

Strange But True

By F. H. MacArthur

Chapter IV

GO WEST, YOUNG MAN, GO WEST!

The little station at Govan was crowded with farmers eager to secure extra help. The harvest was already ripe for the sickle...

"Where's the harvesters?" they queried when they saw only Duncan and I get off the train. "What! Only one man and a boy? Why, we expected to meet at least half a hundred."

We informed them that another section of the Harvesters was right on our heels and some of them were almost sure to come to Govan on the morrow.

"Better come with me," said one farmer. "Short hours, lots of grub, and you can sleep in the barn. Wages are 5 bucks a day. What do you say, fellows?"

"I'll give you 6," barked another fellow, "and you can sleep where you like."

Duncan and I could see how really desperate the labor situation was on the prairie, so we hung back for the biggest bidder. No need to be in a hurry about hiring out to any particular Tom, Dick or Harry. We could afford to lay low and let the farmers themselves up the price of wages.

"\$7 a day," said a third voice. "Yes, seven smackers for every day, Sunday through Monday, grand eats, sleep in the house, and rest up on wet days. What do you say, men?"

We said "yes" and half an hour afterward we were eating our only decent meal in a week with Mr. Ferguson, his wife and their four year old daughter.

"Breakfast, boys!"

"Breakfast's ready," said Duncan giving me a sharp punch in the ribs to wake me. I was awake. "Time to put on the feed bag."

"What!" I piped, why we've hardly got the bed clothes warm. Why, oh why, did I ever leave home!

"Ever run a binder?" the boss queried Duncan when we'd finished eating and gone outside.

Duncan said he had and the boss said, "That's fine. You and me will cut her down and give the kid the light end of it—stooking."

I watched the two men hitch their horses and then fell in behind.

Ferguson farmed half a section of land, most of which was under wheat. The particular field they started to mow down was one mile long and about five chains wide. The wheat was right up to my shoulders. After the two binders had made a few rounds, Ferguson jumped down from his high seat and instructed me in the art of stooking, which, incidentally, was round with a few sheaves thrown over the top of the stack to help keep the grain from bleaching in the hot August sun.

Although I worked like a galley slave, I couldn't begin to put up the sheaves as fast as the machines kicked them out. By noon the field was filled with them whichever way one looked and what with the awful heat, the dysentery, caused by bad drinking water, I was thoroughly disgusted with my lot and bitterly cursed the Fate for getting me in such a predicament. I was "all in," as the saying goes, when the boss made the happy announcement that we would go to dinner. Somehow I managed to make the house along with the others, but I was too tired to eat more than a few mouthfuls of food.

Then we rested the horses for an hour and once more began working where we left off. The afternoon was hot as hades, without even a ripple of wind to cool the man and beast. And to make

McConnell, Eastman Appointments



J. E. McConnell, Jr., President

J. M. Eastman, Director

Donald M. Coutts, Director

J. E. McCONNELL, Jr., has been elected President of McConnell, Eastman & Co., Limited. Mr. McConnell continues as Manager of the Company's Toronto Office. He was appointed a Director of McConnell, Eastman & Co., Limited in 1937, and in 1945 was appointed a Vice-President and Manager of the Company's Montreal Office. In 1950, he moved to Toronto as Manager of the Company's Toronto Office, at which time he became Managing Director of the Company. Mr. McConnell succeeds his father as President and Mr. McConnell Sr. continues as Chairman of the Board of Directors.

A graduate in Business Administration at the University of Western Ontario, Mr. McConnell spent seven years as account executive in the Company's Toronto Office prior to his service in the Canadian Army. Mr. McConnell is also a Director of the Canadian Association of Advertising Agencies and other associations and companies.

our lot more miserable a great cloud of ants descended on the field and started crawling all over us. The horses tossed their heads up and down and sideways, and sometimes kicked out their legs to try and rid themselves of the pesky little creatures. I took off my shirt and tied it around my head as I'd seen Duncan and the boss doing. I don't know why I aped their acts because it didn't help matters.

Suddenly there was a growl of thunder, followed by a stab of lightning and a fresh, racy wind which soon put an end to the ants, and our work.

Before the horses could be unhitched the storm raged down upon us like an infuriated bull charging an enemy. Hail and rain literally poured from the sky. "Don't stand there!" shouted the boss to me. "Here, get on the back of this horse and light out for the stable as fast as you can go." He and Duncan came galloping after me but before we'd reached the shelter of the stable we were drenched to the skin. Fortunately the storm was of short duration and the hail only did slight damage to the standing grain, but that ended our harvesting for that day.

"Might as well accompany me to Govan," said the boss. "I forgot to get binder twine yesterday." Duncan went along. I went to bed with aching muscles and a sad heart. A return ticket was the only thing that could have cheered me up in my present state. But there was no money for a return ticket and that was that.

Next day we were back at work. I was surprised to notice how well the golden fields had weathered the storm of yesterday.

The days passed, the weather was ideal for harvesting. The binders ate deeply into the grain and I plodded mile on mile, putting up miles of stooks and each day getting just a little more hardened to the task but never liking it. When the field was nearly cut Ferguson started into another one leaving Duncan to finish the first one alone. That's the time

J. M. EASTMAN has been elected a Director of the Company. In 1950, he was appointed a Vice-President and Chairman of the Plan and Merchandising Board. Mr. Eastman is a graduate of the University of Washington, where he specialized in business administration, sales management and marketing. He joined McConnell, Eastman & Company in 1934, and has had experience in both the Montreal and Toronto offices. Following his return from overseas in 1945, he was appointed Chairman of the Creative and Planning Board in the Toronto Office of the Company.

he got down from his binder and came over to have a brief chat with me.

"You're working too hard," he told me. "Take it a bit easier or you'll kill yourself. Now lie down beside the stook and stay there till I call you." I did, and fell fast asleep. Duncan woke me up when it was time for supper so we went to the house together, each riding a horse and leading the others.

For 21 consecutive days I looked at sheaves, lifted sheaves and placed them in stooks, cursed sheaves and dreamt sheaves. Then one day the binders were put aside, the golden grain was cut—and Duncan and Ferguson helped me to complete the stooking.

Those 21 days had made me as tough as a front line soldier. I could drink the prairie water without blinking an eye or getting pains in my tummy. And believe it or not, I grew a couple of inches and put on 20 pounds of good honest flesh.

The threshing of the huge crop began immediately. Ferguson had his own outfit so Duncan and I stayed on the spike pitchers, a pretty stiff job when there's a heavy crop and several teams hauling to the thresher all the time.

When we finished at Ferguson's, we moved bag and baggage to the next neighbor and so on until the winter brought all operations to a standstill.

During this time we lived in an old box car which was part of our standard equipment. Bunks had been put up to accommodate 12 persons, and the place smelled worse than 12 gloos.

Scotty, our foreman, owned a large timber hound which also

DONALD M. COUTTS has been elected a Director of the Company. Mr. Coutts was appointed a Vice-President of the Company in 1950. A senior account executive for many years, he has directed for major clients many notable advertising campaigns, several of which have received international awards. Mr. Coutts is also widely recognized for his outstanding merchandising ability. Educated at the University of Manitoba, Mr. Coutts joined McConnell, Eastman & Co., Limited in 1922.

occupied a berth in the corner near the stove. How he odored and gave out weird cries in the middle of the night! When we protested and said the dog ought to sleep outside, Scotty came back with "my dog sleeps where I sleep," so rather than make an issue of it we said no more.

The pay-off was quite a day for the harvesters. In the three-and-a-half months I worked I earned about \$700, and I got it all in one jump less tobacco, clothing, and a few trips into Govan, which the boss paid for and charged to my account. I never saw so much money before. I was rich!

The next day Duncan and I said our farewells at the station. I was returning East; he was crossing into the United States to visit a brother.

The return journey was on regular passenger trains, a far cry from the rip-roarin' hell-raising trip of three and a half months before. But I did have one adventure that clipped my roll of bills for \$100. It was a poker game. I was approached by three card sharks who suggested that the four of us play just to pass the time away. We did. I was the sucker. I'd have lost my shirt along with the money only the train journey ended for the three in St. John.

My arrival home was not altogether unexpected. Yet mother, grandma and granddad gave me the welcome hand and vowed they'd missed me terribly.

"Hain't he grown big and healthy looking?" said granddad. "I'll have to look sharp to keep my end of the saw in its proper place this winter," and he did. Scotty, our foreman, owned a large timber hound which also

Air Force Names Religious Director

OTTAWA, (CP)—The Air Force announced Monday the appointment of Group Captain Frank MacLean, 48, of Trenton, N.S., as director of religious administration (Protestant) of the RCAF. Group Capt. MacLean, who served overseas for three years during the last war, succeeds Group Capt. Robert Frayne, who died last June.

Group Capt. MacLean assumes his new Ottawa post after serving for three years as command chaplain (Protestant) of the air force's training command at Trenton, Ont. Since the end of the war he also has been stationed at Edmonton, Greenwood, N.S., and Calgary.

(To be Continued)

BURGESS BEDTIME

Continued from page 10

some cases faster, and that although he had only one hand the claw on that were just as sharp as the claws on their own hands. And Young Jerry could use his one hand almost as well as they could use their two hands. So less and less often Young Jerry had to fight for what he wanted.

He fixed up the old house in which he was living, and he did it just as well as any of his neighbors could have done it. He was persistent. It took him longer, having but one hand to work with, but he refused to be discouraged.

So it was that after awhile his neighbors forgot that Young Jerry had but one hand. He had learned to do everything that they could do, and often he did it better than they could do it. He proved that he could fight as well as they could, and that he was a bad person to quarrel with. So it was that Young Jerry won the respect of all the Smiling Pool.

The jackel which attacks sheep in South Africa is the South African equivalent of a fox.

ONCE AGAIN The MANAGEMENT & STAFF

The K & R STORES RICHMOND ST, CHARLOTTETOWN

Wish to take this opportunity to thank our many friends and customers for their patronage for the past year.

Hope and trust you have enjoyed and benefited by our services as we have enjoyed and benefited by your continued patronage.

Now, to announce that we have a full line of new stock in Stanfield's wool fleeced lined underwear, sweaters, surcoats, Station Wagon, Zip-in and Overcoats, work boots, dress boots and lined overshoes and rubber footwear, and will be pleased to serve you.

RICHMOND STREET, CHARLOTTETOWN

Remembrance Day

"O valiant hearts, who to your Glory came Through dust of conflict and through battle flame; Tranquil you lie; your knightly virtue proved, Your memory hallowed in the land you loved.

Proudly you gathered; rank on rank, to war, As who had heard God's message from afar; All You Had Hoped For; All You Had, You Gave, To Save Mankind - - - Yourselves You Scorned To Save.

Splendid you passed; the great surrender made, Into the Light that never more shall fade; Deep your contentment in that blest abode, Who wait the last clear trumpet-call of God."

DeBLOIS BROS. LIMITED

YOUR LAST CALL SALE ENDS

SATURDAY NIGHT

Men's Zip-Lined TOPCOATS 18.88

MEN'S SUITS— Values to \$59.50 29.50

MEN'S SUITS— Values to \$69.50 39.50

MEN'S OVERCOATS, STATION WAGON COATS, BOMBER JACKETS — ALL AT SPECIAL PRICES

Leather Palm Reg. \$3.95

WORK GLOVES 39c Boys' SWEATERS \$2.89

Men's Doeskin Boys' Doeskin

WORK SHIRTS \$1.89 SHIRTS \$1.49

Men's Values to \$8.95

DRESS SHIRTS \$1.49 Men's SWEATERS \$5.00

The GREENDAL Co. Ltd. MEN'S STORE 144 GREAT GEO.



For Our Democracy They Made the Sacrifice Supreme

With Grateful Hearts we render Tribute to the Memory of our Heroic Fighting Sons who Gave Their Lives in battle.

REMEMBRANCE DAY November 11th, 1953

CROCKETT & STOREY LTD. FURNITURE Kent St. Charlottetown

Remembrance Day



November 11 1953

THANKFULLY - IN TRIBUTE

*** to the glorious and unfading memory of our Sailors, Soldiers and Airmen who, defending our priceless heritage, gave up their lives for peace and a better world.

Their noble deeds live after them

MOORE & McLEOD Limited DEPARTMENTAL STORE