

If you ever owned a pressure cooker that blew up on you, the following poem will bring memories and maybe a chuckle — now — .

Domestic Pressures

The pressure cooker has its worth
That's proven to be true,
I couldn't do without it
When I'm tenderizing stew.
Or when I'm canning peppers,
Tomatoes, corn and leeks,
Which reminds me of the awful day
The cooker cooked the beets.
I placed it on the hot plate
And forgot it, I'll admit,
As I eased into my favorite chair
And dozed off for a bit.
I woke to a horrendous hiss
As with a blast — oh, my!
The forceful pressure blew the plug,
The hot juice jetted high.
Transfixed and numb with horror
I watched the carnage spread,
From the gory-blossomed ceiling
Ran rivulets of red.
Ah me, I had to clean and scrub
A matter of two days,
I cursed the cooker loud and long
For its ungodly ways.
Yet, I recognized the culprit,
I know better than to sleep
When the powerful pressure rises
As the cooker cooks the beets.

I Remember

It was the fall of 1923 that Bill Leatherdale and I decided to go west and harvest. That year for some reason the crop was on the light side and we were through threshing the latter part of August. At that time we had passenger trains to and from Winnipeg every day. We had determined the day we were to leave and caught the afternoon train to the city. We had our supper and proceeded over to the CNR and purchased one-way tickets to Saskatoon. We left the city sometime around 11:00 p.m. and arrived at our destination about 4:00 the next afternoon. I presume it was one of those "milk-run" specials as we seemed to stop at every siding along the way.