

Saturday March 9<sup>th</sup>

Frank and I took Elgitha up to Sam Thompson this morning and Dad did chores. They had intended going back and cutting some wood but it was snowed hard when we got back so they didn't go. This afternoon Frank and I walked over to see John W. Co. Can has gone home for a little while and Albert Newcombe is doing chores over there. Dad went down town to see Aunty for a while. Aunty Alice was in Bradford all day visiting with 'Miss' Wath and Vernon is up there too. Aunty Alice came back at five o'clock. Frank went down to a party to-night at Bill Barwell's to celebrate Bill's birthday. Frank stayed down all night. It has been a miserable day with a regular blizzard all the afternoon and a thunder storm to-night.

Sunday March 10<sup>th</sup>

We wake up this morning to find that our Spring has left us and Winter is here again. There is a lot of snow and it has been not above 15° above zero all day with a cold north wind but sunny. To-night when I came home it was down to zero. Dad, Cuck Lid and I drove down to church in the cutter and

The sleighing is better than it has been all winter although there is a crust over it which formed I suppose after last night's thunder storm which brought sleet with it. After church Frank and I drove home and the rest went over to the James for dinner. I drove down after dinner and left Joe in the Presbyterian shed for them to drive home and I spent the afternoon and evening with Mary having tea and going to church with Aunty & Aunty Alice. Cuck counted 25 robins this morning in the lilac bush outside the clothes room window. The poor little fellows evidently made a misguess and come north too soon.

Monday March 11<sup>th</sup>

We hauled down two loads of manure to Aunty's to-day, one this morning and another this afternoon. The sleighing was good and we took Belle and Green. Frank went down this afternoon to unload the car that should have come from the Norfolk Co. Agricultural Assn but Murray told him it wasn't in but called up Jack Martin after he got home and told him it was. Dad, Cuck and I went down to a concert to-night given by Miss Prest & Miss Reynolds for the prisoners of war. It was great. Much milder.