

OVER THE YEARS

By
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I have been toying with the idea of writing something about the Munro family, including myself, before I forget too much of the happenings over the years. Being retired, there is some satisfaction in calling to mind incidents of the past and putting them into perspective. At least it gives me something to do.

While on a recent summer trip, with my wife Hope, to my old home town of Thunder Bay, - that beautiful city in northern Ontario, I told my younger brother, Russell, what I had in mind. "Oh," he said, "you're thinking of writing your memoirs, - a good idea." Then, for added measure, he wrote and handed me the lines:

Just try to remember the good days you've had,
You'll find they'll greatly outnumber the bad.
So carve out that statue with pen as your knife,
For today is the start of the rest of your life.

What a happy thought expressed in poetic lines! I'll try to follow his good advice and my hope is that the experiences I can recall now, on the sunny side of eighty, will be mostly good ones, - so over the years it will be.

There is a poetic touch in our family which has continued unabated ever since its arrival on Canadian soil. This is also brought out in lines written to me by my nephew, James Francis Munro, which can serve as an historical approach to this narrative:

In the year eighteen hundred and fifty or so,
A ship sailed from Scotland ... aboard was Munro.
His first name was Seumas, his wife was Christine,
And four bonnie children completed the scene.

There was William, the eldest, and Jonathan, next,
Who rambled around on the sailing ship's decks,
While minding their brother, the young Alexander,
And Jessie, their sister, for fear she should wander.

In Canada our Seumas MacAllan Munro
Pre-empted some land near the town of Embro.
At his home soon arrived with much bawlin' and yellin',
First Margaret, then Daniel, and last James MacAllan.

The last named, my father, was born September 15, 1860. Of strict religious upbringing, his was not to be a life of leisure in this new land. It was a Scottish community and interestingly his first schoolmaster taught also in Gaelic. This was well understood by the students because it was spoken in their homes. All his life James was never at a loss to converse in this ancient Scottish language.

Unlike the older children who went to California to seek their fortunes, only Daniel and James remained to start their livelihood in the Embro vicinity.

In those days a trade was a profession of prime importance for a young man to have. It was rated about the same as a guild membership in the old country. To learn a trade meant seven years' apprenticeship or study; seems young James thought as lightly of this as did Jacob of old, whose father-in-law, Laban, required him to tend his flocks and herds for seven years before he might win the hand of his daughter in marriage.

For James, life was somewhat of an uphill struggle. At fourteen, he lost his father in a haying accident. James, along with his older brother Daniel, took on the added responsibility of helping their widowed mother on the farm. It was also about then that James began apprenticeship on his chosen trade of bricklaying and plastering. During his seven years of learning this building trade, he met and courted Catherine MacMurchy, a young and pretty school teacher, in the nearby village of Appin. The poem which he wrote in 1886, the year of their marriage, is something precious to have survived the years:

TO KATIE

In nature's meadows through which I've been,
And all the flowers my eyes have seen,
There was but one in all the field
To which my heart and love did yield.

O' could I but this flower possess
I would it to my bosom press,
This rose which God has caused to grow
To crown me here with bliss below.

My heart and love was fully charmed.
My whole affection to it warmed.
I must this lovely rose possess
And in its love forever rest.

It is so gentle and so sweet,
So unpretentious and so neat,
That nought with it I could compare
Than flowers that bloom in heaven so fair.

The name of this sweet rose you'll hear,
It is my own sweet Katie dear,
Who's now become my darling wife
And is the treasure of my life.

FROM JAMES

The years which the family lived in Embro have left golden memories. I was too young then to remember much but I have been filled in on happenings, before my time, by my parents and older brothers and sisters. I do recall our comfortable brick dwelling and well kept orchard and garden; also the nearby millpond and its grist mill.

It was in Embro that I first broke into print, - the occasion being my birth on the tenth day of January, 1896. The second time was to have my obituary in the local paper while I was a patient suffering from what was diagnosed as spinal meningitis. Apparently I was in a very low state of health to justify the erroneous report. It was only the earnest prayers of my parents and the good care I received from the doctor and nurses in the hospital that accounted for my miracle recovery. Fortunately, I became well enough that I could accompany the family on its major move to be made later that season.

THE TRAIN RIDE: It took faith, courage and cash for my parents to pull up stakes from Embro in southern Ontario and move with their six children, household goods and all to the Thunder Bay area (then Port Arthur and Fort William) in northern Ontario. It meant a railway trip of close to one thousand miles into what was often referred to as a rock-bound wilderness. The eldest of the children, James R., whom we called Reg, was eleven then; ranging on down to the youngest were Anne C., John B., Mary C., Jonathan A., and Miriam Ada, a sixteen month old baby when we left our Embro home.

Father had already made inquiry of Mr. R. A. Burriss, Land Development Agent for Thunder Bay, and received assurance that there was especially good land, accessible by roadway, still to be had in Slate River Valley. He was advised to bring, in addition to his family and household goods, a full complement of farm machinery and livestock. The land would be unimproved, ranging from sandy loam to heavy clay, and covered with underbrush, trees and native grasses, - good for pasture. The official designation of the property, - Lots 15 and 16, Concession 2, SR (south of the Kaministiquia River) Paipoonge Township, would be our home-site.

Fortunately, we had the privilege of occupying a log-built home on a nearby piece of land, that also had a log barn and adjoining stable and plenty of hay and other feed on hand for our livestock. A well was conveniently close by to furnish all the water needed.

We arrived in Thunder Bay on the 20th of October, 1899, an easily remembered date because it was my sister Anne's birthday. It was a rugged trip, especially for Father and Reg because they rode in the freight car to make sure that the animals received proper care enroute.

Mother, Anne, and the younger children rode in the passenger coach. To me, then nearing four years, the highlight of the train trip was to see several bear cubs at one of the stations along the way. This was the first time for me to see such creatures; I thought them to be a strange breed of dogs until I was convinced otherwise by my elders.

Weatherwise, the Thunder Bay reception was chilly and overcast but we received the encouragement and direction we needed from Mr. Burriss and others, upon our arrival, to overcome any nostalgia we may have had from leaving old friends and adjusting to our new location. After a good night's rest in the city we got our wagon loaded and drove the fifteen miles or more to what would be our winter home in the valley, the John Vivian farm.

THE FIRST WINTER: The log house that awaited us proved to be a fairly snug shelter from the outdoors cold that in mid-winter would get down to forty degrees below zero and lower at times. Fortunately, the air was usually calm when such low temperatures prevailed and the chill

factor was but little increased. The intense cold was sometimes accompanied by a winter fog made up of myriads of tiny ice particles. About the only outdoor sounds then to be heard were the loaded sleighs being pulled over the snow packed road, the jingling of the sleighbells and the rhythmic clip-clop of the horses' hoofs.

It took will-power to get up on such mornings. There was no central heating system, - other than the kitchen range and the box stove in the living room; the heat from these wood burners was carried on air currents or radiated into the bedrooms and hallway. Even though the fires were stoked at bed time, they would burn out long before daybreak.

In the coldest weather it was not unusual to find a layer of ice on the kitchen pail of water in the morning when it came time to make the porridge and other preparations for breakfast. We had to be up at sunrise to feed and otherwise tend the livestock. Our livestock then consisted of only the animals we had brought with us; our three hives of bees died.

There was the heavy team of bays, Bess and Nell, to do the hauling; then there was Deck who was darker but lighter in weight, - an unpredictable bronco. The cows included Queenie, a jersey, and Spottie, an ayrshire, that furnished the milk; others were younger stock brought along most likely to use up remaining space in the railway car. We also took along our watch dog.

Money was scarce and about the only remunerative task Father had that first winter was to haul cord-wood to the railroad siding, some three miles distant, for which he received \$1.50 per cord. The team could easily make two round trips per day and appeared to thrive on the exercise. On the occasional round there would be a stop made at Edwards' grocery store for such things as tea, flour, salt, oatmeal, sugar and other items. A barrel or two of apples and a few sacks of potatoes and other vegetables had been stored in the cellar before winter set in.

Reg and Anne were attending school, then a mile away, but the rest of us hadn't reached the stature to justify plodding such a distance; besides, there was no real need as Mother had been a school teacher and taught us at home to make up for our absence from school. We had some good books on hand and read them, - although I was mainly interested then in their illustrations.

The Bible was one book that was always placed above the rest, and a chapter of it was read to us each morning. Other books that I recall on our shelves were, Dr. Chase's Recipe Book, History of All Nations, Josephus, Stanley and Livingstone in Africa, a dictionary, Uncle Tom's Cabin, Black Beauty, Ivanhoe, Scottish Chiefs, and Miracles in Stone, - the last being a commentary on the building of the pyramids.

A REAL SETBACK: Seems no matter how well things may go, there is always the chance for trouble. This was impressed upon us during early spring, before we had moved onto our newly purchased land. Father and the team had had a busy winter hauling cordwood to the railway siding and during the trips he no doubt had been planning to get settled on his new land. Reg had on March 12th celebrated his 12th birthday and all of us were in good health.

It was about the time of season when we heard our first robin announcing spring. As Father was feeding the livestock, about dawn, he noticed that Bess didn't get up. A brief check showed that she had died during the night with no apparent struggle. What could be the cause, we all wondered! She had previously appeared well and there seemed no reason for her to go like this.

Father called a nearby neighbor who although not a trained veterinarian had a practical outlook. His first remark on seeing the dead mare was, "let's examine and find out." They conducted a postmortem and found that her digestive tract was literally clogged in places with plump, grayish colored bots or larvae. Many of the larvae were still clinging to the inner lining of her stomach to feed on the last drop of blood they could extract. The conclusion was that the bots had killed her.

The animal had no doubt been exposed to bot flies the previous summer, before Father had bought her; had he known that she was infested with these parasites he could have had a veterinarian administer a carbon disulfide capsule into her stomach. This would have killed the bots without harm to the horse. It was a standard and approved treatment.

The loss of Bess was a shock to us; it happened at a time when we had little money to try to replace her. The outlook was dim. Our only hope was to try Deck and see if he could pull his weight along with Nell, - the remaining member of the team. This we did and found to our pleasant surprise that he was equal to the occasion. His change in status seemed to agree with him, as he lived to the ripe old age of 36 years; which, based on one horse year being the equivalent of three human years in longevity, made him a centenarian.

The most trying handicap for a member of our family happened to Ada. She had just passed her third birthday, June 10, when she fell down several steps on the stairway in our home; she cried at the time but otherwise all seemed well, except for a light bruise over an ear. It wasn't until a month or two later when her parents noticed that she was forgetting her baby words and not learning new ones. They took her to the doctor in the city who pronounced her hopelessly deaf as the result of the accident.

When Ada reached school age she went each year to the Ontario School for the Deaf in Belleville. There she was taught the hand sign language and to lip-read, as well as to take all other subjects taught to children, with hearing, in public schools. During her summer vacations on the farm she, in turn, taught all her brothers and sisters to communicate with her in the sign language. She is now Mrs. Hugh Carson and lives in Hamilton, Ontario.

SPRING OPERATIONS: There were still some patches of snow in the shaded places when we started our spring building in the grove of jack pines that graced the site of our new home and other buildings; the barn would have to come later. Father had good experience in the building business, - having built, on his own responsibility for years. It was only a matter of weeks until we had a two story frame dwelling and although the walls weren't plastered, we moved in and had the plastering and other interior work done later.

Before any further construction could be done we had to get some land cleared and field and garden stuff put in. We also needed barbed wire fencing to keep livestock in or out as might be required. With the

assurance of garden products for ourselves and field crops for the livestock, we resumed our work on the house and other buildings already begun.

The fencing required at least three strands of barbed wire, spaced to stop all but the most venturesome livestock. It was a tedious job to dig the holes, stretch and staple the wire to the posts and clear the necessary trail through the underbrush.

Considering the scratches and torn clothes that the barbs left in their wake, it didn't surprise us to hear Father remark that barbed wire must have been invented by the devil. Even so, it proved to be a remarkably effective and economical type of fence. It was some years before we began to replace some of it with the barbless, woven mesh fencing.

We ended the year with a good roof over our heads, a comfortable stable for the livestock and plenty to eat for all; it also meant that the local church and school were half a mile closer than before.

The highlight of the season, to my way of thinking, was digging the well. We had grown tired of hauling water in barrels from the well where we had spent the winter; it was a laborious and wasteful method because much of the water would splash over the barrel tops while being hauled to our door.

The well digging was not begun until early summer. It was a task done mostly by Father and Reg. The exact site was agreed on after it was indicated by a Y-shaped piece of live branch held firmly in the hands of the person searching over the area, an old practice spoken of as "water witching". When the branch turned downward toward the underground spring, the place was marked and the digging began. Our well was dug to a depth of about twenty feet before the spring of clear, cold water was encountered. It provided an ample supply of water for our needs thereafter. Eventually a windmill, pump and icehouse were placed over it to improve its usefulness.

CHURCH AND SCHOOL: In that we were brought up under somewhat strict religious training, it was fortunate that the church was located close by. This structure greeted us when we first arrived in the valley and nothing less than illness would keep us away on Sunday. The church was to the south of our farm; less than five minutes' walk from our house. The school was half a mile further on; both church and school, log structures, were in good state of preservation when we arrived in 1899 and remained so for many years thereafter.

In addition to serving for religious and academic instruction, these buildings served as public meeting places and for Thanksgiving and Christmas Day programs; spelling matches were held in the school. There was no special community hall then.

Once a singing school was conducted, throughout the season, for all who wished to have training in voice by our fine Scottish minister, the Reverend Gemmill. He called it the tonic sol-fa system, - recently featured by Rodgers and Hammerstein's SOUND OF MUSIC. My father made a portable blackboard for the minister's convenience in teaching the Thursday evening lessons over the several months' period covered. The teaching resulted in a noticeable improvement in the singing that graced the sermons thereafter.

The church and its ministry served the community well over the years. We never had occasion to put a lock on a door except for our granary. It so happened that Deck, with unusual equine ingenuity, discovered how to use his lips to unlatch the granary door, and upon doing so, he would put his head in and eat more grain than was good for him. We put an end to this by locking the door.

Our home training in the Bible and otherwise was to us quite worthwhile, although possibly a surprise to an unexpected early caller who might come while we were having our morning Bible reading or prayer. When this happened, the caller would be asked in to hear the chapter being read or the prayer to be offered. I never knew the invitation to be declined. Perhaps this gracious act may have resulted in some good, as the seed sown in good soil, as related in Christ's parable of the sower, Matt. 13:18.

ENTERTAINMENT: We were fortunate in that Father played the violin, and Mother and Mary played the organ, and Anne was particularly fond of the guitar. We had our get-togethers when everyone would sing along with the music provided. On weekends, my brother John, who was then timekeeper and clerk at the Superior Brick Company, would have one of his associates visit us on a Sunday. One of them sang and another played a very fine accordion to make for enjoyable times. Reg became an expert with the bagpipes and for many years was Pipe Major of the leading pipe band in Thunder Bay.

The music, for the most part, was varied. One of Father's books was entitled, *Pretty Tunes of All Nations*, and he played most of them, - with the result that it gave us an appreciation of music for the countries represented. Mother preferred playing the good old church hymns.

In addition to our home talent, there would be an occasional special show come to the valley for presentation in the church. One of these evening programs must have made a lasting impression on me. It was entitled, *Through Five Republics on Horseback*, a travelogue illustrated with hand colored lantern slides.

At the conclusion of the talk, the narrator, a Mr. Ray, sold his books which dealt with the republics of Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Paraguay and Uruguay. What I learned then probably helped me to decide, years later, to spend several years in one of these countries (land-locked Bolivia), instructing its farmers on improved methods of food and fibre production in agriculture. In any event, the book and lecture gave me an early preview of the wonderful things to see and experience in this interesting land of contrasts.

BEEES AND HONEY: It was the spring of 1901 when Father started another hive of bees. He knew what he was about because he had his early training from a successful beekeeper and highly regarded physician, Dr. Duncan, a neighbor in his old home village. In those days when doctor's fees were low it was often necessary for them to have something besides a medical practice to make ends meet. During summer when young James helped Dr. Duncan with his bees, he developed a life-long love for this branch of agriculture.

It was late in May and approaching the close of school for summer vacation. Father had gone to complete a plastering job on a house in town but before leaving, he had cautioned us to be on the lookout for a

swarm that might occur.

Sure enough, he was right! The bees came roaring out of their hive, in the usual panic-like fashion, mid-morning of a sunny, warm day. I was playing in the yard nearby when the commotion began and, as any youngster might have done, I rushed indoors to announce that the bees were swarming. Ada and the month-old twins and I were the only children at home; the older ones were in school. Mother got the message. She took one look at the swirling, buzzing horde of bees and then calmly asked me to run to the school and tell Reg to come and help get them into their new hive.

I must have taken off like John Gilpin's horse, because it was only a matter of minutes until I reached the school and yanked its one and only door open. Putting my head inside, I yelled to my startled brother Reg (and everyone else in school) that the bees were swarming and he must hurry home to help Ma get them into the hive.

The teacher, Miss Boyer, excused Reg forthwith and the two of us returned home in record time. Upon our return we found that Mother had the swarm safely housed. There was a triumphant smile on her face as it was the first time she had handled this sort of thing. It would mean another hive of bees and at least an additional fifty pounds or more of honey for our table use.

To all of us it was a great day. I really became fascinated by these wonderful, winged creatures, the bees, - a subject that has become of increasing interest to me over the years. The high point of the day, however, was my unceremonious introduction to the school that I soon would be attending.

SCHOOL BEGINS: Although I was nearing seven and considered myself old enough to begin school, I doubt if my mother was in agreement. She included the extra lunch and the warning for all of us to be on time.

To me, things went remarkably well that day. I had only one run-in with a youngster who was in the grade ahead. The tussle took place in the aisle separating our double-seat desks and probably would have gone unnoticed except that classes were in session. We were promptly reprimanded by the teacher and I came in for a scolding from one of my sisters who told me that I should know better than get into a fight the first day.

I also wrote with my left hand but after the teacher rapped my knuckles, and told me to use my right, I changed over to the approved fashion. The change over left me somewhat ambidexterous ever since; whether it caused me to develop a pronounced stutter may be a moot question. I was well along in my teens before I overcame this speech defect. Once my father told me how this left-handed trait had saved my Uncle Jonathan from being robbed. A thief entered my uncle's hotel room, following his arrival in California, and seeing him asleep proceeded to tie his right arm to the bed-post; in doing so, he awoke Jonathan and in a flash, Jonathan struck at him with his more powerful left. He struck such a telling blow that the prowler left hurriedly without getting any loot.

I doubt if I made much academic progress that first day, but I did have fun at noon and recess time learning the games, having a drink at the school pump, and getting a general orientation in the school-yard

facilities. It was a long enough day for a beginner when it came time to leave for home. Why the next episode happened, I'll never know!

The Colemans, Gillespies, Shoves, Trewins and a few others walked with us to the intersection near our home; one of the youngsters, Adam Judge, a few years my senior, insisted on sharing my company all the way. He was the son of a saw-mill operator and had an extensive background of the profanity used by lumberjacks and others whose vocabularies had been short-changed. Finding that I rated zero on profanity, he proceeded to drill me on words I had never heard before.

About the first thing I did upon entering our home yard was to spice up my remarks with the words I had just learned from this boy, - none fit for polite society and especially shocking to my mother who heard me. I can still recall my mother saying, "it's too bad that I can't send my son to school for one day without his picking up such awful language." I also have the recollection of having had my mouth washed out with soap and water and being warned never to use such words again. After all, I did learn something worthwhile that day which was to not repeat everything I might happen to hear.

ODD CHARACTERS: Like other communities, ours had its characters, - one or more of the hermit or recluse type and at least a few confirmed tramps from the city who could wangle a meal without doing any work in return for the favor. Most people fed the tramps and were glad to see them on their way again. One neighbor lady told us how she got rid of them by feeding one. She served a bowl of soup to the tramp and after he had finished it, she asked him if he would like a refill; he answered in the affirmative. She then called her dog who licked the recently emptied bowl and started to refill it with soup. The startled tramp asked her why she let the dog lick his dish, whereupon she replied that she always had a dish cleaned in this way for a guest. The tramp grabbed his hat and left in such a hurry that he didn't take so much as a spoonful of the second helping. What's more, neither he nor other tramps ever called again to this place, - probably because of advance notice of the lady's dish cleaning making the rounds by this tramp to his pals.

We did have what we understood to be a hermit by the name of Patrick MacFarlin, who came fairly direct from the land of the shamrock. He lived in a shack on the mountainside to the west of us. Every so often, he and his Irish Greyhound would trek past our place to the grocery store, a few miles beyond, where Patrick would stock up on tobacco and other things that didn't grow around his humble dwelling.

Whenever he stopped by, my folk would make sure that he was refreshed with a cup of tea and something to eat. We young ones enjoyed listening to him tell about the fairies or leprechauns that he claimed dwelt on his rock strewn place. He told of fairy races he often saw on moonlight nights and how they rode the snow-shoe rabbits, jocky like, over the snow covered area to be viewed from his window. He maintained that the moment he would step outside to get a closer look, they vanished from sight, "in a twinkling," he said. In later years, we decided that "Paddy" as his friends affectionately called him, must have had a remarkable imagination or brand of Irish whisky to inspire him to see such sights.

One late afternoon in midwinter, while Paddy was on his way home from the city, he was overtaken by a blinding snowstorm and overcome by

exhaustion. About midway to his abode he noticed a sizeable pile of cordwood alongside a shelter of evergreen trees. There and then he decided this would be his haven until the weather cleared. With the oil rich birch bark and a few matches, he soon kindled a roaring fire and waiting out the storm, fed the flames with his seemingly inexhaustible supply of free fuel at hand. Shortly thereafter the owner of the wood pile discovered the loss but when he was made aware that it saved the life of a member of the community, he expressed himself as being amply repaid.

DOG TROUBLE: Sad to relate, Paddy MacFarlin's hound got mixed up with bad company somehow, - it might have been another dog or a rabid skunk or other animal. Anyway, his dog developed the rabies, or hydrophobia as then called, and following the trail that he and his master had so often trod, he bit or tried to bite any animal he encountered along the way. It was the valley's first bout with the disease.

We had our dog, a gentle natured, alert type of collie, which we had named Guess. We named him thus because we thought it would be fun to answer anyone asking the dog's name. When asked, we'd always say Guess. The gag would usually work only once with an individual because after he would guess it to be Rover, or other dog names, we'd explain that the dog's name really was Guess.

It didn't take long for our sharp eyes to detect that something had gone wrong with Guess. We tried coaxing him to drink milk or other liquid but the only response from him was a vacant stare or convulsive reaction. This went on for a few more days and steadily became worse, - to the extent that the poor dog would move about aimlessly and snap at things.

About this time, one of our neighbors, John MacClure, who lived a few miles to the southeast of us, called to discuss with Father the growing need for the municipality to build a bridge over the Slate River to shorten the distance for himself and neighbors when driving to and from Thunder Bay. Little did MacClure expect to meet a rabid dog as he approached our doorway. Had it not been that the old man was carrying a stout cane, it is almost a certainty that he would have been bitten; as it was, he parried the dog with his cane while he burst through our front door without the usual formality of knocking.

"That dog's got hydrophobia," he told my mother and us younger ones standing by. He then told us that other dogs in the neighborhood were similarly affected. Father, Reg and John were then working in a field nearby, and so sister Anne was hastily sent to tell them the bad news. By taking the back-door-route, she by-passed the dog, and delivered the message. Father returned promptly to pick up his trusty muzzle-loader and with one well aimed shot ended the dog's suffering and ensured our safety.

We buried Guess and never forgot what a wonderful pal he had been to us. Even though he was a very sick dog, he must have recognized us as his special friends because he never snapped at or tried to bite any member of our family. It's good to report that Mr. MacClure, as well as his patient neighbors, eventually got the much needed bridge.

ZE MOOSE HE CHASE ME: We were doing some work in our garden, across the road from our house, when Mr. Trepanier, a neighbor who lived a few miles to the south of us, came running from a short ways up the road

and yelling, "ze moose he chase me; ze moose he try to keel me." We heard him and recognized his loud and repeated remarks and suspected something wrong.

My father talked to the man until he was fairly calm and could make clear what had happened. He had been only about 200 yards northwards and was walking south towards us when he saw a moose and her calf calmly grazing alongside the road. Thinking he'd like to see what would happen, he threw a baseball sized stone which hit the cow moose squarely on her ribs. Without warning, she answered the insult by wheeling about and charging full tilt towards Trepanier, - who, with only moments of a head start dashed into the interior of a bulky spruce tree that we had left standing when we built the fence. Only the dense branches saved the man from being stomped beneath the chisel-like hoofs of the animal.

Trepanier urged us to take a close look at the evidence; this could have been prompted by the dubious look that some of us may have shown. By then the moose and her calf had left for parts unknown, leaving only their hoof prints in the wet sod. There, as clear as day, were the freshly made tracks where the moose had whirled around and then come to a sudden, skidding stop as she approached the spruce in which Trepanier took refuge; we all were so thankful that she decided to follow her quarry no further.

On the opposite side of the road were the smaller hoof prints of the calf whose mother felt called upon to protect it from any possible harm. We returned from our brief inspection trip feeling somewhat guilty of being doubting Thomases and having to be shown. It was a valuable lesson on moose behavior for our friend as well as ourselves; to never underestimate the retaliatory potential of such living creatures.

THE TELEPHONE: During our first few years there was only one telephone in the entire community; it was in the home of John MacKay Hunt, a prominent pioneer citizen, and influential farmer. The Hunt family kindly made the phone available to any neighbor to call into the city or nearby village having phone service, for a modest fee of 25 cents. Their phone took care of local needs until the people were reminded of what they were missing by not having the service in their own homes. It is doubtful if there could have been any more convincing proponent of this need than Freeman J. Perry, an early schoolmaster credited with first naming the area Slate River Valley, and now the first to urge his neighbors to install telephones. Perry clearly pointed out to each prospect how important it was for everyone to sign up.

Because the farm families were few and far between, it was felt that about five or six telephones on each line would best serve their needs. His was truly the gospel of improved communications. Just about every head of a household signed up and so the work of building the lines and installing the phones went on apace.

The local central exchange was placed in the home of Charles P. Bliss, with some member of the family handling the calls, courteously and efficiently over the years. Not everyone understood the telephone limitations at the outset. It was reported that one lady who called a neighboring family to ask how the children were recovering from diphtheria was told that she had run a terrible risk of catching the disease and spreading it to others.

The telephone revolutionized and improved life on the farms. It saved the farmers many hours and weary miles of travel in making arrangements for help and the many other things that make a farm do well. In that they were all party lines requiring ring signals, it resulted in some confusion and the picking up of the wrong receivers. This probably caused no embarrassment to the folk concerned; it did, however, result in a wider exchange of news and gossip than originally intended. The telephone did much to bring the neighborhood closer together and pave the way for continuing progress.

THE SABBATH: John MacClure was an entertaining individual who liked to talk politics and projects that he believed would benefit the community. He regularly attended our all denominations church even though he lived what he claimed was a Sabbath-day journey away. He was one of the venturesome folk that had come from the eastern part of Canada to see what this area had to offer and he liked what he saw, but was not successful in convincing his kinfolk to come and take up residence.

My first clash with him was on a Sunday morning shortly before church service was to begin; boylike, I was whistling some merry tune which was within his hearing range. This was more than he could tolerate without making protest. He didn't stir up a fuss, but he came over to where I was to tell me that he was shocked that I'd desecrate the Sabbath by whistling; then, he proceeded to tell me that there would be a very uncomfortable place awaiting me in the hereafter if I didn't change my ways. For a time, at least, I tried to program my whistling so that it wouldn't occur on Sunday.

It so happened that I was not alone in breaking the Sabbath. Probably the most glaring infraction occurred one bright Sunday morning in late summer, when the people were passing by our house on the way to church. Mr. Leach, a widower, whose farm was only a few miles to the west of ours, had just turned the corner with his wagon load of hay and was heading for the city. His horses had puffed up a small hill and were brought to a stop, to catch their breath, directly in front of our house. As we were leaving in the same direction as the other folk he called to one of us to ask what was going on at the church. When told that it was Sunday and the people were on their way to church service, about all he could say was, "I thought it was Saturday." He promptly pulled off to the side of the road, unhitched his horses and returned to his home to plan on resuming his journey the following day.

In general, however, people realized that certain jobs had to be done no matter what day it might be. Livestock had to be fed and otherwise tended, cows required milking, and meals prepared for members of the household. Most families drew the line when it came to unnecessary activities.

It was seldom that the minister failed to make his appearance; only on rare occasions do I recall this happening. Such absence was explained only by illness or inclement weather for travel, - the pastor lived some miles outside of our community, and had one or two other pastorates. Any time that he failed to come, some member of the congregation might occupy the pulpit. I can recall that one Sunday my father filled in and preached the sermon, the text of which was, "The harvest truly is plenteous, but the laborers are few", Matthew 9:37. It made a lasting impression. John's classmate, Leslie Hallett, who was visiting us at the time, told me years afterwards that the sermon made

him decide for the ministry. He became an ordained minister of the Anglican church and rounded off his many years of service as a chaplain at the Mayo Clinic in Rochester, Minnesota.

TROUT FISHING: One of our neighbors told us about Oliver Creek, which has its origin in the lake of that name; the creek flows northwards into the Kaministiquia River. The man told us that it was a wonderful place for brook or speckled trout. I have forgotten the name of this purveyor of good news. For sure he was a most unselfish fisherman to divulge the location. It was the best place we ever fished for the speckled beauties.

The stream was then known as six-mile-creek probably because of its approximate distance from its Lake Oliver origin to where it emptied into the Kam River. It led mostly through mountainous and wooded terrain, with a few rapids, and shady pools for good measure. We decided to investigate and so didn't take along any more gear than necessary. We took our lunches, a supply of fishworms, bee-veils to ward off mosquitoes, and hooks and line; we cut our fishing rods from the underbrush after getting there.

It was considered no trip for the women folk or the younger members of the family. Only Father, Reg, John and I could go. We four set out in the buggy on the rugged trip; this was enough for our horse, Deck, to pull. We drove westward a few miles to the base of the mountain and there tethered the horse in the shade with all the grass that he could wish for, but this we learned later in the day was not enough to suit him.

We wended our way up the mountain trail to where it sloped off and then continued on for a couple of miles where we found the creek. Once we got to the creek and started fishing, it was somewhat of a race to see who might catch the first fish and then the biggest one. What amazed us from the start was how greedily the trout grabbed at our worm-baited hooks, - sometimes the moment the lure broke the surface of the water.

It wasn't long, just a few hours, when we had our catch, after which we ate lunch and started back to where we had left Deck in his pleasant surroundings. To our surprise we found another horse instead; our faithful Nell was waiting. She had a tag attached to her neck with a note, signed by my sister Anne, saying that Deck had chewed his rope and come home rather early in the day; knowing where he might have been tethered, she saddled him and led the unprotesting Nell back to his place. It meant an extra round trip for Deck but we felt that this served him right. Afterwards we didn't trust Deck on such important missions as waiting out a fishing trip.

A CLOSE CALL: Plans were in the formative stage for the new barn; the most important goal now was to provide a good supply of lumber and related needs for the structure. With this in mind, Father purchased a quarter section of mountain timberland that would furnish the lumber. The acreage was located only a few miles to the west of the Gammond farm where a well managed sawmill was kept in operation throughout the warmer months of the year.

There was such a magnificent view of the valley from our height of land timber lot that we promptly gave it the appropriate name of "Valley View". The timber was a majestic sight, - mostly pines, which stood tall, with many trees ready for the saw-mill. The Christmas holidays

had just begun and Reg and John were home for their two weeks from school and could help Father cut and haul logs to be transformed into the boards, joists, and other items needed to get the barn under way.

The first day's operation resulted in a giant white pine tree being felled, cut into saw log lengths, loaded on the sturdy sleigh and hauled by the patient, plodding horses to the mill. A good lunch always accompanied such an expedition and there were oats and hay for the horses too. A carefully tended fire completed the setting.

It was the second day that disaster almost struck. Father and Reg were in the process of felling a huge pine that had a pronounced leaning towards the south; they chopped a notch into the leaning, or south side, and only too late saw it was not cut deep enough; the cut or notch was made several inches below the sawline, made from the opposite side, to provide for anchorage when the tree would break over.

Father and Reg wielded the crosscut and had sawn about three quarters of the way through the trunk when the tree began to fall over, sooner than anticipated, in the direction intended, but it did not break free at the notch. Instead, and without warning other than a loud crackling noise, it split up to a height of possibly fourteen feet and then pivoted in a clockwise swing to the west where John was standing at what had been thought to be a safe spot.

As the tree crashed downwards, both Father and Reg shouted for John to run, but the snow was too deep for him to take more than a step or two. It wasn't long, after the flurry of snow displaced by the fallen tree had cleared away, that they could see John standing up and unhurt but plenty scared, almost within arm's reach of the fallen timber. That finished tree felling for the day for the three rather shaken, but now more experienced, beginners in the art of lumbering. Never again would they try to fell such a tree without first cutting the notch or groove more deeply on the side to which the tree was to fall.

THE BARN AT LAST: It wasn't until the summer of 1905 that we started to build the big barn. I know this because it was the summer my brother Russell was born. He put in his appearance on July 14 of that year, - the same day that I was playing about on some rather large squared beams for use in the barn's construction. One of the beams happened to roll over on my bare foot and squash it into the rain-soaked soil. Had it not been that the ground was soft, I suppose I might have been crippled. As it was, I suppose I did my share of howling in competition with Russell, the new member of the family.

The barn was to us a monumental undertaking. It was known as a cedar-post-barn and was 100 feet long, 40 feet wide, and about 45 feet from the ground level to the peak of the roof; it was designed to hold all the hay and grain crops grown on the farm and also enclose the stable located in the east end. The cedar posts for this structure were sunk into the ground in the same way as telephone posts and spaced 20 feet apart. They supported all the heavy squared beams, girders, rafters, lumber and roof that gave shelter to the stores, to be placed within, from the rain, sleet or snow.

All the construction was done by ourselves, with Reg being the most daring and efficient worker of all. He could walk on the beams high above the ground without showing any fear of height at all. Father didn't seem to mind working high up but seemed more cautious, whereas

John or I didn't like getting up more than we had to. We did, however, admire Reg, high up on the crossbeams and as sure of himself as a highwire performer in a circus.

BETTER SET IDLE: John Vivian, a neighbor and a man of few words, hailed from one of the northern countries of Europe. He had an accent or brogue that made it difficult for him to be understood at times. One day as he drove by our place, we youngsters were standing by the roadside looking up into a pine tree at an animal, the like of which we hadn't seen before. Seeing the puzzled look on our faces, he said, "Oh, dots nodding but a porcoopine, - sinch du fedders off him and he be as goot as chicken." I've never had occasion to test his claim, but have never doubted his word.

One rainy day in late spring as Father was plowing a newly cleared acreage of heavy clay land, Vivian, seated on the spring-seat of his lumber wagon, and holding a big umbrella over his head, brought his team to a stop and waited until he was within shouting distance. His words were, "Jim, I'd rather set idle than work idle." What could Vivian have meant? Father pondered and so did we when told of his odd remark.

We were to find out, all too soon, which was after the field was seeded to some cereal crop. The clay had become so puddled because of its workingover in the rain that the soil resembled some stage of adobe mud. Actually, the clay baked so solid in the sunny days that followed, that little or nothing developed from all the labor and seed expended. We never forgot Vivian's admonition, and thereafter had a tendency to slow down when conditions weren't right for doing a job.

GOING BAREFOOT: Going barefoot throughout the snow-free months of the year was considered more of a privilege than a hardship by the youngsters. There was keen rivalry amongst us to see who would be the first to go shoeless in spring and the last one to don shoes in the fall. The first warm, sunny day in spring usually signalled the time to go barefoot.

What a thrill it was to feel the good old sod beneath one's feet! From spring until the ground began to freeze over in the fall was considered the barefoot season, - except for church or other dressup occasions which called for shoes. There was always a tendency to delay wearing shoes to as late in the fall as possible. We thought nothing of running barefoot to the nearby pasture to bring the cows home for milking in the mornings when the ground was covered with frost.

Whenever it came my turn to do this errand, on such mornings, I made sure that I warmed my feet on the spot recently vacated by some sleepy cow, preferably one which I'd rudely disturb with my bare foot to cause her to get up and move on. It took time, thistles and stone bruises to get one's feet conditioned to the barefoot way of life, but it was worth all this. By midsummer the soles of our feet were calloused enough to withstand 'most any surface hazard.

One day, John and I were clearing away some underbrush and it fell my lot to hold the bush while John swung the axe at the stubborn roots. All went well until the axe glanced off something solid and skimmed over my toes to make contact slightly above my ankle. Instead of passing out at the sight of blood flowing from the gash, or rushing to the house for Mother to apply first aid, I picked up a stick and went

after John, I suppose more to ease my hurt feelings than to hurt him, because we always got along well. I don't recall that I overtook John in the chase but I surely left a blood-spattered trail. The only reminder now is a prominent scar that has never been a handicap.

Usually when my parents made the long drive to the city for the day, it was necessary for the children to remain home and look after things on the farm. With Mother away, one of the problems we faced was cooking the meals. Reg, being the oldest, welcomed the opportunity of demonstrating his skill at making pancakes. This time he made a batch of pancakes to serve with honey to make them most palatable. All would have gone well except that he mistook Father's canister of quick setting plaster of Paris for Mother's canister of flour, with the result that the pancakes were definitely inedible. Thereafter, Father kept his supply of plaster of Paris in an appropriately labeled container and somewhere else than on the pantry shelf. Except for this failure, not his fault, Reg was always to be counted on for good pancakes.

SUNDAY SCHOOL PICNIC: The annual Sunday-school picnic was to be held on the lovely Alex Crawford farm which skirted the slow-flowing Slate River; what a fine outing we knew it would be if the day turned out bright and sunny. Well, the day was as it should be in June, and the Sunday-schoolers and their parents turned out in goodly number. Mother and the girls prepared sandwiches, pies and whatever other items of food we'd need, - yet leave room for the ice cream and watermelon that awaited us there.

We journeyed the mile or so in the old lumber wagon required to transport all of us. Most of the families were fairly large as compared with present day standards.

There were the usual forms of entertainment such as baseball and horse shoe pitching for the older ones and races and other child games for the younger fry. But what seemed to hold me with a spell, at the outset, was the prospect of a ride in a row boat, graciously provided by our hosts, the kindly Crawfords.

Perhaps it was that I had never put foot in a row boat and, like my first train ride, I felt that it would be great to try a new means of transportation, that prompted me. The more I thought of it, the more fascinated I became, - with the result that I got temporarily lost from the rest of my family while I occupied the last space in the boat. It was my job to untie the rope that moored the craft to its dock and then hop in; this I did in my Sunday-go-to-meeting clothes.

We didn't row for long, as too many other youngsters were clamoring for their turn, so after rowing a few boat lengths on the dusky river, we returned to port. One of the young folk was to hold the towline until we all had safely disembarked but when it came my turn to get off, he had let the boat drift several feet from the dock and I felt that I had no alternative than to jump. I made a vigorous jump, - one that would have propelled me at least twice the distance on land, but it proved not enough over the water. As I jumped, the boat shot back with such force that it yanked the rope out of the boy's hand and let me fall full length in the river, - about the most effective dunking I could have received.

While I was splashing around to get out of the water, it seemed that the waiting crowd was more concerned about the possible loss of the boat than of me. The boat was then in midstream and drifting with the current; it was fully 100 yards downstream before someone rescued it. Thereafter one of the menfolk took charge of navigating and there were no more mishaps such as mine that day.

THE SILVER MINE: There was an abandoned silver mine a half mile due west of our farm and reached only by a winding trail that led into it from the main road. We soon found the mine, - a yawning open shaft with a large pile of rock, shale and quartz alongside, that contained beautiful amethyst, and bits of silver ore that had been overlooked by the miners.

We heard some unpleasant things about the discovery and possession of this mine site, but it wasn't until 1971 when I talked with an old classmate, Ernie Barrie, that I learned how it got its name, "Lily of the Valley Silver Mine". Ernie said that his grandfather, Judge Barrie, had a one-third interest in the mine, with the understanding that it would be distinguished by his wife's name, Lily.

The story is that a young man, whose name I've either never heard, or else forgotten, found and marked the mining site one snowy autumn afternoon; he then set out for the registry office which was in the Port Arthur part of Thunder Bay, some 20 miles beyond, to file his claim. He took a short-cut eastward over the north end of what later became our farm; it was getting late and so he asked at the first farm house for lodging over night. This turned out to be the home of Mr. Parsons. The stranger was taken in and during the course of the evening he told of his lucky find, but did not tell its location.

The following morning the young man resumed his trek to the city registry office but Parsons started to back-track him over the recently fallen snow to the marked mine site. Upon finding this, Parsons hurried back to his place and taking his horse, soon overtook the plodding stranger and arrived at the registry office to file claim, hours in advance of the stranger's arrival. It was a pirate trick and as there was nothing that the young man felt he could do, - other than place a curse on the mine, he did so, and informed Parsons that the mine wouldn't prosper.

Ernie told me that Parsons needed a partner or partners with adequate cash; he first went to his friend, a Mr. Brimstone, who lived in the city. Brimstone had some cash but not enough for the enterprise. The two then went to Judge Barrie, who was unaware of the circumstances leading up to this point, and solicited his help. The judge unhesitatingly agreed to put up his share of the cash and be the third partner.

Ernie mentioned that they found rich pockets of silver ore and before long had taken out over \$100,000 worth of the precious metal. The news spread rapidly and it wasn't long before they received a spot cash offer of \$100,000 from a Duluth agency for the mine. Barrie favored acceptance of the offer but the other two balked, - saying that if it was worth that to the agency, it was worth keeping.

They held on and worked hard for quite a while but found no more silver, in other words, the pockets had run out. Ernie said the term "pocket silver" was used to describe this type of mine, which was news

to me. I had heard the term previously but thought it referred only to the coins carried in one's pockets. He said that the mine returned no profit after the cost of operation was deducted.

The question that I didn't get answered was what became of Parsons. He was still on his farm when we first arrived in the valley, but left for parts unknown soon afterwards. His farm was said to be heavily mortgaged and it's my guess that he probably saw no way of getting the debt paid. Perhaps the young man's curse worked after all.

POTATO PICKING: One evening in early fall Father came home from the city and mentioned in a casual way that while he was in the W. S. Piper hardware store, Piper asked him if one of his boys could help Alex MacKenzie, his old farm manager, pick potatoes. Nothing was said about pay nor was it expected for performing such a neighborly task. The Piper family lived in a town house but made trips from time to time to their farm, which adjoined his brother Dave's place. The farms hereabouts were show places.

My two older brothers declined the prospect for the reason they'd have enough potato picking on our own place. I expressed interest and so the next day Father, having other business to take him by the Piper place, left me there. When he told Alex MacKenzie that I'd help him, I received a kindly greeting and assurance that I wouldn't be expected to work hard. I feel sure that my rating must have gone up a few points when he learned my name was Alex, like his own.

It was a small patch and the picking didn't begin until mid-morning of the first day; MacKenzie forked each hill to lift the tubers no faster than I could pick them. It was fun for me with my shorter back, to bend over for the spuds, but would have been an ordeal for him. We would quit early because he had the meals to prepare. The meals were good, with pancakes and pure maple syrup and bacon and eggs, toast and oatmeal porridge for breakfast and the other meals accordingly substantial and tasty. I went to bed that evening with the thought that we'd finish the patch in good time the next day but a heavy rain overnight changed our plans. It looked like it was starting out to be a dull day until Mr. Piper arrived in his carriage from the city that morning and things brightened. He came to talk over farm plans with MacKenzie and to stay over for a day or two. He was a genial and sociable person and I enjoyed hearing him tell of his experiences in the wilds of northern Ontario, and the unsuccessful search that he, with others, had made for a lost silver mine.

The next day turned out bright and sunny, and MacKenzie and I had the balance of the potato patch harvested early in the day. Then shortly afterwards Mr. Piper said he'd give me a ride to my home in his carriage. It was a beautiful rig, pulled by a well-matched span of black horses. When we got to our gate, and as I bid him goodbye, he said that he had something in an envelope which he handed to me, but cautioned me not to open it until after I arrived in the house. It was a check for \$3.75, - the going wages then being paid to a full grown worker in those days, and the first pay check I had ever received. I concluded that it was Mr. Piper's way of saying thank you. In later years this fine gentleman wrote an interesting book entitled, "The Eagle of Thunder Cape", - an autographed copy of which was presented to me by his widow, Mrs. Jane Piper.

THE BOBCAT: It was an old Chippewa Indian that first told us about the

beautiful spring fed Lake Oliver, cradled in the mountains to the southwest of where we lived. This senior citizen, along with several of his tribal kinfolk, stopped in at our place to barter for a black cowhide that they admired and wanted. Father hadn't displayed the hide with the idea of attracting a purchaser but instead to let it get dry for safe keeping.

The Indian who served as spokesman for the group explained that they had no money but he showed their fine catch of lake trout, some of which they wanted to trade for the cowhide. The deal was quickly made and the Indians appeared happy about the transaction; we were too, after we had a chance to cook and sample the fish. We didn't forget what he told us about the lake.

It was a Friday afternoon in summer. I was doing some plowing (settlement duties) on Reg's government land grant in Blake township when Earl Merritt stopped by to say hello and invite me to come along with his group of road workers to fish on Oliver Lake. I heartily accepted as I had never seen this lake. It was only three miles to the west of the Merritt farm. Earl said that I could leave the team and wagon at his place and his group would accompany me to their fishing place. They decided to remain and do night fishing and as the day was rather far spent, I left about sundown for the team and wagon. Soon after leaving the lakeside, while walking over a bare stretch of rock, I strayed off the trail and it wasn't long until I heard disturbing footfalls, but couldn't see through the brush what was causing them until I walked into an open patch of grass; suddenly I turned in the direction of the strange noise to find myself facing a stout, formidable looking lynx or bobcat. It was then about ten feet away as it quickly settled to a crouching position. I wasn't sure whether it was trying to hide from view or preparing to spring at me.

I was scared but decided that if there was going to be a fight, I'd get in the first punch. I then slowly reached down for a hunk of shale or loose rock to hurl at the animal. After throwing it, I felt that it must have hit its target because the lynx dashed away in no time flat. It is just possible that the situation wasn't as serious as I thought, at the time; perhaps the creature was following me only out of curiosity. It was dark before I again found the main trail that led to the team and wagon.

Years later, when trying to find my way out of a jungle-like place in the Bolivian lowlands, I thought of my "lost" experience near Lake Oliver. My assistant and I were riding horseback to the work we had to do and hadn't paid much attention to landmarks. In our search to get back on the trail, we saw a sign in Spanish which read, "sal si puede" meaning, get out if you can. There was a native settler, not far beyond, who kindly pointed the way for us to get out and back to headquarters, - interestingly it was the way that the horses wanted to go.

THE MOTORCYCLE: Brother Reg, being the oldest and gainfully employed in the city, naturally bought himself a new motorcycle. It was a shiny red one and preceded the purchase of our first auto by at least a year. On weekends, Reg would ride out from Thunder Bay where he worked, to our farm, and then if road conditions were favorable he would continue the next six miles to have a look at his 160 acre homestead.

A real soaker of rain fell during the night and when it came time for

him to continue on his way, the road was so muddy that he couldn't take a chance on skidding or getting his motorcycle splashed. While deciding on what to do, he explained to us the mechanism of the motorcycle. We learned later that there were two unusually interested members of the family in the audience, who remained admiringly with the machine as we left to see Reg get started by horse on the rest of his journey.

The temptation to try out the motorcycle and put the recent briefing into practice proved too strong for the two young brothers. Reg wasn't much more than started on his way when they had the motor humming, or put-putting; then they must see how it would run. They were in a new world, it seemed; the machine performed so effortlessly that they had gone miles, through the villages of Roslyn, Murillo, Stanley and even Kakebeka Falls before they realized that it was high time for their return. They had covered at least fifty miles in the try-out or testing of this new means of transportation. In the meanwhile, the rest of us hadn't missed them or the machine.

This juvenile expedition would probably have remained a dark secret had it not been that the two promptly told the other members of the family following their successful return, about their exploit and how they might convince their parents of the need for such motorized transportation to become a part of our farm equipment. Later on when Reg heard of the freewheeling that occurred during his absence, his only comment was that he had been puzzled about the poor mileage he had been getting of late. We noticed thereafter when he left his motorcycle unattended, it was locked.

Not long afterwards Reg decided to have a wife and home of his own in the city. He and his father built the house that Reg and his wife, Evelyn, and their children would call home for many years. It was also home to a number of Reg's younger brothers and sisters while they were attending high school in Thunder Bay.

KNOWING CREATURES: When Father had but one hive of bees in 1901, and it produced its first swarm, his beekeeping venture did not stop there. Each summer we would remove the surplus honey in the fall, and then place the ever increasing number of hives in the cellar for safe wintering. When spring came, we would move them outdoors to their summer stands. The operation was somewhat routine but required skill and patience, - each hive must be examined to make sure that it had enough honey and pollen in the combs to ensure the colony's welfare. The cellar temperature had to be cool and hold at a fairly even temperature and remain dark, - because daylight disturbed the bees during the winter months.

Over the years, Father increased his beekeeping to over three hundred hives, which during summer were distributed fairly equally in three separate locations a few miles apart, - this was reason enough he gave for the purchase of our first auto; he needed transportation that would take him quickly and safely to his bee yards. Horses were unsatisfactory because they could be stung to death by the bees.

In all my years, I never heard my father use profanity and it irked him to hear others swear and use foul language. One afternoon a neighbor, a newcomer to the valley, stopped by to talk with him while he was giving some attention to a bee hive. The visitor used so many off-color words that Father finally said, "please don't use such words, - the bees will hear you." About then, a bee stung the fellow on the nose, - a most

painful spot to receive a sting. Several other bees were trying to sting him, but he didn't wait any longer; waving his arms to ward off his attackers, he fled across the distance that intervened to the highway. That was the last we saw of him for a while.

The next time he talked to Father was over the phone and in the course of conversation it became quite evident that his speech had undergone some laundering. He expressed amazement then that bees were such knowing creatures, and had taken offense from the words he had used; he added that never again would he use bad language in their presence.

Once Father noticed, early in the morning, before the dew was off the grass, that one of his hives nearest the road had its cover removed and a super of honey was partially lifted off. As a result, the bees were angry and belligerent, until Father gave them a few puffs of tranquilizing smoke and everything about their hive was righted again. Father followed the fresh tracks to the fence where he found a nice gold watch, still ticking away, that fell from the prowler's pocket when he hurdled the fence in his haste to get away. We advertised the watch, but understandably received no response.

POULTRY IMPROVEMENT: Up to now we had experience with none other than the nondescript barnyard fowl. Geese and ducks had no share in our farm operations, other than the occasional migrating waterfowl that paused temporarily to forage, in an old beaver dam pond on our farm, before continuing their flight.

Seeing an advertisement in one of the farm journals about settings of eggs from the White Rock breed of hen, we decided that we should start to upgrade our farm flock. An order for a setting of eggs was duly dispatched to the breeder and, for good measure, an order was included for a setting of Indian Runner duck eggs. Both settings arrived in due time for which two broody hens were kept on standby to take care of them. The hen eggs, requiring only three weeks incubation, hatched fully a week ahead of the slower maturing duck eggs; both came in for special attention.

Why the white breeds were ordered, instead of any other color, I cannot say for sure but it is likely that Father made the recommendation because he had noticed that dark colored things were most subject to stinging by the bees. On one occasion he had seen all the dark colored chicks stung to death, while light colored chicks escaped injury. The mother hen, in true hen-like fashion in search of seeds and insect life, had scratched debris against a hive entrance; this naturally enraged the bees with the result that they stung and killed only her dark colored chicks.

The settings hatched equally well, but from there on the White Rocks made the better showing and eventually became the foundation stock of our poultry yard. The old inferior birds were culled out and it was only a couple of years until our entire flock of a few hundred was pure White Rock.

Whether or not the old hen that was foster mother to the ducklings was to blame for what happened is somewhat debatable. In all fairness to her it should be said that she was handicapped by not being able to satisfactorily accompany the young ducklings into the nearby pond where they'd instinctively go. The first time she took them by a small shallow puddle, the hen went almost berserk as the ducklings quickly

merged into the water; her reaction was to jump in with the probable intent of saving them, but with her squawking and hopping from one duckling to another, she succeeded in drowning four before we became aware of what was happening; we quickly filled in the puddle with a wheelbarrow or two of soil. Later, when the hen led her strange brood near the beaver dam pond (or possibly they led her) she no longer jumped into the water, but scolded the ducklings aplenty from the water's edge. It was not until later on, when she led them to where the horses were feeding, that they were entirely eliminated. She had no hesitation about picking the oats which dropped from the feed boxes, but the ducklings, not being so agile, were stepped on by the horses. That ended the duck project.

NAMES AND INITIALS: Probably it was because my brother was named Reginald, or Reg as we called him, that he began to practice the manly art of boxing, or self defense, before he went to Thunder Bay where he became associated with the grain inspection service. He would jokingly say, in defense of his pugilistic hobby, that anyone with the name of Reginald had to know how to defend himself. Some of his friends suggested to him that it might be easier for him to use his other name of James.

This he couldn't very well do at home because his father had priority on this name and it would make for confusion if two in the same household went by the same name. I had somewhat the same experience in that my first name is Jonathan and my next older brother was John. To avoid confusion I went by my second name of Alex, although my mother often called me by the Scottish diminutive of Sandy.

Sometimes, parents don't think over too carefully the names they give their children or how the initials will spell out. It has been claimed by some that if the initials spell out a word that it will bring luck to the person; well, maybe so, but it might depend somewhat upon the word that it spells.

Some years ago a friend of mine noticed that my initials spelt JAM, and remarked how fortunate I was that my parents had given me such a pleasing combination. I was in full agreement partly because jam is my favorite spread on toast. He told me how his parents had thoughtlessly given him initials that spelt the name of a long-eared quadruped or a stupid person. For this reason he never used his middle name or initial. I asked him, whose first name I knew to be Albert and surname to start with S., what his middle name or initial might be. He told me, with some chagrin and hesitation, that it was Sylvester and, being in the middle position, the initials spelt out the word ASS. It was just one of those things.

DISTRIBUTION OF DUTIES: There was usually a fair distribution of duties on the farm. The men folk took care of the heavier outdoor tasks while the women had enough household work to occupy their time. Even so, some of the work was shared to advantage. Often the women tended the garden, the poultry, and did such things as butter-making, which took them out of their kitchens for a change. Some of the men folk were not averse to helping with the housework at times. The men took care of putting in and harvesting the crops, feeding the livestock, cultivating the soil, and clearing and fencing the land, and building the farm structures.

There were health emergencies that arose which justified the doctor's presence but because of distance, difficult road, or bad weather, it was not a simple matter to have an MD come out from the city. It was vitally important that some member of the family or a nearby neighbor would know what to do. Our most gracious neighbor in this respect was Mrs. Rebecca Oakley, whose early training in England had taught her the skill and attention to give at the birth of a child. She welcomed many new arrivals in our community, including all the younger members of our family, - the twins, Rebecca and Daniel, and Dougald, Russell and Margaret, which brought the family total to eleven.

There was an outbreak of smallpox in one or two households, not far from where we lived, which concerned our parents because none of us had been vaccinated. It was mid-winter and not a favorable time for us to make up a sleigh load and travel the fifteen miles or more to the city clinic. What to do! The situation was solved by my parents obtaining an ampule of the precious smallpox vaccine from the city health service. Mother vaccinated each one of us, using a sterilized darning needle to complete the job. The vaccinations took and so relieved us of any further worry.

On many an occasion my mother was called by neighbors for help when serious illness struck their loved ones and she always gave freely of her time and skill in bringing them back to health. Once she was called away on account of illness of a neighbor's child on Christmas Day, when we were all about to sit down to the festive dinner, with the result that we were obliged to go ahead with the meal in her absence. Such things were accepted unhesitatingly and I should judge haven't changed a bit in the more remotely located places.

BALING AND THRESHING: Getting the hay baled and the grain threshed were two important late season jobs needing attention. Most of the farm acreage was then in hay and small grains. The early threshing machine was of the treadmill type, whereas the baling machine was activated by a sweep. Either was powered by a heavy team of horses, and required a crew of ten or more men.

Since my early days on the farm, the change that has taken place has been phenomenal; the threshing is now done by combine, as well as the baling (or bundling) in one operation, in the field. This has greatly lessened the number of man hours required.

We usually had a week or ten days' notice before the baler or the thresher crew was to come and so could make preparations accordingly. We exchanged help with the neighbors with the result that little or no money changed hands for labor. Over the years, the improvements made in these machines cut down on the help needed and expedited the work. A new hay baler came into the valley, having an automatic feeder which no longer required manual effort to pack the hay in front of the bumper, - that was indeed a labor-saving, and safety device. Also, in the early teens, the first steam driven tractor threshing machine came into the valley. It was run by Bernard Coleman, a most likeable young man, who with his brother Willie, joined the Canadian military service of World War One and went to France.

How we watched, with admiration and wonder, this huge steam-puffing monster as it wended its way along the road pulling the seeming unwieldy grain separator in tow, and occasionally breaking one of the planks in the nearby culvert. We would always have a supply of firewood

and barrels of water conveniently placed awaiting its thirsty arrival.

The womenfolk had their culinary preparations to make which probably required more skill and know-how than was required for the outside jobs. They had to bake pies, cook vegetables, roast meats and make sure that the hungry workers got well fed.

Invariably, seconds were the accepted routine at the refectation table and there was usually enough internal capacity for another helping of pie all around. No housewife wanted it to be said of her that she was a poor cook or that there was a lack of food to satisfy the hearty appetites.

THE MOOSE HUNT: It was pleasant Indian summer weather and Angus Gillespie had just pitched the last sheaf of grain into the thresher at our place. He then called me over to ask if I'd like to go on a moose-hunting trip when the season opened. The prospective party so far was composed of himself, his two sons, Duncan and Charlie, his brother, Duncan, and a nephew from back east. I thought it a glorious adventure and without considering that we possessed nothing else than an old muzzle loader, I said I'd be glad to go.

That evening I broached the matter to my parents, but they seemed none too pleased at the thought of their son striking out for big game, - yet they didn't want to see me disappointed. Mother feared that I'd freeze to death in the late November weather but was reassured on that point. I felt that it was up to me to avail myself of a high power rifle and a hunting license.

I knew that I couldn't afford a new hunting rifle. It so happened that my brother John, and his high school classmate, Leslie Hallett, had come to enjoy Mother's cooking and to spend the weekend with us. I told them my problem. This prompted the remark by one of them that there was an assortment of Lee-Enfield army rifles up for sale at the city armory, at five dollars each. They said they'd pick a good one for me, which they did. All the rifle needed was the removal of its bayonet, and to be supplied with proper ammunition from Piper's hardware store.

Our party took off one cold morning in Angus Gillespie's farm wagon with some fifteen miles to go; the last few miles were over rocky trail before we reached the camp site near Cloud Lake.

We arrived at the camping spot in early afternoon and set up our big tent over an old box stove which marked the place from previous years. About the only thing we did to the interior was to add a fresh supply of spruce and balsam boughs to the bunks to provide for comfortable sleeping.

The following morning we packed our lunches and started out. I was the only rookie in the crowd as this would be my first real lesson in moose hunting. Angus suggested to each of us the way to go; for me it was a rocky ledge perhaps a quarter of a mile beyond. Just as I was arriving there I heard a crashing noise across the ravine, but at a higher level of mountain side, from where I stood. It was the sound made by moose with their broad antlers striking the branches in their pathway. Soon I sighted seven moose, ranging from yearlings to oldsters, as they dashed through an opening into the underbrush beyond. I had time only to sight my rifle at an estimated 500 yards and fire a shot at one of the bulls in its headlong flight. The animal dropped instantly, as it was shot

through the head. All the others of our hunting party were still within hearing distance and it wasn't long before we were all gathered around the fallen monarch. After taking a look, Angus and the others agreed that it was a great shot, and right on target. We soon had the animal skinned, quartered and anchored high enough on a tree trunk to protect it against wolves and other predators until we could have the carcass hauled to camp. The following day my good friend Charlie Gillespie got his moose.

PET CROWS: By this time, John had returned home from high school, for summer vacation, to help on the farm. Whatever the reason, possibly something in his biology course prompted him to bring five young crows into captivity. The nest was in a nearby jackpine tree and the parents didn't seem to mind that their offspring failed to remain under their care and guidance.

The adopted birds took to our farm yard as readily as though it were their natural habitat. The only precaution we had to observe was to keep them well supplied with the things they liked and it seemed that they liked 'most anything edible. They ate table scraps and liked to hop around, where we might be hoeing in the garden, to pick up grubs and other tasty morsels which they'd devour with gusto.

For a time everything seemed to be going well, but one day Mother discovered that some of her shiny possessions were missing; it would be a silver thimble one day, and possibly a small spoon or other glittering item another time, - it began to add up.

We didn't suspect the culprits until we actually saw one of the crows fly off with something, but we failed to note its hiding place. We then placed some bits of tinsel on the table and left the window open, and watched. Soon one of the crows lit on the window sill, and seeing no one, picked up the bits of tinfoil and flew in a circuitous route to an old lumber pile, where it hid its loot. After the bird flew away, we searched and found most of the missing items. It was not long before we recovered nearly all of the lost things by using the same strategy.

The crows proved to be friendly pets; they'd fly onto anyone's shoulder, hat or head without warning, and if the recipient of this greeting happened to be a stranger, it was a surprise and sometimes a shock if the crow had just flown from the dew-covered grass. We decided that in addition to this being a show of friendliness, it might also be to warm its cold feet.

We never managed to keep the birds over winter because in early fall they became restless and disappeared with the migrating members of their tribe for the south. It was our hope that they made the trip safely along with their fellows.

COLLEGE: It was late in the winter of 1915 when John and I attended a meeting of the Farmer's Institute, addressed by Dr. George C. Creelman, then President of the Ontario Agricultural College (OAC). We had already heard good things about this college but learned more at this session, of what the college had to offer, than we had known before, and we were much impressed.

John and I decided that we must go to OAC; he had his high schooling completed and I probably hoped to get in on his coattails. Our parents were favorable to college but weren't too sure how it could be

financed. One hundred and twenty dollars a year for tuition and four dollars a week for room, board, and laundry, in residence, plus railway fare to and from Guelph, was not easy to come by.

After giving the matter some thought, Father suggested that we might run the farm for the season, with half the profit going towards our college education, and he would run the bee yards; it was felt that this would see us through our first year. The idea appealed to us and so we agreed to the proposition. This was the year that Father bought his first car, - a 1915 Ford roadster that had magneto-run electric headlights. With the help of the local blacksmith, a sizeable box was installed back of the seat to make the vehicle serve as a pick-up truck. Only one other member of the family, besides Father, was permitted to drive it that year, and that was John, - a wise though unpopular decision. The machine went through the season well cared for and without mishap.

When the season's finances were considered in early September, there was only enough cash represented to let one of us be sent to college; it was agreed all around that this should be John as he was four years my senior, - my chance would come later.

That fall, Reg, who lived in the city and was well up in the government grain inspection service, told me that they needed someone to take charge of the upper bin floor of CPR Elevator D. This was then the largest single annex grain storage place in the world, with capacity over ten million bushels of grain.

As work on the farm had then slackened, I took the job and, except for the dusty environment, enjoyed the change and the pay with time and a half allowed for all work beyond six o'clock in the evenings. That fall I usually worked to ten every night and so managed to round the edge off the summer's poor financial record and add to my college fund.

By late fall after a year at Elevator D, I had saved enough that I could move closer to Guelph and OAC. One of the men at my boarding house told me that he had just accepted an offer from International Harvester Company (IHC in Hamilton, Ontario, - about 25 miles from Guelph. He asked me if I'd like to come along, as IHC wanted more help. It looked attractive, as our fares would be paid, and so we went and were put to work upon arrival.

When Christmas season began, I made a special trip to Guelph one weekend, to visit John and inquire into the prospect of registering for college. The best I could then do was to sign up for the winter dairy school course, which I did. When I told the genial clerk at IHC that I was quitting, to go to college, his only comment was, "you lucky fellow."

DAIRY SCHOOL: Towards the close of the two months' dairy school which included an additional two weeks' stint of ice cream manufacture, Professor H. H. Dean, Head of the Dairy Department at OAC called me into his office. I probably felt a bit nervous about the summons, wondering if I had done something wrong and might be due for a reprimand, but upon entering his office I noticed by his broad smile that all was well. He wanted me to go out on Record of Merit testing until something better would develop. I liked the

idea. It would mean my first assignment following the course I had taken.

The work took me into the village of Tavistock, a dairy center and the home of Canada's famous holstein cow, Baroness Madeline, who had won for the third consecutive year, first place in the national milk and butter fat competition. It was my responsibility to supervise this latest test which would last about a month, at the William Stock farm, located a few miles out of Tavistock. It was now spring and I was getting good experience in the dairy work, as well as a week's introduction to maple syrup making on a nearby farm belonging to a farmer with the euphonious name of Jake Mogk.

Early in May as I was finishing with the work in Tavistock, I received a letter from Professor Dean, directing me to go to the Rosedale Creamery Company of nearby Kitchener. I left with the feeling that my departure was none too soon as I felt somewhat to blame for more than doubling the price of a haircut in the fair village. When I first arrived in Tavistock, I had occasion to go to its barber shop and get a haircut, which cost only fifteen cents; before leaving the shop I remarked to the barber that this was the least that I had ever paid, - that back at the college town of Guelph I had been paying thirty five cents for the same thing. The barber looked somewhat incredulous but made no comment. Upon my return to his shop, several weeks later for another haircut, he had raised his price to thirty five cents and the rumor was then going around that I was to blame because of reporting the higher price charged elsewhere. Perhaps it was my good deed for the day.

The biggest thrill of going to Kitchener was that I'd be in charge of a new phase of dairying to me, - that of cheese-making. I would start with a new cheese press and stainless steel vats; Professor MacKinney of the OAC dairy department would spend a day or two with me to make sure that I got started right. All went well and it was a successful enterprise for a couple of months, - or until the wartime price of milk increased so greatly in relation to the price of cheese that manufacture of the latter had to come to an abrupt halt.

On the evening following this news, I mentioned to one of the men at my boarding house, who was manager of a Kitchener munitions making place that I'd soon be leaving and told him why. He said, "come on over to my place and I'll have you turning out artillery shells at double the pay you have been getting." I thought then that if I couldn't be at the front helping to fire the shells, the least I could do was to help make them, - so I accepted his offer.

Each shell was about six inches in diameter and weighed close to ninety pounds prior to the turn I gave it on the steel lathe. It was precision work for a beginner because the shell's surface had to be pared to within a hair's breadth of accuracy. The work continued until it was about time for me to leave for the opening of college in mid-September.

EARLY REGISTRATION: My last day at the munitions factory was terminated by a minor accident. About midafternoon, as I was fastening a shell into the lathe, I accidentally cut the back of two of my fingers on a projecting sharp piece of steel. First aid was given but, as it would mean a few days disablement, I decided to then return to OAC and

Guelph, - even though I'd be earlier than necessary.

My brother John, then a third year student and unaware of what had happened, told the football coach, Art Musgrave, what a good prospect I'd be for the team, but after seeing my bandaged hand, they decided I'd better tackle something less strenuous.

There were other activities; at the outset I joined the philharmonic group and took part in the Queen Esther cantata. The cantata was presented on the stage of our auditorium to a packed audience of students and permanent residents of the area, and was well received.

Of all the winter sports, I liked ice skating the best. The OAC Cooperative Association had, a few years previously, constructed a huge, metal clad building as an indoor skating rink. During its first winter's use, a very heavy snowfall occurring early on Christmas morning, when nobody was inside, brought about its sudden collapse. After some delay to raise additional funds, the association put up a new building on the same site, using the metal and other salvageable material from the old wrecked structure. It was ready before we arrived on the campus and looked rugged and well enough braced to withstand any storm.

The year, although highlighted by many happy events, was saddened by the tragic happenings incident to the war then in progress. One such tragedy was the explosion of some three thousand tons of TNT in Halifax harbor on December 6, 1917. It was caused by the collision of two ships and resulted in the deaths of over 1600 people and heavy property damage to the part of the city nearest the blast.

In addition to taking the regular classroom work, we took Canadian Officer's Training Course (COTC) drill under the instruction of capable instructors, - mostly upper class men. The school year continued apace with a goodly number of students enlisting for overseas service. It wasn't until mid-April that I had a big decision to make, - that of joining the army.

GETTING INTO UNIFORM: It took about a month of waiting in the First Depot Battalion Manitoba, including two weeks' seeding leave on our farm, before I got into the branch of the military service that I had in mind. I already had deferment under the Canadian Military Service Act to stay on the farm, but finding that my younger brothers, Dan, Dougald and Russell were reaching the stage where they could help Father with the farm work, I left for Winnipeg to enlist in the Fort Garry Horse (FGH), the nearest cavalry unit. Upon arrival in Winnipeg, I found that the FGH was not quite ready to take on new recruits. It was then that I called on my friend, Leslie Hallett, then a sergeant in the infantry; he suggested joining his outfit and, if I still wished, transfer to the cavalry later. This I did, but discovered there were no uniforms on hand; about the only thing to do was wait around, with the rest of the newcomers, wearing civilian clothes.

To my surprise the unexpected developed. A beribboned sergeant major, upon seeing me standing by, asked me if I could write. I replied that I could and added that I had just completed my first year in college. "You're just the man I need," he said, as he explained there were eighty young fellows who might as well be home on seeding leave as to be idling their time on standby. I could have added one more to his list because I was in the same category. He showed me to a desk and

asked me to give such help as might be needed to the fellows in filling out their applications. The completed forms were then passed on for action to an officer at a nearby desk.

As we were nearing the end of the line of applicants, I said to the officer that I too was needing a seeding leave because by now the fields would be fairly dry and workable on our farm. He replied, "why don't you fill in an application for yourself?" which I did. Next morning, the names were called and like Abou Ben Adhem, mine was there even though it didn't lead all the rest.

The two weeks on the farm passed by all too soon. It helped get the spring work done in good time. I returned to Winnipeg but before reporting in, I enquired of FGH and was told that it was now ready for a new group and the riding test would be held on the Winnipeg fairgrounds on the following Monday at ten o'clock in the morning.

Following a trolley ride to the fairgrounds, headquarters of the FGH, I found one hundred or more waiting for the riding test, - the rumor was then going around that no more than fifty were needed, so it meant that half or more of the hopefuls would be eliminated. The test consisted of riding around, without benefit of saddle, in a wide circle, mostly at the trot, canter or gallop, with an officer and his aide in the center to observe. The test required about half an hour of riding which was enough to shake off about half of the riders. The rest were told to report at the orderly room. For once I was heartily thankful for the early training I had had, both bareback and saddle, on our old bronco, Deck. I soon was transferred into the cavalry for good.

THE BIVOUAC: Major Stoneham decided it was high time for all those being considered to be sent overseas to go on a ride, some ways out of Winnipeg, and bivouac overnight, - this turned out to be a church yard in a quaint French-Canadian village. "You men must get accustomed to roughing it," he said.

We saddled our mounts and with ample lunch, a rolled army blanket and our only weapon, the cavalryman's sword, we started out by mid afternoon. The departure wasn't marked by fanfare nor was there anything special in equitation, which was now "old hat" to most of us. We rode into the sombre churchyard, halter tied our horses to the rail at the yard's perimeter, and otherwise tended our mounts before starting to eat our evening lunch. Our saddles served as pillows that night.

Before retiring, one of the fellows pulled the rope which rang the church bell rather loudly; he did it as a lark, but it had unexpected repercussions for him. It summoned the villagers, including the priest. Soon over one hundred men, women and children arrived in answer to the summons. It was the church's method of calling its parishioners to an important meeting. Something had to be done to ease the tension; the officer in charge called the man responsible for the prank and told him that as punishment his name would be struck off the list of FGH going overseas. At first, we felt this no punishment at all; it was later that we learned the next contingent of FGH was going to Siberia and this fellow would be a member of it.

After partaking of our left-over sandwiches and alleged coffee in the morning, we headed back for camp. Along the way, we were given a command which required us to draw swords. Everyone except the officer's

aide drew swords; he was promptly called upon to explain his failure to obey. All he said was, "my horse must have stepped on it last night, and it's bent the scabbard so that I can't get it loose." The officer told him to take it to the blacksmith on returning to camp, and get it fixed.

Somewhere, about half way along the return route, the officer in charge called a halt to say there would be a sham battle; that each man must have his horse at the gallop, sword drawn and pointing forward, and yell for all he was worth. The bugle blew the signal and every nag with rider plunged forward as directed. Why I was assigned such a tough mouthed, stubborn horse, I'll never know. I learned that at one time in its career it had been an artillery horse, but had proved so unmanageable that it was quietly shunted into this cavalry unit and it was my luck to draw him.

It seemed no time before my horse, scared out of his wits by the yelling, was ahead and leading the charge, and before the bugle sounded to announce that the imaginary fray was over, I was fully half a mile in front of my nearest competitor. I guessed afterwards that the horse had heard the bugle and decided that any further nonsense, on his part, was uncalled for. Had it been a real battle I might have been cited for bravery beyond the call of duty and awarded a medal and ribbons, - as it was, I got ribbed aplenty for the exploit.

THE TROOP TRAIN: Now that the bivouac was over and our contingent was ready to proceed overseas, there were the usual rumors. The one that fooled us, whose homes were in the east, was that the troop train would make its customary stop at our home station, and for this reason we wouldn't be granted home leave. Upon hearing this, some of us whose homes were in Thunder Bay and eastward made enquiry at the orderly room and were told to notify our kinfolk to be at the station and they'd see us as we passed through. Naturally, we sent word ahead as advised.

You may have guessed it; the train carrying us and our hopes left Winnipeg on another line, and traveled eastward on a more northerly route through wilderness we had never seen before. We learned too late that it bypassed Thunder Bay by more than fifty miles to the north, with the result that we, as well as our home folk, were disappointed. Later we were told by one of the officers that we had been misadvised for security reasons.

A pleasant surprise awaited us along the way. It was decided we'd spend a while at an army camp near Ottawa, - to give us a chance to "stretch our legs" and get ready for the long voyage which would begin in Montreal.

When we arrived in Montreal, we were marched directly aboard a waiting troopship; a ship that had formerly been a cattle boat. About the only face lifting it had undergone to warrant its promotion to troopship was the black and white paint job, or camouflage, to make it less of a target for submarines. It didn't have any posh state rooms for us; we were introduced to canvas hammocks which we swung for sleeping in the hold below deck. One had to get used to hammock sleeping, to like it, so we were told. The voyage didn't last long enough for this. The best thing about a hammock is that it can be rolled up and tucked out of the way when not in use.

THE CONVOY: Embarking from Montreal and cruising down the St. Lawrence River was a mild introduction to our ocean travel. Each branch of the military service had been assigned its daytime quarters in some specified portion of the ship's deck. Ours, the FGH, was the stern part known in ship's parlance as the poop-deck. We were delighted with its location; there was ample room to move around, play games, visit with one another, or watch the passing scenery.

The river part of the way was pleasant in that there was the ever changing scenery on either bank. It was not until the ship entered open sea that the waves became choppy and the situation changed. A goodly number of the fellows aboard were showing unmistakable evidence of sea-sickness. The ship veered to the south, to our surprise, but the word soon got around that this was because we were joining a convoy in Halifax harbor.

I doubt if there was a soul aboard who didn't welcome the harbor stay; the sea-sickness promptly disappeared, at least temporarily. When the ships were ready to proceed, all nineteen of them, with their zebra-like stripes and colors, they sailed out of the harbor in orderly fashion, - each moving along in zig-zag manner which made them less of a target for undersea raiders.

What a sight it was to look around and see troopships heading in the same general direction. It was no solitary way with all this company. The only saddening sight was to see the burials at sea, to be seen 'most every morning, over the side of some ship. The 'flu was then taking its toll of lives both on sea and land. The weather was clear and it was easy to see the weighted canvas and flag shrouded corpse being slowly lowered into the sea, as the chaplain or captain gave the concluding benediction.

As the ships were passing the south coast of Ireland, near where the S/S Lusitania was sunk by German submarine in 1915, a sub watch lookout was posted. The lookout was composed entirely of FGH men; each was assigned to some strategic part of the ship. We hadn't been on duty more than half an hour when I sighted what I was sure was a submarine. I immediately called this to the attention of an officer on the bridge, - pointing in its direction. He looked at it through field glasses and then called back to say it was a friendly sub; however, he thanked me, and complimented me on having good eyes. We were then nearing the Irish Sea and before long would be making port in Liverpool, - nineteen days after we had left Montreal.

CAMP SHORNECLIFFE.: It was no stopover in Liverpool. We were quickly transferred from the ship to a troop train that was on standby for us, - then whisked across the country to Camp Shornecliffe, close to Folkestone, overlooking the English Channel. This would be our training headquarters. It was about as close as we could get to France without crossing the twenty miles or so of water that intervened.

The training here was much the same as at Winnipeg except that sword drill was almost entirely eliminated and the use of grenades, rifles and how to deal with poison gases were taught instead. All our time was taken up with drilling of one kind or another, designed to prepare us for the type of fighting then going on in France.

It was even then being rumored that the cavalry would be dismounted and

distributed into other branches of the military where it would be more useful. Fighting in trench warfare was never intended to accomodate horses. A few of the fellows, seeing the handwriting on the wall, quietly transferred to the tank corps in the hopes of seeing action. The horse cavalry was no longer the eyes and the ears of the army. The airplane had already taken over this prerogative, which was a bitter pill for the cavalryman to swallow.

It was then the latter part of September and everything seemed to be going well with me except for a bad cold which I thought I had. After a few days more of routine drill and no improvement in my condition, I reported to the medical office. There were twenty or more on sick parade that morning. When it came my turn, the medical officer asked me what was wrong and I told him I was sick. He took my temperature and after some further examination, said that he was calling the ambulance to take me to the hospital, - less than a mile away. I learned that I had a combination of 'flu and bronchitis and a temperature of 104 degrees.

The type of 'flu then in circulation would have been bad enough, but to have bronchitis as well no doubt prompted the doctor to get me to the hospital without delay. It was luxury to change from the barrack's bedboards to a hospital cot. The hospital overlooked the English Channel and on clear days one could see across to the coastline of France. With the good care I was to receive, I looked forward to an early recovery.

THE HOSPITAL: The hospital sojourn was longer than anticipated, - about six weeks. It was not until the morning of November 9th that I was released and sent on my way. I had expected to be returned direct to my outfit, located close by, but instead was sent to convalescent hospital at Camp Witley. To get there, I had to go to London, where I would change trains for the last leg of the journey.

Now, anyone seeing London for the first time should at least stop over and see the sights. In my case, it worked beautifully; my train arrived in London well before noon and I found that I could spend the rest of the daylight hours in this great city, and then change to a train that would put me into Witley before midnight.

The stop in London was a memorable experience; it happened to be LORD MAYOR OF LONDON SHOW DAY, a traditional annual event that is dear to the heart of every Londoner. It was featured by a great parade, miles long, and represented by the various branches of the military, trades, guilds, and "all the king's horses and all the king's men." Captured German zeppelins and other aircraft were flown overhead to lend color to what was colorful enough on the London thoroughfares. Besides seeing all this, I managed to get around for brief visits to the Tower of London, the palace grounds, and a view of London Bridge which now has been moved, stone by stone, and set up as a tourist attraction at Lake Havasu on the California-Nevada border in the USA. The afternoon sped by all too fast but I managed to catch the last train that would get me to my destination at a reasonable hour.

There were several other khaki clad fellows enroute to the same hospital and so I had no trouble in finding my way. We reported to the convalescent office and were all assigned to the same barrack's room; it was bedboards again. With the rolled blanket and army great-coat that I had brought along, and being tired from the day's activities, I

slept soundly for the remaining portion of the night.

The following day, November 10th, was a somewhat restful prelude to what transpired the following day. We had no sooner than finished breakfast on the morning of the 11th, when we were told to get ready for a march into the surrounding country. Ours was not to reason why. It was, to say the least, an unusual hospital procedure but then it turned out to be an unusual occasion.

We were marched some miles away from camp, when about mid-morning the return journey was begun. Towards noon as we were nearing camp we were greeted, from both sides of the road, by cheering citizens shouting that the war was over and the armistice signed. That was all we needed to expedite the last portion of our trek.

We had been scheduled to get back into camp in time for the noon meal. We arrived in time all right, but most of the fellows were in no mood for solid food; they were bent on celebrating the long awaited event. In the mess hall that noon, the only ones who looked dejected were the cooks and their helpers. We didn't know whether they were unhappy because of the few who came for the meal or the fact that they too weren't celebrating along with the many others.

CAMP WITLEY: My convalescence at Camp Witley was of short duration, somewhat under four days, and without benefit of even seeing a doctor. Early in the morning of November 13, I was given my traveling papers, as were many others, and instructed to return to our respective outfits. This took me back by evening to the same railroad station at Folkestone where I had started out from so recently. I was soon back to my old barrack's room at Shornecliffe Camp where I had been in training.

Now that the war was over we couldn't help but think of getting back to Canada. This, as many of us came to know, ran into many months. It was good to be back with the fellows I had known; naturally they expressed surprise that I was back so soon from Witley, and suggested that I had become more of a tourist than a cavalryman.

The drilling we had been having was now over; even the horses must have realized this. One day the FGH called for volunteers to take the horses to a dispersal depot and I responded along with others. It was the last chance that we would have to ride saddle in the cavalry. Each man rode one horse and led three. It was a nice day's ride, and a pleasant night's lodging at our destination; we returned to our headquarters by train the following day.

We missed not having the horses around, as most of them we thought of as pets, but realized that they too must get back to their former equine life. Most of all, we missed the hours of grooming, feeding and otherwise tending them, but we appreciated the freedom we now had from these duties. We could now think about the sight seeing we'd like to do in this interesting part of the world. About then, we were told to get ready for transfer to Camp Bordon, - a camp in southern England, still far short of Liverpool where we'd eventually embark for Canada and home.

Our train got us into Bordon shortly before Thanksgiving Day and considering all the excitement of moving, we didn't expect any "red carpet" treatment. The treat came, however, in the form of a

thanksgiving dinner served in Camp Bordon's mess hall. It was the most sumptuous repast that anyone I knew had had during army life; it included roast turkey with all the trimmings. The chaplain's prayer mentioned, among the many things we should be thankful for, the blessed peace and prospect of being returned to our loved ones. The festive occasion ended with the singing of Tipperary, long, long trail a-winding, and other popular songs.

CAMP BORDON: My pal, Ernie Moore, reminded me that it was time we were thinking about leave to visit places to be seen in the eight days then granted. We decided that we should go as far north in Scotland as Dornoch in Sutherlandshire. Both Ernie and I applied for Christmas leave but were turned down because we hadn't named relatives to see. We then reapplied, this time for New Year's leave which was approved, and being soon provided with traveling warrants and passes, we left Bordon on an early train and traveled north to Edinburgh. It was the first time for either of us to see this majestic city, its Holyrood palace, Edinburgh castle, Scotts monument at Waverly station and many other attractions.

After seeing these places, we left Edinburgh and went to Aberdeen, the granite city, so named because many of its buildings are constructed from this rugged stone. On the day we spent there we even climbed atop its Marischal College and viewed the surrounding countryside from high up.

From Aberdeen we continued by train to Inverness where we were obliged to stay overnight, and in the morning continue on to our Dornoch destination, - the last few miles was done in the genial postman's wagon. Ernie's ancestors as well as my own had come from this general area. Dornoch had another appeal to me because one of the pieces that my father liked to play on his violin was entitled "The Dornoch Links". While in Dornoch I roamed over its golf course with Ernie and several of our Dornoch friends.

Visiting castles and Dornoch kinfolk probably was too much in the chilly weather we met with at this time of year; both Ernie and I picked up colds. Ernie's aunt insisted that we shouldn't return to camp until we were well, and besides she said, "what's the hurry, the war is over." Her logic prevailed and so we overstayed our leave by nine days. Before leaving Dornoch, we fortified ourselves with medical certificates from the forestry corps medical office; its sergeant told us the certificates would stand us in good stead upon our return to camp. Had we known that our FGH outfit was on the verge of making another move, we might have left earlier.

We spent a day in Glasgow seeing places of interest and that evening attended a never-to-be-forgotten banquet held in honor of Major Henry Strachan, V. C., at the hotel where we stopped overnight. The major was a member of FGH, Canadian Cavalry Brigade, and won the Victoria Cross for gallantry in action during the latter part of World War One. Ernie and I would probably have missed being invited had it not been that our badges were recognized when we registered at the hotel.

The following morning, we left by train for Ayr to visit the Robert Burns country. We were shown around from Burns' cottage to the Auld Kirk, Brig O'Doon, Tam O'Shanter and Souter Johnny Inn, and other places of interest by a guide who told sidelights on all. We arrived back to Camp Bordon by train about two o'clock in the morning and

walked the short distance to our barracks to get some sleep. Imagine our surprise to be awakened about two hours following our arrival to depart for Camp Rhyl near Liverpool. We had scarcely fallen asleep when we were so abruptly awakened. When the lights turned on and our buddies saw we had returned, they warned us that we'd be in for dire punishment for overstaying or being away without leave (AWOL) for so long.

It was over fifty years (June of 1969) before I could again visit this area north of Inverness. This time, it was with my wife Hope, and as a life member of the Clan Munro of Scotland. We saw Foulis Castle (in the Royal Burgh of Tain in Ross Shire), the ancestral headquarters of the clan, and had a visit over the phone with its Chief, Captain Patrick Munro, and were guests of his gracious mother at tea in the castle one sunny afternoon.

CAMP RHYL: It is understandable that Ernie and I had little time to pack our things, eat breakfast and pick up our lunches for the trip. We did our best and joined the march back to the same railroad station we had left only a few hours before. We then boarded the train that would take us to Rhyl, - a west coast city of Wales.

The trip was probably expedited by an incident at the first station where the train made an overly long stop. It was early morning and many large cans of milk were standing on the platform; whether the fellows thought this was an invitation to help themselves or not, they carried at least a can full of the healthful beverage into each coach to supplement the sandwiches they had brought along. Thereafter only one stop was made along the route which was barely enough to get the empty cans unloaded and redirected.

We got into Rhyl in late afternoon and were promptly marched to camp. They were barracks, much like the others, - frame structures with a dual fireplace in the center, with opening of the hearths to either end of the building. The fellows were telling us that our AWOL was sure to catch up with us, but we dismissed the thought, thinking that in the commotion of moving, the army would forget.

The following morning, Ernie and I were recounting our tour of Scotland with a group that were idle, seated in front of the glowing fireplace, when who should open the door and shout "Trooper Moore and Trooper Munro!" but our Sergeant Major. He brusquely warned us to appear at ten o'clock that morning before the Squadron Commander. No, the army hadn't forgotten.

We had our boots and brass well polished and must have appeared presentable when the S'gt Major called for us. Even so, the Squadron Commander gave us a cool reception. When the charge was read out, including AWOL for nine days and loss of a few small items of equipment that in our hurry we hadn't time to pick up, the officer asked for an explanation. On telling him our story, and presenting the certificate, he said that he didn't believe a word of it, and so ordered us to appear before the Company Commander at two o'clock in the afternoon of the same day.

This was where we thought we had met our Waterloo, but to our joy, we found the Company Commander a more genial appearing officer, of kindlier visage and more inclined to believe us. He did, however, say that he had never known bronchitis to be so catching and that it was strange one of us hadn't been fit to travel at least a day sooner. In

that he directed the remark to me, I answered, "yes, I was fit to travel sooner, but I thought it not right to leave Ernie 'way up there in the north of Scotland alone." The Commander promptly banged the desk with his fist and replied, "you did the right thing, my boy, you did the right thing, - exactly what I would have done under similar circumstances. Cases dismissed!!" Yes, Camp Rhyl took on a brightened outlook for us.

KHAKI UNIVERSITY: At Rhyl there wasn't anything much more exciting than to await our turn doing guard duty or see who was on the next sailing list for Canada. One day while scanning the bulletin board, I happened to see a notice about the Khaki University and that further information might be had from the orderly room. Having already completed one year of college, I was interested. The clerk in the orderly room handed me a brochure and application form.

In the matter of minutes, I decided to answer the questions and submit the application for consideration. To my surprise, it was favorably acted upon and the following day I was told to report to the quartermaster's office for a new uniform, shoes, and anything else I might need to make a good appearance. After picking up my travel papers I was on my way to Ripon, in Yorkshire, where the Khaki University was located. There I found that the university occupied the barracks of a recently vacated army camp. No ivy mantled towers or walls, - just the same type of buildings that we had become accustomed to. We found them to serve quite well for the scholastic attainment we had in mind.

We enjoyed Ripon, with its majestic cathedral and nearby Fountains Abbey, structures which like the many others in this part of the world are truly miracles in stone; they're examples of the craftsmanship of workers going back a thousand years or more ago.

After registering for neglected high school courses, instead of second year college work, I felt that I had done the right thing. By so doing, I would have Professor George M. Wrong, Head of the History Department of Toronto University to teach history; Prof. H. J. Rose of McGill University to teach Latin, Prof. E. Sonet, University of Alberta, for French, and other instructors of similar high calibre. They were all great teachers; it was wonderful that the Canadian government arranged for these men to come over and teach us.

During our five months' stay in Ripon there were few incidents of note. Once, for a change, and to use up some surplus canteen funds, a thousand or more of us were taken by train for a day's outing to Scarborough, a city on the east coast facing the North Sea. There we saw the damage done by the German navy bombardment of Scarborough during World War One; it was a welcome break from our studies. We were also called away during the week set for final exams, to the town of Epsom (south of London) because of trouble there. It so happened that the soldier patients in the military hospital, in Epsom, had antagonized the people by killing one of its policemen. The soldier responsible for the deed was said to have been imbibing too freely at the local pub and in a scuffle that took place, shot and killed the arresting officer. It appeared then that the people were about to take their revenge on all the soldier patients; our arrival was timely.

During our week in Epsom, things quietened down and there was nothing more unusual to happen than for a soldier patient, who was returning late at night to hospital, to fall to his death into a rock quarry near

our camp. I was on guard duty that night within hearing distance and promptly reported what sounded like a violent scuffle from where he fell. It seemed very unlikely that the fellow could have accidentally strayed off the main route to this tragic end. The local paper passed his death off as an accident, suggesting that he had probably tried to take a short cut, but people in the know said that it was just a case where someone had to pay for the death of the policeman. Possibly the eye for an eye and tooth for a tooth tradition of old prevailed.

IRELAND: Naturally, we felt as most students feel when exams are called off. Any chance of disappointment was remedied by the promise that each student would receive prompt certification for the courses taken. We were now scheduled for final leave and as I hadn't visited Ireland, I decided to go there. A number of others in our group made the same decision and so this meant good company along the way.

Our first stop was Dublin and while there we visited the famed Trinity College and its fine library. Its most notable book is its prized 8th century illuminated Book of Kells. We also visited the Guinness brewery and besides being shown around by a guide to see how their beverages were made, we were all given samples of their export and domestic brews. One of our group, who downed all his own as well as the samples which his pals failed to drink, said at the end of the tour that he intended to stay in Dublin for the duration of his leave and visit the brewery each day.

That night we stayed at the USA Knights of Columbus hostel, which was a much better place than any of the hotels at that time; it was a pleasant surprise for us because we were all Canadians and not one of us of the Roman Catholic faith. It was somewhat of an ecumenical experience. Actually, one of our fellows was studying to be a Presbyterian minister.

The next leg of our journey took us to the city of Cork, but the train ride was somewhat marred by several shifty characters who tried to get us into a card game. They used abusive language on us when we declined, and as the situation was growing rougher, I decided to go to the adjoining coach and get the train guard. He came right away and finding that the intruders had no tickets, - nor would they pay their fares, he had the train stop, about midway between railroad stations, and saw that they got off. That done, he turned to us and said, "it'll be some days before that gang of thieves can again get on a train to rob the passengers."

Later, on this trip, the train stopped at a station to pick up a number of workmen returning to their homes in Cork. They filled all the remaining seats in our coach, and as they passed by they scowled at us and otherwise acted in a surly manner. Soon a few of them came to where we were seated and berated us for wearing the khaki uniform. It was no use telling them that we were Canadians because they only replied that it was the same color as the British uniform. It looked like a fracas was in the making, as one of them held a stout, knobbed cane (shillelagh) in his hand in a menacing fashion and we suspected that he was about to strike one of us. About then, the same train guard who had come to our rescue before, opened the door to shout that we were entering Cork. The workers, probably all Sein Feiners, seemed to forget their animosity towards us as they then made ready for their departure.

In general, we were treated courteously in Cork; it was there that we bought our linens and other souvenirs. We enjoyed most our visit to nearby Blarney castle where each of us kissed the high-up blarney stone; later we visited the church on the bank of the River Lee which Francis S. Mahony immortalized in his poem, *The Bells of Shandon*, - the churchman who showed us around played this piece on the chimes as well as the *Maple Leaf Forever* for our special enjoyment. We left Cork on the night boat for Cardiff, Wales, to continue our sight seeing.

THE HOME STRETCH: Upon arriving in Cardiff, I really felt that I was on my way home. This would be our last place to be sightseeing. I particularly wanted to visit the great cheddar cliffs and caves near Cardiff and found there was time to do so. They're a tourist attraction, though we were told the caves were used mainly by the farmers for aging their cheese, - hence, the name "Cheddar" cheese is now known the world over. It was the last day of leave and I saw to it that I got back to Ripon and Khaki University before midnight.

We now packed the things we wished to take home and by this time had learned to travel light. Few took along any more than could be conveniently carried in a duffel bag and knapsack. The train ride to Liverpool was not at all as exciting as when we first saw the houses with their many chimneys, and fields surrounded by hedges or stone fences. It was a happy day for us to board the troopship that would take us back to Halifax, with no need for posting lookouts for subs along the way.

Crossing the Atlantic was pleasant enough; being mid-summer, the days were clear and the ocean fairly calm. Most of the fellows seemed to be thinking of what they might be doing in civilian life. In between times there were the ever present card games and other games of chance. We saw one card game where the stake was about \$2,000. It was won by one of the fellows who later gambled it all away before we docked at Halifax.

From Halifax we went by train, the few of us going to Thunder Bay got off there for demobilization and to bid army life goodbye.

It was good to be back in my old home town even though July 31, 1919 seemed an overly delayed arrival. Before severance, it was required for each of us to sign his crime sheet. When my turn came to sign, I was shocked to find that it had such a long list of crimes (none of serious nature) as to require a supplementary sheet of paper. I promptly made protest because the crimes listed belonged to another soldier who spelled his name Monroe. In that my name had the Canadian spelling, Munro, the orderly clerks being accustomed to the Canadian spelling charged his crimes to me.

Upon being convinced of the error, the officer in charge destroyed the old crime sheet and had me sign a new one that was free of any crime notation; perhaps it's a rarity in the Canadian military archives. I should judge that when Monroe signed his crime sheet, he was delighted to find that most of his crimes were missing, - it goes to show what can happen when there's a mixup in name spelling.

It was good to get home and find all the folk well and enjoying life; by this time my younger brothers, Dan, Dougald and Russell were well able to help with the farm work and I could return to college. Until college opened in September, I signed up on the steward's crew of the

Great Lakes passenger ship, the S/S Noronic, that plied between Thunder Bay, Sarnia and several other lake ports. By so doing, I earned additional wages, plus tips, and had free transportation most of the way to college. It was the last time for me to sail on this ship; thirty years later, on September 17, 1949, while in port at Toronto, the S/S Noronic burned to the waterline with the loss of 119 passengers. I left Sarnia in mid September of 1919, by train for Guelph and the OAC, arriving in time for registration.

BACK TO OAC: It was only a few hours of travel from Sarnia to Guelph. The most vivid impression this part of the trip left with me was seeing the beautiful orchards along the way, loaded with ripening apples.

With registration and initiation of the freshmen over, we quickly got down to the business of learning. Being the first post-war class, there was about double the usual enrollment, - especially of first year students and who were given priority. This crowded many of the upper classmen out of the college residence halls. It fell my lot to get a room in an old stone house on the college farm that was drafty and uninsulated as well as practically unheated. The room was liveable so long as the warm weather lasted, but after the cold winds began to blow, I came down with the worst case of bronchitis ever. The college physician, Dr. Stewart, got me into the military hospital, which was a mile from campus, along the Speed River and accounted for naming the hospital Speedwell. I remained in Speedwell for over six weeks and was released in time for the fall term examinations.

The highlight of the hospital stay was a visit from the then HRH Edward, Prince of Wales. He shook hands and chatted with each of us and pinned some belated medals on a few. The nearest I had ever been to royalty before was to pat the shoulder of the king's favorite horse when I visited the Buckingham stables on one of my visits to London.

Following my release from the hospital, the college was able to accomodate me in residence. I worked hard and with the help of note books loaned me by classmates, I soon caught up on much of what I'd missed.

Although studies were important, I had to make sure about getting a job for the coming summer vacation months. The most encouraging word, in response to enquiries, was a letter from a Mr. Olive of the Winnipeg office of the Soldier Settlement Board (SSB), stating that although there were no vacancies then, that if my travel took me westward, to stop by.

As soon as spring exams were over, I got a train ticket to the west coast with the object of visiting each SSB office until I would secure something. At Winnipeg, my first stop, I met Mr. Olive and upon stating my experience, he called his secretary to take a telegram and send copies to all SSB offices in western Canada. It was such a glowing message that I said to him, after his secretary left, that I'd have to step lively to live up to the fine things he said about me in the telegram. I thanked him before leaving and promised to call back to his office in the morning on the chance there might be a favorable response.

The following morning, even before I reached the information desk, Mr. Olive saw me coming and came forward to congratulate me upon being assigned to the SSB office in Saskatoon, Saskatchewan; I'd be a Field

Supervisor on its staff. I left Winnipeg on the early train of the same day, to get me into Saskatoon, in a blustery snowstorm, about five o'clock in the afternoon. Being a stranger, I called the SSB office upon arrival and was directed to a good hotel near its office, where most of its supervisors stayed when called in from the field.

THE PRAIRIE: My first few days were spent in the Saskatoon office of the SSB, meeting soldier applicants and learning the office routine. One of the first I would greet was Mir. Tom Longboat, a Chippewa from the Thunder Bay vicinity. I had never met him before and wondered if he was the Canadian sprinter. I said to him that I had known of a long-distance runner by his name who had carried off first prize on the twenty-five mile race sponsored by one of the Thunder Bay daily newspaper publishers. He assured me that he was the one. I thought what a small world, to have our paths cross out here on the prairie.

The second day on the job, I was given the assignment of approving the purchase of eight farm horses for a soldier settler. Having had to do with horses, both on our farm as well as in the cavalry, I felt prepared. A senior supervisor was sent along with me; each time I called off the age of a horse, the senior confirmed it and was in full agreement with how I dealt with the whole situation. On my return to the office, I felt that he must have given a good report on me because the same day I was given a territory for the season's activities.

That evening the district agriculturist or supervisor, James Varey, had his evening meal in the dining room of the hotel where I was staying. We were both seated at the same table and in the course of conversation, he asked me about conditions in Manitoba and how the SSB work there might differ from the methods used in Saskatchewan. I answered that I really didn't know, that I had spent only the overnight stop in Winnipeg and a few more hours in traveling through the province. At this, he looked rather taken aback; he said that they had thought they were hiring an experienced hand from the Manitoba staff of SSB. When I told him there was nothing in the telegram of inquiry to warrant such a conclusion, he admitted that it must have been wishful thinking on their part. The following day, I was provided with a re-conditioned Ford touring car, a map and other items I'd need in the work and left for my field headquarters.

The work was difficult at times but went well. By midsummer, the SSB saw fit to double my territory, to take care of the duties vacated by one of their men, who had resigned. When it came time for me to return to college in September, the SSB wrote me a nice letter commending me on the quality of my work and the satisfaction I had given as a field supervisor. I was then asked to remain permanently on its staff. It was a tempting invitation, but I felt I must return to OAC and this I did.

The SSB carried on a valuable program, which was later expanded to give financial aid and technical help to immigrants with agricultural backgrounds in farming. In general, the government money advanced to them for purchase of land, stock and permanent improvements was repayable on the amortization plan, at a low rate of interest, over a period of twenty-five years. Some of the settlers who had a series of good crop years repaid the loan within a year or two, - others who had to contend with drought, grasshopper damage, or possibly mismanagement were not so fortunate.

THE BEE OPTION: In the meantime, the OAC faculty had given approval for students to major or specialize in beekeeping or apiculture. This was indeed good news to the four of us who would make up the class. Professor F. Eric Millen was in charge and saw to it that we were given a good course of training. This was the first time in the history of the college that apiculture was offered as a major subject.

It was rather an abrupt change for us as we had previously been majoring in other subjects. I decided to choose a problem dealing with a physical property of honey, often referred to as candying, and one which has an important bearing on the processing of honey.

Besides our share of library work, we had lectures and laboratory and the practical handling or management of bees. There is probably no other agricultural subject that has more literature of ancient interest than beekeeping, as it dates back to early biblical times when honey was the only concentrated form of sweet. We were much impressed by its antiquity as well as the importance of bees in pollination and other aspects of modern agriculture.

The change-over to beekeeping resulted in a different summer's work than I had previously in mind. When spring came, I was sent out as an apiary inspector and then when funds ran out in midsummer, I was assigned to European corn borer work. This was a new pest that had invaded American agriculture from Europe, and was now raising havoc in our corn fields.

There were three of us on this work. Before examining a corn field for signs of the borer we would usually inform the farmer of our intention. However, once it meant an extra half mile of travel to notify him and we decided to take a chance. The farmer must have seen us enter the field and not knowing our purpose met us, with shotgun in hand, when we were about half way down the length of the field. Once we showed him our credentials and explained our business, he became most cooperative and apologetic.

It was a season of varied experience; after the corn borer work subsided in late summer, I helped the agricultural extension agents in setting up educational displays and agricultural exhibits for several farm fairs. It was then getting time to return to the OAC.

Following the example of my two older brothers, Reg and John (both Masons), I joined the Waverley Masonic lodge at Guelph in October 1921; wherever I've been I've enjoyed the fellowship it has provided over the years. It was not until I went to Kansas in 1923 that I took further work leading to the 32^o, and while in Fargo that I was elected Knight Commander Court of Honor (KCCH), which I particularly cherish because it is conferred only for diligent work in the order.

MONTREAL: It may have been just another school year, but it was an important one for me. I was then a senior and, besides my regular course work, there was the thesis to prepare. There were the final exams which then had to be written under a pseudonym. Mine was "cautious", and the name that preceded mine was, most likely, "careful". The exams had been set by the University of Toronto where our degrees were then conferred. With the recent founding of the University of Guelph, the OAC along with MacDonald Institute and Ontario Veterinary College all occupy the same campus now.

Socially, the highlight of the year was the senior dance or *conversazione*; the imported orchestra played *Roses of Picardy* and other dance music of the times. We were then permitted to take our class canes along when we went on walks, - although the old electric trolley was much more helpful in getting us places.

At this stage, I was beginning to get a bit apprehensive about finding a job, but that took care of itself. The Robertson Brothers had sent a plea to the college for someone to take charge of their bee yards in Montreal and Professor Millen recommended me. I stayed on this job until the end of the season, mid-September, and then joined the staff of the *Family Herald* and *Weekly Star* as an associate editor. In addition to having charge of the horticulture and beekeeping sections of this farm journal, I attended and wrote up the meetings of dairy associations, beekeeping conventions, the international plowing match and other agricultural events. My winter pasttime, while in Montreal, was skiing on the slopes of beautiful Mount Royal.

Early in March of 1923, I received a letter from Professor Millen, saying that Kansas State College (now university) needed an instructor in beekeeping and horticultural entomology, and that he had recommended me. He suggested that if I were interested, to make application direct to Dr. J. H. Merrill who was then in charge at KSC in Manhattan, Kansas. I did so, and also sent a note to Prof. Millen, thanking him for his courtesy. I was soon to receive a favorable response from Kansas. My appointment began the following month, in April; it left me two weeks to get packed, see my folk at Thunder Bay and report for duty.

My work at Kansas State was to teach seventy-six returned soldiers from World War One, what I knew about beekeeping and horticultural entomology; the students would later return to farms in various parts of Kansas. I found the men to be serious minded students who paid excellent attention in class and laboratory. As the result of my two years at this fine institution of higher learning, I finished the work on my Master's degree and was elected to Phi Kappa Phi, the national honorary scholarship society.

KANSAS: What a change of scene from Montreal to Kansas! It was for me the first time to be south of the Canadian border. As a new member of the college staff, I was eligible to live at the faculty club, but as the place was filled, the best I could do was enjoy its meals. Soon, one of the club's long time members, Dr. Muldoon, of the veterinary department and former major in the cavalry, resigned to get married and set up a small animal practice in Illinois. I inherited his room at the club.

Before leaving, Doc sold the fellows raffle tickets on the Kentucky Derby and I chanced to draw the number for Zev, the winner in 1923, that year. It's one of the few times that my horse came in first; it was then that I bought my first car, a 1923 Buick roadster, - not on the winnings from Zev, which as I recall was about five dollars, but instead on the GMAC plan of payments which were conveniently spread over twelve months. It proved to be a most dependable car.

The first long trip I'd take would be summer vacation to my Slate River Valley home near Thunder Bay. I had planned to drive alone but the fates decreed otherwise. Shortly before setting out on this venture, two young men, both teachers, who were finishing their refresher

courses at Kansas State spoke to me about their wish to make the trip with me. The only difficulty I could suggest was the limited seating capacity of the roadster; this was solved by all three of us getting into the seat and driving around several city blocks; no problem.

The following morning, we set out on our trip with no more of a load than a small tent, a camp stove, a frying pan, some groceries and nothing more than really needed. We'd camp along the way as there were few places to stay overnight and eating places were few and far between. The travel was over graveled highway, except for the short strips of pavement in and about city places.

I did all the driving and the other two did the cooking and made camp each night. Not a road was numbered then; the only designations were splashes of one color or another of paint on posts to indicate the trail. Wherever the trails joined or intersected, the many colors gave a somewhat rainbow effect, - confusing at times.

While seeing my homefolk in northern Ontario, we also saw to it that my two companions were shown around. The most memorable outing for us was a fishing trip on Cloud Bay of Lake Superior where we caught some beautiful lake trout, weighing up to about ten pounds. Our boat-man was a fine gentleman, Ed Tripp, a former mining prospector and sea captain. When we called at his lakeside place, he was building a new boat and equipping it with an engine taken from a Stanley Steamer truck.

He cheerfully postponed this work to take us over the bay in a rowboat, equipped with an outboard motor, to make sure we had a good time. We had completed only a week of our vacation when one of my companions received a message from his home folk in Kansas, asking him to return immediately to help with harvesting the crop. We saw him to the station and then it was decided that my brother, Russell, would take the vacated place in the car for the return trip.

FOOTBALL: The football team from the university at Lawrence, Kansas, was to play KSC that fall. KSC had had such a losing streak over the years to the university that we feared we'd lose again. Someone asked the coach, Charlie Bachman, how long it was since KSC won over the university. Bachman replied, "not since the dog chased the rabbit across the playing field at the end of first quarter." Without telling Charlie the purpose of the question, the inquirer got some friends to help him trap a rabbit; then, when the first quarter of the game ended, the rabbit was released and a moment or two later a dog was unleashed to give chase. The cheering then was about as great as had it been a touchdown for KSC.

No one knew for sure whether the cheers were for the dog or the scared rabbit, or the hope that this might break the long jinx of lost games. All ended well for us as well as for the rabbit; it made a fast get away to safety and KSC won the game over the university. Some of the folk tended to credit the win to the dog-rabbit episode, but those who knew, gave full credit to the coach and his team.

I had completed the work on my Master's degree to be conferred at the June commencement, and had the offer of a fellowship in apiculture at Cornell University. It was then February when I left KSC. I took my brother, Russell along as he wanted to return north to a new job, too. This time the travel was mostly over roadway having snow-filled ditches

along the way. There were patches of ice on the road, especially on the tree shaded places in Iowa and Minnesota. When the car was crossing one of the first patches of ice, it suddenly lurched off the road and skidded into a deep cushion of snow.

We had our tow-line, but there was little we could do about getting the car righted; a bus load of passengers passed us by, but offered no help. Soon a farmer came by and kindly had his team of horses yank us out and put us on our way again. It was probably less than half an hour when we caught up to the bus that had passed us by; it was stuck in the mud and unable to move on its own power. There was nothing we could do to help, so we moved on. We continued on northward as far as Hibbing, Minnesota, which was about as far as the condition of the road would permit. From there, the rest of the way was done by train.

CHANGED PLANS: Winter was coming to an end when I visited my home folk, and it came time for me to return to Hibbing where I had left the car, and would resume the drive. All went well as long as I was driving on Minnesota roads but it seemed I hadn't much more than entered Wisconsin that I encountered muddy and almost impassable roadway.

I managed to drive as far as Merrillan junction when the mudholes and difficult driving forced me to give up; after getting into this railroad town, muddy and tired, and late at night, I found a garage still open. I enquired of the owner about road conditions ahead and he replied rather tersely, "worse". He advised storing the car in his place until the road would get dry, - which I did. Then I went by train to Madison where I'd meet the entomology faculty at the University of Wisconsin, in the hope of finding something to do while waiting for the roads to improve.

The law students were having their annual parade and celebration on the day I arrived, but this didn't hinder me from getting around and meeting the folk in entomology and the American Honey Institute, then at this address. One of my new friends, a graduate student, told me that he was driving to nearby Watertown to see the G. B. Lewis factory that manufactures beekeeping equipment. He invited me to accompany him. I did so, and while at the factory I met Mr. Lewis, the owner, and mentioned that I was somewhat on standby status, waiting for the roads in northern Wisconsin to get dry. He said, "why don't you work here in our factory in the meantime; I can put you to work right away". This was just what I needed. I remained and began work the following morning and stayed over a month, - until the first week of May.

During my stay in Watertown, I received an offer of work for the summer in Wyoming, at three times the stipend that the fellowship offered, and so I postponed my trip to Ithaca, and instead traveled westward.

The western trip took me by way of Fargo, North Dakota; there I called on Dr. R. L. Webster, Head of the Department of Entomology of North Dakota Agricultural College (now State University). He suggested that I apply for an assistantship that should be ready in September, - so when I reached my destination in Wyoming, I promptly made application for the post.

It seemed a long drive across North Dakota and Montana and then southwards to my first Wyoming headquarters of Worland. That was the year when Way out West in Wyoming was one of the hit songs. My roadster was

then beginning to pay its way at the ten cents per mile then allowed for official travel. Except for gas and oil the car's only need, at journey's end, was to have its engine bearings tightened. This I did unaided over a weekend. It required the removal of a few metallic shims and replacing a few nuts, screws and the oil pan; that was when car problems were simplified.

WYOMING: I soon learned that commercial beekeeping was important in this land where sweet clover bloom was the main source of honey. This clover, an introduced plant from Europe, was grown in the irrigated fields and had taken over, along roadways and other waste places. Some of the producers, like the Rauchfuss Brothers and "Honeybee" Johnson, in the Big Horn Valley of Wyoming, operated thousands of hives and produced honey by the carload for market. Little did anyone think then that only a few years later the destructive sweet clover weevil would cross the Atlantic to wreak havoc in sweet clover from the east coast to the west coast and seriously affect honey production. As with most new pests, the weevil was not accompanied by its natural enemies.

A few days after I started work I received a telegram from the State Entomologist at Laramie, asking me to inspect some old beehives being offered for sale. It was the law that such equipment be certified as disease-free before it could be sold. It meant a ten mile drive to a somewhat dilapidated place where I found it necessary to park my car a quarter of a mile alongside the trail and walk the distance through sagebrush to the house. Upon knocking at the door, it was opened by one of the children, a teenager. Not being aware that his father had died, I asked for him. The boy replied, "Dad died last week and is buried." I told him why I came and he said they had been expecting me; he then showed me the empty hives requiring certification. In the course of conversation the youngster told me that his father had died from Rocky Mountain spotted fever and that it was spread by ticks. It was a disease I knew nothing about. When the youngster mentioned ticks as the vector, I asked him what kind of ticks. He said, "the kind that are crawling all over your clothes right now." The ticks had grasped onto my clothes as I walked through the sagebrush to the house. I was thankful that my trouser legs were well tucked inside my boot tops. However, I lost no time certifying the equipment and getting back to my hotel room for a bath and to make sure that there were no ticks feeding on my blood. This introduction to them made me decide to take a course in medical entomology at the earliest opportunity.

BALD MOUNTAIN: During my summer stay in Wyoming, I met a young fellow whose home was in Indiana. He was then working on his uncle's ranch for his keep; no wages, and being only seventeen, was decidedly homesick. His parents had sent him ten dollars, - all they could spare, which wouldn't be enough for fare or for him to take a chance on hitch-hiking. I invited him to come with me when I would start back east in September and I'd take him as far as I could.

Instead of returning by way of Billings, Montana, we decided to take a short-cut over Bald Mountain, to Sheridan, and on through the Black Hills and thence through Minnesota. We already had been told that there was a trail over Bald Mountain, but we didn't know how difficult it was for a car. When we arrived at its base and looked up, I think my heart must have skipped a beat or two. It was well named, - not a tree or clump of brush was to be seen on its lofty slope. The old wagon trail had water washed ruts, some deep enough to hide the car. We drove up the steep incline by keeping to the side of the trail. When the car was

about two-thirds up the last hump, it balked completely; there seemed nothing we could do than put it on a diagonal course as a skier would do in a steep ascent. At this point, my companion said he was getting nervous and would like to get out and walk to the summit. He felt sure the car would roll over. I let him out both to lighten the load and to be free of a nervous rider. After I had slowly driven quite a ways up diagonally, I came to an abrupt out-cropping of rock which forced me to stop; there was no alternative than to back the car in Y fashion and tack in a different direction.

Upon reaching the top, without further handicaps, I stopped to let the radiator, that was boiling like a cauldron, cool somewhat and give my companion a chance to catch up. While I was waiting, a sheep herder on horseback saw me in the distance, and came over at the trot to learn how I managed to get the car to the top. He said that only one car had ever done it before, but had to be helped most of the way by a team of horses. When I told him that mine had come up on its own power, he said that it was the first car to have done so.

We then drove across the mountain meadows easily, but had to be especially careful in going down the eastern slope. The cars then had only the rear wheel brakes. After a somewhat nervewracking descent, I stopped at Sheridan for gas and the owner of the station asked me where we were from. I told him the Big Horn Valley in Wyoming and that I had just driven over Bald Mountain. He looked at me squarely and called me a liar, - and said that no car had ever come over that mountain on its own power. "Well," I said, "I've got news for you", and my companion told him that if he doubted us, he could check the wheel tracks back and he would be convinced.

When we got into Minnesota, I veered to the north for a visit with my homefolk, and my friend spent his ten dollars on train fare to get him to his home in Indiana. Before leaving Minnesota, I bought a pedigreed German Shepherd pup, from a breeder, to take home to the farm, - but I found upon my arrival that my parents' old dog was definitely not in the mood to welcome a new member of the canine tribe. On the advice of my folk, I didn't leave it. My brother Dan, who was ready to leave for McMaster University, then accompanied me the rest of the way eastward.

CORNELL: There'd be Dan, myself, and the pup, - already dubbed with the prestigious name of Patricia von der Stei, to make the trip. I had a teepee type of tent, with canvas floor, which provided for lodging 'most anywhere. The trip would have been more enjoyable if Patricia hadn't developed car sickness along the way.

When we arrived in Ithaca, N. Y., we were a week ahead of opening for our respective universities. My landlady said I could have a room, but couldn't keep the pup at her place, - that I'd have to find a place to board her elsewhere. Dan and I decided that since we had a week to spare that we'd find a place to leave the pup and then drive on to White Plains, N. J., where our sister, Rebecca, was a registered nurse in one of the city hospitals. As a final concession, my landlady agreed to take care of Patricia until I returned.

We had a good visit with Rebecca, the gold medal winner for proficiency in her nurse's training class, and then returned by a different route, which included a portion of the Mohawk trail. I wanted to visit my old friend, Dr. Merrill, who had just retired from Kansas State and now with his family lived in Raynham Center, Massachusetts. The foliage was

then taking on its rich autumn colors which added to the enjoyment of the trip.

On my return to Ithaca, my landlady asked me what Patricia was worth; at first this startled me as I thought something might have happened to the pup. When I told her how much I had paid for her, she promptly said that she was buying Patricia and that the purchase price could apply on my room rent. It was a quick solution of finding a place to keep the pup. Up until then the landlady was unaware that Patricia had pedigree papers, and when I turned them over, she was delighted. She liked dogs and gave Patricia the best of care.

It was mid-winter when I received a letter from the Dean of Agriculture of North Dakota Agricultural College at Fargo telling me that Dr. R. L. Webster had resigned to take up his new duties as Head, Department of Entomology at Washington State College in Pullman. Before leaving he had recommended me as his successor. I was asked to send further data on myself and state my interest in the vacated position.

When I showed the letter to the chairman of my degree committee, Dr. E. F. Phillips, he said, "take the job, - it'll be good experience, and later you can plan to return to Cornell and complete your degree." It was good advice and that's how North Dakota came next.

Some of the streets of Ithaca are steep. When I was leaving in March they were icy and rather dangerous. To make matters worse, I hadn't driven since the fall semester began. Right after I left my hill top abode on Seneca Street, I ran into trouble. The car slid into the icy ruts and began to pick up speed faster than I could handle; finally, at an intersection, the car bounced out of the ruts and swerved through the snow into someone's front yard, fortunately with no damage to the car, person or property. Greater vigilance was the watchword from there on.

VIA BUFFALO: Dan met me in Buffalo, N. Y., and accompanied me from there to Fargo. He then continued on by train to his pastorate in McLeod, near beautiful Watertown Likes of southern Alberta, Canada. Our trip to Fargo was without incident, except for an appearance we had to make before the judge in Medina, Ohio, because of my out-of-date car license.

I explained to the judge that I had sent a money order to the motor vehicle department in North Dakota for the license, but because of a slight price differential, it was returned with the request that it be for the exact amount; this did not leave time for any further transaction and so I was obliged to leave Ithaca with the intention of getting a new license upon my arrival in Fargo. The judge seemed to be taking a dim look at the situation until after he questioned my brother Dan.

Dan said that he had just left McMaster University and was on his way west to preach for the summer. He saved the day for me! The judge said, "why, that's where I had my training, - McMaster University." He then asked about some of the old professors, deans and others my brother might know. The two of them chatted for some while and Dan filled him in on the news about the place. Finally, the arresting officer got to his feet and asked the judge what he was going to do with us and reminded him how he had fined a car owner from Iowa, and required him to buy an Ohio license for the same

oversight as was charged to me. The judge told the officer that he was out of order; then said, in our behalf, that I had made an honest effort to obtain a 1926 car license from North Dakota and that its lack was not my fault. As we were leaving, the judge wished us a pleasant journey and urged us to not park the car where the outdated license plate would be too easily recognized.

It was nearing the end of March when I arrived in Fargo to begin duties at North Dakota Agricultural College and Agricultural Experiment Station. The State Beekeeper's Association met about then and named me to serve as Secretary-Treasurer, as this was then considered a college function; this office had previously been held by my predecessor, Dr. Webster. I was soon to receive a letter from Cornell University, Alpha Chapter of Sigma Xi, that I had been elected to membership in this national honorary research society.

I thought how wonderful all this had been. It didn't seem a year since I first visited Fargo and indicated my interest in becoming a member of the college faculty. Had it not been for Dr. Webster's courtesy in referring my application to Dean Walster, I might not have returned to this prairie state and its friendly people.

FARGO: Fargo, the largest city in the state, derived its name in the early 1870's from the Wells-Fargo Express, early stagecoach and mail service. It was here that, in 1890, the North Dakota Agricultural College was founded.

I had already met Dr. M. C. Tanquary, former State Entomologist of Texas, and now a commercial beekeeper with over 2,000 hives of bees in North Dakota. Another beekeeper I soon met was Justin H. Beatty, who was in the government mail service. He lived in Fargo and had just moved his cellar wintered bees outdoors to his back yard. He asked me over for Saturday afternoon to see his well kept hives of bees. I visited with him then and in the course of the afternoon, met his wife, Blanche, and family. They prevailed on me to stay for supper. When it came time to leave, I overlooked taking my camera, and so returned the next day, Sunday, for it.

It was a bright, sunny afternoon when I stopped by to pick up my camera. We had been formally introduced the day before, and so I asked one of the daughters, Hope, a teacher then home for Easter vacation, to go for a car ride. I was too new to know of any other place to drive than to the airport, then just a large tract of prairie land, at the northwest edge of the city.

There were quite a few people already there watching Ed Canfield taking off and landing with passengers after fifteen minutes of flight.

On seeing one of the round trips completed, I said to my fair companion, "how would you like to go up for a flight?" Somewhat to my surprise, she replied that she'd be delighted. I then spoke to Pilot Canfield and he said, "you two can be next." Each of us donned helmets and got in; there were no seat belts in his open type of plane. The flight took us over Fargo and adjoining Moorhead, Minnesota and back to the airport. I managed to get a few good snapshots whenever the pilot tipped the plane to give me a clear view.

We were indeed pleased with what we saw. It was the first time for either of us to go up in a plane. When we returned to the Beatty place and told them of our high flying, I felt that I could have left this

unsaid. Hope's parents remarked that they thought airplane flying was too dangerous a way to spend a Sunday afternoon. Considering the so-called crates that were then being flown, it may have been risky transportation for any day. On July 18, Hope's birthday, I proposed to her and on June 16 of the following year we were married.

BEEES FOR SALE: A few days after I arrived in Fargo, I received a letter from Dr. Webster, my predecessor, asking if I would kindly check on his twenty hives of bees stored in a farm cellar near Fargo; he also asked, in case I might learn of anyone who might want to buy his bee hives, to let him know. I got into my car and drove, none too soon, to the farm where the bees were wintering, to find that ten of the colonies were already dead and the others were dwindling fast. With the help of a student, Bill Baker, we moved the hives out of doors and gave the surviving bees the care they needed. I didn't learn of any beekeeper who was in the market to buy the bees and so notified Webster. More to help him out than anything else, I made him an offer, which he promptly accepted. This meant that I'd have a few hives of bees to better acquaint me with the beekeeping problems of the area.

My first move after buying the outfit, was to order ten packages of bees, each package with its queen, to restock the hives that had lost their colonies. The packages came in screen-wire cages, by railway express, from a southern dealer. The yard was then moved closer to the Red River where the bees might gather abundantly from dandelion, wild fruit bloom, clovers and other sources. The move paid off well because the twenty hives yielded slightly over five thousand pounds of fine quality honey that season, - an average of over 250 pounds of honey per hive. This was not considered an overly high production then in this area. A nearby beekeeper that season harvested 275 pounds per hive from his overwintered hives. Even though this experience was valuable to me, and income from sale of honey was welcome, I decided that one season was enough; it hadn't reached the stage of becoming a conflict of interests, and so I disposed of the yard.

It was not until then that the department was provided with an assistant. The dean of agriculture, knowing my need for help, told me that Miss Hazel W. Riddle, a recent graduate, was an excellent teacher and had remarkable artistic ability. She accepted the position and was of great assistance in the years that followed. She is now Mrs. Virgil V. Rhinehart and lives with her husband (now retired and near their young folk in San Jose, California).

Early in the 1930's, when the widespread grasshopper invasion added to the work, special extension help was brought in with the employment of Fred D. Butcher, who a few years later was succeeded by his brother, Dr. F. Gray Butcher, when Fred was called back to his old post in the USDA. Others to follow in the department were Stanley Saugstad, Dr. Horace S. Telford, Dr.

Richard L. Post, Wayne J. Colberg and Vance Goodfellow, up to 1951 when I left North Dakota for my new duties with the United States Operation Mission in South America.

In the summer of 1928, I attended the World's Congress of Entomology meeting held in Ithaca, and again in 1933, the summer meeting of the Entomological Society of America, held in Chicago, taking Hope and driving our car both times. The latter meeting coincided with the Chicago World's Fair, which we also saw.

We made the Chicago trip by way of Thunder Bay to visit my father who was in the hospital and in more serious condition than we realized. He was cheerful, as usual, and we visited with him and all the others during our stay. We then drove on to Chicago and after the meeting was over, we returned to Fargo by way of Edgewood, Iowa, where Hope's grandmother Beatty and others of her kinfolk lived. The evening of our return to Fargo, I received a telegram from my home folk saying that Father had passed away.

We left the following morning by car for my old home, arriving in time to attend the funeral and pay last respects to this good and generous soul. People thought of him as the keeper of the bees and a distinguished pioneer resident. He had done much to popularize and teach beekeeping throughout northern Ontario, both as a commercial beekeeper and as a lecturer at Farmer's Institute meetings, held each winter, under the sponsorship of the Ontario Department of Agriculture.

GRASSHOPPERS: Perhaps there has been no decade in American history when grasshoppers were more destructive to crops than the 1930's. North Dakota is a prairie state and depends almost entirely on agriculture as its source of revenue. When agriculture fails, as it did during those years, it had its repercussions including the closing of banks, non-payment of mortgages, low farm prices, unemployment and lowered pay for those who were lucky enough to have jobs.

Some of the things done by the federal government to ease the situation was to move large numbers of cattle from the worst drouth stricken areas to more favored pasture land in other states, and establish the Works Progress Administration (WPA) to put people to work on anything to keep them busy. The North Dakota administration was obliged to put a stop, or moratorium on mortgage foreclosures and thus permit its farmers to remain on the land. It was a nightmarish period of years.

The grasshoppers not only thrived but also became more migratory, - recognizing no state or national boundary. This is why both state and federal funds were used in their control, - also why close cooperation was maintained with Canada, on the north, in an effort to protect crops from their destructive feeding.

The grasshopper control program was waged, throughout the years, mostly in the plains states, and involved the purchase of poison bait and insecticides to be spread by hand, ground-operated bait spreaders, or by airplane. Surveys showed that for every dollar spent on the control effort, about fifty dollars worth of crops were saved from the hungry insects. Farmers and businessmen were quick to recognize the good work being done and cooperated fully in the program.

Despite the depression years of the 1930's, it was then that Hope and I began to think seriously about having a home of our own. Up to 1936 we had been living in rented houses or apartments. That year we bought a lot and had a local agency build us a Cape Cod type of house, complete with two fireplaces, recreation room and an attached garage.

During the years we lived there, the people in our part of the city organized a neighborhood association which did much to encourage and foster the beautification of this part of the city and raise property values.

TO ITHACA: During the summer of 1941, I received a letter from Dr. E. F. Phillips, of Cornell University, again offering me a research fellowship in apiculture. This would let me complete the doctorate and so I accepted. I was granted the necessary leave of absence from North Dakota, had a new set of tires put on the car, and started out for Ithaca by way of Thunder Bay, early in September. Mother was then in the hospital and we had a good visit with her and the other kinfolk before again starting on our way.

Our route led through Duluth; there was a light fog at the time and as we drove along, close to the harbor, it was the first time that Jane Ann had seen the large freighters and other ships, - all sounding their doleful warnings. While their fog-horns were making their groaning sounds, Jane Ann asked as any 24- year old might, "are those boats sick?" Actually I think that's about the way the fog-horns sound to many grown-ups.

After we arrived in Ithaca, and found a place to live near the campus, I could begin my research assignment. It dealt with the viscosity and thixotropy of honey as related to temperatures and moisture content. These are physical properties of special importance to the processing of honey. Little had been done on the problem which made the study a real challenge. The first thing I learned was that the temperatures couldn't be taken with a mercury actuated thermometer, - because of the time lag; the temperature had to be taken electronically to correspond with the viscosity readings. The samples that I worked on included heather honey from Scotland, and clover, sage, fireweed, buckwheat and other honey from various parts of North America. Dr. Grantham of the Cornell Physics Department loaned me some electronic equipment I needed, in addition to what was already on hand in the entomology lab, to complete the study.

On the day of my qualifying examination, in October, I received news, first good, and then sad; that I had passed the qualifying examination, and then about an hour later a telegram arrived from the homefolk telling me that Mother had passed away. She was a wonderful mother to her family of eleven children. She was also a great admirer of floral beauty and each year would have a garden of colorful snapdragons, sweet william, petunias, pansies, nasturtiums, poppies, moss roses and other annuals. There were clumps of golden glow, daisies, peonies, and other perennials. The ornamental shrubs included lilacs, spirea, mock orange, roses of the hardiest varieties, and a few others that I do not now recall. From early summer until autumn freezeup her garden was a show place for us and visitors and passers-by. Mother was laid to rest in Mountain View Cemetery, alongside her dear James.

At the close of the spring semester, and with work completed on the Ph.D., and good tires on the car, we returned to Fargo. The war against Germany and Japan was then going on apace and everything seemed geared towards increasing food and fibre production for our military needs. Actually, there was no let-up in this effort throughout the whole conflict, which did not end until Germany was defeated in May, and Japan in September of 1945.

It was following this that my brother John, who was Deputy Minister of Agriculture for British Columbia, Canada, was designated Member of the British Empire (MBE) for the distinguished service he had given Canadian agriculture. He also earned his Ph.D. during these years.

My sister Anne, a medical missionary as well as Member of the Legislative Assembly (MLA) in India, received from its government its Kiser I Hind (KIH) medal and citation for the outstanding work she had given to India during her tenure of service. Following her retirement and return to Canada, she published her second book of lovely poems. While in India as an MLA, she represented more people of her district in India than the entire population of Canada. She had been a medical missionary for the Canadian Baptist Board to India for forty years.

COMMENCEMENT: Soon after our return to Fargo, I was asked to give the commencement address at North Dakota Agricultural College. This would be the first time for me to wear my new academic costume. I chose for my topic, FACING THE NEW FRONTIER, a subject that lent itself nicely for such an occasion. It touched on what the future held in store for communications, transportation, agriculture, industry, medicine and surgery and other things of importance. Students were reminded of the wonderful future unfolding before them and to make the best of their opportunities.

I usually attended the annual summer meetings of the International Great Plains Crop Entomologists (IGPCE), composed of federal and state entomologists who had to do with research, teaching and extension work in western Canada and the plains area of the United States. The subjects discussed dealt with progress being made on crop protection, in the various lines of endeavor.

Following the war, there was much in the press and radio about spreading our know-how on agriculture, education and health to the underdeveloped countries of the world, - an important service to humanity that for so long has been conducted by dedicated missionaries. They were the ones who followed the Master's admonition, to go into all the world and preach the gospel and prepared the way for others to follow.

I wrote the U. S. Office of Foreign Agricultural Relations (OFAR) in Washington, D. C. of my interest and soon filled in my application to go under the Point ID plan of President Truman. My application was referred, along with others, to Dr. N. E. Winters, Director of the agricultural program in Bolivia; he was then looking for a research advisor and entomologist to complete his staff.

Unaware that Dr. Winters was coming to Fargo to interview me, I had earlier on the day of his arrival left to assist with the Iowa Beekeepers short course, held at the university in Ames. It was on one of these trips that I stopped off at the University of Minnesota to hear the famous Dr. Karl von Frisch lecture on how he discovered the language of the honeybee. In that it is a sign language, he referred to it is the bee dance, or bienen ballet. It is as important a discovery in the insect world as finding the Rosetta stone which led to deciphering the Egyptian hieroglyphics. Dr. Frisch has received the Nobel Prize for his work.

It was disappointing to return to Fargo too late to see Dr. Winters but he left word with the college administration that I could consider myself a member of his staff in Bolivia. I was granted the necessary leave of absence, from North Dakota. There were things I had to do before setting out, the most important of which was to acquire a working knowledge of Spanish, as this is the official language spoken in Bolivia and most other Latin American countries.

THE HEARINGS: Shortly thereafter, in July of 1951, I received a phone call from our North Dakota Senator Milton R. Young, asking me to come to Washington and appear as an expert witness for budget items dealing with entomology and agricultural appropriations then being considered by his committee. Two years previously I had been called to Washington on a similar mission. I said I'd be glad to go if the trip received college approval. A short while later, Dr. Fred S. Hultz, college president, called me to say that I should leave on that afternoon's plane for Washington, as the matter was urgent. The best I could secure was a standby reservation on the airline flight, but I had the good fortune to get cleared on through to Washington, - arriving there in the matter of hours.

The following morning I got in touch with Mr. Fred Frederickson of the Greater North Dakota Association who had an office in the LaFayette Hotel where I stayed. He kindly made his office available for me to prepare my statement, required by the committee. But before there was time to get it ready, Senator Young phoned to ask Fred if I had arrived and if so, to have me come right away; some witness on another subject had been delayed and they wanted me to fill in his time. On finishing the call, Fred said, "grab your hat, we must get to the hearing room without delay." I had a good idea of what I wanted to say and the hearing went better than I anticipated.

The members of the committee asked questions, particularly about the wheat stem saw-fly, a notorious insect pest in the northern plains area, and I answered their questions as best I could. They thanked me for the help I had given. I learned following my return to Fargo that the chairman of the group, Senator Young, sent a special letter of appreciation to Dr. Hultz in my behalf. All the budget items that I defended were fully approved.

Afterwards, I called on the OFAR for information on my pending assignment and was told that a letter had just been sent to notify me to have the required physical examination and the various immunization shots that I should have before leaving the USA.

On instructions from Washington, we had our household goods packed and sent to Bolivia; then, we set out by car on September 29, 1951, for Washington, where I would take an orientation course. Further travel would be mainly by plane.

I had barely completed four weeks of the five weeks' orientation when I was asked to go to Cuba with Edson J. Hambleton, USDA entomologist, to investigate a serious problem in the production of kenaf, a new fibre crop then being grown on about 25,000 hectares (one hectare is nearly 2-acres) of farm land in Cuba. Even though this would delay me in going to Bolivia, it was pointed out as an emergency and would be good experience, and should compensate for the week I would lose from the orientation course.

I left with Hambleton for Havana, Cuba, where we stayed at the Ambos Mundos Hotel. Our work took us many miles out into the country round about Havana. We traveled by jeep and it was here that I had my first chance to put into practical use the Spanish I had picked up in my four weeks of orientation.

CUBA AND KENAF: Our study in Cuba on kenaf showed that insects had nothing to do with the injury. There were, however, indications that disease might be responsible, and so Dr. Fred Wellman, a USDA plant pathologist, was called in to continue the investigation. Some weeks later he found that a fungus was causing the disease.

One of the first things I had to do on my return to Washington was to deliver my car to the dock at Newark, N. J., for shipment by boat to Chile, and from there it went by rail over the Andes to La Paz, Bolivia, where we'd be stationed. On the morning of December 1, 1951, Hope, Jane Ann and I were driven by car to the Washington airport by our long-time friends, Dr. and Mrs. Harold H. Shepard of Arlington, Virginia. We boarded an Eastern airlines plane at 9:30 in the morning for Miami, Florida, where, after a brief intermission, changed to a Panagra airplane that took us on through to Lima, Peru, with a brief stop at the Panama airport enroute. From Lima, we were taken in a smaller (unpressurized) plane which landed us at the La Paz airport, at 13,404 feet altitude, at 1:15 pm, - a total of slightly under 28 hours for the entire trip from Washington, including the stops made at Miami, Panama and Lima along the way.

We were met at the La Paz airport by Dr. and Mrs. Winters who helped us through the customs (aduana) and who took us in their car to the Sucre Palace Hotel, where we would live until we found an apartment to rent. When we got to the hotel, Dr. Winters handed me two, one quart bottles containing boiled and filtered water, and said, "don't drink any other kind of water if you wish to preserve your health," which was good advice.

The sudden change to high altitude affected me more than it did Hope or Jane Ann. After a few days I came down with what I thought to be the 'flu, but the doctor diagnosed it as soroche, or altitude sickness. He urged all three of us to go for a week or two to Cochabamba, Bolivia, where the altitude is about 8,000 feet; we went there and all three of us felt better.

While in Cochabamba, I received a phone call from Dr. Winters directing me to continue on to the Santa Cruz vicinity where the altitude is about 1,000 feet and investigate a report of pink bollworm injury to cotton plants. There I found not only serious pink bollworm injury, but also nearly all the other cotton pests known. Instructions were given the growers, - one of whom operated Algodonera, a cotton planting of about one thousand hectares. Later Algodonera purchased an American made spray plane as well as a quantity of ground-operated dust and spray equipment so necessary in helping to control the injurious insects.

It was now approaching Christmas Day (summer in Bolivia) when I returned to Cochabamba, where I still had a few days' work to do before returning to La Paz. Our apartment which we would occupy was now ready. We soon moved in even though our household goods hadn't arrived, but we made do, with pieces of furniture and a few other items we borrowed from our new friends until the shipment came.

BOLIVIA: We were now living in a new concrete and steel reinforced structure, five stories high, overlooking the La Paz River and suburb of Miraflores to the north, the snow-capped, 21,201 foot Mount Illimani. to the east, a small park where the university students would congregate on the south to audibly recite or memorize their lessons,

and to the west the nearby 17-story university and the higher parts of the city beyond. We lived in a first floor apartment, which compensated for lack of elevator service in the building.

Our car and household goods arrived soon; the car (being crated), came through without a scratch, but the household goods had been so badly jostled, broken and water-soaked in transit that the insurance adjuster declared most of the items a total loss.

The roads were difficult; particularly the roadway that led over mountainous terrain. Most of them were so narrow that when meeting a car while driving down an incline, it was often necessary to stop and back up until a wide enough space could be found for passing. The horn had to be sounded before each sharp turn in the ribbon-like road. It was against regulations to drive with headlights after dark, which was dangerous; only parking lights were allowed. In La Paz there was a curfew on sounding the horn on one's car after 9 o'clock at night. In this city of about 350,000 people, the few stop and go signs were operated manually by policemen who sat in box-like stands at the main street intersections. Considering the number of cars, this took care of directing the traffic.

Sometimes the laws were hard to understand. One of the court cases coming to our attention related to a man having been run over by a car and killed. The defendant simply explained in court that his brakes were so badly worn that he couldn't possibly stop. The judge was reported to have said, "case dismissed, it was the brakes, not your fault."

The only brush I had with the law was to hesitate a moment with the car as I approached a one-way street intersection. The traffic was rather light at the time, and as there was no arrow pointing the way, only the parked cars along the street served as a guide. Naturally, I passed on by without making any wrong-way turn, but even so was promptly hailed into court by a traffic officer riding a motorcycle. The charge was that I should know every street in the city and not require signs. The judge pronounced a fine of 2,000 bolivianos, the equivalent then of \$10.00 in U. S. money. After I protested this as too much (*demasiado*) for such a trivial incident, the judge said, "how about 100 bolivianos?" I replied, "that's better", and paid the fifty cents equivalent in bolivianos.

It was a problem at times to get gasoline for the car; there was but one gas station within reasonable distance and it had only one hand-operated pump. During the busy hours there might be a dozen or more cars lined up awaiting their turn. Between each filling, an assistant would drain the gasoline remaining in the hose into a five gallon can; when it was filled, he would take it to the waiting cars. Whoever would pay the higher price asked would have the gas poured into his car tank and be on his way, without protest from the others. Such tactics were regarded as routine by the station operators; they claimed that any gas remaining in the hose after a fill-up was theirs.

THE REVOLUTION: Following the three months summer vacation for students, ending early in February, we saw to it that Jane Ann got registered in the Institute American for her classes. It was quite an undertaking for her because all her courses were taught in Spanish, except for the course in English grammar. It wasn't long before Jane Ann knew enough Spanish to keep up in her studies along with the rest

of her class. It was a wonderful time in her young life to be learning a new language.

One evening, after Jane Ann had been in school for a few weeks, she told us that there was to be a revolution soon. We asked her how she knew this. She said that it was the common topic of conversation among her classmates and that they had heard this in their homes. We didn't realize the accuracy of the prediction until we were awakened one morning by rifle shots to be heard from all directions. A friend from a neighboring apartment, either K. K. Henness or Reece Reed, rapped on our door to warn us to keep our heads below window sills and remain indoors because of the danger from stray bullets.

The La Paz radio station was then excitedly broadcasting in Spanish the early gains being claimed by the loyal government troops, and when short of such news, played patriotic records; anything to fill in. Towards noon of the first day of the conflict, April 9, 1952, things began to change; the revolutionaries entered and took over the radio station and did their own broadcasting. Until the electric power was shut off, we followed the news. Later, when we saw from our dining room window the revolutionaries being supplied with rifles and ammunition from a government supply depot, we had no doubt about the side that was winning. It became generally known that one of the army generals had sold out to the insurgents.

Throughout the three days of fighting there were government soldiers with rifles and machine guns on the flat-topped roof of our apartment building, although we were unaware of this until later. They had used an outside stairway to get onto the roof at night when we were asleep.

During a lull in the shooting, five or six of the revolutionaries kicked and pounded at the massive front door of our building in the hope of being admitted, but we didn't unlock the door for them. About then, one of their group had just thrown dynamite to explode in a building a stone's throw away; the soldiers at our door then signalled for him to come over and throw dynamite into our first floor window, which he evidently started out to do. With his dynamite strapped around his waist in the customary belt-like way of carrying it, he started across the pavement, only to be met with a fusillade of bullets fired by our guardian soldiers on the roof, which touched off his dynamite.

It was the most thunderous explosion we had ever heard; there was nothing to show on the pavement where the dynamiter stood but a gory splotch. The man had been blown to pieces. Only bits of him and his shredded clothing were to be seen on the branches of trees or stuck to the walls and front of our building. Windows that hadn't already been pierced or cracked by bullets were now badly cracked or broken from the concussion. The revolutionaries disappeared from our doorway and never returned. That evening, the victim's widow began her night's vigil, sitting at the curb, burning candles until the following dawn, when fighting resumed and she was obliged to move on.

It was claimed to be the heaviest fighting in La Paz since Bolivia became a republic in 1825. In this revolution, over three thousand were reported killed in La Paz alone. It makes one wonder why this capital city was named La Paz, which in Spanish means "peace".

Towards the close of the revolution, I wrote the following lines:

In a lofty mountain valley
 Of the mighty Andes mountains
 Stands Bolivia's city, La Paz
 At the altitude twelve thousand;
 Named La Paz for peace and freedom
 Long ago midst early conflict,
 Yet the name is a misnomer
 For there's now a revolution,
 Machine gun shots and rifle fire,
 Interspersed with sound of cannon
 Harm the peace of this fair city.
 What they're fighting for, I know not;
 Peace and freedom, - perhaps power
 For the side that wins the battle,
 And resume the age long hassle
 Which now totals nigh two hundred.
 Civil wars are no solution!
 Since Bolivia was founded,
 Since eighteen hundred twenty five,
 Since it changed from Spanish rulers,
 Neither peace nor blessed freedom
 Has resulted from such feuding.
 It's high time that this republic
 Would be guided by elections.

CARNIVALES: The biggest and longest celebration of the year was carnavales, characterized by colorful regalia, dancing and feasting. It was reminiscent of Mardi Gras, and extended from the cities to the most remote farms or fincas. It is, to the people, a joyous occasion, - although sometimes exciting when political rivals meet and decide to settle their differences by an exchange of bullets.

Once, when I was in Santa Cruz with my assistant Raul Hinojosa, we decided one evening to watch the carnavales folk, specially garbed and masked, as they strolled around their large and attractive city square. Being tired after our day of work in the field, I went to my hotel room, though Raul decided to stay a while longer. It wasn't long, probably half an hour, when I heard a loud rapping at my door and Raul's voice, telling me that if I had stayed longer I might have seen a man get shot. Of course, I supposed that the man was killed, but Raul assured me that he was only stunned, with an open wound on his forehead. He said that the shot had been fired by a political opponent at very close range and that the bullet had struck the man's head in a glancing manner; for this reason the bullet penetrated only the skin and did not enter the man's skull or head. The story was confirmed by others the following morning.

Following my return to La Paz, I mentioned the shooting to Dr. Beck, then director of the health clinic. He said that it was not unusual for a glancing bullet to act this way. Years previously, the doctor had served in the Bolivian medical service in Bolivia's war against Paraguay and had noted the same thing. He said it seldom required no more than minor treatment of the wound.

Although there were other weapons, such as the ever present machete, and bows and arrows, - firearms were all too common. On one of my trips from Santa Cruz early in 1953, the plane I boarded hadn't left the

airport more than a few minutes when it turned rather abruptly and came back to its starting point. The passengers supposed that this was only a courtesy extended to a late arriving passenger. It wasn't until I made a later trip to Santa Cruz that I learned the full story. I asked the airport manager why he would call a plane load of people back to pick up one lone passenger. His prompt reply was, "you'd do the same thing if you had a loaded gun pointed at your head."

He went on to say that the fellow had arrived only moments after the plane had taken off; when told by the manager that he'd have to wait for another plane to arrive the next day, the man whipped out his revolver and demanded that the pilot be radioed to return and pick him up. The gun-toting traveler was allowed to board the plane and go on to his destination without being reported to or apprehended by the police. I have thought of him as an early type of skyjacker.

CROP PROTECTION: Although revolutions occur all too frequently, they don't represent the only struggle for existence in Bolivia. Growers, from time immemorial, have waged a losing battle to protect their crops and livestock against injurious insects and other pests. In the altiplano, where about eighty per cent of the farmers live, potatoes are the most important crop. This Andean plateau is the ancestral home of the potato, as well as of its more common pests, including blights and other disease. Late blight, as well as the occasional summer frosts may cause almost a complete loss of this crop in the main growing areas. In early times this area was known as upper Peru.

To get a sidelight on the problem, Raul and I conducted a harvest survey in the Lake Titicaca vicinity, an extensive potato growing area. This was done to determine the extent of damage caused by the white weevil grubs (gusano blanco) that feed on the tubers. It was found that, although the field damage varied widely, the average for samplings taken from over 100 locations showed 34 per cent of the tubers invaded by the grubs. Ordinarily this would be considered to be a 34 per cent loss, but the thrifty campesinos sorted out the less damaged tubers and processed them into chuno. Chuno was one of the important foods to be dried for preservation over indefinite periods of time. Following harvest, the potatoes intended for chuno were spread as a layer on a patch of grass-covered sod and allowed to freeze solid. On a warm day or as soon as the potatoes thawed and became soggy, they were danced upon by the workers to the music of the native pipes played by a member of their group. The dancing and squashing of the tubers expelled much of the water content, and with further drying, they became chuno, - popular at any time for table use or to be stored as insurance against starvation in the event of crop failure. Another food product, charkey (meat of cattle and sheep), as well as fish, was usually dried and preserved over long periods for table use. Corn, used mostly in the form of meal for cooking, was used generally in the making of the age old beverage, chicha. In its manufacture, the kernels were chewed by the people to expedite the fermentation process which followed in large crocks or earthen jars. The user of this beer-like beverage take turns in supervising its manufacture; they drink it rather freely at their social gatherings.

A trip that Hinojosa and I took from La Paz to the village of Reyes in the lowlands was made in a "meat plane", - an army C-47, but so called because it usually transported daily loads of beef from Reyes to La Paz. The cattle furnishing this beef were the descendants of stock that had originally been brought over in sailing ships from Spain by the

early settlers and allowed to go wild.

The cowboys or gauchos that brought these cattle in to the corrals said they were wilder than the native deer and that the supply seemed unlimited.

AT REYES: My stay in Reyes, a village near the Beni River, lasted seventeen days. The village (founded about 1754, - the date imprinted on its church bell) was then celebrating its anniversary, with bullfighting, bull-dogging, horse racing, catching greased pigs, and the competition of climbing a tall greased pole for the prize tied to its top. Peter, (the interpreter), Raul and I spent part of an afternoon watching the show. There were colorful parades of Guarani Indians wearing native costumes and headgear of blue and red macaw feathers.

The bullfights looked particularly dangerous because the fellows carried no weapons except a blanket, old jacket, or shawl to thwart the lunges from the enraged bulls. Anywhere from a few to as many as fifteen youths would encircle a bull and take turns parrying its murderous onslaughts. Occasionally one of the bulls would break through the ring of its tormentors and head for its native pasture land, to cause a hurried retreat by anyone *who* happened to be in its pathway.

In the contests, we saw neither man nor beast get hurt, until a rider leaped from his galloping horse and instead of grasping the bull by the horns, missed and got so badly gored in the abdomen that the word went around that he died before reaching their poorly equipped hospital.

When the seventeen days were up, it was a relief to see the meat plane come in for a landing. Raul and I were at the airport in advance of its arrival. While it was being loaded with its beef quarters of twenty or more butchered cattle, we noticed a young fellow showing an abdominal scar to the people standing around. Thinking this might be the result of a recent appendectomy, I asked Peter. He replied, "oh, that's the fellow that was gored by the bull and we were told had died; it means we are facing a bad crop year." He then explained that the people believe that unless someone died a violent death at this annual celebration, it meant crop failure would follow.

The interpreter also told me that the mild mannered manager of the Reyes meat handling place, a Chilean, had shot and killed five policemen before escaping a few years previously to this remote spot. He had left a wife and family in Santiago, Chile, and now had a new wife and family in Reyes.

Riding back in the meat plane with us was a member of the La Paz constabulary. We had seen him in the plane where he remained while it was being loaded. He had come from La Paz to make inquiry about an escaped murderer, believed to have taken refuge in this Reyes haven for criminals. Peter told me that there were many lawbreakers in the Reyes area who had escaped from the large cities and that there was a "gentleman's agreement" among them to shoot any law officer who came to arrest any one of them, reason enough for the officer to have not ventured from the plane. I decided Reyes was a good place to be from.

MY WORK: My work kept me on the go wherever I went in Bolivia. It didn't matter whether it was the corn, potato growing and sheep raising altiplano, the fruitful mountain valleys, or the vast lowlands; I was

always accompanied by one or more of the Bolivian ingenieros. I briefed them on crop protection measures, and they in turn taught their people who came to the meetings and demonstrations. In other words, they were taught so that they in turn could teach their people even after the American aid would be phased out.

Transportation was difficult at times, especially in the lowlands where the roads were mere trails and the river crossovers lacked bridges. For much of the year, the water was low enough that our jeep could be driven across. When this was not feasible, we would wade across and proceed to the next meeting place, and instruct the driver to bring the jeep later when the river had subsided.

While walking along the trails, it was a common thing to be serenaded by the howling monkeys and the raucous scolding of parrots, macaws and other tropical birds. It seemed that the most colorful birds had the most discordant voices. It was not at all unusual to hear the wild turkeys sound off with their gobble gobble calls.

Some birds were interesting nest builders, - such as the oven birds that built their nests of mud (roof and all), a somewhat miniature replica of an old-fashioned outdoor oven. Their nests were often built on the top of telephone or power line posts, walls and roadside signs. The gregarious weaver birds fastened their nests to branches; often a dozen or more occupied nests might be seen in a single tree. The nests were carefully woven by the birds and appeared somewhat like long stockings hanging on a line.

At the outset, I was not enthused about wading across rivers because of the prevalence of piranha fish, until I was assured by my companions there was no danger in the rapids such as we had at the fording places. The piranhas were a constant danger to warm blooded creatures invading slow moving, deep water places. A former American I knew, who owned several thousand pedigreed sheep and a large ranch alongside Lake Titicaca, visited the lowlands and while there went for a swim in one of the rivers. About mid-stream he was suddenly attacked by so many piranhas that he hadn't a chance to escape. After the fish had had their fill there was nothing left but his skeleton. A mutual friend wrote me about this happening a few months after I left Bolivia. I have seen catches of piranha (regarded as a game fish), and judging by their sharp teeth and appearance, I wasn't surprised to learn of their bad reputation. The crocodile was another creature I liked to avoid. I've seen them in weedy ponds, - at least their snouts and eyes above water, at a safe distance.

Probably the most interesting to see were the leaf-cutting ants at work, even though they are notorious pests of cotton plantings, fruit trees and other crops. The ants were to be seen by the thousands as they carried the freshly cut leaves over their backs, umbrella fashion, along their narrow, winding paths to their underground nests, - possibly a half mile distant. The farmers were shown how to eliminate this scourge by simply dusting a portion of the trail with chlordane or dieldrin.

The most beautiful creatures to be seen were the colorful butterflies. I was so impressed when I first saw them that I collected a few hundred specimens and brought them back to my office in La Paz, intending to have them added to the national collection. This was just prior to the three days revolution, when the revolutionaries invaded our building

and in their search for things, tossed the specimens on the floor and trod them under foot. Fortunately, for me, I was away from the office when this sabotage happened. I had already arranged for the building of the approved type of display cabinets for the insects located at the central experiment station in Cochabamba. The collection finally materialized with all kinds of Bolivian insects, and is now under the care of a Bolivian curator.

PLACES VISITED: During our three years or more in Bolivia, we made it a point to see some of the nearby countries. For the Christmas season of 1952, Hope, Jane Ann and I went by auto-carril (a Buick touring car of 1912 vintage mounted on wheels to travel on a railway track) from La Paz to Arica, Chile; from there on to Santiago we traveled by plane, and after a week's stop in this picturesque city and nearby Vina del Mar, we went on by train to Puerto Montt, the southernmost end of the railroad in Chile. After a brief stay, which included a sea food dinner, we returned a few miles by bus to the north to vacation for another week at the lakeside resort of the quaint German speaking town of Puerto Varas.

Thus far, our travel had included auto-carril, plane, train and finally bus. The auto-carril trip over the altiplano and down to the oceanside city of Arica was exhilarating and memorable, largely because of the many llamas and alpacas and a few vicunas we saw along the right-of-way. Every so often one or more of these camel relatives would try to cross the track in front of our speeding vehicle, but the driver avoided any collision by staying on the alert and applying the brakes when needed.

It was the steep descent on the Pacific slope that had us worried, until we learned that a cog-wheel attachment connecting with the track helped check its speed and provide for safety. We spent the first night in Arica in the Hotel Pacifico, overlooking the ocean. The hotel was originally built to accomodate the Boundary Line Commission that met following the bitterly fought war against Chile by Bolivia and Peru, ending in 1884 with victory for Chile; that cut off Bolivia's frontage on the Pacific and took away about a third of her territory.

Another time, we three set out by train to Lake Titicaca and traveled across by steamship to Peru, where we boarded a train that took us to the ancient Inca capitol city of Cuzco, and finally to the lost city of the Incas, nestled in its eight thousand feet altitude alongside Machu Picchu's towering height. This city of stone walled buildings, built by the Incas and lost for hundreds of years, was rediscovered by Hiram Bingham in 1911 and is now visited by thousands of tourists yearly. While we were there, an American film company was making a movie of this lost city to be shown to appreciative audiences in various countries.

In Cuzco, we stopped long enough to visit the nearby stone fortification built ages before the Spanish conquistadores came to this part of the world; everywhere in this structure there were carefully hewn stones, weighing hundreds of tons, - fitted so well that a knife blade could not be inserted between them. This marvel of stone craft was also evidenced in other architecture, including Cuzco itself and the ruins of Tiahuanaco, near Lake Titicaca. Such places have withstood the test of time, despite erosion caused by storms, floods, earthquakes and vandalism, to reflect a most remarkable early civilization.

TO MANILA: When word came from Washington that my new headquarters would be Manila in the Philippines, we were pleased about the prospect of changing to a lower altitude. We had spent over three years in Bolivia and would miss its majestic mountain scenery, but this would be offset by the better living conditions of the lower altitude of our new post.

After selling our car and most of what remained of household goods, we hadn't much left to pack for Manila. We went by way of Washington as it was necessary for me to stop off for instructions. Arrangements were then made for me to stop off in Hawaii and Guam enroute, to observe the types of agriculture in these places. I spent several days with James Shigata of the University of Hawaii to be shown, along with several Taiwan and Burmese students, the Hawaiian agriculture.

There we were shown some poultry places, where the birds were kept in individual cages, within very large screen-dome-like structures. The main reason given for so much screened enclosure was to protect the poultry from the mongoose, - a bloodthirsty weasel-like creature that had been brought over from India years previously to aid in controlling field rats. But, they told me, the mongoose developed a greater liking for domestic fowl and ground nesting birds. It was mentioned as one of the reasons for the scarcity of birds in some of these islands.

Mr. Shigata told us that besides having protection from the mongoose, the hens laid more eggs when confined in cages for the reason that they received regular care and didn't have to scratch for a living. At some of the poultry places we were shown, the hens were averaging over 300 eggs per year. One of the poultry enclosures held over 40,000 hens all in separate cages and trap nested, with carefully kept records.

It was an eye-opener to us to see the extensive sugarcane and pineapple fields, so important to the welfare of Hawaii, - most amazing was their skillful use of mechanization to plant, cultivate and harvest the crops.

In Guam, I stopped two days, still some 1,500 miles short of the Manila goal, to see the work under way in biological control of the Giant African snail. These huge snails, about five inches in length, were introduced to various Pacific islands by the Japanese, during World War Two, to provide an easily accesible food for its soldiers, - but to the natives it proved to be more of a curse than the mongoose to Hawaii. The snails increased at such a prodigious rate and fed so greedily on fruits, leaves and vegetables as to become a serious problem to the growers. What was more, the snails failed as a supplemental meat supply. Entomologist George Peterson showed me that he was getting an encouraging degree of control of the Giant African snails from a small, imported cannibal species of snail that fed on its giant host. Africa was the home of both species but like so many hitch-hiking agricultural pests, the giant snail had been brought to the islands, minus such natural enemies.

THE PHILIPPINES: This spread-out country of about 7,200 islands had one thing in common with my former assignments in that it had once been under Spanish rule. There were differences, however, in agricultural crops, its people, terrain and climate. Coconuts in the form of dried copra represented the most important agricultural crop for export. It was said to be the lazy man's crop, because once the trees were established, they'd produce for nearly a century with little further

care than the annual harvesting of the ripe coconuts.

Prior to my arrival, however, an ominous situation was developing and concerned the growers, - this was the Kadang Kadang disease (sometimes spelled Cadang-Cadang). Diseased trees showed early symptoms of yellowing of the inner or heart foliage of the tops and lowered production; once the tree became infected, it would usually die in a year or two. The spread was so rapid that it practically wiped out the industry on some islands. Practically nothing was known about the cause or control of the disease.

Rice and corn are of special importance in the Philippines and are subject to serious damage from stem-borers, rats and other pests. In one of the hardest hit areas, Cotabato, on Mindanao Island, the rats caused fifty per cent or more loss of these crops at times. Here and elsewhere on the islands we were successful in getting measures put into effect by the growers to prevent such loss and to bring about greatly improved yields. It wasn't long until the country announced it was able to grow a surplus of these vital crops to sell to countries round about in need. The problem had been so serious that the Philippine government designated September as Rat Control Month. The press, radio, schools and other organizations cooperated fully in supporting the program, - warfarin, an anti-coagulant or blood thinner, was the most effective and widely used bait used against these rodents. Following one of the control campaigns, it was officially estimated that over fifty million rats had been destroyed.

The most unusual pests to be dealt with by an entomologist were monkeys and wild pigs. I first encountered them on the island of Jolo in the Sulu Sea to the east of the northern tip of Borneo. Both the wild pigs and monkeys were very damaging to garden vegetables and fruits. The farmers were then capturing the monkeys in cleverly designed rattan cages, baited with ripe bananas, and were selling the animals for the equivalent of about seventy-five cents apiece to some U. S. government agency for transport by cargo plane to the USA for use in medical research.

The veterinarian of the BPI office in Jolo told me that the wild pigs floated to the islands in droves from northern Borneo on a strong ocean current that swept them in this easterly direction. He said that in his island work he had on more than one occasion seen a group of fifty or more of these animals drifting slowly and raft-like towards their island goal. Upon arrival, whether day or night, they'd be famished and would immediately begin their quest for something to eat, - all too often this would be in some garden. Nearly all the people in this area were Moros or Mohammedan and for religious reason they would not touch the pigs or use their meat as food; they tried, although unsuccessfully, to kill these marauders with poison bait.

Of all places visited, I considered Jolo the most dangerous; even the police and officials of the BPI warned me upon arrival against venturing anywhere in the town or outside its limits without a guard because of the danger of being ambushed and robbed. Just a few days prior to my arrival the manager of a nearby lumber company, carrying the monthly payroll money, was ambushed and shot, and there was hardly a week went by without unfortunate happenings of this nature. The islands were a haven for the bandits. Previously and even to this day the islands are favorite headquarters for smugglers and bandits, - all

well armed with firearms or the serpentine-bladed double edged Kris. They have faster means of escape and such difficult hiding places that the government patrols can do little to stop the illegal activities.

THE FISHERIES: Paul Bedard, in addition to his forestry duties, was the fisheries advisor to the Philippines government. When it came time for Paul to be transferred to Iran, his new post, the question of who would handle fisheries arose. Fisheries represents an important industry in this country of islands where the people count on their harvest from the sea.

One day our director, William F. Dickson, called me to his office and asked what I knew about the fisheries business. About all I could say was what I had picked up on fishing expeditions in northern Ontario, Minnesota, the Gulf of Mexico and Lake Titicaca. "That's fine," he said, "I'd like you to take an occasional day off from crop protection duties and serve as fisheries advisor, as Paul has been doing." I said, "I'll try," and found it to be a pleasant experience. During the months I helped the Bureau, we succeeded in getting a College of Fisheries established in the University of the Philippines, - a real landmark of progress for such a vital industry. During this time, a great forward step was also made by coordinating the activities of the several governmental agencies responsible for the crop protection program, including the College of Agriculture and the Bureau of Plant Industry, the Bureau of Extension of the Department of Agriculture and Natural Resources.

Travel in the fisheries work was, at times, aboard the motor vessel, M/V David Starr Jordan, a research facility presented to the Philippines government by the United States to promote studies on fish and other sea life. My most memorable travel on this ship was to the small isle of Corregidor at the entrance to Manila Bay. This had long been the bay's "Gibraltar" but during World War Two with its death dealing planes and bombs, it was reduced to shambles. It was here that General MacArthur said, before leaving, "I shall return." He and his men later fulfilled this promise victoriously.

The people of the Philippines are proud of their heritage. They are for the most part industrious farming and sea faring folk. Many are interested in the pursuit of learning and I noticed that the dental, medical, and legal professions are well represented by women as well as the men. Their accomplishments in oil painting and water-color work are displayed on any sunny day on the busiest streets of Manila. As a reminder of their good work, we brought back two of these oil paintings done by Ben Alano, - "Planting Rice" and "Sunset on Manila Bay".

In the mountain provinces to the north, the native craftsmen have developed a remarkable skill in the wood carving of bookends, filipino heads, water buffalo, and innumerable other objects; we couldn't resist bringing back some of these as souvenirs. Wood carving is a craft that has been passed on from father to son over the centuries. I visited some of the villages here and to the south where other home crafts, such as weaving cloth, basket making, shell work and other lovely things were made from bamboo and local fibre. It was a tourist's paradise.

Wherever one went on the islands, it was evident that the people loved music and dancing. Their singing was melodious and their dances unique and graceful. The so-called bamboo dance, or tinkling, where the

dancers do their steps between two bamboo poles which are rhythmically clacked together is a wonderful demonstration of perfect timing and coordination. I knew an amateur who tried to do. the tinikling, but he had to bow out rather early with ankles somewhat bruised from the experience, - something I hadn't seen happen to a native dancer. They learn their dancing and music from childhood.

BANGKOK BUSINESS: I was sent by the U. S. Operations Mission to a three week conference of the Ninth Pacific Science Congress held in Bangkok, Thailand, in November-December of 1957, where I presented two papers on our crop protection work in the Philippines. To me, it was a great experience to see this interesting part of the world and meet scientists from so many countries. My seat-mate on the plane was a botanist from Australia, and I shared my hotel room in Bangkok with an ocean biologist who came from France; we found it not too difficult to converse because he knew enough English and I knew enough French that we easily understood each other.

At the opening session, one of the first to recognize me was Dr. Edward A. Steinhaus, who some years before had been an entomology student of mine in his undergraduate years at North Dakota Agricultural College. He was now the chairman, Department of Insect Pathology, University of California, and later was elected president of the Entomological Society of America. Our meetings were held in Thailand's great university, Chulalongkorn, named after one of its revered kings. Trips by bus were scheduled for the delegates to see many of the interesting and historic places in this ancient land.

Bangkok was a veritable fairyland of gold and blue tile-covered spires and dome-shaped temples. I didn't count them, but would say there were close to one hundred Buddhist temples, - yet I saw only one church of the Christian faith in this large city.

The first Sunday morning, Thailand's king and queen made an official appearance, coinciding with the science congress, to open a special industrial exhibit. I was pleased to be seated in the audience where I had a good view of them with their guard of honor. Later in the week, their Royal Majesties entertained the congress people at a garden party on their beautiful palace grounds where they moved freely among the crowd and chatted informally with the visitors. Just prior to the garden party, I had purchased some yardage of Thai silk from one of the Bangkok stores, to take back to Hope, and was pleased to note that it was the same color and pattern of silk as the dress which the queen wore that day.

My sister Anne was then in Manila visiting Hope and so it was necessary for me to leave Bangkok a week earlier than originally intended, to make sure of having a visit with her before she continued on to her mission field in India. We were not to see her again until 1961, when she and her adopted daughter, Wendy, a registered nurse, visited us in Arcadia, California, on their return to Canada from their years of good work in Wendy's native land.

GOURMET'S DELIGHT: When it comes to sampling unknown dishes in faraway places, it might be best for one's peace of mind, to at least not ask questions afterwards. One day I visited the Davao Agricultural Colony Farm, in southern Mindanao, along with the Secretary of Agriculture, the Hon. Juan Rodriguez, members of his staff, the mayor of Davao City and sixty or more Davao citizens.

The Davao colony had some two thousand men from Manila and other large cities who were judged guilty of minor crimes and were required to spend from one to two years working on its colony farm of over two thousand hectares of cropland. After each had served his sentence, he was entitled to a grant of ten hectares or about twenty-five acres of land and government assistance to build a house as well as money to purchase livestock and equipment to maintain the place for himself and his family.

When we arrived at the colony, the men were killing field rats with clubs, traps, chemicals and any other means available. The recently killed rats were stacked about in heaps, alongside the rice and corn plantings upon which the rodents fed. Though the day started out bright, it turned overcast and cooler towards noon, but we didn't mind then as we were being ushered into an attractive dining center, to be served by white jacketed waiters, - serving their sentences. They passed trays of soft drinks, such as pepsi cola and orangeade, and the most delicious meat pies I had ever tasted. I had just finished my second helping; as the trays were being passed around for the third time, one of the hungry visitors said to the waiter as he reached for another meat pie, that they were the best he had ever eaten. The waiter smilingly said, "they should be, - they're made from rat meat." On hearing this, I felt that I had had enough and was one of the few to decline another helping.

Shortly after, when we boarded our army plane for the next island stop, I said to my seat mate that this was the first time I had ever tasted rat meat pies. He gave me a somewhat startled look and then said, "but weren't they good!" They were.

This wasn't the only time for me to dine on the unusual. In northern Luzon, I ate what I thought was well roasted beef, - only to learn later on that it was roast dog meat. At one of the villages, my filipino associates and I had been shown the village homecraft industries and later were being entertained along with the leading citizens, by the mayor to dinner on his lovely tree-shaded lawn. My good friend Custodio told me in advance that the main dish would be their famous raw, chopped up goat meat, tinted with the greenish contents of the goat's intestines and gall bladder fluid, and seasoned with some choice spices. It didn't sound too appetizing to me, and so I began to think how I might avoid partaking if it in as diplomatic a way as possible. When the heaped up containers of scrambled goat meat were set before the hungry crowd, they urged me to help myself, but I held back until I saw a waiter bringing in a few nicely roasted chickens. As he passed by, I picked one off and munched away on it until the last particle of the goat meat specialty had vanished.

DUSTY: Jane Ann had completed her year at Philippine Women's University in Manila and was now about to return to Fargo to resume her studies at the North Dakota State University. What to do about her pet cocker spaniel, Dusty! He had already come across the Pacific via steamship and survived nearly a year of Manila's sultry climate, - mostly in our living room, enjoying the cool breeze from our air conditioner. Now he must return to living as he had before leaving Fargo.

The day I called at the shipping office of the President Lines in Manila there were two men ahead of me who had the problem of sending their dogs back to the USA. The first had a dog about the size and weight of a St. Bernard, and was told by the clerk that its fare would

be the equivalent of \$100. The next man had a mini-sized Mexican Chihuahua, weighing less than ten pounds and was charged the same fare. Naturally, he protested to the clerk, who replied jokingly, "I suppose you would like to stick a feather in his tail and send him in a cage as a bird, for 310.", - then added, "a dog's a dog and takes the same fare, no matter what its size or weight may be".

Dusty was included with twenty-five or so other canines and fared well on the long trip back to the mainland. Only at Portland, Oregon, where Jane Ann was obliged to spend a few hours with friends while waiting for the train to Fargo, did a problem arise. What to do about Dusty! She asked the ticket agent what he would suggest. He said for her to tie the dog by its leash to the leg of the big table in the waiting room, and he'd be there when she returned. She did so, and was glad to be greeted by a friendly wag of Dusty's tail when she returned later to continue on the last leg of the long journey.

It wasn't the first time for Dusty to have been away from his old home; just before we three went in ¹⁹⁵¹ to Bolivia, a farmer friend in Minnesota told us that he needed a dog to help herd his cattle, and persuaded us to leave Dusty in his care. He was a kind man and took care of the dog at his woodsy place. Afterwards, he admitted to us that Dusty was much more interested in chasing rabbits, sparrows and squirrels than in bell-hopping for the cows, but even so he was happy to have had him.

Dusty was a bright and friendly little fellow; his real name was Red Triumph but the nickname suited him better. He soon learned to fetch his leash from its place by the kitchen door when he wanted to be taken for a walk. Whenever we'd go to the store, he'd want to go too and would beg to carry some package back in his mouth, - usually a well wrapped bone from the butcher shop. He wouldn't touch the contents until he had returned and the parcel was unwrapped and he was told to start eating. He had friends, even an alley cat that would carry her helpless kittens by the nape of their necks to our back door for him to admire through the screen. We rewarded the cat's friendly gesture by setting out table scraps or a dish of milk which she enjoyed. Dusty finally came to southern California where he spent the remainder of his fourteen and a half years of living, in our sunny, fenced-in back yard.

TO ROME: For some time my status had been changed from temporary to permanent on the U. S. Foreign Service register. One day, to my surprise, I received a telegram from the Washington office asking if I would accept the assignment as Coordinator of the U. S. Regional Insect Control Project (RICP) headquartered in Beirut, Lebanon; and if so, would I attend a two-weeks conference sponsored by the United Nations Foods and Agricultural Organization (FAO) to be held in Rome, Italy during June of 1958. The conference would deal with migratory locust control. My long time friend, Dr. Harry G. Walker, entomologist with United Nations of FAO was then stationed in Rome and I also knew one or two others of the UN staff there. Although it would mean increased responsibilities, I liked the prospect, so accepted the invitation.

It was suggested that I stop at Beirut enroute to get acquainted with RICP headquarters and then proceed to Rome for the meeting. The stop-over, however, failed to materialize because in the meantime a revolution developed in Beirut, - the one which caused President Eisenhower, at the request of Lebanon's President Chamoun, to send American marines to restore peace. Except for a brief refueling of the

plane, I was obliged to continue on to Rome. At Rome, I was met by William B. Mabee, the retiring coordinator of RICP, who had left Beirut earlier. We stayed at the Bernini-Bristol Hotel throughout the two weeks.

I attended the conference as a U. S. Observer and later conferences as a U. S. Delegate. Although I had dealt with locust problems in other parts of the world, I found there was much to learn about them in the Mediterranean countries, where they've been a scourge for ages. There was representation from most of the Mid-east. and north African countries, as well as Great Britain and the United States. The meetings were held in one of the UN buildings, which was equipped with multilingual interpreter service, in Rome. Special emphasis was put on the use of modern insecticides and their application by aeroplane to control the locusts.

Returning to Manila by plane, I had only a few weeks left to write my final report on the Philippines work, sell our car and other things too cumbersome to transport elsewhere, and make arrangements for home-leave in Fargo. Afterwards, I would begin my new duties by attending the annual meeting of RICP in Rome, November 9-12, 1958; although there was still unrest in Beirut, it was planned to move RICP back to Beirut headquarters as soon as possible. It was a somewhat complex task, but was accomplished in the course of one month. Rome was no longer required as a "safe haven" even though the sand bag fortifications remained in Beirut to remind us of what happened.

From the outset, my work took me to the various countries of the region, including Afghanistan, Iran, Iraq, Turkey, Ethiopia, Pakistan, the Sudan, Libya, Tunisia, and a few others. It was an interesting experience to now be on a regional basis as this assignment provided. Our RICP entomologists were located in each of the countries and worked closely with the various governments; also there were skillful pilots, strategically located, to fly the spray planes, - so necessary in covering extensive areas quickly. It was the first time in the history of the region that food and fibre crops were being successfully protected from the hordes of invading locusts. All this created a demand for American made goods as indicated by the following news dispatch of August 12, 1959:

BAGDAD: The United States government sold Iraq four aircraft for use in campaigns against agricultural pests, the press reported today. The aircraft have already arrived.

BEIRUT: Beirut is a busy crossroads of the world; Arabic and French, in about equal proportion, are the main languages spoken, - somewhat reminiscent of the bilingual English and French Montreal. I had a fair knowledge of French but my Arabic was almost nil; I did acquire the ability to count up to ten or so in Arabic and learn a few of the more common phrases, but my writing of this remarkable language was said to be undecipherable.

Fortunately most of the officials in the countries where my work took me, knew English or had an interpreter, so that I was never at a loss to converse. In general, these men had been educated at the American University in Beirut or other colleges and universities where they learned English. In most of the offices, there was the traditional serving of coffee, usually quite strong and sweet, brought in by an aide.

There were many places of historic interest and grandeur to be seen. Old Tyre and Sidon were nearby seaside places an hour or more drive to the south; there was 7,000 years-old Byblos about the same distance northwards. The ancient cedars of Lebanon grove, much reduced in area from King Solomon's time, was over mountain terrain and a couple of hours drive to the northeast; it was about the same distance eastward to the world-famous Baalbek ruins, a reminder of ancient paganism and stone craftsmanship. Hope, Jane Ann and I attended a concert presented one evening by the New York Philharmonic Society in the shelter of its great walls.

We also made the trip to Jerusalem, with stops at Damascus and Amman enroute. On the advice of our friends, the Jamals, we made the round trip by taxi, - its advantages being that we could see more through the car windows along the way, and at about one-third the cost of skimming high over the same route by plane.

After each border crossing, we were obliged to change to a different taxi and driver, because regulations forbade the taxi and driver of one country to traverse the roadway through another. The turbanned drivers were careful and courteous and cleared us past the border guards without delay. While in Damascus, we visited the huge Omayyad mosque, - also the Street called Straight where the apostle Paul dwelt during his amazing acceptance of Christianity. In Amman, we saw an ancient outdoor theatre, and along the route we had to slow down for camel caravans and, at times, for great flocks of goats and fat-tailed sheep being led to pasture. We crossed the bridge of the Jordan River near to where it empties into the Dead Sea as we were nearing Jerusalem.

In Jerusalem, we had a guide that spoke English who gave us interesting and factual sidelights on this great city. We saw the city walls, the temple, Via Dolorosa, Garden Tomb, Golgotha, Mount of Olives and nearby Bethlehem. On the way to and from Bethlehem, the guide pointed out the fields where the shepherds were caring for their sheep when the Angels appeared and sang to announce the birth of the Savior, Jesus Christ, and to proclaim Peace on Earth and Good Will to Mankind. His reference to their singing brought to mind a revival service that I attended in our valley church when I was a teenager. During the course of the evening message the evangelist remarked, "I hear the angels singing." I heard them too because something more than the speaker's words made me decide to stand up for Jesus, - a decision for which I have been thankful.

STRANGE PLACES: Visiting strange countries is interesting particularly because of the different customs to be seen and the unfamiliar languages to be heard. When I first saw Kabul, in Afghanistan, I was urged to see a nearby village on the claim that it represented at least two thousand years ago. The place was only a mile away; my associate, Dr. George Brooks and I walked the distance on a Saturday morning, through a foot of newly fallen snow. It took a while to get used to seeing the fur headgear and ancient garb worn by the people. The local bakery, which we stopped to see, was operated by four men and each had a special task. One mixed the dough, another shaped it to loaf size, and the third transferred it with a long-handled wooden paddle into the bricked-over oven and removed the loaves when baked; the fourth, or last member of the group, sold the bread to the villagers as they came to buy. Each did his work with a flourish, - handling the dough or baked loaves as dexterously as the flipping of pancakes over a hot griddle.

The women customers wore ankle length shawls, or chadras, each with heavily woven face veil to hide her identity. The men wore leather boots with the toe part turned up ski-like to protect their feet when they walked over stony pathways. Their firearms were long or short-barreled flint-locks, for the most part. Some were of the blunder-buss type and the guns had the wooden parts inlaid with pieces of bone for decoration. I brought back with me several of these antique firearms as souvenirs.

Some countries have their ancient viaducts for water, which although now unused, are still in fair state of preservation and tourist attractions. I saw these viaducts near Rome and again in Tunisia. There were wells so old that the ropes used over the centuries to lift the buckets of water had worn grooves nearly a foot into the rock rim of the curbing. One of the wells was reputedly dug in the time of Abraham, - about 4,000 years ago.

I had now reached the age that I could retire from the federal service and return home. After traveling some nine years on planes and other ways in Cuba, Bolivia, the Philippines and now the Mideast and north African countries, as well as countries round about and in between, I felt that I had pushed my luck far enough on foreign service.

Jane Ann had already returned to Fargo to continue her university studies and gave us such an enthusiastic account of her homeward voyage that we decided to return in like manner. Our passage was booked on the S/S Excalibur, leaving Beirut in mid-March of 1960; the ship made port at Piraeus (Athens), Marseille, Barcelona, Naples and Leghorn, - long enough at most of these places for stops to visit places of interest. At Naples, the ship stopped long enough for us to visit the ruins of Pompeii, and at Leghorn, we made a side trip by rail to see the cities of Pisa and Florence, - needless to say, we viewed the leaning tower of the former and saw the marvelous old bridge and works of art in the latter. It was now on to Newark, N. J., where we disembarked for the last part of our journey, - this by train, via Washington, to Fargo where we arrived in good time for Jane Ann's graduation.

It was nice to relax and be free from official duties, at least for a while, but like most retirees, I really didn't feel ready for retirement. I wanted to get back into harness again.

It was later, in November of 1960, that I received an invitation from Dr. William S. Stewart, then Director of the Los Angeles State and County Arboretum, Arcadia, California, to come as first entomologist for its 126 acres of beautiful trees, shrubs and other ornamentals collected from countries the world over. I was delighted to accept the offer. The arboretum was soon to be known as the Department of Arboreta and Botanic Gardens which would include supervision of Descanso Gardens with its extensive plantings of camellias in nearby La Canada, and the newly developing South Coast Botanic Garden to the south of Los Angeles.

CALIFORNIA: California has had a welcoming appeal for people even long before the '49ers arrived. There is a friendliness shown by its folk that is in keeping with its delightful climate and scenic places. There's smog in places and occasional earthquakes, but there's probably no part of the world that is free from some drawback! We've had to do with tornadoes, typhoons, blizzards, sandstorms and other hazards as well as smog and earthquakes and have noticed that most people can live

with such things.

Going to California wasn't the problem it was in pioneer times. On leaving Fargo, I headed southward into Kansas on paved highway, then westward to my destination of Arcadia. There were interesting places to be seen along the way, but it was decided to postpone sightseeing until another time. Weatherwise, I had not started the trip too soon, as two days after I left, there was the worst snow blizzard in years to strike Fargo and surrounding country. I arrived in Arcadia after four days of driving, on November 29, 1960.

Arcadia was in sharp contrast with what I had left, - the peacocks were roaming over the arboretum grounds as they had been doing since their ancestors were brought over in the 1880's by Elias J. Baldwin, - a former owner of the eight thousand acres of land which now comprised the Arboretum, Santa Anita race track, city parks and much of adjoining Arcadia, Pasadena and Monrovia areas. There are at least one hundred and fifty of these elegant birds to greet the nearly two thousand daily visitors to the arboretum.

Some five acres of spring fed lagoon grace the arboretum grounds. The lagoon is surrounded with stately palm trees as well as dense jungle growth on one side. Alongside the lagoon there's the Queen Anne Cottage that Baldwin had built for his special guests and a coach barn for his horses and vehicles. The place is a veritable sanctuary where bird walks and talks are sponsored jointly by the Audubon Society and the Arboretum. Canadian wild geese and numerous species of ducks and other wild waterfowl find the lagoon so inviting that some stay the year around. It was here in the arboretum jungle that many of the Tarzan movies were filmed; his tree-house was in one of the rugged old oak trees, and of special interest to visitors, young and old.

My work was to keep on the lookout for insect pests, to identify them, and outline safe and effective measures for their control. Research was done on problems needing attention, and educational displays were maintained for the benefit of the public. The insect displays included a glass walled hive of bees kept the year around in the rotunda, at the entrance, of the arboretum where visitors viewed the bees at work. It proved a most attractive display as the visitors could see the bees without the danger of getting stung.

A feature of the research showed how natural resistance of trees and shrubs might be used to ward off harmful insects. In a study of over 100 different kinds of acacia and albizzia trees, growing on the arboretum grounds, some of the choice ornamentals were entirely free from the destructive sapfeeding psyllids, others were only slightly to moderately infested, while some were heavily damaged by the pest. The same thing was true for stem-gall prevalence on ceanothus (mountain lilac) shrubs. In that some of the finest of these ornamentals were immune to these insects, it stood to reason that they should be grown instead of the susceptible kinds that require spraying.

ARCADIA: We bought a home in Arcadia the year following my arrival in the fall of 1960. Our place was on an elevation which gave us an excellent view of Mount Wilson and its sentinel-like observatory perched high up and about four miles to the north. It was less than a mile from our place to the edge of Pasadena and only half this distance to the arboretum where I worked.

We had the usual two-car garage, garden and lawn. Like other garages in this area, it held most anything else than a car. Our garden had its strawberry patch, flowers and vegetables; we also had fruit trees, including fig, avocado, peach, plum, orange and lemon trees, and most of these were bearing fruit. There were also the shrubbery-hidden hives of bees which furnished more honey than we could use, - the surplus was given to neighbors, who never complained about the bees being a possible hazard. They were good tempered bees and in the several years that we had them, none of our neighbors reported getting stung. Our lawn was solid dichondra, an attractive ground cover that seldom required mowing.

We have many other fine young folk too, nieces, nephews and all; much as I would like to write about them, it will have to be brief or I'll be overly long in getting this report finished. They're listed in the fine family chart of THE MUNROS OF EMBRO, prepared by my nephews James Francis Munro and Clifford Alexander Munro a few years ago.

Our summer trips have usually taken us to beautiful Thunder Bay, which I still think of as home although it is now 75 years since I first saw this city and its environs; it is also quite a few years since my work called me elsewhere. There are still the old landmarks which time is slow to erase; the mountain ridge that slopes into Lake Superior to help form Thunder Bay, and because of its profile is referred to as the Sleeping Giant. Old Mount McKay and the others that change in appearance with the seasons and especially with the vivid coloring of the foliage in autumn.

Naturally, the most greatly to be missed are the members of my family who have passed on to their eternal rest. In addition to the departure of Father and Mother, my sister Anne and brothers Reginald, John and Daniel have gone on to the great beyond.

Many landmarks of my boyhood days in Slate River Valley had long since disappeared when I last visited our old farm place in 1971. The old home and barn had burned down years ago and the new owner was then planning for a barn raising bee for the week following our visit. About the only reminder left was the windmill steel tower still standing over the site of the old pumphouse.

Our trips, always by car, to the Thunder Bay area, have led through cities, scattered like the younger generation, from Montreal to Victoria, B.C., and whenever we pass by the way of these kinfolk we make it a point to exchange greetings. While in the Ottawa vicinity we had the pleasure of visiting the young folk there as well as my sister Margaret, Mrs. J.J. MacLeod, who lives in nearby Smiths Falls. On our trips which have taken us through the Dakotas, we stopped to visit my brother Dougald and his wife Amy and family in Grand Forks; also my sister Rebecca, Mrs. Clarence Bowles and her folk who live in Winnipeg.

We have had the added pleasure of "baby-sitting" the home of my nephew, Hugh K. Munro and his wife Peg, in Pointe Claire, while they were vacationing in England and attending a reunion of his famous "Dam Busters" air force group that played an important and decisive part in bringing World War Two in Europe to a close. For several years we have enjoyed the home of James and Cappy Colquhoun while they and their children vacationed at their Amethyst Beach summer home on Thunder Bay's north shore. One of the summers we all felt that James deserved a "rain check" on most of his vacation because he was then president of

the Ontario Medical Association, and OMA business called him away nearly every week on flying trips to its Toronto headquarters. Even so, he always found time on his return home to take his family as well as any of us, who might be in the vicinity, for a ride in his sea-worthy craft among the bay's picturesque islands, when the weather was right. On our most recent trip, while visiting my sister Mary, Mrs. Willard J. Morris (Cappy's mother), the wonderful view from nearby Hillcrest Park prompted me to write the following lines which may well bring this account to a close.

THUNDER BAY IN THE MOONLIGHT

From the summit of the city,
O'er the gleaming lights below,
I can see the sleeping giant,
Where it rests from long ago.

Silhouetted in the distance
To the east of Thunder Bay,
Undisturbed by laden vessels
Passing by from either way.

Laden vessels dimly lighted
As I watch them come and go;
From my hillcrest view I see them
Where they travel, sure but slow.

Closer in I see the lakeshore
Fringed with mighty bins of grain,
Garnered from the fertile prairies,
Sheltered from both snow and rain.

Other glories catch my vision
As I scan the glittering sight,
Greatest are the rugged pulp mills
Which turn wood to paper white.

To the right along the river
With its cargo ships displayed
Stand more bins of grain a-brimming,
Golden grist for eastern trade.

In the background stands the mountain
With the Scottish name McKay,
Sentinel to fair Loch Lomond,
Purest water source for aye.

Thunder Bay and clanging trolleys,
Horses pulling loads of hay,
Much has changed with so-called progress;
Automobiles lead the way.

Here I tried the halls of learning,
Lived nearby like any boy
Looking forward to the future,

To a life of work and joy.

Work that's taken me to places
O'er the world and change of clime,
But there's naught that takes my fancy
Like this city, so sublime.