

Sunday January 2nd

Got up late and spent most of the day doing chores and odd jobs, one of which was to kill a cockerel to take to Auntie for her birthday tomorrow. Let the cows into the corn again but as it was stormy they didn't stay long. Dad & Jim walked over this afternoon and Dad brought with him blank application forms for a Masonic membership. Quint & Dick had each a filled in one and I signed another. I walked over to the Lampkins just before tea to see if Dave wanted Queen in the morning to go to the mill. When I went out to the barn this morning I found her out and all the feed spilled around the barn floor. I don't know how much she had eaten so I put her back in her stall and didn't feed or water her till tonight. Milker again quite blustering all day. Snowing to night.

Monday January 3rd

Was disappointed this morning to find that it had not snowed enough to make sleighing. I hurried through my chores as fast as possible but it took me a long time to milk Mary's bad quarters as it was so clattered. I took Queen over to Dave's about nine o'clock and he took her

and I took his grist to the mill and he waited there for it to be ground while Ray George and I went down to Bill Lango with the team and I got a bag of bran and a bag of corn and left bags for mush. The chops were just ready for us when we got back to the mill. Charlie said the oats were so light they had plugged up the chopper. I suppose they were some of the ones I sowed on the 5th of June. We got home and I got my stuff over here. the waggon had and Queen put away before noon. This afternoon we all drove down in the buggy to wish Auntie a happy birthday. Hubby and David were there and Ray and Vernon. They had brought the kids some toys and David & Harry B had an hilarious time and became so noisy that when Molly came in with her baby, the poor baby got so scared Molly had to take it away. Phoebe also got scared out and Lily stayed about a minute and Hubby even retired to the wood shed to cut wood in preference to stand the racket. Dad came in later and he and I put the seats that the silver chests were in and that have been in the lane, up in the loft as Auntie Oliver has been warning for fear some one would take them. We got home just about dusk and I did the milking after tea and also sorted out the best of the old hens. I think I will ship the rest. Darned long