opal's Cathedral. He drinks so much that he cannot stand up and keep the tune while singing.

Opal was very against drinking alcohol. She was quite active in campaigning to prohibit its sale in Oregon. The town of Cottage Grove banned sales of alcohol in 1905. Prohibition was one of the first major political movements by women who were tired of their husbands drinking their paychecks away and becoming abusive.

Opal's father, Ed Whiteley also worked at Mortensson and Marquan, a small logging company in the Row River Valley - the same place this young man, Sandy used to work

**Commented [SW14]:** Opalism - "near dark time .." - near evening

**Commented [15]:** This paragraph is describing what came to be known as a "lobotomy".

Strangely, Opal may have had a lobotomy in Napsbury Mental Hospital nearly forty years later!

Opal and the other children are spanked by their mothers with a hazel switch for cutting their apron strings to make bandages for the hospital.

things get awfully hard, which is very often in a lumber camp. When the mamma came in to help me put supper on to the table and saw the potato masher with the motto carved on it, she said that I had caused it not to be a good potato masher any more, but I showed her where she was mistaken, because every letter I carved into that potato masher made it have more kinkles and more kinkles in a potato masher make it mash potatoes better.

But since supper-time I have found out something which I did not tell the mamma. I found that bits of potato stick in all those new kinkles the letters of the motto make, and that makes that potato masher lots harder to get clean. Why, it takes me three times as long to wash it with the motto on it as it did before I put that motto there. I really believe chalk mottoes are better after all on a potato masher.

By-and- by, after I did get those dishes done up and put away, I went outdoors for the twilight hour with the camp children. They all sat in a row on the old log while I was telling them about Beethoven -- telling them all I could remember of what my Angel Mother had told me a long time ago, and Loralee cuddled up close beside me. Tonight she is going to sleep with Pearl and me in our crib bed.

---

*End of Opal's 9 Year Old Diary Entry - Possibly Fall 1907*

**Commented [16]:** "Angel Mother" tells Opal about Beethoven. This is the only known reference to Angel Mother outside of her childhood diary (allegedly from ages 6 & 7)

Also, this 9 year old diary piece has some of the stilted English as a Second Language (ESL) that is in the original diary.

That form of English mostly disappears later in Fairyland Around Us diary entries - but it could also be that she updated her language for printing in 1918.

## “About 10 Years Old”

Opal Gave this to the Atlantic Monthly as a **Sample of Her 10 Year Old Diary**

This day I went forth into the forest at the hour of sunrise. And within the forest I heard a sublime, bell-like voice -- it was one of his Cathedral singers. Upward and onward the song of the little singer carried my soul -- and nearer seemed the All-Wise Father as I stood there in his forest Cathedral listening. He who in his singing lifts up the thoughts of the children of men to higher realism in this fairy, Audubon's Hermit Thrush.



Charles Edward Whiteley  
(1872-1948) "the papa"

I could not linger to listen long. I had to get a hurry on me and get myself back to the kitchen, to put the coffee on and mix the griddle cakes and bake them for the papa's breakfast, and in between times put up his lunch, for he has to be on his way to work before half-past six o'clock. While I was making the cakes the bird song I heard in the Cathedral sang on in my heart. It was a good start for the day.

After the papa went to work, the children and the mamma got up for breakfast. The mamma, not being hungry, did eat only two griddle cakes, but the children (who most of the time have appetites like unto those of young birds not out of the nest) did eat nineteen griddle cakes, which it did take some little time to bake. Then there were the chickens to feed and there was milk to deliver. We get five cents a quart for milk. When these tasks were done I learned on inspection that there was not quite enough wood split up for the day.

When I was through splitting wood I sat down on the chopping-block to comb my hair for school. By the time the wood was in its proper place in the woodbox back of the stove, it was near school time and I was in a **pre dick a ment**.

Last **eventide** I was so busy with the nursery and the hospital that I did not get a certain hole in my stocking darned. The other holes didn't matter so much, but that particular hole did. It was a matter of importance because when I put that stocking on my foot that hole came in the same place where there was a hole in the shoe -- right on the right foot where the little toe was. It's coming there made that little toe look like the littlest pig, that had to stay home on market-day but peeked out of the window.

I couldn't take off the shoe to mend the stocking, as that would take too much time and would make me very late to school. So I went real quick to the cellar without the mamma knowing it, and gave that toe a good coating of liquid shoe-blackening. That made it look queer. It was ghastly gray. I knew that wouldn't do at all; so when the mamma wasn't looking, I took the stove blackening off the lamp-shelf and gave that toe a generous application. That gave it the proper look. So I put the comfort-bringing stove blackening back on the lamp-shelf -- and taking my dinner pail off the corner of the woodbox, I hurried away to school.

On the way I saw twenty-one butterflies -- seven Swallowtails, nine Monarchs, three Checkerspots, a Painted Lady and Velvet Cloak. I spread my arms to sail along like all those butterflies, then I thought I had better hurry on to school. Pretty soon I found thirteen caterpillars and heard a Meadowlark sing three different songs, one after the

**Commented [17]:** Possibly written in Spring - perhaps in May since school is still in session. She mentions picking strawberries. Strawberries are ripe from May to June.

Opal gave this to the Atlantic Monthly in October, 1919 - Ellery Sedgwick then asked her for younger diary entries.

**Commented [18]:** Here is a photo of Charles Edward Whiteley, "the papa" - Opal uses "the" before their names "the papa, the children and the mamma". These may indicate that the Whiteleys are not her biological family - HOWEVER - in Germanic languages it is a term of endearment.

**Commented [19]:** Opal used this same term "pre dick a ment" in her published 6 & 7 yr. old childhood diary.

**Commented [SW20]:** Opalism -- "eventide" -- term for evening

**Commented [21]:** Opal is late for school again because she stops to count things - this is a sign of the younger Opal as she counts everything.

other. Then I stopped at the Redwing Blackbird nursery. While I was there Father Blackbird, he with red upon his wings, came with a plump caterpillar and pausing a moment popped it into the wide-open mouth of Christopher Columbus and then was off again for another morsel. And I was off again for school. A little farther on I found seven more caterpillars -- and in the pond by the great oak tree I found a goodly number of tadpoles. I took off my sun bonnet and took my dinner out of the tin pail and put it into the bonnet. Into the pail I put the tadpoles, then I hurried on to school.

When I did get to school I opened the door softly. I tiptoed into the cloakroom and hung my bonnet on its hook. I took the dinner pail with me to my seat, for I was afraid that something might happen to the tadpoles if I left them in the cloakroom. Just as I got to my seat teacher saw me. A lump came up in my throat and I gulped it down. Then I gave my apron a smoothout and was just going to sit down when he said "Here -- Opal - - it's near recess time and you should have been in school all morning."

I swallowed another lump in my throat. Then I gave him a beaming smile and told him I would talk with him after spelling class. I thought then would be the proper time to tell him about all the things I saw and heard on the way to school this morning, because this is my day to be at the head of the class. And it would be quite thrilling to go from the head of the spelling class over to his desk and tell him all about it. I know I can do it in about two minutes. Then he will know why I didn't get to school in time, and why it is so much more interesting to go to school in the fields than to come to his school here.

When I had gotten settled in my seat I looked around for Mamie. She always gives me such a kind smile when I am late to school, which is very often, and I thought I would leave my tadpoles in her care while I went up to the recitation bench, to recite physiology and geography. When I looked around for Mamie she wasn't in her seat.

Then came recess time. While I was digging earthworms for the nursery I learned from some of her cousins standing round that Mamie did not come to school this morning. She went yesterday to the town that is beyond the next town that is Eugene, and got married to a man without asking her mamma and papa. She is not coming back to school anymore, either. She is going to live in a lumber camp away from here where the man she married works -- and be his wife and keep house for him -- and get his breakfast -- put up his lunch and have his supper ready for him when he comes home at night. Of course it is nice for him to have her, but her seat looks so lonesome for her here at school.

I feel all sad inside about her not coming back to school any more. At noon I put the tadpoles in Judy Ann's care and came away to the hillside, to pick strawberries -- some as a surprise for the mamma and some for the folks in the hospital and nursery. I forgot to eat my lunch before I left and when I got back some one else had eaten it. Judy Ann gave me a bacon rind she had saved for Oliver Cromwell and Josephus Jacobus Benjamin Solomon Rehoboam -- my two dear pet mice -- the rind was to be divided between them. I got considerable nourishment from that bacon rind, and still there was some left for Oliver Cromwell and J.J.B.S.R.

**Commented [22]:** The teacher is a man in her 10 year old diary entry given to the Atlantic Monthly. The teacher's name was possibly J.W.H. Jones, who taught at the Walden School from late 1907 to March, 1908 when Opal was ten.

Another man, Willis Fagle taught in 1908 and 1909.

**Commented [23]:** Mamie - perhaps another name for her 1907 seatmate Mable. She is much older than Opal in the photos. This girl sits close to Opal too.

In this day it was common for girls as young as 14 or 15 to get married even without their parent's consent.

**Commented [24]:** This early diary entry is from the same time as Fairyland is compiled.

Opal's two pet mice - Oliver Cromwell and Josephus Jacobus Benjamin Solomon Rehoboam are also in the Fairyland Around Us.





*The One Room Walden School Opal Attended; all Grades Taught by One Teacher*

History class was, then arithmetic, and then came spelling. When teacher called Fourth Spelling Class, I just jumped up real quick. In some way I stubbed my toe against the bucket of tadpoles and it tipped -- but they didn't spill out because I caught the bucket. Only some water splashed. I counted the tadpoles and they were all there. I didn't dare wipe the water off my foot because in wiping it off I might wipe some of the stove polish off the toe, and that would have been a calamity.

I gave my foot a shake and walked proudly to the head of the spelling class. Being at the head of the class means that the first word given out is for you to spell. Teacher said, "Mississippi." I spelled in clear tones "m-i-s-s-i-s-i-p-p-i." Then I smiled because I knew I had gotten it right. And I looked a look of encouragement at Mabel beside me because her turn was next, and tomorrow she would be at the head of the class if she didn't make a mistake on the word teacher was just going to pronounce to her.

While I was waiting for him to pronounce her word to her, he said, "Opal to the foot of the class. Mabel, spell Mississippi." While he was giving her my word right over again, he did scrutinize me as I walked my way from the head to the foot of the class. His eyes came to rest on my right foot. I felt that toe with the stove polish on it grow as big as the inkwell on teacher's desk. Then Mabel, now at the head of the class, spelled "M-i-s-s-i-s-s-i-p-p-i." I felt I would like to hide in the pail with the tadpoles, because of course I should have remembered that "Miss" anywhere, either on a girl's name or a river, should always have a capital M put on at its beginning.

By squirming around the other toes I got that peekaboo toe into the shoe, to keep it from reminding me that always I should sew up holes in my stockings before I come to school. Being at the foot of the class brought me so much nearer my seat that I went to it when spelling class was over instead of to teacher's desk. I decided I would tell him tomorrow why I was late to school today.

I didn't keep up with the other children on the way home from school as I was on the lookout for food for the nursery and hospital. I crossed the mill dam and went round that way. I found everyone doing well, both in the hospital and the nursery, and they

**Commented [25]:** Opalism - Opal's unique way of writing "History class was, then arithmetic, and then came spelling."

**Commented [26]:** Opal says the teacher "did scrutinize me". That's almost exactly what she writes in her childhood diary!

Opal misspells a word by leaving out the capital "M" at its beginning and is very disappointed.

She spills water on her toe but does not want to wipe it off because she would wipe off some of the black polish she put on her toe and "that would be a calamity".

**Commented [27]:** Mabel - Opal's seat mate - also in Fairyland book (spelled Mable) along with the young female teacher from previous year.

Note, this is another spelling lesson like in the childhood diary - this was a common way to teach children spelling.

**Commented [28]:** The nursery and hospital were also in the near woods in her childhood diary close to the barn in Walden

received with eagerness the food I carried for them. I found Oliver Cromwell and Josephus Jacobus Benjamin Solomon Rheoboam in the barn. I gave to each his piece of bacon rind. Then I went to feed the chickens, to peel potatoes and to set the table for supper and to carry in the wood.

After the supper dishes were done I went to deliver milk. With me went Aristotle, Cicero, and Oliver Cromwell. Aristotle, that beautiful toad with jewel eyes, rode in my left apron pocket. Oliver Cromwell rode in the right apron pocket, and Cicero -- the little chipmunk -- rode upon my shoulder close to my left ear. When I returned from delivering milk, I mended that important hole in my stocking and while I was about it I sewed up some of the others.

Then I went to have a little vesper service in the Cathedral. On my way I passed the chicken house. I stopped in to get Marie Antoinette. She was rather sleepy, having gone to "roost," but I felt vesper service would be helpful to her soul, so I took her along. I knelt by the altar, and she being sleepy did not bother to climb up on my shoulder but just cuddled up against my apron. The All-Wise Father is very near in our Cathedral in the forest. Vesper service is always such a help to one's soul and so prepares one for sleep and rest. And now I think I had better go to bed.

*End of Ten Year Old Diary Entry - Likely Written in Spring 1908*

---

**Commented [29]:** Aristotle the toad and Cicero the chipmunk are Pets who are also mentioned in Fairyland Around Us

**Commented [30]:** Opal picks up the chicken to take her to Vesper's service. The chicken's name is Marie Antoinette - which is a great name for a chicken because they get their heads cut off, just like Princess Marie Antoinette did!

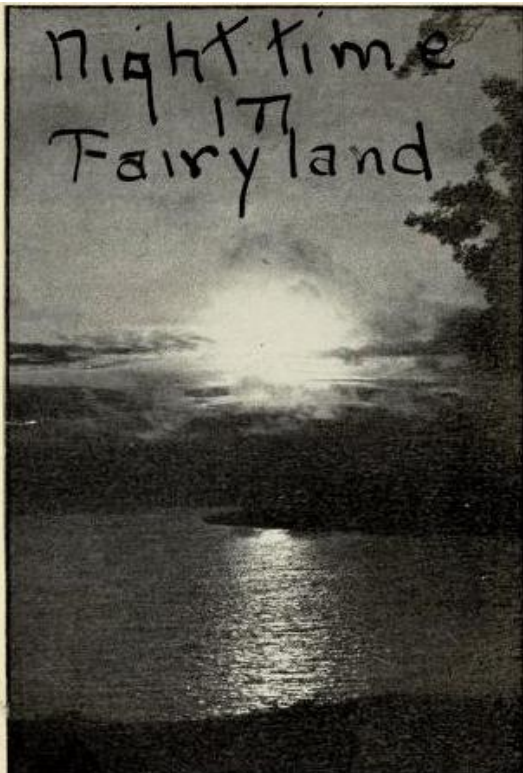
The same chicken is in Fairyland Around Us. Opal believes that Vespers will be "helpful to her soul". Opal may know that she will be killed and eaten soon.

Opal seems to know a lot about Catholic services at age 10. Vespers is an evening service, widely used in Catholic, Anglican and Lutheran churches. It is more used in Catholic services - going back to the earliest Catholic Church founders.

# Diary Entries from The Fairyland Around Us

## Twilight, and then - Night

### *P. 33 - The First Diary Entry in Fairyland Around Us*



Last night I went into the Forest. Moonbeam fairies brightened the path that leads towards the Cathedral and into the woods beyond. I went softly -- and listened -- and I heard the patter, patter of hurrying little feet scurrying over the woodland floor. Now and then I stopped very still and kept so for a few minutes -- and saw these little folks who made those faint patterings and rustlings as they went this way and that.

A Wood-rat scampered across my path. Farther along a Skunk moved from one log to another -- 'twas no other than my chum o' two years, Julius Caesar Napoleon. It happened that I had some beetle grubs with me. A little ways I went and saw -- a great Owl circling about. Seven trees and two logs distant I came upon the Flying Squirrel fairies. Down the path fifty paces and two stumps to the right were four dear Wood Mice.

**Commented [31]:** the skunk, Julius Caesar Napoleon has been her friend for 2 years - photo of him - may be teenage years in Dorena or Row River

The night was wonderful. Over my head the tall Fir trees reached upward to the sky. Through their branches Moonbeam fairies came and glorified the tiny mosses and vines. Upon the harp-strings of these forest trees the wind musicians played sweet lullabies. A forest Moth and yet another I saw within the Cathedral. A Deer passed near me, and a little farther on I saw a Fawn.

The brook was singing a night song -- and the song which it sang in the night was as sweet as the song it sang through the day. Peace was in the forest -- Peace was in my heart. Why should I fear the night or the darkness? God keeps His little folk of the forest -- God keeps me. I love the night, its voices and its music, and the wee little folk about -- and I trust in Him, and am happy.

**Commented [32]:** older - teenage years - possibly middle school - out at night



## JANUARY - Ten Diary Entries

P 116 Winter days now are here — a few snowflakes came yesterday. I've been tending to Bird lunch counters to-day. And these birds I saw along the way — Robin. Bluebird, Varied Thrush, Chick-a-dee, Junco, Grosbeak, and Rosy Finch.

**Commented [33]:** Opal remembers making lunch counters for birds at 3 years old. She mentions lunch counters twice in FAU - and as a memory from age 3 on p 201

This may be very significant as Opal later says she has few memories of before she was taken from Europe to the lumber camps.

P 116 On winter days, bleak winter days — days that seem a bit colorless — I do so like to climb upon the old gray pasture fence and think — sometimes I think of colors. To-day I was thinking of some of the fairies who wear red — Cardinal Bird and Cardinal Flower, Scarlet Tanager, Clover Blossoms, Red-winged Blackbird, Columbine and Flame Lily, and Ruby-crowned Kinglet, Oswego Tea, Scarlet Pimpernel, Coral Honeysuckle, and darling little Crossbill. Others, too, wear the color red.



P 115 Jan. 3rd — A Snowflake and a Junco — more Snowflakes and more gray Snow birds. Yesterday it was cloudy and a stray Sunbeam came and gave a new glory to the day, and made all We Children more glad.

Today it is snowing and Junco's coming is to our hearts like the Sunbeam of yesterday. He is here — he is there. He seems a part of the snowstorm. We know what he likes — and we give what he likes. Seeds of weeds we gathered for him — in the late summer and early fall days — along highways and by-ways we sought and found — and gathered pockets full of seeds of weeds.

P 200 January 4th -- Many leaves that were green in the woods last summer are now brown and gray; but among those are not the leaves of Prince's Pine, which are yet green -- Chimaphila is its scientific name, which means a lover of winter, and it is well named. When we found them in blossom their little heads were often bowed and little Harold would say, "Hush, the Prince's Pine fairies are praying."

**Commented [34]:** a second reference to her cousin, "Little Harold" Scott. He is also mentioned in Opal's childhood diary. He is the son of Lela Garoutte Scott and Walter Scott - (Elsie and her Young Husband in the diary)

I know where wild things lurk and linger

In groves as gray and grand as Time;

I know where God has written poems

Too strong for words or rhyme.

-- Maurice Thompson

**Commented [35]:** Opal made a habit of learning a verse of poetry or out of the Bible each day.

---

P 200 January 8th -- 'Tis a wonderful day I have had with the Incense Cedar trees. Pandora, the pet Chipmunk, went with me this morning to the woods on the side of the hill. Then I went to Raphael, my chum among the Incense Cedar Trees. He stands so great and tall; and last year when Uncle Henry saw him he said that he was several hundred years old -- and one of the finest he had ever seen, even among the wonderful ones in the Southern Hemisphere. I climbed Raphael a hundred feet up, and then nestled down on a limb to think things over. (When one is puzzled about things 'tis a great help to have tree friends to go to and from their sheltering arms look upon God's big world and think things over.)

---

**Commented [SW36]:** "chum" was a term for friend in Opal's time

**Commented [37]:** This diary entry introduces Opal's Uncle Henry D. Pearson, her tree friend Raphael and her pet chipmunk, Pandora, who gets her into trouble later.

Opal likes to sit in trees and think - this is a tree in Walden and she also mentions a tree with that name in her published six and seven year old diary. Likely this is younger - Uncle Henry died in 1914 when Opal was sixteen.

**Commented [38]:** Opal is "puzzled" - younger entry - definitely at Walden where the tree was. Opal often got into trouble for climbing too high in trees

## Raindrops Making Snowflake Dresses

P 116 January 11th -- I've been seeking for fairy cradles today. I found five Polyphemus ones on Hazel bushes with old dried leaves about them. And by and by the spring will come and if all goes well and has gone well beautiful Polyphemus Moth fairies will come from these cradles. The winter is the time to see for many fairy cradles. I found a gray chrysalis of a Butterfly on the old rail fence.

Raindrops wearing snowflake dresses -- gently drifting down -- Mother Nature's putting on a dress of wondrous whiteness. We children took to-day pieces of dark woolen cloth and held them up to catch the Raindrops wearing snowflake dresses. Under a glass that makes little things look big we saw these snowflake dresses -- and they were beautiful. We learned verses this afternoon about the snow. One was by Lowell -- and one was by Whittier.

When I was a little girl, much littler than I am now, I wanted to wear a snowflake dress too. So I started down the garden path -- and out the garden gate -- a long, long ways, my dear Mamma thought, but it really was only about two blocks about, I guess. The snowflakes came down, down on my warm coat -- and made me a snowflake dress right over it. Then somehow I got tired, and I felt sleepy.

**Commented [39]:** Opal does not say what the verses were. To me, this adds authenticity to this entry, if she wrote this in 1918 then it's likely she would put in the verses since FAU is filled with short verses of poetry.

**Commented [40]:** Likely added onto the younger paragraphs because she says she was "much littler" - this may be a memory of when she was three or perhaps when the Whiteleys moved into Cottage Grove from Walden in Sept 1905.

Possibly it's from Colton or when they stayed in Cottage Grove briefly - the Catholic church (now the museum) is close to where Opal is said to have lived on River Road.

Note that she mentions Chick-a-dees in several places when she writes about being a very small child about age 3 or 4.



Elizabeth Whiteley (1872-1917)  
"the mamma"

Pretty soon I woke up and my new snowflake dress was changing to raindrops. Three ones trickled over my nose, and woke me up. Being tired, I went into church -- and it was under a seat I woke up. Father O'Brien took me home to my darling Mamma, and said he thought one snowflake dress a day was enough. I thought so, too. Mother and Father were awfully afraid I was going to have croup, but I didn't -- I fed the Snowbirds, the Chick-a-dees (the ones who tell their names so plainly). And I took a mashed potato and gave it to Varied Thrush at the window-sill. My! that was a wonderful day -- the day I first had a snowflake dress.

P 201 January 18th -- Dear little fairies I watched in the woods today -- fairies who have come a long way. Never have I seen them in summer -- only in the winter; and rarely then. Last year at their coming we placed in the woods here for them on a tree a lunch counter. They came not unto this on the first day; but upon the third day we had the joy of seeing them eating the Alder seeds. Other seeds they liked, too. We love this verse about Redpolls:

In the birches, on the grasses,  
Stiffly rising through the snow crust,  
On the slope of yonder sand-bank.  
Where the snow has slipped and wasted,  
Rest a flock of trustful strangers,  
Lispings words of gentle greeting,  
Rest and find the sun's rays warming,  
Rest and find their food abundant,  
Resting sing of weary journeys  
From a Northland, cold and distant.  
Rose-touched are their brows with tints like  
Lights upon a winter's snow field,  
Rosy are their caps as morning,  
When the storm clouds gather eastward;  
Happy are their hearts and voices,  
Happy are the fields and forests,  
When their merry notes come jingling,  
Sleigh bell like, from upper ether.  
By Frank Bolles



## Opal Meets Snowy Owl

P 200 January 19th -- In the woods today was someone I had never seen before. There he was looking so solemn, sitting in the broken part of a tree. I climbed another tree just over the way, and sat there solemn, too -- watching him. I'm sure he came from the north -- from the far north. His clothes would make one think so. I think that he is one of the Snowy Owls which Uncle told me about when he came back from the far northland.

I wanted to say, "How-do-you-do, Snowy Owl," but most likely he would do just what I didn't want him to. I just waited and the longer I waited the more solemn I felt, with him looking so solemn. Pretty soon I began to get hungry (I

remembered that Uncle said he ate meadow-mice, rats and sometimes muskrats -- Snowy Owl, not Uncle).

By and by I even forgot I was hungry. I felt just like I was turning into a piece of wood, a piece of wood like the Fir tree I was on. This was such a mysterious fairy, and him looking so solemn that way made me feel he was a mystery and I was a mystery, and everything around us was mysterious, but just then Father came through the woods calling me -- and when I tried to lean over to some way give him a signal to keep quiet, I slipped and started head-first down that tree, and at once the mysterious stranger went rapidly away in another direction.

**Commented [41]:** likely younger diary entry since she has never seen a snowy owl before - she also credits her Uncle Henry with teaching her about owls after he came back from a trip to Alaska

P 201 I've been exploring to-day -- just looking about for the cradles of fairies, the cradles that were homes in the Spring. I went again to the hollow tree where the Screech Owl babies were hatched -- and then to the tree where the Pileated Woodpecker babies were raised. (I had to climb over thirty-seven and a half feet up to this cradle in the first tree.) Then, too, I saw a Wood Rat cradle which I'm sure was still occupied. It was a heap of sticks in the brush -- and while I sat waiting I saw his lordship among the sticks. Truly he looks like an enlarged edition of dear little Wood Mouse.

On my journey I came again to the home of the Chick-a-dees where a set of triplets and two sets of twins were raised this last year. On a little farther was the nest of a Wood Warbler. Too, I found the cradles of three Moths -- three cradles made by three beautiful green caterpillars who came from eggs laid by Polyphemus Moths. I came past the log under which Mother Grouse nested in May, and went on to the old Maple tree in which the Flying Squirrels were sleeping. I climbed up and put their nuts in the cubbyhole. I meant to be very quiet; but out came Romeo, and Juliet poked her nose up. I had not placed all the nuts in their cubby hole so they ate the ones that were left in my pocket. It was dark time, so I came home -- and there were mashed potatoes for supper.

**Commented [42]:** Opal uses the term "exploring" - like she said "explores" in the childhood diary but when she is older she sometimes says "tramp or tramping".. I'd date this early because of that word and because it's all one paragraph. She also uses numbers six times in the entry.

**Commented [SW43]:** Romeo and Juliet -- two pet Flying Squirrels

**Commented [44]:** Opalism - "it was dark time" - also, she writes of potatoes, Opal's favorite food as a child - potatoes are mentioned 5 times in FAU



P 202 January 28th -- Synthyris is blooming in the woods. Pearl and I call them Bluebells, which belong to January.

We transplanted four plants for Grandmother last week. Synthyris belongs to the Figwort family; but blooms some time before its cousins -- Mullein, Monkey Flower, Foxglove and Indian Paintbrush.

**Commented [45]:** Photo of Opal and Pearl (on right) - Jan 28th is the only mention of Pearl directly in the book, page 202 - [https://archive.org/stream/fairylandaroundu00whit\\_0#page/202/mode/2up/search/Pearl](https://archive.org/stream/fairylandaroundu00whit_0#page/202/mode/2up/search/Pearl)

Another possible reference to Pearl is a mouse in Liloriote p 226 [https://archive.org/stream/fairylandaroundu00whit\\_0#page/226/mode/2up/search/Pearl](https://archive.org/stream/fairylandaroundu00whit_0#page/226/mode/2up/search/Pearl)

## FEBRUARY - Three Diary Entries



P 202 February 5th -- In the mountains with my Fir Friends -- many are they, many and dear -- Silver Fir, Lovely Fir, Balsam Fir, White Fir, Noble Fir and Shasta Fir. Green in summer, green in winter, clothed in glory the whole year round.

Some say the Fir trees are somber; but surely they have not known the joy of their companionship that comes when one walks among them and the peace and the goodness of God's great world enters into one's heart. Today soft shadows lay upon them, and towards evening they were tinged with blue and purple.

Many and different are these forest pictures, which the Master Artist, with --various shades and changing shadows is ever giving; and though we wander far, the memories of these lead us back to find there again peace and strength within the forest. The message of the Firs is this -- that we take the joy and strength we find among them to our fellow men, sharing the Forest's blessing with them.

There are thoughts that come  
from the soul of the pine,  
And thoughts in a flower bell curled;  
And the thoughts that are blown  
with the scent of the fern  
Are as new and as old as the world.

- Sam Walter Foss - The Bloodless Sportsman

**Commented [46]:** This is likely an older diary entry - says she is "in the mountains" - but mostly she says "hills" for the places around Walden, which is flat farming land. Probably from her days at Star or Dorena.

Also, the strong theology and the Master Artist metaphor for God.

---

P 202 February 7th -- They are blooming in a swamp in the woods. We smelled them afar off before we came near unto them -- those Skunk Cabbages, cousins of the queenly Calla Lily. When we reached the flowers small Gnats and Flies were there before us; seemingly attracted by the unpleasant odor of the plant. Skunk Cabbages serve these little Flies by supplying food unto them and are in turn served by the little flies as they aid in fertilization by carrying pollen from one plant to another.

---

**Commented [47]:** The Bloodless Sportsman, a nice poem that is used several times in Fairyland - excellent lines about being a "hunter with no gun"



## The Courtship of Little Grandmother



P 203 Little Grandmother has been telling me about Miskodeed who dwells in the land beyond the hills. And she took from an old chest a letter that was half as old as the chest -- and in that letter were the fragments of Miskodeeds sent her by dear Grandfather when she was in her teens -- and that was seventy years ago.

Then they loved these flowers of springtime -- and now they tell me about them. Sometimes we sit in the twilight hour together, Grandfather, Grandmother and I -- and talk of God's flowers -- and his cathedral singers. Too, we have heard little Spring Beauty's here in our Oregon and I have transplanted them to a corner of Little Grandmother's garden where one by one they bloom.

Each affluent petal outstretched and uncurled  
To the glory and goodness and shine of the world.  
Where the fire had smoked and smoldered  
Saw the earliest flower of springtime,  
Saw the beauty of the springtime,  
Saw the Miskodeed in blossom.  
- Bliss Carman

**Commented [48]:** Younger age diary entry - great story about her great-grandmother's courtship. There is a photo taken of Milton and Mary Scott in 1916. The child is uncertain.

While at the UO Opal wrote this paragraph about them as part of her research on family history:

"My great grandfather, Milton Scott knew my great grandmother, Mary Ann Christopher when they were children -- in their early teens they were separated and did not meet again for several years. He, going to Mississippi & Georgia. Coming back home to Tennessee where his home folks were living & where Mary Ann, now grown into young womanhood lived. He saw her on horseback one day. Something in the sweet girlish face recalled the face of his childhood sweetheart and on finding out that it was she the old friendship was renewed. Day after day in riding over the old plantation the old love became stronger. When they were married they came to Missouri. Mr. Christopher & Milton's father offered to give them a part of the large plantation and to build them a home but Milton had a longing for the West & after they had been in Missouri only a short time they joined an emigration party, coming to California. The journey was long and tedious."

## MARCH - Nine Diary Entries

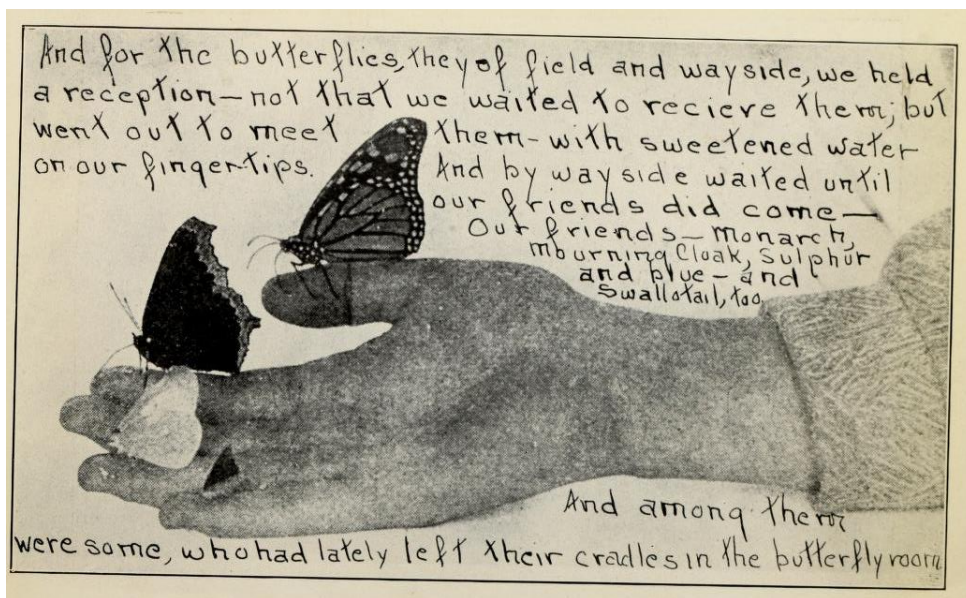
**Note: Duplicate Dates Begin - Two March 9ths, Pages 43 & 166**

P 43 The birds are coming North again. From day to day new ones we see — and seeing them we think and wonder about their finding their way from lands far distant.

March time is seed planting time for some Baby Seeds. To-day in the garden we have planted them there -- dear little fairies to be are wrapped up in the tiny things there. My - but isn't this a wonderful Fairyland?

P 43 March 3rd -- Saw five Velvet-Cloak Butterflies -- they whose other names are Vanessa Antiopa, Mourning-Cloak, and Camberwell Beauty. They came to the saucers of sweetened water we placed on two fence-posts for them.

**Commented [49]:** Putting sweetened water out to attract butterflies – also see photo of Opal with sugar water on fingers to attract butterflies



*Opal attracting butterflies by putting sugar water on her hands and keeping still*

## FIRST DUPLICATE DATES - MARCH 9TH

P 166 March 9th -- A fairy from the land beyond the Rocky Mountains is blooming in our Cathedral to-day. From far away New England came the plants last year to dwell in our Cathedral here in the Oregon woods. We children love Arbutus -- that is why we placed it in the Cathedral -- whose pillars are the forest trees, the great tall fir trees; and whose dome is the sky. Near the altar bloom these lovely cousins of Rhodora and Rhododendron.

God made the flowers to beautify the earth,  
And cheer man's careful mood;  
And he is happiest who hath power  
To gather wisdom from a flower  
And wake his heart in every hour  
To pleasant gratitude.  
-- Wordsworth

P 43 March 9th -- Johnny-Jump-up is here and Johnny-Jump-up is there. O, who is this Johnny-Jump-up? He is a member of the Violet family, of course. And his petals they are yellow. And the sight of him brings joy to we children's hearts.

P 166 March 12th -- It seemeth to live by a rule of three -- a dainty, white fairy, blooming in the woods now. Three leaves, three petals, two times three stamens, three systoles and a three-celled ovary -- Trillium, it is well named. To the Lily of the Valley family it belongs.

P 166 March 15th -- Away back in the woods I saw him today -- he was perched on a limb and was sound asleep. I'm sure he must be a very sound sleeper -- this Saw-Whet Owl -- for I tapped on the tree several times before he woke up. He has another name -- Acadian Owl, and his scientific name is *Nyctala acadica*. Last year I found a Mother Saw-Whet Owl at home in an old Woodpecker's hole, one week later than this week. She was sitting upon six white eggs. Mice from the mouse-traps I brought her -- she liked them.

P 166 March 16th -- We found Asarum, the Wild Ginger, with its one flower so nearly like the woods' carpet of dry leaves around it. And finding one we found others, too. We did not pick them; but we waited near to watch the small flies come to the flowers. I'm sure that these flies aid in the fertilizing of wild ginger by carrying pollen from one plant to another. Other names also has Wild Ginger -- Snakeroot, Indian Ginger and Cat's Foot. Azaro, Marie from Spain called it. Little Philip of France called it Asaret.

March 17th -- Shooting Stars are in blossom. We children counted one hundred and three on the way from school -- and left them blooming there -- those quaint, purple-pink flowers, with their nice little noses. Other names have they beside Shooting Star -- Bird Bills, Prairie Pointers, Crow's Bills and American Cowslip. They belong to the Primrose family.

**Commented [50]:** One of the many dual dates Opal has, where she uses the same date twice. But, is it the same year or from a different year? That makes an interesting puzzle!

**Commented [51]:** Trillium - Opals favorite flower -- note use of the biblical word "seemeth"

**Commented [52]:** "one week later than this week" - OPALISM - WHERE DOES THIS PHRASE COME FROM???

**Commented [53]:** another Opalism or else ESL

**Commented [54]:** another Opalism or ESL or verbal/oral construction?

**Commented [55]:** Very important - is this from older, when she is in Los Angeles or were these kids in Oregon?? SHE TAUGHT KIDS FROM MOVIE STUDIOS IN LA - and many of the early movie industry people were immigrants.

These kids may be why she needed a Spanish and French dictionary while writing FAU. She would have needed dictionaries for writing FAU.



---

## Lamb Fairies - Possibly an Early Childhood Diary Entry



*Opal and perhaps her Grandmother Whiteley - Possibly in Colton, Washington about 1903*

P 44 Now is March time -- but truly April rain is here. I was prancing along down the road with Isaiah, the Shepherd Dog; Mary Jane, who used to be a little Lamb, who is now a grown-up fairy -- and with me were also seventeen Woolly Bear caterpillars who have been napping through the winter -- well, we were caught in April rain, and we liked its music, and to feel the raindrops trickle down over our noses. (The Woolly Bear Caterpillars I held out that they might have a shower bath.)

Little Lamb fairies were playing about to-day. We children love Lamb fairies. Our pet Lamb's name is Mary Jane -- we raised her on the bottle -- and now that she is older grown she wanders away to feed alone -- but at evening time she comes to romp -- and glad times we all have together. Mary Jane and Isaiah, the Shepherd Dog, are very good friends. Mary Jane scampers along at the heels of Isaiah as he brings the cows home to the pasture bars -- and sometimes (the times I'm not scampering along beside Mary Jane) I sit on the gate post and wait for her and Isaiah.

**Commented [56]:** IMPORTANT - THIS COULD BE A CHILDHOOD ENTRY! likely younger since she is alone. Isaiah is also in the childhood diary, but he is called "a plain dog". In Fairyland Isaiah is a Shepherd dog.

On P. 57 of Fairyland she writes that a dog named Shep went for a hike with them.

## APRIL - 18 Diary Entries

*Dual Dates: Two April 8ths on pages 45 & 171*

P 167 April 2nd -- In the forest in the shadows of great fir trees are blossoming the flowers of the wind, the dainty Anemones. There is a dear old Greek story of Anemos, the wind, sending these exquisite flowers to herald his coming in early Spring. So we children love to call them "Flowers of the Wind." They belong to the Buttercup family and are cousins of Meadow Rue, Marsh Marigold and Columbine. These little dream-flowers are found in Spring.

P 167 April 3rd -- Deep in the forest His Star Flowers are blossoming -- only three or four inches above the carpet of fire needles are their dainty star blossoms borne on thread-like stems. Cousins of Pimpernel and Cyclamen are they.



P 45 April 7th -- Don't you love to watch the Swallow fairies? How wonderful it would be to sail through the air as they do, but truly it is wonderful to watch them. And how well-suited are they for their life in the air. Have you noticed how large a Baby Swallow's mouth is when ready to leave the bird house? (The ones I have in mind are Tree Swallows, who were born and raised in one of our birdhouses.) It seems to me that their mouths being large that way would be of an advantage in getting their insect food in the air as they do. We children love this verse about the Swallows:

"Thou art a nursling of the air,  
No earthly food makes up thy fare  
But soaring things, both frail and rare,  
Fit diet of a fairy." — John Burroughs.

P 45 April 8th -- While feeding the Chickens just before I started to school this morning, three Rabbits came, one after another, from the Vine Maple thicket and ate of the food I scattered for the Chickens. One of them, the least one of all, seemed to like best of all the little bits of apple peelings.

**Commented [57]:** older - use of questions - written for others to read – use of teacher's voice

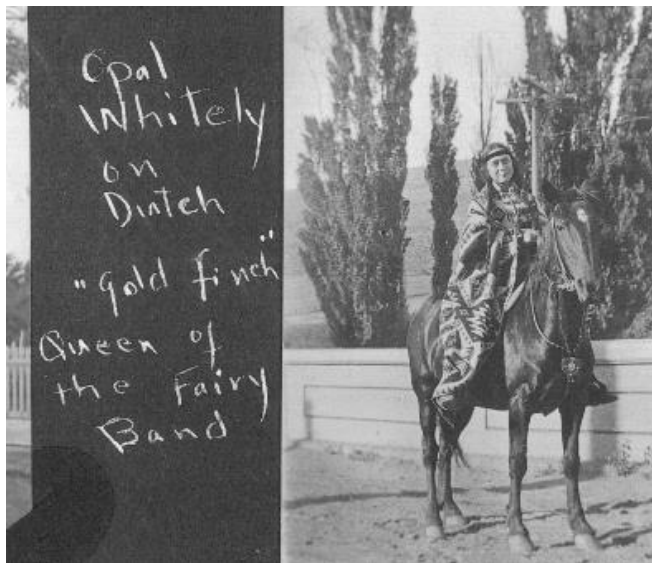
**Commented [SW58]:** Photo of Opal feeding birds who have lost their home because the pasture was burned to plant crops for food.

**Commented [59]:** Dual Date - April 8th -

P 171 April 8th -- Where the Fern fairies dwell in the wood there the Bleeding Hearts are blooming today. We children learned this verse about them:

In a gymnasium where things grow,  
Jolly little boys and girls in a row,  
Hanging down from cross-bar stem,  
Builted purposely for them;  
Stout little legs up in the air  
Kick at the breeze as it passes there;  
Dizzy heads in collars wide,  
Look at the world from the underside;  
Happy acrobats a-swing,  
At the woodside show in early spring.  
- Anna Botsford Comstock 1904 (uncredited)

P 167 April 9th -- "Yo-ho, Robin Hood and his fairies are in the world." We children hurried away from our play to greet them today. Red-flowered Currant blossoms all along the twigs -- why they are Robin Hood's merry little men. And few leaves are out before they are about -- telling us of other fairies soon to come.



*Opal in Heppner, Oregon 1916 "Queen of the Fairyband"*

P 46 April -- Along the way we watched them to-day -- God's little messengers of love and happiness -- bluebirds, cousins of Robin and Hermit Thrush. In our Fairyband each child chooses its name from some beloved fairy in the out-of-doors. More choose "Bluebird" than any other. Soon we shall be having, as we have had in other years, wonderful times assisting Mother and Father Bluebirds in feeding their babies.

**Commented [60]:** Opalism - rhyming sentence - also to-day may be a younger writer

**Commented [61]:** Fairyband - she began using this word later - LIKELY OLDER FROM MIDDLE TO HIGH SCHOOL - SHE IS WITH KIDS IN THE FAIRY BAND - see photo from Heppner Oregon in 1916. Opal said it was the first time she was ever paid for nature lectures.

Also, she writes "as we have had in other years" - which to me implies she is in her teens.

**Commented [62]:** "other years" - she is older

---

## The Minister Makes a Mistake in His Sermon

P 46 April 10th -- The minister made a mistake in his sermon the other day. He told of the worms climbing by means of their many legs upwards on beautiful plants. Now we children all know that worms have no legs. I think what he meant to say was caterpillars; and I'm really sure that's what he intended, for he spoke of God changing them into beautiful Butterflies. Now, God, Himself, knows that He doesn't make Butterflies out of worms. He makes them out of caterpillars -- soft, velvety ones, and fuzzy ones.

**Commented [63]:** MINISTER MAKES A MISTAKE IN HIS SERMON - younger

P 167 April 12th -- Hound's Tongue blossoms that were of a pinkish hue a few days ago, have now become blue. Why? -- because they have been fertilized and they always turn blue after fertilization. It was in the early days of January when first we found the leaves of Hound's Tongue pushing their way up through the wood's carpet.

**Commented [64]:** likely older - teenage perhaps

P 46 April 15 -- Saw sixteen Monarch Butterflies today. It is good to see them about again.

**Commented [65]:** perhaps younger - fragment

P 46 April 17 -- Among the rocks between the road and the river dwell the Columbines, cousins of Buttercup and Wind Flower. To the bright red blossoms of these Columbines come Hummingbirds -- and each year we children sit quietly near and watch these and other fairies come and go.

**Commented [66]:** older - fairies - or perhaps added later to a younger entry or middle school - also says "each year ..."

P 167 April 21st -- God's bells are ringing a call to prayer in the woods today -- in the shadows of the woodland I found Mission Bell blooming by the pathway -- all its beauty blending with the shadows roundabout. Bronze Bells and Rice-Root both describe it -- flowers of various modest shades, all mottled and checkered over -- roots like little pearls or tiny grains of rice. Fritillaria is the name the scientists know it by; but to wee children's hearts the name Mission Bell is most dear - God's little prayer flowers, calling us to think of Him and all His goodness.

**Commented [67]:** older - teenage

P 46 April 23rd -- Every day we see them somewhere -- those English Sparrows -- and 'tis no welcome in our hearts we have for them, for in the winter they come unto the Birds' Christmas Trees and feeding tables, taking food that was meant for others and fighting others away. In the Spring they try to keep our gentle Swallows and Bluebirds from the houses we have builded for them, and they never are in harmony with the singing fairies hereabout.

**Commented [68]:** maybe middle school - she also uses the words "come unto" - which she does as she gets older -

P 168 Deep in the woods I came upon a shy fairy knight -- Sir Grouse -- the drummer -  
-- Of him we learned this verse:

Then it is the stately partridge  
Spreads his ruff and mounts his rostrum,  
Gazes proudly round the thicket,  
Sounds his strange and muffled signal.  
First with slow and heavy measure,  
Then like eager, hurried heart-beats,  
Ending in a nervous flutter  
Faster than the ear can reckon.  
- Frank Bolles (uncredited)

P 168 Quietly I went through the woods, and, seeing Sir Grouse, I paused. Every year I love to watch for Grouse Babies — they are such darlings — and sometimes I have picked them up — and they seemed unafraid, looking up at me with their bright, soft eyes. I have fed them, and when they were grown up three of them still came at intervals to the end of an old log deep in the forest. Very much they liked different berries, insects and grasshoppers.

Commented [69]: Opalism - ESL

### Little Grandmother and the “Little Folk” of the Plantation



P168 My dear little Great-Grandmother, who came from the far-away Southland, and who is my own dear Mamma's father's mother, to-day has been telling me about Cardinal bird, God's jewel ruby with wings, who sings and sings.

When my Grandma was a little girl, a very little girl, the negro mammy would carry her about the plantation and tell her about the little folk of the field and the woods. Often she saw Cardinal -- and as she grew older she liked to go to the woodland and listen to the Cardinal. Grandma tells me lots about the plantation -- about when she was a little girl there. 'Twas in a damp place in a thick tangle that she found the Cardinal cradle in April time. This fairy is a cousin of Goldfinch, Grosbeak, Song Sparrow, Crossbill and Indigo Bunting. His scientific name is *Cardinalis cardinalis*. My grandma loves Cardinal -- so do I.

Commented [70]: Opalism - rather than saying great-grandmother on her mother's side. Eliza Pearson (Uncle Henry D. Pearson's mother). They were called "Little Grandma" and "Little Grandpa".

Commented [71]: OPAL'S BELIEF IN FAIRIES AND "LITTLE FOLK" MAY COME FROM AN OLD SLAVE WOMAN IN THE DEEP SOUTH RATHER THAN STORIES HEARD FROM EUROPEAN ROYALTY

"negro mammy" - Opal's great-grandmother lived on a plantation and had an African-American slave woman for her "mammy" - the term was used long after slavery ended but is out of date and considered a racial slur today.

P 171 In our wildflower garden in the woods there is now blooming another fairy who came from the land beyond the Rocky Mountains. His name is Jack-in-the-Pulpit — but he dwells not in our Cathedral, where first we planted him. He dwells not there now because we found him to be a wolf in sheep's clothing. Why, the majority of his congregation consist of Gnats and tiny Flies — and some of these do not escape from the pulpit. Really, one would not expect such a pious-looking creature, who is a cousin of the stately Calla Lily, to be capable of such cruelty. He is also a cousin of Skunk Cabbage.



## *Uncle Henry Teaches Opal Poetry and Scientific Names*

*NOTE: This Same Paragraph is in her Ten Year Old Diary*

P 171 This day I went forth into the forest at the hour of sunrise. And within the forest I heard a sublime bell-like voice -- 'twas one of His Cathedral singers. Upward and onward the song of the little singer carried my soul; and nearer seemed the All-Wise Father as I stood in His forest Cathedral listening. He who in his singing lifts up the thoughts of the Children of Men to higher realms is this fairy, Audubon's Hermit Thrush.

It seems only yesterday, but it is seven years since Uncle taught me this verse, which we children all love.

Then in that solemn hour I heard  
A hymn that comes so sweet and clear;  
So pure a tone, it seems to be  
A bit of heaven's minstrelsy.  
- Francis Sterne Palmer

**Commented [72]:** same exact paragraph is in her 10 year old diary - and on p 171 In Our Cathedral - but first in 10 year old diary - shows she did not write that before being in Boston because it was already in FAU

**Commented [73]:** last sentence may be older. older - 7 years since her uncle Henry taught her a verse - he died in 1914



*Read About Opal's Uncle Henry David Pearson (1862-1914)*

## MAY - 21 Diary Entries

### *May has 5 Duplicate Dates*

May 3rd - twice  
May 17th - twice  
May 22st - twice  
May 29th - twice  
May 30th - twice

### Opal is Late for School & Shows Teacher a Meadowlark's Nest



*Teacher Nellie Williamson, March 1907*

P 164 May 3rd -- On our way home from school this afternoon we stopped in the fields to sip the nectar from the flower heads of Blue Curls. My, it tasted good. No wonder the Bees liked to call upon Blue Curls.

After we had watched the Bees for several minutes we stopped taking the nectar, because we felt it belonged more to them than to us. You see they help Mother Nature send more seed babies (that are to be Blue Curls when they grow up) into the world by aiding in the fertilizing of the flower. Blue Curls are known by other names -- Heart-of-the-Earth, Self-heal and Prunella. They belong to the Mint family.

I was late to school this morning; but I did not mind being late because I found something which I've been trying hard to find for more than three days -- Mother Meadowlark's home. Since the first day I saw her hurrying low through the grass at the edge of the field I felt her nest was nearby. Sure enough it was. It was made of grass, and in a clump of grass, and in it were five Baby Meadowlarks. I was so happy to find them, and so busy finding grasshoppers for them to eat, that I forgot what time it was and of course was late to school.

But being as I had my lessons for to-day done yesterday teacher only kept me fifteen minutes after school. And then, having kept me in, she went with me to see the Meadowlark babies. I carefully gave her one grasshopper to give them. She, being of a timid nature, held that little grasshopper out on a piece of grass and before the birds had a chance at it the pesky thing hopped off the piece of grass and away.

P 171 May 3rd — Coral Roots are in blossom — those members of the Orchid family, cousins of the fair Calypso and Lady Slippers, who have become back sliders — that is, they do not get their food in the way Mother Nature intended all honest plants to do; but they live upon the dead and decomposing forms of other plants and are therefore called saprophytes. For this reason they have no leaves. Their flowers are hard to describe with their mottlings of purple and brown.

**Commented [74]:** P 164 Dual date May 3rd - younger

**Commented [SW75]:** Opal stops taking the nectar out of the flowers because it belonged more to the bees than them.

**Commented [76]:** P 171 Dual date May 3rd - uncertain of age - middle school? she does not like certain plants - become "backsliders" - a religious term which could mean she is older BUT it also strikes me as younger since she uses the phrase "all honest plants"

---

P 47 May 6th - "I will make me a garden by the side of the road where Children of Men pass by." So I made me a garden by the side of the road, and the Children of Men passing by come into the garden to learn -- to learn of the Fairyland 'round about us. Today it rained and afterwards we watched the Earthworms -- they who are among the most wonderful fairies on earth, for great is their service they render to us as millions of them are daily plowing the earth. Mother Nature's little farmers are they, and their work has been going on for ages. Yesterday and the day before that we located fifty-seven burrows of Earthworms in the garden. They are also called Angle-worms, being much used as fish bait; but we children prefer to leave them to plow the garden. Have you found their eggs under the rocks on damp soil? And have you not met them crawling about on sidewalks after a rain?

---

**Commented [77]:** Younger -- mix of younger and older ages - Opal quotes herself!! cannot find first sentence online except in this paragraph - is it older?

Last sentence questions - may indicated added later

---

P 47 May 9th -- We found Butterfly eggs today -- eggs of Velvet Cloak. They were on willow twigs near the ends, in rows around the twig, and looked like tiny jewels.

O, the little Red Maids by the roadside are opening their satiny petals in the sun. We children like them just for the joy of seeing them and when flowering days are over we gather the seeds for David and Jonathan, two pet Doves, who are very fond of these Portulaca seeds. Red Maids also have another name -- Calandrina -- and cattle like their leaves to eat and also some people use them for salad.

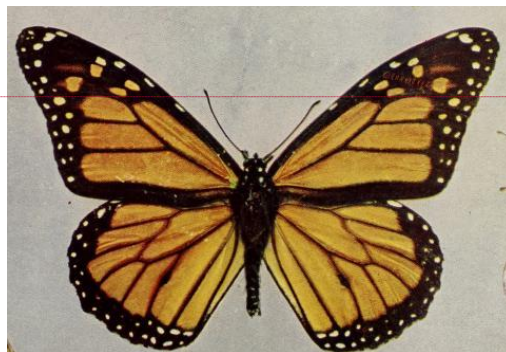
---

**Commented [78]:** 2 pet birds named David and Jonathan - doves - younger - later she speaks of the pet doves being on her shoulders - younger

**Commented [79]:** Opalism - words turned around ESL

---

P 47 May 11th -- I watched a Monarch Butterfly laying her eggs on the Milkweed today. She laid them one at a time on the underside of the leaves. Do you know why she lays them on the Milkweed? Long time ago I wondered about it, and took some of the leaves home to find out -- keeping them fresh until the green eggs hatched five days later.



The little caterpillars were certainly hungry, for the first thing they ate were the eggshells of out which they had come. Then they began to eat the Milkweed leaves; and then I understood why their mother had placed those eggs upon the Milkweed leaves. Each year since then I have raised Monarch Butterflies. And we children plant for them Milkweeds in the garden.

---

**Commented [80]:** likely older - teenage



P 47 There is music in the stream, in the patter of the rain; and the wind plays upon the harp strings of the trees. And our little brothers of the air tell in song the whole day long of His great love everywhere. And other musicians, too, the Frogs, Crickets, Toads, Beetles, and Katydids, did take their part in earth's chorus.

**Commented [81]:** possibly older - she goes on an exploration trip with a group of kids - nice piece about the "earth musicians"

We have had such a wonderful exploration trip today -- just a-seeking for different members of the Plant Kingdom. You see, there are many different ones -- Trees, and Flowers. Among the Flowering Plants are Grasses and Cattails, though some grown-ups do not realize that Grasses have flower. And then there are those many flowerless plants -- Ferns, Mosses, Liverworts, Lichens, Algae, and Fungi.

P 165 May 12th -- O, here and there, and far and wide, the field is all creamy with dainty Fairy Cream-cups, of the Poppy family. Cousins of God's Gold are these plants, with uplifted blossoms, nodding buds, and fairy stems.

**Commented [82]:** younger - but uncertain

P 164 May 15th -- A lovely shower has come to earth and sweet is the air most everywhere, but sweetest in the field here. We children have just been trying to find where so much fragrance is coming from. We did take in a big breath, and did smell, and did sniff and our search for it did end with Sweet Vernal Grass, for it was the source plainly enough. Sweet Vernal Grass, whose stems are so satiny, is called by scientists Anthoxanthum odoratum.

**Commented [83]:** younger

**Commented [84]:** one of the few times Opal uses the word "smell" or anything like it in a pleasant way - other times the smell is always bad

P 48 May 17th -I thought I heard a Gnatcatcher -- Is that a Blue Jay? -- No, it is the Mockingbird, he who is the cousin of Wrens and Thrashers, he who sings through the day his own song and also the songs of others, he who also sings in the night time. How we children joy to hear his song night or day.

**Commented [85]:** Duplicate Date - May 17th - Opalism - How we children joy to hear his song night or day.

P 165 May 17th -- Found a Mother Kildeer at home in Grandfather's cornfield. She was near unto the corn plant. No home had she builded -- her eggs were on the ground. There were four of them, and they had spots of brown and black upon them. I can hardly wait until the baby Killdeers hatch. I was picking out names for them to-today. Their scientific name is Aegialitis vocifera -- and baby Kildeer are such darling babies.

**Commented [86]:** Duplicate Date - May 17th - First sentence is from a young diary - but the next paragraph may have been written later. See original entry in FAU

See other entries for evidence she was reading a diary and expanding on it for the Fairyland text.

**Commented [87]:** younger -grandfather's cornfield was in Walden

**Commented [88]:** Opalism - uses the word "builded" in childhood diary and younger parts of FAU

P 164 May 19th -- We went to gather wild strawberries today and found Cat-Ears in the field and Cattails at the edge of the swamp. It certainly is interesting the number of things one finds when one goes wild strawberrying. We children all love Cat-Ears -- they are so velvety. We like to sit down among them and place our cheeks against their soft white or purplish blue hair-covered petals, and listen to the earth things talking. Cat-Ears belong to the Lily family and are cousins of Mission Bells, Hyacinths, Stars-of-Bethlehem, Camas and Lamb's Tongue Lily. Cat-Ear we know by three other names -- Calochortus, Star-Tulip and Mariposa Lily, which means Butterfly Lily.

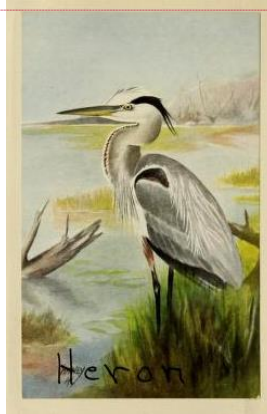
**Commented [89]:** younger - goes "wild strawberrying" - the "swamp" could have been a marshy area in the woods. It is still there today

## A Day -- It's Joy and Tragedy

[https://archive.org/stream/fairylandaroundu00whit\\_0#page/56/mode/2up](https://archive.org/stream/fairylandaroundu00whit_0#page/56/mode/2up)

P 57 This has been a tragical day. Yesterday I discovered Heron Town in treetops seven miles away (which isn't very far when 'tis something you are very much interested in).

I hurried home to tell the others about this wonderful town in the treetops (why those skyscrapers Glen Hankins was telling about could not be much ahead of Heron Town), but when I reached home no one was interested in herons. There was company, and furthermore "little girls should be seen and not heard." The only time anyone seemed interested was at bedtime, when mother and father forbid me to try climbing to Heron Town. (It's awful to have an exploring, climbing spirit and to have it suppressed.)



I think the tragedy really began last night with their forbidding my climbing to Heron Town. Why, all the way home I had been thinking of finding out about Heron home life and of assisting mother and father Herons in feeding the babies. And how in the world was one to feed baby Herons unless one climbed up to their cradles? I thought about so many things to be found out about the way a heron lives, and kept thinking, and I dreamed last night that I was in Heron Town. And this morning I got up before anyone else in the house was up and went to the pantry and to the garden, and took my breakfast along with me. Also I took along Belshazzar (one of my pet frogs), Shep (the dog), Solomon Rheoboam (the pet skunk), and Plato (the pet turtle). Thus we started for Heron Town -- Plato and Belshazzar in my apron pockets, being as they could not travel at the pace Solomon Rheoboam, Shep and I travel.

When I arrived at the trees in whose tops Heron Town was located I once more shared what remained of my breakfast with my companions, and leaving all but Belshazzar at the foot of the tree, I started upwards. It was considerable more than a hundred feet above the ground and a very hard climb, so that before I reached the village I had fully decided that if I was going to assist in feeding baby Herons I would need larger pockets to carry food in. When I was almost at the first big nest (there were heaps of others), I took Belshazzar out of my pocket and set him on the nearest limb until I could get balanced and settled down for observation; but right then and there a Heron gobbled him up, and it surprised me so that I lost part of my balance and started earthward -- and on my way I decided right then and there that if baby Herons were to be fed upon such a diet I would withdraw my offer of assistance made on the previous day. I didn't get quite to earth, because I lodged on a limb on the way down.

Then I began the climb all over again and had the most wonderful day at Heron Town. The homes were just platforms of sticks -- Herons are not neat housekeepers, and the babies are gawky and squawky; but it was a wonderful feeling one had being up among them. I'm not sure whether baby Herons like being cuddled or not. I tried to cuddle two, one in each arm, but they squawked so much I almost lost my balance again. Some nests had eggs in them -- three and four bluish green ones. And some were queer-looking things who had not been long out of the eggs.

**Commented [90]:** younger - very good story - she walks 7 miles to Heron Town (but kids were expected to be able to walk 3 miles one-way to school)

**Commented [SW91]:** Opalism -- "a tragical day" -- her spelling

**Commented [92]:** All of these are pets in her 9 & 10 year old diaries

**Commented [93]:** Opalism - "considerable more"

**Commented [94]:** Opal climbs 100 feet in the tree - she got into trouble numerous times for climbing trees. Opal was from a logging culture where tree climbers were all around her

There were so many things happening in Heron Town -- folks coming and going all the time -- every minute was so exciting. I'd like to have stayed there all night; but toward evening I began to get so hungry -- it seemed years since I had had anything to eat. (I'd only kept a weeny bit of my breakfast and had given the most of it to the other folks about me.)

I arrived home just at supper time, and was reminded that it was a school day -- a fact which I had forgotten all about. Also I was reminded that my apron was torn in four places -- a fact I had not noticed. That I had been to Heron Town was made known by my torn apron before I had time to open my mouth and tell them about the wonderfulness of being up there with the baby Herons so far above the world.

**Commented [95]:** Opal forgot about it being a school day! gets her apron torn too - you can't make that up! - OPAL HAD BEEN FORBIDDEN TO GO TO HERON TOWN AND CLIMB THE TREES

**Commented [96]:** "wonderfulness" - great Opalism

## In School with Mable & the Young Teacher



P 58 May 22nd -- I'm having little bits of troubles at school every day -- just because the school curriculum and my nature study do not fit together. And sometimes what seems like a big trouble in the end brings me a friend. Today the trouble was mostly about caterpillars. I hunted them on the way to school and found seventeen; but I arrived at school nine minutes after tardy bell rang.

That wasn't the worst of it, though, because in the afternoon some way they escaped from my desk. I sit in a seat partnership with Mable, (Mabel in her 9 year old diary) who neither likes caterpillars nor our teacher -- and she

told me confidentially that it was not especially because she did not like the caterpillars that she shoved them out of the desk; but mostly because she hoped it would make the creepers go up teacher's spine -- but teacher was a hero and helped me to find every one of those truant caterpillars after school let out. (Of course she didn't pick them up -- I did the picking up.)

**Commented [97]:** Younger - Mabel (Mable) is in the 9 year old diary with female teacher also in Fairyland with female teacher and in ten year old diary with the male teacher.

**Commented [98]:** The young female teacher was likely Nellie Williamson (who taught at Walden in 1907 & 1908). Opal says she is "timid" but a "hero" for helping Opal catch her loose caterpillars.

Teacher admitted that she was afraid of caterpillars, because they were such dreadfully creepy things. Then I told her how velvety they were and how wonderful they were -- and all about my caterpillar farm. When I finished telling her about them I held out the big green velvety one that was going to be a Luna Moth and let her feel how velvety it was. Afterwards she went part way home with me and helped me to gather walnut leaves for the velvety green one that was going to be a Luna Moth, oak leaves for three who were going to be White Admiral butterflies, and Monkey Flower leaves for seven who were going to be Checkerspot Butterflies.

P 58 May 24th -- Along the way to school to-day I saw Bluebirds, Robins, Blackbirds, Song Sparrows, Towhees, Monarch Butterflies, Chipping Sparrows, Swallowtail Butterflies, three Chipmunks, one Gray Squirrel, and three Carabidae Beetles. I was almost late to school.

**Commented [99]:** younger

---

P 165 May 27th -- The little Pear-shaped Puffballs we found in the field today -- and their scientific name is Lycoperdon. These are found all over the world.

---

**Commented [100]:** younger - Opalism - "... we found in the field today"

P 60 May 28th -- Really, Snail fairies are very interesting -- of course they can not hurry rapidly about. (But could we if we had, like the Snail, only one foot?) And his horns -- they are not horns at all. Truly his eyes are on the end of these two stalks. I wonder how it would be if you and I had our eyes on stalks. And really though he has but one foot -- that foot is a wonder. And the places he carries about with him -- now isn't Snail as wonderful a fairy as the magicians of fairy stories -- for Snail takes his house right along with him. When danger threatens he withdraws himself into his palace.

I find their eggs in masses under old decaying leaves. Snail eggs are as big as the small peas that grow in Grandma's garden. And these eggs, in which were the Baby Snails to be, were almost transparent when I found them. When Baby Snails first hatched each had a tiny shell -- and as baby grew the shell grew too. So I beheld the growing of a palace, spire by spire. "Snail Nursery" was in a large box, with soil and moss and leaves (dampened ones) in the bottom. For breakfast, dinner, and supper my Baby Snails, who were to be grown up Snails someday, were served vegetables and fruits. This year we had twenty-seven Snail babies. (Did you know that Mother and Father Snail are one and the same fairy dwelling in one Snail shell?)

But about our Baby Snails -- we brought out the Bible and the Ancient History and after much discussion selected their names. The responsibility of selecting names is enormous and growing from year to year -- as the number of Butterfly, Moth, Beetle, Toad, Frog, Snake, and other fairies raised from the eggs increases and friendships made with Birds, Squirrels, and Skunks grow. Then there are the scientific names -- it is so interesting to know them. Scientifically those twenty-seven baby Snails are Epiphragmophora didelis.

**Commented [101]:** books opal uses for naming her pets - pages 60 and 206, the Bible and a book called Ancient History. In another place she says that they also use Caesar's Gallic Wars!

---

P 59 May 29th -- Today and yesterday along the way we found upon Sticky Monkey Flower plants little bristly black caterpillars with big appetites -- little caterpillars who had but recently come out of their tiny eggs that were pale yellowish when first they were laid by Mother Checkerspot Butterfly upon the Monkey Flower plant. It was only last year that we raised from the eggs on hundred and one butterflies like Checkerspot, whose other name is Melitaea Chalcedon.

---

**Commented [102]:** Opalism - today & yesterday ... also duplicate date: May 29th

---

P. 60 May 29th -- We met a number of Wild Radish fairies today. Their ancestors dwelt in the gardens here about and these, their children, have traveled beyond the gardens. Did you know that Radish is a cousin to Mustard, Spring Beauty, Rock Cress and Lace Pod?

---

**Commented [103]:** younger? duplicate date May 29th - Karen thinks this could be RUN TOGETHER AS THE SAME DATE

---

P 59 May 30th -- Saw six little pig fairies by the road today. Of course Pig fairies are interesting. What does a Pig use his nose for beside to smell with? What do you think a Pig wallows in the mud for? How does he take his bath? Have you fed acorns to Pigs? Do you know the different kinds of Pigs when you see them -- Yorkshire, Cheshire, Poland-China, Duroc-Jersey, and Berkshire?

**Commented [104]:** duplicate date May 30th - younger - probably walking to school -

THE SECOND PARAGRAPH IS PROBABLY ADDED LATER AND MAY BE ABOUT PETER PAUL RUBENS WHO GOES TO SCHOOL WITH HER IN THE CHILDHOOD DIARY. THIS IS A GIRL PIG & PETER PAUL RUBENS WAS A BOY BUT PERHAPS A YOUNG OPAL DID NOT KNOW THIS.

Have you had a pet Pig? I once had a little Poland-China pet who was very fond of going on nature walks along the road, and stopping at the oak grove. She sometimes went to school with me, which displeased the teacher, but pleased all the pupils. We learned this rhyme about Pigs (of course all grown-up Pigs are not lumps of iniquity).

"The nice little pig with its curly tail,  
As soft as satin and pinky pale,  
Is a very different thing by far  
From the lumps of iniquity big pigs are."

**Author Uncredited - perhaps Opal Whiteley**

P. 60 May 30th -- The Wren, the little darling House Wren, has chosen one of our birdhouses for her home -- and we are just as happy as can be. First we watched her for bringing tiny twigs -- then soft feathers. That was several days ago. Now there are five dear little eggs in the nest. We can hardly wait until they hatch, for it's so much fun helping with a Wren nursery.

**Commented [105]:** younger - duplicate date May 30th

P 63 May 31st -- Saw Fairy-ring Mushrooms on the way to school. In groups and circles were these fairies, whose scientific name is Marasmius oreades.

"And the people said when they saw them there,  
The Fairy umbrellas out in the rain:  
'O Spring has come, so sweet and so fair,  
For there are those odd little toadstools again.' "

By C. Pickford DuBois

### **Romeo, the Street Waif and His Caterpillar Farm**



P. 63 I found Romeo, a little street waif, one day in the factory district — together we found the caterpillars — soft, velvety ones. And Romeo was not long in making the discovery that there was more jolly fun in raising caterpillars than playing in the street. Soon several of his chums made the same discovery and down slum way on a corner — a wee, tiny corner — was this sign : "This way to the Caterpillar Farm," and the way led into Romeo's back yard.

At the caterpillar farm were caterpillars who were going to be — that is, when they were grown up — Swallowtails, beautiful yellow and black ones, and Blues, and Silvers. There were eggs and butterflies laying eggs, too. There were cradles in which were the Monarch Butterflies to be.  
Best of all at Caterpillar farm were the happy hearts.

**Commented [SW106]:** This may not be a diary entry but I kept it because it's a good story of Opal in Los Angeles. She befriended a young homeless boy named Romeo.

Look at the bandages on his barefoot feet. This boy is poor. It's a good example of Opal's compassion and her desire to serve the needy.



## JUNE - 40 Diary Entries

### JUNE HAS 12 DUPLICATE DATES

June 1 - two dates p145 & 176

June 3 - two entries p 70 & 176

June 5 - two entries - p. 165 & 176

June 7th - two June 7ths - p 66 & 144

**June 9th - SIX June 9ths - p 65 & 69 & 70 & 144 & 176 & 185**

June 15th - three entries - p. 66 & 69 p 156

June 16th - three dates - p 66 & 69 & 185

June 20th - two entries - p 155 & 74

June 21 - two entries - p 155 & p 156 -

June 24th - two entries - p 73 & 74

P 215 June -- And now are here busy days -- that is in the nursery. You see, it's this way -- I want to write for other Girls and Boys when I grow up how the fairies live. So I watch them in the fields and woods -- and then I raise them from eggs that I may better know their life stories. And the reason that these days are especially busy ones at the nursery is because many eggs are hatching.

Day before yesterday three Turtle eggs hatched -- for a whole week Butterfly and Moth eggs have been hatching -- yesterday two Lizard eggs hatched, and to-day three Snake eggs (some Snakes hatch from eggs, but some are born alive, as Garter Snakes.) Also, Slug eggs are hatching, and Beetle ones, too. Several days ago Frog and Toad and Salamander eggs were hatching. And now Spiders are hatching, and Sowbugs, too. Do you wonder that these are such busy days at the nursery when so many little folk are coming into the world?

If things on hand grow up as we expect them to (the things on hand aforementioned being Tadpoles who have recently come out of Toad eggs), we shall have a goodly number of Toad fairies later in the year. There are at present in the nursery three hundred seventy-one Tadpoles who came out of Toad eggs. (We won't name them until they grow up -- but we have been picking out names in preparation for the time when they will become grown-up.)

I love Toads -- from long association with them. You see, from the time I was five years old I've been raising them from the eggs to grown-up **Toadhood**. And day by day I've grown to like them more and to see how truly beautiful they are. I have had some dear Toad chums -- who followed me hopping out in the garden -- and on long nature walks traveled in my pocket. Every day I feel so happy, and no matter how hard things seem, the world is so full of wonderful, beautiful things, and no matter how much I get spanked for it, I do still love Toads -- and I'm sure God understands my loving them.



Commented [107]: Younger

Commented [108]: Opalism - younger

Commented [SW109]: Toadhood -- Opalism, like "egghood" -- she says she has been raising them since she was five years old

P 145 June 1st -- The fields are yellow with God's Gold. Afar it stretches, as though last night and the night before a thousand sunbeams came to linger for awhile and make a cloth of gold upon the bosom of our field.

---

**Commented [110]:** Duplicate Date P 145 June 1st - maybe older since it mentions the Master Artist and Oregon mountains

P 176 June 1st -- Aurora is lingering this week on our Oregon mountains. Pink near and pink afar the Rhododendrons blossom now. We walk among them and feel as we linger with them that the Master Artist has just passed this way and has given through these fairy flowers a message for each new day, a thought for many happy hours.

---

**Commented [111]:** Duplicate Date P 176 June 1st

P 70 June 2nd -- A wonderful jewel we saw today -- the plump chrysalis of a Monarch Butterfly. Emerald green with a few gold dots -- there it hung like an ear-drop on the old rail fence.

---

P 70 June 3rd -- O the wonders of this Fairyland -- we find them everyday in the field and along the way. To-day -- early in the morning -- we were about looking at the work of the Fairy Builders -- they who make of silk suspension bridges and wonderful webs. There were jewel dew-drops on the webs of the Spider fairies.

---

**Commented [112]:** Duplicate Date P 70 June 3rd - older - perhaps from the same June 3 entry

P 176 June 3rd -- In the woods met I today the fairy Eurymedon. And how was he dressed? In cream and black, with touches of blue and orange. And how did he travel? On wings, four wings, covered with scales, arranged in beautiful patterns. And where did he come from? From a tiny egg on a leaf of Cascara Sagrada. Then he grew, yes, he grew and he grew from a tiny caterpillar to a big one, as he ate and he ate and he ate of the leaves of the Cascara Sagrada. And then? Then he changed into a chrysalis, and inside this fairy cradle went on changing; and one day came out a fairy with wings Eurymedon of the Genus Papilio of the family Hesperidae -- Eurymedon, a Swallowtail Butterfly.

---

**Commented [113]:** Duplicate Date P 176 June 3rd

**Commented [114]:** Opalium - "met I today"

P 165 June 5th -- I've been out in the field gathering grasses -- gathering grasses for seventeen caterpillars, who will be, that is, if all goes well, when they grow up, Whirl-about Butterflies.

---

**Commented [115]:** Duplicate Date P 165 June 5th - this one reads younger

P 176 June 5th -- Among the Saxifraga fairies on the mountain side at the edge of the great forest I found the Parnassian Butterflies, they whose upper wing edges are transparent.

When a small child as I wandered among these fairies on the mountain side I loved to think as I watched them that the Spirit of Winter and the Spirit of Spring to the Children of Men a thought of their friendship to bring, together had made, and had given to the world, this fair wonderful thing with the snow, and the ice, and faint colors of fair blossoms upon its wing -- just that its existence might ever and eternally in silence sing, year after year, of a friendship so dear between the Spirits of Winter and Spring.



Opal 1918 Dancing the Spirit of Nature

**Commented [116]:** Duplicate Date P 165 June 5th - p176 reads like it's older

**Commented [117]:** Opalism - when as a small child as I wandered .... The Spirit of Winter and the Spirit of Spring - very long sentence 98 words. Possibly written older since she refers to when she was a small child - nice sentence, Spirits of Winter and Spring

P 176 June 6th -- It is in blossom -- this exquisite fairy of the woods, American Barrenwort -- cousin of Oregon Grape, Barberry, Twin-leaf and May Apple. We children like to call it by its other name, Vancouveria -- this name having been giving to it in memory of the English Navigator, Captain Vancouver. We like the sound of the name, and we truly think that, if Captain Vancouver were here his heart could not help but be glad that such a dear plant had been named for him.

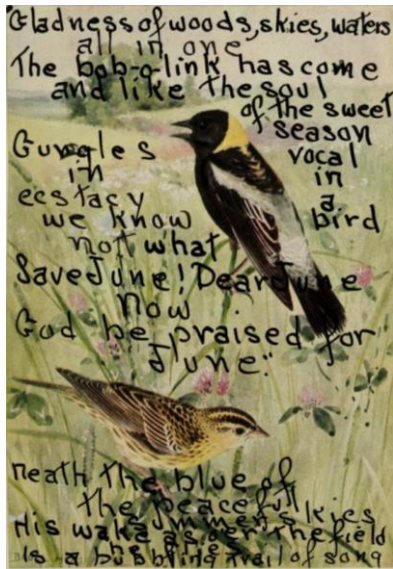
P 66 June 7th By wayside and on hillside near is blooming now "Farewell to Spring". Godetia of the Evening Primrose Family -- Godetia, cousin of Willow Herb, Taraxia and Clarkia, with four satiny pink petals.

**Commented [118]:** Duplicate Date P 66 June 7th

P 145 June 7th -- In the fields yesterday and today on leaves of Plantain we found one hundred and seventeen caterpillars of Peacock Butterflies feeding. Two weeks and four days ago we found small dark green eggs on Plantain leaves -- and the caterpillars which came from those eggs are like unto these. Two years ago while raising these butterflies to study their life history we learned that they would also eat snapdragon leaves. Peacock Butterfly's other name is Junonia Coenia -- and he belongs to the Nymphalidae family.

**Commented [119]:** Duplicate Date P 145 June 7th - younger - but older than 1st June 7th - MAYBE MIDDLE SCHOOL





P 145 "Bob-o'-link -- Bob-o'-link" -- he surely tells his name. He is one of the dearest of all our field fairies. His whole being fairly bubbles over with the joy of the fields. He is the cousin of Blackbird, Oriole and Meadowlark. We have learned that he likes to eat insects, and also some seeds. His scientific name is Dolichonyx Oryzivorus. We children love this verse about him -- and the other day we told it to a Mother Bob-o'-link and her Baby Bob-o'-links five.

Over the mountain-side or mead,  
Robert of Lincoln is telling his name:  
Bob-o'-link, Bob-o'-link, spink, spank, spink.  
Snug and safe is that nest of ours,  
Hidden among the summer flowers --  
Chee, chee, chee!

William Cullen Bryant

Commented [120]: younger or middle school perhaps

P 146 June 8th -- This morning I went into the fields before six o'clock, taking my breakfast with me. A happy hour I had among the Morning Glory fairies. And there were jewel dewdrops on the Spider Webs among the vines. Among Morning Glory's cousins are Moon Flower, Man of the Earth and Dodder (also called Strangleweed), who had fallen from grace and is much unlike our beautiful Morning Glory.

Commented [121]: younger - note what she says about Dodder - it's in another entry too - Sept 23 p 111 -also note Opalism "a happy hour I had"

## Six Entries on June 9th - Years Uncertain

P 144 June 9th -- Gophers are busy out in the field; and the Mole fairies are being blamed for their work. Now the gopher -- it is true that he eateth of young roots of things we want to grow; but the Mole eateth of worms and insects.

Commented [122]: Duplicate Date - third June 9th P 144 June 9th - younger - may have been edited with older words such as "came unto" - "eateth of"

We have been looking all day for NightHawk homes in the field, but none we found until near the hour of sunset, when we came unto the old rock-bar on the east side of the pasture. And there among the rocks we found them -- first two eggs, then a baby Night-Hawk, then another egg, then two more baby Nighthawks. Altogether we found seventeen homes.

Now Mother NightHawk does not build a home -- but she lays her eggs, usually two in number, on the bare ground or among rocks. Well they harmonize with their surroundings, and it is often difficult to see them. NightHawks have unusually large mouths, which I'm sure must be of an advantage to them as they sail through the air catching flies, ants, mosquitoes and other insects. We had a wonderful time at the Night-Hawk settlement -- we are going to select names for all the baby NightHawks when we get home -- you see, the scientific name of Night-Hawk is *chordeiles*, and we have a big task in picking out names to harmonize with this for the baby NightHawks that now are -- and the baby NightHawks that are to come out of all those eggs that haven't hatched yet. The clouds were beautiful coming home.

P 65 June 9th -- Today I found the first eggs of Vanessa huntera, the Hunter's Butterfly. There were five yellowish-green eggs I found on June 1st, and the tiny caterpillars from these grew rapidly and soon changed to the chrysalis stage -- then on July 14th into grownup Hunter's Butterflies.

**Commented [123]:** Duplicate Date P 65 June 9th - younger - seems like she is looking into last year's diary

P 69 June 9th -- June time is Rose time. Wild Roses and Sweetbrier are blooming along the way. We children love to stop and watch them and leave them blooming there. Flower-friends are such lovely fairies, and do you know the most joy comes from leaving them blooming where we find them? Sometimes it is well to gather a few to carry to those who cannot come out unto the flower -- but best of all is the abiding joy that comes from loving them and leaving them in blossom where we find them. Strawberry, Bridal Wreath, Cherry and Meadowsweet are all cousins of the Rose.

**Commented [124]:** Duplicate Date P 69 June 9th

**Commented [125]:** don't pick flowers except for people who cannot go outside - older? "abiding joy" sounds older - teenaged - does not read like a diary entry - still it is interesting because it says you should not pick them unless it's for someone who cannot come out and see them

P 70 June 9th -- This evening we watched the Primroses blossom along the road -- they who are cousins of Star-flower and Cyclamen. Last winter we found along the way the rosettes of their leaves. As we lingered near them tonight Sphinx-moths came unto the blossoms. It was only last year that upon a Primrose plant growing in a garden there lived and grew three caterpillars who became dainty Alaria florida moths -- they who are pollen-carriers of evening Primrose fairies.

**Commented [126]:** Duplicate Date - third P 70 June 9th - possible older - uses the words "lingered" and "came unto"

**Commented [127]:** "they who are ..." Opalism - used six times in FAU



P 73 Along the road today we found the home of Mourning Dove, and it was in a tree on a branch twelve feet up from the ground. In it were two eggs -- two white ones. The nest itself was not in keeping with Dear Mother Dove, for it was only a frail platform of twigs. And along the way we heard Dove notes.

**Commented [128]:** younger

We have learned that these Dove fairies like to eat millipedes and other insects, snails, weed seeds and acorns. Sometimes in the barnyard we give them grain, which pleases them, and they come again. Their scientific name is Zenaidura macroura.

There is much music all the day -- I hear it wherever I go -- in the fields, in the woods, along the stream, by wayside -- and the other day on a street in the heart of the city I heard a Cricket.

**Commented [129]:** probably older - either in Eugene or possibly in Los Angeles since she writes "in the heart of the city".

P 73 To-day I found seven caterpillars of the Silver Spot Butterflies hidden under the rail fence. I have never found them feeding during the day-time, but the other evening in the moonlight I found three feeding on violet leaves. Two years ago, when I raised fifty-three Silver Spot Butterflies, the caterpillars ate not at all in the daytime, but when I got up in the night to see what they were doing I would find them eating. Their menu consisted entirely of violet leaves.

-- O, those Stinkhorn Mushroom fairies -- what do they have such an awful smell for? We children wanted to know, so we watched a little distant and saw many Flies come unto them, seemingly drawn by this odor. Now isn't it likely that these flies will carry away Baby Spores on their feet, and the said Baby Stinkhorns will grow in some other place?

**Commented [130]:** Opal also uses more Biblical language as she gets older. For example, she often uses the phrases "came unto" or "come unto". She uses "came unto" nineteen times in *Fairyland Around Us*. Three times it's in diary entries and sixteen times she uses it in the stories - which were written when she was college age. A similar phrase from the Bible is "come unto". It is used sixteen times - eight in stories and eight in diary entries.

P 176 June 9th --In the woods among the mosses I met twin fairies today where blooms the Northern Twin flower, cousin of Snowberry, Arrow-wood and Honeysuckle. These twin fairy flowers were named Linnaea for Linnaeus, the father of Botany.

**Commented [131]:** Duplicate Date P 176 June 9th - fourth June 9th YOUNGER

P 185 June 9th -- Yesterday it rained and the day before. And to-day in the woods I found many beautiful Morels, they whose scientific name is *Morchella deliciosa*, they who belong to the family Helvellaceae.

**Commented [132]:** Duplicate Date P 185 June 9th - 5th June 9th YOUNGER

P 66 June 12th -- 'Tis the time of Bouncing Bet and she blooms along the way. Cousin of Campion, Cockle and Chickweed is she. To her blossoms at evening come the Sphinx Moth fairies. It was some years ago that her ancestors dwelt in Grandmother's garden; but their children became restless and went over the garden wall. Now we meet their descendents by the wayside.

**Commented [133]:** teenage?? - these plants ancestors lived in her grandmother's garden years ago. note "come unto", which may indicate older writings

**Commented [134]:** Opalism - backwards

### Grandma's Sassafras and the Little Green Fairies

P 66 June 15th -- When Grandma went out to look at her sassafras today she found a twig chiffoned over so she called me -- they all do when they find pieces of chiffon tied over the twigs. I put that particular piece of chiffon around that particular twig that I might better observe the ways of three pale green little fairies who looked as if Jack Frost had been stroking his fingers over their beaks.

**Commented [135]:** Duplicate Date P 66 June 15th - YOUNGER - younger diary - cute story with grandparents - reads like another story of Opal's disobedience - chiffon is fine fabric made of silk - used to make women's slips petticoats out of

Grandma was not pleased because they put their beaks into the twig and pumped the sap. The one that pumped the hardest I named Ormenis Pumper, the Great -- and the next one, Ormenis Pumper, the Lesser -- and the least one of all, Ormenis, the Little Silver Hopper. You see "ormenis" is their scientific name. (Grandfather says they have also another name, "Frosted Lightning Hopper"). They are relatives of the Lantern flies.



## Opal uses Ladybird Beetles to Save Grandpa's Apple Trees from Plant Lice

P 69 June 15th -- Ladybird Beetles -- Just the name has so much in it. And the grown-ups, they said just the word "Ladybird" takes them back again to when they were little boys and girls and sang "Ladybird" -- we have a Ladybird nursery with Ladybirds in all stages of growth; the little yellow eggs, the queer velvety, warty and spotted larvae who came out of like eggs, the cradles, and grown-up Ladybirds -- and the wonderful thing about it all is that no one has scolded us, not even a tiny bit.

**Commented [136]:** Duplicate Date P 69 June 15th - YOUNGER - Ladybird nursery - nice

You see last year, when the plant lice were in armies upon two of Grandpa's favorite apple trees, we took from our nursery many larvae that were to be Ladybirds when they grew up, and placed them among the plant lice on the apple trees. Now, if there is one thing a baby Ladybird or a grown-up Ladybird likes it is plant-lice. Those Ladybirds-to-be had a great feast on each apple tree; and we children won the day. All opposition to our Ladybird nursery was withdrawn -- so in this our second year we have a flourishing nursery.

**Commented [137]:** great story about using natural pest control -- using the beetles to eat the lice off trees

P 69 To-day we found nine Robin's nests: seven in Fir trees, one in the Apple tree, and one in the Cherry tree. We said this verse softly to Mother robin in the Cherry Tree. We helped to feed her babies last month, and she knows us.

"We have a secret, just we three,  
The robin and I and the sweet cherry tree;  
The bird told the tree and the tree told me,  
And nobody knows it but just we three.

- Anonymous

P 155 June 15 -- We children love to go to the meadow where the Buttercups grow -- why, it looks just like the sun's children had come to live in that meadow this month. It is a golden meadow now.

**Commented [138]:** Duplicate Date P 155 June 15 YOUNGER

P 156 June 15th -- O, tongues of flame are speaking here and yonder where blooms the Indian Paintbrush, the Scarlet Painted Cup, cousin of Mullein, Monkey Flower and Foxglove. And to it comes the Hummingbird. (We saw four about them today.) And, too, we found feeding on the plant, caterpillars, who someday will be Checkerspot Butterflies. Castilleja is its scientific name.

**Commented [139]:** Duplicate Date third time P 156 June 15th - YOUNGER

**Commented [140]:** Opalism - "and to it comes .."

P 66 June 16th -- Saw him by the road this afternoon -- heard him first -- "Towhee, Towhee." He was in the thicket and then he was scratching among the leaves. Saw him eat two beetles and three grasshoppers. This Towhee fairy is a cousin of Goldfinch, Song Sparrow, Grosbeak, Junco and Indigo Bunting.

**Commented [141]:** p 66 Duplicate Date June 16th

---

P 73 June 16th -- All along the way Filaree fairies are blooming -- pink blossoms now; but soon seed time will come and then we see clearly the reason for its name "Alfilerilla," which is Spanish from Alfiler, meaning needle. Storkbill, Clocks and Scissors are its other names. Filaree belongs to the Geranium family.

---

Commented [142]: p 73 June 16th

---

P 185 June 16th -- Dogwood fairies are blooming, they who are the cousins of Red Osier and Bunchberry; and the fairest of them all is Our Sentinel Tree standing forty feet tall.

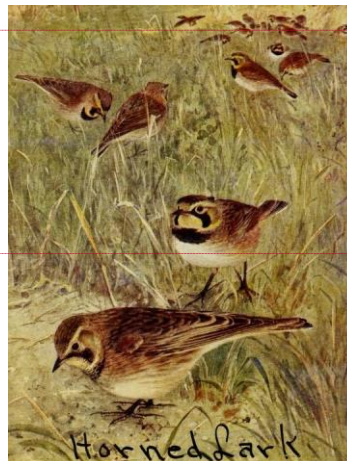
Commented [143]: Duplicate Date - P 185 June 16th YOUNGER OR OLDER? Sentinel Tree is a logging term and she quotes Gene Stratton Porter - Opal was highly influenced by GSP and this may have been added later

Through the forest's darkening emerald.  
In the murky, pungent gloom,  
Shines a cloud of wondrous whiteness,  
Where He sets the dogwood bloom.  
-- Gene Stratton Porter

---

P 155 June 17th -- In the field today I saw a father Horned Lark with baby Larks three busily hunting insects. Then even while I watched them he rose into the air singing that tinkling song that sends joy everywhere. He is a cousin of the skylark.

---



Commented [144]: younger

---

P 155 June 20th -- I've a Grass Garden out in the field, in the corner of Grandfather's field. Today I've been out talking to the Grass fairy children. It brings one so many joys -- more joys than toys -- because Wind fairies make sweet music among the Grass fairies and little fairy voices whisper back and forth; and one has a wonderful song in one's heart as one walks among the Grass fairies in one's own Grass Garden.

Commented [145]: Duplicate Date P 155 June 20th - younger - last sentence indicates older editing, past tense

Among the Fairy Grasses who dwell in my garden in the field are: Velvet Grass, Silvery Hairgrass, Tall Red-top, Floating Mannagrass, Kentucky Blue grass, Reed Canarygrass, Foxtail Grass, Purplish Aristida, Squirrel-tail Grass, Nodding Wild Rye, Lace Grass, Timothy and Ryegrass. These are their common names. Other names had they, too, of my own choosing.

---



## “Raspberry Apartment House” - Opal is 9 Years Old

[https://archive.org/stream/fairylandaroundu00whit\\_0#page/74/mode/2up](https://archive.org/stream/fairylandaroundu00whit_0#page/74/mode/2up)



“Grandpa” Leonidas Constantine Scott

P 74 June 20th -- “Raspberry Apartment House” that’s the label I tied on to a broken twig of one of Grandpa’s raspberry vines. Now he wants to know the reason why. Why -- Mother Carpenter Bee started making the inside of that twig into an apartment house in May. I watched her coming and going. I know how it is inside because it is years since I found the first one. (I was six then -- and now I am nine).

Inside the twig in separate little apartments made by herself are little Bee folks to be. She tunnels out the twig and at the bottom places pollen and bee-bread -- and of course it is for the Baby-bee to be. After she has placed the egg in the first apartment she roofs it over with pith chips glued together -- (You see she first took the pith out in making the tunnel). Then the roof of the first apartment serves as the floor for the second apartment and there again pollen and bee bread and the egg are placed; and so on up to the top of the apartment house -- but near the door dear little Mother Carpenter Bee reserves a bit of room for herself.

Within each apartment is going on the wonderful change from egghood to grown-up bee-hood. And it is rather funny about their getting out -- the Oldest Brother or Sister Bee born in the bottom apartment can’t get out of the apartment house until youngest Little Brother or Sister at the top grows up. Meanwhile, being grown-up and eager to be out he just tears down the roof over his head and kicks the tiny fragments behind him -- so on does each brother as he grows up. Then when Last Brother is grown-up they all fly out -- darling little fairies with rainbow wings. Isn’t this a Wonderful Fairyland?

P 155 June 21st -- O, the Timothy Grass in the fields is in bloom; and we children like them all. We sent our greetings to them by the wind this morning, and then we raced to the fields to tell them ourselves. We told them how they came by their name -- Timothy - - you see it was for Timothy Hanson, who cultivated them many years ago, that they were named. The children call them Cat’s-tail Grass. Their scientific name is Phleum pratense.

**Commented [146]:** Duplicate Date P 74 June 20th younger - she says she is 9 years old

**Commented [147]:** she uses the word WHY twice! Opalism

**Commented [148]:** Opalism - also shows her perception of years

**Commented [149]:** egghood - Opalism

**Commented [150]:** egghood - Opalism

**Commented [151]:** “Isn’t this a Wonderful Fairyland?” quote again - in original diary? VERY GOOD DESCRIPTION OF BEES HATCHING

**Commented [152]:** Duplicate Date June 21 p 155 - younger



JUNE P 156 The field Musicians -- often we go quietly and listen to them -- and listening feel the bond of brotherhood with the little Earthfolk about us. And who are the musicians of the field -- Meadowlark, Bob-o'-link, Bob White, Katy-did, Vesper Sparrow and Cricket are among them.

Commented [153]: younger

We were just bubbling over with joy this morning -- and we couldn't keep still. And when we went to the fields we heard him -- "Bob White, Bob White." he always tells his name so plainly -- this cousin of Partridge, Grouse and Quail. We learned this verse about him:

There's a plump little chap in a speckled coat,  
And he sits on the zigzag rail remote.  
Where he whistles at breezy, bracing morn,  
Where the buckwheat is ripe,  
and stacked the corn;  
"Bob White! Bob White! Bob White!"  
- George Cooper



P 156 June 21st — Out in the meadow where the land is damp and where hundreds of Camasses are blooming — that is where we have been today. And a wonderful time we have had with Camass fairies who wear the Joyous Blue, Grandfather, finding us among the Camasses, told us how their bulbs were prized by the Indians and that a war — "the Nez Perce Indian War" in Idaho was caused by encroachments upon the territory rich in these bulbs — also he said that Bears liked the bulbs. These Camass fairies are cousins of Mission Bells and many Lilies.

Commented [154]: Duplicate Date June 21 p 156 younger - younger - Grandpa seems sympathetic to the plight of the Nez Perce Indian War

Commented [155]: camus plants wear the "joyous blue" - a very important food to Native Americans in the Pacific Northwest

P 66 June 23rd -- Velvet Plant, traveler from another land, is blooming by the roadside now; and to the flowers come Bees, and also flies. We like its yellow blossoms; but best of all we like its velvety leaves and we think that this coat of felt upon its leaves helps to protect them from the cold in winter and the heat in summer. Long ago the Greeks and Romans made lamp wicks of the Mullein's dried leaves. In Europe and Asia "Velvet Plant" dwells today as well as in our own America. This Mullein, called "Great Mullein," is a cousin of Moth Mullein, Monkey Flower, Foxglove and Indian Paintbrush -- all these being members of the Figwort family.

Commented [156]: younger

P 73 June 24th -- Along the old rail fence, on the other side of the rails, we found today six chrysalides (in color like unto the fence). And last year from cradles like unto these came Velvet-Cloak Butterflies.

Commented [157]: Duplicate Date P 73 June 24th younger - rail fence

Commented [158]: "like unto these" but used in a textual way rather than a spoken way - used twice in one paragraph! probably original

"We behold those tender wings expand,  
Emblems of our own great resurrection,  
Emblems of the bright and better land."

-Longfellow



P 74 June 24th -- I've been watching Hawks today. They are wonderful sailors -- my! how we children wish that we could sail through the air as they do; but then there are so many wonderful things down on earth to learn about that life will always be full of wonderful hours. Knowing who is who and which is which in Fairyland is much more interesting than just knowing that is a tree, this is a fern, that is a bird.

Speaking of Hawks -- there are the Red-Tail Hawk, Sparrow Hawk, and Swainson Hawk; all respectable Hawks and a blessing to the farmer in helping to keep rodents in check. Yet these same Hawks suffer more or less, usually more, for the misdeeds of Sharpshined Hawk, Goshawk, and Cooper Hawk -- they who kill the wild birds and poultry.

We children are busy campaigning now, helping the farmers hereabout to learn to distinguish between their Hawk friends and Hawk foes. Thus it is written in the book of Nature, "Know thy friends, Redtail Hawk, Swainson Hawk, and Sparrow Hawk, for great is their service unto thee on thy farm."

**Commented [159]:** Duplicate Date p 74 June 24th middle school? she is with other kids and teaching farmers - she may be a teenager. but it's a young teen

**Commented [160]:** STRANGE PUNCTUATION - Opalism

**Commented [161]:** uses wonderful twice in same sentence - younger

P 185 June 26th -- O, a beautiful fairy I met today in the mountains. White and coral-like was this fungus, whose name is Coral Hydnum, and whose scientific name is Hydnum coralloides. Truly Mother Nature makes also very beautiful her flowerless plants.

P 156 June 29th -- In the nest of Nakomis, the little field mouse, I found two Assassin Bugs.

**Commented [162]:** Younger - Nakomis, her pet field mouse - the name is also used in Longfellow's poem Hiawatha.

P 65 June -- St. John's Wort is blooming, he who dwells in Europe and Asia as well as our own America, he to whom many virtues are ascribed -- and whose blossoms for many generations have been hung by European peasants in their windows to keep away evil, and lightning, and witches. Too, upon June 24th, St. John's day, they gathered this plant and used it as a balm for many ills. It came to our land from across the sea. 'Tis a bit of sunshine by the wayside.

## P 65 Flicker Birds & Grandma's Strawberries



It seemeth to me that Flicker hath a goodly number of names -- Red-hammer, High-hole, Woodpecker, and Colaptes cafer collaris. Flicker is not particular about a mansion for a home -- his youngsters are cradled in an old snag near the road. Fortunately for me another old snag tumbled against this snag, and I was able to climb upon the fallen snag to a stub of a limb upon the tree in which the Flickers dwell.

Not many days ago there were eight white eggs in that old snag -- and now -- well those wee bits of humanity consume unmeasurable amounts of Ants, Grasshoppers, and berries. Why I have been late twice this week at school just because one pocketful of food called for another. They have yaruping concerts -- all joining in from the youngest to the oldest.

The other day I gathered wild strawberries for Grandma. On my way I stopped at Flicker Apartments, and fearing that something might happen to the bucket of berries, it left below, I crawled up the snag with the bucket on my arm. I gave Least Flicker a strawberry. He was pleased and shouted "Yar-up!" Then all his brothers and sisters did the same. Soon my berries were almost gone. They like strawberries like I like potatoes. Flickers are such friendly fairies. As soon as they discovered the source of supply they scrambled over my apron sleeves to the bucket. Then I scooted down the tree and picked some more berries for Grandma.

---

## Another Tragedy in the Hospital To-Day

P 215 Another tragedy happened in the hospital to-day. My pet Raccoon, who was caught in a trap last week, I brought to the hospital to bandage again his paw. He seemed to appreciate the soothing effect of mentholatum -- and because of his being very quiet I went on to attend to two pet Squirrels who were hurt last week.

While my back was turned, Sir Raccoon, on an exploration bent, soon found the tub wherein was Sucker, who was nicely recovering from being caught on a hook last week. Before I could reach him he was eating for supper this Sucker. O, Life is truly full of puzzling situations.

**Commented [163]:** younger - she is puzzled that creatures eat each other - Opal uses this spelling twice in Fairyland - "tragedy"

**Commented [164]:** Opalism - backwards

**Commented [165]:** uses mentholatum - like in childhood diary

**Commented [166]:** puzzling situations - Opalism - also Opal seems younger as she does not yet know the laws of nature, that bigger animals eat smaller ones - Opal is puzzled about why this is.

## JULY - 45 Diary Entries

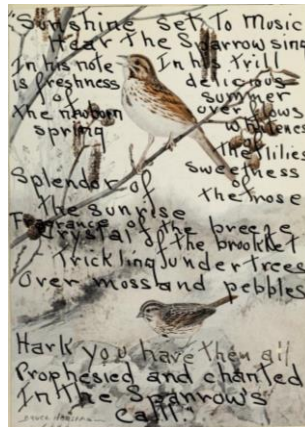
### July has 10 Duplicate Dates in the Original Book

July 3 - p 79 & 186  
July 5th p 92 & 186  
July 9th p 92 & 186  
July 10 - p, 186 & 77  
July 15 - p 165 & p 187  
July 17 - p93 p 159 & 186 - three diary entries  
July 20 - p 92 & 159  
July 29 - p 187 & 94

---

P 165 July 1st -- Still the Chickweeds bloom in the fields. These Chickweed fairies belong to the Pink family and are cousins of Campion and Cockle.

Later in this month each year we children gather Chickweed seeds for bird fairies; and among those who like them well are Canaries and Sparrows.



### Little James Finds a Hippopotamus Named Simeon Peter

P 79 July 2nd -- Today little James, who came day before yesterday from New York to spend the summer on the ranch, came rushing into the house, the while telling us about and urging us to come and see the hippopotamus he had just discovered, almost half a mile away.

That hippopotamus of James' discovery proved to be a toad -- and this last hour James and I have been having a grave discussion about toads -- and he is going to be friends with all toads -- this toad in particular, whom he has named "Hippo." Already he has given him two fat worms and brought him home to dwell in the garden. (He belongs in the garden, anyway, and his other name is Simeon Peter -- now he will have two people to give him fat worms. I'm glad James found him, and, being as he is so much interested in naming him "Hippo," I don't think I'd best tell him about his already being named Simeon Peter.)

**Commented [167]:** little James from New York - likely younger - on the ranch - he is also on August 20th p 102 - must be the same year

**Commented [168]:** having a grave discussion about toads! - Opalism - this is more like "little professor" talk, a classic sign of kids with autism

---

P 79 July 3rd -- We watched Kingbird catching grasshoppers this afternoon. He was very busily occupied. We kept very quiet (unless one keeps quiet it is almost impossible to observe the ways of many of our Fairy friends). We saw him take three caterpillars, too. In all the days we have watched him his menu has consisted of insects -- and he is the farmer's friend.

**Commented [169]:** Duplicate Date - P 79 July 3rd - YOUNGER - a piece of lace curtain - visual - Karen likes - perhaps middle school too

Last year the Kingbirds nested in an old snag by the side of the road. Merry times we children had climbing up that old snag to feed those four baby Kingbirds. They are especially fond of caterpillars and grasshoppers. And their cradle -- aside from weed stems, twigs, little roots and plant fibers, also had bits of wool, colored string, and a piece of lace curtain (which hung over the edge).

---

P 186 July 3rd -- In the forest another cousin of Orchid, Calypso and Lady Slipper is blooming -- 'tis the Rattlesnake Plantain. Do you know why it is so named? Look to its leaves for the answer.

**Commented [170]:** Duplicate Date p 186 July 3 - seems like a partial diary entry that the last sentence was added onto

---

**Bread & Jam with Yellow Jackets (story is also in early childhood diary)**

P 92 July 5th -- Sometimes I share my bread and jam with the Yellowjackets who have a home on a bush by the road twenty trees and one distant from the garden. To-day I climbed upon the old rail fence close to their home with a piece and a half of bread and jam -- the half piece for them and the piece for myself -- But they all wanted to be served at once, so it became necessary to turn over all bread and jam on hand. I broke it into little pieces and they had a royal feast right there on the old fence rail. I wanted my bread and jam -- but then Yellow jackets are such interesting fairies, being among the world's first paper-makers -- and baby Yellow jackets are such chubby youngsters. Thinking on these things made it a joy to share one's bread and jam with these Wasp fairies.

**Commented [171]:** Duplicate Date P 92 July 5th - THIS MAY BE WHAT SEDGWICK SAW - almost same exact story in Diary - pointed out by Bede -

DAY 4 - Larry & Jean & Yellowjackets - did she write it at 19 OR is this an actual authentic piece of her childhood diary in FAU that Sedgwick saw?

Sometimes I share my bread and jam with Yellowjackets, who have a home on the bush by the road, twenty trees and one distant from the garden. Today I climbed upon the old rail fence close to their home with a piece and a half of bread and jam and the half piece for them and the piece for myself. But they all wanted to be served at once, so it became necessary to turn over all bread and jam on hand. I broke it into little pieces, and they had a royal feast there on the old fence-rail. I wanted my bread and jam; but then Yellowjackets are such interesting fairies, being among the world's first paper-makers; and baby Yellowjackets are such chubby youngsters. Thinking of these things makes to a joy to share one's bread and jam with these wasp fairies.

---

P 186 July 5th -- We have been to the hollow to get Salmon Berries for two bird nurseries, and only a part of those berries reached the nurseries, for Salmon Berries do taste so good. They are cousins of the Rose.

**Commented [172]:** Opalism - 20 trees and one distant!

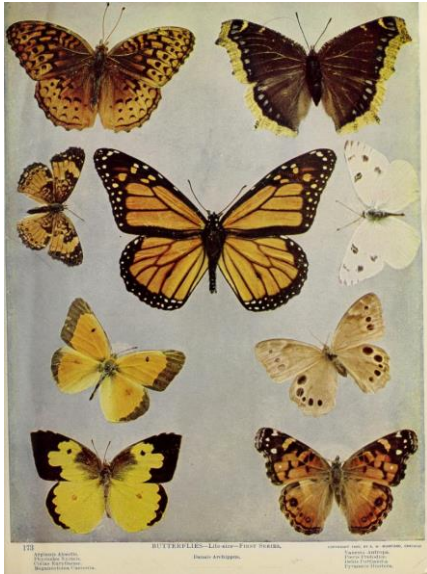
---

P 79 July 6th -- The Painted Lady Butterfly, whose other name is Thistle Butterfly, we often see and each year we raise them; feeding the caterpillars on a diet of nettle and thistle. We children like to think of the children in other lands, who, too, can watch this butterfly, for in Europe, Africa, Australia, South America and many islands of the sea dwell the Thistle Butterflies.

**Commented [173]:** Duplicate Date - P 186 July 5th - YOUNGER - PERHAPS WITH OLDER TACKED ON

**Commented [174]:** uncertain - she starts feeding caterpillars nettles very early





P 80 - The Butterflies I saw along the way to-day were: Swallowtails (two different kinds); Monarchs, whose other names are Anosia plexippus and Milkweed Butterfly; Blues, those wee ones who hover about mud puddles, and whose scientific name is Lycaena; Anglemings -- those dear brownish ones who are called Comma Butterflies, and Grapta comma; Checkerspots with lovely velvet black and bits of yellow on top and checkered red and yellow underneath, and who are called Melitaea; Sulphurs, Colias, hovering over the clover; Silverspots, they whose scientific name is Argynnis, they whose caterpillars I've found feeding on violet leaves in night time; Mourning Cloak, Vanessa antiopa, who is also called Camberwell Beauty; Painted Lady, she who dwells in many lands and is also called Thistle Butterfly and Pyrameis cardui; Wood-nymph of Genus Satyrus; and about Oak tree White Admiral of the Genus Basilarchia.

**Commented [175]:** This sentence has 140 words! Likely written as a teenager since it has all the scientific names for butterflies - also Checkerspots are today found mainly in the San Francisco area and are endangered. They may have been in Oregon 100 years ago, but I do not know. Opal is usually correct in her observations of nature.

Then we came unto Lazuli Bunting, whose scientific name is Cyanospiza amoena. This exquisite fairy wearing turquoise blue is a cousin of Goldfinch, Junco, Towhee, Song Sparrow, Grosbeak, and Crossbill. In the willows by the stream was the nest of a Lazuli Bunting and in this home were three pale greenish eggs.

**Commented [176]:** She uses the biblical phrase "came unto ..." 19 times - mostly in the Story Chapters but also in 3 diary entries - she is likely older and more familiar with the Bible in these entries.

How sweet is evening time along the road -- the music of the breeze, the prayer whispers of the Earth-folk -- the twilight chorus, and now I hear the Vesper Sparrow sing.

It comes from childhood's land,  
Where summer days are long  
And summer eves are bland, —  
A lulling good-night song.

Upon a pasture stone,  
Against the fading west,  
A small bird sings alone,  
Then dives and finds his nest.

The evening star has heard,  
And flutters into sight;  
O childhood's vesper bird,  
My heart calls back "Good-night."

— Edith M. Thomas.



## Opal and Bufo Boreas Go A-Seeking Beetles



P 91 Today I went a-seeking for Beetles, and larvae that were to be Beetles when they grow up. With me went my pet Toad, Bufo Boreas (that's his scientific name), and my pet Frog, Rana Aurora (that's his scientific name). Sometimes the scientific names o' folks make very suitable everyday names — so I have found. It was Beetles we were seeking for to-day, and these are they whom we met along the way — Scarabadae, Carabidae, Cicindelidae, and Buprestidae.

**Commented [177]:** Opalism - Very good YOUNGER - perhaps updated but starting with younger - puzzling - she uses that word when she is younger - AND COUNTING! ALSO WORD "a-seeking" indicates younger

About insects: It is rather puzzling the way grown-ups apply that name to so many Fairy Folk who are not insects. Now, a spider is not an insect — his body is divided into two parts (his head and chest in one and his abdomen forming the other part) — an insect's body consists of three parts (his head, thorax or chest, and abdomen). Also, about the matter of legs : Every insect, when he or she grows up, has three pairs of legs — each pair consisting of two legs — making a total of six legs. Now, we know a spider has more than six legs. And about Millipedes, Centipedes, and Sowbugs — goodness knows anyone with eyes ought to see plainly that these folks o' Fairyland have an abundance of legs — referring particularly to Sir Millipede. They who are insects are these — Bees, Ants, Grasshoppers, Dragonflies, Butterflies, Moths, Beetles, Wasps — and there are many more. All those belonging in the higher scale of insect life pass through wonderful changes and are transformed. These four stages are egg, larval, pupae, and perfect insect with wings. But not so they who belong in the lower scale — Bugs. The young Bugs when they hatch look a bit like Mother and Father Bug.

Speaking of Bugs — all Bugs are insects, but not all insects are Bugs. Some Bugs have wings and some have none ; but all Bugs have mouth parts for piercing or sucking. Now, among Bugs are these: Water Bug (Belostoma), Squash Bug and Plant Lice.

P 77 July 7th -This world is made up of big fairies, little fairies, littler fairies, and least ones. Some of the littler ones are Leaf-miners. We have been out inspecting their work to-day. They are the very little elves who cause many of those meandering lines and blister spots upon the beautiful leaves of plants and trees. These elves are larvae that are to be, when they grow up, tiny Moths or Beetles or Flies. (Nearly all those we have brought in have changed into tiny Moths.)

Today we found little mines on the leaves of Pine, Nasturtium, Spinach, Columbine, Oak, Burdock, and Apple in a few minutes search.

**Commented [178]:** Younger? filled with fairies - good piece

P 77 July 8th -- In the thicket and along the fence dwell Nightshade fairies. They whose other names are Bittersweet, Snakeberry, and Solanum; they who are cousins of Tomato, Potato, and Eggplant. Nightshade has such beautiful berries, but Grandpa says that I must not eat them and of course he knows best.

**Commented [179]:** younger - has grandpa telling Opal not to eat Nightshade berries

P 92 July 9th - This morning we watched a Velvet Cloak Butterfly come from its chrysalis.

**Commented [180]:** Duplicate Date - P 92 July 9th - younger?

P 186 July 9th -- We have been out in the woods gathering wild Blackberries today. Wild Blackberries taste so good, only it doesn't do to taste them too much while one is trying to fill one's bucket, because it just won't fill. One has, instead, to think of how good they will taste next winter.

**Commented [181]:** Duplicate Date p 186 July 9th - YOUNGER - OR OLDER? SHE IS SELLING BLACKBERRIES TO BUY NATURE BOOKS



Then each day after I pick the berries for Mother and Grandmother, I pick others to sell to earn Nature books to find out the names of things. Sometimes it's awful hot, but the wood folk are all friendly and I'm eager for the book and that helps me to forget how hot it is. O, and Blackberries are cousins of the lovely Rose fairies.

**Commented [182]:** Opal's way of working for a future reward by not eating blackberries. She is saving for a nature book - younger entry

And Oh, the voices I have heard!  
Such visions when the morning grows --  
A brother's soul in some sweet bird,  
A sister's spirit in a rose.

And Oh, the beauty I have found!  
Such beauty, beauty everywhere;  
The beauty creeping on the ground,  
The beauty singing in the air,  
The love in all, the good in all,  
The God in all that is.  
-- Joaquin Miller

---

P 186 July 10th -- Deep in the heart of the forest under Monarch Firs are blossoming those exquisite fairy one-flowered Wintergreens, cousins of Rhododendron, Manzanita and Salal.

Why Nature loves the number five,  
And why the star-form she repeats?  
- John Burroughs

---

**Commented [183]:** Duplicate Date P 186 July 10th - this seems older but taken from a younger entry?

P 77 July 10th -- Watched a Mother Scorpion hurrying about to-day with two little Scorpion babies clinging to her by their pinchers. She hid among the roots of an old stump.

**Commented [184]:** Duplicate Date P 77 July 10th - keep - younger - may drop 2nd paragraph

Wood Betony is blooming now -- she whose other names are Beefsteak Plant and High Heal-All, she who belongs to Figwort family and is therefore a cousin of Mullein, Butter-and-Eggs, Monkey-flower, and Foxgloves. Sometimes she dwells in the thickets and sometimes in open woods. We saw Bumble-bees come unto her blossoms. Have you heard of Betony, who dwells in Europe and is well known in folk-lore?

---

**Commented [185]:** Opal also uses more Biblical language as she gets older. For example, she often uses the phrases "came unto" or "come unto". She uses "came unto" nineteen times in *Fairyland Around Us*. Three times it's in diary entries and sixteen times she uses it in the stories - which were written when she was college age. A similar phrase from the Bible is "come unto". It is used sixteen times - eight in stories and eight in diary entries.

P 77 July -- We children sat down by the road to-day and watched the Ants for two whole hours; and we forget all about the time; they were so interesting. We saw them come out of their homes and go here and yonder. They were constantly going after and bringing in food. One Ant came along backward pulling along an insect larger than she was. Then one nest of Ants we saw frightened and they scurried away in all directions carrying pupae -- which looked like grains of wheat. In one home we saw Ant eggs, which are about the size of a pinpoint and oblong. To-day we observed them as they crawled up plant-stems and milked their cows, the plant-lice, by gently patting and stroking them with their antennae. Every moment watching Ants is full of interest. They are such busy folks.

---

**Commented [186]:** good story - maybe last paragraph added - younger first paragraph

## Opal is Chosen as Teacher

P 78 We have been having play school today, now that school is out. I happen to be chosen as teacher -- my dear pupils are some of the other children of the lumber camp. We play school one day, sometimes two days a week. Part of the time we sit on the rail fence by the pasture bars and talk things over, or sit on an old log in the woods, and often we have school up in the trees.

**Commented [187]:** YOUNGER - good story of kids and school - she is teacher - funny how Opal is chosen as their teacher when she gets into so much trouble at school! LOL!

To-day we talked about the Fringillidae Family -- that is such a big family, you know. Why all of these fairies belong to that family -- Goldfinch, Grosbeak, Purple Finch, Song Sparrow, Towhee, Junco, Vesper Sparrow, Crossbill, Redpoll, Snowflake, Tree Sparrow, Cardinal, Chipping Sparrow, Indigo and Lazuli Bunting.

---

## “All this was the Day that Was the Day Before Yesterday”

P 78 We saw him on a thistle -- for a moment he stopped at the thistle, then straight to the Cottonwood tree he flew. To the Cottonwood tree we softly hurried too. We peered about, in and out among the branches -- then we caught a glimpse of a hanging basket cradle. And keeping still we heard wee tiny voices -- voices of Baby Orioles calling for breakfast, dinner, and supper. We waited and watched -- and as we waited saw Mother and Father Oriole come with insects and wild berries.



*Oriole Egg - P. 259*

**Commented [188]:** YOUNGER - STILED ENGLISH AS A SECOND LANGUAGE - OR LITTLE PROFESSOR

All this was the day that was the day before yesterday. To-day we children brought insects and berries to the four wee bits of Oriole humanity who have so recently come out of four grayish white eggs. Softly the cradle of Icterus bullockii swings in the wind.

**Commented [189]:** a classic Opalism "the day that was the day before yesterday"!

P 92 July 12th -- As we watched Foxglove fairies by the roadside today we saw Bumble-Bees enter their blossoms upside-down; and truly, in doing so, they looked much like miniature clowns. Upon the Foxglove leaves caterpillars of Peacock Butterflies were feeding. The story of why Foxgloves were so named is that long ago sly foxes used these blossoms on their feet that they might not be heard as they went about. Foxgloves are also called Fairy Thimbles and Digitalis. They are cousins of Monkey Flower, Indian Paintbrush and Mullein.

**Commented [190]:** younger - cute story

P 92 July 13th -- What makes that "snakespit" or "frogspit" on the stems of plants? Do you sometimes wonder who causes it? We did -- but do not now. We wanted so much to know that we started in to find out and learned -- that he is neither Frog nor Snake. The elf who does that is hidden under the frothy mass. He is a little insect of the family Cercopidae, and his common name is Spittle insect. It was in the fall that we found their eggs upon the stems of plants and weeds. We brought them home and kept them until they hatched in the spring. When again you see "frogspit" on a plant look for the elf under the frothy mass. One day I saw Wasp fairy looking for him.

**Commented [191]:** teenage - hardly reads like a diary entry - teachery - cut? or put in later in diary? middle school - 1st and only use of the word elf - likely written after being torn up

P 187 July 15th -- I went for a Nature walk to-day -- into the woods. Along the way I heard the earth things talking. I saw a Chipmunk on a stump -- ten other Chipmunks farther on. I saw tall ferns in the swamp in the woods -- ferns taller than I. A family of Chick-a-dees were up and down and up around the limbs of an old tree-looking for insects. Seven long-horned Beetles I saw -- and heard a Wood-Frog. There was a sleepy Owl on a tree. And many flowers, who early had been in blossom, were now cradling Baby Seeds. Frail waxy blossoms of One-flowered Wintergreen were here and yonder under tall trees. The forest brook went singing on.

**Commented [192]:** Duplicate Date P 187 July 15th - YOUNGER - she goes on a nature walk -she says the ferns are taller than she is

**Commented [193]:** younger date - ferns are taller than Opal

**Commented [194]:** the singing creek?

P 165 July 15th -- Out in the field this afternoon I heard the little Violinist, Black Cricket. We children have interesting times with these musicians. We find them under stones and clods in the field. Our Crickets, Violin first and second, Mandolin first and second, fed upon grass and clover, and liked bits of melon rinds and apple.

**Commented [195]:** 3 Duplicate Date P 165 July 15th - younger "interesting times" - perhaps the first two go together?

---

## **The Wicked Ways of Weasels – And Why You Should Not Name Them**

P 187 July 15 To-day I saw a Weasel glide into a burrow, which used to belong to a Ground-squirrel. Now Weasel is one of the fairies I do not have a friendly feeling for in my heart. He is such a killer -- why, it seems that he always is killing some other folks -- just like a wicked giant in the old fairy-stories. Now Weasel is no giant. He is from thirteen to fifteen inches long -- which is no great length after all. His ways are ways of evilness -- surely he will reap as he has sown.

**Commented [196]:** only place in FAU where a creature does something "evil" - younger

One day Fleet-foot (my pet White-footed Mouse) and I were strolling through the woods. We were going softly -- Fleet-foot had scampered out of my pocket and was leaping ahead a bit when along came a Weasel. My dear Fleet-foot is no more.

Now the scientific name of a Weasel is Putorius -- I'm not interested in giving Weasels individual names because I do not think they are deserving of that courtesy. Of course there are certain names very appropriate -- I called after the one who took my Fleet-foot, "You are a Nero." He was gone so quickly I'm sure that he did not even get the first word.

**Commented [197]:** weasels do not deserve names! she called this one a "Nero"

---

P 93 July 17th -- Now time is weed time -- and we children find weeds very interesting. Today we found many Running Mallows with their small, pale blossoms. At four o'clock we held a reception for all relatives of the Weed Mallow. Those invited were Cousin Swamp Rose Mallow, who dwells on the bank of the stream; Cousin Velvet Leaf, who dwells by the wayside and whose ancestors came over from India; cousin Hollyhock, from grandmother's garden, and Rose of Sharon. So, truly, our interest in a weed grows as we learn to know its relatives. Little Edna says, "Weed Running Mallow's being a cousin to Rose of Sharon isn't the only reason why we like it. The big reason is the cradles it provides for its baby seeds -- those doll cheeses."

**Commented [198]:** Duplicate Date P 93 July 17th - YOUNGER OR OLDER?

**Commented [199]:** classic Opalism!! her unusual use of language

---

P 186 July 17th -- Do you ever get puzzled about things? I've been wondering for over three years about Indian Pipe, who grows in the woods -- wondering why these fairies have no leaves, no green coloring matter like honest plants who get their food from the soil. But that is just where the trouble lies with Indian Pipes -- they do not get their food honestly; buy prey upon the juices of decaying plants or living ones. So Mother Nature has taken away from them when they obeyed not her laws. They hang their heads until seeds begin to form and then they raise their heads.

**Commented [200]:** P 186 July 17th - third time for July 17th - YOUNGER - GOOD STORY - p83 and page 159 may be the same day and year but the p 186 is definitely younger

**Commented [201]:** honest plants! - there are "honest plants who get their food from the soil" & those who have not obeyed mother nature's laws and prey upon decaying plants - likely written in younger years or middle school

---

P 165 July 19th -- Have you met Corn Cackle fairies in the field? Corn Cackle fairies, who dwell on both sides of the sea; whose scientific name, Agrostemma, means Crown of the Field; whose cousins are Soapwort, Campion, and Starwort; are invaders from the land beyond the sea. Caterpillars who some day are to be Diathæcia Moths like seeds of Corn Cackle; but the farmers like not these seeds, and the pink of Corn Cackle over the fields means to them only a lot of weeds.

**Commented [202]:** likely older diary entry - plant is "invader from the land beyond the sea" - perhaps written during war years 1914-1918? also it is asking a question, a sign of older writing

Their scientific name is Centaurea (after a wonderful centaur of olden days). They are also Bachelor's Buttons; and each one consists of many flowers.

---



P 92 July 20th Have been exploring today for some fairy lions -- and found seven. Of course there are lions in Fairyland. These I found to-day were Ant Lions. Ant Lions, when they grow up, become beautiful fairies with four wings, and they look somewhat like Dragonflies. But it is before they grow up that they are lions -- they dig pits and wait and wait for ants passing to tumble into these pits. While I was watching them this afternoon one ant came scurrying by and tumbled in the pit. Soon the lion had her. I brought home an Ant Lion in a jar of sand, and already he is trying to make a pit.

**Commented [203]:** Opalium - uses ant lions twice. Ant Lions are predators against ants



P 159 July 20th -- He has long hind legs and of course he is a good jumper. He has such a solemn face -- this Grasshopper fairy of the fields. He doesn't have his ears in his elbow as Katydid has. His are under his wings on the first segment of his abdomen. A very cleanly person is this spry fairy of whom a poet, who lived five hundred years before Jesus was born, wrote:

**Commented [204]:** Duplicate Date P 159 July 20th - ONE OF THE FEW TIMES SHE MENTIONS JESUS AND IT'S IN A DATE

Though doesn't drink and dance and sing,  
Happier than the happiest king!  
All the fields which thou dost see,  
All the plants belong to thee;  
All the summer hours produce,  
Fertile made with thy juice.  
Man for thee does sow and plow,  
Farmer he, and landlord thou!

The Grasshopper by: Anacreon (c.572-488 BC)



## Aristotle & Pliny - Bats in Her Early Diary, but Frogs in Fairyland



Rob with Friends Pliny and Aristotle

P 93 July 21st -- Today in the garden I found two garter snakes, including pet frogs in their menu. Then that Aristotle and Pliny, and the three Ptolemies, and thirteen other pet frogs might not perish likewise from the face of the earth, I carefully removed them, handsfull and pocketsfull at a time, to the butterfly room, into which no creeping thing (snakes in particular) could enter.

But even as the day began with tragedy, so it ended for seventy-seven of my caterpillars (which I had raised from the eggs, and which were to have been -- that is when they were grown-up -- Mourning Cloak butterflies, Vanessa Antiopas were consumed by the above mentioned frogs.

**Commented [205]:** younger - cute - she quotes Lincoln's Gettysburg address!

**Commented [206]:** Opalism - handsfull and pocketsfull

## Getting into Trouble Counting Corn Flowers

P 159 July 22nd -- This afternoon we children -- nine of us -- went to the field and climbed upon the old rail fence to get a better view of the fields -- and the Corn Flower fairies -- mostly wearing blue dresses; but some wore purple ones and others white. The longer we stood on the fence watching them the more we wondered how many there were, so we just started out to count them. We did not get many counted until we were sent home to bed -- because while we were counting Corn Flowers we were tramping down the grain. Now wasn't it queer that we hadn't thought of that? But being sent to bed didn't stop one's thoughts of Corn Flowers.

**Commented [207]:** younger - nine kids on a nature walk - opal gets into trouble because they trample down grain while counting before they realize what they are doing! good story - sent home to bed.

**Commented [208]:** Opal still does not stop thinking of cornflowers even though she is sent to bed. The strong willed child or Asperger. The adults cannot control her thoughts! She uses similar language in the childhood diary and also shows how she could dissociate or being autistic keep thinking about what she wanted to.

**Commented [209]:** likely older - perhaps college or high school

**Commented [210]:** younger - picking blackberries - alone

**Commented [211]:** use of the "tramp" word for explores - I think she used the word "tramp" for a person earlier but for a hike later.

note Opal's use of the word "tramper" for a person but she never uses the word "tramp" as she does in FAU.

Also, Opal sees trampers (homeless men who traveled from place to place) as individuals - most are good but a few are bad. She has both types of trampers in her diary but she never uses the word "tramper" in FAU. Interesting flip-flop of word use.

Also, Charlie Chaplin's most popular movie, The Little Tramp (character created in 1913 in movie but the film was 1915).

**Commented [212]:** note Opal's use of the word "tramper" for a person but she never uses the word "tramp" as she does in FAU, which is used 5 times in FAU but the word tramper is not used in FAU. It is in the childhood diary.

Also, Opal sees trampers (homeless men who traveled from place to place) as individuals - most are good but a few are bad. She has both types of trampers in her diary but she never uses the word "tramper" in FAU. Interesting flip-flop of word use.

Also, Charlie Chaplin's most popular movie, The Little Tramp (character created in 1913 in movie but the film was 1915).

P 93 July 23rd -- Have you ever noticed how many of the wayside flowers wear the sunshine's color -- wear yellow of different shades? We started out to find all who wore yellow and the first one we came to was Butter and Eggs. Now, other name, too, has this fairy -- Toadflax, Eggs-and-Bacon, Flaxweed, Bride Weed and Linaria Vulgaris; the last being her scientific name. She belongs to the Figwort family. Who are her cousins?

P 187 July 28th -- Saw a Rubber Boa in the woods to-day while picking blackberries. Saw him eat a little mouse, too. Who is Rubber Boa? He is a snake. Not a big one -- why he wasn't more than a foot and two inches. His tail is so stubby that it was blunt. Instead of being thin as most snakes are he was thick and looked like a piece of rubber. Some folks call him the double-headed snake but that is just because his tail is so blunt. He is really a very interesting creature, shy and gentle. Watch for him.

a

P 187 July 29th -- Have you tasted Salal Berries -- those dark purple berries on Salal Shrubs that carpet the forest floor in some places? We were on a long tramp in the woods today, and those berries tasted so good. Even Pliny and Cicero, the two pet squirrels, like them. Its flowers look much like Manzanita, Rhododendron, Wintergreen and Indian Pipe.

---

## Achilles O' the Woods Steals Uncle Henry's Steak



P 188 In the woods is a Raccoon -- and this Raccoon's name is Achilles. Achilles and I are good friends. You see it is this way -- I knew Achilles when he was a youngster. Like many other of his tribe, he was interested in pieces of shining tin -- and even as some of his relatives he met his fate in a trap baited with a piece of shining tin.

It so happened that some hours later I was passing by. After much difficulty with the trap and with Baby Raccoon

both arrived at the hospital. At first Raccoon Junior refused to be on friendly terms -- then as his leg healed he became very gentle and more likeable. Achilles was his name -- and with him this name staid when, having recovered from his injuries, he followed me about in the woods.

We were great chums -- but sometimes I was spanked for Achilles' pranks. He was, like most all of my pets, forbidden the premises of the yard -- as, of course, was best. But sometimes he, like they, would come in with me from the woods. There was that day when I went into the pantry to get a sandwich -- and, the butter being in the refrigerator, I opened the door, took it out, and forgot to shut the door. I went upstairs (for just a moment), then as I started out-of-doors again I stopped to close the refrigerator door.

I called Achilles, but he did not come, so I started across the yard to the brook that flows through the garden. And if there wasn't Achilles -- and he was very busy washing something. When I saw what it was my heart went pit-a-pat -- and then it beat lower -- for Achilles was engaged in washing that lovely steak Mother had placed in the refrigerator for supper, for Uncle was coming, and this his first evening since home from Alaska, and this his favorite steak -- and there was simply no way of getting any more from town until tomorrow noon.

But even though I felt the shadows of the hour ahead, the next ten minutes were exciting as Achilles soused that steak about. And the next ten minutes were exciting in a different way, for Mamma also saw Achilles doing a stunt with that which had been only a few minutes previously a choice steak in the refrigerator.

Mother even had me go cut the switch I was to be whipped with. Then when Achilles had been taken back to the woods and I had received the whipping the pathos came in having to be sent to bed when Uncle was there. But my! There was a silver lining in the cloud after all, because when supper was over Uncle came in and told me about a pet Raccoon he had when he was a boy -- and thus helped me to forget about not liking to be sent to bed. (Of course I deserved the spanking for leaving the door open -- which wouldn't have happened if I hadn't gotten the sandwich which I wasn't to -- but it's hard for little girls to wait as long as grown-ups, especially when you are out tramping in the woods, and don't arrive home at dinner time when you are supposed to). O -- and Uncle told me that the last part of Raccoon's scientific name, *Procyon lotor*, refers to Achilles' habit of washing meat. Uncle, when he was a little boy, was also sent to bed for giving his pet Raccoon corn in milk.

**Commented [213]:** Opal has to cut the switch she is to be spanked with - ultimate country kid's punishment, having to cut the switch you get spanked with!

**Commented [214]:** Uncle Henry to the rescue again! he had a pet racoon too and he even knows the scientific names for racoons

P 94 July 29th I've found several centipedes today around decayed stumps and pieces of old hollow logs. Centipedes haven't as many legs as millipedes, but what they have are larger. Centipedes belong to the class Chilopoda. Centipedes are neither worms, insects nor bugs, but they are Centipedes. Can't we call them always by their right name, Centipedes? Three times I've started to raise Centipedes, but something always happens to them before they become grown-up, and they disappear. And Uncle, who has much sympathy with my nature study, thinks that I had best wait until I am older to have a Centipede Farm.

**Commented [215]:** Duplicate Date P 94 July 29th - YOUNGER - HAS UNCLE HENRY with his wisdom and support

**Commented [216]:** "Uncle has much sympathy with my nature study" - Opal's Uncle Henry - the only family member who really supported her nature study

## Grandma and the Lace Bug Convention

P 93 July 30th -- "O, O! Where did all these Lace Bugs come from?" That's what Grandma was wanting to know when she stepped out on the porch ten minutes ago. Now she knows -- you see this is "Lace Bug Day" and all afternoon we children have been collecting Lace Bugs. And we had just settled down on the end of her porch to have "Lace Bug Convention" and somehow some of the Lace Bugs got out of our pockets.

What do Lace Bugs do? was the opening sentence of the convention. "Lace Bugs live on trees, and suck sap if you please." It was Manya who said so, and she knows, because she and I have watched them hours and hours. And at "Lace Bug Convention" we had the pleasure of announcing to



*Grandma, Achsah Pearson Scott*

the other eight there assembled that the family name of Lace Bug was Tingidae.

**Commented [217]:** younger

**Commented [218]:** Manya (Maria) is used in many cultures - esp Russian

P 94 When we held a reception for the Mint family these are the flowers the children invited -- went out into the fields and waste places to bid them come unto our flower reception: Peppermint, Catnip, Skullcap, Self-Heal, Heart-of-the-Earth, Yerba Buena, Garden Balm, Blue Curls, Oswego Tea, Pennyroyal, Wild Thyme, and Citronella, Dittany, Gill-Over-The-Ground, and Helmet Flowers. Some of these are one and the same, for some have more than one name. And they who were not found growing wild we brought from the garden.

**Commented [219]:** Opalism - perhaps older - children inviting flowers to a mint reception - has phrase "come unto" "went out into the fields and waste places to bid them come unto our flower reception:"

## Opal Learns that Cats Like Catnip like She Likes Potatoes

P 94 Nell took her five cats for a walk to-day. And she came walking down our lane, and what did those pesky cats do but nibble at my Catnip plants that I've just set out in my wildflower garden of Mint Fairies. Grandpa laughed when he saw those Cats nipping at my Catnip, and said: "It appears to me that some Cats like Catnip like some little Girls I know like potatoes." Then I felt better about sharing my Catnip with Nell's cats. When one gets ruffled up Grandpa has a way of saying things that smooth one's feathers all down again.

**Commented [220]:** YOUNGER - GOOD - she does not yet know that cats like catnip - note the "lane" - THIS MAY BE FROM HER EARLIER CHILDHOOD DIARY

**Commented [221]:** YOUNGER! "OUR LANE" - it's Walden because of the lane!!! and her grandfather is in it. Opal does not yet know that cats love catnip the way that Opal loves potatoes!

**Commented [222]:** She likes potatoes - mentioned 5 times in FAU esp mashed potatoes - also in 9 or 10 yr. diary entry

P 94 Milkweeds here and there and yonder along the way. Cousins of many another Milkweed are they. Have you found Monarch Butterflies about their leaves? Why? And what do you think of their fairy cradles? Would it not be fun to go ballooning as each Milkweed baby seed does?

I've been gathering Nettle. I heard Grandma say to-day, "What use can that child be finding for Nettle?" I'm finding a daily use for Nettle. I am raising Anglewing Butterflies, and those caterpillars refuse whatsoever food is placed before them except Nettles, which satisfy to the utmost. Satisfaction to the utmost is not an abiding condition with them just at present, though, and it is necessary that I go often for Nettles.

**Commented [223]:** younger - likely grandparent's farm at Walden

P 97 How glad it makes our hearts as we travel the open road to see the fields of wheat along the way -- and listen to the music of the wheat. We talked of wheat in our Cathedral service this last Lord's day -- and one of our texts was (of course this was only one -- we have more, one for each day in the week, to meditate upon.)

**Commented [224]:** younger - texts in the cathedral to meditate on - Opal learns one verse a day - uses nice phrase "the music of the wheat".

Each thing upward tends,  
by necessity decreed,  
And a world's support depends  
upon the shooting of seed.

O the fluttering and the pattering  
of those green things growing.  
How they talk each to each,  
when none of us are knowing.  
School Gardening for Little Children

By Lucy R. Latter 1906

This is another text we had in the service last Lord's day, also:

The child, the seed, the grain of corn,  
the acorn on the hill,  
Each for some separate end  
is born in season fit, and still --  
Each must in strength arise  
to work the Almighty's will  
By Robert Louis Stevenson

P 97 It is very interesting -- the keeping of diaries for one's friends -- the writing in on different days and weeks of their ways -- and especially is it interesting where one has known them from babyhood. I have kept diaries for my pet Squirrels, Chipmunks, Skunks, Bats, Turtles, Deer, Porcupine, Raccoon, Toads, Horned Lizards, Wood Mice, and for the many pet Birds. All these diaries are recorded in three other Fairyland books, together with the portraits of the aforementioned fairies.

**Commented [225]:** 3 OTHER FAIRYLAND BOOKS - what were they? She had plans to write a series of books based on chapters in Fairyland Around Us (see appendix)

LIKELY NOT A DIARY ENTRY OR VERY RECONSTRUCTED -It is here because it is about keeping a diary.

Is the last sentence tacked on? Is this a diary entry or written for FAU? I think the first sentence is younger but the second sentence was much later or else all of it was written in her late teens.

P. 191 July — Saw eleven baby Mountain Quail to-day. Those we saw two weeks ago were just dear little brown striped fluffy young balls — but these today were well-feathered out.

The woods were made for the hunters of dreams,  
The brooks for the fishers of song;  
To the hunters who hunt for the gunless game  
The streams and the woods belong.

So away! for the hunt in the fern-scented woods,  
Till the going down of the sun;  
There is plenty of game still left in the woods,  
For the hunter who has no gun.

- Sam Foss, The Bloodless Sportsman

### Opal's Dear Deer Fairy, Maurine

[https://archive.org/stream/fairylandaroundu00whit\\_0#page/174/mode/2up](https://archive.org/stream/fairylandaroundu00whit_0#page/174/mode/2up)



P 191 I've just come back from the woods where I was talking with Maurine, who is a dear Deer friend of mine. I first knew her when she was a fawn -- and now we thread our way through thickets and over old logs in the forest. Sometimes Maurine stops when we come to a bit of an open place. And there she rests for a moment and there rest I too. This is a snapshot I took of her resting. I was there too -- but being as I was taking the picture I couldn't be in it, too.

To-day I was telling Maurine about some of her relatives -- 'tis so nice to know whom one is related to. The ones I told her about were: White-tailed Deer, whose scientific name is *Odocoileus virginianus macrourus*; Fan-tailed Deer, whose scientific name is *Odocoileus texensis*; Mule Deer (so called because of their big ears), whose scientific name is *Odocoileus hemionus* and who is also called Black-tailed deer; and Columbian Black-tailed Deer, whose other name is *Odocoileus columbianus*.

Deer fairies belong to the family Cervidae, to which also belong Elk, whose scientific name is *Cervus canadensis*; Moose, whose scientific name is *Alces americanus*; and Woodland Caribou, whose scientific name is *Rangifer caribou*. And these are they, the near and distant relatives of my chum Maurine -- these are they whom I told her of this afternoon.

Commented [226]: older - she has a camera and has raised the deer from a fawn

Commented [227]: Opalism - "dear Deer friend .."



---

## Opal's Pet Skunk, Julius Caesar Napoleon

[https://archive.org/stream/fairylandaroundu00whit\\_0#page/170/mode/2up/search/skunk](https://archive.org/stream/fairylandaroundu00whit_0#page/170/mode/2up/search/skunk)

P. 191 There's a dear little Beastie in the woods -- a black and white Beastie -- and this little Beastie and I, we are friends.

First I knew him when he was a baby. Then I fed him Beetle grubs -- now he often comes in evening time to the old tree-root where I also come with grubs of Beetles.

Now this little Beastie's scientific name is Mephitis -- his common name is Skunk -- and his individual name is Julius Caesar Napoleon.



**Commented [228]:** probably older - she first knew him a baby - could be middle school - she has 2 pet skunks (this one is Julius Caesar Napoleon and the other is named Solomon Rheoboam)

---

## Michael Angelo, the Quill Pig, Wants Salt

P 192 I started to take salt to the pet Deer in the woods to-day -- but I didn't because I met Michael Angelo on the way. Big Dan, one of the timber-fallers, calls Michael Angelo, "Quill Pig." Now, Michael Angelo's scientific name is Erethizon -- and his common name is Porcupine. Now, Michael Angelo is very fond of salt -- that is why I did not reach the pet Deer with the salt. When I saw Michael Angelo coming I climbed a tree.

Now, although Michael A. goes lumbering over the ground, he is an adept at reaching a place in a tree that I flee to when I am carrying salt. I crept out farther on the limb -- Michael Angelo did the same. The limb was too high for me to drop from to the ground - - so I just dropped half of the salt to the ground -- and Michael Angelo scooted down.

Then I carefully prepared to take the other half to the Deer; but when I reached the ground Michael Angelo was solemnly waiting for the rest of that salt. There was nothing left for me to do but to give it unto his lordship. I just half-way believe Big Dan was right about Michael Angelo being a "Quill Pig" -- especially about salt. Why, if I do not give the salt over to him at once he affectionately rubs up against me -- and his quills are prickly.

"Gentleness succeeds better than violence."  
-- La Fontaine

**Commented [229]:** the same name a tree in her childhood diary - she may call the porcupine that name because his quills can be used for writing and drawing with

**Commented [230]:** Opal starts 2 sentences in a row with "now". uncertain age probably high school or middle school - she names him Michael Angelo - uncertain age - the pet deer does not have a name yet

---

P 192 O, those exquisite fairies, the Coral Fungi, of the family Clavariaceae. Some are yellow, some are violet, some are pink, and some are white. And these were cuddled in among the mosses -- those I saw today were yellow ones. Yesterday I saw white ones. Dear little flowerless fairies are these.

---

## AUGUST - 20 Diary Entries

*August has four entries with the same dates*

- P 101 August 15 - time of the Goldenrod  
P. 105 August 15 - Horned toad ate David the musical cricket  
P. 160 August 15 - In the meadow  
P. 101 August 17 - why the Scorpions ate the spiders is puzzling to Opal  
P. 105 August 17 - insects around ox-eye daisy  
P. 101 August 20 - mourning doves on the telephone wires.  
P. 102 August 20 - roadrunner eating pet toads, mice and a black cricket  
P. 161 August 20 - out in the alfalfa field  
P. 98 August 25 - watching the California thrashers.  
P. 101 August 25 - House of Salome is built



P 98 August 10 Glory, glory! Praise God from whom all blessings flow! For five whole months I've been looking for Goldfinch home. In June when Bluebirds were raising their second family, and in July when Robins were making a third home, I sought and found not Goldfinches home.

Then I began to pray mornings as well as nights -- and if I didn't find the home today. I was going along the hillside among the Vine Maples when ahead of me I saw a dear cradle with a bit of olive brown on it. Mrs. Goldfinch was at home. When I came nearer I saw nearby a darling golden fairy wearing a black cap on his head, and black and white upon his wing. While keeping very quiet I heard him softly saying, "bay-bee, bay-bee." O, I am so happy.

Later -- I'm just sure those Goldfinch fairies have learned the "multiplication tables" rapidly for the number of times

they want breakfast, dinner, and supper to be served is many times that of ordinary children. (And we have big appetites, too.) One thing they have not learned is "division," for every time anything is brought to the nest each little Goldfinch thinks it is truly his turn -- and that it is all for him.

**Commented [231]:** younger - Protestant doxology - she was baptized in Feb 1907 - she is going to church now

**Commented [232]:** Opalism - "when I came nearer I saw nearby ..."

**Commented [233]:** younger - child's view is something like this in the child diary?? - also she uses the word "Later ---" indicates a real diary entry

P 105 August 11th -- We often meet them -- those Jamestown Weeds. Did you know that their cousins are Nightshade and Tobacco, Petunia, Tomato and Potato? Jamestown Weed has other names also -- Thorn Apple, Jimson Weed and Devil's Trumpet. Scientists call it Datura Stramonium. Not always has Jimson Weed dwelt in our land, for he came from Asia. In evening hours we children have watched Sphinx Moths come unto these flowers.

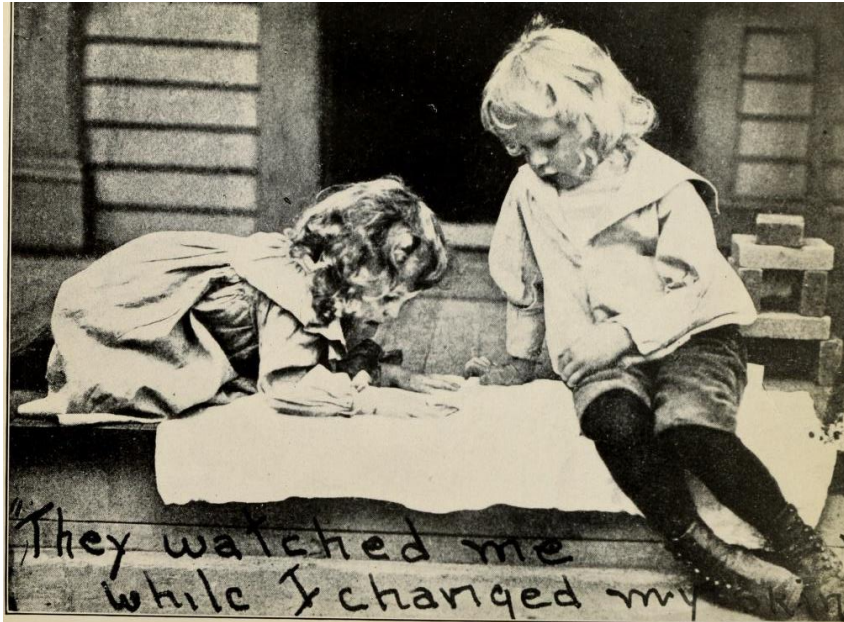
**Commented [234]:** older? - Jimson Weed - from Asia - Opal and other children watch Sphinx Moths in the evening come to Jimson Weed flowers.

**Commented [235]:** another Opalism - backwards

---

## Naming Snakes - Three Books Opal Gets Her Pet's Names From

### *The Bible, Caesar's Gallic Wars and Ancient History*



P 206 August 12th -- A wonderful thing happened in our hospital to-day. Last week I found a large Garter Snake with her tail partly smashed, so I brought her to our hospital and placed her in a screened-in ward all to herself. And she has been feasting on earthworms.

Now this is the wonderful thing that has happened -- when we went out to the hospital this afternoon we found lots of baby Garter Snakes with that Snake. There are twenty-nine baby Garter Snakes. My -- we are just having the most exciting time naming them. Bobbie brought the Bible out -- and already we have named four after four of Jacob's twelve sons. (We did not think it best to use all twelve of his sons' names for we have four more Lizards, two Grasshoppers and five Toads to name besides all these newly arrived baby Snakes.)

Then James brought the Ancient History -- and we named two after Babylonian kings, four after Egyptian kings, and two after Syrian kings. Yesterday I forgot and left Caesar's Gallic Wars up a tree where I was studying it, and Jane went for that and seven were named from people in Caesar's Gallic Wars. I'm sure that before nightfall comes we shall have them all named.

**Commented [236]:** younger - James & Bobbie are mentioned - probably on the ranch - using Caesar's Gallic Wars to name critters! If she were inventing this diary entry in Los Angeles she likely would have picked a different book than Caesar's Gallic Wars!

**Commented [237]:** Opal uses names from the Bible, Ancient History and Caesar's Gallic Wars! - p 60 & 206 - she left the books up in a tree!

P 101 How deepening bright,  
like mounting flame, doth burn  
The golden-rod upon a thousand hills.  
This is the Autumn's flower,  
and to my soul  
A token fresh of beauty and of life,  
And life's supreme delight.  
- R. W. Gilder



P 101 August 15th -- 'Tis the time of Goldenrod, and the way is bordered with plumes of gold bringing joy to the eyes of those who pass by. We children go unto them and watch the insects about them and upon them.

We have this motto in our Botany study, "Know the flowers -- and know their insect visitors." So every day new things we learn and sweet the joy we find in knowing the everyday things around us.

**Commented [238]:** Duplicate Day - P 101 August 15th -

IT'S EXACTLY WHAT SHE WRITES IN HER 9 YEAR OLD DIARY!! "It is the time of goldenrod and the way is bordered with plumes of gold, bringing joy to the eyes of those who pass by. We children go unto them and catch the insects about them and upon them. We have this motto in our botany study: Know the flowers and know their insect visitors. So every day new things we learn, and sweet the joy we find in knowing the everyday things around us."  
[https://docs.google.com/document/d/1pMPITFq6PS0zOAi\\_tUkIZ3Syx2dTvYd\\_dJuutRjQ1Y/edit](https://docs.google.com/document/d/1pMPITFq6PS0zOAi_tUkIZ3Syx2dTvYd_dJuutRjQ1Y/edit)

P 104 August 15th -- Today Rameses II, our pet horned toad (who really is not a toad at all, but who is a genuine lizard) ate for dinner David, our cricket musician, whose development we children have eagerly watched since that day we first found him when he was only a baby cricket with musical possibilities.

**Commented [239]:** VERY IMPORTANT - THIS IS PART OF WHAT SHE GAVE THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY IN OCT 1919 - SHE DID NOT FAKE THIS FOR HIM - SHE ALREADY PRINTED IT A YEAR EARLIER!

**Commented [240]:** Duplicate Day P 105 August 15th - younger - nice line about David the cricket with musical possibilities

P 101 August 16th -- We found thirteen of those slender, sleepy little Stilt Bugs in the oak thicket today. Their family name is Berytidae.

**Commented [241]:** younger - oak thicket is near ranch

### Opal is Puzzled Scorpions Eat Spiders (possibly early diary)

P 101 August 17th -- Someone said the Spiders and Scorpions were distant relatives, so when I was crowded for room in the hospital nursery I placed three Scorpions in with the Spiders; but the Scorpions ate the Spiders up. I'm learning much about the food of certain Wayside folks in the hospital when one eateth up another, and another eateth up another. This world is a bit puzzling at times, I truly think.

**Commented [242]:** Duplicate Day P 105 August 17th - younger - she's puzzled that nature eats itself - THIS COULD BE FROM HER VERY EARLY CHILDHOOD DIARY

P 105 August 17th -- I found today by the wayside on the blossoms of the ox-eye daisy five fairies, five yellowish-green fairies, each with a blackish band across his abdomen. And while yet I waited near the flowers, I saw these five insects who came to the Ox-eye Daisy, and yet nine others before I went away. And at last, after long searching, I found their name and thought it suited them well -- these "Ambush Bugs" of the family Phymatidae.

**Commented [243]:** Duplicate Day P 105 August 17th - younger

**Commented [244]:** Opalism - yet

## Fireweed, an Immigrant and a Comforting Fairy

P 101 August -- Willow-Herb whose other name is "Fireweed," and who also blooms in Asia and in Europe we now daily see. Where last year the forest fire burned over the hillside now the Great Willow-herb grows and hides a part of the ruin. It is truly a comforting fairy -- this cousin of Primrose and Starflower. Yesterday we learned this verse about it:

Strange flower, thy purple making haste  
To glorify each blackened waste  
Of fire-swept land  
Is with a blessed meaning fraught  
And we, when pain hath fully wrought,  
Shall understand.  
- Henrietta R. Elliot

**Commented [245]:** P 101 August - maybe older - or could it be the fire that the blind girl was burned in? uncertain

**Commented [246]:** Opalism

P 101 August 20th -- David and Jonathan, the two Mourning Doves, accompanied me along the road today. David perched upon my left shoulder, and Jonathan upon the right. Jonathan ate part of an acorn and David ate the rest. Then each did eat a millipede. And as we went on we saw thirty-one other Mourning Doves perched on the telephone wires. As evening came near we came again home.

**Commented [247]:** Duplicate Day P 101 August 20th - younger - imaginative - doves are riding on her shoulders - David is a dove here, in another august entry he's a cricket

**Commented [248]:** Opalism - use of came twice in one sentence

P 161 August 20th -- Out in the Alfalfa field -- that's where we have been this morning. Alfalfa fairies are very interesting. Did you know that they are cousins of the Sweet Peas, Clovers and Scotch Broom? That Alfalfa was taken to Greece from Media and was cultivated hundreds of years before Christ was born?

**Commented [249]:** Duplicate Day P 161 August 20th - prob younger as it is on the ranch

There is strength in the soil;  
In the earth there is laughter and youth;  
There is solace and hope in the upturned loam.  
And lo, I shall plant my soul in it here like a seed!  
And forth it shall come to me as a flower of song;  
For I know it is good to get back to the earth  
— Arthur Stringer.



## Hermes the Road Runner



P 102 August 20th -- "Some folks have names that suit them, and some folks have names which really do not belong to them," says little James. I'm sure that Road Runner belongs in the first-mentioned class. The second time I saw Road Runner I hoped to have a race with him down the road, but the catching up with him was an impossibility.

**Commented [250]:** P 102 August 20th - telephone wires? younger entry? when did phones come to Walden? perhaps soon because of the railroad yard across from Opal's house in 1903.

**Commented [251]:** Little James from New York - this is on the ranch in Walden

"Hermes" is the name we children have given a certain Road Runner with whom we have made friends. It was upon a May Day that we met and became friends. We found the way to this Road Runner's heart (as we found the way to many a nestling's heart) through his stomach. He, with two brothers and a little sister, were in a cradle in a clump of cactus -- a cradle made of sticks and lined with grass and feathers. Eagerly we watched to see what Mother and Father Road Runner fed their babies. In between the feedings the youngsters made odd sounds, and little James joined them by clicking together two pieces of wood -- the sounds were much alike.

**Commented [252]:** Hermes - another pet - a bird pet - Hermes was the Greek god of speed

Many days have we watched and a number of things have we learned about Road Runners -- "Hermes" in particular. Before he left the nest we learned of his fondness for grasshoppers and caterpillars. One day we gave him a centipede and he liked it. Since leaving the nest he has helped to satisfy that appetite of his with three of our pet horned toads, two pet field mice, and a black cricket, which we had raised. We also have watched him take snails, grasshoppers, caterpillars, beetles, and the other day we saw him with a garter snake. "Hermes" is a cousin of the Cuckoos, being a member of the Cuculidae family. His scientific name is *Geococcyx Californianus*.

## "Troubles, Troubles, Troubles" - Uncle Henry & Salome

P 105 August 21 -- Troubles, troubles, and in our own Flower Room, whose synonym is "Heaven on Earth"; but now Salome has ruined its reputation. Salome, the collared lizard, whom Uncle Henry sent to me from California, the other day, was a thing of beauty in the flower room, but alas, not a joy forever.

**Commented [253]:** Salome - younger diary - good story - A movie, based on the play by Oscar Wilde Theda Barr was popular in 1918 when Opal was writing FAU. - still this reads like it was written earlier - and the name "Salome" could have been added later for some reason.

First she ate little bits of Clover blossoms; then bigger bits of the Crickets; thirdly, all the bits of Hadrian (the pet Swift who is nearly as large as she is); fourthly, every bit of Moses (the baby Grass Snake); fifthly, and last of all, all of Aristotle (the pet Horned Toad). And then, as though she thought "Our Flower Room" an ideal place for her children and her children's children, she deposited sixteen eggs therein.

Perhaps it's a coincidence or perhaps Henry told her a different name originally or perhaps he knew of the play since he was well educated. For more information on Uncle Henry and Salome read the article about him on this site.

The prospect of the possibility of their being seventeen Salome's in our beloved "Heaven on Earth" room was overwhelming; and I was sorely puzzled until Uncle's letter came with its suggestion for "The House of Salome." O, if that letter had only arrived with Salome, as it was meant that it should. Four of the Camp Children are going to help me -- together we shall build of bits of board and screen, a goodly sized house, with much sand for its floor.

**Commented [254]:** Salome, the lizard was sent to Opal by Uncle Henry from California. This entry would have to be earlier than 1914, when he died

## Josephus Jacobus Benjamin Solomon Rheoboam

### *The Little Mouse Who is Not Nearly as Big as His Name*



P 161 August 23rd -- Josephus Jacobus Benjamin Solomon Rheoboam and I have just been for a tramp -- that is, I did the tramping and J. J. B. S. Rheoboam rode in my biggest apron pocket. He slept part of the way until I had so filled that pocket with food for thirteen patients in the hospital that very little room was left for him. You see Josephus Jacobus Benjamin Solomon Rheoboam is a sleek, fat meadow mouse (not nearly so big as his name) -- and he and I are good friends through sunshine and rain.

He is very fond of corn cooked just the way I like it; but mother learned of this and forbid me to carry corn out to J. J. B. S. R., so the only thing to do was to carry J. J. B. S. R. to the corn. For five meals I brought him to

the table in my pocket and gave him nibbles in between time. All went well -- I eating with one and keeping the other hand on his lordship of the field, but on the day that I very much needed both hands to cut apart a piece of meat that had not a third hand to restrain the wee beastie, his lordship somehow in a moment was nibbling at the corn in the dish at my left, which belonged not unto me, but to the guest of honor.

Lo -- a great electrical storm broke in our dining room and I received the after effects of it out in the woodshed, where the power of the electrical current generated by J. J. B. S. R's appearance at the table was conveyed through the medium of hazel switches.

When I had been in bed twenty-one minutes, and seemingly forsaken, who should come peeping over the window sill and creeping over the floor but my little friend of the fields, Josephus Jacobus Benjamin Solomon Rheoboam.

"Nature teaches beasts to know their friends" Shakespeare

**Commented [255]:** Younger - cute story - shows Opal's strong will or perhaps autism in how she gets around her mother's commands - it's exactly what she does with her pet raccoon too. She gets a spanking in both cases - and for letting her pet deer Maurine into the house!

**Commented [256]:** Opal even counts the number of minutes she was in bed - 21 and her pet mouse comes to see her!

---

## Grown-Ups Yield to the 27th Excuse for a Grasshoppery

P 95 August 25 -- "The House of Salome" is finished and in it we have placed Salome and her sixteen eggs.

P. S. -- We've also discovered that Salome's cannibalistic appetite is pleased with grasshoppers. Jimmy says, "Hurrah!" So do I, and all the rest of us. That makes a twenty-seventh excuse for the existence of our "Grasshoppery" -- the existence of said "Grasshoppery" being much opposed by the grown-ups.

---

---

P 98 August 25th — We were watching the California Thrashers this afternoon clearing away the leaves with his long bill. While watching him scratching we heard another in a bush nearby : "Kick it now," "Kick it now," he seemed to be saying. These brown birds with long tails are cousins of Mocking Birds and Wrens.

---

Commented [257]: Duplicate date - P 98 August 25th

P 161 August 27th -- O, the fairy wheels all over the field. We children do like them; so also do Wasps, Flies, Beetles and Bees. But the farmer, he says: "Those pesky wild carrots are taking the field." Queen Anne's Lace is its other name; and well it is named, with its lacy flowers and fringy leaves.

---

P 162 Bumble-bees come and Bumble-bees go. Three times I have found a new Bumble-bee colony in an old nest of field mice. Long hours I have watched near these Bumble-bee homes -- and every minute was full of interest. In exploring to find out whys and wherefores of some things I have learned that a Bumble-bee worker stings. I believe that the smaller Bumble-bee workers tend the babies. It seemed that the larger ones were busy bringing in the honey. Also sometimes I see them mending the covering of the nest.

---

Commented [258]: younger - "exploring"

Commented [259]: Opalium - "every minute was full of interest"

"God spoke! and from the arid scene  
Sprang rich and verdant bowers,  
Till all the earth was soft with green, —  
He smiled; and there were flowers."  
— Fenollosa

P 106 August 29th -- 'Tis many and many a wayside fairy that's cousin to another wayside fairy; and many a wayside fairy is a traveler from another land. The flower reception at which the attendance is greater than at all others is the reception which we hold for the Dandelion family, otherwise known as Compositae family.

Commented [260]: younger? could be older - "isn't this a wonderful fairyland" maybe added - diary entry may end at the question in the middle "Did you know ..."

These are they are who invited unto the reception and many of them came from the wayside: Dandelion, Sunflower, Daisy, Aster, Thistle, Tansy, Black-eyed Susan, Dog-fennel, Burdock, Everlasting, Joe Pye Weed, Boneset, Fleabane, Yarrow, Compass-plant, Rosinplant Golden Coreopsis, Bur-marigold, Sneezeweed, stick-tight, Golden Ragwort and Goldenrod.

Did you know that these are all cousins? They are like an army marching on down through the years. Well equipped are the members of Dandelion family for this onward march, for each flower is made up of many little flowers grouped together, making a flowerhead. And to these flower heads come many insects who by their carrying pollen from flower to flower, help the plants in sending their plant children into the world.

Flowers are beautiful, not just for our sakes, but for the sake of the little seed children that are to be. Plants advertise with their beautiful flowers inviting the insect visitors who bring from other flowers the pollen necessary that their lives may go on in the lives of their children. Isn't this a wonderful Fairyland?

---

## Nursery and Hospital Notes

P. 206 AUGUST There are in the hospital this week nine Tadpoles who lost their tails last week. Some of my Water Beetles and larvae who are to be (that is, when they grow up), Dragonflies and Caddisflies nipped the tails off of some of my Tadpoles who are to be (when they grow up) Frogs. Now, these same tadpoles are in the hospital growing new tails.

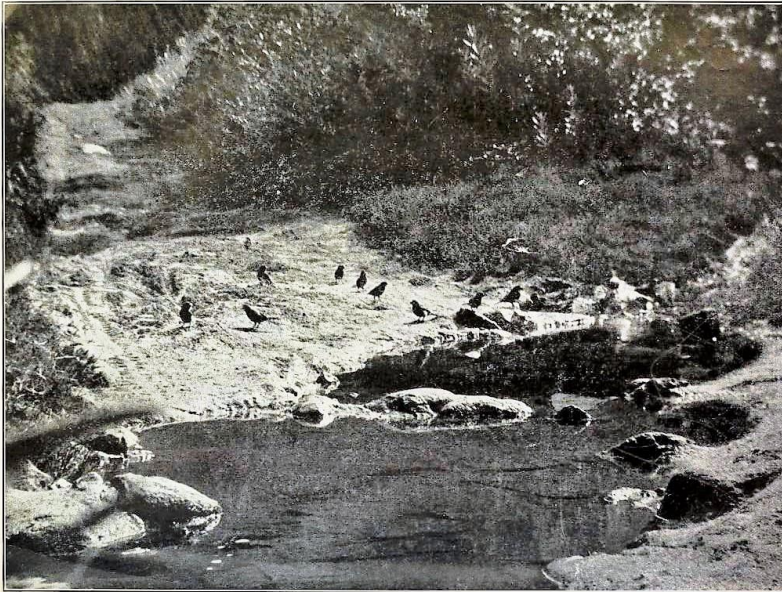
Today the Aster room is all abloom with fairy wings -- 'tis all a-brown with Pearl-Crescent Butterflies, for many of those mottled, grayish-white fairy cradles have given up their treasures. And, O, I am so happy, for I've watched over them so carefully since the time when from those small light greenish-yellow eggs, the tiny babies came, who some day were to be -- and that day having now come, are Pearl-Crescent Butterflies.

They were such wiggling bits of humanity when first they came out of those eggs. Their appetites were so enormous that many trips it took to gather fresh Aster leaves for them -- and so I decided that when the time came 'round again for another generation of Silver Crescents that I would have an Aster room, and so I have -- just a bit of God's garden wild, with more Asters planted in it and screened in with screens earned by picking wild Blackberries. Each Pearl-Crescent seems all a-joy -- and there is no gloom in our Aster room, for we are all as happy as can be. And I've just been telling the Pearl Crescent fairies about their butterfly cousins, Ismeria, Vesta, Chaon, Orseis, Camillus and the Meadow Crescent-spot.

**Commented [261]:** Opalism - Karen says lots of Opalisms are related to TIME

**Commented [262]:** Opalism - "they were such wiggling bits of humanity" - personification of the butterflies

IN THE EARLY MORNING I WATCHED THE BIRDS COME DOWN TO BATHE





## SEPTEMBER - 11 Diary Entries

*September has Two Dual Dates - Sept 5 on Pages 109 & 196*



### Opal's Nature Class Pledging Friendship with the Trees

P 108 **September** -- Have you ever stopped to think what kind of a place this world would be if our trees were all taken away? Sometimes it is well for us to pause and think a few moments what things would be like without some of our daily blessings. I count trees among God's best gifts to us.

To-day has been one of our pledge days -- that is when we children assemble together and give to the trees our pledge of friendship.

**Commented [263]:** I think the photo (below) is from her teenage Christian Endeavor days around 1916 or 1917. Opal is on the left wearing a hat.

They pledge friendship with the tree and the photo of Opal shows her as a teenager. Christian Endeavor also had a pledge that Opal likely modeled her tree pledge from.



This afternoon we children learned this verse about the trees:

In the Garden of Eden, planted by God,  
There were goodly trees in the springing sod,  
Trees of beauty and height and grace,  
To stand in splendor before his face.  
Apple and hickory, ash and pear,  
Oak and beech and the tulip rare,  
The trembling aspen, the noble pine,  
The sweeping elm by the river line;  
Trees for the birds to build in and sing.  
And the lilac tree for a joy in spring;  
Trees to turn at the frosty call  
And carpet the ground for their Lord's footfall.  
Trees for fruitage and fire and shade,  
Trees for the cunning builder's trade,  
Wood for the bow, the spear and the flail.  
The keel and the mast of the daring sail;  
He made them of every grain and girth,  
For the use of man in the Garden of Earth,  
Then lest the soul should not lift her eyes  
From the gift to the Giver of Paradise,  
On the crown of a hill for all to see,  
God planted a scarlet maple tree.  
-- Bliss Carmen

---

P 109 September 5th -- Early this morning I was out seeking for Wooly Bear caterpillars -- those fuzzy black and orange ones who become, when they grow up, Isia Isabella Moths. I found the seven-hundred and fifty-first one that I have found this year. Early morning is an especially good time to look for them, by the road, while the dew is yet upon the grass.

Last year I raised fourteen-hundred and thirty-nine Isia Isabella Moths from Wooly Bear Caterpillars like these. My, their appetites were enormous at times; and much bracken fern did they eat.

**Commented [264]:** Duplicate Date p 109 Sept 5 - looks like younger and added to later - perhaps entry was torn and she wrote it back together ...

**Commented [265]:** she has found 750 moths this year and raised 1439 moths last year!

**Commented [266]:** Opalism - "... and much bracken fern did they eat".

---

P 196 September 5th -- On the stumps of trees in the woods to-day we saw many Oyster Mushrooms, they of the family Agaricacea, they whose scientific name is Pleurotus ostreatus.

**Commented [267]:** Duplicate Date P 196 September 5th - unknown age - "to-day"

---

P 109 September 12th -- Gypsy Combs by the roadside. Armored well is this fairy Teazel. And man has found a use for Teazel's armor in raising nap on woolen cloth.

**Commented [268]:** unknown age -- possibly older or a mix - uses phrase "come unto"

## Meeting Shy Sir Badger



P 110 September 18th -- Many and many are the Shepherd's Purses along the wayside now. These fairies with their dainty, heart-shaped seed pods, came over from Europe. Shepherd's Purses are cousins of Mustard, Radish, Spring Beauty, Wall Flower -- Alyssum and Candytuft.

To-day I sat down on an old gray stone covered with lichens -- and I kept very quiet because I wanted to watch the Earth-folks about. And when one keeps quiet one sees so much more. And the longer I kept still the more I saw -- Mice folk and Insect folk. But the rarest of all that I saw this afternoon was Sir Badger.

I had been very quiet for more than an hour when I heard a slight noise -- and there was only a little way from me was his knightship Sir Badger a-laying upon the burrow of Gopher. Now, the Badger fairies are very shy folk, so I was very glad to see this one. I thought it would be interesting to get a closer view of his striped head, so I crept along so carefully. I think a Badger's sense of hearing must be very keen, for he quickly flattened himself out among the grasses -- and if I had not known he was there I would have had a bit of difficulty in locating him. His beautiful silky gray hair blended in with the dry grasses about.

Now, Sir Badger belongs to the Mustelidae family -- and is therefore a distant relative of Otter, Skunk, Mink, and Weasel. He likes to eat gophers, ground squirrels, grasshoppers, field mice, small snakes, and some other things -- and his scientific name is *Taxidea taxus*.

**Commented [269]:** Opalism - younger - "many and many" are ... she does not seem to know that badgers can be dangerous

**Commented [270]:** One of the best ways to observe nature is to stay very still and watch - here Opal says she was quiet for over an hour! Hunters and bird watchers often do this.

She mentions being quiet to observe nature several times in FAU.

## Opal Thinks About the Classification of Things

P. 110 When I went along the road to-day I was thinking about the classification of things -- and it is so interesting, the way in which individual fairies are grouped -- and where they belong -- in a scientific way.

Now, here is fuzzy black and brown Caterpillar, "Woolly Bear", who some day, when he grows up, will be an *Isia Isabella*, scientifically classified as follows: His specific name is *Isabella*. He belongs to the genus *Isia*. The genus *Isia* is one of the genera which make up the family of *Arctiidae*. The *Arctiidae* are a part of the sub-order of *Heterocera* (the Moths), who are one of two great subdivisions of the order *Lepidoptera* -- which belongs to the great class *Insecta*, the highest class in the sub-kingdom of the *Anthropoda*.

So we have our "Woolly Bear" Caterpillar, who is going to be an *Isa Isabella* Tiger Moth when he grows up, classified as follows:

Sub-kingdom -- *Arthropoda*.

Class -- *Insecta*.

Order -- *Lepidoptera*.

Sub-Order -- *Heterocera*.

Family -- *Arctiidae*.

Genus -- *Isia*.

Species -- *Isabella*.

**Commented [SW271]:** Good example of how Opal thinks about things -- and how much she knew of science at an early age.

## Strangleweed is Condemned in the Court of Fairyland

### *And Uncle Henry Settles an Argument About Reptiles*

P 111 September 23rd -- Still the Dodder blooms by the wayside. In this Fairyland around us even as in the Fairyland of the story books, there are knights and bad fairies. Dodder belongs to the latter class. Some people call him Love Vine, but I trust that you who read the Fairyland Around Us will never again call Dodder "Love Vine." His other name of Strangleweed is more appropriate. Some say they call this plant, with its yellow threads winding about other plants, the Love Vine because of its clinging habits. But, alas, it clings by the means of suckers which steal life from those plants around which it winds. In the Court of Justice of Fairyland it stands condemned -- it has no leaves; it has no green coloring matter; Dodder, the backslider of the Morning Glory family, is a thief; and rightly bears the name of Strangleweed.

On the way home from school we had an argument about who belonged to the Reptile class of the animal kingdom -- and our argument became heated. Jane and I were sure that Lizards, Snakes, Tortoises, and Turtles belonged. Sammie said he knew Turtles were not reptiles and that Horned Toads were not either. When we arrived home we talked the matter over with Uncle and found out Jane and I were right; but we all forgot about Crocodiles who also belong to the Reptile class. (Anyway they are not every-day fairies for which we children are all glad.) Horned Toads belong to the Reptile class because you know they are really truly lizards.

P 111 September 25th -- More Hunter's Butterflies are about today than I have seen on any previous day of this year. Hunter's Butterfly has only two peacock eye-spots, while Thistle Butterfly has several and smaller ones. They are cousins.

P 111 September 29th -- Still the Yarrow fairies bloom. It was in June that we held a reception for them and their cousins, Sunflower, Dandelion, and Thistle. And in the early spring we children liked to find the lacy leaves. Now still they bloom -- these Yarrow Fairies, named for Achilles, whom, it is said, was taught their value by Chiron, the centaur, that he might use them as an ointment in the siege of Troy.

"I like the plants that you call weeds, —  
Sedge, hardhack, mullein, yarrow, —  
Which knit their leaves and sift their seeds  
Where any grassy wheel-track leads  
Through country by-ways narrow."  
by Lucy Larcom.

P 192 September -- sometimes Jackanapes is a puzzle. You see, it is this way, Jackanapes is a Squirrel -- and he is here, there, yonder and most everywhere.

"Just a tawny glimmer, a flash of red and gray,  
Was it a flitting shadow, or a sunbeam gone astray?  
It glances up a tree trunk, and a pair of bright eyes glow  
Where a little spy in ambush is measuring his foe.  
I hear a mocking chuckle; then wrathful, he grows bold —  
And stays his pressing business to scold and scold and scold."  
- Anna Botsford Comstock

**Commented [272]:** 1st paragraph likely older - but second paragraph probably younger - mentions Uncle Henry - KIDS ARE JANE AND SAMMIE

**Commented [273]:** I WONDER IF THE ACTUAL DIARY ENTRY WEREN'T THE SECOND PARAGRAPH ABOUT THE REPTILE ARGUMENT AND UNCLE HENRY.

THE FIRST PARAGRAPH MAY BE WRITTEN FOR FAU, THE SECOND READS LIKE AN EARLY DIARY ENTRY BECAUSE UNCLE HENRY IS STILL ALIVE - HE DIED IN 1914

**Commented [274]:** unknown year - perhaps middle school?

**Commented [275]:** unknown year - "we children" - maybe older

**Commented [276]:** younger - a Jackanapes is:  
1 a : an impudent or conceited fellow  
b : a saucy or mischievous child  
2 : monkey, ape

**Commented [277]:** could be written to an audience or written to her diary - the diary fragment I found starts with "Dear Composition", the way some people start off diaries with "Dear Diary"...

## Pandora, the Chipmunk Gets into Trouble

### *And Opal is Put into the Dark Closet*



P 195 Sept. 28th -- Pandora has not been on good behavior today. She is just as full of mischief as is possible for a Chipmunk to be. You would naturally think that she would be clear tired out after such a strenuous day. Why -- she has been on a nature walk early this morning before any of the rest of the family were up, then afterwards with me to feed the chickens, and to take the cows to pasture. I rode Lily, the Jersey cow, and Pandora scampered over her neck from top of head to shoulder blades and back again, and then, all over again, until Lily just stood still and simply would not move a foot forward until I had placed Pandora in my apron pocket and made her stay there. (Down in my heart I had a streak of sympathy for her having to be kept in the pocket, because it is somewhat like Mother having to put me in the dark closet for climbing trees.)

Then after we came home, while I was helping Mother darn stockings, she made herself a home in Mother's work basket and scattered the spools of thread everywhere. Jimmy, who knows heaps about football, when he saw Pandora landing those balls of darning cotton, said, "She sure does make a touchdown every time." Mother had to send her from the room. And I went, too, taking the last pair of stockings with me to the woods. (The stocking did not get darned, because Pandora and I were so busy climbing trees and talking to other Chipmunks.) When we arrived home there was company for dinner and Mother had nut salad.

And what did Pandora do when we were out of the room, but climb upon the table and sample three dishes of salad. (She took big samples, too, just like I wanted to long time ago before that birthday that made me four years old -- of course, I've wanted to since that, but having absorbed Mother's trainings helps one to resist temptation.) Pandora simply does not absorb her training ... I've been trying three months to train her up in the way that she should go. But there she sat in the center of Auntie's particular friend's dish of salad -- he does not care for dressing on his salad and Pandora evidently has the same taste, for there was not much left of that particular dish of salad. And I was 'most afraid that there would not be much left of Pandora when auntie boxed her ears so, but she was soon on mischief bent again, when she found the place in the pantry where the nuts were cracked for something tomorrow. And when I tried to find Pandora of course I found the nuts, too -- and I was hungry, too -- and now I'm here in bed, where auntie says naughty girls should be who won't let alone nuts that are on the pantry shelf for something tomorrow ...

Daddy just brought Pandora in -- she has been playing around his chair and ran up to his shoulder and jumped down on the book he was reading (just like she does when I am reading sometimes). And after all this long day, she is still bubbling over with joy, and so am I, even when I get sent to bed when I am not sleepy, for there are so many glad things to think about the fairies around about us.

**Commented [278]:** young - Opal goes on a nature walk early before anyone else was up - she rode the jersey cow named Lily -- this could be a very early diary entry as the jersey cow in her childhood diary is named Elizabeth Barrett Browning (many jersey cows are brown). Lily is a girl's nickname for Elizabeth.

**Commented [279]:** Opal is put into a dark closet by her mother - a severe punishment for a child who loves the outdoors

**Commented [280]:** OPALISM another 3 year old memory!! but she has absorbed her mother's trainings!

**Commented [281]:** Auntie has a boyfriend over - opal's pet chipmunk ruins the dinner - this is at Walden as the aunt lived with her Opal's grandparents on the ranch.

**Commented [282]:** One of the few mentions of Daddy or Papa in FAU - he seems sympathetic - once she calls him "Father"

---

## Charlemagne (also in childhood diary)

### Opal's Oak Tree Friend Who Hears Her Secrets

P 196 I've been talking with one of my Oak Tree chums today -- Charlemagne, whom I have loved since I was a little girl and with whom I have shared many of my secrets.

To-day I was talking to him about other Oaks of the family Fagaceae -- White oak of the East, *Quercus alba*; White Oak of California, *Quercus lobata*; Iron Oak, *Quercus minor*; White Oak of the swamps, *Quercus platanoidea*; Love Oak of California, *Quercus agrifolia*; Spanish Oak of the swamps, *Quercus palustris*; Red Oak, *Quercus rubra*; Black Oak, *Quercus velutina*; Water Oak, *Quercus nigra*; Laurel Oak, *Quercus laurifolia*; and Willow Oak, *Quercus Phellos*.

Afterwards I told him of the Druids -- and last of all of the poet writing:

What gnarled stretch, what depth of shade, is his!  
There needs no crown to mark the forest's king;  
How his leaves outshine full summer's bliss!  
Sun, storm, rain, dew, to him their tribute bring.  
-- Lowell

**Commented [283]:** Charlemagne - an oak tree chum she has loved ever since she was a little girl - it's at Walden so it's prior to teenage years - likely younger like 9 or 10

Charlemagne is mentioned 4 times in her early childhood diary -- you can read it here:  
<https://archive.org/details/storyofopaljourn00whit/page/n1>



*Opal's Grandparent's Home on the Ranch on Mosby Creek Road*



## OCTOBER - Seven Diary Entries

P 112 October -- A tiny yellow star here and a tiny yellow star there. 'Tis the Yellow Star-grass fairies still blooming by the way. It was May when first we found them, and later in June watched tiny bees -- Halictus - - come unto the yellow star-like blossoms. This fairy belongs to the Amaryllis family.

O, those dear Earth-star fairies -- they were rolling about yesterday when the sun was shining; but last night it rained -- and to-day they were resting. Uncle told me that they are found all over the world, and that when they are rolling about they scatter their Baby Spores, who will be, when they grow up, Earth Stars -- "Water-measuring Earth-stars" Uncle calls them. Their scientific name is Geaster Hygrometricus.



**Commented [284]:** younger - at least the second paragraph which has Uncle Henry

P 163 October 6th -- We children love the Crickets, Mother Nature's tiny violinists. This year we raised twenty-seven. And to-day in the fields we found others. We just feel glad all over when we hear them.

Welcome with thy clicking, cricket,  
Clicking songs of sober mirth;  
Autumn striping field and thicket,  
Brings thee to my hearth,  
Where thy clicking shrills and quickens,  
While the mist of twilight thickens.  
No annoy, good humored cricket,  
With thy trills is ever blent  
Spleen of mine, how does though trick it  
To calm content  
So by thicket, hearth or wicket  
Click thee little lifetime, cricket.  
-- Bayard Taylor

**Commented [285]:** younger - crickets are mother nature's tiny violinists

P 112 October 9th -- Still the Moth Mullein blooms beside the way. Early in June we found the first blossoms and watched Bee fairies come unto them. We children think that it has been wrongly named Moth Mullein, for we have never see a moth about these dainty fairy flowers. They are members of the Figwort family. We children like to see them and the birds which come unto them.

**Commented [286]:** mix of younger & older - mostly younger in second paragraph and afterwards

**Commented [287]:** Older sentence put into younger entry. Oct 9th - second paragraph is younger

Opal also uses more Biblical language as she gets older. For example, she often uses the phrases "came unto" or "come unto". She uses "came unto nineteen times in Fairyland Around Us. Three times it's in diary entries and sixteen times she uses it in the stories - which were written when she was college age. A similar phrase from the Bible is "come unto". It is used sixteen times - eight in stories and eight in diary entries.

## Opal Selects 47 Names from the Ancient History Book

I walked down the road a ways this afternoon and perched on the old rail fence. The reason I perched upon the fence was because I wanted to think, and while I was thinking I saw several Lizards. Now, a Lizard fairy is a very interesting creature -- from egghood up. And after one has raised some lizards from eggs one has a sort of brotherly feeling towards all Lizards. They so like fence corners, and so do I.

**Commented [288]:** Opalism - egghood

**Commented [289]:** Opal has a brotherly feeling towards all lizards and gives them names from ancient history!

Now, there are lots of Lizards, but they are not all alike -- there are Keeled Lizard (Gerrhonotus), Spiny Swift (Sceloporus undulatus), Common Spotted Lizard (Holbrookia maculata), "Horned Toad" (Phrynosoma), Skinks (Scincidae), Racerunner (Cumdophorus sexlineatus), and Glass "snake" (Ophisaurus ventralis).

And all Lizards do not hatch from eggs -- for some are born alive. I learned this in Lizard nursery -- where baby Lizards to the number of thirty-three hatched from the eggs last year. But some Mother Lizards whom I brought in to lay eggs laid not eggs -- and yet some mornings there were Baby Lizards with these Mother Lizards -- and last year in the Lizard nursery seventeen baby Lizards were born alive -- making a total of forty young Lizards (counting the thirty-three hatched from eggs). We named these forty from Assyrian, Egyptian, Chaldean, and Babylonian rulers -- and seven were also given a second name from the Bible.

**Commented [290]:** naming 47 young lizards with names from ancient history!

---

P 163 October -- In the night, last night, I heard them calling, "Kill-dee, kill-dee, kill-dee." Over and over again they told their name -- these cousins of Golden Plover, Snowy Plover and Mountain Plover.

**Commented [291]:** Opalism - "in the night, last night"

**Commented [292]:** younger? maybe middle school

When Autumn time comes walking across the fields 'tis time to transplant Wild Flower fairies to our Wild Flower Gardens. To-day we have been transplanting Blue Iris, Blue-eyed Grass and Blue Sailors from the fields to our Garden of Joyous Blue. From the damp meadow we transplanted Helmet-flower and Forget-me-not.

**Commented [293]:** nice sentence - when autumn time comes walking across the fields

## Maurine has a Fondness for Apples & Opal Gets a Spanking

P 196 October 12th -- Saw a Mink in the woods today, and then as quickly it was gone. I saw him running and quickly he disappeared among the fallen leaves. I've been feeding rose-berries to three dear little White-footed Mice in the woods.

A fondness for apples Maurine has, but her fondness for apples sometimes gets me into trouble. To-day she helped herself to five apples Mother had placed on the table for the Deacon to take home with him. They were beauties and she made a dainty meal of them -- for which I received a spanking.

**Commented [294]:** Opalism - "a fondness for apples Maurine has" prob written in middle school or early high school? Opal would have had to live in the same place for a few years to raise Maurine from a fawn, in the lumber camps up Row River is most likely.

Plus, she has a camera to take pictures of the deer

P 163 October 23rd -- O, the little sister of the Daisy -- I found her in the fields today. In June I found her there, too. No wonder she has such a firm hold in the world, when for so many weeks she is sending seed children into the world. She came to us from Europe. They say she dwells also in Asia and Africa. Of names she had a goodly share -- Dog-fennel, May-weed, Pigsty, Daisy, Dill Weed and Fetid Chamomile. Her odor, it is not pleasant; but little flies mind that not. We watch them come and go.

**Commented [295]:** younger

**Commented [296]:** Daisy is another odor Opal does not like but flies do - one of the few times when Opal describes how a flower smells and it's always an "unpleasant" smell.

P 163 October 27th -- Three quaint elves I met in the field today, and then three more -- and each one's name, it was the same, Leafhopper of Jassidae family. In August on Blue-grass in my Grass Garden there were tiny eggs, and I brought them home to the Nursery. Later from them came baby Leaf Hoppers who changed their clothes three times before they grew up.

**Commented [297]:** Opalism

In June we held a "Leaf Hopper" convention -- and many and varied were the elves in attendance at this convention -- Leafhoppers of the Jassidae family.



*Opal's Small House on Grandparent's Ranch - photo by Elbert Bede*

## NOVEMBER - One Diary Entry

P 196 November 29th -- "Oh, see those little snowballs Mother Nature's put on little twigs," was what Marcia said when first we saw the Snow Berry fairies in the woods today. Many flowers that were now are not; but Mother Nature has helped to make the woodland more beautiful these late November days with Snow Berries -- cousins of Elder, Twin Flower and Honeysuckle.

**Commented [298]:** middle school? - nature is less active in Nov, perhaps that the reason for only one entry

Another girl mentioned - Marcia



ALONG THE ROAD

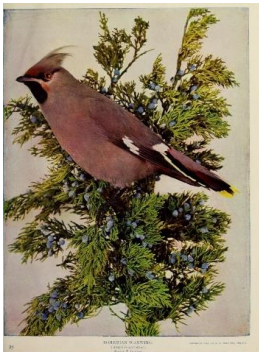
*Fairyland Around Us Photo of Mosby Creek Road Near Opal's Home*

## DECEMBER - Four Diary Entries

P 199 December 9th Nuthatches, who likes to watch them? "I, I, I!" So away we hurried to the woods. And there we saw the Nuthatches, hunting upside-down on the tree limbs. Other names they have -- Tree Mouse, Devil Drumhead; and Sitta is their scientific name. Their cousins are Chick-a-dees, Verdins and Titmice. We learned this verse about the Nuthatches:

Shrewd little hunter of woods all gray  
Whom I meet on my walk of a winter day --  
You're busy inspecting each cranny and hole  
In the ragged bank of yon hickory bole;  
You intent on your task, and I on the law  
Of your wonderful head and gymnastic claw!  
The woodpecker well may despair of this feat --  
Only the fly with you can compete!  
So much is clear, but I fain would know  
How you can so reckless and fearless go,  
Head upward, head downward, all one to you,  
Zenith and nadir the same in your view.  
-- Edith M. Thomas

**Commented [299]:** Christmas is mentioned twice - unknown year, perhaps younger or middle school



P 199 "The Wandering Fairy" they call him, Bohemian Waxwing, he who is noted for his grace and gentle ways. Of Cedar and Juniper berries he is fond.

They say Bohemian Waxwing fairies dwell also in Europe and Asia. We children know that we are very glad when they come into our woods.

**Commented [300]:** younger



## Opal and Her Dog are “On the Outs”

### *And Opal Gets Spanked with a Hair Brush*

P 199 December 23rd -- My dog and I are outs today. You see it was this way. I dug up his chicken bones that he buried yesterday and took them to some Wood Folks for Christmas. Among those who shared them were two little Wood Mice who took very dainty nibbles.

It was Jesus who said that what belonged to Caesar should be rendered unto him, and I guess Mother interprets it that what belongs to Rover should be rendered unto him, only she put it in different words - "Leave Rover's bones alone!" And the meaning of it all was enforced more strongly upon my mind by means of a hair brush out in the wood shed.

Anyway Rover, he has lots more bones -- and the Wood Mice did so much like to nibble at the least ones. Wood Mice are such darling fairies. Their scientific name is *Peromyscus canadensis*.

**Commented [301]:** On of the few mentions of Jesus and it's from a Bible quote to give what belongs to Caesar to Caesar - this is probably younger - also Rover may be in the childhood diary, in the rhyme the Chore Boy taunts Opal with

## A Christmas Tree for the Chick-a-dees

### *Opal Remembers Being 3 Years Old*



P 115 Dec. 24th — Today we decorated the Christmas tree for the birds — the little birds who glory in the snowstorm and mind not at all the rain. We began with the fir tree by the gate — then five along the road and three in the woods. With pieces of suet, and apple, and baked potatoes, we decorated their Christmas trees. Then we sat down on a log and waited — waited and watched to see who would come first to our Christmas tree — and he who came first was a glad Chick-a-dee.

Chick-a-dees were among my first friends. It was in the winter that I learned to know them — in the winter when the snow was on the ground. I was three, then, and had my daily lunch counter for the birds on the window sill. Being only three was somewhat trying when one was not allowed to go out in the snow to play with the Chick-a-dees. The next best thing was to divide one's meal with them on the window sill.

**Commented [302]:** Xmas Eve perhaps middle school. NOTE: there are no chickadees in France - this does not read like the memory of a 3 year old French princess at a lunch counter, it reads like a 3 year old who is around lunch counters in logging camps or perhaps the Catholic school in Colton, Washington - but not likely to be in European palaces.

Opal told the Atlantic Monthly when she was twenty that she had very little memory of her early life before the logging camps and the Whiteleys (age 4).

**Commented [303]:** She makes a lunch counter for chickadees when she was 3 - NOTE she mentions how hard it is to hold yourself back when you want to do something - this becoming a recurring theme - Opal, the strong willed, probably autistic child, driven by her interests.

I wonder if the Atlantic Monthly read FAU carefully or ever saw this paragraph as it counters her statements that she was in Europe.

Also, Chickadees are not found in Europe and it's more likely she learned of lunch counters in a logging camp or a school rather than a palace.

P 199 December 29th -- In the woods today I saw him -- saw the Winter Wren -- little wren with tail in air -- littlest of all the wrens, wilder than all others -- shy and quickly out of sight. Long I sat by the old stump, and still I waited. Then I heard his song -- and forgot almost everything else.

**Commented [304]:** YOUNGER - GREAT MEDITATION - HEARD THE WINTER WREN'S SONG AND FORGOT ALMOST EVERYTHING ELSE - Autistic like

## In Our Cathedral

I hear the wind among the trees,  
Playing celestial symphonies;  
I see the branches downward bent,  
Like keys of some great instrument.  
-- Longfellow

P. 262 Today has been such a wonderful day in Our Cathedral. You see, there is no church near the lumber camp; but we children of the camp have services in Our Own Cathedral.

This Cathedral of ours stands in the forest - is a part of the strength-giving forest. Its dome is blue or gray as is the day - for its dome is the sky. Its pillars are old and gray - the beautiful gray of the trunks of the tall forest kings, whose branches are evergreen.

Its carpet is soft and velvety - is of the mosses that We Children have gathered from many parts of the valley. The pews are old logs overgrown with moss and vines. The altar is a large old rock -- and vines entwine it lovingly - and all about it are planted many frail blossoms - and they grow among the mosses where we have placed them in His Cathedral.

Oh! To be friends with the lichens,  
the low creeping vines and the mosses  
There close to lie;  
Gazing aloft at each pine-plume  
that airily, playfully tosses  
'Neath the blue sky.  
- Katherine G. Kelley

Anemones, Wintergreens, Twin-Flowers, Spring Beauties, and Calypso carpet the woodland floor. Along the aisle that winds from the entrance to our great room of worship we have planted many ferns - and along the way the gold and scarlet Columbines. A brook flows at the side of Our Cathedral, and ever and ever 'tis singing a song that makes the hearts of We Children glad.

And this our life,  
exempt from public haunt,  
Finds tongues in trees,  
books in the running brooks,  
Sermons in stones,  
and good in everything.  
-- Shakespeare



Opal's Photo of Fleur  
De Lis Flowers - P 30

**Commented [SW305]:** This chapter has the best description of what Opal's cathedral was like. It's probably one of the entries she edited for publication here, but it's likely from an original diary entry

**Commented [306]:** There is no church near the lumber camp so Opal and her friends have services in "Our Own Cathedral". This is a photo from her childhood diary of the big trees where Opal grew up

**Commented [307]:** Opal describes her Cathedral as standing in the "strength-giving" forest. It's dome is the sky and it is blue or grey, depending on the day. Pews are old logs that are covered with moss and vines.

The altar is a large rock with vines entwining it lovingly. Ferns and flowers mark the aisles. A brook flows next to the Cathedral and "ever and ever 'tis singing a song that makes the hearts of We Children glad."

*Opal Teaching Class in the Cathedral – Artwork by Thomas Romano*



Herein we met for worship. Often I don't preach a sermon, but we have a few minutes in meditation.

Listen! The choir is singing; all the birds,  
Listen, ere the sound be fled,  
And learn there may be worship without words.  
- Longfellow

Now, besides the dear camp children, there are also others who belong to my congregation - and these animals attend a part of the time when brought to service. The services they usually attend are the ones I conduct alone on weekdays. I have endeavored to bring them a few times to regular Lord's Day service; but on account of the presence of the other children they are restless and not on good behavior - so they are only privileged to attend my weekday services - which are everyday whether it's sunshiny or rainy, for the Lord God abides in His Cathedral the whole year round.

Of course I know that He is very, very busy with so many people now in the world, and all those that have been before. But wherever I go I trust in His great love and am happy just in being a wee part of this great world.

**Commented [308]:** Opal says that "often I don't preach a sermon" but they have a meditation.

**Commented [309]:** Opal conducts church services for her animal friends on week days. However, she does not invite them to Sunday services because they get "restless and not on good behavior" when around the other children.

**Commented [310]:** Opal's faith is shown when she writes, "wherever I go I trust in His great love and am happy just in being a wee part of this great world". Opal is glad to be a small part of this big world.

About the attendance on weekdays: there is Julius Caesar Napoleon - now he always attends at least one service a week, usually a vesper service - and at intervals he pokes his nose into my pocket for the grub of a beetle. It was a long time before I could make him understand that even a Skunk must be quiet during prayer or the reading of the Holy Bible. Now the way I accomplished this - was to give Julius Caesar Napoleon two extra fat grubs just after prayer or reading the Bible - and he keeps quiet until I am through.

"Let gentleness my strong enforcement be." - Shakespeare

Other members of the congregation on week days are: Pliny and Aristotle - two adorable folks to preach to - they keep just as quiet during the reading of the Bible except when a fly or other insect passes close by them - and being Toads they make the most of the opportunity. Then there are Cicero and Pandora, two dear Chipmunks - and Josephus Jacobus Benjamin Solomon Rehoboam - that adorable Meadow Mouse. These are very attentive at services - except for the wiggling of tails.

Then Michael Angelo, the Porcupine, strays in for services sometimes - but it's mostly salt he wants. Also sometimes Marie Antoinette, a beautiful speckled hen, rides to service on my shoulder. (She is privileged on account of exceptional good behavior during the last year, to attend Sunday services as well as weekdays.)

A wind arose among the pines; it shook  
The clinging music from their boughs, and then  
Low, sweet, faint sounds, like the farewell of ghosts,  
Were heard: O, follow, follow, follow me.  
- Shelley

I walked in the forest today - when the Storm King passed by. The winds, they did whistle and shriek, and the day it was bleak. But I love to walk in the forest on just such a day - with the wind against my face and the rain upon it. Most o' the wee folk are hidden away at storm time - but the ferns, they bow their fronds together - and the trees, they touch hands as the wind goes rushing through.

'Tis then that the Cathedral is like a great pipe-organ - with many harmonies being played upon it. But first one must have deep, deep within one's heart the love of the forest wrapped in storm, or else one hears not these great symphonies that carry one's soul in the storm and above it to tranquil peace. For the things that sometimes trouble and puzzle me go away as I walk in the storm - and in their place comes His abiding peace that gives me strength to overcome the difficulties in the way.

When night comes unto the Cathedral We Children fear not, for God abides within - and his love is round about us where'er we go. Tonight we have been watching the stars.

Silently, one by one,  
in the infinite meadows of heaven,  
Blossomed the lovely stars ...  
-- Longfellow

And God seems so near here in Our Cathedral in the forest. I think that He must surely understand our loving Him.

"And 'tis my faith that every flower  
Enjoys the air it breathes"  
- Wordsworth

**Commented [311]:** Opal's pet skunk, Julius Caesar Napoleon. He comes to her Cathedral and she trains him to be quiet during the prayers or reading the Bible. Not many people can train a skunk! But, Opal did it.

**Commented [312]:** Other animal friends she brings to the Cathedral on weekdays are her pet toads, her chipmunks and her meadow mouse, Josephus Jacobus Benjamin Solomon Rehoboam. Weekday services are for the animals.

**Commented [313]:** In her childhood diary Opal names a tall tree after the famous painter Michael Angelo (1475-1564). Here she names a porcupine after him. The quills from porcupines were used for writing and painting.

**Commented [314]:** Opal names a chicken Marie Antoinette (1755-1793). She knows that chickens get their heads cut off like Princess Marie Antoinette!

**Commented [315]:** prob younger - diary - but later is older - pipe organ is older - or remembering Colton

**Commented [316]:** 1st 2 sentences are older - last is younger

**Commented [317]:** older opal christian has no doubts - but younger still does - these two paragraphs show it

**Commented [318]:** Opal walks through the forest when a storm is raging. She says that the wind makes the Cathedral sound like a pipe organ with many harmonies.

She is not afraid, for God abides within". Opal often turns to God for support and has faith that "his peace gives me strength to overcome the difficulties in the way."

**Commented [319]:** Opal writes that God "seems so near here in Our Cathedral in the forest. I think that He must surely understand our loving Him."

**Commented [320]:** younger - still wondering - vs older and more "taught" in Sunday School

We learn many things from the Fern fairies who dwell in our Cathedral. Some dwelt there before we came to worship in the Cathedral -- others we brought from different places in the valley, and from ravines and canyons. I think that the Fern fairies, too, love our Cathedral. Softly we go among them, and talk with them, and listen unto them.

Someone who loves Fern fairies walked with me in our Cathedral one day, and told me of a poet, in a land beyond the sea, who also loved to listen to the voices of the Ferns -- and wrote of their message for the Children of Men -- and this is the message -- the message he gave unto the world as the voices of Fern fairies spoke -- this the message We Children of the lumber-camps love and keep in our hearts -- and that you may know its joy I have written it here as it was told unto me that day when one who loves the Ferns walked in our Cathedral.

**"I lay among the ferns,"**

Where they lifted their fronds, innumerable, in the greenwood wilderness, like wings  
    Winnowing the air;  
And their voices went past me continually.  
And I listened, and lo! Softly inaudibly raining, I heard not the voices of the ferns  
    Only, but of all living creatures:  
Voices of mountain and star  
Of cloud, and forest and ocean,  
And of the little rills tumbling amid the rocks,  
And of the high tops where the moss-beds are and the springs arise  
As the wind at midday rains whitening over the grass,  
As the night bird glimmers a moment, fleeting between the lonely watcher and the  
    Moon,  
    So softly inaudibly they rained,  
    Where I sat silent.  
And in the silence of the greenwood I knew the secret of the growth of the ferns;  
I saw their delicate leaflets tremble, breathing an undescribed and unuttered life;  
And round them the mountains and the stars dawned in glad companionship forever.  
Who shall understand the words of the ferns lifting their fronds innumerable?  
Who, going forth with his heart like Nature's garden,  
Shall hear through his soul the voices of all creation,  
Voices of mountain and star, voices of all men,  
Softly audibly raining? -- shall seize and fix them,  
Rivet them fast with love, no more to lose them?

By Edward Carpenter

**Commented [321]:** Very nice poem, full of energy and life. Opal says that someone who came to the cathedral taught it to her. Opal says that the fern fairies spread this message among the Children of Men.

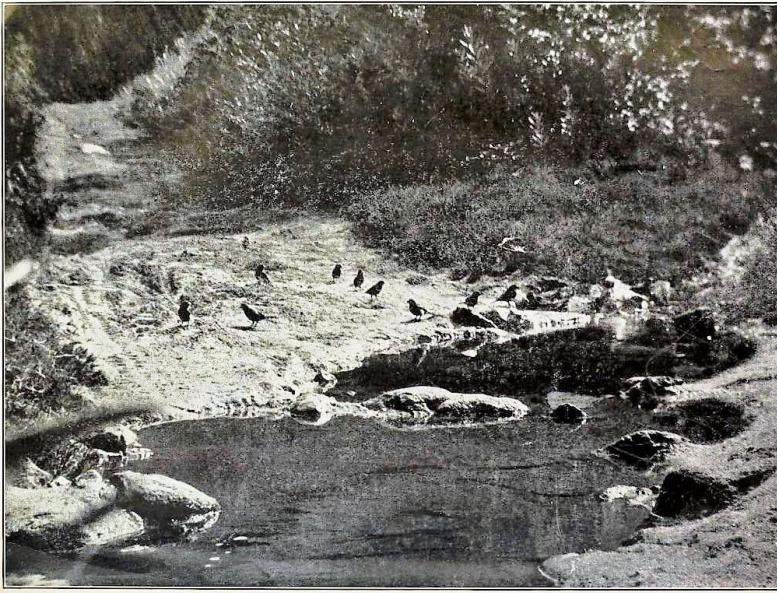
I wonder if this could have been George Miller (the Man Who Wears Gray Neckties and is Kind to Mice in her childhood diary or perhaps is her Uncle Henry Pearson, who also taught her poetry and a love of nature.



## In the Early Morning

*Poem & Photo By Opal Whiteley, Pages 38 & 39*

IN THE EARLY MORNING I WATCHED THE BIRDS COME DOWN TO BATHE



I so love the early morning  
When dawn comes adorning  
These hills, these valleys, and these fields;  
And night her tender shadows and darkness yields  
Unto the coming of the dawn.  
Slowly across the east a cloud floats along --  
Here and yonder other birds break into song --  
The mountains are tinged with glory --

The cloud floats on:  
The sun comes o'er the hills  
With tender wondrous beauty the valley fills --  
And on the grass  
Through which I pass  
Glimmer and shimmer the jewels of dew.  
I see them glisten as I listen  
To the Earth-folk talking along the way --  
So begins my day.

## Opal Whiteley Says Why She Wrote Fairyland Around Us

### *From the Chapter, Along the Road*

[https://archive.org/stream/fairylandaroundu00whit\\_0#page/40/mode/2up](https://archive.org/stream/fairylandaroundu00whit_0#page/40/mode/2up)

P 40 And the things recorded in this chapter and in this book are as I have watched them from hour to hour throughout all the days of my childhood. A notebook in my pocket (wherein was carried food for Birds and many other fairies) and a pencil were my constant companions on my Nature walks.

Because so much I wanted to help other Girls and Boys find the same big joy in God's great out-of-doors that I was daily finding, I carefully wrote down the little things of the everyday life of the field and forest as I watched them. I felt that my life work was the helping of people — little folk and the grown-up folk, too, who hadn't grown up too much — to find the big and abiding joy in companionship with the everyday things around them in the out-of-doors.

So I have been working on this book all these years. And the things herein recorded are as I have found them and as you may find them. Of the wonderful happiness that will be yours in the finding of them I cannot tell in words. It is so big that it fills each day with an abiding joy in life, with faith in the people about you, with trust in God — and helps you to overcome the difficulties along the way. So the companionship with God in the great outdoors has meant to my life, and so it may mean in yours. As you go along the way — keep your eyes open and listen.

---

P 97 It is very interesting -- the keeping of diaries for one's friends -- the writing in on different days and weeks of their ways -- and especially is it interesting where one has known them from babyhood. I have kept diaries for my pet Squirrels, Chipmunks, Skunks, Bats, Turtles, Deer, Porcupine, Raccoon, Toads, Horned Lizards, Wood Mice, and for the many pet Birds. All these diaries are recorded in three other Fairyland books, together with the portraits of the aforementioned fairies.

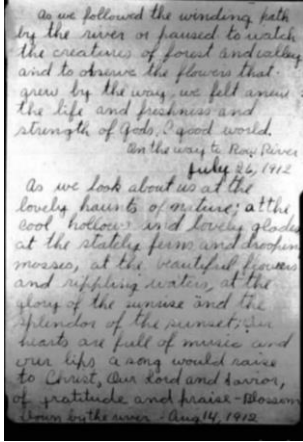
---

**Commented [322]:** This was written for the FAU book, likely when Opal was 19 or 20. It's not a diary, but an explanation of why she loves to write about nature.

**Commented [323]:** she mentions other diaries to come in other fairyland books in the appendix

[https://archive.org/stream/fairylandaroundu00whit\\_0#page/268/mode/2up](https://archive.org/stream/fairylandaroundu00whit_0#page/268/mode/2up)

### **END OF DIARY ENTRIES IN THE FAIRYLAND AROUND US**



## Opal Unedited -

### Diary Entries from 1912, Age 14

*From her Original Notebooks*

***They were Never Torn Up or Edited***

These next two diary entries come from her original notebooks, which are in the University of Oregon's Special Collections Library. Several boxes were found on campus when she left Oregon in 1918.

These diary entries were never torn up nor edited for publication. I did add paragraph breaks for easier reading on the screen. Otherwise, these are untouched and may offer new glimpses into Opal Whiteley. They are from her early days in Christian Endeavor.

---

#### On the way to Row River July 26, 1912

As we followed the winding path by the river or paused to watch the creatures of forest and valley and to observe the flowers that grew by the way, we felt anew the life and freshness and strength of God's good world.

---

#### Blossom down by the river – Aug. 14, 1912

As we look about us at the lovely haunts of nature; at the cool hollows and lovely glades, at the stately ferns and drooping mosses, at the beautiful flowers and rippling waters, at the glory of the sunrise and the splendor of the sunset; Our hearts are full of music and our lips a song would raise to Christ, Our Lord and Savior, of gratitude and praise.

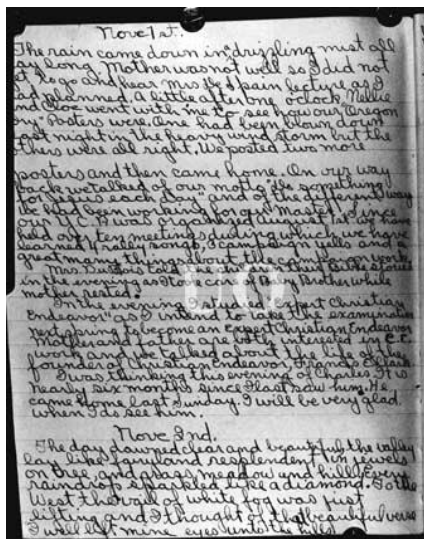
---

## Opal in 1916 at Age 18

### Campaigning for Prohibition

These next entries are from 1916 – four years later. Opal is eighteen and deeply involved in work for Christian Endeavor. She campaigned heavily in favor of banning the sale of alcohol.

The United States made alcohol illegal in 1920. Oregon passed prohibition years earlier. Prohibition was repealed in 1933.



#### Nov 1, 1916

The rain came down in drizzling mist all day long. Mother was not well so I did not get to go and hear Mrs. DeSpain lecture as I had planned. A little after one o'clock, Nellie and Cloe went with me to see how our "Oregon Dry" posters were. One had been blown down last night in the heavy wind storm but the others were all right. We posted two more posters and then came home.

On our way back we talked of our motto "Do something for Jesus each Day" and of the different way we had been working for our Master. Since our YCA was organized August 1st we have had over ten meetings during which we have learned 4 rally songs, 3 campaign yells and a great many things about the campaign work. Mrs. DuBois told the children their Bible stories in the evening as I took care of Baby Brother while mother rested.

In the evening I studied "Expert Christian Endeavor" as I intend to take the examination next spring to become an expert Christian Endeavor. Mother and father are both interested in C.E. work and we talked about the life of the founder of Christian Endeavor, Francis E. Clark.

I was thinking this evening of Charles. It is nearly six months since I last saw him. He came home last Sunday. I will be very glad when I do see him.

**Commented [SW324]:** "Nove", Opal's abbreviation for November was common in her time. I've kept it because of its uniqueness today

**Commented [SW325]:** Opal's mother died of breast cancer in May, 1917 – less than a year after this entry was written

**Commented [SW326]:** His name was Elwyn Milton Scott, born in 1915. He's about a year old here. He was only two when Elizabeth Whiteley died of breast cancer seven months after this diary entry

**Commented [SW327]:** Unknown man named Charles – he is older than Opal as he can vote in the election

**Nov 2nd. 1916**

*Pearlie and Opal Quarrel over Prohibition Campaigning*

The day dawned clear and beautiful, the valley lay like fairyland resplendent in jewels on tree, and grass meadow and hill. Every raindrop sparkled like a diamond. To the West the veil of white fog was just lifting and I thought of that beautiful verse "I will lift mine eyes unto the hills."

We did the general washing after the breakfast work was done and the children had been sent to school. Father, Mr. Fleisher, McCabe Jr Calloway and DuBois started to work this morning. In the afternoon, Pearl went with me up to Wildwood to post Oregon Dry literature. When I was ready at two Pearlie hadn't begun to get ready and was still reading a story paper. I became impatient with her but she said she didn't get ready because she didn't want me to have anything to do with that Prohibition literature. I told her I was very sorry and really I am because the temperance work is a joy to me and I do wish so much that Pearlie would find the joy in God's work that I find but I am going to be more patient with her and I'll just keep trying to show her by my own life what a happy life the service life is.

She really was ready at five after three and we started out. After posting the posters along the road (I posted the others along the railroad) we went to school. Just before school closed I gave all the children some temperance leaflets & told them how I had enjoyed my visit. They had good order; the smallest children were molding baskets, pitchers, etc. the others were all studying spelling (Nearly all but not all for two or three had grown weary & were looking around the room. The spelling class spelled every word right. The school room is cheery and homelike.

We came home and I started supper. Father returned with the mail at 5:30. He was feeling blue and told us that they guessed they would have to drop the contract as the association had sent a man after the donkeys. He's feeling down and out but I told him there's nearly always a silver lining to every cloud and I told him I'll take it to God in prayer. And then I ask him for a miracle.

And he gave me a sweet kiss on the forehead (He always kisses me on the forehead because I said that I would always keep my lips sacred for the kiss of the One Man who someday will come into my life and for whom I strive to keep myself pure in heart, mind, soul and body. For Him I am keeping sacred the dreams of my childhood and the treasures of my womanhood. And I ask of him the same purity.

And then I said to Papa "That's something nothing can take from us. And then papa said "Yes but it won't buy a sack of flour" and I replied "Yes but Loving one another is what binds the home together." Dear old Dad. We have a great many good talks together. Of course Papa really don't mind my being old fashioned.

In the evening Mother and I sang "Seeing Nellie Home", and one of the dear old Hymns.

**Commented [SW328]:** "Pearle" – is this an affectionate term or sarcastic for her? It may have been a family nickname for Pearl.

**Commented [SW329]:** This entry has the most detailed look into Opal and "the Papa", Ed Whiteley. Her description is very loving and caring. He has just lost his job and is worried about money. Opal comforts him by saying that love was the most important thing.

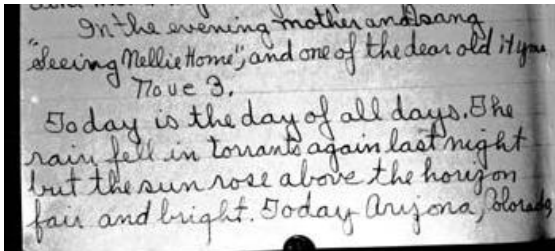
**Commented [SW330]:** "donkeys were a form of petrol powered engines used in logging to haul the cut trees up the hill to be loaded onto trucks. Opal's father has just lost his job in the woods and she tries to comfort him.

**Commented [SW331]:** Good insight into Opal's moral character or sexuality when she was eighteen. She won't kiss her father on the lips because she is saving that for the man she falls in love with. Sadly, Opal never married nor seems to have had a long term boyfriend (or female partner)



**Nov 3, 1916**

*Election Day: Oregon Votes for Prohibition*



Today is the day of all days. The rain fell in torrents again last night but the sun rose above the horizon fair and bright. Today Arizona, Colorado, Idaho, Ohio, California, and Washington are also to vote upon Prohibition.

**Commented [SW332]:** "The day of all days" – election day for prohibition. Opal says that the "men" go to vote but she also notes that Mrs. Harlow voted. Women's votes (and church members) helped pass prohibition in Oregon six years before it was made law throughout the United States.

Papa and Bert were talking over the different measures to be voted upon. In the afternoon Papa, Les, Bert, and Mr. McCabe Sr. went to vote in the afternoon. While they were up voting I took little Brother for a walk. When we came back Mother and I talked about starting Christian Endeavor at Wildwood. We decided to start Nov. 15 if it is not a stormy day. We are going to choose the topics till the first of the year as "Faith", love, gentleness, forgiveness, service, obedience, etc. loyalty, an aim in life "The Great Gift!"

When the men returned from voting we were talking of the great temperance movement. Father, Len, and Mr. McCabe Sr. voted for Oregon Dry as I knew they would do. I am anxious to hear the returns from the election but I know Oregon will go dry for the people, the true home loving people, have worked for temperance as never before. In the evening I called up Mrs. Harlow. She and Mr. Harlow went to Dorena to vote in the morning. Mr. Joe Wicks took two wagon loads down. She said Charles went to vote in the afternoon. I told her I would try and come down tomorrow. I have not seen her for quite a long time. It will be one month tomorrow.

In the evening after I had finished my evening work when I spoke to Mother about going to Row River she said she could not spare me to go anyplace this fall not for a day. And then two tears rolled down my face.

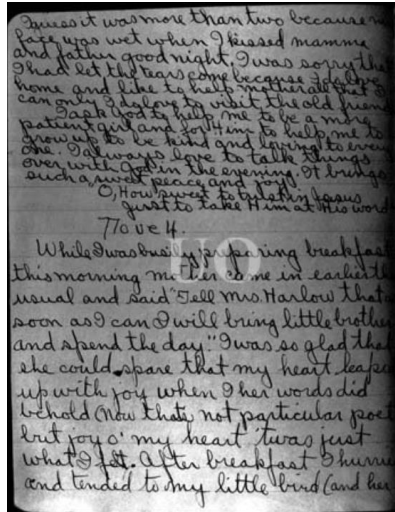
I guess it was more than two because my face was wet when I kissed mamma and father good night. I was sorry that I had let the tears come because I do love home and like to help mother all that I can only I do love to visit the old friends.

I ask God to help me to be a more patient girl and for Him to help me to grow up to be kind and loving to everyone. I always love to talk things over with God in the evening. It brings such a sweet peace and joy

O How sweet to trust in Jesus  
Just to take Him at His word.

**Commented [SW333]:** Elizabeth Whiteley had three children younger than Opal and a toddler. She died just about seven months after this diary entry and may have been feeling the early effects of cancer.

**Nov 4, 1916**



While I was busily preparing breakfast this morning Mother came in earliest as usual and said "Tell Mrs. Harlow that as soon as I can I will bring little brother and spend the day." I was so glad that she could spare that my heart leapt up with joy when I her words did behold (Now that's not particular poet but joy o' my heart 'twas just what I felt. After breakfast I hurried and tended to my little bird (and her name is Mary Harlow too) then made one of the beds, helped with the morning work and then we hurried and got ready.

I went over to call Mr. Woods up about returns and he said that so far they were sure Oregon would be dry. Then I went back to the house after Pearl. Before starting I carried Max and Dandy (one under each arm) back to the house & shut the doors so that they would not follow us. We had not been long on our way when I heard pat ti pat de pat at my heels and turning around saw Max, position [one ear up the other ear down, nose in air, eyes very sober looking] as he had started we let him come with us.

---

## END OF FAIRYLAND DIARIES WITH TEXT NOTES

---

*Read Fairyland Diaries Without Research Notes at this Link*

<http://members.efn.org/~opal/fairylanddiariesnonotes.pdf>

# APPENDIX

## *Additional Research Articles*

---

### **Dating the Age of The Diary Entries**

**By Stephen Williamson © 2018   [www.opalnet.org](http://www.opalnet.org)**

Perhaps as much as one-third of Opal Whiteley's first book, The Fairyland Around Us (1918), is composed of diary-like entries. There are about 180 of what appear to be diary entries in Fairyland, many possibly written in her ninth and tenth year about 1907 and 1908. Other diary entries may be from middle and high school – including several from age fourteen and eighteen. There could be up to 30,000 words of Opal's diaries. It's a potential gold mine for people interested in Opal Whiteley.



This article will discuss clues that point toward when a passage was written. Many entries read like they are only fragments of what may have originally been longer entries. Opal claimed that her sisters tore up her diary when she was twelve and lived at Star, Oregon. Many of these diary entries are only brief paragraphs.

There are three known texts where Opal writes that she's nine or ten years old. One of these is a diary entry in The Fairyland Around Us and two are lengthy diary entries that she gave to the *Atlantic Monthly* in 1919 as samples of her early writing. These three diary entries give a baseline between her young writings and her teenage writings.

Most of the entries have dates (month and day) but not the year it was written. Opal claimed her published childhood diary was written from ages six to seven (ending in Sept 1905). Some of the Fairyland diary entries may be from 1907 and 1908.

The Whiteley family moved to Cottage Grove for a period of time in the Fall of 1905. However, they returned to the farm in Walden by late 1906 or early 1907. We also have several diary texts from 1912 when she is fourteen years old and also from 1916, when she is almost 19. These were not part of her torn up diary and are whole diary entries. Several entries from November, 1914 discuss her advocacy for prohibition (banning the sale of alcohol) and issues with her sister Pearl.

Opal is in this Walden School picture (above) in March, 1907. Opal's seatmate, Mabel, is in both the 10 year old diary piece and also in the Fairyland Diaries. Opal has a female teacher in her childhood and nine year old diaries (shown in photo). She has a male teacher in her ten year old diary. A young female teacher (prob. Nellie Williamson) is mentioned twice in the Fairyland Diaries. Records for the Walden School show she was paid \$50 on March 3, 1907.

May 28 '06 J.W.H. Jones	45 00 May 28 '06 6
Oct 22 '06 Nellie Williamson	50 00 Oct 22 '06 12
Jan. 21 '07 " " "	" " Jan. 21 '07 3
Mar 4 '07 " " "	" " Mar 3 '07 12
Sept 6 '07 J.W.H. Jones	60 00 Sept 6 '07 12
Mar 2 '08 Minnie Comer	60 Mar 9 '08 16
Sept 30 " Willis Foglee	60 Oct 5 " 12

Katherine Beck, a critic of Opal's, argued in her book *Opal* (2003), that she was trying to write like a young child when she was writing *Fairyland* in 1918. Beck claims these are not genuine pieces of her early diary. That may be true in a few entries and there are many diary entries where after several sentences Opal seems to turn from child diarist to an older "teacher" asking questions. Sentences in one paragraph may have been written years apart. It can make for jarring reading, but overall, Beck is wrong.

One clue for these being actual diary entries are the "Dual Dates" in several chapters. There are at least 30 duplicate diary days -- when two or more diary entries have the same date. For example, in the chapter "Along the Road", Opal has two July 2nds, two August 15ths, etc. Her text will flow in chronological order through the months and suddenly, without any explanation, switch to a much earlier month and begin the chronology all over again. A list of specific Dual Dates is at the end of this document.

Despite having the same date, like August 25th, no two entries have much in common with each other. It's possible that the second August 25th is from a later year. If Opal had written both of these at age nineteen it is likely she would have kept the dates in calendar order. These read like actual diary entries because of Opal repeating chronological order in each chapter, but she never tells the reader that it's a new year. Opal often ends one of her diary entries by asking a question of the reader like "Do you know" or "Have you ever", etc. Perhaps some of the questions were written in her original, younger diary, but it reads more like the older "teacher" is asking the question. The questions read like they were tacked onto an earlier diary entry.

On at least three occasions during the writing of *Fairyland*, Opal told important people that she began writing at age four. She sent a note to author HG Wells. Several times in *Fairyland Around Us*, Opal says she is keeping diaries for people about her animal friends. She states that her purpose in writing diaries is to observe nature and teach those observations to children. Rather than being a private, intensely personal diary as most people's diaries are, Opal's nature diary is for keeping records of the outdoors.

## **SIGNS OF EARLIER WRITING**

We can examine the three known texts where Opal says she's nine or ten years old. Her style, and the information about her life in these three known diary entries give us a baseline from which to evaluate her child and teenage writings.

1) First, there are the names of four of her pets in the 9 and 10 year old diary that are also found in *Fairyland Around Us*. The dog, Isaiah, is in both *Fairyland* and her published childhood diary as are pets Aristotle and Pliny. Also, in *Fairyland* she rides a jersey cow named Lily (p. 195). In her childhood diary she has a jersey cow named Elizabeth Barrett Browning. Lily can be short for Elizabeth. It may be the same cow.

2) Opal frequently mentions living on the "ranch" and writes about her grandparents, aunt and uncle in the *Fairyland* diary entries. They called their Walden farm "the ranch". Many of these entries were written in Walden, the site of her published diary and is likely from Opal's ninth and tenth year when it's known she lived there.

Opal's family is portrayed as much better in *Fairyland* than in her early childhood diary. Her mother continues to spank her - but now Opal seems to understand why. One recurring theme in both *Fairyland* and Opal's early childhood diary is conflicts with "the mamma". She writes from the child's viewpoint about how hard it is to restrain yourself when you want to go out in nature - even if it's snowing and you are three. Opal definitely fits today's definitions of autism and what's called the "Strong-Willed Child".

The diaries show a rebellious (autistic or strong-willed) Opal who tries to get around her mother's rules. In one entry her mother tells her not to take milk and corn out to her pet raccoon, so she brings the raccoon into the house to feed it!

Opal's kindly Uncle Henry, a gold miner, is in eleven diary entries. He is her mentor who teaches her geology, poetry, natural sciences and even the Latin names for animals. He died in 1914. If he is alive in a diary entry it's likely she wrote it before she was sixteen.

3) There are also several entries in *Fairyland* that are almost direct quotes from the 9 and 10 year old diary pieces she gave to Ellery Sedgwick at the Atlantic Monthly in late 1919. Katherine Beck and others are wrong when they claim she made up these diary entries for Sedgwick, saying they were the sort of story of lumber camp life he was looking for. But, part of each entry had already been published in the *Fairyland Around Us*, showing that they were written before Opal's visit with Sedgwick in October 1919.



There is one paragraph about "this little woodland singer" in her ten year old diary and also on p 171 of FAU (in the story "In Our Cathedral".) These same words are also on p. 39 in the Morning poem. It's interesting that she used the same words twice in Fairyland, but the passage was probably first used in her 10 year old diary. Opal published FAU before her meeting with Ellery Sedgwick.

4) In her younger writing, Opal still has a child's sense of wonder. When she discovers something new it's surprising or "I don't understand this." She has many questions about the world. The child's writing is more innocent - and more charming.

5) Counting. As a child Opal counts everything around her - numbers of trees - eggs - birds - she counts almost everything. She counts less as she gets older.

6) Opal writes about being with other children, guiding them in learning about the wonders of nature. However, she is more often alone when she is younger. She is guiding and teaching the children more as she gets older.

Opal sometimes uses the word "we" when she is writing about coming or going to school. There are many entries where she is walking to or from school. She does not name the children with her but it's likely they include her sisters Pearl and Faye. Most diarists would only use the short "we" rather than write out their siblings names during a diary entry about an everyday activity such as walking home from school.

7) The older Opal writes in a more "religious" style than the younger. The very young Opal certainly has a spiritual sense, but the older Opal's writing seems to understand more theology. "When night comes unto Fairyland, we children fear not for God abides within and his love is roundabout us wherever we go. Tonight we have been watching the stars." Opal is confident here - she has no doubt of God's caring for them.

Her younger writing expresses awe at the world - and she is concerned she is doing what God wants her to do. It's very spiritual. Opal was baptized in February, 1907 and as she gets older her writing becomes more traditional as she learns church theology.

## **SIGNS OF TEENAGE WRITING**

8) Opal's writing as a teenager is more detailed scientifically. Her older writing is more "teachery". What some autism researchers call the "little professor" has grown into a lecturer who teaches both science and religion. It's called the "little professor syndrome" because young children can talk in detail about any subject they are really interested in.

I've written a web page about why it's likely Opal had Asperger's (autism) rather than schizophrenia. You can read it here: <http://members.efn.org/~opal/mental.htm>

9) The presence of Fairies is another clue to the age of her diaries. Opal uses the word "fairy" or "fairies" thirty two times in her published childhood diary. Close reading of the text reveals that in almost every case she is referring to an insect with wings. None are small humanoid creatures and none of the fairies have names - unlike many of the animals and trees in her book. Although she writes that they are "little people" she does not mean that they actually look like people. It's clear they are mostly insects. By contrast, the diary entries I found in The Fairyland Around Us contain about 225 references to fairies in less than 60,000 words of text. Her childhood diary contains about 75,000 words and has only thirty five mentions of fairies.

What could account for that large of a difference? After all, belief in fairies and elves is mostly a phase young children quickly go through. However, one big thing happened in

the culture after the time of Opal's childhood diary (1904 & 1905). The stories of Peter Pan became an international hit with kids. Peter Pan was published in book form in 1911 - years after Opal's childhood diary ends. Certainly, the terms "fairy" and "fairies" were used earlier, but it was Peter Pan and Wendy who turned them into cultural icons.

10) Opal uses more Biblical language as she gets older. In *Fairyland Around Us*, she often uses the phrases "came unto" or "come unto". She uses "came unto" nineteen times in *Fairyland Around Us*. Three times they are in diary entries but she uses this expression sixteen times in the nature stories - written when she was college age.

The Bible phrase "come unto" is used sixteen times - eight in stories and eight in diary entries. These two phrases are used a total of 35 times in *The Fairyland Around Us*. By comparison, the phrase "came unto" does not appear in her early childhood diary at all and the phrase "come unto" appears only once.

Another Biblical phrase, "like unto" or its variation, "like unto this" or "like unto these" is found five times in her childhood diary (in about 75,000 words) but it appears nineteen times in *Fairyland Around Us* in just 65,000 words. The word "unto" is in the childhood diary eighty-eight times, mostly as "near unto". It is in *Fairyland* about 130 times.

These examples show either that Opal added more Biblical words to her writing as she got older or that she was clever enough to remember that she did not write that way when she was younger. I think the former is more likely. Opal added more Biblical terms as she aged, went to church and learned more formal theology.

Opal's use of the word "today" is interesting. She often spells it "to-day", two words. That seems more like a child's spelling. She uses the word "to-day" over fifty times in *The Fairyland Around Us*. However, she uses the standard spelling "today" at least seventy times. This may indicate that it was written when Opal was quite young.

There is at least one unique word found in both books. Opal's word "screwteyeyes" appears seven times in the childhood diary (learned from her teacher). She also uses the word in her ten year old diary. However, the word is spelled correctly - "scrutinize". Again, it's connected to her teacher (a different one) and being late to school.

The length of diary entries varies widely. While most of them are simply brief paragraphs (which read like they had been torn up earlier) there are a number which are longer diary entries. Some of these entries are one long paragraph, which read like Opal was writing hurriedly to get her thoughts out. It may also indicate a younger diary writer. In each case she has gotten into trouble and got a spanking.

Opal writes over 180 diary entries in *Fairyland Around Us*. Some months are much larger than others - January has ten diary entries but June has forty. December has just four but July has forty five entries. If Opal was keeping nature diaries as she said, this pattern of dates follows nature's own seasons.

There are many photographs in *Fairyland Around Us*, some of them taken by Opal. She has pictures of some of her pets and those are from what I think are her older teenage writings. Some pets are named, like Maurine, the pet deer she raised from a fawn.

Compiling *The Fairyland Around Us* was perfect training for what Opal may have later done when she compiled her early childhood diary - cut and paste from an early diary and then write new material to complete the text. Even if every word of her published

childhood diary is true, the process of its reconstruction at the Atlantic Monthly strangely mirrors how she constructed or wrote The Fairyland Around Us.

Opal's nine and ten year old entries are very different from her published childhood diary. Still, there is enough similarity between Opal's nine and ten year old diaries and her published diary to make me think that she did start keeping a diary as a young child.

It's also very possible that she changed or updated the English as a Second Language style of her early diary entries in Fairyland Around Us. It's quite possible to see an evolution between Opal's six and seven year old and her nine and ten year old diaries.

### ***END OF DATING DIARY ENTRIES CRITERIA***

---

### **NUMBER OF DIARY ENTRIES BY MONTH - ABOUT 180**

These entries show that Opal was keeping nature diaries. There are many more entries in Spring and summer months when nature grows than in fall or winter.



*Calendar says March 27, 1907  
Teacher is likely Nellie Williamson*

January	10
February	3
March	10
April	18
May	21
June	40
July	45
August	20
September	11
October	7
November	1
December	4

Total Entries 180

## **Over 30 Diary Entries Where Opal Uses the Same Date**

### ***These May Add Support for Early Authorship***

#### **March - Duplicate Dates begin**

March 9th, two dates - pages 43 & 166

#### **APRIL - Two Duplicate Dates**

April 8ths - two dates - pages 45 & 171

#### **MAY - 5 Duplicate Dates**

May 3rd - twice

May 17th - twice

May - two May 22s - second reads older - each on page 175

May 22 (1) - She identifies a bird, the Ruby-Crowned Kinglet.

May 22 (2) - She found caterpillar eggs. -no connection between the two entries.

May 29th - twice

May 30th - twice

#### **JUNE - 12 Duplicate Dates**

June 1 - two dates p145 & 176

June 3 - two entries p 70 & 176

June 5 - two entries - p. 165 & 176

June 7th - two June 7ths - p 66 & 144

June 9th - SIX June 9ths - p 65 & 69 & 70 & 144 & 176 & 185 [rch/stream/f#page/68/](#)

June 15th - three entries - p. 66 & 69 p 156

June 16th - three dates - p 66 & 69 & 185

June 20th - two entries - p 155 & 74

June 21 - two entries - p 155 & p 156 -

June 24th - p 73 & 74 - possible they are the same day

### **JULY - 10 Duplicate Dates**

July 3 - p 79 & 186  
July 5th p 92 & 186  
July 9th p 92 & 186  
July 10 - p, 186 & 77  
July 15 - p 165 & 187  
July 17 - p93 p 159 & 186 - three diary entries with same date  
July 20 - p 92 & 159  
July 29 - p 187 & 94

### **AUGUST - 4 Duplicate Dates - Aug 15th, 17th, 20th & 25th**

P. 98 - August 15 (1) - time of the Goldenrod. Know the flowers and know their insect visitors from Opal's Botany Study.

August 15 (2) - Horned toad ate David the cricket -no connection with two entries

August 17 (1) - Scorpions ate the spiders, puzzling.

August 17 (2) - insects around ox-eye daisy. -no connection between the entries.

August 20 (1) - mourning doves on the telephone wires.

August 20 (2) - roadrunner eating pet toads, mice and a black cricket. James is mentioned - there is no connection between the two 8/20 entries.

August 25 (1) - watching the California thrashers.

August 25 (2) - House of Salome is finished. Jimmy is mentioned. -no connection

### **SEPTEMBER - Two Duplicate Dates**

- SEPT 5 ON P 109 & 196

---

**END OF DUPLICATE DATES IN FAIRYLAND AROUND US**

---



## **“Opalisms” - Opal Whiteley’s Uncommon Use of Language**

### ***Where Does Her English as a Second Language Style Come From?***

**By Stephen Williamson © 2018**

I began editing and making research notes on the *Fairyland Around Us* in the Summer of 2017. I was soon struck by how much of the book appeared to be diary entries. Using an online text copy of the book from the Boston Library I began collecting passages in *Fairyland* that either had dates or read like a diary entry.

My original goal was to produce an edited version of the *Fairyland Around Us* with text notes. Interested readers can find it on the Internet. However, I believe these diary entries are important enough to be read by themselves in the form they were originally written - a diary. When read as a diary these entries give us new insights into Opal.

One thing I noticed was that the language of the diary entries was different from the style of the college age “fairy tales” Opal wrote for the book. Many of the diary entries read like they are much younger than late teenage writing. In these diary entries I found what I began to call “Opalisms”. The language of her later stories does not contain these interesting expressions.

#### **What we’re calling an “Opalism” is any expression that either:**

- 1) has the normal subject-verb-object order reversed - backwards
- 2) is a phrase not typical in ordinary English or,
- 3) she uses the same words twice in close proximity, in the same sentence she sometimes converts a verb into a noun and then uses both words
- 4) stream of consciousness writing - one sentence has more than 100 words!
- 5) unusual ways of expressing numbers, dates, time and distances

This file contains diary entries from her ninth and tenth year and upwards through high school. The first entries are from samples of her diary that she gave to publisher Ellery Sedgwick of the *Atlantic Monthly* and contain many “Opalisms”. The next section of diary entries are from her book *The Fairyland Around Us*. Some of these diary entries are from ages nine and ten. In one entry Opal says she is nine years old.

This document contains many of the Opalisms we have seen. For example, Opal frequently uses the terms “the mamma” or “the papa”, which are Germanic terms of endearment. These are just two of her “Opalisms”. There are over 30 in the *Fairyland*.

Opal has an unusual way of saying the “day before yesterday”. On page 78, she writes. “We waited and watched -- and as we waited saw Mother and Father Oriole come with insects and wild berries. All this was the day that was the day before yesterday.”

On Page 168 Opal feeds baby grouse and says “Very much they liked different berries, insects and grasshoppers.”

On June 12th, (page 66) she writes of a flower attracting moths, "To her blossoms at evening come the Sphinx Moth fairies."

On October 12th (p. 168) she writes "A fondness for apples Maurine has, but her fondness for apples sometimes gets me into trouble."

Opal Whiteley claimed her first language was not English, but French. Her written syntax has an English as a Second Language (ESL) style from early childhood through her diary entries in the *Fairyland Around Us* (1918). The background language may be French, German - or even a style Opal herself invented.

Whiteley also employs what is called the "little-professor" style of speaking and writing. This is very common with children who have autism. They can speak in detail about subjects which interest them. I believe Opal was on the autism spectrum. But while she often writes like a "little professor", that is not the ESL "Opalisms" we are examining.

---

## **"OPALISM" S IN THE FAIRYLAND AROUND US**

### ***Over 30 Opalisms in the Fairyland Around Us***

#### **Original Book *Fairyland Around Us* PDF for Page References**

<https://archive.org/stream/fairylandaro/mode/2up>

---

166 March 15 Last year I found a Mother Saw-Whet Owl at home in an old Woodpecker's hole, one week later than this week. She was sitting upon six white eggs. Mice from the mouse-traps I brought her -- she liked them.

**Commented [334]:** Opalism classic - "one week later than this week" - about March 21st of previous year

---

P 168 Very much they liked different berries, insects and grasshoppers.

**Commented [335]:** Opalism "Very much they liked" - Example of normal word order being askew. Normally we would say "they liked different berries very much."

---

P 48 How we children joy to hear his song night or day.

**Commented [336]:** Opalism "How we children joy to hear ..." using "joy" as a verb

---

P 165 May 17th -- Found a Mother Kildeer at home in Grandfather's cornfield. She was near unto the corn plant. No home had she builded -- her eggs were on the ground.

**Commented [337]:** Opalism - "no home had she builded"

---

P 57 That I had been to Heron Town was made known by my torn apron before I had time to open my mouth and tell them about the wonderfulness of being up there with the baby Herons so far above the world.

**Commented [338]:** Opalism - "wonderfulness"

P 176 June 5th -- Among the Saxifraga fairies on the mountain side at the edge of the great forest I found the Parnassian Butterflies, they whose upper wing edges are transparent. When a small child as I wandered among these fairies on the mountain side I loved to think as I watched them that the Spirit of Winter and the Spirit of Spring to the Children of Men a thought of their friendship to bring, together had made, and had given to the world, this fair wonderful thing with the snow, and the ice, and faint colors of fair blossoms upon its wing -- just that its existence might ever and eternally in silence sing, year after year, of a friendship so dear between the Spirits of Winter and Spring.

**Commented [339]:** Opalism - Spirit of Winter & Spirit of Spring - almost 100 words in this sentence!

P 146 June 8th -- This morning I went into the fields before six o'clock, taking my breakfast with me. A happy hour I had among the Morning Glory fairies. And there were jewel dewdrops on the Spider Webs among the vines. Among Morning Glory's cousins are Moon Flower, Man of the Earth and Dodder (also called Strangleweed), who had fallen from grace and is much unlike our beautiful Morning Glory.

**Commented [340]:** Opalism - "A happy hour I had ..."

P 144 June 9th -- Gophers are busy out in the field; and the Mole fairies are being blamed for their work. Now the gopher -- it is true that he eateth of young roots of things we want to grow; but the Mole eateth of worms and insects.

**Commented [341]:** Opalism - use of archaic language - word "eateth" is in the same sentence twice

P 66 June 12th -- 'Tis the time of Bouncing Bet and she blooms along the way. Cousin of Campion, Cockle and Chickweed is she. To her blossoms at evening come the Sphinx Moth fairies.

**Commented [342]:** Opalism - "To her blossoms at evening come ..."

P 156 June 15th -- O, tongues of flame are speaking here and yonder where blooms the Indian Paint Brush, the Scarlet Painted Cup, cousin of Mullein, Monkey Flower and Fox Glove. And to it comes the Hummingbird. (We saw four about them today.)

**Commented [343]:** Opalism - unusual use of English - tongues of fire are speaking - "And to it comes the Hummingbird" is also an Opalism.

Also the ending sentence (We saw four about them today.)

### **IMPORTANT: YELLOW JACKET STORY ALSO IN CHILDHOOD DIARY**

P 92 July 5th -- Sometimes I share my bread and jam with the Yellowjackets who have a home on a bush by the road twenty trees and one distant from the garden. To-day I climbed upon the old rail fence close to their home with a piece and a half of bread and jam -- the half piece for them and the piece for myself -- But they all wanted to be served at once, so it became necessary to turn over all bread and jam on hand. I broke it into little pieces and they had a royal feast right there on the old fence rail. I wanted my bread and jam -- but then Yellow Jackets are such interesting fairies, being among the world's first paper-makers -- and baby Yellow Jackets are such chubby youngsters. Thinking on these things made it a joy to share one's bread and jam with these Wasp fairies.

**Commented [344]:** the Yellow Jacket story is found almost word for word in the childhood diary - critics claim it proves she wrote she wrote it when she was older - but I think this is an authentic early diary entry here

**Commented [345]:** Opalism - "twenty trees and one distant from the garden"

## “THE DAY BEFORE THE DAY THAT WAS YESTERDAY”

P 78 We saw him on a thistle -- for a moment he stopped at the thistle, then straight to the Cottonwood tree he flew. To the Cottonwood tree we softly hurried too. We peered about, in and out among the branches -- then we caught a glimpse of a hanging basket cradle. And keeping still we heard wee tiny voices -- voices of Baby Orioles calling for breakfast, dinner, and supper. We waited and watched -- and as we waited saw Mother and Father Oriole come with insects and wild berries. All this was the day that was the day before yesterday. To-day we children brought insects and berries to the four wee bits of Oriole humanity who have so recently come out of four grayish white eggs. Softly the cradle of Icterus bullockii swings in the wind.

**Commented [346]:** Opalism - "the day that was the day before yesterday"

**Commented [347]:** Opalism - "the four wee bits of Oriole humanity".

## OPAL CALLS A WEASEL “EVIL” - the only reference to “evil” in Fairyland

P 187 July 15 To-day I saw a Weasel glide into a burrow, which used to belong to a Ground-squirrel. Now Weasel is one of the fairies I do not have a friendly feeling for in my heart. He is such a killer -- why, it seems that he always is killing some other folks -- just like a wicked giant in the old fairy-stories. Now Weasel is no giant. He is from thirteen to fifteen inches long -- which is no great length after all. His ways are ways of evilness -- surely he will reap as he has sown.

**Commented [348]:** Not an Opalism but the weasel is the only animal called "evil" in Fairyland.

P 93 July 17th -- Now time is weed time -- and we children find weeds very interesting. Today we found many Running Mallows with their small, pale blossoms. At four o'clock we held a reception for all relatives of the Weed Mallow. Those invited were Cousin Swamp Rose Mallow, who dwells on the bank of the stream;

**Commented [349]:** Opalism - "Now time is weed time"

P 98 August 10 Glory, glory! Praise God from whom all blessings flow! For five whole months I've been looking for Goldfinch home. In June when Bluebirds were raising their second family, and in July when Robins were making a third home, I sought and found not Goldfinches home.

**Commented [350]:** Opalism - "I sought and found not Goldfinches home."

Then I began to pray mornings as well as nights -- and if I didn't find the home today. I was going along the hillside among the Vine Maples when ahead of me I saw a dear cradle with a bit of olive brown on it. Mrs. Goldfinch was at home. When I came nearer I saw nearby a darling golden fairy wearing a black cap on his head, and black and white upon his wing. While keeping very quiet I heard him softly saying, "bay-bee, bay-bee." O, I am so happy.

**Commented [351]:** Opalism - two very similar words in the same sentence

P 101 August 15th -- 'Tis the time of Golden-rod, and the way is bordered with plumes of gold bringing joy to the eyes of those who pass by. We children go unto them and watch the insects about them and upon them. We have this motto in our Botany study, "Know the flowers -- and know their insect visitors." So every day new things we learn and sweet the joy we find in knowing the every-day things around us.

**Commented [352]:** Opalism - "The time of the Golden-rod" -

Also, this is the same paragraph as used in her 9 year old diary, so it's likely to be from when she was nine.

**Commented [353]:** Opalism - word order

P 101 August -- Willow-Herb whose other name is "Fireweed," and who also blooms in Asia and in Europe we now daily see. Where last year the forest fire burned over the hillside now the Great Willow-herb grows and hides a part of the ruin. It is truly a comforting fairy -- this cousin of Primrose and Starflower. Yesterday we learned this verse about it:

**Commented [354]:** Opalism - we now daily see ...

P 101 August 20th -- David and Jonathan, the two Mourning Doves, accompanied me along the road today. David perched upon my left shoulder, and Jonathan upon the right. Jonathan ate part of an acorn and David ate the rest. Then each did eat a millipede. And as we went on we saw thirty-one other Mourning Doves perched on the telephone wires. As evening came near we came again home.

**Commented [355]:** Opalism - time - using the word "came" twice in same sentence

P 162 Bumble-bees come and Bumble-bees go. Three times I have found a new Bumble-bee colony in an old nest of field mice. Long hours I have watched near these Bumble-bee homes -- and every minute was full of interest. In exploring to find out whys and wherefores of some things I have learned that a Bumble-bee worker stings.

**Commented [356]:** Opalism - word order

There are in the hospital this week nine Tadpoles who lost their tails last week. Some of my Water Beetles and larvae who are to be (that is, when they grow up), Dragon Flies and Caddis Flies nipped the tails off of some of my Tadpoles who are to be (when they grow up) Frogs. Now, these same tadpoles are in the hospital growing new tails.

**Commented [357]:** Opalism - time - unusual way of expressing time - word order

Today the Aster room is all abloom with fairy wings -- 'tis all a-brown with Pearl-Crescent Butterflies, for many of those mottled, grayish-white fairy cradles have given up their treasures. And, O, I am so happy, for I've watched over them so carefully since the time when from those small light greenish-yellow eggs, the tiny babies came, who some day were to be -- and that day having now come, are Pearl-Crescent Butterflies. They were such wiggling bits of humanity when first they came out of those eggs.

**Commented [358]:** Opalism - uses unusual phrase "bits of humanity" twice in FAU

P 109 September 5th -- Early this morning I was out seeking for Woolly Bear caterpillars -- those fuzzy black and orange ones who become, when they grow up, Isia Isabella Moths. I found the seven-hundred and fifty-first one that I have found this year. Early morning is an especially good time to look for them, by the road, while the dew is yet upon the grass. Last year I raised fourteen-hundred and thirty-nine Isia Isabella Moths from Woolly Bear Caterpillars like these. My, their appetites were enormous at times; and much bracken fern did they eat.

**Commented [359]:** Opalism - counting - she counts everything! Possible sign of autism

**Commented [360]:** Opalism - word order

P 110 September 18th -- Many and many are the Shepherd's Purses along the wayside now. These fairies with their dainty, heart-shaped seed pods, came over from Europe. Shepherd's Purses are cousins of Mustard, Radish, Spring Beauty, Wall Flower -- Alyssum and Candy-tuft.

**Commented [361]:** Opalism - "many and many ..."

I walked down the road a ways this afternoon and perched on the old rail fence. The reason I perched upon the fence was because I wanted to think, and while I was thinking I saw several Lizards. Now, a Lizard fairy is a very interesting creature -- from



egghood up. And after one has raised some lizards from eggs one has a sort of brotherly feeling towards all Lizards. They so like fence corners, and so do I.

**Commented [362]:** EGGHOOD - Opalism & how she has "a brotherly feeling towards all lizards".

---

P 163 October -- In the night, last night, I heard them calling, "Kill-dee, kill-dee, kill-dee." Over and over again they told their name -- these cousins of Golden Plover, Snowy Plover and Mountain Plover.

**Commented [363]:** Opalism - same word - night - used twice

When Autumn time comes walking across the fields 'tis time to transplant Wild Flower fairies to our Wild Flower Gardens. To-day we have been transplanting Blue Iris, Blue-eyed Grass and Blue Sailors from the fields to our Garden of Joyous Blue. From the damp meadow we transplanted Helmet-flower and Forget-me-not.

**Commented [364]:** Opalism - Autumn comes walking across the fields - personification

---

P 196 October 12th -- A fondness for apples Maurine has, but her fondness for apples sometimes gets me into trouble. To-day she helped herself to five apples Mother had placed on the table for the Deacon to take home with him. They were beauties and she made a dainty meal of them -- for which I received a spanking.

**Commented [365]:** Opalism "A fondness for apples Maurine has, ..." - word order -also fondness used twice

---

P 163 October 27th -- Three quaint elves I met in the field today, and then three more -- and each one's name, it was the same, Leafhopper of Jassidae family. In August on Blue-grass in my Grass Garden there were tiny eggs, and I brought them home to the Nursery. Later from them came baby Leaf Hoppers who changed their clothes three times before they grew up. In June we held a "Leaf Hopper" convention -- and many and varied were the elves in attendance at this convention -- Leafhoppers of the Jassidae family.

**Commented [366]:** Opalism - word order

---

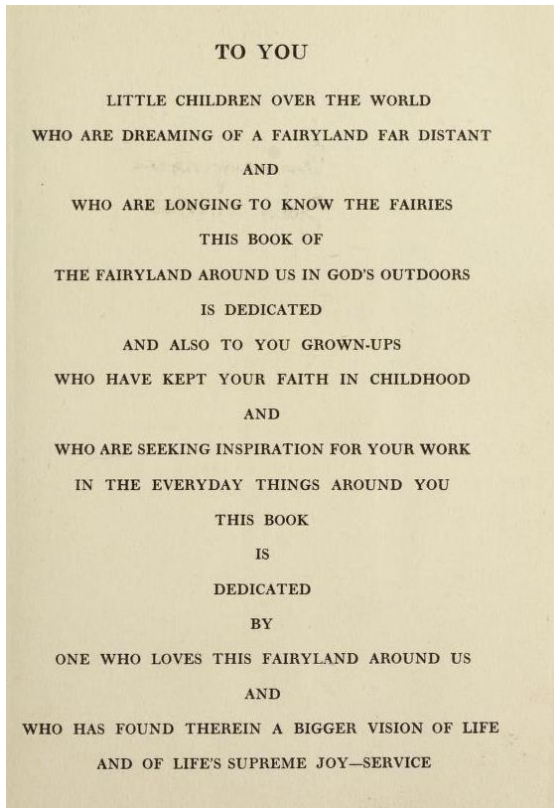
P 115 Dec. 24th — Today we decorated the Christmas tree for the birds — the little birds who glory in the snowstorm and mind not at all the rain. We began with the fir tree by the gate — then five along the road and three in the woods. With pieces of suet, and apple, and baked potatoes, we decorated their Christmas trees. Then we sat down on a log and waited — waited and watched to see who would come first to our Christmas tree — and he who came first was a glad Chick-a-dee.

**Commented [367]:** Opalism - "mind not at all the rain" - word order

---

## *END OF EXAMPLES OF "OPALISMS"*

## Opal's Dedication & My Thanks to the Fairyband



I want to dedicate the “Fairyland Diaries” to everyone who has ever helped me on my explorations with Opal. As Opal said, “many and many are they” who I am indebted to.

I also want to give special thanks to my dear wife Karen, who has put up with and helped me so much with the editing of the Fairyland Diaries (*and lots of my other projects!*)

Thanks also to all the Artists whose pictures grace these pages and the people who provided the images to me.

### *Thanks to These Kindly Folks (In Alphabetical Order)*

Marcia Allen - Dr. Lynne Anderson - David Barker - The Bookmine - Alice Christianson  
Cottage Grove Historical Society (and all the museums) - Christopher Donovan  
Jennifer Harper - Dr. Len Hatfield - Benjamin Hoff - Joan Hembree - Curtis Irish  
Kalapuya Books - Jimi Mathers - Rob Nassif - Oregon Asian Celebration  
Thomas Romano - Joanne Skelton – Diane Slater – The University of Oregon  
Fred Ure & Cerro Gordo - Katy Vaughn- John Wilson ... and many more to come!

*P. 268 Books Opal Planned – Several are Chapters in Fairyland*

**ANNOUNCEMENT**

BOOKS  
BY SAME AUTHOR  
TO BE PUBLISHED AT LATER DATE

---

LILORIOLE IN SEARCH OF THE HOMES OF FAIRYLAND

TWILIGHT, AND THEN—NIGHT

RAINDROP'S JOURNEY

NEARER TO THE HEART OF NATURE

MUSIC AND MUSICIANS OF THE OUT-OF-DOORS

WINTERTIME IN FAIRYLAND

WAYSIDE FAIRIES

MY OREGON

THE FAIRYLAND OF THE WEST

AURELIUS EVANGEL IN SEARCH OF THE JOYOUS BLUE

BABYHOOD DAYS IN FAIRYLAND

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

WHAT CAN I DO?

---

FOR FURTHER INFORMATION  
ADDRESS

OPAL STANLEY WHITELEY

712 SAN FERNANDO BUILDING  
LOS ANGELES  
CAL.