70 Years in Saskatchewan on Mudsnakes and Sauerkraut

by J.R. Pippin

SEVENTY YEARS
IN SASKATCHEWAN

ON MUD SNAKES AND SAUERKRAUT

BY
JOHN RALPH PIPPIN

TO

Mother and **Dad**

My dear wife, Vickie
Who has helped me so much.

My brothers,
Arnold, Conard, and **Glenn**

My sisters,
Lela, Mildred, Edith and **Helen**
Who lived together so many years
and helped to make ours a happy home.

My son, Harvey and **his wife, Mary**
and their children,
Ross, April and **Dale.**

My son, Leslie and **his wife, Donna**
and their children,
Grant and **Michelle.**

My daughter, Elaine and **her husband,**
Leslie Feltis.

All the many Friends
that I have made in the course of my life

in the hope that someday
my Grandchildren will read this
and remember their Grandfather.

JRP

I wish to thank my nephew, Bert Rose, for his part in the photography in this book.

Thanks to my niece, Alexis Moar, who cheerfully edited my mistakes and typed this manuscript and placed it in a loose leaf folder for me.

JRP

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Introduction

I was born in Pittsburg, Kansas, U.S.A. on December 13th, 1905, christened John Ralph Pippin (John, after my Grandfather, John Tyler Brady) and migrated from there with my parents to Pike Lake, Saskatchewan at the age of three months. My other Grandfather was Richard William Pippin and they both fought on the side of the North in the Civil War in the United States.

Father's name was Bert Pippin and Mother's name was Florence May Pippin nee Brady. Names must have been scarce when Dad was named; he was just called Bert and as far as I know, he had no second name.

I hope to avoid using the word I as much as possible and to stick to the things that I remember as facts. The first of this narration will be about things told to me by my parents and others but a large part of the writing will be from my memory.

I would like to explain about the title I have chosen for this epistle. When my sister, Edith, was being courted by a Mr. Fred Bond, one of his neighbors told Fred, "You should not have anything to do with that Pippin family. They live on mud snakes and sauerkraut." The mud snakes he referred to were the fish from Pike Lake and the cabbage products came from Mother's garden. In spite of this advice, Fred persisted and Edith became Mrs. Fred Bond and remains so at the time of this writing.

As I have only a grade eight education, please bear with my grammar and punctuation.

There will be some very nostalgic memories in the following pages, and I hope to bring them to the reader in a way that will be interesting.

JRP

The author taken by a travelling photographer in the old log homestead house. According to information received from my Mother, the back drop is a tassled bedspread, hung over the south window.

This is where it started.

Ralph Pippin at his forge. Age Seventy-four.

Ralph Pippin at the triphammer sharpening ploughshare.

CHAPTER ONE

The year was 1906 and the emigrant train was puffing enroute from Kansas, U.S.A. to Saskatchewan, Canada where homesteads of 160 acres of virgin land were to be had for ten dollars plus making improvements such as living on the land for a specified time and breaking a number of acres.

Bert Pippin, my Dad, and uncle, Bill Kinzie, had come to Saskatchewan in the spring of 1905. They chose two homesteads near where the town of Harris, Saskatchewan now stands. But they found that drinking water was hard to come by in that area, so they cancelled their applications and came to the Pike Lake country. Knute Dahlen, who had already settled in the Valley Park district, advised them to settle in the Valley so they chose two quarters at the north end on the east side of Pike Lake, Saskatchewan.

Dad picked up a buffalo horn near Harris and took it home to Kansas with him. Seventy-three years later, it is hanging on the wall of my den.

On the train were a three month old baby boy (me), the baby's parents, his Uncle Bill and aunt Cora, and four cousins, Lena, Merrel, Darlene, and Lois Kinzie. Lois was two years old.

This story is to be about the life of that boy and some of the people he came in contact with as he grew to manhood.

In April, 1906 the settlers arrived in Saskatoon, Saskatchewan. Mr. Joseph Caswell was seeding wheat on land that is now owned by Glow Bros. just south and west of the Queen Elizabeth Power Station. I can remember seeing Mr. Caswell after I grew older. He was a very distinguished looking man with white hair and moustache, and an excellent farmer and horseman.

Uncle Bill and Dad had brought along a span of mules each. As Uncle had farmed in the States as well as worked at the strip coal mines, he brought some farm machinery with him.

Dad had worked at the coal mines as a blacksmith so it was just natural that he brought his tools. I still have these tools in my possession. He also worked as a gunsmith and he had a lot of old guns and handguns. When my brothers and I got older, we started fooling around with these guns. He had a reloading outfit for a twelve gauge shotgun, and there were caps and powder, but no shot. So we hammered out bars of lead to about one eighth of an inch square, and cut it in cubes with the tinsnips. One of those cubes would almost cut a duck's head off. We always played with the handguns while Dad was away. But one day he came home and caught us. There were about one dozen of these, and he put them all in a box and carried them down to the lakebank and, one at a time, he threw them in the water.

He kept the shotguns and a couple of 22 rifles. When I was twelve years old, he started teaching me to shoot. He had a 25-20 Winchester repeater and a 25-30 Winchester with an octagon barrel. It held 9 cartridges in the magazine, but we were not allowed to use these until we were much older. My brother Arnold and I used to hunt ducks with double barrel

shotguns and our thumbs were not strong enough to pull back the hammer to cock the guns. So we sneaked up as close as possible, set the butt of the gun on the ground, and using the palm of our hand, cocked the barrels, and we were loaded for bear. One time, Arnold and I were walking along a sandbar and a goose flew up in good range. There was no time to lose. So I tried to cock the gun with my thumb, and it slipped and blew a hole in the sand about half way to the goose. Arnold, who was standing a few yards away, said, "Did you get him?" It sounded so funny I had to laugh. But when I think back at some of the things we did, I think our guardian angel must have been watching over us.

The pair of mules belonging to Dad were named Tiny and Queen. They could not be trusted as they liked to run away. I have heard Dad say he would be driving along the trail and the mules would look at each other and away they would go on the run. They could not be left standing without being tied.

Uncle Bill's mules were named Jude and Jack. They had a bad habit when standing in the barn in a double stall. If anyone walked between them, they immediately started to push together thus squeezing the person. He overcame the habit by carrying a stick sharpened on both ends. A few pushes against that and they gave it up as a bad deal.

Then came the journey from Saskatoon to Pike Lake by mule teams and wagons. Their claims were on the east side of Pike Lake which is south-west of Saskatoon. There was heavy bush at the north end, so they had to follow the trail through the sandhills, west of the Lake around the south end and follow a trail cut by the Indians to the homestead site. This area had numerous grassy spots with white poplar bluffs and had often been used as campgrounds by the Indians. Saskatoon berries, chokecherries, and Highbush cranberries were very plentiful. In some of the grassy spots, the ground was red with wild strawberries.

One fine morning, the sun rose on one of these spots close to the lake. In this clearing were two tents belonging to the immigrants. They had finished their long train ride and the bumpy jolting wagon ride, and were on the land that was to be their home for many years. A cow named Blossom had walked behind the wagon from Saskatoon.

This land was not surveyed at that time. They lived for a short time on what was to be the SW SEC 16-34-6-W-3, Dad's homestead. Then Uncle Bill moved a half mile north to the NW of SEC 16-34-6-W-3. This land was situated on the north end of a river valley bounded on the east by the South Saskatchewan River and on the west by Pike Lake, and the south of the lake, a range of sandhills. The south part of this valley was known as the Valley Park District. A creek flowed through both homesteads from Pike Lake emptying into the South Saskatchewan River. The water was very clear and was the source of water supply until wells could be established. On one occasion, Lena was going for water and a badger contested her right to the footpath. But after a sharp rap over the nose with the water pail, he took off into the bush.

A crossing was made over the creek by piling brush and poles in the water to make a solid bottom. This crossing was known as the Ford, and was used for many years by the people of Gledhow and Valley Park Districts on their way to Dad's blacksmith shop and Saskatoon. Ox teams were used by quite a number of the farmers in the area. I remember a Mr. John Bumby. He started out from the Gledhow district with an ox team and a load of wheat. The weather was very warm and the flies were bad. When the oxen came to the Ford, they decided to lie down in the water to cool off. Mr. Bumby kicked them and the seams on his shoes broke so he gave up and came to Dad's place. He said, "Mr. Pippin, I kicked those blighters until my shoes came from together and they won't move. What shall I do?" Dad walked back with him a distance of about three hundred yards. By the time they got there, the oxen had cooled off and were standing ready to go again but they did not move until they were told.

While I am on the subject of oxen, I would like to relate a story my Mother used to tell. It was in Missouri, U.S.A., the state where she was born. This man was plowing a cornfield with oxen. It was really hot and oxen were getting slower and slower. His boy came out to the field and the man said, "Pete, punch up them steers. I am sick, tired, and weak, and cain't control my temper. Doggone my old ass to the bone."

My first memory of Pike Lake was walking a short distance to what was named the Landing. It was a little bay in the bulrushes. The water was quite deep so it was easy to bring a boat to shore. I was not very old but I remember my Dad took me by the hand to go for a walk. It was after sundown, but the western sky was still red from the sunset, and the bay was calm, but there was a slight breeze out on the lake. The frogs were singing and one old fellow with a deep voice sounded very close. My Dad said, "There he is." I got my eye on a piece of dried bulrush floating just where the waves were moving it up and down. As the frog croaked, the bulrush seemed to keep time so I thought the piece of rush was the frog. It was quite some time before I found out that a piece of rush floating in the water was not a frog even if it was in time with the music.

One of the first things to be tackled was ploughing two pieces of ground for gardens. This was done with what was known as a walking plow. It had two handles at the back and the mules were hitched on the front. The operator walked in the furrow behind the plow with the lines or reins around his neck. He needed both hands to control the plow as pushing down on the handles kept the plow from going too deep as it raised what was known as the point of the plowshare. Lifting up made it go deeper. Some plows had a gauge wheel that could be set to plow at a certain depth. If the point of the share hit a solid stump or stone, the operator must be beware because the handles would raise with considerable force. Sometimes in tough sod, the plow would not turn the soil all the way over, so then the operator must walk with one foot in the furrow and the other one kicking the slab to make it lie flat. However, there was much breaking done with this equipment.

The garden was fenced by setting posts in the ground, and rails were nailed on one about a foot above ground level, and another, likewise, down from the top of the post. Small willows were cut in four foot lengths and nailed in an up and down position. It took hundreds of pickets to make this type of fence, but waterwillows were plentiful along the river and in the creek bottom, and they grew very straight. The work it took to do this sort of thing was never given a second thought. The posts and pickets were cut nice and even. It ended up a beautiful rustic fence with two gates, one to go through with the plow and a small swinging one for anyone going to the garden.

It was time now to start building houses which were to be made of logs. Stones were used as footing. The stones had to be brought from the river as this land was almost stoneless. The logs were hewed on the sides, done by hand with a broad axe. It had a twelve inch wide blade. I still have two of these axes in my possession. The men became very expert at hewing. They drove a nail at each end of the log and stretched a line between. I wonder if that is where the expression, "Hew to the line. Let the chips fall where they may." came from. There were many chips at the hewing spot. I can remember my Mother carrying these in her apron to use as firewood in the cookstove at the house. The logs were selected to be as nearly straight as possible, and of a uniform size. They were cut and then dragged to the building site by the mules.

One time after I grew older and had just left school, we started to build a log barn on land that was two miles from the home place, so we could leave the horses there over night. We were cutting logs in the bush and dragging them out with a horse. We had a big clydesdale horse doing this. After he had made a few trips out of the bush, we left a man at the building site and he would look after the skidding tongs. These were large jaws with a turned in sharp end. They were crossed with a bolt or rivet and the short ends were attached to a ring so that when the ring was pulled on, it caused the jaws to bite into the log. What was known

as a single tree was attached to the ring. It was a piece of hardwood about thirty inches long with hooks on the ends to which the trace chains were fastened. After the tongs were loosened, he would turn the horse around. The horse's name was Pilot. He would walk sedately back into the bush where the men would bite the tongs into another log and start him out on the trail, and repeat this hour after hour. He never got excited, and if the log he was towing would happen to get hung up on a tree or stump, he would not break anything. He just stopped and waited. Someone would check and find out why he had not come with another log.

The first part of the house which was to be my home was twenty-two feet by sixteen feet, divided into two rooms, a door in each room, one for front and the other for the back. It had three windows, one in the south, one in the north, and the other in the east. These windows were twenty-eight by twenty-eight inch panes set in frames one above the other. The top pane was stationary, but the bottom one was set in the frame in such a way that it could be raised up on the inside of the top one, leaving the bottom one wide open. Some of these windows had a catch to hold them up, but many were just propped open with a stick.

The front door faced east and the back door west. The doorknobs were white china. The front door had a pane of glass about twenty by twenty inches. I can remember when I was a boy looking out that opening on a moonlight night, watching three coyotes wending their way across the yard.

The roof was made with a ridge pole at the peak and a pole halfway down each side. Another pole ran from end to end of the building. Then small poles were placed rafter style from peak to eaves and four or five inches apart, and then covered with tar paper and a layer of slough grass covered with sods. These were made by ploughing a furrow in tough, grassy soil, and cutting the sods to the desired length with a spade. It made a very heavy roof, but was surprisingly dry. Weeds grew out of it. Before we quit living in this house, I was old enough to climb up and pull them. Mother planted flowers along the lower edge of the roof. They needed considerable watering as the soil was only three or four inches deep. The cracks between the logs, with small sticks nailed in place, were called chinking. The cracks were filled with clay which was known as daubing. A pointed trowel was used for this. I believe the names, chinking and daubing, came from the U.S.A. with my parents.

The floor sills were logs hewed square. The floor was made from six inch spruce flooring purchased in Saskatoon. With a wood burning heater in one room and a small cook stove in the other, there was no need to suffer from the cold as there was always plenty of wood near at hand.

When I was about seven years old, I obtained a spool from the center of a barb wire roll and a very small hand saw. I used the spool as a sawhorse and dragged dead trees out of the bush and cut them into stovewood. Did I say trees? Well, they were only about an inch or an inch and a half in diameter. It was dry wood and my Mother bragged on me for getting wood for her. That made me feel very big. It was the beginning of half a lifetime of cutting wood and clearing land with the axe. After I grew up, the axe that I used was a four pound double bit. I became quite adept at using it.

Next, came the building of a barn. It was twenty-four by sixteen feet, and built of logs in the same manner as the house. It had room for four animals at each end with an alleyway between and behind the animals. One door faced west and the other, east. A corral, called a feed lot by the Americans, was built from poles on the west side of the barn. Hay and oat sheaves were stacked there to be brought in through the door and fed to the animals as needed. Oat sheaves were oats, cut and tied into bundles with a binder, and they could be threshed or stacked for feed. The bundles were a favorite food with horses.

The bundles were stooked in the field after cutting and left there to dry before threshing or stacking. Some stookers built round stooks of eight bundles. But from our Norwegian

neighbors in the Valley Park district, we learned to put six bundles, two and two in a row, and then, two bundles on each side over the space between the six. That left air space right through the center. This was a big help in a wet fall. A good stacker could stack as fast as two men could fork the bundles off the load. The bundles had a tapered end from sitting in the field in stooks. When a stack was started, the bundles were laid with the long side up and formed in a ring. The next layer was set out with the short ends on top of the long ends to that the stack was tapering out from the bottom. This was done to a height of about four feet; then, the bundles were laid with the short side up so that the stack started to taper in, and layer after layer, until it came almost to a point at the top. Then a sharp stake was driven in to hold the top bundle, and prevent it from blowing off.

One of our neighbors, Hjalmer Torgerson, whose stacks were a work of art, taught me how to stack. He was very fussy and careful, and woe betide me if I happened to toss a bundle wrong side up. However, I became a reasonably good stacker, and could build them so they would stand straight even if left out over the winter.

In the fall of 1916, our wheat all froze so it was cut as usual and stacked for cattle feed. I got lots of practice that fall as there were some thirty thousand bundles. After being frozen, it was very poor feed, but better than a snowdrift.

The rains of summer would loosen the daubing in the cracks of the barn. As Dad was always busy with harvest and threshing in the early years, he hauled bundles for a steam threshing outfit owned by Knute Dahlen, a homesteader from North Dakota who settled in the Valley Park area SE. of Pike Lake. It was said of Knute that he never washed from the time he started threshing in the fall until he had finished, but I do not know for sure. Quite often Dad did not get the barn repaired until after freeze up. He would have to dig a hole through the frost to get clay. Then he mixed it with hot water. It stuck good over winter, but when it thawed in the spring, a good bit of it would fall out.

One fall, Dad had dug a hole. As he did not get finished that day, he covered it over with a canvas. Mother usually helped with the chores. They were chasing some calves to get them into the barn for the night. It was dark. Mother, not knowing the hole was there, came around the corner of the barn and in she went. She was more frightened than hurt. Dad had a good laugh which did not help matters much. However, the next night, he was chasing them and he fell into the hole he had dug. It was Mother's turn to laugh, and, right then and there, I got my first lesson in swearing.

Dad started building a blacksmith shop. He went farther from home and chose Balm of Gilead or black poplar logs. They were small and did not need to be hewed. They were also nice and straight. Because Dad was in a hurry, the bark was not peeled off, and, after ten or twelve years, they were badly decayed.

The next building was a smokehouse because back home, as they used to say, the meat was usually smoked. This building was made of small logs peeled and neatly dovetailed at the corners. It was a nice looking asset to the homestead. If I live to be a hundred, I swear I will never taste hams and bacon such as came out of that little smokehouse.

Butchering pigs was quite an event in the early days. Nobody ever killed unless they had at least five neighbors to help. At first, the water to scald the pig to loosen the hair was heated in the house. But, later on, Dad made what he called a vat. It was a trough about six feet long and thirty inches wide. It was made from sheet metal taken from an old blinder platform. It was about ten inches deep, and could be placed over a fire outside. It had two by two inch slats on the bottom to hold the pig away from the metal so that it would not burn. A pig could be dipped in when ready. It could be taken out onto a table near by, and some of the men would work, scraping it, while some of the men prepared another. To hang the carcass, a slit was cut in the hind leg just above the foot and the sinews were exposed. A piece of wood about thirty inches long was sharpened on both ends. A pole

twelve to fifteen feet had been fastened up between two trees. The sharpened stick, which was called a gambrel stick, was placed behind the sinews of one leg. Then a couple of men would lift the carcass to the long pole, and another would put the gambrel stick over the top and through the sinews on the other leg. There it would be hanging, ready to be gutted. First, it was washed down with warm water and scraped over very thoroughly.

When the job was done, I have seen as many as nine pigs all in a row and cleaned perfectly, all ready to be cut into hams and bacon and sausage. The work was all done by manpower, and I doubt if there was a block and tackle for lifting in the district.

Mother had been raising chickens. She set the hens in an overturned wooden box with a hole cut in the side so the hen could get under it. This was fine in summer but it was plain they were going to need a chicken house. Good logs were beginning to get scarce on the home place so this time, a sod building was erected. The sods to build it were obtained in the same manner as the sods for the house roof. The roof was a cottage roof which sloped in four ways with a flat square place on top. Window frames were made from planks gathered along the river, usually in June. It seems there was always building going on upstream; bridges, ferries, etc. Short pieces and often good long planks would drift down and become caught in the waterwillows that grew on the sandbars and lower banks. Once I can remember going with my Dad and brother, Arnold, to look for these.

By this time, Dad had traded away his mules and bought three horses named Dick, Daisy, and Dot. Dick and Daisy were not big horses, but they worked well together and were what was known as a snappy team. Dot was a big slabsided mare, but both she and Daisy raised some very fine colts in their lifetime. The horses were purchased from Mr. Albert Dunning, who ran a livery stable on Ave. B just off 20th Street in Saskatoon. Mr. Dunning used to drive around the streets of the city with a horse and buggy. The horse was very, very high stepping and spirited, and the buggy was polished like a mirror. It was a very nice sight to see. It was my pleasure to do business with Mr. Dunning after I became a young man. He was soft spoken and reliable, not like many horse traders of those days. His work was his bond.

We had Dick and Daisy hitched to the wagon the day we were looking for planks. We were gradually getting a load of lumber of various shapes and sizes. We had driven through a number of backwaters, four or five inches deep, and all at once, we came to a ravine which was soft in the bottom. Dad thought we were going to get stuck so he started encouraging the horses and they got us through. They picked their feet out of the mud so fast they seemed to be almost walking on top.

The little building out back which should have been mentioned before, was called many names. I shall refer to it as the "out house". That is what my dear old Grandmother Brady called it. It was made of logs for the walls and some of the above mentioned planks for a roof covered with rubber roofing which was purchased in rolls. This roofing was a very easily torn substance but if it was nailed on tight, and the seams and nailheads coated with tar, it proved to be a watertight roof. If the least bit was left loose, the wind would get underneath and a piece at a time, it would blow off. The seat was made from planks. Dad planed them nice and smooth. It was a two holer, one large for adults and a smaller one for children. It was usually well stocked with the Eatons catalogue or newspapers. I never knew there was such a thing as toilet tissue for many years. One never had to wait long for a turn in the winter as it was so cold in there. It was get it over and get out. It was difficult not to pee on the seat, but as only women and sissies sat down to pee, it often got sprinkled. We would wipe the seat with a piece of paper if it had not frozen before we had finished.

That completed the buildings for the first years, but later a granary was built from logs brought from along the river. The logs were cottonwood and measured sixteen to twenty inches. They were hewed on each side to a thickness of nine inches. I remember the

thickness because a neighbor of ours got hold of a German Luger 7 mm. It was a handgun and would drive a bullet through those hard, dry logs. An odd thing about the Luger was that it did not recoil up as most hand guns do, but recoiled down. I was never able to figure why that was. What a wicked thing to shoot men with. The cracks in the granary were filled with willow sticks nailed in place and daubed with clay inside and out. A triangular trowel was used for this. The result was a very good job except the mice would dig through the daubing and cause a leak. The floor was made of six inch spruce flooring. As time went by, the bins were lined with the same material, which was purchased at Vanscoy, a small town southwest of Saskatoon and thirteen miles from the homestead. The lumberyard was called The Imperial Lumber Co. and was operated by Mr. W.A. Cooke.

Bert Pippin cutting corn about 1925. The horses on the outside are Daisy's colts, Pilot and Jupiter. The one in the middle is Dot's colt, Peerless.

After the bins had been lined, Father had cleaned a bin of flax for seed. My brothers, Arnold and Conard, and I decided it would be fun to take off our clothes and go for a swim in the flax. We were tearing around and sweaty and the flax seed stuck to our skin, so away we went to the creek to get washed. This creek was taboo for us as my Mother was very afraid of water. That was the only thing I ever knew her to be scared of. I am sure we must have caused her many anxious hours as we loved playing at the lake or creek or river. We got the flax washed off but we had no towel, and, in the process, we had a few muddy spots so we pulled our clothes on and went home. It didn't take much detective work for our Mother to know we had been in the creek. We owned up and she said, "You are going to get it when your father gets home." All he said was, "You fellers should know better than to go into a bin of flax. You could drown in there." He never mentioned the creek episode so I think he must have remembered when he was a boy.

The buildings on the NW of 16-34-6-3 belonged to Uncle Bill. As his livestock increased, he built a log barn twenty by forty feet which was dug into the creek bank. This bank was about twenty-five yards from the creek, a sort of second bank which left a nice flat barnyard through it which often flooded from ice jams in the river or June floods. This barn had a loft, the floor of which was level with the high ground. It had a bin for oats or ground feed which was called chop. It had a spout leading to the lower area where the livestock was kept.

The chop at Uncle Bill's farm was made by a grinder driven by horsepower. This was a large gear with the teeth facing downward and meshing into a much smaller gear which was attached to a tumbling shaft with a universal joint at each end. This shaft was connected to the grinder. Across the top of the large gear and fastened to it, was a beam of hard wood about four inches by six inches with braces from it to the large gear. It stuck out about eight feet on each side of the gear and a team of horses were hitched on each end to walk round and round, and cause the gear to turn and the shaft to revolve and turn the grinder. The horses soon learned to step over the shaft as they came around. It was quite a noisy outfit, and the only one I ever saw working.

At the other end of the loft was a space for hay and a driveway in the center in which the Democrat was stored. It was a light wagon with two padded seats similar to the cars that were built later. The body was several feet long back of the seats with room for groceries, or whatever. The loft was a place where we loved to play. We would climb up on a crossbeam and grap another beam higher up, swing for a minute, and drop into the hay. My brother, Arnold, missed one day, and came down on his back. He knocked out his wind. We were a scared bunch of kids until he came around.

We played a game we called Wildboar in the hay. We girls and boys rode each other in much the same manner as pigs. My penis was quite stiff sometimes, and, in my innocence, I did not know why. However, nothing came of it, and it just wilted of its own accord.

We were not taught anything about sex in those days. The very word was taboo. When I asked my Grandmother what the rooster was doing on top of a hen, she said, "He is cleaning his feet." We were given the impression that if we were to have intercourse with a girl before we were married, drastic things could happen such as the penis might drop off. We were given the idea that sex was something very dirty.

I first learned the facts of life from my cousin. Her girlfriend at school got it from her mother who had the good sense to tell it the way it is. My cousin passed it on to me. I found my parents' book on marriage. I used to sneak it out and read it. One day, I found out my brother was reading it too. However, it contained many old wives tales. I know now that it was not very reliable, but it was very interesting reading to a young lad.

Uncle Bill was an excellent horseman, and he kept light horses for driving as well as Percherons for farm work. He owned a Percheron stallion, a beautiful dapple gray, who had a box stall all his own in a corner of the barn. His name was Eutopia, but they called him Tobe for short. One of his driving horses was named Satin. She used to balk for unknown reasons. We were going to the Saskatoon Exhibition with Uncle Bill in the Democrat. He was driving Satin and one of her sons, Don. The road went under the Grand Trunk railway bridge near where the Queen Elizabeth Power Station now stands. A train was crossing the bridge as we came near. Satin decided she was not going under that bridge, even after the train had gone. No amount of coaxing would get her to move. Uncle Bill's favorite expression was "By Dogies". (I can't recall ever hearing him swear.) "Weel see about that." He got out of the rig and reached under the seat. He brought out a piece of pitchfork handle about two feet long. He walked in front of Satin and took one of her ears in his left hand and hit her a sharp rap between the ears with the fork handle. He climbed coolly back into the Democrat, and said, "Getup". We went under the bridge and merrily on our way to the fair.

"Getup" was standard procedure for starting a team of horses, while "whoa" was for stopping. Some horses trained to "Gee, turn right" or "Haw, turn left", but not too many farm horses were taught "Gee" and "Haw". all oxen were driven by "Gee" and "Haw".

The summer passed quickly for the homesteaders. When winter descended, it turned out to be one of Saskatchewan's worst with the very deep snow. By this time, quite a few settlers had arrived on land in this area. The temperature often dropped to 55 below Fahrenheit. I can remember my Dad going outside on cold, frosty mornings to check the smoke rising straight into the air from the neighboring chimneys. If the chimneys were smoking, it meant someone was up and around. If no smoke appeared, it could mean trouble. Many of the settlers were bachelors. If there was no smoke, it meant they could be unable to build a fire. No one ever slept past daylight in the real cold weather as the wood fires would be low, and the house would be getting cold; although they often made up the fires and went back to bed for an extra snooze. Sometimes the fires were stoked in the middle of the night, but as long as there was smoke in the mornings, each one knew the other was OK.

Dad always prepared kindling by splitting dry wood very fine so that a fire could be started quickly. Uncle Bill always prepared his starter by cutting dry shavings off a dry stick with his jackknife. This was usually done at night, and when Uncle took his knife and stood by the woodbox whittling shavings, one could figure he was going to retire for the night. The woodbox always sat close to the stove, and was often used as a seat, especially when one had been out in the cold. Dad always started the fires in the mornings, but after I was about fourteen years old, I took over the firelighting. I think he appreciated that, but as he was never one to express his feelings, I never really knew how he felt about it.

That winter, some of the bush rabbits would sit beside a willow clump, and the only trail they had was around the willow. The snow built up higher and higher until they could not get out. Many willows were killed by this as they always picked a young tender tree. If one tried to eat one of those rabbits, it sure tasted like willow bark.

The log houses were banked with snow. I can remember, when I was still very young, looking out the window with my face against the pane, and Mother was shovelling the snow. She would fire a shovelful of soft snow against the glass. Then she would laugh as I jumped back.

A good supply of groceries had been brought in from Saskatoon in the fall. If anything ran short, they had to do without until another infrequent trip to the city. Dad would bring home a barrel of apples in the fall. These were placed in the cellar along with potatoes and other vegetables grown by Mother. The cellar was a square hole dug under the house. A hole was cut in the floor. A door was fitted on hinges so when it was closed, it was flush with the floor. The handle for lifting it was purchased in a hardware store or lumberyard and was a metal fixture into which a ring was recessed. When the ring was raised up, it made a handle to lift the door by. When it was down, it was flush with the floor. As there were seven brothers and sisters in our family, whenever the cellar door was open, it seemed Mother always said, "Watch that the baby doesn't fall downstairs."

We always ate an apple in the evening. Mother would say, "Pick out the ones with the blemishes and bruises, and eat them first." In time, we could pick out the apples as they came, and got into the really good ones. The barrel was not very heavy and had wooden hoops. I wish I could remember what a barrel of apples cost. But, as a boy, I sort of figured my Dad was made of money, so I did not pay much attention to costs.

I have mentioned my Father as Dad, but until after we went to school, we called him Papa and Mother was Mama. the way our Grandmother said it was Poppy and Mommy.

There were a few mule deer in the area, but it was against the law to shoot them. However, the odd one ended up in the meat barrel. A lid was fitted on a cider or vinegar

barrel. In the winter time meat was cut and wrapped and kept outside and out of the sun. Not too much was kept this way as a thaw would spoil the meat. Often meat was canned in sealers.

Sharptailed grouse were around by the thousands and served as meat for many meals. Hot biscuits and grouse meat with potatoes and gravy made a meal fit for a king. Bush rabbits were very good eating, although some people did not like them. Aunt Cora made a batter and dipped the pieces in it, and then fried them. To me, it was delicious.

My brother, Glenn, and I, with our wives, were back to Kansas in 1976. We found that some of our relatives still like to hunt for meat. They ate squirrels, oppossum, and froglegs. I have tried eating froglegs, and found them very much like chicken. I have sampled just about every kind of wild meat except skunk. One of our neighbors, Mr. Henry Sawyer, told about eating skunk when he was a boy. He lived near Lake Winnipeg in Manitoba. He became friends with some Indian boys. One day, these boys asked him to have dinner at their house. The meat they served was white. He thought it was chicken so he ate quite heartily. When he had finished, the Indian father asked him if he knew what he had been eating. He said no, so the Indian said it was skunk. Henry ran for the door. When he got outside, he lost it all. He said if he had not been told what it was, he would have enjoyed it very much.

Dad trapped muskrats, mink, and the odd lynx. Coyotes were numerous, but there were very few mink or lynx. Muskrats were very plentiful. A fur buyer in Saskatoon told me after I was old enough to trap, that there was only one other lake in Saskatchewan where the muskrats had the same good quality of fur. It was at Mildred, Saskatchewan. Coyote skins brought four to eight dollars each; muskrats were thirteen to twenty-five cents each; mink, ten to twelve dollars; and lynx about the same as coyotes. Father caught a timberwolf in a trap he had set for coyotes about one hundred yards from the house. I cannot recall what he received for the pelt, but a bounty of twenty dollars was paid by the government. Some years later, when they figured coyotes were getting too numerous, a bounty of four dollars was paid. When we were boys, we caught gophers, killed them, and cut off their tails for which we received a bounty of two cents each. I guess one could say we were bounty hunters.

When a coyote was caught, and a man approached, he would pull back as far as the trap chain would allow, but the timberwolf stood as close as the chain would let him. With his mouth wide open and his fangs bared, he was an awesome sight to a boy of seven or eight years. I suspect that Dad felt the same as he stood back at a reasonable distance and shot it.

Dad shot a coyote on a ridge, south of the house. It ran away and the blood was spurting out on both sides on the snow. It got away, but two weeks later, caught in a trap, it had pulled hair from its body and made hair pads over the holes. As the bullet from the 25-35 Winchester had gone through without breaking any bones, it was able to survive.

Dad was always very excited when he came home after shooting a deer or coyote. Mother always said she had to wash his underwear after. One time, he had shot at a coyote and missed, so he trailed it for awhile. There was no blood, so he came home, and stated, "I missed him fair and square, but he sure went through those willows, just a pissin' every jump." Another time, he caught a coyote in a No. 4 double spring trap. Somehow, the log that he had fastened on the trap for a drag came loose, and the coyote was gone with the trap on his foot and about thirty inches of chain dragging. I was old enough to go along to try and catch up to the coyote. We found where he had caught rabbits even with the trap on his foot. He laid in wait beside the rabbit's trail, and when the other coyotes were chasing them, he would grab one as it passed. Father taught me to read the signs in the snow of just what had happened.

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The coyote was gone for about two weeks and we had lost track of it. Then, two Frenchmen who had built a log cabin near the river came through our yard and stopped to talk. They told us that "Le Diable" went past their cabin last night, and they could hear chains rattling. Dad never said anything to them, but when they were gone, he said, "I'll bet that was the coyote." We hitched the horses to the sleigh and drove to their cabin. Sure enough, there were the tracks on a new fall of snow. He went into a heavy bluff. Dad told me to track him through, and he would go around the other side with the team. Luck was with us. It came out where Dad was and he shot it. The springs of the trap were folded together, and the chain was wrapped around and through them with just the ring on the chain sticking out. I do not know if it just happened to get wound up that way, but it looked as though the coyote was smart enough to fold it so it would cause him the least trouble. If he had lived until spring, as soon as the part of his foot beneath the trap thawed, it would drop off, and he would become a three legged coyote. However, I was sure glad to see him put out of his misery.

I went hunting with Dad and tagged along behind when I was not big enough to step in his tracks in the snow. this craze of hunting has stayed with me all my life. A slogan, which was printed on the back of the first big game licences, read, "A good hunter sees the most game, kills the least, and leaves behind no wounded animals." I liked that very much. The first deer I shot happened to be a young doe. Her back was broken, but she was not dead when I came up to her. I thought to myself, "Why did I do this thing? I will never do it again." Those thoughts wore thin, and I ended up going hunting again. This time, I shot a big buck, and ever after, I have been a hunter. I was twelve years old when I shot the first one.

I think it was the winter of 1907 when the surveyors came into this area. Some of the nights were 55 below Fahrenheit. They lived in tents and came to the house to buy milk, butter and vegetables. They would never come into the house as they said if they got warmed up too much, they would not be able to withstand the cold. They were measuring out the quarter sections and cutting out the lines. Sometimes they were a long way from camp by nightfall, and as the days were short, they had to work until dark. They had a halfbreed or Metis with them. When they had finished for the day, they would ask him, "Where is camp?" He would stand for a minute and point there. It was said he was never wrong and could guide them through the bush and back to camp in the shortest possible distance. After their work was finished, they hired Dad to take them to Saskatoon with a team and sleigh. It was 55 below that morning, and he said they walked most of the way. They would likely have walked in the first place, but they had to take their tents and equipment.

The Indians would get a permit to come off the reserve to trap rats on Pike Lake. What a deal for people who roamed the country at will, trapping where they pleased, but always conserving the wild life as they always thought of the years ahead. They brought their families, and would camp for a couple of weeks in the fall.

Dad was always friendly with the Indians, and, often, visited them in their camps. I remember going to one camp with him. I guess there would be about twenty men, women, and children. When we arrived, the chief or headman of the party came to say hello and talk. Nobody else had much to say. They cooked on an open campfire. Two green willow or poplar stakes were driven into the ground, one on each side of the fire. The stakes were forked at the top, and a stick was laid across the two and through the bail of a big, black, cast iron kettle, so that it hung directly over the fire. In this kettle, muskrats were cooking. Of course, their skins had been removed for the fur, and, also, their insides, but the heads, tails, and feet were left on. The carcass hung inside the kettle with the tails hanging over the outside. The squaw who was cooking would lift a rat up by the tail to see if it was done, and after a couple of swishes around in the water, hang it back to cook some more. I was sure glad they did not ask us to stay for dinner. However, years later, when I was batching, I

cooked muskrat. I found that when I fried it, the taste was much the same as rabbit. In a stew, it was delicious. The Indians always served a cup of very black tea when they had company. It was alright to drink it because no germs could live in it.

The first Indians I ever saw stopped in the yard to get some water. They always used a wagon with a low box. Wagons often had an extension side board which sat on top to double the capacity when hauling grain. Sitting crosslegged in the bottom of the wagon right over the rear axle, which would be about the roughest place to ride, was a very large, fat squaw. She was old and wrinkled and brown from many suns and campfires. To me, she was just plain ugly, but I have thought many times since of the character she had in her old face. She was talking to my Mother. I was hiding behind Mother's skirts but curiosity got the best of me. I peeped out. The old lady saw me, pointed at me, and said, "Nice papoose." Well, nice Papoose took off for the house. I know now that she was just a kindhearted, old Indian mother. How I would love to be able to talk to her today. Mother gave them potatoes and vegetables when they left, but she never asked them to come in the house.

I have read much about Indians stealing and helping themselves, but any that were around our area never gave any trouble that way.

One time some Indians came into the yard. They were walking beside their wagon holding one of the rear wheels to keep it from coming off. They had lost the nut that held the wheel on. Dad went to the blacksmith shop, dug around in the junk, and found a nut that would fit, and gave it to them. They thanked him very much and went on their way. Years later, we were threshing on the farm, where I live now and is two miles from the home place, when we saw two men coming up the field running. They were out of wind, and with their broken talk, the managed to get it across to us that they had been trapping on the lake four miles away and found a horse that had fallen through the ice. It was one of Uncle Bill's. We went and got the horse out. Dad asked them how come they went to the trouble to run four miles to tell about someone else's horse. The Indians said, "You do not remember us, but we remember you. You are the man who gave us the wagon nut long ago. We never forget."

The Indians came every summer to dig Seneca root or Snakeroot, as they sometimes called it. I have seen an acre or more of land covered with tarp and blankets on which the root, that they had dug, was spread out to dry. It was about four inches deep on blankets, so it is easy to say they had many pounds. It was sold by the pound, and had to be clean and dry. They used a piece of flat spring with tapering ends. It was bolted to a handle and had a short piece of metal crosswise to step on with a foot to drive the spring into the ground, and pry the root loose. A bag with shoulder straps was carried to put it in.

When I was young and batching on the farm where I live now, there was some unbroken land across the road. One day I saw a wagon and horses. I went over there. It was one quite old man who drew himself up to his full height, and said, proudly, "My name, it is Vandale and I would like to dig root here." I said, "That's okay", and gave him a half bag of oats for his horses. It had been left at a granary in the field from the fall before when we were threshing. He thanked me and said, "If any other Indians come here to dig root, you tell them this is for Vandale." He told me that a young boy could dig just as much root as a man. I saw him once a year for a few years after that; then, I read that he had passed away.

The old fellow was just out following a way of life and enjoying it. As for the root, it was almost extinct, as during the dirty thirties, white men came from Saskatoon to dig root. They dug everything; big, little, and small. We had some land where we had cleared with the axe the winter before. The brush was still in piles. These men overturned the piles to get at the root underneath. I am sorry to say that those men did not have the same good reputation as the Indians in regard to stealing, but who could blame them. They had no money and no jobs as there were just no jobs to be had. When Indians dug, they took only

the very largest of the roots and left the rest to grow. Anyway, I am glad that I met Mr. Vandale, became friends with him, and was able to help toward his enjoyment of his few remaining years. He was eighty-seven years old and out camping all by himself. He did not come from a reserve but from Saskatoon.

CHAPTER TWO

Dad had been busy breaking land since he arrived here. He acquired what was known as a sulky plough. It had three wheels, a large one about thirty inches across which ran on the unploughed land, a front wheel about twenty inches in size which ran in the furrow made by the previous round, and a rear wheel which ran in the furrow at the back of the plough, and was on a slant to take the side thrust from the plough. A tongue was attached to the front wheel and a heavy rod ran from it to the rear wheel, fastened in such a way that the wheels would turn if the tongue was moved from one side to the other. The tongue was long enough to go between the horses pulling the plough and had what was known as a neck yoke fastened in the center to the tongue, and then, to the collar of the horse on each side. Thus, when the horses turned, instead of the wheels dragging sideways, they turned enough to follow the horses. The plough part was swung in a frame and could be lifted so that it was clear of the ground. It had a stop to hold it from going too deep when it was down, and a catch to hold it when it was up. It had a lever in conjunction with a foot pedal so that by pushing on the foot pedal and pulling on the lever, it brought the plough out of the ground onto its three wheels. Two levers, one on the land wheel and the other on the front furrow wheel, were arranged with ratchets for setting the depth. This plough was made by the Cockshutt Plow Co. The name, Cockshutt, was moulded into the cast iron seat. It made quite a fancy looking seat, but the operator had better use a cushion as it was very hard. This plough was pulled by our three horses, Dick, Daisy, and Dot.

When Father started breaking, he had considerable breakage as he did not realize how hard some of the stumps were, and drove into them at full speed. However, the horses learned to stop quickly if the plough hit something hard. He found that stumps bigger than a certain size had better be removed before the plough struck them, as the ploughshare would be stuck in the stump, and the plough over the top, and it was very hard to swing an axe in those circumstances.

Dad hired a man named Ira Cook, one of the four brothers whom I shall be writing about later, to remove stumps. He was a very strong man. You would think he was mad the way he tore into them. He used a mattock, but they called it a grub hoe. One blade was crosswise to the handle, garden hoe fashion, and the other blade on top was sharpened on the top end and on one side. He also used a double-bitted axe which he prized very much, and would hone it until it was as sharp as a razor.

Miss Mabel Barker, a neighbor of ours, has one of these sulky ploughs, a John Deere, on her front lawn. She has painted it aluminum. It makes a very nice showpiece. Her father purchased it in 1912 when he homesteaded West of Pike Lake. The Cockshutt Plow was painted red with yellow striping. The John Deere was green with yellow striping.

The first system for watering livestock on the farm was just outside the barn. It was a sandpoint driven into the ground about fourteen feet. A sandpoint is a short length of pipe with many holes drilled in it. It is covered with fine screen. It has a sharp point on one end, and is threaded on the other end so that it may be screwed to the pipe that carries the water

to the surface. It must be driven into water, and to work properly, the pump had a cylinder below frost level so a hole about three feet across was dug to a depth of nine or ten feet to accomodate the cylinder and allow access to it. The cylinder had a small hole near the bottom. It was kept plugged in the summer, but was opened in the winter to allow the water to drain out of the cylinder so that it would not freeze. If the pump was in good shape, a few strokes would pick up the water. The water trough was hewed out of a twenty-four inch by eight feet long log. This pump was used for many years. If one needed water, he just lifted the pump handle up and down.

Dad finally purchased a small motor. It was a Fairbanks Morse perpendicular motor, one and one half horse power. It had a flywheel into which was recessed a handle which could be turned out to crank it with once it started. Centrifugal force caused one handle to fold in out of the way. It ran from a dry cell battery and a timer which worked on a cam. If the motor was turned so that the timer was touching the cam, it would spark continuously until it was turned off. We boys used to set the cam sparking and then tell any strange kids who came in the yard to touch the spark plug. They would receive a shock. In the years after, the summer resort started at Pike Lake. We would catch quite a few city kids on it.

The pumpjack, as it was known, consisted of a small gear on the motor which meshed into a large gear that had a short shaft sticking out at one side. To this shaft, was attached a pitman, which in turn was attached to the top end of the pump rod. As the gear revolved, it caused the pitman to move up and down, causing the rod to do likewise. It pumped water just the same as if a man was doing it, but it sure was a lot easier on the elbow grease.

The next engine, that Father bought, was a Stickney three horse power. The cylinder was horizontal. It had two flywheels, three and one-half feet across. A two by four was bolted to the frame, and it stuck up in the air six feet. At the top of this two by four, the gas tank was mounted. The gas line was three eighths black pipe, and was fastened on the side of the upright by clips. It seems that it had not been discovered that an engine would have a certain amount of suction, so they put the gas tank up high to give it pressure. It had what was called a hot plug. It could be unscrewed from the cylinder head, and had to be placed in a fire and heated red. This was to vaporize the gas.

Dad and Harry Forbes decided to remodel this engine, so they started to work on it. They had worked for five or six days on it. Between Mother and I, we were cutting the wood for the house with a bucksaw, which is a narrow saw blade set in a frame with a turn buckle at the top for keeping the blade tight. Mother got tired of this. She got her Irish up, and went to the shop, and told those two fellows just what she thought of two men who would just fool away their time and leave a woman and a young boy to cut wood into stove lengths. Well Dad did not say much back to her. He told me to cut enough wood to last for the night. They figured on having the engine going before dark. They had mounted it on a sleigh with the engine at the front and a circular saw at the back, driven by a six inch wide flat belt. The saw had a heavy cast iron balance wheel on the opposite end of the mandrel from the saw. I had seen Harry and Dad crank that engine so long with no results that I did not have much hope that it would ever run. They would stand, one on each side, put one hand on the rim of the flywheel, and the other on a spoke, and roll it over and over. It worked out that they could both crank at the same time as Harry was left-handed. I was busy cutting wood at the pile when I heard a small explosion at the shop. I hoped it was the last of that engine, but, lo and behold, it settled into a continuous string of pops, and the old Stickney was running as nice as you please. They carried a few poles over to the shop to try it out. The old girl never faltered. It was just one woodstick after an other as fast as they could be pushed on. It did not take long for them to get the team hitched and move the outfit to the woodpile. In about one hour, that was left before dark, they cut enough wood to last at least ten days. Whoopee, I was sure glad that bucking wood was over, but it was still my job to get it to the house. With my father's help, I built a hand sleigh with upright stakes at each end. I would

pile it full and skid it over to the kitchen door, and from there, into a monstrous old woodbox. I resolved, then and there, never to try to do anything by hand that could be done by power. However, there was much work done in those days where there was no power available.

Dad went around the district with that outfit, sawing wood for the neighbors at a rate per hour. A crew of five or six men would get together at one place to saw a pile of wood that had been chopped with an axe and hauled in from the bush on sleighs. Then they would go to the next farm and repeat the procedure. That way, a supply of wood was cut in one winter to be burned the next, so that, by then, it would be nicely seasoned. The larger logs were split. We tried to do this when the wood was frozen as it split much easier. Some farmers liked to pile their wood in what was known as ricks. Split sticks would be crisscrossed to form a corner, and the wood piled against that. It was an ideal way to season wood, but, as it was very time consuming, more often than not, it was not done.

Willow was the best wood that grew in this area. The diamond willow grew to a fair size. It made very good fence posts. We fenced the NE quarter of section 20-TWP-34-Range 6 West 3rd in the fall of 1915, where I live now, with willow posts. When I moved onto this land in 1938, many of those posts were still in fair shape.

Mr. Henry Sawyer, who was one of the best men with the axe in the district, told about walking about a mile to one of his neighbors to get a ride to a dance with him. After the dance, they came back to this fellow's place. The first thing he did was grab his axe and head into the bushes back of the house. He came out carrying a few sticks of dry wood. Mr. Sawyer asked him how come he did not get a supply of wood ahead. He answered, "I like mine fresh."

The Boss wanted a bigger engine, so he sold the old Stickney and bought a Magnet made by Gould Shapley and Muir Co. It was supposed to be a lemon as the man who owned it could not get it to work. He told Dad what it was like, but he took a chance and bought it. It was five horse power and a bit cantankerous about starting. I do not remember what he did to it, but it developed all the horsepower needed to saw wood. A feed grinder was mounted on the same frame with a shorter belt to drive it. It was very slow. In fact, Harry Forbes said, "A jaybird could eat the feed as fast as it would grind it." When I was a young man, I would take this machine and go around the countryside cutting wood. I received two dollars per hour for the machine and myself. I worked very hard all day.

Very little coal was burned in this area as there was so much forest area. But those who could afford it burned coal at night because it lasted better than wood and saved getting up at night to replenish the fire.

So far, I have written mostly about my Dad, so I will relate something about my Mother. As a girl, she was very slim. Her waist measurement was nineteen inches when she was married. She kept the belt of her wedding dress for many years. She gradually took on weight until she weighed two hundred pounds. I think a good part of that weight was her heart. She was very good-hearted and loved by everyone. She played the violin and piano. She brought her violin with her from the States, and she taught me to play it at an early age. The first tune I learned to play was Clementine. If I remember rightly, it was very wavery and scratchy. My brother, Arnold, learned to play too. We started playing for house dances. If there was a piano in the home, Mother played with us; if not, we just played two violins, or should I say, fiddle as we just played by ear. Years later, it was one of the thrills of my life to play for square dances, a whole room full of people, swinging and stepping in time to the fiddle. There were many callers, but one that stands out in my memory was a fellow named Tiffin. I believe he came from the Smithville district, north and west of Saskatoon. He would come up on the stage and announce that there was going to be a square dance. When all the sets were in place, he would say, "Let her go lads." From then

on, he kept up a steady rhythm as he had words that rhymed which he fitted in between calls. The first dance, that I remember going to, was in the clubhouse at Pike Lake. The music was what was called "pickup" which meant that different people played, but no one received any pay. My cousin, Merrel Kinzie, was one that played the fiddle that night. Billy Deardon played the piano. The clubhouse piano had a gadget on it so the music came out with a banjo effect which I liked very much. Billy always smoked a cigar as he played.

One night, my brothers, Arnold and Conard, and my sister, Lela, went to a dance at Moon Lake School, which was about six miles north of Pike Lake. When we went in the door, there was a Metis playing an oldtime waltz. Arnold and I learned this tune from him. We did not know the name so we called it the "Half Breed's Waltz". When he played for a square dance, he kept time with both feet, and he sure made them fly when he played "The Red River Jug."

Mother loved to dance and was surprisingly light on her feet for a large person. She was very jolly and dearly loved a joke. A young couple, Joe and Mary Shadwell just out from England, were working for us. One night, Mother thought she would have some fun with Mary. Joe and Mother had just finished milking the cows. Joe was in the kitchen turning the cream separator, and Mary was washing dishes. Mother went to the shop and got an old pair of overalls, belonging to Dad, and a jacket and cap. She put them on and tucked her hair carefully under the cap. Then she knocked at the door. When Mary answered, she said she would like to see the man of the house about a job. Mary looked her over and said just a minute. She turned to Joe, who was still at the cream separator, and said, "Joe, there's an old bounder at the door looking for work." Joe could not keep quiet any longer. He broke into a loud guffaw. Mother removed the cap. When Mary saw who it was, they all had a good laugh.

In the year, 1928, Mother and Dad, with sister, Edith, and brother, Glenn, drove their car, a 1927 McLaughlin Buick, back to their old home in the state of Kansas, U.S.A. One of Dad's brothers-in-law was a Dutchman. He was a practical joker, so Mother decided to have some fun with him. She looked up an empty whiskey bottle, and filled it with cold tea. Then she called Frank aside, and said, "I have brought a bottle of whiskey all the way from Canada just for you. Don't let the others know because they will drink it all." He thanked her very much as he considered a bottle all the way from Canada was a real nice treat. The next day, at a family gathering, Frank said, "Florence, I don't think much of your goddamn Canadian whiskey." Frank Zilliox was a sort of dealer and peddler. He always had something to sell, and he was always looking for a bargain. He took the folks to a picture show. He approached the wicket, and said, "These people are here all the way from Canada. Would you like to have a two dollar bill and our presence, or not have it, and not have our presence." They would take the money.

The first Christmas that I can remember, Mother went to the bush and cut a poplar tree about four feet tall. She lopped the branches off six inches from the trunk. Then she sent my brother, Arnold, and I to a sand ridge about a quarter of a mile from the house where there was a patch of creeping cedar. She told us to cut a dozen or so pieces and bring them home. There was about ten inches of snow on the ground, but we dug it away, and there was the cedar. It looked a lot more green against the snow than it did in the summer time. We took it home, and Mother tied it to the poplar tree branches. We ended up with a really good Christmas tree. We trimmed the tree with popcorn on long strings and Jacob ladders, made with paper strips cut from a magazine. We tried to find as much color as possible. We had three candle holders. They were made from tin pressed into the shape of a small saucer. Two little jaws with a spring between were attached to the bottom. When the handle end was squeezed, the jaws opened, and it could be clipped to a branch of the tree. We, also, put Christmas cards in the branches so that it ended up a very good-looking tree.

As yet, there was no school in the district, so Mother had been teaching my brother,

Arnold, and I at home. We had a small blackboard. Any letters or circulars, that came in the mail, were saved, and any space, that was not written on already, was filled with our figures and writing. Sometimes, we wrote or drew pictures on brown wrapping paper. We used wax crayons to draw with, and came up with some rather wierd pictures.

One day, we saw two men going past our house on skis. Mother told me, "That is Andrew and Hermund Dahlen. They are going to work on the schoolhouse, and they must have it nearly done." Those men were settlers in the Valley Park district. They had already built a school there. To save money, they hewed the studs and rafters from poplar poles. That building burned some years later and another was built in its place. The Valley Park School was situated on the NW 22-33-6-3 on the north-west corner. Angling across from it, was a sod house that had been built by a homesteader named Andy Skram. He had given up and left his sod shanty. My grandmother moved into this soddie and kept my cousins, Lena and Merrel Kinzie, so they could go to school there. Church was often held in Valley Park School.

One Sunday, I drove to Grandma Brady's sodhouse and went to church with her. The denomination was Lutheran. I do not remember much about the service, but, after church, Grandma, my cousins, Lena and Merrel, and I walked to the Nels Dahlen farm for dinner. The Dahlens had walked to church, and we all walked to the Dahlen home together. Mr. Mercer, a settler at the south end of the Valley, and his wife were there. They had driven by horse and buggy. They were from England and quite aristocratic. Mrs. Nels Dahlen was a very striking looking lady. When we sat down at dinner, Mr. Mercer was sitting next to her. He said, "I feel just like a duke sitting beside a queen." The Mercers names were Will and julia. One time, many years later, they were heading for Saskatoon in their Model T. Ford. Near our place, the car stopped. Mr. Mercer walked to the house to get Dad to help, but he was not home. So Arnold and I went to see if we could do anything. We tried this and that and got it running, but it would only run a few minutes and stop again. Mr. Mercer was getting quite exasperated. He said, "Damn this car." Mrs. Mercer raised her eyeglass or monocle, and said, "Why Will, I am surprised at you." "Just you never mind, Julia," said Will. It struck me so funny that I had to go behind the car and laugh. I still get a chuckle every time I think of it. Shortly after, Dad came home and found that Mr. Mercer's son had told him to add some oil in the motor. He had tipped up a five gallon can of used oil with the idea, if a little will do good, a lot will do better. The motor was full of oil to the top. He got the Ford going. The Mercers had dinner with us, and returned home. They left the trip to the city until another day.

Mrs. Mercer told my Mother about an experience she had in the early days. Mr. Mercer had gone to Saskatoon and she was alone in the house with a young son and daughter. She had put a roast in the oven, and then discovered there was no wood in the house. When she started to the woodpile, the coyotes were howling. She was afraid to go, so she tore up magazines and fed the fire until the roast was ready for Mr. Mercer. When he came home, he assured her that the coyotes would not harm anyone, but he was not too sure in his own mind.

Pike Lake School was finished, and it was time for me to begin my education. I was a very shy boy. In spite of the fact that I had been looking forward to going, when the time came, I had some misgivings. When I arrived at school, I was soon put at ease. The teacher's name was Miss Annie Campbell. She had red hair and was not overly pretty, but she made up for that with a wonderful personality. I did not know it at the time, but my cousin, Lois Kinzie, told my wife years later that I was one of Miss Campbell's favorite pupils. She gained our confidence almost at once. We respected her and tried very hard to please her. In those days, there was no teacherage, and someone in the district must supply the teacher with room and board. Miss Campbell stayed with Aunt Cora and Uncle Bill Kinzie. As the teacher was paid by the month, she paid her lodgings in the same way.

The school building was twenty by twenty-four feet with a high-pitched roof. The ceiling was twelve feet high. There was no insulation in the attic or walls. The outer wall was made with three-quarter inch shiplap covered with tarpaper, and cedar siding on top of that. The inside was wainscotting, a type of tongue and groove lumber, four inches wide, and bevelled at the edges, so where the boards came together, it formed a V. Some called that type of lumber, V joint. It was cut to a length of four feet and stood on end, and a trim was put along the top. The upper part of the walls were lath and plaster, and ceiling was all V joint.

Across the front of the room was a blackboard. It was four feet high and stretched the full twenty feet across the back of the room. Over the blackboard was a wooden case. It had a door that opened out. Down inside the case were rollers on which were maps of Europe, Asia, Africa, North and South America, and Canada. The rollers were spring loaded, so that they would retract the maps after using. On one side of this case was a framed picture of King George, the Fifth, and, on the other side, a picture of Queen Mary. Above the mapcase was a Union Jack. There was also another flag which was flown from a steel flagpole out in the yard. It had a large cast iron ball on top which was painted to look like brass. One night, after a dance, some of the young fellows were driving from the barn to the school with a team and sleigh. They drove too close to one of the guy wires, and the sleigh got caught on one of the guy wires. Down came the flagpole, right across the rig, and just missed hitting one of the lads. It did considerable damage to the sleigh box.

At the back of the school room, was a built-on cloakroom or entry. It would be about ten by ten feet, and lined with V joint all over. On one side was a row of hooks on which the boys hung their jackets. The overshoes and rubbers were placed on the floor below. On the other side was a shelf with a hand basin for washing. We were expected to bring our own towels to be hung on the hooks with our coats.

Next to the hand basin was a water cooler. There was no pump at school, so someone had to bring water and put it in the cooler. There was a tap at the bottom for filling the cups. We each had our own cup. Miss Campbell asked our mothers to make us small bags to keep our cups in. They had drawstrings to close them, and after they were used three or four days, I doubt if they were too sanitary. The cooler became lined with iron rust from the water. It never did taste very good, but we drank it when we were thirsty enough. A few years later, some of the older boys would go to a homesteader's well on the same quarter section as the school, and bring back a pail of water. The well was twenty feet deep and had a rope and pail for bringing the water to the surface. The homesteader's well had a cribbing made of wood and a box built over the top with a door to open to get at the water. He had been working for the summer, and somehow the lid had been left open, after the summer holidays, another boy and I were sent to get water. We came back with a nice, cool pailful. The teacher was thirsty so she filled her cup. She tasted it and said, "Oh my, there is something wrong. This water is not fit to drink." She went to the well with us. This time, we looked in, and there, floating in the water, were two dead gophers. They had been in there for some time as their hair as starting to come off. We bailed out all the water, dead gophers, too, repeated the process for two or three times, and the water was O.K. again.

At the back of the schoolroom and to one side of the door, was a row of hooks for the girls' coats. Above the coats was a pendulum clock. In the corner next to the coats, stood a bookcase. The bottom part was about forty inches wide by twenty inches deep with two doors on the front and shelves inside. The top part was the same width as the bottom, but only fourteen inches deep. The doors to the top part were glass, set in a framework of wood. The books on the shelves could be seen quite easily without opening the doors.

On the other side of the door was the heating system. It was made by the Waterman Waterbury Co., and consisted of an upright coal and wood stove with a grate in the bottom. This grate could be moved back and forth, causing the ashes to fall into a compartment

below in which was a pan for catching the ashes. The pan had a handle for carrying the ashes outside. There was an asbestos insulated jacket around the outside of the stove. It sat about fourteen inches out from the stove and had a door on the front which could be opened to get at the heater to put in coal or wood, and take out the ashes. At the back of this jacket, which sat ten inches from the floor on four legs and twenty inches from the outside wall, was a square hole, twenty inches across. A hole was cut in the outside wall level with the one in the jacket. These were joined by a square tunnel of tin. Inside, was a damper to shut off the air from outside. At the outer end was a screen with louvers to keep the rain and snow out. This damper was closed most of the time as there was lots of fresh air that came in around the doors and windows, and through the walls of that uninsulated building. For humidity, there was a square trough which hung inside at the top of the jacket. It could be filled with water or snow. There were three large windows on each side of the room, some years later, they were boarded up on one side as it was decided the cross-light was bad for the children's eyes. Beside each window on very ornate brackets, sat kerosene lamps. These lamps could be turned against the wall when not in use, and turned out when light. The lights were used at Christmas concerts, dances, and night meetings.

Bruce Sawyer, one of the older boys, was janitor for many years. He was supposed to go to the school early and get the fire going. One cold morning, he lighted the fire, and it was not burning too well. He took some kerosene from one of the lamps and doused it into the stove. Nothing happened for a few minutes. Then there was a loud bang and all the pipes from the chimney to the stove came apart. There was soot and pipes all over the floor. When the teacher and other pupils came, he was trying to get things back together. With some help, he got it going again, but it was so cold in there. We did not go to our seats for any lessons that morning. The schoolroom floor was always so cold in the winter that if we left our lunch pails any distance from the heater, the lunch would be frozen. This condition persisted, and was very much the same when a young teacher, named Victoria Harvey, came to teach at Pike Lake. She tells about walking two miles to school, and upon arriving there, find there was no fire or that it had just been started, and the room very cold. That same teacher is my wife. I kept her out of the cold for a few years. Then, when things did not go too well on the farm, she went back to teaching. By then, conditions in the schools had improved somewhat. However, they were still a long way from today's schools with gas or oil heat so that buildings never cool off at night.

The floor of the schoolroom was fir flooring, four inches wide. It became furred rather badly as it was not oiled or painted. The desks were two-seaters with cast iron legs. The bottom part of the seats could be tipped up separately to enable the pupils to get in and out easily. Underneath the desk top was a storage place for books and scribblers, as we called our work books. In the middle of the desk top was an inkwell for the use of both pupils sitting at the desk. It had a hinged metal lid and a glass container to hold the ink. It was a messy arrangement, but better than ink bottles all over the place. The top had a groove cut into the surface for holding pens and pencils. The pens were a piece of wood about one quarter of an inch in diameter and tapered to a point at the top. The bottom was a metal ferrule into which a pen nib could be fitted. Nibs came in fine, medium, and coarse sizes. A student dipped the nib into the ink and wrote until the nib was dry, and so on, until he had finished writing. The nibs had a split point so that they held the ink better.

At the front of the room and beneath the map case, was a platform. It was ten inches high and eight by ten feet, and on this platform sat the teacher's desk. It had a flat top and drawers on each side of the knee recess. My wife, Vickie, tells the tale of a mouse who decided that the desk drawer would be a nice place to start a family. She chewed up some paper and made a nest in which she had her little ones. When Vickie opened the drawer one morning, the mouse popped out. She screamed and stepped back quickly much to the amusement of the pupils.

At the right of the desk sat an organ. It had carved wood trimming and mirror at the top. Most of the teachers did not play; however, a girl pupil, Grace Hugget, played several pieces very well. On days, when it was too cold to play outside, the older girls would gather around the organ and sing their favorite song, "Glory, Glory Hallelujah." I liked the singing and would have liked to join in, but I was careful not to let them know.

On top of the teacher's desk was a globe map of the world. It sat in a frame and could be turned so whatever country or continent the pupil wanted to see, came to the front. I never knew what all the drawers of that desk contained, but I found out one held a strap. It was a piece of rubber belting about twenty inches long and one and one-half inches wide. Our first teacher, Miss A.E. Campbell, never took that strap out of the desk. But a few years later, a Miss Stewart came to teach. I cannot recall her first name. Somehow, her and I did not hit it off. I got strapped very frequently. Miss Stewart told the people she was boarding with that she was going to give me the strapping of my life on the last day of school. They passed this along to my father, and, on the last day of school, he said to my brother, Arnold, and I, "How would you fellers like to stay home today and help shingle the henhouse." That was a new henhouse he was building.

This teacher was strapping one of the younger boys and he would not hold his hand still, so she held his hand in hers. She raised the strap high and brought it down. He jerked his hand away, and she hit herself a good smack. I guess, by the look of her face, that it hurt rather badly. She was mad, but she was a good enough sport to delay the strapping for that day. Most teachers who gave the strap did it after school, and the recipient was alone with the teacher. But that one liked to strap in the presence of other pupils. Two of the older boys bragged that they got more than the strap from the teacher, but I was never that lucky. I suppose I was a slow one in that way.

The next teacher I must mention was Miss Kathleen Barnes. She was more like our first teacher. I knew, the moment that I walked into the school and listened to her give her opening address, that I was never going to get the strap from her. I was going to behave in such a manner that chastisement would not be necessary.

We had a teacher named Miss Mary Walker, and another named Miss Olive Carpenter. These two, along with Miss Annie Campbell and Miss Kathleen Barnes, stand out in my memory as the best teachers that taught me. Miss Stewart had to be the worst. I think, if I had been a bit nicer to her, things would have been better, but we just seemed to rub each other the wrong way. We never tried to be nice to each other. How she must have hated me and I certainly did not have much love for her.

In the first years of school, each pupil had a slate and a pencil. A slate was a dark gray piece of slate bound around the edges with wood and felt, and laced with cord. This rim was usually red and yellow. The slate pencil was a round piece of slate, six inches long and three-sixteenths of an inch in diameter. Fourteen pupils were enrolled when the school first opened, and in a few years, this number had increased to thirty-two. Imagine, if you can, thirty-two slate pencils scraping away on thirty-two slates.

We often had a spelling bee on Friday afternoons. Two older pupils, called captains, would stand on each side of the room. They would take turns choosing their teams. When they had finished, a line of pupils stood on each side of the room. The teacher would point at a captain and call out a word to be spelled. If it was spelled correctly, the captain on the other side got a chance to spell a word. The game continued, back and forth, and down the lines. Anyone who misspelled a word must return to his seat. This went on until there was one pupil left. He or she was the winner. It was not always the captains who won.

In the first years of school, we had what were called merit cards. They were in different sizes: one, five, ten, twenty-five, fifty, and one hundred sized merit cards. They were given for good work. After a pupil had collected five one merit cards, he could trade for a five

merit card, and so on. The merit cards were nice. A one hundred merit card was a flowery work of art which not too many received until near the end of the term. We were supplied with an envelope to keep our cards in, as we were expected to have clean cards when we traded them.

In the winter, we ate our lunch sitting in our seats, or if it was very cold, we were allowed to eat near the stove. In the summer, we sat in a row beside the school, boys on one side and girls on the other.

When our first teacher, Miss A.E. Campbell, was leaving here for another school, she presented each pupil with a booklet. On the outside was the word, "Souvenir", and below that, was the line, "Education is the apprenticeship of life. Wilmot." The first page of the booklet read:

> "To serve as a future reminder of our school associations, this souvenir, with the best wishes of your teacher, is presented to you, believing that it will in the future bring to mind pleasant memories of the past."

The second page read:

TRUTH

Think truly and thy thoughts
Shall the worlds famine feed
Speak truly and each word of thine
Shall be a fruitful seed
Live truly and thy life shall be
A great and noble creed

Horatius Bonar

One of the sublimest things in life
in the world is plain truth

Bulwer Lytton

The third page read:

ONE LIFE TO LIVE

I shall not pass this way again
But far beyond earths where and when
May I look back along a road
Where on both sides good seed I sowed

I shall not pass this way again
May wisdom guide my tongue and pen
And love be mine that so I may
Plant roses all along the way

I shall not pass this way again
May I be courteous to men
Faithful to friends true to my God
A fragrance on the path I trod

Anon

Fourth page:

Pike Lake School
District 172 Township 34
Saskatchewan -
1914
Miss A.E. Campbell, Teacher

Pupils

Darlene Kinzie
Grace Huggett
May Sawyer
Ralph Pippin
Goldie Forbes
George Chesley
Irene Osborne
Vernon Bardwell
Alice Wilson
Katherine Wilson
Conard Pippin
Nancy Forbes
Frances Osborne
Albert Sawyer
Lois Kinzie
Arthur Chesley
Bruce Sawyer
Arthur Kinzie
Hazel Bardwell
Walter Kissack
Rose Wilson
Arnold Pippin
Floyd Huggett

School Officers

John Forbes, Chairman Andrew W. Dahlen, Trustee
Bert Pippin, Secretary-treasurer

Fifth page:

Tis the school of today that stands by the flag
Our nation will stand by the school
The school bell rings out our liberty old
Tis the pupil whose ballot shall rule

The blue sky above is liberty's dome
The green fields beneath is equality's home
The schoolhouse has proven humanity's friend
Let us then the flag and schoolhouse defend

(Below this poem is a picture of a school with a flag flying in the yard.)

Last Page:

Education

Its function is to prepare us for a complete living. It is the greatest lever of civilization, the gigantic mechanism of time, the grand, dynamic force which has uplifted the people to a higher and nobler plane of civilization. It is the power which leads to success for the individual and the republic or kingdom, and molds our future in the crucible of life.

I still have this booklet in my possession, and I prize it very highly.

Pike Lake School in the beginning. The author is second from the left.

For awhile, workbooks or scribblers were furnished by the Department of Education. They were shipped from Christie's Bookstore, Brandon, Manitoba, E.L. Christie, Proprietor. I have a scribbler that I used when I was eight years old. It has a picture of Christie's Bookstore on the back cover, and an Indian papoose in a cradle hanging from the branch of a tree on the front.

To complete this edifice of learning, was a man called a school inspector. He usually came around once or twice a year. With no warning, he would just drop in at the school. Some inspectors were very gruff; others were very nice. But teacher and pupils hated to see him come, just in case he found something that was not as it should be. On one occasion, an inspector, Mr. C.P. Seely, who was a teacher at the Normal School in Saskatoon, came to the door. He did not knock, but burst into the room, paced from the back to the front, and, then, across the room, and announced, "This room isn't square." What an introduction to a young teacher and her pupils. I was afraid to say anything then, but when I was a young man, I met this inspector. In conversing with him, I mentioned that episode and my opinion of it. He only laughed and did not explain what he had been trying to do.

Mr. Seely's niece was my first girlfriend. She stayed at his home while attending Bedford Road Collegiate in Saskatoon. If I phoned his house to talk to her, he would say, "Nobody speaks to anyone around this house unless I know his name." I was at his house on several occasions, was invited in and treated very well, but we always seemed to get into an argument about one thing or another. I was farming, and he had a hobby farm. Sometimes, we got into rather heated arguments. I was cocky enough to stand up to him and give him

my opinion. I often wondered what he thought of me. One time, he told his niece, "Ralph is sure one fine fellow."

Going back to the incident at school. I think he would have loved it if one of the pupils would have stood up and answered, "Who said it was." I wanted to, but could not get up my courage to do it.

There was a barn in the schoolyard for horses driven to school by pupils who lived some distance away. There were also two outhouses, one for boys, and the other for girls.

In the winter, my brother, Arnold, and I walked across the ice on Pike Lake, a distance of one and one-half miles. When the ice was not safe in the spring and summer, we often walked around the north end of the Lake, which was three and one-half miles. Sometimes, our cousin, Merrel Kinzie, when taking his sisters and younger brothers to school, would come through our yard and give us a ride. I liked this because he always had a fast-stepping team, and he sure let them go. The team, that he drove most, were named Mag and Pride. Dad also took us to school sometimes, and he would tell us ahead of time. As there was no phone, Merrel could not let us know when he would be coming. We would get ready and if he picked us up, O.K.; if not, we walked. After my Grandmother Brady, who owned a horse and buggy, came to live with us, we drove to school. The horse's name was Paddy. He developed into a typical school kid's horse. It was hard to get him to go faster than a walk. We used a little switch on him, but all he did was switch his tail, and continue on at the same speed.

My uncle, Ed Brady, who was farming a few miles east of Vanscoy, Saskatchewan, needed another horse to make up his outfit. He took Paddy to his farm. He drove his horses by what was called "strung out", so many behind and a lead team in front. He put Paddy and another horse in the lead. Paddy was too slow, so Uncle Ed devised what he called a "bow gaggle." It consisted of a piece of board, ten inches long with two nails driven through one end. The other end was fastened to the belly band on the harness, leaving it hanging down and free to swing. A cord was attached to the bottom of the board and extended back to the driver's seat. Uncle Ed would call out sharply, "Paddy", and give the cord a pull causing the board with the nails to swing up against Paddy's tummy. He sure hit the collar then. After a time, this device was discarded, but "Paddy" in a sharp voice, never failed to remind him to get going.

After we were a few years older, our Father let us take the boat across the Lake to school. The boat was sixteen feet long with a four and one-half foot beam. It was constructed of three-quarter inch lumber which made it very heavy, but it was just the thing for kids to use, as it would not upset and was safe in any wind. My brother, Arnold, an I rowed this boat sitting side by side using an oar each. I cannot recollect how fast we went, but it did not take long to cross the lake. We spent many hours in the evenings and on Saturdays fishing from this boat. Fish were plentiful and were the same mud snakes that give my writing its name.

One day, Arnold and I were walking home along the road around the end of the lake. Dad Dowling had a pasture in which he kept a jersey bull. We had heard that if you shook something red at a bull, he would get mad. Our lunch pails were Swifts Silver Leaf Lard pails. They were red with a silver leaf on the side, so we shook them at the old Jersey. He pawed at the ground, got down on his knees, and tore at the dirt with his horns. He stood up, looked at us, and started towards us. We got scared and started to run. Arnold could run faster than me in spite of my long legs. We were barefoot. I can still see the two little clouds of dust that his feet were kicking up. The bull followed after us; he in the pasture and us outside. He stopped when he came to the end of the pasture. We kept right on down the road until we were out of breath. I think, if he had come through the fence, we would not have run out of breath so soon. If a bull has any sense of humour, I am sure that old boy

must have had a good chuckle to himself at the way he put those upstarts away from his domain.

I must mention the pupils who went to school with me those first years. The Sawyers were May, Bruce, Albert, Stanley, and Frankie. The Wilsons were Alice, Kathleen, Rose, George, and Archie. The Kinzies were Darlene, Lois, Arthur, and Maurice. Then, there were Grace and Floyd Huggett, Vernon and Hazel Bardwell, and my brothers, Arnold and Conard. Darlene and Frances were older girls and did not play with the younger kids. The rest usually played very well together.

Darlene married Orville Smith, a local boy. They raised a family of three boys and one girl. Orville and Darlene have both passed away. Lois married a young farmer from the Valley Park District, Henry Dahlen. Their family consisted of three girls and two boys. Henry and Lois raised their family in this area. Now, they have retired and are living in Saskatoon, a happy and contented couple. Arthur Kinzie married Eileen Price from the Valley Park District. They moved to the West coast where Arthur passed on. Maurice married Dorothy Russell from Beaver Creek, Saskatchewan. They farmed here for a few years and had two children. They decided to separate. Dorothy is living at the coast. At present, Maurice is living in Delisle, Saskatchewan.

Frances Osborne married a man from Laura, Saskatchewan. The Osbornes left this area and I lost track of them. I never heard if Irene married.

May Sawyer was a very nice girl. She grew up to marry a local man, Ted Sackville. They lived here a number of years, and then, moved to Saskatoon. After a time, they came back to the Pike Lake District, and lived here until her death. Ted went to Ontario to his son's home. He passed away there.

One time, at school, we were playing war. We boys were defending a ridge and the girls were attempting to take it. We had sticks that we were using as rifles. Of course, in our imagination, they were equipped with bayonets. My stick or rifle was a piece of willow, partly burned and charred. May came charging up the ridge at me in a new blue dress. I was going to stop her, and I poked at her with the willow bayonet. It slipped past her side, and, there, on her new blue dress, was a big, black charcoal mark. May forgot about taking the ridge and concentrated on me. I ended up flat on my back with May sitting on me. However, we were good friends as long as she was alive. May and Ted's family consisted of five boys and one girl.

Bruce Sawyer and I used to quarrel and fight quite a bit. I guess we were too much alike to get along. He married a girl, named Mary Stark. They lived in the Gledhow District for many years. Then, they moved to the coast. Bruce joined the Army during World War Two, and was in the raid at Dieppe. When he returned from the war, he did not go back to his family, but lived in Saskatoon where he passed away.

Albert Sawyer married a Valley Park girl, Sophie Torgerson. They had one boy and one girl.

When Stanley Sawyer and I grew up, we became hunting buddies. We hunted and fished together for many years. He married a Gledhow girl, Olive Priest. They lived in this area for sometime, then moved to the coast. After a time, they returned to live on his old home place which had been Henry Sawyer's homestead. On a visit to the coast, Olive fell on the stairs and he was left alone. They had one boy, David, and he was killed in an accident with a bale loader. Stanley sure had it rough for a while, but he is happily married now. He still lives on the home place. He worked at Pike Lake Provincial Park where he made many friends.

Alice Wilson married Elling Dahlen. They lived on their farm for many years. When Elling passed away, Alice sold the farm and moved to Saskatoon where she lives now. They had one daughter.

Rose Wilson was very quiet. She married Jim McQuarrie. He came to this district from Saskatoon and farmed here for many years. They had no children. When Jim passed away, Rose moved to Saskatoon. Now she has passed away also.

Kathleen Wilson was one of the pupils that I liked best at school. She was a very smart girl and exceptionally good at her schoolwork. She developed influenza in 1919 and passed away. She was the first one of the kids that I went to school with, to leave us. I was very saddened by the fact.

George Wilson worked around this part of the country for a while, and then started farming on his own. He married Jean Burnett, a girl from Carmen, Manitoba, who had come to teach at Valley Park School. George is one of the better and more prosperous farmers, and served many years as a delegate for the Saskatchewan Wheat Pool. George and Jean do considerable travelling, but they are at home on their farm. They are known and well liked, far and wide.

Archie Wilson farmed in the R.M. of Vanscoy. He was councillor for Division One in Vanscoy R.M. No. 345 for a number of years. Archie and his wife, Ethel, are divorced. They have two girls and one boy.

The Huggetts, Grace and Floyd, left this area shortly after I left school. I only saw Grace a couple of times after that. Floyd grew into a very husky man. He served as a guard at a penitentiary in British Columbia. He made several visits back to Pike Lake. Then the news came that he was killed while using his garden tractor on a sidehill in the mountains.

Walter Kissack was my best friend at school. I would go home with him after school and stay overnight. Then, he would come to our house to stay with me. Kissacks were Latter Day Saints and very religious at home, but Walter never mentioned religion at school. At bedtime, they would place a row of chairs on the living room floor, one for each member of the family. Then, they would kneel down at the chairs and pray. They had some really long and lasting prayers. When it came to my turn, I had never been taught to pray as they did. I came with the only prayer I knew, taught to me by my Mother:

Now I lay me down to sleep
I pray the Lord my soul to keep
If I should die before I wake
I pray the Lord my soul to take
Bless Mama and Papa and all my brothers and sisters
Bless all my schoolmates and friends
And make me a good boy all the rest of the day long.
For Jesus Sake. Amen.

After, when I stood up, I felt embarrassed. But dear, old Mrs. Kissack said, "That is a very beautiful little prayer." That put me at ease. Walter, a chunky boy with short legs, could beat anyone in school in the hundred yard dash, but I could outdo him in the long distance. In the summer holidays, the Boy Scouts came to camp at Pike Lake. There would be as many as a hundred boys. We often got invited to join in their sports. Out of all the many different boys who would be there, no one ever beat Walter in the short race. Walter's sister, Mildred, who had two long braids of hair, was very small and very smart. Kissacks moved from here to Alpena, Michigan, U.S.A. I corresponded with him for many years. I do not know what happened, but I have not heard from him for many years. I have always regretted losing track of Walter.

Vernon and Hazel Bardwell lived only a short time at Pike Lake. I have no trace of where they went. Arthur and George Chesley moved from here while they were very young.

My brother, Arnold, married a local girl, Marian Ward. They raised a family of four boys and one girl. At the time, when Arnold was courting Marian, we were cutting logs for our sawmill. We used what was known as a two man crosscut saw. It had a handle on each end.

A man stood on each side of the tree and pulled it back and forth. One was not supposed to push the saw toward the other man or push down on it when the other man was pulling. That was known as riding the saw. Marian was at our house for Sunday dinner. As we had been sawing logs all week the talk got around to logging. Of course, being Pippins, we started kidding Arnold about how hard he rode the saw. Apparently, that pleased Marian very much as she went home and told her folks, "They say that Arnold is just a dandy man in the woods. He just rides that saw all the time." As Marian's Dad and uncles had spent a lot of time in the woods in the U.S.A., you can imagine the laugh they had. However, Arnold and I did not have to worry as we worked well together, and could fall a tree in record time.

Brother Conard married a Raddison, Saskatchewan girl, Phyllis Snyder, who came to Pike Lake to teach. All four boys of the Bert Pippin family married school teachers. They had a family of three boys and two girls. Conard moved down east to Woodstock, Ontario during World War Two. He was an excellent machinist, and was sent down there to work in a factory. He died of a heart attack one hot day while mowing his lawn.

This is a resume of the ones I started to school with. Many more pupils came after, whom I shall mention as my story progresses.

I will relate a few incidents that occurred at school that did not have too much to do with education. In the school yard was a bowl-shaped hollow. One spring, after a heavy fall of snow, the snow melted and filled the hollow with water to a depth of three feet in the middle. We threw sticks of stove wood and anything that would float into this pond. The teacher, not one of the good ones, stood at the window and watched us doing this. When we came into the schoolroom, she said, "You older boys can just get busy at noon hour and get those sticks out of the pond." Bruce Sawyer, Ralph Pippin and Willis Hill, a boy who had moved into the district, were the ones delegated to remove the sticks. We fished some out with long poles, but it was too slow. Bruce came up with an idea. He said, "I'll stand in one of the buggies and you can push me out into the water. I will throw the sticks out on the bank." This worked well, but he could not reach all the trash, so he kept one foot in the buggy and the other on a spoke in the wheel. All at once, the wheel slipped on the icy bottom and turned, throwing Bruce off balance. He went into that icy water, headfirst, came up, sputtered a bit, shook the water out of his eyes, and proceeded to finish cleaning the pond. He was very tough to be able to do this, as the shock of that cold water would have stopped most boys. However, his reward was the necessity to go home for dry clothes. He did not come back that day. We found school with that teacher rather boring, and if we could find an excuse to stay home, we would take advantage of it. In all fairness to the teachers, I must say that with some of them we hated to miss even a minute of school. We buckled down and really studied.

I cannot recall the year, but one time, in a hot dry summer, we had a plague of grasshoppers. A couple of baseball gloves were left on the ball diamond over the weekend. When we returned Monday morning, we found they had been chewed until they looked more like lace than ballgloves. The grass was very dry and brown. The hoppers would feed on anything that had a bit of moisture in it.

In the summer of 1919, on a hot July day, a cloud formed in the northwest. When it came over the school, it let loose the second hailstorm that I had ever seen. It was also the worst. The hailstones, on the average, were as big as golfballs and the odd one, the size of a baseball. They were jagged and rough. The teacher asked Bruce to get the flag before the storm got bad. He went out. One of the first hailstones hit the steel flagpole right close to his head, so he ran for the school without the flag. He had about thirty feet to go to reach the schoolroom, and he got pelted with several hailstones. She commended Bruce for taking shelter. She said that if one of those big hailstones had hit him on the head, it could be very serious.

When the storm hit, Dad and Joe Shadwell, our hired man, were breaking brush with a tractor. It had a tin canopy over the top and they rode the storm out under it. I guess that was some tatoo on that tin roof. They had a team of horses to take them to and from work as they were working two miles away from home. The horses were tied to the wagon, and fed hay and oat bundles. They just turned their backs to the storm and stood there and took it. Dad said he thought they would break away and run, but they were near some trees which broke some of the force of the storm.

During our first years at school, Arnold and I were sometimes alone in the house while Mother and Dad were in the barn doing chores. One evening, there was a knock at the door, and Arnold answered it. There stood an R.C.M.P. constable. He asked if he could stay for the night. Arnold said, "Yes." As he was on horseback, he took his horse to the barn where he met Mother and Dad. Mother came back to the house with him, while Dad finished the chores. He had started from Harris, Saskatchewan to ride his horse across country, checking on homesteaders to see that everyone was okay. He had stayed the night before somewhere between Harris and our home at Pike Lake. He was as well built as any man I have ever seen. He was twenty-six years old, weighed one hundred and eighty-five pounds and was the picture of good health. My brother and I asked him many questions. He showed us his gun and explained his work to us. What a thrill for a couple of kids on a homestead who, in the winter, did not see anyone for weeks at a time. We sure had it over the kids at school the next day. His saddle had strips of fur from the stirrup up, and fastened to the saddle horn at the top. These strips were about ten inches wide so that they protected his legs from the wind. He wore a short buffalo coat and a fur cap. In a leather scabbard at the right side of the saddle, hung a Winchester 30-30 carbine, and it was loaded in the magazine. He was issued plenty of ammunition, but he had to account for all cartridges fired. I cannot recall his first name, but his surname was Bradley.

The only meat that Mother had which was not frozen was venison steaks which were illegal. She and Dad conferred and decided to cook them. Bradley ate quite heartily, and never said anything until he was finished. Then he said, "Mrs. Pippin, those were the finest venison steaks that I have ever eaten." Apparently, Bradley was an officer who knew the situation on many homesteads and did not push his authority too much.

We always had a Christmas concert at Pike Lake. When we had an attendance of thirty-two pupils with a few preschoolers and a teacher who was interested, we came up with some really good evenings. We would have several songs by the whole class; some sang solos, and these were sung mostly by the girls. There were recitations by big, little, old, and young, and sometimes, adults from the district would take part. I remember two young fellows, Henry Dahlen and Ray Woodcock, who rented Indian costumes, and got up on the stage and did a war dance. It went over very big with the kids, and the visitors enjoyed it too. There would be several plays. One time, there was one in which my brother, Arnold, was "little boy blue", and I was a frog. Mother made our costumes. Mine had a green back with black spots and a white front. The head was made from cardboard, shaped like a frog's head with two big buttons for eyes. I had to hop around the stage quite a bit. It got very warm as I only had a small hole cut in the bottom to see through.

That same night, my favorite girl at school and I did a skit. Irene Osborn was dressed as a milk maid and we sang the parts, as follows:

BOY:

Where are you going to my pretty maid, my pretty maid, my pretty maid?
Where are you going to my pretty maid?

GIRL:

I am going a-milking sir I say, sir I say, sir I say.
I am going a-milking sir I say.

BOY:

May I go with you my pretty maid, my pretty maid, my pretty maid?
May I go with you my pretty maid?

GIRL:

Oh yes, if you please kind sir I say, sir I say, sir I say.
Oh yes, if you please kind sir I say.

BOY:

And what is your fortune my pretty maid, my pretty maid, my pretty maid?
And what is your fortune my pretty maid?

GIRL:

My face is my fortune sir I say, sir I say, sir I say.
My face is my fortune sir I say.

BOY:

Then I can't marry you my pretty maid, my pretty maid, my pretty maid.
Then I can't marry you my pretty maid.

GIRL:

Nobody asked you to sir I say, sir I say, sir I say.
Nobody asked you to sir I say.

Then she slapped my face, and holding her head high, she flounced off the stage. If applause was any indication, the audience really enjoyed it.

All the pupils enjoyed the concerts. We always looked forward to Santa Claus after. One year, while I was still at school, Percy Newman, a young Englishman, who had settled in the Valley Park District, came to our school and acted as Santa Claus. He kept the audience laughing from the time he came through the door. When he was still outside, he was ringing sleigh bells and he called to his reindeer, "Whoa, back there gol dern ye." When he gave out the presents, he called out the names but he twisted them around and mispronounced them. there was a gift on the tree for Dad, and he called "Berrrt Peppon." Everyone laughed. On down the line, he went laughing and joking.

After I left school sometimes I took part in the concerts, but gradually, moved away from it. After I became chairman of the local school, I was often asked to be M.C. at the concerts. But some of the teachers preferred having one of the older pupils do it. I think that was really the best, because there is no better way than to get up in front of an audience and learn how to conduct oneself. For quite a number of years, I played Santa. I copied from Percy Newman, and had jokes and sayings ready. I got my brother-in-law, Don Lardner, who lives in Saskatoon, to take my place. They knew at once that it was not me, so they started guessing. I doubt if they know to this day who it was.

I drove a school bus in this area for ten years. I had the pleasure of taking my grandson, Harvey Ross Pippin, to school on his first day.

One time, the school board was discussing installing indoor toilets in the school. One trustee, who was very much against this, made this statement. "No. No. No. Before we install toilets in the school, I will let the kids shit in my hand and throw it out the window." So much for progress. Needless to say, he was soon replaced by a trustee who had different ideas.

Time went by, and I was ready to go to write my grade eight exams. I was taken to Saskatoon by my father to the Princess Alexandra School on Avenue H and 20th Street. Arrangements were made for me to stay with the Tom Priel family, as I would be writing on more than one day. Priels lived on Avenue H, a bit over a block from the school. I was very

nervous and self-conscious, but felt better once I was in the room and had found a seat. Mr. Sharp was in charge. I think he was the principal of Princess Alexandra School. He was a very neat, smart-looking man who wore rimless glasses. The thing that I remember best was the reading of the spelling test. He read very slowly, and these were the lines: "In the Forestry Park at Indian Head, young trees are to be had for the asking . . . ", and so on. We had to write it as he read. If one did not get it the first time, there was no second chance. But he spoke clearly and distinctly, so there was not too much problem.

I served as chairman of the school board for a number of years, and was instrumental in moving the school house from its original site to a more favorable location. Digging the hole and putting in the basement was all done with the help of the local ratepayers. A building mover was hired to do the moving part. We installed an indoor toilet system but the above mentioned trustee did not even come around to see what we were doing. We also installed a sandpoint and pump which was replaced by a pressure system as time went on. In place of the old entry, we built on an extension with two cloakrooms and a stairway to the basement, as well as an outside entrance to the basement. We also laid a maple floor which was sure an improvement over the old fir floor. Most country schools have been torn down or sold to someone, but Pike Lake School still stands and is in use in this year, 1979.

CHAPTER THREE

In the early years, the threshing in the Valley Park and Pike Lake area was done by Knut Dahlen. As there was much threshing to be done, it was necessary for the farmers in our end of the Valley to stack our wheat, and wait until Knut came to thresh it, sometimes after freeze-up. By the time he got around to threshing for us, the elevators at Vanscoy would be plugged as there were many large farms in that area. They hauled their grain directly from the separator to the elevators.

Knut's outfit was a Rumley steam engine 30-90 and a forty inch Rumley separator. By Rumley separator, I mean that the cylinder that threshed the wheat from the heads was forty inches wide. Knut had a bunk car and a cook car. They were long, narrow buildings mounted on wheels so that they could be moved from farm to farm as the threshing progressed.

One night, when the crew was all asleep, the bunkcar started to rock and shake. Andy Scram jumped out of bed and yelled, "Hey boys, we are having an earthquake." Everyone hurried outside, and there was a big, white sow, scratching her back under a corner of the bunkhouse.

Andrew and Hermund Dahlen had come to the Valley Park district in 1902, and filed on homesteads; then, they went back to Dakota, U.S.A. They came back to the Valley in 1903, bringing their belongings with them. They were both single, but married after they became well-established.

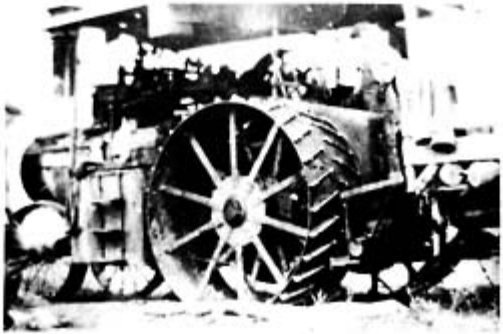
When Knut retired, he sold his threshing outfit to Hermund and Andrew. It did the threshing in the Valley for many years. The last time I saw the old Rumley at work, it was leaking water from quite a few joints but still driving the separator like it should.

Knut's son, Martin, was the engineer and he was sitting on top of one of the drive wheels watching it work. He had a big smile on his face and looked as if he was enjoying it. Jimmy McNeil was firing and I think Tom Dyrdal was looking after the separator. These men have all passed away. It gives me a very nostalgic feeling to write about ones who were good friends and neighbors for so many years.

When the Rumley separator wore out, Hermund and Andrew bought a case with a galvanized steel body. They threshed with it for several years. When the old steamer gave out, they purchased a Twin City gas tractor rated at 27-44 Hp. It was a four cylinder and developed good power, but it did not drive the machine like the old Rumley. Anyway the glamour of steam was gradually dying out.

Hermund's son, Harold, farms in the Valley Park district as does Andrew's son, Elvin. They are both top-notch farmers. I am sure the old fellows would be very proud of them if they could see them today. However, they will never be any better citizens than the old fellows who worked so hard establishing their farms in the early days.

Bert Pippin decided to buy a small threshing outfit, so he purchased a Buffalo Pitts steam engine from William McIntosh, a pioneer thresherman. We called him Uncle Billy as



The Patriarch of Valley Park clearing land by pulling trees. Hermund Dahlen at the throttle.

The Patriarch of the Valley Park District, Knut Dahlen's steam engine. Knut's homestead house in background. Knut and his sons Martin and Elling on Engine. Plowman unknown. The year is 1912.

Moving the Forbes Store. The tractor is the old Rumley which belonged to Knut Dahlen originally. Hermund and Andrew Dahlen owned it when this picture was taken.

Ploughing with Rumley steamer in Valley Park area. Note burning straw as fuel.

The Rumley Outfit. Valley Park.

Threshing at Valley Park. Andrew Dahlen and Hermund Dahlen.

William McIntosh and Joseph Rayburn threshing outfit. Note ox teams hauling bundles. 1908.

he was a very lovable character. The Buffalo Pitts was what was known as rear-mounted, which meant that the firebox and cylinder were at the rear, putting most of the weight on the rear axle. On a heavy pull, the front wheels would raise off the ground, so sometimes a team of horses had to be hitched to the front. When crossing the ford over the creek on Dad's homestead, it would sometimes get stuck. The front would be higher than the rear, causing the water to run back in the boiler. This exposed the safety plug, which would melt, causing the loss of the steam and most of the water. This meant that the outfit would have to sit there until it cooled off so that another safety plug could be installed, and the Buffalo Pitts, filled with water. Then, it had to be raised to a more level position which was some job in the mud sticks and water. I could never understand why a proper crossing was not built when there were so many logs handy. After getting stuck three or four times, a log bridge was built. It was used many years. Then, one spring, the Saskatchewan River went on a rampage with an ice jam which caused flooding of all low-lying land. Most of the bridge went downstream.

The separator was an Aultman Taylor with a twenty-eight inch cylinder equipped with a feeder and straw blower. Some of the machines in the early years, just had a sort of straw carrier which carried the straw a few feet from the back of the separator. When the straw piled up to it, it was forked away by hand. Also, on those machines, a man had to cut the bands on the bundles with a knife and spread the sheaf out on a small platform in front of the cylinder, and then, push it into the machine by hand. The Aultman Taylor threshed wheat and oats very well, but not the flax. The straw walkers would let some of the straw fall over the edges, and it would wind on the crankshaft that drove them. When it got enough in

The washout of the Pole Bridge at the old Ford. Bert Pippin farm.

Bert Pippin's threshing outfit, 1912. Buffalo Pitts Steam Engine; Aultman Taylor Separator.

there, it would start to smoke. If it was not removed, it would catch fire. Therefore, it had to be watched very carefully and the straw removed from time to time. On each side of this machine, was a sheet metal plaque, painted red the same as the separator with a yellow trim around the edges. In the center was painted a yellow rooster, thin and scrawny with very few feathers. At the bottom of the plaque, were the words "Fed on an Aultman Taylor strawpile." It was Aultman Taylor's way of saying their machines did not put wheat in the strawpile. Most machines threshed very well, but a lot depended on the operator and how he adjusted it.

Dad threshed that fall in the R.M. of Cory, now named Corman Park in the Smithville District. He ran the engine himself, and Joe Rayburn, who farmed in the Vanscoy district, ran the separator. A young man from Middle Lake, Saskatchewan fired the engine. They used straw as fuel. The engine had a small rack on the back. A team and bundlerack would pull under the strawblower and catch a load of straw; then haul it to the engine and fork it onto the rack on the engine, so it was handy for the fireman. His full name was William Augustus Rheinhold Kaun, but he was just called Billy. Sometimes, a special man and team were kept to bring the straw around, and he was known as a "strawmonkey."

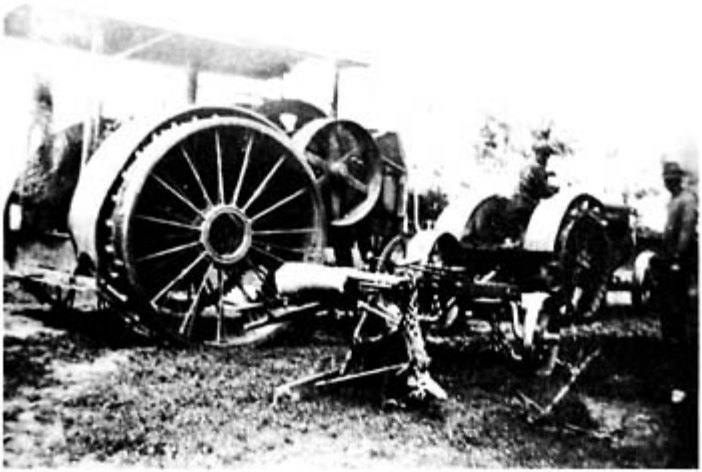
Billy had never fired before, but he gave it a try. No matter how hard he worked, he could not keep up steam. There was a gauge on the steamers, and the pressure had to be kept up or the engine would not develop its rated power. He was toiling away and not doing too good, so Dad took the fork, stirred up the fire, and showed him how to feed the straw into the firebox in little bunches so that it did not pack. He was all smiles after that. He told Dad, afterwards, that he had intended to quit that night as he felt he was working too hard and not getting anywhere. He fired all that fall. The next year, he took over the engineer's job, and brought his younger brother, Paul Alfred, to do the firing. The Kaun boys brought their older brother, Gus, to run the separator, but after a couple of years, he never came back.

The fireman, on a steam outfit, had to rise about three thirty or four o'clock to get up steam, and be ready for the day's work. I have seen Bill take over the firing from Paul so that he could have a nap in the afternoon. The engineer did not have very much to do once the machine was set, but it seems he had to be there. You would never see him very far away. All engineers had a love for their engines and liked to listen to it work as it developed the power to thresh. Bill would sit on the engine with a wheat straw in his mouth, his face black with steam engine oil and dust. I longed for the day when I would be old enough to run an engine, but this was not to be, as far as steam engines were concerned. After two years of threshing with steam power, Dad traded the Buffalo Pitts for a 15-30 Fairbanks Morse kerosene-burning tractor.

Dad's outfit was small. It used six teams for bundle hauling, a tank man for hauling water for the engine, a straw monkey, a spike pitcher, a field pitcher who helped the teamsters put on their loads; the engineer, the fireman, and the separator man completed the manpower. I have worked at all these jobs except hauling water and straw. I found field pitching to be the most arduous task of them all. About the only way one could get a rest, was to hide behind a stook of wheat as there always seemed to be an empty bundle rack coming out to the field. Dad did not have a cook car or bunk car, so the women of the farms, where they were threshing, had to rise very early and work very hard all day. The had to prepare the meals, and wash dishes at night after the crew were through for the night. However, I would like to say that, in all my years of threshing, I never came across a bad meal. I always looked forward to threshing time, and the variety of meals that were fit for a king. All honour and glory to those pioneer women who so ably fulfilled a task that at times seemed impossible.

The men had their own blankets. They would sleep in an empty granary, shop or building where they could find space. Some would pile straw under their racks and sleep there. It gave them some protection overhead. Others would burrow into a straw pile which

was about the warmest place. Before they retired, the men saw to it that their horses were stabled for the night with a manger full of hay. I only knew of one man who mistreated his horses, and it was when I was running an outfit. I fired him.



Fairbanks Morse 15-30. McCormick Deering 15-30. John Deere Jumbo 24 inch Brush Breaker. Ralph is on tractor and Bert is standing. 1926.

My Dad claimed that Joe Rayburn was the best separator man he ever saw. In the early days of threshing, the teamsters just pulled into the separator whenever there was a space. Sometimes, both racks would be unloaded at the same time with the result that the machine would run empty until another load was moved in. Joe overcame this by using a spike pitcher, a man who climbed on the rack and helped a teamster unload, feeding the machine from one side with the result that there was always a full load of bundles on the opposite side. Dad said that it could make as much as two hundred bushels difference in a day's threshing. Joe was an expert at lacing belts. This was done by punching two rows of holes in each end of the belt and lacing it together with strips of rawhide or leather, cut about three-eighths of an inch wide. He was very good at levelling the machine. To do good work, a separator should sit fairly level.

I had heard that Billy Kaun was running a garage at Leroy, Saskatchewan. In 1973, I drove out there to see him, but his garage was closed. I was told that he had been dead for two years. I was sure sorry that I had not gone to see him sooner as I would have enjoyed visiting with him. I expect I would have got considerable help from him with this writing. Paul Kaun farmed in the Middle Lake district, and I understand he has passed away.

After finishing the threshing they were doing in Cory R.M., Joe and Dad took the outfit to Joe's farm at Vanscoy. When they were through there, they went to the farm of Claudius Romulus James, which was situated south of Vanscoy, and next to the road that runs east out of Vanscoy. The farm is now owned by Bill Hodgson, who lives in Vanscoy. The James family came from Arkansas, U.S.A. They professed to be related to the great outlaw, Jesse James. While they were threshing there, it was getting late in the fall. They threshed until dark. Mr. James came to Dad and said, "Mr. Pippin, when the sparks start to fly out of the smokestack, I would like to shut it down as I think there is danger of fire then." What he did not realize was that the sparks were flying all day, but did not show in daylight. Anyway, the smokestack had a cone-shaped screen over it which let through only the smallest sparks and they would be cold before they hit the ground.

Another time, some of the local farmers were gathered in the blacksmith shop in Vanscoy. Mr. James offered to bet my Father that a binder tied every so often whether there was wheat in it or not. He would have lost because a binder had packers which pushed the grain against an arm which had a mechanism that held the arm until the bundle was packed to the desired firmness. Then, this mechanism would trip off, allowing the gears that drove the knotter and the arms that removed the bundle to take over, and spit the bundle out onto the bundle carrier. A bundle carrier would hold from six to eight bundles, and was controlled by the operator's foot. He would drop them at will, so they were laid out in windrows. He could drop them next to the ones he had dropped the round before, so that windrows would be straight and handy for the stooker. I explain this for my young readers who probably have never seen a binder. The older lads, who know all about these things, will likely find it boring.

The Fairbanks Morse tractor burned kerosene as fuel. Thirty gallons would run it a twelve hour day threshing with a twenty-eight inch separator. It was the first tractor that I ever drove. It seemed a huge machine in those days, but when I see one of these tractors in a museum now, it does not seem so large. There is one of them in the museum at North Battleford, Saskatchewan. In spite of signs saying "Do not climb on the tractors", I could not resist. I got up on the platform, and had just got hold of the steering wheel, when a young lady came by and said, "Off the tractor." No "Please," or "Would you mind getting off the tractor?"—just, "Off the tractor." She was not very nice or pretty. I was seventy-two years old at the time. I thought she might have considered that I was just an old man bringing back a few memories.

The carburetor had two compartments, one side for kerosene and the other for water, with a needle valve on each one that had to be set by hand. When the engine was under load, it was not hard to set the amount of kerosene. It would ping if the water side was not adjusted properly, and if too much water was turned on, it would lower the power. However, the operator soon learned what the best settings were. The carburetor did not have a float but a raised area in the center. When the fuel pump, which was a small piston pump that drove from a cam, filled the carburetor to the raised area, the fuel returned via a pipe back to the fuel tank. It had two trap lids on the top which could be opened to check the fuel level.

The air intake was a three inch pipe which led from one side of the motor to the other in a horizontal position. On this pipe were two dampers which could be used as chokes for starting. An elbow at one end held a perpendicular pipe. It was open at the top with no air cleaner of any kind. One could sure hear it gulping in air.

The motor was a single cylinder with a ten inch piston. The connecting rod was round, and had two heavy brass blocks, which fitted on the crankshaft and could be adjusted by removing shims.

The two fly wheels were five feet across and weighed fifteen hundred pounds. The ignitor was make and break with points inside the cylinder head. A cam and spring

arrangement caused the points to snap open and make a spark. The battery was a six volt dry cell. But Dad ended up rigging a magnet on it so that, after it was started on the battery, it could be switched over.

To start the engine, the operator stood on a small platform at the side of the motor and unscrewed a gadget from the top of the cylinder. It was about six inches long by one-half inch thick. It had a notch cut in the bottom end, designed to hold a match head cut off with about one-half inch of matchwood. This short match was installed in the notch. The top of the striker, as this gizzmo was called, had a spring around the stem and a flat head, made of brass about one and one-half inches across; so that when the head was struck with the palm of the hand, it caused the match in the notch to go downward, striking a small projection inside the cylinder, thus lighting the match. With this striker removed from the cylinder, the operator put a foot in the spokes of a fly wheel and turned the engine up against compression. The balance weights on the flywheel would cause it to roll back thus sucking in air at the opening. Some gasoline from a bottle was poured in as it rolled back and the striker was screwed back into place. The operator then stepped on the spoke again and rolled it hard up against compression, and stepped back and hit the striker. The match made the first explosion. Then the ignitor sparked, and, if one had done everything right, it was off and running. We found that kerosene mixed with the gas made for a better starting mixture, as when the engine was hot, the gas, poured in for starting, evaporated too quickly.

The clutch and gearshift operated from a lever about four and one-half feet long. If the lever was pushed to the left, it caused a small gear to mesh with another gear arrangement. Therefore, when the lever was pulled back, it engaged the clutch and caused the tractor to reverse. When it was pushed to the right, the small gear slid over to another larger gear, and engaging the clutch and caused the tractor to move forward. Its forward speed was two and one-half miles per hour. The clutch was wooden blocks which expanded inside of a drum on the flywheel, and worked very good if properly adjusted. Dad got an idea, one time, that some rubber belting would work well if it was screwed onto the clutch blocks. He was brushbreaking and it sure held well. He finished the field and started to take the tractor home to the yard. He had made a twenty foot pole gate coming into the yard. The poles were all peeled and bolted and nailed together. It had hinges he had made in the forge and a hook for fastening it shut. When he came near the gate, he attempted to throw out the clutch, but the rubber had got hot and vulcanized to the clutch drum. The Old Bull, as Dad called his tractor, did not stop. He shut off the fuel, but the flywheels had enough motion to carry on right through the new gate. The tractor weighed nine tons, so the remains of the gate made pretty fair firewood.

The steering gear was a worm gear and drum arrangement. A chain was wound around the drum and attached to the front axle, one end at each side, so that when the steering wheel was turned, it shortened the chain on one side and lengthened it on the other. This caused the wheels to cramp and it turned very well. It took thirty-two turns of the steering wheel to bring it from right to left or vice versa, but it turned very easy and had a spinner. One had better start winding a bit ahead of time, if he wished to come straight into the furrow.

The radiator sat on the front end over the front wheels. It held fifty gallons of water when full. There was no top on it, and, if it was too full, some water would spill out going up or down hill. On top of the tank, there were two screens set in A shape, with a one and one-half inch pipe drilled with many holes. This pipe was the point at the top where the two slanted screens met. A centrifugal pump was situated close to the cylinder and was driven by a round twisted leather belt, fastened together with hooks. The water was pumped from the bottom of the tank, through the cylinder and back to the pipe above the screens. It just trickled down them, and back into the tank. That was the only cooling system it had, but it

would evaporate twenty-five or thirty gallons of water per day. The tractor had a canopy over the top, made of corrugated galvanized sheet metal. The intake valve was in the cylinder head, but the exhaust valve was in a square of cast-iron on one side of the cylinder. The exhaust valve cage was usually close to red hot and the exhaust pipe was close to the operator. It was very nice when threshing on cool days in the fall, but was hot as hell in the summer. The exhaust pipe was a four inch pipe inside a larger one. When the engine was idling, it blew the most perfect smoke rings. The exhaust sounded "chouf, chouf", and as the motor turned at 224 r.p.m.s per minute, it choufed 112 times per minute. It was throttled governed, and fired very evenly.

When my youngest brother, Glenn, was a small boy, he used to walk around the yard, pretending he was a tractor, with his hands turning one over the other, in imitation of the flywheels, and saying, "chouf, chouf". Then, he would reverse his hands and walk backwards, saying, "chouf, chouf, rung a rahr, rahr, rung a rahr, rahr." The "rung a rahr" was in imitation of the tractor gears as they made a noise much like that when in reverse.

This tractor was used for threshing and breaking from 1915 to 1926. In 1924, Dad traded the Aultman Taylor separator for an International Harvester separator. It was built of wood as they had not started to build galvanized steel ones yet. It was the best flax thresher that I ever saw.

For brushbreaking, we had a twenty-four inch John Deere Jumbo breaking plough. It had a low beam and gave quite a bit of trouble with sticks and trash hanging on the cutter. The cutter stood upright from the point of the ploughshare and was clamped to the beam at the top. The wheels were low, which was good as the axles held the brush down until the furrow and the right rear wheel, with a six inch extension, ran on the plowed land. It packed soil down tight on the brush and it rotted very quickly. We disced over the top and seeded and harrowed it for two years. Then, it could be ploughed back with little trouble. A man rode on the plough and used a fork, made from a flat piece of steel with a pipe handle. He poked and steered the brush so that, instead of clogging and dragging in the cutter, it was ploughed under.

The plough was pulled by a chain which ran through a link on the beam of the plough. The two ends were attached to the draw bar of the tractor. Sometimes when the plough hit a solid stump, the tractor wheels would spin and dig in. Then, the tractor operator backed the tractor out of the holes, and the ploughman would shorten the chain, so that the tractor, in going ahead, dropped into the holes it had made. The weight of the tractor, as it moved ahead, would split an eight or ten inch stump wide open. The very large stumps were the only ones we removed the first year as the weight of the tractor pushed most of the smaller roots and stumps back into the ground. The motor on this machine was bolted to the frame with seven-eighths inch bolts. As lock washers had not been invented, it was necessary to tighten these bolts quite often as they worked loose from vibration, and crawling over brush and stumps. By quite often, I mean about every fourth round on a half mile. There was considerable vibration when threshing so a screw jack was used under one corner of the frame to steady it. This vibration could be felt through the drive belt when standing on top of the separator. This is my description of the first tractor that I drove. I must say, that in its time, it was as good as there was.

As for the brushbreaking, I have seen and used tractors that were easier to handle. But none of them, not even a Cat, could come up to the finished job that the old Fairbanks Morse left. I would love to stand on that old platform again for just one hour, pull in the clutch, and feel the Old Bull "chouf" and grind its way along.

CHAPTER FOUR

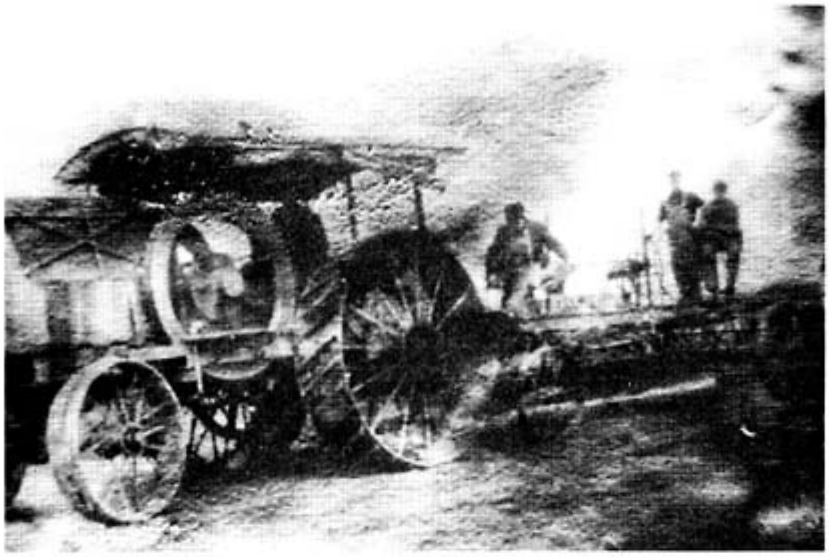
There were several Fairbanks Morse tractors in this area. S.A. Coates of Vanscoy owned one. Stratton Gwyn, who farmed about halfway between Vanscoy and Pike Lake, had one, and its exhaust could be heard at our farm. Andrew and Eddie Moreton owned a Fairbanks Morse tractor. They farmed along what is known as the Low Road or River Road, which runs from Pike Lake to Saskatoon. They were about eight miles from Pike Lake.

They had the misfortune to break the crankshaft on their tractor right in the throw. It was fourteen inches of solid steel. Eddie climbed up in there and drilled a three quarter inch hole right through, and put in a steel bolt. He did this by ratchet drill. He started in the centre at the top, and came out dead centre at the bottom. The drill could only be moved about one third so that it had to be back and forth for many hours. It was a fine piece of work, considering what he had to work with. The tractor worked many years after it was fixed.

Ned Evans purchased a Fairbanks Morse tractor and grader. He contracted to build the road known as the low road. Eddie Moreton drove the tractor and plowed the right of way using a John Deere Jumbo brushbreaker. The brush and trees had all been cut by axe and piled and burned. After plowing and discing, the grader was used with the tractor furnishing the power. This road ran from what was known as the Gable Hill to the north end of Pike Lake. The Gable Hill was named that because an English settler, whose house was at the foot of the hill, had gables over the windows. Andrew and Eddie Moreton were pioneers in the Moon Lake Flat. They were good western neighbors, well liked and respected by everyone.

Dad and three neighbors had driven with a team of horses and a sleigh to hunt moose in the Tisdale, Saskatchewan area. They shot three moose; a bull and two cows. The cows were illegal. They skinned the moose. After quartering and freezing the meat, they loaded it in the bottom of the sleigh and piled their camping gear on top. I do not remember much about their trip home, but they did not stop in Saskatoon. They drove to Andrew's farm, and stopped to feed the horses and have dinner there. Shortly after they left, a Mountie rode in and said he was looking for some hunters that had shot two cow moose. Andrew said, "They stopped here for dinner, but I didn't see any cow moose." Of course he didn't, because they were loaded under all the camping equipment. Andrew was just protecting his neighbor from trouble. The Mountie, after partaking of some of Mrs. Moreton's good food, returned to Saskatoon.

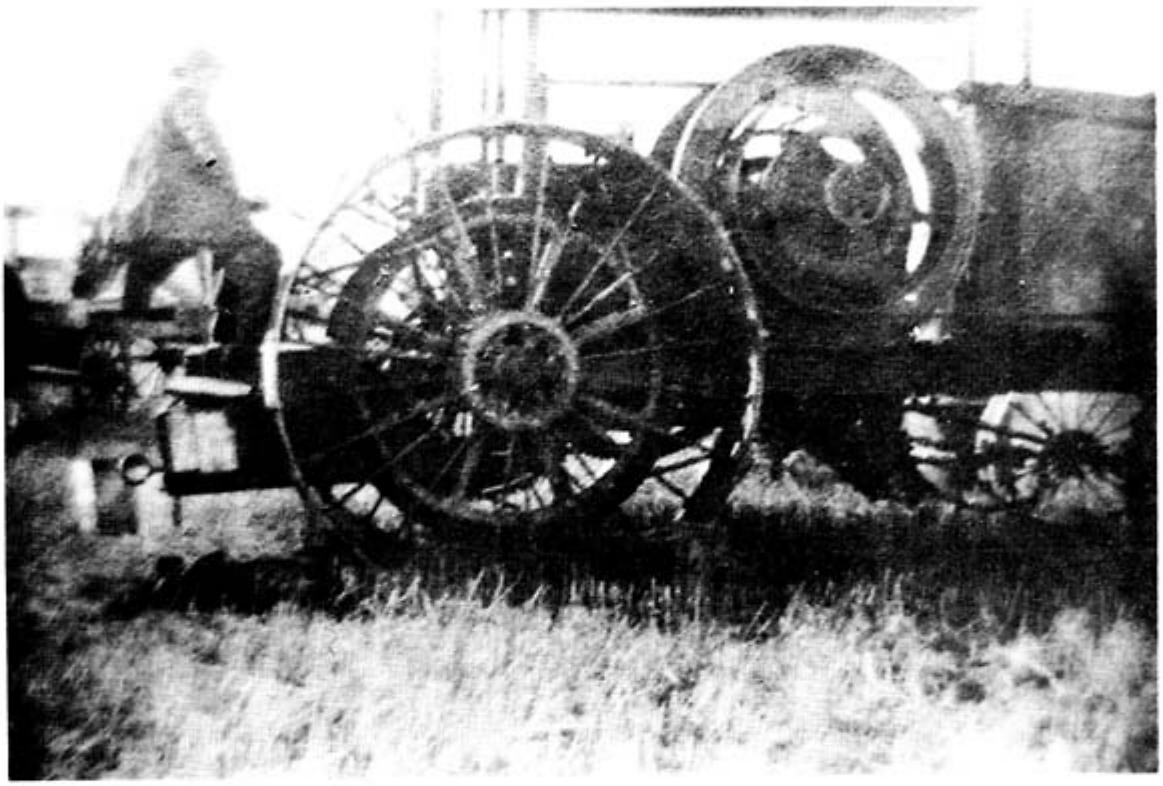
Andy and Eddie were both hunters. Eddie was a crack shot, but was quiet and never boasted about his shooting. Andy, however, was the opposite. He liked to tell about his prowess. His boast was that he never took more than one shot to get his deer, so amongst the hunters, he became known as "One Shot Andy." I have no way of knowing whether he was that good or not. Eddie was a taxidermist and mounted many trophies for himself as well as for others.



Andrew and Eddie Moreton's road grading outfit about 1915.

Moreton's Separator. Andrew on top.

Eddie Moreton was married, and his wife and he had one daughter, Jean. Jean rode a white horse to school. I would often see her on the way to or from school. When she grew up, she married a fellow I considered to be one of my best friends, Irvin Rowatt. He passed away early in life. Eddie's wife passed away, leaving him alone on the farm. He was always glad to see company. I suspect that he spent some very lonely hours. Eddie joined the Army in World War One. He was with the 16th Canadian Scottish. He has been gone for quite a few years, but Eddie was the type of person who will always be remembered.



Moretons' engine threshing. Andrew taking it easy.

Henry and Ned Evans were earlier settlers in the Moon Lake District. I do not remember much to write about them. I believe that Ned moved to Alberta and was killed in a runaway with an outfit of horses. John Evans was Henry's son. He also owned a Fairbanks Morse tractor with which he did much breaking in the Moon Lake area, when he was a young man. He, later, formed a construction company, Evans Construction, which he built into at least a million dollar layout. He built many roads in Saskatchewan, Alberta and Manitoba.

Another tractor of the same make was owned by Dick Smith, who also lived in the Moon Lake area. His eldest son, Jim, ran that one. It was known as a hit and miss. It did not fire even like the throttled governed. But Jim, being a pretty fair mechanic, changed it over to throttled governed. Jim and I were near the same age and got along well together. He always told his family that I was more like a brother to him than just a neighbor. Jim developed multiple schlerosis. I did not know he had this, but noticed he was losing weight. One time, he rolled up his sleeve and showed one of his arms. It was just skin and bone. It made me very, very sad to see the powerful arms, that he once had, wasted away

like that. John Evans owned a plane, and he flew out to Jim's farm while Jim was sick. He landed on the road running past Jim's house, and took Jim for his first and last plane ride. Jim enjoyed it very much. He did not live long after that, and passed away in 1969, another of the pioneers gone.

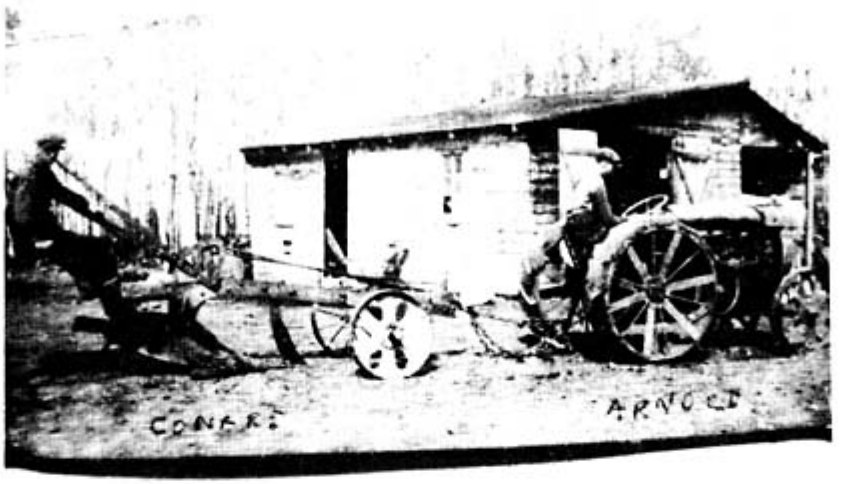
Sometimes, Dad used his tractor for ploughing summerfallow when we were getting behind with our work, and the weeds would be gaining on us. He purchased an eight bottom John Deere plough that had been used behind a larger tractor, a steam engine. The bottoms were attached to the frame in pairs, and one long lever raised each pair. Six bottoms were too much for his tractor, so he only used four, and disconnected the other four.

Dad began raising his own horses for farm work. He bred his two mares, Daisy and Dot, to a stallion, named Sir John, that had been imported from Scotland. He was a Clydesdale and a magnificent animal. He had a white blaze on his forehead and four white feet. The white hair on his legs was long and almost to his knees. It took a lot of grooming to keep it in shape. The colts, that we raised from this horse, gave trouble with that long hair. If they stood in the barn, such as in the winter, they developed what was known as scratches. They were little sores, and the horse would irritate them by scratching at them with his hoofs. A mixture, known as pinetar, was rubbed on, and soon healed the trouble. I cannot recall ever seeing this on the front feet, but only on the hind feet and legs. We kept on raising horses. George Buchanan, who farmed at the south end of the valley, owned a hackney stallion so we raised a number of his colts.

In the year, 1923, we owned twenty-seven horses and then disaster struck. The horses contracted what was known as Swamp Fever. I believe that's what it was. Anyway, most of the horses died from it. There did not seem to be a cure. Dr. A.B. Cowan, V.S. from Saskatoon, did his best, but he could not save them all. Dr. Cowan always wrote his name in black pencil on the walls of the barns that he visited. His name is still on Dad's old barn, though it is quite faded now.

We were left with one outfit of horses, not too well matched. Dad decided that, instead of buying more horses, he would buy a small tractor. He chose a Fordson, manufactured by the Ford Motor Co. It was a four cylinder and was the forerunner of most modern tractors. The frame was cast in two parts and bolted together. The motor and transmission sat in line. It pulled two fourteen inch ploughs at three miles per hour. It had a low gear and a high gear, which made seven or eight miles per hour. About all the high gear was good for, was going to dinner. The plough was an Oliver. It had a power lift which was a rod with a ring on the end. It extended to within reach of the operator, who had to pull once to engage a rachet to lift the plough from the ground and pull a second time to cause it to drop into the ground. It was a good little outfit for its day. My brother, Arnold, drove it and ploughed many acres. When working with horses, they had to have a short rest at the end of a half mile round. However, the tractor did not need to stop. It also travelled a bit faster than horses, and did a better job of ploughing. In those days, it was a disgrace if a farmer did not leave his land absolutely black. All stubble or trash must be turned under or burned. The stubble was often burned before tilling the land. When the dirty thirties hit Western Canada, this practice did nothing to help the problem of soil drifting.

While the advent of the combine harvester did nothing to improve the scattering of weed seeds, it did much towards putting fiber back into the soil. It spread the straw so that it could be cultivated back into the soil. As for weeds, in those times, I had never seen Russian Thistle, Canada Thistle or Sow Thistle. But it did not take many years before we had wild oats. I recall the first Russian Thistle I ever saw. I was cutting wheat with a binder when I came upon a strip of green growth about eighteen inches wide by twenty feet long. A thistle had ripened the summer before, and as is its custom, had rolled the twenty feet scattering its seed. The green plants were big and healthy. I, not knowing what it was,



Fordson Tractor hitched to John Deere Jumbo plow just to take the snapshot. Arnold on engine and Conard on plow. Note the reinforcing spokes in the tractor wheel placed there by blacksmith, Bert. 1924.

Arnold ploughing down sunflowers that had not been cut the year before. Fordson tractor. 1924.

figured the binder would take care of it. It jammed into the binder canvases and stopped them dead. I was not wearing gloves, and I had a very uninteresting time digging it out.

My first experience at working in the field was with four horses on a disk. It had a lever for setting the disk blades at an angle so that the soil was thrown out from the center each way. Most of the disking was done double, and the disk was lapped half way so that the soil that was thrown outwards was thrown back the next round. The disk was only seven feet wide, so double disking was a slow process, but it was all we had to work with. One could do eight acres per day.

In my first outfit, I had one lazy horse. He just would not walk up with the others, so I devised a bowgaggle, a device described to me by me uncle, Ed Brady. I have described it earlier in this writing. I got it all arranged and tied the string to the lever on the disk. Then, I gave the rope or string a jerk, and called "Charlie." Charlie stepped ahead, the string tightened and held the board with the nails in against his stomach. He started to buck and kick. I was only twelve years old and I was scared. All at once, the string broke and he quieted down. I think he was lazier than ever after that. If I had just held the string in my hand, the gadget might have worked. But I doubt it, as I noticed that Charlie was doing an unusual amount of scratching himself. I investigated and found that he was lousy. The lice were on by the thousands and were just taking all his vitality. we clipped his hair short and got rid of the vermin. But, as far as Charlie was concerned, he never did have any pep. It could have been something else bothering him. But he ate like a horse and seemed in good health, so there was no way of knowing.

To clip horses, we had what was known as a Stewart Horse clipper. It stood upright, and was a pipe with three feet at the bottom and a gear box on the top. The gear box had a crank on one side and a flexible hose on the other, to which was attached the clipper head. When the crank turned, it caused the hose to rotate and drive the clipper. As it was geared so that the hose side ran much faster than the crank, it did not crank that easy. Dad usually held the clippers and one of us boys cranked. If one slowed down, the clipper did not cut well. It was quite a task for a young lad on a warm spring day, when he would rather have been roaming around or sitting on the woodpile, sunning himself.

Some years later, I was seeding wheat and using six horses on a twenty run Massey Harris drill. Dad had a mare standing in the barn. The only thing in the way of breaking her to work was to put the harness on her and the bridle with the bit in her mouth, so she would become used to it. Old Charlie was having one of his worst days. He was on the outside of the outfit, so I left the other horses standing in the field and led him to the barn. Then, I led Millie out to the field. I tied her to the hames of the horse next to her, hitched the traces, and got the reins straightened out. There were two places on the back of the drill, one at each end, made of a board about three feet long and ten inches wide to stand on while seeding. When seeding, we worked to and fro, and stood at the end where we could see the mark made by the drillwheel on the edge of the seeded area. I got on the step, as we called it, and said, "Get up." The other five horses started, but Millie hesitated a couple of seconds, and took off. I was not able to hold her as she bucked and tore along. I could not keep on the wheel mark, so I reined in on the other horses and let her stay on the outside. They were going around in circles, and the drill was seeding sometimes where it was already seeded, and other times over the same spot two or three times. After a short time, she quieted down and I was able to proceed with the job. She worked very well, but was very nervous and worked up a great sweat. After an hour and a half, I took her back the the barn and hitched up Charlie again. The next time Millie was hitched, she had a fair idea of what was expected of her, and she worked alright.

When my Father came home, I told him what I had done, but not about going around and around. He praised me for what I had done, but said I should not have tried it when I was alone. After the wheat came up, he was standing on the doorstep one morning and looking

out across the field. He said, "I can't see how come there is so many wild oats out there in that one spot."

All our horses were quiet and easy to handle, but the big Clydesdale team was so tall, that I could not put the harness on them until after I was older. The fall, after I was out of school, I was thirteen years old. Dad asked me how I would like to take the clydes and haul a load of wheat to Saskatoon, and bring back a load of forty-five gallon drums of kerosene, to be used for threshing. This meant leaving home at six o'clock in the morning and going to the Quaker Oats Mill with the wheat; then, to Albert Dunnings Livery Stable just off Twentieth Street West on Avenue B South; feed and water the horses and let them rest; buy groceries; and then, hitch the team, and go out on the edge of town near the Quaker Oats Mill, and load up the kerosene; head for home to arrive at ten thirty or eleven o'clock at night.

A Mr. R.S. Gordon ran the place where we picked up the fuel. He was often away, so that Mrs. Gordon had to load the fuel. There was a homemade contraption, consisting of a cable and drum. The cable was wound around the drum and over the top of a pulley which hung on a beam. The beam protruded from the side of the building and had a hook arrangement, which hooked onto the rims at the top and bottom of the drum. When the crank on the drum was turned, the cable wound on the drum and caused the drum to rise up sideways. Then it was pushed into the wagon box, and then, had to be stood on end. I was not strong enough to do this alone, and neither was Mrs. Gordon. Between the two of us, we managed to load them. The man who looked after Mr. Dunning's barn, the Palace Livery, asked me the horses' names. I told him Pilot and Jupiter. He said, "Your old man must have been to church or some such place to give them names like that."

The Mill, as it was called, had a steam whistle which was blown every morning at six o'clock, at twelve o'clock noon and again at six in the evening. Many people called this whistle the Hooter. It could be heard up to twenty-five miles on a clear day.

One time, when I was going on this trip, I had heard that people had been held up and robbed at the Grand Trunk Railway bridge. I had twelve dollars in a small blue snap purse, so I thought I would hide it in the wheat. When I got past the bridge without being held up, I was so relieved that I forgot my purse. It was dumped in the wheat. There I was in Saskatoon with no money to buy groceries or dinner or pay the livery stable fees. We usually bought groceries from Jack Sklar, who ran the Comet Grocery Store on Twentieth Street. I went to him and told him my story. He filled my grocery order and loaned me enough cash for my dinner and stable fees. I was very, very grateful to him.

An English lady, Lady Lang, was driving under the bridge with her horse and buggy. A hold up man stopped her and told her to hand over her money and jewellery. She slashed him across the face with the buggy whip and drove away. The police picked up a man in Saskatoon with a large red welt across his face. That was the end of the Grand Trunk Bridge holdups.

As time went by, we spend many days in the wintertime hauling wheat to Vanscoy. The standard sleigh box held sixty-five to seventy bushels of wheat. We usually loaded the wheat by shovel the night before. There was one kind of shovel called a Manitoba Grain Scoop. It should have been called a Manitoba man killer. It held one-half bushel, thirty pounds. It was not too bad as long as the bin was full and the shovelling was downhill. But as the wheat got lower in the bin, the effort had to be increased. It had a bail across the top for one hand and handle at the back for the other.

The only man I ever knew who could handle one of those scoops non-stop was my Uncle Ed Brady. One time, we were preparing to thresh oat stacks that had been stacked over winter. I was supposed to haul the grain from the separator and shovel it into a bin in the granary. Uncle Ed came along, all dressed up and on his way to a rodeo that was being put

on in the Valley Park District. He said, "Ralphie, you are too little to shovel all those oats. Get me a pair of your Daddy's overalls." He put them on. They were a few sizes too small. He went to the machine where there were two wagons being threshed in. He hitched the Clydes to the one that was almost full and drove over to the granary. The door on the bin was about eighteen inches above the top edge of the wagon box. He grabbed the Manitoba scoop, bent over, and started shovelling oats. He never let up until the load was off. Then he gave the Clydes each a cut with the line or reins, as some people called them. Not being used to that, they took off on the run. Ed backed the empty wagon into the separator, and pulled out the pin from the double trees, held them in one hand, and drove over the other wagon tongue. Without going in front of the team to put the wagon tongue through the ring in the neck yoke, he picked up the tongue near the wagon and backed the horses until the tongue was in place, put the pin in the double trees, and headed for the granary to repeat the unloading process. We had threshed twelve hundred bushels, and he shovelled it all. He told me once to get in the bin and push the oats back, but he threw them with such force that they hit the back wall of the bin, and curled up the back five or six inches.

Uncle Ed was a very rough, tough character. He could not be all bad when he would give up his afternoon holiday to help a young lad. We boys worshipped him. We liked to go to visit him at his farm, and to see him come to ours. He was married when he lived in the U.S.A., but he and his wife, Carrie, were separated. When he came to Canada, he worked for farmers in the Vanscoy area until he was able to start farming on his own.

He had driven mule teams in the U.S.A. on big mountain wagons with mules strung out, two and two. Sometimes, in the mountains, the lead team would be out of sight around a bend in the road. He made a bet at Vanscoy that he could drive horses in the same way. He hitched the horses to a load of wheat, drove to the elevator, unloaded, and drove home again. The horses had never been hitched like that before, but he was able to show them how. Ed was the water tank man on Ed Carlson's threshing outfit. As he liked a drink, now and then, he kept a bottle of whiskey hidden away. Mr. Carlson was against drinking on the job so they looked and looked for Brady's bottle. They finally found it handing on a string in the water tank. I am indebted to my brother's wife, Marian, whose father, Algot Ward, told it to her.

One time, when Uncle Ed was working for Bill McIntosh near Grandora, he came to our farm with eight mules. He was going to tow a big steam engine plough to the McIntosh farm. He arrived in the evening in a wagon with a low box. There were oat bundles in the wagon for the mules to eat. He tied the mules, four on each side of the wagon. The mules were hungry and ready to eat, but Ed said, "Stand back, you sons of bitches." Not a mule touched a bit until he had cut the strings on the bundles, and said,"Eat now, God damn you." They dug in and ate their supper. The reader may gather from the above that he disliked the mules. On the contrary, he liked them very well and looked after them better than he did himself. But they had to do as he said, or they would be chastised. I have seen him snap the line at a horse and cut some hair loose.

Ed had a 490 Chevrolet touring car. He drove it as hard as it would go. Dad, my brothers, and I were at his farm one Sunday for a drive to look at the crops. We were just cruising along slowly when a car came up behind and passed in a cloud of dust. About two miles down the road, the car that had passed had a flat tire. They were out changing it. Dad said, "Are you going to help them?" Ed said, "No way." He speeded up, and as he went past, he yelled to them, "A fast dog runs a short race."

Uncle Ed would hitch a ride or walk in and stay two or three days without saying goodbye or anything. He would just walk away. The last we heard of him was when the Shockey boys from Vanscoy (they were Ed's close neighbors when he was farming on his own) saw him in the U.S.A., and travelled with him for awhile. Then, he took off on his way and no one has seen or heard of him since. For many years, we hoped that he would come walking in one day.

Ed drove us to Vanscoy one Sunday to see a ball game. The ball diamond was where Marvin Campbell lives now. It was just two pickup teams. Lem and Jim Shockey were playing on opposite teams. Lem was pitching and Jim came up to bat. The crowd started to chant, "Brother to Brother. Let's see who is best." Lem wound up and let it go. Jim hit it hard and fast, straight into Lem's glove and he was out. From the cheering, one would have thought it was the Wrold Series. Lemuel Shockey raised his boys, Carl, Elmer, Edward, Harley, and Dale to be ballplayers. They were very good players. It was said they would stop work right in seeding time to go and play.

Elmer lives in Vanscoy now where he built himself a new house at age, seventy-five. He is in good health, but his hearing is not so good. I sure like to visit and talk old times with him. The name of Shockey is carried on by younger members of the families in many different sports.

When hauling wheat to Vanscoy, there would be as many as twenty teams from Pike Lake Valley Park and farms in between. It was nice hauling in winter on sleighs. But sometimes, when we were working in the fall after a light snowfall, the snow would freeze to the steel rims of the wagon wheels, making it very rough and also harder for the horses to pull. There were four grain elevators in Vanscoy, when I was first old enough to haul grain. The Quaker Oats was on the west, and run by Jack Morrison. Next to it, was the Pioneer Co., and Sivert Loraas was the elevator man there. At the east end, Sivert's brother, Ole, ran the Reliance Grain Co. These elevators changed hands several times in later years, but this is the way they were when I first knew them.

I usually carried a 22 rifle on these trips and shot many Jackrabbits. When I grew older, I used a 303 Savage and shot coyotes. They were very tame in those days compared to what they became after the country was settled.

My parents were very good friends with the James family at Vanscoy. They lived on the south side of the road allowance coming into town from the East. The old house still stands there. Bill Hodgson owns the land and buildings now. We often put our horses in the barn there when hauling wheat. Sometimes, we had dinner there, but usually walked over the railroad tracks to the cafe. I left my rifle and shells wrapped in an old blanket in the sleigh box. Ed and Claude James were going to butcher a pig. Claude got his eye on my rifle and decided he would use it to kill the pig. Somehow, he overshot and made a hole in the side of the barn. Luckily, there was nothing on the other side.

In the winter time, we left the road allowances and cut across the fields. We started these shortcuts on the way home when our sleighs were empty. One team would break track for awhile, and then, someone else would take the lead. These trails were ruts in the snow. When it drifted, the snow would fill in with the result that quite a grade of snow would be built up by spring. It was almost impossible to turn off this grade without upsetting a load of wheat. The sleigh runners were not very wide apart. Therefore, the sleigh tipped quite easily. It was sort of an unwritten law that the empty sleigh would pull over. In the spring, when the snow melted, these grades of packed snow could be seen across the fields while the land on each side was bare.

Once, when I was going with a load of wheat, I met a farmer with a load of coal. I thought he would pull over, as, if he upset, the lump coal would be easier to pick out of the snow than wheat. He stopped in front of me and just sat there on his load and said nothing. I went over and asked him if he would mind turning out. He said, "I am not turning out and I have lots of time, so I can just sit here all day." I looked over the situation and decided that I just might make it if I was careful. I managed to get around him and back onto the road, and continued on my way. I often wondered if he would have tried such a thing with a man. I do know that if I had been several years older, he would have turned out or one of us would have taken a licking.

My brother, Arnold, and I were bringing home two loads of coal for Pike Lake School after we had delivered our wheat. A sudden blizzard came up. On the prairie, it was impossible to see very far, but the wind was to our backs which made it somewhat better for the horses. After we reached the sandhills, the trees protected us a bit and we made it to the school. We unloaded the coal and arrived home shortly after dark.

When we boys were still in school, Dad hired a man to work by the month. If I remember right, the wages were forty dollars per month. His name was Henry Parmlee. He was a short man about fifty years old. When seeding, he stood on the top of the seeder box and talked to the horses continually. "Come on now, altogether. Kick up the dust and make it fly. Duke, Duke, you sonofabitch. Dick, you little bugger. Come on now, feet in time. Get a move on." Then he would start all over again. One might think that he disliked horses. On the other hand, he loved them and looked after them very well. They worked really good for him.

We used to go fishing with him on Pike Lake after his day's work was done. He would go to the store and buy a big bag of candy. We would fish and eat candy. We sure caught some lovely fish. One evening, I had an extra large jackfish. We could see him in the clear water, and figured that he would weigh fifteen pounds. I had him close to the boat, and he made a quick run and broke the line and was gone. We did not have reels to fish with, and our lines were old and worn. Mr. Parmlee said, "I could have jumped and bit a piece out of a hickory log when that fish got away."

Another hired man, Joseph Shadwell, came from England. As he had never farmed, it took a lot of patience and teaching to get him going. When putting the doubletrees on a wagon, he would invariably put them on backwards. The center hole in the doubletrees was close to one cage, and, if put on wrong, the wood would split open and render the evener useless. He broke so many that Dad told him if he broke another, he would be fired. Then he started to think and had no more trouble. Joe was a likeable chap and was very good to us kids. Joe worked for us for several years, and then started on his own. His wife's name was Pamela Mary. We called her Mary. They never had any children.

After a number of years, Joe brought his brother, William, and his wife, Emma, to Canada. Bill was a druggist in the old country. The first fall he was here, he wanted a job threshing. As he had no experience, Dad hired him as a field pitcher. The field pitcher's job was to stay in the field and help the teamsters load up. He had to be tough between the ears as well as all over as it was a very hard job. Bill's hands became blistered from holding the fork, but he stuck it out and ended up doing fairly well. When he first came to the outfit, he said, "My word, that's a bally long strap from the engine to the thresher."

One day, George Forbes, a local wag and story-teller, was in conversation with Bill. It was starting to get cold in the fall as winter was not too far away. He asked George what he should be getting in the way of winter clothes. George gave him advice about what to buy. Then, he said, "There is just one other thing. In this country, a man has to be careful not to freeze his penis, so you had better get a weasel skin to pull over it." Bill's reply was, "My word, I shall attend to that at once." Bill was a very likeable old English chap. I am sure he and his good wife, Emma, went through some very hard times while getting adjusted to our climate and ways. They had one daughter, Ettie. Fred Beal, who was a near neighbor, decided that he would like Ettie as his wife. He started courting her and ended up at Bill's house several nights a week. Bill's remarks about this were, "I have never seen anyone that likes to play cards as much as Fred. Why he comes over almost every night to play."

Another time, Bill was driving his team on a wagon. He got off to pick up something on the road and the horses took off and left him. A neighbor came along and asked what was the matter. Bill said, "That's just the reason I don't like Ettie to drive them. They might get clear away from her." I sawed wood for the Shadwells many times. It was at Bill's home that

I was first introduced to roast beef and Yorkshire pudding. It sure was a fine meal after sawing wood all morning. Fred and Ettie are married. They have a home at Pike Lake where they stay for the summer months. They have an apartment in Saskatoon for the winter.

Their nephew, Charles Buckman, came to Canada several years later. He never married and lived in a shack in the hills, south and west of Pike Lake. His batching was not of the best type, but, as he worked on farms from spring until fall, he did fairly well. Chuck, as he was known, was renowned far and wide. He trapped in the winter. Deer and rabbits were his meat diet. He became disabled and was placed in a home in Saskatoon where he passed away. He organized a baseball team, which he called the Pike Lake Orphans. They are gone now, one more family, who shared in the early days in the Pike Lake district.

CHAPTER FIVE

At the south end of Valley Park, lived George Buckanan, and his wife, son, and daughter. Their home was on the hills, close to where the hills and valley meet. It is now known as the Miller farm. He was a very ambitious man. He owned a 125 hp Sawyer Massey steam engine and a 48 inch separator, and many good horses and machinery. He did considerable breaking in the Gledhow and Valley Park districts. His tractor pulled twelve fourteen inch plows. They were made in pairs, as most of the big plows were, with a long lever for lifting them, two at a time. George was never able to hire a man who could go down the row and lift the plows so that the furrows had an even end. He could do it himself.

One time, he hired a big Ukranian, who looked like he should be able to do it. They were ploughing up to the road allowance at the end of the field, and lifting the ploughs and turning on the road, and whatever room was needed on the other side. By the time the engine was turned and headed back down the field, he did not have all the plows lifted. Some of them had ploughed across the road and were ready to go. He had to start putting the ones he had lifted back into the ground which resulted in a very uneven end. When Buchanan saw that, he walked up to the fellow and said, "By cracky, you are fired." He took over the plowman's job until he could hire another man. As they were breaking in rather heavy soil with discs and harrows behind the plow, the engineer figured that ten plows were enough to have in the ground. However, George would drop in the twelve. When the engine started to work a little harder, he would lift one pair out. This often resulted in an uneven edge to the plowed field, but Buchanan didn't care. He dropped the extra pair in every once in a while, and, sometimes, they would make it down the half mile without the engineer noticing the difference.

The engineer's name was Andy. I cannot recall his last name. He worked there for many years which set a record. It was said that Buchanan had a crew of men working at the farm under a foreman; another crew, that he had fired, walking back to Saskatoon, a distance of twenty-eight miles; and he was bringing out another bunch, so that he could fire most of the ones at the farm. To his credit, any man he fired was paid off in full, but he was just not given a ride back to the city.

One fall, at threshing time, Mrs. Buchanan got the idea that George was spending too much on meat for the cookcar. He told the cook to omit cooking meat. The next morning, the men ate breakfast, and, instead of going to work, they went back to the bunkhouse. He went to see what was wrong. A lumberjack from Nova Scotia pushed him against the side of the bunkhouse, and started hitting the boards, first on one side and then the other of George's head. He said, "Now are you going to get us some meat?" The answer was, "Let me go and I'll get the meat." The lumberjack's name was Skovey and he did not get fired. He was the only man that I ever heard of that backed George Buchanan down.

There was a community picnic at Pike Lake one year. My father was on the committee. Two young lads got into a fight. Dad was trying to separate them when a big fellow stepped

up and said, "Pippin, I say, let those fellows fight." He was cursing and swearing. I was afraid he was going to fight my old man. Up stepped Skovey and said, "Don't take any of his shit, Bert." The big fellow made a pass at Skovey. I was only a boy and had never seen a fight before. I did not know it was possible for one man to give another a beating like Skovey gave the big lad. He did not use any lumberjack tactics, but he sure could use his fists. One of our neighbors stepped in to try and get Skovey to stop. Skovey's pal grabbed him by the back of his collar and the seat of his pants, and gave him a heave back into the crowd, and said, "Let a citizen alone when he is doing good." The big fellow was game and was still on his feet, and trying, when a slim, young fellow stepped up, and said, "That's enough boys." He turned back the lapel on his jacket and showed his badge. He was an officer of the law in plain clothes. That was the end of the fight.

As a blacksmith, Dad did much work for Buchanan. He would stop at the shop on his way to Saskatoon and drop off twenty-four plough shares to be sharpened. He would like to pick them up the next day on his way home. I have seen Dad working until one o'clock in the morning. It was all hand work as he had no triphammer in those days. Other times, he would bring a small job. While Dad was working, he would sit on a tool chest, lean back in the corner, and, bingo, fall asleep. In his operations, he did not get much time to rest. But when he did, he took advantage of it. Father would always wave us kids away from the shop when he was sleeping. I guess the ring of the hammer on the anvil must have been music to sleep by. Often times, Dad would go to the Buchanan farm to do blacksmith work there. He sometimes took me with him. I can remember the old steamer ploughing in the field. It is very hard to describe the feeling it gave me. It was the same sort of a thrill that I got years later, watching a big bull moose running across a muskeg, his head thrown back, and his breath steaming from his nostrils. There was something so majestic about it that it's very hard to describe.

On the way home from one of these trips, we were shooting chickens (sharp-tailed grouse) which were sitting on the stooks of wheat that had not been threshed yet. We shot them with a 22 rifle. I was just learning to shoot, but it was not hard to shoot them. They were quite tame, and just sat there. Even after one had been shot, they did not fly away. For some reason, Dad would not shoot more than three off one stook although there would be a dozen or more there. He insisted that we move on to another covey. In the eight miles from Buchanan's to home, we shot eighty-two. The reader can imagine how many birds there were. This may sound like slaughter, but we took them home where Mother and I cleaned them, wrapped them individually, and stored them in a barrel. It did not take too long for a family of ten to eat that many. There was never any wasted. The Old Man never cleaned any small game. He would skin a deer when he got one, but the small game was done Indian style—let the squaws do it.

In the fall, Buchanan hauled considerable wheat to Birdview, a small town, which is now called Donavon. He also hauled across the South Saskatchewan River to Dundurn, after the river was frozen over. With no snow, the ice was very slippery. He would bring his horses to the shop to have shoes fitted. Across the front of the shoe, was welded a flat bar with a sharpened edge. At the back, the shoe ends were turned down and sharpened, thus making three caulks to bite into the ice. The shoes were known as blanks and were made at a factory. The holes were ready-made but the blacksmith would heat the shoe and shape it to fit the horse he was shoeing. Some years later, the shoes were made with four threaded holes, two at the front and one at each back end. Caulks were made to screw into these, so if they wore dull, all one had to do was remove the old caulk and screw in a new one. These caulks were dipped in red paint on the bottom end. The advertisement in the paper or catalogue read, "Red tips never slip." Buchanan hauled wheat across the river on glare ice. Apparently, he figured that six inches of new ice would hold up the load. I have heard my Dad say that the ice sagged with the weight so that the team seemed to be going upgrade; however, he never broke through or had any trouble.

One spring, I was at the Buchanan farm. He had decided to cut wood for firing the steamer. They had hauled this wood to the yard on sleighs during the winter, and estimated they had one hundred and fifty cords. The Sawyer Massey was driving the saw and it was just barely turning over, but the saw was a specially made blade, and it sure was reving at very high speed. It cut very well. Nine men were cutting the wood into twenty inch lengths. Six men were bringing the poles to the saw. One man pushed it onto the saw, while another took the cut stick and tossed it back about ten feet from the saw, where another man threw the wood into a high pile. It was the biggest pile of wood I have ever seen around this area. George Buchanan always did things in a big way. Firing with the wood proved to be much better than with straw when working in the field.

When threshing, Buchanan had a crew of fourteen bundle teams, a tank or waterman, a strawmonkey, an engineer, a separator man, two spike pitchers, and two field pitchers. He built a small platform on each side of the separator for the spike pitchers to stand on when the bundles were unloaded. When the next load pulled into the machine, they just had to step over onto the top of the load instead of getting down on the ground, and, then, climbing to the top of the next load. It was easier for the men to do that as, sometimes, it was very hard to climb to the top of a big load. I think that Buchanan had a different idea about those platforms, because, when a man was climbing up on a load, he was not putting any bundles in the machine. Buchanan often stood on top of the separator and called, "Roll them in boys." He was paying all that crew for threshing at so much per bushel and he did not want any spaces between bundles. In those days, the farmer always caught the threshed wheat in a wagon box and hauled it to the granary. There, he shovelled it into the bin. On a big outfit, they usually used three or four wagons. Even so, sometimes the wagons would get full and the farmer would not make it back with an empty one. When that happened, Buchanan would just move the grain spout to one side, and pour the wheat on the ground. If the farmer protested, his reply was, "You get the wheat away. I'm threshing, by cracky."

Buchanan built a second house on the farm for the men who worked there the year around. It also served as the cookhouse. When doing custom threshing, a cook car was used, and most of the men slept in a bunkhouse. One day, when I was there, Mr. Buchanan told me to go over to the cook house and tell the cook that I should have a piece of pie. The cook gave me a huge slab of apple pie, and it was really good. While I was there, he was setting the table for dinner. It was a long table with benches at the sides to sit on. The dishes were tin plates and cups. He stacked them at one end of the table, and then, placed a cup, knife, fork, and spoon on a plate, and slid it down the table. The plates always seemed to end up within a couple of inches of where the men were to sit. He must have practised a lot to do this. I think he would have made a really good curler.

Buchanan moved to Saskatoon after he sold the farm, and invested in a car agency. He did not have much success, so he sold out and moved to the Williams Lake country in British Columbia. He was ranching and farming there. His cattle and grain had to be taken across the Lake by barge. He sent back some pictures of his crops that he grew there. They sure looked tall and heavy. That is where one of the pioneers of this area ended his days.

THE DOWLING FAMILY

At the north end of Pike Lake, lived the Dowling family which consisted of Mr. Dowling, who was known as Dad Dowling, and Mrs. Dowling, known to the younger people of the district as Gramma. The eldest boy was called Lawrence but known as Bud. Then, there was James, who was naturally called Jim, and William, who was known as Bill. He always said his name had to be Bill because why would anyone say, "Here comes a bird with a worm in his William." John, another son, was a quiet, good-natured chap, who usually went about humming or singing a sort of doodley doo chant to himself.

Dowlings used oxen for their farm work. They usually let them out to pasture overnight. In the morning, they would bring them into the barn for a feed of oats before starting the day's work.

It was spring, the grass was green, and the Bulls, as the oxen were called, were not having any trouble with constipation. John was wearing knee-high rubber boots. Just as he walked behind Old Red, nature compelled Red to let go and he filled one of John's boots. His brothers said it did not disturb John one bit. He just wiped it out with his hand and went right on singing, "doodley doodley doo."

Frank Dowling was the short one of the family; the rest of them were tall. All of them were very active on their feet and were good at sports. Frank built the first store at Pike Lake in which he ran the first post office. He built his store on a road allowance which was not being used as a road. Someone asked him, once, how much land his store stood on, and he said, "Sixty-six feet wide and as far as you want to go." He brought the mail from Vanscoy which was the nearest railway point to Pike Lake, using a gray mare called Dolly, with a buggy in the summer, and a cutter in the winter. The odd time, Frank would go for the mail and he would meet some of the Vanscoy boys. They would go for a few drinks. Sometimes, Frank would spend the night in Vanscoy, and the Pike Lake mail would be a day late. However, no one complained and he gave very good service for a number of years.

The store building was two storey, with kitchen and living room on the ground floor, and a small cellar underneath. The bedrooms were upstairs and the stairway was on the outside of the building. Its name, "The Handy Store", was painted across the front of the store. We often walked past the store on our way home from school. One evening, the north side was covered with a large poster, very brightly colored, which read "Buffalo Bill in performance and parade." The circus was coming to Saskatoon. There was a picture of Buffalo Bill on his horse, and one of Annie Oakley, standing upright on her horse's back, going at full gallop. She was shooting brightly colored balls out of the air with a rifle. There were also numerous clowns. We did not get to go to the circus, but we sure enjoyed looking at that poster.

When Frank moved to Saskatoon, he sold the store building to Tom Dyrdall, who lived in the Valley Park district. Hermund Dahlen moved it to the Dyrdall farm with the Rumley steam engine, which was the Patriarch of Valley Park for so many years. I must mention here that Hermund changed the family name by dropping the H, thus spelling it Dalen. There were two H. Dahlens in the district which often caused mixups in their mail.

Tom sold his farm to George Wilson who lived there many years. On account of flooding by the South Saskatchewan River, the farmsteads in the Valley were all moved to higher land. George built a new house and finally sold the old one to Frank Zacharias. He moved it to his farm near the north end of Pike Lake, which is just across the road from my holdings. That is where the first store and post office at Pike Lake ended. I can look out my bedroom window and see it sitiing there.

Jim Dowling was a very strong man, as were all the Dowling boys. Dad had sent my brother, Arnold, and I to bring home some harrows from the farm where I live now. The harrows were lying inside the fence. We would have had to go another quarter of a mile to the gate. We decided to pull the wagon and hayrack close to the fence, and throw the harrows over the fence onto the wagon. We were not very old at the time, and we were having a bit of a struggle to load them. Along came Jim, walking down the road. He stopped and said, "Would you like some help, boys." He climbed through the fence, leaned over, picked up a section of harrows in one hand, and tossed it over the fence onto the wagon. He did the same thing with the six sections that were left. Then, he climbed back over the fence, and said, "See you around, boys", and away he went, down the road.

Jim trapped some, but he did not work very hard at it. He liked to wait until the other muskrat trappers had their traps set. Then, he would make a trip around the Lake, and pick

up what rats he could find. Albert Sawyer was trapping once, and he saw Jim after one of his raids. He said, "Jim, the next time you take a rat from one of my traps, I wish you would reset the trap." Most people would have been riled at being accused of stealing, but Jim, with a big smile, answered, "Alright." It was rather hard to get mad at a man like that.

The Dowling boys always dried their muskrat pelts by hanging them from the ceiling over the kitchen stove. I have been at their house when Mrs. Dowling was frying potatoes, and the grease was dripping from the pelts into the frying pan.

Bud worked hard at trapping. The boys each had a spot where they hung their pelts. While Bud was away on the trapline, Jim would take a couple of skins and put them with his. When Bud came home, he would make a count and mutter to himself,"I thought I had more rats than that."

Lester Dowling was a good baseball player. He was, also, one of the best skaters that I have ever seen. We were trapping on the lake one fall. The ice was very smooth with no snow. There was a large rathouse in the middle of the lake. Lester came along on his skates, carrying a 22 rifle in one hand and a chisel for opening muskrat houses in the other, and a bag of traps slung over his shoulder. He speeded up when he came to the rathouse. He jumped right over it. It was at least four feet high. The distance that he was off the ice was a good twelve feet. He landed and took off down the lake, just as though it was an everyday occurence.

Bill Dowling was the last one to live in this district. He lived on the home place for a number of years; then sold out and lived in a cottage near the lake. One time, when the enumerator was preparing a voters' list, he asked Bill, "What is your occupation?" Bill said, "I am a gentleman of leisure." The enumerator wrote William Dowling, Gentleman. After that, he was known as Gentleman Bill. He liked going to dances and often called for square dances. Bill and Jim were steam engineers and went for long runs of threshing in the fall.

Jim owned, what I believe to be, the first car in this district. It was a Reo and had a let-down top and much brass trim. I remember seeing it at a picnic at Pike Lake for the first time. There was quite a gathering of people looking at it.

The only boys of the family who married were John and Frank. The Dowling girls were Helen, known as Nell, Elizabeth, known as Lizzie, and Maggie, known as Mag. Lizzie married John Forbes. Nell became Mrs. Teal. Maggie was married to Joseph Smith.

John or Dad Dowling was a tall, slim man with a white beard. He was a very active man until a bull pushed him through a gate. He was trying to close it, and the bull knocked him down, breaking his hip. He had been known to walk to Vanscoy, a distance of twelve miles, to get tobacco when he had run out; then turn around and walk home again. After the accident, he just shuffled along and was not able to get very far.

He became a teller of tall tales when he grew older. As he was unable to work, my brothers and I would cut and stack his hay. We would go to the yard to feed and water our horses. Dad would come out to where we were eating our lunch, and entertain us with his stories. He told us that, in the early days, when he had a homestead north of Saskatoon, he used to plough on a nineteen mile round. He had his grub in a box, tied to the plow beam. When it came to the end of his days work, he just hobbled his oxen, had a bite to eat, and went to sleep. He would be up bright and early to start the next day.

One time, he told about fishing on Pike Lake, when there was no snow on the ice. He had cut three holes in the ice and had a stick across each one, with a line hanging in the water. He had fished all afternoon. About sundown, he decided to go home, as he had not had a bite all day. He lifted up the first stick and removed the line. He did the same with the second line. When he tried to lift the last one, something grabbed it. He hung on and pulled, but it slid him right up close to the hole. "Well, do you know what happened boys. I had to let him go or he would have pulled me in the Lake."

Another story was about fishing for catfish on the Missouri River. A big fish pulled him out of the boat and dragged him upstream for two miles. He finally got his feet braced on a sandbar and held him.

A salesman came into his yard and ran over a chicken. When he asked the fellow to pay for it, he refused. Dad Dowling said, "I just went into the house and came out with the old double-barrel shotgun and said, 'Look here, mister, you either put up or shut up. You either shit or get off the pot." The fellow sure paid him in a hurry then.

Another time, an Indian was camped at the south end of the lake, near where the park is today. He was supposed to be stealing from the Dowling traps. Dad said, "I went down to investigate and that neche saw me coming and he broke camp and loaded up his buggy and took off. I up with my 30-30, and shot every spoke out of his buggy wheel." The truth of the matter was that Bud and Jim Dowling were messing around the Indian's traps. The Indians chased them with rat spears, but they were on skates and managed to escape.

In the early days, it was the custom for anyone raising chickens to trade roosters. I remember Gramma Dowling coming to trade with my Mother. She had a rooster under one arm and a double-barrel shotgun under the other, just in case she saw a chicken or rabbit that would make a meal. She was a very kindhearted lady and treated us kids very well. When my brothers and I walked home from school around the north end of the lake, we always stopped at Dowlings for a drink of water. We always went to the house and asked permission. It was always granted with a smile; then we went to the well to help ourselves.

The well was about twenty-two feet deep and the rig for raising the water was known as a sweep. It consisted of a log about eight inches in diameter and twelve feet long, set in the ground about ten feet away from the well. Across the top was a long pole. I think it was about twenty feet. Two short pieces of wood were fastened to the top of the pole that was set in the ground and the long pole fitted between them. An iron pin was put through which allowed the long pole to balance at the top. It could be raised up and down. The long pole stuck up in the air over the well and to it was attached a slender pole, long enough to reach from the top of the well to the water below. On the lower end of the slender pole was attached the water pail, so that when the lid of the well was open, one could pull downward on the pole causing the pail to lower into the well and fill with water. On the opposite end of the pole, at the top, enough weight was added so that the full pail and the weight were balanced. Therefore, it took a very slight pull to bring the water to the surface. One had to pull a bit more when lowering the pail, but the contraption was well-balanced and required a minimum of effort. The water from that well was very irony, but it was ice cold. To kids walking home from school on a warm day, it was nectar for the gods. Of course, using the sweep added to the attraction. The cribbing in the well was wooden, when I first saw it; but, later on, the Dowling boys fitted it with a concrete crib. I have never seen another well with that sort of a setup. There may have been others in different localities but this one was unique to Pike Lake and surrounding areas.

Dad Dowling did his farming with oxen. One time, the R.M. of Vanscoy wanted to put a grade across a slough on a road allowance which runs east and west along the north side of where I live. Horses could not be used as their hoofs were large and the horse could not lift his feet out of the mud. With trying and struggling, he would sink deeper and deeper and would be hopelessly stuck. The earth moving was done in those days by hitching a team of horses or a yoke of oxen to a scraper or slip, as it was sometimes called. A scraper was a metal box about three feet square. It was open at the front and the bottom part was sharpened across the open part. A bail ran from one side of the scraper, curved out in front three feet, and back to the opposite side. At the back attached at the sides, were two wooden handles which stuck back thirty inches or so from the rear of the machine. To fill it with earth, a team was hitched to the front part of the bail which was hinged at the sides of the bucket. As the team moved ahead, a man would grasp the handles at the back and lift

up slightly so that the front of the bucket would dig in and the dirt would be forced back into the bucket. When it was full, he would let go of the handles and the front would raise up so that it was not digging. The teamster would then drive his team to where the dirt was to be placed, grasp the handles, and lift up hard. This caused the front to dig in, and with the team pulling and the hinges on the bail working, the scraper would turn over, putting the handles to the front and the open part of the bucket to the back, so that the earth slid out at the back. To prepare it for reloading, the handles were grasped and the contraption turned back over ready for another load.

Dad Dowling and his oxen were called upon to start this grade. Some of his language was rather rough while working, such as "Come on Buck and Bill, you redhearted sons of bitches, get in there now." They moved slowly out into the slough and back and forth until they built up a base of sand brought from the sand hills. As soon as a solid base was established, several teams of horses were brought in and a fairly good grade was made. However, some years later, the grade settled and had to be rebuilt. I was old enough to drive a team by then, and was able to help with this. It was a matter of starting at the top of the hill, loading the scraper, and then taking it out on the grade to be dumped, and back and forth all day. It was very tiring work. In spite of his rough talk, Dad was very kind to his oxen and they really worked well for him. I remember John Dowling, Jr. hauling bundles on my Father's threshing outfit using the oxen.

Dowlings were one family of earlier settlers in this district. I believe they came here in 1905.

CHAPTER SIX

PIKE LAKE

My first memories of Pike Lake were that it was a very beautiful, little lake, quite deep with very few weeds except for bulrushes at the north and south ends. It was fed by springs along the west bank, and as the water table was high in the area west of the lake, these springs flowed heavily, both winter and summer thus keeping the water level quite constant in the lake. When the South Saskatchewan River flooded, whether from an icejam or June flood, it always filled the lake to overflowing so that for many years it remained at very much the same level.

However, dry years came along and the springs lessened in their flow. The water in the lake got lower and lower. After a couple of years, Pike Lake dried up almost completely. I do not remember the first time it dried up, but I believe it was 1919. There was only a small pond in the bottom of the lake, not more than half an acre. It was situated in the middle of the Lake just a short distance south of where the Pike Lake Park offices now stand. As for the rest of the bottom of the lake, the weeds and moss that grew on the bottom were as dry as tinder and crackled into small bits when walked on. There were cracks an inch wide in the soil on the bottom and anyone could walk across the lake with his Sunday shoes on and not get them more than dusty. Then the river went on a rampage and the lake was filled once more. The Jackfish came into the lake with the flood waters and made for some exceptionally good fishing.

Along came the Dirty Thirties and Pike Lake dried up again. This time it remained dry for five years. Slough grass grew in the ends and the farmers started cutting it for hay. It was very coarse but as feed was scarce, it came in handy. For those of my readers who know the lay of the land, I have cut hay on the lake bottom beginning at the Scout camp and going south; then come around the peninsula that juts out into the lake and mowed back to where the road crosses the north end now. I was using horses and they never got their feet muddy.

In the early years there was excellent fishing in the lake. People came from near and far to fish. If the fish were not biting, some of the fishermen would come to Dad and get him to make them a fish spear. I have an old account book that he used in those days, and he charged seventy-five cents for the first spears he made. Later on, he raised the price to a dollar seventy-five. The spears were five-pronged and it took about three hours to make one. It was illegal to spear fish but the people had come a long way and were not out for sport. They wanted some fish for the winter. To use a spear, one cut a hole in the ice about eighteen inches across. Then, the fisherman would put up a small house just big enough to sit in or fasten blankets on poles frozen in the ice. It had to be dark inside so that the fisherman could see to the bottom of the lake. A wooden minnow would be dangled in the water, and, even if the fish were not biting, they would come to take a look and could be speared. If a fish was speared just behind the gills, he would stiffen for a few seconds and

give the spearman time to get him out of the water. The spear had barbs the same as fish hooks so that they did not slip off. The spear had to be held under the water as the ripple it would make when putting it in would scare the fish. Sometimes, we used a gaff hook usually made from a stiff piece of number nine wire. I liked gaffing better than spearing as the gaff was placed under the fish, and one lifted up to hook the fish. The fish did not seem to pay any attention to the gaff hook and I have pushed a small fish out of the way so that I might hook a larger one.

Years later, one of our neighbors was gaffing fish and a game warden came along and said, "You have some nice fish there." He replied, "Yes, but you should see what I have in that bag over there." The warden took his fish and he had to go to court and pay a fine. I believe that was about the end of gaffing as I have never seen anyone using a gaff house on Pike Lake since.

One time, when I was fishing through the ice, a man named Charlie Broughton came along and asked if the fish were biting. When I told him they were not, he took off his overcoat and laid down on the ice beside one of the holes where I was fishing. He pulled the coat over his head and looked down in the water for perhaps five minutes. Then he stood up and said, "Ralph, you might just as well go home. You will not catch any fish today." I figured that he probably did not know what he was talking about so I stayed there and fished for two hours and I never got a nibble. To this day, I wonder how he knew that the fish were not biting. He might have told me if I had asked him, and then again he might not have.

Around 1909, people were starting to use Pike Lake as a summer resort and a place to hold picnics. Four brothers Ira, George, Arthur, and Howard Cook, came to this area. Ira and Howard filed on homesteads. George started the first boat livery on Pike Lake. He had several good rowboats, a couple of canoes, and a beautiful little motor boat. The motor boat was powered by a single cylinder motor which was started by grasping a handle on the flywheel and turning it. The flywheel was in a horizontal position on top of the motor. The boat putt-putted its way along very well and George was kept busy on Sundays and picnic days selling people rides. It held six passengers besides the driver. I believe he charged fifty cents per passenger for a trip around the lake.

Ira's homestead was the quarter section where St. Martin's Church now stands. The quarter was divided by the lake so that he owned land on the east side as well as the west. Art Cook did not stay around these parts very long. Howard proved up on his homestead and worked several years for us and drifted away. I do not know where. Ira cleared the underbrush from a patch on the east side of the lake. The spot became known as Ira's Clearing. The land which Ira owned on the east side is now known as East Bank subdivision and there are cottages all around the lake bank. Ira sold his land and headed for Lake Athabaska. He always talked and dreamed of the Lake Athabaska country.

Ira often visited at our home. When he came into the yard, he would say, "Hi there, young feller", and then grab my hat or cap and throw it on top of the nearest building. I could not climb up there to get it so I would head for the house (probably bawling). Mother would come out and retrieve my headwear with a long bamboo fishpole. Mother got tired of this. One day, after Ira had tossed my hat on top of the granary, she walked up to Ira and said, "Hi there, young feller", grabbed his hat and sailed it near to the peak of the granary. She said nothing more. Ira, with a very red face, took the bamboo pole and got both our hats down from there. Needless to say, that was the end of the hat throwing.

George sold his boats to Harry Forbes and he, too, headed for Lake Athabaska.

People from Saskatoon were coming to the lake more and more. Mr. W.P. Bate built the first summer cottage there. He transplanted the first spruce trees in the Pike Lake district. They stand there today as a monument to the Bate family, though I suspect that very few

people know how these trees came to be there. Mr. Bate was secretary of Saskatoon schools for many years. When he first came to Pike Lake, he was driving a Model T. Ford. I do not know what year it was but the radiator was made of brass. The Bate family often came to our farm to buy milk, butter and eggs, and got to be very good friends with our family.

As time went on, more cottages were built. Sheriff L.G. Calder, Fred Webb, Frank Tunnycliffe, and Doctor Campbell, who was named "Barney go fast" because he owned a McLaughlin car and drove it as fast as it would go, each had a cottage. There were several other cottage owners whose names I do not recall. They joined together and formed what was known as the Saskatoon Motor Club. They built a clubhouse on the edge of the lake just down the bank from where the Park offices now stand.

It was a two-storey building and the bottom part was open toward the lake. Half of the lower part was floored and the other half, the lake bank was dug away so that boats could be rowed in and use the floored part as a dock. The young people from the cottages often gathered on this dock in the evenings and sang and danced to their own singing. From the dock a door led to the outside of the building and stair steps which led to the upper floor on ground level. The main floor was covered with maple flooring which made a very good dance floor. On the front of the building facing the lake was a verandah. It had a fancy railing which extended up about three feet from the floor. the top part was enclosed by screen wire to keep out flies and mosquitoes. Inside were large wicker chairs and couches and altogether it made a very lovely place to sit on a hot day. To the credit of the Saskatoon Motor Club, they did not operate as an exclusive club but allowed the local people to use the building for dances and other affairs. Many years later, the building was starting to settle as the lake bank was quite soft, so the top part was cut off and moved back a short distance from the bank and the lower part was demolished. It was in that building that my wife, Vickie, and I held our wedding dance.

When Pike Lake was made into a Provincial Park, the old clubhouse was moved to the maintenance area where it is still in use. What stories that old building could tell if it could talk. The Saskatoon Auto Club usually held a sports day and Regatta on July Ist, Dominion Day. There were motorboat races, canoe races, diving contests, and log-rolling contests.

In log-rolling, they used a twenty inch log, twenty feet long. A man in caulked boots stood at each end and started the log-rolling. The trick was to see which man could cause the other to fall in the water. Sometimes, it took quite a while for one of the contestants to be dunked. One time, a man gave an exhibition of log-rolling. He was billed as a river driver who had worked on bringing rafts of logs down rivers in the spring of the year. He stood in the middle of the log that he was performing on and started it spinning. He worked his way to one end of the log, causing the other end to rise out of the water. Then, he went to the other end and caused the opposite end to rise. Back to the middle of the log he went, and, as soon as he was back to where he had started, he jumped a distance of six feet and landed on another log and started it spinning. He was just as graceful as a ballet dancer.

On land, there would be a baseball tournament with enough teams to start in the morning and play all day. There was a game such as Bingo. They called it "Housie, Housie" then. I think the game came to this country with the veterans of World War I. Another game they called a coconut throw. Rods three feet long were stuck in the ground with a ring at the top in which coconuts were placed. For twenty-five cents a player was given three baseballs and he pitched them at the coconuts. He won any that were knocked to the ground. About the middle of the afternoon they called it quits as so many coconuts were being won that they were losing money. There were hot dogs, soft drinks, and ice cream concessions. A sign by one booth read "Hit the trigger and duck the nigger." A man with his face blackened sat on a stool. It was rigged so that when the player pitched the ball and hit the trigger, the stool pitched forward and threw him into a large vat of water.

One very popular pastime among the young people was catching a greasy pig. The pig was smeared with wagon axle grease which was very black. Anyone wishing to participate gathered around the crate holding the pig. When the pig came out of the crate, he did not know what was expected of him but he had no intentions of being caught and would run and dodge in great style. Some grabbed him by the tail and others tried for a leg. A pig is hard to catch at any time, but a greasy pig is something else. They always used a pig that would weigh about sixty pounds, small enough to be very active and large enough to be quite strong. One year, they obtained a pig from the Henry Sawyer farm and Henry's son, Stanley, was in the competition. He had on his bathing suit and as the pig ran close to him, he made a dive and grabbed the pig in a bearhug and hung on. It was hard to tell after the pig had finished squirming and kicking which had the most grease on, the pig or Stanley. However, Stanley won. Some of the other contestants protested that as the pig came from the Sawyer farm, Stanley had it trained to come when he called it. However, the judges soon put them right on that score as there was no truth in their protest.

The Saskatoon Motor Club made quite a few improvements such as a bath house with separate cells where one could change clothes, a tennis court, and a baseball diamond. They also started a golf course. It was not safe to leave any money in one's clothes while in swimming as there was no way of locking the cells. Sometimes, there would be five or six people hanging their clothes in the same cell.

As time went on, some of the older members of the Saskatoon Auto Club passed away. Another club was formed called the Lakeside Country Club. They hired a caretaker and made many more improvements. To raise money, they started charging at the entrance to the grounds. The fee was seventy-five cents per car regardless of how many persons were in it. I was hired on weekends to collect this fee. Most of the people paid gladly but some protested. I would have to go into a detailed explanation as to why they were being charged. One fellow was not satisfied with my explanation so I told him he would have to move his car as others were waiting to come in. He jumped out of his car and said, "I am so and so and I have never taken any lip from any official and I am going to kick you in the nuts." He made a mistake telling me what he was going to do. When the smoke had cleared away, he was glad to get back in his car and pay the seventy-five cents. One summer was enough of that for me so when I was offered the job the next year, I declined.

I believe it was the year, 1912, when Hugh and Nancy Forbes and their family came to Pike Lake from Wisconsin, U.S.A. Their family consisted of six boys and two girls. The boys were John, Harry, George, Frank, Charlie and Steve. The girls were Minnie and Goldie. They were all grown up when they came here. Frank and Charlie did not stay in this area very long and went back to the States. John was married and took up a homestead. George never married. Harry never married until years later. Frank and Charlie were married when the came here. Steve married Mary Dahlen, daughter of Knut Dahlen, one of the first settlers in the Valley Park district. Their three boys were Ben, Karl, and Charlie. Their daughter was Elaine. Minnie became Mrs. McComb and Goldie married Henry "Hank" Mohr, brother of Carl Mohr who was quite renowned as a baseball pitcher. He was a spit ball pitcher and I can remember seeing him in the ball tournaments at Pike Lake with a chew of slippery elm bark in his mouth so that he could spit on the ball to make it slippery. However, the spit ball was outlawed from the game several years later. John Forbes family are Earl, Robert, and Margaret. Harry had two girls, Jean and Patsy.

When the Forbes family first came to the district, they erected a building. It was designed to be a restaurant with living quarters in the back. It was a flat-top building with a front which stuck up in the air about two feet above the roof top. Across the top of this front was a sign in letters, eighteen inches high, which read Restaurant. Many stores around the country were built in this style. George, Harry, and Goldie lived there with their parents. Mrs. Forbes and Goldie served many fine meals there. They were exceptionally neat and

clean personally and they kept their cafe in immaculate condition. They had some very busy times on weekends and days such as the Dominion Day celebration.

Hugh Forbes was a big man and a very jovial type of fellow. He had a stoppage in his speech which made him drop the first letter of a word. One time, when I was at their place, Mr. Forbes was cutting up some meat. They had a Gordon Setter dog named Sam. This day, Sam was barking just to be barking as far as I could see. Mr. Forbes got tired of the continual yapping so he went to the door with the butcher knife in hand and said, "'am, 'am, you 'on of a 'itch, if you 'on't 'uit that 'od 'amn 'arking, I'll 'ome out 'ere with this 'od 'anm 'ife and 'ake you 'od 'amn 'uts out.' It struck me as very funny. After all these years, I can still see him standing there.

Mrs. Forbes was a small very energetic woman. As so often is the case in large families, she was the boss of all those big men and girls. By that, I do not mean she was overbearing; she just ruled the roost in her quiet way. One time, when the boys were getting a bit hilarious, Mrs. Forbes said, "Hugh, speak to these boys." Hugh turned to the boys and said, "'ello 'oys." George and Frank inherited a stammer in their speech but none of the rest of the family had this. Harry was red-headed and had lost a leg and wore an artificial limb.

They built a building which they called a booth. It was about twenty feet long by ten feet wide and had shutters the length of the building opening to a counter. It had shelves at the back where chocolate bars, chewing gum, popcorn, peanuts, Cracker Jack, soft drinks, and ice cream were stored. Their buildings stood just north of where the Pike Lake Provincial Park offices are today. They had a small barn which stood NW of where the tennis courts are today. They kept a cow and a team of horses whose names were Bob and Indian.

Harry Forbes purchased the boats that George Cook owned, including the motor boat that was the first one on Pike Lake. He built a boat dock just down the lake bank from the restaurant. He also built five or six boats. They were flat-bottomed and quite heavy but good serviceable craft. He painted them white with green trim. He also painted names on them such as Tecumseh, Pontiac and one was called White Hope. He got the name, White Hope, from the fact that a negro, Jack Johnson, was heavy weight boxing champion of the world at that time. Any white boxer who came up against him was known as a White Hope. Harry ran his boat livery for a number of years and sold out to Henry Sawyer, who farmed west of the lake. Henry built a small cabin close to the boat dock to stay in while looking after the boats. He also kept bathing suits for rent.

Henry once made a bet of ten dollars that he could swim across Pike Lake with his clothes on and his pipe in his mouth. He won the bet. The man he had bet with paid up and shook hands and said he was glad to pay a man who could perform such a feat.

Edmund Lehman, who had purchased Ira Cook's land and built a cottage there, built a boat. It was the largest boat ever on Pike Lake. It was powered by a two cylinder marine motor and was quite fast for those times. He painted it white and placed a flag pole on the prow. Altogether, it was a very beautiful boat. Mr. Lehman was very good friends with Dad so he often visited at our home. My sister, Mildred Alma, was a cute little girl. Mr. Lehman liked her very much so he named his boat, the Mildred A. There was always a motor boat race at the Dominion Day Regatta which the Mildred A. always won. One year, the judges decided to handicap this boat. Mr. Lehman got wind of this and changed the propeller on his boat, equipping it with one that would drive it faster. Much to the surprise of everyone, the Mildred A. won again. The motor boats of those days seemed quite fast, but just about anyone of the outboards of today would run circles around them.

Mr. Scott also had a boat and cottage at Pike Lake. His boat was red and was powered by a three cylinder motor, but it developed less horsepower than the Mildred A. It was the second largest boat on the lake and it was known as "The Red One."

George Forbes built a grocery store near the Forbes Restaurant and took over the post office after Frank Dowling moved away. When the Lakeside Country Club took over, George's store was on land acquired by them so he decided to move. He placed his store on the land where St. Martins Church stands today. That store burned and he replaced it with a larger one. He ran that one until his death; then his brother, Harry, who had taken up a homestead at Makwa, Saskatchewan came back and took over. He operated it until his demise. Then the building was sold to my brother-in-law, Fred Bond, and he moved it to his farm. It remains Fred and Edith's home today.

Mr. Underhill built a store on the same spot where George's store first sat. He put his son, Harold, and his chum, Howard Schiener, in charge. They did alright for a number of years. They started buying things such as cars, saxaphones, guitars, and riding horses. Instead of paying attention to business, they hired a girl to look after the store so they could be away in the hills riding horses. It was not too long before they started calling on Dad Underhill for money and soon they were ready to fold. Of course, they were Forbes's opposition and George, with his witty ways, named Harold and Howard, "the Doo Dads", after a popular comic strip of the day. When George found out they were leaving, he said in his stammering speech, "I guess the DDDDOO Dads have dddone DDDad for all they can " It is impossible to get George's stories down on paper as funny as they sounded when listening to him. The pause caused by the stammering added to the anticipation of what was coming next.

A couple of George's stories are as follow. They were told to my Dad and I one night when we were at his store. He took a girl, a "darb" he called her, for a canoe ride and they were wearing bathing suits. Apparently, her suit was a bit torn and exposing her to George's view, so she said, "George, have you got a pin?" He replied, "I've got at pin alright but it's a mighty blunt one."

In the early days, it was custormary to have a chamber pot in the bedrooms. The Pike Lake school teacher was boarding at the Forbes home. Now, Mrs. Forbes usually looked after this vessel but she took sick, and it fell to George to empty it Here is the way he told about it. "Bbby Gggod, Bert, Mmmother took sick and I hhhad to tttake over her duties, and honest ttto ggod, Bert, one mmmorning there wwwas one hell of a big roller in there. It wwwas ssso big ttthat tttwo Scotch men could not have rolled over it with prypoles. Wwwhy tttwo tttall Indians could not ssshake hands over it. Wwwhy tttwo greyhounds cccouldn't jjjump over it."

One time, my Uncle Ed Brady was in the store and George started on one of his tales. Ed said, "Damn it George, I know you are lying and you know you are lying so why don't you stop." George said, "Nnnow Eeed", but he discontinued his story. I could relate some really filthy stories that George told but I think I shall stop here and try to write something more interesting.

After Harry came back to run the store, he took to drinking quite a bit. In those days, it was nothing out of the ordinary to see a man coming home from town drunk, but Harry was the only man I ever saw going to town in that state. He owned a half-ton Ford truck, one of the first V8s. He was coming home from Saskatoon one 30 below winter. About a mile from my place, his truck stopped. He needed some gas to pour in the carburetor, so he unscrewed the plug in the bottom of the gas tank and dropped it in the snow. His gasoline all ran out on the ground. He walked to my neighbor's farm. They phoned and asked if I would take some gas to the truck for him. I hitched up my team and my neighbor and I went to the truck. We left Harry at the house drinking black coffee to try and sober up. I whittled a plug from a chokecherry bush, poured in the fuel, and, lo and behold, the truck started. I drove the truck, and my neighbor brought the horses back to his place. I took the team back home to the barn; then walked back and we got Harry into the truck. It was a quarter of a mile from where we started to my driveway and he got off the track twice. I asked him to

let me drive. He said, "If I can't drive this truck, nobody can." So I got out and started in the driveway to go home. I looked back and he was off the track again. I went back and shovelled and pushed and got him going. Then I said, "Harry, I have always wanted to drive a V8 just to see how they are for power." He slid over in the seat and said, "Try her out. She sure has got it." We made it to the store without too much more trouble. His wife started chewing him out, but he was too drunk to pay much attention to her. He said to me, "Just wait until I unload the groceries and I will drive you home." Ye gods, after all I had gone through to get him there, he wanted to drive me home. I walked down to the edge of the lake. My brother, Glenn, had driven across the ice. He picked me up and took me home. I tell you it sure felt good to get home where Vickie was waiting for me with a nice, hot cup of tea.

John Forbes homesteaded on the NW of 20-34-6-W-3rd. Later on, he sold it to my Dad and moved to Saskatoon for a while. City life did not appeal to him so he came back and bought the SW of 20-34-6-W-3rd and started marketing gardening. He called himself the "Corn King." He did very well at gardening. He was married to Lizzie Dowling whom he called Biddy. The way he talked to her was quite funny. My brother, Glenn and John's son, Earl, went to school together and Glenn often stayed overnight with Earl. Biddy got up first in the morning and started to make a fire in the cookstove. She was making a lot of noise. John called out, "God damnit Biddy, are you making a fire or taking the stove apart?"

One time, I was cutting wood for John. At dinner, there was no pepper on the table. "God damnit Biddy, where's the pepper?" She said, "In the cupboard." He said, "Now ain't that a hell of a place for the pepper to be." Another time, he said, "Hurry up and get dinner or I will bounce a plate off your old head." Biddy was making tea in a syrup tin. When she poured John's tea, some tea leaves were in his cup. He remarked, "God damnit, Biddy, one of these days I will have to get you a tea strainer." All this was said with a twinkle in his eye as he really thought the world of Biddy.

John was a great storyteller, as were all the Forbes boys. One time, he came to my farm when I was cutting seed potatoes. He said, "That ain't no way to cut seed potatoes. Let me show you how." He sat down on the box that I had been sitting on and started cutting potatoes. I could not see any difference in the way he cut them and the way I had been doing it. I think he just wanted a place to sit down and visit. Elwood Harvey, my brother-in-law, was staying with us. He was about nine years old. John started telling stories and Elwood just stood there taking in every word. He told about trapping and hunting and from that onto many subjects. I saw John a couple of days later, and he said, "Did you see that God damn kid the other day when I was lying. His eyes were bugged out 'til you could have knocked them off with a stick."

John told about one time when he was fixing Harry's motorboat. He was sitting on the seat tinkering with the motor when a girl about fourteen years old came and sat on the deck of the boat. She was wearing a skirt but no panties. When John looked up at her, she said, "Mr. Forbes, what do you think of that?" He replied, "I think you had better cover that up and go home before some young fellow pries a hip off you."

One fall, John was trapping on the lake. As the ice had no snow on it, he was tending his traps on skates. He found a lynx in one of his traps so he got a club to kill it with. He made a swipe at the lynx and his feet slipped and he slid right into it. The lynx backed away as far as the trap chain would let it. John scrambled out of there and came over to Dad's blacksmith shop where Dad and Uncle Bill Kinzie were doing some work. He said, "I have caught the god damnest big sonofabitch of a lynx. Can I borrow your gun to shoot it?" Dad and Uncle Bill were interested in seeing such a big lynx so they walked back with him. There in the trap was a small lynx kitten a bit over a year old. I have never laid on my back on the ice looking up at a lynx at close range, but I can imagine it would look extra large.

John was a big man and he had taken on a lot of weight. He was at our place buying some oats so he stepped on the platform scale and asked Dad to weigh him. Dad pushed the weight over and the scale balanced at three hundred and five pounds. Dad said, "My god, John, do you weigh that much?" John replied, "What do you think I am Bert, a child." We had put the oats in large bags and they were sitting on the ground beside the scale. John was driving a low-wheeled wagon with just the bottom box and a piece of plank across the top to sit on. He drove close to the bags. My brother, Arnold, and I thought we would have to lift the bags into the wagon. John reached over with one hand, picked up a bag of oats, and set it in the wagon. He never got off the seat so we set the bags close to him and he loaded them all.

Another time, he came to buy a pig. Of course, Mother asked him to stay for coffee. John was telling about a diet he was on. He told Mother he was eating cracked wheat porridge. "Why Florence," he said, "I feel so good I could walk right up to the side of a house and lift it." After lunch, we went to the pig pen where there were about twenty pigs. Dad said take your pick. John chose the one he wanted. Then he said, "Get in there and get him boys. I darsen't lift with my damned old side." John liked to be called big Jack, the Trapper. He said that when he came to this country all he owned was an Old Woman, a 22 rifle, and two dozen steel traps.

After Steve Forbes was married, he farmed his father's-in-law land for several years. We were threshing there one fall, and most of the crew were going to sleep in the barn. We had just settled down for the night when Steve came out to see how we were. He was carrying a kerosene lantern. He placed it on the floor and sat down on a pile of hay. He started to tell stories. He stayed until midnight and he never let up talking. Some of the tales he told cannot be repeated but one he told was about an Englishman who drove his team of horses into town and tied them to a hitching post. One horse was standing a bit ahead of the other as horses often did when resting. A fellow came along the sidewalk and said, "Say, old chap, one of your horses is faster than the other." The Englishman replied, "Oh I don't know about that. I just drove them twenty miles and that's all he gained on the other one."

Steve was known as a man who did not like to exert himself or as his brother, George, said he was just plain damn lazy. Steve's brothers liked to tell about him. He was going to the bush to cut wood so he sat in the house all morning sharpening his axe. He honed it until it was so sharp it would cut a sheet of paper. After dinner, he hitched the team and drove to the bush. He was not there long when the axe slipped and cut his foot. He jumped in the sleigh and headed for home as fast as the horse could go. When he arrived home, he said, "I have cut my goddamn foot nearly off." He removed his overshoe and there was a two inch cut in it. Next came his felt boot. It was cut also. Then a heavy wool sock, the same thing. But when he looked at his foot, there wwas not even a scratch on it. "Well," said George, "That was one more day he did not have to work." The Forbes family were good neighbors and they ran their store and concessions very well for many years.

When the Lakeside Country Club first took over, they hired Henry Sawyer as caretaker. He was a very busy man with his boats and caretaking. Mrs. Sawyer helped with the boats. I would like to say that Mrs. Sawyer was one of the finest women I have ever known. She was almost like a second Mother to me. When Mr. Sawyer grew older, he retired and sold his boats and canoes to Jack Oteskyn who ran them until people started bringing their own boats to the lake.

I often worked for Mr. Sawyer on weekends, renting boats and canoes. He told me to never rent a canoe to a drunk man. He was afraid they might tip over and possibly drown. One Sunday, a middle aged man came to the dock and asked for a canoe. There was one canoe left at the dock. It was equipped with nice cushions. The man had on a suit, white shirt and tie. I did not notice anything different about him except that he did not have much to say. I let him take the canoe. When he was about twenty feet from the dock, he stood up.

leaned over, and put a hand on each side of the canoe. Then he put his feet one on each side and stood up. There he was standing on the top rim of the canoe, balanced perfectly, and looking straight ahead. I said, "You are pretty good." He looked over at me and went headfirst into the lake. The water was almost up to his chin but he pushed the canoe over to the dock, gathered up the cushions, climbed up on the dock, pulled a very wet five dollar bill out of his pocket, handed it to me and took off up the bank. I never saw him again. There was the canoe full of water and the cushions were soaked. That meant the canoe would be out of use until it could be dried out and people clamoring for boats and canoes. I could tell Mr. Sawyer was mad but he did not say much.

Mr. Sawyer finally promoted me to driving a motor boat. I was heading down the lake with a load of passengers. A girl, about fourteen years old, was trailing her hand in the water when a jackfish came up and bit her fingers. I had to turn back and get some first aid for her. I have always been thankful that I was not skinny dipping when jackfish with those kind of ideas were around.

In 1926, Harry Hoyte rented the store that had been run by Underhill and Schiener. He became the Forbes opposition and took away a good bit of their business. After a couple of years, Harry bought a farm in the Moon Lake area. His wife, Clara, their daughter, Grace, and their son, Joe, came to the store to live. Grace went back to Saskatoon and worked for the Hudson Bay Co. there. Joe was still going to school. Mrs. Hoyte ran the store. Harry farmed and trucked the supplies for the store from Saskatoon. Mrs. Hoyte was very well-liked by the cottagers and obtained a large percentage of their business. Harry did some commercial trucking around the country such as grain and cattle hauling. He also did considerable butchering. He had learned the trade in England. When he was an apprentice, the boss would say, "Well Harry, you are the head butcher today." Harry said, "I thought at first I was being promoted but all he meant was that I would be skinning the head of the animal." He learned the trade very well and could kill an animal and dress it quicker than any man I have ever seen. He boasted that he was fined in England for taking the skin off a sheep before it had quit kicking. They ran the store and also took over the post office. When Mrs. Hoyte retired, Joe took over the store. I do not remember whether Joe was married before he took over the store or after. Anyway, he married Laura Stewart. Joe served in the Air Force during World War Two. When he returned, he took over the business and built a new store and living quarters. That building now houses the Pike Lake Provincial Park offices.

Mrs. Hoyte moved to the farm with Harry. When they grew older, they purchased a cottage at the lake and lived there. Harry farmed from there in the summer. Harry and Clara Hoyte passed away while they were still living in their cottage, a pair of oldtimers who certainly did their bit. Joe and Laura have a cottage at the north end of the Park. They have two daughters, Janice and Lynn.

Joe also purchased the quarter of land where the beach and campground are now. He cleared the brush off along the lake bank. Henry Sawyer, who owned the land before Joe bought it, had cleared all the trees and brush off the area which is now the park parking grounds. My brother, Arnold, and I broke that piece for Mr. Sawyer and he grew oats on it for a number of years. Joe had the idea of making that land into a park and a place for cottages. He hauled sand from a sandpit on the edge of the hills. He started out using a one ton truck and was loading the sand by hand, hauling it to the side, and unloading it the same way. Then he got a hoist for his truck. I had a small front end loader and I went down there and helped him for awhile one fall. He built up the area with sand where he was figuring on having cottages; then he built a cottage there and called the spot, Moose Woods Park.

It was not too long before the Government of Saskatchewan decided to make Pike Lake into a Provincial Park, so Joe sold out to them. They came in with larger equipment and

built a beach and campground, which is one of the nicest campgrounds that I have stayed in. They pump water from the South Saskatchewan River to keep the water level high in the lake. They employ a maintenance crew who keep things in tip top shape. When they were ready to haul sand for the beach, they were looking for sand that was a bit coarser than the sand close to the lake. I was conversing with the foreman and mentioned that I knew about a gravel pit in the PFRA Pasture where we sometimes got excellent mortar sand. They checked and it was just the kind of sand they wanted. They went to the pit and built a four foot wire fence with cedar posts and put a padlock on the gate. That was the end of people in the district getting mortar sand from there.

I was in the area hunting last fall. The fence has fallen down and it looks as though the sand has all been dug out of that pit as there are no signs of anyone working there. However, it was government property. I suppose that when we removed sand from there, we were actually stealing it. In the early days, people just helped themselves to wood, fenceposts, or sand from government property. The fenceposts that grew in this area were Diamond willow and they lasted very well. There was a type of willow that grew on low swampy ground and had smooth bark. It did not last much better than poplar.

On the first of July, the Saskatoon Pipe Band came to the celebration at Pike Lake. I liked the bagpipes and followed them as they marched about the grounds. A band came from Birdview sometimes on weekends. The name, Birdview, was changed to Donavon some years later. I have two stories about this. One is that it was changed because of trouble with the mail getting mixed up between Birdview, Saskatchewan and Broadview, Saskatchewan. The other is that there was a Donavon family who had a relative in England called Lord Donavon. He made a generous donation to Birdview providing that the name be changed to Donavon.

After Henry Sawyer retired from the caretaking job at the Park, Fred Reeves took over. He held the job for many years until the government made Pike Lake into a provincial park. They built a really good bath house, a concession building, many campsites and picnic sites with tables and barbecues. In general, it was made into a very nice park. They do not hold any special sports days but there is a ball diamond, a golf course which was started by the Lakeside Country Club and a tennis court. I do not play golf but I am told that the Pike Lake course is one of the better ones. Altogether, it is a nice place to go. There has been an attendance of ten thousand on more than one weekend.

Before the park was established, Mr. Elmer Horner moved a dance hall which he had built at Crystal Beach, Harris, Saskatchewan. He took the building apart and moved it to Pike Lake in sections, using wagons and horses. It had a maple floor which Mr. Horner kept in beautiful shape. He was very fussy about his property; so much so, that he was not a good dance hall operator. He played the violin fairly well, but he was no good at playing for square dances.

One night, the crowd wanted to have a square dance so they asked Earl Lennox, who had ridden from the Gledhow District, if he would play for it. "Sure thing," said Earl who was wearing chaps, a cowboy hat and spurs. He went in the door and bowlegged his way to the front of the hall, his spurs cutting two little scratches right from the door to the stage, where Mr. Horner was sitting with his beloved violin which he did not like anyone to touch. Earl grabbed the violin out of Horner's hands. After a few rakes across the strings with the bow, he said to the pianist, "I play in the key of dee." He broke into a peppy square dance tune. The crowd went wild. The people from the city figured they were back in the wild West again. When that dance was ended, they applauded for more. Earl obliged with another. When he had finished, he placed Horner's violin (which had never before been put anywhere but in its case when it was not being played) on a chair and scraped his spurs along the floor and outside. Horner was too dumbfounded to say anything, but his face was sure red.

Earl fancied himself a cowboy. A couple of young fellows in the Valley Park District had a horse that proved to be quite a bucker. They invited Earl to try his hand at riding it. Earl got on the horse. It started to buck and Earl went flying off. He landed so that his face hit the dirt. He got up and said, "I sure ran my old snoot in the ground that time, didn't I." It was getting late in the evening but the boys talked him into trying once more and off he went again. He said, "Well boys, it's getting too dark to get onto his pitch so I will have to come back some other day, and ride him." But he never did. Another time, Earl was at a sale in which he had some cows to be sold. He was sitting on his horse. Aunt Cora went over to him and said in her sweetest tones, "How is your dear old Mother, Earl?" He replied, "Damn fine, going to beat hell." She then asked him if one of his cows was a good milker. He said, "Yes, she is an exceptionally good milker. In fact, I have never seen a better milk cow. But to tell you the truth, Mrs. Kinzie, it would take a four months old bull calf to get the milk out of her." Earl was a rough but a very likeable character.

Horner's Hall was named Fairview. He sold it to the Lakeside Country Club, who ran it for awhile and sold it to Gordon Beal. He moved it onto his property and some years later, he tore it apart and sold the lumber. The house that was attached to the hall was moved to near where the park offices are now and became the home of the caretaker, Fred Reeves. When Fred retired, he sold his house to Orville Smith. He moved it near to the Eastview Store. Orville has passed away now, but his wife, Nellie, still lives there.

Pike Lake has seen many people come and go and many so called improvements have been made over the years, but never again will it be the beautiful little unspoiled lake that I knew as a boy.

CHAPTER SEVEN

I do not remember the year, but as time went on and more money was coming in, Dad and Mother decided to enlarge the house. Dad figured out what lumber he would need and brought it to the yard. He then tore the old sod roof off the old log house and built a frame of two by fours around the old log walls. The studs were long enough so that the building would be one and one-half stories high. The tents, that we had lived in when we first came, were set up again to live in while making alterations. Dad had the studs up and the rafters for the roof, but no boards except for a few at one side. It was a warm summer day. Suddenly, a greyish black cloud formed in the north-west. There was a lot of thunder and lightning and some large drops of rain, and all at once, down came the hail. I had been playing around the building. I was barefoot and had on very light clothes. When it started to hail, Dad grabbed me and we stood against the west wall where he had put boards on the roof. I got quite cold but the storm was soon over and the sun came out and everything was soon warm again. That was my first hail storm. It was not a very bad one. By the time I was thirty years old, I had seen some rip snorters.

In the fall of 1915, Dad decided to build a room on the south end of the old house. It was sixteen feet by twelve feet. He did not get it finished before it snowed. He and some others decided to go moose-hunting in the Tisdale country. They drove there with a team of horses and a sleigh. Mother was more than a little provoked but she did not get her room finished until the next summer. Dad finally hired Mr. Walter Davidson Hall to finish it. He was a carpenter who had taken up a homestead in the bend of the lake. He and his wife, Edith Evelyn, worked on farms in the summer and lived in their little homestead house in the winter. When they grew older, they lived there the year around.

Dad leased all the land in the bend of the lake for pasture excepting the Hall place. I can remember going for the cows in the evening and sometimes they would be near the Hall homestead. The Halls often sat outside their house in the evenings and sang songs. It sounded very nice. One song that they sang was "Silver Threads Among The Gold." I liked that one very much and would stand spellbound, listening until they had finished. The pasture was very large and was heavy bush in spots, making it hard to find the cows. We always had a bell cow. But sometimes, when the flies were bad, she would stand in the brush in the shade and the bell would not ring. There was a clump of cottonwood trees not far from the Hall house. If we could not hear the bell, we would climb one of those trees and would get a good view of the pasture. There would usually be several animals out in the open where they could be seen from the tree.

My brother and I went to the Halls one evening. Mrs. Hall said, "Walty, the little boys must be thirsty. Please get them a drink." Walty went in the house and came out with two glasses of a raspberry drink. It was sure good and "the little boys" quite often got thirsty. I doubt if we made a nuisance of ourselves as I think the old couple were very glad of company. Sometimes they would not see anyone else for days at a time. But what boy considers whether he is a nuisance or not.

The Halls decided to move away so Dad bought their holdings and they sold their furniture. Dad paid them their money and took them to Saskatoon to get on the train. He left them at the station and went to put his team in the barn; then walked back to the station to see them off. They were not on the train or at the station and no one here ever saw them again. Mrs. Hall was very good friends with my Mother and one of my sisters was named Edith Evelyn after Mrs. Hall. She surely would have written to Mother to let her know where they were. No one knows what happened and as far as I know, the police were never notified. Dad and Mother took the attitude that "If that's the way they want it, OK." I suspect now that there must have been foul play. That episode remains one of Pike Lake's unsolved mysteries.

When going for the cows in that big pasture, I would start on a cow path (for the benefit of my young readers a cow path is a trail that the cattle followed in single file when they were moving from one place to another and their hoofs wore a rut in the ground. These cow paths were never straight but meandered in and out). I would pretend I was a train. I was the locomotive and one of my arms made circles in imitation of the piston rod on the engine. I moved at a good fast jog. When I came to where cow paths crossed, I would let forth a long, drawn out wail as a whistle for the crossing. If anyone had seen me, they probably would have thought I was loco. It sure helped pass the time when hunting cows.

As time went on, I was working in the field driving a horse outfit. My brother, Conard, was sent for the cows and sometimes, our cousin, Arthur, went with him. They decided they were going to try their hand at making wine so they swiped some sugar from Mother and took a ten pound syrup pail, about one gallon. They filled it with High Bush Cranberries and hid it beside a big Balm of Gilead Tree and forgot about it. Sometime later, they were on the way to get the cows and decided to check to see how their wine was doing. There was lots of juice in the can so they took a taste. It was good so they took a couple of drinks. When they came home, Arthur took off for his home. Conard came to the house and was babbling away in a very silly manner. Mother was worried. She thought Con had a case of sunstroke so she called Dad to have a look at him. They finally got Conard quieted down and he told them what had happened. Dad very seldom touched us boys in the way of chastisement, but that time he took a switch and dusted Conard's pants.

One time, I remember getting switched. The water tank for the steam engine was sitting in the yard. It was empty and my sister, Lela, and brother, Conard, were playing in it. The tank had a two foot square hole in the top with a hinged lid. The lid was open and as I was walking past, Conard stuck his head out and said, "Hit the nigger and win a cigar." He had been to the Saskatoon Exhibition and seen a deal there where this negro had his head sticking out through a hole in a canvas wall. For twenty-five cents anybody who wanted to try could throw three baseballs at him. The barker's line was, "Hit the nigger and get a cigar." It had rained and dried up so that, beside tracks made while it was wet, were lots of little lumps of clay. I picked up one of these and threw it at Con. He ducked down and came up again. Then Lela joined the fun. I picked up a handful of clods in my left hand and started throwing them. When Lela popped up, one clod hit her square in the eye. Dad came charging out of the shop. Without asking any questions, he grabbed me by the hand and walked me to the nearest poplear tree, broke off a branch and started to switch my backside. The leaves were still on the branch and, until they wore off, it didn't sting too much. He wore out three branches on me before he stopped. The whipping hurt my feelings more than anything but I howled like a banshee so that Pop thought he was doing his duty.

We put in several years pasturing the milk cows in the large pasture. Then we fenced a smaller one and those long chases were over. There were always two bulls in the big pasture and we never had any trouble with them while we were walking. My cousin, Merrel, went to the pasture on horseback and one of the bulls who had horns that stuck straight

out from his head came beside Merrel's horse and started using his horns. He gave Merrel's leg a jab right in the calf and it made a very ugly looking wound. He gave the horse a dig in the stomach. It reared and nearly threw Merrel, but he hung on and the horse soon moved away from the bull. If Merrel had been thrown, he would have been in serious trouble for El Toro was very mad.

We often spent our weekends roaming around in the big pasture, hunting crow nests. We would take a frying pan along with us and some butter, salt and pepper. When we found a crow's nest with only two or three eggs in it, we knew they had not been set on. We took them. After we had gathered what we considered enough eggs, we would make a fire and fry them. The eggs did not have much flavor. They were neither good nor bad. We always took along some boiled potatoes to warm so together they made a fair meal. If our Mother had served such a meal at home, we would have disowned her.

The Great Horned Owls nested in this pasture and we often visited their nest. Cousin Arthur and Brother Arnold were the best tree climbers so they usually went up to the nest. Arthur was about halfway to a nest when the male owl swooped down and grabbed his cap. The owl flew for a half mile and dropped the cap. We never found it. Arnold was up to a nest and he had taken a piece of broomstick to scare away the owls if they should come near. An owl came toward him and he hit at it with a stick and missed. The owl came in and clawed his face. We took a young owl home to raise as a pet. We named him Bob. He became very tame and if anyone called "Bob", he would answer with a squawk. His favorite perch was on top of the radiator on the Fairbanks Morse tractor. We fed him on gophers and blackbirds. He consumed a tremendous amount of food. A robin built her nest under the fender and on top of a gear cover on the same tractor. On year, Dad wanted to use the tractor. The young robins were not ready to fly so he took an old pail and nailed it to a tree near the tractor. He fastened it with the bottom of the pail against the tree. Then he took the nest with the young robins in it and set it in the pail. The old bird chirped and fluttered around in a dither. But as soon as Dad left the nest, she went to the young ones and fed and raised them until they were grown.

One time, when we were in the pasture, we met two Indians. They had a wicker basket in which they had been gathering wild ducks eggs. They had at least twelve dozen. We thought that gathering duck eggs would make for a lot better eating than crow eggs. When we told Dad about the Indians and the eggs, he said, "If I catch you 'fellers' gathering duck eggs, I will tan your hides." I doubt if the Indians did too much harm collecting duck eggs as they never took all the eggs from a nest and the duck would always lay more. It was one of the Indians ways of living off the land.

After we got older, we travelled farther afield. One winter, we were following the creek that ran through our farm and about two and a half miles downstream from home when we came to a little trail leading up to the east creek bank. We followed it and came to a small clearing. There in the middle of that clearing was a whiskey still. We went home but did not tell our parents what we had found. One day, we met But Dowling and he told us, "If you boys should ever run across a whiskey still, do not say a word to anyone as moonshiners are a bad bunch and they just might kill you." Right then and there we knew who the still we had discovered belonged to. We never told anyone until many years later, not because we were scared but because we figured it was none of our business.

Arnold and I were trapping muskrats on that same creek. We were using a boat. When we passed by Kinzie's farm, Arthur and Maurice came to the creek bank to talk. Aunt Cora was miffed about something that day and she called to her boys, "Come up here right now away from those dirty, stinking, little rat-trappers."

We often went to the Saskatchewan River to fish for goldeyes and spent many Saturday afternoons fishing and fooling around the river. One afternoon, I took my gun along and on

the way I shot a grouse. When we got to the river, we decided it would be a good idea to cook the grouse and eat it. We cleaned it and found an old can which wwe scoured well with sand. Then we made a fire and boiled the grouse until it was at least partly done, and then we tried it. I have never tasted anything so putrid. A bit of salt and a lot more cooking might have improved it. The We that I have been writing about in the previous lines consisted of my brothers, Arnold and Conard, and my cousins, Arthur and Maurice Kinzie. A lot of the time, though, it was just Arnold and I.

In those years, it seemed that the lake always froze over before it snowed with the result that the lake would be one sheet of clear ice from one end to the other. We did a lot of skating in the evenings after school. I skated to the south end one day and there was a strong north wind blowing. Going with the wind to my back was clear sailing but when I turned to go home, it was a different story. I had to work hard to make any progress. I had on a light sweater which did not stop the wind. With sucking in cold air and the wind blowing against me, my chest started to hurt. I figured I would not be able to make it all the way, so about halfway, I headed for the bank and made a fire and got warm. One rule that my Dad made was that we always carry matches in case we needed to make a fire. Woe betide us, if we were caught lighting unnecessary fires. He taught us how to build campfires and how to keep them under control. Bruce Sawyer, a boy I went to school with and a great outdoors boy, showed me how to gather the tips of dry Kinnicik or Red Willow for starting a fire. It catches fire quickly and burns really well. The Indians made a sort of tobacco from the Red Willow. They removed the red bark and then scraped the inner bark from the tree. It came off in long shreds. Then they dried it and it was ready for the pipe. Of course, we boys tried it along with the other things we smoked such as tea leaves, dried rose leaves and small branches of cottonwood that had fallen in the river and become water-soaked. When these sticks drifted up on the bank and dried out, they became porous and smoked very well. The larger sticks were cigars and the small ones, cigarettes. For a pipe, we used a piece of chokecherry wood, the right size for a bowl; drilled a large hole in it for the tobacco; then a small hole was drilled in the side to accomodate the stem. The stem was made from a small piece of highbush cranberry sapling. The heart of the sapling was easily removed. After a mouthpiece had been carved on one end, it was pushed into the small hole in the bowl and it was ready for use. Red Willow made pretty fair tobacco. All I can say for it is that you sure as hell knew you were smoking. Phew!

Another pastime we had in the winter was sliding downhill. Just east of Frank Dowling's store, the lake bank was a sort of double hill; down the first bank which was quite steep, and then a few yards on the level, and down the second out onto the lake. We spent a great deal of time sliding on that hill. George Dowling often slid with us. George made a coaster out of the steel shoe off a discarded sleigh. He fastened a block to the shoe with a ten inch square piece of board to sit on. His feet were placed, one to top of the other, and he had to balance perfectly or end up in a spill. It was the fastest sled on the hill.

My first pair of skates were clamp on. They clamped onto the sole of my boots with a strap and buckle that fitted around my ankle. The bottom of the blade was curved so that there was not very much of the blade touching the ice. If the clamps came loose, a person could have a nasty fall. Some skates were called bob skates. They had four blades. I think they were only for beginners.

My second pair were hockey skates. The boots were black, trimmed with white elk. Dad bought them second hand. He arrived late at night with them so there was no chance to try them out. The next morning I was on the ice before daylight. When I found out how good they worked, I was one happy boy. I had one rather bad accident while skating. We were playing tag and I was chasing another boy when he tripped on something on the ice and fell. I went down too and the back of one of his skates caught me just over my eye and cut a gash one and one-half inches long. There was just one sharp blow, and then, I felt as

though I was sliding down a long hill of very smooth ice. It got darker as I slid and the pain got less and less the farther I slid. Then I knew no more. I was unconscious all that night but I came around about nine o'clock the following morning. The first thing I said when I came around was "I will never skate again as long as I live." But after I had something to eat, I felt better. At four o'clock that afternoon, I was back on the lake for a skate. I felt rather woozy but I felt that if I did not go back right away I might not go at all. However, I enjoyed many happy hours of skating after that.

After the snow fell, we would clean off a rink so that we could skate. However, it was never the same as skating at will all over the lake. Miss Golda Bicknell came to teach at Pike Lake School. Her home was in Sutherland, a suburb of Saskatoon. When she found how nice the ice was on the lake, her parents came down with their Model T. Ford and drove on the lake. One Sunday, Bowman Brothers, who ran an automotive store in Saskatoon, also brought their 490 Chevrolet on the ice. There were four young fellows with the Bowman car and they hung onto the back of the car and slid along on their skates. If they all turned their skates sideways and dug in they could bring the car to a stop. The wheels would be spinning on the slippery ice so they would skate ahead pushing the car until it got going good again. Then, they would give the back end of the car a push sideways, and it would go spinning in circles down the ice completely out of control. But what mattered. There was nothing in the way and the car just spun until it ran out of momentum. One day, the Bicknell's were driving down the ice and the young fellows thought it would be fun to give them a shove so they went over. When everything was just right, they gave the car a heave to one side and into a spin it went. Mrs. Bicknell was in the back seat. When the car started to spin, she stood up and screamed. It finally came to a stop and like the good sport she was, she laughed with the others. Harry Forbes and I were ice fishing. Harry said to me, "I bet Old Lady Bicknell peed herself that time."

I cannot remember how old I was but I was very young when I thought it would be fun to snare some rabbits. I asked Dad for some snare wire and he said, "Help yourself." I took some wire and made a couple of snares. I made the loops an inch and a half across; then, I went out behind the barn in some bushes where there were lots of rabbit tracks. I set my snares flat on the ground expecting to catch a rabbit by the foot. I looked at my snares every day but no rabbits. Father noticed me going out there and asked what I was up to. He went with me, and when he saw the snares, he didn't laugh. He said, "That's not the way to snare rabbits. You must catch them around the neck." So he made a couple of snares and set them to show me how. The next morning I had two rabbits.

It was not until several years later that I started to take an interest in trapping. The first thing I caught was a weasel. I took the hind leg of a rabbit and hung it on a bush about one foot above the ground and set a trap underneath. I went there early in the morning. For two days nothing happened. The third morning, when I went to look, there in my trap was a weasel. He was dead as the trap had caught him around the body so that he had died almost instantly. I trapped for many years but I never caught a larger weasel than that one. That is not just a figment of a boy's imagination. The nail holes in the stretcher that I used to dry the pelt were there as proof.

Sometime after I was through school, I set out to trap coyotes. I had been going with my Dad to look at his traps but he didn't tell me too much about it. I observed the way he set his traps. But when I asked him anything, he said, "You have seen me do it. You should know how." He taught me how to read tracks in the snow, which animal made such a track, and what it was doing—if it was hunting for food or just travelling through to some other area. One thing he told me was, "When you are trapping, see everything there is to see and find out everything you can about it." Dad was very good at trapping coyotes. Bud Dowling said, "Those coyotes just fall from heaven into Bert Pippin's traps." He also said, "Old Pippin could fall in a backhouse and come out smelling like a rose." I learned enough so

that I could catch the odd coyote, but I found that what works for one coyote will not work for the other. That's why Dad did not tell me too much. He figured I should find out things for myself. During World War I, Dad caught three coyotes in one night. He sold them for forty-two dollars each. That was a very good price as in those days, a dollar was a dollar.

During the thirties, a young fellow, who was a boxer and lived in Saskatoon, often came to the Pike Lake district. There was a bachelor, Nels Peterson, and the boxer stayed at his house when he was in this area. The boxer's name was Jack Feland. He was a lightweight. Some of the young fellows would go a few rounds with Jack. One day, when he and I were sparring, he kept saying, "Come on, hit me," so I got in a punch that left him sitting on his backside. When he got up, I hit him on his neck. I never knew if that made him mad or not, but he came after me and hit me right on the button. I was not knocked out completely but the gloves felt so heavy I could not hold them up.

Jack was a jogger in the true sense of the word. He jogged back and forth between Saskatoon and Nels Peterson's farm. Jack was the man who introduced coyote snaring to the Pike Lake country. He set snares along the road as he came from Saskatoon. When he first told me about snaring coyotes, I told Dad and he said, "He must be crazy. Nobody can snare a coyote. They are too smart for that." How wrong he was. Coyotes can be snared alright, but as in trapping, one must use common sense.

Jack used telephone wire, piano wire or just about any wire that could be shaped into a snare. That was no good as many of the coyotes broke the snare and got away. I caught a coyote in one of my traps and he had a piece of telephone wire around his neck. It had worn right through his skin and was hanging there on bare flesh. That coyote just walked straight into my trap as though he thought I can't stand this any longer; I may as well get it over. I also shot several that had broken loose from a snare. It was a cruel way to catch coyotes. Finally, a wire was placed on the market that would hold a coyote. It was a steel cable which was reverse wound which meant that the inside of the cable was wound in one direction and the outside in the opposite.

The first coyote that I snared was just sitting there. He had not struggled at all. I shot him with my 22 rifle. I thought this is sure a good system. The next one I caught had put up a real fight just the same as when they are caught in a trap. They chew all the brush as far as they can reach. Some pulled hard enough that they choked and were dead. Eventually, someone came up with the idea of a lock on the snare so that when the animal pulled, it tightened on its neck and did not loosen. If there is anything humane about catching animals, in my opinion, the snare is the least cruel of all. Many years ago, the snare was declared illegal in Saskatchewan and it is illegal to have snares in one's possession. If the neighbor's dog gets caught, he is a goner. Deer will get caught in a coyote snare. But if a snare is set at the height of a deer's head, they will see it or smell it and walk around it. How do I know this? I have experimented several times in my years of trapping.

A friend of mine, Roy Petersen, who lived in the Moon Lake area, told some good stories about his experiences trapping and hunting. He said, "One morning I was out hunting deer. At nine o'clock I shot a big buck. I leaned my gun against a tree, and got out my knife to cut its throat. I was standing straddle of the deer and all at once, it stood up. There I was on its back holding on to its horns. The buck took off across an opening, but it was headed for some thick bush. I knew that I was in for a rough time if he ran into the bush. But I found that by moving his horns, I could steer him just like riding a bicycle. So I steered him around in a circle until he dropped dead.

Roy said, "One time, my Dad, Bill LeStrange, and I were trapping muskrats on Moon Lake. The lake was lousy with coyote tracks, so I took fourteen coyote traps and a bottle of scent that I had prepared the summer before and went to the lake. I chose a clump of grass as the place to put the scent. First, I set the traps all around the clump; then I opened the

bottle of scent and it was so strong that Dad and Bill passed out right there in the snow. Yes, they passed right out. I threw the bottle of scent into the grass and ran. The next morning, when we went to the lake, do you know what I had in my traps? I had caught fourteen . . . of the neighbor's dogs." The scent for coyotes was made by putting chopped fish, small bits of venison, and Oil of Anise (to keep it from freezing) in a bottle and hanging it in the sun for a couple of months. It was very smelly and a trapper, using it, should be living alone because if he should spill some on himself and come home, I am sure his wife and family would leave him.

The big pasture, where we spent so many hours chasing cows and camping, has been sold. There is one big home in the middle of it owned by Joseph Urban. When Dad passed away, he left the W.D. Hall homestead to my brother, Glenn. In 1978, he sold it to Kent and Laurel Brace. Kent works with the Canadian Wildlife Service. They have built a lovely home and live there with their two boys, Paul and Timmy.

Often when on our safaris to the river, we would follow the river upstream about three miles and then, heading toward home, we would stop in at a bachelor's shack. His name was Baxter Newcombe. He and his partner, Perry Porter, had taken up homesteads beside each other. Perry's wife could not put up with the hardships and loneliness of homestead life, so they went back to Nova Scotia where they had all come from. Baxter, he liked us to call him Mr. Newcombe, was always glad to see us and always made us a bite to eat. He mixed tea and coffee together and made a drink which did not taste bad. He baked his own bread and it was really good. With homemade bread, butter, strawberry jam, and his coffee-tee, we would have a real good lunch.

One time, in the fall of the year, we had been to the river. There was a flock of geese sitting on a sandbar out of shotgun range. We were discussing this with Mr. Newcombe and I said, "I would like to soak some wheat in whiskey and put it on the sandbar and get those geese drunk." He said, "I've got the whiskey, boys." We found out later that he had a still and was making whiskey. The still was on land owned by Dad. One of our cows was due to freshen, and as cows often do, she went off into the heavy bush along the lake to have her calf. She came across Baxter's still and ate a good big feed of mash and was drunk. When we found her, the calf was dead and she was still three sheets in the wind. She staggered and reeled around so we left her until she sobered up.

Newcombe found out that we had discovered his still and he moved it onto his own land. He never made any money out of his whiskey as he let a sharp dealer in Saskatoon take it to the city to sell. He sold it alright but failed to pay Newcombe.

After I was twelve years old, it was often my duty to look after the younger children while Mother and Dad were away. Grandma Brady came to live with us when we were still quite young and looked after us very well when the folks were away. One time, before Grandma came, my brother, Arnold, and I decided it would be a good idea to give our tom cat a bath. He was a house cat and very gentle. We got a basin of water and attempted to put him in it. He let out a terrible squall, gave me a scratch and went beserk. He tore around the room and ran up the walls of the old log house. We finally opened the door and he took off outside and we never saw him for two days. Mother came home and when she opened the door, she said, "Phew! I smell cat." No wonder she smelled cat after all that preamble. After my Grandmother went to keep house for Uncle Ed, I was left to look after my brothers and sisters. I had fried porkchops and was proceeding to make some gravy. I put in the flour and then picked up the can of baking powder and pretended that I put baking powder in the gravy. They told Mother that I had used baking powder to make gravy and advised her to try it, as they said it made the gravy real good.

When Grandma Brady came to live with us, she had her own room and no children were allowed in there unless they were asked by Grandma. She was a small person and, for

some reason, was quite stooped. She was very energetic and pitched right in when there was housework or gardening to do. As she went about her work, she usually sang hymns. She really didn't sing. It was a mixture of humming and whistling. All the same she could praise the Lord in a voice loud and clear when she was in church.

She bought a horse and buggy so she had her own transportation. When there was a church service in those days, it was usually held in different schoolhouses. Sunday mornings, one of us boys would harness Paddy, her horse, and hitch him to the buggy, and Grandma would be away to church. As she had lost her husband, John Tyler Brady, before coming to Canada, she dressed in black when going out. Her dress was all black except for a white lace collar. Her hat was a small one with no brim. She wore glasses, and, altogether, she was rather a cute, little old lady.

Some years later, she moved to a farm east of Vanscoy, Sask. to keep house for her son, Uncle Ed. The farm was across the railway tracks from the Lemuel Shockey farm. The Shockeys were a large family and Grandma Brady looked on them all as her grandchildren. I am sure that the Shockeys regarded Grandma very highly. When Uncle Ed quit farming, Grandma came back to live with the Pippins. She stayed with us until her death.

When she grew older, she would often spend a few days in bed. "Just resting," she said. She called me into her room one day. She was lying in bed and to me she looked very frail. Her body was old and tired, but her mind was still very sharp. We talked of this and that and as usual she reminded me to always be a good boy. Finally, she reached under her pillow and brought out my Grandfather's watch which he had worn through the Civil War in the United States. She said, "Ralphie, I want you to have this." I accepted the watch with rather chocked up emotions as I felt that Grandma knew that the end of her days were near.

When my Mother and Dad were first married, someone asked, "How do you like your new son-in-law, Mr. Brady?" He answered, "Oh, he's alright, but I can just hold him up to the light and see the worms working in him." I think by that remark that Uncle Ed probably inherited his ornery streak from John Tyler Brady.

Uncle Ed was working for my Dad. Grandma was going to entertain the Minister that afternoon so after dinner, when Ed was leaving for the field, Grandma said, "Ed, the preacher is coming this afternoon and I would like you to be a good boy. Don't swear or act rough." "O.K. Maw," said Ed. The preacher and Grandma were sitting in the shade of the trees drinking tea when Ed came in from the field. Ed had left the machine he was using in the field and was walking home behind the horses. He waited until he was as close to the preacher as he was going to be; then he hit Old Dick a sharp cut with the line. Dick started bucking and jumping around. Then Ed started, "Dick, you old sonofabitch, what in hell do you think you are doing," and on into a string of swear words that lasted until he was out of hearing. It sounded silly and poor old Grandma was embarrassed something terrible. If she had not said anything to Ed, he would never have thought of such a thing. As I said before, Uncle Ed had an ornery streak.

While us kids were still young, Dad went to an auction sale and came home with a gramophone. It was a Victor and about twenty inches square and ten inches high. It played disc records and the turntable was on the top. It had a crank on the side for winding it. A fair-sized spring was wound up tight and when a brake on the disc was released, the turntable would start to turn. A sharp-pointed needle was placed in the reproducer and a screw turned to hold it in. This needle was placed on the record and the music would start. Two swinging doors opened on the front for the sound to come out. There were several Scotch songs by Harry Lauder and a number of marching tunes by John Philip Sousa and his band. We played that gramophone from the time he brought it home until two o'clock in the morning. Finally, Mother said, "It's time you kids went to bed. There will be another day tomorrow." I don't remember the names of all the records but there were about twenty. We

played them all and then started all over again. That was our introduction to canned music and it helped to pass many long winter evenings.

We did a lot of reading in those days all by kerosene lamps. At the handy store they used a gas lamp. It used high test gasoline as fuel and it sure made kerosene lamps look dim. I was in Birney's Hardware Store in Saskatoon and there on the counter was displayed an array of gas lamps and lanterns. I decided I would like to have a lantern as they could be carried outside and used at the barn as well as in the house. I bought one and it cost me eight dollars and fifty cents and no tax. I took it home, filled it with gas, and pumped it so that there was pressure through the generator. The pump was built into the tank on that model. Some of the older kind had a pump separate from the lamp. I took my lantern into the house at dusk all pleased with myself, and Mother said, "Get that darn thing out of my house. I won't have any such contraption in here." Dad said, "Damn it, Florence, other people use them. Let him try it." So I lit it and the room was flooded with light such as it had never known before. The very next time that Mother and Dad went to Saskatoon, they came home with two gas lamps, one for the kitchen and one for the living room. They made very good light but along side the electric lights of today, they look blue.

Dad would not allow playing cards in the house but we would go to Henry Sawyer's farm and play with the Sawyer boys. He did not object to that but there would be no cards in his house.

One time, when my brothers and I were visiting at Uncle Ed's farm near Vanscoy, we went to the railroad tracks to watch a train go by. We lived thirteen miles from the nearest railway so watching a train was quite an event for us. After the train had passed, we walked along the track for a short distance and we came across a deck of playing cards. They were in very good condition but apparently not good enough to play poker on the train. We took them home and played cards for three or four nights. Pop never said anything until one night we got into an argument. He walked to the table and swept the cards together, went to the kitchen stove, lifted up the lid and threw them in the fire. However, many years after, when Harry and Clara Hoyte came to this district, they came to visit at our home and the four of them played cards quite often. They argued too but nobody burned the cards. The men played against the women. I don't recall the name of the game they played but the Queen of Spades was the high counter. They were talking rather loud one night. I awoke and I heard Clara say, "There, take the black bitch."

In 1923, a radio salesman came to our farm. Jack Lensen, who farmed between Pike Lake and Delisle, was driving him around the country with a team of horses and a cutter. They stopped at our place for supper. After supper, he demonstrated his radio. As it was late they stayed overnight. The radio was made on a board at least three feet long and numerous tubes stuck up with no cover over any of it. Of course, it was a battery set. That was the first time I heard Wilf Carter sing and I have been a Carter fan ever since. There was a program on that night called the "How Do You Do Club." People would send in their names and the radio station would make up a verse about them and sing it on the air.

For example: How do you do, Andy Gump, how do you do?
How do you do, Andy Gump, how are You?
How is Myrtle, how is Min, how's the whiskers on your chin?
Growing out or growing in. How do you do?

The next morning Mother sang to the salesman:

How do you do, Mr. Brown, how do you do?
How do you do, Mr. Brown, how are You?
Your radio is fine but it's rather out of line.
I want a cabinet for mine. How do you do?

I don't know if he sold any radios in this area.

I cannot recall the year but the Pippin Family decided to form a dance orchestra. Arnold had taken lessons in Saskatoon and played the saxophone. He started out playing a C Melody sax but later changed to an E Flat Alto. Conard played the trumpet. Glenn played the banjo when the banjo looked bigger than him. He also learned to play the piano and the clarinet. At first, Mother played the piano and some years later, Sister Lela took over and played for some years. I hammered away at the drums. We called our orchestra, Pippins Peppy Five. I acquired a guitar and played and sang at the lunch break. I have often wondered how come I never got shot. Of course, others joined in the program and the audience seemed to think it was rather nice. After my sister, Lela, left home, Arnold's wife, Marian, took over the piano playing. She was one of the best dance music piano players that I have ever known. Her time was perfect. This does not take away from Lela's playing as she was also very good. We played for many dances, but I got tired of it and quit after thirty years. The others kept on playing and Jack Hicks joined them. He played the saxophone.

My nephew, Duane "Buck" Pippin, played in the Lions Band when he lived in Saskatoon and the Bandmaster said he was the best trumpet player he had ever known. Buck moved to Lucky Lake and got together an orchestra. They called themselves "The Gold Tones", and they made a record which sold very well. Then Buck moved to Regina and played with an orchestra there. He was not only a good musician, but he was a good entertainer. There was never a dull moment when Buck was playing. Marian, Arnold, Glenn, Jack Hicks, and Barry Pippin and his wife, Sharon played and they broke up. Barry, Sharon, Marian, and Arnold and Jack Hicks played together for awhile. Marian and Arnold retired. Jack Hicks does not play with them now. They ousted Glenn from the orchestra and changed the name to "The New Pippins". The orchestra now consists of Barry and Sharon on guitars; their daughter, Rhonda, plays the organ; and Monty Sawyer on drums. They have much expensive equipment such as amplifiers and they have a sound man to adjust the amplifiers. They play very modern music and Barry and Rhonda sing.

Before we started playing for dances, we often went to dances at Bill and Beatrice Smith's house. Their house was made of logs with a cottage roof of lumber and cedar shingles. The living room extended the length of one side of the house. It had a maple floor which made it very nice for dancing. The music came from a large cabinet gramophone called a Sonora. I believe it was made by the Victor Company.

Bert and Florence Watson (note that they had the same names as my Dad and Mother) usually came to these dances. Bert would go upstairs and become engaged in a game of cards. After a while of dancing to the gramophone, the dancers would decide that they would like to have a square dance. Frank Bailey, who came from across the river, would start coaxing Bert to come downstairs and play the violin for them. Bert loved to play, but he also loved playing cards. But after a bit of persuasion, he would grab his violin and go downstairs. Mr. Ernie Lillew, Mrs. Watson's father, accompanied Bert on the autoharp. They sure played good dance music. After the square dance was over, they continued to play for other dances. I liked their music better than the gramophone. Florence Watson always baked a huge batch of doughnuts the afternoon before the dance, and she brought them with her. She sure was generous as there was always enough to go around.

Mother often went with us to dances, but Dad would not go. Apparently, he had gone to a dance in the mining town where he lived in the States. A man pulled a knife on him and he hit the fellow over the head with a chair and went home vowing never to go to a dance again. Dad did not sing or dance and could not whistle a tune. Any musical ability we had came from my Mother's side of the family.

Dad taught us things which he knew about, which were many. I was always interested in blacksmithing, but until I was about eighteen years old, he always said, "You have seen me do it. You should know how." When he finally decided that I was really interested in that

line of work, he showed me the proper way to weld, how to temper cold chisels and gave me many pointers on how to sharpen ploughshares and cultivator blades. Somewhere in this book, I shall write a short biography on Bert Pippin.

The first radio in the Pippin home was a crystal set put together by Conard Pippin. It used headphones. As time went on, we acquired battery radios. In the early twenties, a telephone line was built through this district. A company was formed known as the Merril Rural Telephone Company. The phones were a box which screwed to the wall. It was about twenty inches tall and twelve inches wide. The two bells were situated near the top. Below the bells, was the transmitter or mouthpiece and beneath that was a small shelf with a downward slope. This was for writing on. At the right side of the box was a crank which turned a generator causing the bells to ring. On the other side was the receiver. The system was divided into lines with from seven to eleven subscribers to a line. To talk to a subscriber on your line, you removed the receiver from its hook and turned the crank. The subscribers each had a call number. For example, one might be two long rings, a long and a short or two shorts. This ringing was controlled by the crank. To talk to a party on another line, one long ring would put one in contact with the operator or Central, as she was known. You then gave her the number of the party you wished to speak to and she connected you with that person.

The receiver hook had a catch on it so that one could lift the receiver and listen to a conversation. This was known as rubbering. Some people were very much against rubbering but I could never see much harm in it. However, one had better not discuss private affairs on the phone. After my wife and I were married, we discussed this and decided that rubbering was not a nice thing to do so we stayed away from the phone when someone else was using it. The upshot of this was that a man who lived a few miles from us, passed away and was buried before we heard about it. No one had thought to phone us so we didn't know. Well nice or not, we decided rubbering had its good points.

My brother, Glenn, and some of the neighbor boys constructed what was called a haywire telephone. That was a very private line and they had a lot of fun with it. They ran their lines on fences as much as possible. Bill Keindel was line man for the Merril Rural Telephone Company for many years and when he retired, Glenn took over the duties. Sometimes, he had some very bad deals. One time the phone was not working and Glenn went to check and found a full mile of telephone line flat on the ground. He talked to Bill and he agreed to come help with the job. Glenn, Arnold and I drove with the truck as close as we could get which was two miles. We carried our tools all the way. This was just after a big blizzard which had broken the lines. The roads into the trouble were drifted three feet deep with snow. The crust on the drifts was so hard that we could walk on it. When we arrived at the trouble, the poles were broken off at ground level, and there was anywhere from two to four feet of snow where we had to set the poles. We cleared the snow away and started to dig. The ground was frozen like a rock so we decided that we would dig the holes not more than eighteen inches deep as the poles would have to be replaced with new ones in the summer. It was a matter of loosening the frozen ground with a crowbar and it took a good half hour to dig one hole. Before we finished, some of those holes were a lot less than eighteen inches deep. Bill and Glenn took turns climbing the poles to tie on the wire. The temperature was thirty below but we got everything fixed up and headed back to the truck. After working and walking back to the truck, I was sweating inside my parka. There was not room in the cab for everyone so I rode in the back. I got chilled so that when I arrived home after dark, I was shivering like a leaf. I went to bed. After I got warmed a bit, I had to do my chores, and before I got finished, I was chilled again. So back to bed again. By the next morning, I was able to feed the pigs, milk the cows and take feed to the cattle that I was feeding outside.

The phone was a very good thing for an isolated community like ours.

CHAPTER EIGHT

On August 29, a second son was born to Bert and Florence Pippin. He was named Millard Arnold and was the first Pippin to be born at Pike Lake. He was called Laddie until after he started school. Next in the family was Frederick Conard, born May 4, 1909. Then came a girl, Lela Florence, born December 10, 1910. Then next arrival was Mildred Alma on December 4, 1912. Then came Edith Evelyn on December 14, 1914. Glenn Gerald arrived on March 11, 1917. On September 5, 1918 Helen Caroline made her debut. Geraldine Charlotte was born on May 22, 1920. She passed away on August 4, 1924. Thus four boys and four girls made up the Pippin Family. They are all living in this year of 1980 with the exception of Conard. He went down East to work in a factory during World War I. He died of a heart attack on a hot afternoon while mowing his lawn.

Bert decided in 1917 that he needed a means of transportation so he went to Saskatoon and bought a Model T Ford car. It was known as a Touring Car. The top could be folded down and fastened by a clamp arrangement. When the top was up, side curtains which were arranged on a small cable could be unfolded along the sides. When the curtains were in place, the only place the driver could see was straight ahead. The curtains were equipped with small isinglass windown which let some light into the car but it was impossible to see into or out of the car. The windshield consisted of two flat pieces of flat glass set in frames and arranged so that the top half could be folded over the other when the top was down. It was powered by a four cylinder motor.

The car dealer in Sasktoon drove Dad outside the city limits and, as Dad put it, "Turned me loose." He got home without mishap and we all piled in and went for a ride. If everything was just right on a Model T, the driver could expect to get a top speed of forty miles per hour. A good cruising speed was twenty-five or thirty miles per hour. It seemed quite fast in those times. There were two little handles or levers, one on each side of the steering wheel. The one on the left was used to advance or retard the spark; the other one controlled the speed of the vehicle, down for fast, up for slow. The horn was controlled by a small button clamped to the steering column. It would not blow unless the motor was running. After Dad had driven this car for a time, he devised a foot accelerator such as the McClaughlin and Chevrolet cars used. The transmission in a Model T was a system of bands, more or less the forerunner of today's automatic transmissions.

When I was about fourteen years old, Dad let me drive the car while he was with me. The first time I drove it alone, we were threshing on the land where I live now, which is two miles from the homestead. Mother always made the afternoon lunch to take out to the outfit. Dad was busy around the machine so he told me to take the car and go for the lunch. I was going along at a good clip. In one place, the road was very narrow and around a bend came two boys on horseback. I could not turn out as the ruts I was driving in were deep. I thought, "Oh boy, an accident on my first solo drive." I slowed as much as possible but the horses kept coming. When they got near the car, they turned out, one on each side and went galloping past me. When we grew older, we drove that old Model T to many dances.

There was no speedometer on it so I cannot say how many miles it made, but they were many.

Somewhere along in this era, Bert decided he needed a new blacksmith shop. He made a frame building in which he housed all his smithing equipment. He moved the water pump from where it stood outside the old log barn and installed it in one corner of the shop. After a number of years, we moved the shop to another location and added a granary onto the end in which he could clean seed grain. The shop had a line shaft. Perhaps I should explain what a lineshaft was. It was a shaft, one and one-quarter inches thick. It was mounted on bearings and was near the ceiling of the shop. The shaft extended into the granary. The shaft was driven by a three to five horse McCormick Deering Motor, three h.p. at slow speed and five h.p. at full speed. The shaft was equipped with pulleys which were placed above the machine to be driven. It turned all the time that the motor was running. But some of the machines had idle pulleys and the belt could be slipped onto them so that it was possible to turn one machine at a time. The end of the shaft that stuck out into the granary had a pulley for driving a fanning mill. The mill was known as a bulldog and had a decal of a bulldog on each side. It was not a fast way to clean grain but it sure beat the old way where a man stood at the side of the fanning mill and turned it with a crank. The crank was attached to a large sprocket, about sixteen inches across. This gave the mill good speed, but it also caused the crank to turn quite hard. One spring, I helped Dad clean eight hundred bushels of flax for seed. It seemed a never-ending task. He advertised the flax for seed and sold it for one dollar and fifty cents a bushel above the elevator price.

The Pippin family was growing steadily so there had to be some additions to the house. A cottage that had been built on the west side of the lake was purchased and skidded across the ice in the winter. A concrete basement was made and the cottage was butted up to the side of the house to be used as a kitchen. Later, a leanto was built onto the side of the kitchen which became a bedroom and bathroom. That was about it for the old homestead house.

A new barn was started on the Pippin farm in 1923. The main part was twenty-eight by forty feet. After the barn was finished, a leanto was built on one side. It was twenty-four by forty feet. The main part had a loft for hay storage. The loft had a wide door so that hay could be taken in at the peak of the roof and, over the loft door, the roof extended out in an A-shaped point. A track of steel was fastened as near to the peak of the roof as possible and it extended out to the end of the A-shaped point. What was known as a hay car ran on that track. A rope, one and one-quarter inches thick, was fastened at one end to the hay car. It hung in a loop on which were two pulleys with hooks and extended back through pulleys in the hay car, from it to a pulley at the rear peak end of the barn, down through a pulley at the eave, and then downward to another pulley close to the ground and outside the building. A ring was braided on the outside end of the rope to which a team of horses could be attached.

When loading hay, a rack eight feet by fourteen feet was used. What was known as slings was a contrivance consisting of four hardwood strips about two inches thick and seven feet long which laid crosswise on the rack and four ropes running the length of the rack. The ropes were fastened to the strips and brought together at each end and fastened to a ring. The sling was spread out on the bottom of the rack as even as possible and the rings on the ends were placed on a hook at each end of the rack. One had to be careful to get the hay loaded on the sling in an even manner. It was better to have a man on the rack to keep the load even. After the right amount of hay had been loaded, another sling was placed on top of the first layer. We used three slings to a rack load of hay. When unloading, the hooks on the loop hanging from the hay car were hooked into the rings at the end of the slings. A team was then hitched to the rope at the rear of the barn and were driven ahead, causing the rope hanging down from the hay car to shorten thus causing the hay to be rolled up and

held in the sling. The hay car had a block at the end of the track with a notch cut in to keep the car from rolling into the barn. When the sling load had lifted high enough, the hooks on the sling came against a lever causing the car to release from the notch and into the loft went the sling load of hay. The slings were hooked together in the middle and a short piece of rope hung down at the bottom of the sling load so that when the rope was pulled, it loosened the hooks and the slings separated and the hay was spilled into the loft. Then the hay car was run back to the starting point with the slings hanging down. Then they were unhooked and hung on the back of the rack to take back to the hayfield.

The hay had to be well-cured and dry before it was put in the loft, as green or wet hay piled in tight would cause internal combustion and cause the building to burn. The only drawback to this system was if the hay was not properly placed on the slings it would slip out and fall back onto the rack. If that happened, the loose hay had to be forked onto the ground and the sling replaced on the rack and the hay reloaded. It was one hell of a deal on a hot July afternoon, but we learned to load so that we didn't have that trouble too often.

The leanto on the side of the barn housed a calf pen. The calves were born in the pasture in the spring and taken from their mothers in the fall and fed and watered in this pen over winter. It would only be cleaned once a week or sometimes ten days. Dad had a habit of waiting until the day before we were going to a dance. He would say, "You Fellers had better clean the calf pen today." We overcame that by not waiting to be told but making sure that the pen was cleaned before dance day. Cleaning that pen was a heavy chore for two boys. It took the better part of a day to do it. The manure and wheat straw bedding would be tramped very hard and had to be forked onto a stone boat and usually spread on the land. Another thing that Dad did that irked us was calling us in the morning after we had been to a dance the night before. The heating stove was in the living room and we slept upstairs. He would rise at least a half hour before his usual time and seizing the poker, he would bang on the stove pipes and call out, "Come on you Fellers. Those that dance must pay the fiddler." Dad was good to us in many ways so we just overlooked his few things that bothered us.

It was getting late in the fall. We had not finished the barn so we were shingling on some rather cold days. Baxter Newcombe would get up in the morning and do his chores and then walk three miles to help us. One morning, when we were ready to start work, Dad was not around. Mother said, "He got up early to go hunting." Newcombe didn't think much of that and he said, "It seems to me that he should leave the hunting until after the barn is finished." Newcombe went across the lake to the store. While he was away, Dad came home with a big buck he had shot. He didn't want anyone to know about it so he skinned it. As luck would have it, Newcombe did not come back from the store for a couple of hours. Everything was put out of sight when he arrived. The next morning Dad took the deer into the kitchen to cut it up. Mother covered the meat with some white cloth as Dad was not ready to cut it. Newcombe came along and seeing no one at the barn, came to the house. He lifted up the cloth to see what was there and he said, "So there's my big buck." He never said anything more to us or anyone else.

The cattle herd was building up at the Pippin farm. By the early twenties we had one hundred and twenty-five head. The Boss had purchased a polled Hereford bull. He grew to a weight of twenty-two hundred pounds. He was very quiet. Us boys used to ride him. One of us would stay on the ground and when we wanted him to stop, we would take a small stick and scratch his bag. He would stand perfectly still as long as someone scratched.

We built a shed, sixty by forty feet. It had a manger across one end and we also scattered feed outside. The cattle all went inside at night and the door would be closed. Sometimes when neighboring boys came to visit, we would take the lantern and hang it near the manger. Then we would climb on top of the hay and sit there and talk. It would not be long before someone would suggest it would be a good time to ride one of the big steers. The

steer would have his head in the manger and whoever was going to ride would drop from the top of the manger onto his back. For some reason, the steer never bucked but would run around the shed. When he came back to the manger, the rider would get off. The cattle were packed closely in the shed and the rider's legs got rubbed against the other cattle. However, all the cattle were full of hay and their stomach was the widest part of them and quite soft so the rubbing didn't do any harm. It was a very dangerous practice. If anyone had fallen off, he would have been trampled.

We had a couple of horses broken to the saddle. We owned three more that we wanted to break. A couple of boys in the district bragged about their prowess at riding bucking horses. Their favorite saying was, "We can ride anything with hair on it." My brothers and I made a date with those two to come and ride our horses. The horses were from a hackney stallion and were very high-lifed. We told George Forbes about this and he said, "Those horses will buck those fellows so high that the Bluebirds will build a nest in their ass before they come down."

The cattle shed was built with posts set in the ground and shiplap nailed on. The roof was twelve inch boards with four inch strips nailed over the cracks. We only used it about three years so considering the work it took to build it, I would call it a flop. The next shed we built was dug into the creek bank. The bank was quite high and at the bottom was a level space and then a small bank with the creek below.

There was a spring about four hundred yards from where we built the shed. A round hole two feet across stayed open all winter with the ice at the sides of the hole from twenty-four to thirty inches thick. There was no danger of the cattle falling in the creek. The roof of the shed was logs covered with earth. The logs were heavy enough so that if the cattle walked on the top, they would not break through. The manger was square and the top was open to the outside so that hay or straw could be forked in. We usually filled the manger twice a week. This worked very well through the winter as there was no cleaning to do. The manure and straw packed together and heated, making it warm for the cattle to lie on. But, oh boy, the next summer the problems started when Dad said, "I think it's about time we cleaned the cattle shed." It was "we" at first, but as we grew older, it was "I think you had better get started on the cattle shed."

In the early years, we drove our cattle that we were selling to Sasktoon. The stockyards in those days were situated east of Earlys Seed and Feed Store where the Midtown Plaza is now. The day before the drive was to start we went to the big pasture to saddle horses and brought all the cattle, including Uncle Bill's, to the homeplace. We put them in a corral and chased out the ones not for sale. They went back to pasture. The ones that were for sale were left in the corral with feed and water.

The first time that I went on a drive, we arose at four o'clock as we wanted to get the cattle on the way while it was cool. Cattle that had been on pasture all summer are fat and not used to walking twenty miles so they could not be hurried. Merrel Kinzie, Orville Smith and I were to do the driving. Orville had a well-trained saddle horse. Merrel, also, had a fairly good one. I was riding one of our hackney colts, named Duke. He was three years old and was developing into a good saddle horse despite the fact that I didn't know much about training horses. His mother was Daisy, one of the mares that Dad purchased in the beginning of his homestead years. Duke had a star on his forehead and one white foot. He inherited these from his Mother. His sire was a hackney stallion owned by George Buchanan. They were both a beautiful dark bay. Duke's hair was always smooth and shiny. Though he was a gentle horse, he had lots of life. He loved chasing cows when we were rounding them up. If an animal did not move into the herd fast enough, he would give it a nip which usually produced good results. When he was chasing a cow, the rider had better be aware as he could turn quickly and change directions in a flash. He made me pull leather more than once. For my grandchildren and young readers, "pulling leather" means

grabbing the saddle to keep from falling off the horse. This horse was to be my companion on quite a number of cattle drives. He was one of the first ones to die when our horses developed swamp fever. I felt sad when he went but not so much as when Old Dick died. Dick was one of Dad's first horses and he was with us so many years.

On the morning of the drive, we left the homeplace at five o'clock with thirty-eight head of cattle. They headed out quite well, but about two miles from home, a big steer decided to leave the herd and he took off into the brush. Dad was there in the car to help and see to it that everything was going as it should. He told me to go after the steer, but if he gave too much trouble to leave him for another day. It was a frosty morning in the early fall and Duke and I hazed that steer back into the herd. Duke and the steer were soaking wet from the frost on the trees and my legs were soaked. After the steer got back to the herd, he took the lead and headed down the road to Saskatoon. There was a slough along the road known as Darbellay's Slough and the cattle waded in for a drink. After that, everything went smoothly until we came to the city. The cattle were not used to so many people and buildings. They gathered as close together as possible and made their way slowly along the streets.

All at once, a couple of steers decided they would go for a run. Then the herd scattered and ran through gardens and across lawns. They spread fertilizer as they went regardless whether it was on a lawn or garden or sidewalk. We were sworn at in English, Ukrainian, French, Italian, and some of the women just stood in the door and screamed. We could not ride our horses to chase the cattle so Merrel held our horses while Orville and I went on foot and gathered them into a herd again.

They were tired from their long walk and did not give us too much trouble. Twentieth Street West was paved and Twenty-first Street was not, so we drove the cattle in on Twenty-first. We had just turned on to Avenue A when a street car came along. Instead of stopping, the motorman attempted to drive through the herd. He was moving slowly when three of the bigger steers stood on the tracks and lowered their heads. They were standing close to the streetcar. The conductor clanged his bell, but the steers refused to budge so he came out with a cane and whacked them over the back. But no action. He started to swear at us. Orville, in his quiet way, said, "Do you suppose a damn good bust in the mouth would help matters any?" In other words, you had better shut up. He did and got out and reversed his streetcar and backed away from the cattle. We took them around the corner into the stockyard.

We took our horses to the Palace Livery Stable to feed and water them and let them rest. Merrel and Orville intended staying in the city over night, but my parents told me I was to come home. We went to a cafe on Twentieth Street and had dinner. Then we parted company. I walked along the street. The Jews were standing in the door of their store and would grab one by the arm, saying "Come into my store and buy. I have many bargains." They would almost drag one into their store. It was an embarrassing situation. I hated it and the Jews who did it. I was just a shy lad from the country who did not understand how to cope with such a situation. However, as I grew older, I became friends with the younger generation of Jews and lost my dislike for Jewish people. I realized that coaxing people into the store was just an old-fashioned Jewish way of doing business.

I went to a movie. It was a Western. There was no sound and talking bits were flashed on the screen in print. One old character in the show had a saying, "Aw Buffalo Chips." A pair of boys sat in front of me, one about eleven years old and the other about eight. The older one read the expression "Aw Buffalo Chips" aloud. The younger one said, "What does that mean?" The older one said, "That means Buffalo shit."

After the show, I went to the Livery Stable, saddled my horse, and headed for home. On the way out of the city, I stopped at Gropper's grocery store and purchased a bag of Fancy

Biscuits, as they were called. They were cookies with all sorts of fancy icing. The Gropper boy, Nathan, grew up to become a dentist and he did my dental work for many years. Duke was just as anxious to get home as I was, but I gave him his time. Twice I got off and walked for a mile or so to stretch my legs. I arrived home at eight o'clock and that was the end of my first cattle drive.

In the winter when we were feeding cattle, we hauled straw from the farms in the Valley Park area. Most wheat farmers burned their strawpiles in the fall. But as this left a mess of ashes on the field, which if not scattered, would cause the patch of land where the strawpile stood to be sterile for at least two years, some farmers left their straw and we hauled it home as needed.

When the straw was brought home, we put some of it in the manger of the cattle shed and the rest was spread out in the willows that grew in the creek bottom land. This was on land which we planned on breaking. The cattle did not eat all of the straw. In the spring when it was dry, the straw was lighted on fire. It killed the tops of the willows, but sprouts would grow from the roots. All the small brush was burned making the willows easier to chop for, as yet, we were still clearing land with the axe.

One year, at threshing time, the Pippin family came down with scarlet fever. Dad was away threshing. The rest of the family were placed under quarantine. We were not allowed to go anywhere or to have anyone come to our house. Dad bought the groceries and put them on the step and went away. It was lucky that he was away when the quarantine was imposed as he could stay at the place where he happened to be threshing. Also, he was free to look after our needs.

After threshing was over, he moved the Walter Hall house to our yard. He had purchased it several years before. He placed two good sized logs under it for skids and hitched the Fairbanks Morse tractor to them and dragged it home. The skids dug into the ground and left two ruts across the pasture. The ruts were there for many years and often caused people to wonder what had caused them. The ruts are gone now and the grass has grown back and there is no sign of them having been there.

The Hall house was made into a summer kitchen and wash house. A water pump was installed; also, a coal and wood-burning stove. The washing machine was a wooden tub set on legs. I think it held about twelve gallons of water. The tub was set on a bearing at the top of the legs. It could be moved to and fro about half a turn. A spring arrangement on the bottom of the tub stopped the tub from turning too far. A handle about six inches high stuck up on the top of the tub. There was what was known as a Dolly inside the machine. When the water and soap plus the clothes had been placed in the tub, the lid was closed and the operator grasped the handle and started swinging the tub back and forth. When the tub was swung to the left, the coil springs took over and checked the motion and likewise back to the right. The operator swung the tub back and forth for fifteen or twenty minutes, depending on how dirty the clothes were.

At first, us kids argued over who would turn the machine, but that wore thin. If Mother was all set to wash on a certain day, she had better appoint who was washing that day at the breakfast table as after breakfast was over, we often were hard to find. However, Mother was very fair in choosing and each one took their turn. As I was the oldest, I felt guilty about ducking out on this job. I realized that if we all disappeared, Mother would have to turn the machine herself.

Before the advent of the washing machine, a scrub board was used in washing clothes. It was a corrugated piece of glass set in a wooden frame. There was a bar across the top to hold the bars of soap (no one had heard tell of powdered soap or detergent). A popular soap of the times was Sunlight. It was yellow bars. Homemade soap was quite common. It was made by saving all the fat from the kitchen. I do not remember the process so I shall

say no more about homemade soap except that it was very strong and stinky. One had better not use it on the face unless he was prepared to grow some new skin.

To use the scrub board, the washer woman placed a tub of very hot water on a bench at a convenient height. The board was placed in the tub so that it sat at an angle. The soap was added to the water by slicing off thin shavings with a knife. Then whatever was being washed was placed in the water and allowed to soak for a short time. Then the scrubbing began, up and down the wash board, swish around in the water, and, if needed, rub the bar of soap over what was being washed and back to the rubbing. When the wash was clean, it was placed in a tub of clear water and rinsed. Sometimes the clothes were wrung dry by hand. There was a type of wringer that clamped on the tub. It was two rubber rollers with pressure springs which could be adjusted for more or less squeeze. The rollers were turned by a crank. The above mentioned washing machine had a wringer built into it. After ringing, the clothes were hung on an outside clothesline to dry. Hanging out clothes was nice in the summertime, but a very disagreeable task in the winter. If the weather was cold with no wind, the clothes would freeze stiff and would be brought into the house to thaw out. The men's underwear would stand up straight if placed int he snow. I was never able to figure out why they were hung outside when the weather was cold. Sometimes things such as baby diapers would be placed in an oval-shaped tub known as a washboiler and placed on the kitchen stove and boiled in soapy water. The washboiler was oval-shaped so that it could sit over two holes in the stove top.

The bathing facilities were somewhat different in those days compared to today. Saturday night was usually bath night. We seldom bathed in the week days. I think the reader will see why when I explain the ritual we went through to have a bath.

The kitchen stove had a reservoir which held about four gallons of water. This was kept full as much as possible and would be hot as long as there was a fire in the stove. A tea kettle of water was heated along with a couple of pots. When everything was ready, a washtub was placed in front of the heater in the living room or the kitchen stove. One at a time, the boys would have a bath, all in the same tub of water. In the meantime, more water was heating and the tub must be taken outside and emptied. The girls would then take their turns.

Mother often kept a "hired girl", as they were known, and these girls had a room upstairs. For their bathing facilities, they carried the tub and water to their room. The pipes from the heater ran through the room so that it was nice and warm. One night, I went upstairs to retire for the night. The hired girl was having a bath and the door to her room was open. She was standing in the tub completely naked. I stood for a minute having a good look and then I turned and tiptoed back downstairs. How is that for a stupid young fool? My Uncle told me afterward that she expected me to come into her room. One thing I know for sure, Uncle Ed would have gone in whether she expected him or not.

The first dog on the Pippin farm was black with tan colored legs. Dad got him when he was just a pup from Joe Rayburn so the pup was named Joe. In those days, it was the custom to name any animal purchased after the one it was purchased from. Housewives came in for their share as cows were often named after them.

The second dog was called Teddy. We got him from Perry Porter when he left his homestead and went back East. Teddy was already named when we got him but the name was shortened to Ted. He was a very good cattle and watch dog.

After Ted died, the next dog in line was Tony. He was a big dog weighing fifty-five pounds and almost black with a white chest. Some people were afraid of him. Nels Peterson, our neighbor to the east, would never walk through our yard when going to the store for his mail. Nels was driving through our yard and his dog was following behind the sleigh. Tony ran out and the two dogs started to fight. Nels' dog was small and Tony was

getting the best of him. Nels leaned over the back of his sleigh box and hit Tony with a scoop shovel. You could not blame Nels as I think Tony might have killed his dog. However, Tony never forgot being hit and he would not allow Nels to get out of his rig whenever he came to our place.

The spring season for muskrats opened on the first of March in those days. The muskrat houses and pushups would be drifted under considerable snow. Tony could smell these and he would walk along until he came to a muskrat house. Then he would take a little leap and come down with his forepaws on the house. He would dig away a bit of the snow and take a sniff at the rathouse. If it was open and being used, he would walk away. If it was frozen and not in use, he would lift his leg and sprinkle it. He was never wrong so it was of no use to look at the ones he indicated were no good. This was very disgusting to other trappers on the lake as they had to go by guesswork to find the rathouses.

One spring, when the ice was getting quite rotten, Tony fell into a round hole. There was nothing that he could get hold of with his hind legs so there was no way he could get out. Dad realized this so he took a pole, ten or twelve feet long, and went out and caught Tony by the back of his neck and gave him a heave onto the ice. Dad's reward was a good sprinkling with ice cold water. He had taken the pole with him so that if he fell in, he would have it to help him get out.

Tony was a very good retriever and would bring in ducks that were shot. He was exceptionally good at finding wounded birds.

One time, Dad and I were going deer hunting. Dad wanted to take Tony along. It was open season on deer but I was afraid some hunter would shoot the old fellow. The game law read that if anyone came across a dog chasing deer, the dog could be shot on the spot and no repercussions. We went to the sandhills to some poplar bluffs where deer usually hung out. Dad and Tony got out of the car and Dad said, "You go around to the other side." I did that and got out of the car and was looking around when I heard a noise behind me. It sounded like something hit a barb wire fence. I turned around and a big buck had jumped the fence and his feet had ticked the top wire. Behind the buck, were six more deer and close behind them, was old Tony. The deer were running all out and Tony was keeping pace. The deer all cleared the fence and Tony went underneath the wire. In about ten seconds they were out of sight.

When Dad came to where I was, he asked what had happened and I explained it to him and he said, "What was you doing with your gun?" I said, "I'm damned if I know." He said, "Oh well, I guess it is just as well you didn't shoot. You probably would have missed them anyway." I agreed that I might have missed. He said, "I doubt if you are ever going to make a hunter. You might make one someday, but I don't think you'll ever be one." He had to eat those words on many occasions after that. Some years later he was telling the neighbors what a good shot that there Ralph is.

The deer kept on running with Tony right on their tail. There was not enough snow for tracking so we drove around in the direction which the animals were headed and could not find any signs of the deer or Tony. We returned home and Tony came limping home that afternoon about two o'clock. He had run until his legs gave out. His legs were sort of bent and they never straightened out. He was not able to run very fast the rest of his days. We had no way of knowing how far they went, but he sure moved that bunch of deer away from their stamping grounds.

After Dad had retired from farming, he owned a little dog called Sandy. He taught Sandy a great many tricks. As Dad was getting older, he was looking for a home for Sandy so he gave him to my sister, Mildred and her husband, Ted Rose. Ted and Mildred were out for a walk with Sandy and a car ran over him ending his life.

CHAPTER NINE

For many years, the mail for the Pike Lake Valley Park, Gledhow and Omalley Districts was brought from Saskatoon by T.A.S. Campbell. I believe he was called Tom. He owned a Reo truck. It had very high wheels and was very good in snow. Mr. Campbell could be called a pioneer in trucking as he was the first one in this area to use a truck, winter and summer. He did not stick to the roads, but drove through the fields. He often crossed my farm. One winter, he cut the fence on the south side of my home quarter in eight different places. He did not drop the wire; he just took out his pliers and cut it. When that gap drifted in, he moved over a few rods and cut another. When I mentioned the fence cutting to him, he said, "The Royal Mail must get through." He gave very good service to the people along his route, but he got paid for what he did. I always resented the fact that he disregarded other people's property.

Mr. Campbell's son, Angus, drove the truck some of the time. People on the route could order goods through the Campbells and they would deliver as near to the person's home as possible. Angus got a pilot's license and bought an aircraft. It was a Waco and he often flew between his home at Gledhow and Saskatoon. His plane always looked to be flying as though one wing was ahead of the other. There was not too many planes around but one could always tell by the way it flew that Angus was the pilot. Angus joined with Dick Mayson and formed the M & C Aviation Company. They flew out of Prince Albert, Saskatchewan and were among the first bush pilots in the North.

Eddie Scissons from Omalley took over the mail route after the Campbells. He tried to use his truck as much as possible in the winter time. He asked permission to drive across farmers' fields. When he had to go through a fence, he unfastened the wire and laid it on the ground so that in the spring all a farmer had to do was raise it up and staple it. Sometimes he would shovel the snow out from a gap in the fence rather than make a new one.

Eddie was a very good-natured fellow and through all the trials and hardships of mail hauling, I never heard of him getting mad. He gave good service in freighting as well as mail delivery for many years. When the snow got too deep for the truck, Eddie turned to a caboose on a sleigh pulled by four horses. The caboose had a small stove in it so that the driver and passengers did not get cold. It had a fair-sized window in front and smaller ones on each side. It had an open space at the rear for mail bags and articles that would not freeze. Cream cans were placed inside behind the passengers.

My sister, Edith (Mrs. Fred Bond), brought her first baby home in Eddie's caboose. They stopped at Harold Sackville's house which was just a short distance from where I was living to feed and rest the horses. At that time, I had a litter of young pigs in the barn. I walked over to see Baby Linda. I remember telling Edith that I would trade her a pig for the baby.

Eddie is retired and living in Saskatoon now. He is one of the pioneers who certainly did his bit for Saskatchewan.

In the early years, even before mail delivery, my parents did considerable buying by mail order. One mail order house was Sears Roebuck, Chicago, U.S.A. Another was the T.

Eaton Co., Winnipeg, Manitoba. It was quite a thrill to look through a catalogue and order what one wanted; then a spell of anticipation; and finally the day of arrival. At first parcels ordered by mail were shipped express to Vanscoy and had to be picked up there. The Company would mail a letter stating the date the parcels were shipped and the date that they should arrive at Vanscoy. The letter would be delivered to the Pike Lake post office. Then there was a change and the parcel post delivery took over and parcels were sent to Pike Lake along with the mail. The Timothy Eaton catalogue became known as "The Wishing Book."

Eddie Scisson's Caboose. Hauling Mail and Freight between Saskatoon, Pike Lake, Gledhow Valley Park, and Omalley.

In 1928, a Company moved a rig into the Pike Lake area and started drilling for oil. The site was a mile and a half west of the Lake, just off the road that leads from Pike Lake to Delisle. They worked there through the winter of 1928-29 and folded the following summer. When loading the rig to move away, they loaded the derrick in two sections. A truck was loaded facing the direction they intended to move the outfit. Another truck was placed at the end so that it would be travelling in reverse. The truck at the rear was used to push in heavy going. But when on the highway, it just acted as a trailer. The trucks used were International trucks. I do not know the tonnage, but they were very big. When the outfit came out of the hills, the road made a turn in front of Forbes Store. When they had turned the corner and stepped on the gas to pick up speed, the vibration from those big motors shattered two windows in the store.

The head driller's name was Bob Smith. Bill Dowling worked a shift running the steam engine which drove the rig. Tex Bremer worked on the rig but I don't recall what his duties were. Tex had a real southern drawl and some very funny sayings to go with it. Tex and Bob boarded at Clara Hoyte's.

Tex was married to a girl who was a good friend of the Hoyte family. My brother, Conard, who was single at the time, visited at Hoyte's quite frequently. Grace Hoyte and Tex's wife were pestering "Connie" as they called him to take them to a dance at Valley Park School. Tex was reading a paper and after the coaxing had gone on for some time, Tex lowered his paper and said, "Say Pippin, if you know anybody that you want to see scratched and clawed and bit all to hell, you just send them around here to take these two girls to a dance." The girls didn't get to go to the dance that night.

No one ever knew whether they struck oil or not. When they were ready to leave, they dragged old worn out bits and things that they did not want and dropped them in the hole. Some people took that as a sign that they had struck oil and wanted to plug the hole until some future date. I think that was just wishful thinking by some who had purchased shares in the oil well. The site is overgrown now, and the land is pastured by cattle. There is not too many signs of the activity that once took place there.

As time went by, Bert Pippin kept increasing his holdings by buying land. Considerable land in this area belonged to Thomas Scroggin who lived in the United States. The agent for the Scroggin land in this area was W.K. Mercer. The west half of Sec 20-34-6-W 3rd was for sale. Mr. Mercer told Dad to go ahead and start breaking on it and he would contact Mr. Scroggin and get the transfer made. Dad and I broke forty acres on the half that summer only to find in the fall that Uncle Bill Kinzie had bypassed Mr. Mercer and gone directly to Mr. Scroggin and purchased the SW quarter. We never got paid for the breaking we did and got no chance to buy the land. That started a feud between Uncle Bill and Dad. It was not a knock 'em down, drag 'em out feud. Dad told Uncle Bill to never set foot on his land and Uncle Bill told Dad the same. They never spoke to each other and they carried their grievances with them to their graves.

However, the younger members of our families did not go along with the old fellows. Merrel Kinzie, who was as fine a man as ever came down the Pike, remained good friends with Dad and the rest of us went along as though there was no trouble. To ease Dad's feelings, Mr. Mercer sold Dad the east half of Sec 9-34-6-W3rd at a very special price. Mr. Mercer felt that he was at fault in not going through with the deal on Sec 20.

The land that we had leased for pasture in the bend of the Lake which belonged partly to Thomas Scroggin and the rest to The Hudson Bay Co. was purchased by the Pippins. The Walter Hall place was included in that. In September, 1926 Dad decided (perhaps I should say we decided as we boys were being included more and more in the affairs of the Pippin farm) that we would buy a different tractor.

We had traded the Aultman Taylor separator for an International. It was the same size machine and we used the Fairbanks Morse tractor to drive it for a number of years.

In 1926, it was decided that one of the smaller type of tractors that were coming on the market would make a replacement for the old one. Walter Lock and William Tracy were the dealers for the International Harvester Co. in Saskatoon. Their dealership was known as Lock & Tracy Ltd. Walter was a stout, jovial fellow and Bill was a lean, jovial chap. In build, they were as different as day and night, but they got along very well together and conducted a very good dealership. Dad got in contact with them and told Tracy that he was thinking of buying a tractor. Tracy launched into his sales pitch. Dad argued a bit. He said, "I doubt if that little tractor will pull our big breaking plow." Tracy said, "Oh, she'll wallow along with it alright." He offered to take us out in the country and show us a tractor pulling a breaking plow. He was right in his remarks but I was to find out in later years that it did not take as much power to pull a twenty-four inch breaking plow as some of the other implements.

The tractors that Lock & Tracy sold were McCormick Deering. They were rated as 15-30; that was 15 on the drawbar and 30 on the belt. There were so many of these tractors sold

that if one mentioned a 15-30, it was immediately associated with McCormick Deering. Dad bought one of these tractors in 1926 and a second one in 1928 and we were in the business of power farming. The cost price of these tractors was fifteen hundred and eighty-five dollars each.

The motor was four cylinder and it sat lengthwise of the tractor. It started by a crank which was at the front of the machine. The radiator was on the front the same as car rads. The motor was covered by a hood which folded up when the motor was being serviced. The driving wheels were equipped with A-shaped lugs. They dug into the ground to provide traction. The front wheels were equipped with skid rims. Skid rims were made of angle iron bent to the curve of the wheel. The rims cut into the ground to prevent the wheels from slipping sideways when turning. All this driving lugs into the ground and pulling them out took away a certain amount of power from the tractor, but without the lugs such a light tractor would be helpless.

These 15-30s came from the factory as kerosene burning tractors. They were equipped with what was known as a hot manifold. The manifold to the carburetor ran through the exhaust manifold in such a way that it was red hot when the motor was operating. The carburetor had two bowls, one for kerosene and the other for water. The fuel mixture was controlled by needle valves. When kerosene was used for fuel, the motor had to be started on gasoline and a small tank was provided to hold the starting gasoline. We used kerosene for a short time, but decided that it caused too much fooling around and switched to gasoline for fuel. With the hot manifold, the tractors were hard on gas.

A company in Calgary, Alberta came out with a cold manifold. With this attachment, the tractors developed more power and used less fuel per hour. Glenn Pippin, who was mechanically inclined form the time he could talk, devised a cold manifold for the 1928 tractor. He also obtained a variable speed governor from a W-30 International tractor. Equipped with this set-up, it seemed that one was driving a different tractor. When we saw how good his cold manifold was, we also made one for the 1926. For the curved part of the manifold, I used a piece of pipe from a John Deere binder beam. It was curved just right so that it fit the intake manifold holes. I cut out the plates to fasten it to the cylinder head and Glenn welded them on. We used a model B Ford carburetor. It worked very well, but was not as good as the one on the 1928 tractor. It had a larger carburetor which may have made a difference.

In September, 1926, we brought the first 15-30 home. I drove it from Saskatoon. The lugs and skid rims were not on so it was a fairly smooth ride. I lost no time in getting the lugs on and Dad sent me to disc a piece of breaking that we had done that summer with the Fairbanks Morse.

For discing breaking, we used a double disc ten feet wide and two sections of lever harrows behind. The Boss said, "I think you should leave off the harrows." I said, "O.K., but I will take them to the field and if it pulls too heavy, I will just drop them off when I get to the field." I set the disc at the proper angle and started off in low gear. The tractor did not seem to be working overly hard, so I tried it in second gear and it rolled along just the same. Dad drove out to the field to see how I was doing. He sat up on the fender to ride and got a big smile on his face. He said, "It sure sticks its nose out and goes, doesn't it." It was a long way from working horses in the field.

I think power farming was a great break for horses as in the summer time, no matter how good a man looked after his outfit, there was the heat and flies to contend with. On some farms, where the operator did not understand looking after horses, they suffered with sore shoulders from the collar rubbing sweaty shoulders. It was a good thing that those farms were in the minority as the larger percentage of operators took great pride in their outfits. Dad was not the best horseman I have known but he never abused his animals. He was ever

thoughtful of how much work a horse should be doing and to be sure and not overload them.

One thing he did to save the horses was walking behind the harrows. That was one of the worst tasks I ever performed on the farm. One spring, I was harrowing and walking behind. I was using six horses on six sections of diamond harrows. It was hot and my feet were tired and sore. About that time, the gray matter started to work and at dinner time, while the horses were eating and resting, I went out back of the blacksmith shop and brought out an old pair of discarded hay rake wheels. I used a piece of four by four lumber for an axle and a longer piece for a tongue. I attached this to the drawbar on the harrows and hitched the outfit and started working.

Dad walked out to the field when he had finished his afternoon nap and took a look at me riding along on my high wheels. He sort of smiled to himself and I could tell that he was pleased that I had made conditions better. But he said, "Do you not think that is hard on the horses?" I said,"I doubt if between the six of them, they even know I am riding. Anyway I treat them a lot better when I am not suffering from aching feet." "Well, I reckon you are right," he said. That was the end of walking behind the harrows. Anyway, there I was sitting on a power plant that was as good as any in its day.

Shortly after bringing the tractor home, it was threshing time. Dad always spent considerable time going over the separator getting it in shape for threshing. I hooked onto the separator and pulled it near to the creek bank as we intended blowing the straw over the bank for the cattle in the winter time. We got the machine set and I backed into the belt. (I forgot to mention that the belt pulley did not turn on a 15-30 unless the clutch that drove it was engaged). Dad was standing on top of the separator and he gave the highball to roll it over. The "highball" was a circular motion with the hand. I started things rolling and he stood for a minute and waved for more speed. The throttle on the tractor was wide open so I was at a loss for more speed. Then it dawned on me that when the Fairbanks Morse was driving the machine, a vibration could be felt at the separator through the drive belt. A load of bundles pulled in and we started threshing and it just chewed them up without any fuss or shaking. Knut Dahlen's son, Elling, was hauling bundles for us that fall. That afternoon, Elling came back near the tractor to eat his afternoon lunch. He pulled a two and one-half inch nail from his pocket and stood it on its head on a flat place on the radiator cap. The nail shivered slightly but did not fall over. Elling said, "Gawd just look at that. It's almost as steady as steam."

One morning at breakfast, Dad said, "I guess I had better go see Merrel Kinzie about running the engine for threshing this fall. I think I can hire him for ten dollars a day." I sat for a minute and let this sink in and then I said, "If you hire him to run the engine for threshing, you had better hire him for working in the field next spring because I won't be doing it." He said, "O.K., if you think you can do it, go ahead and try." He never argued about it so I wondered if he was just feeling around to see how I felt about it. I would have liked it much better if he had said, "Would you like to have a go at the threshing this fall." I was twenty-one years old at the time and like lots of others that age, I thought I knew it all. I took the machine and threshed thirty-two days that fall. I did not get paid ten dollars a day. I did not have a separator man that fall. We had very little trouble except for a few days of wet weather.

In 1927 Dad bought a McClaughlin Buick touring car. In 1928 Dad and Mother, my sister, Edith, and brother, Glenn, took a trip back to Kansas. They saw those of the relatives still living. Dad's brother, Henry, was a barber and Dad went to his shop for a haircut. They started talking and Dad mentioned some of the things they did as boys. Henry said, "Who are you that you know these things." Dad said, "Don't you know your own brother."

The crop was up and looking good when the folks left for their trip. Dad said, "If that crop keeps growing like it should, you had better put on some more hail insurance." In July we

added another forty dollars per acre onto the twenty that he had insured for before he left on the trip. Most of the crop was on new land and it looked like a good fifty bushels to the acre. It hailed just before they returned from the trip. The first thing Dad said was, "I hope you fellers put on more insurance like I told you to do." We were sure glad that we had increased the insurance. I cannot recall what percentage we were paid but it was satisfactory.

The wheat was not ripe when it hailed but the straw was broken and the heads hung down so that a stem of wheat, instead of being tied in a bundle in the usual manner, the straw folded with the result that it took more binder twine to tie it into bundles. Two and one-half pounds of twine per acre would tie a fairly heavy crop. We used four pounds per acre on that crop. It was a bit harder to thresh as there were almost as many heads facing toward the bottom of the bundle as toward the top. Bundles were fed into the thresher heads first as that gave the cylinder a better chance to knock the wheat from the head. The wheat yielded twenty bushels of number one wheat to the acre even after being hailed.

While the folks were away, my brothers, Arnold and Conard, and I broke one hundred and ten acres of bush land. On some of this, the brush had been cleared, but quite a lot of it was tough going. When Dad came home, Uncle Billy McIntosh came to visit and we drove around to look at the breaking. Uncle Billy said, "I tell you, Bert, that tractor does not owe you a thing. It has paid for itself already."

In 1924 we built a sawmill. About the only thing that was purchased was the mandrel and saw blade. The rest was made of parts from scrap piles. It sawed a lot of lumber and was finally sold to a man who lived near Kelvington, Saskatchewan.

Arnold and I did most of the log cutting in the winter time. We became quite good at falling trees and could fall them exactly where we wanted them.

I am reminded of a tree falling tale. Alex Corry, an Irishman who lived near the south end of the lake, liked his liquor to the extent that he was often drunk. Two ladies who owned a cottage at Pike Lake decided that they should remove a rather large tree from their yard. After much discussion, they could not come to a conclusion as to which side of the tree to cut on to make it fall away from the cottage. While they were debating about this, who should come along but Alex Corry. He had been to Vanscoy with a load of wheat and was on his way home. Also he was feeling no pain. One of the ladies said, "Oh, there's Mr. Corry. Let's ask him." So they did. "Ah, Begod!" said Alex. "Just cut around it and it will fall." He started his horses and took off.

For the sake of my young readers, a tree should be chopped on the side toward where you want the tree to fall. In using a saw to cut down trees, a notch was cut with the axe to choose the direction of fall and then the saw is started in from the opposite side. If everything goes right, the saw cut will start to widen and the tree will start to lean in the direction of fall. When the tree starts making a noise such as squeaking and popping (this is called talking), it is best to step away from the stump as sometimes the tree will come back over the stump and could do much damage to a man standing too near. If the saw cut does not open and the tree shows signs of leaning back, a wedge should be driven in to force the cut to open. If the wedge is not put in soon enough, the tree can lean back and pinch the saw so that the sawyer can no longer cut. The saw cannot be removed so the sawyer has to figure out a way to get the saw out of the cut. Sometimes a long pole may be placed against the tree high up and then pushing will usually cause the tree to fall the right way.

One time, when I was a very small boy, my father got hurt falling a tree. It jumped the stump and came down on his foot. His foot was badly bruised. He never saw a doctor so we never knew if there were any bones broken. He laid in bed for a long time and when the pain was really bad, he would call for Mother to bring him a basin of hot water to soak his foot in.

One night, when he called for water, Mother did not respond at once so he swung out of bed and stuck his foot in a pan of water that he had used the night before. It was sitting on the floor and was cold. It eased the pain more than the hot water so from then on it was cold water or ice packs. It was not long before he was up and around.

Here was where that pioneer woman that my Mother was got her share of the trouble. She not only looked after Dad's needs which were many. He was cross and peevish and forever calling "Florence, get me this or get me that." He did not try to spare her one bit. She did all the chores, milked the cows, fed the pigs and looked after the horses.

One evening when she was feeding the horses oats, Old Dick could not wait until she had poured the oats into his trough and he made a grab for a mouthful and bit Mother's finger. His teeth bit onto her wedding ring which saved her from a real bad bite. However, it was very sore and bleeding when she came into the house. She was crying from exasperation as much as from the pain. The Old Man never offered one word of sympathy. All he said was, "You should be more careful." This is just one of the many hazards that pioneer farm women came up against.

One winter we obtained a permit to cut logs on a piece of ground on the east side of the river. Arnold and I went there with our outfit. We had been working for about an hour when a man with a team and sleigh came along and said, "What the hell do you think you are doing." I said "It's quite evident that we are cutting logs." He said, "This is government property and you cannot do your logging here." It so happened that we had taken our logging permit with us. I showed him this and he did an about face. He said, "Would you mind if I come and take some of those tree tops home for firewood?" I felt like telling him to go to hell, but as we did not have a use for the tops, I told him to go ahead. That put him in the position of poaching wood off government land. There was no problem as it was a good thing to have the tops cleared away.

One afternoon, Arnold and I were scouting around in the bush and we came across a huge cotton wood tree. We decided tomorrow morning to cut that one. We did and it measured thirty-eight inches in diameter. The tree trunk was straight up to twelve feet and branched out in all directions. We felled the tree and cut off a twelve foot log. Then we had to chop a trail through the willows to get the sleigh in. We cut several other logs nearby. I went in with my sleigh and loaded the smaller logs and by that time, it was near dinner time. We figured it would only take a few minutes to load the big one on Arnold's sleigh. We loaded and started out of the bush to go home. I heard Arnold yell. I looked around and he had upset the sleigh. The sleigh was on top of the log with the runners sticking straight up in the air. Arnold, being very active, had jumped off and was not hurt. We could not get the binding chain loose as the hooks were under the log so we took a chain from my load and put it over the top of the log and hitched the team to the chain and turned the sleigh back on its runners with the log still in place. As soon as we backed the horses to loosen the chain, it started rolling back over again. While Arnold kept the chain tight with his team, I hitched my team to the sleigh and pulled it ahead onto level ground. We arrived home at three o'clock, hungry as hunters, but happy that we had conquered the big log. The end of this episode was that the log was too big to fit on the carriage of the sawmill so it laid there for many years and started getting rotten so we burned it.

In 1927 we borrowed what was called an eagle brush cutter. The beam of this cutter was an eighteen foot piece of rail the same as used on the railway track. It was turned up at the front with a clevis for hitching to a tractor. At one side and beginning about six feet from the front, a heavy piece of flat iron stuck out a forty-five degree angle. This iron was well-braced across to the beam. Along the angling part were attached iron blades three-eighths of an inch thick, made in the shape of mower sections. On the opposite side were two star wheels which ran in the ground. They were supposed to take the side thrust as the machine was dragged along the edge of the brush. Most of the trees and brush fell either

against the standing trees or fell where they would be in the way when starting the next round.

Sometimes we would get a crew of men together for moving the brush before the next round. Many people came to see this machine work and they pitched in and helped move brush so that for the first few days, it sure seemed a real fast way to clear land. When the tractor operator was left alone, it was very slow as he was forced to shut off the tractor and move brush. I cut a few trees that were ten inches in diameter by making several passes at them.

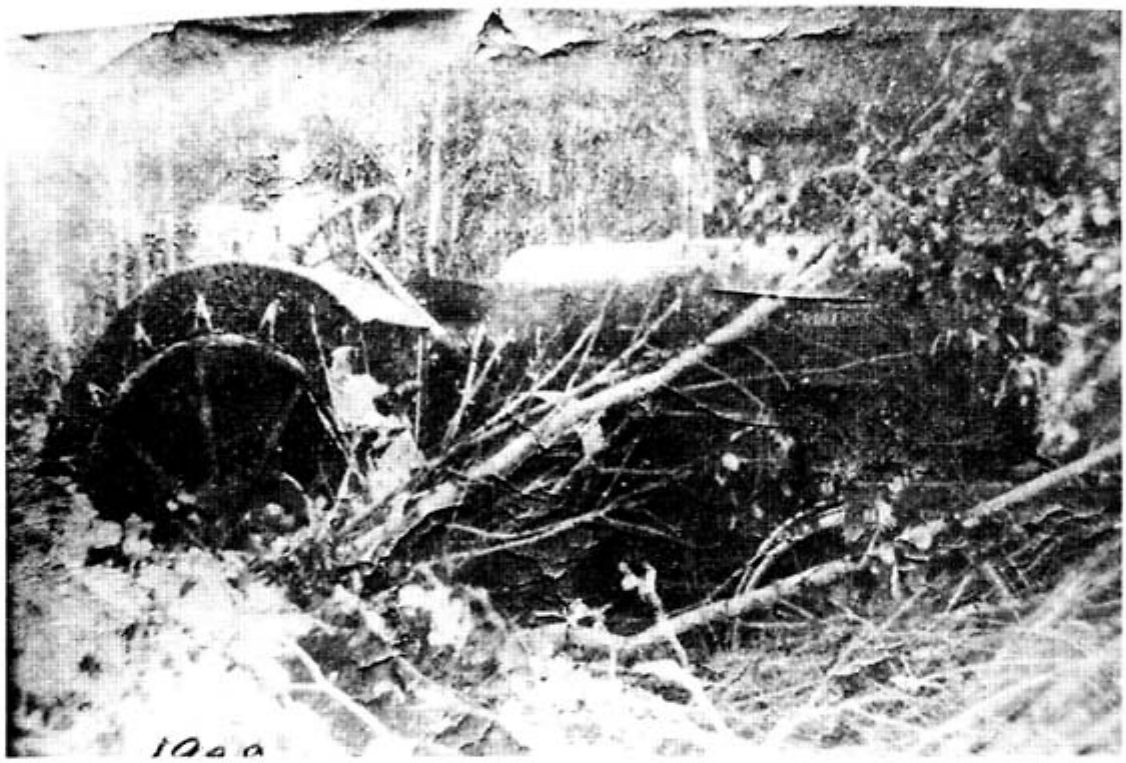
In the winter of 1928, Arnold and I attended a tractor school put on by International Harvester Company. They lectured on the care of tractors and explained many things regarding the use of tractors. They showed several films of tractors working at different things. One of those films was of a McCormick Deering 15-30 pushing a V-shaped brush cutter. Some farmer in North Dakota had built it. He was sure cutting brush and they speeded up the film and it made quite a show. We came home and told Dad about this and suggested that we build one. He was quite interested and started getting material together to make one. He figured that if we could find an old steam engine plow, we could get a lot of the material that we needed from it. We found one west of Delisle. Dad and I went there one afternoon to take it apart and bring it home. The plow was rivetted together with five-eights rivets. We took along seven chisels. We started cutting, me on the sledge hammer and Dad holding the cutters. One by one, the chisels gave out; either they broke or were not hard enough. We finally got to the last chisel. It was one Dad had made. We cut one hundred and eighty rivets out of that plow and the last chisel cut over one hundred of them and was still in good shape. Talking of shape, I would like to be in half the shape that I was then.

The brush cutter we built was V-shaped, seven feet wide at the back. The cutting blades were made from two flat pieces of steel, eight inches wide and three-eights of an inch thick. The blades laid flat on the ground. Each blade was eight feet long from the point in front to the wing. That meant that there was sixteen feet of blade to be sharpened. We did this by heating them in the forge and drawing them out to a thin edge. Dad would heat the metal and bring it out onto the anvil; then take a fairly heavy hammer and hit the hot metal. I stood on the opposite side of the anvil with an eight pound hammer. My job was to strike the metal in exactly the same spot as Dad hit with his hammer. We kept up this turn about until the iron started to cool; then back into the forge to heat another section. It was quite a trick to keep the sharpened edge of the blade straight as drawing it out tended to lengthen the sharpened edge. A few good blows with the sledge hammer on the thick side would stretch that side and we ended up with two nice, straight blades.

There was no such thing as a farm welder in those days so everything had to be bolted together. Any iron for braces had to be heated in the forge and cut off on the anvil. The blacksmith held the cutter and the helper laid on the blows with a big hammer. There was a place on the anvil to hold the metal for cutting. This spot was not tempered the same as the face of the anvil. When the cutter went through the metal, it hit this untempered spot and did not damage the cutter or the face of the anvil. Woe betide anyone that a blacksmith caught cutting on the face of his anvil.

To push this contraption, two beams extended from the front of the cutter back underneath the tractor to the drawbar. This was not good as often when one got into heavy going, the tractor wheels would spin and dig in and the gear case on the rear of the tractor would come down onto beams and the wheels would spin free. To get out of this dilemma, I carried two short pieces of log and with one of these behind each wheel and between the lugs, I could usually back up and get free. More than once, I got stuck and had to be pulled free by another tractor. The cutter was very hard to steer as sometimes the trees would be thicker on one side of the cutter causing it to veer to the other side. More often than not it would head into the standing trees. When I first used this machine and it headed for the

timber, I just let it keep going and quite a few times got stuck so tight that I had to chop numerous trees to get out. However, I found that if I stopped, backed up and drove in so as to get the trees more even on each side, I did not have so much trouble. Sometimes on rough ground the blades would start to dig into the ground. When this happened, it meant backing out and trying another angle.



Ralph Pippin cutting brush with 1530 McCormick Deering and home-made brush-cutter in 1928.

When we had finished building this machine, Dad said, "Take it down to the pasture. There's about five acres of chokecherry bush that I would like to get rid of." In two hours I had cut this five acres. The trees were no bigger than two inches thick. The next spring we burned it off and the grass grew where the trees had been, making a good improvement to the pasture. Several years later, the land where the chokecherries had stood was broken and farmed and is still being farmed today.

The truck that we used in hauling the plow home was an International one ton. It was called a Six Speed Special because it had a shift arrangement in the rear end which gave it six speeds froward and two in reverse. We bought it in the fall of 1928 and I hauled thirty-two thousand bushels of wheat that fall. Most of it was hauled to Vanscoy. Harry Hoyte had a one ton Chevrolet and he was hauling to Vanscoy also. One day Hoyte pulled out of the elevator next to the one I was in and headed for home. I drove up behind him and blew the horn. He took off as fast as his truck could go and I followed after him. I blew the horn once in a while to make him think I was going to pass him. There was no way I could pass him as the two trucks were even in speed. We came over a hill on the road past Bob Wright's farm. Down the road a couple of miles, Hoyte signalled that he wanted to stop so we stopped and he jumped out and came back to my truck. He said, "Did you see that?" I

said, "See what." "Damn it, I ran into a big, white sow back there at Bob Wright's." I said, "Did you kill her?" He said, "I bloody well knocked her cuckoo." The next day Bob came out to the road and stopped me and asked if I had run over his pig. I said, "No." He said, "I wish who ever did would have told me because she was lying close to the fence. She was dead and mortified when I found her." I did not tell on Harry. If I had and Harry found it out, I might have been dead and mortified too.

The first truck that we owned was a one and a half ton. It was a used truck when we acquired it and we had lots of grief with it. The Six Speed Speical was a dandy little truck and did the hauling on our farm for many years. Glenn owns it now and starts it once in a while to haul away his garbage.

In the fall of 1939, Dad purchased the first combine to operate in the Valley. It was a McCormick Deering with only a six foot cut. We used the 1928 tractor to pull it. It was driven by power take off which meant that the tractor drove the combine as well as pulling it. I was working summerfallow with the old tractor on a field away from home. When I left for work about nine o'clock, Arnold was getting ready to start with the combine on a twenty-seven acre field close to the house. The grain was not swathed; he was combining it standing.

When I returned in the evening, the field where he was working was all cut and threshed with a lovely golden stubble standing there. It sure seemed a good way to take off a crop.

After Arnold left to go farming on his own, Glenn took over the combining. He had built an electric welder out of an old street car motor. He used the welder to add a two foot extension to the cutting bar on the combine making it an eight foot cut. Glenn did considerable combining rye in the sand hills west of Pike Lake. The farmers there ploughed the land quite deep thus it was often loose and dry in the fall. With the tractor on steel, it was very hard to steer in the loose sand. Sometimes on a sidehill the tractor would start skidding sideways with the result that the combine might be cutting only a couple of feet. The tractors had no wheel brakes so there was no way to get it back in line again. Some of the newer tractors were coming out equipped with rubber tires. Glenn decided he would put the 15-30 on rubber. He bought a set of tires and rims, cut the spokes in the wheels and removed the steel rims, welded the new rims on, put on the tires. It was a big improvement. It showed up also when plowing or any field operation.

The 15-30's on steel worked in second gear when on a heavy load. With the rubber tires and the cold manifold, Glenn pulled a four bottom plough, a packer and press drill in high gear which gave a speed of five and one half miles per hour. Glenn still owns that tractor and he often started it to do the odd job. He acquired a back hoe to use in his work of sewage and plumbing and it is easier to start than the 15-30 so he uses it when he needs a tractor.

In the twenties, we did considerable road grading for the R.M. of Vanscoy. We hitched both tractors to the grader, one ahead of the other. When we did our first grading, Bob Rowatt, who was the councillor for Division One, advised us to hire Herman Shillington who lived near Delisle to run the grader. We enjoyed working with Herman and we ended up with a good road.

One year, Herman was not available so I decided I would have a go at running the grader. We were working north of Pike Lake close to the river. There were some really tough stumps to contend with. Once we got started, I wished Herman was there. However, I kept at it. We were working on a two mile stretch as it was hard to get turned around on account of so much brush at the roadside. We put up "road closed" signs and "detour" signs as we knew that travelling was going to be rough for awhile. One day we were at the north end and had turned to head back. I noticed some of the bolts were working loose on the grader blade. We stopped so that I could tighten them. A big fat man smoking a cigar pulled up

beside the outfit with a shiny new car. He started swearing at the boys on the tractor. Just about that time, I came from underneath the grader with a big wrench in my hand. It was in July. I was hot and my face was dirty. Altogether, I was a disreputable looking character. I walked over to his car and asked him if he would like to repeat what he had been saying. He never answered me but put his car in gear and took off. He had driven in past the detour signs. Once he started, there was no turning back as there was a big ridge of dirt right down the center of the road. If we had been on the way back instead of at the end, he would have had the pleasure of backing his car to the detour signs.

Another custom job that we took on was moving the C.G.I.T. Hall at Pike Lake. McKee Moving & Storage were in charge of the job and they hired us to come with our tractors to furnish the power. When Arnold and I arrived, the building was already loaded on steel dollies. They had settled into the sod about four inches. Arnold said, "We will never pull it." He was right. The tractors dug in like a couple of badgers. The foreman said, "We will have to use a dead man and pulleys." They dug a piece timber, ten by ten inches square and eight feet long, six feet into the ground.

A long cable ran from the dead man to a pulley attached to the building. The tractors were hitched to the end of the cable where it came through the pulley. We started ahead and the deadman came out of the ground and popped into the air about six feet. It was Saturday evening so the foreman said,"That's all for this week. We will see you Monday morning." Monday morning, McKees brought rubber tired dollies and placed them under the building in place of the steel ones. They also brought along fourteen axles that had been removed from old cars. These were driven into the ground at a bit of a slant. A chain was wound around the ends of the axles that stuck above ground and the end of the cable attached to the chain. The procedure was the same as with the dead man except that the axles did not come out of the ground. The building moved slowly forward to where the axles were driven in the ground. Then the axles had to be removed and the length of cable dragged ahead and attached to the axles where they had been driven in a second time. The building moved ahead about one hundred and fifty feet at a time.

A fellow driving a two ton Ford truck dragged the loose cable back through the pulley and ahead to the pins. He said to the foreman, "I can pull more with this truck than either one of those tractors." The foreman replied, "Don't be silly." The truck driver hooked the cable to his truck and started ahead. He had pulled out about half of the cable and Arnold had attached his tractor to the other end ready to pull as soon as the cable was attached to the pins. The foreman saw this and told Arnold to go ahead. He said, "I want to show that truck driver that he can't pull more than a tractor." Arnold went ahead and the cable tightened around the pulley, the truck on one end and the tractor on the other. The tractor went steadily ahead and the truck wheels started spinning on the green grass. The truck driver leaned out of the window to check his rear wheels. The wheels were turning ahead alright, but the truck was going backwards. The driver stepped on the gas and the wheels spun faster but he was dragged right back to where he started from. The foreman went over to the truck and said, "I don't want to hear any more damn fool statements about how much your truck can pull."

We finally got the building moved but not before Mrs. F.H. Webb, who was the President of the Club at that time, came along. A lot of our ripping and tearing had been while crossing the golf course. She collared the foreman and started chewing him out. The first thing she said was, "Why the idea, right here on the golf course." She did quite a bit of talking. The foreman's name was Laird. I do not know if that was his first or his last name. He was a gentleman of the old school and handled the situation quite nicely.

CHAPTER TEN

As time went by, I did more trapping and hunting. I had not acquired a Hi Power rifle. I started looking around to see if I could find a used one. Bruce Sawyer had a Winchester 30-30. I had a guitar that Mrs. Kissack had given me. Bruce wanted the guitar and I wanted a rifle, so we traded. The guitar was cracked along one side and the rifle was a lemon. It was the only Winchester gun that I have ever seen that was no good. It was impossible to hit a target or any game more than twenty yards away. After hunting with Dad several times and taking the usual ribbing about being no good as a hunter, I finally convinced him that the 30-30 was at fault instead of me. The next time he went to Saskatoon he took the Winchester with him to Sharzers Second Hand store and traded it on a 303 Savage. The Winchester was in beautiful shape on the outside. The Savage was rather weather beaten so I was very disappointed.

We had butchered a steer and the offal was left in the field about two hundred yards from the house. I got up at daylight and loaded the Savage and stepped outside. There was a coyote having his breakfast on the remains of the steer. I took careful aim and I shot over the coyote. He started to run and I dropped him on the second shot. Dad hopped out of bed and came out in his pyjamas to ask what all the shooting was about. I said there was a coyote out in the field. He said, "So you missed again." I sure felt smart when I told him I had killed it.

After breakfast, it was my job to take my younger brothers and sisters to school. I was driving the car and I took along my rifle. There was a coyote sitting on a hill so after I had delivered the children, I drove over near to the coyote. It was sitting there with its head thrown back and howling. I parked the car and walked to the top of a hill; the coyote was still there and howling. It was only about fifty yards from me. I cut his howl short by shooting him in the head. That afternoon I went for a short hunt. A coyote crossed the road in front of the car and I shot him. I had shot three coyotes and I had not had my rifle twenty-four hours. At last the ribbing about not being able to shoot was over.

Uncle Billy McIntosh (not really my uncle) who farmed in the Grandora, Saskatchewan district decided in 1929 to move out of there and go to the Meadow Lake, Saskatchewan country. He hitched four horses to either the bunk car or the cook car from his threshing days and headed out for Meadow Lake. He painted a sign "Meadow Lake or Bust" and nailed it over the door of the building which was to be his home on the long trek and also on his homestead once he arrived there.

A roving Star Phoenix reporter came across Billy and asked him where he was going and what his name was. He pointed to the sign over the door and said, "You can call me Haywire Bill." A photograph of Haywire Bill was published in the Star Phoenix and I saved a copy of it. Somehow I have lost it. In a phone conversation with Mrs. Grace McIntosh, who is Haywire Bill's sister-in-law, she told me she had also lost her copy.

Haywire made many trips between Grandora and Meadow Lake getting his equipment and belongings to Meadow Lake. The 125 hp steam engine purchased from George

Buchanan was shipped to Meadow Lake by rail. Two other tractors that he owned, a McCormick Deering 15-30 and an International Titan 10-20, were driven to Meadow Lake. On a high grade, somewhere north of Glaslyn, the driver lost control of the 10-20 and it ended up in the ditch upside down. He left it there for the time being and proceeded to Meadow Lake, and from there to the Makwa district, where he had taken a homestead. Haywire Bill was back and forth many times until he got all his equipment to the homestead.

One time, when he was back, he was staying at the King Edward Hotel in Saskatoon. He and a couple of other fellows were standing on the sidewalk in front of the hotel when a policeman came along and arrested him for loitering. Haywire Bill was a very good friend of the Chief of Police, George Donald. Bill asked the policeman if he could make a phone call before being locked up. He phoned the Chief and said, "Chief, one of your damn pimps has taken me into custody. Will you come and bail me out?" Chief Donald came and told the policeman that he should be a little more sure of himself before arresting someone. The policeman had a very red face, but he apologized and everything was okay.

That same time, Haywire came to our farm to stay for a few days. We went deer hunting and my brother, Arnold, and Dad chased a big doe out of the bush. She was running across an open field and Bill was about fifty yards closer to her than I was. I figured she was too far away, but Bill opened fire. He was shooting a Winchester 32 Special Carbine and the deer was totally out of range of his gun. He fired five shots in rapid succession. When Arnold and Dad came out where we were, Bill said, "God, she was a big slut. Land she was a big slut. I just kept popping it to her. I wasn't going to let her get away." I doubt if any of the bullets came close to the deer.

I am indebted to Jake Klassen for a hunting story about Haywire Bill in the north country. Jake worked for Bill in the thirties and Jake now lives on his farm in the Moon Lake area. Haywire had built himself a sort of semi truck out of a Packard car and various parts of other cars. They drove far into the north country to hunt caribou. They were returning home when the Packard stopped. After much fooling around, they found that the distributor cap was cracked so they had to walk out ninety miles. They never returned to bring out the old Packard.

Haywire had been at our place for three days when he persuaded Dad and I that we should drive to Meadow Lake country to hunt. We asked Merrel Kinzie to go along. Haywire just wanted a ride home as there were not as many deer at Makwa as we had at Pike Lake. We built a caboose on the back of our International truck, loaded up our belongings, and headed for the north country.

When we left home, there was about twelve inches of snow on the ground. The road to Meadow Lake passed through Biggar at that time. When we had gone as far as Biggar, there was very little snow, and before we had gone a short distance north of Biggar, there was no snow. We made it to Meadow Lake, and then headed off into the bush to Haywire Bill's cabin. We arrived about eleven o'clock at night, twisting and turning around stumps and across muskeg. The trucks of those days were not equipped with heaters. The weather was cold so it was very nice to arrive at the cabin where Ed Kvande, who worked for Billy, had a good fire going.

We had supper and then sat around and talked for awhile. As I felt sort of mixed up in my directions after driving in, I asked which way the door was facing. Ed Kvande answered, "West." I thought, well, I am mixed up as I feel as though the door is facing south. The next morning, when I went outside, the sun was just coming up and it was on my left so my feelings were right. The door faced south. They had lived there two years, believing that the door faced west.

The next morning, Merrel, Dad and I started out to hunt. Dad suggested that we

separate, but to try and keep in touch with each other until we became used to the country. A half hour later, I had become lost from them. I called but could get no answer. I set out on my own as I knew the way back to camp.

All at once I came across a track that was not big enough for an elk; but if it was a deer, he would be the biggest one I had ever seen. I started trailing him and in about an hour he got out of his bed and took off. I kept after him. Several times I caught glimpses of him, but had no chance for a shot.

I sat down on a log at noon to eat two sandwiches I had with me. When I had finished and rested for a few minutes, I stood up and so did the buck. He had laid down about seventy-five yards from me. I heard him go, but did not catch sight of him. Several times during the afternoon, I saw his white rump disappear in the trees.

It was getting late in the evening and the sun was almost down. I decided that I would try leaving the track and circle around to try and get ahead of the old boy. On the first circle I made, I came to a slough. There standing in the middle of it was the buck. I looked at him and he looked at me as though he thought, what in hell are you doing there when you have been behind me all day. I thought, I didn't come here and walk all day just to look at you so I shot him.

I field-dressed him and then started to think about making my way back to camp. I headed off in the direction I thought camp to be and started blazing trees so that I could find my way back to the deer the next day. It got dark and I gave up blazing trees. I stopped and fired three shots and away in the distance I heard an answering shot. Oh boy! I was headed straight for camp. I did not have to shoot any more as Merrel fired about every ten minutes. I must have crossed a creek at least a dozen times as it was so crooked. Over deadfalls and through the brush with a willow branch taking a cut at my face because I could not see it in the dark. There was not much snow so the footing was not too bad. It took me two and one-half hours to make it home to camp. I was tired and hungry and after I had eaten, I started getting charlie horses in the back part of my legs. I stretched out on the bunk and Merrel rubbed my legs until the cramps went away. I was pretty well pooped, but I had my buck.

The next morning I told Ed Kvande what the slough was like where I had shot the deer. He said, "I know where it is," and he led us through logging roads and old trails, straight to the deer. When we had looked at the buck, Ed said, "There is a ranchhouse about a quarter of a mile from here. We will borrow a horse from them and drag the deer to their place; then you can drive up with the truck and pick it up." If I had known the country the night before, I could have walked to the ranchhouse and followed a well-beaten road right to our camp. Such is the life of a hunter.

The people at the ranchhouse came there from the Vanscoy district. Their name was Ludrickson. When we brought the deer from the bush, the lady of the house came out to look at it. She harangued her husband and boys. Apparently, they did not have any meat in the house and she felt that they should kill a deer. I wished after I got the deer home that I had left it there with them. The meat was tough and stringy and didn't even make good soup. It should have been made into sausage, but it turned out that our dogs ate most of it.

Harry Forbes had taken a homestead at Makwa. He came over to where we were staying and suggested that we go hunting with him. The next day we loaded our bedding and grub into the truck and drove to Harry's homestead to pick up Harry and his tent. Then we drove fourteen miles down an old logging road. We were headed for an old sawmill site. We stopped at an Indian log cabin on the way. Harry asked the squaw if we were on the right road to the sawmill. Two little kids came to the door with their mother. They were barefoot and did not have on too much in the way of clothes. They took a look at us, and then hid behind their mother's skirts and peeked out at us. When we got to where we intended

camping, it was on the bank of a little stream so we cut a hole in the ice to get water.

Harry was very proficient at setting up a camp in the winter. First, we cleared away the snow where the tent was to sit. There were lots of dry logs near at hand. Harry selected four of these, about six inches in diameter, and cut them to the size of the tent. He laid them so the logs were the size of the tent. When the tent was pitched, he nailed the bottom of the tent to the logs with roofing nails. Then we banked the tent with snow all the way around except the door. We cut spruce bows and placed them across one end of the tent. That was to spread our blankets on. We did not have sleeping bags and I doubt if such things were being manufactured in those days. For a stove, we used an air tight heater. The air tights, as they were known, were made of sheet steel and heated up very rapidly.

Harry did the cooking. I cannot recall what we ate, but it was good and plentiful. I had brought along a "swede" saw and I was detailed to cut a supply of wood for the night. I was to sleep closest to the stove, and if it started to cool off in the night, I was to replenish the fire. We stayed nice and warm, but I had to put wood on the fire three or four times during the night.

Harry had brought along a little thermometer. He hung it on a tree just outside the tent. He got up first the next morning and said, "It's 32 below out there." We had breakfast and sat around until the sun came up. It didn't feel that cold as there was no wind in the bush. Merrel made this statement, "If anybody misses a deer that he shoots at, he should have his ass kicked." That comment backfired as such comments often do. Merrel and I were hunting together; Dad and Harry took a different direction. I went into a patch of spruce trees and three deer came out. Merrel fired five shots at them and missed. I blamed the cold for the reason he missed as Merrel was a crack shot and seldom missed. When I came out where Merrel was, he bent over and said, "Go ahead and kick me." I declined and we had a good laugh over the way things turn out.

We stayed at that camp for three days and never came across any more deer. In those days, antifreeze was unheard of so we had drained the water from the truck. When we were ready to leave, we heated water and filled the radiator. After the first day, the weather had moderated somewhat. We went back to Haywire Bill's cabin.

The second night we were there, I woke up in the night. The wind was blowing hard. I thought I could hear water dripping, so I went outside. The wind was a chinook. It was really thawing and the water was dripping off the eaves. At daylight I was up and saying what a wonderful day it was for hunting. Dad went outside. When he came in, he said, "No more hunting. We are getting out of here because it is going to storm." Well, Merrel and I were very reluctant, but we loaded up our gear and took off for home. We made it back as far as Biggar that night. Merrel stayed with his wife, Regina's, relations. Dad and I got a room at the hotel. We were able to get the truck into a heated garage for the night.

The next day we arrived home to find that the twelve inches of snow, on the ground when we left, had melted into ice. It snowed very little until March when there was a very heavy fall of wet snow. Back at the Meadow Lake country, it snowed two feet of wet snow the night we left. Some other hunters who stayed had to be taken by horses and sleigh to Meadow Lake and catch the train for home. They had to go back in the spring and bring out their vehicles. Nobody had any trouble with bringing out their game as no one had any luck.

We did all this preamble and had not taken a spare tire for the truck. Two days after we arrived home, I was hauling wheat and a valve stem broke; of course, the tire was flat. It was stupid of us to go without a spare tire. If we had got a flat when we were in camp at the old sawmill site, I dread to think of the trouble we would have been in. This is the story of my first safari into the north country.

I have gone to the north many times since to hunt and fish. There is something about the north that appeals to me. All the trees and lakes are very attractive, but I would not like to

live there full time. The people of the north are more friendly and neighborly than in more thickly populated areas. I could tell many stories of my trips to the north, but I believe they should be told in another book.

However, there is one trip I will write a few lines about. I was at a dance one night in Vanscoy Circle Hall. Albert Vanderkooi and Ed Morgan were there. Albert is quite a hunter and the conversation got around to moose hunting. Albert asked me if I would like to go with them on a hunt north of Paddockwood. I said, "I sure would," so we made plans to go. Albert had a used school bus which he had converted to a mobile home. It made a very good hunting cabin.

The party consisted of Albert Vanderkooi, Ed Morgan, Wayne Bowes and myself. I told the fellows that they would have to do all the cooking as I could not boil water without burning it. Albert, being a very fine fellow, said, "Don't you worry about that." I got away with it that year. But one time, we took the moose to be cut up at a place in Sutherland. The butchers were throwing the bones in a box and I said, "Don't throw away all those bones. They are good for making soup." Albert said, "How do you make soup from moose bones?" I went into a detailed explanation of soup making. I could see a twinkle in Albert's eyes, and he said, "Listen to that, boys. This guy who says he can't boil water without burning it is a damn chef." Guess who did most of the cooking on the next trip.

One evening, we were breaking camp to go home. The boys said, "You get supper and we will get everything loaded." I went into the camper and decided that I was going to have a good shot of whiskey before I made supper. On an empty stomach it hit me pretty good and I was really feeling fine. After I got the potatoes and meat on to cook, I had another drink. By then I was feeling no pain. Albert had brought a package of antelope steaks from home. The package contained five pieces, four really nice steaks and one piece that was almost all bone. I cooked the steaks, including the bony piece. I made sure the bone was nicely browned. I mashed the potatoes, and Albert said, "Just imagine, creamed potatoes in a moose hunting camp." I took the frying pan to the table and placed a steak on each plate. But when I came to Ed's plate, I put the fried bone on it. He filled his plate with potatoes and whatever else there was to eat, grabbed his knife and was aiming to cut himself a bite of antelope steak. The knife bounced off the bone and Ed let out a roar. "This is nothing but bone." Nobody said anything so Ed repeated, "This is nothing but bone." By then the others had caught on to the fact that I was fooling around. They started to laugh. I did not want the joke to go too far so I brought out the pan with the good steak and gave it to Ed. I will never forget the look on Ed's face when he tried to cut that bone. But he was a good sport and laughed along with the rest of us.

I may be getting my dates mixed and who was with us on the trips, but one time Wayne Bowes was in the party. Wayne and I started telling dirty jokes and this went on for awhile. Then it got sort of quiet. Albert said, "I will turn on the radio and see what's going on in the outside world." I listened for a minute and here was a voice on the radio telling one of the jokes I had told just a short time before. The radio was a tape recorder and Albert had taped the whole show. I did not recognize my own voice. Albert took the tape home and played it for his wife and friends. We sure had a lot of fun and I am sorry that I am getting too old to hack it.

Going back to the "dirty thirties" as those years became known, I must tell of some of the trials and hardships that came along with them. It was very dry, and the wind blew incessantly. The farmers had been working their land for many years with the idea that it was a disgrace to leave any trash showing on a cultivated field. The result was that when the soil got dry and the wind blew, the air was filled with dust for weeks at a time. There was so much dust in the air that one could look directly at the sun at 12 o'clock noon and it appeared as a small red disc. The heavier soil drifted along the ground and ended up at the edge of the fields or drifted out into the road allowance making the right of way impassable

for cars. I have seen fences along the fields that were completely buried by the drifting topsoil. Many people loaded their belongings on whatever means of transportation they owned and headed north to take homesteads in the forested areas. Machinery that was left sitting in a field would be completely buried.

Before the 2nd World War, scrap iron was much in demand. A man from Saskatoon who owned a truck went around the country looking for old machines to wreck. I went with him to the Gledhow district looking for scrap iron on abandoned farmsteads. We found a spot where a grain binder was almost buried in sand. There was an oblong-shaped pile of earth near by. We dug into it and discovered a fifteen foot International Harvester Co. land packer. It produced about two tons of cast iron. I do not know if the fellow had any right to take these old machines, but no one ever protested and he got away with it. Some of the machines were not covered by sand and were already partly wrecked. If he had not dug up the ones that were buried, I imagine they would still be there rusting away.

Many things have been written about the "dirty thirties", some true and some fiction. I will mention a few things that happened at our farm. Dad had always raised a number of pigs. All at once, there was no market for pork. It was no use to take them to the city as no one was buying hogs. We had about thirty-five pigs at the time. The porkers would weigh about sixty pounds each. Dad let it be known that he would sell his pigs for twenty-five cents each. He sold most of them as other farmers who did not keep pigs would buy two or three and finish them out for their meat.

The dairy farmers would sell their newborn calves for fifty cents each, but one had to be on the spot and take the calves or they would hit them on the head. I bought some of these calves and fed them on milk replacer which was skim milk powder mixed with water. It cost one dollar and eighty cents for a fifty pound bag. As soon as the calves were old enough, they were put to pasture. We were lucky to have pasture along the lake so that the grass on the low lying land stayed fairly green.

One year I asked Dad for some money so that I could go to the Saskatoon Exhibition. He told me he could not afford to give me any. He said, "Take the truck and take one of your best calves to the stockyards." I loaded a three hundred pound calf and took it to Wieller and Williams at the Union stockyard in Saskatoon. I received a check for nine dollars. I cashed my check and went to the exhibition. One could buy a good meal at any of the church booths for fifty cents. Ice cream cones were five cents if you asked how much they would be. If you just said, "An ice cream cone, please," and the cone was filled, you would be charged ten cents. Chocolate bars were five cents and were nearly double in size compared with today's bars. Good lemonade was five cents a large glass. The merry-go-round and all other rides cost ten cents. The side shows were ten cents with the exception of Harlem in Havana which was twenty-five cents a look. It was a show put on by colored people with the girls in various stages of dress and undress. For those times, it was considered quite a bold show, but was tame compared with some of today's acts. My nine dollars took me to all the midway. I do not remember if I had any money left over, but I think it was likely that I was broke. Anyway, I had a real good day at the exhibition. I have never been able to work up so much enthusiasm for the fair with the exception of another time. That time I took Vickie, the girl who is my wife now, and that was the best day I have ever spent at the Saskatoon Exhibition.

There was no work to be had so there were not too many ways of making money. I trapped considerable, but raw furs were at a low price. My brother, Arnold, and I discovered that there were quite a few beavers in the South Saskatchewan River. There was no season for beavers so we decided that perhaps we could make some extra cash by poaching beavers. We loaded my boat, our guns, traps, blankets, and enough grub for two to three days on Arnold's truck. Brother Conard drove us up river about twenty miles. It was a hot, dry afternoon when we got the boat in the water and started drifting down-

stream. We had not drifted very far when we noticed a dark cloud in the west. It turned out to be a dust storm driven by a terrific wind. We were closer to the east bank of the river so we headed for it.

It was a rocky beach where we landed and we dragged the boat about twenty feet up on the bank. When the wind struck, it drove the water up on the bank until it was splashing in the boat. We dragged the boat higher and tied it fast to a tree. Then we went up the bank to see if we could find a building of any sort. We were in a government pasture and there was no shelter in sight. We found a piece of board about six feet long and took it back to the boat with us. We hoped the wind would go down in the evening, but it blew harder than ever and the air was so full of sand it looked like it was night. We decided we had better try to construct some sort of shelter for it looked as though we would be there for the night. With the piece of board and our hands, we dug a cave in the sandy bank. It started to rain and the air turned very cold. We gathered some wood and made a fire in front of our cave. The rain stopped after a short while, so we made some supper and sat in our cave out of the wind. We sat there for awhile and Arnold remarked, "I think I know how a coyote feels on a stormy night." When it got dark, we wrapped our blankets around us and half sitting, half lying, we went to sleep.

When I woke at five o'clock, the wind had abated somewhat so I woke Arnold. We decided to go downstream to the west bank of the river where we would be more out of the wind and could make breakfast. We had gone about a mile when the wind let go and it started to rain. We knew that around a bend in the river the wind would have a good, long sweep straight up the river. We knew we would not be able to make it so we landed at a spot where there was plenty of dry wood, made a fire and had breakfast. We were still about ten miles from home. There was no sign that the rain was going to stop so we turned the boat upside down and put our equipment under; then started to walk home. We slogged along in that heavy river bottom soil with mud building up on our rubber boots. Every so often we would be forced to stop and remove it. We arrived at Arnold's home about ten o'clock. We never even saw a beaver so there was no profit in that trip.

After it stopped raining, we went back for our equipment. I brought the boat down the river while Arnold took the truck back home. I saw one beaver on the way back but he got out of sight in a hurry. Another time, I went alone and went through the same procedure of hauling the boat up the river and drifting down. We got the boat in the river about sundown. We had supper before we left home and there was not much to do after Arnold went home with the truck so I sat on the river bank for awhile. It was getting dark so I spread my blankets and laid down. It was a beautiful moonlit fall night. I found it hard to go to sleep. However, I dozed off and was suddenly awakened by someone walking in the dry leaves. I could not figure out why anyone would be walking there unless he was looking for me. I decided to keep perfectly still and maybe I would not be noticed. The footsteps came closer and closer. I was watching and waiting when into view came a handsome buck deer. He walked past four feet from my bed and never even saw me. If I had moved or spoken, I would have given him a worse scare than he gave me.

I awoke at daylight, rolled up my blankets, and went down to the boat. I looked downstream and there coming from the far side of the river was a beaver. I got into the boat and started drifting towards it. When I got to the spot where I thought the beaver came ashore, I grabbed a tree hanging out over the water so that I would not drift away downstream. I sat there for perhaps five minutes; then I noticed a movement in the water beneath an overhanging willow. The beaver had just poked the tip of his nose out of the water so that he could get some air. It was no use to shoot him in the nose so I just sat and waited. Finally, he decided it was time to have a look around so he poked up his head and I shot him. A beaver should never be shot anywhere but behind the ear as for some reason, he will not sink. If shot in the eye or the front part of the head, he will dive under the water

and may never be seen again. My friendly conservation officers would say beavers should not be shot at all. That beaver was the largest one I have ever seen. I guessed he would weigh seventy-five to eighty pounds.

I got three more beavers on that trip and after we had them fleshed and stretched, the fur buyers in Saskatoon gave us five dollars a beaver. There was no arguing or bargaining; it was five dollars a beaver, big, little, old or young. When the buyers had enough skins to fill a suitcase, they hopped on the train and took them to Winnipeg, Manitoba where they would receive anywhere from twenty-five to forty dollars per pelt. Our moneymaking escapade didn't last very long as we were doing all the work and getting the small end of the stick.

The last beavers I sold I skinned but didn't flesh. I rolled the skins with the fur side out, put a piece of brown paper around each one, and presented them to the fur buyer. He paid me fifteen dollars without looking at the skins and I got away from there as quickly as possible. If he put them in his suitcase without checking them, he would sure have a fine smell by the time he got to Winnipeg. If he opened them up, he would have found out how much work fleshing a beaver skin is.

One spring, I was fishing in the river. The ice had just gone out and a pair of beavers were swimming near the mouth of a creek. I went down there with my boat the next morning and got them both. Mr. Emil Van Impe, who ran the Belgian Dry Cleaners and Furriers on 20th Street in Saskatoon, sometimes came to my place. I showed him the beaver skins and he said, "I want those two to make a pair of mitts." He gave me twenty-five dollars each for them. They were the darkest skins that I ever came across and were really beautiful. If he made them into mitts, I never saw them, but I am sure they would be nice. This is one of the ways that we picked up a few dollars here and there to keep from going on relief. People on the prairie had no way of making any extra money.

The dry years did not start as soon in the river valley as on the prairie, but eventually they hit here too. Pike Lake dried up making it impossible to catch any mud snakes, but fishing in the river remained fairly good.

Sometime in the early thirties, I purchased my first car. It was a 1926 Chevrolet. A young lad who lived near our home had bought this car in the late fall. He had water in the radiator and one night when at a dance, his car froze up, boiled the water out and got hot. He poured cold water into it and cracked the head of the motor. He had bought it at a dealer's in Saskatoon for two hundred and fifty dollars. He did not bother to repair it, but parked it until spring. He asked me if I would like to buy it for fifty dollars so I took it home. I found a head off a 490 Chevrolet. The 490 was a forerunner of the 1926 and the head was the same except that the holes, where the valve lifting pushrods went through, had to be drilled larger. I drove that car one hundred and ten thousand miles. The wheels had wooden spokes and eventually, the spokes dried out and became loose. Therefore, when the car was driven ahead, the spokes leaned back in the wheels, and when in reverse, they leaned ahead. I took the hubs apart and drove wedges between the spokes to tighten them. The motor was four-cylinder and was one of the best for starting in cold weather. It made very good mileage. My brothers claimed that ninety-nine percent of the miles I made with it were chasing girls. I drove that little car until it was bushed and as I had no money to buy another car, I did without one for several years.

When times got a little better, I bought a used 1935 International Model CI half ton. It was a six-cylinder, flathead motor. If it was parked in the shade of a tree, it would not start. It would make thirty-two miles to the gallon on a trip. I drove it many miles and will tell more about it in another chapter.

CHAPTER ELEVEN

BATCHING

In 1935 I decided that I would like to leave home and go on my own. Dad had divided his land among his children. My land was the NE 20-34-6W 3rd. That is where I live today. Dad had purchased the SE of 17-34-6W 3rd from Ira Cook. That quarter was divided by the lake, and he sold the west portion to Edmund Lehmann. He leased the spot on the east side, known as Ira's Clearing, to Frank Gasall from Saskatoon. Frank built a cottage there and when he decided that he was going to move to a farm at Lac Vert, Saskatchewan, he sold the cottage to Dad. He said that I could buy it and move it to my land. The price was two hundred and twenty-five dollars. It had a living room, two bedrooms, a kitchen and a screened verandah across the front. The cottage had one ply of siding and was painted brick red. It was lined inside with small pieces of gyproc with no insulation in the walls. It was built for a summer cottage.

With the help of my brothers, we moved it to the same spot where my house stands today. We placed it on wooden blocks. It was getting late in the fall and Mother persuaded me to stay home for another winter. The next summer, I moved in. Being very busy with farming and other work, I did not have much time to work on fixing up the "shack", as it was to be known from here on. I had cut a good supply of wood the winter before. It was a good thing I did because when winter struck there was my one ply shack sitting on blocks about a foot above the ground level.

The first snow storm was a blizzard with a very high cold wind. It blew through the shack and I had to keep a fire going all night to keep warm. I looked outside and my dog, Sport, was walking around the yard looking for some place to sleep out of the wind. I went out and leaned a stone boat against a granary and placed some boards over one end and some hay underneath for Sport to sleep on. The next morning, I went to the door and called, but no dog. It had snowed and drifted a lot and the stone boat and dog were buried. There was a crack at the top so that the dog could get air. I dug him out and he ran around in the snow as though he really enjoyed it.

Later on, I built a porch over the back door and that was Sport's sleeping place. He would never come into the house, not even if he was coaxed with food. I trained him to do many things. I would open the kitchen door and he would stand with his front feet on the door sill. I would ask, "Are you hungry?" and he would answer with a loud, sharp bark. I would say, "Hey, you are in the house." He would answer with a soft woof.

I had a pasture with a lane one-half mile long leading to it. I kept two cows there. When it was milking time, I would tell Sport, "Get the cows." He would go to the pasture and bring them home walking at their own pace. He never hurried them. One evening, I sent him for the cows. They did not come, so I walked to a ridge where I could see to the pasture. Sport was on the side of a ridge in a hole with just his hind legs and tail sticking out. A gopher had crossed his path and the temptation was too great. The gopher ran down his hole and

Sport was intent on digging him out. I yelled, "What do you think you are doing?" He backed out of the hole he had dug, and stood there looking like a kid caught with his hand in the cookie jar. Then he took off as fast as he could run and brought the cows.

I often took him hunting with me and I found that he was a first rate deer hunter. He always walked behind me. Sometimes, he would get excited and chase a rabbit. I never whipped him, but scolded him when he came back. He soon learned not to go unless I told him he could. I let him chase a rabbit once in awhile. He sure enjoyed it, but he never ever went unless I told him to "get it."

The first time that I discovered that he was a deer hunter, I was walking beside a poplar bluff. There were lots of deer tracks, but so far I had seen no deer. All at once, I noticed that Sport had stopped and was sniffing and gazing intently at something in the bush. He looked at me and then looked at whatever it was he saw in the bush. It was as though he was saying come and take a look. I took a couple of steps backwards and there, standing in the edge of the bush about fifty yards away, was a young buck deer. He stood perfectly still as I walked by. If Sport had not spotted him, I would not have known he was there. I shot the buck and Sport did not get excited as I figured he might. He just sniffed at the deer and did not attempt to bite or eat it, but he sure liked to get his share of bones and scraps after the butchering. Sport had one fault that I could not cure him of. He chased cats. When he caught one, it was a dead cat. He would grab the cat and give it a shake and break its back. As long as I had Sport, I could not keep a cat as sooner or later he would catch up to it and kill it.

After the first snow storm of my batching days, the weather warmed considerably and I dug up some dirt and banked the house. I removed part of the inner wall of the kitchen and put in some insulation. We used wood shavings as insulation in those days. I put the wall back in place and papered it with a layer of builder's paper, a heavy brown paper. Then I covered that with wallpaper. At least I now had one room that was warm. In the bedroom, I pasted pages of magazines on the walls and ceiling overlapping the pages until I had a good three layers of paper. Then I covered it with wallpaper. I used newspaper to cover those walls because there was just no money to buy anything different. When people were laying linoleum or carpet on floors in those days, they always used newspaper for backing. I papered my living room with brown paper and never did finish the second bedroom. I dug a cellar under the kitchen for keeping vegetables. I also put on storm windows. This joint was to be my home for the next eight years.

I built a barn sixteen by twenty-four feet from the lumber we cut at our sawmill. I built a frame and nailed the boards on in a vertical position and nailed four inch strips over the cracks. I made the roof the same way so the only money I spent was for nails. For about three years, the building was quite warm and dry. Then the strips started shrinking, the roof started leaking, and the wind started coming through the walls. I removed the strips and put on rubber roofing and replaced the strips. It served very well as a barn for many years.

One summer evening when the flies and mosquitoes were very bad, I built a smudge to keep the insects away from the cattle. I had acquired several head by then. I went over to the neighbors. When I came home, the barn was on fire. A spark from the smudge must have drifted to some hay at the end of the barn. There was no livestock in at that time, but the harness for my team of horses went up in smoke along with the barn.

Since I would need a barn for the coming winter, I made forms, poured a footing twenty-eight by forty feet, and started building a barn. I designed it to have a loft if I could ever afford to finish it. I had bought the Dowling farm from Bill Dowling who inherited it from his father. I tore down the old Dowling house and obtained a large number of two by six planks; also, shiplap boards, many of them twelve inches wide. I used the two by six as

studs and the shiplap on the walls. I put poles across the loft floor joists and covered it with enough slough hay to round the top like a haystack so that it would shed the rain. That was to be the roof until I could afford lumber to build a proper roof. I built stalls and a couple of pens for pigs.

I got water for the house from a well halfway between the house and the barn, and used this as long as I was batching. Sometime later, i put a well inside the barn. I used a stock pump which had to have the cylinder dug into the ground below frost level. The hole for the cylinder was about four feet across. The soil contained enough clay that no cribbing was needed, but I made a plank cover for the hole.

One time in the winter, I had some trouble with the pump. I removed the cover, put a short ladder in the hole and climbed down. I bent over and suddenly my breath was shut off. The hole was filled with gas, apparently from a pen in the barn which had not been cleaned for sometime. If I had not had the ladder, I would not have been able to get any air and would probably have stayed in the well until someone found me. After I got out, I lighted a kerosene lantern and hung it on a rope down in the well. It started to flicker and went out. No oxygen.

Another time, I was digging a well. I was well beneath ground level and had stopped digging to have a rest. Dick Smith and two of his sons stopped in the yard on their way to Dad's place, but seeing no one around, they drove away. On the way to Dad's, they met an R.C.M.P. car. The police had taken a man into custody. The Smiths, thinking it was me, hurried down to tell my father. He came right away to see what had happened to me. I had resumed digging and was throwing the dirt out of the hole so he had no trouble finding me.

I used the barn with the pump inside for several years. I had acquired a Ford tractor which I used for doing chores. One afternoon, it would not start and flooded. I pulled the air cleaner hose off the carburetor and a lot of gas ran out in the straw on the floor. Then I stepped on the starter and the motor backfired. The gas made flames so high they set the straw roof on fire. I phoned to Kinzies for help and went back to see what I could do. There were two cows inside. I managed to get one untied and she ran outside. The other was jumping back and forth. I figured that if she knocked me down, I would be a goner so I had to leave her to burn. I had twenty-nine pigs in the barn and I got fifteen of them out. When Derry Kinzie came, he hooked a chain on the tractor and dragged it out of the fire. The tires were burned, also the wiring. I rebuilt the tractor and could not see any difference in how it worked.

The Pike Lake School barn was up for sale so I bought it to replace the one that burned. The cow that I saved from the fire was milking at the time and she went dry completely. Some of the hair on her back was singed and she was trembling all over. She was never any good as a milk cow after her ordeal so eventually I sold her for beef. The cow that burned was due to freshen in about a week. When the fire had burned down some so I could see her carcass, a hole had burned in her side and her calf was moving around. It was a very sickening sight to see and many times after I would dream at night that I was back at the fire again.

The first year that I farmed on my own, I raised six hundred bushels of flax and some wheat and oats. I sold the flax for fifty cents a bushel and that was the final payment. The last year that I farmed before retiring, I sold flax for eleven dollars and sixty-one and one half cents per bushel. How much better it would have been if the price of flax could have averaged out at about five dollars over the years. Fifty cents a bushel was not much to a young fellow just getting started at farming.

I spent a great deal of my time in the winter trapping. I had trapped muskrats on Pike Lake as long as I was living at home and a couple of years after I started batching. The Pike Lake Fur Co-op was formed. It included members around the lake, some of whom had

never trapped in their lives. It only lasted eight years and broke up. I liked trapping on my own so I was glad when the Co-op folded. However, I never trapped muskrats on Pike Lake again.

My brother, Arnold, has held the trapping rights on Pike Lake for many years. One morning, when I was doing my chores, I noticed that a badger had dug a hole on a ridge west of my house. I set a trap for him and the next morning I had him. It was beautiful fur and I took extra pains with caring for it. I shipped the skin to The Saskatchewan Fur Marketing Service and I received a check for twenty-nine cents. I never cashed it but kept it for a souvenir.

I had been batching for several years when an insurance salesman came in the yard and insisted on selling me life insurance. I had no money to pay the premium and told him so, but he kept on pestering me. One day, I saw his car coming down the road. My boat was leaning against the side of the garage. I tipped the boat down and dragged it away from the wall. By the time the salesman came into the yard, I had put the oars in place and was sitting in the boat rowing it on dry land. The man turned his car and got out of the yard as fast as he could go. I never saw him again. I guess he figured that damn farmer had flipped his lid.

In those days, it seemed there was always someone trying to sell something door to door. Some of the salesmen were honest and some were deadbeats. One young fellow came to my door selling a special kind of shaving soap. He spit on his arm and rubbed on some soap and it lathered beautifully. My Dad had fallen for this same deal at the Saskatoon Exhibition and when he got home and opened the box, it contained Sunlight washing soap. It was very hard and of no use at all for shaving. Jim McQuarrie, who was travelling a stallion had stopped at my place for supper. When the salesman had made his pitch, I was mad because I knew he was running a skin game. I told him to get to hell through the gate where he had come in. He said, "Smart guy, eh!" and away he went. Jim said, "Do you always treat salesmen like that?" I replied, "Only if they are crooks."

I had been batching for some time when my cousin, Maurice Kinzie, came to the shack one afternoon. He told me that he and his wife were going to a dance at Beaver Creek and he would like me to go along as there was a girl who lived in that area whom he would like me to meet. We crossed the river in a boat and landed near the hall which Dorothy's father (Dorothy was Maurice's wife) ran. It was there I met the A.V. Lawley family with whom I have been friends ever since. Lillian Lawley was the girl that Maurice wanted me to meet. She was a very fine girl and I liked her very much, but somehow right from the start I had doubts that she would ever be my wife. However, I made many trips across the river to see her. I would take my truck down to the river and row the boat across, and walk up to the Lawley farm. Sometimes, we walked back to the river; sometimes, we got a ride. Then we crossed the river back to my truck and would go to a dance wherever it happened to be. After the dance, usually about two o'clock in the morning, I would reverse the process and take her back across the river to her home. I guess I was born thirty years too soon because I had a perfectly good shack on my side of the river. Lillian left to work in the sanatarium at Prince Albert, Saskatchewan and it was there she met the man she was to marry.

Eddie Lawley and I became very good friends and made many trips across the river, day or night. We cut logs to be made into lumber at the Pippin sawmill. We were cutting on government land. A certain man, whose name I shall not mention, objected to this and I was afraid that Eddie and I were going to end up paying a fine. Eddie said, "Do not worry. I will go up there tonight and put him in his place." He came home and we kept on cutting and never heard anymore about it. Eddie could not tell me what he had on the man, but I found out many years later that he was having sexual intercourse with his daughters and Eddie knew it.

I took Eddie on his first deer hunt. He was using my rifle and I had borrowed my Dad's. I chased a deer past him and he shot at it, hitting it. When I came out where he was, I said, "How come you stopped shooting?" He said, "I emptied the gun." The rifle held six cartridges and as I had only heard three shots, I could not figure that one out. We were hunting in Lawley's pasture. The next spring when Eddie was looking for the cows, he walked up the ridge where he had shot the deer and picked up six cartridges, three empties and three loaded. In his excitement he had pumped three out without firing them. I think this speaks very well of the kind of man Eddie was. He owned up to his mistake in spite of the fact that he knew he was going to get razzed many times about it. I hunted with Ed many times after that and he became a good hunter. He joined the Air Force during the Second World War and gave his life for his country. We had many good times together and I sure missed him. Eddie's mother, father and sisters, Lillian and Fay, live in Saskatoon. His brother, Robert passed away at an early age.

Ralph Pippin and Ed Lawley taking a trailer built in Ralph's blacksmith shop across the South Saskatchewan River.

I was going across the river to Lawley's one day and told my dog, Sport to stay home. He sat on the step and watched me go with a mournful look on his face. I never saw him again. I figured that he followed me after I was out of sight and maybe got caught in a snare set for coyotes. Someone may have stolen him, but if they did, they must have taken him far away. If he had been free, I know that he would have found his way home.

When I was farming alone and still using a binder to harvest the crop, I built an attachment so that I could drive my tractor from the binder seat. Oscar Chiswell was much impressed by this and advertised the fact that he thought it was a smart idea. My brother-in-law was staying with us for a visit. I had finished seeding a field of wheat and was going

to harrow it. Elwood was about eleven years old and not very big, but I decided to let him try. I rode with him for a couple of rounds and left him on his own. Oscar came driving by. The tractor was some distance from the road. As Elwood was small, Oscar did not see him. Oscar was on his way to my Dad's place. When he got there, he told my father, "Ralph has sure done it this time. His tractor is out in the field harrowing and there is no one driving it." Dad said, "That's impossible." Oscar said, "It's so. I saw it with my own eyes. Ralph was in the yard and he waved at me."

I farmed for quite a few years with the 1926 McCormick Deering with steel lugs. I did not have money to change it over to rubber; it was hardly worthwhile to change as the tractor was getting old. I obtained a pair of wornout tractor tires and cut the beads off. After taking off the spade lugs, I stretched them on over the rear wheels. I cast wheel weights of concrete for the rear wheels and the hard rubber gripped fairly well, but the tractor was still very rough to ride.

Quite a bit of the seeding was done in those days with a plow and what was known as a pony drill. The pony drills were built in sizes to fit whatever size plow one happened to be using. The drills were equipped with wheels on the back which pressed the soild down on the seed which gave very good germination. It was a slow way to seed as a three or four bottom plough did not cut a very wide strip. The pony drills proved to be very good for seeding flax.

Then came the one way disc. The discs set at an angle and threw the soil to the right. Hitches were devised whereby packers could be pulled behind the disc with the pony drills attached behind the packers. Seeding with this type of outfit was known as "once over and it's all over." It was twice as fast as ploughing.

Then came the wide level discers. The seeder box was mounted on the discer and packers were pulled behind. This type of outfit is still widely used today although many farmers are seeding with wide press drills. The first press drills were up to fourteen feet wide and built in one section. They worked very well on level land but on rolling land, one end of the drill could be seeding too deep and the other end not deep enough. This problem was overcome by building the drill in two or three sections as to whatever the width might be.

My bachelor days were moving along with nothing very unusual happening; farming in the summer, looking after cattle and pigs, and trapping in the winter. I had more or less settled to the fact that I was destined to remain a bachelor. Now I will leave this chapter and tell about a new phase of my life in the next one.

CHAPTER TWELVE

In the fall of 1941 my cousin, Maurice Kinzie, who was serving on the Pike Lake School Board at that time and still playing Dad Cupid, came to my shack and told me they had hired a teacher for the next term. He said, "She is going to be boarding at your Mother's house and I think you should go down there and meet her."

I took his advice. After supper, I drove to my old home and was introduced by my Dad to Miss Victoria Harvey. She was a very beautiful girl with the loveliest blue eyes I had ever seen. It was a case of love at first sight. The lightning flashed, the thunder rolled, and I was a goner. I had thought I was in love several times before, but this was very different. I asked her if she would like to go to the dance at Fairview Hall and she said, "I would love to."

I was playing in the orchestra that night and I knew by the time the evening was over, that sooner or later, I would ask this girl to be my wife. So to you, my grandchildren, that is how I met your grandmother.

While she was still teaching at Pike Lake, we were engaged to be married. Then she went to Bausley School to teach. Bausley was a few miles north west of Perdue, Saskatchewan. The time I put in batching while Vickie was away at Bausley teaching was the only lonely time I spent in my years of living alone.

We were married on August 24, 1943 at St. James Anglican Church in Saskatoon by Archdeacon Samson. Our reception was held at the Harvey home on Murdock Avenue and our wedding dance was held in the clubhouse at Pike Lake. Getting married was the best thing I ever did. We have been married thirty-seven years at the time of this writing. Vickie has been a good wife and mother all those years and she is still tops with me. Vickie's family are all wonderful people and I am glad to be associated with them.

I had started building a house twenty-four by thirty-six feet. My brothers helped with digging the basement. We used Arnold's W6 tractor on one scraper, and my team of horses, Nick and Bess, on another. We dug the hole square, with the walls straight up and down, so that no forms were used on the outside wall below ground level. This meant considerable shovel work, but it turned out okay in the end. I had been collecting rocks to use as filler as we poured the concrete, but figured I did not have enough. I talked with a friend of mine who lived at Aberdeen, Saskatchewan. He said that if I would cut him two loads of wood, he would bring me two loads of stones in exchange. I did not know what size trucks he had, but one morning, he phoned and said he would be coming to my place. He came with two three ton trucks well-loaded with stones just the right size to use in my forms. My basement walls cost me sixty-five dollars for cement.

When Vickie and I came to what was to be our home after our wedding dance, there was our house with the bare rafters sticking out in the moonlight. I had pulled a granary close to where I was building, cut a hole for a window, and installed a wood burning cookstove, a bed, and a cupboard. The granary was old and rough, so Vickie can say, along with others older than herself, that she is a true pioneer. Would you believe she made curtains for the windows in that granary?

We lived in there through September and most of October. The weather was getting quite cold at nights and the wind blew through that one-ply granary. Therefore, as much as I hated to stop work on the house, I covered the outside of the granary with tarpaper which stopped the wind very effectively. I also installed a small heater. By then, there was not much room to move around inside.

One day, my Dad came to see how we were getting along. It was near the end of October. I had been working as hard as I could and had not put the windows in place. He said, "Young feller, you had better get those windows in. It is liable to snow any day." Dad gave me the advice, but he went on his way without offering to help. I installed the windows. The second night, after I had them in place, it snowed. It did not snow much and it melted in a few days.

On the eighth of November, as I had two rooms in the house fairly well finished, we decided to move in. We had purchased a new cookstove and it was stored in a shed. I brought it into the kitchen and removed the crate. There, on top of those nice, shiny lids were five or six rust marks where mice had peed. When Vickie saw this, she started to cry and I felt like joining her. However, some steel wool and elbow grease helped the situation.

Since I did not have money to buy siding for the house, I covered the outside with tarpaper with laths nailed on to hold it in place. One of the first things I had done was to build a chimney. It was built from the basement floor. There was a hole for the smokepipe from the kitchen stove; also, one in the basement for a furnace. I had hopes that the kitchen stove would make enough heat for the two rooms that we were going to use for the winter, but found it was not warm enough. I installed an airtight heater in the basement and enclosed it with a sheet of tin. As the wood was put into the heater from the top, I had to cut a hole in the tin on top. An eight inch pipe ran from the top of the tin to a register in the bedroom. This was a makeshift deal, but it worked very well for the first winter. Before the second winter descended on us, I had built the furnace that was to heat our home until we got power in this area.

I bought a land roller at an auction sale. It was made of quite heavy sheet iron. It was in three sections; the middle section about sixty inches long; and two sections, forty-eight inches long at each side. The rollers were thirty inches across. I put legs on one of the short sections, cut a hole in one end, and made a door for it. The smoke pipe was in the top near the back. I enclosed this contraption with galvanized tin and ran an eight inch pipe from the furnace to a register in each room. This worked very well. It would take large pieces of wood, and the fire lasted over night without replenishing the supply of wood. The ashes had to be carried out upstairs and this was a disagreeable task. When taking ashes out of the furnace, a certain amount of fine ash floated into the air and settled on everything in the basement. It worked its way into the upper part of the house so that dusting was a lot of work.

I was still trapping after I was married. I found a nice, warm place in the basement to skin the animals I caught. When I finished skinning a coyote, I would open the furnace and heave the carcass into the fire and burn it. I had skinned six or seven and burned the remains with no static from upstairs. One night Vickie came downstairs just as I was disposing of a coyote carcass, and said, "Just what do you think you are doing? You are stinking up the house something terrible." What I could not understand was why the ones I had burned that she did not see never caused any trouble. Anyway, that was the end of caring for my furs in the basement.

I was still farming with the 15-30 tractor and still harvesting with a binder. I had rented a piece of land that laid just across the road from my buildings. The wheat on it looked like a thirty-five bushel crop. It was almost ready to cut and I had pulled my binder in front of the shop to check it over so that I would be ready to start cutting in a couple of days. One

afternoon, before I got started, a cloud formed in the north-west and produced a hailstorm. When it was over, the fields looked like a discer had gone over them. Some fields on the south side of the farm did not get hailed so much. But the above mentioned field was gone one hundred percent. It did not hail the next year but the two years following, it cut the crops up rather badly. We were hailed three times in five years.

One spring, when I was seeding, I came in from the field for dinner and Vickie asked me if I would mind removing the storm windows. I removed them, but being in a hurry, instead of putting them away as I should have, I leaned them against the north side of the house, one on top of the other. I intended putting them away, but in my slipshod way, they were left sitting there until the middle of the summer. A hailstorm came along and broke every one of the panes. It also broke windows on the north side of the house.

Between the hail years, we had many dry summers. I cannot recall the year, but my wheat crop averaged seven bushels per acre; not much profit in a crop like that. However, we survived that period and grew some very good crops. There is a large slough along the edge of the sandhills on the west side of our farm. I was always able to cut thirty to thirty-five tons of hay per year on this. It was a big help in dry years.

In the last years before the combine, we harvested with a power binder. It was driven from the power take off on the tractor and was a ten foot cut, but it made very ragged bundles. After I started farming on my own, I rigged up a hitch so that I could drive the tractor from the binder seat. It worked very well and I used it for a couple of years.

My brother, Glenn, had taken over the farming on the home place and was thereshing with the combine. I hauled the grain from the combine and he took off my wheat and flax at a very moderate price. One time, we were combining wheat on the home place down in the low land next to the creek. The wheat was making sixty-five bushels to the acre. Glenn had fixed up an old separator elevator for unloading the wheat into the granary. It had a hopper to back the truck over. There was no hoist on the truck so the wheat had to be pushed or shovelled into the hopper. It was driven by a three HP International motor. No matter how hard I tried I could not get back to the field before the combine was full so Glenn would have to wait. One afternoon, Glenn said, "Get on the tractor and drive the combine and I will show you how to unload wheat." I got on the tractor and took off. I was sure hoping that I would not have any trouble with the machine as I had not driven it very much. I threshed the hopper full and stopped but there was no sign of Glenn with the truck. I waited about half an hour and then walked to the granary. He had overloaded the elevator and the chain inside broke so that had to be fixed. After about an hour, we went back to the field. We emptied the hopper and Glenn got back on the machine and started threshing again. Needless to say, I never heard anymore complaints. Anyway, I liked hauling the wheat better than driving the combine.

Glenn kept his machine in good shape and did a lot of custom combining. The combine had a chute and a door to open to let the wheat run out into the truck. Glenn decided that he would like to dump on the go so he obtained a short auger and fitted it to the bottom of the hopper. He could set the auger in motion from the tractor seat. It had one drawback. The auger was so short that it would not clear the cab so the truck could not be driven in from the rear. One had to drive in alongside the tractor and slow down until the auger was over the truck box; then keep pace with the combine until the wheat was unloaded; then move out forward and away from the machine. This worked fairly well until one evening, after dark, I drove the truck into position to unload the wheat. There was a sharp little gully in the field and I rolled into it, killing the truck motor. The truck stopped, but the combine kept going. Crash, bang, the auger hit the truck cab and it broke loose from the combine and the wheat was running on the ground. I sure felt foolish. Glenn did not say much, but we never repaired the auger, and went back to the old way of unloading.

One year, we threshed a field of my flax in November. It had snowed and melted. The ground was frozen. The flax threshed okay but it sure was a cold job.

As my old 1926 Chevrolet sedan was on its last legs, I was looking for another vehicle. I went to the Automobile Clearing House in Saskatoon. As I could not afford to buy a new truck, I purchased a used half ton. It was a 1935 CI International, and a fairly good truck for its day. It made good mileage, but was a terror to get started in cold weather. I drove it many miles, usually overloaded. This was the vehicle I was driving when I was courting my wife, Vickie.

In the fall of 1948, I decided that I should have a larger truck and this time I was going for a new one. I went to Saskatoon Motor Products to buy a one ton Chevrolet. The cost price was $1465.00. They allowed me $325.00 for my half ton which was what I had paid for it in the first place. I made a down payment of five hundred dollars and the remainder was put through the GMAC Credit Plan, to be paid for in monthly installments.

That winter, I had a contract with Empire Meat Co. to supply them with willow wood for smoking meat. I received fourteen dollars per cord for this. I had a small saw and gas motor for cutting the wood into lengths. As chain saws were unheard of in those days, I chopped the wood with an axe and threw it into a pile. Then I would start the saw and cut the wood into eighteen inch lengths and load it on the truck. Some days, that winter, were thirty-five and forty below zero. On those days, I would start a fire and burn the branches that were trimmed from the wood. If I happened to be in good cutting, I could fill the truck in a day and have time to deliver it. But most of the time, it took all day to cut a load and it would be delivered the next day. I kept working at this and had a small mountain of wood back of Empire Meat. One day, Mr. Hansellman, the owner, came out, took a look, and said, "I had no idea that you had brought that much wood. I think you had better stop until we use up some of that." The stenographer had written checks for each load. I had enough money to pay my dues on the truck. It was rather hard work for a little money. The Empire Meat never used wood after they used up that pile. They turned to a different system of smoking meat. When I was cutting wood, sometimes I would throw in a few sticks of chokecherry. The old fellow, who looked after the meat, always picked them out and told me not to bring anymore cherry as it made the meat dark.

Vickie, the boys, and I used that truck to drive to Waskesiu for a holiday. However, it was used mostly on the farm, hauling wheat to market and from the combine. The truck was red and around so long it became known as "the old red truck." When I retired from farming, I gave it to my grandson, Grant. His father still uses it to haul wheat from the combine to the granary. It is worth as much as an antique as I gave for it so many years ago.

In 1951, I decided it was time to pension off the 15-30 tractor so I went to Spence Farm Equipment with the intention of buying a new W6 McCormick Deering. Spence had taken over the dealership from Lock and Tracy. I talked to Bill O'Hara who had worked at that dealership for many years. He asked if I would like to save myself a thousand dollars. He said, "We have a tractor in the back that we took in on a trade. I have checked it over and it is in first class shape." I had known Bill for many years and he is a very reliable person so I bought that tractor. It was equipped with built in hydraulics and came complete with hoses and ram for remote control of machinery. It was the first tractor with hydraulics in this district. The sad part of it was I had no machinery equipped to use with it. I took my one way disc to Glenn's garage. From some pipe and scrap iron, he welded up an attachment so that I could sit on the tractor and put the disc in ground or lift it out, simply by pushing or pulling a lever.

I used the one way with two pony drills for seeding for a number of years. Seeding that way was okay if the land was well-harrowed after. The W6 was a good tractor and worked very well, but was too small for my acreage. I had to spend too many hours in the field.

Before I brought the tractor home, I bought a front end loader, the first front loader in the valley. It was a far cry from the loaders of today. It had a heavy bar across the back which bolted to the drawbar and stuck out past the tires on the rear wheels. Two heavy pipes ran from the drawbar to the front of the tractor and a frame on the front held the bucket. It swung between two arms and had a locking device that could be tripped by a rope to the driver's seat. When the rope was pulled, it caused the lock to release and the weight of the dirt caused the bucket to swing downward thus dumping the dirt. Once the dirt was off, the bucket was balanced so that it swung back and locked the bucket in loading position again. I made a dozer blade to fit on in place of the bucket. It was very good for moving snow, but was not too good for dirt. I still have this outfit and have done a lot of work with it such as cleaning cattle corrals and filling low places in the yard. I made a bucket for it from an old wheeler scraper. It works very well for spreading dirt; just drop the load of dirt and drive ahead and it will spread very evenly.

Before the day of balers, I built a buck rake for bucking hay. I have stacked as much as eighteen tons of hay in a day with it. Before that, I used a buck rake, also homemade, that had a horse hitched to each end. With it a stack could be started; but as it could not be raised, it was necessary to push the hay close to the stack and then use a pitchfork to build the stacks quite high. I used this system for many years and finally bought a hay baler. Handling bales was harder work than bucking the hay up loose. But when it came to taking it out of the stack to feed, the bales were far ahead. When using hay out of a stack, it was not considered a good idea to take all the top off the stack at once.

There was a tool called a hayknife although it was more like a saw with very large teeth. It had two handles; one grasped a handle in each hand and by pumping up and down could cut a gash about twenty inches deep across the stack, probably ten or twelve feet from the end. When that layer was taken off, another cut would be made and so on down to the bottom of the stack. Another type of hayknife had teeth on the bottom and a handle about four feet long. To cut, one held onto the handle, placing the blade where the cut was to be made. There was a projection on the handle at the top of the cutting blade on which the operator would place his foot and step down hard. It made a cut ten inches wide and a foot deep. It was a lot easier on the back than the saw type; also, much slower. Having been blessed with a strong back and a weak mind, I liked the saw type best.

In those days, the hay had to be cut with a team of horses hitched to a mower. Then the hay was raked, also by horsepower. It was first raked into cocks to be picked up by the buckrake or loaded on a hayrack. If the hay was to be left standing in the cock for any length of time, it was usually rounded out on top with a pitchfork so that if it rained, the cock would shed the water better.

I remember mowing hay on Dad's homestead. The meadow was low lying land from the northeast end of pike Lake and had numerous willows growing on it. We mowed hay amongst the willows for some time and then we started removing the willows. We cut them as close to the ground as possible with the axe. This left a hump. But if they were cut close to the ground, the mower bar would slide over the top with no problem. One day, I had been mowing for some time when I came to one of those humps. Instead of the bar sliding over the top, it dug into the side. The horses stopped as they were trained to do if anything caught and out of the stump came a swarm of yellowjackets. The hornets had made their nest in there and they swarmed around the horses' legs and started stinging them. I was doing my best to keep the team from moving ahead. If they did, something was going to break on the mower. The horses were stamping and were very anxious to move ahead and out of there. I held them in and finally convinced them that they should back out of the stump and I raised the mower and we moved away. I did not get stung but what about the next time I came around? They would be very mad. I always carried an axe in a holster on the mower tongue. I cut a long slim willow and tied a bunch of dry grass to the tip end of it

with a piece of wire. I lit the grass on fire and held the flame over the stump. The hornets seemed to be drawn to the fire or else they were mad. However, in a short time, they were lying on the ground with their wings burnt off. A few swipes with my work boots soon finished them off.

In 1950, I decided that I should have a combine of my own so I started looking for a used one. Albert Sawyer had retired from farming and the combine that he had used had been repossessed by Spence farm equipment. I bought it from them for eight hundred dollars. It was a Massey Harris No. 15. The cutting bar on it was eight feet. Massey Harris manufactured three different combines at that time. They all had the same separating equipment. The No. 17 was a ten foot cut and the No 18 was twelve foot. No. 21 was the first self-propelled Massey Harris. A great many of those machines were sold with the ten foot being the most popular.

These combines were a very simple machine. The shoe which held the sieves and chaffer was driven by a shaker arm on each side of the machine. There were seven-eighths inch holes in the wood which the arms hooked into. After threshing for some time, this hole would wear oblong. when this happened, the operator could hear a thump, thump in the combine. If this was not corrected, the jerking motion caused by the looseness would cause the sieves to come apart.

I tried several different ways to shim the hole such as leather and tin. One time, I tried pouring it full of babbit metal. This was a lot of work as the shoe had to be removed from the machine each time and none of those ways were very successful. I overcame the problem by cutting six inches off the end of the shoe that had the hole in it. There was a band of iron around the part that I cut off. I obtained some oak and made blocks to fit in where I cut the piece out. A long bolt ran the length of the shoe with wing nuts at the back for tightening the sieves in place. I drilled holes in the blocks so that the long bolt went through and held them in place. As there was plenty of room, I was able to use thicker wood which made a better bearing. The oak lasted better than the original wood. With a few extra blocks on hand, it was about an hour's work to replace them. This was before the days of farm welders. These days, one would probably weld a sealed bearing to the iron on the shoe for a permanent fix.

I had the No. 15 for several years and it was getting rather badly worn so I decided to wreck it. I had no cutting torch and took it apart with wrenches and chisels. If a nut would not turn, it had to be cut with a chisel. I found out why it costs a lot of money to build a combine. I saved any iron from it that would be useful around the farm and any parts that might be used on another machine.

My next combine, a No. 17, I purchased from my brother, Arnold. It was in very good shape, but had no pickup. My brother, Glenn, gave me a pickup off his McCormick Deering. I devised a drive for it. As Glenn had a welder, he did any necessary welding. The No. 17 was not as good for picking up as the No. 15 because the No. 15 had a wider platform which handled long straw better. I had rigged both of these machines for using the hydraulic for raising and lowering the platform.

By today's standards, those machines would be considered junk. However, they threshed many thousands of acres and were quite a popular combine in their day. Massey Harris combines would always take in more wheat at the front end than the sieves were able to handle. If they were not fed too fast, they would make a perfect job of threshing flax. I pulled these two combines with my W6 and got along fairly well. The W6 did not have a live power takeoff, which meant that when the clutch on the tractor was released, the combine stopped turning. In threshing rye, this was a nuisance as the swathes would be heavy in the hollows and thin on the upland. I usually threshed in second gear on the light swath. I found that by just touching the clutch lightly, it was possible to shift down to low

gear without jerking the machine. I was never able to shift back to second gear on the go. One had to stop and wait for the combine to stop turning and then shift and start over. The result of this was that most of the time I ran in low gear.

In 1966, I bought a Massey Ferguson Super WD 90 from Vandel Services in Delisle which is owned by Lorne (Buck) Campbell and his brother, Wayne. Buck had brought this tractor to Dad's homestead to put on a demonstration. I liked this tractor and when the show was over, I drove it home. I traded the W6 on this tractor and then I wished I had not done so. I asked Buck if he would sell it back to me and he did at a very reasonable price. The ninety proved to be a very good tractor for a small farm. I used it until I retired from farming and sold it to my son, Harvey. It is still going strong.

I hitched the 90 to the No. 17 combine and it was hard to believe what a difference the extra power and live power takeoff made. I threshed with that outfit for two years. Then as I was farming more acreage, I decided to buy a self-propelled combine. Buck Campbell had a used No. 80 Special. He said it was ready for the field so my brother, Arnold, and I went to look at it. It looked just as Buck said so I made the deal. Buck delivered the machine late one evening. The next afternoon, I was ready to begin threshing so I pulled out to the field and started. I went about twenty yards down the swath and the machine plugged up. I cleared it out and tried again. It was going to do the same thing so I stopped and tried to figure what was wrong. I had no luck so I phoned Buck. He came down in the evening and we tried it, but no dice. It would not thresh. We were busy digging the plug out of the machine when the mosquitoes descended on us. It was next to impossible to work so I told Buck he should go home and I would try and figure out what was wrong the next day.

The next morning, I was checking around when I noticed the belt that drove the separator was not very tight. I examined the tightener and found out that the rod that was to pull the idler had been straightened and was striking the frame of the machine; thus the idler did not move far enough to tighten the belt. I took the rod off and put a bend in it so that it cleared the frame, pulled the lever, and tightened the belt. Everything was rosy.

The second year that I owned that machine, I harvested four hundred and forty acres of crop. I was working alone and hauling the wheat myself. Besides that, I was driving a school bus. My run took an hour and fifteen minutes. I did not mind the morning run as it was usually too damp to harvest, but the afternoon run cut into the best hours for threshing. However, it was a fairly dry fall and I did not have much trouble. The No. 80 combine was a very dirty machine to operate as the operator sat just above the feeder and there was always a cloud of dust and chaff blowing onto the driver. The motor, located under the machine, was very awkward to service and it ran in really dirty conditions. It boasted an auger for unloading the wheat which was a time saver. When I was working on a field close to a granary, I set up the auger in the granary with the truck box tipped up, drove in with the combine spout over the truck and started the auger motor. The combine augered the wheat into the truck, and by the time the hopper was empty, the other auger had put it in the granary.

I was born too soon as I never had the pleasure of owning a combine with a cab. My son, Les, owns a Case combine. It is only a small machine. I drive it sometimes, helping him with the harvest. It is a far cry from the old machines without a cab.

I have described the equipment that I used for harvest when I was farming. I will just say that I had the usual line of machinery; a plow with pony drill attached, a one way disc, a wide level discer, a John Deere seed drill, two cultivators, harrows and swather. Some of these machines were purchased new; the others were used.

When Glenn stopped farming and started into the garage and electrical I purchased a two and one-half ton 1946 Maple Leaf Chevrolet truck from him. I still have this antique. As time went by, I purchased a three ton Ford. It was a real good truck, but we had trouble with the transmission. I sold this truck to my son, Les, and he is still driving it.

Somewhere along the line, we decided we should have a car so I went to Saskatoon and bought a Chevrolet Torpedo. It was not much of a car and had seen better days. We drove it for a couple of years and sold it. Vickie learned to drive using this car.

When my Dad passed away in 1958, his Plymouth Sedan was left to his second wife, Mabel. Vicki bought it from her. It was a very nice car and made very good mileage. It had a six-cylinder flathead motor and was a holy terror to get started in cold weather. Of course, this was before we had power so there was no block heater. We traded the Plymouth on a '61 Chevrolet four door sedan. It was a beautiful car and in very good shape, but it eventually grew old.

As Vickie was teaching school, she needed a dependable car to drive so she bought a Chevy II. We traded the '61 in on it. I do not remember what we received for it, but it was not much. We drove the Chevy II many miles. It developed a habit of hard starting and finally, one night at a dance in Delisle, it refused to start at all. We had taken this car to several garages, but no one seemed able to find out the problem. After fooling around awhile, it would start and there was no way of finding out just what the trouble might be. When it finally refused to start, my brother, Glenn, checked it over and found out that the coil was causing the trouble. Our daughter, Elaine, was training for a nurse and needed a car so Vickie turned the Chevy II over to her and bought a Chevrolet 1971 Caprice which she still drives. It has been a very dependable car. It is over the one hundred thousand miles and still runs good.

In 1967, I decided that a new half ton truck would be very handy around the farm. I did not have money to buy a truck at that time so I decided to borrow part of it. I went to the loans manager at the Royal Bank of Canada and stated my case. He said, "You had better kick this around for awhile because we will not loan you the money." I was a bit peeved for, after all, I had an account with that bank since I was five years old.

I left the bank and went to Saskatoon Motor Products and bought a 1968 Chevrolet with a down payment and the remainder to be paid in monthly payments on the GMAC plan. I had no trouble with the payments as I was driving a school bus. I finished making my payments ten months later and was in the bank on some other business, when the loans manager called me over and said, "How about the money to buy a truck today?" I pulled the receipts from GMAC out of my pocket and threw them on the counter. I said, "There are the receipts to show that I bought a truck ten months ago. GMAC collected the interest instead of you." He did not like that very much, but it was not too long after that he was either fired or transferred. I have continued to do business with the Royal Bank all my life. I made the statement that the truck I bought would be the last one in my lifetime. However, I bought a 1973 Chevrolet and am now driving a 1978 Ford.

BERT PIPPIN

Somewhere in the early part of this book, I stated that I would write a resume of my father, Bert Pippin. He was a pioneer in every sense of the word. He owned the first gasoline engine for pumping water in this area, the first power wood sawing outfit, the first oil burning tractor for threshing and breaking land, and the first combine to be used in the Pike Lake area. He was the first to turn to entire power farming. He built the first blacksmith shop in Vanscoy, but sold it and came back to the farm. Besides farming and breaking land, he did all the blacksmith work for the Gledhow Valley Park and Pike Lake districts. He built a sawmill and sawed many feet of lumber, some of which he sold and the remainder, he used on the farm.

Dad was a leader in many things and the people looked to him to show the way for improvements in the district. The reader must understand that this is written about our immediate area. The prairie country to the northwest of us was farther advanced than our bush country. I cannot help bragging about my Dad because I think he deserved it.

The author's father, Bert Pippin just home from fishing. Note the fish hanging in the tree to the right. The year, 1912.

The Pippin sawmill in 1924. Fairbanks Morse Tractor. Arnold Pippin, at left; Bert Pippin, at center; Conard Pippin, at right.

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

Our farm consisted of the north half of Sec 20 Twp 34 Range 6 W3rd, the SE Qtr of the same section plus fifteen acres on the SW of 20. Dad's homestead, the SW 16 34 6 W3rd was left to his wife, Mabel, when he passed away. I bought it from her for eight thousand dollars. I borrowed the money from the Farm Credit Corporation. When I was finished paying for it, the interest had brought the cost of that quarter to twelve thousand, five hundred dollars.

The NE Qtr. of 20 was homesteaded by Clarence Geer. He sold it to Dad and went further north to live. On the west side of the quarter was a building site. A house and a good-sized barn had been built there. By the time Dad bought the land, the buildings had either been burned or rotted down. The house could have been made of sods. The cellar had caved in, but there was no sign of any wood. As there were planty of trees handy, I think it must have been made of logs. At this site, I found horseshoes, an old brass lamp which was battered almost beyond recognition, several large English pennies, and a twelve gauge brass shotgun shell. There was a piece of paper rolled inside it. I thought that I had found something that would give me a clue as to who had lived there. It was newspaper with an ad for soap. There was a picture of two little negro boys with big smiles. Underneath it, read "the Gold Dust Twins." I had to unroll the paper very carefully. Anyway, it fell apart into little pieces.

Dad and I were breaking near the southeast corner of the quarter. He was on the tractor and I was on the plough. There was a patch of thick buckbrush. Dad did not stop the tractor, but pointed towards the brush. I got off the plough and walked into the brush. There was a square hole about four feet by three feet and around thirty inches deep. Beside the hole was a hardwood chest. It had metal corners and metal handles to lift it by. Fire had destroyed most of it. Apparently, someone had buried something in the chest and when they dug it up, did not bother taking the chest. I wish I had been blessed with enough foresight to at least save the metal parts.

I found an axe on this same land. It was made by bending a flat bar of metal into a loop and bringing the ends together. I expect the ends had been drawn out thin and then welded together and sharpened. The loop was for the handle. I kept this axe. I also have one that my son, Leslie, found in 1977 when he was cultivating on the NW 21 34 6 W 3rd. There is a big slough which runs close to the line between the quarters on the north half of twenty. The NW quarter is in the sandhills and abuts Highway 60 on the west. Some very good springs flow from under those hills into the slough. Beside one of the springs was another building site. The house sat on a level spot near where the land sloped off into the slough. I never found anything around there. The bank which was quite steep had been dug away to make a bank barn. One the bank of a spring was another dug out spot. Some people say it was a place to hide from the Indians. I figure it was a cellar for keeping vegetables.

The southeast quarter was the Dad Dowling farm. I have written about the Dowling family in another part of my book. The hill that is used to go from the Valley to the hills has

long been known as the Dowling Hill. This land was left to Bill Dowling and I bought it from him. I have picked up quite a few artifacts on this farm, mostly on the sandhill quarter. I started looking for arrowheads when I was still going to school and had gathered about fifty good ones. Mother had a hired girl and my arrowheads left when she did. Mother got in touch with her and she said she had thrown them in the garbage when she was cleaning my room. What a cheerful liar.

Nels Peterson, a neighbor who lived on the quarter lying east of Dad's homestead, found a medal in his field. It was a bit bigger than a silver dollar. It showed an Indian and a white man shaking hands on one side and crossed guns and tomahawks on the other. I am not sure, but I believe one side was frosted. Dad sent a stencil of this medal to the United States. They informed him that James Madison, the President of the U.S.A., had four of these medals made and presented them to four Indian chiefs. There was a hole in these medals so that they could be worn on a string around the neck. They told the name of the chiefs, but Dad turned the letter over to Nels to keep with the medal. J.W. Chovin of Vanscoy, who had a wonderful collection of Indian artifacts, offered Nels a quarter section of land for the medal but Nels would not part with it. In 1946 Nels Peterson died in the Barry Hotel fire. Someone must know what became of the medal but I have not been able to find out where it is.

In the winter of 1940, we were cutting ice on the Saskatchewan River. The R.C.A.F. had many planes flying in this area. One afternoon, three planes were flying formation. I do not know if they were fooling around or if it was part of their training, but they kept changing positions. All at once, the plane flying in the rear attempted to pass the others by flying above them. He hit the top of the plane that was in front. A large sheet of fabric tore loose from his plane and the one that was hit headed for the island in the river. The pilot must have been knocked unconscious or killed. His plane headed down for the island just like a shot duck. His motors were running full speed when he hit. The plane that had the fabric torn off landed on Brown's Lake about a mile and a half away. We jumped into my truck and headed for the crash on the island. It was hard to believe how badly the plane was smashed up. I looked for the pilot and could just see his head. There were no marks on his face; even his hair was in place. His parachute had broken open and his body was underneath it. I removed the chute very carefully. His body was pushed together until it was no more than three feet long. The others who were with me took a look and we knew there was nothing we could do. The motors of the wrecked plane ploughed two furrows, thirty feet long and ten inches deep in that frozen sand. The undercarriage had broken off and was lying in the brush about fifty yards from the crash. I doubt if there was one whole part. Everything was smashed.

The third plane from the formation was circling around and suddenly decided to land. There was a strip of ice just west of the wreck with a sandbar at one side. He attempted to land on this bar. He was down on his wheels and it looked like he was going to make a perfect landing when his undercarriage dropped into a rut made by the water in the summertime. It folded back and the plane was sliding on its belly. The propellers hit the frozen ground and they bent ahead in the direction the plane was going. The pitch of the props caused this as they were still turning. They radioed back to the airport and three RCAF officers came out. Of course, they did not drive their vehicle. The driver was a red-headed woman and an expert driver. The officers started to interrogate the pilot of the plane who had attempted the landing. "What in hell did you think you was doing?" He answered, "I just thought I might be of some help, Sir." "Well I admire your guts but damn your judgement." He then asked what we were doing there. I explained what had happened and he said, "You will have to guard this plane until we can get someone else out here. I will take your name and address and you will be paid." I never was. About ten o'clock that night, six RCAF personnel came out and took over.

The next morning one of my neighbors came to my house and wanted to go and see the wreck. We drove to the river. The men guarding the plane had pitched a tent, and when we got close to it, a young fellow came out with a rifle and fixed bayonet. He said, "Close enough, men." My friend was all for getting out of there, but I was not about to give up so easy. I said, "I am one of the fellows that guarded the planes until you came." He replied, "Oh, I did not recognize you as it was dark last night." I said, "My friend would like to take a quick look at the wreck." He said, "Okay, but if you see any of the top brass coming, you disappear in the brush." I was told afterwards that if we had insisted on seeing the wreck, he could have shot us and no questions asked. I met this young lad later at another wreck, but that is another part of my story.

They brought out a crew of mechanics to repair the plane. They replaced the props and undercarriage. They brought out a different pilot to fly it back. He was chewing hard on a wad of gum and was walking around in rather a nervous manner. When the plane was ready to go, an officer came over to him and saluted. He said, "It's all yours. Take it off." The pilot said, "I would like Smitty to make one final check before I take off." Apparently, Smitty was a mechanic to be trusted more than the rest. Smitty made a fifteen minute check. Still working on his gum, the pilot wheeled out onto the river ice and took off.

One day, I was down at my Dad's place doing some work in the blacksmith shop when I noticed a plane flying very low and circling. When it came over the shop, we could see that one propeller was not turning. I live two miles north of my old home, and the pilots (there were two men in the plane) decided they would make a landing on my field. We piled into Dad's car and went to see where the plane had landed. When we came to the east end of my field, we could see the plane. It was down alright. It was in the willows on the west side of my hay meadow. Its tail was sticking up in the air at a forty-five degree angle. When we arrived at the plane, the pilots were walking around. Nobody was hurt. They were two Australians. One said, "We came in over the phone line at five hundred feet and tried to set it down on the grain paddock. We saw we were not going to make it so were going to try to gain altitude enough to circle again and come in lower." The plane refused to gain altitude on one motor and they crashed into the willows. They hit with considerable force. A couple of willows were torn out by the roots and the propellers cut the tops off many others. One wing was broken and the other was badly damaged. I heard the two aviators talking. They had forgotten to turn their auxillary tank on and that was why one motor stopped. They opened the valve on the auxillary tank after the plane was down. I asked them if they would like to go over to my shack and have coffee. They said they were not allowed to leave until help came and they were not supposed to eat until a doctor had examined them. After about four hours of waiting, no one had come. One of the pilots said, "I say Old Chap, if you would make some coffee and bring it out here, we would appreciate it very much." So I made them sandwiches and coffee and they ate it before anyone showed up.

When the crew came to look after the wreck, there were fourteen men. An officer also came. I do not remember his rank or else I never knew. He strutted over to the wreck and said, "There is danger of fire here." He opened a valve and let the gas run out on the ground. I asked him if I could bring a drum from the house to catch the gas. He said,"There is no way I would dare to let you have that gas." By this time, it was almost dark so four men were detailed to guard the wreck and the rest left. One of them was the young fellow who presented his rifle and said, "Close enough, men," at the wreck on the island. They did not have any tent or shelter of any kind and were going to spend the night around a campfire. They did not have an axe, but they broke small branches and got a fire going. It was not going to be much to spend the night by. I went back to my shack and brought my best axe. I had some misgivings about the axe when I saw how they used it. I figured the handle would be broken before morning. They just did not understand the art of chopping wood. They hit those hard willow sticks straight across the grain instead of hitting at an angle. After all

four of them had a go at trying to chop, I took the axe and cut enough wood to last all night. They marvelled at the way I could chop, but after all, I had spent many days working in the bush from the time I was a boy. I asked them if they would care to come to my shack, two at a time, and sleep as I had an extra bed. They decided they would all stick it out together. After I got back home and was doing my chores, I could hear them whooping and hollering. Then they started to sing and I must say they were much better at singing than at cutting wood.

The next morning I was up before daylight and making breakfast when my dog, Sport, barked. I looked out the window and saw two of the guards coming. They were carrying a large box between them. It had handles at each end. It was their grub box. It contained all the food that had been sent out; also dishes, pots and pans. They said they would appreciate it very much if I would let them make their meals in the house or better still, would I do the cooking. I made their breakfast and they went back to the plane to watch while the other two came up.

One of the second ones to come was the man from the island episode. He was a pilot in the United States Air Force, but could not fly in Canada until he had completed his training here. His home was in Los Angeles. I had cooked a pot of beans, American style which was just some ham or bacon boiled in with the beans with salt and lots of pepper. The beans were done and were on the back part of the stove to keep warm until dinnertime. This fellow raised the lid on the pot to see what was in there and he said,"That's what I want for breakfast." If he wanted beans for breakfast, it was alright with me. I made bacon and eggs with toast for the Canadian. He started eating and said,"Man, oh man, but these beans are good. I have not tasted beans like this since I left Los Angeles." He ate a good-sized bowl of the beans and then helped himself to more. When those lads left, they emptied the grub box on my kitchen table. There were a dozen loaves of bread, three pounds of bacon (I have never been able to buy bacon as good as that in the stores), two four pound tins of jam, enough tea and coffee to last me six months, several pounds of butter, ten pounds of sugar, and salt and pepper. They took back the dishes but left me a knife, fork and spoon as a souvenir. I asked them how come they did not take this food back. They said, "If we do, the cooks will just chuck it out in the garbage." Such is war. We were told to save food and many things were rationed, but the armed forces could throw perfectly good food away.

I talked to the two pilots from this crash and asked them if they would be grounded. They did not think so. I told them if they were out flying in this area again, to let me know. Two days later, a plane circled overhead a couple of times and then they came down low over my yard. I figured they would be about three hundred feet up, but the old Cessna seemed much closer than that. Before they left, those two Aussies promised to write to me but I never heard from them again. Could be they gave their lives for their country or perhaps they forgot all about their excursion on my farm.

Vickie and I were married August 24th, 1943. We had moved into two rooms in our partly finished house. We were buying meat from the stores. As we only had a few cattle, I did not want to kill one for meat. One evening, I told Vickie that I was going to go hunting and shoot a deer. She said, "May I go with you?" We drove around in our truck. About a mile from home, there was a rather large garden with lots of carrots growing there and standing among the carrots, were three fawns. Their mother was hiding in the bush. The fawns were all the same age but were three different sizes; a large one, a medium one, and a small one. It was easy to see that the big one helped himself to his mother's milk first and what was left, the other two could have. I have seen this same sort of thing many times as there was a doe who hung around our farm and she raised three fawns every year. The small fawn would be on short rations and when winter came, he would have a slim chance of surviving. About October, the large fawn would be nice and fat so more often than not, he ended up in the meat barrel. In a couple of weeks time, the small fawn started to show the effects of getting more milk.

Vickie and I were sitting there in the truck and I said,"I am going to shoot the largest one." She said,"No, not yet, let's watch them for a while." I agreed to wait and after two or three minutes, the doe called and all three fawns hopped into the bush and were gone. I was a bit disgusted but I could not be too rough on my brand new wife. She was raised in the city and was taught to have a love for all animals. Anyway, I knew my wife was not going to have anything to do with hunting. She never asked to go with me again and I never asked her to go. She is not overly fond of wild meat, but all three of our kids took after their Dad and enjoy it.

Our first boy, Harvey Ralph, was born on December 5, 1946. I believe it was the 11th of December when I brought Vickie and the baby home from the hospital. It was thirty-five below fahrenheit that morning and my hard starting International half-ton truck was sitting in a garage which had no doors. I think it was colder sitting in there than if it had been sitting out in the sun. I took a large pan of hot coals from the furnace and placed it under the motor. I waited about fifteen minutes and tried to start it but it would not go. I got some small sticks of dry willow wood and placed them in the pan on top of the coals. The sticks caught fire and the flames carried the heat up around the motor and in a short time, it was warm enough to start. I do not know to this day why that motor did not catch fire as it was oily and the fire was very hot. It was eight o'clock in the morning when I got the truck started and I never shut it off until I had brought my family home.

When I left Saskatoon, I phoned my brother, Glenn, to tell him I was leaving, and if we were not home in about an hour, to come looking for us. I did not trust that truck. One thing that worked really well was the heater. But as car heaters go, they are no good if the motor stops. However, we made it home okay.

That night, we put the baby to bed in his crib. I think we both slept with one eye and both ears open for fear something would go wrong. I woke up and could hear a sort of wheezing noise. I thought it was Harvey. I got up, went to the crib, and found nothing wrong, but I could still hear the noise. I started checking and found it was the teakettle on the cookstove in the kitchen. It was not long until we found out that we did not need to worry so much.

We christened our second boy, Leslie Wayne. He was born on June 28, 1948. It was good weather for bringing him home and by that time, we were old hands at looking after kids. All I remember was that he was a lovely, big, fat boy.

Then on May 2, 1953 our daughter was born. We named her Elaine Mary and were very happy that we were blessed with a girl. She was a nice fat baby but she did not have much hair. She soon overcame that.

I do not remember very much about when the children were small. I was very busy making a living but I sure enjoyed our little family. We had a very large rooster and he thought he was the boss of the barnyard. I often fought with him with my foot; sometimes I would kick him rather hard, but he always came back for more. When Harvey was just a little fellow, he was walking near the henhouse and the rooster attacked him. He jumped and pecked Harvey on the cheek and tore out a bit of flesh. If it had been his eye, he would have lost his sight. The rooster was still after Harvey so I grabbed the old boy and took him over to the chopping block and cut off his head. I dropped him on the ground and he was flopping around as chickens do. Harvey went back to the house to tell his mother. He could not talk too plainly, but he tried to explain and his speech ended with he foo up, foo up. He was trying to say "flew up."

When Harvey was a bit older, George and Jean Wilson sponsored a camping trip to Meota. There were quite a number of boys at this camp. I cannot recall the name of the organization, but they had a building where the boys ate and slept. Harvey and a boy he had made friends with were wrestling in their bunk when they fell out. Harvey received a gash about four inches long on his back. He was not taken to a doctor but was taped by

someone at the camp. We were not notified that this had happened but as he healed okay, they probably knew that he would be alright.

The boys were taken to the camp by bus, but the parents were to bring them home on a certain day. We started out in good time, but on the way, my brakes stopped working. A pin had come out of the linkage. It was Sunday and the filling station we made it to was closed. A man on the street said,"The owner lives across the street." He came over and found a bolt for me. He did not charge for the bold, but I had to install it myself. He had on his Sunday clothes. So did I, but we were soon on our way again. When we got to the camp, everyone had gone. There was no way of knowing where Harvey had gone so we drove to the store and he was there. The storekeeper had taken him under his wing and had given him something to eat so he was happy, but still very glad to see us. He had used up his spending money and expected to be picked up sooner.

Les had one escapade that I remember very well. There was an old wagon sitting in the yard. The reach, as it was known, which attached the rear wheels to the front had been removed. Les was walking up the tongue of the wagon and when he got near to the wheels, the tongue hinged downward and the part of the wagon that was behind the axle came over the top and hit him in the forehead. He was dazed and had a bump on his head as big as a goose egg. Vickie phoned Dr. Frantz who was our family doctor at that time. He had a cottage at Pike Lake. He said he would be going out there right away and would stop in to have a look at Les. He did that and said,"If he shows any signs of drowsiness, take him to the hospital at once."

Elaine's escapade was climbing on the fuel storage tank and falling off and breaking her arm. Of course, she had to be taken to the hospital to have a cast put on.

On the evening of May 4th, 1954, Harvey and Leslie who were eight and six years old came rushing into the house and said they had seen three very large white birds flying over our yard. I said they were likely swans. The next morning when I went outside, there in the field about three hundred yards from the house were three white birds. They were definitely not swans. I got my field glasses and looked at them and they were whooping cranes. It was early in the morning so I watched them for awhile. I then called Vickie to come and see them. Then I phoned Herman Johnson in Saskatoon. I believe he was President of the Fish and Game League. He picked up Munro Murray, a Star-Phoenix photographer, and came to our farm. The cranes were still there, but had walked farther away from the buildings and closer to the slough. He said, "It is too far away to get a good picture," so we drove into the hills and waded across the slough and he got several pictures. I did not think they were very good. Herman and I had on rubber boots, but Munroe waded across the slough through that ice cold water with his oxfords. He deserved to get a good picture. When we came back to the house, he took a photo of Harvey, Les, and I sitting on our doorstep. It was very good. All the pictures he took were published in the Star. I had doubts as to whether I should have phoned them. Perhaps if we had not disturbed them, the cranes would have stayed around for awhile. However, as they were on their way north, it is not likely that they would have stopped very long. Those were the only whooping cranes that I have ever seen.

One day, I sicced our dog, Flossie, who was getting old, on a cow that had decided she did not want to go to the pasture. Flossie had a bad habit of grabbing cattle by the tail. She got hold of the cow's tail and hung on. The cow started to run and she turned and swung Flossie against the side of a granary. That was the end of her.

There was a bachelor living a mile north of our farm. I was talking with him and he said he had a litter of pups to give away. He said they were too young to take from their mother, but if I would call around in a week or ten days, I could have a pup. On Easter Sunday, the boys and I drove to his farm. The pups were under an old building that had fallen partly down. He

called the old dog and she came out. He held onto her collar. The boys both crawled in there and picked out the pup that they wanted. We took him home and the boys said, "What are we going to call him?" I said, "I think Shep would be a good name." Shep it was. He turned out to be a fairly good cattle dog and as a watchdog, he was tops. Early in the morning, he would walk around the yard checking everything. He was queer in his attitude toward some people. He never bit anyone, but with some people, he did not want them to get out of their car when they came in the yard.

One time, the R.C.M.P. were chasing Harvey for speeding. They did not catch him. They were on Highway 60 and Harvey turned off on a side road and came home. The police went on into the park. On the way back to the city, they drove past our farm and spotted Harvey's car. They drove into the yard. There was no one home except Harvey. Shep stood outside the police car door and showed his teeth, growling. The Mountie said to Harvey, "Call off this dog or I will pull out my gun and shoot him." Harvey said, "You had better not shoot him because I think you will be very sorry when my Old Man gets home." The policeman stayed in the car and gave Harvey a well needed lecture on the dangers of speeding and took off for Saskatoon.

Don and Derry Kinzie, who are my second cousins, live a mile and a half from me. They keep a lot of cattle. If Don came in the yard, Shep did not like him and would have to be told to behave. Derry did not have a dog so when he needed one around the cattle, he would drive in the yard and say,"Come on, Shep." The dog would get in the truck seat and go with Derry. When he was through chasing cattle, Derry would bring him home again.

One time, when I was combining wheat, I was working alone on a three cornered field. The truck was getting farther and farther away as I cleaned off the point rows. My brother, Arnold, came to the field and thinking it would be a good idea to move the truck closer to the combine, he opened the door to get in. I said, "He would not bite you," and Arnold said, "His eyes were red and there was no way I was going to argue with him." This attitude of Shep's worried me as I thought that someday he might bite someone.

He had a bad habit of chasing cars. One day, he got hit on the head and knocked end over end into the ditch. He came back to the yard a rather sad looking dog, but he was cured. He never chased cars again. He had a sore looking bump on his head. My nephew, Roger Bond, was just a toddler and he walked up to Shep and put a hand on each side of his head. He must have touched the sore spot and Shep nipped him on the cheek. Roger had to be taken to the doctor for shots against rabies. Shep had to be tied up for four days to see if he showed any sign of rabies, but everything turned out alright.

I bought a young bull from Don Kinzie. We caught him and loaded him into my truck. Don said, "Before you go, I want to give the bull a shot." We went into the house and when we came out, he had managed to get himself over the side of the stock rack and was hanging by his neck. He was choking so we cut the rope and let him go. We tried to get him into Don's corral, but he went everywhere else but there. We followed him with trucks and finally got him out on an open field. Harvey got out of the truck he was driving and attempted to drive the bull on foot. The bull was mad and he charged Harvey. He ran for the truck as fast as he could go, but the bull was gaining. I was about a quarter of a mile away so there was nothing I could do. I thought I was going to stand there and watch my son be killed by a mad bull. Shep was sitting in the truck and as luck would have it, the window was open. He sized up the situation and jumped out of the truck and made for the bull. He gave it a couple of bites on the heels and the bull forgot about Harvey and turned on Shep. He was quite capable of looking after himself. However, I gave Shep full credit for saving Harvey's life as I doubt he would have had much chance of surviving if the bull had caught up to him. We left the bull for the time being and he finally went back with Don's herd and we caught him and brought him home. He quieted down and I had no more trouble with him, but I always kept an eye on him when he was around.

Shep was getting old. He had been with us for sixteen years. On the Saturday night before Easter Sunday, Elaine was babysitting for David and Colleen Sawyer. David came for her in the evening and was to bring her home that night. Sometime in the wee small hours Elaine opened the door and called to me. She was crying. I wondered what was wrong and I jumped out of bed in a hurry. I had not heard a car come into the yard. She said, "Shep is down on the driveway and he is going around in circles. Dave could not get past him so I walked in." I went out to have a look and I knew that Shep's life was ending. I came back to the house and told Vickie that there was no hope for Shep and that he should be put out of his misery. She said, "Why not get someone to shoot him." I said, "There is no way that I will ask someone to shoot him. I will do it myself." I finished him off and came back and had a good cry. I did not sleep the rest of the night. The next morning while Vickie and Elaine were at school, I buried him beneath the big cottonwood tree in our yard. We had brought him home on Easter Sunday and sixteen years later on Easter Sunday, he left us.

In the fall of 1944, my brother, Arnold, who was in the business of combining, asked me if I would put my tractor on one of his combines for awhile. He had his own tractor and two combines. He was going to thresh for Hosea Hawkins. Usually, the farmer that he was working for put a tractor on one machine. Hosea's tractor was a 20 35 Allis Chalmers on steel and not very satisfactory for pulling a combine. Hosea, who lived int he Gledhow District, was an old timer there and a lifelong friend of my Dad's. He had four hundred and twenty acres of wheat to harvest. It was standing and dead ripe so we were straight combining. The machine was a Massey Harris twelve foot cut with a motor for driving it. I was using my 15 30 on hard rubber tires. This rig worked very well as the land was rolling and the grain was much heavier in the low spots so that the tractor could be slowed down and the machine maintain its speed. Hosea rode a few rounds on the combine. When I stopped to let him off, he said, "I sure like the speed you are driving. You do not jump any heads." The weather was fine and the grain so dry that I think we could have threshed all night. We ran until one o'clock in the morning. Mrs. Hawkins always stayed up and had lunch for us before I went home. I sure appreciated that.

The cow at home was waiting to be milked so I only milked her once a day. I was up again in the morning at six, had coffee and back to the field. I had kept this up for several days and was feeling tired and sleepy. Chuck Buckman, a bachelor who worked for different farmers, came to the field. He asked if I would like him to drive for awhile. He took over and I went with Hosea in the grain truck. He headed for the granary with about ninety-five bushels of wheat. He was supposed to turn onto the road but he overshot and went through the ditch and out the other side and turned and crossed the ditch again and pulled over to the granary. I do not know to this day how come he did not break every spring on that truck.

While we were waiting for the next load of wheat, Hosea started telling stories about the homestead days. He told about a young fellow who was breaking land near Hosea's farm. He was using two oxen, one large and one small. He came to Hosea's one evening and during their visit, he said, "I cannot figure out why Pete, my little ox, is getting thinner day by day. I wish I could find out what is the matter because I like that little ox. In fact, I like him so much that I always give him the short end of the evener."

Hartford Lennox was called Hartie. He homesteaded about a mile from Hosea. He was batching and was a frequent visitor at the Hawkins farm as he was lonely. Besides, Mrs. Hawkins served very excellent meals. One evening at supper, Mrs. Hawkins said to Hosea, "Hartie has not been over for three days. I sure hope there is nothing wrong with the boy." After Hosea had finished his meal, he walked across the field to Hartie's shack. When he was close enough to see Hartie's cattle (twelve of them), they were all standing around the door. Hosea broke into a run as he figured something must be wrong. He thought the cattle

were looking for water. When he arrived, there was Hartie sitting on the doorstep singing and beating time on his dishpan with the cattle all gathered around for an audience.

There was a young Englishman who farmed in the Valley Park District. He was coming to his farm from Saskatoon. What was known as the Gable Hill was very steep in those days. When coming down the hill, it was common practice to put a chain around one of the spokes and the rear axle. The wheel could not turn and acted as a brake so that the horses did not have to hold all the weight of the wagon and load back. This fellow used the chain and when he came to the bottom of the hill, the chain was too tight to unhook. Instead of backing the team a bit to loosen it, he took his axe and chopped the spoke out of the wheel. The wagon was around the country for years and was quite a conversation piece as everyone who saw it wanted to know what happened to the spoke.

When hauling wheat up the Gable Hill, it was necessary to give the horses a breather about three quarters of the way up. This was accomplished by cramping the front wheels of the wagon so that one wheel came in contact with the wagon box. This acted as a brake and kept the wagon from rolling back. The horses were able to relax and after a few minutes, could go their way. A Model T. Ford car could make this hill in high gear if one took a good run at it. This hill was worked on several times and finally, was built into a long, sloping hill.

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

In 1949, we as a school district decided it would be a good idea to move Pike Lake School to a more favorable site. At that time the school house was situated just a few yards south of where Eastview Store is today. There was no road into the school, just a prairie trail which meandered uphill and down. It seemed such an out of the way place. No one even in their wildest dreams ever thought that Highway 60 would pass right by the schoolyard in the distant future. However, I still believe that a highway is not the best site for a school.

Bert Pippin, my Dad, donated the piece of ground where the school sits today. The ratepayers of the district got together and dug the hole for the basement. We built the forms for the concrete from shiplap and two by fours. We hauled the gravel from a pit in the Valley Park area. We brought some of the water for mixing from the lake in a water tank. We also put down a sand point from which we used water when the tank was away being filled. When everything was ready, a mover called John Woloshyn came and moved the building to its new site. I will not attempt to tell the names of all the ratepayers who helped with this. Everyone cooperated very well; some dropped out before it was finished. Others stayed to the very end. The Saskatoon West School Unit No. 42 carpenters came and built a larger porch. The old shingles were removed and replaced by asphalt shingles.

Two years later it was decided that we should have a new floor in this building. Mr. George Hodgson, who was the Unit Board member at that time, looked the situation over and said that if the ratepayers would lay the floor, they would supply the maple flooring. Joe Hoyte, Don Ingham and I were serving on the local school boardd at that time and decided that the three of us would lay the floor. When I look at that floor thirty years later, I am still proud of the job we did. This was the school where I received my education. I went to the Christmas concert in 1980 and was astonished at how small the buiding seemed compared to when I attended school there.

In 1953 the Anglicans of this area decided that we should have a church. Services had been held off and on in the schoolhouse. Canon Manwaring conducted the services. Mr. Gilbert Wright, a building contractor from Saskatoon and a staunch Anglican, started coming to our services. If I remember correctly, he had considerable to do with going ahead to construct a church. A piece of property where the Forbes store stood was purchased by the Anglican Church. The store had been moved away to be Mr. Fred Bond's home and the basement was still left open.

Late in the fall of 1953, we started to fill this basement and level the ground for a spot to put our church. The ground was frozen to a depth of about six inches. The dirt that was taken from the store basement had not been levelled or taken away. It was in a mound at the back of the property. As we did not intend having a basement in the church at that time, we had to put the dirt back in the hole. I went there with my front end loader, but it would not dig in the frozen ground. We made a hole with a pick big enough to get the loader started in. From there, I was able to work underneath the frost and raise the dirt in large

chunks. There was an old car body lying there and that went in the hole first. We eventually got the hole filled and the ground levelled.

The next summer, we started building on the church. Gilbert Wright came out one evening and we started pouring the footing. He started making forms at one corner and as soon as he had a couple of boards in place, the crew were supposed to start pouring the cement. That was the start of many arguments between Gilbert and myself. The gang went ahead with the pouring and someone dumped a wheelbarrow of mix on the forms and no one noticed it until we were nearly finished. Then it was discovered that there was a spot on one side of the footing that was two or three inches too low. I did not enjoy working there as there were too many mistakes in measuring and keeping things on the square. However, the building was finally finished.

In October, 1965, at a vestry meeting, it was moved by Clyde Purcell and seconded by George Wilson that we make plans for building a basement under the church to be used as a church hall provided financing could be arranged. George and Clyde loaned the money to go ahead with this project. By January, 1966 a vote of thanks was given to Clyde and George for their leadership and work in moving the church onto the basement. This was a big improvement to the property and has been used since that time for many different meetings. In spite of all the work and money put into it, the congregation does not own any of this building. It belongs to the church of England. At a meeting in 1980, it was being discussed as to whether we should charge for having showers or meetings there. The minister in charge was in favor of raising money that way. George Wilson made the statement that the building belongs to the church, but we consider the basement ours. Therefore we do not wish to charge people for the use of it. The minister replied, "I think you will find that the basement belongs to the church also."

Our church is there and it is a very nice building standing on a very nice spot. It was put there by the efforts of a very small congregation. I must mention that our Lutheran neighbors from the Valley Park area donated considerable time and work toward the building of this church. The Ladies Friendly Circle raised a lot of money toward this project. Without their help, I doubt if the loans would ever have been paid off.

Harry Hoyte retired from farming in 1954. I rented his land on share crop basis, one third to Harry and the other two thirds for myself. This land was on the east side of Highway 60, just north of Moon Lake School. The school building is still standing. It was purchased by the ratepayers to be used as a community centre and has since been sold to a private owner. The first year that I farmed this land, it yielded twenty-three bushels to the acre and I received one dollar and twenty-five cents per bushel. That seemed a pretty fair deal. The second year it produced twenty-four bushels to the acre but the price of rye had dropped to eighty-nine cents. Not too much profit there. Anyway, I kept on hoping that there would be a change in the price of rye. There was a change alright—it went down to sixty-nine cents per bushel. I tried it one more year. The price never went below sixty-nine cents, but it never went much higher.

Glenn had been farming the old homestead place plus the NW Quarter of 21 34 6 W 3rd which he owned. He was getting into the electrical business in a large way and he quit farming and went into business on his own. After the power came to this district, everyone was in the market for flush toilets and septic tanks. Glenn and his son, Kenny, took over this work as well as the electrical work and they are still going strong in this year, 1981. I took over the farming of the land that Glenn had farmed previously and told Harry Hoyte that I would not be able to farm his land anymore. The Hoyte land was never cultivated again and has now been subdivided and sold to different owners.

I kept at the farming and was farming six hundred acres of cultivated land. In 1965 I took on the job of driving a school bus. The first bus I drove was a small panel job. I had seven

pupils to pick up. I changed buses three times as the rate of pupils increased. The last one I drove was a sixty passenger with fifty-six pupils on it. I was also looking after sixty-five head of cattle. At seeding time, I rose at five o'clock and drove the tractor until time to go with the bus. I would come to the house and get cleaned up, make my run and then go back to the field. In the afternoon, I repeated the performance. Hertz Northern Bus Ltd. had a contract whereby they furnished buses for the Saskatoon West School Unit No. 42. Hertz hired the drivers and kept the machines repaired and serviced. I had a five hundred gallon storage tank in my yard. It belonged to Hertz and was kept filled by Imperial Oil Co. The tank had a meter on it and I kept a log of the gasoline used. Soon after I started driving, Hertz requested his drivers to wear uniforms. He purchased the uniforms for the drivers that wanted them. He took a percentage off the wages until they were paid for.

I liked the idea of uniforms. When I came in from the field to make my run, I could change into my uniform instead of driving in my dusty, dirty field clothes. I figured that I should look as respectable as possible in order to gain respect from the pupils. I still have the cap with a ten year safe driving shield on it, but my uniform is worn out. The pupils on the bus called me by my first name in spite of the fact that the parents insisted that I be called Mr. Pippin. I liked the fact that they called me by my first name. Quite a number of the ones that rode on my bus are married and have children of their own. When any of them are introducing me to their friends, they introduce me as "He was my school bus driver." I drove for ten years and turned the job over to my nieghbor, Frank Zacharias. I enjoyed my years of driving, but the responsibility was bothering me a bit so I gave it up.

In 1970 I sold three quarters of my land to my brother-in-law, Elwood Harvey. I did not sell Dad's homestead as I had hopes of keeping that quarter section in the Pippin family. So far, it has remained as my two sons both have their homes there. When I sold the quarter where I live, I retained the building spot. As a farmer was allowed one subdivision without having it surveyed, I measured off seven acres and sent my application to the Planning Board. They would not accept that, but it was okay if I would keep ten acres. I was having trouble figuring out how long a piece of land so many feet wide would have to be to make ten acres. Vickie's brother, Bud (Charles Alexander Harvey), came to the farm to visit. As he was a surveyor for the Canadian National Railway, he soon set me straight. Bud started coming to my farm before Vickie and I were married. He was fourteen years old and often walked all the way from his home in Saskatoon to my farm. As he lived on the northeast side of the city, it was a walk of twenty-five miles. When he grew older, I taught him to hunt and we have had many good hunts together. When he shot his first deer, he was using my twenty-two semi-automatic rifle as I only had one high power rifle. I placed Bud in a spot at the end of a bluff where I thought there might be deer. I cautioned him to be very quiet as just a short way from where we were hunting, lived a man who was strictly against deer hunting. I went into the bush and a deer ran out where Bud was standing. I had told him to shoot more than once if the deer did not go down. I heard two shots and when I came out to where I could see Bud, he was holding the gun above his head with both hands and jumping up and down, yelling, "I got him. I got him." He had hit the deer with both shots. I was very pleased that he had done so well, but not half as pleased as he was. If you gathered from the above that we were poaching, you would be right.

I will not try to describe all the floods from the South Saskatchewan River. Some of those floods were really bad and caused a lot of damage and loss of property. Hjalmar Torgerson lived in a south-easterly direction from my farm and close to the river. Hjalmar was the man I mentioned in the early part of my book regarding teaching me to build stacks. He had passed away and his wife and three boys continued living there. Agnes was sort of stubborn about leaving the house in the spring when there was danger of an ice jam. She would stay there until the water surrounded the buildings. Then she would phone and ask if I would come with my boat and take her to high land. I did this for two years without too many problems.

We would always listen on the radio and keep track of what was going on at the river. One morning, we heard that the ice was piling up north of Pike Lake. I drove north of my home to where I could see the river. It was jamming and the ice cakes were pushed on top of one another, three or four deep. I came home and Agnes had phoned for help. I loaded my boat in the truck and started for her farm. The creek that flows out of Pike Lake is between the Torgerson farm and mine. I drove out on the bridge that spans this creek and looked north. There was a wall of water coming up the creek about eight feet high. I backed off the bridge onto high land to unload the boat. When I rowed the boat over the bridge, the side railings on the bridge were under water. The railings were a good fourteen feet above the low water mark. It was hard to believe that the water could pour into the creek so fast.

The terrain between the bridge and the Torgerson farm was ridges and ravines. When I came to a ridge, I had to drag the boat over top and into the next ravine. In the first ravine, the water was running north; in the second, it was running south. When I finally came out onto the flat area where the Torgerson house sat, quite a sight met my eyes. Anything that could float was moving in a northwesterly direction; barrels, boxes, firewood, and lumber were moving at a speed of about five miles per hour. A quarter of a mile from the yard, I came upon a stream of wheat. A granary had broken open and the wheat was moving along with the current. The Torgerson boys had taken the cattle to higher land so they were okay. The chickens had found their way out of the henhouse and were perched in the willows near the door. I did not have a motor for my boat so all this rowing against the current took considerable manpower and time. I arrived at the house at last. Agnes opened the front door and I rowed the front part of the boat right in the door. The boat was too wide or it would have gone right in the house. The weather was cold and the water was icy cold. As long as I was rowing, I was warm. Agnes, however, sitting in the back of the boat, was very cold when we got to dry land. I was very tired and not in a very good humour when I got home. I told the boys when they thanked me that I was never going to repeat this performance again. They would have to bring their mother out before the water came up. This proved to be true for after the Gardiner Dam was built, it has never flooded like that again at Pike Lake.

That afternoon we went back to the Torgerson farm to see how things were. The chickens were sitting in the willows as before. We decided that we should catch them and put them on top of the henhouse. When we tried to catch the hens, they would fly out of the willows. As barnyard hens do not fly very well, they would make a few feet and fall in the water. They died almost instantly in the cold water. By the time we could reach them, they had stopped kicking. We left the rest in the willows and they survived.

At the Valley Park area they had warning that the water was coming and drove their cattle to the sandhills. Some of the cattle were not put in corrals and they could have stayed on high land as there was plenty of grass to eat. However, they had been fed at home during the winter and when feeding time came, they headed for home. A great number of them were drowned. I saw where some of them perished in not more than two and one half feet of water. Apparently, the water was so cold that their legs became numb and when they could no longer stand, they fell into the water and drowned. I could write about the floods in the Moon Lake area but as I have read accounts of those in other books, I will refrain from it.

In the early days, there was considerable trouble with fires. The first fire that I remember seeing was a bush fire. It started somewhere in the Valley Park area and headed north. Dad's homestead was too far to the west to be in line with it. It burned right to the creek which flowed through the middle of the home quarter. Two bachelors lived to the east of us; Nels Peterson in a one room shcak and Mr. Wiedmer (I cannot remember his first name) in a two story house. Wiedmer's house sat in a grassy opening and was saved from the fire, but Nels' shack burned to the ground.

The sandhills to the west of Pike Lake were the scenes of many prairie fires. If the fire got started in the early spring, it burned around the poplar bluffs, but later on in the year, it was a bush fire as well as a prairie fire. After it had gone through, the hills looked very black. There was a man who was suspected of starting many of these fires and perhaps the suspicion was right for after he passed away, the number of fires decreased considerably. When we were boys, we thought it was fun to go fighting fires.

I cannot finish this book without mentioning Charles Daniel Harvey and his wife, Mary Louisa (nee Elwood). They are my father-in-law and mother-in-law. Charles was born in Ontario and went overseas in the armed forces and brought Mary home as a war bride. On their Sixtieth Wedding Anniversary, I was asked by members of the family to write something about this couple. Following is what I came up with:

THE SIXTIETH WEDDING ANNIVERSARY
OF CHARLES AND MARY HARVEY

Charles Daniel Harvey, he buttoned his vest
Said to his wife, Mary, "We'll put to the test,
And see which part of the country is best.
So pack up your things, we are heading out West.

He said to himself, a fortune I'll make
To a homestead they went, out near Cold Lake.
He took his wife, Mary and when she saw the shack
If this is homesteading, I wish I were back
In jolly old England, at least I was warm
I'm afraid that out here we shall come to some harm
But she buckled in and a home they made
In that homestead shack for six weeks they stayed.

Then they moved to Edmonton town
And C.D. walked up and then he walked down
Looking for work and he got a job
On a dairy farm with a man named Bob.
Mary said, "Dearie, just how are your means?"
And he said, "I've got twenty bucks in my jeans."
He worked on the farm and did very good
He was strong and willing to do what he could.

And then on the twenty-fourth day of May
I shall tell you what happened without delay
Into their lives came a wee baby girl
She was tiny and sweet and just like a pearl.
Mary Victoria, she was named by the way
What else could it be on Victoria Day.

After two years of work on the farm
Charles got restless, said, "It won't do no harm
To try something else would be a boon
To have a job in old Saskatoon."
And so it was there that they came to stay
And that's where they have their tome to this day.
They raised a family, six girls and two boys
Had some of life's troubles and some of its joys.

I just want to say they can be very proud
Of the family they raised and I say it out loud
The Harveys are great
These two have been married for sixty years
And I want to say this, as we smile through our tears
We love you both and are really quite glad
To call you this day, our Mom and our Dad.
HAPPY ANNIVERSARY!

We celebrated this anniversary at our farm. There were seventy-two relatives present. I had cleaned out the double garage and blacksmith shop. It seemed the shop was the favorite place to visit. Tables had been set up in the garage to use at Elaine and Leslie's wedding. We enjoyed the day very much. It was very nice to see all the young relatives there.

On Mother Harvey's eightieth birthday my sister-in-laws requested that I write something. I had missed celebrating mother-in-law Day (which was made an official day), so I leaned back in my recliner and came up with the following:

OUR MOTHER-IN-LAW

In jolly old England in the year of ninety-eight
To the Elwoods was born a baby girl
Which they thought was just great.
The name they called her was Mary
A name that I like best
She grew to be a pretty girl
Far ahead of all the rest.

Into her life came World War One
She was out with the girls to have some fun
Some Canadian soldiers came down the street
There was young C.D. so dapper and neat
And he thought that Mary, she sure looks fine
I think I'll claim that girl for mine
So he asked for a date and she consented
And that was one thing he never repented.

It ended up that they got married
And moved to Canada and they never tarried
They raised a family, six girls so sweet
That all the boys fell at their feet
Also two boys who were very fine
But it took lots of teaching to keep them in line.

Now this is the story of Mary and C.D.
and who should butt into the family but me
I married the eldest daughter so sweet
Then back to the farm to grow more wheat
She was the dearest that I ever saw
So that's how come Mary's my mother-in-law.

As a mother-in-law she is tops with us
She has never been known to kick up a fuss
She is sincere, considerate, kind and true
And cheers us up when we feel blue
In summing up this little line
I would wish everyone a Mother like mine
Now she has reached her eightieth year
It's not necessary to shed a tear
For although she is eighty she is still our dear mother-in-law
Many happy returns of the day Mother
RALPH, BOB, LEX, KEN, DON, AND BILL & HELEN AND MARIAN.

This is a resume of how Mother and Dad Harvey met and how they spent some of their lives. The reader will note that Dad Harvey's initials are C.D. Sometimes my wife, Vickie, reminds me so much of her father that I call her "Little C.D." On Thanksgiving Day, October 12, 1980 Vickie was pulling weeds from her flower beds. I watched her for a few minutes and decided I would go in the house and write Little C.D. a verse for Thanksgiving.

LITTLE C.D.

Little C.D. lived in the west
Through all the wide country
Her flowers were the best
The sun shone bright and the wind blew free
Was there ever a flower girl like Little C.D.

She taught the kids at Vanscoy School
She taught them first the Golden Rule
The pupils she taught were in grade three
Was there ever a teacher like Little C.D.
She raised three kids and did it good
She taught them all just like she should
Her sons and daughter will all agree
There was never a mother like Little C.D.

When it came to cooking she was the best
Roast beef and turkey and all the rest
Her apple pies were the best you see
Was there ever a "cookee" like Little C.D.

At keeping house she scrubbed and dubbed
Any dirt around it had to be rubbed
She worked long hours and did it for free
Was there ever a housewife like Little C.D.

I built our house out of sticks of wood
I did my best to build it good
Little C.D. made it a home for me
Was there ever a homemaker like Little C.D.

My Little C.D. is the very best wife
I think I shall keep her the rest of my life
As I toil along in this land of the free
There was never a wife like my Little C.D.

On July 26th, 1980 our daughter, Elaine Mary, was married to Leslie Donald Feltis of Hawarden, Saskatchewan. They were married in St. James Anglican Church in Saskatoon; this is the same church where Vickie and I were married thirty-seven years ago. The reception and dance were held in the Elk's Hall in Saskatoon. The next day was open house at our farm. We bought a guest book so that we could keep a record of who was here or how many. There were quite a number of people here from Hawarden as well as other places. The blacksmith shop was quite an attraction to both young and old. I demonstrated the use of the triphammer, but as everyone was dressed in good clothes, I did not make a fire in the forge.

We met a great many people, some of whom we had met before while visiting with Leslie's family. The Feltis family are very fine people and we consider Elaine lucky to have married into their family. Elaine asked me to write something for their wedding book. I wrote in the form of a letter. I do not have any record of it so I cannot reproduce it but the verse I wrote for Leslie is as follows:

TO MY THIRD SON

Young Leslie Donald came out of the West
Through the Hawarden country his Ford was the best
He drove it fast and he drove it far
Courting the daughter of old J.R.
He worked on the farm and happy was he
Was their ever a farmer like young Leslie D.

He worked on the farm in the summer months
Harvested the crop and then all at once
He went to a job in old Saskatoon
At Acklands he toiled and then very soon
He met a fair maiden, "A Beauty by Gar"
She was the daughter of old J.R.

He courted her early and courted her late
And Elaine just thought this is sure great
I hope that someday his bride I will be
Was there ever a lover like young Leslie D.

She said, "Leslie, my Darling, you I must take
To see my dear parents who live at Pike Lake."
So they journeyed out to the Pippin house
And she brought him in as quiet as a mouse
This is my Mother, the best by far
And this is my Father, good old J.R.

I knew at once when I saw his smile
That he would be hanging around for awhile
I also knew that in the long run
I'd be proud to have him as my third son.
And my dear wife, Vickie, was pleased as could be
Was there ever a third son like young Leslie D.

This will complete my manuscript. I hope all my old friends will read this and also some of the strangers who are friends I have not met yet. I have not mentioned all my friends and neighbors as a list of those would comprise a book in itself. Clint Braun is a friend I am going to write a couple of lines about. I have known Clint for many years. He is a rancher in the area east of Swanson. When he first started ranching, he hit some very hard times, but

by perseverance, hard work, and good management he has come out on top. Clint owns a plane and gives me a ride when he feels like flying around the country. I love flying. If I was a bit younger, I would have a go at getting a pilot's license. Clint is a very good pilot. I never worry about flying with him and I hope to keep on as long as I am able.

THE END.