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Family Matters

THE NEXT DAY WE SEPARATED. LIZZIE AND HANNAH returned to their homes in Winnipeg. George and Jack settled back into their routine on the farms and Will and I went back to Edmonton.

In our generation the line which separated men and women was sharply marked, even in families. As families go, we got along very well, the six of us. There was always a strong family loyalty and no doubt we would have gone gladly to each other's help if help had been needed, but as individuals we lived our lives behind invisible mountains in which there were deep ravines where no path of communication ran. It always seemed easier to keep our deepest thoughts to ourselves, but on that train journey Will and I seemed to draw closer together. I always had a deep affection for my brother Will, and a great respect for his judgment.

"We are the older generation now, Nellie," he said, "and pretty soon we'll be the old folks. The wheel of life has made a complete revolution for us!"

"We are the old folks now," I said. "I got the first cold blast of it a couple of weeks ago when Jack and Florence were having a party. Refreshments had been served. Twelve o'clock had come and gone and it really was time that the guests were going home. I had always been able before to draw attention to the flight of time without actually saying a word, but this time I suddenly felt I was nothing but a spoil-fun. I remembered being