

Thursday January 1<sup>st</sup> 1920

The New Year found me leaning over the balcony in the gallery of the town hall with Bub and Deas watching the noisy crowd of dancers below us, with a certain amusement of amusement but with no desire to join them. My feet were too sore with chilblains to dance anyway, but Bub's society was just as congenial if not more so than any one else's there, in fact there were very few of my friends there and the great majority I didn't even know, and judging from appearances am not at all particular about making their acquaintance. We soon became tired of our show and went home early. It is a long time since I have had a visit with Bub, and our conversation had been mainly reminiscent of our high-school days of ten years ago. It sounds a long time but looks only a matter of a few months when the happenings of the interval are not considered. Certainly, though, those happenings have meant a great deal to the poor old world and I wonder what effect they will have on the history of the decade we are now beginning. Although the war has been over now for more than a year, the spirit of strife is still rampant in all countries and manifests itself in the strikes, riots and general restlessness ~~with~~ which all people have been suffering from. Up till now conditions don't show much sign of improvement but it must come to an end eventually, and I suppose when the old world does get ~~going~~ running smoothly again.