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see him. He was getting a little oppressive and a long distance consideration of him may help me to decide whether I could live with him. I know perfectly I can live pleasantly without him.

There was service here in the church only once today, in the afternoon. It seems that is the rule for alternate Sundays, there being both morning and evening service on the other Sunday. Mrs. Johnston introduced me to the Minister and his wife and some of the young people. They all seemed very nice and friendly but are rather jumbled up in my mind; I shall probably get them sorted out after a time, though so far there has been little leisure for sociability.

Had a lovely time helping get the dinner. It is some fun cooking here—such space, and such lovely butter, cream, eggs and everything to cook with. I made one of those "Snow puddings"; "Wind-pudding" you remember Ed. called it. I imagine he might like one in Belgium today. His last letter seemed to imply that there was something of a lack as to variety and service in the "chow."

This is a pretty long letter and it is getting on to sunset and I can't miss that even to write to you, though I will tell you where I am going to see it. Straight from the side door which opens from the living room, there runs a path straight up through the orchard which is on the side of a hill sloping gently to the south and east. It is lovely, fragrant path these days. At the top of the hill there is a fence on the other side of which the ground drops gradually away into wide fields. There is no bush straight in the west. I found this place the other evening. There is a bar on the top of the fence where I can sit and lean against a post and look—and look—and look.—

Good-night, dear. I'm going to that fence post now. Lovingly, Betty.

Wednesday, June 12, 1918.

Dearest Sis:—The days since I wrote you last have been somewhat like those Mark Twain noted in that famous diary, "Got up, washed" etc., only with me it would be "Got up, washed, fed and cleaned cows, pigs and horses, hoed, weeded, fed and cleaned, and hoed and weeded"—ad libitum—no tad nauseam yet, but I have a fear that it may come to that after a time.

As it rained all day Tuesday I could not work outside so in the intervals between attending to the toilet and the meals of the "critters" I took a lesson in bread making, and also demonstrated to Mrs. Johnston that I could make pie. I made a lemon pie that was a dream; we three ate a whole one between us for dessert. I am getting to have an awful appetite. I no longer avoid bacon and eggs and everything else for breakfast. Mr. Johnston says I don't look nearly as "Peaked" as when I came. If that is achieved in ten days what will ten weeks do for me. We may need a larger apartment.

No, I will not write to Clarence. I don't want to be bothered. Its just like him to suggest "some farmer", and I know he added "lout." is taking my attention. My time and attention is very

fully taken up with learning a little bit about a world where Clarence and his set would be strangely out of place and useless.

Tuesday evening I made a hit with my employers—already that seems a misnomer for them; they are more like friends, and I am sorrier every day for the nasty things I said in those first letters.

I had one of my hungers to play and sing. You know how I can seem to forget music for weeks at a time and then suddenly simply have to have some. I went into the sitting room in the dusk and found really a sweet little organ. For a few minutes I could not remember anything definite and then melodies came into my mind. It was a joy to me though I don't believe it was to the Johnstons. Then I sang one or two things I could remember, and soon after Mrs. Johnston asked if I knew "Mary of Argyle." Luckily for my musical reputation I remembered it. Then she brought an old book of Scotch songs and I sang most of them, though my English tongue made poor work of the words sometimes. In some of these Mr. and Mrs. Johnston sang too. I enjoyed the impromptu musicale, though you may find that hard to believe knowing how usually I hate to be spoken to when the mood is on me.

Tonight there is a sunset again so I will close now and go to my perch. When Gwen, old girl, did I ever have time before to sit and watch the sun set, and remember, I am "slaving on a farm".

I hope the office is not too dreadful just now. I hate to remember there is one for you to stifle in these gorgeous days. I never knew there was so much weather, or that in all its moods it could be so satisfying. What was the matter with those girls who said the country was killingly dull? Perhaps it is something the matter with me.

Lovingly, Betty.

Wednesday, June 19, 1918

Dear Gwen:—I missed writing on Sunday. Two church services filled the interstices of time between the necessary attentions to my equine, bovine and porcine charges.

Fancy Mrs. Johnston must have told someone I can sing for this morning after the service I was interviewed by the preacher and choir leader and as a result I went into the choir tonight and sang "The Plains of Peace." While singing I could readily believe that I was looking past my hill-crest into the beautiful, peaceful miles toward the sun.

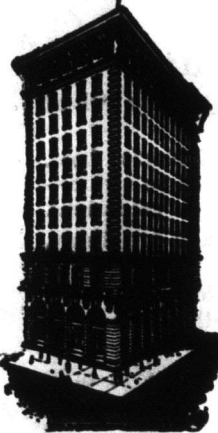
The choir leader proves to be our next neighbor on the sunset side, probably the man I had seen in the distance. I must ask Mrs. Johnston how he lost his eye. That is all I noticed about him except that he has an exquisitely soft, clear tenor—think we could sing together, maybe.

This is a short note, but I am tired tonight and five o'clock comes early to such a sleepyhead as I am.

Wish I could send you a room full of the sweet scents that are flowing in at my window. Yes, there are mosquitos and other such, but they can't fill all the lovely space. I never had enough room before even out of doors; yet it is not quiet here.

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