

MEMORIES

By MRS. EMILY MOORE

Happy New Year Mr. Editor and all Gazette staff. Here we are on the threshold of a brand New Year, January, 1971.

THE NEW YEAR

The door swings wide upon another year,
A clear and trackless path that we may tread.
With faith to guide, with dreams held close and dear,
The precious gift of time that looms ahead,
Each day a new beginning for kindness we all should do
To help the other fellow this road of life to share.
Each week a new beginning for pleasure to impart,
A smile here, a handshake there, a word of cheer to give,
Each month a new beginning, our lives to improve
A courage to strive and dare, and thankful for God's love.

GUIDANCE FOR THE YEAR

"I will guide these with mine eye." There is something beautiful and tender in the thought of God offering to be our guide. "I will instruct thee and teach thee in the way which thou shalt go; I will guide you with mine eye." Think of the nature of God's guidance. Just a glance of the eye, yet sufficient for the servant who is keenly watching his master. So a glance is sufficient for us too, if we are only willing to let God guide us with His eye. There is no compulsion in God's guidance. It is offered to all who seek and follow the way made known. Not as the horse or mule guided by a bit and bridle held by its mouth. God does not guide us that way.

God will guide us with His eye. We are free to ask and receive, to be shown God's will and purpose for us. But we are free to turn aside as we wish. We are not always to be guided. There is a voice which says, "This is not the way." We do not always want to be led. The easy and attractive way will not always be the right way for any of us. (That's just for the squares).

FRIENDS JOURNEY

Two friends were on a cycling journey by night. One had travelled the road many times, to the other the road was no known. So the one who knew the road said, we are on the wrong road. This road is too easy. We are going down hill, and the right road we have just passed through is up hill. We must turn back.

If the road is too easy for any of us, it is time to ask, "Are we on the right road?" The wrong road never yet led to the right place. If we trust in the Lord with all our heart and lean not to our own understanding, God will direct our paths. He will guide us with His eye. When God is the lamp of our feet and the light of our path we shall walk safely. He will ever be the Watcher of our way and truly guide us with His eye. What better guidance could we ask for this New Year 1971?

I am reminded of a Christmas message given by the late King George the VI, written by a Canadian. "I said to the man that stood at the gate of the year. Give me a lamp that I might step out into the darkness and tread safely into the unknown. He said unto me put your hand into the hand of God, and it shall be to thee better than light, and safer than the known way.

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The last week in April 1910 or '11, just finished transplanting tomato plants for the coming season, in cold beds. These cold beds as they were called, were 4 or 5 ft. in width, and any desired length wanted, according to the acreage of plants grown. The outside of frame made from boards 14 inches high. The inside being prepared with soil and dug up in Fall, as you would plough a field. Then, in Spring, using a garden rake, this was firmed down. A stake was driven at each end and so far apart down middle of bed and a pole fastened on them, from end to end.

Factory cotton one yard wide or wider, two strips the desired length of each bed, was backstitched together by hand. Thus making an extra half-inch in width which would have been taken up in a seam. A little over a yard was left unsewn to hang down, like the door of a tent, at each end. The cotton put over the ridge pole formed a tent over the plants, and allowed rain to run down like a roof. A tape stitched along the edge, string loops tied so far apart, were fastened over nails on outside of board.

Banked all around with horse manure to protect plants from frost. Also long straw or timothy hay was used to place on the cotton if danger of frost. This cotton after the plants were set in the field, mother used for sheets. The hot bed in which the seeds were planted, Dad made ready in March. A package of seed was given to farmers by the factory for which the tomatoes were contracted or grown. The hot and cold bed were on the side of a building where they could get the most sun. Our's were behind the house.

The hot bed differed from the cold bed, in that, large hot bed frames as they were called, were like a large window with 24 panes of glass, 10 x 12 or 8 x 9 inches. Dad used three of these. The tomato seed was of the Chalk Jewel and Bonnie Best variety for Doolittle island farm. Dad grew his own plants for over ten years. Being a gardener, Dad always put in some lettuce, cabbage, cucumber, onion and melon seeds for early planting. Oh, yes, and numerous varieties of flowers too.

The flower garden gave us joy in the summer time with its riot of colour. We had a lawn the width of the house, this was always nice and green. With padded knees this was kept cut with a sickle. When tomato plants had grown to desired size, plants were lifted from hot bed with a wide flat shovel, to keep as much earth on them as possible. Transplanted in cool bed, making hole for plant, with a stick whittled to a point. The end of the factory cotton that hung down at each end of bed forming door like a tent as I mentioned before.

One day on going in to dinner, I had forgotten to drop this, and my pet hen and a rooster got inside. When I returned, they were very busy scratching in the fresh earth where I had left off my planting. It was easy getting my pet hen from under that cotton, but not so, that rooster. Finally he flew the length of that cold bed, squawking as he went. Grabbing the hen I ran to the end of the bed with her, throwing back the cotton I set her down and he came flying out. But not before he had damaged a number of plants, which had to be replaced.

Dad was quite angry with me for my forgetfulness. The corn seed had to be gotten ready for planting too. Why corn? you ask; you thought it was already when purchased. The crows were a big nuisance and would come in numbers, after the corn was starting to grow nicely. Those crows would have a ball, walking up and down row after row pulling it up and eating the kernel. So farmers used coal tar to try and stop this thieving. A can of coal tar was heated in water till hot enough to run smoothly (heated in water to guard against catching fire). Corn was measured into an old pail or wash tub, tar poured on sparingly, and kept stirred with a paddle till kernels were thinly coated. Then spread on newspapers to dry for a week or two. This taste of tar the crows disliked, after pulling a hill or so to eat. If the corn was still sticky at planting time, it was again put in a container and stirred in wood ashes, (the ashes prevented the corn from sticking together), allowing corn to run freely in corn planter.

Sweet corn was more difficult to treat with tar, as kernels were rough and of a pointed nature, also larger, so there was a tendency

of using too much tar. The field corn or maize as Dad called it, was smooth making the job much easier. Corn was planted with a hand planter, which dropped 4 or 5 kernels to a hill. The hills were planted 4 ft. apart each way. Corn then could be cultivated 4 ways for weed control. Horizontal, vertical and criss cross. (The cultivator was a single horse affair, rarely seen these days, and a man on the business end of a hoe handle, and sometimes a girl, controlled the weeds. The corn planter, two boards V-shaped with a handle on either side of the upper part. A tin box on the outside of right side of V with a lid. A little steel conveyor with a hole in the end that passed in and out of the bottom of box, drew the corn when the handles were closed together, and opened again letting the corn drop down a pipe leading from the box to a steel trough at the bottom of the V. Still holding the handles apart planter was then pressed in earth, closed, corn was planted; then lifted, stepping on the hill to be sure seed was covered. Opened again, going on to next till the field was planted.

Our grandparents planted the corn with a hoe, tomato plants with a shovel and much back bending. Who would want to go back to those good old times as they call them? Yet, there seemed time to do it all serenely, we did not seem to be always in a hurry as today. Let us try to slow up and think and thank God for all the many blessings, of electricity, tractors, modern farm machinery of every type, water hose, (those plants had to be watered with a sprinkling can). Automobiles, etc., etc. There was bread and butter making, washing by hand, soap making, canning fruit, vegetables, meat and pickles, making quilts and clothes for children, knitting, and 101 other things. Yes, we never had it so good.