

I maintain that he is as true to them as any man in spite of any thing that may have happened. He is not a tough in any sense of the word either in speech or habits and he can claim the admiration of the sternest of his accusers simply by his personality, polished manners, suavity and ready flow of well thought out conversation. So much for L. & D., as for old Labe he has just plugged along through it all not a mile away from the high hoed fence of the old garden, a farmer just as he always said he would be, proud of the name and loving the profession, enjoying the music of the north west blast of January and the song of the first Robin not of Spring and the poetry of an echoing back at sundown as well as a fresh cut meadow in the morning. I think that ~~his~~ what holds him to it, the music & poetry of it all certainly not the money he has made, although even there he can't complain he has always had plenty to eat, plenty to wear and a house over him ~~which~~ is more than the other two have had always. It is true of course that when his old pals were on the march to the call of the bugle, he often strained hard at the bit, but never picked over the traces, but it is also true that while in the trenches of France or the barracks of Siberia the other boys' hearts were being excited by the

world-old activities of war, in the shady by ways of his own beloved country, old Labe's soul was in transports of happiness from the still older activities of love, and in his one short trip to the hills & lakes of Haliburton, he drank deeper of the pure joy of life than they ever have or probably ever will, though they should go half way round the earth & back.

Saturday December 31st

It is now four weeks since Christmas but I have dated this to wind up the records of 1921. Christmas excitement and disturbed conditions have prevented me from writing and so I will have to lump the doings of the week following the holiday and probably for January of 1922. The day following Christmas or rather the 6th the day we celebrated I was about all in with a miserable cold and didn't do much that day ~~but~~ after that Dad went down with Dick who was here for dinner and stayed to tea with him at Auntie's. He left on the 7 o'clock car for Brantford where he boarded the Montreal train and was there Wednesday morning. Dad & I have not done much all week but odd jobs and chores. We probably hauled a few car-stalks in and fed them