

and I did up all the chores we could this forenoon
and Dad drove down in the cutter to fetch Mrs
James over. The sleighing wasn't much good
but he got there. We had a gay old dinner party
about two o'clock, seventeen of us all with set
down to demolish the big turkey Hubby provided
and a lovely haunch of venison that Mary
Dad had sent her along with two brace of
partridges (we didn't have the partridges to day though)
All from Hubby's were over including Cecil.
Mr. & Mrs. James, Elva & Brant & of course Aunt
Aunt Alice & Dick. After dinner we stripped the
Christmas tree and all drew a lot of nice presents.
I come out with new needles, handkerchiefs, brown
cordies, Christmas number of "Life" and a renewed
subscription to "The Literary Digest" which has
lapsed since last summer although the magazine
has kept coming. We had to get at the night chores
as soon as the tree was stripped and soon after
we come in the party began to break up although
most of them stayed till we had a little music & Cecil
& Wira stayed and played Parchessi (an abominable game)
with Jim & me till about nine o'clock. Dad drove

Mrs. James down and took Aunt & Aunt Alice
as far as the side walk. He had hoped to go to Nominating
meeting but thought it wasn't worth while. This is the
first Christmas Dick has been home for several years
and there seems a touch of the romantic in the fact
that we three boys the prototype of the B. & F. D. of the
wondrous fairy tales that Aunt Alice used to read
for us when the interior of the old garden fence was our
world, are gathered at Christmas once more after the
adventures that two of that trio have gone through. Since
the days when bare footed skulley ways used roam
the dense forest behind the barn and the wilderness
beyond under the peppin tree, or swim in the beautiful
green sea of far silver but bed, or work like noovie
digging pits for some forgotten or never known reason
in the garden or make mud pies for Gaylor, or march
on the war path "wearing" our war-hoops" which were
formerly barrel hoops and at night run to the front
gate when the seven o'clock train come past to wave at
and he waved to by Mr Young and then make futile
resistance at having Aunt wash our feet & put us to
bed but listen eagerly to the chapter she read & often
beg for a second if it was about David, what varied
and we were