

Wednesday January 1st 1919.

I have had a feeling all day to-day as if I ought to have the blues, not exactly that I ought to have them but that it is queer that I haven't got them. That isn't the proper way to feel on New Year's day especially since every New Year's day for the last four years we have all thought that if the "damned" (that's what most of us thought alright even if we didn't say it) old war was over we would never feel blue again and neither we do at least I don't and don't intend to even although I have had to light the lamp this after noon to see to write, and though my gum boot which I wore a hole in the sole of on the hard frozen snow of earth in the barn yard last week let in a pint of sooty mud and water around my foot so that it was just like an eel in a puddle all morning (I wore Dad's rubbers this after noon) and although that old brute of a Gladys acted just as stubborn as a pig can when we tried to load her into the crate this morning and I got mad enough to kill her and chased her around the yard till I was winded calling her names that wouldn't do for Sunday, and although I had to stand under the drip of the eave of the barn this after noon for about