

and the crop was going in. ~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~ It was a great sight to see the earth turned over and the rich black loamy soil revealed. Part of the land was virgin soil and the plows were turning it over for the first time. *a first time*

James Field says
I encountered a new type of men — the overalls men. I could not at first adjust myself to familiarity with workmen. I had always had socialistic tendencies of a sort. That is to say, deep down in my ^{me} heart I knew that all men were equal in the sight of God, and I could not fathom ~~whatxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ the eternal injustice of a law that ~~xxxx~~ hoisted some above the shoulders of the world and ground the others down to the earth. I have never yet been able to be reconciled to this. So it was not ~~difficultxxxx~~ because of feeling better

than the workmen that at first I was confused and even a bit irritated. I was the big boss's wife, of course, but let me tell you, in a ranching country like Alberta, there is no caste. ~~Yourxxxxthank~~ Your "hands" are as good as you are; your "cook" is in your social set — if there is such a thing as "set".

I don't say that I found unmitigated joy ^{always} in sitting down ~~three~~ twice a day at a table where eight or ten men, in soiled overalls noisily fed. At this time, as we were building, we had no separate cook-house for the men and they came to the house for their meals. Gradually however, I acquired ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ the strangest sort of feeling for these men. ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ To me they ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ I can still honestly say it — they were heads and shoulders over

9 ~~the white collared type that I had previously known~~
9 ~~They were real human beings. I saw under their skins. I looked into their hearts, and I felt like xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx them all.~~ *That they were the real thing — I never did then. I acquired a feeling*

9 ~~We live in a city that is too prone to judge a man by the cut of his coat, the angle of his hat, the crease down the front of his pants — note I use the homely word pants. We don't say trousers on a ranch! But on xxxxxxxx an Alberta ranch, xxxxxxxx a man's clothes counts for nough t. True, on a Sunday our men (and we too) would doll up in our best, and I had many a good interior laugh over the results achieved by the "fellows" riding off a calling or a courting. We had one boy who used axel grease on his hair. It was a sight~~