

ten of these assured us of a good many meals.

One Christmas I sent my Aunt Lil a choice bird, by express. She was very happy about this, two fresh hens were wrapped up and placed on the old table, to freeze. We'd use one for supper, after attending Midnight Mass. Our friends, and those of our children were invited to join us, to eat, talk and make merry until almost chore time. The other ham was kept for Easter Sunday. Until then we got along fine, with sliced strip pork, again rolled up in paper and kept frozen until it was needed for a meal. It was easy to slice as much as you needed, then put the still frozen meat back on the table.

Your own mashed spuds, with hot onion gravy over them, several slices of crisp, browned pork, ripe bean mustard pickles, a large bowl of mashed turnips with your sweet butter floating in the middle, fresh bread, tea and rice pudding set beside a big pitcher of whole milk, was eating at its best.

We had a large, black, iron, pan, the full of the oven, and slices of strip pork would be placed in it, so, many that they'd be overlapping. After 45 minutes of less, in the oven, they'd come out, dripping with goodness. A baby in the high-chair, would be given a rind, and in no time, its face would be shining with grease, and the rind double in length. After a few near mishaps, I tied a cord on one end of the rind before offering it to the baby. In this way, I could retrieve it quickly, before panic set in.

Some farmers had their root-cellars adjoining the cookhouse. Carrots, beets, turnips, would be stored there, covered with sand. The coolness and darkness of the one I knew as a child, was ideal for storing milk, cream, butter, eggs, bacon, bread, and rows of jeweled like jellies, jams, preserves and pickles.

The younger generations have missed out on the many things that made us happy. Not many of my children have known the thrill of a train ride, planes yes, trains no. And none of them have known the great satisfaction of eating strawberry jam on slices of brown toast made over wood coals, drinking hot tea, buttering still hot tea biscuits, while listening to a summer rain showering window panes.

I've had many great meals, and played some rip-snortin' euchre games in the cookhouse of the Martin McHale's, the Levi Enright's, Paddy Enright's, Frank Valiquette's. I hope you too have happy memories like these.

By Vi Dooling - This is the way it was - If you wanted a cup of tea you brewed Labrador leaves, which you had gathered from a shrub in a cedar swamp. Finances didn't permit the buying of imported tea. For a sweetener you used maple sugar because cane sugar was too expensive.

You used all the skill, strength and fortitude you had, to survive the rugged pioneer existence, if you were an early settler in Bromley Township, back in the 1800's. Social life consisted of quilting bees, barn-raising and the visiting of family groups with neighbours.

The women made cheese and butter and gathered wild berries. They carded and spun wool to make sox, mittens and underwear for the family.

Grain was cut by the cradle, hay was cut with a scythe, and both were hand raked. Before the threshing machine, all grain was threshed by a flail. Moosewood bark was used as string in tying bags. Straw hats were made from wheat and rye straw and candles from sheep tallow.

Bears and wolverines were plentiful and created havoc in the grain clearings. Venison was in good supply.

Flour was a precious item, and farmers would walk to Perth for a bag of flour and other necessities of life. They would portage this on their backs, stopping at night to rest in a forest. The 160-mile round trip took a week.

Money was a scarce commodity. During the great depression of the 1870's, one of the settlers owed \$1.50 for one year's taxes. He hadn't the money, so he took a ferkin of butter to Pembroke, sold it, and paid the bill. A woman told me this man was her grandfather.

A Toronto newspaper advertised for bush and house ashes -- paying seven pence a bush for them. These ashes were used to make potash, much of which was sent to England. The women saved some of these ashes to make soap.