

ON THE *Wed Nov 30/66* MAIN STREET



YOUR GRANBOTHER AND MINE — Remember the old family picture album with its thick red plush cover, gold edged heavy pages and a heavy ormanental clasp which held the leaves snug and protected them from rough usage? In the very front of the album was a tintype, a picture of a sweet little old lady dressed with a cape of black, trimmed with black jets and beads and she was wearing a small picturesque bonnet.

Remember Grandmother? She was slim, small, tiny but wiry and strong. She had to be strong to do all the work on a farm home. What a winsome lady, kind and gentle but firm and strong.

Grandmothers of old worked hard and with a system. They usually went to bed late and were up with the crack of dawn.

Grandmother insisted on everyone in the household going to church even the hired man and the hired girl. All boots had to be cleaned and blackened Saturday night and the woodbox had to be filled in readiness for the Sabbath morning; all baking for the Sabbath was done days before and all clothes washed and mending attended to.

It was Grandmother who saw to it that the cows were milked and the calves fed. It was Grandmother who went to the barn, the hen house and the driving shed and gathered up the eggs and it was Grandmother who walked into the orchard and returned with an apron filled with apples, plums and crabs. It was grandmother who sat down after the evening meal and knit stockings

for everyone in the family and this little old lady was an expert at making quilts, crocheting and darning.

Children loved little old Granny when she opened the old Bible and read a story, or even helped them at times with their poetry and spelling.

Remember seeing Grandmother at the churn, grabbing the long handle and plunging it up and down until the mass thickened? Remember Grandmother sitting just out side the kitchen door peeling apples for apple sauce and apple pies?

Remember the wonderful smell of home made bread just out of the oven and how Grandmother handled the batch of lovely, almost steaming hot bread? And the large juicy berry pies and the grand old apple dumplings!

There was no swearing and no taking the Lord's name in vain when Grandmother was around. In fact very few cuss words were heard from any source.

Then there were the strings of dried apples, like Grandmother's art. Sheep had to be sheared and the wool cleaned and at times carded but it was Grandmother who had you hold out both arms while she wound up the ball of yarn.

Grandfather was there, but he was stern and cross and he made everyone behave and do the hard chores but it was good old Grandmother who tied a rag around a cut toe or finger, who let her children lick the last drop of goodness from a sticky soon and who let her boys and girls taste the hot buns and lick the spiles

from the sugar bush sap buckets.

Good old Grandmother. What a comparison to many of the Grannies of today.