

I Remember the Threshing Days With the Steam Outfits

Slowly and majestically the mighty engine moved along the road and into the field, hauling the tall separator behind it. Following them, came the water wagon and many teams with racks. The engine puffed out a long column of steam, the horses hooves raised a dust, and the men called and shouted to each other. It was an exciting scene.

The farm kitchen was also a hive of activity, since having the threshers meant lunch in the morning, dinner, lunch in the afternoon, supper and as many of the men stayed in a bunk house that accompanied the outfit from farm to farm, there was also a number for breakfast. Unless there were daughters who could be kept home from school to assist their mother, it was necessary to hire help for this seemingly unending preparation of food. I was a daughter and I remember well.

The fireman rose shortly after three in order to have steam up by 6 a.m. Before getting the fire going he had to clean out about 60 or more flues. When he had steam up, he blew two long blasts to let the men know it was time to hitch up their horses. The first team out brought the fireman's breakfast.

The engine also tooted its orders — two long blasts for water, three toots for grain wagons, and a long shrill shriek for stopping for dinner. This of course caused the most action. Men raced their horses to the barnyard, watered and fed them, and hurried to the house. The ladies sprang into action, keeping plates and bowls filled and pouring endless cups of tea.

What the farmers, harvesters and cooks dreaded most was when it rained, and though the local men went home, the bunk house men remained and meals for fifteen were regularly attended to. How lucky were the farmers who experienced a dry turn, and how frustrating was a two week wet spell for all concerned.

Many of the best stories of the early days, recall those threshing days, the "green horns", the tricks that were played, the comedians who keep everyone cheerful, the friendships that were made and continued to thrive. Everyone remembers something about those good old days.

I Remember When The Apples Came

Many of you, whose relatives lived in Ontario, will have vivid recollections, as I do, of the day the apples came. Usually I recall, it was in late October, before there was any danger of frost in transit.

In my childhood, I was sure there could be nothing more delicious than some of the apples that came—varieties I never see in our grocery stores now, and I sometimes wonder if I did find them, if they would still be as delicious as my memory recalls.

Even the room smelled tantalizingly, as the barrels of apples were brought