

Each agreed to take turns providing an animal for slaughter and they also took turns in the choice of meat. Methods of storing meat in the summer were not satisfactory and the beef-ring worked out very well.

While staying at the farm, I often slept with my Grandmother in her deep feather bed. She would tell me how glad she was that bedsprings and hair mattresses had replaced the rope beds and straw ticks. The feather bed was still needed to soften the stiff hair mattress.

Grandmother put me to sleep telling stories about life in the early days when bears would steal pigs from the piggens. One time they saw a bear carrying away a small pig and when the pig squealed the bear would give it a slap with its paw. Grandmother would tell me of the great flocks of wild pigeons and of the last flock seen when her brother John was about thirteen years old. She told of how the land for the Boston Mills Cemetery was paid for with three grains of wheat, a symbolic payment to make the deed legal. Wheat was chosen because

every settler's dream was to grow top-grade wheat, because it represented endless life through reproduction when planted in the earth and three grains to represent the past, the present and the future.

One story that I never tired of hearing was about a pet crow that had a sense of humor. One day it managed to get the hired man's pipe and flew with it just across the rail fence. There it laid the pipe down and walked about solemnly. Old Jim tried coaxing and the crow flew away a little piece. Jim climbed the fence but before he could reach the pipe, the crow swooped down, picked up the pipe and flew across the fence again. Back and forth they went across the snake-fence, Jim getting more and more exasperated and the crow cawing excitedly. Grandmother came to the rescue with a bright shiny pan of the crow's favorite food. This distraction gave Jim a chance to retrieve his pipe.

I seldom heard the end of the story. I fell asleep. Next thing that I knew, the sweet smell of apple-wood, burning in the stove, told me that Grandmother had slipped out of bed at sunrise and that another busy day had begun.

Things My Grandmother Told Me

By Annie Pearson

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MY EARLIEST MEMORY of my Grandmother is seeing her sitting beside my bed. Her golden hair in thick braids encircled her head and her bright blue eyes danced in merriment while with story and song she made the time go very quickly for a convalescent little girl.

One day when Grandmother's hair had turned to silver, she told me that long ago, Norsemen, adventure bound, had come to Britain, but had remained and formed a settlement in the northern part of what is today England. Centuries later, Grandmother's parents, descendants of these Vikings, crossed the Atlantic Ocean and hewed a home for themselves from the forest primeval.

Grandmother was born in the 16x20 log house that was the family's first home. The nearest neighbour was a mile away, reached through a trail in the forest. "More than once," said Grandmother, "it was necessary to bring a supply of live coals from our neighbour as our own fire had gone out, and we had no matches. That is why Father took special care that the draw-knife hung by the side of the fire-place, for each night before going to bed he used it to cut fine slivers from a dry piece of cedar that could easily be ignited.

On the day that Grandmother was born, the neighbour came to give a helping hand, bringing with her enough tea to make a few cups. After digging, washing, cutting, drying and using dandelion roots for coffee, Great-Grandmother had said, "The ambrosial nectar of the gods could not have tasted better than those cups of tea."

An exciting day for Grandmother and 22 other boys and girls in the section, was the completion of the little frame schoolhouse. A neighbour's team of oxen pulling a homemade wooden roller, had smoothed down the schoolyard which waited to welcome the barefooted youngsters on that first day.

With slate in one hand and lunch pail in the other Grandmother walked the one-and-a-half miles over a roadway made easy for walking by sheep that were allowed to graze along the roadside.

Previous to this eventful day any "book-learning" the children possessed had been taught them by their parents in their own homes. Gratefully the parents handed over the responsibility of teaching the "Three R's" to the school along with the promise that each family would bring half a cord of wood or pay fifty cents by the first day of February.

What would Grandmother think of the red brick school with electric lights, an electric clock and heated by oil that replaces the school she knew, to say nothing of the big bus that daily takes the graduates to the high school in the village.

A warm glow would come into Grandmother's eyes when she told about the great event of moving into the new house. Virgin white pine, three feet in diameter at the stump, had been cut and hauled to adjacent Lake Chemong, the beginning of its long journey to distant markets. The sale of this timber provided the money for the new frame, twelve-roomed house, situated at the south end of the farm where a forty-five-foot road had been built by the settlers.

Great-grandfather was a God-fearing man and grateful for the health, strength and opportunity that had made the dream of a new home come true. On that first night under its roof he read, as was his custom, from the Book, then dedicated the new home to the furtherance of God's work.

The log house at the north end of the farm had welcomed the saddle-bag preachers, and the scattered neighbours had joyfully gathered there to hear the Word. Just one service was held in the new home for by that time the settlement had grown and a small frame church had been built across from the school.