

March 5, 1975

Meeting held at home of Mrs. Harvey Needham with Curator, Mrs. Wm. Arnold, in charge as Convener. Following poems read and pictures donated.

THE PIONEER

The pioneer built himself a house
of logs,
The clothes he wore they called
them togs.
I wonder what he would think to-
day
If he could come back and see
our way.

He cut his wheat with a sickle
bow,
And threshed it with a flail we
know;
He cradled the wheat and also the
corn;
And lonely they were but not for-
lorn.

His light was of tallow, the wick
was a string,
And he dusted his house with a
goose's wing.
He ploughed his fields with a
wooden plough
Drove his oxen and milked his
cow.

He made his clothes with a spin-
ning wheel,
And wound the yarn on a thing
called a reel.
He cooked his meals on an iron
hook;
Then read the Bible which was
his main book.

He washed his clothes in a wood-
en tub
On a ridgy board he gave them a
rub.
He dried his clothes on the grassy
ground,
Or froze them dry on a snowbank
mound.

He entertained in one big room,
No style - just a board for a table
loomed.
There was no time then to fuss and
fume,
For the family slept in the same
common room.

He brought his fiddle and things
from home -
From the 'Old Country' he called
his own.
Some had harps of the finest tone,
Others played on a fine-toothed
comb.

Later on the stoves were shipped,
And other tools which gave them
a lift.
He ground the wheat and made
fine flour
And that would take him many an
hour!

He dried many apples and hung
up the corn,
Also salted the pork which
kept it long.
Made his own candles and wooden
nails,
Shaved the shingles, built
fences of rails.

But now things are at their best;
The people are much better
dressed;
They build their houses of brick
or stone;
And so the pioneer has come into
his own.

I wonder what they would say to-
day
If they could look back on the
pioneer's way.
The things they would do and
what they saved
No doubt some would be amazed.

"THE DREAMER"
BETH McCONNELL
DUNGANNON,

Pioneer Church

It stands beside a quiet country
road,
Weathered by wind and rain and
passing years;
A tranquil place of prayer and
worship still;
A fit memorial to our pioneers.
The sunlight falls in gentle splen-
dor here,
And in the wind wild flowers
dance and nod;
Tread very softly, there are un-
marked graves
That scarcely make a ripple in the
sod.
Yonder a tombstone leans, its tab-
let bears
A name, the year of birth, the
year of death,
Terse numbers separated by a
dash,
Reminding us that life is but a
breath.
Betwixt those numbers how much
life was lived!
What dreams transplanted to an
untried land!
They sleep beside the symbol of
their faith,
Its work goes onward just as they
had planned.
For still the bell rings out with
joyful chime
Each Sunday morning down the
passing years;
New generations keep alive the
faith
And spirit of the early pioneers.

THELMA HOFSTRAND
Foster, Sask.



Marjorie Boyle on mower
Donated by Mrs. F. Boyle



Grindstone
Donated by Mrs. D. Gillies
(father and aunt)



Case tractor and bale unloader



Gray Dort Roadster 1918
Owned by Will Bushell
Donated by Mrs. Don McCosh



Taking Milk
to Road
Donated by Mrs. D. Gillies
Man is Paul Henderson
1946