

day down town as it was quite mild & sunny & protected from the wind. but when I got out on the side road again it was a ripper. however I got home in good time and went over and swept out the school house before dark. Mary made me have a bath to-night. Wind very strong but thawing to night.

Sunday February 1<sup>st</sup>

We got things all done up this morning and drove over to the Lamp kin's for dinner. As usual Mrs. Lamp kin stuffed us with such rich food, that we haven't felt the same since. I stalled on my piece of mince pie and didn't tackle a piece of her Christmas cake which looked to be the consistency of cheese, so of course was grieved but I told her I had been sick and didn't dare take chances. We sat around all the after noon talking about the neighbors. The activities of the kids fortunately side tracked Dave during the course of his usual discourse on his sojourn in Pilot Mound, "Manitoby" and he only got as far as the trip there & back which is familiar enough now. Gay took two slips over there. Mary says I shall see her. We got home about five o'clock and I did the chores with help.

Monday February 2<sup>nd</sup>

I have fairly "waded through slaughter" to-day as I executed my 22 cockrels I bled, stuck and picked 21 of them but the twenty second had his feet frozen and I thought he was sick so I just decapitated him and gave him to the cats. I am not as swift as some at the job and it kept me busy all day at least from about ten o'clock till six and they are not all thoroughly picked yet as they nearly all have to be gone over for pin feathers. Mary and I went over two or three to-night. Raw wind, cloudy.

Tuesday February 3<sup>rd</sup>

I intended to pick at chickens all day to-day but didn't get many done. Ina was here washing and we had to open the drain again. This time after I got a hole poked through with the red-hot iron I got some old pieces of pine roset and built a fire over the mouth of the drain and that thawed it out pretty well. Mary and Ina thought the house was on fire as the smoke drew all the way up through the drain and came up through the sink into the kitchen. The cellar was blue with smoke. That proves that Rust Lumber's scheme for a trap doesn't work. I think the scheme is all right but he hasn't got bend enough in the