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There was wood and water to carry in. My memory goes back to the good old wood stoves, in the living room stood a tall round stove and in the kitchen, a Grand Jewel Stove it had a reservoir and two oven doors that opened out on each side. My mother never had any other.

She did all her own baking, enough bread to sometimes pack three and four lunches. There was another task to carry out the ashes and clean the stoves.

The shelves in the cellar were loaded, with jams, canned fruits and pickles, also our own maple syrup.

I started milking cows when I was eight years. In summer the cows were milked outside.

The milk was put in five gallon cans and set in a tank of cold water, next morning the cream was taken off and the milk fed to the calves or pigs. The cream was churned and the butter was made in three pound rolls and the most of it was packed in crocks, three and four gallon size and sold that way.

I remember when we got our first cream separator from a travelling agent, that was a novelty to watch the milk coming out of one spout and the cream from the other. Mother also made her own cheese. Two milkings had to be saved and this made a light or ten pound cheese.

On wash days the water was heated on top of the stove in a big boiler and the clothes we scrubbed on a washboard, the clothing and bed linen in those days wore out mostly from scrubbing. The frocks, aprons and good shirts had to be starched and ironed. We had none of those day miracle fabrics that need no starch or ironing.

In the fall came the threshing. One farmer would go with a threshing machine run by a steam engine from farm to farm. The farmer had to draw water in barrels and have a big pile usually of pine roots to heat the engine, the men exchanged work. The women to help each other, feeding twelve to fifteen men besides women, meant a lot of cooking, vegetables, meats, pies and cakes.

Later when the weather was cold came pig killing, two or three pigs were butchered, cut up, the hams and shoulders were packed in a huge barrel and salted for the winter in spring taken out and smoked or fried and packed in crocks. About sixty pounds of lard was made besides sausages and head cheese. The beef was hung up in winter to freeze and what was left in spring was cut up and canned.

There were no phones or hydro in our community until the 1920's or 30's, when one wanted a doctor they had to drive to town that would take hours. The doctor would come out with a horse and buggy or cutter.