

~~enoching... hand of the foot, which grows like a thorn in the night~~
~~upon the... farmer, which... by a single...~~
breath.

I can never likely to forget, nor do I regret...
Alberta, ...
of caring for the "hands" tell upon me. Sometimes I had efficient help.

Horse often than not we had to take what we could get. Wages were high...
got \$7. and \$8. a day that year. The men had colossal appetites. I remember...
it took me a long time to realize that I had to provide not merely for the

crew of fourteen or fifteen men at harvest but for say double or three times
that number, for each man ate as much as three average city men. I've seen
a man eat eight eggs for breakfast, together with bacon, oatmeal, rolls, potatoes

and coffee. I never my cook thought of making a pie a piece for each
man. It's all very well to say, as food specialists do, that we eat too much.
I'd like to put one of those specialists on the plow or in the field of an Alberta

ranch, and I'll wager he'll eat like a horse when he comes to the table.
Our men were like growing boys. They couldn't get enough. To use an
Alberta expression, they "prowled" it down. They used to say when leaving

the table: "Well, that'll stay with me". They ate food that "stuck".
No entrees for them. Meat and potatoes, vegetables, cream, butter, fat
breads and rolls and all kinds of pie. Yes, and gravy. My! How those men

did love gravy, and the darker and thicker it was the more they liked.
I. They **MINNIE BROWN** saw one yet who didn't have a sweet tooth moreover,
and we would **ALTO** them all kinds of cookies and cakes and once a week a great

batch of candy.
Statistics of Pigs in four years, on the farm.
Our herd, as herds have the habit of doing, kept growing.
hundred cows in the following spring presented us with a hundred calves—the

first little white faced thing I had ever set eyes on. No more Hereford
fats and we went in too for pure bred Duroc pigs. They were all great.