

at all friendly to Nye, but I have nothing in particular against the poor cuss and this back biting sore head business gives me a pain any way. Dad's always friendly enough when he happens to meet him and I don't see why he isn't at the times or why if he hates him so much as he says he does, he doesn't tell him so. I spent the rest of the morning and most of the after noon boring three post holes and inserting posts therein to stretch a piece of chicken wire on to divide off another yard for the single combed hens. Dad made a gate for the yard. Lila has been over all day as she & Frank are both home on account of Mr. Smith's illness. Winnie came over after four and stayed to tea but Lila had to go back and have her music lesson. Hubby was over to dinner. Last night Frank and I went down with Winnie and Hubby, Aunty Maude. Lila, Frank and I spent the evening playing poker. Enah & Frank have been house cleaning all day. It has been a nice sunny day & is a mild night but looks like rain.

Friday.  
Thursday April 16<sup>th</sup>

When we got up this morning the sky was the color of lead and has been all day but except for one pretty heavy shower this morning has rained very little only a very light drizzle part of the time but still enough to keep us off the land.

and to keep Dad's spirits down. This morning he and Frank helped me put the wire on the posts in the chicken yard and put the gate on. This after noon Dad helped Enah house clean and I just puttered around and raked some leaves and old grass out of the ditch at the foot of the lawn. Frank went fishing down at the East pier but said they were not biting, he has about the poorest luck of any body I ever heard of I don't remember of his having caught a fish since he has been here. He says he is going to get up early some morning to try his luck and if that isn't any better he is going to quit. I had a practice on the fiddle to night. I am making a little progress.

Saturday April 17<sup>th</sup>

Although we had visions of doing a little work this morning of some kind or other just to keep in trim but we wound up in doing nothing but receive callers. the number of which was two. First Alfred came over with some cabbages for us and he was here a long time talking of every thing under the sun except the war which is getting rather played out as a topic of conversation amongst us farmers now that Spring work has commenced and the weather is of such vital importance to us. Alfred thinks it is going to be fine now for awhile I guess like Dad that the wish