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PLAIN PIG  
by  
WINNIFRED REEVE

Pig day on the ranch! The women folk have got to step lively. That mountain of pig must be disposed of. All other household duties, with the exception of the "three square meals" which our men demand, are to be held in abeyance while we tackle that pig.

The kitchen--- indeed the whole house- is odorous of pork. Heaped on tables and boards, in pails and tubs, steaming away in vessels on top of the stoves, and sizzling in pans in the oven, are great and small pieces of pig---plain pig.

First thing in the morning, the men bore the fat load into the kirchen, having butchered it the night before down at the farm on the prairie where we raise things. On a cattle ranch we raise only cattle and horses; nevertheless our men must have their pig to eat. Their expertness in cutting up the two animals fill us woemn with awe and admiration, me with awe, and Nellie with admiration. Inside of a few minutes, as it seemed to me they were through with their end of the job, had washed up and departed barnward. We could hear them singing, shouting or cussing as they started off for the day's work.

Nellie and I look at each other and then at that pig. She is very solem. I feel a bit rattled, and just for a moment I try to figure out some way of escape. There is none. That