

Saturday January 1<sup>st</sup> 1921

I went back to the farm rather late this morning and chored around till noon. Dad felt pretty tough with a cold and so did Cash. I didn't go back to the farm after dinner till chore time but Mary and I celebrated New Year's by just staying home reading over our old letters to each other which have been accumulating now with ~~steadily~~ increasing rapidity for the last nine years until now they represent matter enough to fill a goodly volume and for us make the sweetest story ever read. It was a happy after noon, quiet enough with no New Year's callers except Herb. Cook who came with a bag of chicken feed - and glowing enough as far as the weather was concerned, but for Mary & me snugly camped in our cozy little dining room surrounded by the dozens & dozens of wedding gifts (they total over a hundred) which form the nucleus of our new home. There was sun shine and music enough in our hearts as we lived over again the days when our love first came to us to make up for external conditions and I think we made an ideal start for the New Year & new life ahead of us by being exquisitely contented. I went over and did chores to night. Winnie & Cecil were at the farm. Dad called in this evening on his way down to see Auntie who has a very bad cold. Very mild & rainy

Sunday January 2<sup>nd</sup>

Mary and I went to Sunday's school and were late again as usual. I had quite a class of boys and we arranged to go for a walk this afternoon. Mary & I had dinner of spiced round at Auntie's & I came home right after and changed into my old raiment. The boys were on hand at two o'clock three of them armed with murderous looking knives. Nancy Wilson having one about a foot & a half long with which he could hack down inch saplings with ease. He also had a bottle of cider sticking from his hip pocket in a most un-Sunday school boyish manner. We struck off cross country toward the lake, crossed the creek by the old French camp and went through Will Smith's place to the shore down it to Wardell's then across to Johnnie Loran's & George Hammond's bush where we got a lot of winter green and then up the plank to the Dug's Nest and up our road. Home all the boys covered with mud but as merry as possible. I went to the farm but Dad had milked and was entering Chas. Wabley who was around soliciting votes. Mary was home when I got home. She had gone up to the Bagley's this afternoon. I felt rather tired to night and went to sleep instead of helping Mary with the dishes. We finished My Lady Caper. It has not been very cold to-day but cloudy & strong west wind.