

Thursday April 5th

Dad and I went down as soon as we got up this morning to get the heifer. We picked Frank up at Aunt Alice's, he had been at the dance all night but had his clothes changed. They were up down there had had toast and coffee ready for us. Dad had some but I didn't feel very well so didn't partake. We got the heifer with out help or trouble and she came home like a lamb. We didn't put her in the cow stable as it is so boggy at the door but tied her in the bay. It began to rain soon after we got home and has kept it up all day steadily. Gus came over to renew the insurance application and Frank and I thought as we couldn't do any thing else we would go fishing as Frank has been at me for the last two weeks to go. We put on old clothes and went down to Pickford's to harrow his net. He went with us and we went all the way down to Art Pyers's and fished up to the Culvert. They held the net and I "allied" as Pickford calls it. but we never got a bite. We saw one. We got home about noon and changed all our clothes and I had all the fishing I wanted. I felt rotten as my old rubbers leaked so and I had to wade through the creek occasionally and the water was sickeningly cold. This afternoon we went to sleep after reading the paper and I slept all the afternoon. I spent the evening drawing. It was snowing to night.