

Saturday March 29th

It has been sunny to day but the wind is still high and cold. We have spent the whole day doing chores and watching our herd and flock increase. Little No. 4 ewe had a big strong lamb with her when we went out this morning and before noon No 83 had one. They were both big fat lambs but strong, but the ewe which will make this a red letter day in the annals of Knockferna was the long-backed far arrival of Elgitha's calf. He too is a big strong bull and a fine roan. Elgitha is so wild no one can get within ten feet of her but there is no necessity as she and the calf are both all right. I hung around out in the barn till about four o'clock and then came in and got shaved and ready to take in Mrs. Smith's tea party. It was a great success. She had nine boys there and Mary's me. We helped her feed the bunch which included Isabel and then she the Colonel and we two had our tea while the rehabilitation tore around in the other rooms. I went over to hand practice for a little while after tea and Mary shipped the boys off soon after I got back but we stayed for quite while listening to the Colonel talk.

Sunday March 30th

Frank, Sid and I went down to Sunday school and Church this morning. Eud went down to Church and Aunt Alice for dinner and tea. This afternoon Mary and I went for a walk but spent most of the afternoon visiting. We stopped in at the Davises to see if Said had Mary's camera and as Said had gone out for a walk with her bean who has just returned from the war, we stayed and talked to Mrs. Davis for awhile. We then went down and spent the rest of the afternoon at Miss M. Jucen's. I went to Church to night with Aunt Alice and spent the evening up at the Monteths. Aunt Alice had a letter from Norah Holland answering her question about the correct meaning of Knockferna. She said the "Knock" was Anglesized and should be spelt "Cnoc" but meant a little hill, the whole word she thought would mean a grassy knoll more than a fairy knoll. However it applies just as well, maybe better to the mound as we never happened to catch any fairies there. Beautiful day.

Monday March 31st

Frank and I went down town in the waggon this morning.